

# THE PENVRO



SUMMER 1960

## GOVERNORS

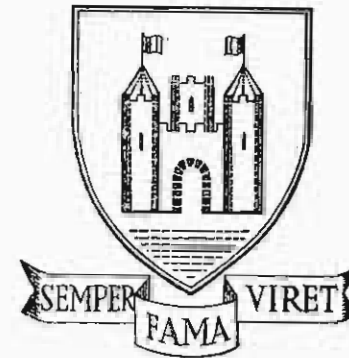
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E. C. Roberts, Esq., Loveston.  
Mrs. M. Thomas, Stackpole.  
Ald. W. Nevin.

## STAFF

Headmaster : T. C. Roberts, B.Sc. (Wales).  
Deputy Headmaster : E. G. Davies, B.A. (Wales).  
Senior Mistress : Miss H. Hughes, B.A. (Wales).  
Head of Agricultural Department : B. J. Davies, B.Sc. (Wales).  
A. W. W. Devereux, B.A. (Wales).  
I. G. Cleaver, F. Coll. H.  
J. L. Williams, B.A. (Wales), P.C.T.  
N. H. Greenwood, B.Sc. (Birmingham).  
K. A. Cooper, A.T.D.  
D. E. Lloyd, B.A. (Wales).  
S. Griffith, M.Sc. (Wales), A. Inst. P.  
I. Griffiths, B.A. (Wales).  
G. S. Shaw, B.A. (Leeds).  
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Mrs. M. M. Ebsworth.  
Miss M. J. Jones, B.Sc. (Wales).  
C. Gammon, M.A. (Wales).  
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Miss C. M. Lewis, B.A. (Wales).  
L. M. Thomas, D.L.C.  
W. H. Whitehall, B.Mus. (Manc.), F.R.C.O.  
D. H. Lloyd, D.L.C. (P.E.).  
J. W. Bevan, B.Sc. (Wales).  
Miss N. Phillips, B.A. (Wales).  
Miss B. Jones, B.A. (Wales).  
Miss S. G. W. Boyle, M.A. (Wales).  
Miss M. James, Dip. D.Sc. & R.D.E. (Worcester)  
Mrs. E. J. Crouch, Dip. D.Sc. (Cardiff).  
B. E. Howells, M.A. (Wales).  
D. H. H. Richards, B.Sc. (Wales).  
L. Lewis, B.Sc. (Wales).  
J. Nicholas, B.Sc. (Wales).  
R. H. Lewis, B.Sc. (London).  
W. H. B. Key, M.A. (Oxon.), F.R.G.S.  
Rev. J. I. Thomas, B.A. (Wales).

## OTHER STAFF

School Secretary : Miss H. N. Thomas.  
Farm Bailiff : J. H. Hunt.  
Matron : Miss N. M. E. Brown, S.E.A.N.  
Canteen Supervisor : Miss G. Cadwaladr-Williams, Housecraft Diploma of the  
National Council for Domestic Studies, Bangor.



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## Editorial

SINCE the last number of *The Penvro* appeared, the School has had its moments of drama and excitement as well as a term's work culminating in the G.C.E. examinations. As we write, the typical 'exam weather' that some of us have been enjoying, and some of us cursing, is still with us—and we devoutly hope it will still be there when *The Penvro* appears.

But, as we said, there has been drama. The morning of March 24th saw the old stables at Bush House well and truly ablaze. It had latterly been used as a chicken house, and in this respect there were some losses of stock. Fortunately, however, Bush House itself, which might have been in some danger had the wind direction changed, escaped all damage.

Another feature of an interesting term was the Pembrokeshire Young Farmers' Clubs' Rally at the School, which seems increasingly to be assuming its position as a focal point for agricultural interests in the county.

In School itself we have all been noticing the effect of the installation of a public address system. In spite of its overtones of 1984, it is a device which quite obviously can be a great time saver and aid to efficiency.

This term we will be saying goodbye to our senior master, Mr. E. G. Davies, who is retiring. Apart from everything else, Mr. Davies has, of course, had particular associations with *The Penvro*. He has for a long time been Editor of the Old Pupils' Section of this magazine—a task, incidentally involving a great deal of patience and organising ability, and he will be sorely missed. Next term *The Penvro* will contain a full appreciation; this is a purely editorial tribute!

At the end of the Easter term, Mr. Denzil Llewellyn left to take up a senior appointment at the Biggleswade County Secondary School, Bedfordshire. Apart from his own subjects of Physics and Mathematics, Mr. Llewellyn was closely associated with rugby in the School—and we are told that he has already joined the local rugby club in the town in which he now lives. We wish him every success.

At the beginning of the Summer term we welcomed back the lady we had previously known as Miss Jill Rees as Mrs. Crouch. We offer our most sincere best wishes and hope she will enjoy her new post at Cheltenham.

At the end of term, in addition to Mr. Davies, we shall be losing Mr. Lennith Thomas and Mr. Lloyd Lewis. Mr. Lewis, of course, has had to endure a long spell in hospital, and we are assured that he has made a very good recovery from his illness and is looking fit and well. He has been appointed to the staff of Llandilo Grammar School to teach Mathematics, which will mean that he will be living a good deal nearer his native heath. Mr. Thomas is taking a post at Hartcliffe Comprehensive School, Bristol, and we understand that he is shortly to be married. To both members of staff we extend our good wishes and hope that they will be very happy in their new positions. We will also be losing the services of Mr. David Allen who is going to the New Hebrides as an agricultural adviser—11,000 miles away.

As far as the teaching staff is concerned, that is the end of the rather sad catalogue of leavers; but another loss to the School will occur when our Secretary, Miss Hylde Thomas, leaves to begin a course at Trinity College, Carmarthen. No one quite knows what we shall do

without her efficiency in the office—and her patience with staff members, who can be very trying at times! We wish her every success in her new career.

New members of staff who will be joining us in September will be: Mr. H. V. Jones, B.Sc. (Wales) to teach physics; Mrs. K. A. Howells, B.A. (Cantab) Dip.Phil. (Zagreb) to take charge of the German Department; Mr. J. J. Smith to teach metalwork; and Miss H. E. M. Griffiths to teach domestic science.

## Poem

*Upon a bright and sunny day,  
A knight was riding on his way;  
His Brasso-polished armour shone,  
His helmet glinted in the sun,  
His horse it was a noble beast  
Fed every day on Phillips' Yeast.  
Although it was a sturdy nag  
The poor old horse began to sag.  
The knight looked at it sorrowingly  
"I know just what is wrong," quoth he.  
"My armour (Sheffield steel, of course)  
Weighs heavily upon my horse!"  
So straightaway he found a vet  
To seek a cure for his pet.  
The vet said, looking at the horse  
"There are two kinds of sleep, of course,  
And I have got to tell you, son,  
Your steed is only getting one.  
So, look here; this is what I'll do:  
I'll give this box of pills to you  
You give him twenty every night  
And that lot ought to put him right—  
But if that doesn't cure him brother  
You'd better go and buy another.  
Or better still, if I were you,  
Let me tell you what I'd do.  
You are a man who travels far:  
Why don't you get yourself a car?"*

JOHN WOODWARD, U.VI Science.

## It is never too late to be what you might have been

When I first read the above statement my first impulse was to answer the question with a direct yes or no but on further reflection I realised that it was a debatable point, whether for or against the motion, depending on the angle with which you reviewed the point. To begin with why am I like myself? I know what I think I am like but I doubt if many of the people whom I am in close contact with receive the same impression. Could I be different?

Have you ever looked at a young baby and wondered what sort of person it would turn out to be? Does the fact that little Tommy could walk two months earlier than an average baby is wont to do, give any indication of his character? Perhaps Tommy will grow up to be one of those lads keen on sport and always to be found at some kind of physical training inside the gymnasium or out of doors, or maybe it was just natural curiosity in the things around him that urged him into walking so that he could move quickly from place to place and satisfy his curiosity by a closer examination. Whatever the reason as the baby grows into a young child, its personality gradually unfolds like a leaf of spring and one begins to estimate its intelligence.

Your character is formed long before you are born. It is decided without you having any say in the matter. The rest depends on the way in which your character is developed and it is here that environment comes into play. Everyone will agree that a child's upbringing is extremely important. Children are very impressionable. They can be moved from laughter to tears in a matter of seconds. Some people (adults) have a fearsome horror of spiders and certain other insects and emotions of this kind can generally be related to childhood scares about which the person concerned now remembers absolutely nothing, but the dread remains. My favourite aunt would change every few weeks, maybe every few days depending on the manner in which I was treated, but as a child grows older it acquires a broader outlook and a truer set of values.

There are not many people who are not influenced by other people's opinions and sometimes this is a good thing. Indeed, how many like to be in the minority? Most prefer to be like sheep. I think it is true to say that the majority of people like to think that their actions have the approval of those around them. Public opinion is strong and it takes a very strong and courageous character to swim against the tide. Of course there are the few who are independent of anyone and everyone's opinions, but how many of these get the reputation of being a little queer? Your environment and the extent to which you are affected by it has then not a little to do with what you are.

People jealous of another's achievements have often remarked that they would have been the same if they had had the opportunity. There is a saying which goes something like this, 'Opportunity only knocks once, seize it when it comes your way,' but people whose achievements astound one and whose names are now famous did not wait for chance, they made their opportunities by their great determination to be what they knew they could be and to reach their goal. As they say 'A faint heart never won a fair lady.' Who would have thought that the little boy living in the log cabin at Pigeon Creek would ever be installed in the White House in Washington, an ever-to-be-

remembered President of the United States of America. I read a book recently on George Washington Carter, who, born a slave without a name became a scientist of wide repute and benefactor of mankind. Did anyone ever have to overcome such fearsome odds? Before he was ten he decided 'Some day, Ah'se gwine to have a school of ma own.' How was a little negro going to receive instruction and knowledge in a land and world of mainly hostile whites? One has only to think of the trouble recently at Little Rock, Arkansas, to realise the almost impossible feat George Carter performed.

I have no time for people who moan and groan about what they could have been had the opportunity offered. The first step must come from you although it may be helped along by outside influence. Certain qualities and characteristics of a person may lie dormant and suddenly come to life, but they must have been there (although unsuspected) all along. A person is what he is because of the character present within him and because of the effect his environment has had on him.

Theoretically I think that maybe it is never too late to be what you might have been but in actual life it is almost as hard to change parts of your character (once they have been developed) as it is for a leopard to change his spots. Change your character is, I think, a wrong term to use. As I have said previously you are endowed with certain character from birth, it is yours for life—good and bad qualities alike. If the potentialities for being something different from what you already are, are present then maybe it is possible to change in regard to certain characters. It is never too late to reform your character to what it might have been, but I think it takes more grit and determination to do it than the average person has. To my mind it all boils down to the type of character you were given to begin and I do not think that if anyone had their life all over again that they would turn out to be any different from what they were before. I do not think there is anything like being what you might have been, you are what you are and that is what you were meant to be.

"PETER PAN," VI

## The School Canteen

*In our canteen the cooks are grand,  
To please us is their aim,  
The food produced is sometimes canned,  
But tasty all the same.*

*Each day there is a hasty look  
To see what's on the table,  
We all do justice to the cook,  
And eat what we are able.*

*Once a year we have a treat,  
And roast pork we are served;  
Apple sauce goes with the meat,  
And one and all are cheered.*

HOWARD GRIFFITHS, V Remove.

## Insight into History

The warm, summer day was drawing to a close, and the corners of Pembroke Castle were being slowly filled with shadow. The last rehearsal of the 'Pembroke Pageant' was in progress, and I had made my exit from a violent scene through a little door set low in one of the walls. I had never entered this part of the castle before, and I intended to make my way along one of the passages until I found the costume and props. room.

The passage to my left seemed the most promising, so I started walking at a brisk pace. Rounding a corner in the wall, a small cry reached my ears, as if someone was calling my name. I stopped a while, and then hearing no further sounds I resumed my search for the props. room. Then I heard it again—yes, it was my name being called, so I ran along the passage in the direction of the call, ducking my head under the low roof.

On entering a large room to see if anyone was in there, I saw a metal torch bracketed to the wall, and when I moved forward to examine it closer, I heard the door close behind me. Too late I realised that the door could not be opened from the inside. I banged on the door with my fist, and cried for help, but no-one came. There were only two small arrow-slits in the wall, and as they were facing a secluded part of the castle grounds I had no hope of help from that direction.

After what must have been half-an-hour, I decided to make myself comfortable and wait for someone to find me. I settled down in the corner and started to think of the pageant.

Suddenly I realised that it was quite dark, and at that moment the door quietly opened and someone entered. I was about to shout and raise myself, when I saw that the soldier who had entered the room was not one of my friends!

I could hardly believe my eyes, and decided that the best thing to do was to lie quietly in the corner. I was unnoticed, and as the soldier went through the doorway, three distinguished looking men entered. Torches on the walls were lit and a large candlestick placed on a table in the far, shadowy corner of the room. We had been rehearsing in our costumes, but I did not recognise the clothes which the three men were wearing.

Immediately they started arguing in low voices, and I could only catch a few words—"Cromwell, roundheads . . . besiege the castle . . ." and a few others. Cautiously I moved a little closer to hear more.

The eldest of the three was talking about the castle's water supply, and I gathered that Cromwell was about to attack and besiege the castle. In amazement I realised that I was taking part in a scene that must have taken place three centuries ago!

The three men must have been Poyer, Powell and Laugharne, the custodians of Pembroke Castle when it was taken by Cromwell.

Fear overcame me, and I waited with indrawn breath until they had left the room, then dashed to the locked door. Outside in the grounds of the castle I could hear shouts of victory, and the sound of running feet came down the passage. I stood behind the heavy door waiting for Cromwell's men to burst in and seize me. The door swung open and the next moment someone was gripping my arm and exclaiming:—"How long have you been locked in here? We have been

searching for you everywhere!" I must have fallen asleep in that eerie room! I said nothing to my fellow actors, but I am sure they must have wondered why I was able to give them such good advice about that same scene in the pageant!

JENNIFER MORGAN, IVA.

## The Moon-hog Hunt

Many people, I know, yearn to escape from the monotony of everyday life. It was in fact to beat the routine of this dismal suburbanism that our local grocer, one Albert Ernest Hadfield, devised the Moon-Hog Hunt.

The hunt was to have four participants. Besides the genial Hadfield himself, there was his brother-in-law (an undertaker from Pontypridd, named Pugh Price, known to us as "Taffy"). The third hunter was to be a Greek psychiatrist, Doctor Mirakulos Unscrupulos; the fourth was myself, Stephen Wackett—windows cleaned at five-and-six per hour, no hidden extras.

The ascent to the moon presented many practical difficulties, and we agreed to provide many and various means of transport. Finally we had worked out how we were to get there. For my part I had developed and trained an enormous goat called Humphrey, who after a diet of fish and chips for many weeks, and intensive training with artificial wings, had the honour of carrying me to the moon. Taffy suggested that Humphrey should wear a gas mask and woollen muffler as protection against the rarified atmosphere and low temperatures likely to be encountered en route.

Ernest proposed to drive a 1933 baby Austin, equipped with a powerful turbo jet. Taffy had an enormous pair of waxen wings powered by an electric motor. This made it necessary to travel by night or Taffy would suffer the same fate as his mythological predecessor whose wings had melted in the heat of the sun.

When the Great Day came Unscrupulos rolled up without any visible means of transport. "How do you propose to get there?" I asked. Unscrupulos looked at me pityingly. "I have decided to travel on an imaginary zebra called George." Poor old Taffy gurgled incredulously. "'Ow the 'eck can you ride hon ha zebra that havn't existence?" The doctor turned his pitying look on to full power. "Existence my dear Price," he explained academically, "is purely relative. You think that you exist, don't you? But you cannot prove it. By the exercise of enormous powers of concentration and patience I have succeeded in convincing myself of the existence of George whom I shall shortly ride to the moon."

Taffy relapsed into a stunned and reverent silence. Then we set off a little doubtfully perhaps, but we reached the moon in a little under two hours.

On arrival we set out after moon-hogs, getting three in the first hour. They were little green things the size and shape of a rugby ball. They burst with a "pop" like a balloon when you prick them with a toasting fork. Then we saw what must have been the King of all moon-hogs. It spotted us immediately and shot off into the distance at a remarkable speed. "Tantivy," I yelled, "Tally ho!" "Get 'im boys," bellowed Taffy.

We gradually overtook the hog and Unscrupulos aimed his fork.

"Mine, I think," he sang out, and lunged viciously.

There was a shattering report and George reared and threw his rider to the ground. Unscrupulos was up in a flash and tore after his mount.

The rest of us set out in search, clambering over craters until Taffy reminded us "Look 'ere boys," he said desperately, "we'll 'ave to make a start soon or we'll never make it before dawn. If the sun gets to work on these wings of mine we're sunk."

Reluctantly we abandoned the search and touched down on earth about ten minutes before dawn and began another day. Hadfield went back to his grocer's shop. Taffy officiated at the funeral of an eminent local publican and I scrubbed windows harder than ever, but Unscrupulos . . . . .

If ever you are dissatisfied with your workday life, just remember the fate of the little Greek pyschiatrist who is destined to spend the rest of his days chasing an imaginary zebra all over the moon.

PETER LEWIS, V Remove

### The Countryman's Lament

*What's going on at the Bull and Bear? it's been closed for a week or more,*

*Why! it's being redecorated, there's a notice on the door  
"Redecorations in progress" it sez, 'bout time too, I should think.*

*The old place used to make me sick when I stood at the bar wiv me drink*

*The landlord sez they're a doin' it up in early Georgian style  
Wiv a coffee machine and a juke box you can 'ear for 'alf a mile.*

*'Ow did the Council pass the plans? That's what I don't understand.*

*Coz 'is uncle's the chairman, you silly coot, and they're eatin' out of 'is 'and.*

*But 'ow are they goin' to pay for it all? That's what puzzles me.*

*By puttin' the prices up of course, just you wait and see.*

*A pint of beer'll cost one and six and coffee tencepence a cup.*

*But none of the lads'll go there if they put the prices up.*

*Oh! they'll cater fer people from London, them as likes the atmosphere  
Of sittin' in a country pub and drinkin' country beer.*

*They won't say it came from Burton-on-Trent from a dirty big factory.*

*They'll say "We brew it ourselves sir, in our own little brewery.*

*Of course it's rather expensive sir, for it's made from the finest crops."*

*They won't say it was flavoured in Burton-on-Trent wiv imported  
Japanese hops;*

*An' they'll flock down 'ere from London in their Porsches and Tr 3's,*

*Wiv their girl friends in fancy 'air does and their dresses above their knees.*

*I don't know what you lads'll do, but me, I'll stick to the "Trout,"*

*At least you can spit on the floor 'ere, wivout fear o' being chucked out.*

JOHN WOODWARD, U.VI Science.

### Esso

*There's a strange new word in the Pembroke air,  
A disturbing word in this county fair;  
We've a wealth of work and industry here  
Where once the dole queues lengthened in fear,  
At last our man-power has slipped into gear—  
This mysterious word is "Esso."*

*Sea and sky,  
Sweet airs and sun,  
Shall we see them more?  
Dust and smell and busy roar,  
Sweat and toil,  
The busy hum  
Of money-making "Esso."  
Stark towers  
Clawing upward to the Heavens;  
Strange powers  
Twisting sod and rock and metals  
Into a weird horizon,  
Where once beauty dwelt.*

*There's a sinister sound to this sibilant name,  
Yet now fair Pembroke shall taste of fame;  
Is it good or bad? Shall we praise or blame  
That this hallowed land shall be ne'er the same?  
Money and oil is the primary aim  
Of this all-enslaving "Esso."*

MARGARET MORGAN, U.VI Arts

### "The Jewel in the Lotus"

Wangdüla brought his stick down smartly upon the shoulders of his yak. The animal grunted, and slightly increased its slow, shuffling pace. Wangdüla was in a fever of anxiety as he propelled the yak towards a large cave, about half-a-mile distant from his farmhouse, for the Chinese army which was invading his native Tibet was near, and gradually approaching. His yak was Wangdüla's most valuable possession, and the Chinese would be sure to slaughter it. As he drove the creature into its hiding-place and wound its halter around a heavy stone to prevent it from straying too far, the old farmer was overcome by a feeling of utter despair. Tibet had done all in her power to resist the mighty force which was bound to overwhelm her. The army had been prepared as thoroughly as possible for the fight against hopeless odds, the Dalai Lama had blessed their new colours and conducted rituals in Lhasa to ensure victory.

Wangdüla remembered how he and thousands of other Tibetans had saluted the Dalai Lama, their God-King, with the familiar, lilting chant of "O om mani padme hum"—"Hail to the Jewel in the Lotus." But all the invocations and prophecies that could be thought of had failed to check the advance of Mao Tse-Tung's hordes—by now they had probably captured Lhasa and the Dalai Lama himself. Sick at heart, old Wangdüla returned slowly to his house.

It was dusk when he saw them coming—several large groups of Chinese infantry, swarming over the ridge above the little farm. Every

few seconds, the setting sun's last rays would glint on their fixed bayonets. They were advancing slowly, looking about them as though searching for something. Then, suddenly, as the first waves of fear began to lap against the old man's self-control, he heard a noise in the yard behind the house—the sound of running feet and heavy breathing.

Running round the side of the house, he encountered a sight which halted him in his tracks: three monks in grey habits were supporting a fourth figure clad in the red robe prescribed by Buddha, slightly bent with large, finely shaped hands which remained clasped on his breast, even when (as now) he was moving rapidly. It was this figure that caused Wangdüla to stop in his tracks, for he had recognised the form revered and loved by all Tibetans—that of the O Pa Me, the Jewel in the Lotus, the incarnation of Chenrezi, the living Buddha. The old farmer prostrated himself. One of the monks spoke to him briskly, "Quickly . . . we must hide!"

The fugitives had scarcely concealed themselves beneath the straw in the shed in which Wangdüla kept his yak, when the Chinese stormed into the farmyard. The old man was sent sprawling upon the ground by a blow from a rifle-butt, and then the search began. With fixed bayonets they ransacked the tiny cottage, smashing the primitive furniture. Then the Lieutenant who commanded the party strode into the outhouse where the four fugitives lay concealed. He was beginning to kick at the mound of straw which covered them when one of the troops in the yard shouted excitedly. Wangdüla's yak had made its way home, despite his owner's precautions. The officer strode out into the yard and killed the unsuspecting creature with a single bullet from his revolver. Then he called out a quick sing-song order to his men who formed up and marched off in the direction of Lake Yamdrok.

As soon as they had gone, the God-King and his companions climbed out of their refuge looking grim and shaken, but nevertheless resolute. The Dalai Lama bestowed a gracious smile upon Wangdüla, who was picking himself up from the ground and said to him simply, "Come with us." Feeling dazed and bewildered, but inordinately proud, Wangdüla followed the small group as they set out for the distant Himalayan mountains, beyond which lay India.

During the days that followed, the old farmer acted as guide for the fugitives, for he knew the region better than any man within miles, and had explored all the southern passes in his youth. Stopping only to procure the barest essentials of food and rest in the tents of the groups of Sherpa and Khampa tribesmen whom they encountered, they travelled with all the speed they could muster. Then, at last, from a ridge dominated by the enormous mass of Kinchinjunga—"Five Treasures of the Great Snows"—the last of the giant Himalayas, the fugitives looked down upon India. As they crossed a precarious foot-bridge over a swift-flowing mountain stream, an unfriendly clattering blast was agitating the prayer-flags which guarded the bridge with their oft-repeated message: "Hail to the Jewel in the Lotus." Soon such peaceful prayer-flags would be replaced by the hammer and sickle. Perhaps, thought old Wangdüla, Chenrezi, the eternal God of Grace, would survive this soul-less régime, as he had survived so many Chinese invasions. . . . For a moment he stood, staring back towards the holy city of Lhasa, which they had left so far behind them. Then he drew his cape tightly round him, to protect him from the wind, turned, and walked slowly down towards the Indian plain.

JOHN LEWIS, U.VI Arts.

## Saturday Night

The night before had been much the same as usual; she had lain in bed wakefully, waiting, ears strained for her father's footsteps on the stairs. She wished fervently that this night might be different, that tonight her father would be sober. But later, as she lay there, the cover held tight around her ears, she knew it had been a vain hope, and her spirit slowly died within her.

The shrill sound of her mother's raised voice penetrated even through the thickness of the blankets as she clutched them fiercely, hate, anger and grief welling up in her heart. It was surprising that it should still affect her like this—it had happened so many times before; her father drunk, with his pay packet half-empty; her mother saying the usual things to him in the traditional way—and with a liberal use of traditional Anglo-Saxon epithets, the usual fight had begun, and by now her mother would have a few more bruises added to the collection already on her arms and face.

The more she heard of the battle in the next room, the more she hated her life; she hated the dingy little streets in the docks and of the city; she hated the dirty little houses crowded to the doors with screaming, arguing families of all nationalities, each quarrelling with its neighbours and amongst itself, and each of its members living their own sordid little lives. But most of all, at that moment, she hated her parents. She hated them for hurting her so much and she hated herself for being hurt.

She imagined the life they might have—if only her father didn't drink, and her mother didn't hate him as much as she seemed to. But gradually, these thoughts were surmounted by a feeling that was a mixture of despair, disgust and indifference. Finally, as the argument reached its peak, she could stand it no longer. She dressed hurriedly, pulling on a sweater and tight jeans, and climbed out through the window onto the fire escape.

When she reached the street, she walked aimlessly. The road was deserted but for a few reeling groups of drunks, and one or two couples, although at the top end, where it joined one of the larger, but no less disreputable streets, it was more crowded.

This was the territory of the thugs, the 'city within a city,' where policemen patrolled in twos and where the main concern of everyone was survival.

It was a place of shelter for criminals, of gang-warfare amongst youths, and a living-death for those who could see beyond the lines of crumbling grey stone and mouldering wood, to see a life that could have been. For most, however, it was ". . . what would have been, if only . . ." and now, never would be.

Most of the children who grew up there seemed to grow to match the surroundings. The others, those like her, who were 'different,' might want to get away from it, yet had very little hope of ever doing so. They usually remained there, where they had been born, existing rather than living, but their spirits broken too far for them to have enough courage to start afresh.

As she wandered Janet thought tiredly of all this. It had started to rain, but she seemed hardly to notice. Walking with bent head, she seemed a slight, strangely defenceless figure, slipping through the darkness between the pools of light under the dim, dripping street lamps.

The rain streamed from her hair to her soaked jumper, and her wet jeans clung to her legs.

The memory of her home as it once had been, when she was very small, came flooding back to her, and she compared it with her life now. Once, they had lived in a flat; it had been a nice flat . . . nice part of the city . . . little boy downstairs too, spoilt little boy, but someone to play with . . . Her father had come home early every evening, and was never drunk then. Her mother had always been happy and good-tempered . . . then one day . . .

Despair overcame her more and more. She passed a coffee-bar, its harsh yellow lights blazing into the street, juke-box blaring. A girl in a grubby yellow mackintosh was leaning outside, her made-up face smiling practisedly at the boy leaning over her. Inside a few untidy teenagers were jiving, laughing loudly at some joke.

Sooner or later, she knew, she would be like them. The place was bound to subdue her — eventually. The thought filled her with horror.

Her wanderings had brought her to the river, flowing slowly, past the long lines of cranes, into the sea. Rather than return home, she began to walk along beside it, and turned involuntarily to cross over the bridge. In the middle she stopped, staring down over the parapet. The river wound sluggishly. In the distance a hooter sounded. It had stopped raining now, and a single star showed icily through the heaped clouds in the dark sky.

Unseemingly, she followed with her eyes the path of a sheet of crumpled newspaper as a gust of wind lifted it from the road and let it drift slowly down towards the water. "Lucky paper," she thought, feeling as she had once when she was quite small, and had watched a seagull flying purposefully and confidently away out to sea. She had had the sense of somehow being left behind, while he was going somewhere where everyone was happy; to a land she could never be admitted to, because they didn't want people like her there.

As it was carried downstream she thought again, "Lucky paper. . . going into the sea . . . nothing unpleasant there at all . . . cool and clean and green . . . everyone happy . . . not like us here . . . Come back paper! . . . musn't leave me . . . I want to come too. . . ."

In the distance the hooter sounded.

The next morning was fresh and bright, with the sun streaming in between the cramped lines of houses, through the broken and grimy windows of the city. The river flowed slowly still, but its surface was transformed into a myriad tiny glitters. In the distance the hooter still sounded, its sound welling over the expanses of the sea.

JOAN MORGAN, U.VI Arts

### A . . . Game of Tag

*Caught in a second, and whirled up on high,  
Frail as a flower and vivid as flame.  
Dancing along to the whispering sigh  
Of the mischievous wind in its game;  
This way and that it dodges in vain  
To escape the elusive, invisible thief;  
Safe for a moment, then captured again,  
Pursued and tormented, a wind-battered leaf.*

*Past country cottages, peeping through panes,  
Wind-whisps and leaf make their wandering way,  
Twisting and turning through meadow and lanes  
Chasing like schoolboys in play.  
Under stone bridges, past ivy-clad walls,  
Sailing and soaring o'er valleys and hills,  
Jumping the rivers and small waterfalls;  
Playing a game full of thrills.  
Bending and bowing the trees watch the game  
And follow the leaf in its flutt'ring and flying.  
The call of the wild wind is ever the same—  
Like violins sobbing and sighing.  
No-one can know where the wild chase will die,  
Nor where the wind loses its prey,  
But every dead leaflet is ready to fly  
When the wind calls at dawning of day.*

JENNIFER MORGAN, IVA

### The Dive

It was a bright, sunny day when the underwater survey ship "Swallow" hove to over one of the deepest parts of the Pacific Ocean.

On board there was a hustle, clatter of winches and a rattle of chains as the diving bell was swung out over the sluggish blue sea in readiness. That day, in a few hours time, two men were about to try and make the deepest dive ever.

The elder was an expert on deep-sea diving and also on the strange creatures which had been seen at great depths on previous dives. He was the leader of the expedition, Professor Charles Langdon. With him, to aid him on his dive was his cheerful young assistant, ginger-headed Michael Wardington, more commonly known to the crew of the "Swallow" as "Ginger."

Although the "Swallow" did not look a very new ship, she was, in fact, packed with all the latest diving aids and other new necessities of deep-sea diving. All these were supplied by the country sponsoring the experiment.

The final checks were made and the professor and his assistant shook hands with the crew and climbed into the bell. The last face they saw was that of the weatherbeaten mate, smiling and wishing them good luck — then they were alone. The telephone was checked with a "Can you hear me?" answered by "O.K., over and out."

Slowly, the toughened steel bell, with sides inches thick to withstand the high pressure at great depths, was lowered down. As it was lowered further the sea began to darken a little, lights appeared, these were the eyes of fish. This was because it was dark that the fish had to carry their own light at this depth.

The observations made were noted carefully, until, after what seemed like an age to those in the bell, the depth record was passed. Still deeper they went when at last it was decided from the gauges which flickered and jumped before the two occupants of the bell that it was unsafe to go any deeper.



The bell had ascended about two thousand feet when through the darkness rows and rows of little specks of light appeared. There was a sudden impact and quickly the professor called up by telephone to pull up slowly because of a spot of trouble. That was the last message heard from the diving bell by the "Swallow."

Meanwhile, the bell continued to rise. Professor Langdon had a theory that the bell had been attacked by a deep-sea monster which had been lurking in the depths. The telephone wire had been snapped by the impact, but luckily the two cables holding the bell were still intact, so the latter was still being pulled slowly up by the crew of the "Swallow."

Charles Langdon and "Ginger" were beginning to despair of ever being rid of the creature that held them, when there suddenly came a dull 'thud' and then light filtered in through the observation window — the creature was gone.

The explanation to this, the professor told "Ginger" after some thought, was that the monster was not built for shallow water so that when the bell continued to rise the pressure got less and less and the monster just disintegrated. The monster, belonging to great depths and high pressure was just not suited to low pressure, it was like putting a human into a vacuum. The professor and "Ginger" were the two men to dive deepest, and also the two men with the strangest story to tell.

PHILIP LAIN

### The Cold Hand of Winter

*The cold hand of the winter  
Locks up each lake and stream ;  
The twigs upon the leafless boughs,  
Are gloved by frost, and gleam !  
And birds at the door more daring grow  
Pressing small patterns in the snow.*

*In neither bush nor garden  
Is heard one note of song ;  
The trees stand straight, and mute, and tall  
Each in its pearled sarong ;  
Alas, ere long will come the sun,  
And steal the jewels every one.*

*But I shall love the winter,  
Tho' cold the wind and keen ;  
For oh ! what wondrous gowns of white  
Transform each glittering scene !  
And birds at the door more daring grow  
Pressing small patterns in the snow.*

"GREENLAND"

### Shepherdess it's Raining

(From the French folk-song)

*Shepherdess, it's raining,  
Drive your sheep so white,  
Return now to my cottage,  
Let us speed in flight,  
Rain-drops fall on foliage,  
Making quite a splash,  
Here it comes—a thunder storm,  
See the lightning flash.*

*Can you hear the thunder  
Rumbling, drawing near ?  
Shepherdess—shelter,  
This way—over here.  
I can see our cottage,  
And look ! Who stands in wait—  
My sister Anne and Mother,  
To open wide the gate.*

ADELE BERNTZEN, IVA

### The Prefect

*Hamlet arrayed in velvet black,  
A doublet trimmed with fur.  
Because they ne'er conviction lack  
His rousing speeches stir.*

*A handsome Antony now he  
Who stands with sword in hand  
Caesar's enemies shall flee,  
He'll drive them from the land.*

*Macbeth, in fear, who kneels before  
The bloody spirit of Banquo.  
That Scottish king who'll "sleep no more,"  
No earthly enemy his foe.*

*The lights go out, the curtains fall,  
The characters revealed :  
Tom Jones, the prefect, after all—  
How well the fact's concealed.*

KATHLEEN BROWN, VR

## School Notes

Temporary Prefects were appointed as usual at the end of the Summer Term:—

GLYNDWR: Christine Nash, Eileen Thomas, Christine Macken, Pamela Rendall, Peter Thomas, Tom Breese, Kenneth W. S. Lewis.

HYWEL: Margaret Davies, Anne Parcell, Elaine Stewart, Roger Morgan, Philip Martin, Peter Harvey, Stuart Lewis.

PICTON: Angela Hay, Gillian Philipps, Patrick McNally, William Roberts, David Brown, David Lloyd Williams.

TUDOR: Angela Wilson, David Fraser, Deryck Morgan, Tom Simpson.

Jane Evans and Wendy Cavaney were already Prefects but as they had no examinations, they carried on their duties as usual.

In the Easter Term we had a German boy, Wolfgang Richter, here. He lives at Stuttgart and has now returned to Germany.

This term we have a German girl, Gisele Hempfling, from Berlin, with us. In addition to the usual English, French and German, she also takes commercial subjects.

## School Diary

### JANUARY—

- 5—Easter Term began.
- 18—Visit of Dr. R. W. Steed, of Welsh College of Advanced Technology.
- 19—Visit of Mr. Esmond S. Mort, Agricultural Safety Officer.
- 29-30—Penvro Dramatic Society's production of "An Italian Straw Hat."

### FEBRUARY—

- 12—Showing of a Rugby Film, "The Lions."
- 15-16—Half Term.
- 15—Conference for Farmers, arranged jointly with the N.A.A.S..
- 23—A school party attended a Concert given at Haverfordwest by the Bournemouth Symphony Orchestra.
- 24—A fire in the poultry house.

### MARCH—

- 2—(1) Eisteddfod; (2) Visit of Boundary Commissioners.
- 9—Visit of Mrs. K. M. Carver to address the girls on Nursing as a Career.
- 16—Visit of a party of students from Trinity College, Carmarthen.
- 18-19—Visit of rugby teams from Sandfields School, Port Talbot.
- 24-26—Visit of rugby teams from Kilburn School, London.
- 25—Secondary School's Entrance Examination.
- 28—House Drama Competition (Picton and Hywel).
- 29—(1) House Drama Competition (Tudor and Glyndwr).  
(2) Parents' Evening at Bush House.
- 30—Old Boy's rugby match.
- 31—(1) Cross Country Race; (2) Staff Hockey Match.

### APRIL—

- 1—End of Term.

## House Drama Competition, 1960

The competition was held on Monday and Tuesday, 28th and 29th March and the adjudicator was Mr. Kenneth Lee, of Tenby. The general high standard of previous years was maintained and all concerned were rewarded for their efforts by playing to two full houses.

MY HILLS, MY HOME by Glyn Griffiths, performed by PICTON HOUSE can best be described as an improbable drama which failed to convince the audience. It proved to be an adequate vehicle for carrying the various talents of cast and producer, PETER HUSSEY.

GILLIAN PHILLIPS gave a quiet, well-considered performance as the middle-aged wife. Her experience in the school play has obviously had its effect.

CHARLES JAMES'S rather arch-sepulchral voice suited the Bible-thumping husband. If only he could tone his voice down and realise the necessity of variation of pace and intonation then he would be a good actor.

RICHARD ROBERTS-THOMAS—usually an efficient stage manager decided to appear on stage for the first time. A fairish effort—but he smoked his cigarette rather uncomfortably and didn't take his hat off in the house.

MARILYN SANDERS—a newcomer to school plays who impressed us with a very good performance.

TERRENCE RICHARDS is never given enough to do. He seems to have been appearing for years playing butlers and army privates. Surely it is time to give him a larger part since he moves well and has a very fine voice.

PATRICK McNALLY brought urgency and tension into the play very successfully. He must concentrate more on projecting his voice.

HYWEL HOUSE performed Thornton Wilder's "THE HAPPY JOURNEY" and set themselves a difficult problem since this is a play without scenery and properties. Roger Horgan, the producer, showed how well worth while it is to tackle a difficult play.

JOHN WALLER as stage manager graced the proscenium arch competently but I would like to have seen him being made part of the play rather than an outsider looking on.

JANICE BRADY as Ma Kirby made a very successful entrance into school drama. She played throughout with competence and the audience believed in her completely. Although the play is a comedy it has a very serious theme and it is to Janice's credit that she did not play for laughs which many lesser actresses would have done.

PETER LEWIS as her son had the resources of a good appearance, good voice and experience in the junior school play to bring to this part. He used them all well.

DIANE REYNOLDS, another newcomer, left a very pleasing impression on the audience. She looked good and had a pleasant voice which she used effectively.

ROGER HORGAN himself played Pa Kirby. After his uninhibited performance in "The Matchmaker" he impressed us with the reticence and control with which he played this part. An indication that Roger is an actor of considerable possibilities.

JEAN SHORE played the difficult part of Beulah very well. Jean is inexperienced on stage and must learn to use her pleasant voice as well as possible.

Tuesday night opened with TUDOR's performance of "NO MAN'S LAND" by Nina Warner Hooke produced by Shirley Dundas in a magnificent desert island setting by Andrea Jones, Philip Lain and Michael Edwards. This production won the competition for Tudor House for the first time.

MYRTLE WILLIAMS held sway over her island kingdom with poise. JANET WARLOW twittered successfully as Miss Teal.

PATRICIA HARRIES made an attractive Judy but her voice lacked punch.

THOMAS SIMPSON as the only man on the island acted his part convincingly but he must remember not to speak so quickly.

VALENE JAMES made her presence felt as Miss Forster but only infrequently did we hear her utter a sound.

WENDY GRAY played Mrs. Brassey as well as she could under a heavy cold and an even heavier topee.

JANE EVANS made a beautiful clinging Ivy. If she concentrated a little more on voice projection she would be a quite competent actress.

KRYNSTYNA RYNDUCH also made an interesting debut as Marushka the dusky beauty with brains.

Finally GLYNDWR performed "HOME IS THE HUNTED" by R. F. Delderfield. This was a good effort by producer DOROTHY LEWIS who was game enough to tackle this difficult play with no previous experience. She was ably supported by her cast.

PAT JONES looked exactly right as Mamie but she must learn to project her voice over the footlights. It is possible to do it even with the quietest voice.

CHRISTINE NASH played Ada very competently. Christine is a newcomer to the stage and should be seen again very soon.

IONA JONES played Cora with the competence we have come to expect of her. Unfortunately she was not helped by the producer who insisted on keeping her in the same place in semi-darkness throughout.

PATRICIA THOMAS as Emma played a difficult character part well. She could have been helped by being allowed to say some of her lines standing up.

RAYMOND JONES played Oscar beautifully. His reactions when he was eating his meal and listening to his chattering womenfolk were quite wonderful. The test of a good actor is to be able to act without speaking and Raymond did just this for a period of fifteen minutes.

GERALD MOUNTSTEVENS looked the part of the detective but unfortunately his voice is weak.

In conclusion, the competition was highly successful this year, particularly since so many new people took part in the plays.

## World Refugee Year

The fête organised by Mr. Hewish and held on the lawn in front of Bush House last summer brought in £110. £40 of this was given to the local Pembroke Borough effort on behalf of refugees, and £70 was donated to the Welsh Friends of the Refugees for use in Kapfenberg Camp in Austria to help the Goriup family. This family is building its own house and needed help to buy the roofing materials. They were

helped in the building last summer by a Work Camp made up of a group of students, several of whom came from Britain.

A letter was received from the family, and this is a translation:—  
"My dear Helpers, I have received your savings amount with much joy and thanks. It has meant a great sacrifice to you and it has helped me very much with the building of my home. Soon I shall finish it. It was really very difficult for me as a refugee to begin it, and I am very grateful to have such kind assistance. Many thanks for your help, and I shall always remember your kindness. Yours thankfully, Emil Goriup."

Just before Christmas six hundredweights of new clothing and foodstuffs were sent by the children of the school to Kapfenberg Camp. This is a quotation from the letter which Miss Katherine Barbour, the social worker there, sent in reply:—"I am writing on behalf of the people of Kapfenberg to thank you very sincerely for the wonderful presents which you have sent them. It must have meant a great deal of work and money, but I am certain that you all would have felt that it was amply rewarded, if you had seen the joy which your parcels brought.

One lady, a teacher, has been a refugee for 20 years, and has been twice turned out of her home. When she came to Kapfenberg in 1945 she was too shaken by her experiences to be able ever to work again. Now, fifteen years later, she is still living alone in a barrack room, so small that she receives callers in the passage, and so cold that water freezes in her room on winter nights. She was one who received a large parcel, and she began to cry when it was given to her. 'I thought everyone had forgotten me,' she said.

This is what your help has meant to her. She and 550 others in Kapfenberg Camp will still be there after World Refugee Year ends. Will you go on remembering them, please?"

## Seascape

*Cold, grey rocks  
Strewn with slithery seaweed,  
Lashed by the waves  
And showered with spray,  
Engulfed by the tide  
Until hidden away,  
Lie in wait, for ships,  
Traacherously.*

*Dark, dark caves,  
Silence crushed by the thunder  
Of storm-swept waves  
As they crash on the shore  
Far flinging the rocks  
And concealing no more,  
The caves, in the cliff,  
Mercilessly.*

JANE EVANS, Lower VI Arts

## The School Eisteddfod

The Eisteddfod took place in the School Hall on March 2nd and it was noteworthy because for the first time in its history Hywel House was victorious and took away the Sudbury Shield.

The adjudicators were:—

Music: Mrs. E. H. Howells and Mr. Sidney Evans.

Poetry Speaking: English—Mrs. Jill Lockley; Welsh—Mrs. Olwen Rees.

Choral Speech: Mr. K. Ashley Davies.

Prepared Speech: Mr. Gordon Parry.

Original Verse: Mrs. Nora Davies.

Essay: Miss A. R. Lewis-Davies, M.B.E., Miss Eveline Hinchliffe, Mrs.

R. C. Davies, Miss Ethel Young, Mr. T. K. Griffiths, Mr. Wynford Davies.

Short Story: Miss Morwyth Rees, Mrs. Sarah Thomas.

Verse Translation: Miss Ethel Young, Mrs. Olwen Rees, Mrs. K. Howells, Mr. A. C. Davies, Mr. R. Metcalfe.

Cookery: Mrs. M. Seager.

Needlework: Mrs. H. M. Robinson.

Art and Craft Work: Mr. J. M. Carradice.

Nature Study: Miss Morwyth Rees.

Agriculture: Mr. R. T. Churchill and Mr. F. P. Kiln.

Geography: Mr. J. Hubert Harris.

Photography: Mr. Angus Athoe.

Stamp Collections: Mr. J. H. A. Macken.

Table Decoration: Miss Molly Davies.

Dancing: Miss Molly Thomas.

Local Studies: Rev. Hywel Davies.

### MUSIC

Piano Solo, Junior ("Minuet" by Maude Brown): 1st, Catherine Rogers (P); 2nd, Gwyneth Griffiths (T); 3rd, Veronica Sandell (H).

Piano Solo, Middle (Waltz in A Minor Op 34 No. 2 by Chopin): 1st, Jennifer Morgan (H); 2nd, Ruth James (G).

Piano Solo, Senior (Mazurka in G Minor Op 24 No. 1 by Chopin): 1st, Shirley Dundas (T); 2nd, Joyce Simlett (G); 3rd, Valene James (T).

Violin Solo, Junior: 1st, Ruth Morgan (H); 2nd, Diane Richards (P); 3rd, Helen Cooper (H).

Violin Solo, Middle ("Air" by Tenaglia): 1st, Ruth James (G); 2nd, Michael Jones (G); 3rd, David Lloyd Williams (P).

Solo, Junior Girls ("Butterfly" by Schumann): 1st, Susan Campononic (T); 2nd, Sheila Davies (H) and Jennifer Morgan (H); 3rd, Lynne Shore (H).

Solo, Junior Boys ("The Shepherd," Hugh Robertson): 1st, Brian Smith (H); 2nd, Michael Jones (G); 3rd, Colin Fish (G).

Unison Song, Junior Boys ("Heroes when with Glory Burning" by Handel): 1st, Brian Smith's Party (H) and Peter Watts's Party (T); 2nd, Keith Griffiths's Party (H).

Unison Song, Junior Girls ("Isle of Dreams," arr. Wiseman): 1st, Ruth James's Party (G); 2nd, Susan Peach's Party (H); 3rd, Lynn Shore's Party (H).

Solo, Senior Girls ("Where'er you Walk" by Handel): 1st, Jean Shore (H); 2nd, Joyce Simlett (G).

Duet, Senior Girls ("Mists before Sunrise," by Arne): 1st, Janice Brady and Ann Parcell (H); 2nd, Rosemary and Joyce Simlett (G); 3rd, Lynne and Jean Shore (H).

Solo, Senior Boys ("The Arethusa" by Shield): 1st Patrick McNally (P); 2nd, Gerald Mountstevens (G); 3rd, Brian Anfield (H).

Welsh Solo, Junior ("Y Fwyalchen," Trad.): 1st, Jennifer Morgan (H); 2nd, Ruth James (G); 3rd, Ruth Morgan (H).

Welsh Solo, Senior ("Dafydd y Garreg Wen," Trad.): 1st, Jean Shore (H) and Patrick McNally (P); 2nd, Valene James (T); 3rd, Janice Brady (H).

Choir ("Milkmaids" by Peter Warlack): 1st, Hywel House and Tudor House; 2nd Glyndwr House; 3rd, Picton House. (The conductors were Jean Shore, Shirley Dundas, Joyce Simlett and Valerie Colley).

### POETRY SPEAKING

Junior Girls ("The splendour falls . . ." by Tennyson): 1st, Jennifer Morgan (H); 2nd, Ruth Morgan (H); 3rd, Ann Gough (H) and Kathryn Phillips (T).

Junior Boys (The "General Elliott" by Robert Graves): 1st, Michael Jones (G); 2nd, Clive James (T); 3rd, David Canton (G).

Senior Girls ("Musee des Beaux Arts" by W. H. Auden): 1st, Mary Woodward (P); 2nd, Margaret Morgan (H) and Margaret Kavanagh (P).

Senior Boys ("Afterwards" by Thomas Hardy): 1st, Peter Lewis (H); 2nd, Clement Mathias (H) and John Lewis (H).

Junior Welsh ("Pitran, patran" by Waldo Williams): 1st, Ruth James (G); 2nd, Kathryn Phillips (T); 3rd, Clive James (T).

Senior Welsh ("Y Cwb" by R. Williams Parry): 1st, Hefina Bowen (T); 2nd, Iona Jones (G); 3rd, Eiry Bowen (T).

### CHORAL SPEECH

Junior ("The Dong with the Luminous Nose" by Edward Lear): 1st Tudor No. 1 Party; 2nd, Picton No. 1 Party; 3rd, Picton No. 2 Party.

Senior (A passage from "The Lotus Eaters" by Tennyson): 1st, Picton House; 2nd, Glyndwr House.

### PREPARED SPEECH

1st, Margaret Kavanagh (P); 2nd, John Lewis (H); 3rd, Jillian Thomas (P).

### ORIGINAL VERSE

Form 2 ("Puddles"): 1st, Ruth Morgan (H); 2nd, Eira Jenkins (P) and Teresa Duignan (H).

Form 3 ("The Seagull"): 1st, Ronald Henson (H); 2nd, Sheila Davies (H) and Jennifer Tomlinson (G).

Form 4 ("A Game of Tag"): 1st, Jennifer Morgan (H); 2nd, Phillip Lain (T); 3rd, Adele Berntzen (P).

Forms Upper 5 and 5 Remove ("The School Canteen"): 1st, Judith Payne (P) and Susan Saunders (G) and Howard Griffiths (T).

Form 5 ("The Prefect"): 1st, Valene James (T); 2nd, Hamm and T. Jones (G).

Form 6 (Open subject): 1st, Margaret Morgan (H); 2nd, Allan Butler (G); 3rd, Jane Evans (T).

### ESSAY

Form 2 ("If I were invisible for one day"): 1st, Helen Butters (H); 2nd, Phillip Caradice (G); 3rd, David Eastick (T).

Form 3 ("The three least pleasant surprises I have had"): 1st, Lynn Shore (H); 2nd, Gwyneth Griffiths (T); 3rd, Gareth Nicholls (T).

Form 4 ("Moments I should like to forget"): 1st, Adele Berntzen (P); 2nd, Michael Jones (G); 3rd, Ruth James (G).

Forms Upper IV and V Remove ("On being late"): 1st, Clement Mathias (H); 2nd, Peter Lewis (H); 3rd, P. Thomas (G).

Form 5 ("People I shall never understand"): 1st, Mary Woodward (P); 2nd, Enid Kinton (T); 3rd, Hispaniole.

Form 6 ("It is never too late to be what you might have been"): 1st, No prize; 2nd, Allan Butler (G) and Valerie Colley (P); 3rd, Eileen Thomas (G).

#### SHORT STORY

Junior: 1st, Jennifer Morgan (H); 2nd, Phillip Lain (T); 3rd, David Bates (G).

Senior: 1st, John Morgan (H); 2nd, Peter Lewis (H); 3rd, Pyramid.

#### VERSE TRANSLATION

French: 1st, Margaret Morgan (H); 2nd, Desmond Brawn (T); 3rd, Glitter.

German: 1st, Margaret Morgan (H); 2nd, Ann Griffiths (P); 3rd, Carolyn Skyrme (P).

Latin: 1st, Margaret Morgan (H); 2nd, Jillian Thomas (P); 3rd, K. W. S. Lewis (G).

Spanish: 1st, Jennifer Morgan (H); 2nd, Brian Devereux (G); 3rd, Daphne Bush (G).

Welsh: 1st, Marilyn Evans (G); 2nd, Iona Jones (G); 3rd, Ruth James (G).

#### LOCAL STUDIES

Forms 2 and 3 (Section A): 1st, John Reynolds (H); 2nd, Robert Howells (H).

(Section B): 1st, Gareth Nicholls (T); 2nd, Veronica Sandell (H); 3rd, Jacqueline Davies.

Forms 4 and Upper IV: 1st, Adele Berntzen (P);

Forms 5 and 6 (Section A): 1st, Desmond Lewis (G); 2nd, Ken Lewis (G).

Section B: 1st, Patrick McNally (P); 2nd, Philo.

#### NATURE STUDY

Forms 2 and 3: 1st, Hugh Gibby (T); 2nd, P. Edwards (G); 3rd, Brian Hall (G).

Forms 4 and Upper 4: 1st, Adele Berntzen (P); 2nd, Sandra Bradshaw (P); 3rd, David Hay (P).

Forms 5 and 6: 1st, Deryck Morgan (T); 2nd, David Williams (P); 3rd, Terry Richards (P).

#### PHOTOGRAPHY

Novice: 1st, Michael Edwards (T); 2nd, Ronald Henson (H).

Junior: 1st, Howard Barton (T); 2nd, Michael Edwards (T); 3rd, Tony Davies (G).

Senior: 1st, Keith Russant (P).

Open: 1st, Victor Catherall (P).

#### FOLK DANCING

1st, Glyndwr Party; 2nd, Hywel Senior and Hywel Junior.

#### GEOGRAPHY

Form 2: 1st, Ann Gough (H) and Lyn Smith (T); 3rd, Priscilla Hughes.

Form 3: 1st, John Reynolds (H) and Ken Goddard (H); 3rd, Brian Rees.

Forms 4 and Upper 4: No first; 2nd, Adele Berntzen (P) and Maureen Ferrier (P).

Form 5: 1st, Victor Catherall (P); 2nd, Terry Richards (P).

Form 6: 1st, Pam Rendall.

#### STAMP COLLECTION

Junior: 1st, Michael Edwards (T); 2nd, Gareth Nicholls (T); 3rd, Roland Humber (T).

Senior: 1st, Allan Butler (G); 2nd, John Woodward (P); 3rd, Humf.

#### ART

Forms 2 and 3: 1st, Helen Cooper (H); 2nd, Howard Robinson (P); 3rd, Ronald Henson (H).

Forms 4 and 5 Remove: 1st, Susan Mabe (P); 2nd, Judith Maher (T); 3rd, Picton.

Forms 5 and 6: 1st, Andrea Jones (T); 2nd, Allan Butler (G).

#### AGRICULTURE

##### MACHINE MILKING

Junior: 1st, Winston Breeze (G); 2nd, David Harries (P); 3rd, Mervyn Dyer (P).

Senior: 1st, John Jones (G); 2nd, Hubert Young (P); 3rd, Robert Thorne (P).

##### PLOUGH SETTING

Junior: 1st, G. Thomas (T); 2nd, R. Payne (P); 3rd, D. Foster (G).

Senior: 1st, Robert Thorne (P); 2nd, David Cole (H); 3rd, David Esmond (T).

##### TRACTOR REVERSING

Junior: 1st, Russell Mills (G); 2nd, David Harris (P); 3rd, Winston Breeze (G).

Senior: 1st, Robert Thorne (P); 2nd, Alan Curtis (H); 3rd, Robert Hammond (H).

##### EMBROIDERY

1st, Gill Phillips (P); 2nd, Angela Hay (P); 3rd, M. Thomas (G).

##### FELTWORK

1st, Jane Evans (T); 2nd, Adele Berntzen (P); 3rd, Gill Phillips (P).

##### KNITTING

Forms 2 and 3: 1st Suzanne Evans (T); 2nd, Helen Butters (H); 3rd, Ann Jones (G).

Forms 4, 5 and 6: 1st, Jane Evans (T); 2nd, Margaret Cansley (H); 3rd, Margaret Matthews (T).

Open: 1st, Marilyn Sanders (P); 2nd, Sandra Stevens (G); 3rd, Valene James (T).

Open: 1st, Pat Jones (G); 2nd, Margaret Davies (H); 3rd, Carol Woodward (P).

#### NEEDLEWORK

Forms 2 and 3: 1st Catherine Rogers (P); 2nd, Veronica Sandell (H); 3rd, Peter Watts (T).

Forms IV, V and VI: 1st, Gill Phillips (P); 2nd, Elaine Stewart (H); 3rd, Pamela Rendall (G).

Open: 1st, Adele Berntzen (P); 2nd, Valene James (T); 3rd, Jane Evans (T).

#### TABLE DECORATION

1st Competition: 1st, Rosemary Maddocks (T) and Margaret Morgan (H); 3rd, Sheila Maddocks (T).

2nd Competition: 1st, Pamela Rendall (G); 2nd, Susan Campodonic (T); 3rd, Gareth Nicholls (T).

#### COOKERY

Forms 2 and 3: 1st, Rosanna Brown (P); 2nd, Grenadier; 3rd, Priscilla Hughes.

Forms 4 and Upper 4 (Tart): 1st Hazel Golding (P); 2nd, Pat Thomas (G); 3rd, Judith Payne (P).

Forms 4 and Upper IV (Maids of Honour): 1st, Ann James (P); 2nd, Suzanne Palmer (G); 3rd, Ann Johns (P).

Forms 5 and 6 (Swiss Roll): 1st, Pat Harries (T); 2nd, Pat Jones (G); 3rd, Rosemary Rogers (H).

Forms 5 and 6 (Bread Rolls): 1st, Jean Shore (H); 2nd, Valerie Colley (P); 3rd, Ann Edwards (T).

#### EMBROIDERY

Open: 1st, Gill Phillips (P); 2nd, Angela Hay (P); 3rd, M. Thomas (G).

#### FINAL EISTEDDFOD RESULTS

1st, Hywel .....	739	Points
2nd, Glyndwr .....	680	"
3rd, Picton .....	669	"
4th, Tudor .....	637	"

## CLUBS AND SOCIETIES

### United Nations Club

We completed the first term with a very successful Christmas Party to which we invited the young children of members of School Staff. We are very grateful to the girl prefects who arranged the refreshments.

Although we have over one hundred members in the Club, the age-range is so wide that activities are not easy to organise. We should like to increase our numbers so that the Lower School could be catered for more satisfactorily. The introduction of "Clubs News" will bring a deeper significance of the United Nations Association as a World Movement, to our older members.

We were able to send £2 10s. od. this term to Kapfenberg Refugee Camp in Austria to help two Hungarian Refugees to buy essential furniture for their flat. The letter we received on behalf of the little refugee girl in hospital, whom we mentioned in the last *Penvro*, made us glad that we were able to cheer up the pathetic little creature.

Our outing is arranged for July 8th; we are looking forward to our visit to Cardiff and St. Fagan's Folk Museum.

### Technical Science Society

The activities of this Society resolved themselves into film shows in the Christmas Term and preparation for the School Eisteddfod in the Spring Term.

Among some good films shown at our meetings was that of "The Discovery of Penicillin." I mention this film in particular because it showed the tremendous amount of work involved in the manufacture of even small quantities of this slayer of microbes (good and bad); and incidentally, it showed how the development of scientific discovery depends on team-work rather than the devotion of one man as in former days. The film shows, in general, suffered from lack of variety and the Society must try and improve its "menu" in this respect. Some films should have a non-specialist appeal to which we can invite our opposite numbers in the arts.

In the Spring Term, in addition to camera work for competition at the Eisteddfod, members of the Society made models of telescopes, periscopes, morse code relay, electric motors, airplanes and hovercraft for exhibition. This was our first attempt at exhibition and we are encouraged to further experiment on these lines.

We shall miss our usual "industrial outing" this Summer Term. An ambitious plan to spend three or four days in London fell through because Mr. Llewellyn, the organiser of the trip, left for Biggleswade, in Bedfordshire, at the end of the Spring Term. We all regret his departure, but wish him much success in his new school.

### The International Club

On January 9th there was a screening of Walt Disney's film, "Bambi." Before the film, Charles James spoke on 'Apartheid.' The proceeds of the meeting was 30/-, which was given to the Old People's Association of Saundersfoot.

January 22nd was the first of three evenings devoted to Africa. The first part of the evening was taken up by three films. The first described the advances which had been made in Ghana, the second described the life and work of Dr. Livingstone, and the third was called 'Civilisation on Trial in South Africa.' The commentary in this film was spoken by the Reverend Michael Scott, and it told of the living conditions in a notorious suburb of Johannesburg, called Sophiatown. The second part of the evening was taken up by two talks, one by Peter Hussey, who gave a picture of the pattern of government in the various states, and one by Christopher Morgan on the colour problem. It was a very wet and stormy evening, but the fifty present thought that it was well worth the effort.

On February 5th there was a talk by Tom Simpson on "Person-

alities of Africa." This was followed by three films. 'The Boy Kumasenu' described the problems of a boy brought up in a tribal society when he goes to live in a modern urban African society. 'Twilight Forest' told of the harvesting of the African forests and 'Riches of the Veldt' described the industry and agriculture of South Africa.

The meeting on February 19th took the same form. There was a talk by Margaret Morgan on 'Apartheid,' which was followed by three films. 'Three Roads to Tomorrow' described the educational facilities now open to many Africans in Nigeria; 'The Rival World,' a technically brilliant film, told of the challenge to man from the insect and the way in which the challenge is being met, and 'Ofafa Housing Estate' described the progress made in housing in Ghana.

The colour film, 'Antarctic Crossing,' the account of Dr. Fuch's expedition, was shown on March 4th.

At our last meeting of the Easter Term on March 18th a film entitled 'Work Camps' was shown, and a number of exhibition panels describing the various types of work camps were hung on the corridor. Tom Simpson also showed a movie film which he had taken of the School General Election in October.

A number of the Eisteddfod winners entertained us. They were Jean and Lynn Shore, Shirley Dundas, Susan Campodonio and Patrick McNally, and Tom James gave a short violin recital.

This was the last meeting which Wolfgang Richter would be able to attend, and he was presented by the club with a book to take back with him to Germany. The meeting ended with a very successful cup of tea and biscuits.

## Y.F.C. Report, Summer 1960

Since our last report the Club has had further successes in the oral quiz. The Club went to Tiers Cross from where we progressed to the final against Haverfordwest where we were beaten by a very small margin. On both of these occasions the Club spirit was so high that we were able to take a full bus load of supporters on each occasion. Unfortunately, owing to various difficulties, we were unable to enter the drama competition.

The height of this year's activities came on May 27th when the rally was held on our own ground. Prior to this, practices, rehearsals, etc., had been going on for several weeks under the guidance of Mr. B. J. Davies and Miss James. It was at the rally where the real club spirit showed up, everybody was doing something, the girls especially excelled themselves. Notable successes were obtained by Shirley Britton, Marion Gough, David Esmond, John Morgan and Robert Thorne; all of them obtaining a first place in their respective competitions. The folk-dancing team trained by Miss Phillips came third. Altogether the Club came eighth out of some nineteen clubs, our best yet! We were pleased to note that we now have a fellow School Club, Preseli County School, who entered the rally for the first time this year.

Also this term we have had a number of meetings, mainly film shows, one interesting one was 'Careers in Agriculture.'

Anyone who would like to join the Club next year is advised to contact the secretary.

*Hon. Secretary.*

## SCHOOL SPORT

### Rugby

Results of the First XV Easter Term matches:—

Tenby Grammar School	Home	Lost	3-0
Haverfordwest Grammar School	Home	Lost	3-0
Pembroke Dock Quins 2nd XV	Away	Won	3-9
Llanelly Grammar School	Away	Lost	14-5
Ardwyn Grammar School	Away	Lost	3-0
Cardigan Grammar School	Home	Won	16-0
Carmarthen Grammar School	Away	Lost	8-3
Kilburn Grammar School	Home	Lost	9-0
Old Boys		Drew	0-0

P	W	D	L	F	A
18	3	4	11	56	129

B. Anfield, A. Butler, R. Reynolds, R. Callen represented the county and made the trip to Germany with the County XV during Easter.

Boys who represented the First XV during season 1959-60 were:

B. D. Anfield capt., A. B. Butler, vice-capt., R. W. Reynolds, sec., R. J. Callen, S. T. Lewis (selection committee), G. Mountstevens, S. Brown, J. Nash, T. Jones, D. Cole, J. M. Lewis, P. C. James, J. Skone, G. A. Payne, H. C. James, G. Briggs, R. Roberts Thomas, T. Breese, P. Ebsworth, P. Thomas, T. James, M. Morgan, W. Kavanagh, St. John Brentnall, R. Parcell, J. Russell, D. Brown, J. Curtis, G. Evans, T. Scourfield.

Colours were awarded to: B. Anfield, A. Butler, R. Reynolds, R. Callen, S. Lewis, D. Cole, G. Mountstevens.

Notes: The results show that the team's playing record was poor. The main cause of this was the fact that only four of the previous season's very successful team returned to school in September. This meant that the team at the beginning of the year was young and inexperienced. But it improved considerably after the heavy early-season defeats at Haverfordwest and Tenby and it was only very bad luck with injuries that prevented the team from winning at least two games that were lost in the Easter Term.

We were very pleased to welcome Kilburn Grammar School to Bush at the end of the season. It was unfortunate that our four county players were not able to play against them. Even so, we had a very good game. We hope to return Kilburn's visit in the season 1961-62.

Rugby at school continued to be severely handicapped through our own fields being out of use. We are sincerely grateful to the Pembroke Rugby Club, Pembroke Dock Quins and the 22nd L.A.A. Regiment, without whose generosity in lending their fields, school football would not have been able to continue.

## Netball Team, 1959/60

This season the team has been much more successful than in previous years. The following girls played regularly: Carole Fox, Judith Payne, Pat Thomas, Marilyn Saunders, Pat Harries, Shirley Britten and

Margaret Kavanagh (captain), with Janice Brady and Jane Evans always ready to fill in if required. Out of a total of eleven fixtures, only two were lost and one drawn, and we scored a total of 180 goals, with 100 scored against us.

Opposition was greatly varied, for our range extended beyond other schools, to the W.R.N.S. at Kete, and even the female members of Staff, led by Miss Hughes, were forced out to do battle against us.

The inter-house Netball matches resulted in a win for Picton House, which defeated Hywel House in the final by thirteen goals to three.

Thanks to the kind efforts of Miss Phillips in arranging a social, the team was able to raise sufficient money to purchase new white shirts.

We hope that the increased interest in Netball in School will be maintained in the future.

### Hockey

NEW COLOURS 1st XI: Eileen Thomas, Sally Brown, Christine Nash, Krystyna Rynduch.

NEW COLOURS 2nd XI: Christine Lewis, Lesley Phillips, Maureen Campodonic, Sandra Bradshaw, Dilys Williams, Hilary Jones.

#### 1st XI MATCHES

1959

September 12—Taskers High School	Home	Won	5-1
September 19—Tenby Grammar School	Home	Won	3-0
September 30—Milford Grammar School	Home	Draw	2-2
October 10—County Trials.			
October 21—Fishguard Grammar School	Home	Won	3-0
October 28—Haverfordwest S.M.S.	Away	Won	11-1

1960

February 17—Milford Grammar School	Away	Lost	1-4
February 27—Fishguard Grammar School	Away	Lost	2-3
March 5—Milford C.S.	Away	Draw	2-2
March 12—Milford Secondary Modern School	Home	Won	3-1
March 19—Haverfordwest S.M.S.	Home	Won	5-1

Goals for 37; Goals against 15.

#### 2nd XI MATCHES

1959

September 12—Taskers High School	Home	Won	2-1
September 19—Tenby Grammar School	Home	Won	8-1
October 21—Fishguard Grammar School	Home	Won	
October 28—Haverfordwest S.M.S.	Away	Won	3-1
October 31—Coronation S.M.S.	Home	Won	2-1

1960

February 27—Fishguard Grammar School	Away	Lost	1-2
March 12—Milford S.M.S.	Home	Lost	1-2
March 19—Haverfordwest S.M.S.	Home	Won	9-0

Goals for 26; Goals against 8.

#### HOUSE MATCHES

The Senior and Junior House matches were all played off during one afternoon. The matches were decided on a points system and as a result Hywel and Glyndwr were in the final, Glyndwr winning by a corner. Glyndwr also won the Junior Cup.

### Record Sheet

Giving Placings, Houses and Times or Distances of Winning Competitors.

Event	First	H'se	Second	H'se	Third	H'se	Winning Time or Distance
100 Yards—Boys	J. Evans	P	J. Lloyd	T	J. Mathias	P	12.5 secs. R
	R. Rees	P	H. Griffiths	T	C. James	T	11.4 secs. ER
	P. Thomas	G	P. Ralph	H	J. Nash	G	10.6 secs. R
	A. Butler	G	B. Anfield	H	D. Ebsworth	G	10.6 secs R
100 Yards—Girls	P. Anfield	H	L. Shore	H	S. Goodacre	T	13.8 secs.
	S. Gacon	G	P. Thomas	G	V. Lomas	H	12.7 secs.
	A. Livingstone	T	J. Shore	H	G. Griffiths	T	12.8 secs.
					S. Paulett	H	
220 Yards—Boys	J. Evans	P	J. Lloyd	T	S. John	H	27.6 secs. R
	R. Rees	P	H. Griffiths	T	P. Lewis	H	25.8 secs. R
	P. Thomas	G	R. Reeves	P			24.2 secs. R
	A. Butler	G	B. Anfield	H			24.0 secs. R
220 Yards—Girls	S. Llewelyn	P	P. Thomas	G	P. Harries	H	28.5 secs. RNE
	D. Lewis	G	A. Livingstone	T	N. Pearman	P	29.8 secs.
440 Yards—Boys	R. Rees	P	C. James	T	P. Lewis	H	59.6 secs. R
	J. Nash	G	D. Cole	H	M. Evans	P	56.2 secs. R
	A. Butler	G	J. Morgan	H	W. Kavanagh	P	54 secs. ER
880 Yards—Boys	D. Cole	H	J. Morgan	H	G. Briggs	P	2 mins. 12 secs. R
	W. Roberts	P	A. Brady	H	D. Ebsworth	G	2 mins. 12.6 secs.
	W. Roberts	P	A. Brady	H	D. Cole	H	5 mins. 9.8 secs.



Event	First	H'se	Second	H'se	Third	H'se	Winning Time or Distance	
<i>High Jump—Boys</i>								
Sub-Junior	H. Robinson	P	S. Johns	H	M. Marchant	H	4 ft. 0 ins.	
					D. Hughes	T		
Junior	P. Lain	T	A. Richards	H	R. McCallum	P	4 ft. 8½ ins.	
Middle	S. Brown	H	T. Jones	G	P. Ralph	H	5 ft. 2½ ins.	
Senior	M. Jones	G	R. Callen	H	G. Dickman	P	4 ft. 8 ins.	
<i>High Jump—Girls</i>								
Junior	V. Sandell	H	P. V. Owen	H	H. O'Leary	P	3 ft. 9 ins.	
Middle	J. Morgan	H	S. Jones	G	G. Griffiths	T	3 ft. 11 ins.	
Senior	J. Warlow	T	M. Davies	H	C. Fox	H	4 ft. 0 ins.	
<i>Long Jump—Boys</i>								
Sub-Junior	J. Mathias	P	M. Roberts	G	H. Robinson	P	13 ft. 4 ins.	
Junior	R. McCallum	P	A. Drysdale	G	P. Lewis	H	15 ft. 6½ ins.	
			P. Laine	T				
Middle	P. Ralph	H	T. Jones	G	J. Curtis	H	19 ft.	R
					G. Jones	H		
Senior	A. Butler	G	W. Roberts	P	R. Callen	H	19 ft. 3 ins.	
<i>Long Jump—Girls</i>								
Junior	L. McCarthy	P	S. Goodacre	T	R. Morgan	H	13 ft. 1½ ins.	
Middle	M. Emmet	T	J. Jones	G	J. Lalley	H	14 ft. 10½ ins.	
Senior	V. Colley	P	S. Paulett	H	T. Pearce & A. Hall	G	13 ft. 8 ins.	
<i>H. S. J.—Boys</i>								
Sub-Junior	R. Howells	H	M. Roberts	G	M. Brace	G	29 ft. 3 ins.	
Junior	R. Rees	P	B. Stubbs	P	P. Lain	T	35 ft. 6 ins.	
Middle	C. James	P	G. Jones	G	T. Jones	G	36 ft. 11½ ins.	
Senior	M. Jones	G	B. Anfield	H	R. Callen	H	38 ft. 4½ ins.	
<i>H. S. J.—Girls</i>								
Junior	W. Rynduch	T	S. Goodacre	T	V. Sandell	H	25 ft. 11½ ins.	
Middle	M. John	G	G. Griffiths	T	J. Morgan	H	29 ft. 3½ ins.	
Senior	A. Livingstone	T	C. Morgan	P	V. Colley	P	30 ft.	

Event	First	H'se	Second	H'se	Third	H'se	Winning Time or Distance	
<i>Pole Vault—Boys</i>								
Sub-Junior	J. Reynolds	H	A. L. Williams	P			4 ft. 3 ins.	
Junior	J. Brown	H	M. Rickard	G	W. Ledwood	H	7 ft. 8 ins.	
					R. Hill	P		
Middle	S. Brown	H	P. Beynon	G			8 ft. 0 ins.	
Senior	R. Reynolds	H	M. Jones	G	G. Dickman	P	8 ft. 9 ins.	
<i>Discus—Boys</i>								
Sub-Junior	S. John	H	P. Driscoll	P	K. Deveson	P	66 ft. 9 ins.	
Junior	B. Stubbs	P	P. Lain	T	R. Baker	H	86 ft. 8½ ins.	
Middle	C. James	P	T. James	G	J. Campodonic	T	124 ft. 6½ ins.	
Senior	G. Payne	T	R. Reynolds	H	R. Reeves	P	93 ft.	
<i>Discus—Girls</i>								
Junior	P. V. Owen	H	L. Scourfield	P	R. Hall	P	52 ft. 8 ins.	
Middle	C. Lewis	T	V. Lomas	H	J. Mills	P	64 ft. 9 ins.	
Senior	D. Lewis	G	K. Rynduch	T	E. Stewart	H	85 ft. 8½ ins.	
<i>Javelin—Boys</i>								
Sub-Junior	K. Deveson	P	R. Scott	T	J. Armitage	T	68 ft. 9 ins.	
Junior	R. Hill	P	B. Stubbs	P	K. Grey	G	106 ft. 5 ins.	
Middle	S. Lewis	H	P. Ralph	H	W. Kavanagh	P	139 ft. 3 ins.	
Senior	M. Jones	G	R. Callen	H	G. Payne	T	116 ft. 2 ins.	
<i>Javelin—Girls</i>								
Junior	W. Rynduch	T	D. Richardson	P	A. Cole	H	41 ft. 10 ins.	R
Middle	M. Campodonic	T	P. Whyllie	G	L. Thomas	H	77 ft. 2 in.	R
Senior	E. Thomas	G	S. Paulett	H	M. Williams	T	65 ft. 0¼ in.	
<i>Shot—Boys</i>								
Sub-Junior	P. Driscoll	P	J. Evans	P	J. Armitage	T	31 ft. 9 ins.	
Junior	B. Stubbs	P	W. Breeze	G	N. Lewis	T	37 ft. 7 ins.	
Middle	J. Russell	T	J. Campodonic	T	S. Lewis	H	37 ft. 8½ ins.	
Senior	B. Anfield	H	J. Nash	G	G. Dickman	P	38 ft. 6 ins.	R

Event	First	H'se	Second	H'se	Third	H'se	Winning Time or Distance
<b>Shot—Girls</b>							
Junior	M. Evans	P	L. Shore	H	S. Huxtable	G	23 ft. 7 ins.
Middle	L. Thomas	H	J. Payne	P	C. Lewis	T	28 ft. 6½ ins.
Senior	D. Lewis	G	M. Davies	H	D. Williams	T	30 ft. R
<b>Hurdles—Boys</b>							
Sub-Junior							
Junior	J. Mathias	P	M. Brace	G	R. Howells	H	12.6 secs. R
Middle	D. Gough	P	F. Borritt	H	K. Gray	G	11.5 secs. R
Senior	R. Reeves	P	T. Jones	G	P. Martin	H	15.3 secs. R
	D. Ebsworth	G	B. Angle	P			19.8 secs.
<b>Hurdles—Girls</b>							
Junior	H. O'Leary	P	A. Robins	T	M. Roche	H	14.3 secs. R
Middle	M. John	G	C. Lewis	T	J. Mills	P	13.5 secs.
Senior	D. Lewis	G	J. Shore	H	C. Morgan	P	13.4 secs.
<b>Relay—Boys</b>							
Sub-Junior	Picton		Tudor		Glyndwr		60.4 secs. R
Junior	Picton		Tudor		Glyndwr		53.4 secs.
Middle	Glyndwr		Hywel		Picton		48.5 secs.
<b>Relay—Girls</b>							
Junior	Hywel		Picton		Tudor		60.6 secs. R
Middle	Glyndwr		Tudor		Hywel		57.9 secs.
Senior	Hywel		Tudor		Glyndwr		60 secs.

## OLD PUPILS' ASSOCIATION

President : T. C. 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

As this is the last occasion on which I shall be responsible for this section of the magazine, perhaps I may be permitted to indulge in a few personal reminiscences.

My association with the Penvro goes back to the time when I joined the staff in September, 1925. At that time—and our modern scientists might note this well—the magazine was edited by the Physics Master, Mr. A. W. Pearce. Being interested in school magazines (I had edited my own school magazine when I was in the VIth Form), I offered Mr. Pearce my help, an offer which I like to think was accepted with pleasure. We worked together harmoniously until his tragic death in September, 1931, after which I took full charge. Later on we formed a magazine committee from members of the VIth Form, and later still Miss A. R. Lewis Davies gave valuable help in selecting articles for publication. Finally Mr. Gammon took over what I might call the 'School' section of the magazine, which he has since managed very successfully with the help of his committee.

Most people know, I think, that the Penvro was first published in 1897, and has been published without a break ever since. When I first knew the magazine it consisted of 20 pages. We had about 300 copies printed, which we sold at 6d. each, and the printing bill, to Mr. Hughes, of the Nutshell Press, was £6 10s. 0d. per issue. We were very worried when the war broke out in September, 1939, because we knew that supplies of all sorts were going to be very restricted. Fortunately for us Mr. Hughes had a good stock of paper, so we were able to continue publication right through the war, although we were reduced for most of the time to a mere 12 pages.

All the issues of the Penvro have been preserved, and bound volumes of them are kept in school. The contents have expanded greatly, of course, but from the very early days we have always had a section containing news of Old Pupils, although this section is now very much larger than when I first remember the magazine.

This section of the magazine will be managed in future by Mr. Devereux. I sincerely hope that he will get as much support as I have had.

I end with my very best wishes for increased activities by the Old Pupils' Association, and for the continued success of the Penvro.

## Obituary

It is with the deepest regret that we report the death of three Old Pupils, all of which occurred very recently. We offer our sincerest sympathy to their relatives.

On May 25th Mrs. Nesta Hall (née Phillips, 1926-31), wife of Sgt. Hall, R.A.F., died suddenly at her home in Marham, Norfolk, at the age of 46. At school she was prominent in sport, and on leaving became a nurse. She did a great deal of private nursing locally, and was later for some time on the staff of Mr. H. S. Griffiths, the chemist, in Dimond Street. She married in 1949, and shortly afterwards joined her husband in Hong Kong. On their return her husband rejoined 230 Squadron at Pembroke Dock, and they lived here until the R.A.F. Station closed down. They then went out again to Singapore, returning to the R.A.F. Station at Marham last October.

William Walter Barrett (1953-56), who was serving as a Naval Radio Mechanic at H.M.S. Goldcrest, Brawdy, died on May 28th some hours after being involved in a motoring accident at Middle Hill, Freystrop. He was only 19 years of age.

Rev. E. L. Saunders (1912-16) died at the beginning of June at his home in Gloucester. He was 60. He went to Lampeter and was a curate at St. John's Church, Pembroke Dock, from 1928-31. He then became curate at Stroud in Gloucester and after one or two other moves he became vicar of Whiteshill, Stroud, in 1938. He became vicar of St. Katherine's, Gloucester, in 1951, and remained there until his death. During the war he served as a chaplain. He went overseas in 1940, and in 1944 was in the Normandy landings. In 1947 he became Rural Dean of Bisley. He leaves a widow, a son, and a daughter.

## News of Old Pupils

Raymond Angle (1948-55) has been teaching Mathematics since last September at Pontypridd Grammar School.

Rosemary Andrew (1952-59) left for London early in January to begin work in the Civil Service. She has a post in the Ministry of Housing and Local Government.

Suzanne Brown (1949-57) has been appointed to Watford Technical Grammar School for next September. The school is housed in a new building and has about 700 pupils, boys and girls. She will teach Physical Education there, and also English and Drama.

Ann Bunting (1955-56) and Ann Louw (1954-55), who were both transferred to Bushey Grammar School when their parents left the district, are now in the VIth Form there. The former is doing Science and the latter History.

Barrie Burke (1947-49) was chosen to take the Royal Signals display team to New York in June as their captain. His father, Lt.-Col. Wilfred Burke (1924-25) recently retired from the command of a Royal Signals formation in Germany, but is carrying on as the S.S.O. of the Krefeld Garrison.

Joseph A. Campodonic (1925-29) has been appointed Clerk to the Pembroke Rural District Council on the retirement of Mr. F. S. Jones. He has been in the service of the R.D.C. since 1935, and was made Deputy Clerk some years ago.

Roy Cox (1937-40) is now Head Librarian of the Marylebone Public Library in London. He completed the Registration examination of the Library Association about a year ago, thus becoming an Associate of the Library Association and a Chartered Librarian.

Roy's elder brother Billy (1937-39) is a Preventive Officer in the Customs and Excise at Newport, Mon.

Gretel Charles (1950-57), whose marriage is reported later in these notes, has been employed for some time in the office of the Telephone Manager in Cardiff.

Alec Carpenter (1939-44) who has been employed at the Sudan Embassy in London since last October, has now left there, and is working at the office of the Regent Oil Company in London.

William T. J. Cox (1932-38) was always a very keen wireless fan when a boy at school, and must have been one of the earliest radio 'hams.' Since leaving school he has made his career in radio. He is at the moment engaged in building a radio station in the north of Norway, within the Arctic Circle. The station is being built by the Marconi Company, and he has been there for about a year, spending one or two leaves at his old home at Stackpole.

Michael Davies (1950-52), who joined the service of British Railways on leaving school, has been working for some time in the office of the District Traffic Superintendent at Swansea.

Jean Devote (1950-57) and Megan Harries (1947-55) have been appointed to the staff of the Coronation School for next term. Jean is to teach Physical Training, and Megan general subjects.

William Griffiths (1917-22) joined the staff of Albion Square School for the summer term. He was a student teacher for a year on leaving school, and then went to St. John's College, Battersea. He then taught for thirty-four years in Birmingham, latterly in a secondary modern school. He has returned to the town because both his mother and his sister are in poor health.

Eric Golding (1951-57) finds relaxation from his study of architecture in Cardiff by practising 'magic.' On Thursday night, February 25th, he took part, as a magician, in the B.B.C. television programme 'Adar y nos.'

Valerie Gough (1955-58) completes a two-year course at Newton St. Loe Training College, Bath, this summer. Next September she is going to the Rose Bruford College of Speech and Drama for a one-year course.

Trevor Gwyther (1947-51), who took his B.Sc. degree at London University, has been appointed Chemistry Master at Sir Phillip Magnus School, Kings Cross Road, London.

John Greenwood (1945-52), who is doing his national service as a sergeant in the Royal Army Educational Corps in Hong Kong, is having experiences which are a great change from his work as a solicitor. He has been teaching for this term at the grammar school for children of service men there. At Easter he spent a very interesting leave in Japan.

David J. Harries (1944-50) has been appointed Music Master at Milford Haven Grammar School as from next September. He is at present teaching music at Wombourne Grammar School, Staffs.

George Jones (1950-57) will be among a party of twelve students from Aberystwyth who will leave next year on a three months' scientific expedition to a remote mountainous region of South Eastern Turkey. He is in his third year of a course in agriculture in Aberystwyth. The students are members of the newly formed Exploration Society at the college. Just

before going to press we heard that he had completed his B.Sc. degree. He is returning next session to do an Honours course, studying Plant Pathology.

Brian Jancey (1946-52) wrote to us at the beginning of May with some news of himself. His letter was written from Oslo in Norway, where he went in June, 1956, as a member of the R.A.F., to serve at the N.A.T.O. Headquarters there. It was there he met the young Norwegian lady who became his wife in September, 1958. Although he is, as he says, 'not exactly a language expert,' he has managed to learn Norwegian, and he has acquired a great liking for the life there. He managed at some difficulty and expense to 'wangle his way out of the R.A.F.' and is now working as a correspondent for a merchant bank in Oslo. In this capacity he is in charge of the currency exchange in the bank. He seems to have settled down very happily there, and would be glad to see any members of the school who may visit Oslo.

Kathleen Lockett (1947-54) has been teaching for some time in this country since completing her course at the Rose Bruford College of Speech and Drama. In the autumn she is going out to Tanganyika as a teacher under the Colonial Service.

A. F. Morgan (1925-31), headmaster of Albion Square School, has been installed President of the Pembrokeshire branch of the N.U.T. for 1960.

Patrick McCloghrrie (1949-53) returned from Brazil with his wife earlier this year. He is now working at the headquarters of his bank in London.

Alan Maynard (1947-51), whose marriage is reported later in these notes, is teaching in Sheffield. He took his degree in French at Kings College, London.

Timothy Mason (1954-55) has done very well in agriculture since he left school. He took his College Diploma in Agriculture at Seale-Hayne Agricultural College in June, 1958, and followed it up with the National Diploma in Agriculture which he took as an external examination at Leeds in July, 1959. He obtained a 2nd Class Diploma. In view of the fact that only 2 per cent. of the examinees at Leeds obtained a 1st Class Diploma this can be seen to be a very good performance. In July, 1959, too, he won one of the six open scholarships awarded by the Frank Parkinson Agricultural Foundation, these scholarships being worth £350. With this he was able to pursue the post-diploma course in Farm Management at Seale-Hayne, and he has now been appointed to the National Agricultural Advisory Service.

Eric Morgan (1947-54), who is now a civil engineer with a few years experience, called in school at the end of the Spring term. Shortly afterwards he left for Nigeria, where he is carrying on with his engineering work.

Pat Oliver (1951-59) has been working for some months in the foreign branch of a large London bank. She is keeping up her knowledge of modern languages by following evening classes in French, German, and Spanish.

Peter Preece (1946-54) has been teaching since last September in a Quaker boarding school in north-east Holland.

Vilma Phillips (1941-48), whose marriage is reported in this issue of the Penvro, has been an Executive Officer in the Civil Service for some time. Shortly before her wedding last December she had returned from a twelve-months tour of Canada and the U.S.A.

Neville Phelps (1928-33), who is a Major in the Royal Artillery, has not long recovered from a long period of illness. He was taken ill when in the Far East, and was in hospital in Hong Kong and later in Singapore. While there he was frequently visited by an Old Pupil, Mrs. Sheila Sanderson (née Jones, 1933-40), whose husband is an officer in the local police. Neville returned home at the end of May, and at the end of his leave was due to go to Lark Hill, Salisbury Plain, as second-in-command of his unit.

Philip Roberts (1958-59) will soon complete his year's course on the farm in Fishguard where he started last August. In September he begins a three-year course in Agriculture at Seale-Hayne Agricultural College.

George Reynolds (1949-56) completes his research year at Jesus College, Oxford, this summer, after taking his degree there last year. In September he will take up a post with Unilever as a trainee.

John Roblin (1952-58) was selected as a candidate for a R.A.F. commission in the Accounts Branch at the beginning of March. He joined an OCTU in the Isle of Man at the end of April. So far he has done very well in his tests, and is expecting to 'pass out' at the end of July.

Derek Scone (1948-51), who is working for a firm of engineering consultants, was transferred at the end of last year from their London office to their Cardiff branch.

Mrs. Anne Mitchell (née Sherlock, 1950-55) arrived home in January with her husband, Sgt. Michael Mitchell, R.A.F., after two and a half years in Hong Kong. They have now gone to Watersham in Suffolk.

Margaret Scarr (1953-56), whose wedding is reported later in these notes, is on the staff of Mansfield Street County School, Manchester.

Pamela Scourfield (1953-57), who was transferred to Taskers School three years ago, writes to say that she is going to Barry Training College in September to do a three-year course in Physical Education and Mathematics.

We heard some months ago that Margaret Thomas (1947-49), who is in her fourth year of training at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London, was hoping to begin her midwifery course in June. She hopes afterwards to go out to the United States, Canada, Australia, and New Zealand to gain experience.

David Thorne (1951-55), who was transferred from here to Huntingdon Grammar School, obtained passes in Mathematics, Physics and Chemistry at 'A' level last summer, and is now at Chelsea College of Science, working for a degree in Chemistry.

Graham Tregidon (1946-54) called in school in mid-February. He is teaching Woodwork, Mathematics, and Games at Canton High School for Boys, Cardiff. He played regularly for Penarth Rugby Club last season.

Sgt. Dennis Thomas (1944-48), who is serving in the R.A.F., was posted to the Headquarters of NATO at Fontainebleau some months ago. He is a ground wireless fitter, and is working in the Communications Group. He is married, with one child, and has been in the R.A.F. since 1955.

Michael Thomas (1949-56) worked for some time after completing his military service at the camp at Castlemartin. Last September he entered Edge Hill Training College, Ormskirk, Lancashire, to begin training as a teacher.

Graham Thomas (1951-59) joined the police in Haverfordwest last

September. He is now hoping to go to a training college, as his brother Michael has done.

We heard in April from Wing-Commander Colin Thomas (1931-34) to say that he had returned to England after four years in Germany, and that he had taken up the duties of Senior Technical Officer at R.A.F., Wittering, where he hopes to remain with his family for the next two years.

Denise Tyndall (1952-57) wrote at the end of April to say that she passed in three subjects at 'A' level in her school at Liverpool last summer, and that she had applied to and been accepted for the Civil Service.

Margaret Thomas (1950-59), who is just completing her first year at Furzedown Training College, has been elected President of the Students' Union for next session.

David Thomas (1951-57) has followed up the great promise he showed at school by getting 1st Class Honours in Mathematics at Cardiff.

Marian Welham, S.R.N. (1948-54) left in April to take up an appointment on the staff of Victoria Hospital, Swindon.

We offer these Old Pupils our congratulations on their engagements:

December—Diana Elsdon (1949-54) to Clive Hodges, of Milford Haven.

January—Jean Bateman (1953-56) to Brian Goodman, of Pembroke; Delphia Welham (1949-57) to Haydn Mackeen, of Neyland.

February—Barbara Ollin (1952-56) to Len Arthur, of Sarawak; Janet Elizabeth Saunders (1951-58) to Ian Rae Fraser, of Teddington, Middlesex.

March—Enid Watts (1949-54) to John Wade, of St. Florence.

April—Sheila Colley (1947-52) to James Prout, of Rowston, Stackpole; John Rees Jones (1950-57) to Jean Griffiths, of Attenborough, Notts.

May—Ann Woolnough (1950-57) to Alan Griffiths, of Minchinhampton, Glos.

We congratulate the following Old Pupils on their marriage:—

December 19th: Vilma Phillips (1941-48) to Lieut. Michael Sheridan, of Leeds.

December 26th: Mary Annette Williams (1947-54) to Pilot Officer Alan Robson, of Milford Haven.

January 2nd: Margaret Ann Scarr (1953-56) to Arthur Jones, of Bollington, Cheshire.

January 9th: Nesta McGarry (1950-55) to Gunner Kenneth Marks, of Rainton, Yorks.

February 6th: Jean Manning (1950-54) to Ronald Llewellyn Dix, of Pembroke Dock.

February 20th: Shirley Anne Wright (1952-58) to David Michael Morgan, of Tenby.

February 20th: Jean Mary Crutchley (1949-56) to Bernard Lewis, of Pembroke Dock.

February 27th: Marilyn Elizabeth Jane Gwynne (1949-54) to Dennis Victor Taylor, of Pembroke Dock.

March 7th: David Hughes Evans (1946-51) to Jean Palmer (1946-50).

March 12th: David O. Phillips (1946-53) to Rhona Williams, of Burry

Port.

March 19th: Gillian Ann Preece (1951-57) to Terence John Gill, of Penally.

March 26th: Gretel Rosemary Charles (1950-57) to Leslie Gwynne Williams, of Cardiff.

April 2nd: Jeanne Puleston (1945-55) to Philip Anthony Smith, of Etchingam, Sussex.

April 16th: Sheila Mary Francis, S.R.N. (1948-54) to Russell Brian Price, of Swansea.

April 18th: John Edward Carne Willcocks (1947-52) to Pauline Ethel Perry, of Pembroke Dock.

April 18th: Howell S. Davies, B.A. (1948-50) to Della Howell-Thomas, of St. Clears.

April 18th: Clifford Thomas Davies (1939-44) to Mavis Pauline Williams (1939-45).

April 18th: Edward Alan Maynard, B.A. (1947-51) to Lilian Joan Smith, of Caerphilly.

April 20th: Noreen Margaret Jones (1948-55) to David Thomas, B.Sc., of Caerphilly.

April 20th: Stella May Donovan (1952-56) to Roy Alexander Henderson, of Motherwell, Lanarkshire, Scotland.

April 30th: John Hamilton Tudor Lewis (1944-51) to Jennifer Mary Gray Dewar, of Thornliebank, Renfrewshire, Scotland.

June 4th: Michael Francis Davies (1950-52) to Joan Lilian Wallis, of Pembroke Dock.

June 4th at Flosta Church, near Arendal, Norway), Julie Marie Berntzen (1955-56), to Gunnar Henrikson.

June 7th: Janice Margaret Picton, S.R.N. (1948-54) to John Edward Wright, B.Sc., of Stourport-on-Severn, Worcs.

June 11th: Valerie Ann Hetterley (1949-53) to Raymond Williams, of Hundleton.

We have pleasure in recording the following births:—

August 20th: To Wendy (née Lees, 1949-53), wife of John Weaver, a daughter, Fiona Rachel.

January 7th: To Sylvia (née Canton, 1937-42), wife of Freddie Poser, a daughter, Julia Jessie.

February 2nd: To Kari, wife of Brian Jancey (1946-52), a son, Morten.

February 11th: To Barbara (née Owen, 1943-48), wife of Leslie Harries, a daughter.

March 9th: To Jean (née Watkins, April to December, 1953), wife of Brynley Thomas (1945-52), a daughter, Linda Carol.

April 23rd (in Malaya): To Anita, wife of D. Shirwin Tucker (1947-1953), a daughter, Jeanette Patricia.

May 26th: To Sheila (née Donovan, 1949-56), wife of John Rowlands, a daughter, Catherine Anne.

June 10th: To Marion (née Weatherall, 1949-53), wife of Douglas Grimwade, a daughter, Jayne Elizabeth.

The following birth was announced in the *West Wales Guardian* of June 3rd, but no date was given.

To Elsie, wife of Senior Technician Llyn John, R.A.F. (1941-45), at Changi, Singapore, a daughter, Jayne Caroline.

## Penvro Dramatic Society

Since there was no autumn production in 1959 the society found itself committed to a busy programme in the second half of the season. Things began hilariously at the end of January with a production of "An Italian Straw Hat" by Eugène Labiche. It should be recorded that this play has a cast of 35 and boasts no less than five different sets. That the play was a success is evident in Mr. A. W. W. Devereux's report, which follows.

"Continuing their policy of offering their supporters a variety of dramatic fare, the Penvro Dramatic Society presented 'An Italian Straw Hat,' a comedy by Eugène Labiche and Marc Michel, at Pembroke Grammar School on January 29th and 30th.

"Between 1850 and 1870 Labiche achieved great success at the Palais Royal Theatre in Paris with a series of comedies, known as vaudevilles, of which "An Italian Straw Hat" is one of the masterpieces. These comedies, starting with some comic incident, lead their characters into a series of crazily funny situations, each one more ridiculous than its predecessor.

"In 'An Italian Straw Hat' a young man, Fadinard (Kenneth Cooper) finds himself on his wedding morning in the embarrassing situation of replacing a straw hat which has been eaten by his horse while its owner, Annette (Glenys Williams) is enjoying a tender moment with her lover, Captain Tavernier (Stuart Shaw). Tavernier refuses to leave Fadinard's flat until the hat is replaced by another identical one. Fadinard sets off on his hat-hunting Odyssey which leads him to a milliner's shop, a musical soirée at the home of La Comtesse de Champigny (Dorothy Woodhouse), the home of Annette's husband Beaujolais (Dewi Elis-Williams), and finally to the square where his own flat stands. At every move he is followed closely by the entire wedding party, eight carriage-loads of them, led by his future father-in-law Nonancourt (Ashley Davies), an eccentric nursery gardener, his understandably bewildered bride Helen (Joyce Hall), and her half-witted country bumpkin of a cousin Bobby (William Harries).

"In their pursuit of the erring bridegroom, the bridal party successively mistake the milliner's cashier Tardiveau (E. G. Davies) for the mayor who is to perform the wedding ceremony, the comtesse's refreshments, to which they do full justice, for the wedding breakfast, and finally Beaujolais's bedroom for the bridal suite. The situation is finally saved by Helen's deaf uncle Vézinet (Clifford Davies), whose wedding present turns out to be a straw hat of exactly the type to save Annette's reputation. This does not happen, however, before the entire wedding party has spent some time behind bars in the local lock-up.

"The main part of the play, that of Fadinard, was well sustained by Kenneth Cooper, who bluffed and lied and argued his way from one impossible situation into another throughout, always appearing to be at his wit's end, yet always managing to get out of hot water.

"But perhaps the main attraction of the play was in minor comic figures, each a little gem of characterisation. All were excellent but space forbids mentioning them all. Outstanding perhaps were Clifford Davies's deaf uncle Vézinet, Ashley Davies's father-in-law Nonancourt, with his ever-present myrtle-plant, William Harries's Bobby, whose 'half-mast' trousers were a superb touch, E. G. Davies's restrained and polished study

as Tardiveau the cashier-cum-National Guard, Dorothy Woodhouse's unruffled music-loving 'Comtesse,' and Vernon Scott as Rosalba singing his moving ballad, to the tune of 'Clementine,' to a bewildered Fadinard. These were well-supported by a large cast of servants, National Guardsmen and wedding-guests whose dresses and uniforms provided a most colourful background. The drill of the National Guardsmen, with one exception—no offence, Tardiveau!—was exemplary; was one correct in suspecting professionals in disguise?

"The play opened rather slowly, but the tempo was not long in picking up and from then on Stuart Shaw, the producer, kept the action moving at the brisk pace so essential to a comedy of this kind. He is also to be congratulated on his handling and grouping of the large number of actors who were frequently on stage.

"Ingenious as ever, Kenneth Cooper provided the five different settings required with a minimum of scene-shifting, though one or two of the interior scenes seemed rather scantily furnished. The final scene, a square in Paris, complete with the barred windows of the lock-up, was the most effective.

"The Society provided a delightful evening's entertainment, full of laughter and fun, in which they successfully transported their audience to a light-hearted gay Paris of long ago, very different from the disturbed French capital of January, 1960."

May 4th was the occasion of the British Drama League's one-act play competition, held once again at Pembroke Grammar School. The Society's entry was "The Anniversary," by Tchekov, and production was by Stuart Shaw. The production failed to win the trophy, which went once more to Haverfordwest Little Theatre. It is with great pleasure that we announce that we were beaten by a production which went on to win the Welsh Area Final at Aberdare and which now represents Wales at the National Final in Belfast. We wish our opponents all the best, and we are delighted that a company from Pembrokeshire has been so highly acclaimed. Mr. Douglas Powell, of Bristol, was the adjudicator, and here are some of his comments on "The Anniversary":—

"The play contains good situations, plenty of comedy, and stresses characterisation.

"The movements were rather limited, mainly because the width of the stage was used more than the depth. If Khirin's desk had been upstage then some rather flat groupings would have been avoided. Tatiana being such a vital character would never have been so static when she was telling her long story to Shipuchin. There was a good climax to the play and the grouping at the end was very good.

"The stage presentation was good. The furniture gave a very good idea of the period. In some cases the make-up was too heavy, particularly Shipuchin's forehead. The costumes were satisfactory and the flowers charming.

"Khirin (Desmond Roch) had a good sense of comedy and looked the right sort of man for a Tchekov character. He had pace and variety in his voice. Tatiana (Pamela Brace) had good attack but should have varied the pace and rate of speaking. Her movements were in keeping with mood and character. Merchutkina (Joan Sudbury)—a good voice used with variety of tone, pitch, and pace. She had a good sense of comedy and she expressed emotions convincingly. Directors and employees (William Harries, Derek Swift, Clifford Davies, Dennis Hill, and Gresham

Williams) were businesslike and thoroughly Tchekovian.

"Finally, the production was too slick fully to savour the comedy. Words came too easily and did not suggest enough thought. There was evidence of good teamwork and much care in production."

Grade—A. Total marks—76.

The season ended with a production on May 27th and 28th in aid of World Refugee Year of "Meet me by Moonlight," a romantic comedy with music. To do a musical was a new venture for the Society, and Mollie Thomas, the producer, is to be congratulated for giving audiences two charming evenings. Miss Morwyth Rees kindly wrote the following notice.

"On Friday and Saturday, May 27th and 28th, the Penvro Dramatic Society presented "Meet me by Moonlight" in the Hall of Pembroke Grammar School in aid of the International Fund for World Refugee Year.

"This play, by Anthony Lesser, with lyrics by David Dearlove and Joy Whitby, was quite a new venture for the Society, for it is a play with music—not a great deal of music: a few solos, some duets and a quintette so introduced as to play an integral part in the plot. The plot itself is excessively simple; but skill is required in the development of the characters, and the members of the cast at no time allowed themselves to relax into the simpering sweetness which lies in wait in scenes such as these. The most was made of every chance for the introduction of drama and humour.

"The general standard of acting reached a high level and, as always in Penvro plays, minor characters were portrayed with the same attention to detail as we saw in the more exacting roles. The time of the play is the era of the bustle: and the women's dresses, all made and arranged locally, were particularly attractive, being made still more effective by elegant hairdressing. The play was produced by Mollie Thomas, well-known for her dramatic ability. She is to be congratulated on a witty, sparkling entertainment, which looked delightful and sounded well and which certainly pleased its audiences.

"The action takes place in the drawing room of a house in an English provincial town in the year 1884. At the back of a stage furnished with middle-class respectability, large french windows open on to a fine terrace with a rose garden beyond. The lighting of the terrace, and the conversion of a candle-lit room to one suffused by moonlight were cleverly contrived. Near the windows stands the most important piece of furniture, the semblance of a grand piano on which several of the actors must appear to accompany themselves and others. This was done with great skill, the music really being provided by Peter Stone Davies.

"The clever performance of young Alice (Betty John), horribly practising her party piece, must not go unnoticed. The singing was generally good and always pleasing, special praise for uniformly good delivery (including clearness of words) being due to Mary Ellen (Glenys Williams) and Charles (Vernon Scott). The perfect 'rendering' by Papa (Ashley Davies) of 'The Arrow and the Song' during that period piece of the musical evening brought the house down. Another successful item at the party was the duet 'The First Kiss,' by Sarah (Sylvia Tee) and Roderick (Ken Melton, who had previously been a little uncertain at times but who now became confident and even daring).

"The household consists of Henry Mansfield, a billiards-playing solicitor (Ashley Davies), his three daughters, his spinster sister Tabitha,

and a suitable domestic staff. The familiar old verses by Oliver Wendell Holmes, beginning 'Whatever I do and whatever I say Aunt Tabitha tells me that isn't the way . . . ' are sung jokingly by two of the girls. But never was a description more inept, for Aunt Tabitha, as played by Dorothy Woodhouse, is a darling aunt, addicted to 'purely medicinal' mint humbugs and spoiling her nieces. Full of warm memories of her own youth (thus enabling the audience to enjoy a scene with a cleverly contrived crinoline and some authentic Victorian underwear) she is quite determined that all three nieces shall enjoy the pleasures of matrimony in strict order of age.

"At the beginning of the play, Mary Ellen is indulging in the thrill of song-flirtation by moonlight with Roderick, the mysterious young man from Australia. The arrival of Charles Cuttinghame, a London lawyer, at first stiff and solemn, a determined bachelor set upon billiards, gradually breaks up this relationship, freeing Roderick for Sarah. Charles, having left the house rejected by the enchanting but too choosy Mary Ellen, returns (by moonlight) to win her, disguised as the required romantic lover, complete with red satin-lined cloak, quantities of roses, and determination. Vernon Scott, always competent, made the very most of this grand opportunity, resisting the temptation to be too obvious, and guying Mary Ellen just enough to bring the play to a successful climax."

The other members of the cast were: Perkins (the butler)—Jeffrey Bearne; Smith (the housemaid)—Jocelyn Colley.

Stage design—Ken Cooper; stage manager—Harry Jones; set construction—Jack Carradice, Crichton Reynolds; stage lighting—John Hogg, Desmond Roch; flower décor—Judith Mahoney; continuity—Grace Kenward; prompt—Jocelyn Colley; hair styles—Connie Davies; properties—Joan Sudbury, Joyce Hail, Emlyn Lloyd; make-up—Ray Sandell, Win Sandell.

This has been a good year for the Society, particularly since it has welcomed many new young members who have already proved themselves reliable and versatile. We hope readers will remember that the society always welcomes new members and that rehearsals are at Pembroke Grammar School on Monday and Thursday evenings throughout the season from September to May.

The next full-length production will be on October 21st and 22nd. The second full-length play will be on February 24th and 25th, 1961, and the one-act drama competition will end the season early in May.