

THE PENVRO



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SPRING 1959

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J. H.

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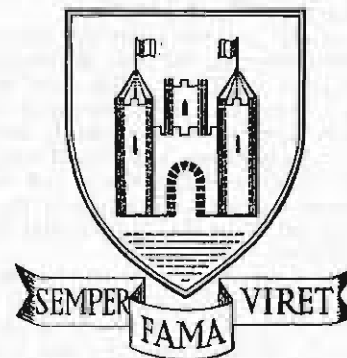
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THE PENVRO

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Editorial Board : Rosemary Andrew, Mary Jones, Penelope
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Editorial

THIS year our Editor has passed the complete responsibility of producing the Penvro to us—the worthy members of the Editorial Board. As can be guessed for the last few weeks of term there has been a terrific rush to collect in all the material for the magazine—it is surprising how few people have any desire to see their names in print, but at last here it is—The Penvro.

At the end of the summer term the school lost not only its Headmaster and Senior Mistress, but also an amazing number of other teachers—can we take it from this sudden and mighty upsurging of removals that there is something the matter with the pupils of P.G.S.? However, their places have all been efficiently filled, and in our new Headmaster, Mr. T. C. Roberts, we have found not only a leader, but a very dear friend. We welcome him warmly, and would like to express how proud and pleased we are to have him as the head of our staff.

Another change on the staff is that of Miss Hannah Hughes, who is now our Senior Mistress.

As well as Mr. Roberts we welcome to the school staff—Miss Sonia Boyle to teach English, Miss Muriel James, R.D.E., Miss Gill Rees, Domestic Science, Mr. Brian Howells, who is an old boy of the school, to take History, Mr. D. Richards, Biology, and last but by no means least, Mr. Lloyd Lewis to teach Mathematics. Every success to them all.

All our societies are doing well—in particular the Y.F.C., who have the youngest club in Pembrokeshire, but who are managing to hold their own. The school farm also continues to flourish, so much so that we now have sheep on the playing fields and chickens on the front lawn—how much longer before the prefects' rooms are converted for the purpose of pig rearing or potato storing? Seriously though, the farm is a paying concern and is doing very well. Not every school child can say that he has bought and eaten eggs, turkeys and chickens from his school's farm.

Our school is one of a limited number—with such variety in its curriculum. Be proud of it!

MY PARADISE

*A shimmering sea,
A cooling stream,
A group of palm trees, shady and tall.*

*Scarcely a cloud,
Scarcely a noise,
Scarcely a movement as breezes fall.*

*Silence by day,
Silence by night,
Silently wafting the hours away.*

*The sun on my face,
The breeze in my hair,
The rippling waves lulling soft in the bay.*

MARY ROSE WOODWARD, V Remove.

The Day of Victory

Sister Angela had waited five years for this moment, but a shiver struck her, when the dusty red truck halted outside the mission gates. Closing her blue eyes tightly she whispered a foolish, absent-minded, child's prayer she had never grown out of.

She prayed for a safe journey to Hong Kong across two thousand miles of the vast map of China, but she knew in her heart this was false—her home was China and here amongst the waving rice fields and barren mountains she wished to die.

She prayed for all that had been and should have been, for those she loved in the Kwanshia village—especially Mikyo—and then too for her enemies. Even Seng.

Seng was there now, arrogantly triumphant. "You go now," he said.

She was silent but when she had unclasped her hands and taken her old stick, she said over her shoulder, "You have waited five years to be rid of me. Now you must wait five minutes more."

His fierce eyes glinted as she limped away. He was the household policeman of Kwanshia, the party's spy on each villager's days and nights. He and she were enemies who respected each other; both gave a perfectly selfless devotion to the opposing causes they served, both were sustained by an unshakable faith. But he was the conqueror and this was his day of victory.

"Five minutes, then, Sister of the Little Hand," he conceded.

Ignoring him, Sister Angela began her last lonely round of good-byes that had begun five years ago with the communist victories all over China. The other sisters and their Mother Superior had all left and she had nought but rumours of their fate. She prayed always that these rumours were untrue.

She alone had been allowed to stay because she was a midwife and a nurse, for it took time to recruit and train nurses for the new People's Dispensary in this remote valley. But now they had arrived and she would soon be an exile banished.

She had been all alone, living on the ration of rice and vegetables Seng allowed her, treating a daily parade of sick villagers who were forbidden to speak a word to her beyond the barest outline of their ills. Thus she lived an outcast—an outcast among the thriving village, leading a lonely life.

Often the loneliness maddened her, and only her faith supported her, resolving her to remain.

It was dark, this last morning, a good day to die. The sable clouds like heavens mourning tapestries.

She was dying—was not soon all she lived for to pass and to die. Limping along the Sister of the Little Hand remembered . . .

After twenty years there was much to remember, but chiefly she thought of Mikyo. And now, reaching the locked west gate, she was poignantly reminded of Mikyo, because outside the gate a small girl, shaded by a thatch propped on four bamboos, was scaring the birds, as Mikyo had been so many years ago.

Dense flocks of hungry little white polled birds descended on the ripe rice fields every year, flocks that would steal the crop in one short day, but for the defence of the rice by the little girls of the valley.

This was one of the defenders. Lolling in her sentry box, oblique eyes half closed, in a ragged blue tunic and trousers, she kept the robber birds out of the two big co-operative fields with her tuneless voice and her tireless fingers and toes. Strings tied to wrist, fingers, toes and ankles, gave her the look of a small puppet master, strings that spread in a network across the golden fields to flutter silver foil streamers, crash bamboo clappers together and to rattle tin cans to the jerking of her hands and feet.

On the morning she had first arrived, the sun had hung like a golden-hued ball of fire tinting the waterfall that plunged into the river behind the bell-tower, with shimmering light and the small face of Mikyo had smiled as she had entered that same west gate by which she now must leave.

A week later, she found the little bird-scarer lying in her hut with fever, it was a paralytic disease and Mikyo lived and fully recovered while her nurse waxed sickly and lame.

One of the things Amelia Moore, later Sister Angela—now the Sister of the Little Hand—had sacrificed for her religion was motherhood. But how many daughters were loved as she loved Mikyo? A new world of love had opened for both of them: nothing demonstrative, naught that could or was framed by words, but a deep, quiet trust and joy that gave to each of them something precious, something longed for and, until then forlornly missed.

It had been Mikyo who named her Sister of the Little Hand, when she questioned her new name, Mikyo had told her she compared her hand to that of the hour hand of the clock—small, fat and slow.

Within a month the villagers at the mission clinic were all calling her Sister of the Little Hand. Within a few years they had all forgotten she ever had another name. Her heart was breaking as she limped along the deserted, overgrown paths, remembering happy times, carrying her cold shadow of sorrow with her like some protective cloak.

During all the years of her solitude only once had she spoken to Mikyo. By then a handsome woman, she had kept her back to Seng as Sister Angela had unwound a heavy bandage, to find no wound. They smiled into each others eyes transmitting all the love of a lifetime in one glance. And in the bandage box, afterwards, Sister Angela had found a packet of her favourite ginger.

And that was the last time they had met and now Mikyo was wed to Seng.

In some ways she could be glad Seng was her enemy, the ruthless enemy of all who opposed the party's future for China. But in his way he was a fine man, loyal and unselfish. And in time, perhaps, as he led the village to greater prosperity, his role of spy and oppressor would be forgotten, just as the mission and its message were being forgotten, as she herself would soon be forgotten.

The night she was arrested Reverend Mother had declared that if a single one of those to whom they had brought the message were to remember it, then they would not have failed. But how could these simple people remember now, Sister Angela sighed, how could they remember the silenced voice?

At that thought she blinked up at the bell tower which had been silent now for years, reflecting the last time it had spoken to the valley folk.

She had climbed into the belfry one Christmas morning, and roused the village with a call to prayer.

When Seng burst into the bell tower she had feared he was come to kill her. He was beside himself with fury. Snatching the stout rope from her hands, he had tried in a frenzy to pull it down, only ringing the bell more violently. Thwarted, he had swept up the coils of rope and hurled it through the window, where it hung over the river, the large bell sending out its dying echoes across the valley.

"One more superstitious tongue silenced," he had exulted. "Yours, too before long."

Now he was here again, handsome and frowning, triumphant, "Sister of the Little Hand, you must go."

"I am ready," she said, wondering painfully whether Mikyo would be there to bid farewell. A few villagers were gathered around the dusty track, but, perhaps only to be first when the looting of the mission began, already a boy was darting out of the kitchen with two huge aluminium pans.

Sister Angela had never known such loneliness. She found herself whispering to herself a prayer that she would see Mikyo just once more. She tried to pray, to be brave, to think of something to say to the silent village folk—something they would have to remember: but all she could do was to long for Mikyo and grieve for her failure in China.

But Mikyo too was grieving, locked in the hut of her husband. The engine of the truck was started, and Mikyo was not there, her love was silenced like the bell, she thought, as the truck moved out.

As it climbed up the steep slope Sister Angela jumped, strangely agile, stumbling and sliding down the tufted slope. Painfully she drew nigh to the belfry. A madness had seized her, she must hear the voice of the bell, ringing clear in the dullness of the day.

Faggots of wood were piled high against the grey walls of the belfry—ready for destruction. No one observed her as she pulled herself painfully up the slippery steps to the bell.

The faggots were now alight, the first fuming spirals of smoke rising. The first flames fanned by the wind of the hills reached upwards like grasping fingers clutching towards her.

And above the roar and crackle of the fire the bell's clear triumphant call ringing over the hilltop, and into the next village. And beyond, beyond it echoed.

And the villagers knelt in the mission square, and the silenced voices sounded in unison miming a prayer mingling with the tones of the hill and the grey clouds lifted and a sunbeam marvellous in its golden radiance shot upwards, and Mikyo, the wife of Seng stopped weeping. It was their day of victory.

SUSAN HAY, V Tech.

A SATIRE ON THE FOLLIES OF FEMALES

*Suddenly a rustling—an alien thing!
Some devil, perhaps, or witch on the wing
Had entered the boudoir, climbed the high wall
Was lying in wait to take Beauty in thrall.*

*But did Beauty lie there in silence? Oh, no!
Loud as a siren she shrieked, "Help, oh!"
"Save me, you maidens—here's some awful beast."
"To the rescue," they cried. "Tis a dragon at least!"*

*Armed with a hockey stick, some pokers and tongs,
They rushed to put right the fair maiden's wrongs.
Where is he—the villain, the wicked intruder?
He came thro' the window. What could be cruder!*

*Her screams were heartrending and to such an extent
That more joined the chase and to shrieks gave vent.
They upset the scent bottle and spilled the pin tray,
'Till Beauty wished all her deliverers away.*

*"He's gone!" cried the heroines. "We put him to
And then there arose a roar and a shout— [rout!]"
"We've killed him who dared on my lady encroach!"
They gathered to see—'twas a harmless cockroach.*

V. A. F.

An Introduction to Jazz

A few years ago, as it happens it was around this time of year, I found that, musically, my life was rather empty. "Pop" music no longer satisfied me—so I looked around for something deeper. The question then was—what?

From conversations with a very good friend of mine—R. J. Williams—I realised that I could choose between jazz, and classical music. It is obvious from the title which I chose.

Many prejudiced readers may wonder how I could choose between a music as crude and noisy as jazz and classical music—I would like to explain my choice straight away.

Jazz is a music which utilises a marked rhythm—and which, in its early days was played loud. (Jazz has an interesting history, a knowledge of which explains many of the faults of early jazz, but I do not think that it is necessary to delve into it here). Yet even in those early days the music was far from being crude.

The traditional jazz band contains seven men—each has a different instrument, and each a different job to do. The band is divided into two parts—the rhythm section is comprised of three men who play drums, banjo/guitar and tuba/bass—the instrumentation varies with the style of the group and of the tune being played. The front line is constant—trombone, cornet and clarinet—a line-up found by experiment to be the best. It is interesting to note that the early musicians did not like using the saxophone because it tended to obscure the ensemble passages. Where a piano was introduced it was used as a bridge instrument between the rhythm section and the front line.

In New Orleans bands it was the job of the rhythm section merely to maintain a solid and unchanging "beat" as a backing for the ensemble improvisations of the front line, the piano connecting the two. The improvisations were made with the cornet leading, the clarinet plays a descant while the trombone "fills-in" the bass improvisations.

This type of traditional line-up was used by jazz musicians, with occasional variations from its formation (circa. 1890) until this form grew unpopular—in the early thirties. Its unpopularity was mainly due to an honest attempt by several groups of musicians to introduce classicism into jazz—the resultant music was called "swing" and now "big-band jazz."

Big-band jazz is almost entirely arranged beforehand—scope being given to soloists for improvisation—examples of this type of music are to be found in the work of such bands as those of "Duke" Ellington, "Count" Basie and Johnny Dankworth.

The early forties saw another attempt to introduce classicism into jazz—this time the traditional line-up and style was introduced. Elderly band leaders were found in cotton fields and brought to the studios to lead bands of equally aged musicians—and the Revival was on!

It took ten years for Revivalist jazz to reach Britain, by which time America had fostered yet another attempt to make jazz classic—on this occasion it was a move from the music colleges, young men like Dave Brubeck formed small groups with what were, to traditionalists' eyes, odd line-ups.

It is interesting to compare these, the newest type of jazz with the old New Orleans music—to see what has happened over the past seventy years. "Dixieland" music is emotional—a music for and of an emotional people—a music with a commanding beat—a music for dancing—for festivals and parades. Modern jazz is a music for and of intellectuals—quiet and refined—thoughtful, a music for listening.

I would like to see the line-up that has been proved over seventy years of experiment, being used by a group of musicians with a modernist's outlook. That is my ideal, why don't you listen to this jazz, the music of this age, and see what you make of it?

PETER HUSSEY, L.VIA.

THE STREAM

*Through banks of purple heather
The streamlet winds its way,
Somewhere to reach its tether
Before the end of day.*

*Down past the old stone houses
It flows with languid ease,
To where the violet drowns
In the shadow of the trees.*

*It flows through distant valleys,
Where little lambs at play
Regard it as it dallies
Along its timeless way.*

*At last, it has a vision
Of greater power in store,
And makes a great decision
To carry all before.*

EIRY BOWEN, V. Remove.

The International Camp

First of all I will tell you who I am and where I live. I am a Dutch girl, twenty years old and my home is in one of Europe's smallest countries—namely Holland. I live in Holland's biggest port, Rotterdam.

Why am I writing in your magazine? Well, I was asked to write an article on this year's "International Camp."

The International Meeting started on the 23rd of July on a Wednesday afternoon. The weather was perfect on this day. As I had been staying in Pembroke for some days I went to the Grammar School, where the camp would be held, quite early that afternoon. Some girls, pupils of the school, gave me a warm welcome and showed me round the lovely school. I found it a great luxury that the camp was being held in such a beautiful place, which had only been built a few years ago. When telling people about the camp they are surprised to hear that we spent this fortnight in a school instead of under canvas.

It was about four o'clock that the Pembroke Grammar School girls and boys proposed to meet the other participants at Pembroke Station. I can still remember the arrival of the train. Girls and boys, nearly all strangers to us and to each other, jumped out of the train and in no time the platform was covered with suitcases, bags, coats, etc. We stared at each other with interest and curiosity. So this was the beginning of the Meeting! Soon suitcases and bags were carried from the platform into the bus, which stood ready for us. Yes—we had our private bus! What luxury! The bus dropped us at the main entrance from where we walked to the school, where the participants were brought to the dormitory and showed round the building.

After tea we were all given a label with a small safety-pin, on which we had to put our names and the countries from which we had come. These labels were worn by all during the first days, so that we would know each other. An excellent idea, we valued it highly that thought had been given even to the smallest things. Wednesday night we had the Welcome Dance to which the young people of the district were invited as well. The fact that the young people were invited, and really had come made us feel at home in Pembroke. That night the first real contact was made between the participants. We went to bed with the feeling of joy and satisfaction that we had decided to take part in the Meeting.

I will not give you a report of each day of the fortnight we spent at the camp, for this article would become a book then. I will tell you only the main things.

The basic element of the camp was the lectures around which all other functions were centred. Daily we had one or two lectures by prominent people. The subjects of the lectures were very instructive for all of us, because they dealt with problems which all nations of the world are facing today. They were the source of many discussions and from them we learnt about each others' countries. I really admired the lectures for their very valuable and unbiassed talks. Besides these lectures we spent long afternoons at the sea at Freshwater East, at Lydstep Bay and we made trips to Tenby, Caldey Island, Stackpole Quay and Carew Castle. We were given a splendid opportunity of seeing the beautiful coast and country of Pembrokeshire. I personally am in love with Wales, having had the good fortune to visit it several

times. Its beauty, and the hospitality of its inhabitants make true your well-known song: "We'll keep a welcome in the hillside" by Lyn Joshua.

We attended the Pageant which we thoroughly enjoyed. We had sing songs during which the several countries represented taught each other some of their songs, which used to cause much fun, for the many foreign songs translated into English seemed to have almost the same subject: love and its consequences. During one of these community sing songs the harp, your national instrument, was played in such a wonderful way that I had the idea that my heart would burst and all my friends had the same feeling. It was then that I learned to love the harp.

In our spare time we played table-tennis, tennis, cards, we wrote letters, went shopping, read, did our bits of washing and danced. Some of the participants were excellent at acting, at playing instruments and singing and gave us many memorable hours. Often you could find us talking about life's most difficult problems, about religion and about the world. We did not solve the problems, but we had not come to the camp to do this. What had brought us from the different countries to the camp? It was the fact that people from various nations of the world should meet.

The following countries were represented: Great Britain, France, Germany, Austria, Poland, Yugoslavia, Ghana, Pakistan, China and Holland. It was in this camp that bridges were built between the young people of different races. Each of us was open for the other, as the other was open for us. We looked behind the colour of the person in question, we saw into their hearts and discovered that this heart was exactly the same as ours. The same applies to the differences between the communists and the non-communists, the Roman Catholics and the Protestants, the Germans and the non-Germans.

We had several communists in the camp, though they were not Russian communists but partisans of Tito. Did it matter? Weren't they people like all the others? They cannot help that they think differently to the non-communists.

Until I joined the camp I disliked the Germans though I didn't suffer consciously as other people in our and other countries did from the war. The dislike for the Germans was transformed through my contact with young Germans into something much more mild and tolerant.

As always where all sort of people meet, discussions about religion arise. Only a few days after the camp had started many of us opened a debate on religion. There were two groups, the Roman Catholics and the Protestants. Usually people start quarrelling while discussing this subject, however, it didn't happen this time. Both sides tried to understand the point of view of the other. Now that I look back, I agree that it was a dangerous experiment to start a talk on this matter. From these examples you can gather that the motto of the camp, "Above all nations humanity," became true.

I should like to tell you something about those who had the organisation and the running of the camp in their hands. We had to keep to certain rules but we did not always obey them which always happens when young people are together. Mostly the staff acted as if they didn't know about it and if something had to be said it was done in a pleasant way. Whenever we had difficulties we could go to them.

One of the staff was always with us, and what was very important—they were one of Us.

The food we had during the camp was excellent. Much care and attention were given to the meals and it was the good quality of the food that made it possible to have long days and short nights without losing weight or feeling tired. After dinner we used to wash up, not all of us, but those whose turn it was. Don't think that we were ever allowed to finish the washing-up, for the ladies who gave their voluntary services in the kitchen, always gave us a helping hand. I'm glad of this chance to be able to say, and I'm sure also on behalf of the other participants, a very hearty 'Thank you' to them.

We tried on the last night of the camp to give you something of an evening's entertainment but no words or deeds of ours could ever fully prove to you how very, very grateful we are for the splendid opportunity given to us by you to put "*Above all nations humanity.*"

The last day of the camp, even the night before, was awfully sad. We were silent, we tried to hide our feelings and to forget that the end was rapidly nearing, but nothing could prevent the sadness. After we had said goodbye to each other we separated with the glimpse of hope to meet again some time in the future.

We have learnt a lot and we have made many friends, thanks to the man who had the original idea of starting these camps, and had the vitality and the energy to turn it into reality. My message to the pupils of the Grammar School is to try to join an international camp during their holiday.

May Christmas be to you all, people of Pembroke, a time of festivity and gladness and may the New Year 1959 bring to us all peace in the world and understanding between all nations.

NORA VAN KEULEN.

The Eighteenth Time

In the fortnight that he had been in London, William had been to the cinema seventeen times. When his parents had moved to London he had been delighted because now he could see all the films and shows that he had dreamed of ever since he was a little boy of five. Now he was eighteen years old and was looking for a job in London. He was not, however, finding this as easy a task as he had hoped. He had been out in the busy streets every day in the last fortnight, tramping from one employment office to another, until when he arrived home in the evening all he wanted to do was sleep. But he had fought against his tiredness, and had gone to one of the huge neon-lighted cinemas of his dreams. He had felt somehow that the whole purpose of his coming to London was to see all the films that, before, he had only seen advertised and criticised in newspapers. He knew that his parents did not like him to go out at nights, but they did not mention it, so he did not mind.

Being a quiet country lad, he had not yet made any friends. Although he would never admit it he was rather scared of the London youngsters he had seen. He had heard of "Teddy" boys, but had not yet seen one and was not quite sure how to recognise one if he did. As for the girls, he was dazzled by their numbers and their shrill noisy voices. They all seemed, as far as he could see, to be fighting for possession of the male population.

This was his eighteenth night at the "flicks" as he had learned to call the cinema. He was going to the "Odeon" for a change. He felt just the slightest bit lonely as he was jostled this way and that by the London crowds; their multi-coloured clothes and variety of faces illuminated in the glare of hundreds of lighted windows and neon signs. He could see through the milling crowds on to the street beyond the pavement. It seemed to him that the continuous line of vehicles, gleaming under the lights was in an entirely different world from him. They seemed so unreal in that artificial sort of atmosphere, that he felt like touching one to reassure himself that he was not dreaming. Then someone shouted in his ear, "Get a move on, mate!" and he was brought down to earth with a bump.

"Sorry," he murmured, but the owner of the voice had vanished among the crowds.

Once inside the "Odeon," his cigarette adding its wreath of smoke to the already hazy atmosphere, his confidence returned. He even attempted conversation with the man next to him, but a glance at his face showed him to be asleep. "What a waste of money," thought William.

He enjoyed the film, which was a mixture of love and adventure, and before he realised it, it was over, and he was outside again in the crowded street. Strangely, the crowds infuriated him, and he fought down the feeling of wanting to be in the country again to get a little peace and quiet. He was ashamed of this thought, because "peace and quiet" was a favourite phrase of his father, whom he secretly despised. He looked up. Since he had been in London he realised, with a sinking feeling, that he had never once looked up at the sky. The heavens had always fascinated him. He always had a feeling of both awe and peace when he looked above him. Now, however, when he raised his head he was surprised because the sky seemed to be blotted out by huge buildings. This also made him angry. He felt like tearing them away and revealing the whole of his majestic sky again.

He walked on, not taking much notice of the chattering people about him. He despised them, but this was perhaps because he was afraid of them. He was not thinking about London. But, in his imagination he was back in Kent, in the beautiful little village in which he had been brought up. The singing of the birds, and the whispering of the wind in the trees overhanging the brook, the lowing of the cattle as they were driven home on a hot summer evening, when the drone of bees made everything seem heavy and sleepy. These were the things that made his mind wander, so that he forgot time, the crowds, and worst of all, his way home.

It was not a natural sound, such as a shout in his ear that aroused him this time. A shrill scream rang through the air, echoing back from the walls of the towering buildings. He looked up, and his heart jumped, for he was now in a deserted alleyway. The pitiful light of a few dim street lamps flickered on the dark walls and cast eerie shadows. His eyes sought the source of the scream which had made his blood run cold, and then he saw it. A few yards further on, a brilliant patch of light from an open doorway fell on the street. It would have been a pleasant and comforting sight if there had not been something else. In the patch of light was lying a young girl. William found himself staring at her face, on which there gleamed vivid streaks of blood which was slowly dripping on to the pavement.

"She's dead—murdered!" The thought burst on William's mind like a thunderbolt. He stood rooted to the spot. He could feel the sweat breaking out on his forehead, and felt his tightly-clenched hands grow cold and clammy. Then, out of the shadows rose a huge form, or so it seemed to William, and at the same time he was seized by the throat. He found himself staring into a huge, ugly face. It was grained, like wood, with filth, and the eyes, which burned like fire, glinted in the bright light from the doorway. William tried to cry out but no sound came from his throat which had become as dry as dust. The almost calm thought which passed through his petrified mind was, "chaps in the desert must feel like this." There was sweat on the face that was almost touching his, although he was straining every muscle and ounce of his strength to avoid it. There was something else on that face too: something that gleamed red, seeming almost luminous. William caught the sickening smell of alcohol from the other's filthy mouth and knew that he was face to face with a murderer.

Then, in that moment his wits returned. In a flash he had wrenched himself free and was running blindly back along the street with the murder's voice in his ears bawling, "Come back here, you little hound!" He ran on and on for miles it seemed to him. He was sure he could hear heavy footsteps pounding behind him but it could have been the thumping of his own heart. Then the terror which had left him for a moment came back, blinding and deafening him and taking all the power from his limbs. Then he felt himself being held up and someone saying, "Son, what is the matter, where have you been?"

William almost sobbed the word, "Father," and lapsed into complete unconsciousness.

GILLIAN TEAGUE, U.IV.A.

FRESHWATER WEST

*Freshwater West,
Is the beach we like best—
My brothers and I.*

*We walk on the grass,
Pick flowers as we pass.
The lark's in the sky.*

*In each sandy dip,
We tumble and trip
Pretending to fly.*

*We splash in each pool
To keep ourselves cool;
The sun shines on high.*

*Our picnic is set,
How hungry we get,
That was a good pie!*

*Then home to rest,
From Freshwater West
My Brothers and I.*

Adèle Berntzen, IIIA.

TO SNOWFLAKES

*Swiftly, silently thro' the night
Making the earth all dazzling white,
A mantle of snow so quickly born,
And when I awake in the chilly morn,
I gaze from my window in wide surprise
At the wondersome world that meets my eyes.
Beneath the moon's pale, silvery light
You fluttered gaily thro' the night,
And sailing, whirling, round and round
You changed the world, without a sound.
Now, trees are clothed in crisp white snow,
And Jack Frost nips both hand and toe,
You fall now, on the flower beds,
And lightly tip the snowdrop's heads;
All six-sided, glistening, bright,
Your myriad forms are sparkling white.
Crystals slide down the window pane
Then vanish into nothing again;
Beauty imprisoned in ice today,
Here for a moment, then gone away.
Now, morning dawns in splendour dressed,
While the frosty morn has gone to rest,
And o'er the snow-clad fields, I see
Many a desolate, ghostly tree:
Branches stripped of their bright, gay leaves,
Wrapt in the silence the snowflake weaves.*

JENNIFER F. MORGAN, IIIA.

The 1958 Empire Games

It was the time of 9.5 seconds for the 100 yards that first took the imagination of the public and the man who returned that time who stirred their affection. Until he did so, the sixth British Empire and Commonwealth Games, held at Cardiff last July, stood in danger of being a failure. The Owenses and Jones and Williamses and Merediths and Ifors and Dais that constitute the sporting public of Wales had not really grasped the significance of a sporting event which did not offer a chance of roaring encouragement to Cliff Morgan, Terry Davies and their thirteen colleagues. But Thomas Augustus Robinson, the one-man team from the Bahamas won their moral and financial support by his heart-warming courage and endearing shyness. When the curly-headed Robinson returned this time for his heat, the Welshmen paid in their thousands to see him sprint the final against Keith Gardner, the dusky super-athlete from Jamaica.

Wales was the smallest country ever to receive this great Sports Festival, and she rose nobly to the occasion. Every legitimate means of raising funds was exploited—the huge collection reached Pembroke Grammar School and, like all our countrymen we, "forked out" cheerfully. Cardiff Arms Park, the headquarters of Welsh rugby, acquired an athletics scoreboard and a deep-brown track. The famous turf was dug up to make way for sand-pits and the New Zealand athletes asked to see the ground upon which Teddy Morgan had scored the try which had brought defeat to their National XV, years before.

Television coverage of the Games was extensive, and soon the people of Wales became acquainted with the sporting personalities of the Commonwealth who had come to Cardiff—Robinson, Gardner, the fabulous Herb Elliot of Australia, Milkah Singh of India. By rumours and by certain glimpses of the crowd shown by the television cameras, it became generally accepted that there was considerable room to spare in the stadium and tickets were eagerly sought. I was one of a small party who motored up to see the athletics on the third day of the meeting. Rapidly disillusioned, we were forced to buy seats more expensive than we had anticipated, for the sale of tickets was now far greater than we had been led to expect.

For us, and for everyone else fortunate enough to see the Games, a series of thrilling contests were staged: The mighty performances of Herb Elliott who won gold medals in both mile and half-mile, Anna Pazera's world-record javelin throw and the friendly rivalry between Robinson and Gardner in the sprint races, each winning one of their two encounters, are some of the most memorable features of a thrilling week. Yet among all this sporting splendour, little Wales held her own. A gold medal and several silver ones were won for boxing and Dave Power who won both six-mile and marathon races met tremendous opposition from Merriman of Wales in the former and the Welsh team in the latter.

Behind the thrill of athletic competition, there lay an atmosphere of great warmth and friendship which did a great deal to strengthen the ties of membership of a Commonwealth which united the nations taking part. Gestures of friendship, such as that of Gardner who taught his training secrets to Robinson, his chief rival on the track, often occurred. Prominent against this background of fine sentiment stood the climax, when Queen Elizabeth, unable to attend the Games through ill-health, had a recorded speech relayed over the public address system proclaiming her intention of making her son Charles, Prince of Wales. The great roar of applause with which this was greeted, brought to an end an occasion of which, for many reasons, the Commonwealth, especially Wales, can be justly proud.

JOHN LEWIS, Lower VI Arts.

SOFT AUTUMN RAIN

*Glistening drops, like pearls
Thrown up by flying fish
Are sliding softly down the glass
The verdurous trees, still dark and green
Are bending, bowing top-most leaves
Lighter shaded, like shubunkins
Reduced to pearl by enervating sea.*

*And in the midst of green and grey
A reddened tree, picked out aloof and bared,
Points the way and shows the journey's end
In effortless mutation.
Yet far, far away upon the hill
Against the looming clouds,
The spire of granite stone, stands still.*

JOHN E. TRICE, U.VIA.

THE NATIVITY

*The silvery moon shone down
Upon a peaceful town;
All was still and holy.
And in a stable lowly
Jesus slept on a bed of hay,
Wrapped in swaddling bands he lay.
He uttered not the slightest sound
As the creatures gathered round—
The braying ass with furry coat
Stood by the tiny lamb and goat.
The cooing dove, with feathers soft,
Perched in the hay within the loft.
The angels sang sweet hymns above—
Hymns of praise, and hymns of love.
Joseph with his lantern bright,
Watched with Mary through the night.
The shepherds prayed on bended knee.
Three wise men from the east, did see
The holy child in a manger laid,
Watched over by the gentle maid.*

SUSAN HARTELL, IIA.

The Sale of Work

This, the first function of the school year, was, as usual, a great success. The opening ceremony this year was graciously performed by Mr. and Mrs. Noel Jones, of Milford, to whom we are very grateful.

Although Miss Lewis-Davies, our headmistress for many years, had left, and was therefore unable to press us into service to make jam, aprons and numerous other articles, and also to collect fruit, etc., as she has done in the past, she still took a very active part in it, and had Miss Hughes as a very able deputy in school.

Room 2 was again commandeered by the disc-jockeys of Bush House, and it was here that some members of the school (who shall be nameless) showed as much prowess in the art of jiving and rock 'n' roll as the crowded room allowed.

Members of the school cookery department were kept very busy preparing the food to the hungry visitors, who came in a never-ending stream to buy the inevitable "cuppa tea and bun."

The vegetable stall was presided over by Mr. Whitehall, who did a roaring trade in miscellaneous fruit and vegetables. After his success in this field the school choir is living in a continual fear of his leaving and setting himself up as a green-grocer. The handwork stalls, of which there were many, were also selling their wares at a fast rate, and the gooseberries, blackberries and apples, which Miss Davies and Miss Hughes had acquired, were in great demand in their reformed state as school-made jam.

It is due to the hard work and preparation of the many people concerned that the Sale of Work was so successful, it is to these people that the school is extremely grateful.

J. S. AND P. J., Lower VIA.

The Faraday Lecture

The chance of missing lessons is always a great temptation to school pupils, but it was with a different idea in mind that 29 boys and girls set off on Tuesday, 25th November, to go to the Faraday Lecture at Swansea.

This lecture, given annually by the Institution of Electrical Engineers, is usually held outside Wales, so we were anxious to make the most of the opportunity.

The lecturer, Mr. H. A. Thomas, had chosen as his topic 'Automation,' and for 18 months he, and a large group of others, had been preparing it. All the work which had gone into it became more and more obvious as the afternoon progressed, for even the least scientific types among the 1,400 at the lecture were delighted by the experiments, for many of them consisted of shooting tennis balls across the stage from a tiny gun.

By a series of these ingenious experiments and films, Mr. Thomas showed us how articles could be graded automatically into boxes, referring to weight, density, size and shape, working with things as distinct from one another as doughballs and screws.

Also he introduced us to the electronic computer, which has become so widely used in the last few years, and although he only worked out sums which we pride ourselves in being able to calculate, e.g., $7 + 4 = ?$; $8 + 2 = ?$; we were nevertheless surprised at the speed which the automatic machine adder upper completed the above problems.

Thus the two hours passed very quickly and enjoyably and the thunderous noise of clapping when the lecture finished showed how much Mr. Thomas had been appreciated.

On the way home Mr. Greenwood showed himself to be a born waiter, by providing all the ladies with coffee and pies at a wayside café. The sounds of revelry echoing from the back seat of the bus, reverberated through the darkening valleys as we said "farewell" to Swansea.

MARGARET KAVANAGH, Upper VI Science.

Coriolanus: By William Shakespeare

*Presented by the School Dramatic Society for three nights—
November 20–22 inc.*

The task of selecting a play for the School production must indeed be an arduous one. With a long succession of successful productions behind them, some outstanding but none failures, Mr. Shaw and his committee must ponder deeply over their choice. This choice, of course, is governed by various factors, the most important being the acting talent at their disposal. Fortunately for the ordinary amateur dramatic society, it can rely on its players being available year after year, but the school society has to face up to the annual loss of a number of its most talented and experienced performers. This year the ranks of the girls were more reduced than those of the boys, and this no doubt led the committee to look for a mainly masculine play. They found it in 'Coriolanus,' the second Shakespeare play chosen in three years, but a very different proposition from 'The Merry Wives of Windsor.'

'Coriolanus' contains many crowd scenes, and this enabled the producer to introduce a large number of inexperienced boys into the cast. Inexperienced they may have been, but the crowd is a major element in 'Coriolanus,' and if the soldiers and citizens are not well-drilled and well-grouped much of the effectiveness of the play will be lost. The producer had trained his crowds really well, and it is no reflection on the characters with large speaking parts to say that the soldiers and citizens often introduced movement and life into a play which by its very nature is at times wordy and slow. There is no doubt that these 'extras' revelled in the battles and mob scenes, and so realistically and enthusiastically did they perform them that one spectator at least marvelled that no (real) blood appeared to have been spilled during the three performances.

For some years now it has not been necessary to call on a member of the staff to act in a school play, but this year there were two parts, those of Coriolanus himself and of his mother, which would have been difficult, if not impossible, for an adolescent to undertake. Mr. Gammon brought to the part of Coriolanus a soldierly bearing, a splendid voice which was at its best when lashing the fickle mob, and last but not least a prodigious memory. It is a tribute to Mr. Gammon's voice that it came across as strong as ever in the very last scene on the last night, after having declaimed so many long and powerful speeches throughout the play. Mr. Gammon gave a splendid portrayal of the ambitious general, whether at the height of success or in the depths of unpopularity, who is brought to his doom largely because he cannot resist his mother's pleas to show mercy to his native city.

Miss Boyle, whom we welcome to school dramatics, played the part of Volumentia with dignity and feeling, and the scene in which she succeeds, where so many others have failed, in persuading her son to spare Rome, was probably the most dramatic in the play. A slightly older make-up however, would have made her appearance even more effective. In the scene mentioned she was ably supported by Rosemary Andrew, who made the most of a small, but by no means easy part as Virgilia, the hero's wife.

The part of Tullus Aufidius, the Volscian leader, was played by David Pearson, who has had considerable experience in school dramatics. His voice is good, if somewhat lacking in variety of tone, but his all-round performance was extremely competent, whether he was snarling defiance at Coriolanus in battle, welcoming him to the Volscian ranks as an enemy turned friend or, and this was perhaps most difficult, remaining silent while Volumentia pleaded with her son. If ever a human back could be eloquent, Pearson's was in this scene, and his final remark: 'I was mov'd withal,' contained just the right amount of irony.

To me the other outstanding performance by a pupil was that of John Lewis as Menenius, Coriolanus's old friend and counsellor. Lewis made a real attempt to bring the most out of the part, and some of his speeches, querulous and chiding, were the lightest touches in a play almost continuously serious in tone. His appearance, facial expressions and gestures were all good, and his voice, though varying in clarity, was generally full and expressive.

The villains of the piece, Sicinius and Brutus, the tribunes of the people, were played by Charles James and John Trice. The fact that they made me think, most irreverently, of Tweedledum and Tweedledee is a criticism of Shakespeare rather than of the players.

They reminded me of another of his inseparable couples, though of a different type, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern in 'Hamlet.' My sympathy was with the actors because their scenes had such a sameness about them, proceeding roughly as follows: firstly 'withdraw,' usually down-stage, secondly criticise everything poor Coriolanus does, thirdly plot dark schemes against him and finally move off to another part of Rome, with Tweedledum—I mean Brutus—saying: 'Let's to the Capitol,' or words to that effect, and his faithful partner answering: 'Have with you,' or 'Let us go.' James's diction was excellent and he made fine use of his toga, while Trice, though I suspect he was not too happy in his part, made a venerable and sinister plotter, though it is a pity that he addressed many of his lines 'up left.'

Glyn Macken and Robert Holmes as the Roman generals were martial figures, with Macken the more vigorous in voice and gesture, though his speed of delivery caused much of what he said to be lost. Holmes, having at last been lured on stage from his beloved 'lights,' made a creditable first appearance and spoke his lines intelligently.

Of the other characters, mention should be made of Cyril MacCullum and John McNally as mob-leaders, coarse and rough in appearance and speech, but, alas, not always intelligible, who were ably supported by a somewhat diminutive but extremely perky citizen played by Nigel Davis. Kenneth Thomas made an energetic and almost ubiquitous messenger, who, not unreasonably, we feel, considering the amount of running he had to do, appeared to be constantly out of breath. Probably, like Puck, he was quite able to 'put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes.' Margaret Thomas made the most of a brief appearance as a shrewish Volscian servant, and Ann Hall and Joan Morgan, two more newcomers, were elegant and composed as Roman gentlewomen. Two boys who spoke their lines well and who should be useful in future productions were Jeffrey Owen in a doubled Volscian part and Gerald Mountstevens as Aufidius' lieutenant. Paul Crotty was dignified as a Volscian senator. The youngest member of the cast, Ronald Henson as young Martius, put plenty of spirit into his only speech.

The costumes, supplied by Messrs. Watts and the Pageant of Pembroke wardrobe, were most colourful, the Roman and Volscian soldiers in their contrasting uniforms, with flashing helmets, shields and breastplates, setting the martial tone of the play. Mr. Cooper had wisely contented himself with one set throughout, but the audience had no difficulty in following the thread of the action with the aid of the summary of the play in the programme. The classical columns and arches provided an effective and unobtrusive background to the action, while clever lighting aided the frequent scene changes.

Mr. Shaw is to be congratulated on training his large company so thoroughly, and the actors on playing their parts with enthusiasm and vigour. These parts, some very long, had been well learnt, and there were no noticeable lapses of memory in any performance. The producer made the most of the action in the play and kept it moving at a good pace throughout. If it did slow occasionally, it was entirely due to the length of some of the speeches.

The School Dramatic Society can feel well satisfied with its latest production. 'Coriolanus,' with its many weaknesses as a play, set a formidable task to producer and players, a task which they tackled boldly and accomplished successfully. Though the play is 'caviare to the general,' as was evidenced by the smaller audiences than usual,

those who came in spite of the title, 'Coriolanus,' a Tragedy, were thoroughly entertained by a production well up to the high standard which the School Dramatic Society has set in the past.

A. W. W. D.

School Notes

At the beginning of the school year the Prefects were:—

GLYNDWR: Rosemary Andrew (Head Prefect), Yvonne Mansell, Mary Jones, Jennifer Jones, Dorothy Lewis, Robert Holmes (House Captain), Alan Butler, Paul Crotty, Ivor Davies.

TUDOR: Ann Fraser (House Captain), Margret Dean, Shirley Dundas, Andrea Jones, John Trice (Head Prefect), John Carr, Nigel Phelps, Kenneth Thomas.

HYWEL: Marina Watkins (House Captain), Patricia Oliver, Ann Ferrier, Penny Evans, David Pearson (House Captain), David Clay, Edward Goddard, Maurice Eynon.

PICTON: Margaret Thomas (House Captain), Jacqueline Godfrey, Margaret Kavanagh, Gillian Teague, Keith Smith (House Captain), Glyn Macken, John McNally, Cyril MacCullum.

The following have entered University Colleges: Ann Campo-donic, St. Hugh's College, Oxford; Beti Evans, University of Bristol; Robert Howe, Royal Veterinary College, London; Malcolm Morgan, University College, Swansea (Civil Engineering); John Rees, University College, Cardiff (Mechanical Engineering); William Watson, University College, Swansea (Science); Georg Grossmann, University College, Swansea (Metallurgy); Kenneth MacGarvie, University College, Cardiff (Science); Frederick Breese, University College, Bangor (Electrical Engineering); Graham Phillips, University College, Aberystwyth (Arts); Patricia Kavanagh, University College, Aberystwyth (Arts); Eira Brickle, University College, Bangor (Arts); Christopher Law, University College, Leeds (Arts).

The following have entered Training Colleges: Pamela Brown, Hereford Training College; Valerie Gough, Newton Park Training College, Bath; Margery Paine, College of Domestic Arts, Cardiff; Olive Rees, Cheshire County Training College, Crewe; Joan Thomas, Wrexham Training College.

Janet Saunders is now at Chelsea Art School, London; Roger Davies at Newport Technical College (Engineering) and Geoffrey Bettison at the School of Architecture, Welsh College of Advanced Technology, Cardiff.

Two Swiss girls, Danièle Masset and Therés Kurath, and a German boy, Volker Schenk, have spent the term with us. We hope that they have many happy memories of their stay.

School Diary

SEPTEMBER:

2nd—Term began.

16th—Visit of Careers Officers—Mrs. William and Mr. Christopher.

18th—H.M.I. visited school.

22nd, 23rd, 24th and 25th—Medical inspection.

OCTOBER:

- 4th—"Dock Leaves" Sale of Work. Opened by Mr. and Mrs. Jones, Milford Haven.
Arrival of Frau Pollens.
6th—Concert given by Madam Marianne Mislap-Kapper.
9th—Party of schoolboys visited H.M.S. Decoy.
13th—Visit of Dr. T. I. Davies and Mr. George Millers (Staff Inspectors of Agricultural Education).
14th—Barnardo Box Opening.
16th—School Photograph.
20th—Polio Vaccination.
24th—United Nations Day.
27th-31st—Half-term.

NOVEMBER:

- 3rd—B.C.G. Vaccination.
6th—B.C.G. Vaccination.
12th—Recital of Music by School Choir in St. Mary's Church, Pembroke.
13th—Arts Council performance of "Romeo and Juliet."
14th—Visit of School Dentist.
17th—W.J.E.C. Examinations began.
Polio injections.
20th, 21st, 22nd—School Play.
21st—Visit of School Dental Officer.
25th—a.m., Party travelled to Swansea for Faraday Lecture.
p.m., Y.F.C. Quiz and Social.
27th—Talk by Mr. J. M. Devreux-Colebourn, T.D., F.R.E.S., on "A World Tour."
Lecture by Mr. Whitehall to Arts Club—"A Tribute to Vaughan-Williams."

DECEMBER:

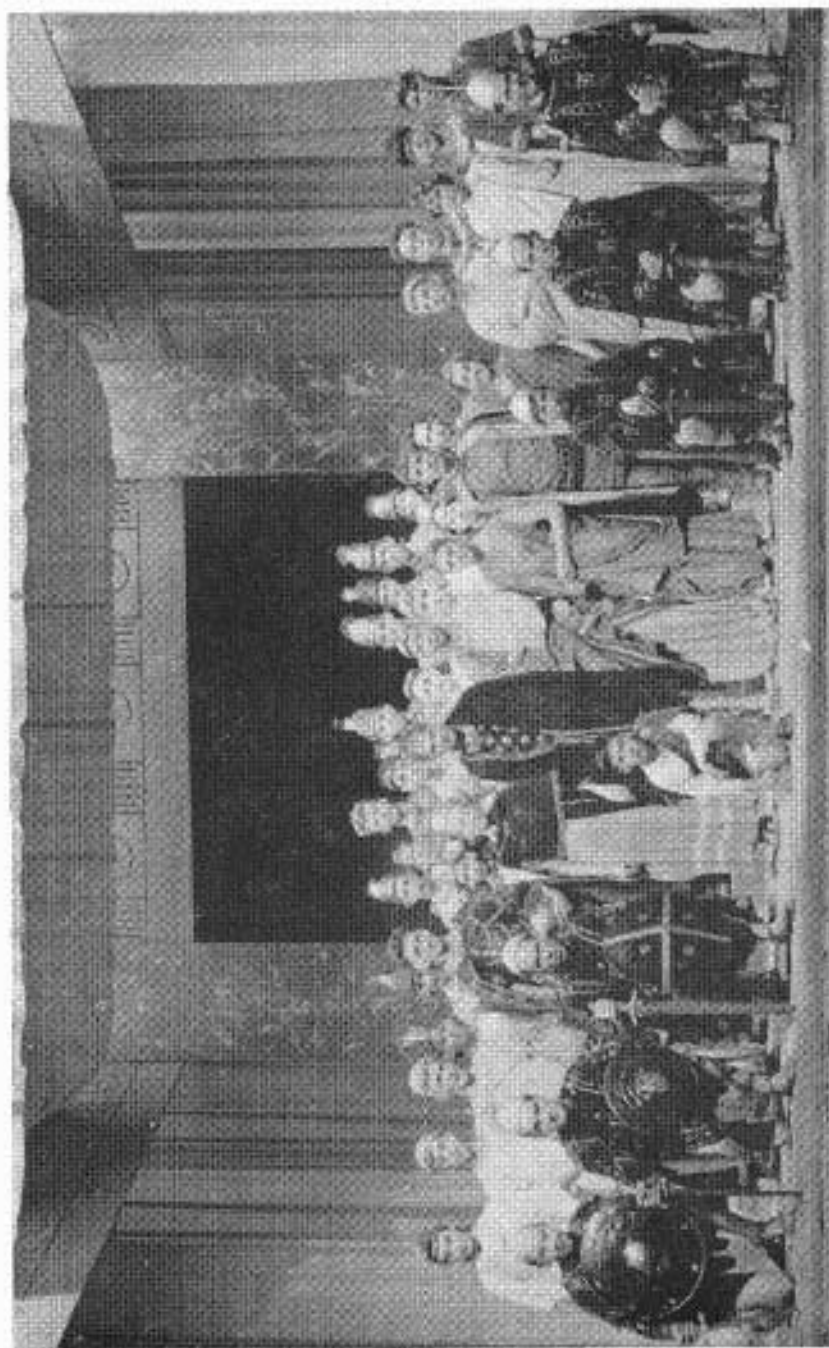
- 1st—Party from Trinity College, Carmarthen, visited school.
5th—Meeting of International Friendship Society.
10th—Prize Day.
15th—IInd Form Christmas Party.
16th—p.m., Talk by Inst. Lieut. Dalziel, R.N., to IV Form boys.
IInd Form Christmas Party.
17th—a.m., Dental Inspection.
p.m., IV Form Christmas Party.
18th—Senior Christmas Party.
19th—End of Term.

Examination Results, 1958

GENERAL CERTIFICATES OF EDUCATION—ORDINARY LEVEL

V. REMOVE

- Brian Anfield—English Language, English Literature, French, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry.
Desmond Brown—English Language, English Literature, French, History, Geography.
Julia Bush—English Language, English Literature, French, Geography, Mathematics, Chemistry, Biology.
Gillian Cook—English Language, English Literature, History, Mathematics, Physics, Art, Needlework.
Nigel Davis—English Language, English Literature, Chemistry, Biology.



Full cast of the School Play, "Coriolanus."



ROUNDERS TEAM 1958

Standing—Myrtle Williams, Jacqueline Godfrey, Dorothy Lewis, Susan Griffiths, Margaret Davies, Jean Shore.
 Sitting—Mrs. M. M. Ebsworth, Gillian Garnham, Gwyneth James, Margaret Thomas, Mr. R. G. Mathias.



CRICKET TEAM 1958

Standing—John Skone, Owen Picton, Tony Scourfield, Robert Parcell, Paul Crotty, Michael Jones.
 Seated—Mr. Hewish, Ivor Davies, John Gough, Nigel Phelps, John Carr, Roger Davies, Keith Smith, Mr. Devereux.



*Inrepid explorers of the unknown, or devil-may-care mountaineers?
—No, just a party of would-be litter-droppers and gate leaver-openers
(but for the vigilance of Mr. L.)—the Field Society.*

THE PENVRO

21

Wendy Gray—English Language, English Literature, French, German, Scripture, Geography.
 Charles James—English Language, English Literature, French, History, Chemistry.
 Thomas James—English Language, English Literature, French, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Music, Woodwork.
 Patricia Jones—English Language, English Literature, French, German, Scripture, History, Mathematics.
 Margaret Morgan—English Language, English Literature, French, German, History, Mathematics, Chemistry.
 Jean Shore—English Language, English Literature, French, German, History, Mathematics, Music, Needlework.
 Joyce Simlett—English Language, English Literature, German, Geography, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Biology.
 Jillian Thomas—English Language, English Literature, Latin, French, Scripture, History, Geography, Mathematics, Physics.

VX.

Eileen Attew—English Literature, Scripture, Geography, Economics.
 John Burton—Economics, Arithmetic.
 Miriam Cole—English Literature, Arithmetic, Art.
 Margaret Doidge—Arithmetic.
 Graham Harries—Geography, Arithmetic, Metalwork
 Mary Humphreys—English Language, Economics, Arithmetic.
 Pauline Jenkins—Arithmetic.
 Michael Paterson—English Literature.
 Owain Picton—Arithmetic.
 Vivian Roberts—Arithmetic.
 Geoffrey Thomas—Arithmetic.
 Patricia Waite—English Language.

V.O.

Janice Andrewartha—Art.
 Brian Angle—English Language, Mathematics, Physics, Woodwork.
 John Bowers—English Language, German, Mathematics.
 Pamela Bumstead—Cookery, Needlework.
 Myra Cook—English Language, Welsh, Arithmetic, Cookery, Needlework.
 Gareth Davies—English Language, Geography, Arithmetic.
 Robert Ferrier—English Language, Geography, Economics, Arithmetic, Biology, General Science, Agricultural Science.
 Gillian Garnham—English Language, Arithmetic, Homecraft.
 Peter Hussey—English Language, English Literature, Geography, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Biology.
 Patrick McNally—English Language, English Literature, Geography, Chemistry.
 Anthony McTaggart—Geography, Arithmetic, Metalwork.
 Anthony Scourfield—English Language, English Literature, History, Arithmetic.
 Patricia Sherlock—English Language, Scripture, Arithmetic, Cookery.
 Wendy Smith—English Language, French, Arithmetic.
 Graham Thomas—English Language, Mathematics.
 Janet Warlow—English Language, Cookery.

V.R.

Dorothy Anstee—Scripture, Economics, Homecraft.
 Richard Callen—Geography, Economics, Mathematics.
 Diane Ferris—English Language, Geography, Arithmetic, Cookery, Needlework.
 Susan Griffiths—English Language, English Literature, History, Geography.
 John Haggart—English Language, English Literature, Geography, Arithmetic, Physics, Biology.

- Patricia Harries—English Language, Scripture, History, Economics, Cookery.
 Jacqueline Hay—English Language, Scripture, Geography, Arithmetic,
 General Science, Cookery.
 Terrence James—English Language, History, Geography.
 Iona Jones—English Language, English Literature, Welsh, French, History,
 Mathematics, Needlework.
 Michael Jones—English Language, English Literature, Welsh, History,
 Geography, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry.
 Raymond Jones—English Language, English Literature, Scripture, History,
 Geography, Mathematics.
 Maureen Kenniford—English Language, Mathematics, Music, Cookery,
 Needlework.
 George Kyle—English Language, History, Arithmetic, Woodwork.
 John H. Lewis—English Language, English Literature, Welsh, French, History,
 Christine Macken—Cookery.
 Margaret Mathias—English Language, Scripture, Arithmetic, Cookery.
 Rosalie Minchin—English Language, English Literature, History, Art.
 Jeffrey Owen—English Language, English Literature, Geography, Mathe-
 matics, Physics, Biology, Metalwork.
 Robert Parcell—English Language, English Literature, Geography, Arith-
 metic, Art.
 John Pritchard—English Language, Geography, Economics, Arithmetic,
 Physics.
 Ray Reynolds—English Language, French, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry,
 Biology, Woodwork.
 David Robb—English Language, Geography, Mathematics, Physics, Chem-
 istry, Biology, Woodwork.
 Michael Roberts—English Language, English Literature, Welsh, Latin,
 French, Scripture, History, Mathematics.
 William Roberts—English Language, Geography, Chemistry, Art.
 David Saunders—English Language, English Literature, French, History,
 Geography, Mathematics, Woodwork.
 Valerie Smith—English Language, English Literature, Welsh, Arithmetic,
 Art.
 Michael Williams—English Language, Geography, Economics, Arithmetic.

V. TECHNICAL

- Michael Dyson—Biology, Woodwork.
 Lawrence Edwards—English Language, Geography, Biology.
 Cerith Evans—English Language, Biology, Woodwork.
 John James—English Language, Biology.
 Norman Mowlam—English Language, Welsh, Geography, Arithmetic, Biology,
 Woodwork, Metalwork.
 Richard Roberts-Thomas—English Literature, Geography, Arithmetic, Chem-
 istry, Biology.
 Kenneth Rogers—English Language, Geography, Biology, Woodwork, Metal-
 work.
 Anthony Smith—Geography, Biology, Woodwork, Metalwork.
 Nicholas Tebbutt—Welsh, Geography, Biology, Arithmetic, Woodwork,
 Metalwork.
 John Woodward—English Literature, Geography, Mathematics, Biology,
 Woodwork, Metalwork.

VI COMMERCIAL

- Veronica Block—Biology.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF ARTS

- Veronica Block—Typewriting Stages I & II, Book-keeping.
 Beti Evans—Typewriting Stages I & II, Book-keeping.
 Ann Ferrier—Typewriting, Stage I, Book-keeping.
 Christa Hempfling—Typewriting.
 Anne Wright—Typewriting.

LOWER VI

- Geoffrey Bettison—Practical Plane and Solid Geometry.
 Jillian Brookes—General Science.
 Allan Butler—Mathematics, Mechanics.
 David Clay—Mathematics, Mechanics.
 Valerie Colley—Physics.
 Paul Crotty—Geology.
 David Darlington—English Language, Physics, Geology, General Science.
 Ivor Davies—Practical Plane and Solid Geometry.
 Roger Davis—Physics.
 Margret Dean—Geology.
 Shirley Dundas—Music.
 Joseph Edwards—English Language.
 Paul Evans—Mathematics, Practical Plane and Solid Geometry.
 Maurice Eynon—Mathematics, Chemistry, Geology.
 Edward Goddard—Geology.
 Jacqueline Godfrey—Human Biology.
 Robert Holmes—Mathematics, Mechanics.
 Robert John—General Science, Practical Plane and Solid Geometry.
 Andrea Jones—Needlework.
 Margaret Kavanagh—Physics.
 Dorothy Lewis—Physics.
 Gordon Payne—Biology.
 Olive Rees—Mathematics.
 Kenneth Thomas—Geology.
 Terence Thompson—Mathematics, Mechanics.

GENERAL CERTIFICATE OF EDUCATION, ADVANCED LEVEL

LOWER VI

- David Griffiths—Pure and Applied Mathematics (Advanced), Mechanics
 (Ordinary).
 Glyn Macken—Pure and Applied Mathematics (Advanced), Mechanics
 (Ordinary).
 Nigel Phelps—History, Economics (Advanced).

UPPER VI

- Rosemary Andrew—English (Advanced).
 Frederick Breese—Pure Mathematics, Applied Mathematics, Physics (Ad-
 vanced), Practical Plane and Solid Geometry (Ordinary).
 Eira Brickle—English, Scripture (Advanced).
 Pamela Brown—German, Scripture, Economics (Ordinary).
 Anne Campodonic—English (with Distinction), French, History (Advanced).
 John Carr—Botany, Zoology (Advanced), Chemistry (Ordinary).
 Hazel Davies—English (Advanced), Welsh (Ordinary).
 John Dyke—Pure and Applied Mathematics, Physics (Advanced), Practical
 Plane and Solid Geometry (Ordinary); [Applied Mathematics (Ad-
 vanced)—Oxford].
 Beti Evans—Economics (Advanced), Commercial Subjects (Ordinary).
 Ann Fraser—History (Advanced), Geography, German (Ordinary).
 Valerie Gough—History, Geography (Advanced), English (Ordinary).
 Alun Griffiths—History (Advanced), Geography, Economics (Ordinary).
 Brian Griffiths—Mathematics, Practical Plane and Solid Geometry (Ordinary).
 Georg Grossmann—Pure and Applied Mathematics, Chemistry (Advanced),
 Physics (Ordinary); [Pure Mathematics (Advanced)—Oxford].
 Robert Howe—Zoology (Advanced), Botany (Ordinary); [Botany, Zoology
 (Advanced)—Oxford].
 John Jenkins—English, History (Advanced), Geography (Ordinary).
 Jennifer Jones—French, Art (Ordinary).
 Mary Jones—English (Advanced), French, History (Ordinary).

- Patricia Kavanagh—English, History (Advanced), Geography (with Distinction).
 Cyril MacCallum—English, History, Geography (Ordinary).
 Kenneth MacGarvie—Pure Mathematics, Chemistry (Advanced), Mechanics (Ordinary).
 Christopher Macken—History, Economics (Advanced), Geography (Ordinary).
 Yvonne Mansell—English, History, Physics, General Science (Ordinary).
 John MacNally—History, Geography, Economics (Advanced).
 Malcolm Morgan—Pure and Applied Mathematics, Physics, Geometrical and Engineering Drawing (Advanced).
 Patricia Oliver—French, German (Ordinary).
 Margery Paine—Economics, Mathematics, Human Biology (Ordinary).
 David Pearson—English, German, Scripture (Advanced).
 Graham Phillips—English, Geography (Advanced), Welsh, Geology (Ordinary).
 John Rees—Pure and Applied Mathematics, Physics, Geometrical and Engineering Drawing (Advanced).
 Janet Saunders—English, Art (Advanced), German (Ordinary).
 Keith Smith—Economics, Mathematics, Physics (Ordinary).
 Geoffrey Taylor—History (Advanced), French (Ordinary).
 Joan Thomas—Music (Advanced), Scripture, History (Ordinary).
 Margaret Thomas—Welsh (Advanced), English, Scripture (Ordinary).
 John Trice—English (with Distinction), History (with Distinction), Geography (Advanced).
 Marina Watkins—Welsh, History (Advanced), French (Ordinary).
 William Watson—Chemistry, Botany, Zoology (Advanced).

Bush House Notes

We returned from the summer holidays on 2nd September, 1958. Several boarders had left school at midsummer and their places had been taken by new boys. These newcomers soon settled down with us and are now quite used to our house routine.

Our new headmaster also came to stay with us for a short time, and we are now proud to count him as one of our "old boys." We got to know him well in the time he was with us, and we were sorry when he had to leave.

Another visitor of distinction was Mr. John Arlott, the well-known commentator and author. Mr. Arlott was spending a few days on a fishing holiday in Pembrokeshire as the guest of Mr. Gammon. Mr. Arlott told some very amusing stories about the great men of cricket, and we found it most stimulating to meet and talk to someone whose voice as a commentator was so familiar to us.

The boarders were again able to help with the annual *Dock Leaves Sale of Work*. Certain members of the house organised and ran the amusement section of the sale.

The pets section at Bush House continues to flourish under the care of Nicholas Tebbutt. Our dumb friends include hamsters, guinea pigs, budgerigars, white mice and goldfish, among others.

Several boys from the house took part in the school play this year as soldiers of one side or the other, and a few of us had speaking parts. We have also contributed members to the public speaking teams run by the Young Farmers' Club; Richard Thomas and Gerald Mountstevens represented the junior and senior teams respectively.

Some of our boys have played regularly for school rugby teams, and in the county trials.

We regret to report that two of our boys have spent some time in hospital, and we hope they will soon be completely recovered.

The School Farm

Since the last report appeared in the 'Penvro' the School Farm has gone through a period of considerable activity. Modern scientific farming is so different from the old system, when the seasons seemed to pass so quietly, with plenty of time for contemplation and discussion. Today, farming is a highly technical operation resulting from the application of a dozen different sciences. It is a fascinating occupation, a challenge to man's ingenuity and resourcefulness and made more exciting by the ever unpredictable course of nature.

The original policy for stocking the farm has now been fulfilled by the purchase this term of twelve Clun ewe lambs and one ram for breeding. The sheep were obtained from Mr. Partridge, of Parc-y-Pratt Farm in Cardiganshire, and in time it is hoped to increase the number to about twenty-five. The flock will be grazed mainly on the playing fields, and the first lambs should be born during the last week of March, 1959.

Perhaps the most interesting experiment conducted on the Farm this year is that of putting hens on a 'Shift' System and inducing one group to feed and lay during the night and sleep during the day!

The purpose of this experiment was to increase the number of hens on the Farm without a considerable expenditure on new buildings. Very simply, the idea is to have one group of 250 hens in a large deep-litter room during the day, feeding and laying in the normal way. At the same time, in a small adjacent, dark but ventilated room there is another group of 250 hens sleeping. It is essential that this small room is blacked-out, otherwise the hens will not sleep. At 4.30 p.m. each day the two groups of hens are changed round, those from the sleeping-room entering the large room, feeding and laying overnight with the aid of electric light. Those from the large room enter the dark room to sleep. This process is repeated at 6.30 a.m. so that the two groups change places twice every day.

Under this system, egg production is quite normal, and after a few days 'tuition' the hens become quite amenable to the system, and in fact are often seen to be queuing up ready to go to bed! Its main advantage of course is that it has doubled the capacity of the building for egg production at very little extra cost.

With regard to the pedigree British Friesians, these are now developing into a small herd of considerable promise. The herd is sufficiently long established that the calves first born on the Farm are now themselves giving birth to calves. However, it takes twenty to thirty years to build up a first-class herd, but over half the cows have now gained their 'Register of Merit' Certificate, which is an award for giving high yields of milk, rich in cream. The average yield of the herd was nearly 1,100 gallons last year, and several cows gave yields of 1,300—1,500 gallons.

In a short review such as this, of the farming year it is only possible to mention the most important events, but it is a pleasant thought that by the time you read these notes, over two hundred families will have enjoyed a turkey from the School Farm for their Christmas dinner!

CLUBS AND SOCIETIES

Field Society, 1958

Secretary : Ann Fraser.

Treasurer : Margaret Kavanagh.

The first meeting of the Field Society was held to elect members of the committee, who are : Valerie Colley, Margaret Morgan, Jillian Thomas, Dorothy Lewis and Susan Griffiths.

In spite of many setbacks on November 8th a party of about 30 members set off from Hobbs Point. We were met at Neyland by the bus which was to take us on our trip around South Pembrokeshire. Our first stop was at Rinaston, where we examined the ruins of a mediæval chapel, which was originally the centre of a Norman hamlet.

Having wiped the mud off our boots after this, it was not long before we got them equally muddy looking at the remains of a Flemish Castle at Ambleston. From there we walked to Henry's Moat and thence stopping at Castlebythe, Puncheston, Little Newcastle and Fishguard, we reached the Pencaer Peninsula, which is strewn with numerous mediæval farmstead sites. Finally we visited Strumble Lighthouse, where we were shown over the building by one of the keepers. After a very enjoyable trip we arrived back in Pembroke Dock at dusk.

Unfortunately this was our only trip this term, due to our unpredictable climate. But if funds and weather allow, we hope to go farther afield next term.

A "Local History Group" has been formed by Mr. Brian Howells, and it has been affiliated to the Field Society. Although we are pleased to welcome the group into our society, we hope that as a result it will not become too historical, as its original intent was to collect specimens of things of biological and zoological interest.

The Local History Group has had one talk this term—on Cromwell's siege of Pembroke in 1648. Activities were hindered by the breakdown of the epidioscope.

Music—Christmas Term, 1958

It was a thoroughly satisfying experience to be a member of the congregation in St. Mary's Church, Pembroke, on Wednesday, 12th November, when the school choir and Mr. Whitehall gave a concert. From the majesty of Bach's Toccata and Fugue, Mr. Whitehall took us to the lesser known pieces (for the writer anyway) of the French school in the 'Caprice Heroique' of Bennet and the Minuet and Toccata from the Suite Gothique by Boellmann. That was a great musical occasion in itself. But add to that the fine, disciplined singing of the choir (and what better place to listen to such singing can be found?) and the occasion becomes even more memorable. Particularly praiseworthy were "Turn Thy face from my sins" by Attwood and Vaughan Williams's "O Taste and See." The solo voice in both these pieces was Jennifer Morgan's. The clarity of tone was very good and one feels that when her voice reaches maturity she will be a very fine singer. The tone of the choir was much to be admired. Although under normal circumstances the sopranos are inclined to dominate, we could appreciate the delicate shading provided by tenors and altos this evening in the church.

This balance was not as evident in the more informal tribute to Vaughan Williams at a meeting of the Arts Club three weeks later. The school hall is not the best place in which to listen to music—even the lustiest and most uninhibited Welsh choir with the best hwyl in the world would have difficulty in making a satisfying noise in it. So perhaps we can blame the acoustics. This is not to say that the performance was unsatisfactory. Far from it, there was much to praise, particularly the singing of "Fain would I change that note" and "Dirge for Fidele." It was gratifying to note the enthusiasm with which the choir sang such pieces and the way in which that enthusiasm was communicated to the audience. A performance of "Prelude on Rhosymedre" by Tom James, Rev. W. J. Morris and Mr. Cooper (sr.) reminded us that there is some very good work being done on the instrumental side of the music department.

The third public appearance of the school's musicians was on Prize Day. The orchestra began with a bourée, minuet and gavotte by Handel and the choir maintained its high standards in a varied programme of songs. Its versatility was evident when one contrasted the interpretation of the Welsh folk song 'Y Fwyalchen' with that of 'Summ, summ, summ,' the well-known German folk song.

What an achievement it is for one society in a busy term to give three public concerts without once repeating itself. Most of the people in the choir are very young and therefore we can look forward to many more concerts. Already the music society has been established as a reflection of the quality of the work which is done in this school.

Young Farmers' Club

The school Young Farmers' Club has had a flourishing year so far and we hope that it will continue to do so. The numbers at the beginning of the year had increased to 43, however the total number of girls still remains at ten.

This year we are lucky to have the services of Miss Muriel James in the club and already this term she has taken a great interest in both the County Quiz and the Public Speaking Competition.

At the first meeting this term Gerry Mountstevens was elected chairman and Yvonne Mansell, secretary, Rosemary Andrew, Valene James, Keith Lewis and David Rees were elected committee members.

We have only had one guest speaker this term; Mr. Evans, of Spillers Ltd., gave a very interesting talk on "Animal Nutrition." The meeting was fairly well attended and was enjoyed by all present. The remainder of the meetings this term have been arranged between the members.

For the first time the school Y.F.C. had representatives at the Royal Welsh Show. At Bangor in July, Norman Fry and Nicholas Tebbutt represented the school club in a Dairy Stock Judging Competition for school clubs, and they must be congratulated on being placed second. Yvonne Mansell represented Pembrokeshire in a Girls Competition. She cooked a savoury omelet and was placed fifth while the team was placed second. The only pre-Rally competition which has taken place so far has been the Public Speaking Competition. Of the three teams entered the best results were obtained by the under-21 team consisting of Margaret Kavanagh, Yvonne Mansell and Richard Roberts-Thomas. They were placed fourth out of 14 teams. The under-16 team, Barbara

Bowen, Jean Loughlin, and the under-25 team, Rosemary Andrew, Gerry Mountstevens and Philip Martin, are also to be congratulated on their performances.

The second round of the County Knock-out Quiz was held on December 2nd against Talbenny Y.F.C. The result was a victory for the school team, Rosemary Andrew, Yvonne Mansell, Jeffrey Owen, Philip Martin, Nicholas Tebbutt and Robert Thorne, and they now face Haverfordwest Y.F.C. in the third round.

Finally the Young Farmers' Club take this opportunity of thanking Mr. B. J. Davies for the help and time which he has given to the Y.F.C. and the interest he has taken in it.

Technical Science Society

The society made two trips this year. The first trip was to the B.B.C. Sound Recording and Broadcasting Studios in Swansea. In the studios they have the most up-to-date apparatus in Europe, consisting of a modern method of making the studios sound proof by incorporating resonators, they also have a synchronized clock which has a soundless 'tick' and shadowless lighting system. After we had toured around we were allowed to make a recording.

On the same day we visited Velindre Steel Works which has electronically controlled machinery; the plating there is done by a modern electrolytic process.

The Society made another trip in July to Swansea, where we visited the Brangwyn Hall to see the paintings depicting scenes of the British Empire. During that day we visited I.C.I. Metals Division in Waunarlwydd. The aluminium is imported from Canada in slab form, it is then reduced by hot rolling and transformed into forms by dies also extruded into aluminium wire of various diameters.

A unique feature of this I.C.I. division was a quantometer which analyses spectrographically the various percentages of other metals in the aluminium sample.

Although the society has not been over-active this term, we hope that in the New Year we will have a chance for a greater number of trips, and a more varied club life.

Debating Society

The meetings this term, if not numerous have been varied. The motion of the first debate was that 'The Best Things In Life Are Free.' This was supported by Mr. Jack Thomas and Jean Shore, and opposed by John Haggard and Margaret Kavanagh. Although the arguments against the motion were spirited it was carried.

The second meeting of the term took the form of Any Questions. The team—John Trice, Rosemary Andrew, David Pearson, Mary Jones, Robert Holmes and Keith Smith—tackled everything from Trade Unions to Brigitte Bardot. The meeting was successful in that the response, when questions were opened to the floor, was good.

This, however, did not apply to the third debate of the term which stated that the house believed in the "Here and Now" and not the "Never Never." The supporters of this motion were Mr. W. Hewish and Ray Reynolds and the opposition was Mr. K. Cooper and Jillian Thomas. The motion was defeated. The most notable feature of this

meeting was the appeal by Mr. Devereux for more support from the floor at these meetings. Attendance is always very good but opinions, judging by response, are very few. The motto of the society at the moment seems to be 'Listen, laugh and laze.' We hope that next term it will be 'Listen, think and debate.'

Officials:

Chairwoman: Margaret Thomas. Secretary: John Trice.
Committee: David Pearson, Mary Jones, Pat Oliver,
Ray Reynolds, Rosemary Andrew, Yvonne Mansell, Jillian
Thomas.

M. T.

The Science Society—Autumn Term, 1958

The year began with the election of officials by the members of VI Science. Mr. L. H. Greenwood automatically became president with Margaret Kavanagh and Robert Holmes being elected as chairman and vice-chairman respectively, and Allan Butler hon. secretary.

The first talk of the year was given by John Carr on "Antibiotics and Growth." He gave a clear and interesting talk on a difficult and complicated subject. Gordon Payne followed with a paper on the "Utilisation of Algae," while the final paper of the term was given by Margaret Kavanagh, her subject being "Viruses."

Although the term was fairly successful I feel that it could have been a much greater success if attendance had been higher at the meetings. Here it is my own opinion that apart from the fact that the Arts side should take an interest in science for after all they do more or less make the world go round these days, but also that the speakers should choose a subject of interest to everyone and not become too technical. If these two outlooks were followed, as I hope they will, this society will flourish completely. But with all said and done the society has this term put up as good a show as is expected of it.

U.N.I.C.E.F.

"Tuesday, 27th March: Talk by Mr. William Arnold, Cardiff." This item appeared in School Diary, The Penvro, Summer 1958, and represents the beginning of the Junior United Nations Club in the School. The club members were enrolled from Forms 2 and 3. During this term the club has held two film sessions: "Assignment Children," a colour film featuring Danny Kaye, "The Children" (U.N.I.C.E.F. in S.E. Asia, India and Latin America) and "The Rival World" (a colour film showing the challenge of the insect world).

In November it was decided to send a tea-chest of toys, sweets etc. to refugees in Europe, or elsewhere; and with the co-operation of the School (Girl) Prefects, the Junior Club got busy. In early December, however, it was announced that Mr. Islwyn Griffiths would be visiting Refugees in the Camps in Austria before Christmas, and by December 9th, the day on which Mr. Griffiths left on his journey, toys, sweets, chocolates, books and clothing had poured from all parts of the school into FIVE TEA-CHESTS. It was a magnificent effort.

We are eagerly awaiting the return of Mr. Griffiths.

SCHOOL SPORT

Tennis, 1958

This season for the Tennis VI, although they had lost their coach, Miss Cynthia Brown, and three members of the team, was the best for some time. They lost one match only. For this remarkable achievement the girls are for once indebted to the boys of the school who turned out regularly each Thursday to extend their capabilities with strenuous practice. Special mention must be given to Jacqueline Godfrey, who, not content with moving from third to first couple in the team, also carried away very convincingly the girls singles cup and the Ernie Morgans Challenge Cup. Christopher Macken again proved the victorious boy in these events. Maureen Kenniford and John Carr won the school mixed doubles, and this year the Councillor Ernie Morgans Inter-House Cup went to Tudor.

The following girls represented the School VI: Margaret Thomas* (capt.), Jacqueline Godfrey (vice-captain and secretary), Jean Shore, Margaret Davies, Christine Macken, Gillian Garnham, Wendy Smith, Maureen Kenniford.

* Denotes old colour.

Colours were awarded to Jacqueline Godfrey at the end of the season.

The staff proved victorious over the school mixed team winning by 5 sets to 4.

Matches played:—

			Events
May 10th—Tenby G.S.	Home	...	Won 7 - 2
May 21st—Tenby G.S.	Away	...	Won 8 - 1
May 24th—Taskers High School	Home	...	Lost 6 - 3
May 31st—Fishguard S.S.	Away	...	Won 7 - 2
June 21st—Fishguard S.S.	Home	...	Won 7 - 2
June 28th—Tenby G.S.	Away	...	Won 7 - 2
July 5th—Taskers High School	Away	...	Won 5 - 4

Rounders, 1958

The rounders teams are to be congratulated on maintaining their unbeaten record throughout this season. All members gave a fine display of teamwork and proved themselves excellent fielders, the majority also making good batsmen.

In the matches that were played Dorothy Lewis was the highest scorer for the 1st IX and Myrtle Williams for the 2nd IX with ten and five rounders respectively to their credit. The 1st IX in their five matches scored 32 rounders and had only 1½ scored against them. The 2nd IX scored 25½ rounders in their four matches and had 4 scored against them.

The following girls represented the School 1st IX:

Gwyneth James* (captain), Margaret Thomas,* Jacqueline Godfrey, Susan Griffiths, Margaret Davies, Jean Shore, Gillian Garnham* (vice-captain and secretary), Dorothy Lewis, Eileen Thomas, Myrtle Williams, Maureen Kenniford, Wendy Smith and Anne Wright.

* Old colours.

Colours were awarded at the end of the season to:—
Jacqueline Godfrey, Susan Griffiths, Margaret Davies, Jean Shore, Dorothy Lewis and Myrtle Williams.

The following girls represented the 2nd IX:—
Anne Birrell, Myrtle Williams, Maureen Kenniford, Anne Wright (captain), Jacqueline Hay, Ann Devison, Wendy Smith, Helen Robinson, Joyce Simlett, Elaine Stewart, Christine Lewis, Myra Cook, Olga Preece, Sandra Stevens.

Games played were:—

1st IX			
May 24th—Taskers High School	Home	...	Won 5½ - 0
May 31st—Fishguard S.S.	Away	...	Won 7 - 0
June 21st—Fishguard S.S.	Home	...	Won 4 - 1
June 28th—Tenby G.S.	Away	...	Won 3½ - ½
July 5th—Taskers High School	Away	...	Won 12 - 0
2nd IX			
May 13th—Coronation S.M.S.	Away	...	Won 4½ - 2
May 31st—Fishguard S.S.	Away	...	Won 8 - 0
June 21st—Fishguard S.S.	Home	...	Won 9 - 1
July 5th—Taskers High School	Away	...	Won 4 - 1

Other matches:—

May 3rd—1st IX v 2nd IX	1st IX 4—2nd IX 0
May 7th—1st IX v Boys IX	1st IX 5½—2nd IX 3
May 9th—Form IIIA & C v Form IIIB	IIIA & C 1—IIIB 1
May 9th—2nd IX v Form IV	2nd IX 0—Form IV 2

House Match results: Picton regained the Rev. Garfield Davies' Cup with Glyndwr and Hywel runners-up and Tudor fourth.

Cricket, 1958

We had a good season, with some most enjoyable games. Undoubtedly the highlights of the season were two games which were played at the end of term—one against the staff and the other against the Old Boys.

In the former game the Staff XI batted first and after useful contributions from Messrs. Shaw, Llewellyn, Mathias and Hewish knocked up what they considered to be a fairly safe total of 94.

After tea the School XI went in, and a useful foundation for the innings was laid by J. Skone with a patient 17. This was reinforced by an excellent 29 from Tony Scourfield and helpful scores from Michael Edwards and John Gough. That the School score was kept within reasonable limits was largely due to a fine sustained bowling effort by Mr. Bevan who sent down 21 consecutive overs to take 4 for 22. The School total advanced slowly until they had equalled the Staff score. There was one more school wicket to fall. In the attempt to finish the match Keith Smith tried a big drive at a shortish ball, missed and was stumped by Mr. Devereux. So the Staff game ended in a tie.

The Old Boys' game was equally stirring—the Old Boys team batting first and declaring at 106 for 8 after good scores by Aubrey Phillips, Graham Tregidon, Stephen Brown and George Reynolds.

When the School batted their innings was dominated by John Skone. This young boy played very steadily and with admirable con-

centration to knock 47. As his experience and strength increase he should be a most valuable asset to the school's cricket.

When the first three school wickets had fallen the long tail failed to wag, but it was not until the last ball of the last over that the final wicket fell.

Throughout the season the eleven was well captained by Nigel Phelps, ably supported by John Carr and John Gough. John Carr and Tony Scourfield are both promising batsmen, with a suitably aggressive technique—I shall be looking for some consistent scores from them next season.

There are two points in particular which need improving in our batting: concentration and footwork. The first is very hard to maintain, the second is easier to learn, and all would-be batsmen must be nimble-footed.

John Gough, Nigel Phelps and John Carr all bowled well, and as all three are still with us we have a ready-made nucleus for next year's attack. One of the most pleasing features of the season's play was the improvement in fielding, Keith Smith and John Gough especially taking some hot chances very competently.

With most of our first eleven still at school, and with some up-and-coming juniors to challenge for places in the first team we look forward to another enjoyable season in 1959.

The following represented the 1st XI on one or more occasions:

N. S. Phelps (capt.), J. F. Gough, J. D. Carr, K. A. Smith, I. J. Davies, R. B. Davies, A. Scourfield, M. Edwards, O. Picton, M. Jones, J. Skone, R. Parcell, G. Evans, P. Crotty, J. Burton, R. Callen, N. Davies, B. Williams, A. Stace, A. Bowen.

Matches Played	Won	Lost	Drawn
9	3	3	3

AVERAGES

BATTING

Name	Innings	Runs	Not Out	Average
J. Skone	5	90	0	18.0
A. Scourfield	7	85	2	17.0
P. Crotty	5	35	2	11.6
N. Phelps	9	60	2	8.5
M. Edwards	6	39	1	7.8
J. Carr	6	41	0	6.8
R. Parcell	9	35	2	5.0
O. Picton	9	39	0	4.3
K. Smith	9	30	0	3.3

BOWLING

Name	Overs	Mdns	Runs	Wkts	Average
J. Gough	38	5	113	21	5.3
N. Phelps	81.9	27	146	24	6.08
J. Carr	84.2	34	126	17	7.4
R. Parcell	30.1	7	77	4	19.2

CATCHES

K. Smith 6; J. Gough 5; M. Edwards 3; I. Davies 3; J. Carr 3.

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, David John.

Magazine Editor: E. G. Davies.

Obituary

The death occurred on July 5 at Frere Hospital, East London, South Africa, of Richard Francis Johns (1921-24), of The Rectory, Komgha, South Africa, after a serious operation. He was 50. He went to St. Boniface College, Warminster, and was a member of the college cricket team in 1931 and 1932. In 1933 he was ordained deacon at Truro Cathedral, and was priested at Exeter Cathedral in 1934. He served curacies at St. Ives and at Camborne, and in 1935 entered the Mission Field under the S.P.G. in South Africa. After completing five years missionary work he decided to remain in that country, and was attached to the South African Church, where he served until his death. Ten years ago he returned to Pembroke Dock for a visit to his mother. He is survived by a wife and two children. To them and to his mother and sister we offer our sincerest sympathy.

News of Old Pupils

Mr. J. Cecil Blencowe (1908-13) retired from the staff of the Coronation Secondary Modern School at the end of the summer term, 1957. He was himself an old pupil of the Coronation School, being one of those who attended when the school was opened in 1904. On leaving school he went to Borough Road Training College, and on the completion of his training was appointed to the North Road School at Milford Haven. A year later he was appointed to the Coronation School, where he remained until his retirement. At one period a few years ago he was Acting Headmaster, and for some time before his retirement he was Senior Master. He was for many years Treasurer of the Old Pupils' Association, and it was not until a few years ago that he had to give up this office owing to pressure of other work. We wish him a long and happy retirement.

Dr. Jack Blencowe (1935-42) with his wife Maisie (née George, 1933-40), and their small son, arrived home in September on leave from Ghana, where he is Chief Pathologist to the West African Cocoa Research Institute. We were very glad to welcome him at school during the autumn term, when he talked to the Vith Form about Ghana. Jack has already returned to Ghana, but his wife and her small son stayed on here until after Christmas.

W. C. Bateman (1933-38) who had been manager of the National Insurance Office at Pembroke Dock for 6½ years, left in the middle of December to take up a similar post at Neath.

Derek Cousins (1949-54) completes his National Service with the R.A.F. in February. He is hoping to get a post in the Youth Employment Service.

Mrs. Pamela Fullerton (née Crook, 1942-48) returned home in October with her husband, Capt. Bernard Fullerton, after two years in Nigeria. They have now gone to Devizes in Wiltshire, where Capt. Fullerton is stationed.

Terry Darlington (1946 - 49) who went on to school in Cardiff when his parents left this district, later obtained a State Scholarship which took him to Jesus College, Oxford. Last summer he completed his degree there, getting 2nd Class Honours in English. He then took up an appointment as a Trainee Manager in the Unilever organisation.

John Derham (1951 - 55) who is a motor transport driver in the R.A.F., went out to Cyprus last May. In July, during the trouble in the Middle East, he was moved with his unit to Jordan.

Elvin Davies (1950 - 56) called in school at the end of November. He had just come home from Cyprus on three weeks' leave. He has been in the Welsh Guards since August 1957, having signed on for nine years. He was hoping to complete a P.T.I. course at the conclusion of his leave, after which he was expecting to go abroad again. While in Cyprus he met Christopher Skyrme (1948 - 53), who is also in the Welsh Guards, and Joe Griffiths (1946 - 50), who is in the Guards' Parachute Brigade.

Joseph Edwards (1952 - 58) has entered the Civil Service, and began work in the Inland Revenue Department at Haverfordwest in October.

Miss Martha A. Edwards (1908 - 10) retired from the staff of Stackpole School at the end of the summer term. She began her teaching service at Warren School in January, 1911, and later moved to Stackpole, where she remained until her retirement.

The last news we received of John Gilder (1951 - 52) was in August, when a letter from his mother informed us that he was then serving with the R.A.F. in the Persian Gulf, having returned from Christmas Island.

Jim Griffiths (1942 - 49) is now Head of the Handicraft Department at Cotham Grammar School, Bristol. He is an official referee this season for the Bristol Premier and District League.

David Gwyther (1950 - 56) entered Trinity College, Carmarthen, last September. He is specialising in Geography. He had been demobilised from the R.A.F. only one week before. The last part of his service was spent in Northern Ireland. He was posted there, to 255 Signals Unit, Killard Point, County Down, on June 9. During his time there he went with others on an official visit to the Houses of Parliament at Stormont. Among the second year students at Carmarthen are Janet Nicholas, Devan Preece, and Malcolm Joy.

Eric Golding (1951 - 57) who is in the second year of his course in Architecture at Cardiff, has clearly kept up his interest in 'magic.' He entertained us at school parties a few times some years ago, but has now progressed a great deal. He is now a member of the Cardiff Society of the Magic Circle, and, under the name of Goldini, has given several public performances.

John Greenwood (1945 - 52) has passed the final examinations of the Law Examination, which were held last November, thus qualifying as a solicitor. He now has to do his National Service, and, as he was a pilot in the Birmingham University Air Squadron when he was a student, he hopes that he may do his service as a pilot in the R.A.F.

Roy Haggard (1947 - 51) took up an appointment last July as District Inspector for the British Oak Insurance Company. His headquarters are in Pembroke.

Miss Vera Heatherley (1911 - 14) retired in November after more than forty-four years service in the Pembroke Dock Post Office, which she entered on leaving school. On her retirement she was presented with the Imperial Service Medal.

Brian Jones (1951 - 56) was in the district last August. His people now live in Chester, and he is an apprentice in the R.A.F. at Halton. He had done very well in his examinations, and was hoping very much to qualify for a rocket and missile course.

Brian John (1946 - 53) acquired further academic distinction last July by being elected to a University of Wales Fellowship at University College, Bangor. He is doing research for the degree of Ph.D.

David M. John (1947 - 54) who completed his degree at Lampeter in the summer of 1957, passed his General Ordination Examination at St. Michael's College, Llandaff, last July. He hopes to be ordained next June.

Cpl. Brian Jancey, R.A.F. (1946 - 52), whose wedding we report later in these notes, is still serving in Norway, where he has been for the past two-and-a-half years.

Richard Christopher Jelley (1939 - 45) is a meteorologist at Aberporth. He arrived home from Christmas Island last October.

Mrs. Gwyneth Wilson (née James, 1938 - 43) called at school last summer when spending a holiday in the district, her first visit for many years. She has been living for some years in Chester, where her husband has an important post with the Shell Oil Company.

John M. Lewis (1953 - 57) recently started an apprenticeship as a Marine Fitter with Messrs. R. S. Hayes, Pembroke Dock. He had been following courses at the Neyland Technical College in certain pre-technical subjects, and passed his examinations there last summer.

Roger Lloyd (1951 - 53) was in the town last summer. His parents now live at Gravesend. After taking Maths. and Physics to Scholarship level at Bishop Wordsworth's School, Salisbury, he entered the R.A.F. College, Cranwell, in the autumn of 1957.

Tudor Lewis (1944 - 51) who had been an Assistant Air Traffic Control Officer at London Airport for the past two years, was last August appointed an Air Control Officer. He went on a three-month course to Hurn Airport, Bournemouth, after which he took up his new duties at Croydon.

Joan Lewis (1949 - 56) started teaching last September at a new school outside Coventry, where she takes the 7-8 year olds, and is responsible for Physical Education and games throughout the school.

W. G. Morgan (1926 - 31) was, last July, inducted Vicar of St. George's Church, Southall, London. He was for some years chaplain of Pentonville Prison, and was previously Vicar of Ambleston, in this county.

Timothy Mason (1954 - 55) was, last summer, awarded the Fisons Prize at Seale Hayne Agricultural College for 1957 - 58. This award is made for the best academic performance among first-year students. He is Agricultural Secretary (Student) for this year, and hopes to do a third year in farm management.

Peter Nutting (1944 - 52) obtained an Honours Degree in Mechanical Engineering, Class II, Division 2, at Nottingham University last summer. He was married last August to Miss Rachel Joy Francis, of Tuxford, Notts. They now live at Beeston, Notts.

Gordon Parry (1937 - 43) appeared on television on Tuesday evening, September 30, in a film of the Labour Party Conference at Scarborough. He is prospective Labour candidate for Monmouth.

Mrs. Gwenda Scourfield (née Roblin, 1932 - 39) moved from Bridgend to Pontypool last June, when her husband was appointed accountant of the local branch of the National Provincial Bank.

Mrs. Joan Scourfield (née Rees, 1940 - 45) was home on holiday last summer with her husband and two children. Her husband is a Public Health Inspector with the Gloucester R.D.C.

David Rees (1946 - 52) last summer passed his Institute of Bankers' examination, which covers English, Economics, Book-keeping, and Commercial Geography.

R. E. A. Sinnett (1907 - 14) has retired from the staff of Bulstrode Secondary Modern School for Boys, Hounslow. His youngest daughter, Kathleen, is a pupil at Twickenham County School for Girls, where the Headmistress is Miss G. M. Merriman (1922 - 28) and the Deputy Head Miss Kathleen Paybody (1922 - 28) who obtained a Double First in English and Maths. Mr. Sinnett's two elder daughters both won State Scholarships from that school. He now lives at 106 Hounslow Road, Whitton, Twickenham.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard T. Sloggett celebrated their Golden Wedding on September 16. Mrs. Sloggett, whose maiden name was Edith M. James, is one of our earliest Old Pupils. We congratulate them both most heartily.

Sheila Smith (1950 - 54) passed the first stage of her S.R.N. examination last summer. She is on the nursing staff of the Royal Surrey Hospital at Guildford.

Michael Thomas (1949 - 56) completed his National Service in September. He was an Air Wireless Mechanic on a Special Installation Squadron of the R.A.F.

Denise Tyndall (1952 - 57) passed at the Advanced level in French and Geography at her school in Liverpool last June. She was made a prefect at the beginning of the autumn term. She is now applying for entry to university to do Social Science.

John Thomas (1948 - 54) who held a Civil Service appointment in Cardiff, was transferred to Trecewn a few months ago.

Derek Welby (1946 - 52) completed his service with the Welsh Guards last summer, and is now living at Balham in London. He is married and has two small daughters, Jane and Linda.

Peter Williams (1945 - 53) is now a Development Engineer with Rolls-Royce Ltd. (Aero Engine Division), Derby. He is at the moment employed on the development of one of their latest type of aircraft engines.

Neville Williams (1942 - 47) who is an electrical engineer, is now living at Mansfield in Nottinghamshire, where he is under-manager for a large electrical firm.

Mrs. Dorothy Hurst (née Williams, 1924 - 28) is now back in England with her husband, Mr. G. W. Hurst, after their three years in Gibraltar. Her husband is a Principal Scientific Officer in the Meteorological Branch of the R.A.F., and is at present stationed at Hillingdon, Uxbridge. They are living once more at North Down, Watlington, Oxford.

We congratulate these Old Pupils on their engagements:—

August—Janice Phillips (1946 - 53) to Alan H. M. Bradford, of Pontypridd.

December—Sheila Donovan (1949 - 56) to John Rowlands, of Maesy-cwmmwr, Môn.; Joan Allington (1952 - 57) to Peter Howes, of Norwich; Stephen Griffiths (1947 - 55) to Megan Morgan (1948 - 54); Gillian Ann Preece (1951 - 57) to Terence John Gill, of Penally.

We congratulate these Old Pupils on their marriage:—

July 12—Hazel Newton (1948 - 53) to Cpl. Frank Felton, of Lancing, Sussex.

July 12—Neville G. Williams (1942 - 47) to Hazel Fisher, S.R.N., of Mansfield, Notts.

July 26—Brian John (1946 - 53) to Margaret Gregson, B.A., of Flixton, Manchester.

July 29—Gladys Margaret Harries (1947 - 52) to Emrys Leslie Brown, of Erdington, Birmingham.

August 2—Mofwyn Henry (1945 - 52) to Stanley Owen Jones, of Dinas Cross.

August 2—Mary Reed (1944 - 48) to Pat McDermott, of Londonderry.

August 9—Margaret Joan Crowe (1946 - 50) to Herbert Austin Howells, of Pembroke Dock.

August 9—Gillian May Jones (1948 - 53) to Trevor Thomas Mills, of Kidderminster.

August 9—Margaret Elizabeth Hannam (1943 - 49) to Glenville Lewis Cole, of Narberth.

August 20—Judith Miriam Travers (1948 - 50) to John Nicholas Bunney, of Kirkby Stephen, Westmorland.

August 23—Alan Edward Morgans (1941 - 43) to Hilda Alice Leggett, of Milford Haven.

September 3—Patricia O'Brien (1950 - 55) to Ralph Harrison, of Pembroke Dock.

September 6—David J. E. Macken (1944 - 50) to Dorothy M. Shears (1944 - 50).

September 6—Kathleen de Candia (1949 - 53) to Dr. Geoffrey Michael Bulman, of Norwich.

September 13—Eric Mullins (1946 - 51) to Margaret Ann Harries, of Tenby.

September 13—Bruce Preece (1945 - 51) to Gaynor Roberts, of Saran, Ammanford.

September 27—Joyce Mary Phillips (1945 - 53) to Richard John Eynon, of Carew.

September 28—Al Bryn, Sandvika, Norway, Brian William Jancey (1946 - 52) to Kari Hemstad Thorvaldsen, of Sandvika, Norway.

October 1—Brenda Irene Steptoe (1945 - 52) to John Caccia-Biech, of Marton, New Zealand.

October 4—Mary Grace Thomas (1948 - 55) to Brian William Moore, of Camberwell, London.

October 4—Elizabeth June Parcell (1936 - 42) to Graham I. Watt, of Aberdeen.

October 18—Linda Barker (1943 - 49) to Donald Curwen, of Southwick.

October 28—Barbara Frances Butler (1950 - 53) to Bdr. Brian Crean, of Birmingham.

November 5—Richard Christopher Jelley (1939 - 45) to Dulcie Elaine Burton, of Stackpole.

November 1—Pamela Bodman (1949 - 54) to Aubrey Cooper, of Toddlington, Beds.

November 22—Sydney Geoffrey Preece (1946 - 50) to Geraldine Rees, of Tenby.

December 20—Dennis H. Lloyd (1940 - 45) to Vicky Fogwill (1950 - 55).

We have pleasure in recording the following births:—

July 15—At Imtarfa, Malta, to Mary (née Jenkins, 1947 - 54) wife of Derek Crowther, a son—Iris John Derek.

July 18—At Tunbridge Wells, to Constance, wife of James Nicholls (1939 - 44) a son—Robert James.

August 10—To Pat, wife of Capt. Gwynne Davies, South Wales Borderers (1942 - 45) a daughter—Suzanne Patricia.

August 20—To Davina (née Evans, 1948 - 56) wife of Clive Gammon, a son—Nicholas Clive.

September 13—To Inez (née Threlfall, 1946 - 51) wife of Alfred Panton (1944 - 49) a son—Simon Mark James.

October 28—To Mary (née Phillips, 1943 - 50) wife of Arthur Thomas-son, a daughter—Elizabeth Jane.

November 2—To Margaret, wife of Dr. Eric A. Manning (1936 - 40) a daughter—Karen.

November 7—To Pamela, wife of Brian Sherlock (1940 - 45) a daughter—Margaret Louise.

November 28—At Sheffield, to Marian (née Davies, 1941 - 48) wife of John C. Jenkins, B.A., a son—Peter Charles.

December 3—At Singapore, to Eileen (née Llewellyn, 1948 - 54) wife of Danny Hollis, a son—Kenneth.

Penvro Dramatic Society

The Pageant of Pembroke was a great success. It was fun while it lasted too. There was a holiday atmosphere in Pembroke—the crowds jostling for tickets; the crowds which, having given up hope of getting tickets, just watched the actors making their exits and entrances; the horsemen in full regalia making their nightly progress through Main Street. But inside the castle the people of the county re-enacted its history in the most colourful and magnificent show that this district has ever seen. It will be remembered for many years. It is true to say that all members of the Society took part in various ways—production, organisation, costumes and properties, acting and hospitality. Without them it is doubtful whether there would have been a pageant.

With an eye on the box-office and on topicality the society's autumn production was L. du Garde Peach's "The Town that would have a Pageant." This showed the society letting its hair down for a change. According to all reports and the letters we received it was the most successful production for a long time. It is very gratifying to receive letters from the members of our audience who take the trouble to sit down and write to us telling us how much they appreciate (or detest!) a show.

Already rehearsals have started on our next production which will take place towards the end of February. Aubrey Phillips is producing Terence Rattigan's "The Winslow Boy." This is the very famous play about the naval cadet who was accused of stealing a five shilling postal order. Do not miss this very fine play.

Preliminary arrangements are also being made for the one-act play drama competition. The society are the holders of the trophy for the second year in succession and are hoping that in 1959 they will win it again. Kenneth Cooper will be in charge of the production.

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