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**HAGGAR'S**  
CINEMA - BALLROOM - RESTAURANT  
**PEMBROKE**

PHONE 255

Proprietors: L. W. HAGGAR & SONS

is a household word in Pembrokeshire—below are some samples of our programmes that help to make it so:—

**JANUARY 31st—**

Jean Simmons in 'Androcles and the Lion.'

**FEBRUARY 3rd—**

'Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs' (Technicolor).

**FEBRUARY 7th—**

Robert Donat in 'Lease of Life' (Technicolor).

**FEBRUARY 17th—**

Elizabeth Taylor in 'Elephant Walk' (Technicolor).

**FEBRUARY 21st—**

Glynis Johns in 'Mad about Men' (Technicolor).

**FEBRUARY 24th—**

Gregory Peck in 'The Purple Plain' (Technicolor).

**MARCH 3rd—**

Danny Kaye in 'Knock on Wood' (Technicolor).

**MARCH 24th—**

Jane Wyman in 'The Magnificent Obsession' (Technicolor).

**APRIL 7th—**

Debbie Reynolds in 'Susan slept Here' (Technicolor).  
—and many others of equal calibre.

CONTINUOUS NIGHTLY FROM 5.45 p.m.

SATURDAY FROM 4.45 p.m.

Special Programmes or Private Shows may be  
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H. G. WALTERS (PUBLISHERS) LTD., NARBERTH, TENBY, AND WHITLAND

# THE PENVRO



**JANUARY 1955**



**Careers in the Coal Industry.**—Modern Coalmining is very largely a new industry. More accurately, it is an old and vital industry which is being reconstructed to serve the present and future needs of the nation. While other forms of energy will help, the main source of power in the foreseeable future will continue to be coal.

**Technical Careers.**—Many well-paid and absorbing jobs are available and the Coal Board are ready to train you for them, either through a University Scholarship or—if you prefer to earn and learn at the same time—by taking you into the industry straight from school and providing technical training without loss of pay.

**University Scholarships.**—Highly-trained mining engineers are urgently needed. The National Coal Board offer a hundred University Scholarships a year: most are in Mining Engineering, but some are available in Mechanical, Electrical and Chemical Engineering and in Fuel Technology. They are worth about the same as State Scholarships and successful candidates receive them in full—parents' financial position makes no difference to the value of the awards.

**Practical Training.**—When you have qualified—either through the University or through technical college while working—you are eligible for a two or three year course under the Coal Board's management training scheme. Each trainee has a course mapped out for him personally and a senior engineer gives him individual supervision. If you come in to the industry on the mining engineering side, you have a very good chance of becoming, between the ages of 25 and 30, a colliery undermanager at a salary between £900 and £1,200 a year—or even a colliery manager with a salary in the range £950 to £1650.

**Other Careers.**—There are also good careers in the Board's Scientific Department and in administrative posts. Young men and women of good educational standard (who have preferably spent some time in the sixth form or have attended a university) are also needed in such fields as marketing, finance and labour relations.

*Full details can be obtained from any Divisional Headquarters of the Board or from the National Coal Board, Hobart House, London, S.W.1.*

# PEMBROKE DOCK GRAMMAR SCHOOL

## GOVERNORS

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Mrs. R. C. Davies, B.A., Stackpole.  
S. Rees, Esq., Pembroke Dock.  
Clerk: T. P. Owen, Esq., Pembroke Dock.

## STAFF

Headmaster: R. G. Mathias, M.A., B.Litt. (Oxon).  
Miss A. R. Lewis Davies, B.A. (Wales), Dip. Ed. (Edinburgh).  
E. G. Davies, B.A. (Wales).  
H. Rees, M.A. (Wales).  
E. B. George, B.A. (Wales).  
S. A. Evans, B.Sc. (Wales).  
A. W. W. Devereux, B.A. (Wales)  
I. G. Cleaver, F.Coll.H.  
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Miss H. Hughes, B.A. (Wales).  
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D. E. Lloyd, B.A. (Wales).  
S. Griffith, B.Sc. (Wales).  
R. M. Humphreys, P.T. Certificate, A.A.A., A.S.A.  
Miss J. Lewis, Diploma of the Training College of Domestic Arts, Cardiff.  
T. G. Moses, M.B.E., B.Sc. (Wales).  
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G. S. Shaw, B.A. (Leeds).  
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D. M. Elis Williams, M.A. (Wales).  
Miss M. M. Ebsworth.  
U. Wiltam, B.A. (Wales).  
Miss C. E. Brown, B.Sc. (Wales).  
Miss M. J. Jones, B.Sc. (Wales).  
Mr. C. Gammon, M.A. (Wales).  
Miss M. Cleveley, B.A. (Wales).  
Mr. L. Howells, B.A. (London).

## COMMITTEE

General Editor: Mr. C. Gammon.  
Old Pupils' Editor: Mr. E. G. Davies.  
Committee Members: Jennifer Gordon, Noreen Jones, Stephen Griffiths, Yvonne Richards, Eira Brickle, Terry Panton.

# THE PENVRO

The Grammar School, Pembroke Dock

No. 116

JANUARY

1955

## Editorial

No one can say that last term lacked incident: It was punctuated, decisively if not neatly, by the bearing away of the Art Room roof in the worst gale this country has ever known; we were threatened, in "Punch," with a new school containing a dog racing track, a cyclotron and a Sir Albert Hardcastle; and Room 9, perhaps, set up a new Grammar School record by having fifty-six desks in it.

These storms and stresses however, have not worried us much: there have been the solid achievements, notably perhaps the school play "Our Town," of which the honesty and force of playing moved everyone who saw it. The Rugby team made a happy and successful visit to the West Country and in all the term has been a rich one.

This is the last "Penvro" to appear in the present format, and the last to appear in this school. We propose to hold the July issue over until we move into the new building, when we hope to publish a souvenir number which will commemorate the occasion suitably. The only innovation in this issue is, of course, the publishing of advertisements, a step made necessary by the growing costs of production.

From the Editorial point of view we were concerned to discover that only girls, it seems, are willing to contribute original work to the Magazine. We hasten to add that "only" is not used in any derogatory sense, but surely this is a rather unbalanced state of affairs.

The term has seen some changes in the make-up of the staff. Mr. Gammon has succeeded Mr. Garlick on the English side, and Miss Clevely, of Milford Haven has joined us as an extra member to cope with the growing numbers of pupils. Very generously too, at the beginning of term, Mr. W. Smith, an old pupil, taught here until Mr. Peter Howells arrived. Mr. Howells is now leaving, and Miss Mary Lewis, another old pupil of the school, joins the staff. There have been curricular changes, too. For the first time fourth and fifth form sets have been taking social studies under Mr. Rees, and Extra Welsh has appeared on the time table.

The school has had its losses: Mr. E. B. Davies of Pembroke Dock, a Governor of the school, died last term. We publish an obituary notice on another page.

Mr. Stabb, our caretaker, is to leave us soon to return to Devonshire. We wish him the best of luck and bid him farewell with regret.

## School Diary

### September:

- 1st—Christmas Term began.
- 14th—A large party from School, accompanied by Miss Lewis Davies and Mr. Evans, visited Haverfordwest to hear the National Orchestra of Wales conducted by Rae Jenkins together with readings by Emlyn Williams, the actor.
- 20th—The Ballets Minerva made their third successful visit to the School.
- 24th—A matinée performance of *Pygmalion*, presented by the Arts Council, was enjoyed by a large School audience.
- 27th—A large party of sixth formers went to Tenby to see the film *Romeo and Juliet*.
- 30th—Careers talks to Upper Fourth and Fifth formers.

### October:

- 2nd—**Dock Leaves** sale, opened by Sir Frederick and Lady Rees.
- 6th—Visit of Mme. Marianne Mislav-Kapper, Mezzo-Soprano. Squadron-Leader Owen's talk.
- 22nd—Half-Term holiday began.
- 23rd-30th—Rugby team's tour of Cornwall.

### November:

- 4th—Messrs. J. C. P. Griffiths and I. Thomas, of University College, Aberystwyth, arrived for teaching practice.
- 4th and 6th—**Ambrose Applejohn's Adventure** performed by the Penvro Players.
- 8th et seq. Oxford Local oral examinations.
- 10th—Old Pupils' Dance for School Sports Fund.
- 11th—Lecture by the School's Liaison Officer of H.M.S. Harrier.
- 16th—The School, from the Upper Fourth down, lined the road to help welcome the 1st Batt., the Welch Regiment, to Pembroke Dock.
- 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th—**Our Town**.
- 20th—Urdd Film Night.
- 25th—Oxford Papers began; a party from School attended the Milford Garrick Players' production of *Saint Joan*.
- 29th—School examinations began.
- 30th—The storm: loss of the Art Room.

### December:

- 9th—Resignation of Mr. Stabb.
- 10th—Prize Day.
- 13th—Second Form Party.
- 14th—Third Form Party. Talk by Derek Blake on George Simon Oliver. Jane Evans (II) spoke in hall on need for presents for Greek children. Staff Hockey Match.
- 15th—Old Boys' Match; Fourth Form Party.
- 16th—Senior Party.
- 17th—Gillian Lewis spoke on Pasteur. Term ended.

## School Notes

The following prefects were appointed at the beginning of the term:—  
 Glyndwr: Megan Harries, Dorothy Thomas, Suzanne Brown\*, Stephen Griffiths, G. Wainwright, G. Richards, David Weale\*  
 Hywel: Una Flint, Noreen Jones, Gillian Lewis, Tony George, George Reynolds, Dennis Pascoe\*

Picton: Ann David (Head Prefect), Marie Bearne, Marjorie Williams, Mary Griffith\*, Jennifer Gordon\*, Raymond Angle, Jeremy Gordon, Clive Harkett\*, Malcolm Joy\*  
 Tudor: Joan Lewis, Ruth Cole, Joan Carr\*, Terry Panton (Head Prefect), Derek Blake, Michael Owen\*  
 When Ann David left, Megan Harries took her place as Head Prefect.  
 \* Sub-Prefect.

The following pupils left at the end of term: Derek Cousens, Diana Elsdon, Alan Morris, John Brown, Arthur Heggie, Linda Devote, Jean Manning, Eileen Llewellyn, Tony James, Elwyn Evans, Phyllis Sheppard, Jane Colley, Lorna Jones.

Also leaving us are our three visitors from Europe: Christa Roters and Georg Grossman of Hanau and Frankfort respectively; and Helga Oberzancher of Graz in Austria. They made many friends here: perhaps they will come back and see us one day.

It is pleasant to record the successes of Christopher Macken (V.R.) at Tennis. He reached the semi-finals of the Welsh Junior Championship, the final of the West Wales Junior Championship and became the holder of the West of England Junior Challenge Cup, as well as being a regular member of the Pembroke County team through the season.

## Mousehole

I do not think that I could ever forget Mousehole. I cannot remember how I chanced to find it and I have no clear recollection of any signposts pointing out the way to Mousehole, and no-one told us of its charm. We happened to visit Newlyn and then we suddenly found ourselves in Mousehole. Mousehole, like Topsy, "just happened," and that is partly why I could never forget it.

Mousehole is a perfect name for this little village, this tiny bay seems nibbled out of the great cheese Cornwall and I almost expected to see a mouse come popping out of it, whiskers akimbo and ears a-prick. I saw no-one at all on the long steep cobbled street that alone serves Mousehole as a thoroughfare, but half-way down I came upon the crowning glory of the pixie street—a little inn and called the "Lobster-Pot."

It was painted a delicate shade of blue, and none of the paint had begun to peel, while the window shutters were white and the smoke from the chimney grey, and the swinging sign above the door connected this little "Lobster-Pot" with the fishing boats in the bay. Even the sea seemed gay, and its rippling blue was as a mirror to show the sun his shining face, while it lightly bore the boats dropped, like blossoms from a nodding tree into a rivers pool or lake, on to its crinkling waves. For once the Atlantic was quiet and here the waves disdained to roar their way to shore; instead as if exploring, yet afraid to stay, they wound their way in gently hisping to themselves, as if in pleasure, until, recalled by the turn of the tide, they left the harbour shingle.

It was not a big harbour by any means and the boats were only just as many as might be expected to support the population of a Mousehole such as this. Again deserted boats at anchor in the bay were only another variation in the melody of Mousehole. Strange to say these boats seemed full of life, their own perhaps, for there was none other there. Rocking gently to and fro, their masts devoid of sail, so sleepy that it seemed they never could belong elsewhere but only in this undetermined charm which illuminated Mousehole.

This was the picture, not perhaps imposing but overall imposed was an air of quiet and of charming gaiety that found expression in the dancing boats, the swirls of smoke, and even in the hosues which seemed to twitch standing on tip-toes (on that tip of Cornwall!) to catch their own infectious air. But even under this there seemed to rest another air, this time of

"Old unhappy far-off things  
 And battles long ago"

which heightened its appealing uniqueness. Sometimes it seems as if there is no earthly adjective which could ever describe this, this—well this Mousehole.

As if to supplement my erstwhile treacherous memory an oil painting hangs in one corner of the lounge and it shows to all who care to look the harbour of Mousehole and the boats that lie upon those waves so blue that they might even have yielded a Miranda or a Venus from their depths. That is the character of Mousehole. That also is why I could never forget it.

JENNIFER GORDON, Upper VI Arts.

## Digging up the past

Some days ago the girls of the school were selling marbles. I know it is childish to buy marbles when you are 16 years old. But I bought some, for the first marble that I saw seemed to me to be a little miracle.

It was in the year 1945, nearly at the end of the war. There was a very deep crater about three steps away from our house. I was allowed to stay in our children's room. Looking out of the window I saw only sullen people bringing dust and rubble things to the crater. There was the growling of the aeroplanes again. But I could not bear staying in the cellar, for then I became ill. The aeroplanes came nearer and nearer. I knew that I now must hurry into the cellar. An old woman threw her wheel-barrow away. Dust fell on the earth and smashed things were rolling over the ground. Suddenly I felt so tired. Everywhere dust and unhappiness. I gazed at all the dust.

"There, what's there?" A coloured little thing was rolling over the ground. Running downstairs I knew that it was a great risk to go out now. I opened the door, crept along the wall and slowly I felt my way forwards. I grasped the coloured ball, escaping without attention. In the entrance-hall I looked at the little wonder. A little thing made of glass and in its inside coloured lines. My hand held it very fast. Some time later I was lying on the floor of the cellar. Bombs were falling down. There was only the flashing of a candle by which I could see the marble. But I never had heard this word. I cannot remember how long we stayed in the cellar. Later we stood in front of our house. The roof was burning. Somebody took me away and I felt I had lost my marble. The miracle was gone, only fire and dust and soot.

When I now see a marble it means more to me than only a little, coloured thing.

CHRISTA ROTERS.

## The Scarecrow

His head is just a turnip,  
 His mouth—a narrow slit.  
 His hat is most untidy,  
 Of hair, he's not a bit.  
 His arms are large and wooden,  
 His jacket old and torn,  
 His legs are really awful,  
 But hidden in the corn.  
 His eyes are fixed and staring,  
 His back is straight enough;  
 His front is most protruding,  
 It's filled with straw and stuff.  
 He is no handsome object,  
 He wasn't meant to be,  
 But always at his duty  
 Through sun and storm stands he.

VALERIE RICHARDS, IVa.

## The Supernatural

Those figures of fantasy—elves, gnomes, goblins and fairies held no fear for me when a child, but the word "witch" made shivers run down my spine and my body cold with fear.

The lady, who often looked after me when I was a tiny child, for my slightest misdemeanor would threaten, "The witch will have you." She never repeated this phrase in my mother's hearing.

At first I did not bother about it much. But soon my childish curiosity was aroused and gradually I drew from her the picture of a witch. I was told of an old woman with a hollow look who had a very long thin face, an extra long nose with a pointed chin which nearly met the tip of the nose. Her eyes were grey and like steel. When her tight lips parted it was to reveal the one tooth hanging in rotten gums.

Around her head was tied a worn old woollen shawl from which peeped a few strands of grey, wispy hair which waved in the wind. Her hands were very thin and her fingers exceptionally long and bony. Indeed they were nearly transparent. She wore a long shabby black skirt which like herself was withered with the wind and rough weather.

But I was assured that the most terrifying thing about this witch was the laugh which came from that almost toothless mouth. It could only be called "cackling" really. The sound was very eery and echoed. When she saw you she would outstretch her hand towards you and decide your fate. She was always followed by a black cat which seemed to be better fed than herself.

What a terrifying and gripping impression was left on my young mind by this fearful description of a "witch." It scared me so much that I really believed this horrible woman would really come and get me if I was sometimes naughty.

At bed time my curtained room was lit by a small candle. When my mother said goodnight to me the curtains were drawn back because of my fear of complete darkness. When my eyes became accustomed to the dim light I could see shadows on the wall. Maybe it would be a reflection of a tree or a chimney stack but still on the wall I could see the shadow of a "hooked" nose. Then would appear a pointed chin. My imagination would fill in a shawl, wispy hair, long pointed fingers and a cackling laugh.

Yes, on the wall was formed a perfect picture of the old witch herself. In my fear I would shout to my mother and ask her to touch the shadow. I would never tell her that I thought it to be what I imagined in case the witch would have me there and then. When she had assured me that the room was empty except for myself I would settle down contentedly to my night's sleep.

By the time I was about six years old I had forgotten all about "the witch" and all the fears she had ever held for me. Even shadows on the wall made no impression on me any more.

My parents went to spend a holiday with relations a long way from home. In order that I should not be a bother to them the same lady who had once threatened me with witches when I was younger took me to her home in the country until my parents returned.

We stayed on a farm which was very lonely indeed set back in the fields right in the heart of the country. There was a village which was about a mile away from the farmhouse. Attached to the house was a small orchard which was an ideal place to play. It was situated on a bank above the house.

One day I was in the orchard playing with other children, watched by my guardian, when for some trivial offence I heard a voice saying "Stop it or the witch will have you." I laughed. There were no such things as witches, and I ran happily down the path past the house and on to the gate by the bend in the road-side.

The air was ringing with my laughter as I ran, but there at the gate it stopped abruptly and my whole body froze as cold and hard as stone.

At that moment had come around the corner an old woman with a look as grey and as hollow as steel. An old ragged shawl was tied around her head from which peeped straggly wispy hair. The long nose nearly reached the pointed chin. Her attire was black and by her side stood a black cat.

Suddenly my feet had become planted to the ground and as I stood there unable to move a horrible cackling laugh broke over my head and she stretched her long, skinny horrible hand from beneath the shawl and over the railings.

I screamed. That is all I can remember until I opened my eyes to the ever-changing shadows of the orchard. There were people fussing and bending over me and broken sobs coming from my frightened body.

They told me afterwards that the old woman had wandered down the lonely lane from her isolated cottage on the edge of the heath, that she was odd because of her solitude, but I still feel that somewhere in that lane that day she had arrived on a broomstick.

EIRA BRICKLE, Lower VI Arts.

## The Gap of Dunloe

The Gap of Dunloe is a modest pass through the Macgillycuddy Reeks and running parallel to the Lakes of Killarney. It is just under 800ft. at its highest point and about four miles long. Its five small tarns and their associated streams are full of fish; and a line, a hook, a worm and a stick from the hedge could bring a dozen and a half trout to the bank in no time. Just below the summit appears the finest view in Ireland, with the Lakes of Killarney to the east and the beautiful Cummenduff Glen stretching into the hills from the north to the west.

What a delightful Pass, where man is at peace, because "every prospect pleases . . ."

But wait! What is this cavalcade coming up the Gap? Have the hotels in Killarney supplied every resident with a horse? H. V. Morton describes the scene (1930): "Wagonettes and motor-cars from all the hotels in Killarney discharge their passengers" (for the horse-ride through the Pass). "Some regard the horse-flesh doubtfully, some are heaved into position like a sack of potatoes, others leap nimbly up, apply their heels and go off. After an astonishing display of silk stockings and garters, the beauty chorus mounts and the line of slightly cynical ponies plod up the Pass. It is all rather reminiscent of the morning departure from the west bank of the Nile for the Valley of the Dead at Luxor. A more varied pilgrimage has never set out since the time of Chaucer."

The cavalcade has just crossed the first bridge when an old man on horse-back, carrying a cornet (all three somewhat tarnished by age), steps out and shouts, "Would you be wanting to hear the echo?" and before anyone can reply, the horses stop, and from the cornet comes an unearthly sound which is returned by the mountains like thunder. The old man looks as pleased as if he had created the echo! And he keeps on repeating the cacophony until every equestrian has confirmed with a coin that he or she has heard!

"The Pass," writes Morton, "is soon discovered to be inhabited by people who credit the cavalcade with an unquenchable thirst for milk. Little girls and dames emerge from rocks and pace beside the ponies, imploring men and women to drink." But by 1954 the milk vendors had given place to small bare-footed boys selling water-lilies with as much zest and persistence as their predecessors in the milk trade.

And so the procession moves, noisily, through the Pass, to disintegrate finally into small boat-loads at the Upper Lake of Killarney, and to spend four hours on the water on its way back to the hotels of Killarney.

Silence falls again on the Pass; and one is inclined to ponder—"every prospect pleases and only . . ."

## In praise of Dylan Thomas

Dylan is dead, yet Dylan lives again  
 In every word he wrote in praise of God—  
 We see his face and hear his rich, full voice  
 With lifting accent, as he rolls out names  
 Like Moel yr Wyddfa, Llaragyb, Claerwen . . .  
 And yet he wrote in universal tongue  
 For all to hear, believe and feel the love  
 He bore for Wales. He knew his native land  
 And by his wondrous songs let others know.  
 We loved him, and we bless the day when first  
 He opened his eyes in Swansea's timeless town;  
 And yet 'twas in America he died.  
 Thus with a golden chain of burning verse  
 Two worlds are linked. Sweet Prince of Poets, rest:  
 As long as men can read, you will not die.

RUTH COLE, VI Arts.

## Milan—The Pianist's Dream

The gaslight flickered and the dimly lit street of the small sea-coast town looked even more eerie than it did normally. On the unlighted side of the street the houses were dark and quiet. A stranger passing by them would have been amazed to have seen a domesticated animal sprawled across a step: that was the type of street it was. But no, there was no sign of life in that already alley-like street. Even the farmyard of the house in the other street which exposed itself in this alley was quiet. There were no dogs calling to each other to chase the rats that they knew were lying in the gap in the wall; there were no sounds from the greyhounds that lay in their kennels; these wind-like forms were not agog to go rushing through the air in search of money: tonight they were silent. The children were quiet in their houses, playing with dolls, cars, soldiers, farmyards or plodding laboriously through their homework. Even the house where seven children, scruffy, shouting, crying, singing, usually silencing one another by screaming at the tops of their voices, lived was quiet. At the bottom of the street the noisy, ragamuffin, Radio-Luxembourg café was empty and quiet, the owner sitting lazily, inelegantly, in his chair, not perusing joyfully the pages of his "Blighty," forgetting to take a loud drink from his dirty-brown glass that was full to the top of poisonous liquid. Everything and everyone seemed to be waiting expectantly for something.

Suddenly, in this eerie quiet a sound shattered the darkness. Through the only open window in the street the sounds of a piano rang out. The music—"The Glacier"—rolled through the window, cascading down the street like snow on a glacier, rumbling, tumbling, cascading, escaping, avalanching through the silent air and into the spaces. The street was suddenly alive with people trying to catch it, but failing because it was away before them, running ahead.

And suddenly it stopped its thrilling progress; it seemed to fall over the edge of the glacier and the followers stopped; they could go no further. Sadly, silently, hopelessly, helplessly they returned to their source hoping to catch it again, but no, all that remained was a snatch of it, a memory of a theme.

In a dark, unlit room, the pianist was perusing the keys of the piano. She had lost the theme. Feverishly she searched, but to no avail. It eluded her, she felt her brain bursting as she strove to find it. She tried every note with every other note; minute succeeded minute, hour succeeded hour, the dawn was breaking over the bleak street but she still continued her search. The light was stealing in through the open window, a grey light it was that seemed to the pianist to symbolize despair; she would never find it now; but suddenly she struck a chord and then

again, again, again. That was it. She had found the key to her happiness. She could succeed.

She played as never before, seeing before her the window of people listening to the music, her music, as it reached its maximum height in a torrential crescendo then falling, falling, sadly, quietly to its finale on the ears of the ready listeners and ended triumphantly. She stopped, quivering. She had succeeded. The snow stopped its rumbling, tumbling, disintegrating action to the back of the glacier; it remained on the summit, firm and strong. Suddenly there were sounds outside; the still street was coming to life. The children were up out of their lazy beds; they shouted, shrieked, screamed, cheered and cried aloud. They ran loudly up and down the street, their feet stamping on the ground. The animals woke up from their semi-conscious doze and everything showed her that life had started again.

UNA FLINT, Upper VI Arts.

## Obituary

### MR. E. B. DAVIES

On 1st July last died Alderman E. B. Davies, Governor of this school, in a sudden and unexpected relapse after an operation. It is impossible in a few words to do justice to any human being, let alone one who had worked so hard in the public service as "E.B." But—his especial quality was warmth—a warmth perhaps going back to his beginning as a farm lad in Welsh Clynderwen—a warmth that made him seem at the age of well over seventy vital and interested and enthusiastic far beyond the powers of many of his juniors. After the sad news was announced to the school one of the senior boys said to the headmaster: "You know sir, I hadn't heard until you told us. And ever since I've been picturing him sliding down the snow slopes from Grindewaid ahead of us all and enjoying himself like any boy. That was only four years ago."

He was a man one does not forget.

## "Man never is but always to be blest"

Does every generation look forward to the future to the exclusion of the present? To appreciate something we must pay dearly for it. The present was bought and paid for by the past—few of the present generation can appreciate the present. How blessed are the happy few who are not dreaming of what they will do, but are satisfied with what they are doing, who can appreciate the wonder and the joy of life as they live it.

If we always look to the future, we never catch it up. If our rewards are always to be, when shall we come upon them? Must we trudge a weary life seeking a fleeting mirage of a promised land, which is ever fading into nothing? It is a sad picture. Man is grimly struggling towards an unattainable goal. A donkey chasing a carrot perpetually suspended in front of his nose.

But the hope of the blessings to come is, perhaps, a good thing, for contentment breeds complacency, and complacency, sloth. If Man were completely satisfied with his lot, no progress would ever be achieved. It is this restlessness, this faith in the next turning, that has eternally inspired Man to be improving his condition, for an all-pervading sense of perfection to come, brings with it dissatisfaction with the imperfection that is. Surely we merely keep in mind the worse imperfections that

were, and be sensible only of progress up to our own time? "Where there is no vision the people perish." Can we claim to live, really live, unless we have a vision, an ideal, some idea of a glorious destination? Suppose we had no faith in any future, suppose we were afraid to take any step for fear of possible consequences. In our trepidation we would be unfit to inhabit the earth, and as a result we would probably become extinct. We would, as humanity, sink back into primaevial animalism.

We have proof of the past, and knowledge of the present, but we can only have faith in the future. If anything is begun, we may reasonably suppose that it is begun with a view to the end. When life was created, God had in mind its ultimate destination. He is a good God; why should He have intended evil? We must have been destined by the Creator for an eventual Elysium.

It may take thousands, tens of thousands of years. The earth may be blasted with hydrogen bombs yet there shall still be life: life that in time will attain the millenium and supreme perfection. We can confidently turn to face the future with the Hope that "springs eternal in the human breast."

Yet the price of progress must be paid. Who knows how much blood and toil, tears and suffering, must line the way? But whatever the price, it shall be paid. Let them come—the blood, toil, tears and suffering—and the triumph! Man is always "to be blessed."

DAVID THOMAS, V Remove.

## The Sale of Work

At about 2.5 p.m. on the afternoon of Saturday, October 2nd, I set off from my home to meet my friend, who was coming with me to the sale of work. This sale is an annual event in aid of *Dockleaves*. The sale was opened by Sir Frederick and Lady Rees, of Tenby.

The first thing I heard when I entered the hall was the sweet music of the Welsh harp. This immediately brought back to me the words of the Welsh National Anthem,

"O land of my fathers, the land of the free,

The home of the harp, so soothing to me,"

and an old song I have heard, "The harp that once through Tara's halls."

Upon looking around the hall I found a large selection of things ranging from plants and budgerigars to kettle-holders. In the centre of the hall, with a table all to herself, was Miss Patricia Kavanagh, with her usual varied selection of raffle tickets. She was doing a fine trade. This time she had tickets for a beautiful nightdress case, made by Miss Hilda Thomas, our school secretary, a lovely iced cake, a bedside lamp and a food parcel.

As usual our English mistress Miss Davies had a fine selection of soft toys on her rather expensive but large stall. Most of these toys were beautifully made by members of the school. These toys were very varied and ranged from felt rabbits to beautifully dressed dolls.

All the stall holders were doing a brisk trade, especially Miss Hughes, who was in charge of the bran-tub, which always manages to eat up your money. Before the sale was half over she was sold out. A dip was the usual price of sixpence, but for this you mostly received an article worthy of it. Among my successes I had a brooch shaped like a sword, but I am afraid all that glitters is not gold. I also had a bar of Spangles, a bar of chocolate, and a quaint Indian doll.

After buying tickets for various raffles (with which I did not have any success) and having a few dips in the bran-tub, I spent the remainder of my money on a pretty white necklace and a beautifully embroidered Duchesse-set for my dressing table. After a very enjoyable afternoon I returned home quite pleased with my afternoon's purchases.

DOROTHY LEWIS, Form 3a.

## Every Age gets the Art it Deserves

It is very true to say that every age gets the art that it deserves, because on the whole artists have to conform with public opinion, and, because they are more sensitive than most people, they can capture the spirit of an epoch and set it on canvas. These works of art teach posterity far more about the epoch than they would have learned by committing to memory the dates of its treaties and battles.

In the late Middle Ages and the first part of the Renaissance the Church was all-powerful, and usually the monks were the only painters and writers. This is why the art of the time was influenced by religion to such an extent. Many of the paintings were not very lifelike, the monks said—"Give us no more body than shows soul!"

They did this. The faces were usually slightly distorted, and the Infant Christ was drawn as a miniature man, and not as a baby. Even so, the pictures have a certain holiness, and the faces have a serene expression of perfect faith. An example is Cimabue's "Madonna and Child Enthroned."

One of the most glorious eras in the history of the world was the Renaissance, which surely had the art which it so richly deserved. During the Renaissance the artists and architects were influenced by religion, or by a love of the Greek civilisation and its mythology. This movement began in the early fifteenth century. The most famous child of the Renaissance was Leonardo da Vinci, who seemed to excel in nearly all branches of learning; he painted "The Last Supper" and the "Mona Lisa," he was a sculptor, a chemist, an anatomist and an inventor. Two other products of the Renaissance were Michael Angelo and Raphael, whose wall paintings are masterpieces. In England we had Shakespeare and his predecessor Marlow. The later Renaissance was not very pious, but it was a vigorous, new age, not without its cruelties and intrigues, but still a great age.

In contrast to the Renaissance, there are the artificial and elaborate seventeenth and eighteenth centuries in France. Then the nobles lived at court, dressed extravagantly, and lived a "simple" life, delighting in pseudo-pastoral pastimes. It is hardly surprising that the painting was artificial. Fragonard's "The Swing," and Boucher's "Madame de Pompadour" are very good examples, with their minute details and general artificiality.

The French Revolution rescued French Art from the depths into which it had fallen. In its first phases poets, writers and painters praised it. In France painters such as David supported and believed passionately in the Revolution and in Napoleon. Baron Gros, too, believed implicitly in the Revolution and a fine picture of his shows a very idealised and handsome Napoleon at the beginning of the Italian Campaign. In England William Wordsworth at first supported the Revolution and some of his best poems praise it, or blamed England:

"Britain put forth her freeborn strength in league,  
O, pity and shame! with those confederate Powers!  
Not in my single self alone I found,  
But in the minds of all ingenious youth,  
Change and subversion from that hour. No shock  
Given to my moral nature had I known  
Down to that very moment."

for not agreeing with him. After his change of opinion, he wrote equally good poems criticising the Revolution. Goya, the Spanish painter, saw the cruelties of the Peninsular War, and the hardships that followed it. He painted, among other atrocities, the mass execution of Spanish Loyalists.

It is very easy to picture the Victorian Age after looking at its sham castles and solid, over-decorated buildings, or seeing its over-sentimental pictures such as "Bubbles" or "Sympathy" or "Hope," or its classical ones like "Faithful unto death" and "Blossoms." It is easy to see that an uneducated class of people, which is unused to wealth and power, has

been able to dictate the art of its time. The Literature of this era also reflects the character of its people. Plays like "The Colleen Bawn" and "Lady Audley's Secret" are typical, as are the novels such as "East Lynne" or "John Halifax, Gentleman." Songs like "Speak to me Thora" and "Genevieve" are in the same strain.

We live in a cruel, unsettled time, Nuremburg, Hiroshima and the horrors of Japanese concentration camps are still fresh in our minds. In America, reputedly such a democratic country, Senator MacCarthy is carrying on his own private Inquisition. It is hardly surprising that our art is not very pleasant. Painters like Graham Sutherland delight in drawing objects covered with cruel-looking thorns and points; our music is often very noisy, and very, very jarring. Our poets are very secretive; no doubt they themselves know what they are writing about, but they cleverly hide their meaning from their readers. In contrast there are authors who in great detail tell us a murderer's motives, and trace their causes back to the time when, as a child, he suffered from "repressions." I sincerely hope that we are not getting quite the quality of art that we deserve.

MARY GRIFFITHS, Upper VI Arts.

## A word from Germany

Come with me over the Channel and then home again. Come. I will show you Germany from my home-town.

There is the river, that is the part I like best. In summer we can go rowing or we will paddle to the small bay with the beautiful white sand-bank and bathe there. Later let's walk along the bank. We will pass another sand-bank with all the bushes around and you will see the weir. Last summer we went from there about three miles with a raft. Then I could show you the castle next the river and the park behind it. Anywhere we could leave the raft and swim back to the land. In the evening we will go to the boat-house; you'll always meet people there and we may play games or dance. Let us go home at about eleven o'clock and tomorrow I will show you the town.

We pass the old town. Only a few framework houses are left: most were bombed. There you see the spire of the Dutch church. After a quarter-of-an-hour we are in the city, which was built in one great scheme by Dutch people who settled in Hanau after the first flight from the Netherlands. Do you hear the music? It comes from the fair on one of the two big squares. Let us look what is different from your fair. Three lines with booths. Here we cannot get apples on sticks or gold fishes in glass pots. But you see more people sell toys. On one corner of the fair an Italian hawkker sells marble figures. There are the bumpers and the figure eight. Children laugh and shout and listen to the cheap jack. A coloured life, that disappears a fortnight later, in order to come back three times in the year.

Let us have a little rest in the town-park. Old trees, wrought-iron carved bridges, lawns and flowers, ponds with swans. A town with nice places and corners, but still you see signs of the war and the refugees' quarter reminds you of it. But I do not want to show you that and the slums. We may take a bus to the pumphoom on the opposite end of the town. Behind it you can see a part of a German forest. We love it and most people do not forget to stroll right through it as they did when they were young. Perhaps I could show you how we listen to the rustling of the trees and look at the scudding clouds, and you could teach me how you see the forest and I hope then the country would not be strange to you any longer.

CHRISTA ROTERS.

## Nature's Treasures

On wings of gossamer wanders the fly,  
The little frog has a jewelled eye;  
Lizards are carved from the greenest jade,  
The snake's smooth back is of rich brocade,  
In folds of lace the spider hides,  
The herrings have diamonds incased in their sides;  
The mole's fine coat is of velvet so soft,  
Two rainbow wings hold the mosquito aloft,  
The cockroach's back is of shiny brown glass,  
The slug leaves a silver track on the grass,  
Caterpillars are patterned by bright golden bars,  
Glow-worms shine like pretty wee stars,  
No matter in what path they go,  
No matter if they are great or low,  
You will find so few live things abroad  
That have no beauty mark of God.

JOYCE WILLOUGHBY, Upper IVa.

## Ourselves and the Americans

In the year 1492 a sailor of Genoa, Christopher Columbus, set out and sailed across an unknown sea. His ship, the "Santa Maria," was only a hundred tons, and was accompanied by two small caravels of forty and fifty tons. It was this meagre expedition, financed by the king of Spain, which at the other side of that unknown sea made the discovery of the vast and most powerful-to-be continent, later to be known as America.

America, in the late sixteenth and in the seventeenth century, could be divided into three parts—the trading French in the North, the plundering Spaniards, out for conquest and gold, in the South; while the area in between was where British Puritans and Cavaliers sought freedom from religious persecution. In 1763 the English Parliament, having won Canada and the land to the west of the Mississippi from the French in the Seven Years' War, refused to allow British colonists to settle on these lands. This, together with the facts that the colonists would not pay for their own defence, and their stand against taxation without representation, led to the War of American Independence, in which the colonists, with the aid of the French, were victorious. They were absolved from all allegiance to the British Crown and all political connection between them and the state of Great Britain was totally dissolved. Since then the United States of America has carried blithely on in her own sweet way.

Unfortunately the U.S.A., our most steadfast ally in the two world wars, is today undergoing a period of intense criticism from all quarters of the globe. No powerful country can expect to be loved, that being one of the penalties of power, and no country at all is immune to criticism. Left-wing European critics are attacking American supposed aggression for all they are worth, but at the same time are remarkably tolerant of Communist arrogance. All over Europe the much-to-be-dispised anti-American feeling is increasing, and how Communism jumps at the chance to exploit it unweariedly with its propaganda.

The Americans are accused of being war-mongers, isolationists, Philistines and utterly materialistic in their outlook on life. The U.S.A. would use force to stop the spread of Communism, but they are convinced that, with the coming of atomic weapons, general war has ceased to be a rational instrument of policy. Also the average American has so very much to lose if force was resorted to—so why would he favour a show of aggression before peaceful measures have been tried and re-tried? More evidence of America's non-warmongerism is President Eisenhower's "Atoms for Peace" plan, the purpose of which is to foster growth and spread of Atomic technology for peaceful use. Britain is to contribute



44 lbs. of "enriched uranium" worth almost £1,000,000 for the "A for P." plan, while the U.S. government is setting aside, for the purpose, five times as much atomic fuel, about 220 lbs.

Neither are the Americans isolationists, which it would be so very easy for them to become. Then they could almost forget the plight of the war-stricken peoples. But never once has she done so—at all times she has fully realised her responsibilities and seeks to carry them out; indeed she has shouldered responsibilities which she need not have. If America was to become an isolationist country it would certainly be a catastrophic day for Western Europe.

As for the assumption that American society is materialistic and Philistine in outlook—they should not be accused of lack of culture because of interest in material things, which do very often form a basis of culture (architecture, furniture, etc.). In the American homes there is an all-out effort to make things more beautiful, to simplify and to improve—isn't this worthy of being called a **cultural** effort? The standard of living in America, the highest in the world, is achieved and maintained only by hard and steady work on their part. At the same time a minor religious revival is taking place in the States. Churches are being erected all over the country and it was Christian activities such as are taking place there that the Nazi regime did, and that of Soviet Russia is doing, all in its power to destroy.

Another accusation flung into the face of America by critics is that she is an imperialistic country. Surely the vastness of U.S.A. and the opportunities available for all is sufficient to contradict this. There a person can remain all his life and by the time of his death he will not have used up one tiny fraction of her opportunities. America's national and imperial boundaries are the same.

Much is said about the educational system of U.S.A. as compared with that of Germany, for instance. Faults have been found more often than otherwise, for in America there is a growing conviction that everyone, regardless of ability, ought somehow to go to college. One difference between American education and European is the Quiz System. This is practically unknown in Germany. In the States a question is given and the correct answer has to be picked from a list of possible answers. America tries to offer secondary education to all and shoves through many stupid and disinterested pupils to graduation along with the hard-working and talented, who benefit from the availability of opportunity to learn. In Germany this availability is not for everyone. The majority of children go to work, not to secondary school. No country in the world has given her war veterans such extravagant post-war favours in education as America has. Since 1946 the twenty-one million of them have collected \$44 billion, and this year's veterans benefits are costing \$4 billion. In 1944 the G.I. Bill of Rights was introduced so that war veterans could further their education. Since that year nearly eight million World War II veterans have taken scholastic advantage of it (at a cost of \$18.7 billion) and so far 580,000 Korean war veterans, enrolled under a succeeding law, have joined them. But the defects of their educational system are fully realised by the Americans. They realise that while their standard of living is soaring higher daily, that of education is declining. And realisation of faults is one step towards correcting them.

America's show of force in Guatemala has been a topic much discussed, but those who criticise it fail to realise that the U.S.A. were only helping overthrow a Communist-infiltrated government, and why on earth should we support Communists in place of a fine, great-hearted people such as the Americans are? Moscow-directed Communists in Guatemala emerged with power and influence under the present president, Carlos Castillo Armas's predecessor, Jacobo Arbenz, and they concentrated first on the labour unions, of which they quickly gained complete control. Soon it became almost impossible to be elected to public office without the support of the unions. A teachers' union was formed and before long almost every teacher, in order to hold his job, had to teach the Communist doctrines. . . . The Communists had political control of Guatemala by the time former President Juan José Arévalo's term expired (in 1951).

When their hand-picked candidate, Jacobo Arbenz, took office they finally dared to come out into the open. Wasn't it time for the U.S.A. to make a firm stand? And due to their intervention Guatemala is the first nation to return to democracy after having lived under Communist rule—and how much better they like it!

The United States has done more than any other country to guarantee peace in the world. If it wasn't for the Americans Greece would, long ago, have fallen into rebellion. Again, if it wasn't for the Americans (and British) and their swift reaction to the Berlin blockade, that city would have been over-run by Communism. They have also helped peace in their resistance to aggression in Korea, in the guarantee given to Western Europe through the North Atlantic Treaty, and in the way they have backed that with the stationing of troops and aircraft in Europe.

America has done all in her power to secure the welfare and prosperity of others. For 14 years the United States has been subsidising other countries at prodigious rates by lease-lend, foreign aid, loans, etc., the total from 1940 to 1954 being about \$95 billion. To the South Koreans they have given more than \$25,000,000 and tens of thousands of hours of labour for the rebuilding of Korea. They have given their time, money and products enthusiastically in order to help Koreans help themselves, the only pressure being the needs of these people. The distance from Korea to U.S.A. is about half the distance round the earth but in spite of this Korea is still not beyond the reach of America's concern and generosity.

It is very puzzling and bewildering for the Americans and most British people when they meet with this wave of "apathy, ingratitude and unthinking criticism" (to quote "Manchester Guardian") towards the U.S.A. which is regrettably prevalent all over Europe and Asia. Certain people seem to think that American troops in Germany, France and other foreign places are there solely for United States self-interest. The Americans are becoming a disillusioned people about Europe. To support this I quote William Philip Simms, longtime foreign editor for the Scripps-Howard newspapers: "The United States is about as popular in Europe today as Hitler's Germany was in 1938-39. Thanks to the drumfire of Communist propaganda, plus our own errors, our aims are more and more misunderstood. Our allies more often say nice things about Malenkov and Molotov than they do about Eisenhower and Dulles. I doubt that we have a single ally we really could depend on if the Reds let fly with an Atomic bomb on New York coupled with a warning to London, Paris, et al. to "stay neutral"—or else. And unless there is a drastic change, things stand to get worse rather than better. We are being pictured day in, day out, year in and year out, as wanting war while the Soviet Union cries for peace. . . . We have been too lavish with our billions and too sparing of our brains. Europeans now accept our aid as nothing more than their due as they cut down on their own efforts, including military service. We should reduce drastically our foreign establishments, drop our give-away programs and use some of the tax-payers' money thus saved to make the U.S. as impregnable as possible.

"I am not suggesting that we 'abandon' our allies. Far from it. I am merely suggesting a better way to serve them, and us and the free world . . ."

And no wonder they are disillusioned! They fought, on behalf of the United Nations, almost the whole Korean war unsupported by other members. It will be hard for an American Administration to intervene again on behalf of others. Another reason for their disillusionment is the fact that the Marshall Plan and Point Four are considered by many people to be thought up just so that America can control new markets. Because of this ridiculous attitude some Americans are strongly resisting further schemes for foreign aid, and who can blame them? They have done everything humanly possible to re-set the world on its feet and yet what have they got for all their efforts? Gratitude? No fear! Just contempt and criticism.

The British Empire must have an ally. Is it to be France? One has only to read of the brutal and cowardly "ratisages" that recently took place in Port Lyantey and other places in French Morocco, to realise how

unsuited she would be for the task. The sloppy, self-indulgent France has failed to justify our confidence and support. Her post-war rate of production is up only a meagre 7 per cent., while that of West Germany is up a full 130 per cent. Is that ally to be Western Germany then? Surely the U.S.A. has as much claim to her as has Great Britain—but shouldn't the obvious choice for an ally for the British Empire be the other English-speaking country—the great United States of America, to whom we are most akin? Let us make a great all-out effort to save America from further disillusionment, and give her credit for knowing, as we British do, what is fairest for the people's of other lands, who are in no position to help themselves and who want nothing more than to live under conditions which most resemble those of the British and Americans—those peoples who want liberty and freedom from fear, a right which should surely be the lot of every man. So:

All Glory and Honour to Christopher Columbus, who sailed just far enough to discover a New World—and What a World!!

AWENA JONES, Lower VI Arts.

## The International Camp

Professor Ivan Rudolf, during his stay in school in March, was invited to send some of his students to spend a camping holiday with our boys.

The camp was set up at Freshwater East on July 3rd. Our boys were Eric Morgan, Derek Blake, David Horn, Terence Panton, Michael Owen, and Stephen Brown. The Slovenian boys arrived after the long journey from Manibor, Yugoslavia, on July 8th. They were the twins Mirko and Marko Napast, Danilo Gustincic, and Aleksej Calnik.

The next fortnight was to be a strenuous time, which was only encompassed through Derek Blake's skill with the frying pan, and Terence Panton's doorstep sandwiches.

The first days were occupied with a trip around the north of Pembrokeshire with the local Cymrodorion Society, a trip to Skomer island, and a trip up the river with the school. The south coast between Tenby and Pembroke was every inch of it scoured on bicycle during two strenuous days in the company of Elfie Mundi, Gertie Adametz, Ann David, Kathleen Lockett, and a number of other girls from school.

The Slovenians were able to see something of the school in two or three visits and attended the school-leavers' dance.

But the high-light of the fortnight was the camp fire. About a hundred people, including a Silcox double-decker of our pupils, and several parents and staff, gathered at the camp to sing to the accompaniment of Tom Bevan and his harp. Songs of several nations were sung and many cups of tea and biscuits were devoured.

Before the boys left the district for their stay at a forestry camp at Crickhowell a farewell dance was held at Morgan's Cafe.

This new experiment was successful. We hope that next year the camp will be larger and with a greater variety of nationalities of both sexes. Its success was due mainly to the tolerance and forbearance and good sportsmanship of the six campers from our school led by Eric Morgan and Derek Blake and by the whole-hearted support of all the school in the dances and film shows which helped to finance the camp.

## Skomer

During my stay in West Wales I participated in a trip to the island Skomer. The impressions I got from this island and the west coast of Wales I shall never forget. The northern part of Germany is a vast plain and the islands which extend in front of the coast are flat sand-islands. So I was very astonished seeing the high and steep rocks. The crossing to the island was an event. We went by a small boat through the little

choppy sea, which gleamed sometimes green-blue and sometimes grey. On the left side and in front of us the high rocks towered out of the sea. At last we reached Skomer. Around the island innumerable birds were swimming on the sea and when the boat came nearer and nearer they fluttered away, crying and croaking. The whole of the island is covered with moss, and blue, white and red flowers. The blue-bells moving softly in the wind reminded me of the choppy sea. The air is filled with the sweet smell of the flowers and you go as on a carpet. Nearly three hours I wandered over the island, watching the birds, which were flying above me, or were sitting on the reefs, and looking for the nests of the gulls with the brown-speckled eggs. I sat down on a salient part of a rock and looked down into the foaming sea. In front of me a narrow rock rose out of the water. The waves splashed against the brown-red boulders and the froth coloured the stones white for a moment. Here you can perceive the power of the sea, which has changed the rocks in the course of time by filing clefts and chasms into the hard stones. On the other side there was a small bay surrounded by steep rocks in which innumerable small birds nested. The water was quite calm and blue. I observed this scenery for a long time. Everywhere I discovered new admirable things, so that I shall never forget this rocky island.

JUTTA RAUCHFLEISCH.

## Recollections of Oxford Trip 1954

With the fury of exams behind us a party of 36 ranging from the second form to the sixth form set out on the morning of July 6th in a very comfortable Silcox bus for Oxford, under the watchful eyes of Miss Lewis, Mr. Griffiths and Mr. Humphreys.

On arrival at the camp about 7 o'clock we were greeted by a party of German boys who were staying there. The camp was very nicely situated and had a swimming pool attached, also swings. These things were quickly made use of by our school.

The first morning of our stay found us up almost before the sun—there happened to be a little that morning. We travelled into Oxford for breakfast and then we waited for a guide to come to take us around the universities.

Our guide found we started to walk towards the colleges. The tour around the first few was very interesting but after that it was inclined to get boring. Christ's College was wonderful but all the same I do not think I could possibly eat a meal with all those people staring down at me from the walls. Our guide told us that this week to celebrate the end of meat rationing a dinner was to be held in the ancient hall at which a whole pig was to be carried triumphantly on a huge dish by waiters dressed in livery.

Jesus' College had a special interest for us because it is here that most Welsh students go. Its size is very small compared with that of Christ's College. It was a wonderful sight to see the lovely grounds and lawns around the college.

In the afternoon we went on a steamer up the river to Abingdon. What most attracted me on the journey was the way the boat resembled a train. People would get on and off at the different stations. One can go as far as London in one of these steamers. I also liked the experience of going through the various locks on the route. On the ship was a cabin where drinks, crisps and sweets could be bought. This was a fine place for refuge when the rain came. It poured and poured.

During our cruise we passed another boat whose occupants were engaged in lustily singing "Sospan Fach." The scenery on either side of the river was very beautiful with green fields, hanging willow trees and woods.

On the Thursday morning we travelled to Cowley to see the Nuffield motor works. We were amazed by the vast magnitude of the factory and of the skilful workmanship involved. I was particularly impressed by the

ladies who worked in the upholstery department. They held the tacks in their mouths and used magnetic hammers. Therefore they could hammer a tack into the cloth in a fraction of a second. Outside the factory was a huge yard containing hundreds of new cars.

After a most interesting tour of the factory we went to the Bodleian Library. This is the library of the University of Oxford and dates from the year 1600. Unfortunately we found that all of it except one room was shut up. After seeing all that there was to be seen in this room we were given the afternoon to ourselves.

I think that almost everyone's footsteps turned once more to the river. There we found we could not all go in one boat and so we separated into groups. Three of my friends and myself hired a punt. None of us had ever rowed a boat, let alone a punt, before but all the same our nerves were forgotten in our excitement. Somehow or other we managed to start and finally all rowed the same way.

How we managed to stay the right way up is still a mystery especially when more experienced oarsmen shouted and threw milk bottles and clods of grass at us from the bank. We got out of the punt soaking wet although not a spot of rain had fallen. Still, it was well worth going out on the river.

We arrived home on the Friday night none the worse for our journey only hoping that we had had a little more time in which to see the beautiful countryside and interesting buildings of Oxford.

EIRA BRICKLE, VI Arts.

## The Somerset Trip

Every moment of our trip to Somerset was full of enjoyment. However, after sifting through my varied memories I think that possibly the Suspension Bridge in Bristol made the greatest impression on me. This great bridge shows the river Avon, which flows more than 250 feet below. The bridge itself is supported by massive iron girders and chains, which are securely fastened to great stone and concrete towers built into the cliff side. To stand on this bridge and look down upon the sluggish, yellow grey river affords a sensation of excitement and power. The cars and lorries travelling on the road beneath are like ants scurrying about their business. Covering the cliff sides are trees and bushes and it is into these bushes that many deperate people have thrown themselves from the bridge. Fortunately, no-one on our trip showed any sign of suicidal tendencies and all that was thrown over the bridge into the water were a few pennies from the people who could afford them and stones from the less affluent. We left the bridge suitably inscribed as a lasting monument to our visit.

Next to the Suspension Bridge I liked Sedgemoor Plain; we only had a glimpse of this, but that was enough to send many thoughts through my head. Exactly 269 years ago, on July 6th, a battle was raging between the troops of James 2nd and the followers of the Duke of Monmouth. I imagined the well-equipped foot soldiers of James charging Monmouth's ragged band of followers; the yelling of men and the squealing of horses, the groans of dying and wounded men, and at last the flight of Monmouth. All these thoughts ran through my head as I gazed from the bus on the placid sunlit scene, and watched the sheep peacefully grazing on the plain.

Ann Fraser, IVa.

I could not help feeling a little disappointed at the smallness of Wookey Hole, but perhaps the Grottes de Betharrham in the Pyrenees had set my standards high. The underground caves were spacious and ugly, yet they had a charm which only Nature can give.

I was not impressed with the ruins of Glastonbury Abbey, but St. John's Church situated in the same time made up for my lack of interest. The Church is known to have existed before 1144 A.D. The present noble tower at the west end of the Church was erected in 1475, while the south

porch and gateway date from 1428, the parvis above it being added in 1498. The church was described as a "fair lightsome Church" with an effect of elegance produced mainly by the tall and graceful pillars. For me and for others, this church has a fascinating history in which figures the pre-Reformation hour-glass stand in the pulpit and an iron chest from one of the ships of the Spanish Armada.

My visit to a Chocolate Factory was most interesting. On arriving at Wells Cathedral criticism failed me. The majesty of such a building stretches far beyond man's full explanatory powers. The West front showed us a perfect development of seemingly perfect Early English architecture. On passing into the choir the Bishop's throne rises supreme before you. Looking up from the west end of the choir, one is able to see the splendid Golden Window above the High Altar. It represents the Holy Vine of David; at the bottom lies Jesse, from whom springs the vine with its branches and tendrils. It would take too much space to relate the beauty of this man-made structure. Behind the Cathedral is the Bishop's lake with its swans. Twice a day these swans swim to the Palace window and pull the bell for their meals. It was not so much the beauty that caused me to fly into mental ecstasies, although that too was apparent, but the reverent atmosphere which filled the Holy building.

It was a much more experienced individual that returned to Pembroke Dock on Friday evening, much the worse for wear, but very happy at money well-spent.

David John, Lower VI Arts.

My deepest impressions were of the dignity and beauty and age of the old Abbeys and Cathedrals, the beauty of the countryside with its strawberry fields, and most of all the kindness that was shown us wherever we went, and especially the kindness of our host and hostess at Penscot House.

Wendy Smith, IIa.

On our last night we had a talk by the vicar about the old village of Shipham, and the miners that used to live there when the mines were working. We were lucky enough to see a register that was over 400 years old, started in the reign of Queen Elizabeth I.

Ann Collins, IVa.

The outside appearance of Wookey Hole at the foot of the Mendips was not very inviting. But inside it was beautiful. It was in this great cave that the bones of the Witch of Wookey and her goats were found. The twelve hundred years old legend, handed down from generation to generation, tells how the witch lived alone with her goats. She was so unpopular in those days that a Glastonbury Monk ended her career by turning her to stone. This legend seems to be true because a discovery was made in 1912 of a skeleton buried 10ft. below the floor of the cave. Also nearby, still under the floor, were found her dagger, sacrificial knife, comb, milking pot, and a large crystal ball hewn from the stalagmite floor. Beside a dry corner of the passage lay the bones of two young goats around the stake to which they had been tethered.

The first Chamber we entered was called the Witch's Kitchen. It is famed for the strange shapes and beautiful colouring of its stalactites. It was suggested that human beings lived here, as three human skulls and many other bones of the late Celtic period were discovered during diving operations in 1946. Beyond the kitchen is the "Hall of Wookey," the wall of which rises to a height of 75 ft. The third chamber, the Witch's Parlour, is one of Nature's masterpieces, for although only 16ft. high, it has an unbroken span and supports millions of tons of rock above. Two more chambers beyond have been explored by boat. Further exploration has only been possible by the activities of divers. In 1948 the ninth chamber was discovered by explorers using modified Frogmen's diving equipment. Although this work is highly dangerous, explorations are still

being continued as it is known that there are yet some further two miles of subterranean river, passages and chambers undiscovered. The stalactites and stalagmites in the chambers were unbelievably beautiful. These I shall never forget.

In Wookey Museum we saw a fine collection of relics taken from the caves—bone and iron implements, weaving combs, pottery and Roman coins, together with human skulls, and the remains of mammoth rhino, leros, hyena, bison, and bear prove that the caves were inhabited.

Gillian Preece, IVc.

I found Bath an absorbing place; one really needs the pen of H. D. Morton to do the scene justice. I felt a direct link with Roman Britain when gazing at the very pipe, put into place by the hands of some clever Roman plumber, still in the 20th Century carrying water into Bath as efficiently as it did when just laid down.

Michael Willis, IVa.

## Our Town

By THORNTON WILDER

*. . . . a hilltop — a windy hilltop — lots of sky, lots of clouds — often lots of sun and moon and stars. You come up here on a fine afternoon and you can see range on range of hills — awful blue they are — up there by Lake Sunapee and Lake Winnepesaukee . . . and if you go way up, you can see the White Mountains and Mount Washington. . .*

Up aloft there? Where? Up on that pale blue wash of backcloth? Up there in that nothingness, above this town of no houses but a circuit of hands and voices neighbouring? Up beyond the butter-nut tree and Mrs. Webb's sunflowers? Beyond Main Street and Constable Warren's walk and Polish Town. . . . We are down, are we? Yes, down. In Our Town. Down from the overtones of the stage Manager's voice to the natural man and boy, woman and girl, of Grovers Corners 1899-1913. And, intrusively though I may say so, a great achievement. One indeed that I was afraid would never come off. Behind the unorthodoxies the callowness of nature. **George Gibbs**, for instance. Could there be a schoolboy **George** to stutter his repetitive solemnities to **Emily** over two strawberry ice-cream sodas—could there be a schoolboy **George**, that is, who would not come to grief and gales of laughter in the embarrassment of an audience? I thought not. Yet there was room to hope.

All honour then to those who lived in and left **Our Town** with the passage of tears. Morbid, was it? Not to my way of thinking. Not, either, to the thinking of those who listened to the **Stage Manager**, the *deux ex machina*, the Olympian in gabardine, who turned back the clock for his players when he willed and checked them when their course was run. Those who **could not** take mime for life, and they were surely few on any night, may have demonstrated a firm habit of mind, but hardly heart. I confess to having been much affected, not once but every time. I could not have expected players, any players, to do better. There was all the pathos of adolescence, the half-formedness both of life itself and of the bits of it the Stage Manager broke off for us from the main chunk. I reckon it was a fine performance and short in no way of the best we have ever done.

If there was one thing pleasing more than another, it was the natural gravity of the players, through rehearsal and performance, the very conviction of living that they had from the beginning. It did not seem possible, as once or twice last year, for a mishap to make them step out of the picture. From the laconic **Howie Newsome**, the milkman (Kenneth

Macgarvie) with his invisible **Bessie**, to **Joe Stoddart**, the undertaker (Jeremy Gordon) plotting his graveyard there was a solemn and desperate ordinariness about them all (**Simon Stimson**, the drunken choirmaster, perhaps excepted) which heightened the tragedy of time half-used and irrecoverable.

Among so many excellent it is perhaps unfair to choose. But if I may pick one I should like it to be the **George Gibbs** of Gordon Rickard. Virtually untried before, he had an emotional verity about him which was answered in the audience. When they mistakenly laughed at him in the wedding scene, the misery of his face silenced them in seconds. It was the callow, halting performance I hardly dared to hope for. Noreen Jones as **Emily Webb** was not far behind, though she could have done more with the ice-cream soda scene. Her best opportunity came when she returned, knowing tragically what was to come, to her twelfth birthday, and so well did she take it that it is perhaps churlish to notice that her Grovers Corner accent was shed with the first tear. An excellent first performance, clear and forthright, came from Gillian Lewis as **Mrs. Gibbs**. Her brisk, nagging tone led her into false intonation only once, during the pre-wedding breakfast with her husband. The **Mr. Webb** of Terrence Panton, the ex-college editor dried and salted in small-town life, was good stuff too, if lacking somewhat in strength and flavour on the first night. Ruth Cole's **Mrs. Webb** and David Weale's **Dr. Gibbs** were only fractionally less alive and sharp, but both looked the part, moved well and let no lines fall vacant and unaddressed. High marks too to Jennifer Gordon in the part of **Rebecca Gibbs**. Moonstruck on the ladder she delighted, though her softer effects were not always audible. Among smaller parts David Thomas' **Professor Willard**, eyebrows apparently vestiges of mezozoic shale, and Dorothy Thomas' **Mrs. Soames**, volubly enjoying the wedding, were particularly pleasing. Bit players are commonly passed over, but I noticed Stephen Brown make a particularly good thing both of the obstreperous **Man in the Auditorium** and of **Mr. Carter**, half-hidden in the second row of graves. **My boy Joel was a sailor—knew all the stars. He'd set on the porch evenin's 'n told 'em all by name. Yessir, wonderful.** That speech for me set the mood for the play's end.

Yes sir, wonderful indeed. And no less so was Michael Gibson's effigy of **Farmer McCarthy**, whose wide-eyed stare did not alter by a muscle throughout the graveyard scene. This was devotion. In truth, there is no word I like better than **devotion** for the entire production. Stripped of trappings, it concentrated on getting to the heart—the right gesture, the right timing behind the inevitably moving word. I reckon the wedding scene was fine theatre by any standards—and I don't mean only **the-ayter**. **Emily's** spirit in her shift and the huddled black umbrellas were fine too, but they were Mr. Wilder's thought. The only production fault I detected was in the failure to determine by make-up the relative ages of **Mrs. Gibbs** and **Mrs. Webb**, which can be inferred reasonably enough from the text. What was that among so many felicities?

The more often I saw this play the deeper it got hold of me. I thought about it many a time when alone. Players, great and small, were the people of the playwright's imagination and their other selves were lost. With amateur productions one may go years and not feel this. **Our Town** was another world and yet home.

R.G.M.

## Behind the Scenes of 'Our Town'

The four public performances of "Our Town" formed what might be termed "the Last Act" of the activity which had been going on since September. "The Prologue" involved the first readings of the play in monotonous tones from the books. Soon parts were "learnt" however and the cast felt themselves confident to rehearse without books, and except for minor incidents when members found themselves open mouthed, bits they had known **perfectly** well having momentarily left them, it went

smoothly, everyone seeing the birth of the character which became almost part of them by the end.

"The Second Act" began with more intensive rehearsals, some members finding it a little cold being dead for days on end when the last act was being rehearsed, while the wedding scene involved some concentration while they repeated their twice table or said Rhubarb, Rhubarb, Rhubarb, to give suitable wedding crowd noises. The miming actions also took some doing, for they needed vivid imaginations! Who could about turn this milk cart horse in approximately 3 sq. feet or cook a family breakfast or mix a strawberry ice cream soda without one?

Eventually the dress rehearsal came round with much amusement at the first sight of the boys in their Teddy suits and the girls in their "Dior" creations and with the make-up too, there was a complete transformation. The next day we dressed up again to have our photographs taken, a memorable event with Mr. Mansell perched precariously with his camera on a table popping in and out from under his black cloth to direct everyone. The photographs were prim and Victorian but after having to go through "Now, just a practice one. Smile, one, two, three. Yes, very good," before every actual photograph was taken it was quite a difficult feat. As we went home that night with only "the Last Act" to go everyone felt a trifle nervous. Before the first night the atmosphere in the chemistry labs. was riotous, everyone hurrying to get made-up and those who were not amused themselves by gambling for corks or marble chips, also a favourite pastime between entrances. Of the performances the third was memorable for the absence of sound effects in the early part of act one, but each had its little amusing mishaps which will make the memory of it individual to the performers.

As we left the stage on the last night the first reaction was "Well, thank goodness that's all over!" but as we packed up for the last time and went along to the cookery centre for supper it was with the realisation that it was also the end to all the fun, pleasure, work and aims of the last weeks. The epilogue began with the feast, at which everyone was dashing round (between cakes) getting autographs on their programmes, a lengthy business because of a pencil shortage, and then it was home to bed. "The Final Curtain" was drawn with the waiting and eager reading of the Press reports, and then it was all over.

It only remains to say a special "thank you" to Mr. Shaw, our producer, and also to the other members of the Staff who helped us behind the scenes of "Our Town." GILLIAN LEWIS, Upper VI Science.

## The Ferryside Trip

I shall never forget the morning we left from School for the West Wales trip, the crush getting into the coach, the frenzied struggle for the best seats. It was a wonder the bus did not collapse beneath the strain

John H. Lewis, IIa.

Our first stop was Llanddowror. In the church there we found a tablet in memory of Griffith Jones, and another one in memory of his partner, Madam Bevan. . . . After travelling on a little from here we arrived at Grongar Hill, the birthplace and haunt of John Dyer. Dyer wrote a poem called **Grongar Hill** telling of the lovely view that can be seen from there.

Valerie Smith, IIa.

In the morning we left Ferryside early for the Ewenny Potteries near Bridgend. . . . One of the workers demonstrated to us the making of a vase with a scalloped top and then a vase of very old design which he made into a modern design by gently pushing the sides quite close together. He then showed us two types of clay, Cornish and Welsh, and when asked said he preferred the Welsh clay. He told us the pottery was sun-dried before being fired and then showed us the kilns in which it was fired.

Rosemary Andrew, IIIa.



ROUNDERS TEAM, 1954

Back Row : Sylvia Williams, Delphia Welham, Rhona Gassner, Irene Platt, Janet Lawton.  
Seated : Miss Ebsworth, Jean Devote, Jean Crutchley (capt.), Suzanne Brown (vice-captain), Mr. Mathias.  
In Front : Rae Gammon, Nanette Brickle, Margaret Thomas.



"OUR TOWN"

The Households



The Wedding

In the Assembly Hall of Gelli Aur the Institute and its motives were explained to us by the Principal. Then the party split into two. While one section went to explore the grounds the other explored the famous house itself. In the grounds were plants and trees from many different lands. For example, there was a giant sequoia (redwood) tree from Canada, seven feet in diameter; also a very rare Judas tree, the sort on which Judas Iscariot is said to have hanged himself. But the very essence of this collection was its variety. There was a huge rock garden arranged in a circle around a summer house which had the inside of the roof decorated with ash twigs . . . on it were flowers and mosses from Japan, China, Africa, India and Pakistan. The next things of beauty were the black deer which dwelt in an enclosed area outside the house. When the two parties had interchanged guides . . . we went to explore the house, which at one time had belonged to Lord Cawdor of Stackpole. (It still does.—Ed.) In the library there were pictures of Lord Cawdor's ancestors, which were genuine oil paintings and worth a lot of money.

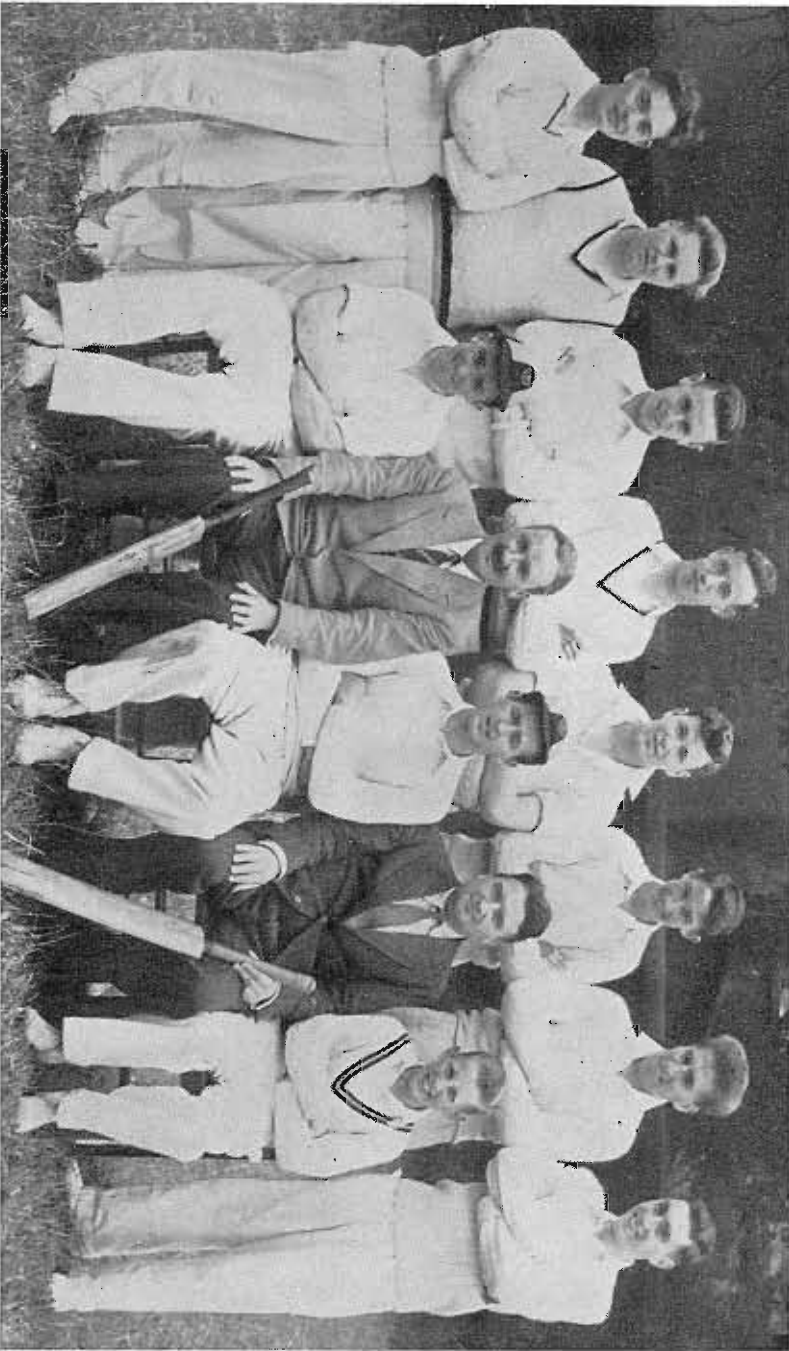
Elfryn Evans, IVb.

I enjoyed most the afternoon spent at the paper mills outside Bridgend. . . . The paper is made from wood pulp, most of which is obtained from Scandinavia. They use 250,000 gallons of water per day. This comes from the river Towy (Llynfi—Ed.) which runs past the mills. Before the water is used it is filtered to get rid of the dirt and then treated with alum to remove the dye from the water. . . . The wood pulp is put into a machine called a Hydropulper, where it is mixed by big blades. Then the mixture passes through a number of different machines called the Drop Chest, Machine Chest, Mordan, Jorden, Airtex Fan Pump, Valley Head Box, Voice Slice. . . . When the paper is completely formed it is passed out to the Suction Couch where the water is taken out, and then to the First and Second Presses, where the different layers are pressed together to make the final product. Then the paper goes to the M.G. Cylinder, the drying section where it is dried by steam, and then to the cooling section. Lastly it is wound on to a reel and cut to sizes for packing into boxes. I was impressed by the cleanliness of the factory and the lovely tea in the canteen. On leaving we were each given a box of paper handkerchiefs to take home. Maurice Eynon, IVb.

On to Porthcawl and the fairground, at Coney Beach . . . Pat and I had hoped to take Mr. Rees on the Water Chute, but he very wisely decided a walk on the promenade would be nice. Rosemary Andrew, IIIa.

The day I shall remember was Thursday, 8th July. After an early breakfast we departed for Ystradgynlais to see the works of the Enfield Clock Company. . . . The first process in the making of a clock was the fixing of the back plate to the front. Then the clock was placed on a conveyor belt which took it to the next girl, who fitted some other parts to it. By the time it reached the end of the belt it was complete except for the outer case. The clocks are put on test for a week and if anything goes wrong the whole clock is dismantled. Much the same process is carried on in the Watch Factory except that the women have to use magnifying glasses to fit in the parts. Gold watches, watches with luminous dials and Dan Dare watches are all made here. . . . Before we left Swansea we visited the Glynn Vivian Art Gallery, which has a wonderful collection of Swansea porcelain. There were some paintings that had been hung in our School and a collection of beautiful glass paperweights. . . . On reaching Rhosili we found it was raining. . . . Rhosili seems a very isolated place for, on making a tour of it, Ann and I discovered that there were no shops. On a hoarding was pasted a poster stating that the Mobile Cinema would be round the following week. . . . After tea at the Bay View Cafe, we were going to return to Ferryside when someone asked Mr. Mathias if he would take us to the cinema in Llanelly. He said if someone sang a solo he would. Nobody would sing a solo, but Millie and Rosemary offered to sing a duet. They did, and as a result we went to see Danny Kaye in **Knock on Wood**.

Mary Jones, IIIa.



CRICKETER XI. 1954

Standing : Malcolm Joy, David Wheel, Stephen Griffiths, John Cornwall, Clive Harkett, Eric Brown, David Phillips, Derek Cousins.  
Seated : Graham Tregidion, Mr. Devereux, Peter Preece (capt.), Mr. Mathias, John Jones.

## Romeo and Juliet

On the morning of Wednesday, 9th September, most of the sixth form set out for "The Royal Playhouse," Tenby, to see a performance of Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet."

The title parts were played by Laurence Harvey and Susan Shentall, while Flora Robson and Mervyn Johns played the nurse and Friar Lawrence respectively. The rest of the cast was composed of Italian stars.

The street scenes in and around Verona were very impressive and colourful. Laurence Harvey made such a wonderful Romeo that most of us envied Juliet a great deal. Juliet was all that could be imagined. The acting of both characters was done extremely well and there is little room for fault.

The original play had, of course, been pulled and ripped apart so much that really in some parts one could say—"Words by William Shakespeare and—" I felt the balcony scene got rather monotonous.

The close of the film was so very pathetic indeed that everyone seemed to be crying with the people in the film. The film was so impressive that I personally felt that I was in Verona and living each scene.

A special mention must be given to the wonderful background music which was always there to listen to when the film itself got boring. Special praise must also be given to the director—Castellanni.

We came away sorry that other members of the school were not able to go to this very striking film, which had only had its London Premiere a few days before.

EIRA BRICKLE, VI Arts.

## Library Report

Some 441 books have been borrowed from the library this term in the following dispositions:—

Fiction and Travel	...	...	...	128
Welsh, British and European History	...	...	...	72
Anglo-Welsh	...	...	...	68
Literary Criticism	...	...	...	30
Biography	...	...	...	27
Biblical Studies	...	...	...	23
Drama	...	...	...	20
Painting, Music and Ballet	...	...	...	15
Classics	...	...	...	13
Poetry Tests	...	...	...	10
Welsh	...	...	...	6
French	...	...	...	6
German	...	...	...	5
Journals and Diaries	...	...	...	5
Topography	...	...	...	5
Crafts	...	...	...	4
Sport	...	...	...	4

At the beginning of this term Mr. Gammon took over the work of the Librarian from Mr. Garlick.

Many new books have been purchased, and it is felt generally that many members of the school do not take full advantage of the Library.

The following donations have been made to the Library this term:—  
David Thomas—£1.

Miss Sylvia Canton (Old Pupil)—30s.

"The Spectator" has been added to the periodicals available at the Library reading-desk.

GRAHAM PHILLIPS, V R.

## REVIEWS

### The Lost Villages of England

By MAURICE BERESFORD

(Lutterworth 45/-)

This is an ordinary book on a singular subject by a careful author. It seems to want to please everyone and cater for all tastes. Needless to say it does not. But strangely enough that is not a condemnation of the book. Mr. Beresford should have an instant appeal to all those people with archaeological instincts trained or untrained. Furthermore his scientific research and synthetic reconstruction of the lost villages he discovers will no doubt delight all of that calibre. However I am in duty bound to say that the book is interesting.

It deals with the depopulation of villages in England during the late 15th, the 16th and early 17th centuries. Among other things it seems to recommend itself to the fortunate people who are studying that course. The author in his methodical research for lost villages reveals a host of interesting facts about the people of that period. Although it is quite a lengthy work and in parts inordinately dull the subject is one of increasing interest to all those people who are interested in the social framework of Great Britain in mediæval times and in the feudal system. Divided into four parts, the book deals with the lost villages clearly and with mathematical precision. In fact I doubt whether the lost villages have ever been dug up, tabulated, examined, reconstructed and firmly put in their place with such an exquisite air of finishing off an algebraic equation before. But to continue, the first part deals with the appearance of one of these villages and its structure. Also with the attempts made to arrest the decline and extinction of this species by the various kings of that time. Part Two deals with the destruction of the villages. The reasons, the occasions and the whereabouts of the destruction. The third section deals with the author's personal experience of lost villages and all the trimmings that are inseparable from them. Finally a neat list of documents, and elaborate reasoning as to why this one or that one reveals the existence of a village now lost, and a list of lost villages by counties, compile the last part.

To finish off the book are lists of Tables dealing with the villages and their inhabitants, and lists of Appendices for all and sundry with inquiring minds to inquire at. I do not believe that this book will be very much sought-after. Perhaps if it were concerned with Wales its interest would be heightened by the nearness as it were of the text. On the whole I am at a loss what to say about it, but I cannot give it my whole-hearted approval.

J. A. GORDON, Upper VI Arts.

### "The Welsh Sonata"

By JAMES HANLEY. (Verschoyle, 10s. 6d.)

The story of "The Welsh Sonata" is related by "Goronwy Jones, Station House, Cilgyn, Policeman and retired bard (written in his own time)." From the beginning it is obvious that Goronwy Jones belongs to that fast-dying-out type of person—but oh, so typical of North Welshmen—the fussy, almost perfectionist kind, who stores away in little cubby-holes in his mind all the peculiarities and idiosyncracies of his fellow-men, to be brought out on such occasions as that with which the story opens. The strange disappearance of Rhys the Wound and the Cloud, that tall, handsome, "God-given" man of no fixed abode, but with a Bible on his back, starts off a whole train of conjectures in the mind of Goronwy Jones. Rhys was a popular man, always ready to do a service, but a mystery. However, during the policeman's efforts to trace him, light is shed on his past life by the various characters who have had some connection or other with him, and also several little sub-stories are brought out.



The village, Cilgyn, is a typical Welsh village, though not of the present day (as it must be with the mentions of "a bright battering bus in a Saturday town" and the Welfare State) but more of the typical Welsh village one would expect to find a century or so ago.

The diction used by the author, James Hanley is bright but rather pretentious, and semi-Biblical—an effect produced no doubt by the too literal translation of Welsh phrases; it also brings to one's mind the writings of Dylan Thomas. Maybe this semi-Biblical style is suitable for a story about a prophet-like man such as Rhys was, but nevertheless, it takes a bit of getting used to.

The fault of the book is the failure of Goronwy Jones' "report" style of narration to deal adequately with the actions taking place and one has to stop now and again to reconsider the events in one's mind (as well as to linger over an unfortunate number of misprints).

James Hanley has written in "The Welsh Sonata" a story which combines the humorous with the pathetic, the dramatic with the poetical; it is an earthy but a good book. AWENA JONES, Lower VI Arts.

## How to be Topp

GEOFFREY WILLARS and RONALD SEARLE

(Max Parrish 8/6)

Otherwise known as "A guide to success for tiny pupils, including all there is to know about Space."

Terrible drawings of Martians, space-ships, graves and one "in memory of my mother" meet the eye the moment this book is opened. Although not ideal for the preservation and culture of the mind, this book definitely does provide helpful hints on the way to "Acquire Culture and Keep the Brane Clear," "How to Succeed as a New Bug," and "How to be Topp in All Subjekts." Molesworth himself tells us that—

"You could become topp if you want to but most pupils do not. If they use this book they could come half way up and even bottom hemisphere."

For those who have never had the pleasure of coming face-to-face with a gerund they will soon realise that it is quite a gentle beast unless it comes up against a peaceful pronoun. It is also very depressed if there is no room for it in a sentence.

If you are fatigued, bored, run down or depressed you can help yourself to a Molesworth Day-Dream. "Just detach yourself from the humdrum work of the class and stare out of the window with your mouth open." You then imagine "The Grate St. Custard's Flood" (or that of your own particular peaceful, learned institution).

"Boys," as Molesworth says, "fall into a lot of types which are all repulsive." These types are—Cads, Oiks "who used to be tough boys who had not our advantages," Goody-goodies, Bullies, and Snakes."

Those who have never been initiated into the ceremonies of "Extra Tew" learn that it is "extra lessons for backward boys which keep aged masters out of the dog's home because they get paid for it and so they should." There is a wonderful copy of Molesworth's Bogus Report which must be filled in and posted "on first day of hols," so that the "real report" can be destroyed when it comes along.

After the end of term comes Christmas which "all grown-ups say is the season for the kiddies." But to Molesworth it is a Shambles—"Pop drop the hamer on the cat in the kitchen the pudding explode with a huge crash and the cat spring up the curtains."

This book is obviously one which will be read with great avidity by all teachers, in the hope of discovering examination "wheezes." But they will not be the only people waiting to profit by Molesworth's cunning because boys themselves will wish to study the brilliant wit of Willars and Searle. YVONNE RICHARDS.

## Music Society

The officials of this year's music society are as follows—Secretary: Megan Harries; Chairman: Marie Bearne; Committee: Marjorie Williams, Una Flint, Yvonne Richards, Jennifer Rickard, Stephen Griffiths, Malcolm Joy, and Malcolm Davies.

The usual end-of-term concert which was held was long, varied and highly entertaining, one of the most enjoyable items being the puppet show produced by Miss Hinchcliffe. The programme opened with a piano solo, Valse in C sharp Minor (Chopin) by Helga Dalhoff, which set the tempo for the others. Our other German visitor, Gertrude Adametz, gave a pianoforte solo, "Nocturne in C minor" (Chopin).

Solos were rendered very nobly by Kathleen Lockett, "The Fuchsia Tree" and "Now sleeps the Crimson Petal," and Joan Thomas "A rosebud by my early walk." Other enjoyable vocal items were performed by the choir singing "May no rash intruder," a two part song, "A Tall Story," by Graham Tregidon, Stephen Griffiths, Ralph Davies and Malcolm Davies, and a two part song by the senior girls, "Little Jack Horner." The Staff obliged with the hymn, "Mae arnaf eisien sêl," and the choir with "The Happy Wanderer." One of the highlights of the concert was the Typical Topical Calypso sung by the VI form Leavers, words by Mr. S. Shaw and music by Annette Williams. There were two instrumental solos, first a violin solo, "Norwegian Dance," by George McClean, and a clarinet solo, "Myrtle," by Billy Tucker. The programme was ended by the much anticipated puppet show.

There were only two meetings of the Music Society held in the winter term of 1954, in the first of which a new idea was tried out. It was decided to have a miscellaneous programme consisting of records which were chosen from requests received from members of the school and other varied items given by the pupils. The records played were as follows: Intermezzo from "Cavaliere Rusticana"; "Oh Mein Papa" and "Mystery Street" played by Eddie Calvert; Offenbach's "Barcarolle"; "Ave Maria" sung by Deanna Durbin; "Celeste Aida" sung by Mario Lanza; Les Campagnons de la Chanson singing "Les Trois Cloches," and Hamlet's soliloquy "To be or not to be," by Sir Lawrence Olivier.

The items given by the pupils showed that some new talent has been gained this year. Royston Thomas gave a piano solo, "The Dream of Olwen," which was greatly enjoyed by all present, and two second formers, Jane Evans and Joyce Limlett sang a duet, "White Birds." Billy Tucker gave a clarinet solo "Myrtle," and George McLean a violin solo, "The Gondoliers." Joan Thomas gave us a solo while the sixth form choir gave us their version of "I see the moon."

The second meeting of the music society took the form of a discussion on Jazz and Classical music, the speakers being Geoffrey Wainwright and Megan Harries respectively. They were supported by Marjorie Williams and Una Flint, the talks being illustrated by appropriate records. The chair on this occasion was taken by Mr. I. Evans.

## Science Society

The term commenced with the election of the following officers—President: Mr. N. H. Greenwood; Chairman: Terrence Panton; Secretary: Raymond Angle; Committee: Gillian Lewis, Jeremy Gordon, Derek Blake, John Cornwell, Michael Owen, Denn's Pascoe and George Reynolds.

The first meeting was held on the 22nd September, when Raymond Angle gave a talk on television. He explained the principles on which television was based and described how the modern television cameras and receivers were developed.

The second meeting was held on the 3rd November and took the form of a Brains Trust. The trust consisted of Gillian Lewis, Pauline Armitage, Joan Carr, Terrence Panton, Raymond Angle, Jeremy Gordon, Derek Blake, Michael Owen and George Reynolds. The meeting was a lively one, the members of the team disagreeing on almost every issue.

## Dramatic Society

The officials this year are—Secretary: David Thomas; Committee: Eira Brickle, Davina Evans, Awena Jones, Megan Harries, Tony George, John Derham.

It was decided by the committee this year that the Society should not only produce English plays but French, Welsh and German also.

At the first and only meeting of the Society, German and Welsh plays were produced. The German play, "Little Red Riding Hood" was well acted and much appreciated by a fairly large and enthusiastic audience. Those taking part were: Patricia and Margaret Kavanagh, Joyce Phillips, Ray Reynolds, Stephen Brown and Lloyd Coles.

The second play, "Mae wil yn mynd i'r Gwersyll," provided much enjoyment even for the non-Welsh pupils. Those taking part were: Joan Lewis, Graham Phillips, Suzanne Brown, Margaret Thomas, and it was jointly produced by Eira Brickle and Dorothy Thomas.

Both plays were greatly appreciated and it is hoped that French and English plays will be put on in the near future.

## Yr Urdd

During the summer holidays eleven members of the branch went to the camp at Llangrannog, nine staying there for a week and two for a fortnight.

In the first meeting of the Christmas term the new Form II members and the German and Austrian pupils were welcomed. There were also songs by a Form II boys' choir and girls' choir, by a party of Form VI girls and by Margaret Thomas and Joan Lewis. The meeting ended with folk-dancing.

The Duck'ng Apple Night was more successful this year than in previous years due mainly to the very skilful story-telling of Suzanne Brown and Raymond Dony.

The night given by the German and Austrian pupils maintained the high standard which has been set in previous years. Christa spoke about life in her home town near Frankfurt and Helga about Graz, and Georg gave his impressions of Pembrokeshire. It was pleasing to see so many of the school present at this meeting.

The next meeting—an international film night—contained features about India, Portugal and Madeira.

The Christmas party was this year held on a Saturday night. The programme contained a full-length film, "The Big Store," with the Marx Brothers, and a visit by Father Christmas. Most of the members, whose numbers almost doubled within three days before the party, were in fancy dress, and had gone to considerable trouble to find their varied costumes. We must make this an annual feature of the Urdd party. During the festivity a Christmas-Presents-to-Greece Fund was inaugurated by Suzanne Brown and Jane Evans, and Eira Brickle on behalf of the Urdd said goodbye and made a presentation to Helga and Georg.

## W.J.E.C. Examination Results

1954

### Advanced Level:

Nigel Albury (2); Raymond Angle (1); Ann David (3); Una Flint (2); Valmai Folland (2); Tony George (2); Megan Harries (1); Noreen Jones (1); Betty Morgan (3); Eric Morgan (3); Terence Panton (2); Norman Phillips (1); Peter Preece (3); Graham Tregidon (1); Marjorie Williams (1).

### Ordinary Level:

Pauline Armitage (8); Derek Blake (2); Pamela Bodman (2); Eira Brickle (6); Nanette Brickle (4); Eric Brown (6); Stephen Brown (6); Joan Carr (7); John Cornwell (2); Derek Cousins (3); James Croft (8); Malcolm Davies (3); Sheila Donovan (1); Charmaine Ellis (6); Davina Evans (6); Evan Evans (1); Pauline Francis (2); Sheila Francis (1); Michael Gibson (2); Jennifer Gordon (1); Mary Griffiths (1); Mervyn Griffiths (4); David Gwyther (4); Clive Harkett (7); James Hier (1); David Horn (5); David James (3); Owen James (1); Sheila John (2); Sylvia John (2); Dorothy Jones (7); John Jones (7); Lorna Jones (4); Awena Jones (5); Noreen Jones (1); Malcolm Joy (5); Pat Kavanagh (4); Joan Lewis (6); Sandra Loveluck (2); James Macgarvey (8); Christopher Macken (3); George Maclean (6); Eric Morgan (1); Megan Morgan (1); David Nicholas (4); Pat O'Brien (4); Michael Owen (1); Dennis Pascoe (2); David Phillips (1); Elizabeth Phillips (1); Margaret Phillips (6); Norman Phillips (1); George Picton (7); Junice Picton (1); Bryn Price (3); Jeanne Puleston (2); Asenath Pulford (3); Richard Rees (2); George Reynolds (3); Yvonne Richards (6); Gordon Rickard (6); Jennifer Rickard (6); John Rouse (4); Margaret Scarr (3); Daniel Stewart (3); Michael Tee (6); David Thomas (1); Dorothy Thomas (1); John R. Thomas (5); Margaret Thomas (2); Mary Thomas (3); Michael Thomas (3); Graham Tregidon (1); William Tucker (6); Enid Watts (3); David Weale (7); Delphia Welham (1); Dorothy Welham (2); Marjorie Williams (1); Mary Williams (1).

## SCHOOL SPORT

### TENNIS

The School had a more successful season this year than last, winning six out of eight games played. The standard of play was fairly high, and once more a German student, Helga Dalhoff, was the mainstay of the side. Her dogged style quickly wore out her opponents and her agility proved very exasperating to them. The team was captained by Betty Morgan, with Noreen Jones vice-captain and secretary.

At the end of the term colours were awarded to Marie Bearne, Noreen Jones, and Helga Dalhoff.

The following represented the School: \*Betty Morgan, Noreen Jones, Helga Dalhoff, Marie Bearne, Davina Evans, Rhona Gassner and Joan Carr. For the under-15's Jean Devote and Margaret Thomas also participated. \*Old Colours.

### Results:

May 8—Tenby G.S. Away. Won 3—1 events.  
June 5—Whitland G.S. Away. Won 45-36 games.  
June 12—Taskers H.S. Home. Lost 44-37 games.  
June 19—Tenby G.S. Home. Won 57-24 games.  
June 22—Coronation S.M.S. Away. Won 20-16 games (under 15 years).  
June 26—Whitland G.S. Home. Won 54-27 games.  
July 3—Taskers H.S. Away. Lost 49-32 games.  
July 10—Milford G.S. Home. Won 4-1 sets.

### TENNIS TOURNAMENT

This year the tennis tournament attracted many more eager competitors than last year for the Mixed Doubles. The entry for the Girls' Singles and the Boys' Singles was about the same as last year, 14 entering for the Girls' and 16 for the Boys', while seven couples entered for the Mixed Doubles. There were no handicaps this year for experienced players.

Rhona Gassner, who shows much promise, put up a very good fight against Helga in the second round, and the match was interesting to watch. Marie Bearne, a steady player, lost to Helga 6—0, 6—1 in the semi-final.

and Helga went ahead to beat Noreen Jones in the finals 6-3, 6-2.

A good match to watch in the Boys' singles was that between John Thomas and Gordon Rickard in the semi-finals. After some keen play John emerged winner, the score being 9-7, 4-6, 6-3. Stephen Griffiths beat Christopher Macken 6-2, 6-3, and Stephen and John met in the finals, Stephen winning 6-1, 4-6, 6-4.

This year a brother and sister partnership broke up when Elizabeth Griffiths left school and the new winners of the Mixed Doubles were Noreen Jones and Gordon Rickard. They beat Davina Evans and Christopher Macken 6-3, 3-6, 6-1, in another interesting contest. The finalists and results were :-

#### Girls' Singles :

Noreen Jones, Helga Dalhoff—Helga Dalhoff 6-3, 6-2.

#### Boys' Singles :

John Thomas, Stephen Griffiths—Stephen Griffiths 6-1, 4-6, 6-4.

#### Mixed Doubles :

Davina Evans, Christopher Macken ; Noreen Jones, Gordon Rickard—Noreen Jones, Gordon Rickard 6-3, 3-6, 6-1.

In the last week of term the Staff challenged the School, but once more the School proved the superior team, although the Staff was much encouraged by one win over them. The following represented the School : Noreen Jones, Helga Dalhoff, Betty Morgan, Gordon Rickard, Stephen Griffiths, John Thomas. The Staff was represented by Miss Lewis, Miss Ebsworth, Mr. Humphreys, Mr. Evans, Mr. Shaw and Mr. Greenwood.

### CRICKET

The poor form shown by the first XI continued in the matches not reported in the last issue. Two more school matches were lost; two, against the local Home Guard and the Staff, were won easily. These two victories, against weak opposition, flattered a very poor School team.

The chief weakness throughout the season was in batting. It was unfortunate for the School that the two best batsmen, Tregidon and E. Evans, missed several School games through their selection for Pembroke and the Combined Pembro. Carms. XI. Evans did not strike batting form in these representative games, but mention must be made of Tregidon's splendid 56 not out against Breconshire. This performance earned him a place in the Final Welsh Trial where, though keeping wicket well, he failed with the bat and thus lost his chance of achieving the rare "double" of a cap in both Rugby and Cricket.

Another factor which contributed to the School's lack of success was that P. Preece, captain for the third successive season, experienced what was probably his worst season out of the five in which he played for the School. His captaincy, however, was sound, and as usual he set a splendid example in the field.

It seems clear that the only solution to the School's cricketing problems is hard practice by every player in all sides of the game, together with a more serious and determined approach in the matches themselves.

Colours were awarded to: E. Evans, E. Brown and D. Cousins.

The following boys played in the first XI: P. Preece\* (capt.), E. Evans (vice-captain), G. Tregidon\* (secretary), E. Brown, S. Brown, D. Blake, J. Cornwell, D. Cousins, J. Carr, D. Cole, C. Harkett, J. Jones, S. Griffiths, D. Phillips, T. Panton, G. Reynolds, M. Joy, G. Rickard, J. Thomas, D. Picton, C. Macken, D. Weale. \* Old colours.

#### Results :

- June 25—v. Whitland G.S. Home. Whitland 94; School 59-7 (Joy 20 n.o.). Time-limit match.  
 July 3—v. Haverfordwest G.S. Away. Haverfordwest 61 (Preece 6-10); School 46 (S. Brown 10, D. Cousins 13).  
 July 10—v. Pembroke Dock Home Guard. Home. School 128-4 dec. (E. Evans 51 n.o., Tregidon 30); Home Guard 28 (E. Brown 4-12, D. Phillips 3-7).

July 13—v. Staff. School 63-4 dec. (Cousins 27 n.o.); Staff 33 (Weale 3-9).

#### Averages :

Batting	Innings	Runs	Highest score	Not out	Average
E. Evans	6	73	51*	1	14.6
G. Tregidon	7	72	30	0	10.3
J. Jones	9	76	22*	3	12.7
Bowling	Overs	Maidens	Runs	Wickets	Average
P. V. Preece	74.1	24	95	21	4.5
E. Evans	32.1	9	69	12	5.8
S. Griffiths	64	21	86	14	6.1
E. Brown	30.1	3	89	13	6.7

#### Junior XI

Two matches were played by this XI.

#### Results :

- June 16—v. Coronation S.M.S. Home. School 45 (B. Griffiths 13 n.o.); Coronation 8 (G. Jones 5-3, D. Evans 3-3).  
 July 5—v. Haverfordwest G.S. Away. School 116-9 dec. (G. Jones 15, S. Morris 10, J. Carr 16, B. Griffiths 12 n.o., F. Breese 16); Haverfordwest 3-1. Match abandoned.

### RUGBY 1954/55

#### First Fifteen

Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	Pts. for	Pts. agst.
11	8	1	2	151	51
Sept. 11—v. Pembroke Dock 'Quins 2nds.	H	Won			32—0
Sept. 18—v. Haverfordwest Grammar School	H	Won			16—3
Oct. 2—v. Pembroke 2nd XV	H	Won			12—3
Oct. 9—v. Aberaeron Grammar School	H	Won			18—0
Oct. 25—v. Truro School	A	Won			18—17
Oct. 27—v. Penzance Grammar School	A	Lost			6—9
Oct. 29—v. Queen Elizabeth Hospital School	A	Won			16—5
Nov. 6—v. Tenby Grammar School	H	Won			6—3
Nov. 13—v. Pembroke Dock 'Quins 2nd XV	H	Draw			0—0
Nov. 20—v. St. Michaels, Bryn	A	Draw			5—5
Nov. 20—v. Cardigan Grammar School (H).					Cancelled ground unfit.
Dec. 4—v. Llanelly Grammar School (A)					Cancelled ground unfit.
Dec. 11—v. Gwendraeth Grammar School (H)					o
Dec. 15—v. Old Boys	H	Won			22—6

#### Second XV

Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	Pts. for	Pts. agst.
3	1	2	0	11	32
Sept. 25—v. Haverfordwest Grammar School II	H	Lost			5—15
Oct. 9—v. Pembroke Dock Youth XV	A	Lost			0—14
Oct. 23—v. Carmarthen Grammar School II (H)					Cancelled ground unfit.
Nov. 13—v. Haverfordwest Grammar School II (A)					Cancelled ground unfit.
Nov. 20—v. Cardigan Grammar School II (H)					Cancelled ground unfit.
Dec. 11—v. Pembroke Dock Youth XV	H	Won			6—0

#### Junior XV

This season, unlike previous years, the Junior XV has taken a very long time to settle down. In fact, even at the end of one term, the team is by no means settled. There have been several contributory

causes. Firstly there is a shortage of real talent; there are many players of average standard and it has taken a long time to give everyone a fair opportunity to rise above the mediocre. Then injuries and illness have taken their toll and increased the task of team building enormously. Last, but by no means least, the weather has resulted in several cancellations of matches and, of course, the best practice is the experience of real match play.

Consequently this term's performance has been very ordinary—no cricket scores and more often than not hard fights to retain an unbeaten ground record.

Undoubtedly the highlight was the week's tour of Cornwall. Despite our inability to record a single win, the trip was very enjoyable and instructive.

Details of matches played are as follows:—

Sept. 11—v. Haverfordwest S.M.S.	A	Won	13—0
Sept. 25—v. Haverfordwest G.S.	H	Won	6—3
Oct. 2—v. Haverfordwest S.M.S.	H	Won	8—6
Oct. 9—v. Aberayron G.S.	H	Won	9—3
Oct. 25—v. Truro School	A	Lost	6—9
Oct. 27—v. Penzance G.S.	A	Lost	0—6
Oct. 29—v. Queen Elizabeth Hospital School, Bristol	A	Lost	0—9
Nov. 6—v. Tenby G.S.	H	Won	20—3
Nov. 20—v. St. Michael's, Llanelly	A	Lost	0—9
Played	Won	Lost	Drawn
3	5	4	0
			Pts. for
			62
			Pts. agst.
			48

The following have represented the Junior XV: \*S. Brown (capt.), \*J. Gough, K. Smith, R. Davies, \*I. Davies, P. Evans, R. Bentley, \*R. Evans, \*C. McCullum, \*E. Morris, B. James, J. Jenkins, J. Brown, \*E. Davies, H. Carter, D. Cole, \*M. Evans, T. James, R. Ferrer, M. McCusker, \*R. Waite, J. McCann, R. John, J. Carr, J. Derham, J. Rees, F. Breese and P. Gibby.

(\*Has represented the County Junior XV).

We congratulate the captain of the XV on his being given the captaincy of the County XV; he and Ivor Davies were given a West Wales trial at Ammanford on November 20th.

We also congratulate George Reynolds, David Weale, Clive Harkett and Chris. Macken of last year's Junior XV on their being awarded County caps.

### THE CORNWALL TOUR

#### Truro School

The touring side arrived at Truro School on a rather bleak October afternoon, and were then conducted around the fine, stone-built buildings. Derek Cousins, VI Commercial.

The thing I noticed most at Truro School was the orderly way the boys went about the corridors. There was no running and little boys screaming their heads off as they do in our school.

David Gwyther, V Repeat.

We returned to the school for tea. We were clapped the whole length of the dining hall by the junior members of the Truro school. Everyone in the 1st XV must have been proud to have beaten such formidable opponents.

David Weale, Lower VI Science.

After the film, which was a Western, and was enjoyed by the juniors (who needed reviving) exchanges of thanks took place between Mr. Cleaver, up in the Gods, and the Truro headmaster. Outside we retrieved our kit and crunched down the path in front of the school to our victory chariot, the Silcox bus.

Dennis, the bus driver, had brought the bus up a labyrinth of paths, almost to the front of the school. When everybody was aboard we left the school with pleasant memories, "Sospan Fach" and almost half a fir tree sticking in through the back window of the bus.

Stephen Griffiths, Upper VI Arts.

### Cheddar, and Bristol School

We toured the Bristol district on the following day. The Cheddar caves were a fine spectacle, marvellously preserved and illuminated in places by electric light. This combination of ancient and modern was the work of our guide, who only had one arm. His hand disappeared into what seemed solid rock and a faint click would illuminate a part of the cave in which an electric light had been discreetly hidden. There was everything there—from Aladdin to Swiss villages.

This day was our last before the journey home. We met Queen Elizabeth's Hospital school in the afternoon and won by sixteen points-five. A visit to the Shipham village cinema that night was our final encounter with the people of that village, and early next morning we rolled off for home. A better half-term holiday no one could wish for and although we had been defeated once, as we took our final look back, I am sure we all felt like Caesar as he left England—"Veni, Vidi, Vici."

Results up to date:

September			
11—Pembroke Dock Quins 2nd XV	H	Won	31—0
18—Haverfordwest Grammar School	H	Won	16—3
October			
2—Pembroke 2nd XV	H	Won	12—3
9—Aberaeron Grammar School	H	Won	18—0
16—Whitland Grammar School (H)	Cancelled.		
25—Truro School	A	Won	18—17
27—Penzance Grammar School	A	Lost	6—9
29—Bristol School	A	Won	16—3
November			
6—Tenby Grammar School	H	Won	6—3
13—Pembroke Dock Quins 2nd XV	H	Drew	0—0
20—St. Michaels, Bryn	A	Drew	5—5
27—Cardigan Grammar School (H)	Cancelled.		
December			
4—Llanelly Grammar School (A)	Cancelled.		
11—Gwendraeth Grammar School (H)	Cancelled.		
15—Old Boys	H	Won	22—6

### ROUNDERS

The rounders team should be congratulated on maintaining an unbeaten record throughout the season. All members gave a fine display of teamwork and proved themselves excellent fielders, the majority making good batsmen. Jean Devote was a reliable back stop giving accurate replies to Rhona Gassner's fast bowling by making many fine catches and giving well timed passes to Jean Crutchley and Delphia Welham, who were most consistent at first and fourth posts respectively. The highest individual scorer was Suzanne Brown, who had seven rounders to her credit, other good scorers being Janet Lawton, who made four-and-a-half, and Rae Gammon and Rhona Gassner, both of whom scored four.

The following girls represented School: Rhona Gassner, Jean Devote, Jean Crutchley (Captain), Rae Gammon, Nanette Brickle, Delphia Welham, Janet Lawton, Suzanne Brown (Vice-Captain and Secretary), Irene Platt, Sylvia Williams, Margaret Thomas, Sheila Jones.

Colours were awarded to: Rhona Gassner, Jean Devote, Jean Crutchley, Rae Gammon, Nanette Brickle, Delphia Welham, Suzanne Brown, Irene Platt, Janet Lawton.

Date	School	Home or	Won or	Rounders	Rounders
		Away	Lost	For	Against
May 8—	Narberth	Away	Won	2½	1
June 5—	Whitland	Away	Won	7½	2
June 12—	Taskers	Home	Won	2½	1½
June 26—	Whitland	Home	Won	6½	1
July 3—	Taskers	Away	Won	2	0
July 10—	Milford G.S.	Home	Won	4½	½
	Total			25½	6

# OLD PUPILS' ASSOCIATION

President: R. G. Mathias, Esq., M.A., B.Litt.  
 Chairman: D. F. Hordley. Vice-Chairman: Miss K. Rouse.  
 Secretary: W. G. C. Price. Treasurer: M. G. Thomas.

Committee:  
 Mrs. Eileen Macken, Miss Joan Tucker, Mrs. Joan Sudbury, Mrs. Joyce Hall, J. H. A. Macken, John Ross, Rowland G. Rees, Dennis Lloyd.

Magazine Representative: Miss K. Rouse.

## Obituary

It was a great shock to those who knew him to hear of the tragically sudden death, on June 26th, of Sidney Snow (1929-34). When he left School he entered his father's tailoring business in the town, and later moved to Northampton, where he had been the very successful manager of a similar business for many years. The news of his death came as a greater shock because he was such a cheerful, bustling personality. We offer our sincerest sympathy to his wife, formerly Denise George, a contemporary of his at school, and to his parents.

The death occurred on August 23rd at the Pembroke Cottage Hospital of one of the original Old Pupils of the School, Mr. Herman B. Edwards. He was 67, and was for many years sanitary inspector with the Pembroke Rural District Council, attending the last meeting of the authority less than three weeks before his death. In his younger days he had served with the Pembroke Yeomanry.

The death of John Kane (1937-44), at the age of 27, early in September, came as very sad news to us. He had been ill for some time, and had spent a considerable time in hospital. At School we remember him as a quiet, earnest boy. When the A.T.C. was formed at School during the war he joined the School Flight, and later, after leaving School, he was for some time a student at the Cardiff Wireless College, and later at Plymouth Technical College. We offer our sincerest sympathy to his mother and to his relatives.

It is with great regret that we record the passing of Alonzo Fletcher Evans (Lonnie Evans) who was a pupil of the School from 1920 to 1928.

His contemporaries will remember him with affection for his lovable and sunny disposition. They will remember too, his prowess on the cricket field, for he must have been the best of all School wicket-keepers and was always at his best in a crisis.

On leaving School he became a student at Aberystwyth University College and later became a member of the Metropolitan Police Force. His personality and ability resulted in his being selected for training at the Police College, but after successfully completing the course he resigned and entered upon a business career in Tenby. He soon became a notable figure in the business affairs of the town. The war saw him serving his country in the R.A.F. He returned to his business after the war and under his guidance it grew rapidly, with branches in Pembroke and Kilgetty.

Locally he was a popular figure, for he played an important part in the life of the town, and his good humour and sincerity made him a host of friends.

He was happiest when serving his Church. The church people of Gurfreston will miss him sorely, for he was not only their organist but took an active interest in all the church affairs. It is fitting that he was laid to rest in the churchyard of that beautiful old church which he loved so well.

To his wife, his children, and his aged mother we extend our deep sympathy.

J.H.A.M.

We were very sorry to learn at the beginning of December that the School caretaker, Mr. Ralph Stabb, was leaving at the end of January to return with Mrs. Stabb to their native district at Brixham in Devonshire. His cheerful personality, abounding energy, and delightful South Devon accent will be sadly missed about the buildings and the grounds. We hope that he and his wife will have many happy years in Devonshire.

## NEWS OF OLD PUPILS

John Brooks (1947-53) passed his examinations in History and Philosophy at the end of his first year at University College, Aberystwyth, last summer.

Hubert W. Bowen (1910-12), who works as a shipwright at Milford Haven, is precentor at Little Honeyborough Baptist Chapel, Neyland.

In the tennis tournaments at the Memorial Park, Pembroke Dock, last summer, two Old Pupils figured in the finals. Mrs. Beryl Bevans (née May, 1927-33) and partner won the mixed doubles, beating Joan Tucker (1927-34) and her partner 6-1, 6-2. In the ladies' doubles Mrs. Bevans and her partner were beaten by Joan Tucker and her partner 6-3, 6-4, and in the ladies' singles Mrs. Bevans was beaten 6-4, 4-6, 6-4. Mrs. Bevans, who is now living in Saundersfoot, has resumed teaching, and has been on the staff of the new Infants' School in Tenby since the middle of last term.

Old Pupils gave way to Present Pupils in the County tennis team last summer. Stephen Griffiths played one match and Christopher Macken played in all three county games. Both players acquitted themselves extremely well. Following his tournament successes this summer Chris Macken has been placed under contract to Dunlops, who have great hopes of his future development. He won the West of England Junior Singles this year as well as the County Singles and the County Mixed Doubles, in which he was partnered by his cousin Susan Davies of Porthcawl.

Percy Bevans (1926-34) was home on holiday last summer. He had his wife and daughter with him and spent a pleasant week renewing old friendships. He is expecting to take up a post in the West country in the near future. He has been an Officer of Customs and Excise ever since leaving School, except for a period of service in the Royal Navy during the war.

Kenneth Catherall (1945-52) passed Final Pure Mathematics and Final Chemistry at University College, Cardiff, last June.

Sylvia Canton (1937-42) gave up her post as caption writer for "Picture Post" in August. At the end of that month she left for Luxemburg to take up a position as Secretary to the Chief Information Officer of the European Community for Coal and Steel there. As part of her work she has written for the European and American press a very interesting and informative article about the school that has been opened in Luxemburg for the children of the staff of the Organisation. These children are of six nationalities, so the school is truly cosmopolitan, and these fortunate youngsters are getting a chance of learning various languages in what seems to be a very pleasant manner, judging from the description given in the article.

Mrs. Pamela Fullerton (née Crook, 1942-48), who is at present in Hong Kong with her husband, Lieut. B. Fullerton, was a few months ago appointed secretary to the Principal of Roydon House Private School in Hong Kong.

A. J. Carpenter (1939-44) returned to Khartoum at the end of his leave last May. Owing to the changed situation in the Sudan he, in common with other British holders of posts in the Sudan Defence Force, received notice to terminate his engagement, so on July 16th he left by air for this country. On his arrival here he was posted as Chief Clerk "Q" Branch at Headquarters Northern Command in York. Owing to an error made by the postings section he found himself moved three

weeks later to Dublin, where he still is, as Chief Clerk to the Military Attaché there. He has done very well in his nine years in the Army, as he has been a Warrant Officer Class I for some time, and is also a holder of the B.E.M.

Dennis Carr (1935-40), who was officer in charge of "R" Battery, Pembroke Borough Army Cadet Force, with the rank of Major until he went to live in Milford Haven last summer, was then transferred to the Milford Haven "Q" Battery. He is a member of the Finance Department staff at the Town Hall there.

Gillian Davies (1943-51) completed her degree at Aberystwyth last June, with a Second Class Honours (Division II) in History. She is training in the Department of Education this year.

Howell S. Davies (1948-50) completed his degree at Cardiff last June with Second Class Honours (Division II) in History. He also is doing his training this year.

Clifford Davies (1939-44) was appointed Commanding Officer of the local Air Training Corps last summer.

Leslie C. Davies (1938-46), who has been since August, 1953, a Senior Assistant at the Library of University College, Swansea, completed the Registration examination of the Library Association last June. Since she has also completed the requisite period of three years of recognised library service, she has now become an Associate of the Library Association, and a Chartered Librarian.

Florence E. Davies (1928-33), who was secretary of the Pembroke-shire Youth Employment Committee, left in August to take up another position under the Ministry of Labour at Wrexham. She began her career in the Civil Service at the Employment Exchange, Pembroke Dock, being later transferred to Haverfordwest.

Nesta Dew (1924-31) was appointed for September to the headship of the primary school at Shepperton, under the Middlesex County Council. She was trained at Stockwell College, and had been teaching in the Acton district.

H. J. Dickman (1921-24) was appointed Clerk to the Haverfordwest Rural District Council last July. He is a Fellow of the Association of Certified and Corporate Accountants, and had been since April 1st, 1948, Deputy Clerk of the Council. Before this he had served for twenty-four years in various departments of the Pembrokeshire County Council.

Congratulations to Albert Davies (1919-23), of Neyland, on becoming Worshipful Master of the Neyland Masonic Lodge.

Roy Eynon (1943-49), of Angle, left Southampton at the end of September on the s.s. "Queen Elizabeth" for New York, where he was to join the M.V. "Javanian Prince," of the Furness Withy Line, as third officer. He has been in the Merchant Navy for about five years, serving his deck officer apprenticeship with the Blue Funnel Line.

Gwen Evans (1947-53) has given up her post in the Civil Service in London, and is now working for the National Coal Board in Aberdare.

John Gilder (1951-52) was one of the recipients of a county rugby cap, but had left school before it arrived. A few months ago the cap was officially presented to him at a ceremonial parade by his flight-commander at Cosford, where he is serving with the R.A.F. In a letter written at the end of September he informed us that he was shortly appearing on a television programme being made from Cosford. He was to be in charge of a squad of armourers who were going to re-arm a Vampire jet fighter, and he was to be interviewed by the commentator.

W. F. Grimes (1922-23), the Director of the London Museum, was very much in the news a few months ago, when he was in charge of the excavations of the Roman Temple of Mithras in the City of London.

Archie Gwilliam (1901-2), now of Cardiff, won the Welsh Bowls Singles Championship at Dinas Powis on June 12th. He is now 64 and a retired Customs and Excise Officer. He left the Borough in 1908 to take up an appointment with the Customs and Excise in Cardiff. His wife was formerly Miss Violet Masson (1906-10).

Trevor Gwyther (1947-51) is now doing his National Service in the Army.

Mr. Tom Gray, who was a pupil at the "Old Victoria," and who retired from his position as Cashier at Barclays Bank in Pembroke Dock some years ago, is living in retirement in Porthcawl. He is very fit and enjoys life in the seaside town.

Others in Porthcawl are Mrs. D. J. Davies (née Hettie May, 1914-17), who is in business in the town, and Mrs. Stratford (née Miss Dolly Howells), who was Gym Mistress at the School for many years. Mrs. Stratford has made her home in Porthcawl since the death of her husband, who was a chemist in the Swansea area.

David J. Harries (1944-50) completed his degree at Aberystwyth last June with a Second Class Honours (Division I) in Music. He has returned to college this session to prepare for the M.A.

Graham Harper (1946-53) was admitted to the Honours French class at Bangor in October.

Mrs. Jean Fryer (née Hubbard, 1934-39) is living at Knutsford in Cheshire, where her husband owns large nursery gardens.

Douglas Hodges (1938-42) was home on holiday last August from Silloth, near Carlisle, where he was then working for the Air Ministry as an Instrument Maker.

Roy Haggart (1947-51) was commissioned in the Royal Artillery in August, and was then posted to Oswestry. At the moment of writing he is serving at Rhyll in North Wales.

J. C. Henton (1930-36) spent a month last summer as a guest of the Yugoslav Union of Teachers. He tells us that two of the teachers who were their hosts had visited Wales as members of the Yugoslav dance teams at the International Eisteddfod at Llangollen, and were very enthusiastic about Wales and the Welsh. He enjoyed open-air productions of "Hamlet" and "The Dream of Dubrovnik" that he saw, and tells us also that he witnessed a memorable performance of "Aida" in the ruins of the Diocletian Palace at Split. In October he took part in a performance of "The Young Elizabeth," which was put on by the amateur dramatic society to which he belongs in Southampton, where he is teaching.

Raymond Halkyard (1948-51) now lives in Colwyn Bay, where he is employed by the Corona Works. When in Birmingham he played rugby for the Whiteheath club, and last July he was presented with a cup by them for being the "sportsman of the year." He was also the recipient, as a member of the team, of three medals for the winning of important matches.

Pamela Hay (1947-53), who followed a secretarial course in London after leaving school, has an appointment with the British Launderers' Research Company in London.

News comes of Mrs. Joan Leigh (née Hinchcliffe, 1921-28), who is teaching in a school at Henleaze, Bristol, where she now lives.

Michael John (1949-51) joined the staff of Haverfordwest Secondary Modern School last September as Rural Studies specialist.

The school party that visited the Ewenny Potteries last July met there Derek A. G. John (1925-32). He is an Excise Officer in the Bridgend area, having been in this service since he left school, apart from the inevitable break for military service during the war.

Hyda John (1948-50) was transferred to the Methodist College, Belfast, when her parents moved there. She left school in 1952, and is now—since last March—employed as Stock Record Clerk in the Cost Office of Messrs. Short and Harland in Belfast, having worked before that in the office of the Co-operative Society.

Marion Jenkins (1943-50) joined the staff of the Royal Normal College for the Blind at Shrewsbury last September.

David John, who left last July, and entered St. David's College, Lampeter, in October, took part at the end of November in the College production of "The Wind and the Rain."

Joyce Johns (1931-38) has given up her post as Head of the Occupational Therapy Department of Lancaster Moor Hospital, and at the end of January she is going to North Germany, to Warel, between Oldenburg and Wilhelmshaven, to organise occupational therapy in a camp of displaced persons housed in the naval barracks there.

Raymond Jones (1940-47), who joined the Old Vic Company last summer, and has taken the stage name of Raymond Llewellyn, informed us early in December that he was to play the Welsh captain in "Richard II," rehearsals for which were to start on December 14th.

A letter from Lawford Siddall informs us that he has recently met Ivor John Williams (1920-27), whose prowess as a centre-forward will be well remembered by the Old Pupils of the 1920's. Ivor is now Chief Welfare Officer under the L.C.C. Lawford has also met Ivor Gibbon, another noted footballer of the same era, who is now a banker in Leatherhead.

Mary Lewis (1940-47) has been appointed as an extra member of the staff of the School. She takes up her duties this month.

Oriel Llewellyn (1934-36) called in School when on holiday in July. He served in the R.A.F. until 1950, leaving with the rank of Warrant Officer (Flight-Engineer). He was then serving in Malaya. On leaving he qualified as a Motor Engineer, and found a post with the Lancashire Steel Corporation, and had then been their Transport Manager for 2½ years. He is married and has one little girl. He lives at Irlam, Manchester.

Graham Lovering (1943-48) who is a qualified Civil Engineer, is now back in the town, and has a post with a firm of contractors here. Earlier last year he held a similar appointment in the neighbourhood of Yeovil.

Tudor Lewis (1944-51) was demobilised from the R.A.F. in October and has now taken up the appointment in the Ordnance Survey Department, for which he passed the examination some time ago.

Dennis Lloyd (1940-45), the Pembroke Dock 'Quins full-back, was chosen as captain at the beginning of this season. He is teaching at Rosemarket School, and has been playing for the 'Quins for the past six years.

Richard Palmer Morgan (1935-39) completed his qualification for the Associateship of the Institute of Civil Engineers last July.

Phyllis Morgan (1938-45), who holds the degree of B.A. (Wales) with Honours in French, left Liverpool on September 10th for Canada on board the "Empress of Australia" to take up an appointment as French mistress at Netherwood School, St. John, New Brunswick.

Frank Manning (1945-51) completed his degree at Hull last June with 3rd Class Honours in Chemistry. Early in December he was still waiting to be called for National Service.

Alan Maynard (1947-51) passed the W.J.E.C. last summer at Bishop Gore Grammar School, Swansea, in three subjects at the Advanced level—English, Latin, and French, getting a distinction in French. On the result of this examination he was awarded a State Scholarship, and has now entered King's College, University of London.

Megan Morgan, who left from the Commercial Vith last summer, has been appointed to fill a vacancy as junior clerk in the Chief Financial Officer's Department at Pembroke Dock.

Patrick McCloghrie (1949-53) was on embarkation leave in November. He was then a corporal in the Royal Corps of Signals, and had been stationed at Chester. He left by air for Singapore on December 2nd.

Margaret Nicholls (1946-53) passed all her three subjects at University College, Aberystwyth, last summer, and has been admitted to the Honours School in Latin. She is also doing Final Welsh and Greek.

E. T. Nevin, M.A. (Wales), Ph.D. (Cantab.) (1936-41) returned to University College, Aberystwyth, last October as Lecturer in the Department of Economics. On September 22nd he broadcast a talk on "Planning" in the Welsh Home Service. Earlier in the year a series of articles by him were published on the leader page of the "Western Mail."

Ted Nelson (1920-27) spent a holiday last summer with his wife and family in Hundleton, where his sister Lucy keeps the well-known Speculation Inn. Ted visited many friends in the neighbourhood. He is settled near Harlech in North Wales, and recently met Dr. W. Skyrme Rees (1925-29) who, with his wife (formerly Margery Mathias) also lives in the neighbourhood.

Janice Phillips (1946-53) was admitted to the History Honours School at Bristol University last October.

Colin Palmer (1943-49) passed the National Diploma of Design at the Swansea School of Art last summer, and is now doing his fifth and final year there.

Glenwyn Phillips (1945-51) was demobilised in August, after a period of service in Aden. He has now resumed his post as clerk in Pembroke Dock.

Emrys Pendleton (1932-38), who was Chairman of the Britannia Cricket Club, was presented by the club with a fountain pen and propelling pencil in September on the eve of his departure to live in Haverfordwest.

Peter Preece, who left in July, and entered University College, Cardiff, in October, has already distinguished himself in signal fashion. During his first term one of his poems was read on the Welsh Home Service, in the same programme as a poem by Mr. Mathias. We notice, too, that one of his poems is included in the Fall, 1954, number of the American review "Poetry Book Magazine." In addition to this he has achieved the distinction of being made, after so short a time in the college, editor of the college magazine "Cap and Gown." This makes our second university editor, as William Smith has been for some time English editor of the periodical "Sigma" at University College, Bangor.

David L. Phillips (1947-54) reported for service with the R.E.M.E. at Heathfield Camp, Honiton, Devon, at the beginning of November. At the end of the same month he was home on leave, having passed the Unit Selection Board, and was to begin training for a commission. He was already playing rugby for the Camp XV.

Mary Phillips (1946-53) has been elected a member of the Students' Representative Council at Barry Training College.

Bruce Preece (1945-51) completed a year at Gelli Aur Farm Institute, Carmarthenshire, last July.

Jean Paterson (1949-52) left the district early in September to begin training as a nurse at the Royal Infirmary, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

W.G.C. Price (1936-41), the secretary of the Old Pupils' Association, has now been elected an Associate Member of the Institution of Electrical Engineers. He is already a B.Sc. of the University of London. He has an important post with the South Wales Electricity Board, being Assistant Planning and Development Engineer for the three counties of Carmarthen, Cardigan, and Pembroke, based on Tenby.

Desmond Roch (1939-46), who obtained a temporary post to teach Mathematics and Physics at the Grammar School, Haverfordwest, about a year ago, was re-appointed for another year last September.

Clyde Richards (1931-36) was home on holiday with his wife during the summer from Bournemouth, where they are both teaching. They went to live at Bournemouth ten years ago.

Arthur T. Richards (1942-49) was appointed in September to a post in a secondary modern school in the Paddington district of London.

William B. Rees (1943-50), who is in his last year at Trinity College, Carmarthen, where he has specialised in Woodwork, is attending the School each Monday for teaching practice.

Vivian Rossiter (1946-53) joined the R.A.O.C. at the beginning of July. He called at School in early October when on embarkation leave. He has now sailed for East Africa. He had been working as a clerk in the Admiralty since he left School, and had played soccer for the Admiralty.

James A. Rees (1943-50) entered St. Mary's Roman Catholic Training College at Strawberry Hill, near London, last September.

Sheila Randell (1948-53), who is a student at Fishponds Training College, Bristol, has now moved with her parents to Reading.

Mrs. Miriam Lakin (née Rogers, 1933-40) and her husband, the Rev. John Lakin, are now living at Sefwi Bekwai on the Gold Coast, at the Methodist Mission. They hope to come home on furlough at the end of March. We record the birth of their son, Andrew Roger, later in these notes.

Philip G. Sudbury (1925-31) has been home on leave with his wife and children since the summer from Kenya, where he is an Education Officer.

W/O T. J. Smith (1931-35), of the Royal Corps of Signals, left by air for West Africa a few months ago for a tour of duty on the Gold Coast. He has been in the Army for sixteen years, and saw service at Dunkirk, in Italy, and in the Far East.

William G. Smith (1944-51) was at School for teaching practice for the first five weeks of the autumn term, during which time he took over a full time-table.

Carolyn Shenton (1949-50) has been employed at the War Office for nearly a year. She tells us that her younger sister Marilyn finished her first year as a nurse at the Radcliffe Hospital, Oxford, last September.

Arthur Skone (1943-49), who is married to Mary Delves (1942-48), is now teaching at Pennar School, after training at Trinity College, Carmarthen.

Sherwin Tucker (1947-53) sailed for Hong Kong with his regiment early in September. He is now a corporal, and is stationed at Fan Ling, just outside Hong Kong.

Sq.-Ldr. Kenneth I. Thomas (1927-30) and his wife Dorothy (née Taylor, 1927-34) left the town for the Suez Canal Zone in September.

Inez Threlfall (1946-51), who obtained her Diploma in Occupational Therapy in the summer, has been appointed Occupational Therapist to a hospital in Warrington, Lancs. Her engagement is announced later in these notes.

Rev. Lewis G. Tucker, one of the original pupils of the School, who now gives the School a History prize, retired from his pastorate at St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church at Walton-on-Thames, where he had been for more than eighteen years, at the end of October. The November number of the St. Andrew's News Letter consists almost entirely of appreciations of him. These are some extracts from what is said about him. "The outstanding feature of Mr. Tucker's ministry is undoubtedly the quality of his 'Preaching of the Word' . . . His scholarship was outstanding, his faith profound, his quality of debate invincible, his choice of words astounding, his leadership commanding, and his sense of fun infectious." . . . "He has, among many other qualities, an uncanny knack of being able to awaken in people a sense of their religious responsibility." In a letter written at the end of November he said that, though he was retired, the Presbytery of Liverpool had appointed him to be Resident Minister at Rock Ferry, Birkenhead, where he was to take up his duties on December 5th. The appointment is for three years.

There was a mention some months ago in the "West Wales Guardian" of Mrs. Jessie Worrall (née Thomas, 1923-25) in a report of the wedding, at Portsmouth on August 7th, of her daughter Joy.

Brinley Thomas (1945-52) came out of the R.A.F. a few months ago. He has obtained an appointment at the N.P. Bank, Pembroke Dock, where he began work on November 22nd.

Graham Tregidon, who left School last summer, paid us several visits when home on leave from the R.A.F. in November. He was then at Hednesford in the Technical Training Command, and seemed, naturally enough, to have spent most of his service life playing rugby. He was then playing stand-off half for his station team, and in the same position for Technical Training Command, who had recently beaten Bomber Command by 40 points to nil in the R.A.F. Cup. In this score he had a great hand. He was shortly leaving for St. Athan, but was first going to Uxbridge for the Final of the Command Cup v. Fighter Command. Before beginning his service with the R.A.F. he had played for Swansea and, in company with Michael Green (1944-50) and Glyn Hughes (1945-50), played for Pembrokeshire against Glamorgan early in September. In mid-December Tregidon was picked to represent the R.A.F.

Cyril O. Thomas (1921-27) spent his summer holiday at Freshwater East, where he met a number of his old friends.

John Walters (1945-51) passed Moderations at St. David's College, Lampeter, last summer.

Richard Wainwright (1937-43) obtained the M.A. of the University of Wales last June, with a thesis on "Egil's Saga Skallagrímasonor."

David E. J. Williams (1940-48), who finished his training at Swansea last summer, after completing his B.A. the year before, was appointed for September English and Games Master at the Priory Secondary Modern School, Acton, London. While at Swansea he completed a course in rugby football and is now a fully qualified Welsh Rugby Union coach and referee.

C. W. Wells (1923-26) was awarded the O.B.E. in the Birthday Awards, Colonial Service, Malaya, last summer. On leaving School he went to King's College, London, where he got his B.Sc. He then went to the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons in London, where he obtained the M.R.C.V.S., later passing the Diploma in Tropical Veterinary Medicine of Edinburgh. He was awarded the Gold Medal and the Governors' Medallion while a student at the R.C.V.S. On completion of his training he was appointed to the Colonial Service in Malaya, and is now Deputy Director of the Veterinary Services there. On the outbreak of war with Japan he joined the Malay Defence Force and was taken prisoner on the capture of Singapore.

David Ll. Williams (1947-53) has recently entered the R.A.F. for his period of National Service. He seems to have enjoyed his work in the Customs and Excise Department in London, and to have done well there. He has met in London Derrick Williams (1945-51), who works in the same department as himself, but in a different building, and Kathleen de Candia (1949-53), who is nursing at the London Hospital in the White-chapel Road.

Congratulations to the following Old Pupils, whose engagements have been announced since our last issue:—

June—Norman Kenniford (1946-50) to Dilys Evans, of Pembroke Dock; Gwynne Lewis Davies (1942-45) to Kathleen Owen Morris (1939-1944).

September—Margaret Sheila Taylor (1948-51) to George Perry, of Rhoscrowther.

November—Alfred J. Panton (1944-49) to Inez Rosemary Threlfall (1946-51); Hilary Whitelock (1946-48) to John Francis Thomas, of Gurfreston, Tenby.

We congratulate these Old Pupils on their Marriage:—

July 24—Neville Gwynne Long, B.A. (1942-48) to Betty Ellen Richardson, of Wimbledon Park, London.

July 24—David Arthur James Brand (1936-40) to Thelma G. Elkins, of Thurston, Sardis.

July 24—Mavis Eileen Sutcliffe (1943-48) to L.A.C. Derek Wills, of Pembroke.

July 24—David Allen Phillips (1945-48) to Margaret Rosemary Thomas, of Pembroke.

July 28—Cecil Parry (1941-43) to Betty Marian Mason (1937-42).

Aug. 2—Beryl Ronwen Williams (1945-49) to Ronald Hubert Noott, of Milford Haven.

Aug. 7—Dorothy E. Clements, B.Sc. (1928-33) to R. E. Bosley, of Wallingford, Berks.

Aug. 7—Mrs. Freda Smith (née Manning, 1935-39) to Frederick Lloyd, of Pembroke Dock.

Aug. 7—Joan Irene Mackeen (1943-47) to George Henry Bennett, of Neyland.

Aug. 14—Ivy Dorothy Roblin (1939-44) to Geoffrey Davies, of Johnston.

Aug. 21—Betty Barbara Brown (1947-1951) to Junior Technician Anthony Wilbert Parsons, R.A.F., of Taunton.

Aug. 21—Sybil Jones (1949-53) to Arthur Pemberton Phillips, of Pembroke Dock.

Aug. 25—Leonard Thomas (1936-41) to Muriel Cynthia McClelland, of Milford Haven.

Aug. 28—Margaret Eleanor Primrose Pannell (1946-51) to William James Parkinson, of Pembroke Dock.

Sept. 4—Aubrey G. Phillips (1941-46) to Mair Vaughan, of Wolfscastle.



- Sept. 11—Glyn Thomas Cook (1943-47) to Irene May Roblin, of Pembroke.  
 Sept. 11—Myfanwy Evans (1945-49) to Derek Halstead, of Pembroke Dock  
 Sept. 13—Audrey Frances Roberts (1931-36) to Henry McKenzie Symonds, of Cardiff.  
 Sept. 15—Jean Edwina Watts (1945-49) to Alan Dixon, of Cirencester.  
 Sept. 25—Margaret Rose Hughes (1946-52) to Jean-Marc de Labauve d'Arifet, of Mauritius.  
 Sept. 25—Parsha Child (1938-43) to George Ross Mutch, of Aviemore, Scotland.  
 Oct. 9—Edith Gwenda Roblin (1932-39) to Spencer Howell Scourfield, of Whitland.  
 Nov. 13—Patricia Dooley (1950-53) to Maurice Douglas Jones, of Pembroke Dock.  
 Dec. 4—Raymond Willington (1948-52) to Mary Elizabeth Griffiths (1947-53).

We have pleasure in recording the following births:—

- June 11—To Pat, wife of Terence Clague (1943-44), a son, Christopher Keith.  
 July 29—To Miriam (née Rogers, 1933-40), wife of the Rev. John Lakin, a son, Andrew Roger.  
 Aug. 19—To Mrs. Ruth Ludbrook (née Morse, 1940-41), a son, Charles Francis.  
 Sept. 7—To Elsie, wife of Cpl./Technician Llyn John, R.A.F. (1941-45), a daughter, Susan Lynne.  
 Sept. 29—To Marion (née Hall, 1935-39), wife of Laurence Dale, a daughter, Linzi.  
 Oct. 12—To Brian and Phyllis (née John, 1945-49), a son, Michael Brian.  
 Nov. 6—To Pamela, wife of Brian Sherlock (1940-45), a son, Edward William.  
 Nov. 8—To Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Harries (née Barbara Owen, 1943-48), a son, Paul.

## Penvro Dramatic Society

For their autumn production, the society stooped to farce with "Ambrose Applejohn's Adventure," by Walter Hackett. Although the piece is slight, dated and inconsequential, Kenneth Cooper handled the company and the staging with intelligence, and produced an evening's good entertainment.

It was a change to see newcomers in the cast, all of whom showed promise. John Moore swashbuckled his way through the evening as Ambrose very bravely, but was inclined to be rather ponderous and slowed down the pace of a play which needed brisk acting. Clive Gammon used his good voice and easy movement to make Ivan Borolsky the horrible character he was meant to be. As Anna, alias "Big-eyed Glad," Norma Shears took her punishment from Borolsky and Applejohn without a wince and if she was inclined to be breathless at times she can hardly be blamed.

Joyce Hall must have found Poppy quite refreshing—at last she has emerged from below stairs! She must realise, however, that now she is allowed to sit down in the drawing room she can dispense with the anxious voice and the "Oh sir, you are a one" expression.

Beryl Jones as Agatha Watcombe dominated the stage like a ship in full sail with all her streamers flying and gave a very good performance.

Clifford Davies and Joan Sudbury were partners in crime and did very well in spite of various circumstances. Either their hands were full of the gear and tackle of their "Art" or the stage was nearly always in complete darkness when they were on.

Before the curtain fell we saw Ralph Davies as a fake policeman and Aubrey Phillips, who could have arrived about two acts earlier to tell us the whole story which, apart from a gloriously colourful pirate scene, was too drab and protracted for words.

The next production in March will be Christopher Fry's adaptation of Jean Anouilh's play, "Ring Round the Moon." This "charade with music" is perhaps the society's most ambitious venture. It is a delightful comedy which will be a pleasure for the players to rehearse and an experience for the audience to remember.

## Hockey

This season the regular playing strength of the club is down to about a dozen, consequently it has often been difficult to field a side. Nevertheless a number of enjoyable games have been played in which the club has been quite successful.

D. Rendall and F. Williams played in the County Trial, and the latter played for Pembrokeshire against Glamorgan on November 21st.

An invitation is again extended to any Old Boys who do not already play a winter game to join the club.

### Results:

- Sept. 11—H.M.S. Harrier. Home. Won 2—1 (K. Williams 2).  
 Sept. 18—Lamphey. Away. Won 4—0 (Shaw, Lawrence, K. Williams, Rendall).  
 Sept. 25—R.A.F. Home. Draw 1—1 (Price).  
 Oct. 23—Lamphey. Home. Won 3—2 (Rendall 2, K. Williams).  
 Nov. 6—Haverfordwest. Away. Lost 1—2 (Lawrence).  
 Nov. 13—R.A.F. Home. Won 6—2 (Rendall 3, K. Williams 3).  
 Nov. 20—Trinity College. Home. Won 3—2 (Rendall 2, M. Ebsworth).

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