

THE PENVRO



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GOVERNORS

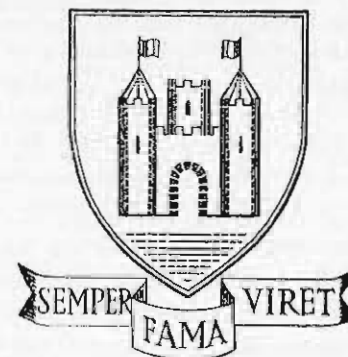
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THE PENVRO

No. 122

SPRING

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Kenneth MacGarvie, John Trice

EDITORIAL

THE main trouble, as far as writing the Spring editorial of the *Penvro* goes, is that it has to be done far ahead of publication—so that while our heads are full of the impending seasonal pleasures of Christmas, we have to be thinking of how it will look to you in the bleak beginnings of the year. No good talking about the happy little queue outside the R.D.E. room, waiting for their polythene-packaged turkeys now, is there? By the time this appears, the polythene is all that will be left. But at any rate, our cover picture will remind you of one of the pleasures of last term.

Another that we recall in pictures in this issue of the *Penvro* is the school play. In late November, to the music of Purcell, came *The Beaux Stratagem*, a pleasant comedy of manners, neatly presented. Then, brought in with drum and cymbal, Speech Day. It was certainly a musical term.

The end of it saw the departure of Mrs. Cowle, long known to us as Miss June Lewis. Whether we knew her as the provider of those sustaining and delicious refreshments after school functions, or in the sterner rôle of one of the chief forces behind the Glyndwr Eisteddfod steanroller, her departure will be sincerely regretted throughout the school. At the same time went Mr. Lester, who for a term had taken the place of Mr. Moses. We wish them both a happy future. And indeed, to all the school, a Happy New Year.

Delights Through the Ages

(with acknowledgments to John Masefield).

Medieval mistress with a high-pointed head-dress,
Gliding through the castles in her long flowing gowns,
Her delights were minstrels,
Jugglers and jokers,

Knights in gold armour, and music-making clowns.

Elizabethan damsel in a tight-fitting farthingale,
Moving round the banquet hall with a stately air of grace,
Her delights were sailors
Who went fighting Spaniards,
Riding and hawking, and ruffles made of lace.

Twentieth century schoolgirl with gym-slip and pimsolls,
Dashing up the corridors—trying to race time,
Her delights are dancing,
Sports, games and acting,
History, French and English, and all things sublime.

JILLIAN RICH, IIIA.

Christmas Eve

I looked from my bedroom window. It was a rather misty morning, with a thin low-lying haze that somehow seemed very suitable to the day before Christmas—to Christmas Eve.

Already, up on the hill some boys were collecting firewood in a dilapidated gadge, while in a tiny nearby copse, two or three girls of about my own age were up trees gathering something, probably holly. That gave me an idea—I would myself go for holly after breakfast, if Vida my friend would accompany me.

So absorbed with plans for a full and exciting Christmas Eve, I enjoyed my ham, eggs and hot toast. The postman was very late and had to knock the door, for there were far too many cards and parcels for an ordinary letter-box like ours. Eagerly we four children sorted them out to a non-stop chorus of exciting squeaks and long drawn "Oohs!" In the middle of it all my father joined us, dragging in a heavy hamper, which proved to be part of a prize he had won in a competition. There was a lovely picture of a white bulldog on the label. Every bit as thrilled as we were dad quickly cut cords fastening it. On the top was a beautiful turkey!

"Phew! That must weigh every ounce of sixteen pounds!" mother exclaimed. There was a Christmas cake, a plum pudding, a box of chocolates, a bottle of champagne. There were cigarettes, cigars, sweets, dates, figs, tangerines and a host of things for our Christmas larder.

Had I not promised to go out with Vida I would have liked to have helped with the unpacking and stacking away of such a feast of good things.

"Shall we shop?" Vida asked.

"Let's go to Canaston Woods for holly", I suggested, "the bus leaves in about fifteen minutes."

Vida jumped at the idea, and dashed home to get her bus fare, a flask of tea and some sandwiches.

Soon we were speeding along the Haverfordwest road. Everybody seemed to be in the Christmas mood. The bus was filled, not only with noisily nattering human beings, but with Christmas trees, toys, groceries and poultry in every type of wrapping and container.

We got off at Canaston Bridge and went into the woods. There were blue-green fir trees of many varieties, and holly with glossy red berries on. Ready-cut yuletide logs could be found here and there all through the woods. Although we had come for holly there were so many lovely things there to help the house look decorative that we popped some of them amongst the holly in the roomy carpenter's bags we carried.

Soon we were hungry. We found a huge log and sat on it. From our haversacks we produced our flasks of tea, sandwiches and mince pies. Although we did not enjoy the tea from the flasks, every mouthful of the food tasted extra special in the sharp morning air. The strong sweet smell of the rotting vegetation made me hungrier than I had ever been before in my life.

On our way back to the bus stop, an old woman spoke to us over a hedge, asking us what we were looking for.

"That's a nice bit of holly you've got there," she said. "Would you like a bit of mistletoe to go with it? If so come into the garden and help yourselves." And she showed us where some mistletoe grew on her one and only knarled apple tree.

"Do you think she is a witch?" Vida asked.

"I don't think witches wear berets and horn-rimmed glasses," I said. "Besides she has a wireless set if you'll notice and seems quite modern."

Whereupon our bus appeared round the corner and we had to make a dash for it, thanking the old lady as we ran. Now the festive spirit was even more apparent, for the bus was crammed to capacity with shoppers

and farmers' wives hugging huge market baskets laden with poultry to fulfil last minute orders. From our corner on the top of the bus we could see folk staggering from the village inns clutching bottles and flagons and shapeless parcels that probably contained one or both. Our conductor had some holly in his cap and told us in between serving tickets that he was dreaming of a white Christmas. We were glad to reach Pembroke and alight for it was very close on the bus.

Vida hurried home saying she would see me the following day. Our house was filled with a savoury, but strange smell. Hungry, I sniffed and sniffed. Mother explained that it was giblet soup and gave me some for my tea. It was very nice, but I preferred the lemon cheese cakes that followed.

"Mr. Harvey has brought the goose," Mother said. "Whatever shall I do? Dad has won a turkey now!"

"Why not have the turkey on Christmas day and the goose on Boxing day?" I suggested.

"Why of course," Mother said, and set to, to make the stuffing.

I painted some leaves silver and stuck them on the mirror. The Christmas tree in the corner we decorated with bells and reindeers and an assortment of small presents, and fixed a fairy doll on top clutching a rosy electric lamp. The holly we arranged behind pictures, the mistletoe around the gaily coloured lantern in the hall.

It took a long time and when it was all over we were ready for our supper of cocoa and ham sandwiches.

As I followed the others upstairs to bed I felt that it had been the most interesting day of my life.

"Christmas day is the best time of all, isn't it?" my sister whispered when we were in bed.

"No—second best. Christmas Eve is the very best time of all," I said, and went happily to sleep.

SUSAN SAUNDERS, IIIA.

Ghosts

It was a fine summer evening as I walked across the Yorkshire moors towards a ruined house. I was thinking of what the old farmer had told me about the house; he had said that it was haunted by the ghost of the man who had lived there during the war, but my disbelief in ghosts overcame any ideas I might have had. It took me a good fifteen minutes to reach the top, but I finally reached my destination. It looked creepy and mysterious at first sight but I decided to go in.

I had quite a scare as I approached the door, or rather where the door should have been, a blackbird flew out quite close to my head, and it was clear that it was not I who had disturbed it. For the moment I thought I heard footsteps and then all was quiet except for the distant cries of the curlews and lapwings. It was quite dark inside as the windows were covered with creepers, and it was a good thing that I had brought a torch with me. The walls were damp and covered with cobwebs but in a dark corner there was a hole in the wall. My first thought was that it had been made by rats scurrying back and fore, but it then occurred to me that the hole was too big for that, and it must have been made by some wild creature of the moors.

It was then that I saw, in the light of my torch, the fresh footprints on the dusty floor, yet I had passed no one on the way up. The strange thing was that these footprints stopped at the hole in the wall, and a search of the house revealed nothing else. I decided that I was hungry and would return to my lodgings for supper. Outside it was getting dark, and just as I left the house I thought I heard footsteps that sounded hollow. This really made me jumpy and I started off at a quick pace

and returned to my lodgings in record time. I was very glad to see my companion who was waiting for me; we had separated in different ways that morning. He told me he had had quite a pleasant day but had found nothing of importance; so I told him where I had been. He listened to my tale with interest and surprise and then laughed as he said, "That farmer told you too many things about ghosts that your mind is full of them!"

As we had made our arrangements for the following morning, I asked him to come up with me the following afternoon, and this he agreed to do. Two o'clock the next day found us on our way to the 'Haunted House'. We arrived there to be greeted by the same bird, and then a volley of hollow tappings on the floor. This made my companion's hair almost stand on end, and he kept muttering "Good Gracious", "Good Gracious!" The tappings stopped and we crept in. I shone the beam of my torch round the cobwebbed room, more freshly made footprints showed clearly on the floor. The corner was still clear of cobwebs and as I showed my companion this I swear I saw something white vanish through the hole! My friend must have seen it also as he jumped back with a gasp of astonishment, he turned nervously towards me and said "Let's go". "No," I said, "I want to solve this mystery." "But it is getting dark," said my companion. "Yes" I replied, "but we have a torch, and anyway I think there is something down that hole." I flashed the torch and groped around with my hand and at last encountered something solid. I drew it out and it turned out to be a tall but thin vase with gay designs on it. "This will be just right for our collection I said, but how did it get there?" With this thought in our minds we set off back to the Inn.

When we got in we had a hot drink and decided we had had enough for one day and went straight to bed. My first memory in the morning was the vase, and I lay in bed and thought things over. I woke my friend and after we had breakfasted we set to and started to polish the vase. Our efforts revealed some lettering on the side which we could not read, and so decided to return home and take the vase to our local museum. We packed it carefully so that it would not get broken on the journey. It was too late to go to the museum that night, so we waited until morning. The Curator accepted it and asked for permission to examine it, and carried it carefully into his room. After looking at it for some while he said he would be pleased to accept it, but as he went to put it on a shelf he dropped it. It did not break but a large crack appeared in the side, and to our amazement a white vapour started to pour out of the crack. To say we were paralysed is to say the least and the vapour gathered fury and tore round the room like a hurricane. Papers were scattered right and left and we three crouched down in terror. Then as quickly as it came it disappeared again. The white apparition in the hole was solved!

To this day I remember this experience and needless to say the vase now lies buried under six feet of earth! Even so I often see the 'ghost' in my dreams and often of a dark night I hear footsteps following me home.

DAVID GLEDHILL, IVA.

* * * * *

Oh to have a boat of my own
To have the sail all stitched and sewn
The hull all painted red and blue:
This is my dream that may come true.

PAT KING, IIA.

A Noise

I hate noise, yet would not be without its sympathy.
 Before we rest and when we wake
 An engine, grimy, noisy is heard.
 (Coursing oil feeds its cough
 But heals not the irritation.)
 Men's chatter, a sudden bustle
 Stirs the air, and rings the knell
 Of solitude, with these signs of life.

A queer annoyance or anger, perhaps
 Unpremeditated, makes an inward protest
 Hidden, groping but quenched
 By the silence, in between
 These bursts of expression.
 And then in dream wrapped silence,
 A ticking clock helps us to forget
 Our loneliness, and sleep.

JOHN TRICE, Upper VI Arts.

"For Thine is the Kingdom, the power, and the glory"

"DEATH is a bitter fruit, Mi-Thang," said Kaing-Wo. The girl looked down at her rough bare feet. She showed no signs of hearing what Kaing-Wo had said. Instead she idly drew circles on the bare earthen floor of her cell.

Memories flashed through her head making her unconscious of the interrogator's presence. She remembered now herself, small and pitiful, clutching her mother's skirt as they climbed the hill to the little mission. She had entered, hesitating at the dark doorway; all around, the stark effigies of saints stared vacantly into space, and above the altar hung a crucifix of Christ in beaten gold, the fierce rays of the cruel sun casting a veil of light around it. Although she could not see the features, she imagined his tortured face lifted heavenwards.

Then came war and bloodshed, the dull splattering of bullets on the road and the scream of fighters as they thundered over, Lords of destruction. As Mi-Thang had crouched in a bomb crater in the road she had remembered the little mission and the nuns calmly praying, kneeling, waiting for the end.

She missed her mother and ran regardless of the spurts of gun fire that played around her.

Suddenly the hill of the little mission erupted in red and green mushrooms, and fans and rings of fire. The roar and blast of the bombs rushed down the hill and struck her, making her stagger. The blind implacable fury of it aroused Mi-Thang from where she had fallen, she beat the air as though she could reach the enemy planes. At last she threw herself down and wept. The next day she visited the smouldering ruins and pulling away stones and rubble she discovered the body of her mother still holding the rosary as death had found her. A bitterness surged within her and wrenching the rosary from her mother's hands she threw it as far as she could.

After her mother's death the War Lords swept into the little town. They told Mi-Thang of Lenin, of Moscow, of the people and the Party, but these were but names, strange, and harsh to her beloved Viet Nam.

Life had been hard, but then had come hope and the dove that brought it was Fang. Fang, small and plump, hunted for Religious and Capitalistic beliefs. On him she had poured all the essences of her love starved, hungered soul, and she had succoured him.

One evening as they crouched together Mi-Thang running her long fingers through Fang's dark, dark hair, she had said, "You tell me Christ was a God, yet he did not save the little mission or my mother. He had no courage, and must have felt no pain when he died, he did not die for us Fang. I do not believe he died for us at all." Fang's eyes met hers and in a slow quiet voice he said, "I dreamt one night of the Crucifixion, it was not as I had been told and I think that Christ would liked to have life, for he was a man just as I am." Fang paused, drew his breath and went on, "I remember him leaving the high pillared Eastern court, the men shouted horribly at him but he never looked up. He passed the fig tree, the only living thing he had struck and destroyed, but he had not destroyed it for already little shoots of green, were coming out again. He had struck as the lightning strikes, but still some life remained. And then I saw him going blindly through the hot streets coming out at last on a steep mound of blue rock, where the holes had long been dug for the crosses, the holes were no more than sockets, and they laid him down, and then with ropes they swung him up into the air—and the most horrible sound of all was the grating sound made by the wooden beam in the socket; it was like a gasp.

"All this happened in a dream, but it was so vivid that I swear that this must have happened at some time or other. He was so young and tender, as he hung there sweating in the sun; and do you remember they put hyssop and sour wine on the lips of Christ on the cross? They did not do this to comfort him, but so that he should feel more thirsty, and then, too, came all the flies from around and settled on him, on his sweating face and legs and sides." Fang stopped and rising his voice continued, "Yes, Christ was crucified, but he did not die because he was crucified, he died on that hot day because he was tormented."

"All these things happened long ago and perhaps, it is not wise to talk of these things. But who are the flies? Why did they torment him? Do they share the guilt? He could have swept them away with a whisper, not even a whisper, just a nod of his head. He could have destroyed them utterly without even making a sign, and yet he hung there. Why must he suffer for himself all the wanton cruelty in the world and this he does for the sake of the world, but he also suffers for himself and for God's glory."

Fang looked at Mi-Thang who was sitting upright, taut, listening to his words.

Then, booming through the house, came gunfire and Fang fell and they took Mi-Thang away.

Kaing-Wo laid his hand on Mi-Thang's shoulder and the girl looked intently at him, but instead of his face she saw the face of a crucified Christ veiled in the light of beaten gold.

"No Kaing-Wo," she said. "Only the mind is bitter, the core is sweet." And with new hope she walked out of the cell; and as she stood against the wall she saw the face of one greater than Lenin, greater than the Party and the People. No veil of aurora hid his face now. As the soldiers raised their rifles she cried, "No Kaing-Wo, the whole fruit is sweet."

SUSAN HAY, Upper IV Tech.

* * * * *
 They say the human being dies
 But no, we go up past the skies
 Dogs, cats die and sheep.
 Mortals only go to sleep.

PAT KING, IIA.

The Rain

We hear the tingling, tinkling, sound of rain drops,
 The clouds excess store of tears
 Flowing down in released
 Uncontrollable wells of emotion.
 Do you think of the sadness and undefinable loneliness
 As you listen to
 Its incessant beat?

Listen! Can you see
 Tender lettuces newly planted
 With white, slender roots
 Bruised by horny hands?
 Gentle rain will refresh its sinuous whiteness;
 Or in far, hot deserts, fleshy cacti
 Writhe in ecstasy to see the rain.
 Their dried up prickly texture
 Has long used up their hidden wells of juice
 And must drink deep, to defy the blaze filled sun,
 Its constant course of heat.

More lichen to the ageing graves
 It brings, and makes tall couch grass
 Plait wild dandelions and buttercups
 In framework on its mouldering clay.
 Seaman's face streams and rivulets
 Run down the coursing sweat,
 As he pulls at ropes and rigging
 To defeat the gusts of wind.
 Soon, he will dry amidst a snug cabin
 Cocoa-hot, and listen to its beat,
 As I do, rabbit like, and warm between the sheets.

Do you think of yesterday's sunshine holiday,
 And scooped out pools of the seashore,
 Warm and only half-filled, with misty, translucent water?
 Now they are topped
 By clear fountains of drops
 Of balm to awake
 The drowsy sea anemones,
 And sleepy crabs in beds of slime.
 Whilst towering layered limestone, grimly
 Realises that it must lose
 A little more dust, to mould the pebble
 To its heir.

(Chopin never saw this,
 Only the static rise and fall
 And pools of tears which vanish
 O'ercome by grief.)

At last it stops
 We know that night has hidden
 God's promise beneath its
 Moist sheet of vapour, and dark.
 His promise to hide but not smother
 Our passions
 Under a veil of tear drops.

JOHN TRICE, Upper VI Arts,

A Lead Pellet

IT was Christmas, or rather several days before, and George Edmond was sitting in the pleasant, warm sitting room of a large, lonely house. With him were the friends to whom the house belonged.

None of them knew exactly how it came about, but they were discussing ancient methods of 'disposing' of one's enemies.

At that particular moment George, who was a keen amateur historian, was telling his two friends how once Earl Filmore, who had lived in those parts about three centuries ago, had murdered three of his wives, and five rival Earls.

"He used to melt lead and pour it while still boiling through a horn into his sleeping victim's ears," he said.

"A most convenient method," remarked Neal, his friend. "No noise, no fuss, no body to dispose of even, for the cause of death would not of course be found, except if someone should think of looking inside the skull of the poor creature."

"Yes, quite," agreed George, "so the mystery of those deaths remained until a hundred years ago, when the skeletons of two of the Earl's wives were found. Inside each skull was a tiny ball of lead, rolling hollowly, the only evidence of the second of dreadful agony experienced by the poor women as the lead entered their heads and destroyed their brains."

Suddenly glancing at the clock George realised that it was time he returned home, as he had some considerable way to go.

He heard no more of his friend for some months after that night, except for reading in the paper of the death of Neal's wife on Christmas Eve.

One summer night at two-o'clock the telephone rang. A terrified voice which he recognised as that of Neal who once had nerves of steel, but who now sounded as if he had seen something unutterably horrible, begged him to come to his home immediately in spite of the hour. Unable to resist the desperate appeal in the trembling voice, he set off at once.

As he drove up the driveway to the house, shut in on either side by tall, wind-swept pines, creaking and whispering in the breeze, the hands his watch told him that it was five past three.

He knocked hard at the door several times, then receiving no answer, and mindful of the terror expressed in Neal's voice, he entered the house.

There was an air of indefinable tenseness about it, that inspired one to a feeling of apprehension. It made one feel that something—anything was going to happen.

Finding no-one in the downstairs rooms, George mounted the stairs, and went straight to his friend's bedroom. There was a figure on the bed lying on its back. The last cold, silver beams of the setting moon fell on its face and neck. On the face was an expression of unutterable horror and loathing. Then George looked at the neck. Yes, the body was that of his friend, and he was dead, for on his neck were the marks where he had been bitten. But the worst was to come, for George realised that the teeth marks that had so efficiently crushed Neal's wind-pipe were human! There were evidently two teeth missing from the bottom set, George noticed.

He walked over to the bed, the cupboard above which was open. The floor of the room was in shadows, and suddenly his foot touched something. He bent and picked it up, and as he did so, it rattled. In the shock of realisation he gasped: it was a skull, and inside, rattling hollowly, he discovered, as it dropped into his palm, a tiny ball of lead. On closer examination he found that two teeth were missing from the bottom jaw.

He was in his car and driving furiously before he realised that in the extremity of his terror he had brought the skull with him. But it was too late to do anything then, he would have to take it home and keep it

locked away. The only place he could think of that his daily help would not be likely to unlock was the cupboard in his bedroom.

The next day George thought little about the skull, being concerned mostly with the problem of why his friend had been murdered.

That night, however, the skull became foremost in his thoughts, for at three o'clock something woke him. He lay listening for a few seconds, striving to pierce the silence that in the complete blackness of the room seemed to approach and envelop him in its folds. It came again! A sigh, such as that which would be made by a person in unbearable agony, yet without the strength to scream. A noise which, though not loud, was so unusual to his sleeping senses that they immediately awakened.

The sighing continued every night for some months and reached him wherever he slept in the house, and even when he stayed at an hotel or with friends, he always awoke at three o'clock, expecting it, until his nerves became so tense that he could stand it no longer, so he began to wonder what could be done. It was only then that a sequence of events linked themselves up in his mind. Had he not explained to Neal and his wife how Earl Filmore had murdered eight people?

Had not Neal's wife died soon after, three days after on Christmas Eve to be exact? Had not she two teeth missing from her lower jaw, as had the skull?

There was only one thing for it, the skull must be put out of the house. But where? The river, that was it!

That night George took the skull in its box, and flung it as far into the river as possible. With a feeling of relief and satisfaction he saw it hit the water and disappear from sight.

He tried to pull himself together, to tell himself that it was stupid and childish to fear a perfectly ordinary and helpless skull, just because of a few coincidences. But he could not escape the feeling of relief and safety at the sinking of the 'helpless and ordinary' skull.

But that skull was neither helpless or ordinary. Oh no. That he soon found out.

The following night there was a full moon. It may have been that which woke him, he never really knew, but awaken he did, at half-past two. He lay unable to sleep for half an hour until a knock on the door forced him to leave his bed and descend the stairs.

As he opened the door a rush of icy air greeted him, for it was December the twenty-fourth. He peered out into the night, but saw nothing, when unexpectedly he heard a noise, a very familiar noise; a rattle! At the same time something rolled into the passage. Terror welled up inside him. He did not need to look down, he knew it was the skull.

He did not touch it, he left it where it lay, and ran to his room where he locked himself in. He had to, for something frightened him about that skull, for impossible though it seems there was an expression on its face. An expression of hate, hate for him who had provided her husband with a method of killing her. It was an expression of desired revenge for that one moment of terrible agony suffered through him.

It lay in the passage all the next day. He did not approach it, and it never stirred.

The only person to come near his house that day was the postman with a few belated Christmas cards. Even the daily help did not come, as she was busy, like most people, preparing for the morrow, which was Christmas Day.

On December the twenty-seventh an article appeared in the local newspaper. It ran,

"On Christmas day Mrs. U. Bateson visited her uncle Mr. George Edmond. Being unable to receive an answer to her knock, she entered the house, to find her uncle dead in his bedroom.

Doctors say the cause of death was a severe bite from what appeared to be human jaws, which crushed his wind-pipe,

No trace of the murderer has been found, and there are no clues except that whatever or whoever killed him had two teeth missing from the front of the lower jaw."

What nobody knew was that near the bed where George lay was a tiny ball of lead, and in the locked bedroom cupboard, in a firmly tied box there lay a skull.

JOAN MORGAN, IVA.

Epitaph for a Goldfish

You swam about in a goldfish jar
On September the ninth you swam too far.
Your tail went up, your body too.
In came the cat and out went you.

PAT KING, IIA.

My Holiday in Denmark

It is a few months now, since I went to Denmark for a fortnight's holiday, but I will never forget the excitement and anticipation of it all. I can still feel the surprise of that moment when I was told I had won a free fortnight's holiday in Denmark, and I do not think I have ever spent such an enjoyable holiday, which went all too fast.

The journey to Denmark was quite an adventure and I felt quite strange and lonely until I met the other participants in the Danish-English Course, on the beautiful 4,000 tons motor vessel *Kronprins Frederick*. They were all adults and I was the only member of the party under 21, as, however, they had left their British reserve behind them, I soon made many friends. I was also surprised to find that there were two Welsh teachers on the course and they were rather envious that my stay at the camp for a week, was free. I heard afterwards that there were three other prize winners in Denmark, but unfortunately I did not meet these.

The crossing from Harwich to Esbjerg took 19 hours and I remember the first sight of Denmark was of beautiful white sands of the island of Fano—a rather lowlying Freshwater East. Esbjerg is a new industrial port with Esso tanks and ware houses. After we had passed through the Customs we boarded the bus and after a lightning tour of Esbjerg we proceeded to Ribe in South Jutland. This is an ancient Cathedral city noted for its storks and ancient buildings. Tea at an old inn, and a quick visit to the Cathedral and we were on our way to Engelsholm where we were going to spend a week visiting the surrounding countryside, and meeting the Danes and hearing about their wonderful country. We were to spend a week in an old castle situated in lovely countryside with a lake and woods and a model village. The Castle had been modernised inside and was very comfortable. Danish food is rather light and nourishing and there is a greater variety of dishes so that a description would be very long and confusing. Their most characteristic food is the 'open sandwich' on smorrebrd which they eat at lunch. One of the highlights of this week was a visit by bus to the Danish Lakeland. There are about 5 lakes surrounded by low wooded slopes. We sailed up these lakes and climbed the Sky mountain which was rather amusing as it is Denmark's highest point and only a few hundred feet high. Civic receptions, a visit to a farm, and free afternoons made up the rest of the week. We went shopping in Vejle a large town nearby and watched folk dancing

afterwards. At Engelsholm we saw film shows, boated on the lake or went for walks, that is in the time left over after our full programme had been completed every day.

At the end of the week I said farewell to my friends and journeyed on to Copenhagen by myself. Sitting in a train carriage with people who can only smile at you is rather strange but I must say that most people in Denmark spoke very good English. I had another adventure on arriving at Copenhagen Station for I missed the Danish friend who was to act as my host for my week in Copenhagen. Luckily I met a Guide and everything turned out alright. I wonder what a foreign person would do if he was stranded at Liverpool Street Station? I felt very worried until this Guide took over. This attitude in Denmark of friendliness and helpfulness is very characteristic.

I stayed in Copenhagen with a very friendly family who lived on the outskirts of the city in one of the thousands of flats which make up this clean, litter free and smokeless city. During the week I visited churches, museums, buildings and ruins too innumerable to relate. One day we went to Elsinore and visited Kronborg Castle, the setting for Hamlet. Then I crossed over to Sweden to Halsinborg and had a quick tour of the town before leaving on the ferry, which takes only half-an-hour between Elsinore and Halsinborg. I had forgotten my passport and pretended to be a Dane, luckily it worked. The best part of this week was, however, my contact with this Danish family who were perfect hosts. I could go on for many pages to relate my adventures and experiences but I hope I have passed on some of my enthusiasm for this beautiful little country, in this short account. It was with mixed feelings that I left Copenhagen by the fast train 'Englanderer' and began my journey back to England. I had enjoyed experiences of friendliness and hospitality which will last many years and which I hope to renew at some future time.

JOHN TRICE, Upper VI Arts.

Aniela Lubosny

MY story of laughter and tears began one evening in May with the arrival of the Pembroke Coast Express bringing a party of 11 refugee children from Pinneburg Camp in Germany. It was sad to see those small children standing on a station platform in a strange land clutching their small cases. After tea in the Scouts' Hall my mother and father were introduced to Aniela, a nine year old Polish girl, who was to be a guest in our home for 10 weeks. For a start she seemed overwhelmed with her first experience of real family life and realising that she did not understand our language nor we hers she burst into tears.

After being loved and comforted, realising she was among friends, she dried her eyes, and set off on a tour of the house. She could not understand that it all belonged to us and that each room was not shared by two or more families. Soon, worn out by her long journey, Aniela was fast asleep tucked up in bed.

The days that followed were warm and sunny. Aniela began to love the beautiful Pembrokeshire beaches where she romped and bathed. A new bathing costume was her most cherished possession, and she would stay in the water until her lovely brown tan turned blue, saying through chattering teeth, "Nein cold, Aunty Kitty." One of Aniela's teeth was loose, and when it dropped out we told her of the old legend that if she placed it under the rug the fairies would change it into money. She was so impressed upon finding a shining sixpence in place of her tooth that she immediately started to try and remove the rest one by one. The result was that Aniela got toothache and was introduced to "Aspirin"

tablets. One of my cousins swallowed four tablets in an effort to show how they should be taken, but by this time the toothache and Aniela had vanished.

The greatest joy our little guest had was on bath nights, when she would fill the bath to the brim, adding a bath cube and a drop from each of the various bottles in the bathroom, finishing off with a sprinkling of scouring powder. When she used the shower there would be shrieks of delight and a steady drip of water from the kitchen ceiling below. Judging by the damp appearance of poor mother it was hard to decide whose bath night it was.

Aniela loved to help with the housework, frequently giving demonstrations to her little friends on how to use the washer. On one occasion she and Nina tore a newspaper into little pieces just for the pleasure of sucking them up with the vacuum cleaner. At meal times she would not start to eat until everybody had commenced, her favourite foods being chips, ice cream and sugar puffs. When she sadly informed us that her mummy had no chip pan we readily offered her one as a present, and in reply Aniela said, "Mummy can no make hot!"

Throughout her stay she could not understand the way people trusted each other. Any money found lying about was immediately placed in my mother's purse. Both my father and I soon became more careful! At parties any delicacies she could not eat were discreetly stuffed into her pockets as a contribution to the family larder.

The end of her stay arrived all too soon and her holiday finished in a tearful farewell at the station. Did Aniela like Pembroke Dock? We had a letter only last week announcing her intention of coming back as soon as possible.

HEATHER LOMAX, IIIA.

School in New Zealand

IT was in March, 1952, that we landed in New Zealand, and after the Easter holidays I started school there.

My school was in Summer, a small seaside township a few miles from Christchurch, on the Canterbury Plains.

I can still picture the long school buildings with lots of windows and a bell, high above the front entrance, that clanged at ten minutes to nine each morning. There were tennis and netball courts and although the beach was very near we were taught to swim in the small pool at a corner of the playground.

The first day of term I walked to school with my friend Beverley and could hear the Bell Bird and Tui high in the trees.

In class there were children from England, Holland, Poland and Germany, and some of the New Zealand girls and boys were Maoris with their brown skin, black hair and flat noses.

Arithmetic was much easier than at my Falmouth School, but our teacher was very strict about spelling. For Geography we were taught about New Zealand, and for History, how the Canterbury Pilgrims came over the Port Hills—which we could see from our classroom—from Lyttleton to Christchurch and how they built a Cathedral there.

For nature study, instead of taking caterpillars or tadpoles we took praying mantis in a jam-jar. We watched them eat insects and their favourite food was flies, but they must be alive. I still remember a Maori Canoe song we learnt. Our singing lessons were broadcast on the radio.

When we were playing during break, and the teacher blew the whistle, we had to stand at attention, then march into school.

It seemed strange having our long Christmas holidays in the middle of the Summer and just as strange to be playing snowballs in the playground in August.

One day I would like to visit New Zealand again but I would rather go to school here.

ADELE BERNTZEN, IIA.

The Fourth International Camp of Youth

SOME IMPRESSIONS

The new Grammar School at Pembroke is in many ways an attractive and imposing building, with its clean modern lines and its fine situation. However, the long, bright, empty vista of corridor which stretches away from the main vestibule into the interior of the school can be most intimidating to someone who is surveying it for the first time and is in any case not quite sure whether he has come to the right place.

This was the position in which I found myself when I arrived to take part in the Fourth International Youth Meeting. Carrying a suitcase and a tennis-racket, and with various other odds and ends draped about me, I wandered uncertainly across acres of polished floor, disconcerted by the emptiness of the place. Finally I summoned up enough courage to knock at one of the many doors to be seen on either side, and was relieved to hear a voice telling me to come in. Edging myself and my assorted luggage into the room, I found a rather harassed looking gentleman sitting at a desk covered with the most amazing variety of articles, ranging from a typewriter to several badminton rackets. Having briskly enquired my name and written it down, he seemed satisfied, so I asked apologetically where I could put my case. He waved a rather vague hand and said, "The dormitories are over there. Turn left."

After walking along another hundred yards or so of corridor and up and down several flights of stairs, I was guided by the sound of a gramophone to a large, bright room littered with bedsteads and piles of blankets. There I was greeted by a tall individual in corduroy shorts, who solemnly informed me in a thick but unidentifiable accent that his name was Ivan Ivanovitch and that he came from Russia. I was considerably taken aback by this and could only shake hands in silence. It was reassuring to hear an unmistakably Welsh voice from the other side of the room. This belonged to the gramophone operator, who told me that I was to ignore Hermann and that he was not really Russian but Austrian. At this a tremendous argument broke out, during which I took the opportunity to drop my suitcase on the nearest bed and to reflect that the next fortnight was not going to be boring, at any rate.

In many ways my first afternoon was worth remembering, for in the course of it I learnt much which my later experiences at the Meeting only served to confirm. For example, within an hour of my arrival I found myself involved in a discussion of the relative merits of the Austrian and British educational systems. I had not realised before that whereas in Britain we are inclined to expect grants for university education as a matter of course, in other countries students are prepared to support themselves by working in their spare time throughout six and seven year courses. This was the first of many facts and impressions I gathered which opened my eyes to attitudes to life different from, and perhaps sometimes superior to our own.

Late in the afternoon I had widened my acquaintanceship to about ten and was beginning to feel quite at home, when a sensation was

caused by the arrival of a bus-load of newcomers. Many of them had come across most of Europe during the previous three days, and not unnaturally they looked tired and dishevelled. The babel of languages sometimes provided a clue to nationality, but when this was no help I confess that I experienced a childish feeling of wonder and disbelief at hearing a conversation in an entirely unfamiliar language. Nevertheless, one of the most noticeable things at our first meal in the canteen was the amazingly good English spoken by most of the Europeans. We local inhabitants were slightly taken aback to find people who had never been near Britain before able to answer our tentative and carefully simplified remarks with an almost perfect command of English grammar and idiom. This experience rather makes one suspect that we British are still suffering from a hangover from "Glorious Isolation" in our complacent failure to make a real effort to master foreign languages.

Even at the first meal the atmosphere of rather strained politeness, which was only to be expected in such a mixed party, began to break down very quickly. Indeed, as soon as the participants had had time to take stock of each other, it was remarkable how little tendency there was for the representatives of each country to form an exclusive clique.

One of the things I had hoped to find out during the Meeting was whether there is any truth in the idea that the inhabitants of some countries have in common a distinctive "national character". Perhaps the most obvious example is the impression that the typical German is fanatical, humourless and ruthlessly efficient. As it happened, the German participants at the Meeting were more numerous than those of any other foreign country, so I had the opportunity of studying the problem carefully. Perhaps the truth is that the legend does contain some grain of truth, but that in general it is even more inaccurate and misleading than most generalisations.

Of all the Germans present, Hans corresponded most closely to the mythical Teutonic Type. I have never met anyone quite so energetic and enthusiastic as he was. At each lecture he kept a writing pad in front of him and on this he wrote down all the words which were unfamiliar to him, so that he could look them up afterwards in a dictionary. He organised tennis and badminton tournaments, and distinguished himself as a player by sheer application and determination. He had taught himself, among other things, to play the piano and every game from chess to table-tennis. He was certainly not humourless, but unfailingly, even overpoweringly, cheerful; no favour of a practical kind was too much to ask of him. Yet in spite of his excellent qualities one could see how the passion for organisation, which Hans personified and which really does seem characteristic of his race, might not appeal to the Germans' more easy-going and individualistic neighbours. Again, behind the boisterous high spirits of the Germans one occasionally caught a glimpse of a very deep moral seriousness—perhaps an indication that another facet of the supposed German character has some foundation in fact. This came to the fore in particular after one lecture, when someone made a remark doubting whether Germany could ever be united again and whether it was a cause worth striving for. Immediately nearly all the Germans present seemed to be talking at once, and the strength of their desire for reunification deeply impressed me.

The Germans had more characteristics in common than any other national groups at the Meeting. I shared a dormitory with the Italian contingent, and on several occasions when the conversation showed no sign of flagging at one in the morning, decided that they were a garrulous race. However it must be admitted that had I understood Italian I might have found these sessions more interesting, and that other nations, notably the Welsh, are not noted for taciturnity.

The Austrians had very little in common except an individualistic outlook: my first acquaintance, Hermann, could in no sense be called typical, but for all that he was an interesting, if erratic, character. As

our first encounter had shown, he was an incorrigible leg-puller, able to keep a straight face while telling the wildest fictions. He spoke English quite well, but with an intractable Austrian accent which was inclined to puzzle the unaccustomed listener. It was to improve his accent, or so he said, that he insisted on reading "David Copperfield" aloud to anyone within earshot, until eventually his pressed audience gave up verbal remonstrances and took to expressing their lack of appreciation with well-aimed missiles. Yet in spite of all his jokes, Herrmann was a convinced and devout Catholic.

Perhaps the most memorable of all the "characters" was our sole African representative. He came from Tanganyika and his real name was Sebastian Chale, but few people realised this until near the end of the Meeting, for he was known to one and all as "Charlie." He was also much older than the rest of the participants, though nobody seemed to notice that either. The Meeting had already been in progress several days when he arrived one evening, but in spite of this, and in spite of the fact that he was the only coloured person present, within a few minutes he was teaching African songs to a fascinated international audience. Indeed, I am sure that he spent at least half his time in teaching, learning and singing a vast repertoire of songs. For the rest, he was very seldom seen without a cheerful smile on his face, and possessed the most infectious laugh I have ever encountered. He gave a talk about his own country which proved a tremendous success, and was altogether one of the most popular people at the Meeting.

I had been rather surprised to learn that two representatives from Poland, as well as quite a large party from Yugoslavia were expected. I had supposed that the Iron Curtain would prove an insuperable barrier, even if any young people from Communist countries should wish to take part in the Meeting. However, the Yugoslavs in many ways contributed more than anyone else to its success, and quickly dispelled any notion that theirs was a completely backward and depressed country. One of them, Halid, brought a guitar with him, upon which both he and another member of his party were very considerable performers. Their repertoires were drawn from some rather unexpected sources. For example, I once heard Halid quietly strumming to himself, and noticed that after a number of Yugoslav folksongs he suddenly began playing something in rather a different mood. When I had asked him where he had learnt it, he replied simply "from an Elvis Presley record!"

The Yugoslav party comprised some very diverse racial types. At the one extreme was Tomislav, who might easily have been taken for a Spaniard. He was short, olive-skinned, with black hair cut in what one of his compatriots said was a "Marlon Brando" style. In temperament as well as in appearance he was a typical Latin, vivacious, gay and fond of expressive gestures. He was one of the most agile debaters at the Meeting, with a command of English language and literature which was amazing, and a way of regarding his opponents quizzically from beneath his eyebrows that was positively maddening. At twenty-five he had already, as he told us, been a manager of a tractor-factory, but had given this up in order to study philosophy. Like most of the other Yugoslavs he seemed well-informed about world affairs, and was a convinced supporter of the present regime in his own country.

At the other extreme was Vinko; well over six feet tall, grave and silent, with rugged Slavonic features; he seldom took part in general discussions, though when he did he revealed a good command of English and some deep and well-reasoned convictions. He was by far the best chess-player at the Meeting, and in one of his rare communicative moments told me that he considered chess a vital part of his life.

When I look back at my fortnight at Pembroke many other characters and impressions cry out to be mentioned. I have not done justice to the feminine element among the participants—to Ingrid from Germany, with her whisking pony-tail and surprising command of English school-slang,

or to Leila, our blond Scandinavian beauty. I have not mentioned Inge, her fellow-Norwegian, one of the most ingenious and likeable boys you could wish to meet. But there are too many for me to describe them all.

The restrictions and discipline imposed on the participants must have been more lenient than those of almost any other comparable organisation, but the communal spirit of the Meeting was such that a reasonable standard of behaviour was generally maintained without compulsion. Mr. Islwyn Griffiths who managed throughout to be firm without in any way damaging the close and friendly relationship between organisers and participants had to adopt drastic measures only in the matter of getting up in time for breakfast.

I have said nothing about the trips to various parts of the county which were such an important and popular feature of the Meeting. I do not think that many of those who were seeing Britain for the first time will forget one walk along the Pembrokeshire coast, from Freshwater East to Bosherton. Nor have I mentioned the lectures and talks, which not only were extremely interesting in themselves, but gave rise to discussion which for me was perhaps the most valuable experience of the whole fortnight. It was during these exchanges of views that the differences of outlook were revealed which anybody who wishes to understand the people of another country must appreciate.

As a conclusion I am going to mention one very personal experience, which may not mean much, I am afraid, to anyone who was not at the Meeting, but which I will always remember. Late one night I was walking sleepily towards the dormitories when suddenly I heard from far away the sound of a guitar, and the voices of several of the Yugoslavs singing one of their favourite songs. I had heard the song and the singers before, but through some trick of distance, or perhaps of psychology, the sound as it drifted down the dimly-lit corridor made me feel much more strongly than ever before the mood of gentle and resigned sadness, which is so typical of Slavonic music, and yet is experienced at certain times by the whole of mankind. It seemed to me at that moment that the fortnight I was spending with young people from other countries was worthwhile, if only because we could share such experiences as this.

It would require much more space than I have at my disposal to give a really full account of the International Meeting, but I hope that these impressions go some way towards showing why my stay there is an experience which I shall never forget.

ROGER THOMAS, Haverfordwest Grammar School.

The Two "Tempests"

AT half-past nine on the morning of November the fourth, forty pilgrims from Pembroke Grammar School began the long journey to Stratford-on-Avon. I was pleased to be one of them. As the bus moved off from "Star Corner," bags were hastily piled up on the luggage racks. The tales which these twentieth-century pilgrims told were not in the English of the Middle Ages, but in the outlandish dialect of the "Goons." We had no Abbot in our company—but, "Pie," sounded very much like one.

This was to be my first experience of the "live" theatre and I very much hope that it will not be my last. Television is brought into the home, but entertainment such as Sir John Gielgud in "The Tempest," is of such a standard that it brings the public from their homes—and was bringing us from ours upon this "pilgrimage." Our motive was unlike that of Chaucer's Pilgrims; for their pilgrimage was an act of faith and they believed that they should benefit by it, while we were told that what we were to see was of the best.

Our only break in the journey was in Brecon about mid-day. The "Brecon Beacons" looked very impressive and rather Tibetan; some of the higher peaks were covered with snow. This was slowly melting, and the melted snow in addition to the recent heavy rainfall had swollen the rivers, thus causing acres of farmland to be flooded. Soon, the names on the sign-posts were much more English, and the rugby pitches were replaced by "soccer" fields. We passed through Worcester within sight of the Cathedral and after seeing a cross-section of the English countryside we reached Stratford in the slowly-gathering dusk.

In modern times, men have put the "Sputnik" in the heavenly places and taken Poetry out of them, and so we find in Stratford-on-Avon that the shrine of Shakespeare is on the ground. The performance began at half-past seven, and provided me with an enthralling evening. Sir John Gielgud received loud applause and my admiration for his performance as Prospero, but Trinculo and Stephano were characters that won the audience.

As we left the theatre we realised that another "Tempest" was rampant outside. In driving rain, we raced to the car park. The Avon was almost indistinguishable from the path and I realised that the boy in front of me was heading for a sudden, unexpected immersion; as I shouted, he swayed uncertainly away from the brink and continued his headlong dash. We clambered into our coach and were soon homeward bound. The second "Tempest," rather like the second "Sputnik," was of surprising size and the rain beat upon the windows. As the night wore on, the conversations grew less animated and heads began to nod. I slept twice, for periods of about an hour, and was told that even the redoubtable Miss Davies had begun to doze. With only a few miles left, we found our way barred by a fallen branch, and some of us jumped out to remove it. Soon afterwards we came to our journey's end and, rather the worse for wear, I arrived home at the end of an exciting, unusual day.

JOHN LEWIS, VR.

The Boyd Neel Orchestra

THE visit to Haverfordwest of the Boyd Neel Orchestra with Helen Watts (contralto) provided an agreeable diversion at the beginning of term.

Although retaining (as yet) the name of its founder (now Principal of the Royal Conservatory of Music, Toronto), the Orchestra has been reorganized by its Director, Thurston Dart. Mr. Dart has a high reputation as a musicologist who specialises in the editing and interpretation of old music. In the practical application of his knowledge, bowing, phrasing and dynamics are in accord with the stylistic requirements of the period. That the tone of the strings may be historically correct, the players have been supplied with bows modelled on the type used by Corelli. Thus, crispness and clarity of phrase is greater and there is more sweetness of tone, though admittedly some brilliance is lost.

However, the gain was at once apparent in the Dowland Lachrimae pieces with which the concert began. Here the playing was most sensitive in this enchanting music, but one felt that the players were less happy in the Bach Suite No. 1 in C where there was lack of unanimity. Neither was the playing as fine as one could have wished in Mozart's Eine Kleine Nachtmusik, the Romance being taken at a curiously fast pace. Mr. Dart added a second Minuet and Trio scored by him from a piano version, which he claims is identifiable with the movement missing from the autograph score.

Miss Helen Watts is not only a fine singer, she is an excellent musician, and she also has an engaging manner on the platform. Her main contribution to the programme was the Cantata No. 53 "Schlage Doch" by Bach. This work—really a funeral aria—is rarely performed. Miss Watts sang superbly and the reiterated tolling bell, the strings, and the continuo played by Mr. Dart on a small but effective harpsichord, resulted in a performance of considerable beauty. Her choice of encore was almost alarming in its announcement—Handel's Largo—but sung as the aria "Ombra maifu" in the composer's own version, it was most compelling and for many of those present, it might have been described as a "first performance".

Just before half-term another concert took place; this time in School, when Miss Rosemary Rapaport (violin) and Mrs. Else Cross (piano) paid a return visit. Works by Loeillet, Handel and Glazounow—arr. Kreisler—were played, while the most considerable work in the programme was Sonata in D op. 12 No. 1 by Beethoven. Here it was clear that the artists had long played together for they were in complete accord, and the performance was finely wrought.

Mrs. Cross played two Waltzes by Chopin and also the Fantaisie Impromptu which displayed her fluent technique and sensitive musicianship.

W.H.W.

The Beaux Stratagem

By GEORGE FARQUHAR.

TO attempt a play first written and performed in 1707 may seem to some no more than a penetration of the wrong century. Mr. Bowdler had not then been born, but has effected great *improvements* since. Shakespeare, anachronistic fellow, has declined to be rewritten and carries on appallingly, albeit in the habiliments of Eng. Lit. But then he's a genius, an Englishman and a dollar-earner. Poor George Farquhar, who died destitute at the age of forty while his friend Robert Wilks, who played *Archer* in *The Stratagem's* first run at the Theatre Royal in the Haymarket, was leading the company in a performance for the dramatist's benefit, was no more than an Irishman, the first of a longish line of suspects. What is the best that we can say of him? That he was more moral than his contemporaries Congreve and Vanbrugh, and much less brutal? That *The Stratagem* was a model for his compatriot Goldsmith sixty years later, who in stooping to conquer, did not forget to raise the ideals of lovers? Perhaps. What is certain is that *The Beaux Stratagem* is interesting as more than a milestone in the march of English drama: it is also a play still eminently worth performing in its own right, and in no sense more reprehensible than the vast body of modern drama, live or celluloid. There are difficulties of text, of course: Lichfield had to be a French Count and some expletives the less, and most of the gratuitous insult offered to Catholics by the character of the abominable Foigard, the Jesuit priest, was cut away with the sub-plot. But there the deletions ended. The Dramatic Society, for the rest, made do with *Scrub* and *Gibbet*, and gave *Archer* full rein.

In the result, the production, if not an unqualified success (how many plays are?), was unified less by mood than by pace and imagination. Its surface finish was excellent and no audience could complain of deflating signs of amateurism. I had the impression that it was better maintained than last year's *Merry Wives* (despite the noble performance of some of Windsor's bourgeoisie)—an impression which may well have been caused by Farquhar's superiority of plot. In sum, a production well in our upper range and a standard that we shall do well to achieve again.

The initial disadvantages had been considerable. Only Eira Brickle and, to a lesser extent, Christopher Law, could be termed seasoned players. The inexperience of the remainder was, perhaps, preliminary cause for alarm. Again, a glance at the scenes showed that they alternated, with distressing inflexibility, between the Inn and Lady Bountiful's house. Visions of frequent and furiously-handled intervals might torture the producer (not to mention the stage manager). Moreover, an idiom so wordy and diffuse would need a deal of mastery. Misplaced emphasis by unwary players could easily tear the fine web and leave the plot unlikely and naked.

That none of these possibilities put more than a head out of the cradle is cause for the keenest congratulation. Inexperience showed perhaps on the first night, but hardihood developed rapidly. By the Friday and Saturday there was even a thought too much *brío* about one or two performances. Difficulties of staging were overcome by the adroitness of Mr. Cooper, who designed three sets linked to a central pivot (a circular stage, save that 'the stage' had to be lifted round by a multitude of hands). The loss of acting space involved was much more than compensated for by the uninterrupted sequence of curtain, orchestral interlude, resumption of spotlight and curtain-up, all without the suggestion of a hitch. This may be the place, too, to applaud the first appearance of a School orchestra as an auxiliary to the Dramatic Society. Not merely was its work marked by technical correctness of a high order (a tribute to the work of Mr. Whitehall and the Rev. W. J. Morris): no less care had been taken with the selection of the music, so that period feeling was never allowed to lapse with the fall of the curtain. A most welcome and impressive debut.

In the matter of the *wordiness* of the play, Mr. Shaw had been able, with a cast so much smaller than that of *The Merry Wives*, to attack in detail. As always, movement and positioning were admirable. Nowhere, save in the long initial scene between Aimwell and Archer, was there any sensation of lack of pace. Even here, however, the contrast in manner between the two sufficiently distracted criticism.

David Pearson as *Aimwell* had the slighter part and certainly the less exacting. He had an excellent line in foolish, ecstatic, lovelorn smiles and, despite a lack of sufficient elegance in his diction, there was an unerring understanding of what was said which came through to the audience, even if sometimes woodenly. What would have been a uniformly successful portrayal was marred, however, by total inability in the final scene to point the change of manner required by a declaration of a love real rather than lucrative. Hereabouts the climax was dropped with a dull thud.

Archer required more nerve, more than one manner, and a good singing voice. Christopher Law brought three of the four (my reservations are on the score of the extra manner) and undoubtedly earned the whole-hearted acclaim of the audience. To have achieved so much was good. The exacting critic, however, would point to an incomplete mastery of the *words* of his part, in the sense that they were often presented bundled and unemphatic, with the balance awry. His voice was clear, but often over-loud, and he seemed unable to manage the tongue-in-the-cheek manner which this part more than any other demanded. To play *Archer* straight is to make him more unpleasant than he need be. This said, it must be admitted that Christopher looked fine and moved well. Whenever there was action (as in his first scene with *Cherry*) no player was so sure of himself and so confident in effect. But until his tongue is more nimble and his search for shades of meaning more intense the subtler achievements of the stage will elude him.

Among the ladies, the main burden was borne by Valerie Gough as *Mistress Sullen* and Beti Evans as the fair *Dorinda*. It should be said at once that Valerie, developing from performance to performance, gave an excellent account of what was, for a teen-ager, a difficult and complex part to play. I feared at first that her ninny-pinny gestures and niceties of

tone would take precedence over the to-fro of the feeling, but my fears were unnecessary. If she can learn to control her breathing in such a way as to maintain tone volume to the very end of the sentence, Valerie has the makings of a good actress.

Of Beti Evans the same may largely be said. I thought she opened nervously on the first two nights, speaking too fast and too low, but her performance strengthened enormously as it proceeded. Inclined to bounce somewhat (which detracted from her belle-like role) she became magnificently comic as the plot mounted. The shamming *Aimwell*, gripping her hand in his fit and leering—*Aimwell*, suddenly recovered, inviting himself to a tour of *Lady Bountiful's* house—these moments would have displaced fewer ribs had not *Dorinda's* alternate excitement and shame kept them rattling. On any list of not-very-reluctant brides she must rank high.

The third feminine role, that of *Cherry Boniface*, puzzled me somewhat. Eira Brickle's performances have a splendid élan which always takes an audience, and on this occasion no less than usual. But this was a *Cherry* without the pathos. Eira played like a prima-donna imprisoned in too small a part. She has developed a sort of musical-comedy attack, based on clear enunciation and a ladylike drawl, which would be irresistible in the right mood, but here was powerfully out of place. It was fortunate that these accents never crossed over to *Lady Bountiful's*, or servant-mistress relationships would indeed have been upset. A little vulgarity, a little sad demureness, a profound recognition of the impossible, these are all in *Cherry* besides her bravado. I would counsel Eira, very kindly, that charming the audience is not always the same thing as acting.

Much of John Lewis's *Will Boniface* was most promising for so young an actor. It was, no doubt, a considerable ordeal to take the stage first in every performance, and it was perhaps this which marked his first scene with an obviously *mechanical* dexterity. He had plenty of *business*, but looked as though he was remembering it. He needs to ease down a little, feel himself into the part, and play by understanding rather than memory. A good voice like his can be used to further advantage.

Malcolm Morgan has developed considerably since his *Simple* days. His *Scrub* was still deadpan, but much freer and more audible. In voice, however, he still has only two registers—a flat, informative tone and an outraged squeak—and concentrates insufficiently on creating a personality. It is noticeable that he is still very much of a lay figure except when he is actually speaking. The basic weakness here is not so much one of ability as of misconception of the actor's craft, which must be clearly distinguished from the much more limited or specialised skill of the comedian in Variety. *Funny lines* are not the only ingredients of a part.

Margaret Thomas as *Gipsy*, bereft almost of existence by the severe cutting of the sub-plot, came in for much vilification by *Scrub*, but lifted her eyebrows nobly in the one chance she had. Yvonne Mansell's *Lady Bountiful* looked better than it sounded. But this may well have been Farquhar's fault. Yvonne had not the security of tone for the grand manner, but how to essay, indeed to maintain, the grand manner when the part is underwritten and does not hold the stage? I wondered whether what there was might not have been better played eccentrically, but even for this the material seemed thin. Only the determined gravity of the lady whose fortune it was for so long to play opposite Groucho Marx would, perhaps, have satisfied here.

The highwaymen, of course, were intended to amuse, and very largely did. Glyn Macken as *Gibbet* was tall, horsey, reddish and faintly Hibernian. His appearance inspired the right degree of amused confidence, and in question and answer he provided oral confirmation. Longer speeches, however, were overlapped by speed. He must remember that stage conversations are usually slower than those of real life. *Hounslow* and *Bagshot*, those two desperate villains, brought the extreme of relief. There was, of course, a certain denial of realism in having the parts played by

two such bits of boys as Nigel Davis and Michael Paterson. But a dramatic convention well-established in Farquhar's day provides for just this. And who, in any case, could have shown such gleaming, unnatural joy as Nigel Davis prodding with his point of steel the rearward portions of *Lady Bountiful*? Nigel had only two chances and took them both wholeheartedly. A very promising debut.

David Griffiths as *Squire Sullen*, however, disappointed me not a little. His first appearance was excellent. He looked the part, splendidly bone-headed and hangoverish. But he is still not concentrating as an actor, and the only real relish he showed was when he had a quip to throw. Otherwise it was too often head down, hand to pate and hope for the best. The comment made on *Scrub* applies to him in even stronger form. What stands in the way of real success is a diminished view of the actor's craft.

The approach of Cyril MacCallum as *Sir Charles Freeman* was very different, and for that reason better. A magnificent spectacle in his crimson coat, he spoke less elegantly than I had hoped and therefore failed in part to point the difference between himself and *Sullen*, between metropolitan and bucolic society. Nevertheless, a worthy attempt.

Among the remainder, I liked particularly Gillian Teague as a country-woman, satisfyingly clear and bobbity. David John looked too secularly gallant by half for a priest, even for one who has been at the marmalade. David Darlington in his yellow suit looked of them all the most genuine inhabitant of an earlier Lichfield than Dr. Johnson knew. I could have done with a longer view of him.

All in all, enjoyable. A difficult play which was made to move. Its four audiences laughed at least as much as the lines deserved, and maybe more. A special bouquet should be reserved for Messrs. Watts of Manchester, who produced the costumes for us at exceptional short notice.

Those who helped in the production (apart from persons already named) were as follows:—

The settings were painted by K. A. Cooper, Geoffrey Bettison, Eleanor Birrell, Penelope Evans, Andrea Jones, Jennifer Jones, Janet Saunders, and constructed by Malcolm Morgan and John Rees under the direction of I. G. Cleaver and L. M. Thomas.

Stage Manager, D. E. Lloyd; Assistants, Michael Dyson, Norman Mowlam, Tony Smith, Nicholas Tebbutt, Richard Thomas; Lighting, Robert Holmes; Make-up, J. Bishop, M. J. Jones, N. E. Phillips; Wardrobe Mistress, A. R. Lewis Davies; Business Manager, H. Hughes; Prompter, Jacqueline Godfrey; Costumes by S. and F. Watts, Manchester.

Incidental Music from: *The Virtuous Wife*, Purcell, arr. Dunhill; *A Restoration Suite*, Purcell, arr. Anthony Lewis. Dance arranged by M. J. Jones.

Violins: W. J. Morris (Leader), Tom James, Wolf-Heiner Schibel, Geoffrey Bettison, Ruth James, Michael Jones, Kenneth Lewis, David Ll. Williams. Viola: F. A. Cooper. Cello: R. Morris. Clarinet: Wolf-gang Keil. Kirkman Harpsichord: W. H. Whitehall.

Field Society

THE president during this latter period (1956-57) was Ann Fraser, the treasurer, Pauline Armitage and the secretarial post was occupied by William Tucker.

The Society commenced its activities during Christmas Term when a large party walked along our coast from Blucks Pool Bay to Warren, via Linney Head earnestly seeking Natural History specimens as they proceeded. This trip, I fear, proved to be rather more of a continual series of frights than an excursion for the members of staff attending. Minor disasters began when some adventurous youths persisted in climbing

over a rotten structure, once an old manor, which bore the name "Brown-slade", causing large quantities of brickwork and decayed Baroque architecture to tumble upon unsuspecting heads below. This, however, was nothing to the experience of the sight of a junior girl enthusiastically clutching what might have been an unexploded shell—on being informed of this she dropped it!

It was unanimously agreed—that no longer would the Field Society be allowed to roam over tank ranges!

The first trip during Easter term saw about forty assorted individuals following minor-canon Williams around St. David's Cathedral and later straggling along towards the Life-boat station. To explain all the mysteries within this building was Mr. Lewis, the famous Coxswain of the St. David's Lifeboat.

The next project was a trip to the Prescelly mountains during the first week of the Summer Term. At about midday some fifty members of our Society disembarked from our bus at Maenclochog, a little village among the mountains.

Having traversed a number of peaks the foremost few of us found ourselves about one hour ahead of schedule and ahead of the rest of the party. To fill in this time we persuaded the man in charge to allow us to get a closer view of the Milford Water Scheme reservoir.

This latter trip proved most profitable as an opportunity for collecting botanical specimens not found in our own district.

It was with this ramble that the Field Society terminated their activities for the school year.

BETI EVANS.

Yr Urdd

URDD meetings have been held regularly every fortnight this term. Much interest has been taken in other countries.

The first meeting consisted of a piano recital given by Zelimir Dametar, a visiting student from Sarajevo University, Yugoslavia. He had prolonged his stay in Wales after having attended the International Camp a few weeks previously. We all enjoyed hearing this talented musician play, especially the traditional Yugoslavian pieces. Jelko also played some of his own compositions and he is himself the son of a professional musician.

The main topic of the second meeting was briefly, "How I spent part of my summer holidays." First of all, John Trice spoke about a fortnight spent in Denmark as the result of a prize which he won in an essay competition organized by the European Youth Campaign. Secondly, Margaret Thomas told us about a hectic week spent at the Urdd Summer Camp at Glan Llyn, North Wales. Finally, Mr. Griffiths gave an informative talk on the holidays spent in the borough by a group of eleven refugee children, and the lessons we might learn from their visit.

Next came the "Film Night" at which two interesting films were shown. The first, "Our Native Shore" brought us on a journey around the coast of Britain, and the second, "Fawley Achievement" showed the building of Esso's giant oil refinery at Fawley, near Southampton. It was pleasing at this meeting especially to see so many members of staff present.

The final meeting this term was a "German Night" during which the four German visitors to the School each gave a short talk on different aspects of their country. Bärbel Hundertmark from Braunschweig spoke about the differences between education in this country and Germany. Christa Hempfling from Munich told us of the differences between east and west Germany, and her hope for the reunification of Germany. Then Wolf-Heiner Schibel from Frankfurt noticed the changes which had taken

place in Germany between the old, before the war, and the new. Finally, Wolfgang Keil, again from Frankfurt, gave us a frank and critical impression of our country. These talks were interspersed with music played by Wolf-Heiner on his violin and Wolfgang on his clarinet.

The Christmas party as usual was enjoyed by all, especially the kiss from Father Christmas (alias Miss Lewis-Davies)!

GRAHAM PHILLIPS, Upper VI Arts.

Science Society

AT the beginning of the Christmas term, the following officials were elected:—

President: Mr. N. H. Greenwood, B.Sc.

Chairman: Georg Grossmann

Secretary: Kenneth MacGarvie

Committee: William Watson, Robert Howe, John Rees, Malcolm Morgan, David Griffiths, Gordon Payne.

The Society began the 1957-58 Session with a 'Brains Trust' which took place on Wednesday, October 16th, in the Chemistry Laboratory at 4 p.m. The panel consisted of the following:—Margaret Kavanagh, John Dyke, Robert Howe, Kenneth MacGarvie, John Rees and William Watson.

A large audience was present and the questions discussed (which were submitted by members of the School) ranged from the Cinema to Darwin's Theory of Evolution. The surprising feature was that the panel was of the general opinion that politically minded scientists are a danger to the public. An amusing discussion on astrology took place, but both the panel and audience were in some doubt as to whether or not Mr. Greenwood would have a week-end romance. The climax of the meeting was a lively argument between Robert Howe and Ken MacGarvie which faded only by the intervention of the Chairman (Georg Grossmann) who, evidently conscious of his empty stomach, called the meeting to a close, leaving the panel with mixed feelings as to whether or not television would supersede the cinema.

A talk on 'Colour Photography' was presented by Georg Grossmann on November 6th. He gave details of the historical development of the different processes involved in colour photography with special reference regarding the chemistry of the processes. He illustrated his talk with colour prints and projection transparencies. The talk was supplemented by comments from Mr. D. E. Lloyd with regard to some colour slides taken by him.

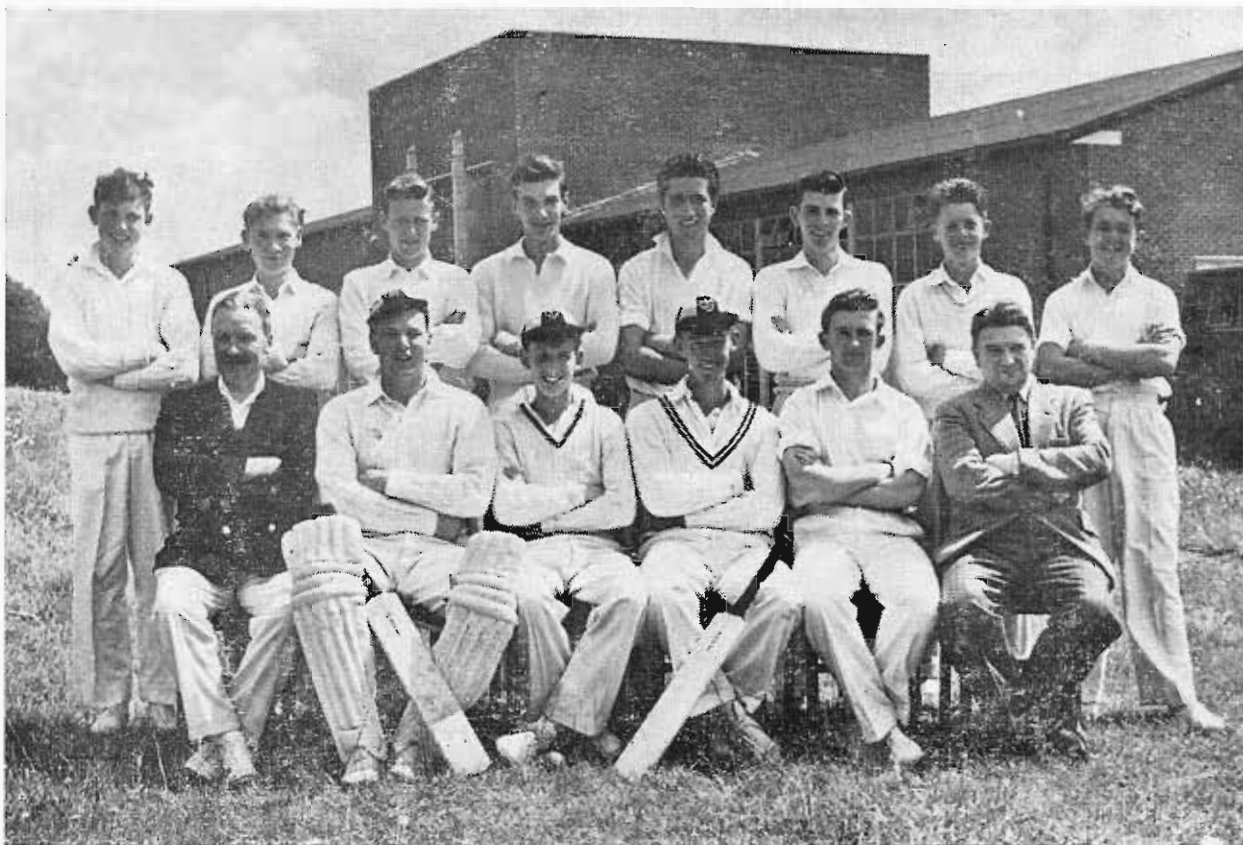
Next on the agenda was a talk on 'Jet Engines'. This was given by John Dyke on November 26th. He began with an account of the developments accomplished during recent years with regard to the performance and application of jet propulsion. He continued with a description of the various types of jet engines and their method of working. He illustrated his talk with charts showing the various sections of the turbo-jet engine, indicating from first principles the successive processes which take place in these engines. The talk then continued with reference to various types of rockets and the fuel used as propellants. When he was quite certain that his audience could absorb no more and after several attempts at a further translation of his own hand-writing, he concluded by giving a comparison of the performance of the jet to the piston engine.

We look forward to further Science Society meetings in the New Year which promise to be both interesting and entertaining.

K.M. (Hon. Sec.)



"The Beaux Stratagem"—Boniface and Gibbet, Hounslow and Bagshot, up to no good at the Inn.



CRICKET XI 1957

Standing—Anthony Scourfield; Keith Smith; Roland Waite; Nigel Phelps; Eilwen Morris; John Gough; Owain Picton; Michael Edwards.
Sitting—Mr. Devereux; Clive Harkett; John Jones (Captain); Stephen Brown; George Jones; Mr. Mathias.



THE ROUNDERS IX 1957

Standing—Gwyneth Davies; Delphia Welham; Gillian Garnham; Rhona Gassner; Sheila Jones; Rae Gammon.
Sitting—Mrs. Ebsworth; Margaret Thomas; Suzanne Brown (Captain); Jean Devote; Mr. R. G. Mathias.

Y.F.C.

UNDER the guidance of our new, but nevertheless, experienced chairman in the form of Robert Howe, the Club's activities started well with a very interesting lecture and film show by Mr. Bromley of Plant Protection Ltd., on "Early Potato Growing in Pembrokeshire." This film was of special interest because it was made by Mr. Bromley on Mr. Bennion's farm at Stackpole.

At the first meeting the following committee was elected: V. Gough (Treasurer), K. Lewis, M. Morgan, N. Mowlam, R. Lloyd.

The first and only visit of the Club this term was to Mr. Thorne's farm, Studdolph Hall at Steynton, where he keeps a herd of pedigree Herefords. This herd has won many prizes at agricultural shows, including the Royal Welsh Show.

Another lecture was given by Mr. Drewett, M.R.C.V.S., on the various aspects of animal health. Using a cow as his example, he mentioned foot and mouth disease, wooden tongue, red water fever and various other diseases to which cows are susceptible.

In order to raise funds for the proposed visit at the end of term, a social was held in the school hall, which seemed to be appreciated by everyone. Unfortunately the trip has had to be postponed. As a further method of raising funds a shilling membership fee has been imposed, but according to the response so far obtained, the members do not seem to appreciate the idea.

W. WATSON.

The School Farm

In recent months on the Farm we have been busily engaged in trying to overcome the difficulties confronting farmers: those of falling prices for the main products of milk, eggs and pigs, and of increasing labour and other costs. While the incomes of practically all classes of the community have been increasing, that of the farmer has declined. This is due mainly to overproduction, a state of affairs largely brought about by Government exhortation over the past decade. To overcome this problem there is, from the long term point of view, only one way for the farmer and that is to make greater use than ever before of the latest scientific information. There is a vast amount of information available but the difficulty is in making it known to the farmer. Some of the methods we adopt at the School Farm will serve to illustrate this point.

The traditional method of feeding cattle is to let them graze during the summer, and feed hay, some roots and a liberal amount of expensive meal during the winter. Cows generally milk better on grass than on winter food and it is also the cheapest food. The farmer should therefore study the grass and devise ways of encouraging it to grow during the winter season. Grass grows normally from April to September. It does not grow during March because the heavy winter rain has leaked out of the soil the most important plant food element—Nitrogen. If this element is applied in a soluble form during February in the form of fertilizer, the grass will grow considerably from early March, providing excellent but cheap food for the cattle a month earlier than usual. On the School Farm we grow about three acres of Italian Ryegrass and fertilize it with 3 cwt. per acre of a Nitrogen fertilizer in February, especially for the purpose of providing the cattle with grass at this time.

Normally grass does not grow much after September because it has by this time completed its reproductive process of seed formation and it begins to take a rest until the next season. However, by grazing or cutting the grass at frequent intervals throughout the summer the reproductive process is interfered with and the grass cannot set seed. It will then continue to grow later into the season in an attempt to accomplish



"The Beaux Stratagem"—The Orchestra.

this, thereby providing grass for the cattle into October and even November. This late growth is greatly assisted by the application of some fertilizer during August to ensure that the plants are not weakened. By exploiting this characteristic of the grass the cattle on the School Farm have been grazing until nearly the end of November.

The remaining period of the year—December to early March, is the most difficult from the point of view of providing fresh grass for grazing. It is not yet possible to provide grass throughout the year so we overcome this difficulty by conserving grass during the summer period of luxuriant growth for winter feeding. Grass grown during May and June is of excellent quality, due to the higher biological value of its protein and the presence of chemical substances called oestrogens that stimulate higher milk production in cows. The surplus grass grown during this period is conserved mainly in the form of silage. This is a better method of preservation than hay-making because there is considerably less loss of valuable food nutrients and it is a fairly cheap and easily mechanised method. We have also built a concrete silo covered with a movable roof, designed for the self-feeding of silage by the cows. This eliminates the need for cutting out the silage and transporting it to the cows. Ensilage is a method of preserving grass by pickling it in lactic and acetic acids, produced by bacterial fermentation in the mass of grass.

By making full use of the tremendous potentiality of grass to grow under the ideal Pembrokeshire climate we are producing just as much milk but at a lower cost of food and labour.

There has been another innovation recently in our method of calf rearing. Previously the calves were fed on milk or milk substitute for eight to ten weeks together with a little hay and meal in the form of small nuts. The disadvantage of this method was that it involved a long period of milk feeding and rather a lot of work cleaning the buckets, etc. With our present method we feed milk for only five weeks and only about two-thirds the normal quantity. This keeps the calf hungry and encourages it to eat calf nuts and hay from about five days old and water is always provided. At five weeks it should be consuming sufficient dry food to discontinue the milk. This is a good method of calf rearing and much cheaper.

We have recently improved the housing conditions for the pigs. The building was too cold and the floors were always wet—conditions very detrimental to the welfare of the pig. The floor in the sleeping department has been raised by two inches and a system of electrical floor heating installed underneath. This keeps the floor dry and slightly warm and eliminates the need for straw. Now the pigs grow faster and cost less to rear as they do not have to use their food as fuel to keep warm.

The waste food from the School Canteen is fed to the pigs after being boiled in a pressure cooker for three hours. Mixed with a small quantity of protein rich meal it provides an excellent balanced diet on which the pigs increase in weight at the rate of 1-1½ lbs. per day—a high recommendation for the food served in the Canteen!

B.J.D.

School Diary

- 3 September Term began.
- 4 September Arrival of Christa Hempfling.
- 18 September Arrival of Wolf-Heiner Schubel and Wolfgang Keil.
- 7 October Showing of Geographical films by Messrs. Cadbury.
- 8 October Visit of Ballet Minerva.
- 10 October Talk in hall on John Donne by Eira Brickle.
- 16 October Dr. Barnardo Box opening.
- 21 October Visit of the Rev. David Shepherd.
- 22 October Concert by Rosemary Rapoport and Elsie Cross.
- 24 October United Nations Day. Mr. I. Griffiths spoke in Hall. Art Films shown by Arts Council.
- 28 October to 4 November Half Term.
- 4-29 Nov. H. J. Darke and J. A. Price (Students from University College of Wales, Aberystwyth) came on Teaching Practice.
- 7 November Lecture on Nigeria by Mr. E. N. E. NKunc.
- 9 November Y.F.C. Social.
- 27-30 Nov. School play—The Beaux Stratagem.
- 2 December Examinations began.
- 3 December Visit of Mrs. Williamson and Mr. Christopher of the Central Youth Employment Executive.
- 12 December Prize Day.
- 13 December II Form Party.
- 16 December Urdd Party.
- 17 December III Form Party.
- 18 December IV Form Party.
- 19 December Senior Party.
- 20 December End of Term.

School Prefects

Head Girl: Eira Brickle

Head Boy: Georg Grossmann

Glyndwr:

Rosemary Andrew (House Captain), Mary Jones, Yvonne Mansell, Olive Rees*, Christopher Law (House Captain), Frederick Breeze, John Rees*, Christopher Macken*.

Pictou:

Patricia Kavanagh (House Captain), Margaret Thomas, Pamela Brown*, Malcolm Morgan (House Captain), Geoffrey Bettison, Cyril MacCollum*, John Jenkins*.

Tudor:

Eira Brickle (House Captain), Anne Campodonic, Ann Fraser*, Georg Grossmann (House Captain), Robert Howe, William Watson, John Carr, John Trice*.

Hywel:

Beti Evans (House Captain), Valerie Gough, Joan Thomas, Denise Tyndall, Eleanor Birell, Hazel Davies*, Graham Phillips (House Captain), Kenneth MacGarvie, David Pearson, John Dyke*.

* Sub-prefects

Prize List

- II C*—1, Margaret Morgan; 2, Paul Reynolds.
II B—1, Anthony Haggard; 2, Gillian Evans; 3, David Millard.
II A—1, Jillian Rich; 2, Heather Lomax; 3, Marion Evans.
III D—1, Rosemary Davies; 2, Howell Woods; 3, Edna Roberts.
III C—1, John Skonec; 2, Caroline Skyrme; 3, Teresa Brokenshire.
III B—1, William Kavanagh; 2, Malcolm Phillips; 3, Shirley Wise.
III A—1, June Moses; 2, Roger Horgan; 3, Joan Morgan.
IV C—1, Terence Richards.
IV B—1, Nigel Davies; 2, Wendy Caveney.
IV A—1, Margaret Morgan; 2, Jillian Thomas; 3, Patricia Jones; 4, Brian Anfield. *Good Progress Prize*—Thomas James.
IV Technical—1, Philip Martin; 2, Victoria Haggard; 3, Susan Hay.
Upper IV—1, Brian Angle; 2, Anthony Scourfield.
Upper IV Technical—1, Richard Thomas; 2, John Woodward.
V Remove—1, Allan Butler; 2, Valerie Colley (with prizes for English, Geography and Biology).
Form Prize—Ray Reynolds.
Good Work Prizes—Margaret Kavanagh and Dorothy Lewis.

GENERAL CERTIFICATES OF EDUCATION, ORDINARY LEVEL

- V Remove*
 Veronica Block—English Language, English literature, Latin, Scripture, Cookery.
 Valerie Colley—English Language, English Literature, Latin, French*, Geography, Mathematics, Chemistry, Biology, Cookery.
 Shirley Dundas—English Language, English Literature, Geography, Biology, Cookery.
 Andrea Jones—English Language, English Literature, French*, Geography, Mathematics, Biology, Art.
 Margaret Kavangh—English Language, English Literature, Latin, German, Geography, Mathematics, Chemistry, Biology, Cookery.
 Dorothy Lewis—English Language, English Literature, Latin, French, Geography, Mathematics, Chemistry, Biology, Cookery.
 Raymond Beamish—English Language, Mathematics, Chemistry, Biology, Woodwork.
 Allan Butler—English Language, English Literature, French*, Geography, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Biology, Woodwork.
 Gordon Payne—English Language, English Literature, Geography, Physics, Chemistry, Woodwork.

VX—1, Jacqueline Godfrey.

GENERAL CERTIFICATES OF EDUCATION, ORDINARY LEVEL

- VX*
 Janice Andrewartha—English Literature, Scripture.
 Sylvia Bearne—English Literature.
 Verona Fox—Scripture, History, Special Examination in Arithmetic.
 Gillian Garnham—Art, Needlework.
 Jacqueline Godfrey—English Language, English Literature, Welsh, Scripture, Cookery, Homecraft.
 Patricia Harries—English Literature.
 Elizabeth Stamp—Special Examination in Arithmetic.
 Anne Wright—Cookery, Needlework, Special Examination in Arithmetic.
 William Greaves—English Language, Art.
 John Roblin—English Language, Geography, Physics, Chemistry.
 Graham Thomas—Woodwork.
 Roland Waite—Woodwork.
 Roger Williams—English Language, French*

VO—1, Jillian Brookes (and the French Prize, given by Mrs. Nora Davies).

GENERAL CERTIFICATES OF EDUCATION, ORDINARY LEVEL

- VO*
 Dorothy Anstee—English Language, English Literature, Cookery, Needlework, Special Examination in Arithmetic.
 Patricia Bellerby—English Language, Scripture, History, Art, Homecraft.
 Jillian Brookes—English Language, English Literature, French*, Scripture, History, Geography, Homecraft, Special Examination in Arithmetic.
 Audrey Higgs—English Language, Scripture, History, Economics, Art, Homecraft, Special Examination in Arithmetic.
 Daphne Jenkins—English Language, History, Needlework, Homecraft, Special Examination in Arithmetic.
 Sheila Jones—English Language, Scripture, Cookery, Special Examination in Arithmetic.
 Patricia Prout—English Language, English Literature, Cookery.
 Richard Callen—English Literature, History, Physics, Woodwork.
 Robert Callen—History.
 Graham Campodonic—English Literature.
 David Clay—English Language, English Literature, History, Geography, Physics, Art.
 Rodney Cook—English Language, German, Art.
 David Darlington—Mathematics.
 Ivor Davies—English Language, English Literature, Welsh, Geography, Woodwork.
 Joseph Edwards—English Language, History, Geography, Economics, General Science, Art, Special Examination in Arithmetic.
 Paul Evans—Economics, Physics, Chemistry.
 Robert Ferrier—Woodwork.
 John Gough—English Language, Economics, Mathematics.
 Peter Hussey—Art.
 Bernard John—English Language, History, Geography, Economics, Art, Special Examination in Arithmetic.
 Robert John—English Language, Mathematics, Biology.
 Lawrence Phillips—English Language, German*, Geography, Chemistry, Biology.
 John Pritchard—Biology, Art.
 Keith Smith—English Language, English Literature, Geography, Economics, Biology.
 Michael Williams—Biology, General Science, Woodwork.

VR

- 1.—(together with the Chemistry Prize, given by Mr. J. H. Garnett, and the Woodwork Prize, given by Mrs. David, in memory of her father, Mr. W. N. Grieve, J.P.)—Robert Holmes.
 - 2.—given by Alderman B. G. Howells (together with Prizes for Mathematics and Physics)—Glyn Macken.
- Welsh Prize, given by Alderman J. R. Williams—Kenneth Thomas
 Scripture Prizes, given by the Rev. John L. Pay—Kenneth Thomas and Gillian Teague.
 History Prize, given by the Rev. Lewis G. Tucker—Paul Crotty.
 Needlework Prize and the Williams Prize for Cookery, given by Miss B. Williams in memory of her mother, first lady Governor of the School—Ann Ferrier.
 Good Work Prize—Margret Dean.

GENERAL CERTIFICATES OF EDUCATION, ORDINARY LEVEL

- VR*
 Joan Allington—English Literature, Welsh, French*, Scripture, History, Art.
 Charlotte Ambrose—English Language, English Literature, Geography.
 Joan Beynon—Scripture, Cookery.

Margret Dean—English Language, English Literature, French*, Scripture, History, Geography, Mathematics, Art.
 Jillian Edwards—English Language, English Literature, French*, Geography, Mathematics, Biology, Art.
 Penelope Evans—English Language, English Literature, History, Geography, General Science, Art, Needlework.
 Maurice Eynon—English Literature, English Language, History, Geography, Art.
 Anne Ferrier—English Language, English Literature, Cookery, Needlework, Homecraft.
 Gwyneth James—English Language, English Literature, Welsh*, Scripture, History, Mathematics, Cookery.
 Pamela Myers—English Language, English Literature, French*, German*, Scripture, Biology.
 Margery Paine—History, Economics, General Science.
 Olive Rees—English Language, German, History.
 Valerie Richards—English Language, English Literature, French*, Scripture.
 Gillian Teague—English Language, English Literature, French, Scripture, Art.
 Geoffrey Bettison—Physics.
 Paul Crotty—English Literature, History, Geography, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Art.
 Roger Davis—English Language, French*, German, Mathematics, Art.
 John Ebsworth—Scripture, Economics.
 Edward Goddard—Scripture, History, Geography, Mathematics, Woodwork.
 David Griffiths—English Language, Welsh*, Geography, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Biology, Art.
 Robert Holmes—English Language, English Literature, French*, Geography, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Biology, Woodwork.
 David John—English Language, History, Mathematics.
 Glyn Macken—English Language, English Literature, Welsh*, Mathematics, Physics, Biology, Art.
 Barry Norman—English Language, Geography, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Woodwork.
 Nigel Phelps—German, Biology, Agricultural Science.
 Allan Stace—English Language, Geography, Biology, Art.
 Kenneth Thomas—English Language, English Literature, Welsh*, Latin, Scripture, History, Geography, Mathematics.
 Terence Thompson—English Language, Welsh*, German*, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry.

VI Commercial

GENERAL CERTIFICATES OF EDUCATION, ORDINARY LEVEL

Glensy Cole—English Language, Commercial Subjects.
 Rae Gamman—Spanish*, Scripture.
 Patricia Roberts—Commercial Subjects.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF ARTS

Edith Binger—Book-keeping (Stage I).
 Glensy Cole—Book-keeping (Stage I), Typewriting (Stages I and II).
 Rae Gamman—Typewriting (Stage II).
 Patricia Roberts—Book-keeping (Stage I), Typewriting (Stage I).

Lower VI

The Alice Mary Rees Prize, given jointly by Ralph Llewellyn Rees and Morwyth Rees, in memory of their mother—John Trice.
 Good Progress Prizes—Denise Tyndall and Margaret Thomas.

GENERAL CERTIFICATES OF EDUCATION, ORDINARY LEVEL

Gretel Charles—Special Examination in Arithmetic.
 Hazel Davies—French, Biology.
 Ann Fraser—Geology.
 Rhona Gassner—English Language.
 Valerie Gough—Biology.
 Jennifer Jones—English Literature.
 Rhona Miller—English Literature.
 Patricia Oliver—Spanish.
 Ann Roberts—Spanish* Biology.
 Janet Saunders—Biology.
 Joan Thomas—Scripture.
 Eric Golding—History.
 Alun Griffiths—Special Examination in Arithmetic.
 Brian Griffiths—English Literature, Mathematics.
 Robert Howe—Chemistry.
 John McNally—English Language.
 Malcolm Morgan—Mathematics, Mechanics, Practical Plane and Solid Geometry.
 Edgar Owen—Economics, Mathematics.
 John Phillips—Mathematics, Mechanics, General Science.
 John Rees—Mathematics, Mechanics.
 William Watson—Agricultural Science.

Upper VI

- 1.—Given by Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Phillips, in memory of Mrs. Phillips's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Lewis (together with Prizes for Mathematics and Physics)—David Thomas.
 - 2.—Anne Campodonic and William Tucker.
 - 4.—Patricia Kavanagh.
- English Prize—Ruth Cole.

GENERAL CERTIFICATES OF EDUCATION, ADVANCED LEVEL

Pauline Armitage—Zoology (Advanced), Chemistry (Ordinary).
 Eleanor Birrell—French, Geography (Advanced), English (Ordinary).
 Eira Brickle—English, Welsh, Scripture (Advanced).
 Suzanne Brown—Welsh (Advanced), History (Ordinary).
 Anne Campodonic—English, French, History (Advanced).
 Joan Carr—Botany, Zoology (Advanced), Chemistry (Ordinary).
 Ruth Cole—English (with Distinction), French (Advanced); [French (Advanced)—Oxford].
 Jean Devote—English (Advanced).
 Beti Evans—Botany, Zoology (Advanced).
 Jennifer Gordon—English, Latin, History (Advanced).
 Awena Jones—English, German, Scripture (Advanced).
 Patricia Kavanagh—English, History, Geography (Advanced).
 Yvonne Richards—English, Scripture (Advanced).
 Delphia Welham—Economics (Ordinary).
 Frederick Breese—Pure and Applied Mathematics (Advanced), Physics, Chemistry (Ordinary).
 Stephen Brown—Pure and Applied Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry (Advanced).
 James Croft—Botany, Zoology (Advanced).
 John Dyke—Physics (Advanced), Mathematics (Ordinary); [Mathematics (Ordinary), Physics (Advanced)—Oxford].
 Jeremy Gordon—Physics (Advanced); [Physics (Advanced)—Oxford].
 Georg Grossman—Pure and Applied Mathematics (Advanced), Physics, Chemistry (Ordinary); [Mathematics (Ordinary)—Oxford].
 Clive Harkett—Pure and Applied Mathematics (Advanced); Chemistry (Ordinary); [Chemistry (Advanced)—Oxford].

George Jones—Botany, Zoology (Advanced).
 John Jones—Pure and Applied Mathematics, Physics (Advanced).
 Christopher Law—Scripture, Geography (Advanced), History (Ordinary).
 Kenneth MacGarvie—Pure and Applied Mathematics, Physics (Advanced).
 Christopher Macken—History (Advanced).
 Richard May—Pure and Applied Mathematics, Physics (Advanced),
 Chemistry (Ordinary).
 George McLean—Pure Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry (Advanced);
 [Chemistry (Advanced)—Oxford].
 Graham Phillips—English, Welsh, Geography (Ordinary).
 Gordon Rickard—Pure and Applied Mathematics, Physics, Geometrical
 and Engineering Drawing (Advanced); [Physics (Advanced), Geometrical
 and Engineering Drawing (Ordinary)—Oxford].
 David Thomas—Pure Mathematics (with Distinction), Applied Mathematics
 (Advanced), Physics (with Distinction), Chemistry (Advanced).
 William Tucker—Chemistry, Botany, Zoology (Advanced).
 David Weale—Pure Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry (Advanced); [Physics,
 Chemistry (Advanced)—Oxford].
 State Scholarship—David Thomas.
 Prizes for the Spoken Word, given by Miss E. M. Young, in memory of
 her father, Charles Young, J.P., governor of the School—Eira Brickle
 and David Thomas.
 Prizes for Original Work, given by Mrs. Sarah Thomas—Heather Lomax,
 Susan Hay, Susan Saunders, John Trice.
 The Chairman of Governors' Prize for Service to the School—Clive Harkett.

Entrants to Professional or Technical Training

NURSING: Joan Allington, Glangwili Hospital, Carmarthen; Veronica
 Collins, Western Ophthalmic Hospital, Marylebone Road, London;
 Valerie Richards, Meyrick Hospital, Pembroke Dock; Dorothy Uphill,
 King's College Hospital, London.
 Civil Service: Charlotte Ambrose, Gretel Charles, Post Office
 division, Cardiff. John Phillips, Inland Revenue, Carmarthen.
 Leonard Allen: Training Ship *Warfleet*, Botley, Hants. (Merchant
 Navy).
 Jillian Edwards: Overseas Division, Unilever Ltd., London.
 Rae Gamman: Milk Marketing Board, London.
 Eric Golding: Welsh College of Advanced Technology, Cardiff
 (Architecture).
 Clive Harkett: I.C.I. Plastics Division, Welwyn Garden City (Hat-
 field Technical College).
 John Jones: Student Apprentice, S. Wales Electricity Board (Welsh
 College of Advanced Technology, Cardiff).
 Richard May: Student Apprentice, British Thomas-Houston Ltd.,
 Rugby.
 Michael Nicholls: Temporary Scientific Officer, R.A.E., Aberporth.
 Maxwell Smith: National Provincial Bank, Pembroke Dock.
 Michael Willis: Richard Thomas and Baldwin Ltd., Ebbw Vale.
 Edgar Owen: Richard Thomas and Baldwin Ltd., Ebbw Vale.
 Doreen Harries: Inland Revenue Office, Dowlais.
 Gillian Preece: Farm Office, Home Farm, Stackpole.

Dramatic Society

THE officials for the session 1957-58 were elected as follows:

Chairman: Miss A. R. Lewis Davies.
 Joint Secretaries: Anne Campodonic and Patricia Kavanagh.
 Committee: Eira Brickle, David Pearson, Rosemary Andrew, Olive
 Rees, Beti Evans, Joan Thomas.

Owing to the outbreak of influenza this term it has only been possible
 to hold one meeting. An excerpt from "Little Women" was performed
 by IIIA girls and produced by Rosemary Andrew and Anne Campodonic.
 The audience appreciated this performance but the following excerpt from
 "Robin Hood" by IIIA boys produced by David Pearson lacked polish
 (and we regret to say words) and ended hilariously. It was noted that
 several members of the Staff enjoyed this, but there was one obvious
 exception!

With better practice and experience we hope to have more enjoyable
 occasions and better acting in the future.

Cups

The Senior House Rugby Cup, given by Mr. W. R. Davies, of Neyland—
 Picton House.
 The Junior House Rugby Cup, given by Alderman Lt.-Col. P. R. Howells,
 of Tenby—Picton House.
 The Senior House Hockey Cup, given by Miss M. Mathias—Glyndwr
 House.
 The Junior House Hockey Cup—Hywel House.
 The Garfield Davies Cup for Rounders—Tudor House.
 Tennis Cups, given by the Old Pupils' Association:—Girls' Singles—Joan
 Carr; Boys' Singles—Christopher Macken; Mixed Doubles—Gordon
 Rickard and Maureen Kenniford.
 The Pennant Cup, given by Dr. D. H. Pennant, in memory of his son,
 Pilot Officer John Pennant, killed in 1945, to the Victor Ludorum
 at the Athletic Sports—Roland Waite.
 The Pembroke Cup, awarded to the Victrix Ludorum at the Athletic
 Sports—Dorothy Lewis and Gillian Garnham.
 The Jean Crutchley Cup for the best all-rounder in Sport—Jean Devote.
 The South Pembrokeshire Rechabites Cup for Athletic Sports—Glyndwr
 House.
 The Sudbury Shield for the Winning House at the Eisteddfod—Glyndwr
 House.
 The Rowland Rees Cup for the Champion House—Glyndwr House.

Cups won at the County Secondary Schools Sports, 1957

The Gwyther Cup for All Girls' Events.
 The Lord Merthyr Shield for all Boys' Events.
 The Pennant Cup for Senior Girls.
 The Alderman B. G. Howells Cup for Senior Boys.
 The Hall Morgan Cup for Junior Boys.

Tennis: The Dora Lewis (County) Challenge Cups

Girls Doubles—Pembroke Grammar School (Joan Carr and Margaret
 Thomas).
 Boys Doubles—Pembroke Grammar School (Christopher Macken and
 Gordon Rickard).

Councillor Morgan Challenge Cups

Inter-School House Junior—Tudor House.
 Inter-School Singles—Girls: Joan Carr; Boys: Christopher Macken.

SCHOOL SPORT

Tennis

Captain: Joan Carr. Vice Captain and Secretary: Rhona Gassner.

The team was chosen from the following:—

Rhona Gassner*, Margaret Thomas*, Joan Carr*, Jean Devote, Pauline Armitage, Jacqueline Godfrey, Gillian Garnham. *Old Colours.
Jean Devote was awarded her colours at the end of the season.

Games played were:

May 4th	Tasker's H.S.	Home	Lost—6-3	Sets
May 25th	Tenby G.S.	Home	Lost—6-3	Events
June 15th	Fishguard S.S.	Home	Won—4-0	Events
July 13th	Milford G.S.	Home	Won—5-2	Events

Other matches:

June 22nd Under 16½ years v. Coronation S.M.S. ... Won—7-2 Events

Team: Jacqueline Godfrey, Christine Macken, Gillian Garnham, Margaret Davies, Joyce Simlett, Gillian Thomas.

It is pleasing to report the improvement in the standard of tennis as the season progressed, and it is hoped in future to see a bigger improvement still as the result of the enthusiasm of the Junior school and the advantages of owning our own courts.

School Tournament—Final Results:

Girls' Singles: Joan Carr beat Margaret Thomas.

Boys' Singles: Christopher Macken beat Gordon Rickard.

Mixed Doubles: Gordon Rickard and Maureen Kenniford beat Robert Parcell and Joyce Simlett.

The Junior Inter-House Competition was won by Tudor. Team: Jill Dickenson, Olga Preece, Wendy Smith, Gareth Davies, John Evans, Raymond Thomas.

For the second year in succession the school won the Dora Lewis Cup.

Girls' Doubles winners—Joan Carr and Margaret Thomas.

Boys' Doubles winners—Gordon Rickard and Christopher Macken.

In the finals of the Councillor Ernie Morgan Cup Joan Carr beat Margaret Thomas, Christopher Macken beat Robert Parcell.

Rounders

BOTH the 1st and 2nd IX must be congratulated on their successful season, the 1st under the captaincy of Suzanne Brown with Jean Devote as Vice-Captain and Secretary and with Jacqueline Godfrey as captain of the 2nd IX. Not many matches were played because of the short length of the season, together with the extended athletic programme.

The 1st IX scored 27 rounders altogether throughout the season, but the sound fielding of Jean Devote and Margaret Thomas and the accurate bowling of Gwyneth James prevented their opponents from scoring more than 2 rounders against them! The 2nd IX scored 11 rounders in all and had 5 scored against them. The top scorer was Margaret Thomas with 8 rounders.

Teams this year were:

1st IX: Gwyneth James, Jean Devote, Margaret Thomas, Rhona Gassner, Rae Gammon, Delphia Welham, Sheila Jones, Suzanne Brown, Gillian Garnham. (All old colours except Gillia Garnham who was awarded hers at the end of the season.)

2nd IX: Jacky Godfrey, Audrey Higgs, Maureen Kenniford, Anne Wright, Verona Fox, Myra Cook, Jean Shore, Margaret Davies, Susan Griffiths.

Games played were:

1st IX:—

May 4th	Tasker's H.S.	Home	Won—12-0
May 18th	Narberth G.S.	Home	Won—3½-0
June 15th	Fishguard S.S.	Home	Won—8½-0
July 13th	Milford G.S.	Home	Won—3-2

2nd IX:—

May 18th	Narberth G.S.	Home	Won—3½-0
July 13th	Milford G.S.	Home	Won—7½-5

Other Matches:

June 20th	Form Up. IV (3) v. Form IV (½)
June 22nd	Under 16½ years (II) v. Coronation S.M.S. (2)
June 24th	Form III (5½) v. Form II (1)

House Match Results:

Glyndwr (2) v. Hywel (1)
Picton (3½) v. Tudor (5½)
Glyndwr (1½) v. Tudor (1½)
Hywel (2) v. Picton (4)
Glyndwr (0) v. Picton (½)
Tudor (6) v. Hywel (3)

Final Positions:

1st—Tudor	2nd—Picton	3rd—Glyndwr	4th—Hywel
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Rugby, Season 1957-58

1st XV AND 2nd XV

Records to date:

1st XV

September—

7—Trial	
14—	
21—County Trial	
28—Pembroke Dock Quins "A"	Cancelled (A)

October—

1—Tenby G.S.	Lost	0-14	(A)
5—Haverfordwest G.S.	Lost	0-14	(A)
12—Aberaeron G.S.	Won	5-3	(A)
19—Ardwyn G.S.	Postponed		(H)

November—

2—Neyland "A"	Drawn	0-0	(A)
9—Whitland G.S.	Lost	8-11	(A)
16—Cardigan C.G.S.	Drawn	9-9	(A)
23—Aberayron G.S.	Won	22-0	(H)
30—Carmarthen G.S.	Lost	0-14	(H)

December—

7—Llanelly G.S.	Lost	0-15	(H)
14—Gwendraeth G.S.	Lost	0-6	(H)

2nd XV

September— Records to date:

7—Trial			
14—Coronation S.M.S.	Won	14-0	(A)
21—Coronation S.M.S.	Cancelled		(H)

October—

19—Ardwyn G.S.	Postponed		(H)
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November—

16—Cardigan C.G.S.	Won	31-0	(A)
30—Carmarthen G.S.	Drawn	3-3	(H)

County Sports 1957

GIRLS' RESULTS

THE girls must be congratulated on winning two out of the possible four cups in their events. They won the Pennant Cup for the most points in the Senior Girls' events and the Gwyther Cup for the most points in all the Girls' events. The Middle School also came very near to winning the Adams Cup.

Outstanding in the days events were:—

Senior Girls:

100 yds.—Gillian Garnham	2nd
Long Jump—Gillian Garnham	1st
Hurdles—Gillian Garnham	1st (County record of 11.8 seconds)
220 yds.—Jean Devote	3rd
Shot—Rhona Gassner	1st
Relay—Gillian Garnham, Jean Devote, Rhona Gassner, Olive Binger.	1st (County record of 54.8 seconds)

Middle Girls:

100 yds.—Susan Griffiths	1st
Long Jump—Susan Griffiths	1st
Discus—Dorothy Lewis	1st
Javelin—Eileen Thomas	3rd
Relay—Susan Griffiths, Dorothy Lewis, Anna Livingstone, Jean Shore.	2nd

At the Sports Meeting at Bush Camp on July 6th between Pembrokeshire and Carmarthenshire the following girls achieved success:

Senior Girls:

100 yds.—Gillian Garnham	2nd
Long Jump—Gillian Garnham	1st (16ft. 1½ins.)
Shot—Rhona Gassner	1st (27ft. 3½ins.)
Relay—Gillian Garnham, Jean Devote, Rhona Gassner, Olive Binger.	2nd

Junior Girls:

100 yds.—Susan Griffiths	4th
Long Jump—Susan Griffiths	1st (15ft. 4½ins.)
Discus—Dorothy Lewis	1st (82ft. 10ins.)
Relay—Pems. 'B'—Susan Griffiths, Dorothy Lewis.	2nd

As a result of the County Sports and the Inter-County Sports the following girls were chosen to represent Pembrokeshire at the National Sports in Colwyn Bay on July 13th.

Senior Girls:

100 yds.—Gillian Garnham	
Long Jump—Gillian Garnham	1st (15ft. 4 ins.)
Shot—Rhona Gassner	1st (25ft.)
Relay—Gillian Garnham, Jean Devote.	4th

Junior Girls:

100 yds.—Susan Griffiths	
Relay—Susan Griffiths	3rd

Gillian Garnham and Rhona Gassner are to be congratulated on obtaining first places in the Long Jump and Shot respectively at the

National Sports. Unfortunately their performances on the day were far from their best but this was due to the very bad weather conditions.

At the end of the season Athletic Colours were awarded to Jean Devote and Rhona Gassner.

The cup awarded to Jean Crutchley by the Pembrokeshire Borough Council for her great talent and achievement as a Discus thrower has become an additional School cup. Known as the "Jean Crutchley Cup" it will be awarded each year to the girl considered to be the best "all rounder" and showing the keenest school spirit. It was presented for the first time this year to Jean Devote.

Cricket 1957

DURING the 1957 season the School 1st XI played nine matches, winning 5 and losing 4.

Playing for the first time on their new pitch, the school 1st XI were not happy against a strong Haverfordwest attack. Batting poorly the School could only scrape 42 runs. This, however, was almost enough, for after some fine bowling by R. Waite, Haverfordwest found themselves in difficulties, but they eventually won, after 10 minutes of suspense, by one wicket, having declared at 9 for 54.

In the first round of the Bowen Summers Cup at Milford, Pembrokeshire was soundly beaten, a dismal start to the season's cricket. This run of bad luck and batsmanship continued for the next two matches.

Then against Narberth the School reached top form, when C. Harkett and E. R. Morris batted confidently and made 51 and 38 respectively. The School went on to win this game by five wickets. This form continued almost to the end of the season, and the team redeemed itself against its old rivals, Milford, by defeating them by seven wickets. A reversal of the previous game, due largely to the team's growth of confidence and some inspired bowling by J. Gough and N. Phelps.

The season ended up with two very enjoyable games against the Staff and the Old Boys.

In the Staff match the School batted first and the opening pair Stephen Brown and Eilwyn Morris gave them a good start, taking the score to 35 before being parted. Eilwyn went on to score 28 before being bowled. Later in the innings John Gough, Tony Scourfield and Keith Smith all notched double figures. The school declared at 100 for nine wickets.

The Staff innings was noteworthy for a well-judged contribution by Mr. Devereux whose concentration marked him as a mature batsman. Of the other Staff batsmen only Mr. Shaw could offer any prolonged resistance to the School attack.

This was a good win for the School but I am reliably informed that the Staff expect to field a strong XI in the coming season!

The last game of the season was played against the Old Boys. This game had fine features:—

- (1) The very sporting and cordial spirit in which the game was played.
- (2) The remarkable failure of some "established" batsmen.
- (3) A fine innings for the Old Boys by Aubrey Phillips.
- (4) A most tenacious innings by Owain Picton who scored half his team's runs.
- (5) A very fine display of accurate fast bowling by Nigel Phelps.

The only colour awarded for the 1957 season went to Nigel Phelps—a most effective bowler who took half the wickets claimed by the School XI during the season. Our best batsman was Eilwyn Morris who will doubtless challenge strongly for his colour next summer.

John James proved an able captain and was well supported by Clive Harkett.

This brief chronicle must end on a vote of thanks to Mr. Devereux. He has now decided to hand on the control of cricket to a (slightly) younger colleague. He has made a great contribution to the game for a great many years—confirmation of this may be found in the team photographs hanging in the school corridors.

We are sure he will continue to take a great interest in school cricket—and we hope to see him captaining the Staff team for many years to come.

Record for Season:—

Played	Won	Lost	Drawn
9	4	5	0

Batting Averages:

Name	Innings	Runs	Not out	Average
Scourfield	3	24	1	12
Morris	8	87	0	10.9
Harkett	9	83	1	10.4
J. R. Jones	8	61	1	8.7
Waite	5	8	4	8
Edwards	2	8	1	8
Picton	5	35	0	7
Gough	8	35	0	4.37
Smith	7	29	0	4.14
Brown	9	37	0	4.11
Phelps	9	32	1	4

Bowling:

Name	Overs	Mdns.	Runs	Wkts.	Average
Phelps	84.3	40	82	38	2.2
J. R. Jones	13.3	3	27	11	2.5
Gough	23.4	11	35	6	5.8
Morris	2.1	0	7	1	7
Waite	58.7	16	113	16	7.06
Smith	12	2	37	4	9.3
Brown	6	1	10	0	
G. B. Jones ...	6.3	0	24	0	

The following boys have represented the 1st XI on one or more occasions: J. R. Jones, J. C. Harkett, E. R. Morris, N. S. Phelps, K. A. Smith, J. D. Carr, J. F. Gough, G. B. Jones, I. J. Davies, B. Griffiths, R. W. Waite, J. L. Ebsworth, J. C. A. Macken, R. G. Cook, C. James, M. Edwards, O. Picton, A. G. Scourfield.

A School Prize-Day

ALL school prize-days are similar; many people making speeches and many silver cups and certificates being awarded. In our school prize-day it is made very interesting, mainly due to the fine report of the school given by the headmaster, Mr. Mathias.

This year prize-day dawned dark and gloomy with the promise of rain. The wind howled about the magnificent new school hall and the first thing to be noted during the morning assembly was the fine ceremonial furniture made by that great craftsman, Edward Barnsley. In front of the stage was a large spray of flowers set in a large silver bowl. The assembly took the form of a singing practice for the whole school, singing "Mae Hen Wlad Fy Nhadau," conducted by Mr. Whitehall.

After dinner we were called to the assembly hall where many people, parents and pupils, had already gathered. We did not have long to wait

before the platform party ascended onto the stage, led by the Chairman, Mr. Phillips.

After the singing of a hymn, Mr. Mathias arose to make his eagerly-awaited school report. In it he told the audience of the School's many bereavements during the year, the successes and the failures, alterations to the staff and the School activities. His speech, although a very long one, was as ever one of the most interesting.

Next came another eagerly awaited item, a short concert by the School choir and orchestra. The orchestra was very good, ably backed up by a German Clarinetist and a drummer. I think Mr. Whitehall can be justly proud of what he has achieved in the short time he has been here and I am sure he will go on to achieve much greater successes.

A speech was next, given by the Chairman, who heartily congratulated the Headmaster and School on such a successful school year. The Chairman's speech also was very interesting and humorous.

Now to prize-giving, the main item on the agenda. On the table in front of the Chairman was a large collection of cups and these were presented to many members of the school for achievements in sport, the eisteddfod, music, poetry and many other things. Also to be awarded were certificates for the General Certificate of Education examination. I was very envious of the people who had done so well in the ordinary and advanced level and I can only hope that I do half as well as some of them.

Soon the annual prize-day was to draw to its close and to my mind it was the best prize-day I had attended. This was confirmed by the Headmaster when he congratulated the School on their general behaviour the following morning. I can only hope that some day I might have to go up onto the stage to receive a prize or certificate.

STUART LEWIS, Upper IVA.

Debating Society

THE officials for the year 1957-58 were elected as follows:—

Chairman, Eira Brickle; Secretary, Anne Campodonic; Committee, John Trice, Rosemary Andrew, Patricia Kavanagh, Christopher Law and Margaret Thomas. The first meeting on 10th October was very popular and well-attended. The motion before the House was that "History is Bunk", and the speakers were Mr. J. Thomas and Cyril MacCallum speaking for the motion and Mr. D. M. Ellis Williams and John Trice against. Chairman was Miss N. Phillips. Very wisely the motion was overwhelmingly defeated. At the second meeting on 8th November we were fortunate enough to have our President, Mr. R. G. Mathias, speaking against the motion "That this school pays too much attention to non-academic activities." He was supported by Ken MacGarvie, while the speakers for the motion were Mr. R. Hewish and Robert Howe. Again the motion was decisively defeated. At these debates we had the support of Mr. Devereux, Mr. J. Thomas and Mr. Greenwood who voiced their opinions from the floor. We hope that next term we will have as much support from the school as we have enjoyed this term.

OLD PUPILS' ASSOCIATION

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

Chairman: Miss Kathleen Rouse. Vice-Chairman: Mrs. Eileen Macken.

Secretary: D. F. Hordley. Treasurer: M. G. Thomas.

Committee:

Miss Joan Tucker, Mrs. Joan Sudbury, Mrs. Joyce Hall, J. H. A. Macken,
John Ross, Dennis Lloyd, David John.

Magazine Editor: E. G. Davies.

OUR older readers learnt with the deepest regret of the death, on Saturday, November 23, of Mrs. Bertha Garnett, the wife of Mr. J. H. Garnett, who was Chemistry Master and Second Master of the School until his retirement in July 1943, having served the School for thirty-seven years. Those who knew Mrs. Garnett will remember best her friendly and kindly disposition, and her great hospitality. New members of staff were very soon invited to their home, and after that became frequent and welcome visitors. It may be some small consolation to Mr. Garnett and his son Bernard to realise with what pleasure we look back on our association with Mrs. Garnett, and what happy memories we have of them both.

OBITUARY

SINCE the last issue of the *Penvro* we have received news of the deaths of six Old Pupils of the School, details of which we give below.

The death occurred on Tuesday, July 9, at her home in Argyle Street, Pembroke Dock, of Mrs. Irene Phyllis Hammond, B.E.M. (née Lloyd, 1915-19). Mrs. Hammond had led a very active life, particularly during the war, when she worked so hard as Superintendent of the Pembroke Dock Nursing Division of the Order of St. John. Those of us who were associated with her in Civil Defence work at that time often wondered how she coped with the large number of calls upon her. It is clear that she overtaxed her strength, as she was always ready to go off on long journeys with the ambulance under most difficult conditions, work which she continued long after the war. In addition to this arduous work she became a member of the Borough Council in May, 1950, and continued to represent the Pater Ward until her death. She will long be remembered as one of the most prominent citizens of the Borough.

The death occurred on Friday, July 19, at his home in Sutton Coldfield, of Francis Desmond Tuthill (1917-19).

Early in August there died in Chelsea, at the age of 71, one of the earlier Old Pupils of the School, Mrs. Katie Loder (née Davies), who was better known under her stage name of Barbara Dean. She went to London as a girl and acted there under the management of the late Seymour Hicks, spending a lifetime on the stage.

Dr. Kenneth Ivor Nicholls (1917-18) died suddenly on Sunday, September 8, at his home in Oxford. He had practised in Oxford for many years, and was married, with one son, John, who is an officer in the Regular Army. As a young man he was a well-known rugby player and turned out regularly for the Pembroke Dock 'Quins'. His mother still lives in Bush Street, Pembroke Dock.

We were shocked to hear, in late September, of the death by accident in Iraq of Cpl. Benjamin Raymond Riches, R.A.F. (1945-50), at the early age of 23. He entered the R.A.F. as an aircraft apprentice after leaving school, and had recently been promoted corporal. He was married in July, 1955, and had been serving in Iraq for just over a year.

We heard with regret of the sudden death on January 2nd of Norman Earnshaw (1933-40) at the age of 35. During the war he served as an

air-gunner with Bomber Command, and towards the end of the war was injured in action and lost the use of his right arm. For the last four years he had been a clerk with the Admiralty at Pembroke Dock. We offer our sincere sympathy to the members of his family.

We regret to announce that two former members of the Staff died during 1957—Miss Bertha Rounthwaite at Putney early in the year, and Miss A. Gornall at Kendal in October.

Miss Gornall came to the School nearly sixty years ago when there were less than a hundred pupils on the roll. She left to become Senior Mistress at Merthyr County School where Miss Perman's brother was Headmaster.

Miss Rounthwaite joined the Staff as Art Mistress in 1909 and left after six years to take a senior appointment at Putney Secondary School where she remained until her retirement. Miss Rounthwaite was very fond of South Pembrokeshire and she built a bungalow at Freshwater where she spent her holidays walking over the headlands with her sketch book and botanising up to a few years before her death.

Early Days

WE received interesting letters a few months ago from two of the earlier Old Pupils of the School, Mrs. Emily G. Brooks (née Potter) and her brother, J. A. Potter. Incidentally, Mrs. Brooks was the first girl from the school to obtain a B.Sc.

Mrs. Brooks, who is now living at Shotover Foot, 106 Old Road, Headington, Oxford, tells us that she first went to the school in 1896, having won a scholarship of £5 per annum plus books (One *paid* for one's education in those days.—Ed.). She goes on—"Mr. Dawes was Head in my time, Miss Perman, Senior Mistress, Mr. Hallam; succeeded by Mr. West (who now lives in retirement at Cambridge.—Ed.) my Chemistry Master. When I first went to the County School it was housed in an old hotel at the foot of the Barrack Hill (now a block of flats.—Ed.); a gun went off at noon which made us jump! For recreation we adjourned to the Barrack Hill and, in the dinner hour, explored the nether regions of the old hotel and got very dusty. When we went to the new school we played hockey in the adjoining field with sixpenny ash sticks. There was a tennis court too, and once a gymkhana was held. I lived in Pembroke and usually walked to and from school. Mr. Hallam, now Dr. Hallam, was 21 when he first came to the "Grand Hotel" School. We had no laboratory there, only a trestle table with one bunsen burner and James Cecil Howell as lab. boy to help Mr. Hallam, which he did by hitting the rubber tube of the burner to put out the flame when Mr. Hallam wasn't looking. The Sketch boys, Donald and Colin Mason, and "Daff" Griffiths were pupils then. Somewhere in this house is a copy of the first number of the Magazine of the County School, not then called *Penvro* (this was published in the spring term of 1897.—Ed.). It contains a poem (save the mark!) by "myself when young" (12) with the highly original title "The Nightingale." Some poem! Another Old Pupil, Gertrude Edwards, now Mrs. Giraldu Johns, lives at 17 Old Village Road, Barry, Glam."

Mrs. Brooks gives a resumé of her career as follows:—1901-1904, University College, Cardiff, residing at Aberdare Hall; 1904, obtained B.Sc. in Physics and Chemistry; 1904-1906, Science Mistress at Municipal Secondary School, Swansea; 1906-1907, Oxford Delegacy and Cherwell Hall, Oxford; 1907, obtained Cambridge Teachers' Diploma; 1907, winter term only, Science Mistress at Raines Foundation School, London; 1908-1912, Science Mistress at Todmorden Secondary School, London. Here I taught John Cockcroft (now Sir John Cockcroft, O.M., etc.) and his future wife the elements of chemistry; 1913-1921, Science Mistress at Presbyterian Ladies' College, Melbourne, Australia; 1921-1943, Science Mistress at Newport, Mon., at what is now St. Julian's Grammar School; 1943,

retired from teaching profession and married Rev. J. Barlow Brooks, a Lancashire author; 1944, came to Oxford with husband; 1952, husband died; 1957, still going strong at 73.

MR. J. A. Potter's account of his activities is just as interesting. We will quote from his letter.

"I entered the school in September 1904, at the age of 15, and finally left in July 1908. I then put in eighteen months as a student at Clark's College in London, aiming to get a situation in the Civil Service. Not being successful in the final examination for this position, I returned to Pembroke, for which team (rugby) I played full-back. During my last year there, in the summer of 1909, I took part in several Athletic Sports, in particular winning two half-mile races, one at Milford and one at Haverfordwest, this latter by inches. In the spring of 1910 I was introduced to a Western Canadian farmer, Mr. J. H. Voysey, of Spy Hill, Saskatchewan, who was visiting relatives at Swansea. Spy Hill is a point on the Canadian National Railway 225 miles west of Winnipeg. It is about eight miles from the border of Manitoba. I made arrangements with Mr. Voysey to go out to him in the spring and work a year for whatever wages I was worth. I put in eighteen months with him and then worked for other farmers in due course. In 1912 I acquired 320 acres of land four miles from the town, renting my farm to a tenant for a share of the crop for five years, during which I continued to work out until my farm was paid for by wages saved and rent received. In 1918 I started working my own land, getting married in January. I continued farming until the spring of 1956, when I retired. In 1957 I decided to pay a visit to my sister, Mrs. Brooks, of Oxford, at whose house I am as I write this. I shall be returning in January to Canada, where I have two married daughters, one in Winnipeg and one in British Columbia. The latter is the mother of four girls.

One old schoolmate, L. M. McKeon, farmed alongside me for a few years on returning from the war in 1918. He went to British Columbia in 1926 and is still in Vancouver.

Old Pembroke boys who walked to school every day were E. Edwards, J. Roch, Treweeks and Reggie Marshall (supposed to be 6ft. 2in. tall and the tallest schoolboy in the British Isles). On rainy days during dinner hour Mr. Dawes, the Headmaster, would put on the gloves with Marshall. He also was tall and it was a sight to see him duck and weave and counter-punch. One year Mr. Corbet Stephens, an engineer of Pembroke, used to drive his two sisters, Ethel and Alethea, to school in a motor-car. He used to go chug-chug-chug very slowly up Bush Hill in low gear, while we boys would overtake him and leave him behind. After a while he would overtake us and pass us on the level. He afterwards got a much better car in 1908.

I have (in Canada) a picture of the 1908 (I think) cricket team. On it are E. McKeon, Mr. Chris Jones, Courtenay Price, Mr. Trevor Jones, Collins, Petty, Mr. G. H. West, Mr. Garnett, J. Phillips, H. Barnikel, J. A. Potter, S. Rowlands (wicket-keeper), E. A. Phillips, H. Richards, J. Davies and G. McCloghrrie. One other member of the team not on the photo was Webb of Burton, a very good cricketer, who was killed in the war.

Other Old Boys I remember are Tab Grieve, W. J. A. Davies (later captain of England's rugby team), John Underwood (goal-keeper), later in the Customs in London, where he once walked up behind me and slapped me on the back, to my amazement, "Bosom" Webb, Ernie Serle, and Sharp of Neyland. Mr. West used to play centre-forward and I was on the right wing. I can hear him now calling to me "Centre, Potter, centre," when I would usually oblige. I hope Mr. West and his wife, who was also at one time my teacher, are in the best of health and spirits.

"Forty years on" has for me become "Fifty years on." I can truly say "Neither the last nor the faintest were we."

News of Old Pupils

PEGGY Athoe (1939-46), who holds a commission in the Women's Royal Army Corps, is now Supervisory Education Officer for the Eastern Command, and is stationed at Kingston-on-Thames.

Glyn R. Brown (1941-46) called in school at the end of September. He had then been working as a pharmaceutical chemist in Worthing for about twelve months. Before going to Worthing he had spent several years doing similar work in Morriston. He told us he was hoping to return there soon to a better post.

Barrie Burke (1947-48), who is a lieutenant in the Royal Corps of Signals, spent some leave in the town in November. He had recently returned from Korea and Singapore. His father, Lt.-Col. Wilfred Burke (1924-25) was then stationed at Dusseldorf in Germany.

Kenneth Catherall (1945-52), completed his military service in October, having been stationed at Manorbier for the last three months of his service. He is now in Birmingham working as a research chemist for a firm making adhesives.

Malcolm Davies (1949-56) completed his twelve months agricultural apprenticeship at the end of July. During August and September he worked on the farm of Leonard Purser (1933-38) at Cosheston. At the beginning of October he went to University College, Aberystwyth, to do a two-year course leading to the National Diploma in Dairying.

Frank Devonald (1928-33) has been accountant at the new Technical College in Neyland since it opened rather over a year ago.

Ralph Davies (1949-53) was home on leave at the end of October. He is now doing his national service and is a corporal in the Royal Pay Corps, attached to the 1st Battalion of the Welch Regiment. At that time he was stationed at Worcester, and had already spent six months in Germany. After his leave he went out to Cyprus with the regiment. He wrote at the end of November to say that he was stationed near a small town called Lefka, about thirty miles from Nicosia. He described the weather as glorious, and said that as they were only half a mile from the coast there was plenty of opportunity for sea-bathing (in late November!). He was hoping to be flown home at any moment to go before a War Office Selection Board to be considered for a commission.

Vernice Evans (1944-51) gave up her post in the Civil Service last summer. Last September she entered Offley Training College for teachers near Hitchin in Hertfordshire.

Evan Evans (1948-54) returned from Hong Kong in the summer, having completed his military service. He is now working in the Narberth branch of Barclays Bank.

When Mrs. Jill Curtis (née Field, 1942-48), wrote in late September, she was happily settled in Bradford, and had returned to work in the bank. She gave us some news of her brother David (1945-48). He came out of the army a few days before Christmas 1956, and early in the New Year he joined a firm of aero surveyors. At the end of April he went out to Persia and was there until August. His work is likely to take him overseas a great deal. When she wrote he was at Retford in Nottinghamshire, and was afterwards to go to the firm's headquarters at Boreham Wood in Hertfordshire.

Mrs. Valmai Henderson (née Folland, 1947-54), is now doing her Teachers' Training Course at University College, Aberystwyth. Her husband, who is also an Aberystwyth graduate, has been awarded a University Studentship.

James H. Griffiths (1942-49) was appointed handicraft master at Cotham Grammar School, Bristol, for last September. Since 1955 he had held a similar position at Bewdley County Secondary School.

Stephen Griffiths (1947-55) and Owen James (1947-55) both completed their military service last summer, and have now entered Loughborough College.

Ivy Garlick (1941-48), has left her post at the grammar school in the Manchester district which she has held since leaving Cambridge. In September she took up an appointment as Administrative Assistant in the Department of Education at the Guildhall, Swansea.

We received a long letter in July from David Gwyther (1950-56), who was then serving at Goch in Germany with a Signals Unit of the R.A.F. He had been out there since January. Soon after he arrived he met David Beynon, who was then a L.A.C. in the R.A.F. Police. Both of them played rugby regularly for the camp 1st XV. He tells us that David Beynon was also playing for the 1st cricket XI. He had also recently met another of his contemporaries, Jill Bloomfield, a L.A.C. in the W.R.A.F. in the Accounts Section. She was passing through there on her way to the R.A.F. Station at Sundern.

Joyce Gullam (1950-55) recently passed her first nursing examination at the Lister Hospital, Hitchin, Herts.

Miss Elizabeth A. Gibby (1905-09), retired as Headmistress of Albion Square Infants' School at the end of the summer term, having held this position since 1919. She was trained at Swansea Training College, and then taught for four years in Glamorganshire. She then spent four years at Pennar School before being appointed to the headship of Albion Square School in 1919. Miss Gibby has always been prominent in educational matters in the county, and is one of our most loyal Old Pupils. We wish her every happiness in her retirement.

Clive Harkett, who left at the end of last summer term, has obtained a post as laboratory assistant at the Plastics Division of I.C.I. at Welwyn Garden City, Herts., beginning work in the middle of October. He has begun a five-year course of study, leading to the London B.Sc. degree, at Hatfield Technical College, the firm paying the fees and making a grant towards the cost of books. So far he is finding his work, which deals mainly with perspex, very interesting. Clive had the extraordinary experience earlier of meeting in London, in one morning, three former pupils—Eric Morgan, who nearly ran him down at traffic lights in Oxford Street; Evan Scone, who was on point duty as a policeman at Marble Arch; and Rae Gamman, who, as recorded elsewhere, is now working for the Milk Marketing Board in London.

Brian John (1946-53), now doing research at Bangor, is the English editor of 'Omnibus', the magazine of the University College of North Wales. The 'Western Mail' of December 18 contained a long quotation from his editorial in the current number, in which he is very critical of what he calls the 'Provinciality of Wales'.

Marion Jenkins (1943-50), who is on the teaching staff of the Royal Normal College for the Blind, near Shrewsbury, attended an international conference for teachers of the blind in Oslo last summer.

Mrs. Eileen Hollis (née Llewellyn, 1948-54) left for Singapore at the beginning of July to join her husband, who is stationed there in the R.A.F.

George Lewis (1947-53), who completed his four years' training at the Swansea Art College last July, left for Oswestry in August to begin his national service with the Royal Artillery.

Mrs. Wendy Weaver (née Lees, 1949-53) wrote in October. She is still living in Singapore, and had taught at a Church School there for six months up to July. She taught the kindergarten class, in which she had to deal with children of very many nationalities. In August she and her husband had a holiday in Australia, visiting relatives of her husband at Fremantle in West Australia. They are due to return to this country in February. We heard in mid-December of the birth of their daughter Karen on November 9, and we offer them our congratulations.

Mrs. Myfanwy James (née Marendaz, 1931-35), left the town at the end of June with her husband, Rev. Cyril James, curate-in-charge of St. Patrick's Church, who was inducted Rector of Crickhowell, Breconshire, in July.

David Morgan (1950-56), of Angle, is an apprentice with the South

Wales Electricity Board. The 'Western Mail' of October 25 carried a photograph of him being presented with a prize for electrical craftsmanship at the annual presentation of prizes in Cardiff of the S.W.E.B. apprentice training school.

We record later in these notes the marriage of both Peter Maynard (1940-48), and his brother John (1943-50). Peter moved to a new post last September, and is now teaching at a school at Thundersley in Essex. John is still working at the Radio Chemical Centre at Amersham in Bucks. Their youngest brother Alan (1947-51), who is at Kings College, London, was taken ill last summer and was unable to sit his degree examinations. He hopes to complete next summer. His main subject is French, we understand, but last year he won the Barry Prize for Divinity.

A. G. Moffat (1943-47) was married last August, as recorded later. He and his wife are on the staff of the same school in Norwich.

Margaret Nicholls (1946-53) was appointed, as from last September, to teach Latin and Greek at Kidbrooke School, Blackheath, London.

Peter Nutting (1944-52) has returned to Nottingham University after completing his military service, and has been admitted to the Honours School in Mechanical Engineering. He hopes to complete his degree in the summer.

Idwal Nicholls (1924-27) has been appointed deputy headmaster of a large new primary school at Maidstone in Kent. Since the war he has been on the staff of a school at Gosport, and for some years has been a member of the Gosport Borough Council.

Dr. Edward Nevin (1936-41) sailed in September with his wife and children for Jamaica, to take up a post as Head of the External Finance Division of the Ministry of Finance there. He has been seconded from his post as Lecturer in Economics at University College, Aberystwyth, and expects to be in Jamaica between eighteen months and two years.

John R. Powell (1938-44) was elected to the Borough Council unopposed in August to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Mrs. I. P. Hammond.

In a letter written last July, W. W. Prickett (1920-23), told us he had just completed a Supplementary Course in Commercial Subjects at Dudley Training College. The L.C.C. had granted him leave of absence on full pay to attend the course, which he found extremely beneficial and enjoyable. It was the first course of its kind, and successful students will be awarded the Diploma of Birmingham University.

Dennis Pascoe (1948-55), wrote in September giving us news of his progress as an engineering apprentice with Bristol Aero Engines, Ltd. Last summer he obtained an Ordinary National Certificate in Mechanical Engineering, and if all goes well he hopes to have a Higher National Certificate by July 1959. He follows part-time courses at the Bristol College of Technology. He tells us that he has to work very hard, but is enjoying it as he is very keen on the work. In his letter he gives many details of the life of the apprentices there, which would be most useful to anyone wishing to follow his example.

Alan Preece (1942-43), who was here for a year during the war, having been evacuated from Birmingham, and who was married in August, is on the staff of Lea Village Secondary Modern School, Birmingham.

Jimmy Rees (1943-50), has been teaching since September 1956 in a Catholic Primary School, the Sacred Heart, in Coventry. When met in the summer he seemed keen to find a post in London, as his fiancée comes from there.

William G. Smith (1944-51), was appointed English Master at the Jarvis High School, Hull, as from September, 1957. This is a new secondary modern school, and he tells us that he is very happily settled there.

Sheila Smith (1950-54), after spending a year on the staff of River-

side Hospital, left last August to train at the Royal Surrey Hospital, Guildford.

Ann M. Smallbone (1948-53), wrote last September to tell us that she had been accepted for training at the West London Hospital, Hammer-smith, and was very happy there.

Christopher Skyrme (1948-53), is a member of the Prince of Wales Company of the Welsh Guards, and was, in October, doing guard duty at the Tower of London.

Alan Tilbury (1944-50), who is on the staff of a secondary modern school in Uxbridge, contributed a long series of most interesting articles during the autumn to the "West Wales Guardian" dealing with the history of the dockyard at Pembroke Dock.

Ray Thomas (1916-24) has been, since 1948, headmaster of the Secondary Modern School for Boys at Tweenaway, Paignton, Devon. We renewed our connection with him some months ago as one of his pupils, Gerald Mountstevens, entered the Technical Side last September. R. R. Thomas went to University College, Aberystwyth, on leaving school, and obtained a "first" in Geography. He tells us that he is possibly prouder of having gained his rugger colours as a freshman. He subsequently taught in grammar schools in Birmingham, the Forest of Dean, and Lancashire before taking up a Senior Lectureship at Peterborough Training College early in 1946. He has acted as Chief Examiner in Geography at 'O' level to the W.J.E.C. for two five-year terms, and has been re-appointed for a sixth year (1958).

John R. Thomas (1948-54), is now a permanent civil servant, and has been working at an office in Cardiff since the beginning of October. He sat an examination for ex-service men and was one of forty who passed out of the eighty candidates.

Pat Teesdale (1949-51), who left school when her parents moved to Llandrindod Wells, is now in her second year at Berridge House, the National Society's Training College of Domestic Subjects, London, N.W.8.

John H. Thomas (1950-55) is at the R.A.F. station, Halton, and hopes in April to pass out as a Junior Technician.

Fred Utting (1948-53), who is articled to a firm of accountants in Haverfordwest, passed the Intermediate examination of the Society of Incorporated Accountants a few months ago.

Mrs. Dorothy Hurst (née Williams, 1924-28), is expecting to return from Gibraltar next summer with her husband, when his term of duty ends. He is a Senior Meteorological Officer under the Air Ministry.

Colwyn Walters (1935-41) was 'news' in October when he was flown from Australia owing to the sudden death of his mother. Since 1950, when he gave up teaching, he had been working with an engineering firm in London, but joined the scientific staff of the Atomic Research Organisation last May. In August he left to assist in experiments at the Atomic Weapons Research Establishment at Maralinga in Australia, from where he was flown home.

David Ll. Williams (1947-53) has now left the Customs and Excise and has a post as Public Health Inspector in Lancashire, where he started work on July 15. He tells us that it will take approximately five years to become properly qualified, as there are many examinations to pass. He also told us in his letter that he became engaged on August 30 to Miss Beryl Ryan, of Seaforth, Liverpool, and that they intended to get married on December 21. We wish them every happiness.

Mrs. Nancy King (née Willcocks, 1941-49), who has been living in Trinidad, where her husband has a post as a chemical engineer with a sugar company, since February 1955, now has three children. They live only about ten miles from Mr. Vivian Haines, a former member of the school staff, who is Headmaster of a large school there.

Enid Watts (1949-54), who is nursing at the West Wales General Hospital, Carmarthen, has recently passed the S.R.N. examination.

We offer our congratulations to these Old Pupils on their engagement:

July—Ivor Evans (1946-50) to Megan Harries, of Cresswell Quay.

August—Evelyn Mary Waterman (1948-53) to Gerald Tilehurst, of Horsham, Sussex.

December—Noreen Jones (1948-55) to David Thomas, of Caerphilly.

January—Clifford Thomas Davies (1939-44) to Mavis Pauline Williams (1939-45); Derek Willington (1946-50) to Pamela Mathias, of Pembroke.

We congratulate these Old Pupils on their Marriage:

July 17—David Jenkins (1944-49) to Linda Manning, of Tenby.

July 24—Eric Orsman (1937-43) to Julie Ann Nicholas (1949-53).

August 6—Shirley John (1947-51) to Michael Greenham, of Bath.

August 7—Olive Maud Scurlock (1943-50) to Roger Gwyn Williams, A.T.D., D.A., of Withington, Manchester.

August 8—Alexander George Moffat, B.Sc. (1943-47) to Enid Perry, of Wells, Norfolk.

August 10—Zoe Kathleen Jermin (1941-47) to James Clark, of Windsor, Berks.

August 14—Raymond Thomas Williams (1948-51) to Doreen Ann Bayliss, of Cinderford, Glos.

August 21—Elizabeth Evans (1945-49) to Kenneth William Arran, of Neyland.

August 24—Gillian Mary Huzzey (1953-55) to Michael Harries, of Haverfordwest.

August 24—Margaret Williams (1950-54) to Arthur Ronald Thomas, of Pembroke Dock.

August 24—Alan Ernest Preece (1942-43) to Janet Patricia Briggs, of Reading.

August 24—Glenys Morwyth Preece (1942-48) to Colin Anthony Hunter, of Penn, Bucks.

September 7—Valmai Kathleen Folland (1947-54) to James Henderson, of Swalcliffe Park School, near Banbury.

September 7—Joyce Emily Mackeen (1947-52) to Colin Howes Davies, of Neyland.

September 14—Marion Beatrice Weatherall (1949-53) to Douglas Robert Grimwade, of Harlow, Essex.

September 14—Margaret Ferrier Uphill (1948-53) to Robert Gordon Phillips, of Upper Portclew, Lamphey.

September 25—Jean Emily Macken (1946-51) to Ronald Loveridge, of Worcester.

September 28—Sheila Ann John (1952-55) to David Graham Kitts, of Pembroke Ferry.

October 12—Derek John (1925-32) to Joan Vagg, of Shepton Mallet.

October 12—Mary Patricia Maloney (1946-50) to Ronald Arthur Waters, of Neyland.

October 12—Arthur Telynog Evans (1945-48) to Dorothy Irene Howells, of Manorbier Newton.

October 19—Gillian Margaret Davies (1943-51) to Geoffrey Brian Fox, of Southampton.

October 26—Davina Anne Evans (1948-56) to Clive Gammon, of the School staff.

November 9—Brian Bowen (1945-52) to Evelyn Pike, of Whitechurch, Cardiff.

November 16—Eva Glenise Hetterley (1946-50) to William John Thomas, of St. Florence.

November 16—Valerie Morse (1945-49) to Roy Paley, of Leeds.

December 14—Elizabeth Hazel (Betty) Thomas (1946-52) to Gerald Anthony Ansell, of Manorbier.

December 14—Senlis George Hathway (1939-43) to Pauline Frances Ann Rees, of Hundleton.

December 21—Penelope Anne Neville Greenhow (1949-53) to Naval Airman Joseph Anthony Winstanley, of Maidstone.

December 21—David Ll. Williams (1947-53) to Beryl Ryan, of Seaforth, Liverpool.

December 26—Stephen Henry James (1947-54) to Margaret Elizabeth Griffiths, of Tenby.

December 28—Thomas Edward (Ted) Ridley (1947-52) to Frances Joan Rixon (1946-53).

January 4—Mary Phillips (1943-50) to Arthur Jackson Thomasson, of Bolton.

January 4—Arthur Alfred Heggie (1951-54) to Vera May Snape, of Pembroke Dock.

January 4—William Barger Rees (1943-50) to Margery Cinderey, of Drybrook, Glos.

January 4—Margaret Dilys Prout (1943-49) to Thomas Rees Llewellyn Lewis, of Wiston.

We have pleasure in recording the following births:

August 17—To Mavis (née Williams, 1952-56), wife of Peter Greaves, a daughter, Helen Elizabeth.

September 15—(At Singapore) To Sheila (née Jones, 1933-40), wife of James Sanderson, a son, Richard Graham.

October 5—To Iris (née Watts, 1945-49), wife of Derek Haines, a daughter, Sharon Wesley.

October 21—To Barbara (née Evans, 1945-53), wife of Derek Hayward (1943-49), a son, Robert Lloyd.

October 28—To Betty (née Bowling, 1938-44), wife of Glyn Lawrence, a daughter, Anne Elizabeth.

November 9—To Wendy (née Lees, 1949-53), wife of Flt./Lt. John Weaver, R.A.F., a daughter, Karen.

December 8—To Margaret (née Evans, 1941-45) wife of Herbert P. Pennington, a daughter, Judith Mary.

December 20—To Gwyneth, wife of Bernard J. Garnett (1923-27) a daughter.

Honours List

The New Years Honours List contained the names of two Old Pupils.

Air Vice-Marshal V. S. Bowling (1921-25), who is A.O.C., No. 11 (Fighter) Group, R.A.F., has been made a Commander of the Order of the Bath.

Chief Electrical Artificer William H. Mills (1935-38), a member of the crew of H.M.S. Girdleness, was awarded the British Empire Medal.

Penro Dramatic Society

THIS has been a busy term for the Society. At the beginning of

September rehearsals began on N. C. Hunter's "Waters of the Moon." This is a play which gives scope to women and it can be said that our ladies took their opportunities in both hands and gave very rounded and memorable performances, which were on Thursday and Friday, October 24th and 25th, and it is a pleasure to report that the audiences were bigger and better. This is due in no small measure to the bus service which is now provided by the Society from Pembroke and Pembroke Dock into the school grounds and which takes audiences away immediately after the performance so that no uncomfortably long waiting is involved.

Members of the Society who were not taking part in "Waters of the Moon" put on a production of a one-act play, "The Bride", for the benefit of the old people during Welsh Old People's Week. The large audience was most appreciative of this light comedy and it was a most gratifying experience for those taking part.

Towards the end of November, several members took part in the producers' course at Tenby, under the direction of Raymond Edwards. It was also this Society's privilege to give an excerpt from "Waters of the Moon" to be criticised by the director. The excerpt chosen was the party scene from Act 2 of the play. All taking part benefited from the constructive criticism given by Mr. Edwards.

Only a few weeks had elapsed when the Society again found itself in Tenby, this time in the basement headquarters of Tenby Players. The unaccustomed surroundings saw us cast in an unaccustomed role—that of debaters. The motion, proposed by Paul John and seconded by Stuart Shaw, was 'that the cause of amateur drama is lost.' We report with pleasure that the motion was almost unanimously defeated. We welcomed this opportunity of meeting Tenby Players socially, for it is usual to meet them in an atmosphere of friendly rivalry in one-act play competitions.

During these last few months several of us have been busy working on the five scenes of episode one in the Pageant of Pembroke for which this district is responsible. Some have been working on the Costume and Design committee, preparing yards of hessian for the costumes. Others have got as far as casting the many parts which an undertaking such as this involves. If any old pupils, particularly men, are interested in playing in this pageant, or helping in any other way, members of the Society will be pleased to give them details of casting meetings which will take place in the New Year.

The Society's next full-length production will take place on Thursday and Friday, February 27th and 28th. It is expected that a light comedy will be produced. We hope that you will continue to give us your support and bring your friends. A Penro play is now an occasion which few can afford to miss.

Keep an eye open too for details of the one-act play competition which will probably be in February. Remember that this Society is the holder of the trophy and will be defending the title.