

THE PENVRO



SPRING 1960

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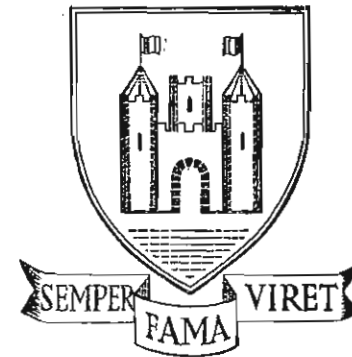
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THE PENVRO

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Editorial

One of the features of school life that never seems to change is the reading out in assembly, on winter Monday mornings, of the latest hockey success. Usually some hapless hockey team visiting Pembroke has been crushed by an improbably high score ; always the victory is with our own school. For the last six years our first team has been unbeaten.

This has been, of course, no accident. Our girls are neither naturally brainier nor brawnier than those of other schools, and as we all know, their success has owed a great deal to the skill and drive of Mrs. Ebsworth. For most of this term, Mrs. Ebsworth has been away from the school suffering at first from pneumonia and latterly from phlebitis, and many of us feel certain that, in part at least, her illness owes something to the great demands she placed on her own energy and physical resources in her work at this school. We all hope very sincerely that before very long she will be back at school with us.

For several term-ends past, now, we have had farewells to make. At the end of the Christmas term we said goodbye to Mr. Hewish who, in his four years at the school, has become known as one of its personalities.

In school we acknowledge his work as a geographer and economist, and his constant willingness to be of help in all facets of school life. At Bush House, as its first housemaster, he has done a great deal to build up the basis of a tradition. We wish him well in his new post as Senior Geography master at Tenby Grammar School.

The Christmas term was one of drama and music. There were the two school plays (referred to elsewhere in this number of the *Penvro*) and a number of successful performances by the school choir and orchestra. In this latter connection we applaud the success of Tom James, who on September 24th, played two violin solos on the Welsh Home Service.

Darwinism

A hundred years ago this winter the "Origin of Species" was published. Its appearance was an epoch making event, for it not only changed the direction of scientific thought but affected the religious beliefs of millions.

Darwin said that the chief factors contributing to evolution are variations, heredity and the struggle for existence. He explained how organisms change gradually in the course of time, and how the different variations are produced. Some individuals are better suited to survive than others, and these are the ones which will ultimately multiply. Thus over a long period of time only those species will persist which have accumulated characters of value in enabling them to live under the prevailing conditions. Even a slight increase in adaptation will increase the chances of survival. This idea can be best understood if we apply it to human life. Imagine six boys sitting around a table on which is placed only enough food to keep four of them alive, then the four with the longest arms and the biggest mouths will be able to "grab" the most food, so naturally they will outlive the other two.

Thus natural selection is dependant on variation as above. Darwin was, by nature, a very observant man and was able to see how species are related in having a common ancestor. For instance, the garden rose is simply a well nurtured form of the wild rose.

Although Darwin obtained much information from fossils, his work was mainly concerned with living creatures. He journeyed to the Galapagos Islands, a group 600 miles from Peru, where he found that each little island had its own separate type of fauna, and also the reptiles and birds all differed slightly from island to island. Yet, though differing slightly, there was obviously a definite family likeness among themselves and the creatures of the adjoining continent of South America. Among the creatures he studied were lizards. Outwardly, they did not differ at all, but when disturbed the individuals reacted in a different manner; e.g., one species literally took to the hills, while another of the species made for the open sea.

Thus unlike David Nixon, Darwin didn't just pull hundreds of facts 'out of a hat' but was able to provide concrete evidence for his every statement. His ideas thus, were so plausible that they changed the intellectual outlook of the whole world.

A Morning on the Farm

The early morning chorus is waking us from sleep,
The crowing of the cockerel, the bleating of the sheep
As their little lambs are scattered, by the cattle-dog somehow
Which scampers round the meadow, for that obstinate old cow.

The little birds are singing, in the branches of the trees,
The leaves are making music, as they rustle in the breeze
The air is fresh and healthy, so different from the town,
The cowman comes awhistling—he never has a frown.

Calves must have their breakfast—cows must be milked too.
Eggs must be collected—and the pigs are waking ; so
Everyone is busy, there is no time to spare,
Until all the birds and animals have had their morning fare.

Oh ! it's time to have our breakfast for we are hungry now
And there is plenty more to do : the tractor and the plough
Have all to be inspected, before going to the field
To cultivate the barren ground, the autumn crops to yield.

The time is still but eight o'clock, when all this work is done
By farmers and their workmen, 'ere the townfolk have begun.
But who would change this busy life—it causes no one harm,
And nothing's quite as thrilling as—A Morning on The Farm.

VALERIE JAMES, VO.

He is smiling already

When Joseph was on his way from Nazareth with Mary to register in Bethlehem that he was descended from David, which the authorities could have known just as we do because of course, it had been recorded long before, the Angel Gabriel secretly came down from Heaven once more to see that everything was in order at the stable. It was hard even for an enlightened Archangel to understand why it had to be a most wretched stable in which the Lord was to come into the world, and that his cradle should be nothing better than a manger. But Gabriel at least wanted to order the winds not to blow too fiercely through the cracks in the stable, and the clouds in the sky were not to become disturbed and sprinkle the child with their tears ; as for the lantern light, he had to impress on it once more to give only a modest light and not to dazzle and shine like the Christmas star.

The Archangel also cleared all the little beasts from the stable, the ants, the spiders and the mice ; he did not dare to think what could happen if Mary were terrified by a mouse before her time came ! Only the ass and the ox were allowed to remain—the ass because he would have to be at hand later for the flight into Egypt, and the ox because he was so huge and lazy that all the hosts of Heaven would not have been able to move him.

Finally, Gabriel distributed a company of little angels around the stable on the rafters ; they were so small that they consisted almost entirely of head and wings. They were merely to sit quietly and watch out and give warning at once if any evil threatened the frail defenceless child. With one final glance around him, the mighty angel spread his wings and flew away.

So that was all right. But not quite all right, for there was still a flea sitting asleep in the straw on the floor of the manger. This tiny monster had escaped the Angel Gabriel—quite understandably, for when would an Archangel have ever had anything to do with fleas ! Now, when the miracle had taken place, and the Child was lying there in the straw, such a darling and touchingly helpless little thing, the angels under the roof were so enchanted that they could no longer stay there, but whirled round the crib like a flight of doves. Some of them wafted fragrant breezes on to the child, and the others pulled and tugged the straw into place, so that not a single stalk should press on Him or prick Him. But all this rustling awakened the flea in the straw. He was terrified because he thought someone was after him as usual. He crawled round in the crib, trying all his tricks, and finally, in the direst distress, he crept into the Child's ear.

"Forgive me," whispered the breathless flea, "but I can't do anything else, they'll kill me if they catch me. I'll be off again at once, your Heavenly Grace—just let me look for a way !" So he looked round and immediately made his plan. "Listen," he said, "if I draw all my strength together, and if you keep still, then perhaps I can reach Holy Joseph's bald head, and from there I could make the window-ledge and the door . . ."

"Go on, jump !" said the child Jesus inaudibly. "I am keeping still !" And then the flea jumped. But it could not be avoided that he kicked the child a little when he drew himself up and pulled his legs under his stomach. At this moment, the Mother of God turned her husband to the sleeping Child.

"Oh, just look," Mary said blissfully, "He is smiling already !"

(Translated from The German of Karl Heinrich Waggerl).

Some personal considerations of the Pembroke Youth Conference of 1959

The chief importance of this conference in my eyes was the opportunity of meeting other people and other individuals who had opinions which were different from mine. Learning to know other points of view and as a second step, trying to understand these, is the direct way to a wider horizon which grows very slowly but steadily and irresistibly out of our nationalisms. To reach this aim the informal talks and discussions were by far the most important elements in the conference, but they could not take place if the people themselves were not aware of the problems and the actual facts.

A discussion is a vague affair if direction has not been given to it before-hand, and this was supplied by the lectures and the controlled discussions afterwards, consisting of questions from the group to the speaker. The lectures gave us the facts and an objective background to the problems or a personal way of dealing with them.

In his lecture, "Non-violence or Nuclear Genocide," Mr. Francis Jude tried hard to make us aware of the fact that everyone in our community and especially the more educated ones, as were the members of our conference, has a large responsibility towards his community. He has the possibility of influencing directly or indirectly every decision which the community makes. We must not sit down and think of our incapability of changing a situation which we don't want to accept. We are playing a small part and we have a long way to go, but this should not prevent us from acting and in this case in taking an active part in the disarmament which our lecturer spoke of. Personally, I think that this could be said often enough. Quite a lot of people are indeed sitting down passively, while they have the responsibility of acting.

The march to Aldermaston was, according to Mr. Jude, a proof of a people's action on disarmament. It was very impressive to be confronted with this demonstration.

Mr. Donnelly, in his lecture, "Freedom from Fear," put the basic problems of today in a broader light, saying that we should not start with removing the symptoms of the diseases but the illness itself, which is fear.

Of course, I cannot go through all the highly interesting talks which were given in such an understandable way during the whole conference, but I would like to mention the lecture on "Divided Germany in a Divided Europe" because of the marvellous discussion we had afterwards. It was very friendly of Mr. Goronwy Jones to stay with us longer than he had planned. This made it possible for us to continue the formal discussion for four hours deep into the afternoon and everyone took a part in it.

Some of the less rational side of man, which should never be forgotten, was also expressed in the music which we heard during the conference, such as the lovely Chopin waltzes at the piano, and as a climax, the magnificent harp recital by Miss Ann Griffiths, the principal harpist at Covent Garden Opera, which was a revelation to me. I was amazed at the power of expression of this so little heard instrument. The harp recital showed that folk music is a very fine and direct way of expressing emotion. We sang and danced a great deal together and there was soon a feeling that we were a closely-knit community which had been in existence for months and not days.

I would also like to mention the talks by the participants themselves, —one on Nigeria, by Morgan Ogbole, another on Yugoslavia, by the boys

from Yugoslavia, and one on the relations between Indonesia and the Netherlands, by myself. Although they were not professional lecturers, a view of someone on his own country or on a certain question in which his country is involved can be very useful to other nationals.

When someone asked a lecturer during the conference what he thought was the interest of the present younger generation in world affairs, he answered, "That generation is sitting here in this room and see how interested they are." I was disappointed in this reply because our group was not, in my opinion, a correct representation of our generation. They attended this conference on international affairs because they were interested in the subject. The youth gangs, the angry young men, "Les Tricheurs," are a reality. In my university people with some idealistic feelings or a clear positive philosophy of life are exceptional and are therefore often very unacceptable. I think that the question of how to understand these people without ideals, and after that of how to give new content to their lives is something we really need to think about.

I want to finish my contemplations by remembering all my new friends and seeing all their different lives before them. All the participants are my new friends. We were about 70 and we came from 12 different countries. Some of them think on a different wave-length to me. After all, everyone has a different thinking wave-length as long as all human beings are different. They will be, I hope, my personal friends, and I shall try to stay in contact with them. We can learn much from each other. As a beginning we have learned already quite a bit in Pembroke which is the source of our friendships. Now we go further on, looking to the future, helping our world, all in our own way, but all in co-operation.

RICK MOLSTER.

University of Amsterdam, The Netherlands.

The Babe we Love

How shall we find the Babe we love?
Follow the star that is shining above!

How shall we know where he sleeps tonight?
Look for a stable where gleams a light.

Where shall we find his cradle small?
'Tis but a manger, and that is all.

Has he cover of finest wool?
Only the hay that the oxen pull.

Who are these men that kneel on the ground?
They are the shepherds from hills around.

What did they see when they looked so high?
They saw the angels that sang in the sky.

What was the song they came to sing?
They sang to welcome their Lord and King.

Let us sing too, round the manger bare,
Praising the Babe who is slumbering there.

JUDITH PAYNE, V Remove.

The Boy with the Cart

The night of the play had arrived,
People crowded the hall,
The cast all shivered and shook;
Miss Phillips said "Wait for your call."

The make-up was over and done,
The choir had sung their song,
Kathleen fluted away on the stage,
Everyone else was gone.

At last the curtain went up,
The play was about to begin,
Michael bounded onto the stage,
After Miss James had done up his pin.

Chorus had said their piece,
Patricia and Carole had gone;
The lights were dimmed, then up again,
And then the cart came on.

Being wheeled in it was Judith,
Who from this thing did fall,
While Colin, Brian and others
Laughed 'till they shook the hall.

After this little disturbance,
Suzanne came pounding on,
Until she was blown off her feet
By a gale incredibly strong.

Tawn with a beard and a limp,
Looked small beside his wife,
But he loved her just the same,
She had had such a bumpy life.

Then the curtain came down at last,
The cast—sad it was over;
Eileen was rather glad,
She could finish her dad's pullover.

Let's thank our producer, Miss Boyle,
For all her toil and strain,
For working so hard with us all,
Especially—Judith Payne.

JUDITH PAYNE, V Remove.

Feistritz am der drau

Lager Feffernitz is a typical refugee camp near Feistritz am der Drau, in Southern Austria. It was built as a demobilisation camp by the German Army in 1944 but by 1945 it was the largest refugee camp in Austria with 12,000 people. Most of these, and many others since then, have left Feffernitz to start again in other countries. But 750 remain. Last July I was fortunate in being able to spend three weeks at this camp with a U.N.A. reconstruction party. We were there to help families who are building their own houses and to try and boost camp morale. There were about 30 of us from ten different countries so that I enjoyed a wonderful International Camp type of holiday and made many new friends.

We lived in our own barrack and attempted to share the actual conditions of camp life. Physically, we succeeded. Our barrack was overcrowded, roughly furnished and we slept on straw mattresses. The kitchen was inadequate in both size and equipment so that the girls had to pit their culinary skill against heavy odds. But for us this was all part of the fun of our camping holiday.

Work on the building site started at seven each morning. The building methods used were primitive by British standards but considering that here the work was of a "Do it Yourself" nature, compared favourably with professional building sites that I saw in Austria. Most of us volunteers were from sedentary occupations and best suited to the unskilled work. We dug cellars, sifted sand, mixed cement and generally fetched and carried. Building materials were a more expensive item than labour so that the sediment we dug from the valley floor all had to be sifted through various sized meshes to provide the sand and small stones needed to make cement and concrete. Two families had spent most of last winter in making their own bricks. The houses were in different stages of construction and so we were able to vary our work by changing from house to house. This was necessary in order to prevent some jobs from becoming monotonous. For instance it usually took four weeks to dig the cellar and foundations.

When finished, these houses will greatly contrast with the drab barracks. They have four bedrooms, comfortable living space and a setting about which any house agent could use his best superlatives. But at present only seven families from Lager Feffernitz are building houses. These, our workmates, were the most hard working, gay, friendly and hospitable people that I have ever met. After careful years of saving in order to make the down payment necessary to get a grant from the Austrian Government, they are on the last lap towards regaining their old status. With the exception of the Yasts from Roumania, the families building were previously Volksdeutch from Yugoslavia but they are now Austrian citizens.

Most of the refugees in the camp were Volksdeutch who have been there since they fled from Tito's forces during the last war. There are no Hungarians at Lager Feffernitz now but many stayed here for a short time in 1956. We were told that these had spent their whole time at the camp in drinking and fighting yet passed through the emigration authorities without the usual medical inspection and political screening. This was probably exaggerated but such bitter resentment was common. Even families soon to leave the camp to live in their new houses felt, despite their cheerful attempt to make the best of their circumstances, that they would have been better off in other countries. Out of the men we worked with on the site only two, Herr Chenkovitch, who is a garage mechanic, and Herr Yast, who works on the night shift at a local factory, were in regular employment.

Others get seasonal work in building, agriculture or the nearby tourist towns, whilst many live on unemployment benefits alone. These people suffer because man is a money making animal whose benevolence does not extend to the old and the sick. Austria has done a fine job in sheltering the multitudes that have fled across her borders but Austria is not a rich country and without large scale monetary aid from other nations, cannot finance the light industry which would solve the problem of the unwanted refugees.

Lager Feffernitz does its best to be self-supporting and, except for the football pitch in the centre of the camp, every possible piece of ground was cultivated with potatoes, maize and tomatoes. Chickens, pigs and geese are common and each barrack has its own woodpile. Coal is almost an unknown commodity in this part of Austria but luckily the steep sides of the Drau Valley are densely forested. Camp life must be especially hard for the Volksdeutch, who have a long tradition of independence and property owning. These "ethnic" Germans settled and developed Yugoslavia at the time when it was part of the Austrian Empire. That they are German speaking makes it a little easier for them to settle in Austria, than for other nationalities. But their German background is also the cause of their flight from Yugoslavia. During the last war when Yugoslavia was divided into many factions most Volksdeutch, some under pressure, worked for the Germans or served in the German Army. When Tito came to power in October, 1944, all the Volksdeutch in Yugoslavia were systematically removed from their homes. Some escaped direct to Austria whilst many were in concentration and labour camps for a year or more and escaped slowly, often with the aid of the local population. Thousands of Volksdeutch died at this time. Austria, at first, sent the Volksdeutch to Germany, but the occupation forces stopped entry permits for Volksdeutch in 1946. Many were sent back to the Yugoslav frontier which they dared not cross and so remained in Austria in camps such as Lager Feffernitz.

It was a wonderful experience to see at first hand the problems and way of life of these people and to be able to fit names, faces and personalities to what had been just journalism. Now, when someone mentions the refugee problem, I remember Frau Supadounic, Professor Haufman, Peter Hort and many others. Frau Supadounic especially, as she spoke English and was able to help me with my German. I was shocked when I first went for my first lesson, as the room this cultured old lady lives in is no bigger than room 7S in Pembroke Grammar School.

I spent many evenings in the local cafés with campers, Volksdeutch and Austrians. We also gave children parties, a concert for the old people and once a week were hosts to the U.N.A. group from the camp at Villach.

After I had spent weeks at the camp, I went to Klagenfurt for the Kärnten Mene and from there hitch-hiked to Vienna. There I just missed the International Festival of Communist Youth and the city was still covered with propaganda from both sides. I think that the most impressive poster was a large Octopus holding the words, Gestern Hungrig! Heute Tibet! Im Morgen!

I enjoyed my short tour but chose to spend the last two days of my holiday at camp. The farewell party we had on the building site was the perfect end to an exciting month. But Papa Brauss' accordion playing and Jo Millers' Indian dance round the camp fire were too soon followed by handshakes, farewells and the long train ride home.

JOHN JENKINS.
University College, Cardiff.

International Meeting 1959.

Alone at Sea

Have you ever been alone at sea in a rowing boat? Have you ever felt as if you were the only person in the world? I shall try and tell you what it is like.

In about an hour from sunset, lurid pink rays fling themselves across the sky making pink clouds and a turquoise sky. The red glowing ball of sun is near the horizon. Your rod is over the side of the boat and save for the gentle lap of the waves the place is silent; the noisy whistling wind has gone; the noisy screeching gulls have settled down and the grey looming shore has vanished into twinkling lights. You look around and see nothing but these twinkling lights and over there the sun is waging a losing battle against the oncoming darkness. Then the sun is gone save for a straggling vivid pink ray. Land and sea are preparing for the ominous silence and the ghostly stillness of the night. It is dusk and then dark. A lighthouse flashes its warning and you weigh anchor and row back to civilization.

PAUL KING, IVB.

Pictures of Evening

Let me paint a picture of an evening.
Of the green and black of wild ducks
On a rippled moonlit lake.
And the wild trees of winter
Mystic, weird in form, against a dark sky
And reeds in the breeze,—shiver and shake.

Let me paint a picture of an evening
Of the Heron with its piercing cry
Of the peace of an evening, the sky, the stars
The rustle of rush in the soft breezes sigh.

Let me paint a picture of an evening,
At the top of the dark-green pine trees
Where the red sun casts its glow
On red-furrows of the field
On the earthed plough, distant farm-houses and
green ivy
At a red pool—a red fawn and doe.

Let me paint a picture of an evening
The mud brown river's, silent flow
The barren land, the deathly sky
The pale moon's effort—a heartless glow.

MARY-ROSE WOODWARD, VX.

The Matchmaker

Thornton Wilder's *The Matchmaker* is solidly within that rich vein of American humour which relies for its effect on personal idiosyncrasy, 'folksiness' if you like, but without any of the whimsical implications of that word. The humour indeed is strong, almost cruel; the main characters, Horace Vandergelder and Mrs. Levi have an edge of icy ambition about them; and the insistence of the plot on money, commerce, bills that can't be paid and so on, underlines the fact that in its values, *The Matchmaker* is a completely materialistic play.

But this is not all of the story. Otherwise the school's performance of it last November would never have amused, delighted, entertained three successive audiences in the way it undoubtedly did; nor would people, not compelled to be well disposed, have gone away saying that this was the most successful school production for years. What *The Matchmaker* had, in fact, was superb construction, pace in the writing, some splendid farcical climaxes, and characters which, while they owed a lot, possibly, to the music hall, nevertheless reminded this critic of the great, comic, two-dimensional creations of Ben Jonson. And how well the young cast responded to the challenge!

The dominating figure was, of course, Vandergelder himself, ruthless, domineering, something of a bully. John Lewis conveyed these unpleasant characteristics very well indeed, and if he had been content to do this, all would have been well. But in fact there were times when I felt that he was acting in a vacuum, not considering the relationship of the other players' speeches to his own; and having reached a crescendo of attack early in the play, he had little in reserve for later scenes when contrast would have been valuable. This is, of course, to criticise John's acting on a high level, as it deserves to be criticised. If it had not been, at times, so good, one would not feel so impelled to carp!

Dolly Levi's part was a beautiful one, subtle and compounded of that delightful brand of American-Jewish humour that is one of the riches of American literature. It was also a part that demanded mature and intelligent acting to express Dolly's cunning, very feminine mind. Wendy Gray's interpretation was, I felt, a splendid piece of work. More than anything else, her *consistency* stood out, the way she maintained the part right through the play, without once falling from the high level of acting with which she had begun. It was hard to believe, as I watched the performance that she was, after all, only a schoolgirl.

But the palm, I think, I would award to Roger Horgan's comic invention and beautiful timing in the part of Cornelius Hackl. With his partner, the seventeen-and-never-been-kissed Barnaby Tucker (well played by Raymond Jones) he put across a pathetic innocents-abroad humour that was one of the main delights of the evening.

The young lovers, Ambrose Kemper and Ermengarde, were played by Patrick McNally and Patricia Jones, who faced the usual problem presented to juvenile leads—how to inject interest into these rather flatly written parts. Alas, neither of them succeeded in bringing more than their charming selves. This kind of part is a rock on which far more experienced actors founder. The jolly milliner and her assistant (Iona Jones and Gillian Phillips) were a pair that provided a perfect foil to the store clerks on the loose. Neither of them, I believe, had acted before in a major production and the two of them turned in performances that would have done credit to actresses of several years standing.

Of the less weighty parts, I recall with pleasure the almost perfect vignette of the old lady played by Angela Hay; the subtle underplaying of Peter Hussey as Malachi Stack (perhaps on the whole *too* understressed); and the puzzled dignity of Allan Butler's waiter. Charles James, Anne Parcell, Gerald Mountstevens, Brian Anfield, Tom James and Janet Warlow all did well in supporting roles.

Earlier on I said that one of the most important features of the play was its pace and its farcical nature. These are not easy things to achieve, and Mr. Shaw's brilliant manipulation of the young players and the play itself, was what we have come to expect of him. No more needs to be said. Mr. Cooper's settings captured perfectly the rich period flavour and in doing so lent an air of authenticity to the play that contributed to its success in a major fashion.

Mr. Emlyn Lloyd was the Stagemaster, assisted by Allan Bowen, Anthony Bywaters, Philip Ralph and Trevor Jones. The sets were constructed by Mr. Rex Lewis; properties were the responsibility of Margaret Kavanagh, Janet Munt and Jean Shore; Messrs. Hogg and Roblin collaborated in the lighting helped by Allan Butler, Gordon Payne and Ray Reynolds; Miss J. Jones was wardrobe mistress, and the make-up was by Miss Boyle, Miss Phillips and Eileen Thomas. Patricia Harries prompted, business manager was Miss Hughes, publicity Mr. Gammon, and the costumes came from Messrs. Watts, of Manchester.

Vth and LVI Trip to Stratford— Summer 1959

The summer of 1959 was the best that has been known for two hundred years. Such a summer is bound to produce many memories, but when the memories of lazing on beaches, boating, swimming and all other such summer activities have faded, one memory, I feel sure, will remain of this glorious summer. That is the one of the visit to Stratford-upon-Avon that myself and eleven other pupils, led by Miss Boyle, were lucky enough to participate in.

The visit was made in the early part of July, when the newspaper headlines told of temperatures of 104°F. on Wimbledon's centre court. The party travelled to Stratford by train on Thursday, July 2, returning the following Monday. The intention of the visit was to see the two plays currently playing at the Memorial Theatre—"A Midsummer Night's Dream" and "Othello," but these occupied only a few hours of the day, and Stratford, which must surely be one of England's most beautiful towns, provided quite a great deal of interest.

There is firstly, and most obviously the connections with Shakespeare, his birthplace, his later home, the magnificent modern memorial theatre. Then there is the quiet and surprisingly unspoilt beauty of the town, its river, its churches, its willows. Possibly, the sun enriched these first impressions, but they remained through all sorts of light. Then there is the surrounding area, Warwick, Kenilworth, Coventry, that we saw on the Sunday.

We had nothing planned for Thursday evening so we spent our time "getting our bearings" and "looking the town over." Although bookable seats had all been filled surprisingly early that season it is possible to queue for two or three rows of seats, this way a minimum of people are disappointed. The girls sportingly offered to queue for the Friday evening performance, which entailed getting to the theatre at seven o'clock and

sitting until the "take over" shift of boys arrived at nine, to wait until the box-office opened at ten thirty. We soon discovered that there was method in their female madness, for at four o'clock on Saturday morning we boys were watching the sunrise over the park in front of the theatre. To us however this was no chore, but another experience to be tasted, and enjoyed.

We did not want to go far from the town on these two days in fear of arriving late at the theatre and due to the morning's queuing, in fact there was no need, the town supplying more interest than can really be crammed into two days. The plays were, as expected most enjoyable, not only for their own beauty but also for the magnificent acting of the cast which starred Paul Robeson, Charles Laughton and Mary Ure, and the ingenious and often beautiful sets. We were lucky enough, after Saturday's show to be able to go briefly behind stage, where we saw the fantastic machinery of one of the best stages in the country, and were disillusioned about the sets.

Sunday, we spent outside Stratford, first we went to Warwick, where we saw the doll museum and the castle, with its wonderful collection of art treasures, and its beautiful garden. Two of our number had gone to Birmingham to visit relations, so we were feeling rather like the ten little nigger boys must have felt when, due to an argument with a 'bus' automatic door another of our group had to return to Stratford alone, muttering darkly. The remaining ten of us carried on to Kenilworth to see the castle that had inspired Sir Walter Scott to write the novel of that name. It had been intended to carry on to Coventry to look at Basil Spence's new cathedral, but at Kenilworth another eight fell by the wayside, leaving only two stalwarts to make the pilgrimage. An account of the effect this city had on the pilgrims' could use up quite a lot more print, let it suffice to say that it was inspiring. The party reunited at a Chinese restaurant in Stratford for a final slap-up supper, but here the party showed a disappointing lack of courage, and only one chop suey and one Chinese soup appeared on our tables. The absence of bird's nest soup consumers in Pembroke Grammar School is to be remarked upon.

P. HUSSEY.

A Trip to Skomer with the Field Society

The wind was howling, the rain was pouring down. It seemed as if this day was going to be as dull as all the others preceding it.

The weather had no change in it, it did not look as if there was going to be any change either. I was riding to school on my bicycle as I usually do. I was glad to see the school for once. At least I could shelter out of the rain. After going to the form room and putting on our gym-shoes, we proceeded to the hall. Everybody was chatting to their friends making a terrific row, when suddenly, everybody became quiet. This was the sign that the headmaster was entering the hall. The morning service was soon over and all that was left was the school news. First came a few interesting results of school rugby matches.

Then came the news that there was to be another field society trip, the most exciting yet, a trip to Skomer Island. This brightened the dull faces of all the field society members.

That break-time we all met in a classroom to collect the details of those going on the trip. Many people were trying to get a chance to pay their shillings and join the society at this late moment, but Mr. Lloyd decided that it was too late. To raise some money for the funds Mr. Lloyd

decided to allow other people outside the society to come, paying an extra two shillings. The members had the first privilege of course. In the end we skinned the numbers down to about sixty. We would have to have two boats.

We had to cancel the trip twice due to very bad weather. In the end the trip was divided into two, one on the Sunday and one on the Thursday, which was a school day. I decided to go on the Thursday, which was really just as well because the Sunday party had a rough journey and many people were sea-sick.

The boats left Hobbs Point pier at ten o'clock exactly. The journey, a pleasant one, lasted two hours. A loud chorus of cheers came from everyone as we sighted the island. Shearwaters were swooping all round the boat. We landed in the North Haven and went ashore in little parties in a rowing boat we had been towing behind. Once ashore we climbed up the bank to the top of the cliff.

We split up into four parties according to our various interests. My party went round taking photos of colonies of puffins, historic remains and various items of nature. I was looking for bones of peculiar birds, and I found many of them. We had our dinner near the farmhouse where the only inhabitants of the island live.

After having our lunch we did a bit of exploring, slowly moving round the coast and inland more or less losing ourselves. We watched the seals basking at garland stone which was very interesting. We explored the ancient storehouses and ironage dwellings finding many exhibits for a school museum. Harold Stone, which is nearly six feet, was a popular feature and many boys and girls photographed it. The pond in the middle of the island was interesting, with its tadpoles and queer fish. Toward the end of the afternoon we found a bird's egg which my friend broke against a rock. The egg gave out such a smell that we had to retreat to somewhere else.

At the end of the afternoon we met near The Neck and proceeded to our landing stage where we eventually sighted the boat that was to take us home. I was very sorry to leave the island although I was very tired. I bade one last farewell to the island as it disappeared from our sight.

We arrived home about eight o'clock that night after a wonderful day and many beautiful memories. This is one day I will never forget. I am now looking forward to the next field society trip.

ANDREW LLOYD WILLIAMS, IIIA.

ORIGINAL WORK COMPETITION

The Family Cat

Black silken fur, green lamps for eyes,
White whiskers twitching, pink nose aquiver.
Sleek body alert, long tail ashiver,
Intent on a bird, as downward it flies.
Hide in the long grass—no time for purrs or cries.
Pray to the god of cats "Oh gracious giver
Take not this bird away. To me him deliver,
One lightning spring and he is my prize."

Blue feathers on the grass,
Warm blood on curling tongue,
Nature is cruel yet.
Small, jungle beast, alas,
Civilisation from him flung,
Gone is our gentle pet.

JENNIFER WILLS, V Remove.

The Trip to the North of Pembrokeshire

Unfortunately this term the Field Society has been able to organise only one trip, which took place in September. This outing had as its destination certain places of interest in the north of the county, namely, Cenarth Falls, Cilgerran Castle, Eglwysrwr and Cardigan.

A wet morning (it always seems to rain on our outings) did not dampen the spirits of the large party which set out across Hobbs Point Ferry. The juniors, well supplied with large packs of food were well to the fore. Crossing the ferry at 9.30 a.m., we made our way by coach from Neyland to Milford to pick up Miss Cleevly, and then proceeded to Cenarth Falls, our first stop.

We did not see this pretty spot at its best because the dry summer had lessened the flow of the water over the falls and the coracle men were not in their usual places on the river. Several of the younger members of the party made up for these disappointments by taking to the water. This provided the more cautious ones with some amusement and the youngsters seemed none the worse for their duckings.

JOHN REYNOLDS, IIIA.

We stopped at Cardigan to do some shopping and to stretch our legs, from where we went to Cilgerran Castle. The castle itself was in ruins: only one tower was standing and the rest was held up by scaffolding. From there we went on to Eglwysrwr and saw a motte and bailey castle, of which there was nothing left.

CAROLE HERBERT, IVA.

We made our final stop at Nevern Church, a beautiful church in a valley below the Precelly Mountains.

Our homeward journey took us across the mountains, back again to Neyland, where we were just in time to catch the ferry for our short trip over to Hobbs Point.

JOHN REYNOLDS, IIIA.

We hope that the Field Society will continue to flourish and that we will manage to arrange many more trips next term.

Contributed by sundry members of the Society.

Y.F.C. Report, Autumn, 1959

The first meeting this term was held on September 17th, when the officials for this year were elected. They are as follows: Gerald Mountstevens, chairman; Philip Martin, secretary; John Curtis, Press secretary. The committee consists of Richard Roberts-Thomas, Joan Morgan, Valerie James. A list of members was compiled and we were pleased to note that this year we have the longest membership in the history of the club, sixty or so members. We were particularly pleased to see a growing interest in the club (or members we are still undecided as to which) by the girls of the school.

Since this meeting there have been a number of other meetings taking the form of talks, panel games and one-minute speeches at which there has been good attendances.

On Friday, the 9th of October, the club went to South Pembrokeshire Y.F.C. for a three-cornered quiz (which South Pembrokeshire won) and thoroughly enjoyed themselves. Similar invitations have been received from other clubs but, owing to school work, it has been impossible to accept.

One of the highlights of the term was the public speaking competition where the under-21 team, consisting of Margaret Kavanagh, Gerald Mountstevens and Richards Roberts-Thomas, won their event against fourteen or so other clubs. Also the junior team, consisting of Marion Gough and Martyn Evans, came fourth. Owing to lack of talent however, it was impossible to enter a team for the under-28 competition.

The club also entered four members (each doing different subjects) in a written quiz, in connection with the county rally. The team consisted of Philip Martin, D. S. and John Brentnall, John Morgan and Robert Thorne. Their positions were 1, 3, 7, 2 respectively and Philip Martin is to represent the county in a written quiz in connection with the Y.F.C. competitions with the Royal Welsh Show.

At an oral quiz, at which we were the hosts, the club won a quiz against Nevern Y.F.C. in the second round of the county oral quiz competition. After the quiz, refreshments were provided by Miss M. James and the girls of the club.

This term the club has been fairly active and not without some success and we look forward to the County Drama competition and the County Rally at which we are to be the hosts.

HON. SECRETARY.

Science Society

The following officials were elected at the commencement of term:—

Chairman: RAY REYNOLDS. *Secretary*: ALLAN BUTLER.

Committee:

DOROTHY LEWIS, MARGARET KAVANAGH, VALERIE COLLEY, GORDON PAYNE.

Only one meeting has taken place this term; at this meeting Valerie Colley gave an interesting talk on "The use of Science in Agriculture." A discussion followed which lasted some time and after a long argument between Mr. N. H. Greenwood and our Secretary, the meeting was closed. Those present I feel have learnt how important science is in agriculture.

R.W.R.

Urdd International Friendship Club

In its first time in this form the club proved to be a flourishing and stable society. The cause for this is, probably, the great variety and interest of the meetings. At the first meeting of the year, John Jenkins spoke of a holiday he had spent building homes for refugees in Austria. At the following meeting Valerie Colley, assisted by Shirley Dundas and Margaret Dean, described the International Meeting of Youth at the school during the summer holidays. Valerie's talk was illustrated by coloured slides.

Mrs. Kitti Howells was the club's first visitor. Her visit was to talk on the very difficult job of outlining the history of Yugoslavia in the third meeting, which was reserved as a Yugoslavian night. Mrs. Howells' talk was followed by a description illustrated by coloured slides of the towns of Sarajevo and Dubrovnik, as Mr. Griffiths had found them on a recent holiday.

The next two meetings were taken by Tom Simpson under the general heading of "The development of films." Tom outlined the

cinemas history from 1895 onwards, and illustrated its development by the use of several films :—

1. "Early Actualities" (British).
2. "Barney Oldfield's Race for Life" (American).
3. "Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" (German).
4. A Charlie Chaplin film (American).
5. "A Pip from Pittsburg" (an American sound film).
6. "The Count of Monte Cristo" (French).
7. "Zampa" (American).

At the first of these two meetings, Mr. Griffiths announced his intention of turning the club over to the management of a committee selected from club members. The selected committee chose various officers who are : Chairman : Peter Hussey ; Assistant Chairman : Jill Thomas ; Secretary : Ray Reynolds ; Assistant Secretary : Tom Simpson ; Minutes Secretary : Ann Hall ; Attendance Secretary : Sandra Bradshaw ; Treasurer : Andrea Jones.

The sixth meeting of the term was devoted to Denmark, a coloured film of Denmark called "A Horse on Holiday," a coloured film of work on the Popton oil terminal, and many excellent coloured slides of the project being shown to the club. The meeting was addressed by the School's Danish visitor, Grethe Henriksen, and four of the Danish technicians working at Popton.

The club's activities for the term finished with a Christmas party. There was a Christmas tree, decorated by Sandra Bradshaw, Jacqueline Evans and some of the Bush House boys. A great deal of work on arranging and preparing food was done by Dorothy Lewis and Valerie Colley. Father Christmas (Richard Thomas) and his attendants, Phillip Martin and Ray Reynolds, Jane Evans, Pat Harries and Elaine Stewart arrived hot-foot from Siberia, riding genuine Laplander's bicycles. A film finished off the first part of the evening and the second part was devoted to a dance for the seniors.

All the people mentioned above have the club's thanks and also Ken Rogers for the use of his record player, Bush House Boys for clearing up after, and Jill Thomas for selling the tickets previous to the party.

P. HUSSEY.

The Technical Science Society

The highlight of the Society's activities during the 1959-60 year was the visit to Carmarthen Bay Power Station in July.

In glorious weather the "Silcox Special" with 36 prospective scientists meandered confusedly along the coastal route to Carmarthen via Amroth, Pendine, Laugharne and Carmarthen. Thus disputing Euclid's axiom that the shortest distance between two towns is a straight line.

Pendine was the signal for the 'Special' to rest its weary wheels and thus avail the occupants the opportunity to bathe in the sea. The next port of call was Laugharne, strangely quiet in the absence of V.I.P.'s but once more fighting to assert its rights in the eye of literary circles with the reconstruction of Dylan's Boat House.

And then on to Burry Port, landmarked by the cooling towers of the Power Station. A preliminary talk by the Power House Supervisor put

everyone at ease. The figures quoted seemed astronomical, competing perhaps with "Facts and Figures" for fictional fame.

We were soon to realise that the Station consumed almost half-a-million tons of coal per annum at peak production. The steam developed being used to drive six sets of turbines generating a total of 340,000 kilowatts. The staff employed is in the region of 450.

The steam generated has a maximum temperature of 940°F. and a pressure of 920 lbs. per square inch. Such conditions alone were sufficient to arouse gasps of incredulity. Who would have thought, that such conditions were necessary to obtain the working medium necessary for operating our T.V. sets ?

The visit was pleasantly terminated by the provision of a delicious tea. Unquestionably the superintendent, staff and canteen staff, had contributed enormously to making the visit a pleasant and successful one.

Educational and works' visits must be encouraged. Only thus can we capture the reality of the 'Maturing World' whether industrially or culturally and convey the hard detailed facts so obviously missing from the text books.

United Nations Club

The Club has been mainly concerned with raising funds for refugees. The sale of pencils and cards yielded £5 10s. 0d., and a dance at the end of the Summer Term, organised by Rosemary Andrews, brought in £4 15s. So far, we have sent £3 to buy Christmas gifts for a refugee girl in hospital at Kapfernberg Camp, Austria.

On September 30, Fraulein Putz spoke to us about German school life and based her remarks on coloured slides she had taken of school activities in Pembroke. We have met twice for social activities and films.

Until the end of the Refugee Year we shall be known as the Yellow Badge Brigade.

A Robin

Robin, to the bare bough clinging,
What can thy sweet music mean?
Like a hidden spring, thy singing
Seems to clothe the trees with green.

What warm nest for thee has nature
For thy soft red breast to lay ?
Art thou singing, homeless creature
For the crumbs we threw today ?

TONY DAVIES, IIIA.

The Field Society

In the Summer Term of 1959, the Society was able to undertake only one outing which was to Skomer Island. The Society members were so enthusiastic about this trip that two parties consisting of two boats in each had to be arranged. However one of the parties was disappointed because of adverse weather conditions, so on July 9th, the members of the first party met at Hobbs Point ready to embark on what was to prove an extremely exciting if not nerve-wracking trip.

After the two small boats had ridden the waves for a few hours we finally arrived, undamaged save for weak stomachs, but landing on the island presented a problem to the boatmen. After sailing around the island we found a small calm, rock-surrounded inlet where the workmen's boats and fishing vessels were lying at anchor. We were precariously ferried in groups of six in the tiny row-boat, which one of the boats had in tow, and so we began our exploration of Skomer Island. The path leading from the beach to the cliff-top was rather steep and it seemed as if we would never make it. After lunch, for which everyone had been waiting eagerly, we set off in a crocodile to study the bird life, especially the puffins which were playing on the rocks below. Many of the members were surprised to see numerous dead shearwaters lying on the ground and we came to the conclusion that these birds had probably been killed for food by the Gulls. As the shearwaters emerge only at night, only a few of us saw live ones.

Unfortunately, our time on the island was limited and we were loath to leave so early, especially when we discerned the heavy seas which lay ahead of us. However most of us had by then become immune to sea-sickness. As we passed Dale, the water grew much calmer and many of us were able to finish the food left over from earlier in the day. We reached Hobbs Point, perhaps more tired than when we set out, but certainly more happy after one of the most enjoyable trips the Field Society has ever undertaken.

Venture! Adventure!

One evening, in the spring of 1958, I was looking in earnest at the daily newspaper. The thing which interested me was an article on how to join the Royal Air Force. I remember being quite disappointed when I found that I was too young. However on another examination of the paper I saw a line which said, "If too young join the A.T.C." Now I didn't have a clue as to what the above mentioned party was all about but nevertheless I applied to join. This move has been perhaps, as well as a wonderful thing, a move which has saved me a life of discontentment of misery.

But before I deal with that subject I would like to tell the reader of my experiences. It was only a number of months after joining, that I was given a non-commissioned officer's rank, that of corporal. However, sadly enough, this was not due to any immense brain and aptitude senses but to the relative size of the unit. The stripes were sewn on and Corporal James felt terribly smart and I must say was a little conscious of the authority which he represented. The first opportunity to assume power over my lads came but three weeks later. Here was the chance to gain all certificates which the Air Training Corps possessed, the chance to do all the wonderful things which we had been promised. But on arriving at R.A.F. Thorney Island (for this was an annual summer camp) I found to my dismay that

stripes were not all gold whether they glittered or not. I was in charge of the billet; in charge, for the first night of the barrack block, I had to take almost fifty boys out on parade. I began to be demoralised. Nevertheless after four of the seven days, I was free of worry for I had discovered something which I can only call "fellowship." One night in the N.A.A.F.I. I met some Welsh boys, we had some lemonade and cider and went to town. After having a wonderful time we arrived back having come across two of my own boys. The next day on the rifle range, the sound of the guns made me nervy and on edge. In the afternoon I went flying for the first time. There is one word to describe how I felt as I stood on the ground near the Valetta aircraft, terrified. With premonitions of impending disaster I took my seat. Then suddenly with a roar of engines, the screws of the Valetta began to turn. Fear vanished immediately. We took off and soon were cruising over Portsmouth at a few thousand feet. By this time I was elated and wanted to stay airborne forever. Then all at once we started to hit air-pockets. I felt my stomach rising to the ceiling one minute then suddenly diving earthwards like a bomb. Soon I was quite ill, and before arriving back at Thorney I had used one of the Air Ministry's brown paper bags to full advantage.

The following year, at R.A.F. Wattisham, in Suffolk, brought even more unusual experiences. When we arrived we found that two squadrons were billeted in two large huts. 1574 Borough of Pembroke squadron comprising seven cadets, and 1242 Dundee squadron consisting of fifty-eight cadets. These boys however, became first-class companions and the names of Mitchell Campbell and Ballantyne will always be remembered by us. We were divided, with approximately fifty per cent. of the cadets in each hut. Every night figures clad in pyjamas and gym-shoes and armed with pillows could be seen creeping stealthily towards the rival hut. The pillow-fights were always amusing especially on one occasion when a certain Gwyn Jones and myself decided to rag the beds in the other billet. We crept quietly around the rear of our hut and promptly fell into an enormous ditch. We staggered back to the billet with wet and muddy pyjamas and the complete story of this escapade is now one of our squadron's classical tales.

At Wattisham we all (including the Scottish boys) understood each other and had an almost perfect holiday. It was at Wattisham that I discovered that I could shoot. I do not derive any pleasure from shooting. In fact, I am scared of guns, but all the same I proudly show the crossed rifles of an R.A.F. marksman on my right forearm. This however was not the reason for my great pride, but flying was. After having thirty minutes in an Anson I thought that this particular thrill had passed for yet another year. How mistaken I was though. For, I found out that I had been chosen to go for a trip in a Meteor T.7 jet aeroplane. I hardly realised where we (i.e., myself and the other two boys) were going, until suddenly after walking through a doorway we came smartly to attention and there he was. "He" is now my hero undisputed and almost unrivalled. His name is Squadron Leader Peter Latham, a well-known visitor to the channels of television sets all the world over. He is the C.O. of treble squadron and led them in their victory over H.M.S. Goldcrest Seahawks at Farnborough this year. Well to continue the story, there he sat, one leg hanging over the side of the armchair in which he was sprawled. His hair was delightfully tousled and his whole manner was charming. When we had taken off, he asked me various questions which I answered readily. Then he asked me one of the most startling questions of my life. "Would you like to have a bash at taking her, Cliff?" To hear that, was wonderful. For ten whole minutes I had control of the Meteor. Turning here, diving,

climbing, slow rolls, in fact I was so confident that I even attempted a loop. But alas he laughed, and said that I should learn to fly before trying any death stunts. When we were returning to base he said four words to me. They are the reason for my pride ! They were. " You weren't bad, James." I choked out a " Thank you, sir," and then we landed. Well the camps all seem to include the same amount of fun, ragging, bed raiding, expeditions and once again fellowship. But perhaps you remember that I said that the Air Training Corps has maybe saved me from a life of misery. I shall now attempt to explain to you exactly what I meant.

It was the last lesson of the morning when the school secretary told me, that a phone call awaited me at the office. I lifted the receiver to receive instructions from my C.O. to go to St. Athans that night for an N.C.O.'s training course. I collected my warrant, packed my trunk and went. Well, we had about an hour's sleep on Friday, four and a half hours drill and swimming on Saturday and drill on Sunday. It was Remembrance Sunday and we, the N.C.O.'s of number three Welsh wing A.T.C., had a special service. Afterwards, we were stood at attention for two minutes, and then, back to drill. But that service was sincere and later on I was still thinking about how wonderful, yes, how much more wonderful, even than our celebrated school choir, those boys had sounded with their husky, even discordant voices. When looking up, I perceived a boy entrant whom I thought I knew. Going over to him, I said, " Excuse me, are you Joe Mahoney ? " He looked up, " Yes," he began, but suddenly a look of delighted recognition lit up his face. However, it had soon changed, for his eyes filled up and soon I had great difficulty in keeping tears back. He didn't say anything, except to tell me that he had been in the R.A.F. for four weeks, but I could see that he hated it. The emotional spell soon passed, and questions flowed thick and fast. I answered them, but always I kept thinking of him and the twelve years ahead of him. I thought because I am like Joe Mahoney, in many ways, and so thanks to him and the A.T.C. I am still in school.

Well, I wish that I could thank them all. The officers, the men and the boys and, of course, the most important, the fellowship. Indeed, though I may not join the R.A.F., I am still proud, indeed, doubly proud of the Air Training Corps, the organisation which has its aim set in its emblem, it is " Venture ! Adventure ! "

CLIFFORD JAMES, VX.

The School Farm

The School Farm has now been in operation for nearly five years and the time is opportune to look back and examine the degree to which its original objectives have been achieved.

Our original intention was to establish a sound mixed farming system run on an economical basis which would serve as a practical example of how a small farm could be run. The second and even more important function of the Farm was to provide the technical pupils with plants and animals for study and experimental work both in Biology and Agricultural Science. Thirdly, it provided pupils with the opportunity of gaining some practical experience during the evenings and week-ends which is invaluable for those intending to make a career in Agricultural Science. Fourthly, it was intended to provide a variety of machines and implements for the use of the Agricultural Machinery department. These machines are available but unfortunately the Machinery Department has hitherto had no instructor. This unfortunate situation has now been rectified however, due to the appointment of Mr. Allen, as Farm Machinery Instructor.

It can now be claimed that the original objectives of the School Farm have been fully realised, but we are all the time endeavouring to expand its uses and embrace new objectives. The latest development is the commencement of classes for pupils from the Coronation School who intend taking up an Agricultural career. These pupils attend for a half-day each week and the Farm is invaluable for providing facilities for demonstrations on various aspects of farming. This type of vocational training is gaining a stronger foothold in the Secondary Modern School today and it plays a useful part in encouraging older pupils to stay on at School to a more mature age.

Frost

Frost in the morning,
Plumbers warning.
Frost at night,
Plumbers' delight.
Frost on the ground,
Burst pipes abound.
Frost in town,
Shoppers frown.
Frost in the field,
A silver shield.
Frost on a tree,
What a sight to see !
Frost brings slides,
And skating glides.
Frost is fun—
But only for some.

HUW GIBBY, IIIA.

W.J.E.C. Results, 1959
General Certificate of Education,
Ordinary Level

V Remove :

- David Fraser—English Language, English Literature, German, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Woodwork, Arithmetic.
 Roger Horgan—English Language, English Literature, Mathematics, Chemistry, Biology, Woodwork, Arithmetic.
 Kenneth Lewis—English Language, English Literature, Latin, French, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Woodwork Arithmetic.
 Joan Morgan—English Language, English Literature, French, German, Scripture, Biology, Arithmetic.
 John Waller—English Language, German, Mathematics, Chemistry, Biology, Woodwork, Arithmetic.

VX :

- Eileen Attew—History, Cookery, Arithmetic.
 John Bettison—English Language, Economics, Art.
 Colin Bowers—Geography, Arithmetic.
 Kathleen Brown—English Language, Scripture, Geography.
 David Cole—Woodwork, Arithmetic.
 Margaret Davies—Welsh, Needlework.
 David Ebsworth—Geography.
 Valerie Gwyther—English Literature, Art, Cookery, Needlework, Arithmetic.
 Graham Harries—Mathematics.
 Dorothy James—Music.
 Graham John—Geography, Economics, Arithmetic.
 Irene Jordan—English Literature, Welsh, French, History, Arithmetic.
 Brian Mackeen—Geography, Art.
 Ann Mathias—Arithmetic.
 John McFadyen—English Language, Geography, Art, Woodwork, Arithmetic.
 Janet Munt—English Literature, Geography, Arithmetic.
 Margaret Phillips—English Language, Geography, Economics, Cookery, Needlework.
 Vivian Roberts—Economics.
 Eileen Thomas—English Language, English Literature, Scripture, History, Biology, General Science, Art.
 Patricia Waite—English Literature, Scripture, Geography, General Science, Cookery.

V.O. :

- John Bowers—English Literature.
 Arthur Brady—English Language, Welsh, Mathematics, Arithmetic.
 Thomas Breese—Welsh Geography, Mathematics, Physics, Woodwork, Metalwork.
 Stuart Brown—History, Arithmetic.
 Victor Catherall—English Literature, Geography, Mathematics, Arithmetic.

- Ann Deveson—English Literature, Cookery, Needlework, Arithmetic.
 June Herbert—English Language, English Literature, History, Cookery, Arithmetic.
 Anthony Lain—English Literature, General Science, Woodwork, Arithmetic.
 Stuart Lewis—English Language, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Woodwork, Arithmetic.
 Margaret Matthews—English Literature, Scripture, Geography, Arithmetic.
 Patrick McNally—Biology, Arithmetic.
 Peter Oliver—Mathematics, Arithmetic.
 Terrence Richards—English Language, English Literature, History, Biology, Arithmetic.
 Rosemary Rogers—English Language, English Literature, French, History, Cookery, Arithmetic.
 Keith Russant—Mathematics, Biology, General Science, Art, Woodwork, Metalwork, Arithmetic.
 Anthony Scourfield—Scripture, Geography.
 Roy Smith—English Language, Welsh, Scripture, Mathematics, Physics, Woodwork, Arithmetic.
 Spencer Staunton—Woodwork, Arithmetic.
 Brian Stephens—English Language, Geography, Metalwork, Arithmetic.
 Sandra Stevens—English Language, French, Arithmetic.
 Elaine Stewart—English Language, English Literature, History, Cookery, Needlework, Arithmetic.
 Graham Thomas—Geography, Biology.
 Janet Thomas—English Literature, Scripture, History.
 Peter Thomas—English Language, English Literature, Welsh, French, History, Arithmetic.
 Raymond Thomas—Welsh, Chemistry, Art, Arithmetic.
 Janet Warlow—Needlework, Arithmetic.
 David Lloyd Williams—English Language, English Literature, French, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Biology, Woodwork, Arithmetic.
 Angela Wilson—English Language, English Literature, French, Music, Arithmetic.

VR :

- David Brown—English Language, English Literature, German, Mathematics, Chemistry, Woodwork, Arithmetic.
 Gloria Brown—English Language, English Literature, French, History, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Biology, Arithmetic.
 Wendy Cavaney—English Language, English Literature, Latin, French, German, Scripture, History, Geography, Mathematics, Arithmetic.
 Miriam Cole—English Language, Scripture, Geography.
 Nigel Davies—Mathematics, Woodwork, Arithmetic.
 Jane Evans—English Language, Welsh, French, Mathematics, Music, Cookery, Needlework, Arithmetic.
 Diane Ferris—English Literature, Scripture, General Science.
 Wendy Gough—English Language, English Literature, Welsh, German, Scripture, Geography, Mathematics, Art, Arithmetic.
 Susan Griffiths—French, Scripture.
 Angela Hay—English Language, English Literature, German, Geography, Mathematics, Biology, Arithmetic.
 Daphne Llewellyn—English Language, English Literature, Welsh, German, Scripture, History, Geography, Arithmetic.

- Christine Macken—Geography, Needlework, Arithmetic.
 Christopher Morgan—English Language, English Literature, French, Geography, Physics, Chemistry, Arithmetic.
 Deryck Morgan—English Language, English Literature, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Biology, Woodwork, Arithmetic.
 Carole Morgans—English Language, English Literature, Mathematics, Arithmetic.
 Christine Nash—English Language, English Literature, French, History, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Arithmetic.
 Anne Parcell—English Language, English Literature, Scripture, Cookery, Arithmetic.
 Robert Parcell—Economics.
 Gillian Phillips—English Language, English Literature, German, Cookery, Needlework, Arithmetic.
 Wendy Rees—English Language, English Literature, Welsh, French, Scripture, Mathematics, Art, Arithmetic.
 Pamela Rendall—English Literature, Mathematics, Art, Needlework, Arithmetic.
 William Roberts—English Literature, History, Mathematics, Arithmetic.
 Thomas Simpson—English Language, English Literature, French, History, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Arithmetic.
 Ronald Starkey—English Language, Mathematics, Woodwork, Arithmetic.

V. Technical

- George Dickman—English Literature, Geography, Woodwork, Metalwork.
 Lawrence Edwards—English Literature, Chemistry, Agricultural Science, Arithmetic.
 David Esmond—Geography, Chemistry, Woodwork, Metalwork, Arithmetic.
 Cerith Evans—Economics, Mathematics, Agricultural Science, Arithmetic.
 Norman Fry—English Language, Geography, Woodwork, Metalwork.
 Victoria Haggart—English Language, English Literature, Economics, Biology, Cookery, Rural Domestic Economy.
 Susan Jewell—English Language, English Literature, Geography, Economics, Chemistry, Biology, Cookery, Rural Domestic Economy.
 Philip Martin—English Language, Geography, Biology, Woodwork, Metalwork, Arithmetic.
 John Morgan—Woodwork, Arithmetic.
 Gerald Mountstevens—Geography, Chemistry, Woodwork, Metalwork.
 Robert Phillips—Woodwork, Arithmetic.
 Peter Protheroe—Woodwork.
 Kenneth Rogers—Chemistry, Agricultural Science, Arithmetic.
 Anthony Smith—Mathematics, Chemistry, Agricultural Science, Arithmetic.
 Nicholas Tebbutt—Mathematics, General Science, Agricultural Science.
 Terrence Threlfall—Woodwork.

VI Commercial

- Margaret Mathias—English Literature.
 Patricia Sherlock—Geography.
 Valerie Smith—Needlework.
 Wendy Smith—Art.

Royal Society of Arts

- Myra Cook—Book-keeping, Typewriting Stage I.
 Rosalie Minchin—Typewriting, Stage I (with credit).
 Patricia Sherlock—Book-keeping.
 Valerie Smith—Book-keeping (with credit).
 Wendy Smith—Typewriting, Stage I.

General Certificate of Education, Advanced Level

- Jillian Thomas—Pure and Applied Mathematics.

General Certificate of Education, Ordinary Level

- Brian Anfield—Additional Mathematics, Mechanics.
 Brian Angle—Additional Mathematics, Mechanics.
 Dorothy Anstee—History, Geography, Biology.
 Desmond Brown—Chemistry, Geology.
 Richard Callen—English Language.
 Patricia Harries—Arithmetic.
 Peter Hussey—Geology.
 Thomas James—Mathematics, Mechanics.
 Daniele Masset—French, German.
 Ray Reynolds—Additional Mathematics, Mechanics.
 Philip Roberts—Biology.
 Richard Roberts-Thomas—Welsh.
 Michael Williams—Chemistry, Practical Plane and Solid Geometry.

General Certificate of Education, Advanced Level

- Rosemary Andrew—English (A), French (O).
 Allan Butler—Pure and Applied Mathematics (A), Physics (A), Chemistry (O).
 John Carr—Chemistry (A), Zoology (A), Botany (O).
 Valerie Colley—Chemistry (A), Botany (A), Zoology (A).
 Paul Crotty—English (A), History (A), Geography (A).
 Ivor Davies—Woodwork (A), English Literature (O).
 Margaret Dean—English (A), History (A), Geography (A).
 Shirley Dundas—English (A), History (A), Music (O).
 Penelope Evans—English (A), History (A), Art (A).
 Maurice Eynon—History (A), Geography (A).

Ann Ferrier—English Literature (O), Arithmetic (O).
 Ann Fraser—History (A), Geography (A), German (O), Arithmetic (O).
 Edward Goddard—Geography (A), History (O).
 Jacqueline Godfrey—English (A), Scripture (O).
 John Gough—Woodwork (A), Economics (O).
 Robert Holmes—Pure and Applied Mathematics (A), Physics (A), Chemistry (A).
 Gwyneth James—History (A), Welsh (O), Scripture (O).
 David John—Woodwork (A), Geography (O).
 Andrea Jones—English (A), Art (A).
 Jennifer Jones—French (A), Art (A).
 Mary Jones—English (A), History (A), French (O).
 Margaret Kavanagh—Chemistry (A), Zoology (A), Botany (O).
 Dorothy Lewis—Botany (A), Zoology (A), Chemistry (O).
 Cyril MacCallum—English (A), History (A), Geography (A).
 Glyn Macken—Pure Mathematics (A), Applied Mathematics (A), Physics (A).
 Yvonne Mansell—Chemistry (O), Biology (O).
 John McNally—History (A), Geography (A), Economics (A).
 Patricia Oliver—French (A), German (A).
 Gordon Payne—Botany (O), Zoology (O).
 David Pearson—English (A), German (A), Scripture (A).
 Nigel Phelps—History (A), Economics (A).
 Keith Smith—Economics (A), Geography (O).
 Allan Stace—Botany (O).
 Gillian Teague—English (Distinction), French (A), Scripture (A).
 Kenneth Thomas—History (A), Geography (A), Welsh (O).
 Margaret Thompson—English (A), Scripture (A), Welsh (O).
 Terence Thompson—Pure and Applied Mathematics (A), Physics (A), Chemistry (A).
 Marina Watkins—Welsh (A), History (A), French (O).

1st Cricket Report for 1959 season

The performance of the school 1st Cricket XI during the 1959 season was on the whole a disappointing one. Although a large proportion of the players from the previous year's team were again available for selection, and there were a number of younger promising players making a bold bid to become first team players, the performance of the team as a whole did not rise to expectations. With such a good blend of experienced and youthful players there was every reason to anticipate that, provided the weather was good, the team would have a very successful season.

However, although the weather proved to be the best for many a year the same cannot be said for the team performance. The team looked particularly strong on paper and capable of beating any school in the county. The reason why this was not so in the matches was—and let us face it—that there was a noticeable lack of enthusiasm both in practice games and to some extent in the actual matches. The honour of representing the school should be sufficient for any player to give of his very best and to be willing and enthusiastic in carrying out the captain's orders. Unfortunately, this was not always forthcoming and consequently the morale of the team was at a low ebb on occasions, this being particularly apparent towards the end of the season. It is desirable that no names should be mentioned but if there had been a more serious approach towards the game by some members, then both the morale and performance in general would have been considerably improved.

Nevertheless, although some of the comments made above seem to indicate that it was an uninteresting season, there were some very enjoyable games in which the final results were very close. There were, too, some excellent performances by some of the players which deserve mentioning, namely Tony Scourfield's consistent batting and Gwyn Evans's accurate bowling. Tony Scourfield was a forceful opening bat with scores varying in the thirties on a number of occasions, not to mention a half-century against the staff. Together with John Skone, who batted steadily and quite well throughout the season, our 'openers' invariably helped the team off to a 'good start,' being well supported by the captain, Nigel Phelps, John Carr and Michael Jones. It is worth noting that the total number of runs scored by the team this season was greater than in the previous season. Gwyn Evans was a fast and accurate bowler on all occasions and should be a great asset to next year's team.

Tony Scourfield, Gwyn Evans and John Skone represented the county team, with Tony Scourfield also being chosen to represent the Combined Carmarthenshire and Pembrokeshire team. We congratulate them on bringing honour to the school.

The staff match again ended in a draw with a less exciting climax than in the previous year. The School batted first making a total of 150 runs, which placed them in an almost unbeatable position, with Tony Scourfield completing his first half-century for the school. The staff, in reply, batted with great determination and succeeded in defying the school attack until stumps were drawn. This achievement was largely due to good all-round performances by Mr. Bevan and Mr. Hewish, backed up by the staunch defence of the remainder of the staff team.

In conclusion, one can sum up the overall performance of the team as being a little disappointing considering the individual talents of the players, which could have been corrected by a more serious approach towards practice games and in the actual matches. The team was again well captained by Nigel Phelps, with able support from John Carr. Admin-

istrative arrangements concerning fixtures, meals and the preparation of equipment and pitches were in the hands of our most efficient Secretary, Keith Smith, who put in a great deal of time and work for the team. It is a pleasure to be able to record a good job of work so thoroughly and so unselfishly done.

Rugby notes for last season were omitted from the last issue of *Penvro* because of the confusion caused by the printing strike.

The records of the First and Second XV's for this period are printed in this issue therefore. It will be seen that the season was a successful one.

Rugby Notes, 1958-59

Captain : I. DAVIES. *Vice-Captain* : B. GRIFFITHS. (C. MACCALLUM)
Secretary : J. MACNALLY.

1st Team Players : K. Smith, J. Carr, B. Griffiths, P. Evans, M. Edwards, R. Callen, A. Butler, G. Mountstevens, J. Evans, N. Phelps, A. Scourfield, S. Lewis, P. Roberts, C. James, I. Davies, M. Williams, J. MacNally, T. James, G. Macken, J. Gough, C. MacCallum, B. Anfield, R. Reynolds, K. Lewis, D. Pearson, R. Parcell, K. Thomas, D. Cole, J. Owen, D. Robb.

The following boys took part in the County Trial at Haverfordwest on the 20th September, 1958 : J. Carr ; B. Griffiths ; C. MacCallum ; I. Davies ; B. Anfield ; K. Lewis.

The following boys have represented the County XV during the season : J. Carr ; B. Griffiths ; C. MacCallum ; B. Anfield ; R. Reynolds ; A. Butler ; K. Smith.

At Easter C. MacCallum and R. Reynolds represented the Pembroke and Cornwall XV which toured Germany.

				Pts.	Pts.
				For	Ag.
16: 9:58	Fishguard G.S. ... (Away)	Won	33	—0
20: 9:58	Tenby G.S. (Away)	Won	14	—0
10:10:58	Whitland G.S. ... (Away)	Won	9	—3
23:10:58	Fishguard G.S. ... (Home)	Won	44	—5
15:11:58	Gwendraeth G.S. (Home)	Won	6	—3
22:11:58	Tenby G.S. (Home)	Won	6	—0
29:11:58	Carmarthen G.S. ... (Away)	Lost	6	—8
6:12:58	Llanelly G.S. (Away)	Lost	0	—34
16:12:58	Old Boys (Home)	Drew	0	—0
31: 1:59	Cardigan G.S. ... (Away)	Won	6	—0
7 : 2:59	Whitland G.S. ... (Home)	Won	6	—3
21: 2:59	Llanelly (Home)	Lost	3	—6
28: 2:59	Gwendraeth G.S. ... (Away)	Lost	3	—5
7: 3:59	Ardwyn G.S. (Home)	Won	9	—0
16: 3:59	Tenby G.S. (Home)	Won	3	—0
21: 3:59	Tenby G.S. (Away)	Drew	3	—3

Six matches were cancelled.

Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	Pts. For	Pts. Agst.
16	10	4	2	150	67

Top Scorers : R. Reynolds, 8 tries—24 pts. ; J. Carr, 2 tries, 9 conversions—24 pts.

Committee Members : J. Carr ; J. Gough.

Colours awarded to : J. Carr ; C. MacCallum ; J. MacNally, J. Gough ; G. Macken ; K. Smith.

Captain : D. PEARSON. *Vice Captain* : R. PARCELL.

Secretary : K. THOMAS.

Second Team Players : D. Pearson, R. Parcell, K. Thomas, D. Robb, G. Payne, J. Evans, S. Lewis, D. Ebsworth, P. Protheroe, M. Jones, J. Owen, D. Cole, J. H. Lewis, J. Nash, A. N. Other.

10:10:58 Whitland G.S. ... (Away) Lost 9—3
All other matches had to be cancelled owing to the state of the ground.

VIIth Form Games: Two games were played, the first against 22nd L.A.A. which was won by 22-0 ; and the second against R.N.A.S., Brawdy, which was won 17-3.

Rugby Notes, Season 1958-59

(Senior XV)

Ten regular players of last season's First XV left at the end of the Summer Term. This is an unusually high number and it left this season's team very weak. There has been a definite improvement in the side since the early heavy defeats against Tenby and Haverfordwest but much hard work is required before a satisfactory XV is built up.

PEMBROKE GRAMMAR 1st XV RESULTS FOR THE CHRISTMAS TERM OF THE SEASON 1959 - 60

Tenby G.S. (Away)	Lost	23	—0
Haverfordwest G.S. (Away)	Lost	17	—0
Whitland G.S. —Cancelled					
Ardwyn G.S. (Home)	Drew	6	—6
Cardigan G.S. (Away)	Drew	0	—0
Pembroke Dock 'Quins' 'A' Away	Won	3	—0
Carmarthen G.S. (Home)	Lost	8	—0
Llanelly G.S. (Home)	Drew	3	—3
Gwendraeth G.S. (Home)	Lost	14	—3
'Old Boys' XV (Home)	Lost	14	—6

JUNIOR XV—1st TERM 1959 - 60

Enthusiasm has been the 'hall-mark' of junior rugby this term. The quality of rugby played has enhanced the reputation of the school and the added impetus has paved the way for a successful season. In view of many handicaps, including the unplayable condition of the school fields, the players are to be congratulated on playing rugby in the true spirit that it should be played. At all times teamwork has prevailed, enabling each player to obtain maximum enjoyment from the game. A word of praise is due also to the loyal band of reserves who have regularly turned out for week-night

practice matches and for Saturday morning duties. Without their assistance success would be impossible.

Already this season, G. Briggs, B. Stubbs, R. Reeves, R. Rees, P. Beynon, M. Hodge and J. Campodonic have regularly served the Pembroke County Schools XV with distinction.

Briggs, Stubbs, Campodonic and Rees endowed further honour on the school by selection to the Welsh Schools trial teams. Stubbs and Campodonic were further selected to play in the second Welsh Schools trial match; Briggs being decidedly unlucky not to achieve further recognition. Results :—

* Haverfordwest 6 pts., Junior XV 3 pts.
 Junior XV 6 pts., Pembroke County Schools XV 0.
 Junior XV 12 pts., Combined Colts 3 pts.
 Junior XV 11 pts., Coronation XV 0.
 Junior XV 22 pts., Coronation XV 12.
 Junior XV 8 pts., Llanelly 0.
 Junior XV 6 pts., Gwendraeth 0.

* Seven junior players, on this Saturday, represented the County XV and the Colts loyally filled the breach.

Rounders 1959

Again both 1st and 2nd IXs were very successful. The 1st IX scored 41 rounders with two against. The highest scorer being D. Lewis with 11 rounders. Against Tenby G.S. the 1st IX won by 22-0. The 2nd IX scored a total of 42 rounders with two against.

First IX : G. James* (capt.), M. Thomas,* Jacky Godfrey,* S. Griffiths,* D. Lewis* (sec.), M. Davies,* Jean Shore,* M. Williams,* J. Simlett, C. Lewis, E. Thomas, E. Stewart, S. Brown.

* Denotes old colours.

Second IX : A. Burrell, C. Swift, S. Stevens, A. Deveson, W. Smith, S. Brown, G. Roberts, M. Campodonic, H. Bowen, M. Williams, E. Thomas, C. Lewis, Carole Fox.

The house rounders cup was won by Hywel, Picton were second and Glyndwr third.

Tennis 1959

The tennis team were unbeaten this season. The First VI was represented by : M. Thomas* (capt.), J. Godfrey,* Jean Shore (vice-capt.), C. Macken (sec.), M. Davies, Joyce Simlett, Wendy Smith, Dorothy Lewis, Carole Fox.

The school tennis tournament was won as follows :—

Girls' singles : Jacqueline Godfrey (second year in succession).

Boys' singles : Robert Parcell.

Mixed doubles : John Carr and Christine Macken.

The Councillor Morgan Cup for junior inter-house tennis competitions was won by Picton house.

The Dora Lewis Cup for girls' doubles was won by Jacqueline Godfrey and Margaret Davies.

Hockey, 1958-59

1958-59 proved to be a very successful season for 1st and 2nd XI's. This was the sixth season in which the unbeaten record has been maintained. The 1st XI scored 82 goals and conceded only eight in their thirteen matches. The 2nd XI played eleven matches, scoring 37 and having six scored against them. The three inside forwards of the 1st XI must be congratulated on their fine scoring.

G. James, 25; M. Davies, 23; M. Thomas, 16. We fielded five teams at different times but only the 1st and 2nd XI played regularly throughout the season.

First XI : J. Simlett,* M. Thomas* (vice-capt.), G. James* (sec.), M. Davies, J. Shore,* E. Stewart, S. Griffiths,* D. Lewis,* J. Godfrey* (capt.), W. Smith, C. Evans, A. Mathias, M. Williams, A. Deveson.

* Denotes old colours.

At the end of the season colours were awarded to : A. Mathias, W. Smith, E. Stewart, M. Davies.

Second XI : C. Evans, S. Brown, C. Nash,* H. Robinson, K. Ryrduck, M. Williams,* A. Livingstone, A. Deveson,* J. Hay,* A. Burrell, C. Swift, M. John, M. James, M. Campodonic, C. Lewis, H. Bowen, L. Phillips, A. Mathias.*

Colours were awarded to the following : S. Brown, M. John, K. Ryrduck, A. Birrell, C. Lewis, C. Swift, M. James.

The 1st XI were all selected for the final county trial and in this the following were selected to represent Pembrokeshire schoolgirls' hockey XI : W. Smith, Dorothy Lewis (capt.), Susan Griffiths, Joyce Simlett, and of these the first three were selected for the South Wales Schoolgirls' XI.

The house matches, especially the senior competition, were hard-fought, but after re-plays and extra time the term ran out and Picton and Hywel agreed to share the cup. Glyndwr was third and Tudor fourth.

Glyndwr juniors won their matches and carried off the cup with Tudor second, Picton third and Hywel fourth.

The climax of the season was the trip to Wembley to see the England ladies' XI play South Africa. The party spent two nights in London and thoroughly enjoyed their trip.

OLD PUPILS' ASSOCIATION

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

Vice-Presidents :

Miss A. M. K. Sinnett, J.P., J. H. Garnett, Esq., M.Sc.,
H. Rees, Esq., M.A.

Secretary : D. F. Hordley.

Treasurer : M. G. Thomas.

Committee :

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

Magazine Editor : E. G. Davies.

Obituary

Many old pupils and senior members of the staff heard with deep regret of the death on September 17, at Horsham, Sussex, of Mrs. Anna Jones, widow of the late Headmaster of the School, Mr. Trevor Jones. She had survived her husband by nearly eighteen years, and had lived for several years at the home of her son, Merlin, at Christ's Hospital, Horsham.

We remember with affection this gracious lady who was always so dignified and yet so friendly at the many social functions she attended at the School. We remember too, with admiration, the pleasure she gave us on numerous occasions by her pianoforte playing, which was one of her great joys.

We offer our most sincere sympathy to her son and daughter.

News of Old Pupils

A. J. Carpenter (1939-44) gave up the Abbey Inn at Whitby last June and came to London. There he later obtained a new house and licence, but had to give this up fairly soon as his wife fell ill. As a result of all this he has given up this type of work altogether, and has obtained a job as Security Officer at the Sudan Embassy, London, S.W.1. His friends will remember that when he was in the Army he served for some years in the Sudan.

Eric Carr (1935-41) wrote recently to tell us that he is now Chief Clerk at the West Drayton branch of Barclays Bank. Before being appointed to this branch he was for four and a half years at Hayes, Middlesex, where he was Securities and Foreign Clerk.

Malcolm Davies (1949-56) followed up his success in passing the College Diploma in Dairying at Aberystwyth by passing the National Diploma in August. He has changed his mind about returning to college for further study, and has now joined the staff of Messrs. John E. Bennion and Son at Stackpole.

Evan Evans (1948-54) has left the bank and has joined the Colonial Police, serving in Singapore. When he arrived there in September he was met, so we learn from the "Guardian," by Mrs. Ann Mitchell (née Sherlock, 1950-55), and her husband, who is a sergeant in the R.A.F.

John Ebsworth (1950-57) entered St. Luke's College, Exeter, at the beginning of the autumn term. He has been playing regularly for the college 1st XV, and was chosen to play for Llanelly against Cross Keys at Llanelly on Saturday, December 19.

Rhona Gassner (1951-57) completed her course at the County of

Stafford Training College, Nelson Hall, last summer. She was appointed in September to a large secondary modern school at Hayes, Middlesex, where she teaches mainly Physical Education, Games, and Needlework.

Mary Griffith (1947-55) completed her year's course in Librarianship last summer and now has a post at the Cardiff City Library.

A paragraph in the "West Wales Guardian," dated November 6, read as follows:—"At the annual meeting on Saturday of magistrates for the Pembroke Division, Ald. W. J. Gwilliam, M.B.E., was re-elected chairman. Miss Morwyth Rees and Ald. W. A. Colley were re-elected vice-chairmen of the Pembroke Court, and Miss A. M. K. Sinnett, of the Pembroke Dock Court." All these ladies and gentlemen are old pupils of the School, and have given it long service in various capacities.

John Greenwood (1945-52) left for Hong Kong towards the end of November. He is serving as a sergeant with the Royal Army Educational Corps, and is at present attached to the 1st Royal Tank Regiment.

Bernard Garnett (1923-27) has left Berlin, where he has completed his tour of duty as Counsellor at the British Embassy there. He has now gone to the Embassy in Athens.

Elmer Jenkins (1938-44), who is a major in the Royal Army Educational Corps, now has an appointment at Command H.Q., Cyprus.

Brian John (1946-53) was awarded the degree of M.A. at University College, Bangor last July. He holds a fellowship there, and is working for his Ph.D. We learn that his work for the M.A. was considered so good that he was exempted from the usual *viva voce* examination.

Raymond Jones (1940-47) called in school at the end of November. He was then still with the repertory company at Lincoln, and had recently played the part of Macduff in Shakespeare's "Macbeth."

John Jenkins (1950-58) entered University College, Cardiff, last October to take a degree in Economics. He has spent a year as a trainee with Cadburys, and will be able to return to the firm after completing his degree if he so wishes. Last summer he spent three weeks working at a refugee camp in Austria. He has contributed an article on his experiences to this issue of the *Penvro*.

Jonathan Mathias, who spent one year with us, 1955-56, before going to Llandoverly College, passed in all the seven subjects he took at Ordinary level last summer. He has now entered the VIth form, and is taking Arts subjects.

Eric Morgan (1947-54) wrote towards the end of October. In his letter he says, "I am at present working in Birmingham, where I am Site Engineer for Messrs. Ort Amp and Partners, who are Consulting Engineers for a new department store being built here for the London firm of Harrods."

James A. Meyrick Owen (1930-33) was elected to the Borough Council at a by-election held in September. He polled 910 votes to his opponent's 176.

Michael Owen (1949-56), who completed his B.Sc. at Cardiff last summer, has a post with G.E.C. Ltd. at their Applied Electronics Laboratories at Stanmore, Middlesex. He is doing research work on guided missiles.

George Reynolds (1949-56) completed his degree at Jesus College, Oxford, in October, with Honours in Chemistry. He has to do a year's research before his degree will be classified, but we understand that he has been told that he should get at least a second class.

Norman Shepherd (1943-48) has completed his course at St. David's College, Lampeter, and was ordained deacon at Abergwili on December 19. He is now serving as a curate at Burry Port.

Mervyn G. Thomas (1930-36) has been appointed Manager of the Employment Exchange at Tenby, where he began his duties on November 9. He was, up to that date, in the Haverfordwest office, and before that was at the office at Pembroke Dock.

We offer these Old Pupils our congratulations on their engagements :—

August : Allan Tilbury (1944-50) to Anita Jones, of Cwmaman, Aberdare.

September : Margaret Ann Scarr (1953-56) to Arthur Jones, of Bollington, Cheshire.

October : Rhona Elizabeth Gassner (1951-57) to Brian James Sinclair, of Greenock, Scotland ; Julie Owens (June to October, 1954) to David Stables, of Southborough, Kent. Julie is the daughter of Lt. Cdr. T. A. Owens (1926-34) and Mrs. Owens (née Olwyen Dudley, 1926-32).

November : Jeanne Puleston (1949-55) to Philip Smith, of Etchingham, Surrey.

December : George McLean (1948-57) to Barbara Phillips, of Penyardren, Merthyr Tydfil ; Michael Davies (1950-52) to Joan Wallis, of Pembroke Dock ; Edgar Owen (1950-57) to Maureen Gregory, of Bryngwyn, Monmouth ; Diana Elsdon (1949-54) to Clive Hodges, of Milford Haven.

We congratulate the following Old Pupils on their marriage :—

August 8 : John Leonard Rowlands (1944-48) to Sheila Margaret Chilton, of Pembroke.

August 8 : Maisie Diana Jones (1945-53) to Leading Airman George Hetherington Hind, of Ireby, Carlisle.

August 15 : Janice Phillips (1946-53) to Alan Hugh Meller Bradford, of Pontypridd.

August 29 : Veronica Mary Jane Block (1953-58) to Peter Alfred Mansfield, of Pembroke.

September 14 : Joan Eileen Thomas (1928-34) to Glyn Hugh Pearce, of Pembroke Dock.

September 19 : Kenneth David Catherall (1945-52) to Margaret Rita Comley, of King's Norton, Birmingham.

October 3 : Margaret Cordelia Thomas (1947-49) to Peter Edmund Lewis, of Wiston.

October 3 : Barbara Nicholas (1948-51) to Brinley Evans, of Monkton.

October 14 : Michael Tee (1950-55) to Sylvia Elizabeth Smith, of Pembroke Dock.

October 24 : Valmai Eirwen Jones (1955-56) to Norman Alfred Chambers, B.Sc., of Scarborough.

December 19 : At Santos, Brazil, Patrick McCloghrie (1949-53) to Yvette Pinheiro, of Santos, Brazil.

We have pleasure in recording the following births :—

August 20 : To Margaret, wife of Alan K. Williams (1937-42), a son, David.

September 9 : To Vicky (née Fogwill, 1950-55), wife of Dennis Lloyd (1940-45), a son, Huw.

October 18 : To Lillian, wife of Kenneth Carr (1937-43), a daughter, Sian Elizabeth.

November 12 : To Daphne (née Colley, 1943-47), wife of Govan Davies, a daughter.

November 12 : At Taipin, Malaya, to June (née Macdiarmid, 1947-50), wife of Jimmy Hall, a son, James Christopher.

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