

1800/1800

THE PENVRO



WINTER 1962

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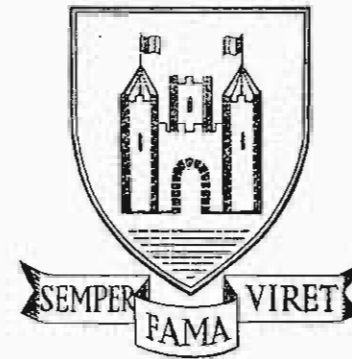
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THE PENVRO

No. 133

WINTER

1962

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EDITORIAL

The editorial of Penvro bears a strong affinity to the first turn in a music hall. Its position does not indicate importance—rather the reverse—since most readers only begin to take interest when item number 2 is reached. Therefore it seems to us that the contents of this item, or at least its beginning, have very little significance as far as the magazine as a whole is concerned. The writer therefore hopes that a warm glow of benevolence will envelop the readers of this article when they learn that they have conferred a kindness on him by doing so.

One of the main items in the editorial is usually concerned with the continual turnover of staff in the school, and this article does not deviate in any way from its predecessors in that. This term we welcome five new members of staff to the school. Mr. V. R. T. Hughes has taken over as Head of the English Department, a post recently vacated by the departure of Mr. Gammon "to seek new waters," to be precise—Swansea Training College. We wish him luck in his new position. His successor, Mr. Hughes, has already shown an active interest in the magazine and it is largely due to his enthusiastic support and guidance, that the magazine has appeared once more this term. Other new arrivals are Miss E. Lloyd-Jones and Miss J. Mansell, who teach Welsh and Mathematics respectively. Mr. Sabido joins us from a nearby educational establishment to teach Chemistry and last but not least we welcome Mr. E. W. Powell, to teach Biology. May we extend a hearty welcome to these new teachers and hope that their sojourn in Pembroke Grammar School will be a long and happy one.

Now to turn to a less pleasant task. We are reluctant to begin a new year on a carping note but it has become apparent to us that "Penvro" is regarded by many pupils simply as another national right to be enjoyed, without any effort on their part. This attitude we strongly deplore. A notable feature of the contributions this term was the lack of entries from the VI form, more especially the Science VI. This indicates their apathy towards the school magazine and it also suggests that they are incapable of writing a piece of connected English. It is to be hoped that these budding scientists will benefit from the compulsory English classes which have now been instituted.

A number of changes have taken place this term in the internal features of the school. The Library has taken on a new rôle. It has been converted into a games-room where the "INTELLECTUALS" of the V form meet. The mere mention of serious study in the room now causes raised eyebrows and exclamations of surprise.

"The Lib. is full of noises."

It seems that each new contingent of second form pupils becomes smaller and smaller. One sixth former remarked, after having his shins barked several times by the heads of these midgets, that they should either be provided with stilts or kept out of the way until they attained a reasonable height.

In our next issue we hope to include photographs, which we have omitted from this edition for reasons of economy. And so with the words of William Shakespeare, we wish you good reading:—

"Once more into the mag. dear friends, once more."

EXAMINATION RESULTS 1962

GENERAL CERTIFICATE OF EDUCATION, ORDINARY LEVEL

Form VX

Pauline Bowen—Mathematics, Biology, Cookery, Needlework, Homecraft, Arithmetic.
 Susan Campodonic—English Language, Arithmetic.
 Gwyneth Davies—English Language, English Literature, Welsh, French, Art, Arithmetic.
 Jacqueline Edwards—English Language, English Literature, French, Latin, Spanish, Mathematics.
 Patricia Harries—English Language, English Literature, Welsh, French, Cookery, Arithmetic.
 Carole Herbert—Arithmetic.
 Elizabeth Holmes—English Language, English Literature, French, Mathematics, Arithmetic.
 Ruth James—English Language, English Literature, Welsh, French, Music, Needlework, Arithmetic.
 Patricia King—English Language, English Literature, Latin, French, Spanish, History, Geography, Mathematics, Needlework.
 Janet Mullins—English Language, English Literature, French, Scripture.
 Sandra Staunton—English Language, English Literature, Welsh, French, Mathematics, Needlework.
 Carol Woodward—English Language, English Literature, French, Spanish, Scripture, Geography, Arithmetic.
 John Brown—English Language, English Literature, Latin, German, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Biology, Woodwork.
 Douglas Brown—English Language, English Literature, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Biology, Arithmetic.
 David Canton—English Language, English Literature, French, History, Geography, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry.
 Paul Davies—English Language, English Literature, French, History, Geography, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry.
 Andrew Drysdale—English Language, English Literature, History, Geography, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Art.
 Michael Edwards—English Language, English Literature, French, Geography, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Art, Woodwork.
 Colin Fish—Geography, Mathematics, Chemistry, Biology, Woodwork.
 Richard Hill—Mathematics, Woodwork.
 Michael Jones—English Language, English Literature, Latin, German, History, Geography, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Arithmetic.
 Philip Lain—English Language, English Literature, Latin, French, Geography, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Art.
 John Lloyd—English Language, Geography, Art, Metalwork, Arithmetic.
 Terence Mulvaney—English Language, English Literature, Geography, Mathematics, Arithmetic.
 Martin Rickard—English Language, Geography, Mathematics, Physics, Arithmetic.
 Jeffrey Warlow—English Language, English Literature, History, Geography, Mathematics, Woodwork, Arithmetic.

Form VO

Maureen Emmet—English Language, English Literature.
 Sandra Gartan—Welsh.
 Ann Johns—English Language, English Literature, Biology, Art, Cookery, Needlework.
 Susan Mabe—English Language, English Literature, Geography, Mathematics, Arithmetic.
 Judith Maher—English Language, English Literature, Art, Arithmetic.
 Jennifer Mills—Cookery.

Susanne Palmer—English Language, English Literature, Scripture, Cookery.
 Rosemary Simlett—English Language, Cookery, Needlework.
 Joy Williams—English Language, Cookery, Arithmetic.
 Pamela Williams—English Language, English Literature, French, Scripture, Cookery.
 Paul Arnold—English Language, English Literature, Mathematics, Arithmetic.
 Philip Bunyan—Woodwork.
 Alan Canton—Woodwork, Arithmetic.
 John Fell—English Language, Geography, Physics, Biology, Woodwork, Arithmetic.
 Paul French—Geography, Economics, Biology, General Science, Woodwork.
 Anthony Gough—English Literature, Woodwork.
 Barry Hunter—Art, Woodwork, Metalwork, Arithmetic.
 Gwyn Jones—English Language.
 Roger Jones—English Language, Geography, Mathematics, Woodwork, Arithmetic.
 Donald Kingdom—Art, Arithmetic.
 Robert Mitchell—English Language, French, Mathematics, Biology, Woodwork, Arithmetic.
 Keith Ralph—Woodwork, Arithmetic.
 Raymond Rees—English Language, English Literature, History, Geography, Economics, Biology, Metalwork, Arithmetic.
 Alan Richards—Geography, Woodwork, Metalwork, Arithmetic.
 Malcolm Roche—English Language, English Literature, History, Physics, Chemistry, Biology, Woodwork, Arithmetic.
 David Thomas—English Language, Geography, Woodwork, Arithmetic.

Form VR.

Hefna Bowen—Welsh, Biology, Art, Cookery.
 Janice Brady—English Language, English Literature, Welsh, Scripture, Mathematics, Cookery.
 Daphne Bush—English Language, French, Spanish.
 Joyce Calver—English Language, Art, Cookery, Arithmetic.
 Brenda Cole—English Language, Welsh, Scripture, Cookery.
 Anne Edwards—Biology, Homecraft.
 Gillian Evans—English Language.
 Jacqueline Evans—English Language, Welsh, French, Art, Cookery, Homecraft.
 Sandra Gaccon—French, Scripture.
 Ann James—English Language, English Literature, Scripture, Geography, Arithmetic.
 Valerie Jenkins—English Language, Art, Needlework.
 Hilary Jones—English Language, Cookery.
 Sally Jones—Scripture, Art, Arithmetic.
 Hilary Richards—English Language, English Literature.
 Dilys Williams—English Language, French, Geography.
 Sandra Williams—English Language, English Literature, Scripture, Geography, Biology, Art.
 Rosemary Wisher—English Language, Art, Needlework.
 Gary Briggs—Geography.
 Brian Devereux—French, Spanish.
 Michael Eynon—Economics.
 Donald Gough—Geography, Mathematics, Physics.
 Howard Griffiths—English Language, Physics.
 David Hay—Mathematics, Physics.
 Stephen Maher—English Language, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Biology.
 Clement Mathias—Woodwork.
 John Skone—Woodwork.
 Barrington Stubbs—English Language.
 Peter Thomas—English Language.

Form V Technical.

Steven Brown—Agricultural Science, Metalwork.
 Brian Coe—English Language, Chemistry, Arithmetic.
 David Foster—Biology.
 Colin Good—Physics, Agricultural Science.
 Robert Hammond—Arithmetic.
 Russell Mills—Mathematics, Physics, Metalwork, Arithmetic.
 Richard Payne—English Language.
 Nigel Rogers-Lewis—Agricultural Science.
 Guy Thomas—Agricultural Science.

Lower VI.

Jean Lalley—Geography.
 David Badham—Practical, Plane and Solid Geometry.
 Glyn Bate—Practical, Plane and Solid Geometry.
 Anthony Harries—Physics.
 William Kavanagh—English Language.
 Roger MacCallum—Botany, Arithmetic.
 Hugh Owen—Practical, Plane and Solid Geometry.
 Paul Reynolds—Practical, Plane and Solid Geometry.
 Andrew Thomas—Welsh, History, Biology, Metalwork.

GENERAL CERTIFICATE OF EDUCATION, ADVANCED LEVEL

Eiry Bowen—English A, Scripture A.
 Tom Breese—Mathematics O, Mechanics O, Physics O, Practical, Plane and Solid Geometry O.
 Sally Brown—English O, Art A.
 Wendy Caveney—English A (distinction), French A, German O.
 Barbara Evans—English A, French O, History O.
 Marilyn Evans—English O, Welsh A, French O.
 David Fraser—Pure and Applied Mathematics A, Physics A, Chemistry A.
 Marion Gough—English O, History O.
 Roger Horgan—Mathematics O, Physics O, Chemistry A.
 Angela Hay—English A, Geography A.
 Clifford James—English O, Welsh A.
 Suzanne King—English O, Scripture A.
 Kenneth Lewis—Pure and Applied Mathematics A, Physics A, Chemistry A.
 Peter Lundie—Pure and Applied Mathematics A, Physics O, Chemistry A.
 Patricia Matthews—Botany O, Zoology O.
 Christopher Morgan—Chemistry O.
 Deryck Morgan—Physics O, Chemistry O, Zoology A.
 Joan Morgan—English A, French A, History O.
 Carol Morgans—Mathematics O, Physics O.
 Christine Nash—Pure and Applied Mathematics A, Physics O, Chemistry A.
 John Nash—Mathematics O, Physics O.
 Antoinette Pearce—English O, French O.
 Malcolm Phillips—Pure and Applied Mathematics A, Physics A, Chemistry A.
 Margaret Phillips—Geography O.
 Krystyna Rynduch—Chemistry A, Botany A, Zoology O.
 Joan Sudbury—English A, French A, History O.
 John Waller—Pure and Applied Mathematics A, Physics A.
 David Lloyd-Williams—Pure and Applied Mathematics A, Physics A, Chemistry A, Practical, Plane and Solid Geometry O.
 Mary-Rose Woodward—English A, Scripture A, Geography A.

THE TRAMP

I remember well that cold, blustery, February day. The great, rolling breakers came crashing in off the sea, battering the rugged coastline, smashing against the towering cliffs as if there was some personal grudge between land and sea. But inside the little harbour, all was calm. The harbour was not generally used these days, but there it was, to be seen by all, a small, dirty, unimpressive tramp steamer.

To most people the ship would have been repulsive, but for me there was something extra special about those filthy, bent plates, and the lop-sided funnel which threatened to come crashing down into the sea at any moment. The simple structure for'ard of the funnel, might have been called a bridge by a seaman, but to me it was just a box, an ugly, dirty little box, and yet I was fascinated by it. The cracked and stained glass looked yellow in the winter light and hid the inside of the bridge from sight. I changed my position to get a better view.

Now I could see inside, see the wealth and riches that it held. The battered wheel was there, just as I had imagined it, next to the ship's compass, and that was all. Well, nearly all. A small battered chair stood at the back of the bridge, probably the captain's chair. Wonder what the old man looked like.

On the for'ard deck three dirty coils of rope lay like snakes, waiting, watching, ready to strike at their unsuspecting victims. I shivered and pulled my coat more tightly around me. A winch, too, stood on the fore-deck, but it was plain to see that it was never used, except on occasions when time demanded it. The masts stood straight and rigid, towering above me. They would never fall, they couldn't, they . . . they were the symbols of power, and bravery and the courage of the dirty, little tramp. No, they would never fall. Men would come and go, ships would be launched and sunk, wars might go on, but they would never fall, those grimy, dirty stanchions. They couldn't.

My mind began to wander. I could imagine the tramp smashing her way through tremendous, engulfing storms, braving them all, and winning. She would always be the victor, she couldn't lose. I could see her moving almost imperceptibly into some Pacific island lagoon, pushing her way in, those grimy, dirty engines giving her a top speed of about 6 knots, if that, just like the old Moresby in Grimble's "Pattern of Islands." She must have been built around the same time as this old tramp, somewhere near 1912. She must . . .

Suddenly a white-bearded man appeared on deck, as if from nowhere. He watched me, noticing my interest, and called, "Hey, sonny, want to have a look on board?" I needed no urging, I was on the deck of that ship in a second, but somehow the spell had been broken, the ship had lost all of her beauty, and she was just a dirty, small unimpressive little tramp again.

Philip Carradice. Upper IVA.

ABOUT ME

I'm neither in two A nor two C,
 I'm in the middle, for I'm in two B.
 I'm eleven and my form-mates are the same age as me;
 My favourite subjects are Games and P.T.
 My worst is Geography which we have with Mr. Key.
 My hobbies are riding and swimming in the sea.
 I'm a guide, and very great fun have we.
 Now I think you all will agree
 I have written a poem that's all about me!

P. Livingstone. IIB.

OWNER TO OWNER—BY A HALFPENNY

I decry the saying, "a halfpenny does not go far." Many a coin would turn green with envy at hearing my story, for from humble beginnings come great things, and so from a small battered coin of little value comes the story of its encounter with its owners and its adventures all over the world.

In the year 1938 I appeared, bright and gaudy along with thousands of others such as me. My first escape from the bank was in a 5/- bag of coppers which a lady requested in exchange for two halfcrowns. I was one of the two halfpennies in the bag and so I was given to her little girl. Alas! My small owner immediately ran to the tuck shop and I was bartered for aniseed balls. The little man behind the counter carefully handled me—"A new one, eh? Then I'll keep you as long as I can," said he, and into the pocket of his jacket I went. Somehow I never changed into another pocket; the old man deemed it necessary to have only one jacket, it seemed. From my dark dwelling place I came to know the little old man and his secrets far better than his wife did. Only the two of us knew that under the floor board was a biscuit tin crammed tight with pound notes that he used to count every Thursday. Behind the shop was a meagrely furnished kitchen in which the old man and his wife lived. It was in this squalid little room which smelled strongly of boiled cabbage and cardboard that this old man 'held court' on a Friday night. There the weekly budget was read, the law was administered, the meat bill showed extravagance, the milk must be watered, and to finalize the sitting, the old woman, whose face was like a mask, gave to the old man a few shillings that she had saved out of the housekeeping money. This was eagerly taken by the lord and master. I never knew his name, but it must have been Ebenezer or Shylock. Before their retiring to bed, the Bible was opened and read aloud for comfort and I shall ever remember the words chosen by him: "Lay not up for yourself treasure on earth where moth and rust doth corrupt." A halfpenny never pretends to be anything more than a halfpenny, and this hypocrisy and meanness made me want to jump out of his pocket. This I managed to do when the old man slipped on the greasy pavement on that next dull, drizzly day.

Until the sun shone I remained unnoticed, and then in my golden splendour I came into the hands of one Thomas O'Grady, a big, red-faced man with curly hair. Life with O'Grady was full of adventures. Like Mr. Micawber, he was always waiting for something to turn up, but never quite trying to do something about it, much to the distress of his poor washer-woman wife and five children. Time did not matter to him, he was too easy going and did not keep employment for long. I was regarded with all his Irish superstition as lucky, even precious, and I was not allowed to leave him, not even for a halfpenny worth of milk for his hungry baby. One night I was almost parted from him. It had been a night of celebration at the Pig and Whistle and, tempered by a good flow of beer and saddened by the pleadings of the Salvation Army Captain, O'Grady, weeping like a child, became convinced that he would change his ways. Amid the smoky and noisy atmosphere of the bar, he declared that he was going out and joining the Salvation Army. I jingled in his pocket as, to the tune, 'The Devil is a sly old Fox,' O'Grady danced drunkenly with the army band until he reached the mission hall. Here, after due ceremony, he went onto the penitent form to ask forgiveness and start a good life. Everything was in order until it came to making a sacrifice. All that O'Grady owned was me, and when I was pleaded for as a token of 'self-denial,' O'Grady lost his temper, kicked the Collection Box in the air, and staggered out into the night air. That was the last night that O'Grady was so childishly carefree, for great changes came soon, and O'Grady changed a little too.

It was September 1939 on a Sunday night and everywhere seemed quiet. Even O'Grady seemed quiet. He had need to be, for war had started. The O'Grady's were an affectionate family, and Michael, the gentle son whose life was to have been that of a priest, had chosen to help his country by

volunteering to be trained as an R.A.F. pilot. This was a painful thing to O'Grady, for he was tender-hearted, and when goodbye came, his richest possession, his halfpenny, was given freely, though tearfully, to Michael.

Life was literally all ups and downs. Michael and I were never parted. During his training, I spent my time close to his heart, locked away in a tiny pocket in his vest. We occasionally visited the O'Grady's and then I was always brought out and handled lovingly by Tom O'Grady. "When it's all over, you shall have your halfpenny," said Michael. War came in earnest, and Michael and I ascended and descended in defence of all that was ours. My owner was courageous, fearless, as he fought from his winged chariot. When one day our man-made Pegasus began to crash downwards in flames, I thought my melting point was near, but we were rescued. I lay at rest in bed with Michael until he was better, and then one day, we told the O'Grady's that we would be flying away to the East. Little did Tom O'Grady think he would see Michael no more.

It was on Michael's first mission that we were shot down in Japanese territory. Life was a mere existence but by a sheer miracle, I was left in Michael's possession. Our one inspiration was a fellow prisoner, a Maori from New Zealand. The starvation, the terrific heat of work in the jungle, and disease, were too much for Michael. He gave me and his photograph for safe keeping to Kita, the Maori. Kita took great care of me, for he had liked Michael. Dexterous Kita was determined to escape, and on through jungle and swamp we went until we reached Malaya and freedom.

Kita and I were always together, and although he longed to return me to Michael's relatives, he did not know their whereabouts, so he guarded me carefully. It was on a morning at a port in South Australia that Kita, now a sailor, awaited the arrival of a British ship calling in for stores on the way to the Antarctic, for he was to join the crew. In the canteen on shore, the crew were mingling and exchanging conversation when Kita started forward and looked into the face of someone so like Michael that out came the photograph. Yes—it was another O'Grady, Michael's brother.

In the white of the Antarctic I was brought out time and again, to relive my story from owner to owner. Worn and brittle, I lay in Kita's hands and then in Peter O'Grady's as the story was put together.

The day the ship returned to England, the O'Grady's were at the quay to greet us. Tears overflowed onto my now battered face. I seemed of little value, and yet I was evidence that Michael was peacefully resting. Tom O'Grady did not push me into his pocket. Instead I remain in a little glass case beside a statue of Our Lady on the mantelpiece in the parlour where a candle always burns for Michael O'Grady.

Sara Monico, IVA.

THE LITTLE BIRD

Come and tell me, little bird,
Who decked your wings with gold?
Who fashioned so your tiny form
And made your wings unfold?

You fly away. Who made you soar?
Who made you mount the sky
And wander through the silver clouds,
A speck to every eye?

Oh, had I but your wings, sweet bird,
I'd mount where angels be,
And leave behind me this sad world
To come and live with thee!

Angela Smith, IIIb.

HOME

An historic county in the west
With towering hills and rolling dales,
Portraying nature at its best
Is 'Little England beyond Wales.'

For scenery it's unsurpassed;
In summer, sands are glistening gold.
Castles of ancient granite cast
Are stalwart, picturesque to behold.

In winter, the coastline, wild and steep,
Is washed with seas gigantic;
White horses looming o'er the deep
Waves of the huge Atlantic.

But any season is to me
So liberal with its bounty;
The reason it is plain to see.
Pembrokeshire is my county.

Gillian Davies. IVA.

THE RETURN OF A FLYING BOAT

One spring day a year or two ago, people flocked into the town of Pembroke Dock to witness something that would never be seen again. It was the last landing of a Sunderland flying boat that there would ever be, and the aircraft to make it was the last of all these vast aircraft in existence.

During the war and for a long time after it, Sunderlands were based in Pembroke Dock and their huge silhouettes against the sky were a familiar sight to the inhabitants. Then the Sunderlands left Pembroke Dock, and joined air arms in many parts of the world. A few went to France and became part of France's navy. The people of this district thought they would never hear the mighty roar of the Sunderland again, and a large proportion of them were sorry. So sorry were they, in fact, that they grouped together and made an appeal to bring back one of these aeroplanes, in order to keep it as a permanent memorial.

After a year or so of planning, their appeal was answered, and it was agreed that a Sunderland, which was then serving in France, would be flown over by its French crew, and would land for the last time in Milford Haven. So on a warm morning, the crowd gathered in the dock and on the jetty at Hobbs Point to await its arrival. Then right on time, three specks appeared over Angle Bay, and the drone of engines was heard. As the specks got closer, they could be recognised as a Sunderland and two Shackleton escorts. By this time the crowd was very excited. The Aircraft displayed themselves in a few runs over the district, and as the two Shackletons broke away, the Sunderland circuted for landing. The French pilot made the perfect landing look simple and the crowd stared as the aircraft taxied until it was just off shore. One of the Shackletons saluted the Sunderland, and the display was over.

Next day, a ceremony was held to hand over the flying-boat to Britain, and the aeroplane was put on display. It has since been repainted in its original colouring and has been well looked after.

Now the Sunderland stands for all to see, as a memorial and museum in the dock yard from which it flew on many missions in its long service in the Royal Air Force.

Gareth Saunders. Upper IVA.

THE UNWANTED

Fabulous Texas—home of the Mesquite tree and the rattlesnake, land of oil rigs, private aeroplanes and million-acre ranches, a country within a country, prosperous and still growing! Yet only halfway across the world in the same latitude, millions of people are still in the primitive stage of life. Instead of huge, industrial oil wells and dams, people are now learning to build water wells.

In some parts of Asia, villages are like places for the living dead. The state of misery and death, and the countless diseases that waste the victims' bodies are atrocious. The winters are terribly severe and the unwanted have nothing to eat except what they find in bins. They have no homes and their clothes, if any, are rags.

Since outbreaks of war and race hatred have become even more bitter, there have been thousands of helpless and unwanted refugees. Their flight is one of terror, and what is more, they have nowhere to go. Many of them track on endlessly through blizzards, deserts and over mountains and finally die of exhaustion, starvation, or loss of hope. They die without knowing what happiness is.

Even if they do reach another country, what is in store for them? In Japan, they may live like slaves. In England, they may lack education, they have no homes nor relatives, and may suffer if they are coloured. In America, race hatred is at a maximum. Maybe from the films and television you tend to think of the United States as a country where everything is somewhat larger than life, where much is stereotyped and mass-produced, where people live well. Yet they can't realise that it was the coloured man who helped to make the country what it is. On cotton plantations, wheat fields and cattle ranches, the coloured slaves worked hard.

I am sure that wherever the lonely refugee or coloured man is, with his dying breath he chants:—

"God, have mercy upon us,
Christ, have mercy upon us,
White man, have mercy upon us.

Margaret Barton. Upper IVA.

WINTER

The north winds make us shiver,
The gray clouds make us sad,
But oh, what fun we have together
When the hills with snow are clad!

The trees are bare, all leaves gone,
The flowers now asleep,
But oh, what joy in a robin's song,
From a holly tree it peeps!

The rivers all are ice-bound,
The boats stand all forlorn,
But oh, how happy the church bells sound
On a frosty Sunday morn!

Anthony Hodge. IIIB.

WHAT I WOULD LIKE IN 1963

Freedom from want, freedom from fear, a greater enlightenment concerning diseases such as cancer, sanity among the statesmen of great nations, if 1963 you will by a miracle pour these onto our world, you will be more than a golden year.

I deplore the fact that in the world live people who have so much money at their disposal that they have ceased to be adults in the true sense of the word; when I read in a newspaper how these people idle away their lives, and just indulge in spending more than luxuriously, my mind becomes frenzied. I turn a page of another newspaper, and see a revelation of starvation and dire poverty in a picture of a refugee. Somehow I would like to see the gap narrowed, and I would like to divert some of the money mis-used by the idle rich to people who need it.

I hate snobbery. We are all born alike, and we must all die. God is no respecter of persons. Should my dream year strike with its sword of justice and take away some of the possessions snobbery gives to a few because of what their ancestors were favoured with, then it would be wonderful.

It is hard to realize that on this evening in October the whole world is afraid, and men are filled with fear. I almost wish that in 1963 U.S.S.R. and U.S.A. would shoot themselves onto the moon and stay there. I think that it would be an act of God if the scientists and statesmen universally who share the secret of the Atom Bomb and Hydrogen Bomb could be struck with amnesia for ever. Men and women do not want such destructive property.

Were I to switch on the radio on New Year's Day, 1963, and hear that a team of doctors in Britain had found a complete cure to Cancer, Rheumatism and Leukemia I would thank God, dance with delight, and invite Mr. Kruschew to witness in our hospitals a miracle that makes his space programme appear as a mere nothing.

We have too many psychiatrists nowadays. They are busy teaching sane people how to be insane. In 1963 I would make them work for their money. May 1963 make our statesmen sane, and balanced too. I wonder sometimes if our leading ministers are playing hide and seek. Today there is not enough love for the cause in Britain, and too much love for the cause in the U.S.S.R. May the liberals be liberal, the socialists not conservative at heart, and the conservatives not socialistic in their actions in 1963, for leaders of nations must be honest to their particular cause.

Lastly for 1963 I leave the masses and turn to the individual. May good literature be read more, may Shakespeare reign supreme instead of 'Jukebox Jury.' 1963 if it please you, may the teenager learn to speak as in days of yore. Most pleasant it would be to see a pinch of snuff taken instead of chewing gum. How wonderful to see young ladies demurely using fans instead of dancing 'the twist'!

Sara Monico. IVA.

JITTERY JILL

Jittery Jill, Jittery Jill
Is always afraid she's going to be ill;
She won't cross a field if a cow is in sight
Nor go out of doors, save in broadest daylight.
If asked to play cricket, she swoons on the spot
And at gym all her limbs get tied up in a knot.
Will nothing change poor Jittery Jill?
Alas! I fear that nothing will.

Jacqueline E. Davies. IVC.

A TERM IN A 'GYMNASIUM,' A GERMAN SCHOOL

The Luisenschule II, the school I attended, is a 'girls only' school and, except in the case of private tuition, co-educational schools are not very frequent in Germany.

It is commonly known that on the Continent, pupils only attend school in the mornings. Nevertheless, they still cover almost as much work as we do in a whole day because everything is drastically condensed. For the first few weeks, the mornings seemed so very long and I was in a state of exhaustion before the afternoon, not being used to such a concentrated programme within the space of six hours. Because of this compression, I think much is lost and there is a lack of community spirit in the school. It is a place for work . . . hard work; there is no time for much fun or social activities. On my return, I was asked by a teacher whether I preferred the German school to the British one. Although it is pleasant to have every afternoon free, one soon becomes bored, and besides, one has to make up for it by going to school on Saturday mornings and one never has that lie-in in bed so eagerly looked forward to at the end of the week. . . . No, I should vote for a British school any time.

For every one at the Luisenschule II, school begins at 8.15 a.m. without pause for assembly or prayers, when the whole school might come together as one body. The Headmistress therefore has little opportunity for getting to know her pupils' faces and for giving them the benefit of her personality. The Headmistress seems to live a life apart and is seldom seen. I talked with the Headmistress personally only twice; once when introduced to her, and then again when I took my leave. As Shakespeare would have said:—

"She doth herein imitate the sun,

Who doth permit the base contagious clouds

To smother up her beauty from the world,

That, when she please again to be herself,

Being wanted, she may be more wondered at."

Into one morning are squeezed six forty-minute periods, whereas in my own school, seven are extended throughout the day. There is a five minute break after each lesson, after which, instead of the class wandering off to find the next teacher's room and losing themselves 'in transit,' the teacher comes to the pupils to save 'precious' time, except of course in the case of Science, Art or Music. Halfway through the morning, there is a long break, 'grosse Pause,' of twenty minutes during which everyone goes out into the yard, by force or otherwise, and eats the breakfast for which they didn't have time as they were not sufficiently awake to eat before.

Contrasting sharply with the three subjects I am studying for Advanced Level, in Germany I took thirteen subjects, including Physical Training and Religious Instruction. This is essentially the difference between German and British schooling. Whereas we specialise in the Sixth Form in preparation for University, German students continue with this wide range of subjects until their matriculation examination (Abitur). For the Abitur, written papers are required for only four of these subjects; German, Mathematics and English are compulsory and for the fourth, one may choose either French or Latin. Two further subjects are examined orally, the interrogation for each lasting from a quarter to a half an hour. One of these two subjects may be chosen by the candidate, but the other is decided by the teacher shortly beforehand. The remaining subjects are then judged on the merit of homework and 'Klassenarbeiten' throughout one's school years.

These 'Klassenarbeiten' are little written tests set at intervals during the school terms, and they are taken extremely seriously by German pupils. These tests can decide whether or not one will be forced to stay down for a year instead of moving to the next 'Stufe'; I have seen really tough-looking girls breaking down and crying when they realise they have a '3' and 'mangelhaft' written under their Klassenarbeit. A '1' is the highest mark awarded. Two 'mangelhafts' in the same subject is serious and one has good cause to cry.

Whereas our specialised education tends to produce a somewhat narrow outlook, the German School System provides a good general education.

I was particularly impressed by the method of teaching modern languages. As in almost every other subject, all the classwork is done orally, and in foreign languages, the entire lesson is carried out in that language, even when discussing literature. One of the main subjects is English and is taught for a period of nine years, from 'Sexta' until 'Oberprima,' so that English is spoken almost as fluently as a native Englishman speaks. My classmates showed greater aptitude in French for speaking the language than I do. They are, of course, fortunate in not having to study set books for written Literatur examinations as we do, and can therefore devote more time to the practical side of the language.

The advantage of everyone taking the same subjects and not having such a wide choice is, of course, that one may discuss any number of topics with the assurance of being understood. This too applies to the modern languages. An impossible feat in my school would be to stage a play in a foreign language; yet this succeeds in Germany. Our parallel class produced a French play by Moliere, and we produced the play we had been studying in English, "Our Town" by Thornton Wilder, with me playing the lead. They were both very well received.

Sport and athletics seemed to be neglected in the Luisenschule II. It is perhaps unfortunate that the school is situated right in the heart of the city, for the school grounds have to be very limited and the school has to be content with a small concrete courtyard. The only game we played was Volleyball, and even with this, matches are confined to the school instead of inspiring friendly competition amongst other schools.

During my stay in Germany, the Luisenschule II held its first ever Sports Day (Sportsfest) and some playing fields in another quarter of the city were borrowed. This festivity contributed towards the celebration of the school's 125th anniversary, and was unanimously regarded as such a success that a similar Sportsfest was to be held in the following years. However, I was not particularly impressed either by the standard or by the careless attitude towards the event, for Sport in my own school is taken very seriously and extremely hard training goes into every event. Moreover, the German school is not divided into houses or teams, so contestants were competing for personal honour in these Sports, instead of contributing towards the honour of their houses. A great deal of real excitement and team spirit is lost because of this. One event I was completely in favour of, though, was a Volleyball match, our form versus the staff.

Generally, the pupil-teacher relationship in the school is quite austere. The pupil is made constantly aware of the fact that the teacher is in complete command of the situation, and never ventures to tease or joke with her superior. The relationship is not formed on an intimate basis, although some of the teachers were extremely amiable. The teacher's job is solely that of teaching and the pupils must sit the whole time behind their desks and books and study. Occasions other than academic for the coming together of the staff and pupils are all too rare.

One of the great occasions of the school term is the 'Wanderstag,' when the class, thrilled at the prospect of no school, eagerly pack their rucksacks and, accompanied by their teacher, go off for the day on an excursion. Our class trekked through forests, went rowing on the river in Essen Werden, and we dangled our feet in the Ruhr—teacher *not* included. This, I think, is a wonderful way of producing a good understanding between pupil and teacher. Whether or not the teacher shares this opinion is another matter.

Perhaps the strictness of the staff is due to the fact that there is no representative self-administration of the pupils in the form of authoritative prefects, only 'Klassensprechern' or class representatives. Therefore the discipline must be enforced more strictly by the staff.

Most people were extremely kind to me and purposely went out of their way to help me and to make my stay a memorable one. The girls in my class were especially friendly and I found it very heartwarming to be invited

into so many homes. I know my visit to Germany has benefitted me not only in the way of improving my German and broadening my outlook and general perception of another people, but also in enabling me to gain the friendship of so many wonderful people. It is certainly an experience I shall never forget.

Nina L. Pearman. Upper VI Arts.

TEENAGERS

The youth of Britain, so they say,
Are getting worse from day to day.
They call us weird and queer and funny
And say we spend far too much money.

Our interests are said to be
Listening to records, viewing T.V.,
Spending time in coffee bars
And rushing around in 'hot-rod' cars.

The boys have 'winkle-picker' toes,
And wear tight jeans and 'sloppy Joes.'
The girls wear dresses—very short;
Stiletto heels by them are bought.

We want to live life to the full;
No single moment will be dull,
And when we're old, we'll never say
That we had one unhappy day.

Brenda Davies. Upper IVB.

TREES IN WINTER

They stand in mystic splendour.
So dark, so tall, so bare,
Their branches reaching upwards
In wintry, frosty air.

Then drop the glistening snow flakes
To cover with shroud of white
The old and ghostly figures,
Outlined against the night.

The wind goes whistling through them,
Making an eerie sound,
And owls crouch in their branches,
Scanning the snowy ground.

Trees are a beauty of nature
In winter and in spring,
And to us piteous humans,
Joy and beauty bring.

Sheila Davies. VX.

SPEED IN THE MODERN AGE

One of the most notable features of the twentieth century seems to be that the longer we live, the faster we live. Present day life has ceased to be leisurely. Indeed, to be slow these days means that one inevitably falls behind in the never ceasing bustle of the modern world. Our lives seem to be governed from cradle to grave by the universal cry for speed and yet more speed.

It seems a far cry to the olden days when time did not seem to matter so much. In those days, there did not seem to be that sense of urgency about doing things. Of course, conditions then were far different from what they are now. Roads hardly existed, vehicles were of the most primitive kind, messages could travel only as fast as the bearers could move, but life still went on and some of our most priceless treasures in Music, Literature and Art have come from those days when people seemed to have time to do more things.

It was natural and necessary that there should be changes and great benefits have come from improvements in methods of travel and communication. Ideas could be interchanged more easily, trade was bound to improve and ease of travelling meant a difference in thinking, as people saw how other people lived. No longer was it left to a few hardy explorers to travel to distant parts, taking laborious months, sometimes years, and suffering terribly as they travelled.

Yet who could have imagined how great would be these increases in speed? The speed of the first motor cars and trains appeared so dangerous that by law, they had to be preceded by men carrying red flags. Writers in almost every country wrote to their newspapers pointing out the dangers to life and limb which were bound to be caused by faster methods of travel. People believed that the human body could not stand up to the strains which were bound to be experienced. One even wrote that—"If ever a speed of eighty miles an hour were reached, the brain of the driver would cease to function." Still, the human race survived, and, in these days of jet travel and the fabulous speeds attained by rockets, it has been proved that man can safely travel faster even than sound.

It is interesting to note that many people of today experience a longing to forget rush and bustle, especially when taking their holidays. They try to escape by travelling as slowly and as leisurely as they can. Millions of hikers walk millions of miles every year and holidays in the country are now more desirable than ever. It would seem that modern people in their leisure moments have revolted against too much speed. They feel they have to slow down. Perhaps they have realised with the poet:—

"A poor life this, if, full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare."

Susan Preece. V.X.

POEM (WITH APOLOGIES TO RUPERT BROOKE)

The foam that tops all wind-whipped waves,
The cold, hard dampness of underground caves,
The sight of a small child's mischievous grin,
The smell of the fish when the boats come in;
Nightingales' songs and the hoot of the owl,
Chicken, turkey and all roast fowl;
The feel of fur when it's close to my face;
Eager hounds when set for the chase;
The warmth of a hand that's just been ungloved:—
As with Rupert Brooke, "All these I have loved."

Lynne Shore. V.X.

THE EARL OF ESSEX, written by Lamphey Palace ruins.

Once more I stand beside these ancient walls
And see the unhurried life of history—
Unhurried in the green, sequestered place
Where life continued in a silent way
Whilst outside this small haven, the unruly Gael
Made war against the invading Norman. Here
The Bishops rested in baronial style,
Playing the Norman Squire, and later still,
Here dwelt that famous Earl of Essex,
That youth who early rose to fame—and death.
Often, as pensive in the woods I sit
And watch the river make its careless way,
Unruffled by the pace of modern life,
Bubbling and laughing, or in silent grace
Meandering amongst the ageless pines,
I think of him.
I think how he too roamed these lovely glades;
Once dreamed of honour by this sylvan brook—
How here his restless soul fought to find peace.
He also dwelt alone here in the dusk.
Perhaps he, gazing to the West,
Dreamed of that island of the other Gaels—
Dreamed of a conquest—dreamed of travelling there—
Of setting forth in glory—but ne'er dreamed
Of coming home at last to shame and death.
Perhaps, like mine, his heart would also turn
To Richmond, who roamed through these lovely fields,
Who found his fame with others from my land.
Perhaps, like me, he leaned over the pool
And saw reflected there that Tudor Earl.
Then thought he of that Queen who ruled alone.
Perhaps he also dreamed of greatness, dreamed
Of ruling England hand in hand with her.
Such struggling souls must try and try again
Until, worn out by useless toil and trial,
They meet their end—an unremembered grave.

Carol Woodward. Lower VI Arts.

BRITISH RAILWAYS

High, murky smoke-encrusted roofs,
Networks of gleaming rails below,
Long engines gasping fleecy smoke,
Dark piles of luggage in a row.

Green-brown or brown and rusty hue,
Grime-bedaubed doors and pallid brass,
Pictures remote and monochrome
Of Highland cattle, deep in grass.

Far signals fall and whistles shriek,
Doors slam with sudden noisy smack,
And with a thunderous, tortured lurch,
The wheels bite on the glittering track.

Roger Powell. Upper IVA.

JUMBLE SALES

Every so often, the British housewife decides that her house is cluttered up with odds and ends, and so she gets rid of them. That's why there are such things as Jumble Sales:— to take advantage of this instinct of the housewife by enabling her to sell her unwanted objects to someone to whom they will be equally useless. Thus eventually they return to the creaking trestle table once more. This means that there will always be Jumble Sales, which is good, for to the females of our country, Jumble Sales rank second only to Bingo as a major source of entertainment.

The organisations are varied: Red Cross, Women's Institute, Mothers' Union and anything in need of money. The organisers are most usually fussy women who, amidst a mass of "So Mrs. Jones said to me's" and "I propose" decide on Tuesday to hold a Jumble Sale on Wednesday at seven o'clock. Posters appear all over town and by six-thirty on Wednesday evening, the sale room is packed with junk. It is better not to probe too deeply into the methods they use for acquiring so quickly objects for sale, if you want to keep your belief that witchcraft is no longer practised. There is a certain amount of 'stock' junk that will never be sold and is passed on from sale to sale in the hope that someone will buy it some day. This accounts for quite a lot of the jumble.

The sale itself is revealing. Any real bargains are spotted by the expert eyes of the organisers, bought about half an hour before the sale begins, and carefully hidden from the unruly crowd soon to be unleashed. Meanwhile, the crowd is gathered outside the doors, violently contesting for vital positions in the queue. They become so restless that they are let in about ten minutes before the start, with large baskets and other receptacles grasped firmly in one hand and threepence entrance fee in the other. Then the race is on.

They cross the floor to the jumble in a haste not usually associated with the fair sex. The stall attendants, veterans though they be, are always slightly scared when they see this rushing wall of wide-eyed bargain hunters. They back away slightly and have a quick swig from their cups of tea. After taking this strange elixir, they flex their muscles, plant their feet apart and are prepared to face anything. The motley crowd have lost all semblance to gentle females. They drag out ragged blouses and coats from a pile of rags, and tread on each other's feet. Their sense of value gone, they buy monstrous vases and china what-nots for which they have no use at all. Whatever they buy, they persuade themselves that they have obtained a bargain and this gives them a satisfied feeling akin to that of a gin or two. The most satisfied person is, of course, the little old lady who bought the vicar's wife's new woollen cardigan for threepence after she had taken it off because of the warmth and laid it on the jumble table. Under the influence, they lash out and buy tickets for any raffle that is going and subscribe freely to whatever flag day it happens to be.

They go home and face a withering storm of abuse from irate husbands for bringing home more junk and refuse. But they must have their Jumble Sale—it is their equivalent of a night out with the boys. So be patient and understanding, men. It may be the Golf Club meeting tomorrow evening—you know,—“Hitting those silly little balls into rabbit burrows all over the place.”

Richard James. VX.

FOUR POEMS

Stark; that was the word—no other;
The tree stump stood stark in the centre,
Grey, and gnarled and broken with age,
And the river flowed past it—in different shade
Of the same colour; blue or green—and behind
That the usual green of trees and hills and leas.
But I remember distinctly that tree.
It hangs on my memory like a conscience.
Without it the picture would have been a usual landscape,
But with it the picture is alive—it dominates,
It is the picture, it is the idea, the meaning, the sense
Behind everything. It is life and death.
And yet to me, filled with longing, despair, and sweet memories,
It is the dying note of a decade.

THE DAY IS ENDING

The day is ending—
But not, as they say, in suddenness
With a flaming sun.
It slides away,
Softly, quietly, almost unnoticed
By anyone.

PINE NEEDLES

The sun is red
And flames on the dark pine needles
Of Autumn.
Dark green, mystic,
The colour of sun and shadow in one,
Thin and long.

WHAT ELSE?

The three doves whispered and cooed.
I listened
Hearing their thoughts
In the changing sounds of their moods.

What could they talk of but the morn
And the evening?
The mist and the dew
Enveloping the morn?

What else but the eaves and the trees
And the light,
And the sound
Of water on thick leaves?

Mary-Rose Woodward. Upper VI Arts.

THE SCIENCE SOCIETY

The Science Society has been very active during the Autumn Term. Six meetings have been held and there is one more to come.

Sept. 24th. Return visit of Mr. D. Geldert, M.Sc., A.M.I.Chem.E. of Bradford Institute of Technology who explained "Careers in Chemical Engineering." His talk was illustrated with colour-slides.

Oct. 8th. Malcolm Phillips gave a talk on "Radioactivity"; he demonstrated with a "geiger tube" and a film on radioactivity.

Oct. 22nd. A film-session. Three films (in glorious techni-colour!):— "The Ruthless One" (devastation of crops by locusts and the international battle to destroy the pest); "Schlieren" (photography of pressure waves mainly in speed flight); "High Speed Flight" (problems of 'plane design and especially the impact of high speed on design).

Nov. 5th. A lecture by David Fraser on "City Lights," which was well demonstrated with electrical discharge through tubes containing various gases. A colour film was shown to compare filament lamps, arc lamps and fluorescent lighting.

Nov. 19th. A popular lecture by Mr. L. R. Griffin, M.Sc., A.Inst.P. of Swansea University on "Transistors." Unfortunately, a freak snow-storm had descended on Pembroke on that day so that the lecture was not as well attended as it deserved.

Dec. 3rd. Debate:—"The moon is too expensive." For, Pat King, Janice Brady. Against, Michael Edwards, Paul Davies. Chairman, Peter Lewis. After heated argument the motion was overwhelmingly defeated.

Dec. 17th. Meeting "old" pupils from Universities and Colleges.

In conclusion, it must be said that although the meetings have been fairly well attended, the absence of some members of Forms V, VI Arts, and some of even VI Science is unfortunate.

David Fraser
Malcolm Phillips
(Secretaries)

SCRIPTURE UNION

Officials: Judith Payne (chairman); Janice Brady (secretary); Patricia Thomas (treasurer); Nina Pearman (publicity secretary); Carol Woodward (Lower VI representative); Sandra Gaccon (Vth form representative); Patsy Anfield (Upper IVth form representative).

We started off the term with several reports on Summer camps attended during the Summer holidays. The talks were admirably given by Patsy Anfield, Helen Butters, Katherine Phillips, and Vicky Waterfield.

We also wish to express our appreciation to Mr. David Shepherd, Mr. and Mrs. Davies, missionaries from the Congo, and Mr. Steven Griffith for their interesting and enjoyable talks during the term.

The remaining weeks were taken up with Bible Studies on alternate weeks, debates and discussions.

The group is gradually expanding in membership with good representation from all forms.

J.B.

THE CHOIR

The term began with yet another recording for the Ministry of Education of madrigals, part-pieces and anthems. It is interesting to note that, while on holiday in Northern Ireland, Mr. Whitehall met an inspector of music who had heard a recording of the choir at Nottingham University. Our fame continues to spread before us.

The first public appearance of the term was a new venture. The choir travelled to Haverfordwest to give a recital in the very old church of St. Mary's.

The following week a concert was given when £25 was raised for the organ fund. The guest artist was Miss Susan Drake, a brilliant young harpist from Newport (Pemb.)

Later in the term a section of the choir enjoyed entertaining the local old folk during 'Old People's Week.'

The annual recital at St. Mary's Church, Pembroke, was again a great success, solos and duets by members of the choir being an added attraction.

Anthems, including the six part, 'Thou art Peter' (Palestrino) and 'The Hallelujah' (Beethoven) have been sung on Friday mornings throughout the term.

We are pleased to record the success of choir member Ruth James, who was chosen to play in the Franco-Welsh orchestra, and flew to Nice where she took part in five concerts. Also worthy of mention is the fact that Paul Davies has been selected to play for the National Youth Orchestra of Wales, and nine other members of the school play regularly for the county youth orchestra.

We would like to take this opportunity of expressing our appreciation of the work Mr. Whitehall has done for music in Pembroke. Into a town almost musically dead he has injected his zeal and enthusiasm and revived a new interest in the pleasures of music.

At the time of going to press we have just learned that sufficient money has been obtained to justify the ordering of an organ to be installed in the school. We hasten to add that a considerable sum of money is still needed, and we look forward to the support of both the members of the school and the general public.

REPORT OF THE INTERNATIONAL CLUB. CHRISTMAS TERM, 1962

During the second week of the term the officers and the committee of the club were elected in a meeting of past and future members. The following were elected as officers:—

Chairman, Philip Lain; vice-chairman, Malcolm Phillips; secretary, Colin Good; treasurer, Maribelle Thomas; Pen-Pal secretary, Priscilla Tee; catering secretary, Nina Pearman; service secretary, Michael Edwards.

The following Committee members were elected:— Patsy Anfield, Mary Crotty, Suzanne Evans, Gwyneth Griffiths, Janet Harries, Ann Jones, Susan Mabe, Julie Rogers, Kay Scourfield, Margaret Skone, Sandra Staunton, Pat Thomas, Joy Williams, John Brown, Michael Edwards, Graham Evans, Donald Gough, David Hay, Roger Horgan, Roger MacCallum, Hugh Owen, Paul Reynolds, John Skone, David Thomas, Meredudd Thomas.

The first meeting of the Club was held on September 21st, when Christopher Taylor of St. Davids, who is at present a student at Bangor University, spoke on 'A Sixth Former in the Jungles of Sarawak.' He described in this talk, with the aid of colour slides, his experiences under the Voluntary Service Overseas organisation.

On October 5th a 'Holiday Night' was held. The following spoke:— Pat Thomas, on France; Ruth James, on the Franco-Welsh Orchestra; Judith Payne, on Denmark; Peter Lewis, on touring France by bicycle; Nina Pearman,

on her 'exchange visit' to Germany; Suzanne Evans, Valerie Lomas, Stuart White, Howard Barton, on their visit to Germany.

The evening was closed by Mr. Cooper, who showed some colour slides of East Anglia.

On October 17th, 'Old Tyme Movies' were shown, the main film being the very exciting 'Return of Draw Egan' starring William S. Hart, the first of the screen cowboy heroes.

From November 12th to November 16th the 'War on Want' week was held.

The week was begun in Assembly on Monday morning, when the Chairman introduced the week and told the school what the Club was trying to do during the week. During the week, lunchtime film-shows were given, and after school speeches were given by:— John Brown, on Education; Pauline Bowen, on Nutrition; Malcolm Phillips, on World Health; Michael Jones, on World Population; on the Wednesday of the week.

The final meeting of the week was held at 6 p.m. on the Friday. Two films were shown and a final talk given by the Chairman.

During the week posters describing the problems of hunger in the world were shown, and a display of the contents of meals from different parts of the world shown. The club would like to thank most warmly the members of the school who gave up their time to make the posters and set up the display.

The collections made amounted to £32. This amount will be sent to help villages in India, together with other amounts which will be collected before Christmas.

On November 23rd an evening of 'Life Saving' was held. Two films on the methods of life-saving used in Australia were shown and a talk given by Mr. Allen of the Coronation School. This was followed by a demonstration of the technique of life-saving used by Mr. Allen's Life Saving Team.

This was followed by a 'Learners Dance' at which Mr. Danny Handley gave instructions to the club on dancing. It was a most successful evening.

Before the end of term the club is looking forward to George Dickman talking about his trip to Lapland with the British Schools Exploration Society; and to two nights of Christmas carolling.

The last meeting of 1962 will be the annual Christmas Party, which, it is hoped, will be as successful as ever.

The International Club this year has the largest membership ever with over 120 members. This is the largest Society in the school, and the Committee would like to express its appreciation of the active and faithful attendance of all members.

P. LAIN
(Chairman)

URDD GOBATH CYMRU

Officials: Chairman, Janice Brady; vice-chairman, Malcolm Phillips; treasurer, Hefina Bowen; secretary, Maureen Thomas.

The school branch of Urdd was formed at the beginning of the term by Miss E. Lloyd-Jones. So far we have held three meetings. Two of these have been occupied by folk dancing, and the third took the form of a quiz, with a team of boys competing against a team of girls. After a very close contest, the boys won by two points. There is a membership of over 80, and it is hoped that a social will be held at the end of term.

M.T.

A SHORT STORY

Linda Bailey drummed her fingers on the reception desk of the Saville Hotel. Suddenly her attention was caught by the entrance of a tall foreign-looking woman. Dressed completely in black, the person advanced to the desk and asked nervously for the key to Mrs. Potvonovitch's room. While the new guest was signing the register, Linda noticed the beautiful pearls around the stranger's neck. After tipping Linda handsomely, the newcomer hurried off to her room, leaving the young receptionist wondering why the ambassador's wife (as Mrs. Potvonovitch had explained that her husband was ambassador for Sylvanberg) was not staying at that embassy. Also she had spoken in a most unusual accent. However, before Linda had had much time to think two Americans were clamouring for her attention.

After the two Americans had undergone the formalities and had, too, disappeared upstairs, Linda had little time to think at all. For the rest of that afternoon the hotel manager kept her busy with the accounts. Meantime Mrs. Potvonovitch, now changed into a cherry-red suit, had left "to meet an old friend."

Over her evening meal, Linda puzzled hard about the strange woman. From the start Linda had been slightly suspicious and now the full impact of the strangeness came upon her. If the woman was the Sylvanberg ambassador's wife as she said, why wasn't she staying at the embassy with her husband? The next week in London a conference for world-leaders was being held.

On a spurt of impulse, Linda rushed to the telephone straight after dinner. She asked the operator for the number of the Sylvanberg embassy and while she was waiting it occurred to her that she really ought not to meddle in other people's affairs. However, it was too late as a voice at the other end of the line was saying,

"Hullo, Hullo. Who is speaking? Who is there please?"

Taking a deep breath Linda answered, "Please could you tell me if the Sylvanberg ambassador is in London yet?"

"Well, madam," came the reply, "although it may not be my duty to say, he is not arriving until the end of this week."

"And his wife?" asked Linda eagerly.

"Herr Potvonovitch is not bringing his wife with him," the voice replied, "as she died two months ago."

Linda gasped and the receiver crackled as the telephone was put down at the other end. "So," thought the young receptionist later that evening as she lay in bed, "our Mrs. Potvonovitch is a fake."

The next morning Linda Bailey was awake early. She switched on her bedside wireless set hoping for a programme of early morning music. Instead a news bulletin was being issued.

"Last night the Sylvanberg embassy offices were broken into and valuable papers concerning the welfare of the state were stolen. A passerby saw two men leave the building by a side entrance and go to meet a tall, dark-haired woman, who was wearing a cherry-red coat. The police would like this woman to come forward as she may be able to assist them in their inquiries. The weather forecast for today is . . ." Here Linda switched off the wireless, jumped out of bed and quickly pulled on some clothes. Her brain was reeling. So the strange woman who had puzzled her so much before was posing as the ambassador's wife to help steal valuable papers. She rushed downstairs to the reception desk where she asked if the manager was about.

"He is still asleep," replied Pam, the other receptionist at the Saville Hotel. Thinking rapidly, Linda suddenly said: "Do me a favour, Pam. Ring up his room, and tell him I'm on the way up with some very important business."

Flabbergasted, Pam reluctantly agreed as the other girl ran up the staircase.

By the time Linda had reached the manager's fifth floor suite of rooms,

he was already up, although not yet dressed. "Now what's all this about?" he grumbled as he opened the door to her. Quickly Linda outlined the story to him and he agreed they ought to ring the police. Linda spent an anxious five minutes whilst the manager dressed in the next room. As their lift whirred to a halt at the ground floor, a figure appeared from a doorway opposite. Linda immediately recognised the woman as Mrs. Potvonovitch and impetuously she ran forward. A moment later she saw that the woman had all her luggage with her, and yet she had booked for five days. "More proof!" thought Linda gloatingly. "Please don't go, Mrs. Potvonovitch."

Then, from behind Mrs. Potvonovitch appeared the two hefty Americans, also with suitcases. One of them pushed Linda aside, saying, "Out of my way, girl. We have a plane to catch."

Meanwhile the manager had telephoned the police and he now stepped forward.

"I'm very sorry you were going," he said politely, addressing himself to the tall American, "but I'd like all of you to come to my office for a few minutes."

The Americans tried to make for the door, but with the aid of the hall porter and another servant the manager succeeded in shepherding the party into his office. By this time the police had arrived.

"Why, if it isn't old Edie Potter and her male friends again!" exclaimed the detective. "It's been a long time since we've been able to charge you with anything!"

Soon the three criminals had confessed all, and Linda learnt that the deeds of certain land in Sylvanberg held the claims to a valuable coal mine, of which Edie Potter had hoped to become the owner. A week later Linda was most pleased to receive an official thanks from the police and Mr. Potvonovitch, the lawful head of state in Sylvanberg.

Susan Stevens, VX.

Y.F.C. REPORT, CHRISTMAS TERM

President: Mr. T. C. Roberts.

Club Leaders: Miss M. James, Mr. B. J. Davies, Mr. W. H. Mackenzie.

The annual general meeting was held at the beginning of the term to elect new officials and committee members for the forthcoming year.

These were:— Chairman, Alan Prichard; vice-chairman, Susan Stephens; secretary, Graham Evans; press secretary, Anne John; treasurer, Philip Lloyd.

Committee members:— Joan Kenniford, Guy Thomas, Michael Woodford, Brian Coe, Keith Berry and Richard Payne.

Rosemary Wrench represented Pembrokeshire in floral decoration at the Royal Dairy Show at Olympia this year.

Guy Thomas represented Pembrokeshire at Smithfield this year in the sheep judging competition.

In the first round of the knock-out quiz we beat Llawhaden, but we were unfortunately beaten in the second round by Eglwysrwrw.

We won the Brownslade Public Speaking trophy for the second year running, with a clear win in the under 25's and under 16's competition.

The teams were:— Under 25's: Peter Lewis, Rosemary Wrench, Anne Johns; Under 21's: Michael Jones, Graham Evans, Philip Lloyd; Under 16's: Susan Stephens and Malcolm Lewis.

During this term we had a visit from Captain Johnson, the berthing captain at Popton. He gave us an interesting talk and showed us several films.

We also had a debate on the motion: "that we should enter the Common Market."

We are all very sorry to lose our chairman, Alan Prichard, who is leaving school at the end of this term, but we are sure that his place will be amply filled by his deputy, Susan Stephens.

Graham Evans.

MALTA

A few years ago, my mother, sister and I flew to Malta to join my father who was soldiering there. The time of year was January and it was strange to see the people wearing light weight clothing. As we left England in extremely cold conditions, it was pleasant to arrive in warm, sunny weather.

The Maltese were very friendly and cheerful, and we were very surprised to see the little Maltese children playing in the streets late at night. In summer the sea is very warm, and even the youngest children were seen swimming in the bays. Most swimming was done in deep water and the children appeared to be quite fearless, but, unlike them, I was nervous of the deep sea, and it was not until the last few months of our stay that I was brave enough to swim without a rubber ring.

Most of the buildings were sand coloured, which looked rather dreary. There were some magnificent churches and buildings of historical interest. In Valletta, the capital of the island, the streets are very narrow and some of them are so steep that steps have been made to enable people to walk up and down them. When we were there, the Fleet used to come in to Grand Harbour, which was a wonderful sight.

The Maltese had many Feast Days when all shops would be closed and all work stopped. Thousands of Maltese would throng the streets, praying and following priests to the churches. This happened especially at Easter time when a huge cross would be carried through the towns and villages.

There were no hedges as in England, but just stone walls, and during the summer months the grass and greenery were scorched. There were enormous cacti, and orange and lemon trees and even banana palms grew in many gardens. In the Spring time, there were many wild flowers and old Maltese women used to get up very early in the morning to pick them and would take them round the houses to sell.

When the time came for us to leave, we were all very sorry and would like to return there some time.

Elizabeth Phelps, IIA.

WHEN I GROW UP, I'D LIKE TO BE:—

An air hostess on a big jet plane,
Flying to America, France and Spain,
Or a nurse, so quick and clean and smart
Measuring temperatures and beats of the heart.
Perhaps a teacher, strict and stern
Setting lessons for the class to learn.

Or a lady P.C. out on the beat,
Directing traffic in a busy street.
Maybe a postwoman would be better
Delivering parcel, present and letter.
A concert pianist! That would be grand.
Or would I rather a big brass band?

A bus conductress collecting fares
Shouting 'Terminus' and 'Mind the stairs'.
A typist might be just my style
Taking a letter and keeping a file.
Or a ballet star, so sweet and light—
I went to see 'Swan Lake' last night.

There are many jobs which suit my taste,
To choose one really seems a waste.
There is no hurry for a time anyway.
It's only my seventh birthday today.

Margaret Morgan, IIIB.

BLYTHBURGH PARISH CHURCH

Blythburgh Parish Church was built in the fifteenth century. It is a beautiful Suffolk church made of flint, with a tower at the west end. The church can be seen for miles, because it is on high ground overlooking a marshy river valley.

When you enter, you find yourself in a chapel north of the chancel. There is a screen a few yards to the right, and through it is the nave. This is very large, light and roomy, as the pews do not take up as much room as in most churches. As soon as you enter, you see a wonderful oak hammerbeam roof, with the original paint still showing up brightly. There are beautifully painted, carved angels, springing out from either side of the main beams.

The bench-ends of the pews have carved figures on them. Amongst other things, some of the carvings represent the seven deadly sins. Gluttony is shown with a stomach which is far too fat to contain just an ordinary meal, and sloth is sitting up in bed with the blankets pulled up all around him. Slander is represented by her tongue out and with a slit in it, because the old punishment for slander was slitting the tongue. There is an old children's rhyme which reminds us of this:—

"Tell tale tit; your tongue shall be slit."

This church was used by Cromwell's soldiers to stable horses. There are the remains of an iron staple for tying horses on one of the columns, and the floor bricks are cracked by the horses' hooves. Cromwell's lieutenant, Dowsing, did a tremendous amount of damage in Suffolk, and in this church he shot at the angels carved on the roof, but as the roof is so high the only damage was to one of the angels' wings, which was knocked off, although a quantity of shot was later found in the roof. All the stained glass was hit out, but a little has been replaced because some was found in the churchyard. The lack of stained glass accounts for the great amount of light in the church.

In 1577 there was a great tempest. Lightning flashed through the church and broke part of the font and twenty people were thrown over, two of whom were killed. The spire fell through the west end of the church, and did more to damage the font. There is only a tower now because of this disaster. All of the bells in the tower fell down on this occasion, and were not replaced until 1946. There is a legend that the Devil was in that storm and had burned the north west door with his fingers. In 1933, when all the whitewash was stripped off the door, the Devil's fingerprints were shown to be there.

In the seventeenth century the choir was used as a school for the Dutch and Swedish children, whose fathers were at work building dykes to stop the river flooding and silting. There are the old inkwells carved into the choir stalls. One of the boys carved his name on a stall; Dirk Lowensen van Stockholm.

Blythburgh is a very fine church, in a county famous for its churches.

David Cooper. IIA.

THE LAST ROSE

I peeped out of my window
One winter's morn so gray,
And then I spied a little rose
Alone, so pink and gay.

The frost upon her petals shone
Like diamonds pure and rare;
The winter's cold she bravely bore,
That lovely rose so fair.

Anne Willoughby, IIC.

A MALAY WEDDING

One day, while we were living in Singapore, my father came home from the office with an invitation to a Malay wedding. We were naturally excited as we had never been to this kind of wedding before.

When the day came, we had to get up early as we had to travel to the other side of Singapore. We arrived in good time as was expected there, and the guests were then invited to inspect the bridal chamber, which was a special room lavishly decorated. There was a huge canopy built over the bed, which was beautifully decorated with silk and satin draperies and exquisitely draped with fairy lights, which made it look like a Christmas tree. The covers on the bed were richly hand-embroidered and works of art, and the whole room was a bower of flowers, real as well as imitation.

We were then conducted to the room where the ceremony was to be performed in the presence of the bride's and groom's families only. Of course, they have no bridesmaids, best man and ushers, and the ceremony is not conducted in church. In this room were two thrones where the bride and groom sat during the ceremony. This room was once more beautifully decorated.

Then we went outside to await the arrival of the bride and groom. The bride arrived first, wearing a lace bridal gown. Western as opposed to Eastern bridal gowns are now becoming very popular. She was then taken to the throne room.

No sooner was she in the room than the bridegroom arrived in a procession, at the head of which was carried a life size model of a cockerel, which was a good luck symbol. As the groom approached the throne room, several young men tried to prevent him from entering; this was in fun, but the groom had to give them some money before he could claim his bride.

About half an hour later the newly-weds came out of the room and were conducted to two seats in front of all of the guests. Several young men then began to dance about, making faces and funny remarks in an effort to make them laugh. If they did, there would be bad luck for them for the rest of their lives. This was a Malayan superstition. They managed to keep straight faces, however.

We were then served with the wedding breakfast, which was Indian curry, and after the meal there was a display of dancing, which was accompanied by a band. Then, the now smiling couple left by car for their honeymoon, and the celebrations ended.

Margaret Skone. Upper IVB.

THE ARAB HORSE

Fine is her head with a small and tapering muzzle.
Shell-like are her ears sharply pricked together.
Her forelegs are twin lances, the sound of her galloping
Hooves are that of thunder.
Her neck curves as a palm branch, her mane
Like its fronds waving in the breeze of her speed.
Her tail carried high yet full, proud and long.
For its dark grey hairs sweep the ground.

Grey is her colour with a darker mane and tail.
Her eye is a prophet, her muzzle sensitive and smooth.
Her shoulders like beaches sloping to the sea of
her body;
Her muscles like water caressed by a breeze.
She is the sun of her race.

She is the Arab.

Katherine Campbell. IVC.

THE SCHOOL PLAY

Virgil's intentions in singing of Arms and the Man were very different from Shaw's. The characters of Bernard Shaw's play are a far remove from the demi-gods of heroic proportions of 'The Aeneid.' The romantic hero, beloved by comic opera, proves to have been rather a blind fool; certainly he would have been a dead one had the right ammunition for the guns been received by the infantry he so foolishly charges. Indeed, the spirit of Shaw's play is that of Strauss's operetta, 'The Chocolate Soldier.' However, there is a steely thread of irony at the expense of war running through the play, and it is this that gives the play its interest for military heroics ceased to be allied to chivalry when gunpowder was first used on the battlefield, and certainly lose significance in a nuclear age.

The contrast of character between the dashing hero, Sergius, played by Roger Horgan, and the phlegmatic Swiss mercenary cum hotelier, Captain Bluntschli, played by Peter Lewis, was excellently portrayed. Roger Horgan, an actor of much poise and experience in School plays, gave the part the panache and contrasting bewilderment as he puzzles over his real nature, that the part required. Bluntschli is a difficult part to play. Lacking the flamboyance of Sergius, the actor has to play the part in a more subdued key, and yet give the impression of great strength of character hidden beneath a practical, matter of fact exterior. Peter Lewis succeeded in persuading us of this.

As the men are foils the one to the other, so are the two girls. Raina discovers her real nature because Bluntschli refuses to be taken in by her romantic idealism, and he realises that she is basically a sensible girl who would, in fact, make a sound wife to a Swiss hotelier. Janice Brady played this part with great intelligence and an excellent sense of timing. One remembers the way she delivered her lines when Bluntschli has pricked the bubble of her self-esteem, and, after an effective pause, she says "How did you find me out?"

Louka, the pert maid, with her eye to the main chance, was effectively played by Hefina Bowen. She has the intelligence to see through Raina's romanticism, and with her peasant common sense, realises that the unheroic Swiss is the man for her mistress.

Raina's mother and father, Catherine and Major Petkoff, were well portrayed by Judith Payne and Michael Jones. These are almost stock characters of farce, the domineering wife who has a say in everything, including military tactics, and the slightly absent-minded and ineffectual husband who defers to her on most points, and were extremely well played.

Richard James, who played the part of Nicola, and Colin Good as the Bulgarian Officer, helped to make this a highly successful performance.

Mr. Shaw, who produced the play, Mr. Cooper, who designed the scenery, and all those who assisted with the lighting and the very many behind-the-scene jobs that are needed for an effective production, deserve the highest praise.

To add to the dramatic pleasures of the term the Welsh Children's Theatre Company visited the school, and gave us a performance of "Out of the Frying Pan" by C. E. Webber. This play was specially written for the first Christmas production in 1958 at the Belgrade Theatre, Coventry. It is a mixture of fantasy and realism, the scene moving from a Soho-like espresso bar to the East of A Thousand and one Nights. The play was much appreciated by the whole school.

Two evening performances were given by a company sponsored by the Arts Council. They performed Alun Owen's "The Rough and Ready Lot," and on the second night Moliere's "The Miser." It was gratifying to know that a number of pupils of the school attended and obviously appreciated the polished performances given.

PEMBROKE GRAMMAR SCHOOL OLD PUPILS' ORGAN APPEAL FUND

LIST OF DONATIONS

- £450 Penvro Old Pupils' Association.
 £144/19/8 Proceeds of Garden Fete.
 £100 School Tuckshop A/c.
 £25 Proceeds of School Concert.
 £20 J. A. Meyrick Owen.
 £11/11/0 Mrs. M. Devereux—proceeds of Whist Drive.
 £10/10/0 Mr. and Mrs. R. A. E. Mathias, Mr. D. M. Elis-Williams, Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Roberts, Davies Steel Specialities Ltd., Pembroke Round Table.
 £10 W. Victor Griffiths, B.P. Refinery Ltd.
 £9/10/0 Staff Wives' Coffee Morning.
 £5/5/0 E. C. Roberts, Miss Emily G. Brooks, T. G. Roblin, Cmdr. W. J. A. Davies, W. H. Whitehall, Miss Morwyth Rees, Mr. and Mrs. J. Gibby, Messrs. H. G. and G. Walters.
 £5 W. H. R. Reynolds, Edward Gibby, Miss H. Hughes, Joyce Simlett, Mr. S. Gough, Miss Lewis-Davies, Lt. Col. A. H. Bull, Miss E. C. Bevan.
 £4/4/0 Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Jones and family.
 £3/3/0 Mrs. A. M. Cossons, R. G. Mathias and family, Mr. and Mrs. Rex Lewis, Miss Joan R. Tucker, Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Anfield, Miss Julian Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Islwyn Griffiths, Anonymous, Mrs. B. G. Howells, K. L. Humber, Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Shaw, Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Griffiths.
 £3/0/0 Miss L. Morris, Mr. Colin W. Palfrey.
 £2/10/0 Anonymous
 £2/2/0 Mrs. L. A. Hay, Mrs. Ivy Devote, Rev. Oscar George, Mrs. V. M. Jepson, S. E. Davies, E. A. D. Stephens, Mrs. F. J. M. Vaux, G. J. West, Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Morgan, H. E. Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. G. Campodonic, J. E. Colley, St. Mary's Church, Pembroke, Mr. C. W. Parry, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Williams, Mr. K. A. Davies, Miss C. M. Lewis, Dr. Eric Manning, Mr. John Mendus, F. Cooper, Misses Valene and Elizabeth James, D. A. H. Weale.
 £1/10/0 Mrs. Scourfield.
 £1/6/6 Mr. E. Williams.
 £1/1/0 H. E. J. Goodridge, Mrs. Ida M. David, W. G. C. Price, H. T. Griffiths, E. G. Davies, Mr. and Mrs. D. Macken, Mrs. Mary Thomas, S/Ldr. D. I. Thomas, Mrs. Z. Drysdale, Mrs. M. H. Johnstone, Mrs. V. M. Evans, J. A. Lewis, Mrs. Marjorie O. Thompson, L. M. E. Skone, John Bartlett, Mrs. W. M. Silcox, A. G. Athoe, Mrs. C. A. Lawrence, Miss Rona Rouse, Miss Kathleen Rouse.
 £1/1/0 Arnold Rouse, A. C. Colley, Seymour Edwards, G. M. Griffiths, Percy Rees, Mrs. T. Smith, Mr. W. J. Gwilliam, Gwyneth Griffiths, A. Phillips and Son, Miss M. James, Mrs. Herbert, Miss Carolyn Pratt, Mrs. Hilda Thomas, 'In Gordon's Memory' (Griffiths, Garage, Monkton), Christine Nash, Miss Hazel Griffiths, Rev. and Mrs. Iorworth Thomas, Miss D. M. Athoe, Mr. Philip Roberts, Ray Thomas, Dr. J. Gordon, Mrs. Gwenda Scourfield, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Rogers, Mr. Sidney Evans.
 £1/0/0 Mrs. R. J. Jones, Miss Maud Button, C. Blencowe, Miss P. Edwards, Miss C. Allen, Mrs. E. Gray, Ken McGarvie, L/Commandr. C. S. Thomas, Derek McGarvie, Karen Michelsen, Miss Amy L. John, C. Davies, Miss Gwendoline I. M. Vaughan, Miss Irene M. S. Sutton, Miss F. M. Harries, Miss B. Henderson and Mrs. L. Williams, Mrs. Marjorie Gunn, Mrs. M. R.

McBean, in memory of Jennifer, Miss Shirley Dundas, Mr. and Mrs. Lain, Jennifer Gwyther, Harry Hunt, Arthur Brady, Janice and Kevin Brady.

£1/0/0 Mrs. Lewes-Daley, W. T. Gibby, Gillian Thomas, Mrs. Sarah Thomas, Woolworth, Miss Ruth James, Tom James, Mr. H. W. E. Lloyd, Brian Angle, W. Mason, R. C. Matthews.

15/0 Office Staff, George Argent & Co., Ltd.

10/6 Miss Queenie Hughes and Mrs. V. Evans, Rev. R. C. Davies, J. I. K. and S. M. Roberts, D. W. Gwyther.

10/0 D. I. Berridge, Mrs. Margaret F. Phillips, Mrs. H. M. Skone, Mrs. L. E. Field, Neville Williams, Mrs. Wendy Weaver, Miss Grace Lloyd, Mr. C. Watkins, Helen Stewart, G. Argent, The Elsdon family, 25 Main Street, J. Jenkins, Mrs. F. Watts, Miss O. Jones, Mrs. Dorothy Waters, Kevin Walling, Mrs. M. Lloyd Williams, Miss Margaret Thomas, Mrs. Kelly, George Jones, Seth Hughes.

7/6 Lt. Col. R. D. Lowless.

5/0 Mrs. Gwynneth M. Wilson, James O'Leary, Mrs. Bondon, Susan Scourfield, Mrs. D. I. Griffiths, L. J. Mathias, Paul Crotty, J. F. Williams, Sandra Stevens.

5/0 Helen Butters, Mrs. Maisie Smith, David Williams, H. V. James, Wendy Smith, G. Headley.

4/0 Jo Morris.

2/6 W. Edwards for Mrs. Adams, G. J. Fuller, M. Dodd, E. L. Nutting, Major J. Roch, D. N. White, John Jenkins, Mrs. Thomas (Northdown), Rev. D. H. McIntyre, Mrs. B. J. Jones, F. Freeman, Adele Berntzen, Mrs. Maisie Cook, Judith Williams.

WHAT THEY WROTE . . . 1962 AND ALL THAT

Edward the Confessor did not marry and had no children. Fifty years later he still had no children.

Machiavelli had Borgia's idea—if you can't beat 'em, poison 'em.

Monasteries should be retained because it is nice to think that some people believe in God.

When Wolsey was nearly over, Thomas Cromwell came into Henry's life.

Pembroke Dock is an important town because it has a rubbish dump after which a famous battle is named.

Charles belonged to the Hapsburg family, that is, he had a proceeding forehead and rejecting jaws.

HOCKEY

Captain: Margaret John; Vice: Jennifer Mills; Secretary: Hilary Jones

Date	Opponents	Lost/ Won	Score	Home/ Away
15th September	Taskers H.S.	Won	5-2	Home
22nd September	Tenby	Lost	2-4	Home
29th September	Narberth	Won	4-1	Away
6th October	Milford G.S.	Lost	2-4	Home
13th October	Milford Sec. Modern	Won	2-1	Away
	Milford Grammar			
20th October	County Trials	Won	1-0	Home
27th October	Crymmych	Won	7-1	Home
10th November	Fishguard	Lost	0-1	Home
25th November	Coronation S.M.	Won	7-1	Away
3rd December	Haverfordwest S.M.	Drew	2-2	Home

32 17
For Against

2nd XI

22nd September	Tenby	Won	2-1	Home
29th September	Narberth	Won	8-0	Away
6th October	Milford G.S.	Won	4-0	Home
13th October	Milford Sec. Modern	Won	3-1	Away
10th November	Fishguard	Lost	1-2	Home
25th November	Coronation	Won	5-0	Away

3rd XI

10th November	Fishguard	Won	1-0	Home
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24 4
For Against

NETBALL

1st VII

22nd September	Tenby	Won	34-4	Home
25th November	Gwendraeth	Lost	28-39	Home
3rd December	Haverfordwest S. Mod.	Won	20-9	Home
24th September	Coronation	Won	16-4	Away
25th November	Coronation	Won	6-5	Away
7th November	Coronation	Won	7-5	Home

111 66
For Against

1st XV RUGBY OFFICIALS. 1962-63

Captain: Gary Briggs

Vice-Captain: William Kavanagh

Secretary: John Skone

Committee: John Nash and Barry Stubbs

Boys who have played regularly so far this season:— G. A. Briggs, W. B. Kavanagh, J. C. Skone, J. E. Nash, B. Stubbs, R. Rees, C. Good, G. Jones, M. Rickard, P. Richards, R. Baker, H. Owen, G. Thomas, G. Evans, P. Lain, B. Morgan, R. McCallum, J. Mathias, A. Beard.

G. Briggs, W. Kavanagh and B. Stubbs have been chosen to represent the Pembrokeshire Schools.

G. Briggs and B. Stubbs were chosen for 1st Welsh Trial—G. Briggs being selected for further trials.

Notes:—

Although nine boys of last year's 1st XV are available, the playing record is rather disappointing. This is no doubt due to the large number of injuries suffered by some of the stalwarts.

We are once again grateful to the Pembroke Dock Quins and the R.A.F. Pembroke Dock, without whose generosity in lending their fields, School football would not be able to continue.

Record so far:—

played	won	lost	draw	pts. for	pts. against
13	5	6	2	116	54

RESULTS TO DATE

Date	School	Played	Result	Score
September 8th	Pembroke Dock Quins 'A'	Away	Won	11-3
September 15th	Milford G.S.	Away	Won	15-0
September 22nd	Tenby G.S.	Away	Lost	3-13
September 26th	Manorbier Camp	Away	Lost	0-3
October 6th	Pembroke 'A'	Away	Drew	3-3
October 13th	Ardwyn G.S.	Away	Lost	3-15
October 20th	Llanelly G.S.	Home	Lost	0-3
October 27th	Quins 'A'	Home	Won	6-0
November 3rd	Whitland G.S.	Home	Won	6-0
November 17th	Carmarthen G.S.	Away	Drew	0-0
November 24th	Gwrendraeth G.S.	Home	Lost	5-11
December 1st	Haverfordwest G.S.	Home	Lost	0-3

J.C.S. (Sec.)

OLD PUPILS' ASSOCIATION

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

Vice-Presidents: Miss A. M. K. Sinnett, J.P., H. Rees, Esq., M.A.,
E. G. Davies, Esq., B.A.

Secretary: D. F. Hordley.

Magazine Editor: A. W. W. Devereux.

We are pleased to be able to announce that at a meeting of the Memorial Organ Appeal Committee in December, it was unanimously agreed to place an order for the organ with Messrs. Miller, of Norwich. It is hoped that the organ will be installed in the School Hall within the next few months. It must be emphasized that this decision does not mean that the target has been reached—the Appeal Fund now totals about £1200—but the committee hopes that many who have not yet subscribed will be encouraged to do so by the news that this splendid addition to the School will shortly become a reality, and that the sum outstanding—approximately £1000—can be raised if all friends of the School make a real effort. There is no doubt that this magnificent instrument will contribute greatly to the already high standard of music in the School, as well as being a lasting memorial to Old Pupils who died in the two World Wars.

New members of Staff are welcomed in the main editorial of this issue, but we feel that a special word of welcome is due to Ricardo Sabido (1939-46), who joins Mary Lewis (1940-47) and Dennis Lloyd (1940-45) to bring the Old Pupils' Staff contingent up to three. We hope that he will find that the School, in its new quarters at Bush, is the same happy community that he knew in his schooldays in Pembroke Dock.

Several Old Pupils have recently enquired about the possibility of obtaining a special tie for the Penvro Association. We should welcome the opinions of other Old Pupils, and if sufficient support for the suggestion is shown, information about possible designs, cost, and the minimum quantity that can be ordered will be obtained.

OLD PUPILS' NOTES

John Carr (1951-59), who left Cardiff University College in June, started work as a bacteriologist in the H. J. Heinz laboratory, Harlesden, London, in September.

Paul Crotty (1952-59) graduated with Second Class Honours in Modern History and Politics at Swansea University in June, and left in July for the Isle of Man, where he started on a R.A.F. officers' training course. In September he was commissioned as a Pilot Officer in the Equipment Branch.

John Dyke (1956-58), whose marriage is reported in this issue, graduated B.Sc. in Mechanical Engineering at Nottingham University in June, and has now started a year's graduate apprenticeship with Bristol Aircraft Ltd.

Jeremy Gordon (1948-56), whose marriage is reported in this issue, has been appointed to the staff of St. George's Hospital, London, where he received his medical training.

David Harries (1944-50), who for some years has been Music Master at Milford Haven Grammar School, has been appointed to a lectureship in music at the University College of Wales, Aberystwyth. David's composition for clarinet was played at the Cheltenham Festival and also at the National Eisteddfod at Llanelly this year.

William Harries (1949-53), who is a local scoutmaster, spent the month of August in the United States as leader of a party of scouts representing Great Britain.

David Horn (1949-56), now in his final year at the Royal College of Art, was one of only three students of sculpture whose work was praised by

the distinguished art critic, John Russell, in his review of the College's 'Towards Art' Exhibition in November.

We congratulate Audrey Humphreys (1930-36) on her appointment in September as Deputy Town Clerk of Pembroke.

Margaret James (1955-61), after a year as a temporary clerk in the office of the Chief Financial Officer of Pembroke Borough, became established in her post in August.

Graham Lovering (1943-48), who took a degree in Civil Engineering at Swansea University in 1953 and has since held several posts in South Wales, has been appointed Senior Engineer on an important barrage scheme at Lahore, Pakistan, and will spend three years there. In 1958 he became an Associate Member of the Institute of Civil Engineers.

Cyril MacCallum (1950-59), whose marriage is reported in this issue, is now on the staff of Mortimer Brinkburn Secondary School, South Shields.

We congratulate Richard Palmer Morgan (1935-39), on his appointment as Deputy Engineer to the new Pembroke County Water Board.

Patricia Olivia (1951-59), is now a research assistant in the O and M Department of the Midland Bank in London, and was selected during the summer to follow a special course on computers at the English Electric Company, Staffordshire.

Diane Reynolds (1955-60), who has been employed by Messrs. Hancock's Shipbuilding Co. since leaving school, has joined the staff of Milford Haven Marine Services.

Terence Richards (1954-61), who is a second-year student at Trinity College, Carmarthen, proved the value of his dramatic training at School when he played the lead in the College production of 'Teahouse of the August Moon' in November. His performance in this, the biggest drama production ever undertaken by the College, was highly praised. Terry hopes to do a year's course at the Rose Bruford College of Speech and Drama when he leaves Trinity.

Terence Roche (1948-52), whose marriage is reported in this issue, is now working as a Planning Engineer with Messrs. Dawson and Mason Ltd., a large Midlands engineering company.

Coyeta Sabido, S.R.N., S.C.M. (1946-53) has been nursing for some years in Hamilton, Ontario, and is now doing similar work in the United States.

Arthur Skone (1943-49), has been headmaster of a primary school in Norfolk since 1959, and left this country in September with his wife Mary (née Delves, 1942-48) and their two children, for Cyprus. He has a three years' teaching appointment with the Middle East Land Forces.

Hylda Thomas (1946-51), who was Headmaster's Secretary for some years, completed her course at Trinity College, Carmarthen, in June and started teaching at Woodchester School, Stroud, in September.

David Thorne (1951-55) was awarded Second Class Honours in Chemistry at the University of London last June and is now holding a Research Scholarship in Agricultural Chemistry at Wye College.

Audrey Warham (née Sabido, 1932-36) returned to this country in 1961 after seven years spent touring Australia and New Zealand with her husband, who is an ornithologist. They made a film during their travels which has already been exhibited in London, and another film of theirs was shown by Peter Scott in the 'Look' programme on B.B.C. Television in December.

Gwyneth Lloyd (1942-46), who has been working at the Admiralty since 1954, has volunteered for a tour of duty with the Hong Kong Government, and sailed for the Colony in December.

We congratulate the following Old Pupils on their engagement:

- 24 March—Robert Ferrier (1952-58) to Daphne Hughes, of Mathry.
- 15 August—John Rouse (1948-54) to Maureen O'Neill, of Haverfordwest.
- 14 September—David Griffiths (1949-53) to Brenda Welby (1954-57).
- 20 September—Marion Welham (1948-54) to Albert Perkins, of Leicester.
- 4 December—Yvonne Mansell (1952-59) to David Jenkins, of Saundersfoot.
- 14 December—Stephen Brown (1950-57) to Marie Josephe Maryse La Hausse de Lalouvière, of Mauritius.

We congratulate the following Old Pupils on their marriage:

- 9 June—Anita E. Dyson (1954-57), to Melvin Hall, of Northern Ireland.
- 14 July—at St. Petrox, Dorothy Mary James (1949-54) to William John Rees, of St. Petrox.
- 21 July—at Highgate, London, Adrienne Thomas (1949-54) to James Taylor, of London.
- 24 July—at St. Florence, Maureen Campodonic (1956-62), to Victor Howells, of St. Florence.
- 11 August—at Pembroke Dock, Pamela Brown (1951-58), to Kenneth J. Dallow, of Hereford.
- 1st September—at Pembroke Dock, George Jones (1950-57) to Jacqueline Godfrey (1952-59).
- 8 September—in Cardiff, Michael Knill (1953-57) to Janet Pritchard, of Cardiff.
- October—at Pembroke, Audrey Higgs (1952-58) to Donald Lewis, of Pembroke.
- October—in London, Jeremy Gordon (1948-56) to Sara Trentino, of Milan.
- October—at Kirkham, Lancs., John Derham (1951-55) to Catherine Patricia Eastham, of Kirkham.
- 6 October—at Lamphey, Margery Paine (1955-58) to Eddie Lewis, of Pembroke.
- 20 October—at South Shields, Cyril MacCallum (1950-59) to Gloria Ramsey, of South Shields.
- 13 October—at Tenby, Joseph A. Griffiths (1946-50) to Rosemary English, of Tenby.
- 20 October—at Pembroke Dock, Marion Trotter (1948-51) to Leslie Cox, of Swansea.
- 13 October—at South Shields, Kenneth MacCallum (1945-51) to Miss E. Gooch, of South Shields.
- 27 October—at Bristol, John Dyke (1956-58) to Ricarda Borese, of Bristol.
- 27 October—at Ashton-under-Lyne, Terence Roche (1948-52) to Rita Mary David, of Ashton.
- 27 October—at Haverfordwest, Terry James (1953-58) to Wendy Ford, of Haverfordwest.
- 7 November—at Carmarthen, John R. Jones (1950-57) to Carol Evans, of Carmarthen.
- 1st December—at Cheltenham, Diane Ferris (1953-59) to Nigel Jefferey, of Stevenage.
- December—in London, Ann Blake (1952-56) to John Thomas, of Sydney, Australia.

We have pleasure in recording the following births:

- 5 May—to Patricia (née Roberts, 1951-57) wife of W. J. Preece, a daughter, Wendy Ann.
- September—to Pat (née Wylie, 1957-61), wife of Ralph Lewis, a son.
- 16 September—to Vicky (née Fogwill, 1950-55), wife of Dennis H. Lloyd (1940-45), a daughter, Sarah.
- October—to Julie (née Nicholas (1949-53), wife of Eric Orsman (1938-43) a son, Ian Richard.
- 10 November—to Pauline (née Perry) wife of John Willcocks (1947-52), a daughter, Deborah Carne.
- 13 November—to Joan (née Skelton, 1952-56), wife of John Elliott, a son, Robert John.

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