

THE PENVRO



SPRING 1961

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EDITORIAL

FOR once, the farewells made at our end of term meeting in December were confined to one staff member. Miss Nana Phillips, who was concerned with Latin in the academic field and netball in the yard, left us, not to take up a new post, but to travel to Malta where she was to be married. We shall not now attempt to enlarge on the tributes that were paid her by her colleagues at the meeting, but content ourselves with wishing her good fortune in her new life.

Meanwhile we have been lucky enough to secure once more the temporary services of the Reverend J. B. Lewis, Vicar of Carew, while a replacement for Miss Phillips is being sought. We do not envy him his role as netball coach, but his impeturbability remains unruffled.

It is pleasant also to report that his son, John Lewis, our head boy, has gained entrance to Selwyn College, Cambridge, where he will study Theology in preparation for the ministry.

Producing *The Penvro* has been a difficult business on this occasion : although a number of creditable literary contributions were received from the junior school, as will be seen, very little indeed has come from anywhere else. We remark in particular that a few months ago there was expressed an opinion that members of the sixth form were capable of producing *The Penvro* independently of staff aid, an opinion towards which we were not ill-disposed, since the running of a school magazine would not be beyond the capabilities of intelligent sixth formers, and indeed would be of considerable value to them from the point of view of literary and administrative experience. It is interesting to note that just *one* contribution has come from the arts and the science sixth.

For some reason or another, even the bread-and-butter society notes have been almost impossible to extract from a number of the people responsible for them, and indeed a number have had to be left out, since they had not been received even though deadline succeeded deadline and the most generous concessions of time were made.

N. H. GREENWOOD, 1945-1960

"IF I were you laddie . . ." How many pupils and staff of this School heard these words in deep Yorkshire accent? We had thought that this North Country voice would be with us for a long time, though the discerning had noted that their colleague's cough was a little more persistent, that his breathing had become a little more laboured. One day, at the end of June, he left his laboratory, his pupils and his colleagues in anticipation of his early return. This was not to be. He died suddenly on July 2nd.

Mr. Greenwood joined the Staff of Pembroke Dock Grammar School in 1945; he came with Mr. Cottrell, the new headmaster, from Birmingham where they had been colleagues on the staff of the same school. Mr. Greenwood did not regret coming to Pembrokeshire; he settled happily into the School with his children Jeanette and John. Many pupils and staff will always remember the hilarious school parties with Mr. Greenwood as master of ceremonies.

In recent years Mr. Greenwood took great interest in public affairs. He was a hard-working member of St. Issell's Parish Council and of Narberth Rural District Council. No one will know how much time he devoted to the welfare of the elderly folk in his neighbourhood. The new community centre to be built at Saundersfoot will owe much to his endeavour.

The large gathering at his funeral was a tribute to a good man. Our sympathy is extended to Mrs. Greenwood, Jeanette and John in their great loss.

A TRIBUTE TO MR. E. G. DAVIES

FEW people have the privilege of serving the same institution and leaving such a solid impression on it as Mr. E. G. Davies had in his connection with Pembroke Grammar School. After many years of devoted service first as an assistant master and Head of the French Department and latterly as Deputy Headmaster, few persons knew the affairs of the School and the activities of old students as Mr. Davies. He had served under five Headmasters and was for a time acting Headmaster, and all testified to his sincerity and attention to detail he gave to his office.

Mr. Davies, after a short period of service in England came to Pembroke Dock in 1925. The school was on a much smaller scale and he was privileged to see the growth and influence, the progress of the institution over a period of thirty-five years. The war years brought with them great trials both to the school and to Mr. Davies personally, but he lived to enjoy work in a united school and life in a new home.

Past generations of pupils and staff will remember Mr. Davies for his dry humour and devotion to his work. He was a very methodical person. Everything he did was recorded, and any information required could be easily supplied. This characteristic is true of him

in every department of his life. Those of us who were privileged to visit the Continent with him on school tours can testify to the care and minute detail with which he helped to plan a journey. He loved children and took a great interest in their welfare and lives. Many generations of pupils during his long association with the school are indebted to him for advice and guidance in their choice of career.

Pembroke Dock is poorer for the loss of a citizen like Mr. Davies. He gave his services willingly to the cultural and religious activities of the town. For many years he was Church-warden at St. John's and a member of several dramatic and other social societies.

Mr. Davies as acting Headmaster and Senior Master for many years was deeply respected by all his colleagues. He wielded his authority unostentatiously, but was very effective in his quiet manner. His sense of duty and commitment to the school was very noticeable. The very warm appreciation of his friendship and work was demonstrated in the tributes paid to him by pupils, staff and governors.

We all wish Mr. E. G. Davies and Mrs. Davies the best of health and happiness in their retirement at Penarth. It is our hope that they will enjoy a long retirement, and retain the love for the school and neighbourhood they have demonstrated during their life of service in Pembroke Dock.

J. L. W.

BEFORE SLUMBER

Mummy—I want to tell you something
 All about creepy, crawly things,
 And what I did at school today,
 And Mummy? Johnny wouldn't play
 So I hit him! And he went and told
 The teacher—ooh, she's cross and bold
 And I don't like her. Mum, do you?
 Mummy, can we see the Zoo?
 And go to France, and Timbuctoo,
 In a boat, or plane, or p'raps canoe—
 Yes, Daddy, will you make me one?
 And won't it be a lot of fun!
 We'll go, . . . and come, and . . . lot's of things.
 Oh! Daddy,—why can't we have wings
 And fly to all these places—why?
 And when? . . . and where . . . and which, and why?
 Won't you come and talk to me?
 I'm feeling awfully (yawn) sleepy.
 —Shall I do the counting game
 Of sheep all jumping . . . just the same
 As you do . . . do you Mummy?
 — (yawn).
 — 'night!

ADELE BERNTZEN, Upper IVA.

THE SCIENCE SOCIETY

AT the beginning of the session the following officials were elected for the year :— President, the Headmaster; Vice-Presidents, Miss J. Jones, Mr. S. Griffith, Mr. H. Richards, Mr. J. Nicholas, Mr. J. Bevan; Joint Secretaries, Joyce Simlett and Brian Anfield, together with two representatives from each of Forms V and VI.

It is of great interest to the senior school that the Science Society has been properly re-started, owing to efficient organisation of Mr. S. Griffith, and it is hoped that the interest will grow in the future years.

The first meeting this session took the form of a film show when two films, 'Your Skin' and 'A Light in Nature' were shown. The second film, based on the work of the Royal Society, was generally preferred.

At our next meeting, under the chairmanship of Mr. J. Nicholas, there was a debate on "The Study of Science is more important for forms VI and V than the study of Arts Subjects." Roger Horgan and Christine Nash spoke in favour and John Lewis and Gillian Thomas against the motion. After several heated arguments the motion was carried.

On the 8th December the third meeting took the form of a 'Brains Trust' The panel consisted of Carole Morgan, Krystyna Rynduch, K. Lewis and Chris Morgan under the chairmanship of Charles James. Many interesting and varied questions were asked, being dealt with very efficiently by the panel with comments and summaries by the chairman.

The last meeting intended for the Christmas term was put forward to the Easter term when the following former pupils visited us: Dorothy Lewis (Aber.), Beti Evans (Bristol), J. Trice (Cambridge), M. Morgan (Swansea), J. Jenkins (Cardiff). The panel talked on various aspects of University life and although they dealt clearly with most questions there seemed to be a certain reluctance to enlarge on their daily routine.

In conclusion, it must be said that although the last meeting was mainly of interest to VIth Formers, the absence of Form V has been marked since the first meeting, it is to be hoped that we will be supported more generously by this section this term.

L. J. S. AND B. D. A.

MY FRIEND

He's charcoal black, and full of fun,
 His brown eyes glisten in the sun,
 His trousers are of neatest trim,
 He's packed with joy right to the brim.
 His teeth are strong, and white, and pearly,
 His hair is soft and very curly.
 His diet really is a chicken—
 Scotch broth, or chicken noodle.
 Can you guess what he really is?
 That's right! He's my pet poodle.

SANDRA STAUNTON, Upper IVA.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A BLACKBOARD

HERE I am at the bottom of a firewood heap, and I suppose it is here I shall remain for the rest of my life. You see I am a blackboard and the schools don't want me, now that they have the modern blackboards. As I have all the time in the world I will tell you about my life.

I started my life as a fine, stately tree. In the winter it was rather cold, but I used to love summer when I was covered in young, fresh, green leaves and twittering birds fluttering in and out of my branches. Once again winter was around the corner, birds flew off and I was left alone.

Then one day, I think it was just before Christmas, these men came along. First of all they started to cut down my friends, the fir trees. Then one of the men looked up at me and said, "This is a fine piece of timber, I am sure we would make something out of it." After cutting me down they pushed me onto a lorry. My great adventure had begun!

As I rumbled along on the lorry, I was rather frightened, and I kept asking myself. 'What will happen? What will happen?' Suddenly we stopped and as I looked around I saw this huge thing. I realise what it was now—it was a factory. (I received all my education from school). I was then heaved out of a lorry by a big thing called a crane. Then they passed me into this machine to do something to me. They set the machinery to work and before I knew what was happening I found myself being tossed and turned.

After a while I came out with a couple of bruises and when I looked at myself I was a flat board. Soon I was put on a wall where I made a friend. One by one we were painted and left to dry.

After drying I was put back into a lorry and once again we stopped but this time at a school. Here I was happy, although I used to get annoyed when the teachers chalked on me and didn't wipe it off.

I had many a hearty chuckle when the mischievous children used to draw comic pictures on me and hurriedly wiped them off when they heard the teacher's footsteps. I spent many happy years in school, but one day I was taken down and a new board replaced me and I was thrown down here.

Well you have heard my story so I must leave you now to get on with your work.

Goodbye!

MARGARET BARTON, IIIA.

BOOKS

There are many thousands of millions of books,
Some about fishes caught on fish hooks,
More about Biggles who goes up to space,
Others on fashions and the human race.

MARGARET ROGERS, IIA.

THE LEGEND OF THORSTEIN'S ISLAND

HAVE you ever heard of Thorstein's Island? This little island stands in the middle of what is now known as Lake Coniston, and what used to be known as Thurston Water. I will tell you the story of how the island got its name.

Once upon a time, hundreds of years ago, a lone traveller from Kirkby lost his way near Blawith. At that time there were giants living at Blawith (legends say that the smallest giant was nine feet tall) and one of them gave hospitality to this stranger and helped him on his way. This was done on condition that the traveller sent one of his sons to Blawith to be a son to the giant, who had only one child, a daughter, Raneagh.

When the traveller returned home, he decided that his youngest son, Thorstein, must go to the giant. Thorstein was duly sent, and he lived there with the giant and Raneagh for many happy years. Then one year, when he was about seventeen, he had a longing to see his father and two brothers again. So, with the aid of Raneagh, he escaped, taking her with him.

However, when he arrived home to Kirkby, situated at the mouth of the River Crake, he found that his father had died and his land and money divided between the two brothers who were left. His older brother immediately agreed to let Thorstein have one-third of the inheritance, although the second brother opposed this, but his opposition was soon overcome.

All went well until the older brother left home and went to Ireland. Then the second brother, determined to kill Thorstein, chased him from home. Thorstein and Raneagh followed the River Crake until they came to what is known as Allen Tarn. Beyond this was a lake (Coniston Water) and in the middle of this lake was an island. It was on this island that the wanderers made their home.

They were not left alone for long however, for his brother and many men-at-arms came and found them out. Although there were many foes against one man, Thorstein was able to defend the island because there was only one landing place. His brother made repeated attacks on Thorstein, but was not able to kill him. During this time Thorstein managed to rear five sons, who grew up to be big, strong lads. Then, one day his brother came, and by sheer force of arms, was able to kill Thorstein. Raneagh and her sons were left by themselves on the island to mourn the death of Thorstein. Ever since then, the island has been known as Thorstein's Island, and the lake, Thurston Water.

This is a legend which has been passed down from generation to generation by the families living in the Lake District. It is believed to be true and it is quite possible that that is so. There used to be giants at Blawith, Thorstein is a Viking name, and there were Viking settlers at Kirkby, and to this day, there is only one way of getting on to Thorstein's Island.

N.B.—Despite its spelling Blawith is pronounced Blahth.

JENNIFER WILLS, VX.

THE BEACH IN MIDWINTER

"I must go down to seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky . . .
And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying
And the flung spray and the blown spume, and the seagulls crying."

As the wind flails along the shore and the gulls, their harsh, dry screaming borne thinly on the wind, wheel to race down the sky against the hovering, grey clouds, it is difficult to feel with Masefield the nostalgic longing expressed in his poem.

Gone are the noisy, colourful crowds of summer, the ever-shifting kaleidoscope pattern of humanity upon the beach, the expansive rhythms of juke-box music mingling with the shrill cries of excited children. The mood of the season has changed and instead the whole length of coastline stands bare and desolate, crouched in dogged resistance to the bitter onslaught of the heaving waves.

Flanking the beach at either end, the cliffs sweep upward and away to be lost in the grey mist which obscures the horizon. On the rising slopes the coarse, tufted grass, whipped by the spumeladen wind, clings tenaciously to the earth, whilst here and there gnarled trees turn their hunched backs to the heaving switchback of the sea. Only the wooden seats at intervals, firm set in their concrete bases, stand foursquare to the driving force of the elements. Below, at bay against the foot of the cliff, the gleaming rocks bare jagged teeth in defiance of the pounding of the waters unmindful now of the pattering feet which in a gentler season explored their pool-strewn rocks.

Behind the beach a line of sand dunes forms a tenuous link between the swelling cliffs, and hidden in their hollows there yet lurk a few, sad relics of the summer's gaiety. The broken haft of a child's spade leans forlornly against a pile of ice-cream cartons, half buried in the rain scarred sand and, farther off, uncovered by an unheeding foot, lies the split hull of a plastic boat.

Behind the dunes, fronting the promenade, cluster the hotels and boarding houses at sightless gaze over the tumbling waters. Behind their shuttered facades, the muted tones of a few, permanent residents whisper through the rooms. No longer do they echo to the bustle and laughter of the transient summer guests. Gone too are the bright splashes of colour made by summer clothes and gay, striped awnings; and the stacked deck chairs huddle under their tarpaulin covers. Interspersed amongst the shops and other seaside buildings are several amusement arcades now tightly boarded up, their peeling paint testifying to the less beneficial prophecies of the sea air as their garish signs swing mournfully to and fro on rusty hinges. They seem to echo the plaintive tones of the gulls bewailing the dearth of food scraps—before so plentiful.

Jutting out into the unwelcoming sea like a huge banjo carelessly thrown down by a giant nigger minstrel, the pier looks bleakly uninviting. At the entrance, torn posters advertising long-disbanded, pierrot shows flutter endlessly in the plucking fingers of the wind. Bereft of the pleasure steamers and speed-boats formerly moored along in flanks, the interlaced girders of its understructure look functional and forbidding. Over its damp planking, a few regular inhabitants walk briskly along, hands thrust deep in pockets—but not now in search of pennies to set in motion stiff-legged games of football or the clicking balls of

pintables. Beneath stout winter garments their bodies shrink from the chill gusts and the biting grains of sand, borne on the wind, sting lips chapped by the cold.

Dominating the scene, its contented summer murmur now a roar of unappeased menace, the sea sends its cold, grey waves ceaselessly onward to the attack—to crash upon the shore with unabating fury as if to avow time and time again its old-age mastery. The white spray flung high spatters the smooth, wet sand and to the nostrils comes the salty, fishy tang of the brine.

Gazing upon this scene, who cannot but reflect upon the ageless power of nature's forces and wonder at man's temerity in pitting himself against such elemental strength? How far removed seem the gentle, lazy joys of summer as one stands beneath the hastening clouds watching the wan greyness of the day deepen into the dark shadows of night—

"Break, break, break
On thy cold, grey stones, O Sea!
And I would that my soul could utter
The thoughts that arise in me."

JANICE BRADY, Vx.

The long cloud edged with streaming grey,
Soars from the west;
The red leaf mounts with it away,
Showing the nest—
A blot among the branches bare.
There is an outcast in the air.

Swift little breezes darting chill,
Pant down the lake.
A crow flies from the yellow hill,
And in its wake
A baffled line of labouring rooks.
Steel-surfaced to the light, the river overlooks.

Pale on the panes of the old hall
Gleams the lane of space,
Between the sunset and the squall,
And its face
Mournfully glimmers to the last.

Great oaks grow mighty minstrels in the blast,
Pale the rain-rutted roadways shine
In the green light,
Behind the cedar and the pine,
Comes thundering night,
Blackens broad earth with hoards of storms
For me, the valley cottage beckons warmth.

PAMELA SCOURFIELD, IIIc.

SOME PEMBROKESHIRE BIRDS

THE Pembrokeshire coastline, with its jutting promontories and rugged cliffs, is a familiar enough sight to most of us. Why is it then, that the majority of Pembrokians know so little of the birds which make their homes on our cliffs each year? In a county which has such an abundance of bird life, the numbers of would-be ornithologists are comparatively low. The local libraries have a large amount of literature on the subject, but a brief glance inside the cover is enough to tell anyone that its use is sadly neglected.

The islands off the west coast are the bird lover's idea of paradise. Here, hundreds of rare and beautiful birds are to be found breeding during the summer months. Skomer is a lovely island and is the subject of this article. As the boats near the landing cove, the birds make their presence known to those on board. Great flocks of sea-fowl—the like of which are not to be seen at Tenby or Freshwater—rise from the sea, only to land again a little further off. These flocks are composed of some of the members of the 'auk' family, namely the Puffin, Razorbill and Guillemot. To appreciate the puffin's beauty, however, it is necessary to land and ascend the path to the grassy slopes where they breed. The puffin is quite tame and very curious, with the result that the observer can easily approach a group of them, as they stand solemnly eyeing him. In appearance the bird is black above and white beneath with a beak which in summer is striped with red, yellow and blue, but in the winter months changes to a pale red. This bill is massive, and in it the puffin can hold a fantastic number of fish. It uses these to feed the downy youngster which spends its early life in the rabbit hole that his parents have requisitioned for the laying of their one egg.

The young of the guillemot and razorbill start their life on bare rock ledges—especially those of the guillemots. These ledges are apt to be windy, so the shape of the egg is such that instead of rolling over the cliff in the event of a sudden gust, it rolls around in circles. These two birds are also black above and white beneath, but are easily distinguished, for the bill of the guillemot is long and pointed like a dagger, while that of the razorbill is vertically flat and razorlike.

But these are only a few of the birds to be found on the island. There are actually quite a number of different species on Skomer, including birds which one never associates with the sea. However, it is the sea birds which attract the most attention while on the island. When walking through the long abandoned and neglected fields, one should keep a close watch on the ground for herring gull nests. It is also essential however, to watch the air for the great black-backed gull, which defends its eggs and young by making high-powered dives on any poor person who has accidentally strayed into its territory. Quite in contrast to these large birds are the Kittywakes which get their name from their peculiar cry. The kittywake is the gentlest of our gulls in appearance, and its nest is also the neatest and the most conscientiously built.

While exploring Skomer in the daytime, the colonies of kittywakes, gulls and auks seem to be the largest groups of birds on the island. But another bird which also breeds there in vast numbers is the Manx Shearwater. This is the bird that only returns to its burrow at night. At dusk, great rafts of shearwaters assemble on the sea; and when it is dark they glide in giving their weird 'koo' calls. All night

long the noise persists, but at daybreak they must away, for though they are complete masters of the art of flight, they are very awkward and clumsy on land. And it is because of this clumsiness that, in the early morning and on moonlight nights, the great slaughter of these birds, which results in the thousands of carcasses to be found all over the island, is undertaken by the great black-backed gulls.

But soon the time comes for the observer to retrace his steps across the island. The sun has set, and the sea beyond the ruined farmhouse reflects the mood of the hazy orange-coloured sky. To look around is to meditate upon the future. Perhaps one day, people will regard these beautiful wild creatures with affection and understanding. But it would be easier to ask the great gulls to stop feasting themselves on the shearwaters each morning. Now there is a greater danger menacing the future of our birds, for over St. Ann's Head, a column of smoke can be seen rising. This comes from the new oil refinery at Gelliswick. The tidal flow will bring all waste oil from this plant, directly on to the shores of the islands. Whilst the gulls and other common birds will not be much affected by this, it will prove a serious hazard to the surface feeding birds such as the auks. What will be done about it? I know not the answer to that question. But this I do know, it is our duty to protect these defenceless creatures. They are a section of our heritage, and as much a part of Pembrokeshire as are the Precellies, the Cleddau and the Haven; and as we are proud of these features of our county, so then ought we to be proud of our birds.

CLIFFORD T. JAMES, Lower VI Arts.

FLOWER LANGUAGE

- A is for Aster, the flower of light.
- B is for Bluebell, that shows up so bright.
- C is for Crocus, the flower of Spring.
- D is for Daisy, they grow in a ring.
- E is for Elderblossom, so small and light.
- F is for Foxglove, with flowers so tight.
- G is for Gladioli, so graceful and tall.
- H is for Honeysuckle, the sweetest of all.
- I is for Iris, with flowers so right.
- J is for Jasmine, which closes at night.
- L is for Lily, purity it shows.
- M is for Marigold, the gold of which glows.
- N is for Narcissus, so eagerly bought.
- P is for Pansy the flower of thought.
- R is for Rose, the favourite of all.
- S is for Snowdrop, which comes first after fall.
- T is for Tulip, the flower so smart.
- V is for Violet, which delights every heart.
- W is for Wallflower, that grows so wild.
- X is for Xanthium, the plant of the child.
- Y is for Yarrow, so neatly set.
- Z is for Zinnia, the prettiest yet.

SIÂN GRIFFITHS, III.D.

ROMANOFF AND JULIET

THIS year the School returned to twentieth century drama with their production of Ustinov's contemporary treatment of the archetypal Romeo and Juliet story. In a sense, Ustinov stands apart from what we think of now as the new wave in the theatre—the work of Osborne, Wesker, Pinter and so on—and it is possibly a valid criticism of *Romanoff and Juliet* that it has not much to do, on the surface at any rate, with the realities of life as they impinge on our society now. Even the political clash between East and West is conveyed through the cliché—characters of the Russian and the American diplomats; and the setting is that Ruritania which has done service on the stage from *White Horse Inn* to *Call me Madame*.

But with these unpromising materials, Ustinov does achieve something that is valuable. He finds expression, delicately, theatrically brilliantly, for that weary, sincere feeling on the part of Western Europeans that can best be expressed by a line from the first *Romeo and Juliet*: 'A plague on both your houses!' He does it through his characterisation of the General, the leader of the Army of the Smallest Country in Europe, as it might be Fred Karno himself, who fights with folk songs, Ulyssean guile and the seedy trappings of national tradition. And there is more in the play than mere satire: It becomes propaganda (in the best sense) for the use of reason and humanity.

The weight of conveying all this fell, of course, on the General himself (G. S. Shaw) and, as a kind of connecting link, his was the responsibility of holding the play together. All this was admirably achieved, and the clarity of this actor's interpretation, and his sure, easy touch was no more than we have come to expect.

His tattered followers (Alan Bowen and Peter Lewis) were excellent supports—if that is the right word. Both of them were beautifully unmilitary and confused; both did well.

The American contingent provided some of the best character acting in the production. Roger Horgan, in what was really a stereotyped part, made much of it: he conveyed with skill the 'regular feller' who is pained to discover that everyone does not love him as much as he deserves, and who finds himself out of his depth in the oily waters of intrigue. Marilyn Sanders, as his wife, achieved a brilliant little vignette of the Formidable American Matron, and I was grateful for it; Jane Evans, as their daughter, gave a delightful, restrained performance that had a lyrical quality, a leavening that added to the perspective of the production. Gwyn Jones, in the small scope the part allowed him, realised his part with wit and nicely observed acting.

Ustinov did not, perhaps give the Russian party the same chance to shine, and in the way of things they had to provide a rather sombre contrast to their American opposites. In spite of this handicap, Patricia Thomas and John H. Lewis played their parts more than competently, and Roger MacCallum's zany spy who translated himself into a Kneeling Friar was one of the best things in the play. Real finds, both he and Gwyn Jones. Janice Brady, as Junior Captain Marfa Zlotochienko, was perhaps just a little too severe and stiff, but indeed the role demanded it to a large extent. Terence Richards had an important part in his character of the Russian Romeo, and I did not feel that he realised it to the best advantage. He seemed to be too much of the city slicker, too smart by half, in his interpretation, and he tended to

throw away too many of his best lines in his haste to get them out. He did enough, however, to show that his acting potentiality is much more considerable than this performance indicated, and that, with some thought, he could be a useful asset to School drama. As the senile archbishop, Charles James turned in his usual study in this sector of the character actor's art. Perhaps this is a suitable place to plead that Charles may soon be given a chance to portray someone under fifty!

K. A. Cooper's set was ingenious and well executed: and I cannot forbear to hand a small bouquet to the manipulator of the town clock which delighted audiences for three nights. The production, as usual, was polished and near-professional. There cannot be many grammar schools who are lucky enough to have a producer as good as Mr. Shaw is.

C. G.

UNITED NATIONS CLUB

THE 1959-60 session ended with an outing to Cardiff where the Temple of Peace, and Museum (in Cathays Park) and the Folk Museum at St. Fagan's were visited. We also nearly coincided with the unveiling of a statue to David Lloyd George in Cathays Park; at least we saw the Rolls Royce transport of the Rt. Hon. Harold Macmillan and some of our members caught sight of the great man himself.

During the Autumn Term 1960-61 two sessions of instructional films on the work of the United Nations Association were given. The Club also organised sale of pencils and a film-show in order to raise money. Five pounds were sent to buy Christmas presents for children who are still in refugee camps in Austria.

It is hoped to hold two more sessions of United Nations films during the Spring Term.

The last week of the Summer Term should find us in the Llangollen International Eisteddfod. This will mean a stay in a Youth Hostel near Bala for three nights. We are very surprised that many more girls than boys have enrolled for this rather adventurous journey into new territory. Or should we be surprised?

AUTUMN

As I walked down the dusty road,
I kicked the leaves up high;
And as I looked they seemed to join,
The rainbow in the sky.

They cracked and rustled 'neath my feet,
And from the trees more fell;
Some red and green, and golden brown,
And yellow ones as well.

BERNADETTE HENSON, IIA.

THE INTERNATIONAL CLUB

THIS year the Club has been placed on a very firm basis with an active committee which has met regularly and officers who all have their specific duties and responsibilities. At the first full meeting of the club during the first week of September the following officers and committee were elected : Chairman—Ray Reynolds ; Secretary—Jill Thomas ; International Service Secretary—Suzanne King ; Treasurers—Sandra Bradshaw and Paul Reynolds ; Registrar—Gerald McStevens ; Press Secretary—Anne Hall ; Catering Officer—Jane Evans ; Committee—Carole Herbert, Martyn Evans, Margaret James, Malcolm Phillips, Margaret Mathews, Gisela Hempfling, Brian Angle, Margaret Morgan, Richard Roberts-Thomas, Wendy Caveney.

For the first time, membership cards were sold on which the rules of the society were printed. One of the new rules was that each member should each term have to engage in an act of service to be decided by the committee. During the Christmas term each member was expected as a condition of membership to help in the gathering of presents to send to Kapfenberg Refugee Camp in Austria. The rest of the school was also invited to join in this scheme and altogether we collected over £18 and two cwts. of presents.

This was the programme of the Christmas Term :—

September 23rd : Colour slides and a talk on Work Camps in Austria, by Mr. Graham Phillips, an old boy of the school. Colour slides and talk on the International Meeting at our school during the summer by Shirley Dundas, Valerie Colley, Dorothy Lewis and Ann Parcell.

October 7th : Two films were shown on Canada—*Life in the Midwest of Canada* and *How to build an Igloo*. These were followed by a talk given by Miss Ann David, an old pupil of the school who is now teaching in the midwest.

October 19th : Our meetings are held on every other Friday evening, beginning at 6 p.m. and lasting for two hours. If there are interesting people visiting the area then we hold meetings for the senior section of the club in between these Friday evenings. Herr Heuberger, a teacher from Germany, visited the school for about a fortnight and he gave us a very interesting account of pre-war and post-war Germany. There were tea and biscuits at this meeting.

October 21st : Two films of Germany were shown—*Old German Towns* and *Impressions of Berlin*. These were followed by talks by the two German students who were with us at school, Gisela Hempfling and Eberhard.

November 11th : The film *Louisiana Story* was shown and this was followed by slides of Austria shown by Mr. Griffiths and slides of Germany shown by Eberhard. After the meeting the senior members continued with a dance.

November 16th : The Rev. D. R. Thomas, of Merthyr, spoke to the club on *The World's Challenge to Youth*.

November 25th : Three films were shown—*Pembrokeshire my County*, *Snowdonia*, and *Every Valley*.

December 9th : Miss Ann Phillips, of Narberth, who visited the U.S.S.R. as a representative of the Y.F.C. showed slides and spoke of her visit to Russia.

December 10th : We held our Christmas party on a Saturday and it lasted from 5 p.m. until 11 p.m. Fancy Dress was compulsory. The Laurel and Hardy film *Blockheads* was shown and there was Father Christmas in the shape of Stephen Brown and his attendants. Jane Evans, Marian Gough, Joan Morgan and Joyce Simlett. As an improvement on the gramophone we hired the Keynotes Dance Band. At the party, Eberhard was presented with a book as a farewell gift.

IMPRESSIONS OF NORTHERN FRANCE

Rotted, ageing shutters hide
The rotting floors and boards inside
Those crumbling walls, which, plaster-stripped
Are decked with posters, torn and ripped.
Along the narrow, cobbled street
Comes the plod of weary feet ;
Then, alone, the sound of rain
Tapping 'gainst a broken pane.
Lamps are dimmed ; torn curtains red
Are tugged across, . . . The town is dead . . .

Across the square the steel gates clang,
Bottles break and buckets bang ;
The French have woken up, to face
Another day, while housewives race
Across the station square, to spend
Their hard-earned francs. There, with a friend
They drink their coffee, eat, and talk
Until it's time to start the walk
Up to the cobbled market, where
They buy their rolls, and "Petits Beurre."

From the Church of St. Michel
Peals the familiar evening bell ;
Pealing out once more, the time
For everyone in town to climb
Up the narrow, twisting hill,
Past the crumbling houses, 'til
At last they reach their Church, and pray
For yet another hectic day.

JENNIFER MORGAN, Upper IVA.

CERDDORFA GENEDLAETHOL IEUENCTID CYMRU, 1960

NATIONAL YOUTH ORCHESTRA OF WALES, 1960

MY FIRST YEAR WITH THE NATIONAL YOUTH ORCHESTRA
OF WALES

ON the beautifully sunny morning of July 22nd, 1960, the half-past eight train left Pembroke Dock Station. I was travelling to Llandrindod Wells to join the National Youth Orchestra of Wales for the first time. At Carmarthen, my brother and I were met by our uncle who had offered to drive us the rest of the way to Llandrindod Wells. It had been raining in Carmarthen and as we continued on our journey the clouds seemed to be getting darker and darker.

It was foggy on the craggy Sugarloaf Mountains, but one could just see the steepness of the green valley below. The bank on the right side of us was covered with green ferns, grass, a patch of heather here and there, and other shrubs. These were rustling in the strong breeze, but the fog lay over all, and the scene was very dismal. About a hundred feet below us we could see the train travelling along, and thought how eerie it must be at night time.

However, the dismal scene changed when we left the mountains, and the sun shone brightly for the rest of the day.

At about one o'clock we arrived at Llandrindod Wells, so we had lunch, said 'goodbye' to our uncle, and continued to the Residential School, which was to be our 'hotel' for the next fortnight. Members for the 1960 course were registered at 'Neuadd Glyndwr' (the residence for the girls) and at 'Neuadd Llewellyn' (the residence for the boys) about two hundred yards up a long, shady drive.

We were shown to our rooms [mine was on the top-storey of 'Neuadd Glyndwr' ('Neuadd Glyndwr' was four-storeys high) and the lifts weren't working!] and told that no tea would be served, but a big 'fry-up' at half-past six. Meanwhile the "first years" were strongly advised to make friends.

My room mates were Sidonie Rees Francis (12), from Llanelly, and Hilary Morris (15), from Blaenau Ffestiniog. We were the three youngest. Sidonie played second violin and Hilary and I (I was only thirteen at that time) played viola.

(N.B. Hilary's father was the Headmaster of Blaenau Ffestiniog Grammar School and Hilary told me that Mr. Raymond Garlick was teaching there. Formerly, he taught at Pembroke Grammar School).

That evening a full rehearsal was held in the Church Hall, this rehearsal, of course, was a shambles, (!!) mainly because there wasn't enough room. The stage held six double basses, and the whole floor held the other eight basses and the rest of the orchestra. This rehearsal lasted from eight o'clock that evening to half-past nine and lights out (first night only) at midnight!

Our daily routine went like this: Rising bell, 7.30 a.m., then breakfast, and then rehearsals all morning; afternoon off and tea at half-past four; more rehearsals, supper at seven o'clock, then full orchestra rehearsal from eight o'clock to half-past nine.

The total number of players was one-hundred and eighty.

The concert regulation dress is grey-pleated skirts and cream, long-sleeved blouses for the girls, and grey trousers and cream shirts for the boys. Also, the boys wear the orchestra tie in red and green terylene, scattered over with the initials N.Y.O.W. intertwined. All who have had at least two sessions of memberships are entitled to wear the orchestra badge.

Our routine often changed, as the rising bell didn't always go on time, and sometimes we didn't have the afternoon off, but we had a 'free' sometime during the day. The last Monday we were there, we didn't have any "frees" and the practice we did came to ten hours.

The conductor was Dr. Clarence Raybould, who was very amusing, and not so frightening as he seemed to be. Helping him was Mr. Rhoslyn Davies (a trainer of the singers at Covent Garden Opera House), and other tutorial staff. The viola tutors were Mr. Graeme Scott (from the Royal Academy) and Mr. Gwynne Edwards (one of the leading viola players in this country).

So far, one may have gathered that this course was one of hard work: this was not entirely so. I shall proceed to tell you some amusing pranks which certain members of the orchestra got up to.

When asked to bring the harp from the Church Hall to 'Neuadd Glyndwr' one afternoon Roland and Frank knew it would be quite a major operation. Roland could play the harp (although he was one of the double bass tutors), and, if I may say so, very well. The harp is a very heavy instrument, and between them, Roland and Frank had to manage a chair, a stand and some music as well. (Both of them wore caps which proved useful as you will see).

On the corner of Spa Road they put everything down in order to have a rest. Roland of course sat on the chair and began to play 'Ar Hyd y Nos.' Frank sat down cross-legged with cap before him. Then, with the traffic held up, they collected five shillings in next to no time!

On the last Saturday afternoon, the brass players formed a 'band.' There was such a fuss to get them standing correctly as soldiers do. Then, with the leader, 'hoisted up' onto the shoulders of the boys in the front row, they marched up Spa Road to 'Neuadd Llewellyn,' playing every tune possible. There was a terrible din. All this was done much to the annoyance and amusement of Dr. Raybould.

Our fun came to an end all too quickly, and soon I was on the train travelling back to Pembroke Dock, very tired but pleased and happy with the experience I had had playing with first-class instrumentalists and instructors for the first time in my life.

RUTH JAMES, Upper IVA.

LIMERICK

There was an old man called Tate
Whose head was as bald as a plate.

The flies said, "How nice!
Just look at the ice!"

And on his poor head they would skate.

PAT KING, Upper IVA.

GIFTS

AT home we often play a simple game in the evenings. At random one particular word used constantly during the evening is chosen, and then we find out its complete meaning in my little red dictionary. On Christmas evening the word "gift" was used constantly, and then suddenly the dictionary was open at the page on which the meaning of our own special word—"gift"—was printed. What a wonderful hour we spent considering what gifts we are given without any cost to mankind. My pen will attempt to reveal my trend of thoughts on "gifts."

My first thoughts on Christmas evening were the gifts given to the masses of mankind. The gift of sight—that miracle of precision, the eye. It enables us to see all that is beautiful in nature, the coastline of our county, the first pale primroses, the jewelled splendour of frost on a moonlight night, and other delights too numerous to declare. These same eyes help us to see danger and avoid it. Our sight demands no effort, we are often unaware of using it. This truly is a priceless gift, and to my Creator I am indebted for it.

There are other gifts. We may conserve, and that freely to our fellow men, our thoughts are able to be expressed and we can enjoy the opinions of the other men. Without the gift of hearing it would be difficult to enjoy other people's conversation. One evening while viewing television the 'sound' stopped for a while, and I realised in one moment what it would be like to live in a 'silent' world. Roses blooming, are a thing of beauty, but the scent of a rose makes it more beautiful. It is a gift to man to enjoy the scent of a flower, the smell of new-mown hay, the penetrating smell of seaweed on a beach on a wintry day.

The Creator of the world endowed certain men and women with artistic gifts. The artist, the composer, the philosopher, the scientist who have been blessed with the special "gifts" have made the world a pleasanter place and given us much pleasure. One great "gift" is faith. This makes the frailest of people purposeful. It shines forth in the history of the early Christian, the ardent followers of Mohammed, Buddah and Ghandi. It is a gift that has brought man through tribulation, sickness and times of stress. The world in which we live is beautifully balanced. The earth yields many gifts to man, gold, diamonds, coal, vegetables, crops, trees for shade, flowers for beauty and water to help us to live. There is the gift of the sun for warmth and light. Light is a wonderful gift, our colours in nature are able to be seen.

This is indeed a good earth, a rich earth. Our gifts are free, we accept them casually. Often we do not realise that these gifts are in use by us. The world would be a better place by far if leaders of nations used a little red dictionary, and thought a lot about the word "gift" on one certain page. Each one of the gifts of nature are given to us as individuals, and rarely are men deprived of them. By the law of nature we are each one of us, irrespective of races, rich. What a tragedy that the dark cloud of nuclear warfare, with its deadly and terrifying consequences has been allowed to blind man's sense of values : it could make all men poor. If I was granted a wish that would be fulfilled, I would wish that the great statesmen would learn to enjoy the gifts of nature, and that they would let all mankind enjoy living on this good earth, a beautiful gift to its inhabitants.

SARAH MONICO, IIA.

THE HILLS

From the village where I was born,
 You can see on a clear morn,
 The Malverns and the Lickeys high,
 The Cotswolds ranging to the sky ;
 Little hamlets nestle there
 Hidden from the wear and tear,
 Spires of churches touch the sky,
 Mist doth shroud the pinnacles high,
 Carpeted with heather springy,
 Smell of pinewood sharp and tingy.
 Of all these mountains best I love
 The Cotswolds towering high above,
 The villages of Cotswold stone
 Blending with the mellow tone
 Of Cotswold slates ; and the quarries still
 Bore little cuttings in the hill.
 From the village where I was born
 You can see on a Winter's morn
 Hills that are covered with crusty white,
 Sunbeams setting it all alight.
 Streams of sun from the mottled sky
 Melt the ice with a gleaming sigh.
 And mist may cover the highest peak,
 Then of its beauty I cannot speak.
 Maybe one morning it will rain
 Then the lance-like structures at the window pane
 Add to the morbid beauty more.
 Or perhaps (I have seen it oft before)
 The mist, like puffy silver clouds
 Hangs on the hills like a ghostly shroud.
 Then Spring will come and will be green
 Bringing flowers like a silken sheen.
 And all through Summer the birds will sing
 And the bells of the little church will ring.
 But when Autumn comes with its russet brown,
 All the leaves will come fluttering down,
 Making a carpet of copper hue
 Mingling with the mountain dew.
 From the village where I was born
 One can see on a clear morn
 The Malverns and the Lickeys high
 The Cotswolds ranging to the sky ;
 Carpeted with heather springy,
 Smell of pinewood sharp and tingy.
 Of all the mountains best I love
 The Cotswolds towering high above.

CAROL WOODWARD, Upper 4A.

LIFE IN THE CANADIAN OUTBACKS

"GRANDFATHER, why don't you like deer meat?" piped up a small voice. It was winter and outside the snow was three-feet deep. Inside the cabin was a cheery log fire in front of which was grandfather sitting on one of the two stools around the fire. Small decorations were hung here and there and behind the stools was a table on which was a red and white checked table-cloth. Around the table was four chairs and on one side were two bunks and a cupboard and on the other were two more bunks and a wardrobe. The other wall had the windows and doors and also a huge dresser. How it got there was a miracle and the cabin was most certainly built around it.

"Eh, what's that," said the grandfather who besides being a bit deaf was enjoying a doze. It was his turn to look at the small boy who was seated on the other stool. "I said," he began patiently, when he was interrupted by the entrance of his father, a tall, huge muscular man with a bristling beard. He strode into the room and sounds from the kitchen told him where his wife was.

He began talking to the grandfather: he had taken off his coat and was sitting on one of the chairs around the table. The small boy gave it up, as it was one of the problems of being his age (not being heard). He turned and saw his mother hurrying in to make some tea. He saw a pretty young woman in a blue apron over a red, woollen frock. At night when all except himself were asleep he would stare at the last glowing embers of the fire, he would hear the distant howling of wolves and when at last he fell asleep snow would start to fall. It would become deeper and deeper and who knows, perhaps tomorrow they all would be snowed up, but to them it was just the way of life.

SUSAN ELSWORTHY, IIA.

ORIGINAL WORK

NOVEMBER

Mists shroud the gardens
No birds call or cry.
The cold chill of dawning
Fills all earth and sky.
Flowers hang their faces;
Trees stand stark and bare.
And busy brown squirrels
Seek their Autumn lair.

Leaves carpet the gardens:
Cold winds hurry by.
Dank airs of November
Fill all earth and sky.
Earth rests her labours
Slow dies the sear;
And Spring's but a memory
Of some past New Year.

MICHAEL JONES, Upper IVA.

PRIZE LIST AND W.J.E.C. RESULTS

- II D—1, Michael Johnson; 2, Anne Roberts; 3, Brenda Davies.
II C—1, Howard Robinson; 2, Diana Richardson.
II B—1, Veronica Sandell; 2, Wendy Donovan; 3, Peter Watts.
II A—1, Margaret Richards; 2, Ann Gough; 3, Patricia Anfield.
III C—1, Ruth Thomas; 2, Peter Thomas.
III B—1, Susan Stevens; 2, Susan Preece; 3, Gwyneth Griffiths.
Good Progress Prize—Joan Green.
III A—1, Andrew Lloyd Williams; 2, Howard Barton; 3, Ann Griffiths and Kenneth Goddard.
IV C—1, Jennifer Mills.
IV B—1, Frederick Brazendale; 2, John Fell.
IV A—1, John Brown; 2, Phillip Lain; 3, Patricia King and Jennifer Morgan.
IV Technical—1, Russell Mills.
Upper IV B—1, Hazel Golding.
Upper IV A—1, Maureen Campodonic; 2, Paul Reynolds.
Upper IV Technical—1, Robert Thorne.
V Remove—1, Patricia Thomas; 2, Nina Pearman; 3, Judith Payne.
V X—1, Barbara Evans, with prizes for good work in Scripture and Latin; 2, Krystyna Rynduch; 3, Malcolm Phillips, with the Science Prize, given by Mr. J. H. Garnett.
French Prize, given by Mrs. Nora Davies—Joan Sudbury.
Prize for Good Work in German—Antoinette Pearce.
Welsh Prize, given by Clr. J. R. Williams—Clifford James.
Woodwork Prize, given by Mrs. David, in memory of her father, Mr. W. N. Grieve, J.P.—William Kavanagh.
Needlework Prize, given by Mrs. M. V. Jones—Myrtle Williams.

GENERAL CERTIFICATE OF EDUCATION, ORDINARY LEVEL

- Eiry Bowen—English Literature, Welsh, French, Scripture, Arithmetic.
Brinley Brown—English Literature, Geography, Arithmetic.
Sally Brown—English Literature, French, Geography, Mathematics, Art, Arithmetic.
Alan Colley—English Language, Geography, Art, Metalwork, Arithmetic.
John Curtis—English Language, English Literature, Geography, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Biology, General Science, Arithmetic.
Barbara Evans—English Language, English Literature, Latin, French, German, Scripture, History, Mathematics, Cookery, Arithmetic.
Marilyn Evans—English Literature, Welsh, Latin, French, Geography.
Margaret James—Arithmetic.
Clifford James—English Language, English Literature, Welsh, Latin, History, Mathematics, Art, Metalwork, Arithmetic.
Trevor Jones—English Language, English Literature, Welsh, Scripture, Arithmetic.
William Kavanagh—English Literature, Mathematics, Biology, Woodwork, Arithmetic.
Kenneth M. Lewis—English Language, Welsh, Geography, Chemistry, Arithmetic.

Patricia Matthews—English Language, English Literature, Latin, French, Scripture, Biology, Arithmetic.
 John Nash—English Language, Latin, French, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Woodwork, Arithmetic.
 Antoinette Pearce—English Language, English Literature, Latin, French, German, Geography, Biology, Arithmetic.
 Malcolm Phillips—English Language, English Literature, German, Geography, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Biology, Arithmetic.
 Philip Ralph—Arithmetic.
 Terence Raven—English Language, Arithmetic.
 Krystyna Rynduch—English Language, English Literature, Latin, French, German, Geography, Mathematics, Chemistry, Biology, Arithmetic.
 Joan Skone—English Literature, History.
 Joan Sudbury—English Language, French, History, Geography Mathematics, Arithmetic.
 Terrence Thomas—English Language, German, Arithmetic.
 Myrtle Williams—Needlework.
 Mary-Rose Woodward—English Language, English Literature, French, Scripture, Geography, Biology, Arithmetic.
 VO—Form Prize—Susan Parcell.
 The Beatrice Mary Williams Prize for Cookery—Shirley Britten.
 Michael Baldwin—English Language, Woodwork.
 Alan Bowen—English Language, English Literature, History, Geography, Physics, Arithmetic.
 Shirley Britten—English Language, Art, Cookery, Arithmetic.
 Diana Corbett—English Literature, Geography, Art, Needlework.
 Angela Evans—French, Art, Needlework.
 Carol Fox—English Language, English Literature, Cookery.
 Marion Gough—English Language, English Literature, History, Geography, General Science.
 Anne Hall—English Literature, Welsh, Scripture, History.
 Victoria Howells—English Language, English Literature, Art, Cookery, Needlework, Arithmetic.
 Valene James—English Language, English Literature, Cookery, Arithmetic.
 Suzanne King—English Language, English Literature, French, Scripture, Geography.
 David Gledhill—Arithmetic.
 David Lewis—English Language, Geography, Woodwork, Arithmetic.
 Anna Livingstone—English Language, Arithmetic.
 Jeannette Llewellyn—English Literature, Welsh, Scripture, History.
 Diana Mathias—Needlework.
 Diana Palmer—English Language, English Literature, Latin, History.
 Susan Parcell—English Language, English Literature, French, Scripture, Biology, Geography.
 Diane Reynolds—English Literature, Scripture, Geography, Biology, General Science.
 Jennifer Roblin—English Literature, Welsh, Art, Arithmetic.
 Marilyn Sanders—English Language, English Literature, Cookery.
 Carolyn Skyrme—English Literature, Art.
 Colin Thomas—English Language, Biology, Woodwork.

VR—Form Prize—Carole Morgans, with prize for good work in Mathematics.
 English Prize, given by Miss A. R. Lewis Davies—Terence Richards.
 History Prize, given by the Rev. Lewis G. Tucker—Margaret Mathews.
 Prize for good work in Geography—Victor Catherall.
 John Bettison—English Language, English Literature.
 Colin Bowers—English Language, Geography, Economics, Biology, General Science, Art
 Arthur Brady—Geography, Mathematics, Arithmetic.
 Stuart Brown—English Literature, Geography, Mathematics, Arithmetic.
 Victor Catherall—History, Geography, Mathematics, Chemistry, Arithmetic.
 David Cole—Art, Woodwork, Metalwork, Arithmetic.
 David Ebsworth—Woodwork.
 Graham John—Arithmetic.
 Margaret Matthews—English Language, English Literature, French, Scripture, History, Biology, Arithmetic.
 Carole Morgans—English Language, English Literature, French, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Biology, Arithmetic.
 Janet Munt—English Literature, Scripture, Cookery, Arithmetic.
 Margaret Phillips—English Language, English Literature, Geography, Economics, General Science, Art, Homecraft.
 Terence Richards—English Language, English Literature, History, Geography, Economics, Biology, General Science.
 Spencer Staunton—English Language, Geography, Mathematics, Arithmetic.
 Janet Thomas—English Language, English Literature, Scripture, Cookery.
 Raymond Thomas—English Language, Welsh, Geography, Mathematics, Art, Arithmetic.
 V Technical—Prize for good work in Metalwork—George Dickman.
 Steven Brown—Biology, General Science, Arithmetic.
 George Dickman—Agricultural Science, Metalwork, Practical Plane and Solid Geometry.
 David Esmond—General Science, Agricultural Science, Arithmetic.
 Philip Gullam—Arithmetic.
 Philip Martin—General Science, Agricultural Science.
 John Morgan—Geography, Biology, Metalwork, Arithmetic.
 Gerald Mountstevens—Biology, General Science, Agricultural Science, Arithmetic.
 Graham Roberts—Biology, Metalwork, Arithmetic.
 James Russell—Geography, Chemistry, Biology, General Science, Arithmetic.
 Terence Threlfall—Biology, Metalwork.
 Michael Williams—English Language, Biology, Metalwork, Arithmetic.
 Hubert Young—Biology, General Science.
 VI Commercial—
 Margaret Davies—Commercial Subjects.
 June Herbert—Commercial Subjects.
 Irene Jordan—Commercial Subjects
 Christine Macken—Commercial Subjects.
 Gillian Phillips—Commercial Subjects.
 Angela Wilson—Geography.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF ARTS

Margaret Davies—Book-keeping, Shorthand, Typewriting.
 June Herbert—Book-keeping, Shorthand, Typewriting.
 Irene Jordan—Book-keeping (Credit), Shorthand (Credit), Typewriting (Credit).
 Christine Macken—Book-keeping Typewriting (Credit).
 Anne Parcell—Book-keeping, Typewriting (Credit).
 Gillian Phillips—Book-keeping, Typewriting (Credit).
 Janet Warlow—Book-keeping.
 Angela Wilson—Book-keeping (Credit), Typewriting.
 Lower VI—The Alice Mary Rees Prize, given jointly by Ralph Llewellyn Rees and Morwyth Rees, in memory of their mother—Christine Nash, Wendy Caveney and Joan Morgan.

GENERAL CERTIFICATE OF EDUCATION, ORDINARY LEVEL

Peter Harvey—Mechanics.
 Angela Hay—Physics.
 Kenneth W. S. Lewis—Mechanics, Practical Plane and Solid Geometry.
 Stuart Lewis—Practical Plane and Solid Geometry
 Christopher Morgan—Biology.
 Deryck Morgan—German, Botany.
 Joan Morgan—Mathematics.
 Christine Nash—Additional Mathematics.
 Keith Russant—Practical Plane and Solid Geometry.
 Thomas Simpson—Latin.
 Roy Smith—Practical Plane and Solid Geometry.
 Elaine Stewart—Mathematics.
 David Lloyd Williams—Additional Mathematics.

Upper VI—Prize for best performance at Advanced Level, given by the Pembroke Rotary Club—Tom James.
 English Prize, given by Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Phillips, in memory of Mrs. Phillips's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Lewis—Jillian Thomas.
 Music Prize, given by Mrs. Jill Lockley—Shirley Dundas and Joyce Simlett.
 Art Prize, given by Mrs. Jill Lockley—Andrea Jones.

GENERAL CERTIFICATE OF EDUCATION, ADVANCED LEVEL

Brian Anfield—Pure and Applied Mathematics (A), Physics (A), Chemistry (A).
 Brian Angle—Pure and Applied Mathematics (A), Physics (A).
 Desmond Brown—History (O), Geography (O).
 Allan Butler—Pure Mathematics (A), Mechanics (O), Physics (A), Chemistry (O), Practical Plane and Solid Geometry (O).
 Richard Callen—History (O), Geography (A), Economics (A).
 Valerie Colley—Chemistry (A), Botany (A), Zoology (A).
 Shirley Dundas—English (A), History (A, with Distinction), Music (A).
 Wendy Gray—English (A), French (A), German (O).

Peter Hussey—English (A), Geography (A), Art (A).
 Charles James—English (A), History (A).
 Tom James—Pure and Applied Mathematics (A), Physics (A), Chemistry (A), Music (A).
 Andrea Jones—English (A), French (A), Art (A).
 Iona Jones—English (A), Welsh (A).
 Patricia Jones—English (A), French (O), German (O).
 Raymond Jones—English Literature (O), History (A), Geography (A).
 Margaret Kavanagh—Physics (O), Botany (A).
 Dorothy Lewis—Chemistry (A), Botany (A), Zoology (A).
 John Lewis—English (A), French (A), History (A).
 Margaret Morgan—English (A), French (A), German (O).
 Gordon Payne—Botany (A), Zoology (O).
 Ray Reynolds—Pure and Applied Mathematics (A), Physics (O), Chemistry (A), Latin (O).
 Richard Roberts-Thomas—Botany (O), Zoology (A).
 Jean Shore—English (A), French (A), German (O).
 Joyce Simlett—Chemistry (O), Botany (A), Zoology (A).
 Allan Stace—Botany (O).
 Jillian Thomas—English (A), History (A), Pure Mathematics (A), Mechanics (O).
 John Woodward—Geography (A), Botany (O), Zoology (O).
 The Chairman of Governors' Prize for Service to the School—Dorothy Lewis, Peter Hussey.
 Prize for the Spoken Word, given by Miss E. M. Young, in memory of her father, Charles Young, J.P., Governor of the School—John Lewis.
 Prize for Original Work, given by Mrs. Sarah Thomas—Carol Woodward, Clifford James, Sarah Jane Monico.

SMELLS I LIKE

The smell of a ship which has been on the sea,
 And camphor, and cocoa, and choc'late and tea ;
 Of circus animals, railways and trams ;
 Of sweetened brown sugar, weighed out in grams.
 The smell of chickens, cooked and browned,
 Of rich plum pudding, holly crowned ;
 Of newly cut roses, strawberries and grass ;
 Of newly mown hay, ice-lollies and brass.
 The fragrance of poppies in bright fields of corn,
 The smell of the Springtime just newly born ;
 The smell of the theatre, make-up and props,
 The smell of excitement in Christmas filled shops ;
 Christmas cigars and orange bubbly,
 And away-to-bed babies, soft and cuddly.

JUDITH PAYNE, Vx.

RUGBY

OFFICIALS FOR THE 1ST. XV FOR THE SEASON 1960-61

Captain : B. Anfield ; Vice-Captain : R. Reynolds ; Secretary : G. Mountstevens ; Committee members : S. Lewis ; T. Breese.

Record for the first part of the season :—

1960

September

10 — Trial.
17 — Haverfordwest G.S. ... (H) Draw 3-3
24 — County Trial

October

1 — Llanelly G.S. ... (A) Lost 0-14
8 — Tenby G.S. ... (A) Lost 0-9
15 — Whitland G.S. ... (H) Won 6-3

November

5 — Fishguard G.S. ... (H) Won 9-0
12 — Cardigan G.S. ... (H) Won 6-3
19 — Carmarthen G.S. ... (A) Lost 0-11
26 — Gwendraeth G.S. ... (A) Lost 0-3

December

3 — Canton H.S. ... (A) Lost 0-3
10 —
17 — Fishguard G.S. ... (H) Won 12-0
19 — Old Boys ... (H) Won 6-3

January

7 — Fishguard G.S. ... (A) Won 9-0
14 — Whitland G.S. ... (A) Lost 0-6
28 — Tenby G.S. ... (H) Won 5-0

February

4 — Carmarthen G.S. ... (H) Postponed
18 — Pembroke "A" ... (A) Won 8-0
25 — Pembroke Dock Quins "A" ... (A) Won 11-0
1st XV : Played 16 ; Won 9 ; Drawn 1 ; Lost 6 ; 75 points for ; 58 points against.

Brian Anfield, Roy Reynolds and Gerald Mountstevens are members of the Pembrokeshire County Team.

CUPS

The Senior House Rugby Cup, given by Major W. R. Davies, of Neyland—Glyndwr House.

The Junior House Rugby Cup, given by Lt.-Col. P. R. Howells, of Tenby—Picton House.

The Senior House Hockey Cup, given by Miss M. Mathias—Glyndwr House.

The Junior House Hockey Cup—Glyndwr House.

The Garfield Davies Cup for Rounders—Tudor House

Tennis Cups, given by the Old Pupils' Association :—

Girls Singles—Jean Shore ; Boys' Singles—Raymond Thomas ; Mixed Doubles—Jean Shore and Gordon Payne.

The Pennant Cup, given by Dr. D. H. Pennant in memory of his son, Pilot Officer John Pennant, killed in 1945, to the Victores Ludorum at the Athletic Sports—Allan Butler, Raymond Rees.

The Pembroke Cup, awarded to the Victrix Ludorum at the Athletic Sports—Dorothy Lewis.

The Jean Crutchley Cup for the best all-rounder in Sport—Dorothy Lewis.

The South Pembrokeshire Rechabites Cup for Athletic Sports—Hywel House.

The Sidney Evans Eisteddfod Cup for Hywel House—Jennifer Morgan.

The Hylde Thomas Eisteddfod Cup for Picton House—Adele Berntzen.

The Joan Lewis Eisteddfod Cup for Tudor House—Valene James.

The Sudbury Shield for the Winning House at the Eisteddfod—Hywel House.

The Rowland Rees Cup for the Champion House—Hywel House.

Won at the County Secondary Modern Schools Sports, 1960 :
The Young Cup for Middle School Boys.

Tennis—The Dora Lewis Cup, Boys' Doubles—Barrington Stubbs and Raymond Thomas.

ROUNDERS

The following represented the 1st IX : Dorothy Lewis (captain), Margaret Davies, Jean Shore, Elaine Stewart, Sally Brown, Myrtle Williams, Hefina Bowen, Christine Lewis, Joyce Simlett.

Only one game was played, against Tasker's High School, which School won 11 rounders to 3.

Tudor won the Rounders' Cup with Hywel, Picton and Glyndwr lying in second place.

TENNIS

The following represented the 1st VI : Margaret Davies (captain), Jean Shore, Joyce Simlett, Christine Macken, Dorothy Lewis, Carole Fox. School won the three games played, Tenby Grammar School—home and away and Taskers High School—home.

TENNIS TOURNAMENT

Girls' Singles was won by Jean Shore.

Boys' Singles was won by Graham Thomas.

Mixed Doubles was won by Jean Shore and Roy Reynolds.

DORA LEWIS CUPS

Margaret Davies and Christine Macken ; Dorothy Lewis and Margaret Morgan ; Barry Stubbs and Graham Thomas represented the school in the above tournament. Margaret Davies and Christine Macken lost in the final to Tasker's High School. Barry Stubbs and Graham Thomas won the Boys' Doubles Cup.

LADIES' CRICKET

School entered the Neyland Cricket Cup Tournament. In the first round we drew with Carew Ladies' at home. After a very hard and exciting game School lost by one run. The following represented School : Dorothy Lewis (captain), Eileen Thomas, Margaret Davies, Maureen Campodonic, Margaret John, Lesley Phillips, Myrtle Williams, Margaret Morgan, Dilys Williams, Susan Pawlett and Carole Fox.

SCHOOL DIARY

CHRISTMAS TERM, 1960.

September

- 6 — School opened.
- 14 — School photograph.
- 19 — Medical Inspection commenced.
- 21 — New Pupils photographed.
- 30 — Y.F.C. Social.

October

- 5 — Reverend D. R. Thomas addressed International Club on the "World Challenge to Youth."
- 6 — Mr. Harold Elvin addressed School on "Four-thousand miles through India on a bike."
- 7 — Herr Paul Heuberger commenced his visit to the School.
- 15 — Penvro Sale of Work opened by Reverend Canon G. Garfield Davies.
- 24 - 25 — Half Term.

November

- 3 — (1) Miss Denham (Dr. Barnardo's Homes) addressed the School and presented a "boss" to the School Y. H. L. Shield.
(2) Recital of Church Music in Saint Mary's Church, Pembroke.
- 7 — Visit of Mr. Lam (Hong-Kong) and Mr. Agandi (Nigeria).

- 10 - 11 — Welsh Children's Theatre Company presented "The Would-be Gentleman."
- 17 — (1) The School's Christmas presents for Kapfenberg Refugee Camp dispatched.
(2) Mr. E. O. James, Principal of Gelli Aur, addressed Y.F.C.
- 18 — Visit of Mrs. D. K. Smith (Jamaica).
- 22, 24, & 25 — Dramatic Society presented "Romanoff and Juliet."

December

- 7 — Prize Giving—Special guests : Dr. and Mrs. G. H. Parry, University College of Swansea.
- 10 — International Club Social.
- 14 — Christmas Party — Forms Two.
- 15 — Christmas Party — Forms Three.
- 16 — Christmas Party — Forms Four.
- 19 — (1) Films.
(2) Old Boys' Rugger Match.
(3) Christmas Party — Upper School.
- 20 — End of Term.

SPRING TERM.

January

- 5 — Term began.
- 20 — Donald Grant, Esq., addressed School on "U.S.A. and U.S.S.R., Rivals in Power, Education and Science."
- 24 — Esmond S. Hart, Esq., addressed Y.F.C.
- 30 — G.C.E. qualifying examination commenced.

February

- 1 & 2 — Visit of Agricultural Education Panel of the Ministry of Education.
- 4 — Y.H.L. Flag Day.
- 10 — Qualifying Examination ended.
- 13 - 14 — Half Term.

OLD PUPILS' ASSOCIATION

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

Vice-Presidents :

Miss A. M. K. Sinnett, J.P., J. H. Garnett, Esq., M.Ss., 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 : A. W. W. Devereux.

THE retirement last July of Mr. E. G. Davies, to whom a tribute is paid elsewhere in this issue, was a great loss to the School and also to the Old Pupils' Association. For thirty-five years he had put an enormous amount of work into the compilation of this section of 'Penvro,' which involved keeping in touch with as many Old Pupils as possible, gleaning information about others from all kinds of sources, handling subscriptions, and distributing the magazine twice a year. His friendly advice and help have already proved invaluable to his successor, who will be well satisfied if he can maintain the standard set by Mr. Davies as Old Pupils' Editor. This, of course, will not be possible without the continued co-operation and support of Old Pupils, who can make this section full and interesting by sending in news of themselves and their activities.

The number of Old Pupils who keep in touch with the School by becoming members of the Association is regrettably small; yet one rarely meets an Old Pupil who is not genuinely interested in the School's activities. As so many Old Pupils are forced to leave the district to find employment, they are unable to join in the local activities of the Association, few as these are, and indeed, many are prevented, for various reasons, from attending the annual Christmas Reunion. In spite of this, it is surely worth a subscription of 5/- a year to receive regular news of your old school and your former school-fellows.

There may be some among you who have ideas for improving the Old Pupils' Association; if so, the Editor will be delighted to receive suggestions at any time. A flourishing Association will mean that 'Penvro' will continue to flourish, and that in itself is surely a worthwhile aim when on remembers 'Penvro's' proud and possibly unique record as a School Magazine of more than sixty years' unbroken publication.

J. H. GARNETT, M.Sc. 1906 - 1943

IT was with the greatest sorrow that we heard of the death, on Saturday, February 4, of our old friend and colleague Mr. J. H. Garnett,—Jimmy, as he was affectionately known to generations of Old Pupils.

At a moment like this, memories crowd in upon me. My own acquaintance with him began in 1925, when he was still struggling to teach Chemistry in what must have been the most inconvenient lab. in the country. That did not prevent him from starting many boys on what was to become a brilliant career. I remember, too, hearing how, shortly after his appointment in 1906, circumstances compelled him to take up the teaching of Geography up to the VIth Form. This, too, he did brilliantly. His wonderful maps and notes were a model, and there must be hundreds of Old Pupils who remember with the utmost gratitude the instruction they received from him.

We remember also the courage with which he fought against his deafness, his amazing memory for the faces and names of Old Pupils, his great courtesy and gentlemanly demeanour which never deserted him, the fortitude with which he faced up to the long illness of Mrs. Garnett, and her death a few years ago.

We mourn the loss of a great gentleman and a great school-master, and our sincerest sympathy goes to his son Bernard at the Embassy in Athens.

E. G. D.

NEWS OF OLD PUPILS

ROSEMARY ANDREW (1952-59) whose engagement is announced below, left her Civil Service post at the Ministry of Housing and Local Government last July and is now working for a television audience research company. She is to be married next April.

Dr. John Blencowe (1935-42) and his wife, nee Maisie George (1934-40), spent several months at home this summer on leave from Ghana, where he is engaged on research work in the cocoa bean plantations.

Air Vice-Marshal Tony Bowling (1921-25) who is Assistant Chief of Staff Air Defence at S.H.A.P.E., re-kindled the flame at the tomb of the Unknown Soldier under the Arc de Triomphe, Paris, on 15th September last, to mark the anniversary of the Battle of Britain.

In July, 1959, the School Staff lost one of its Old Pupil members, Jack Thomas, who left us for Winsford Grammar School. This term we are pleased to welcome another Old Pupil to the Staff, Keith Bowskill (1944-51), who has become Head of the Chemistry Department. Keith has taught for some years at Bedford Modern School, and we wish him every success and happiness on his return 'home.'

Stephen Brown (1950-57) who gained First Class Honours in Civil Engineering at Nottingham University last June has obtained a post with Messrs. MacAlpine and is engaged on the construction of the new steelworks at Llanwern, Mon.

Wilfred Bunyan (1953-58) who has served for some time as a steward on B.P. tankers, called at School recently. He is hoping that his ship will now discharge regularly at the new B.P. terminal at Popton.

Joan Carr (1949-57) who was awarded a Class 2 Division I Honours in Zoology at Cardiff University last June, is now doing her year of professional training at Exeter University.

Dianne Crook (1954-58) has left Chippenham Grammar School after passing the G.C.E. in eight subjects at Ordinary Level, and is now doing two years' training as assistant dispenser with a large firm of chemists in Bath.

James Gaddarn (1935-40) who is a professor at the Trinity College of Music, London, conducted the Welsh Guards' Choir at the International Eisteddfod at Llangollen in July. The choir was placed third in the Male Choral competition.

Rae Gammon (1950-57), whose marriage is announced below, went to South Africa in October, 1959, and has been doing secretarial work in Cape Town, Johannesburg and Durban.

Jennifer Gordon (1949-57) obtained Second Class Honours in History at Oxford in June and has joined the executive staff of the Selfridge Group in Birmingham.

Stephen Griffiths (1947-55) has taken up his appointment as Woodwork and History Master at the Kingswood Grammar School, Bristol.

David Gwyther (1950-56) is now teaching in a secondary modern school on Canvey Island, Essex. His engagement is announced below.

George Lewis (1947-53) is now Art Master at Rodway Technical High School, Bristol.

Mrs. Olwen Lewis, née Thomas (1945-48) has passed the State Certified Midwifery examination. She entered Cardiff University College in October to study Public Health.

Christine Macken, who left School last July, has obtained a secretarial appointment with an engineering firm in Coventry.

Derek McGarvie (1947-54) is now in his fourth year of teaching and is in charge of games and P.E. in a Junior (Mixed) School at Chalfont St. Peter, Bucks.

Mrs. Gladys McGowan, née Andrews (1921-25), who now lives in Northern Ireland, spent a holiday in August at Lamphey with her school friend Mrs. Florence Davey, née Thompson (1921-25).

George McLean (1948-57) obtained Class 2 Division I Honours in Chemical Engineering at Swansea University last June and has taken up a post at the Mond Nickel Works, Clydach.

Dr. Edward Nevin (1936-41), who has been Lecturer in Economics at Aberystwyth University for some years, has been appointed Deputy Director of an Economics Research Institute in Dublin.

John Ougham (1950-57) has been working on the Continent for some time. At first he was in Berlin with a British firm, but is now employed by the American Government. He is still based in Berlin, but his job involves a good deal of travelling, and he is shortly to leave on a tour of the Middle East.

James Meyrick Owen (1930-33) made an extensive tour of the United States and Canada in August and September with the British Law Society, during which he was able to convey the good wishes of Pembroke Borough, of which he is a councillor, to the town of Pembroke, Canada.

Mrs. June Oakford, née Saunders (1943-49) left for Hong Kong in October with her husband, Capt. Hugh Oakford.

Gordon Parry (1937-43), who increased the Labour vote at Monmouth in the last General Election, was a runner-up to Michael Foot in the nomination of Labour Candidate for the late Aneurin Bevan's seat at Ebbw Vale.

Bill Courtenay Price (1936-41), after five years at the Eastern Electricity Board Headquarters at Ipswich, has been appointed Senior Assistant Engineer (Planning) of the Leicester Sub-Area of the East Midlands Electricity Board. When working at Tenby, Bill was for five years secretary of the Old Pupils' Association.

George Reynolds (1949-56) obtained a B.A. degree of Oxford University with Second Class Honours in Chemistry last year. He has joined Messrs. Unilever, at Port Sunlight, as a trainee production manager.

Yvonne Richards (1950-57) graduated with Honours (Class 2 Division I) in Biblical Studies at Bangor University last June, and has entered the Training Department there.

Gordon Rickard (1949-57), after graduating from Swansea University with Third Class Honours in Civil Engineering, has obtained a post with a firm of constructional engineers at the new steelworks at Llanwern, Mon.

John Roblin (1952-58), who joined the R.A.F. in April, 1960, passed out from the O.C.T.U. in the Isle of Man in October with a Commission as Pilot Officer in the Secretarial Branch, R.A.F.

Alan Rubython (1936-42) has been promoted to Assistant Manager (Export Department) with A.E.I. at their branch in Dublin.

Roy Smith, who left School last July, has entered the Ministry of Works, Cardiff, as a student engineering draughtsman.

Michael Tee (1950-55), after spending some time with the R.A.F. on Christmas Island in the Pacific, has returned to this country and has been posted to an R.A.F. station in Essex.

David Thomas (1951-57), whose First Class Honours in Mathematics was reported in our last issue, has returned to Cardiff University College to pursue research in Mathematics.

David Weale (1949-57), after graduating with Honours in Chemistry (Class 2 Division 2) at Cardiff University in June, joined the Calico Printex Company at Manchester as a trainee manager. He has now completed three months' training at their headquarters and has received his first appointment in charge of one of their works laboratories at Buckton Vale.

Michael Willis (1951-57), after three years at the G. K. B. Steelworks at Ebbw Vale, joined the Atomic Energy Commission last April and is now at an atomic establishment in Lancashire.

Wynne Thomas (1938-40), after several years' experience in the book business in London and Cambridge, is now manager of Messrs. Lears, Royal Arcade, Cardiff, one of the largest bookshops in the city.

We congratulate the following Old Pupils on their engagement :

- July 8 : Rosemary Andrew (1952-59) to John Bowen, of Carew.
 July : Tony McCusker (1952-56) to Marie Lodomez.
 July 15 : Pauline Jenkins (1953-58) to David Waters, of Pembroke.
 August 9 : Graham Harries (1953-59) to Susan Griffiths (1953-59).
 August 24 : David Gwyther (1950-56) to Meriel Bowen, of
 Trecwn.
 October 7 : Ann Roberts (1950-57) to Peter Donovan, of Gilling-
 ham.
 November 4 : Elizabeth Hay (1954-58) to David Rossant, of
 Pembroke.
 December 17 : Megan Harries (1947-55) to Gledwyn Jones, of
 Llanelly.
 December 23 : George Reynolds (1949-56) to Ann Campodonic
 (1951-58).
 December 23 : John Ebsworth (1950-57) to Joan Carr (1949-57).
 December 30 : Jean Colley (1940-47) to Leslie Rowlands, of
 Whitland.

We congratulate the following Old Pupils on their marriage :—

- January 27 : John Griffiths (1944-49) to Renée Smith, of Tenby.
 July 16 : Roland Smith (1950-53) to Jessica Worley, of Pembroke
 Dock.
 July 16 : John Thomas (1950-55) to Janice Adams, of Milford
 Haven.
 July : Graham Tregidon (1946-54) to Ann Phillips (1948-55).
 July 23 : Marjorie Philpin, S.R.N. (1945-50) to Leslie J. Howells,
 of Manorbier.
 July 30 : Jean Flavell (1950-54) to Ken Hughes, of Monkton.
 August 6 : Dorothy Thomas (1948-55) to H. J. Griffiths, of
 Holyhead.
 August 6 : Allan D. B. Tilbury (1944-50) to Anita Jones, B.Sc.,
 of Cwmamman.
 August 18 : George Lewis (1947-53) to Jeanne Mathews, of
 Llanelly.
 September 17 : Mary P. Phillips (1950-56) to Pilot Officer P. S.
 Meldrum, of East Dulwich.
 September 17 : Jennifer Jones (1951-59) to John M. Ferguson, of
 Rotherham.
 October 7 : Vivian Rossiter (1946-53) to Maureen Cummings, of
 Brora, Sutherland.
 October 8 : David Beynon (1948-53) to Margaret Davies, of
 Llanelly.
 October 15 : Glenwyn Phillips (1945-51) to Eirwen Llewellyn, of
 Wiston.
 October : Judy McNaughton (1952-56) to Clifford J. Thomas, of
 Pembroke Dock.
 October 20 : Rae Gammon (1950-57) to Patrick Castles, of
 Northern Ireland.
 October 26 : Pauline Jenkins (1953-58) to David E. Waters, of
 Pembroke.

- December 3 : Robert John (1951-58) to Margaret Miles, of Cardiff.
 December 17 : Patricia Greenhow (1950-56) to Petty Officer
 Anthony John Lawrence, R.N., of Gosport.
 December 17 : Janet Saunders (1951-58) to Ian Fraser, B.Sc., of
 Teddington.
 December 27 : Margaret Diana Phillips (1951-56) to Colin Grose,
 of London.

We have pleasure in recording the following births :—

- July 4 : To Lilian, wife of Bill Price (1936-41), a son, Stuart
 James Howard.
 August 26 : To Maisie, wife of Michael Green (1944-50), a
 daughter.
 October : To Anne, wife of William G. Smith, B.A. (1944-51),
 a son.