

THE PENVRO



AUTUMN 1959

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THE PENVRO

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Editorial

At the time of writing, we do not know whether or not this issue of *Penvro* will reach you at the usual time, that is, at the end of the Summer term. This is a matter which is outside our editorial control and is occasioned by the present dispute within the printing industry.

Since *Penvro* last appeared, the school has seen only one staff change, but that a major one. Mr. Iltyd Lloyd, our Senior Mathematics Master, was appointed in the Spring to be deputy head of the Howardian High School, Cardiff. We sincerely congratulate Mr. Lloyd on his advancement. He is to be succeeded by Mr. James Nicholas, B.Sc., who is at present in charge of Mathematics at Bala Grammar School. Meanwhile we have been fortunate to have the services of Mrs. Williams, of Kilgetty, who has given valuable help in filling the gap in the Mathematics department during this interim period, especially at the beginning of term when it was weakened still further by the absence of Mr. Lloyd Lewis, who was in hospital recovering from an operation. During this emergency also, it was necessary for Mr. Roberts himself to take over part of the Maths teaching.

Very recently we have learnt that Mr. Jack Thomas will also be leaving the School to go to Cheshire, to Winsford Verdin Grammar School. His place will be taken by Mr. Rex Hughes Lewis, B.Sc. Mr. Thomas, of course, not only has long connections with the School, but with the district also, being brought up in Pennar. And so we are losing, we believe we are right in saying, the only locally-born member of our staff.

The Summer Term, at least until the exams arrive, is not usually an eventful period. This term, however, we are pleased to be able to chronicle two successes which have come to members of the School, and therefore to the School itself. Margaret Thomas has been awarded a scholarship by the Welsh Joint Education Committee to attend the National Eisteddfod at Caernarvon this year, as the representative of Welsh schools; and John Trice as most of the School will know, is already on his way to Canada, to attend the Royal opening of the St. Lawrence Seaway, as one of the four Welsh schoolchildren sponsored by the Commonwealth Quest. We hope that on their return they will be bringing with them some interesting material for the Spring *Penvro*!

*"One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name."*

I

What is glorious life? The Faust-like people of today would probably say a trip round the world with all the money and friends they wanted. Their crowded hour of glorious life would probably be spent in Paris under these circumstances. My idea of such an hour, however, is one that is a climax to a life dedicated to mankind. It is an hour in which so much satisfaction is achieved that one is willing to face death, either in achieving it or having achieved it.

There are people who have made a glorious effort in one field or another and who, no doubt, would maintain that to have done this and died afterwards would have been better than to have gone through life without achieving such heights. Sir Edmund Hillary, Sherpa Tensing and Sir John Hunt, for example, proved in conquering Everest, that they like many who preceded them upheld Matthew Arnold's dictum.

'Better it is to die than fail!'

This applies to all other explorers such as Columbus, Cook, or Scott, and also to those men who are, and who always will be, associated with one thing, such as Marconi and the radio, or Alexander Fleming and penicillin. The world owes a great debt to such people and their lives are an example to be followed. We cannot forget either the thousands of service men who have lived and are living ready at any hour to make the supreme sacrifice.

To these people well deserved glory is given. But are such lives better than those of the millions of people who go through life without a name? If they are, then why cannot everyone do something to benefit mankind in such a way? Why is it only the chosen few which are given one crowded hour of glorious life? Are we to come to the same conclusion as George Orwell in *Animal Farm* that—

*'All animals are equal,
But some more equal than others?'*

This problem is a spiritual one and can only be solved by turning to the Bible. Whilst God by His Son taught us to seek and we shall find, he also taught us by St. Paul, that 'everyone should remain in that calling wherein he is called,' and that as the human body has many members with honourable and dishonourable tasks to perform, which are of no less importance, so also is the body of Christ's Church. We, as members, must accept what Shakespeare says in 'Pericles'—

*'Time's the king of men
He's both their parent, and he is their grave
And gives them what he will not what they crave.'*

Explorers and scientists tax their brains and their strength daily, striving to achieve something to benefit mankind: but there are those without brains or strength, in its physical sense, who have courage double the amount of such people. The Volks Deutsch in Austria, for example, are people who are being pushed around by the rest of the world, by nations who want to forget them. They have lived for thirteen years in degenerate refugee camps, which have one communal lavatory without doors! Although many have been lost on the way,

although many have no hope in life and hate all human nature yet some live on—making bricks to build their own houses! In a camp called Wagner, one crippled man knits to earn money to build a house. The lot of these people is not honourable. They have lost all dignity, yet their's is a brave life which cannot go without a reward in the end. They are men as Browning said of Saul—

*"... taught enough by life's dream, of the rest to make sure
By the pain-throb, triumphantly winning intensified bliss
And the next world's reward and repose, by the struggles in
this."*

And so are many thousands of blind, crippled and diseased people in the world. Indeed, everyone feels pain of some kind and most try to overcome it and be happy. We cannot judge who is best. We can only be content and strive on, whether we find satisfaction or not. So that we like Henry VI can say—

*'My crown is in my heart, not on my head;
Not deck'd with diamonds and Indian stones,
Nor to be seen. My crown is called content.'*

I conclude therefore that 'one crowded hour of glorious life' is materially more satisfactory yet spiritually it is worth no more than 'an age without a name.'

MARGARET THOMAS, U. VI Arts.

II

This subject raises the question of whether it is worth enduring the commonplace for a long period of time, just for the sake of a solitary, brief taste of glory. The answer which is growing more and more popular is that there is glory in the commonplace. This point of view is illustrated by the popularity of John Betjeman, a poet who deals with everyday subjects, everyday people.

*"She, such a very ordinary little woman;
He, such a thumping crook;
But both, for a moment, little lower than the angels
In the teashop's ingle-nook."*

Thus, in modern times, men have come to realise that there is something glorious in the ordinary.

"They also serve, who only stand and wait."

The recognition of the individual rather than the central, dramatic figure that draws all attention to himself by tragedy or spectacular achievement is typified by the monument of the Unknown Warrior in Westminster Abbey.

To endure mediocre circumstances for a long time is well worthwhile when the Glory that ultimately comes is long lasting, as in the case of an artist or singer who endures obscurity or even privation until he gains the recognition which brings him wealth and fame during his lifetime and a place in the Hall of Fame after it. Such a man was Brahms, who was prepared to wait twenty years before the publication of his First Symphony.

However, there is also the man who works patiently towards one moment of joy and triumph, like a boxer who trains rigorously towards the moment when his hand is raised in victory. A man who does this, once his purse-money has been spent, has nearly always a badly damaged body with which to retire into the poverty and obscurity in which he originally lived.

On the other hand, a person whose humble circumstances have affected his spirits and given him what is called an "inferiority complex," may receive from one fleeting taste of triumph, a restoration of his pride that can make life far easier for him to face. For instance, Coco, the world-famous circus clown brought great happiness to an invalid child. The little boy was one of the usual crowd of children who were helping the circus hands to erect the "Big Top"; he watched his fellows haul on a wire rope with tears in his eyes. Noticing this, the clown told the other boys that he and the little invalid would raise that particular section of canvas, unaided and pretended to do so, while the other children pulled behind their backs.

If a man's great triumph comes at the very end of his life, as happened in the case of General Wolfe at the "Heights of Abraham," dying in such circumstances provides something which is almost as great as anything that Life in this World can provide. However, nowadays, man's quest for splendour is not really as air'd as it was in the past. Of modern civilisations, only that of pre-war Japan has pursued a glorious death and looked for Glory in life rather than for comfortable circumstances. Apart from this exception, mankind is not prepared to purchase Glory with patience; in the twentieth century a steady income is the common goat. Today, men wish for cushions and not crosses.

JOHN H. LEWIS, L. VI Arts.

EVENING SKIES

*When haymakers go on their homeward ways
By stacks of corn and ricks and tumps of hay,
The evening sky has a faintly orange glow
And deep red streaks, as those that herald day
Are strewn across it, in no patterned way.*

*When snow covers earth's bare, body brown
And the air, though quiet, is awake
The evening sky is sharp—
So cold that those who venture are but few
The sky is cloudy, of a darkish hue.*

*When the buds are ripe and ready to burst
Flowers spring up and birds begin to nest
The evening sky shows a brightness of the day
And clouds, like dewdrops caught in wind's fair jest
Toss in a sky of pale dove grey.*

MARY WOODWARD, V. Remove.

Senior Short Story

The plaintive cry of the curlew is a sound which has been throughout history a symbol of all that is beautiful and mysterious in the world of nature. It was a symbol for me, also, but not a symbol of beauty or mystery. One of freedom!

The Glasgow Docklands are no more grim than the corresponding areas of any other great seaport, but oh! how my childhood experiences in Glasgow led me to regard all cities, everywhere as places where not only men's bodies, but their minds, too, were imprisoned in the machines and the buildings. The grey, sharply-angled terrace, pointing like a finger into the industrial murk, facing an equally grey and dirty Clyde was a symbol which meant all that was wrong and unkind in the world, and often, when a white sea mist had come up the estuary with the flood tide to mingle with the smoke of man, my young heart was torn as out of the damp void came the call of that restless bird. Many were the times when I was wont to scream down Dunloch Terrace and dash off into the reeking fog to join the calling bird, leaving forever the home which was my prison.

Not only this sense of being imprisoned caused my childhood to be so miserable, many of the phenomena of a large city, which city dwellers treat as commonplace were constant sources of terror to me. My almost animal-like fear of large vehicles of transportation gradually died away in adolescence, but even now, a shiver runs down my spine occasionally when boarding an omnibus or a railway train.

There was a great feeling of apprehension as the Abermore bus drew out of the "bra wee town" of Braedee and began the fourteen-mile journey to Glen Carn. Twenty years had passed since my boyhood passion for the wild and in a sense, my boyhood ambition to get away from urban life had been achieved. I was now an established sociologist, after finding out that my interest in people surpassed my interest in birds. I was taking part in a survey of different groups in the British Isles and my task was to live with and study the people of a Highland hamlet.

So I found myself, after five months' work in the village, preparing to observe the unique Hogmanay celebrations. Of the six passengers on the bus who had been shopping in Braedee, I knew three intimately and was on speaking terms with two of the others. December had been unusually mild and calm for the Scottish Highlands, and my grocer in Braedee had informed me confidentially that we were "in for a wheet blow," which being translated means a blizzard. Little did I know how very right he was!

Before we had gone five miles it became obvious that we were indeed in for a "wheet blow" and the bus driver decided to turn back before the road became blocked. It became blocked all right, by the bus! The back wheels went into the ditch and defied all our efforts to make them gain purchase. As dusk was falling, we resigned ourselves to a night in the vehicle rather than attempt the long trek and made valiant efforts to make our stay a comfortable one. First of all the driver restarted the engine to keep us warm and then we pooled our food supplies. There were nine bottles of Scotch and one of champagne, various tins of food which we had no means of opening, seven pounds

of oatmeal, two pounds of manufactured porridge oats and three boxes of cornflakes. Memories of porridge which had defied conventional cutlery during my childhood caused me to choose cornflakes to help my whisky down, and as the others scorned the "sassenach fuid" I was given all three boxes. By eleven p.m. I had consumed an appreciable amount of whisky and some cornflakes and from that hour I slept until five a.m. when hunger awakened me. By the first dawn of the new year at seven fifty-five I had accounted for two boxes of flakes and by tenthirty was on the last lap of the third box. Then a snow-plough arrived and half-way through the afternoon we reached home.

Mrs. McGrath gave me the welcome of a hero, and as soon as I had thawed out sufficiently she said—

"I ken ye dinna care for porrich, so here's a dish o' cornflakes."
I have never eaten cornflakes since!

CYRIL MACCALLUM, Upper VI.

ROCK POOLS

*Nothing, save only the rushing tide
Disturbs the rock pool's dreamless sleep;
And none can tell what lurks inside
The shimmering greenness, warm and deep.*

*Sea-drenched, the rocks around them, form
Quaint harbours, safe from sound and sight:
Gently the sun-rays keep them warm,
Shiny as glass, and still as night.*

*Lying in wait expectantly,
In secret nooks and tiny caves,
A myriad forms await the sea
To toss them high upon the waves.*

*See, where a drape of velvet green
Aimlessly swaying to and fro,
Veils the beauties never seen
In pools, where sea-washed urcchins grow.*

*Nothing, save only the rushing tide,
Disturb the rock pool's dreamless sleep;
And none can tell what lurks inside
The shimmering greenness, warm and deep.*

JENNIFER MORGAN, 3A.

Gerry's Corn Flake Army

It is amazing the lengths to which some people will go to please children—although it must be said, in their defence that it is all done by blackmail. They look you straight in the eye and ask if they may have something. You can be sure that nine times out of ten either you haven't got it or you don't want to part with it. Your refusal leaves them two courses of action: the kindest entails giving the unfortunate adult a clear view of a very healthy throat; the other, the baby sitter's dread—is the sulk.

I am about to tell you of a time, not many years ago, when this dreaded weapon (no that's not the right word, weapons go with war, and there are always at least two sides fighting in a war) was used on me. In these cases the adult is tied down on the rack by the ropes of human nature, while the child, bless him, can do just what he likes.

Just previously, I had been taking life rather hard, and so I was looking forward to a pleasant rest throughout the whole of February at a little cottage I was borrowing from a friend. I had moved in my records, record player and about half of my library. I had also left invitations to a few stag parties there with a few friends. Nothing, absolutely nothing, could have suited me better.

Then the blow came. My brother and sister-in-law decided to have a second honeymoon—somehow they had got the idea that I would take their son Gerry for the two weeks they were away! Well I had spent many a day lodging free with them, when I wasn't as well off as I am now—and, as much as I would have liked to I couldn't refuse. "Oh, it won't be so bad," I told myself—but then I always was an optimist.

Gerry, I should explain, was six years old, and when I collected him he was the perfect little gentleman. The gloom lifted from my head a little. On the way to the cottage we chatted happily, during which time I discovered that little Gerry was original and wanted to be an engine driver when he grew up. This was marvellous: all I had to do was to buy him a cheap clockwork engine, a few trucks, and a circle of railway track; then he would be perfectly happy for the two weeks we were going to be together. But then I always was an optimist.

On reaching the cottage we unpacked his suitcase of clothes and two cardboard boxes of toys, amongst which was a stuffed, cloth elephant—this I was told was 'Dumbo,' and I gathered that this was his best friend and confidant. The first evening went well, we played with the train, we put his soldiers in the carriages, and his cars in the trucks, and, everything considered, we both enjoyed ourselves quite well, and it seemed to me, as one of the uninitiated, that Gerry was perfectly happy. I was beginning to consider myself as an excellent family man. If the same had happened the next day I would probably have rung someone up and proposed, but it didn't.

I think that what little modesty I have will allow me to say that I had made my preparations thoroughly—and although I prefer a Continental breakfast I did think of getting in a stock of corn flakes for Gerry. But at breakfast came the cry that will echo through my heart for ever more: "Oh look Unky! there's a soldier in it." "How sweet," I thought; but then I always was an optimist.

The discovery was followed by a brilliant piece of deduction from Gerry, for he worked out that if there was a soldier in every

packet, the more packets of corn flakes that his poor, soft-hearted idiot of an uncle would buy him, the more 'free' soldiers would duly appear in his cardboard boxes. That meant that if "Unky" was to buy a few pounds worth of corn flakes, he would then have quite a sizeable army. But at this point 'Unky' drew a thick, gaily coloured line, that even he could see quite plainly.

A few seconds later Dumbo knew every detail of the terrible injustice. From that moment on I couldn't do anything with him or for him. I could have been the wall for all he cared, I just ceased to exist. No, of course his lead soldiers wouldn't do, no, nor a packet of new ones either.

A compromise had to be reached, and I had to reach it, at least I existed after I had told him that if he could eat the corn flakes, with my help, he could, of course, have the soldiers. I comforted myself by saying that he would not remain enthusiastic about it for the whole two weeks—he just couldn't—but then I always was an optimist.

By the time we had to part, rather sorrowfully, because we had both got to like each other, he had a fine army of soldiers, for we had eaten large helpings of corn flakes for breakfast every morning, at eleven o'clock every morning; and three o'clock every afternoon we had smaller helpings while at seven o'clock we had another large helping each. The result was that he took a very great liking for corn flakes. His mother tells me that his army has now reached phenomenal sizes, but, although I enjoyed our holiday immensely, I have never eaten corn flakes since.

PETER HUSSEY, L. VI Arts.

My Earliest Memories

Many things flit through my mind when I think back to when I was a little boy. I remember the time when I had a bright blue pedal car for my birthday; to me it seemed like a real one. Then there was the day our new caravan arrived and everyone seemed excited, until I realised why everyone was so happy; it was because my sister had been born.

Animals play a large part in my memories; there was Bobby our sheepdog who was run over when I was still quite small, and we had had three budgerigars, Charlie, Smoky and Pete, and a nice cat named Jumpy which we lost at Freshwater East when on holiday.

Some of my happiest thoughts are of the three Easter holidays we spent in London. I still think of how bewildered I was of the traffic and our huge hotel, and how I loved using the escalators of the underground railway which was near by.

One day I shall look back on these school days and happy memories.

WILLIAM REES, 2C.

The Door to a New World

It all began because we had run out of glue. It was a very cold Saturday afternoon with a high wind going, and my brother Tony and I were making a kite to fly on the common. We had nearly finished the body when the glue pot went dry. We put on our heavy coats and scarves and went out to buy another bottle of glue. As it was so cold we decided to go to the little shop down the road.

I had been inside once before when I had gone on a message for mother. The number of things that were sold there quite fascinated me. While we had to wait for the owner, a little bent old man in moth-eaten bedroom slippers who was a bit deaf, to realise we were there and to shuffle out of the little dark room at the back, Tony and I had a good look round. It was a small dusty little shop with cobwebs hanging from the dirty ceiling. The shade of the small electric light bulb was dusty and broken. You could just see that the shelves had been once upon a time painted a bright green. The shop was crowded out with oddments, you felt that if you bumped against a shelf everything would go flying down to the ground and I more or less stood in the same place because I was afraid of treading on something that had been put on the floor on show. In one corner there were matchbox labels and dustbins and in another corner there would be second-hand clothes and clay pipes.

Suddenly there was something, on one of the doors leading into the house that attracted my attention; it was a notice board on which had been pinned many notices either advertising things for sale, such as second-hand tricycles, or announcing public meetings. There in the middle of the notice board was an advertisement that really caught my interest. I grabbed Tony's sleeve and pulled him in front of the notice board. He protested loudly until I showed him the advertisement that had attracted my attention, and he let out a loud "wow." The notice was advertising the opening of a stage school the other end of the town. Auditions were to be held at the school on October the fifteenth, which was next Saturday, for children who were interested in the stage. You could learn any kind of stagework, though the juniors had to spend the afternoons on ordinary school lessons. The fees were reasonable and the teachers were people who had been specially trained for the job.

I must explain why this notice should seem so important to us. Our mother had always wanted to go on the stage, but although she had the ability to get far in that field of work, our grandparents would never allow her to take up a theatre career. Mother had passed her interest in the theatre and her acting abilities on to us.

Tony and I would often act a play together in the evenings by the fireside and we longed to be able to go to a stage school and to learn to become actors; but, unfortunately there was no stage school near at hand and so we were beginning to reconcile ourselves to the thoughts of being secretaries to dull, immaculate gentlemen and such-like people.

You can imagine how much this meant to us. We took down all the particulars and dashed out of the shop, all thoughts of kites and glue gone out of our heads, and ran home full of hope for the future.

That next week went far too quickly. We had talked it over with our parents and they had agreed to let us try the audition. We

decided to do some speeches from the play "Twelfth Night" by William Shakespeare. We had learnt the speeches before in school, but even so there was a frantic scramble to relearn them and to get some expression into them. As they were to be our audition pieces, we felt our whole future lives depended upon them. By the end of the week I am sure our parents knew the speeches as well as we did.

Saturday arrived and we went along to the "Academy for Young Actors" as it was called, dressed up in our Sunday best. There seemed to be hundreds upon hundreds of children there from the country and towns close at hand, though in actual fact there were only a hundred altogether on that day, but I was told that another hundred were expected on the following Monday and again on the following Tuesday. Some were rehearsing their speeches and we prided ourselves that, as far as we thought our speeches had more feeling in them than some that were being rehearsed. Some were confident of getting a place at the Academy, others were nervous and afraid they would forget their speeches when it came to their turn. We were definitely in the latter class of children.

Then the producers and those who were to teach at the Academy were ready to start the auditions. They stopped some almost as soon as they had got up on to the stage. Tony was sixtieth on the list and I was sixty-first (we had given our names, ages and addresses a few days before). Gradually our turns were coming near, thirty-fifth person went up then the thirty-sixth person. The perspiration was rolling from my face, my heart was in my mouth and I was clenching my hands and crossing my fingers. I looked at Tony and I saw he was in a similar state.

Then Tony's name was called out; he got up and went on to the stage looking very shaky, but as soon as he had started the speech, he seemed to turn into the Duke of Illyria in "Twelfth Night" that romantic person who turned to music as his comforter. I was too nervous to listen very much to his second speech; when he came back I patted him on the back, but that was all I had time for. Then my name was called out and I went on to the stage. I wished then with all my heart that the floor would swallow me up. Once I had said the first few lines and had got used to the faces all staring at me, I began to feel like Maria, the Countess Olivia's maid, again from "Twelfth Night." When I had finished I went back to my seat very surprised I had not been told to stop at the end of the first few lines. We stayed until everyone had been auditioned and then went home. Everyone was told they would be notified in a fortnight to three weeks' time whether they had been accepted.

A fortnight later a very important letter arrived from the Academy. It was immediately opened and I nearly fainted with shock. We had both been accepted. I had to look twice, but there it was in print together with details about clothes and other such formalities.

The new Academy was to open on January the tenth. Christmas could not pass quickly enough for my liking. We had said goodbye to our friends and to the Headmaster and staff of the school at the end of the last term. Our clothes had been bought ready and were all aired and pressed with name tapes sewn in.

Then the morning of January the tenth began, the first day of term. (The Academy hoped to start on September the sixth but the

building had not been finished in time). We set off in high spirits, the morning was fine though the air was frosty. We enjoyed the walk to the Academy thinking of what lay in front of us. The day was to be full of "New Things"—new friends, new teachers, new books, new surroundings and a new routine. Everything lived up to our expectations, by the end of the day we both had new friends; and, as Tony said that evening, it all began because of a tiny thing like glue. We felt we would always be in debt to it for the rest of our lives. It really was "the door to a new world" for us.

PAT THOMAS, 4A.

Travelling Companions

*"Great fleas have little fleas upon their back to bite them,
And little fleas have lesser fleas and so Ad Infinitum."*

Have you ever considered what strange company some animals keep? True enough, there are some queer companions amongst human beings, but in the world of nature there are even stranger travelling companions.

A diver, going down into the unknown depths of the sea to examine a wrecked ship, was admiring the millions of assorted fish swarming around, when suddenly a huge Manta Ray, or Devil Fish, loomed menacingly in front of him. All the fish in the vicinity vanished, as if by magic, and the diver, sheltering behind a coral rock thought what a terror this huge fish must be to the other inhabitants of the ocean. As the gigantic form swept past him however, he noticed that it was not alone. Accompanying this vast monster of the deep were scores of minute fish, apparently playing quite happily around the fearsome creature. Yes, some were even darting into its ugly mouth, and emerging unharmed. The watcher thought it must be just a coincidence that the fish were there, but on witnessing the same spectacle the next day, he realised that they must be the companions of the ray. This is indeed true, for on comparing notes with other underwater explorers, it has been proved beyond doubt, that these particular fish accompany the ray wherever it goes. These 'Cleaner Fish,' as they are aptly called, slip in and out between the Manta's gills and clean them. The fish are indispensable to the ray, for it has no way of cleaning itself, but relies upon its companions. The little fish in turn, depend upon the ray for their food, and owe their lives to the nourishment provided by the ray. It is remarkable how these fish have adapted themselves to this way of life, and throughout their lives, these seemingly ill-assorted fish are travelling companions.

These discoveries led to a closer study of the habits of underwater creatures and other similar cases have been noted.

Hidden between the deadly tentacles of the jelly-fish, one usually finds a small, thin fish swimming along under the jelly-like substance. The translucent, spineless jelly fish, though a terror to most other small fish, cannot harm its companion, for it seems to have some protective shield against the poisonous tentacles. Although depending on the jelly fish for its food, the little fish does not give any apparent service to the jelly fish. Nevertheless it cannot be shaken off or poisoned by the tentacles, so it remains there throughout its life.

The shark, too, has 'fellow travellers,' for wherever the shark goes it is accompanied by a small fish, unharmed by the shark.

It is quite clear that these fish find some way of giving service to their companions, therefore finding protection from larger fish.

It is not only in the 'Realm of the Sea' that such unusual travelling companions are found. In the lawless African jungle, where the largest and fiercest animal is invariably the ruler, the rhinoceros, a thick-skinned, one-horned mammal, is one of the fiercest and most dangerous of animals. It is incredible to find that it is accompanied everywhere by a small, dainty bird, which frequents the back of the animal. It is not unlike our 'English starling,' and is called the Rhinoceros Bird or Ox Pecker, because if it cannot find a rhino to travel with, it settles on the back of oxen or cattle. It has a hooked beak, a long tail, and is quite beautifully marked. This little bird does the huge animal a great service, for it rids its back of parasites.

It is strange to think that through countless ages past, and ages still to come, these creatures throughout their lives will be travelling companions.

JENNIFER MORGAN, IIIA.

The Joys of Watching Other People Work

On sitting down to write this essay, the subject at first glance seems to be devoid of interest, ambiguous and vague. Yet on further study some interesting possibilities appear and one wonders just exactly what is meant by the word 'work.' Perhaps by examining more fully the devious ways in which people earn their living, one could decide whether or not such work gives joy to the onlooker.

How many times have comedians told 'variations' of the 'hole in the road' joke? So often that it is no longer funny to most of us. And yet there must be a certain amount of truth in it, for as surely as a pneumatic drill is at work and men have roped off a square of road—there you will find a group of onlookers, gazing earnestly into the depths and watching the men at work. All noisy manual jobs done in the open will have a quota of spectators, as most people are fascinated by a display of strength and power whether it is a steam roller or a bulldozer at work, open-cast mining or road building—there you will find interested onlookers. Does all this give them pleasure? The answer must be in the affirmative or they would not be there.

One of the greatest joys a child, or even an adult can have, especially at Christmas time, is a visit to the circus. The men and women who work in the 'big top' seem to be people from another world. Fascinating creatures of tinsel and spangles, whose antics make us laugh with delight and whose daring exploits make us gasp with fear. The clowns, acrobats, trapezists, equestrians and especially the lion tamers—all these are at work, and often dangerous work, to give pleasure and much joy to their audiences. Whilst on this subject of animal trainers we must remember the men who work with wild animals in their own surroundings. The mahout in India, who makes his elephant work, and the wild life photographer who takes such wonderful films and enables us to see animals as they live and fight for existence in the jungles. All this is work to them, because they earn a living by it, but to us it is great entertainment and gives us both joy and instruction.

A quite different pleasure, possibly to a different type of person, is given by the work of a man who is a craftsman at his job. Painters, actors, musicians or writers—these people by their skill and genius have given joy to thousands through centuries. The men who can turn a beautifully grained wooden bowl on a lathe or the potter, who shapes a graceful urn with his hands from soft clay. Who can say how much pleasure an onlooker may obtain, by watching such a man at work. It satisfies some hidden urge that we all have to see something beautiful being made.

It is impossible to finish an essay on this subject without speaking about the people who earn their living all the time by giving pleasure to others. The footballers who are watched by millions all over the country, every weekend, and whose exploits or failures provide ground for conversation and argument all the rest of the week. The jockeys whose job it is to ride for a living, and who take a considerable risk in doing so. We may look on it as a pastime, and many thousands flock to see the big race meetings, but it is work to these men—work that gives us joy and pleasure. To their names can be added those of boxers, cricketers and the racing motorist and motor cyclist. These may not give enjoyment to all, but they cater for different tastes and combine to give joy to many.

As the conclusion of this essay is reached one wonders how, in the beginning it could ever have appeared to be devoid of interest or vague. It is fascinating to discover how much of the joys and pleasures in this life are provided for us by the people who are only doing a day's work to earn their living. There is one last point to remember, some people, happily in the minority, do appear to get the most pleasure from watching other people work, simply because they are too lazy to work themselves!

DAVID FRASER, V. Remove.

THE HERO

*Of all the Kings of England
The one who was most bold
Was surely Henry Tudor
Who had six wives we're told.*

*Catherine of Aragon,
His brother's wife, was first.
He very soon divorced her.
But this was not the worst.*

*For then came Anne, unlucky queen.
And then he married Jane.
He married Anne of Cleves, we hear,
And then a Kate again.*

*At last he married Katherine Parr,
A wily lass was Kate,
For she outlived the hero king.
The others came too late.*

KATHLEEN BROWN, VO.

School Journey to the Rhineland— Easter 1959

On April 6th a happy group of pupils and staff met at Pembroke Dock station for our journey to London. On arrival at Paddington we walked to our hotel at Sussex Gardens. Later we split up into groups, some went to a show while others went sight-seeing.

Next morning we left Victoria Station for Dover. The crossing was not too calm so we were glad to see the quayside at Ostend. Again we walked to the hotel and after dining we all went out and wandered around the town. Some enjoyed the usual thrill of a fun-fair, others visited the aquarium and churches.

Early next morning we were met by Ghislaine the driver of our coach and travelled along the autobahn to Brussels. As time was limited we had a short sightseeing trip around Brussels before lunch. Our coach journey took us through Louvain to Liege and into Germany via Aachen, Cologne and Bonn, arriving in Königswinter in time for a much-needed dinner and rest. Here we made our headquarters at the Hotel Adler and after a good night's rest we all went to the top of the Drachenfels in a funicular railway.

It is said that the Drachenfels, crowned with a ruined castle, is the hill with the highest record of visitors in all Europe. At the top it affords a grand view of the Rhine Valley and the Seven Mountains. From here you have a wonderful view of the many tugs pulling barges up and down the river, loaded with all kinds of cargoes.

In the afternoon we went by coach on a tour of the Seven Mountains. The next day we started out early and travelled to Limburg on the autobahn. What wonderful roads these are, as straight as a line for miles and miles with numerous fly-overs and bridges. The Preston By-pass is nothing compared to these.

Travelling along, what struck us all was how backward they were in using machinery on agricultural land. One hardly ever saw a tractor working in a field, it was always oxen pulling a plough and the women were all helping.

Arriving at Limburg we visited the famous cathedral and did some shop-window gazing. From here we went through the Taunus woods and on to Wiesbaden. Here we had a stay of about two-and-a-half hours before going on to Rudesheim to board a steamer which took us down the river.

Rudesheim is one of the many wine towns situated on the banks of the twisting Rhine river. When passing down the river we were supposed to see the very steep banks lined with terraced vineyards. The slopes of the river and of its tributaries, wherever they face the sun and are protected from cold winds, are all covered with these vineyards.

From Rudesheim to Coblenz the banks of the Rhine are studded with numerous castles and snug little towns whose names figure on the wine lists. When passing through the gorge at the foot of the Loreley Rock the river narrows down to 370 feet and the scenery was simply gorgeous. A little further down we alighted from the steamer and returned to Königswinter by the coach which had come to meet us.

After such a wonderful day we did not feel like going very far so we went into Bonn to have a look around. We were able to see

around the Bundeshaus, which is a modern parliamentary building and a place where important political decisions are made. We were given a very interesting talk about it by a guide. We could never leave this capital of the West German Federal Republic without going to see the quiet house in which Ludwig von Beethoven was born. We were not able to go into the house as it was closed for the dinner hour, but were told that it is now a museum. In it are many treasures, original manuscripts and many musical instruments which Beethoven himself once played. We also went into Bonn Cathedral, and also saw the rebuilt Rhine Bridge and Railway Station.

In the afternoon, since it was a really pleasant day, Mr. Hewish took us for a walk up the bank of the Rhine. By the time we came back to the hotel many of us were tired but this did not prevent us from going back into Bonn at night to see all the lights.

The next day was Sunday and many of the older members of the party decided to go to church. I am afraid we started off rather badly by sitting in the churchwarden's seat and had to be moved. When we knelt down to pray everybody looked at us for they all stand up to pray. They sit down to sing hymns and stand up for the reading of the lessons. One of the hymn tunes we knew and the lady members of the staff sang it with 'hwyl'.

In the afternoon a small party went to a football match and all thought it was a good experience.

Since it was our last night in Germany some of the musical ones in the party decided to go to a concert. The concert was of Chamber Music and was held in a very large mansion. When we arrived at the mansion gates we could see all the other people arriving in very expensive cars and we all wondered what sort of company we were with. Arriving outside the hotel after the concert we found we had been locked out but luckily for us Mr. Hewish was awake and he came down to open the door to us.

After our usual breakfast of rolls and butter with coffee or tea we said goodbye to the staff of the Hotel Adler and started our way back to Ostend.

Travelling back we came through Cologne, Aachen and on through the Hook of Holland and had our lunch and a short stay in Maastricht. At Cologne we went into the very beautiful Gothic Cathedral and many of the party bought small bottles of Eau-de-Cologne to bring home as presents.

In Aachen we saw the 14th century Town Hall and the Cathedral in which lie the remains of the Emperor Charlemagne. Here also are very many very old paintings and some really precious gold plate.

We arrived back in Ostend in time for dinner and the next day we left for Dover on the first boat. At Dover some members of the party had to go through the Customs, and we thought the next time we would see one member was in the dock at the Old Bailey.

When we arrived at Pembroke Dock we were all sorry that the trip was over and on behalf of all the party I would like to thank Mr. and Mrs. Hewish and other members of the staff who planned and organised this wonderful tour.

The Field Society

The Field Society has not been very active since the last issue of *The Penvro*, only one trip having taken place, that to St. David's.

A party of about 30 people clad in an assortment of brilliant coloured clothes assembled at Hobb's Point, were allowed on to the ferry and crossed to Neyland, meeting there the bus which we had hired for the day.

We travelled to Saint David's and Whitesands Bay through Solva (where we walked up the hill to 'see the town'), seeing Roch Castle on the way to Solva. At Whitesands Bay we split into two groups: the Botanists, under the supervision of Miss Jones, went seaweeding, while the Historians went to Saint David's Head to see an iron-age fortress, a number of iron-age field enclosures, and a cromlech.

We returned to Saint David's, where we looked through the Cathedral and saw the library. We returned to Haverfordwest, through Camrose, where we saw a Norman moat and bailey castle, which was situated in private grounds. At Haverfordwest we again split into two groups, the one patronising the fish and chip shop, the other preferring the more élite-sounding company of a tea-room.

We eventually reunited and reached Pembroke Dock at 7 p.m. tired but quite content after a very enjoyable day.

The Geology Society, is an off-shoot of the Field Society. It came into being early in the New Year, when Mr. Thomas took a party of four across the fields to Freshwater East (where we were very kindly provided with tea by Mr. Thomas's mother). Here we studied rock forms and fossils, continuing to Stackpole Quay, where we saw a disused quarry. From here Mr. Thomas returned to Lamphey while the rest of us walked to Pembroke and caught a bus to Pembroke Dock.

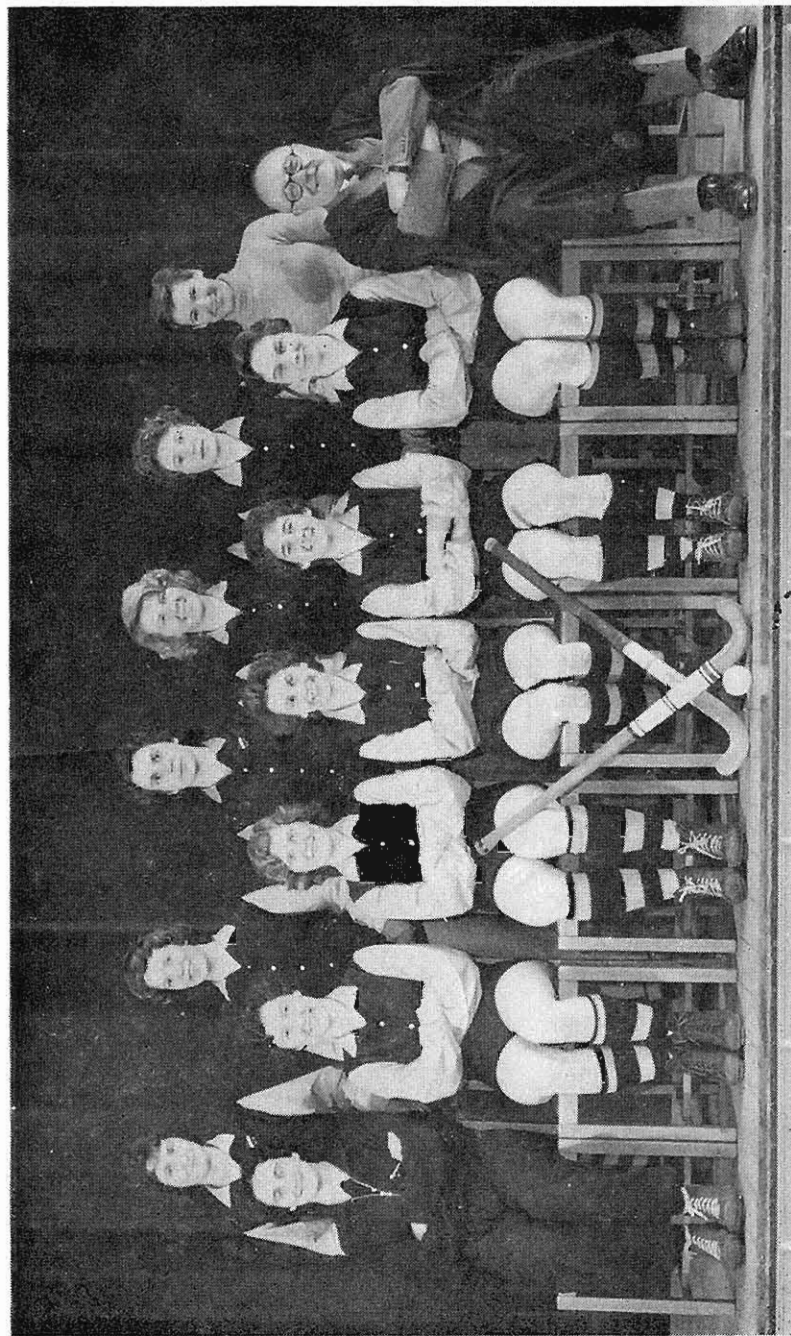
We hope that both the Geology Society and the Local History Society will continue to flourish under the auspices of the Field Society.

FROST

*The frost comes nightly
Without warning,
Spreading lightly
And by morning
The world is white
And covered over,
Sparkling bright
From pine to clover.*

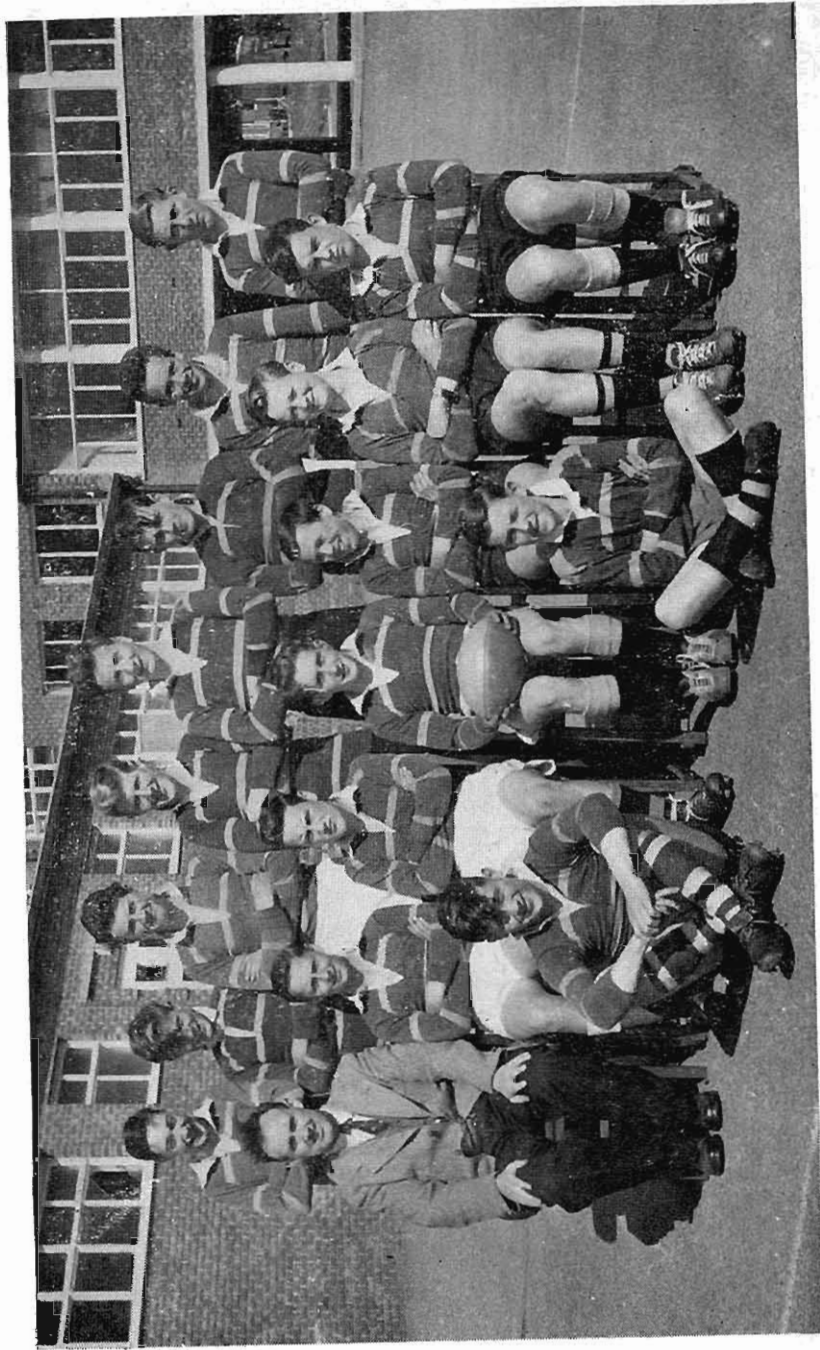
*Window panes encrusted
With icing made of frost
Frosty breezes gusted
All sensation lost,
Fragile and with magic
To change the face of earth
Frost can yet be tragic,
But not without its mirth.*

NICHOLAS GORDON, IIA.



FIRST HOCKEY XI, 1958-59

Standing: Wendy Smith, Elaine Stewart, Susan Griffiths, Margaret Davies, Jean Shore, Ann Mathias.
Seated: Mrs. Ebsworth, Joyce Simlett, Gwyneth James, Jacqueline Godfrey, Margaret Thomas, Dorothy Lewis, Mr. Roberts.



JUNIOR RUGBY XV, 1958-59

Standing : Brinley Brown, Robert Phillips, John Curtis, Michael Morgan, Robert Reeves, Trevor Jones, James Russell, John Scone,
 Seated : Mr. Llewellyn, Barrington Stubbs, Peter Thomas, John Nash, Garry Briggs, William Kavanagh, Brian Rees,
 In Front : Raymond Rees, Donald Gough.

House Drama Competition

A 'flu epidemic threatened the competition this year. Even at the eleventh hour it prostrated the adjudicator, Mr. Kenneth Lee, of Tenby, but true to the traditions of the theatre the show went on as planned.

Glyndwr gave us a boisterous curtain raiser with 'A Rogue in a Bed' produced by Rosemary Andrew. This storm in a Welsh teacup was fairly well handled but there seemed to be a certain reluctance among the villagers to share their dilemma with the audience. This may have been the fault of 'flu-gripped throats, nervous tension, or some rather unimaginative grouping which caused some characters to speak upstage for most of the time. There were two noteworthy performances by Ivor Davies and Eileen Attew.

A. A. Milne's 'Before the Flood' was the choice of Picton House. Unfortunately Charles James, who was to have played the part of Noah, was indisposed, but the producer, Cyril MacCallum, read the part with great success. The sense of grouping in this play was very good. The use of different levels gave the producer many opportunities of presenting attractive pictures to the audience. The difficult last scene was particularly well handled and there were very good performances from Judith Payne, Patricia Waite, Gillian Phillips, John McNally and Patrick McNally.

The hardy annual 'The Dear Departed' turned up as the Tudor House choice. The striking factor in this production by Ann Fraser was the meticulous attention to detail. All the properties, including a boiling kettle, were there. Outstanding in a very good cast was Pat Sherlock as Mrs. Slater. Her attack was an object lesson to many taking part in the competition. Unfortunately there were one or two lapses of memory which slowed down the pace, broke the continuity and made an already too familiar play a little tedious.

The last play in the competition was 'The Mayor of Torontal' which Hywel House produced with great success several years ago. This year's production was only a pale imitation of its predecessor. Where the latter was frothy, light and fast moving, the former lumbered along rather painfully and unwillingly. Where the previous production had actors who could project their lines and characters over the footlights, this one made a very funny play into a private joke which only the actors seemed to enjoy. This was disappointing coming from the house which usually sets the standard in this competition.

Mr. Aubrey Phillips, who very valiantly took Mr. Lee's place as adjudicator, gave first place to Picton, and Hywel, Tudor and Glyndwr, second, third and fourth respectively.

Although there were many commendable things in this competition, one is inclined to feel that the standard this year was not as high as we can expect. The fact that the competition was held only three weeks after the eisteddfod may have been a contributory factor, but it is hoped that the 1960 competition will show a marked improvement.

A DREAM

Double bent,
 Hair entangled,
 Under dangling bramble canes,
 Among deceptive tussocks
 Intersected by dark ooze,
 In a foot-holding bog
 I deviously move
 To a possible path.
 Drops —
 Thorn-blood and sweat —
 Drip
 From nose and chin,
 As I thrust through
 This cruel wood,
 Opening up on either hand
 Vistas fresh of thorn and marsh.

No head-room here
 No foot-free road
 But gloom and fear
 Increase my load,
 As the dim-light seeps
 And a monster creeps
 Around me.

Its great feet plunge,
 And, emerging with a horrid sluck,
 Shake and shudder
 The viscid fenland
 Glowing eyes, luminous mail
 Add glints of red
 And fugitive green
 To the noisome fog,
 Around my bent back, writhing.

Now goes my grey-haired Hope
 Now comes my black Despair
 I can no further cope
 I can no longer care
 Have tried — failed —
 Darkness has prevailed
 Against me.

But then — a voice —
 From out some place
 Of light and cheer
 "Hold on!" it said
 "For day is nigh;
 Brings you firm ground
 And open sky."

MARY JONES, U. VI Arts.

School Eisteddfod 1959

ADJUDICATORS

Music : T. G. Lewis, Esq., S. A. Evans, Esq., Rev. W. J. Morris.
 Poetry Speaking : English : Mrs. Jill Lockley ; Welsh : Mrs. Olwen Rees.
 Choral Speech : Mrs. Jill Lockley.
 Prepared Speech : Gordon Parry, Esq.
 Original Verse : Miss Morwyth Rees.
 Essay : Miss A. R. Lewis-Davies, M.B.E., Miss Eveline Hinchliffe,
 Mrs. R. C. Davies, Miss Ethel Young, T. K. Griffiths, Esq.,
 Wynford Davies, Esq.
 Short Story : Mrs. Nora Davies, Mrs. Sarah Thomas.
 Verse Translation : Miss Ethel Young, Mrs. Olwen Rees, Mrs. K. Howells,
 A. C. Davies, Esq., R. Metcalfe, Esq.
 Cookery, Needlework : Mrs. Christine Shepherd.
 Embroidery : Mrs. H. M. Robinson.
 Art and Craft Work : R. M. Carradice, Esq.
 Nature Study : Miss Morwyth Rees.
 Agriculture : R. Churchill, Esq., W. H. Phillips, Esq.
 Geography : J. Hubert Harris, Esq.
 Photography : Angus Athoe, Esq.
 Stamp Collections : J. H. A. Macken, Esq.
 Table Decorations : Miss Molly Davies.
 Dancing Competition : Miss Sally Peel-Hobson.

MUSIC

Junior Violin Solo : 1st, Jennifer Morgan (H) ; 2nd, Paul Davies (P).
 Middle Violin Solo ("Rondo"—Pleyell) : 1st, Ruth James (G) ; 2nd,
 Michael Jones (G).
 Junior Piano Solo ("Diversion"—Harold Greenhill) : 1st Maureen
 Campodonic (T) ; 2nd, Susan Campodonic (T) ; 3rd, Rosemary
 Simlett (G).
 Middle Piano Solo ("Mazurka Opus 7, No. 2"—Chopin) : 1st, Jennifer
 Morgan (H) ; 2nd, Jean Shore (H) ; 3rd, Ruth James (G).
 Senior Piano Solo ("Whims"—R. Schumann) : 1st, Joyce Simlett (G)
 and Shirley Dundas (T).
 Junior Boys' Unison ("The Drummer Boy"—French Folk Song) : 1st,
 Brian Smith's Party ; 2nd, David Birrell's Party and Gerald
 Edwards' Party.
 Junior Girls' Solo ("The Passing of the Moon"—Purcell) : 1st, Jennifer
 Morgan (H) ; 2nd, Susan Campodonic (T) ; 3rd, Janice Brady (H).
 Senior Boys' Solo ("I Attempt from Love's Sickness to Fly"—Purcell) :
 1st, John Trice (T) ; 2nd, Patrick McNally (P) ; 3rd, Brian
 Anfield (H).
 Senior Girls' Solo ("Art Thou Troubled"—Handel) : 1st, Rosemary
 Andrew (G) ; 2nd, Jean Shore (H) and Gillian Teague (P).
 Senior Girls' Duet ("The Cuckoo"—Martin Peerson) : 1st, Rosemary
 Andrews and Ruth James (G) ; 2nd, Jennifer and Margaret
 Morgan (H) ; 3rd, Gillian Teague and Margaret Thomas (P).
 Junior Welsh Solo ("Y Gelynnen"—Welsh Folk Song) : 1st, Susan Cam-
 podonic (T) ; 2nd, Jennifer Morgan (H) ; 3rd, Jacqueline Evans
 (T) and Janice Brady (H).

- Senior Welsh Solo (" Suo-gân "—Welsh Folk Song): 1st, Jane Evans (T); 2nd, Jean Shore (H); 3rd, Gillian Teague (P) and Rosemary Andrew (G).
- Choir (" Twickenham Ferry "—Theo Marzials): 1st, Hywel (Conductor, Jean Shore); 2nd, Glyndwr (Conductor, Rosemary Andrew); 3rd, Picton (Conductor, Margaret Thomas); 4th, Tudor (Conductor, John Trice).

POETRY SPEAKING

- Junior Boys (" The Way Through the Woods "—Rudyard Kipling): 1st, Clement Mathias (H); 2nd, Michael Jones (G); 3rd, David Canton (G).
- Junior Girls (" The Bride "—Sir John Suckling): 1st, Mary Woodward (P); 2nd, Carol Woodward (P); 3rd, Ann Griffiths (P) and Patricia Bearne (G).
- Senior Boys (" Depopulation of the Hills "—R. S. Thomas): 1st, John H. Lewis (H); 2nd, John Trice (T); 3rd, Terence Richards (P).
- Senior Girls (" The Wild Swans at Coole "—W. B. Yeats): 1st, Wendy Gray (I); 2nd, Margaret Thomas (P); 3rd, Yvonne Mansell (G).
- Junior Choral Speech (" The Instruments "—John Dryden): 1st, Tudor 'A' Party; 2nd, Picton; 3rd, Glyndwr.
- Senior Choral Speech (A passage from " Murder in the Cathedral "—T. S. Eliot):
- Prepared Speech (" Grammar Schools have had their day "): 1st, Margaret Kavanagh (P); 2nd, John Trice (T); 3rd, Cyril MacCallum (P).
- Junior Welsh Poetry Speaking (" Paradwys y Bardd "—Eifion Wyn): 1st, Christine Lewis (T); 2nd, Nigel Lewis (T); 3rd, Clive James (T).
- Senior Welsh Poetry Speaking (Darn allano " Buchedd Garmon "—Saunders Lewis): 1st, Margaret Thomas (P); 2nd, Kenneth Thomas (T); 3rd, Nicholas Tebutt (T).

ESSAYS

- IIrd Form (My Earliest Memories): 1st, William Rees (G); 2nd, Andrew Lloyd Williams (P); 3rd, Christine Allington (P).
- IIIrd Form (Travelling Companions): 1st, Ruth James (G); 2nd, Susan Campodonic (T); 3rd, Jennifer Morgan (H).
- IVth Form (Things I Have Borrowed): 1st, Patricia Thomas (G); 2nd, Pauline Canton (P); 3rd, Joyce Calner (H).
- Forms Upper IV and V Remove (The joys of watching other people work): 1st, David Fraser (T); 2nd, Barbara Evans (P); 3rd, Margaret Richards (G).
- Vth Form (Letters I would like to write): 1st, Kathleen Brown (H); 2nd, Eileen Thomas (G); 3rd, Joy Phillips (P).
- VIth Form (" One crowded hour of glorious life is worth an age without a name "): 1st, John Trice (T); 2nd, Jillian Thomas (P); 3rd, Rosemary Andrew (G).

VERSE TRANSLATION

- Latin: 1st, Margaret Morgan (H); 2nd, Ann Fraser (T); 3rd, Joyce Simlett (G).
- Welsh: 1st, Ken Thomas (T); 2nd, Margaret Thomas (P); 3rd, Iona Jones (G).
- German: 1st, Ann Fraser (T); 2nd, Pat Oliver (H); 3rd, Donald Gough (P).
- French: 1st, Mary Jones (G); 2nd, Rosemary Andrew (G); 3rd, Theres Kurath (T).

SHORT STORY

- Junior: 1st, Patricia Thomas (G); 2nd, Sandra Williams (H); 3rd, Maureen Thomas (G).
- Senior: 1st, Cyril MacCallum (P); 2nd, Nigel Phelps (T); 3rd, Margaret Morgan (H).

ORIGINAL VERSE

- Form II (Frost): 1st, Derek Vincent (P); 2nd, Nicholas Gordon (P); 3rd, Gwyneth Griffiths (T).
- Form III (Rock Pools): 1st, Phillip Lain (T); 2nd, Jennifer Morgan (H); 3rd, Lysbeth Gordon (P).
- Form IV (Cats): 1st, Sally Jones (G); 2nd, Howard Griffiths (T); 3rd, Maureen Ferrier (P).
- Forms Upper IV and V Remove (Evening Skies): 1st, Valerie James (T); 2nd, Mary-Rose Woodward (P); 3rd, Enid Kinton (T).
- Form V (The Hero): 1st, June Herbert (H); 2nd, Janet Warlow (T); 3rd, Wendy Gough (P).
- Form VI (A Dream): 1st, John Trice (T); 2nd, Mary Jones (G); 3rd, Andrea Jones (T).

FOLK DANCING COMPETITION

- 1st, Hywel 'A' Party; 2nd, Tudor 'B' Party; 3rd, Picton Party.

PHOTOGRAPHY COMPETITION

- Novice: 1st, Keith Smith.
- Junior: 1st, Howard Barton (T); 2nd, Michael Edmonds (T).
- Senior: 1st, Victor Catherall (P); 2nd, Glyn Macken (P); 3rd, Keith Smith (P).

STAMP COLLECTING

- Forms II and III: 1st, — Hancock (H); 2nd, Gareth Nicholls (T); 3rd, Brian James (H).
- Forms IV, Upper IV and V Remove: 1st, David Fraser (T); 2nd, — Harry (H); 3rd, John Squire (G).
- Forms V and VI: 1st, Ann Fraser (T); 2nd, Wendy Gray (T); 3rd, Ken Rogers (P).

GEOGRAPHY

- Form II: 1st, Martin Davies (T); 2nd, John Reynolds (H); 3rd, Huw Gibby (T).
- Form III: 1st, Adele Berntzen (P).
- Forms IV, Upper IV and V Remove: 1st, Howard Griffiths (T); 2nd, David Fraser (T).
- Form V: No prizes given.
- Form VI: 1st, Ann Fraser (T); 2nd, Rosemary Andrew (G); 3rd, Pat Jones (G).

NATURE STUDY

- Forms II and III: 1st, John Reynolds (H); 2nd, Raymond Rees (P); 3rd, Gareth Nicholls (T).
- Forms IV and V: 1st, Pat Waite (P); 2nd, Roger MacCallum (P); 3rd, Ken Rogers (P).
- Form VI: 1st, Ann Fraser (T).

ART

- Forms II and III: 1st, Susan Mabe (P); 2nd, Susan Campodonic; 3rd, Judith Maher (T).
- Forms IV, Upper IV, V Remove: 1st, Hugh Owen (T); 2nd, Glyn Bate (P); 3rd, David Hay (P).
- Forms V and VI: 1st, Andrea Jones (T); 2nd, Jennifer Jones (G); 3rd, David Clay (H).

COOKERY

- Forms II and III (Jam Tarts): 1st, Rosanna Brawn (P); 2nd, Gareth Nicholls (T); 3rd, Pamela Williams (G).
 Forms II and III (Scones): 1st, Janet Mullins (G); 2nd, Susan Campodonic (T); 3rd, Priscilla Tee (G).
 Forms IV and Upper IV (Fruit Tart): 1st, Moya Oliver (G); 2nd, Hazel Golding (P).
 Forms IV and Upper IV (Queen Cakes): 1st, Marion Gough (H); 2nd, Kathleen Nicholas (T); 3rd, Angela Thomas and Audrey Thomas.
 Forms V Remove, V and VI (Bread): 1st, Gillian Phillips (P); 2nd, Yvonne Mansell (G); 3rd, Angela Hay (P).
 Forms V Remove, V and VI (Fruit Flan): 1st, Ann Ferrier (H); 2nd, Christine Macken (G); 3rd, Ann Fraser (T) and Margaret Morgan (H).

NEEDLEWORK AND EMBROIDERY

- Forms II and III (Knitting Bag): No 1st or 2nd; 3rd, Janet Mulling (G).
 Forms II and III (Needle-case): 1st, Susan Preece.
 Forms IV, V and VI (Waist Petticoat): 1st, Rosemary Andrew (G); 2nd, Sally Brown (H); 3rd, Ann Fraser (T).
 Forms IV, V and VI (Gathered Skirt): 1st, Valerie James (T); 2nd, Judith Williams (T); 3rd, Edna Roberts (T).
 Open (Cushion Cover): 1st, Carole Morgans (P); 2nd, Rosemary Andrew (G); 3rd, Gloria Gibbs (G).

FELTWORK

- Open (Book Cover): 1st, Caroline Skyrme (P); 2nd, Anne Birrell (H); 3rd, Janet Cox (G).
 Open (Toy): 1st, Rosemary Andrew (G); 2nd, Sally Brown (H) and Marina Watkins (H); 3rd, Adele Berntzen (P).

KNITTING

- Forms II and III (Hat): 1st, Susan Stephens (G); 3rd, Susan Mabe (P) and Winifred Whitelock (T).
 Forms II and III (Mittens): 1st, Priscilla Tee (G); 2nd, Janet Harries (H).
 Forms IV, V and VI (Jumper): 1st, Margaret James (P); 2nd, Jennifer Jones (G); 3rd, Daphne Llewelyn (G).
 Forms IV, V and VI (Socks): 1st, Ann Fraser (T); 2nd, Ann Ferrier (H); 3rd, Valerie James (T).

TABLE DECORATION

- First Competition: 1st, Pat Thomas (G) and Rosemary Maddocks (T); 3rd, Yvonne Mansell (G).
 Second Competition: 1st, Sandra Gough (G); 2nd, Pamela Rendall (G); 3rd, Jennifer Morgan (H).

MISCELLANEOUS

- Open (Knitted Slippers): 1st, Ann Ferrier (H); 2nd, Pearl Williams (G).
 Open (Knitted Evening Bag): 1st, Rosemary Andrew (G).

FINAL RESULT

1st. Tudor House	639 points
2nd. Glyndwr House.....	615 points
3rd. Picton House	594 points
4th. Hywel House	504 points

County Sports, 1959

GIRLS' RESULTS

The girls must be congratulated on winning the Pennant Cup (for maximum points in Senior Girls' events) and the Gwyther Cup (for maximum points in all Girls' events) for the fourth year in succession. This is an outstanding achievement which brings great honour to the School as it is the first time ever for any school in Pembrokeshire to win either of these cups for four consecutive years.

SENIOR GIRLS

- 100 yards: Susan Griffiths, 3rd.
 220 yards: Susan Griffiths, 3rd.
 Hurdles (80m): Dorothy Lewis, 1st (12.8 secs.). New record (beat her own record by 1.5 secs.).
 High Jump: Ann Birrell, 4th (4ft.).
 Long Jump: Susan Griffiths, 2nd (16ft. 5in.).
 Discus: Dorothy Lewis, 2nd (93ft. 7in.).
 Javelin: Ann Fraser, 1st (78ft. 6½in.).
 Shot: Dorothy Lewis, 1st (26ft. 11½in.).
 Relay: Susan Griffiths, Dorothy Lewis, Jacqueline Godfrey, Anna Livingstone, 2nd.

MIDDLE GIRLS

- Long Jump: Pauline Canton, 2nd (14ft. 4in.).
 Discus: Krystyna Rynduch, 1st (73ft. 2in.).
 Javelin: Maureen Campodonic, 1st (59ft. 3in.).
 Shot: Lynda Thomas, 2nd (24ft. 6in.).

School Sports, 1959

Placings, Houses and Times or Distances of winning competitors are given in the following pages:

Event	First	H'se	Second	H'se	Third	H'se	Winning Time or Distance	
100 Yards—Boys								
Sub-Junior	Martin Rickard	G	Finn Boirett	H	Clive James	T	14 secs.	
Junior	John Nash	G	Raymond Rees	P	Robert Reeves	P	11.8 secs.	
Middle	S. Lewis	H	B. Anfield	H	A. Scourfield	G	11.4 secs.	
Senior	Alan Butler	G	John Carr	T	Nigel Phelps	T	11.1 secs.	
100 Yards—Girls								
Junior	Anne Griffiths	P	Rosanna Brawn	P	Pat Whyllie	G	13.2 secs.	
Middle	Pauline Canton	P	Pat Thomas	G	Christine Swift	G	13.1 secs.	R
Senior	Susan Griffiths	G	Anna Livingstone	T	Sandra Bradshaw	T		
					Jean Shore	H	12.1 secs.	
220 Yards—Boys								
Sub-Junior	Clive James	T	Phillip Lain	T	Martin Richard	G	32 secs.	
Junior	J. Nash	G	Raymond Rees	P	David Fraser	T	26 secs.	
Middle	P. Thomas	G	B. Anfield	H	S. Lewis	H	25.8 secs.	
Senior	A. Butler	G	J. Carr	T	N. Phelps	T	25 secs.	
220 Yards—Girls								
Senior	Susan Griffiths	G	Anna Livingstone	T	Carole Morgan	P	25 secs.	R
440 Yards—Boys								
Junior	J. Nash	G	R. Hill	P	C. Mathias	G	61.5 secs.	R
Middle	B. Anfield	H	G. Mountstevens	G	D. Cole	H	57.3 secs.	ER
Senior	A. Butler	G	C. MacCullum	P	J. Carr	T	56.6 secs.	
880 Yards—Boys								
Middle	G. Mountstevens	G	D. Cole	H	R. Reynolds	H	2 mins. 27 secs.	
Senior	K. Smith	P	P. Crotty	G	K. Thomas	T	2 mins. 12 secs.	
One Mile								
K. Smith	P		P. Crotty	G	K. Thomas	T	5 mins. 21.5 secs.	
High Jump—Boys								
Sub-Junior	P. Lane	T	S. White	P	H. Gibby	T	3 ft. 11 ins.	
Junior	Tr. Jones	G	G. Jones	G	D. Gough	P	4 ft. 10 ins.	
Middle	A. Scourfield	G	G. Evans	T	P. Ralph	H	5 ft. ½ in.	
Senior	C. MacCullum	P	K. Thomas	T	D. Clay	H	5 ft. 4 ins.	

Event	First	H'se	Second	H'se	Third	H'se	Winning Time or Distance	
High Jump—Girls								
Junior	Sandra Jones	H	Gwyneth Griffiths	T	Ann Griffiths	P	3 ft. 10 ins.	
Middle	K. Ryndush	T	Jennifer Morgan	H	Pauline Canton	P	4 ft. 1 in.	
Senior	D. Lewis	G	A. Birrell	H	M. Davies	H	4 ft. 4 in.	
Long Jump—Boys								
Sub-Junior	C. James	T	A. Gough	P	B. Smith	H	13 ft. 9½ ins.	
Junior	T. Jones	G	R. Rees	P	A. Drysdale	G	17 ft. 2½ ins.	
Middle	T. Scourfield	G	D. Ebsworth	G	C. James	P	17 ft. 9 ins.	
Senior	C. MacCullum	P	G. Thomas	T	D. Pearson	H	18 ft. 1½ ins.	
Long Jump—Girls								
Junior	P. Bearne	G	K. Michelson	T	P. Whyllie	G	13 ft. 2 ins.	
Middle	C. Lewis	T			S. Bradshaw	P	14 ft. 4½ ins.	
	P. Canton	P						
Senior	S. Griffiths	G	A. Livingstone	T	W. Smith	T	14 ft. 4 ins.	
H.S.J.—Boys								
Sub-Junior	C. James	T	M. Roberts	G	P. Lain	T	27 ft. 1½ ins.	
Junior	T. Jones	G	J. Campodonic	T	R. Rees	P	34 ft. 5 ins.	
Middle	T. Scourfield	G	C. James	P	D. Ebsworth	G	37 ft. 9 ins.	
Senior	A. Butler	G	R. Callen	H	G. Macken	P	36 ft. 8½ ins.	
H.S.J.—Girls								
Junior	P. Moore	G	J. Mills	P	P. Harries	H	25 ft. 1½ ins.	
Middle	P. Canton	P	A. Hall	G	M. Morgan	H	29 ft. 1 in.	
Senior	A. Livingstone	T	J. Godfrey	P	P. Oliver	H	30 ft. 3½ ins.	
Pole Vault—Boys								
Sub-Junior	M. Richard	G			F. Borritt	H	6 ft. 9 ins.	R
	J. Brown	H					6 ft. 9 ins.	
Junior	T. Duignan	H	P. Beynon	G	P. Gullam	H	7 ft. 5 ins.	
Middle	Stuart Brown	H					8 ft. 9 ins.	
Senior	C. MacCullum	P	J. Bowers	P			9 ft. 0 in.	
			P. Crotty	G				

Event	First	H'se	Second	H'se	Third	H'se	Winning Time or Distance	
Discus—Boys								
Sub-Junior	Godfrey Scammell	H	Paul Driscall	P	John Armitage	T	58 ft. 4 ins.	
Junior	J. Campodonic	T	Roger Horgan	H	Anthony Roberts	G	95 ft. 9 ins.	
Middle	Charles James	P	Tom James	G	James Russel	T	141 ft. 8 ins.	R
Senior	Graham Thomas	T	Ivor Davies	G	G. Payne	H	126 ft. 3 ins.	R
Discus—Girls								
Junior	R. Brown	P	Ruth James	G	Sandra Jones	H	66 ft.	
Middle	K. Rynduch	T	Judith Payne	P	Christine Lewis	T	81 ft. 4 ins.	
Senior	D. Lewis	G	Jean Shore	H	Margaret Davies	H	89 ft. 10 ins.	
Javelin—Boys								
Sub-Junior	Martin Rickard	G	Roger Baker	H	Philip Lane	T	82 ft. 9 ins.	
Junior	A. Bywaters	G	J. Campodonic	T	David Newton	T	98 ft. 0 ins.	
Middle	Stuart Lewis	H	V. Catherall	P	D. Lewis	T	109 ft. 10 ins.	
Senior	Graham Thomas	T	G. Pain	H	David Griffiths	P	141 ft. 7 ins.	R
Javelin—Girls								
Junior	Jean Loughlin	H	Pat Whylic	G	Susan Thomas	H	39 ft. 7 ins.	
Middle	Myrtle Williams	T	Sally Jones	G	Christine Swift	G	57 ft. 0 ins.	
Senior	Anne Fraser	T	Eileen Thomas	G	Anne Birrell	H	73 ft. 5 ins.	
Shot—Boys								
Sub-Junior	John Fell	P	Roger Baker	H	Geoffrey Caveney	H	28 ft. 9 ins.	
Junior	Brian Rees	P	John Campodonic	T	Anthony Roberts	G	33 ft. 1 in.	
Middle	Brian Anfield	H	Stuart Lewis	H	St. John Brentnall	G	38 ft. 3 ins.	
Senior	Graham Thomas	T	Glyn Macken	P	Tony McTaggart	G	36 ft. 4 ins.	
Shot—Girls								
Junior	Rosanna Brown	P	Ruth James	G	Susan Palmer	G	23 ft. 9 ins.	
Middle	Lynda Thomas	H	Pat Matthews	T	Judith Payne	P	22 ft. 7 ins.	R
Senior	Dorothy Lewis	G	Margaret Davies	H	Anne Fraser	T	27 ft. 5 ins.	R

Event	First	H'se	Second	H'se	Third	H'se	Winning Time or Distance	
Hurdles—Boys								
Sub-Junior	Find Borritt	H	S. White	P	M. Jones	G	15.8 secs.	
Junior	T. Jones	G			D. Neville	T	12.5 secs.	
	R. Reeves	P						
Middle	D. Ebsworth	G	D. Cole	H	A. Lain	T	15.5 secs.	R
Senior	N. Phelps	T	J. Gough	P	P. Crotty	G	16.4 secs.	
Hurdles—Girls								
Junior	Pat Whylic	G	Gwyneth Griffiths	T	Ann Griffiths	P	15.4 secs.	
Middle	Christine Swift	G	K. Rynduch	T	Sandra Bradshaw	P	13.4 secs.	
Senior	Dorothy Lewis	G	Carole Morgan	P	Jean Shore	H	14.5 secs.	R
Relay—Boys								
Sub-Junior	Tudor		Hywel		Picton		64.1 secs.	
Junior	Glyndwr		Picton		Tudor		53.7 secs.	R
Middle	Hywel		Glyndwr		Tudor		49.6 secs.	R
Senior	Tudor		Picton		Glyndwr		51. 0 secs.	
Relay—Girls								
Junior	Glyndwr		Picton		Hywel		60.3 secs.	R
Middle	Glyndwr		Picton		Hywel		60.3 secs.	
Senior	Glyndwr		Picton		Tudor		57.9 secs.	

FINAL PLACINGS

1.—GLYNDWR	598½
4.—TUDOR	419
3.—HYWEL	455
2.—PICTON	460½

Victrix Ludorum	Dorothy Lewis (G)	36 points
Runners-up	Susan Griffiths (G), Anna Livingstone (T), Pauline Canton (P)	27 points
Victor Ludorum	Alan Butler (G)	37 points
Runners-up	Trevor Jones (G)	36 points

OLD PUPILS' ASSOCIATION

President : T. C. Roberts, Esq., B.Sc.

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.

Magazine Editor : E. G. Davies.

OBITUARY

We were all deeply grieved to hear of the death, at the early age of 46, of Mrs. Mary Holmes (née Taylor, 1923-31). She had been in poor health for some time, and had recently undergone a serious operation at St. Winifred's Hospital, Cardiff, where she died suddenly on Monday, June 1.

On leaving school she went to Avery Hill Training College, London, and afterwards taught for some time in Bristol. There she married, and her husband, who had joined the War Reserve Police, was killed while on duty in an air-raid in the early part of the war. Later she taught at Monkton and East End schools, before being appointed Headmistress of Pennar Junior Mixed School eleven years ago.

At school she was always prominent in dramatics, and she carried on this activity at Bristol, and for many years after returning to the town.

We express our deepest sympathy to her son Robert, and to her sister Dorothy, who, like her husband, Squadron-Leader Kenneth Thomas, is also an Old Pupil.

NEWS OF OLD PUPILS

Ruth Cole (1948-56) figured prominently in a Western Mail photograph in February, as one of the attendants of the Rag Queen at University College, Aberystwyth.

We heard news recently of Tony Colridge (1947-53). On leaving school he went to live in Somerset, and he is now employed with a whisky-distilling firm in Bristol. He is very interested in youth work, and has attended many youth leadership conferences.

When Derek Cousins (1949-54) called in school shortly after completing his national service he told us he was anxious to enter the Youth Employment Service. We are glad to hear that he has been successful, and that he now has a post in this service at the Medway Bureau, Rochester, Kent.

In a letter dated June 27, Dianne Crook (1954-58) told us that she is now attending Chippenham Grammar School in Wiltshire. She sat in seven subjects at Ordinary level this summer, and has already done one year's work at Advanced level in English and French.

Capt. Gwynne Davies (1942-45), South Wales Borderers, took up an appointment last January as an instructor at the School of Infantry Training, Warminster, Wilts.

Ralph Davies (1949-53) completed his national service at the end of last year, and returned to his job with the Inland Revenue Department at Haverfordwest in January. He is now working hard for the Chartered Secretaries' examinations, a course which will last three or four years.

George A. Dickman, A.L.A. (1922-25), who has been Pembrokeshire County Librarian for some years, was installed in March as Chairman of the Wales and Monmouthshire branch of the Library Association.

Vernice Evans (1944-51) completes her training at Offley Training College, Hertfordshire, this summer. She has been appointed, for September, to the staff of the preparatory department of Shrewsbury High School for Girls, with the possibility of a transfer to the senior school later.

Una Flint (1947-55) is completing her training year at University College, Bangor, this summer. She has been appointed to Northwich County Grammar School for Girls, Cheshire, where she will be in charge of Scripture throughout the school.

James Gaddarn (1935-40), who is on the staff of Trinity College of Music, London, was appointed at the end of last year as Music Assistant with the B.B.C. in London. He has been helping to train the B.B.C. Chorus during the absence of Mr. Leslie Woodgate in America. Observant readers will no doubt have noticed Gaddarn's name in the Radio Times on various occasions.

John Greenwood (1945-52) has had to break off his work as a solicitor to do his national service. He changed his mind about joining the R.A.F., and during April left for Warwick to join the Warwickshire Regiment, this being the county of his birth. He has been recommended for a commission in the Army Education Corps, and was recently interviewed for this purpose.

We had a long letter from John Gilder (1951-52) in February. The letter came from Aden, where he is serving with the R.A.F. He tells us that he went out there, to "this hot barren rock," in May last year, and is "doomed" to stay until May, 1960. Some extracts from his account should be interesting to anyone contemplating taking a holiday in this part of the world. "I travelled out by R.A.F. Comet, which was rather a luxury, as the 4,000-mile trip took only nine hours . . . Aden in the hot season is very uncomfortable in many different ways. The shade temperature is always around the 100 mark and the sun temperature often reaches 130 or even more . . . I work on number eight squadron, which is equipped with Venom jet fighter bombers. Our job is to police the Aden Protectorate and keep the Yemeni forces on the right side of the border . . . I've been to the Trucial Oman States twice, each detachment lasting ten weeks. The journey is 1,200 flying miles, and usually takes about seven hours. The country is governed by the Sultan of Muscat and Oman, but is split up into sheikhdoms. I visited the Sheikhdoms of Sharjah and Dubai, and I enjoyed each stay very much . . . The main town of Dubai is certainly picturesque with its buildings of mud and coral. The bazaars are narrow and gloomy, and you can purchase anything in them from a Persian rug to a packet of aspros. The native craftsmen are very interesting to watch; the gold and silver smiths are very highly skilled and with their ancient equipment they achieve amazing results. Most of the merchants sit in front of their shops on the floor, puffing solemnly on huge hubble-bubble pipes . . . The Sheiks are absolute rulers and they dispense a very rough justice which has remained unchanged for hundreds of years. The penalty for theft is to have a hand cut off; minor crimes are punishable by whipping . . . The country is mainly desert and bare, rocky mountains, but there are a few cultivated areas near the coast. There is an occasional oasis, and you can sometimes see a whole family camped with their herd of goats and donkeys. During the hot season the Oman is even hotter than Aden, but in the cool season it gets very cold and rains heavily. Aden has a very big harbour and handles one of the highest shipping tonnages in the world." He ends with these words: "I can't say I like Aden very much; the disadvantages are many and the advantages very few."

David Harries (1944-51) was, last September, appointed Music Master at the Grammar School, Wombourne, Staffs.

Early in March we had some news of Mrs. Joyce Putman (née Horn, 1945-50). She and her husband and baby son are now in Malaita Island in the Solomons, where her husband has taken over the Headmastership of the King George VI School for two years. At that time they were in the

throes of preparing for the Duke of Edinburgh's visit on March 20. Joyce, who was trained as a nurse, has been made Official Medical Officer of the school.

David M. John (1947-54) wrote in April to say that he had just heard that he had passed, at St. Michael's College, Llandaff, his General Ordination Examination Part II, and that as a result he was to be ordained deacon on June 24 by His Grace the Lord Archbishop of Wales in his Cathedral Church of St. Woolos, Newport, Mon. He is to serve his title at St. James's Church, Pontypool.

Raymond L. Jones (1940-47) has been with a repertory company in Lincoln since last September. At the end of June we heard that the company were preparing to do T. S. Eliot's "Murder in the Cathedral" in Lincoln Cathedral.

Joyce Johns (1931-38) has given up her work as an Occupational Therapist to become head of a Home Office Approved School for girls in Liverpool. The school is residential for about forty girls between the ages of 15 and 17. Her appointment dates from July 1. The Home Office desires to make an entirely new approach to the training and after welfare of these girls in which occupational therapy and psychiatry will play an important part.

David Lewis (1937-42) has been appointed manager of the Cardigan undertaking of the Wales Gas Board, and began his new duties on April 1. He joined the Pembroke Dock undertaking of the Board in 1942, and has been a Technical Assistant there for some years.

David Lovering (1944-49) is now employed as a draughtsman by Messrs. Atkins and Parsons, of Cardiff. After leaving school he worked for some time at the Abbey Steel Works, Port Talbot.

Mrs. Wendy Weaver (née Lees, 1949-53) wrote on June 28 from Ickburgh, near Thetford in Norfolk. She has moved there with her husband, who has a commission in the R.A.F., and their small daughter Karen. They have bought an old school house on the outskirts of the village, and have worked very hard there, for they have renovated the house and cleared and tidied up an acre of garden.

George Lewis (1947-53) arrived home from Cyprus early in July, after eighteen months' service on the island. He starts teaching in September as Art Master at the Rodway Technical High School, Mangotsfield, Bristol.

It was interesting to see that, at the Borough Council elections held in May, Old Pupils topped the poll by a big majority in both wards, Mrs. Margaret Mathias (née Jenkins, 1923-28) in the Pembroke ward, and John R. Powell (1938-44), headmaster of Sadgeston School, in the Pater ward.

Dr. Edward T. Nevin, M.A. (1936-41) returned to this country in April after spending two years in Jamaica, where he had been assisting the Finance Minister. He is a lecturer in Economics at University College, Aberystwyth, and was loaned for this assignment by the University of Wales. One of those meeting him at Liverpool was his brother Bernard (1933-37), who is Assistant District Manager of the Co-operative Insurance Society at Ebbw Vale.

Brian Owen (1954-58) joined the R.A.F. as a Boy Entrant last October. At the beginning of June he took part in the R.A.F. Association Tattoo at Brighton, as a member of the Boy Entrants' P.T. team from No. 2 School of Technical Training, R.A.F., Cosford, Salop.

Lawrence F. Phillips (1952-58) joined the Bibby Shipping Line as a junior purser at the beginning of February. His first trip took him to Malta and Cyprus.

Gerald Phelps (1948-49) is now a Civil Engineer with a large construction company whose headquarters are in Derby. For two years, from 1954 to 1956, he was doing similar work in Swansea.

Once more it is a pleasure to record that an Old Boy of the School has been elected Chairman of the Governors. Mr. G. Courtenay Price was at school some fifty years ago, as he told us on Sports Day. He has always taken a great interest in the school, and his three sons were all pupils here.

Richard Rees (1947-54), of Angle, is also at St. Michael's College, Llandaff, and hopes to be ordained in about a year's time.

William B. Rees (1943-50), of Angle, has been appointed to teach Woodwork at the Coronation School for next September. He is at present Woodwork Master at Cinderford Secondary School, and his wife is P.T. Mistress there.

Mrs. Miriam Lakin (née Rogers, 1933-40) is home once more from Ghana with her husband, Rev. John Lakin, and their two children. They will stay in this country until the end of the year, and then return to spend their last eighteen months in Ghana.

Keith B. Sudbury (1931-34) is a sergeant on the staff of the new R.A.F. Recruiting Centre at Bristol. At the end of December he was presented with the Long Service and Good Conduct Medal.

Norman Shepherd (1943-48) is another Old Boy who is preparing for ordination. He is at St. David's College, Lampeter.

Arthur Skone (1943-49) has been appointed headmaster of a school at West Bradenham, Norfolk. He takes up duties in September.

William G. Smith (1944-51), who is on the staff of the Greatfield High School, Hull, has been appointed examiner in English (at the Ordinary level) to the Welsh Joint Education Committee.

Graham Tregidon (1946-54) completes his course at Loughborough this summer. He has been appointed as a teacher of Handicraft at Canton Boys' High School, Cardiff, for next September.

David L. Williams (1957-43) has now been two years in Liverpool, where he is a Public Health Inspector. He is studying for his examinations, and takes his finals at the Liverpool University College of Hygiene in May, 1960. He finds both his work and the course of study he is following very interesting.

Mrs. Dorothy Jones (née Williams, 1937-44), whose husband is on the staff of the Greenhill Grammar School, Tenby, where she herself was until recently teaching Physical Education, will be leaving Tenby this summer. Her husband, Mr. John Jones, has been appointed to Aberdare Boys' Grammar School, where he will teach Scripture in the upper school.

Derik Welby (1946-52) is now working as an accountant in the foreign currency section of the Prudential Assurance Company in London. He is studying to become qualified as a chartered accountant.

When the South Pembrokeshire Young Farmers' Club won the drama competition staged at Haverfordwest in March, it was very interesting to note that the majority of the cast were Old Pupils. They included Mary Thomas (1944-51), her sister Barbara (1951-56), Pat Prout (1952-57), and Stephen James (1947-54).

The following examination results came in late in the summer term.

Malcolm Davies (1949-56) has passed the College Diploma in Dairying at Aberystwyth. He was to go to Reading at the end of August to sit for the National Diploma. It is his intention to return to Aberystwyth next session to do a year's work in science, preparatory to starting on a course in veterinary surgery.

Beti Evans (1953-58) has passed both her examinations, in Botany and in Psychology, at the end of her first year at Bristol University. In Psychology she came top of her year.

Billy Tucker (1950-57) has passed his Finals in Botany and Chemistry at Cardiff. He will be sitting Honours Botany next summer.

Sheila Donovan (1949-56) has completed her degree at Swansea with Second Class Honours (Division I) in History.

Megan Harries (1947-55) has completed a Pass Degree in Arts at Swansea.

We congratulate these Old Pupils on their engagements :—

January : John Richard Thomas (1948-54) to Janice Adams, of Milford Haven ; Veronica Ann Collins (1951-56) to Victor Masters, of Ashford, Kent.

February : Elizabeth Stamp (1952-58) to Mac Blackmore, of Pembroke Dock ; Adrienne Rosemary Thomas (1949-54) to John Creighton Latter, of Brighton.

April : Vivian Rossiter (1946-53) to Maureen Cumming, of Brora, Sutherland, Scotland.

May : Dorothy Thomas (1948-55) to Colin Griffith, of Bodedern, Holyhead.

July : Valmai Eirwen Jones (1955-56) to Norman Armstrong-Chambers, of Scarborough.

(ENGAGEMENTS)

June : Mary Patricia Phillips (1950-56) to Pilot Officer Roger S. Meldrum, of Dulwich, London.

We congratulate these Old Pupils on their marriage :—

Dec. 27 : David Harries, Mus. Bac. (1944-51) to Eileen Hughes, B.A., of Borth, Cardiganshire.

Jan. 17 : Mervyn William Griffiths (1949-54) to Mary Grace Thomas (1951-57).

Jan. 31 : Glenys Maureen Cole (1951-57) to Terence Hilton Brown, of Pembroke.

Jan. 31 : Anthony Robert George Thomas (1948-52) to Mary Lewis, of Monkton.

Feb. 21 : David Lovering (1944-49) to Doreen Cummings, of Cardiff.

February 25 : Mansel Henry John (1950-53) to Sheila Pearl May Griffiths, of Neyland.

March 7 : Sylvia Canton (1937-42) to Freddie Poser, of London.

March 18 : Ann McGarry (1953-57) to Lance Bdr. George Alcock.

March 28 : Glyn Hughes (1945-50) to Avril Smith, of Blaengarw.

March 28 : Valerie Albury (1948-53) to P.C. David Islwyn Thomas, of St. Dogmaels.

March 28 : Dr. Leslie Phillips (1928-34) to Gertrude Lillian Dyke (1935-41).

March 28 : David Shirwen Tucker (1947-53) to Anita Langowski, of Dortmund-Horde, Germany.

March 30 : Tony Neville Greenhow (1943-46) to Peggy Elizabeth Leslie (1944-49).

March 30 : David Yates (1948-51) to Alice Noreen O'Brien, of Tenby.

March 30 : Betty Wilma Morgan (1951-54) to Peter Colin Richards, of Haverfordwest.

March 30 : Joan Elizabeth Webb (1948-53) to Thomas John Chilton, of Monkton.

March 30 : Roy William Haggart (1947-51) to Margaret Rees, of Angle.

April 2 : Asenath Jennifer Pulford (1952-54) to John William George, of Ripple, near Tewkesbury.

April 2 : David Michael John (1947-54) to Alma Adeline Vinnicombe, of Barry.

April 4 : William Norman George Hicks (1945-47) to Margaret Joan Lewis, of Pembroke.

June 6 : Evelyn W. Skyrme (1947-50) to Delroy S. McLennan Lewis, of Pembroke Dock.

June 6 : Sidney Mathias (1944-49) to Brenda Last, of Harwich.

June 17 : Reginald John Palmer (1942-49) to Gillian Elizabeth Rees, of Tenby.

June 20 : Joan Skelton (1952-56) to John Elliott, of Monkton.

June 27 : Joseph Barnikel (1949-53) to Brenda Frances John, of Llanreath.

June 29 : Sheila Ann Donovan (1949-56) to John Barrie Rowlands, B.Sc., of Hengoed, Glam.

We have pleasure in recording the following births :—

Oct. 4 : To Beryl, wife of David Ll. Williams (1947-53), a son, Stephan Dewi.

Jan. 11 : At Montreal, Canada to Josie (nee Yates, 1941-48), wife of Douglas McIntosh, a son, Brent Stephen.

Jan. 17 : To Maureen (née Ballard, 1944-50), wife of John Arter, a daughter, Geraldine.

Feb. 3 : To Marion (née Wells, 1945-49), wife of Clifford Skone, a son, Kevin John.

March 16 : To Nancy (née Castle, 1934-39), wife of Basil Underwood, a daughter, Celia Ann.

March 24 : To Lillian, wife of Bill Price (1936-41), a son.

April 19 : To Kathleen (née Street, 1947-52), wife of Reg Williams, a daughter, Cheryl Elizabeth.

April 27 : To Dorothy (née Williams, 1937-44), wife of John Jones, a daughter.

June 16 : To Marjorie, wife of Toby Price (1938-43), a daughter.

June 16 : To Kathleen (née Wright, 1934-39), wife of Thomas W. Hay (1928-33), a son, Andrew Warren.

June 18 : To Margaret, wife of J. A. G. Thomas (1927-34), a son, Stephen Christopher.

Penvro Dramatic Society

For the first time for several years the society presented a full-length play in the Spring term. Terence Rattigan's "The Winslow Boy" was successfully produced by Aubrey Phillips in spite of all the hazards of illness which often seem to hinder a February production. The disappointing feature of this venture was the poor support we received from our audience. Many of our most ardent followers protested at the choice of play, that they had seen it before and that they knew what happened. This appears to be rather cavalier treatment of one of the best of Rattigan's plays and certainly one of the most successful plays to be presented in the West End in the 1940's. The same audience would not say the same about Shakespeare or The Messiah. Surely a father's fight for the honour of his son and his family is an evergreen theme which should command respect and admiration. It would seem to be a feature of the fifties that we are too inclined to look back in apathy.

May 6th was the date on which the society attempted to win the Western Telegraph trophy for Drama in Pembrokeshire for the third time in succession. The play chosen was "Still Life," by Noel Coward, perhaps better known as "Brief Encounter." Production was by Kenneth Cooper. Unfortunately we lost the trophy to Haverfordwest Little Theatre, who entered the competition for the first time. We were, nevertheless, delighted that Haverfordwest represented Pembrokeshire at the Welsh Area Final at Aberdare—a trail which we blazed last year. Several of us were privileged to see this competition and were pleased to note that Haverfordwest did very well indeed, narrowly missing victory and a trip to Glasgow for the

national final. Readers may be interested to see the adjudication of our play by Mr. Eric Salmon :—

"The production was a brave attempt at a very difficult task. It is always something of a problem to get amateur actors to handle the kind of play that requires deliberate and sustained understatement, and this particular piece, not only required this, but carried with it also the difficulty of being, in any case, in a largely out-moded dramatic convention.

In brief, this means that it is really not possible simply to rely on sincerity and this places the amateur actor at a grave disadvantage, since sincerity is one of his chief assets.

Within the framework of this limitation, I thought that *Laura* made an extremely good attempt at the part. Some of her quieter moments were especially impressive. She was least effective in the moments when she was called upon to play what are, on the surface, casual 'social' lines, but which are intended to have ironic undertones.

Alec seemed to me less successful than *Laura* and tended to play too firmly on one note only. Some of the comedy of the play was well managed and lively. *Albert*, in particular, really began to exist as a true character.

The setting seemed to me quite good with plenty of accurately observed detail. The lighting could have been less flat with advantage. I much admired the reproduction and the timing of off-stage noises and effects. These were extremely well done.

Taken all in all, this was a pleasant production whose chief weaknesses were in the choice of play, rather than in the actual handling of it."

The Annual General Meeting of the Society was held a few days before this article was written. It was decided that the coming season 1959-60 is to be busy if not busier than previous seasons. There will be the usual Autumn term production during the last week of October ; in Spring another attempt will be made to win the trophy and, who knows, the national final ; two more one-act plays may be produced in addition.

It is hoped that a weekly club night will be introduced at which members old and new may learn more about the art of acting, producing, lighting, designing and make-up. We feel that this will give an opportunity particularly to new members to join us. A successful dramatic society depends upon new people joining it regularly and we would welcome particularly young people in their late teens and early twenties. If there are any young people who would like to join us, they can be sure of a warm welcome and an active time next season. Please contact our secretary, Miss Peggy Thomas, 14 Meyrick Street, Pembroke Dock. *Immediately.*

CATS!

*They howl and howl
All through the night,
They're on the prowl
And climb, and fight.
Their eyes are glass
They shine so bright,
And when they pass
On through the night
To catch the rats
They are the CATS!*

MAUREEN FERRIER, IVA.