

# THE PENVRO



WINTER 1963

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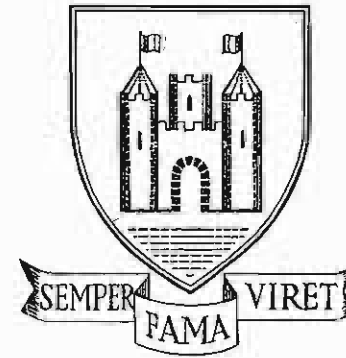
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THE PENVRO

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No. 135

WINTER

1963

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## EDITORIAL

Once more the Christmas term began with the usual influx of bright energetic eleven-year olds, starting their first term in this School, feeling excited but unsure of themselves, just as I am, on my first term as Editor of the 'Penvro'.

First of all, I should like to say how encouraged I have been by the great volume of contributions that have been handed in for this issue, and I hope you will agree with me that the standard is high.

Everybody is pleased to see the girl Prefects' room looking so attractive and neat, after being re-decorated. Let us hope this will not be a seven-day wonder.

The ambitious school play was a great success, and ended the term on a high note.

Our thanks are due, once more, to Mrs. Ebsworth, who has helped us out of our difficulties for this term by taking charge of the girls' P.T. and Games. We wish her every happiness in the future. We welcome back from America Miss Pamela Williams, happy that she was not lured away by the material delights of Uncle Sam. A report of her visit is given by Miss Williams in the magazine. We must thank Miss Beryl Davies who took Miss Williams' place until half-term. We welcome this term Mr. H. G. B. Davies who takes the place of Mr. James Nicholas as Head of the Mathematics Department, Mrs. Morfedd Lewis, who teaches Welsh and English, Mrs. B. V. Hughes who teaches English, and Mrs. Marjorie Lewis who teaches Needlework.

We should like to take this opportunity of congratulating Mr. K. Bowskill and Miss M. James on their engagement. We wish them every future happiness.

EXAMINATION RESULTS 1963  
General Certificate of Education Advanced Level

Judith Payne—Scripture (Distinction), English, French(O).  
 Nina Pearman—English, French, German.  
 Maureen Thomas—Scripture, English(O), Welsh(O).  
 Patricia Thomas—Scripture(Distinction), French, History.  
 Mary-Rose Woodward—English, Scripture, Geography.  
 Peter Lewis—English(Distinction), History(Distinction), French(O).  
 Brian Morgan—Geography(Distinction and a distinction in the Special Paper), History(Distinction), English.  
 David Badham—Woodwork.  
 Glyn Bate—Art (with Distinction in Special Paper), Geography.  
 David Fraser—Physics(Distinction), Pure & Applied Mathematics.  
 Roger Horgan—Chemistry(Distinction), Physics, Pure & Applied Maths.  
 William Kavanagh—Chemistry(O), Botany(O), Zoology(O).  
 Roger MacCallum—Geography, Botany(O).  
 John Nash—Pure & Applied Maths., Physics.  
 Hugh Owen—Pure & Applied Maths.(O), Physics(O), Geometrical & Engineering Drawing.  
 Malcolm Phillips—Pure Maths., Chemistry, Applied Maths.  
 Paul Reynolds—Woodwork, Geometrical & Engineering Drawing.

**Ordinary Level**

The number of passes is indicated in brackets.

**5R**

Susan Campodonic (2)  
 Maureen Emmet (2)  
 Sandra Gaccon (3)  
 Sandra Gorton (4)  
 Carole Herbert (1)  
 Judith Maher (3)  
 Jennifer Mills (2)  
 Patricia Moor (4)  
 Rosemary Simlett (1)

Gary Briggs (3)  
 Alan Canton (1)  
 Brian Devereux (1)  
 Anthony Gough (2)  
 Donald Gough (2)  
 Barry Hunter (2)  
 Robert Jones (2)  
 Roger Jones (1)  
 Terence Mulvaney (4)  
 Alan Richards (1)  
 Barrington Stubbs (1)

**5X**

Lynette Aitken (4)  
 Dianne Batchelor (6)  
 Janet Cox (5)  
 Sheila Davies (7)  
 Joanne Dean (8)  
 Patricia Edwards (8)  
 Suzanne Evans (6)  
 Joan Green (6)  
 Ann Griffiths (7)  
 Janet Harries (6)  
 Caroline James (10)  
 Barbara Llewellyn (1)  
 Myra Parsons (5)  
 Susan Preece (3)  
 Evelyn Shore (7)  
 Susan Stevens (4)  
 Priscilla Tee (9)

John Armitage (7)  
 Howard Barton (8)  
 Raymond Dando (8)  
 John Davies (5)  
 Paul Driscoll (5)  
 John Evans (10)  
 Kenneth Goddard (8)  
 Paul Green (9)  
 Ronald Henson (7)  
 Clive James (6)  
 Richard James (9)  
 Vaughan Jenkins (5)  
 Keith Kneller (9)  
 Gareth Nicholls (8)  
 John Oaker (5)  
 John Reynolds (4)  
 Malcolm Roberts (5)  
 Brian Smith (7)  
 Andrew Warlow (9)  
 Stuart White (5)

**50**

Christine Allington (4)  
 Shelagh Buckley (4)  
 Ann Cole (6)  
 Gwyneth Griffiths (4)  
 Marilyn Jones (4)  
 Christine Lewis (1)  
 Margaret Lewis (6)  
 Andrea Leyland (1)  
 Valerie Lomas (1)  
 Marilyn McKee (4)  
 Janette Palmer (1)  
 Margaret Thomas (4)  
 Jennifer Tomlinson (3)  
 Susan Watts (4)  
 Sheila White (2)  
 Glynda Winter (3)  
 Rosemary Wrench (3)

**5Tech**

Keith Berry (2)  
 Peter Davis (2)  
 Graham Evans (7)  
 David Forster (1)  
 Philip Lloyd (2)  
 Richard Payne (4)

**Sixth Form**

Hefina Bowen (2)  
 Janet Mullins (1)  
 Susanne Palmer (1)  
 Joy Williams (2)  
 Pamela Williams (2)

Roger Baker (6)  
 Geoffrey Cavaney (3)  
 Peter Dalton (8)  
 David Grieve (1)  
 Keith Griffiths (1)  
 Donald Hubbard (4)  
 Desmond Lewis (2)  
 John Mathias (3)  
 Brian Rees (2)  
 Godfrey Scammell (2)  
 Brinley Thomas (3)  
 Peter Thomas (3)  
 Richard Tudor (6)  
 Derek Vincent (4)

John Nash (1)  
 Douglas Brown (1)  
 John Brown (1)  
 David Canton (1)  
 Paul Davies (1)  
 Andrew Drysdale (1)  
 Michael Edwards (1)  
 Colin Fish (2)  
 Paul French (2)  
 Colin Good (3)  
 David Hay (1)  
 Philip Lain (1)  
 Raymond Rees (2)  
 Malcolm Roche (1)  
 John Skone (1)  
 Guy Thomas (1)

DRAMA NOTES

**THE SCHOOL PLAY. 1963**

The most exciting event of the Autumn Term was once more the annual performance of the School Play for three days in December. This year we looked forward with particular anticipation to the play, as it is not often in Pembrokeshire that we have the opportunity of seeing such a play as Brecht's 'Life of Galileo'. In recent years we have heard much talk about the 'two cultures' arising from a lecture given by the scientist-novelist, Sir Charles Snow. Although we live now in an age of extreme specialisation, the rift between science and religion goes back three hundred years, John Donne could say of the new discoveries in science in the early seventeenth century:—

"The new philosophy puts all in doubt;  
 The element of fire is quite put out."

It is in this setting that we must see Brecht's play.

The play was written in fourteen scenes between 1938 and 1947 and performed in 1947 at Beverley Hills, California, with Charles Laughton as Galileo. The atomic age had already been ushered in at Hiroshima and the conflict between Galileo and the authorities of his day could be seen in a sharper light. Galileo is no martyr; he recants and so betrays the scientific spirit. As he says himself,

"In my days astronomy reached the market-place. In these quite exceptional circumstances, the steadfastness of one man could have shaken the world. If only I had resisted, if only the natural scientists had been able to evolve something like the Hippocratic oath of the doctors, the vow to devote their knowledge wholly to the benefit of mankind!"

The audience was deliberately made conscious that a 'theatrical' performance was taking place, what Brecht calls his alienation effect, by the use of an open stage, back projection and a screen on which the scene to follow could be summarised in a jingle of verse, as the dumb-show did in Elizabethan plays so often.

The part of Galileo is a long and tiring one requiring great intelligence in performance. It was, therefore, particularly pleasing to see Michael Jones's performance of this part. Galileo's ideas, his new discoveries, his consciousness of his own weakness and his betrayal of science were spoken with lucidity and intelligent awareness. There was no faltering here in performance; the acting was poised and mature. It would be invidious to pick out others in a cast of forty-eight players. It is sufficient to say that all were conscious that they were in a team, and all contributed to the success of the production.

A word must be said here about the effective lighting which was in the charge of two boys in Upper IVA, John Whitehall and Ieuan Harries. They deserve every praise. Our thanks are given to all those who were not seen on the stage as well as to those who were, the Stage Manager, Mr. R. Lewis and his assistants, those in charge of the wardrobe under the direction of Miss Julian Jones and the many others who helped to make it a success, from the make-up assistants to the Business Manager, Mr. Bowskill.

Finally our thanks are due to the Designer, Mr. K. Cooper, and in particular to the Producer, Mr. G. S. Shaw.

V.R.T.H.

The students of University College, Aberystwyth, gave a performance of Shakespeare's 'The Merchant of Venice' in the School Hall on September 26th.

An enjoyable evening was spent by pupils from the Upper IVth, Fifth and Sixth, accompanied by Mr. Hughes, Mr. Shaw and Herr Kroll in Milford Haven Grammar School, where they saw, "She Stoops to Conquer." This was Milford's last performance in the present building as next year the school moves into its new buildings.

Early in September the school was fortunate to be visited once again by Mr. Roger Traffer, who on his first visit had given a talk on Charles Dickens with readings from his works.

This time, before a packed audience in the School Hall, Mr. Traffer gave an enlightening and amusing talk on Shakespeare entitled "For All Time." He illustrated his talk expertly by giving excerpts from some of Shakespeare's plays.

## MY VISIT TO THE UNITED STATES

It has been said that "it is better to travel hopefully than to arrive". I am not sure whether I agree with this or not after my experiences in America for our travelling was both exhausting and anticipatory.

The purpose of my visit, of course, was to play in the World Hockey Tournament and Conference which was held in Baltimore, Maryland, in early September. Last May I received a letter from the Welsh Hockey Secretary stating that I had not been chosen as a member of the Welsh touring team to play in the Tournament and subsequent tour but that Wales had been invited to send one player as a member of the International Wanderers' team. I was invited to be that player. Certain nations had found it impossible to send a team to the States so a team representative of many nations was being formed. Several of the United States hockey administrators considered the idea of forming an international team a worthwhile experiment and Miss Esther Heilbuth, of Danish nationality and a translator in the British Embassy at Copenhagen, was invited to be the Manager of the team. No better person could have been chosen for this difficult task. Her energy, her enthusiasm for hockey and her determination were soon a byword to all in Goucher College, where the National Women's Hockey teams of the World lived during the Tournament. Our team consisted of representatives from ten nations—three from England, two from Denmark, two from Australia and one each from Scotland, Wales, Ireland, Austria, Kenya, Holland and France. When we met one another for the first time in the Mount Pocono Hockey Camp in the beautiful Appalachian mountains, difficulties immediately arose. Not everyone understood "l'anglais"; fewer spoke it well, and naturally most of the British spoke little but English. Esther, our manager, refused to recognise any difficulty, however, stating definitely that everyone would, of course, speak English. When it came to discussing hockey tactics and methods of play, it was found that different nations played in very different styles but Biddy Burgum, the English international Right Wing in our team, soon moulded us into a team by her tact, understanding and sympathetic approach.

We lived for five days in log cabins in our hockey camp two thousand feet above sea level. We slept six in a cabin but hot showers, fresh fruit in abundance, fresh towels and bedclothes daily, and excellent food, dispelled any sense of discomfort at being in a "camp". We found that intensive physical exertion in high temperatures was exhausting but we gradually became acclimatized with the help of salt tablets.

The Tournament itself, with its experience of playing against some of the best women hockey players in the world and making friends with them was wonderful. Excitement mounted as the day of the opening ceremony neared. Flag bearers were told how to carry their flags (I had drawn lots to carry the Belgian flag as Belgium had no team present); managers coached their teams in marching in time and uniforms were carefully pressed. Before the official opening ceremony a Civic reception was held in Towson. The Captains, Vice-captains and flag-bearers were driven through the streets of the town seated on the backs of huge open cars, endeavouring to look cheerful despite the effort of holding heavy flags aloft while travelling at speed. The opening ceremony was most impressive as teams from twenty three nations, dressed in colourful uniforms, paraded on the main hockey ground. The sun shone brilliantly as Mrs. Dean Rusk, wife of the United States Secretary of State, inspected the Parade, shook hands with all flag bearers and officially opened the Tournament. That Saturday afternoon and throughout the succeeding fortnight, ("two weeks" in America), teams struggled on the hockey field in the atmosphere of friendly rivalry, knowing that at the end of the Tournament there would be no official victor as each team played only six matches. The unofficial winners were New Zealand, who, in their "all black" uni-

form, played consistently well throughout and won all their matches.

The fortnight of the Hockey Tournament meant not only hockey but all-day trips to Washington, the capital of the United States, Annapolis Naval Academy and Baltimore Harbour. Ten numbered coaches with adjustable seats conveyed the four hundred players, managers and delegates on each occasion. We were all most impressed with the clean marble buildings in Washington; its air of dignity and its feeling of spaciousness. It is a unique city, designed in the shape of a wheel with all streets spiralling out from the centre. Beautiful though it is to look at, however, no one wants to live there during the intense heat of June to September and only those who must remain. The tall Washington Monument, surrounded by cherry trees given to the United States by Japan in 1912, stood white against the blue sky and could be seen across the almost equally blue Potomac river. The headquarters of American defence is situated in a pentagon building and is the largest office building in the world. We were taken on a very quick tour of the most important buildings and interesting sights in the nation's capital. We toured the White House at 7 a.m. but were disappointed that President Kennedy was unable to meet us as he was in important conference over the Alabama negro crisis. We heard part of a debate on atomic power in the Senate House. Each State has two senators, making one hundred senators in the seat of government. The House of Representatives is the elected body with one member representing a quarter of a million people. We saw the Changing of the Guard at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier at Arlington. The ceremony disappointed us as, although impressive, it had little to compare in dignity, spectacle or colour with the pageantry at Buckingham Palace. An official reception for tea at our respective Embassies ended our day in Washington. The British representatives were delighted to taste good British made tea once more. Americans make tea by putting a teabag in a cup and adding lukewarm water, cream and sugar, so we soon learned to enjoy coffee or homogenised milk instead. The British Ambassador, Sir David Ormsby-Gore, could not receive us as he was in London, so his Charge d'Affairs received us instead, ably supported by a fair representation of the six hundred Embassy Staff.

After a visit to the national capital we visited Annapolis, the capitol of Maryland. Here Governor Tames greeted us in the State Capitol, (the oldest still in use in the States), and we viewed the Parade of four thousand midshipmen at the Naval Academy. Our trip down the harbour at Baltimore was not so enjoyable as the temperature had dropped several degrees and we shivered in an open boat, our view of the harbour obscured by the mud-coloured fog that had descended. For once we were grateful for the "short" hockey practice (one and a half hours' long) which our manager organised on our return to Goucher.

A closing Parade, not as formal as the opening one, ended the World Conference and our stay at Goucher College. The Americans, as host nation, had been saving and organising for the past seven years to find the fifty thousand pounds necessary to finance the tournament and tours. The next conference and tournament has been arranged for 1967 near Cologne in West Germany. The farewell dinner was a rather sad, nostalgic occasion as one said "Au revoir" to the good friends from other parts of the world one had made in such a short time.

Immediately after the Tournament each team departed for one month "On tour". It was then that we began to understand why it has so often been said that life in the States is so rushed. We seemed to travel all day and often all night. We boarded and re-boarded buses; we viewed State Capitols; we attended Civic receptions in our honour. We were given mouth-watering, attractively served banquets; we listened to innumerable speeches and we toured the countryside in open cars. We were taken to the famous Saratoga Racetrack to see the Pacing and Trotting races for ponies; we sampled healthy tasting but rather unpalatable mineral waters

at Saratoga Spa. We "drove in" to a drive-in theatre where one looks at the cinema screen through the car windscreen (it helps if it's not raining!), has car heating provided if it is desired and hears through the microphone attached to the car window.

We were entertained by a High School football game. As a spectacle it was enjoyable and amusing; as a game, the continual interruptions meant there was lack of rhythm and real excitement. We were amazed to see that each team consisted of fifty players attired in somewhat formidable battle array. We were somewhat relieved, however, to realize that only eleven players represented each team at any one time on the field of play, although the "defensive" or "offensive" team could be brought on by the coach as the play warranted. The cheerleaders and bands, all in colourful uniform, attempted to inspire their respective teams to victory. The whole "match" lasted three hours.

We saw the Niagara Falls—illuminated at night and in rain and sunshine by day. If we hadn't previously realized the importance of Gettysburg in American history, we couldn't fail to know a little about it after seeing the battle fought out on an enormous electric map, in the Civil War Museum, and on a three hour bus tour (with realistic tape recording) of the Battlefields.

We visited many factories—the Felt-making factory at Albany where we were attacked by a black swan. It was interesting to learn that the best quality wool is kept for making the cloth of billiard tables, the covers of tennis balls and the inside of pianos, whilst the poorer quality wool is made into knitting yarn and woollen clothes. Some of us almost had a ride in a small two-seater Civil aeroplane at The Piper Civil Aircraft Factory at Loch Haven but our manager thought the idea rather unwise. We tasted delicious apple butter at the Fruit Juice Factory in Gettysburg. We visited the famous Chocolate Factory and Village at Hershey. In the enormous Kodak plant at Rochester, almost on the shores of Lake Ontario, we were interested to see the many processes which have to be undergone before an Ektochrome or Kodachrome film appears on the market.

Apart from all this, we found time to play exhibition hockey matches on tour. We played eleven games during this period, winning all, with eighty-one goals for and four against. We soon found, often to our amusement, that every American loves a spectacle. Each match was preceded by an impressive parade of both teams. Names of players were announced over a loudspeaker and as one's name (often strangely pronounced) was called out one ran to one's position on the field. Badges were exchanged between teams; hands were shaken with one's opponents; the American flag and the United Nations flag were carried aloft and all stood to attention for the "Stars and Stripes" and the "Happy Wanderer" (which had become the theme song of our team).

Speaking more generally of my impressions of America, I did not enjoy the intense heat and humidity; the anti-Negro feeling which seemed so widespread; the "scruffiness" of New York; the dependence on vehicular transport. I appreciated very much the very great kindness and hospitality offered everywhere I went. What one thinks of as typically American food—hot dogs (indigestible, not fully cooked sausages between hot buttered rolls), hamburgers, pizza, donuts (doughnuts) and "sandwiches" (enormous salads between slices of bread)—were not, to me, so enjoyable though many of the forty-eight varieties of donut and the twenty-eight varieties of ice-cream were delicious.

The traffic system is excellent. Traffic lights are high above road level and thus easily seen. Six lanes are common on most roads. Roads are very well constructed and All State "throughways" have a toll system which helps with the upkeep. Each State is responsible for its own road system. There are no zebras or pedestrian crossings but pedestrians are told when it is safe to cross the road by signs indicating "Walk" (in green) or "Do not walk" (in red). It is a legal offence to cross except

at a sign. Most families have two cars, for the size and make of one's cars are a status symbol in America. American trains are two tiered and not as comfortable as British Railways. The compartments are very high above ground level and have 'bus seating arrangements. It seems that Americans are rather ashamed of their trains, apart, of course, from the luxurious trans-continental Pullman expresses.

American women can dress very smartly and several are very fashion conscious, but in the height of summer Bermuda shorts, colourful shirts and sneakers (flat rubber-soled shoes) are the main garments worn. The American housewife has every luxury she desires, from complete pre-cooked dinners to transistor clocks and automatic toothbrushes. What to a British housewife would be a luxury is accepted as normal by her American counterpart. Many homes have no windows which are built to open. Instead, according to the inside temperature, there is either air conditioning or central heating. Incidentally, a new type of architecture is being experimented with in certain parts of America—sky-scraper, windowless buildings which are completely air conditioned or centrally heated and lit by electricity. Such architecture is used for many modern office buildings. American shops are often centralized in a "Plaza" and there is so much parking space that a housewife can drive her car right into a supermarket before leaving her car.

The educational system in America is very different from that in Britain. The educational standard and facilities vary considerably from State to State. American children are allowed more freedom and are three years behind British children in standard. Many schools have numerous television sets, record players and records for use in all subjects. One school had a gymnasium large enough for eight badminton courts. This was not general but again not too exceptional. The Domestic Science department in most schools have several fully equipped gas and electric kitchens. Language laboratories are almost universally used. A psychologist and vocational guidance officer in each school help to ensure that each child is "adjusted" to the classes most suited to him. The school day lasts from 7.30 a.m. until 2 p.m. in Elementary grade schools, from 8.0 a.m. until 2.30 p.m. in the Junior High School (eleven to fourteen years), and from 8.30 a.m. until 3 p.m. in the Senior High School (age fourteen plus). The school day rarely ends at the official closing time, however, for many school societies are held after school hours. Most Senior High Schools have about one thousand pupils. The standard in colleges varies too. The private foundation colleges (such as Yale, Harvard, Columbia, Cornell and Princeton) are of a high standard but the standard in most State colleges seems comparable with that of sixth forms in this country. In many State colleges students studying for degrees ("majors") study side by side with non-majoring students. Intending elementary grade teachers are not trained in colleges designed particularly for their special training needs but study with non-teaching training students.

There are so many religions in the States that no form of worship or united assembly is held in any school. Many Americans are regular attenders at a place of worship each Sunday but many seem to have little understanding of their faith. There are many more Protestant denominations than in Britain and I was able to attend several different types—Methodist, Presbyterian, Baptist, Episcopal, United Brethren and Lutheran. The latter interested me as it is a form of worship retaining much of the Prayer Book service but combining with it much of the essential spontaneity and freedom of nonconformist worship. Americans have a wider Christian vision and commit themselves to supporting entire missionary families in the foreign mission field.

I was most grateful for the unexpected opportunity of seeing so much of the United States. Would I like to live in America? I think not, but I hope one day—in the not too distant future—to pay another visit to the States and meet my many new friends once more.

PAMELA W. M. WILLIAMS

## THE WANDERERS

Along by the edge of a river bank  
Then through a leafy dell,  
To where the trees all dark, and lank,  
Shade a path concealed so well.  
There at the end of a gloomy wood  
Away from the tall trees' shade,  
One can see, before you, stood,  
Caravans, in the glade.

A gipsy camp, in all true style,  
With Romanies gaily jesting.  
They have roamed, for many a mile,  
In search of a place to rest in.  
The men so swarthy, tall, and lean,  
Around the campfire singing.  
Their women, stringing pegs still green,  
The children's voices ringing.

Then suddenly, on their feet they stand,  
As footsteps strange they hear,  
For it's trouble for this happy band,  
If a stranger comes so near.  
It is for them a man they dread,  
An officer dressed in blue;  
Their day of freedom now is dead,  
Once again they have to go.

So they take the shafts of the painted van  
And hitch up the dappled mare.  
Then away they go, as fast as they can,  
Alas, they know not where!  
For the Romany has no place for his bed  
In this land of law, not love,  
So he turns his horse to the road ahead  
And his eyes to God above.

GILLIAN DAVIES, Upper IVa

## ANIMALS' HOUSES

Of animals' houses  
Two sorts are found—  
Those which are square ones  
And those which are round.

Square is a hen house,  
A kennel, a sty,  
Cows have square houses  
And so have I.

A snail's shell is curly,  
A bird's nest round,  
Rabbits have twisty burrows  
Under the ground.

But fish in a bowl,  
And fish at sea,  
Their houses are round,  
As a house can be.

ANN GRIFFITHS, 3b



## MY FAVOURITE SEASON

Which is my favourite season ?  
This is something which I cannot tell.  
And now I will tell you the reason  
Why I like them **all** so well.

Spring with its little lambs skipping in glee,  
Flowers of every hue, lovely to see.  
Hedges beginning to burst into bud,  
Green fields replacing the brown fields of mud.  
I think, when the birds are beginning to sing,  
That of the four seasons—my favourite is Spring.

Summer, of course, brings its many delights,  
Children on beaches among the fine sights.  
The fields are all green with their crops once again,  
There's beauty in flower, hedge, mountain and plain.  
The little bird now has forsaken its nest ;  
Yes, of the four seasons—Summer is best.

Now Autumn has come with its contrary breeze  
That's blowing the leaves from hedgerows and trees.  
The countryside seems just a colourful mass  
And captures the eye of people who pass.  
In the fields men are gathering golden grain ;  
Oh, give me Autumn and harvest again !

Winter's arrived with its frost and its snow,  
But from every window lights are aglow.  
For Christmas is near, with its wonder and joy,  
Gladdening the heart of each small girl and boy.  
For with parties and presents and lights on the tree,  
I've almost decided it's Winter for me.

Which is my favourite season ?  
This is something which I cannot tell.  
And now I have told you the reason  
Why I like them **all** so well.

ELIZABETH JAMES, Upper 4A

## SHOP WINDOWS

Glist'ning and gleaming midst velvet night  
Of Winter, the mellow blaze of light  
From windows cased in glass shows treasure  
Stored, gay Christmas gifts, endless pleasure.

The little Christmas trees bespangled stand,  
Shimm'ring reminder of "Reindeer land,"  
Branches heavy with all sorts of toys,  
Christmas presents for some girls and boys.

Through misty glass the small children peer  
At the toys displayed this time of year.  
Huge dolls, Meccanos, Hornby trains that run  
O'er tracks ; a badge, a cowboy hat, a gun.

Glist'ning and gleaming midst velvet night  
Of winter, the mellow blaze of light  
From windows cased in glass shows treasure  
Stored, gay Christmas gifts, endless pleasure.

ANN MONICO, 2A

## "CHRISTMAS"

Many years ago it's told  
A small child came to earth,  
To be the King of all the Kings,  
This was our Saviour's birth.

This time is now called Christmas,  
When we should think of Him,  
And we bring gifts to others  
As wise men brought to Him.

They brought Him myrrh and frankincense,  
Another gift was gold ;  
They came and knelt before Him  
When they followed the star of old

Some shepherds also came to look  
Upon this child so lowly.  
They brought with them a lamb for Him  
To show they, too, were holy.

We were not there and so we had  
No precious gifts to take,  
And so at Christmas time we give  
To others for His sake.

MARGARET ROGERS, U4A

## IN WINTER

In wintertime,  
When the snow is falling,  
All is silent and grim ;  
The only sound is the rook, cawing.

The robin with its scarlet breast  
Sings with joy in the long winter months.  
The dormouse in its little straw nest  
Is dead to all the world.

The holly bears forth its crimson berries  
And beautifies the scene ;  
All the trees have shed their leaves,  
Whipped off by the cruel wind.

DAVID HARRIES, 2

## RAMEEK

I hear the pounding of hooves on the dewy grass ;  
Approaching swift the Arab comes, with grace,  
Her nostrils aflame and eyes ablaze ;  
She sees me,  
And with joyous whinny slackens her pace.

She is not vain,  
Though she comes with head held high  
And flying mane ;  
Her coat is black and sleek ;  
With four white socks on all four feet  
She's a queen of perfection, my Rameek.

PAT LIVINGSTONE, 3B

## APPLE TREE

Apple tree, apple tree,  
High above my head,  
I can see your apples  
Shining round and red.

If I wait a little  
As quietly as can be,  
Will you drop an apple down  
Especially for me ?

CHRISTINE GUTCH, 3A

## ABOUT TOWN

People skating,  
Couples dating,  
Parents shopping,  
Traffic stopping ;  
London's booming,  
Prices zooming,  
Theatres packed,  
Jokes cracked ;  
Bells ringing,  
Choir singing,  
Wind's blowing,  
Rubbish growing,  
Children crying,

Café's frying,  
Dogs barking,  
Boys larking ;  
Typists working,  
Employees shirking,  
Shops busy,  
Assistants dizzy,  
Customers happy,  
Some snappy ;  
Lights flashing,  
Workers dashing,  
Trains steaming,  
Homeward streaming,

KATHLEEN HUMBER, 4A

## OUT IN A BOAT

It was a sunny, blustery day ; clouds went scudding across the sky, towing their shadows over the fields and the shining sea, when the four of us, my father, brother, sister and I, drove down to Angle to bring the boat up from Angle to the quay at Pembroke. When we arrived there we found the tide well in, and as it was to be a very high one (thirty-five feet) we parked the car high on the bank. We all piled out and after hurriedly greeting Mr. Morse, we got the oars, rowlocks, boathook and, of course, the food stowed neatly in the dinghy and then, after pushing the boat down to the water's edge, we got in and rowed out to the larger boat.

It took us some time to get there for even in the comparatively sheltered inlet the water was choppy. After mooring the dinghy up at the buoy, we climbed into the larger boat and I began pumping out the water that had collected in her after the previous day's heavy rain. At long last everything was ship-shape and starting the engine, we set off, Dad casting a wistful glance towards the Old Point House.

Once we were outside Kilpaison Bay, which had sheltered us, the wind blew strongly, casting little rippling shivers on the tumbling waves. The sea was not very rough but choppy and very grey compared with the silver foam that creamed about the bows. Boats of all sorts passed us ; a tug, ploughing her way down the Haven to guide some sleek tanker to her berth, and also the harbour patrol boat, slim and businesslike, skimming down to the docks. We passed a fleet of French trawlers ; the crew waved and we waved back ; these boats, oily and dirty, lay in the waters, bobbing at their moorings. They have a happy and workmanlike atmosphere about them. Passing the great new Regent refinery site, I

felt angry that the countryside should be torn and spoilt, though on the other hand the five hundred thousand pounds that was paid to the farmer for the site to be on his land would not come amiss in our family.

The water was beautiful, green and grey, with great boiling clouds, like castles, casting pale shadows on the seething surface. The wind blew cold and fresh, making our eyes water and our faces tingle ; the water slapped heartily and noisily against the glistening hull.

After about two hours we found ourselves at the entrance to Pennar Gut ; the wind had suddenly dropped and the water was calm. The sun cut itself on the edge of a cloud and the soft golden light bled on to the water's face. The long wisps of cirrus clouds gleamed a vivid tangerine making the deep, soft, evening sky even bluer than it was. My brother had put two lines out and in a short time we had caught two mackerel and one herring. Their scales glistened in the failing light.

All too soon the trip was over and in the cold, pinky, grey light of the November evening we glided serene through the water round the castle. Here it was reflected so clearly that when I looked at its stony grey walls in the water it was exactly the same, but soon our wake caught up with us and the picture broke up. I picked up the fish and as I did so some of the scales fell into the water and like rainbow coloured lights they went glittering, tumbling through the water until they were enveloped in the murkiness.

After mooring the larger boat up we piled the gear hap-hazardly into the dinghy and my brother rowed us all back on to the quay, where we ground to a scrunching standstill. It was very dark and the hard blue lights shed shimmering bridges across the black water. The castle stood solid and shadowed and around its base the water stood wreathed in silence. Dad went to get the car as we could not possibly carry all the gear up. My brother and I carried the oars up through the street, knocking all the signposts as we went along.

Although perhaps not an evening of excitement it was one of pleasure, and beautiful scenery, an evening I shall never forget.

KATHERINE CAMPBELL, U4B

## SIESTA

In the desert by a well stood a church, and with the coming of the church came the car and eventually the people. The time was 12 and the town was resting from work as the sun shone down. They hadn't any real reason for a snooze because they never did any work anyway, and their snoozing ears didn't hear the sound of the car.

The car turned round the corner and careered wildly across the hot, steamy road. It was noon—siesta time. A solitary Mexican sat outside the bar, a sweeping sombrero covering an unshaven, dirty face, welcome shade from the hot, dry, overhead sun.

The car turned over on to its side with harsh screeches as it crawled towards the bar. The Mexican's sombrero fell to the sidewalk, with the Mexican close behind. A drunk came flying out of the bar doors, hit the ground with his chin and gazed at the car. He was followed, a minute later, by the local sheriff, his eyes resting on the car.

The car lay smouldering for a moment, then from inside came a groan as the window panes cracked, shattered themselves over the driver. The town was deserted ; except for the church guitar being played by the local barman's son to the local sheriff's daughter, all was quiet.

The car's boot gave a gust of filthy, black, sooty smoke that had a rubbery smell ; the driver groaned again. Again the drunk looked at the car as if it was something he had never seen before. The sheriff was picking up the bewildered Mexican, his sombrero with him.

The car's driver began to scream, short and full of pain. The sun beat down as the car was glowing. The Mexican with the sombrero threw it on to the seat and walked over to the hardware shop, while the sheriff handed him a bucket.

The car gave a whoosh and ignited; the flames enveloped the hind part of the car and the driver started a long scream. The flames licked hungrily at the leopard upholstery. The drunk started to sing "Let's have a bonfire." The sheriff walked into the bar and came out with three soda water jars and gushed a little at the drunk. The guitar had stopped; the local barman's son was busy.

The car was roaring as the Mexican walked back to his partner, the sheriff. The padre walked to the church and still the sun beat down. Curtains were pulled back and people peeped out.

The car, a Cadillac, bore no resemblance to its former self. Bells began to ring quickly, alarmingly and irregularly. The Mexican and the sheriff walked more quickly now. Doors opened, conversation buzzed. The traditional siesta was broken. The sun beat down ruthlessly as the Mexicans with buckets formed a line from the well to the car, each passing a bucket to the other until it was thrown on the flames.

The car's door was jammed; the lock was locked. The crash had crushed it into the framework of the car. There was a shot; the sheriff replaced his gun, the crowbar the Mexican had brought was used and the door gave, grudgingly and with a sickening crunch.

The car's driver was pulled out and brought into the bar. The fire was out. The drunk was snoring peacefully. The car, now on its wheels, was pulled out of sight.

The ambulance turned round the corner and careered wildly across the hot, steaming road. It was a little after noon: siesta time. A Mexican sat with a sombrero on his head as the sun beat down.

EDWARD FRENCH, 4B

#### RAJABO, THE LITTLE AFRICAN BOY

If a person travels along the plains of East Africa a very common sight is that of little negro boys tending a huge herd of cattle.

On many occasions I have seen this sight, but nothing has touched me so much as the time I first met Rajabo.

He was the most pathetic sight that anyone had ever seen. He had short curly hair which made his head seem to be flat on the top, a large nose and small black eyes. He was just skin and bones and on his legs were large spreading sores. The first sight of these sores was enough to make anybody's stomach turn.

After a great deal of persuading we finally managed to get Rajabo to leave his herd and return with us so that my mother could tend the sores.

We found out later than Rajabo was an outcast of his tribe, and that he had contracted the disease off one of his cows, which later died. So, thinking that his case might be much more serious than it looked, we decided to take Rajabo to see a doctor.

That was easier said than done, for Rajabo was very suspicious of all the strange smells and instruments and he more than once tried to run away from the hospital.

After a week in hospital Rajabo's sores were healing up quite nicely, and so we decided that it was time to take him home. When we arrived home Rajabo immediately went down to the native quarter to tell of his adventures.

Some evenings later Rajabo could not be found, so next morning we went to look for him. We found him sitting in exactly the same place

as when we first saw him, and around him lay his herd of cattle, busily eating and gazing up at him while he was talking to them and telling them a story.

Nothing in the world could have parted Rajabo from his cattle after that, not even death, for there had grown between them a feeling of love and trust, and I expect if I were to return to Dar-es-Salaam and walk across those plains I should still see Rajabo sitting there under the Bao-bab tree, busily tending his herd of cattle.

HAZEL WILLIAMS, 4A

#### THE ETERNAL MOON

The moon shone from her purple shroud  
On trees so tall, so dark,  
So still, save for the owl whose call  
Pierced the enveloping dark.

No sound was heard in the village streets,  
No face could there be seen;  
A deadly silence now prevailed  
Where clamour once had been.

I gazed upon this ghostly sight,  
And soon it seemed to me  
Strange that this moon, so constant, still  
Will shine when I'll not be.

All those who walk beneath its light  
Will see the same moon there;  
Wrapt in their own true love will see  
No world of sin and care.

Oh moon, how long will you be so?  
How long so far away?  
How will you be when man will reach  
Your haven on high one day?

SHEILA DAVIES, Lower VI

#### TECH. BOYS!

Bandy legs and great big feet  
Swing along as they walk down the street!  
Greeting all with an 'Arr' or an 'Ay'—  
They'll keep up that talk till the day that they die.

Their clothes are all ragged and baggy as —  
And they even get water from out of the well.  
They spring over furrows and run through the streams;  
Tractors and combines to them are still dreams.

Their whiskers unshaven, their hair grown quite long,  
As they walk down the drive the smell becomes strong!!!  
But what would we do if they were to go?  
No tech. boys to neck with, no tech. boys to know!

ANONYMOUS TECH. BOY

## THE PRICE OF FRIENDSHIP

The long, thin, wispy curls of mist swirled across the awe-inspiring moorlands, like long, white fingers of doom, pulling their unsuspecting victims ever onward towards death's doorway. The going was hard, the mist almost continually sweeping across our paths, causing us to stumble like drunkards, clutching at each other to prevent our falling. The sky was overcast and grey.

The scene—occupied France, somewhere near the Swiss border. The time—winter 1943. My friend and fellow-traveller, Maurice, and I were members of the French Resistance. It was our job to get the stolen plans of some new German aircraft over the border into Switzerland.

Maurice and I stumbled on. It had begun to snow now, and the white puffy material was already thick upon our heads and shoulders. Before long the blizzard was raging in all its fury. The full force of the biting wind beat at our faces, puckering them into hideous, evil-shaped masks. The snow piled high inside our boots, and we could hardly see even each other in the fierce, tormenting blizzard which hurled itself at us, as if trying to sweep us from the face of the earth.

Time and time again I stumbled and fell head forward into the already deep snow, and time and time again Maurice hauled my snow encrusted body from its ready-made grave and urged me on. If it was not for Maurice I am sure I would have perished there and then.

Our clothes were completely drenched, our hair was frozen to our heads, and our legs felt like lead. Our fatigued bodies felt like giving up the struggle for survival and lying down to rest. But Maurice knew that would be the end, that once we had lain down we would never get up again. We struggled on. As we went our haversacks were left behind; they were too much of a burden.

It is strange, but when one is in a position as ours was that fateful day—or was it night—the only thought in your mind is sleep. How much that blessed word means you will not know until it is denied to you. Then, the only thought in my mind was sleep.

Now even the courageous Maurice was beginning to feel the strain. His endurance was going, and if that happened then we were finished. The blizzard was so thick that I had to hold on to Maurice in case we should become separated. My hands were numb. I could not last much longer.

What exactly happened I don't know. I suppose I never shall. One moment Maurice was staggering through the blizzard, the next he was on the ground writhing in agony. I was too numb to move. I just stood and stared. At last I was able to stoop beside my friend. That his leg was broken there was no doubt; at that angle it could be nothing else. "Go on," he gasped. "Leave me here!" I shook my head in stupefied amazement. It was almost a scream that came from Maurice. "Go on, I tell you! Go on!" In a daze I rose to my feet. I must get the plans to Switzerland, no matter what the cost. "Good luck, Maurice. I'll send a party out for you once I get to the frontier." He nodded. "Good-bye, old friend. Good luck!"

My eyes brimmed with tears as I turned away and stumbled off into the storm. I had not gone fifty yards when a shot crashed out not far away, telling me that Maurice had taken his own life.

I staggered another fifty yards and then fell, unconscious, into the arms of two Swiss frontier guards. My journey was over. I was still alive, but Maurice had died only a hundred yards away from safety.

Maurice had not died in vain. The plans were duly sent to Britain and undoubtedly helped turn the tide against the Axis forces. But there was another reason. In my mind Maurice will remain the most wonderful and best friend ever—a friend who gave his life so that mine might be saved.

PHILIP CARRADICE, 5A

## THE WAY OF LIFE IN COLUMBIA

My family and I lived in Columbia, South America, for three years. For the first six months we lived in the capital, Bogota. Then we flew down to a small Texas oil camp in the heart of the tropical jungle called Velasquez.

This camp consisted of only thirty-one houses, a small school, and large club with a swimming pool, tennis courts, etc. The people in this camp were mostly North Americans, and a few Columbians. There were very few roads leading from the camp and the only way to get to the city for shopping was by aeroplane. The company owned two planes, which landed on a runway just outside the camp.

Three hundred fully armed Colombian soldiers guarded the camp from the threat of bandits. Bandits are very common in this region, but fortunately the oil field was never molested by them.

About half-an-hour's drive from the camp is a typical Colombian village called Boyaca. This village is situated on the famous River Magdalena. The village consists of rows of small wooden and concrete houses. The majority of the people in these villages are extremely poor. It is a colourful little village, but very primitive. Some of the people own little stalls, set up at the side of the road, selling various articles such as tropical fruits and materials.

On the way to this village there are many small farms. These farms mostly grow crops and have only a few pigs and hens. Among the crops they grow are sugar cane, corn, bananas, papayas and cotton.

Bogota, the capital, is a very modern city with many skyscrapers. It is built on a mountainous plateau eight thousand feet above sea level and therefore the weather is temperate. Even in Bogota there are many poor people roaming the streets begging for money. Many times when one goes shopping in Bogota groups of little children will come up to you and say, "Cinco centavos por favor," which means "Five halfpennies, please." Many people will stop and hand the children some money to share between them and they will go away happy. Most of the cars on the roads are taxis, the main way of transport. The traditional sport is bullfighting but the most popular sport is soccer. The huge bullfighting ring is in the centre of the town.

Among the beautiful tourist attractions by Bogota are the unique salt mines, in which a beautiful cathedral has been cut out of the solid rock salt in the heart of a mountain; the fabulous Tegendrama Falls, and the church of Monserate on a mountain top which one reaches by funicular railway. From up there one sees a magnificent view of the whole city of Bogota. One can go through the country's Liberator, Simon Bolivar's house and gardens and see them as they were when he lived. There is also an Historic Museum in the city with its collection of old Spanish paintings and Indian articles of the past.

In contrast to this there is the superb modern airport, more advanced than any we have in this country. From this airport we departed in a jet, flying high in the sky over the Andes Mountains, taking many happy memories with us.

ANNE ROBERTSON, 3A

## BUBBLE TROUBLE

A bandy-legged policeman from Crewe  
Said he just didn't know what to do.

He could stop without fuss

A car, lorry or 'bus,

But those bubble cars simply went through!

JOHN PICTON, IVA

### RHYMES FOR TODAY

"You've never had it so good," they say  
 When people complain about life today.  
 "The doctors and scientists keep you alive  
 With wonderful drugs to make everyone thrive ;  
 Teenagers are given such freedom and cash  
 That they don't know their luck and they spend it on trash ;  
 Your health is far better than ever before,  
 You've money and clothes and joys galore.  
 You don't know your luck, you just throw it away  
 By acting as though the world's in decay."  
 "Ah, yes," you will answer with faces so grave,  
 "But look at the way all you adults behave."  
 We are born to a world with the H-bomb and rocket,  
 Now is it surprising that we try to stop it ?  
 Whilst millions of starving are crying that soon  
 They will die without food—we are reaching the moon.  
 Our money is needed to help those on earth  
 Who've been hungry and naked and sick since their birth.  
 What use are the drugs when the doctor's aren't there  
 To give all the black children their love and care ?  
 The black and the white and the yellow and brown  
 Should all live together in peace in one town.  
 But each time that black and white live side by side  
 We find that they fight, so we have Apartheid.  
 If only the whole world could start once again  
 Perhaps we should all live as far better men ;  
 So now all of mankind must go on together  
 And make a free new world as brother to brother.

CAROLINE HUGHES Upper 4A

### STONEHENGE

Stonehenge is one of the most remarkable ancient monuments in Britain. It is composed of a great circle of upright stones, each about twelve feet high, and each stone having a lintel above it connecting it with the next one along. There are thirty of these upright and thirty caps.

Within this circle is another open circle, which was made out of five pairs of twenty foot high uprights, each pair having a lintel. Only three of the larger 'trilithons,' as the groups of three stones are called, are complete now. Inside this horseshoe is another one made out of about sixteen slim, smaller uprights.

There are many mysteries and peculiarities about this structure. The one most people will immediately think of is the fact that on sunrise on Midsummer's Day, if one stands in the centre of Stonehenge, one will see the sun rising exactly between one of the trilithons in the outer circle and also precisely above an outlying stone called the heelstone.

Because of this many people think that Stonehenge was built to worship the sun at Midsummer, but at Midwinter sunset if one stands in front of the heelstone one will see through the nearer trilithon in the outer ring through the middle one in the inner horseshoe, through the farther one in the outer ring, and then to the setting sun. In fact, it is just as likely that Stonehenge was used as a place for Midwinter sunset worship as for Midsummer sunrise worship. There is even more reason for the former, because for people whose lives were governed by the rising and setting of the sun, the start of the lengthening days was a far better reason to rejoice than the start of the shortening days.

Another mystery about Stonehenge is how the stones were brought to the spot and then erected. The smallest stones, each about six feet high, were brought all the way from the Prescelly Mountains, and the huge altar stone came from Cosheston. The great 'sarcen' stones from the plain around, some twenty-five feet long, had to be chosen to be flawless, and then cut without the aid of iron tools. The trilithons were held together by means of a stone mortice and tenon joint. When the stones were cut, they had to be erected in their correct positions, and the lintels had to be put on.

This structure just goes to show that prehistoric men were every bit as intelligent as we are ; they just had fewer tools. Even three thousand, five hundred years ago there were scientists and mathematicians.

DAVID COOPER, IIIA

### URDD GOBATH CYMRU

Committee :

Chairman : Janice Brady. Vice-Chairman : Douglas Brown.  
 Secretary : Maureen Thomas. Treasurer : Hefina Bowen.  
 Catering Secretary : Pauline Bowen

Although the club is slightly smaller this year because membership has now been limited to pupils who are learning Welsh, we have held several interesting meetings this term.

At our first meeting we were pleased to welcome Herr Kroll, who taught us some German folk songs. Our next speaker was Mr. D. E. Lloyd, who gave an interesting talk and showed slides of his holiday in the south of France.

We are also grateful to Jacqueline Edwards, who spoke of her holiday in France and the school she attended there, and to Wyn Griffiths, Robert Brown and John Jenkins, who gave us some information on their stay in the Urdd Camp at Llangrannog.

Folk dancing has been included in all our meetings, and folk dancing classes have been held at dinner hour every Monday.

M.M.T.

### MUSIC SOCIETY

This term many musical events have taken place in the school. Certainly the most memorable of these was the dedication of the new organ by the Archdeacon of St. Davids on Wednesday, September 18th. Many relatives and friends of those who died in the two wars were present, together with donators to the "Organ Appeal Fund" and many friends of the school.

Mr. Whitehall played some beautiful organ pieces to emphasize the rich tone of the organ. The choir sang and several soloists took part. This was a very successful event which has been long looked forward to by members and friends of the school.

The organ is put to very good use, as every Friday morning the choir sings an anthem during the prayers accompanied by Mr. Whitehall on the organ. The school orchestra also takes part in the services on Friday. Every morning Mr. Whitehall uses the organ to accompany the singing of the hymn.

On Thursday, October 24th, the Youth Orchestra gave a recital in the School Hall. Three members of Pembroke Grammar School were soloists : Paul Davies, who is also the leader of the orchestra ; Ruth James, who also sang, and Jacqueline Edwards. The school choir sang several songs and the choir of the Coronation School also sang.

Ruth James brought honour to the school by going to France for the second year in succession to play and sing with the Franco-Welsh Orchestra. She went during the summer holidays and has done extremely well to be chosen twice.

On Tuesday, November 12, the choir gave its annual recital at St. Mary's Church in Pembroke. Many friends of the school attended the service and it was quite successful. Several soloists took part, and Mr. Whitehall played several pieces on the organ.

We were very honoured on Monday, September 23rd, to hear a recital given by Mr. Gabb, H.V.O., the organist and composer at Her Majesty's Chapels Royal. This was the first recital to be played on the new organ. There was a good attendance and everyone enjoyed the programme.

It is the hope of the school that the choir should give a recital at Carew Church after Christmas. This is a fairly new but we hope annual event in the calendar of the school choir. We hope that many friends of the school will be able to attend.

SHEILA DAVIES, Lower VI

#### 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

This year's Prize Day on January 16th, 1964, will be making history, since for the first time, as far as is known, the School will welcome as its chief guest an Old Pupil in the person of Dr. Edward Nevin (1936-41), Professor of Economics at the University College of Wales, Aberystwyth. Before returning as professor to Aberystwyth, where he took his first degree, Dr. Nevin had a distinguished career during which he held academic and public posts in Paris, the West Indies and Dublin, and it is certain that he will have much of interest and value to tell his hearers. We hope that in the future other distinguished Old Pupils will be able to follow Dr. Nevin as chief guest at our Prize-giving.

On Saturday, December 7, a successful Sale of Work was held in School at which over £100 was raised. We feel that it is important to draw the attention of all Old Pupils to the aims of this money-making effort, to which many of the present pupils and staff devoted a great deal of time and energy. The proceeds will be divided equally between the School Sports and Games Fund and the Penvro Magazine Fund. With the present high costs of production the magazine, the oldest school magazine in Wales with an unbroken record of publication, must be subsidised by such efforts, since the selling price is quite unrelated to the cost per copy. Old Pupils receive the bi-annual issues, post free, in return for the annual subscription of 5/-. At the moment an increase in this subscription is not being considered because it is felt that there is another solution, and that is a substantial increase in the membership of the Old Pupils' Association. We make no apology for repeating this appeal: if the present members of the School feel that Penvro is something worth preserving, and are willing to work to preserve it, then surely many hundreds of Old Pupils should be willing to pay 5/- a year to support this cause and at the same time, through the magazine, to keep in touch with their old school.

The Old Pupils' Notes which follow are rather brief this time. Please remember that we at School, and also your former school-fellows, are interested in your news and activities. We thank those who have written to us, and hope that many others will follow their example.

#### OLD PUPILS' NOTES

Geoffrey Bettison (1951-58) who qualified as an architect at the Welsh School of Architecture last June, has obtained an appointment in Edinburgh with the firm of Sir Basil Spence, architect of the new Coventry Cathedral.

Stephen Brown (1950-57) who returned from South Africa last year, and has since worked with a firm of civil engineering consultants in London, has now returned to his old university, Nottingham, as a research assistant in the Department of Civil Engineering.

Una Flint (1947-55), after teaching for several years in a Cheshire grammar school, is now a partner in an independent secondary school, Ryebank School, Liverpool where she also teaches Scripture, English and History. Una did not greatly enjoy her teaching experience in a State school and has no regrets about entering the sphere of private education. Her school has a full programme of out-of-school activities, including an annual ski-ing holiday in Scotland and boating, camping and ski-ing week-ends in the Lake District. Una says that she works very hard and has little free time, but she enjoys it thoroughly, and there is the added advantage that she owns a share in the school.

Pat Kavanagh (1950-58), whose marriage is reported in this issue, has left her post at Dr. Williams School, Dolgelly, and is now teaching at a Secondary Modern School at Crook, County Durham.

Glyn Macken (1952-59), who is President of the Students' Union at University College, Swansea, was presented to H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh when the latter visited the college in November. Glyn has also made two television appearances in the well-known T.W.W. students' programme, 'Celtic Challenge.'

Mary Meldrum (née Phillips, 1950-56), whose husband, F/O R. S. Meldrum, is on a two years' tour in Gibraltar with the R.A.F., has obtained a teaching post at St. George's Junior School, Gibraltar.

Margaret Morgan (1954-61) is spending a year in France prior to completing her Honours course in French at University College, Aberystwyth. She is teaching in a Collège d'Enseignement Général at Mérignac, a suburb of Bordeaux. She divides her time between the boys' and girls' schools, and is thoroughly enjoying her stay.

Wendy (Gray) Power (1954-61) is continuing to enjoy life in Chicago. She spent most of her free time during the summer learning to water-ski, and when she last wrote said that she was looking forward—strange as it may seem—to the winter's snow so that she could learn another kind of ski-ing. Her future plans include visits to the Niagara Falls and to New York.

William Roberts (1953-60) completed his three years at Trinity College, Carmarthen, in June and started in his first teaching post in Ealing, London, in September.

Geoffrey Wainwright (1948-55), who graduated some years ago with First Class Honours in Archaeology and who is a member of the Inspectorate of Ancient Monuments, spent some time last summer supervising the excavation of a Roman fort near Laugharne, Carms. The fort, which dates back to the second century, A.D., will shortly be destroyed by quarrying operations.

Nigel Davies (1954-59) joined Cable and Wireless Ltd. in 1961 and after 18 months training at their engineering school was posted to Brazil to work with the Western Telegraph Company in July 1963. He writes to say that he finds the country extremely interesting and is enjoying the work. Since telecommunications is a world-wide concern it is probable that he will visit many other countries in the course of his duties.

We congratulate the following Old Pupils on their marriages :—

- 27 July, at Carew, Robert Parcell (1953-59) to Priscilla Margaret Hopkins, of Pembroke Dock.  
 5 August, at Monkton, Margaret P. M. Thomas (1950-59) to Edward M. Luke, of Pontypool.  
 17 August, at Pembroke Dock, Eira Brickle (1950-58) to Thomas Islwyn Evans, of Dartmouth.  
 24 August, at Pembroke Dock, Patricia Kavanagh (1950-58) to William Nicoll, of Walsall.  
 24 August, at Hampstead, Malcolm Morgan (1951-58) to Georgina Margaret Duhig, of London.  
 31 August, at Tenby, Marilyn Sanders (1959-61) to Roderick Usher, of Tenby.  
 31 August, at Pembroke Dock, Charlotte Ambrose (1951-57) to John Arthur Hill, of Lincoln.  
 7 September, at Pembroke Dock, Valerie Palmer (1955-59) to Brian Hague, of Ashton-under-Lyne.  
 September, at Bewdley, Worcs., Frederick Breese (1951-58) to Mary Fletcher, of Bewdley.  
 21 September, at Cosheston, Yvonne Mansell (1952-59) to David H. Jenkins, of Saundersfoot.  
 21 September, at Tenby, Rex Wainwright (1951-54) to Susan Kingdom, of Tenby.  
 12 October, at Saundersfoot, Richard Rees (1947-54) to Ethel Doreen Prout, of Saundersfoot.

We have pleasure in recording the following births :—

- 4 August, to Glenys (née Cole, 1951-57), wife of Hilton Brown, a son.  
 13 August, to Rhona (née Gassner, 1951-57), wife of Fred Barrett, a daughter, Susan Elizabeth.  
 7 December, to Margaret, wife of Eric G. Manning (1936-40), a son.  
 7 December, to Mair, wife of Aubrey Phillips (1941-45), a daughter.

University successes :—

- Shirley Dundas (1953-60). Honours History, Class II, Division 1, at Aberystwyth University. Shirley has returned to college for research.  
 John Trice (1951-59). Class II, Division 2, in the Law Tripos at Cambridge. John is now articled to the Town Clerk of Manchester.  
 Alan Butler (1963-60). Class II, Division 1, in Civil Engineering at London University. Alan was awarded a research scholarship, also a prize for the best all-round student of his year.  
 Margaret Dean (1954-60). Second Class Honours in Geography at Oxford. She is now teaching in a grammar school at Portsmouth.

### THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

This society is at a great disadvantage in the school because of the expenses involved in the buying of suitable equipment for the use of members. In spite of this Mr. Lloyd has acquired a grant from the school and has been able to buy new equipment for the dark-room. It is hoped that, with the use of the new equipment provided, a higher standard of photography will be attained.

It is the hope of the society to take school photographs and to photograph all the major school events in the future. If this aim is achieved, the society will be performing a useful function and doing service to the school.

A membership fee is to be fixed and all members will be able to use the dark room. Any pupils who intend taking up photography will be able to visit the dark room with a member and so learn the technique of successful photography.

Emphasis is placed on the fact that one does not need a very expensive camera to become a member and one does not need to be an expert. Any enthusiast is welcomed. Photography brings pleasure to thousands of people, and with the help of the new equipment, it is hoped that a strong photographic society will be formed.

PHILIP LAIN, Sec.

### THE INTERNATIONAL CLUB

At the beginning of the term a new committee was set up. It was decided to reduce the number in the committee as more work could be done by a smaller committee. The following were elected officers :

Chairman : Paul Reynolds  
 Secretary : Michael Edwards  
 Treasurers : Suzanne Evans and Philip Lain  
 Catering Secretaries : Nina Pearman and Patsy Anfield  
 Committee : Caroline Hughes, Richard James, Philip Lloyd and Roger MacCallum.

Total membership of the club this year came to 160.

The first meeting on September 20th was addressed by Mr. Warham, a professional naturalist, who had recently returned from an Antarctic island where he had spent several years recording the island's wild life. He illustrated his talk with some excellent colour slides. Afterwards Pat Thomas spoke of the outrage in Birmingham, Alabama which resulted in some children being killed and we decided to send a donation towards the 'Western Mail's' fund for a new church window in that town.

On September 27th, Mr. Evan Evans, an old pupil of the school and now a police superintendent in Hong Kong gave us a very interesting, slide illustrated, talk on Hong Kong and its problems.

The next meeting on October 11th took the form of a three hour, non-stop, twisting and folk dancing session (Older members found the younger ones extremely fit!).

On October 18th two boys, Marcos from Brazil and Detlef from Germany, both at the Atlantic College, St. Donat's Castle, came down to spend two days with us. That evening they talked on life in the college and in Brazil, the former illustrated with colour slides. They were then entertained in the homes of Paul Reynolds and Roger MacCallum. The day after we took them on a coastal walk (with typical Pembrokeshire weather) between Broadhaven and Freshwater East.

We always find it difficult to celebrate United Nations Day because of the date, and instead of it, as in previous years, we donated a week to a theme, which this year was "Racialism". During each dinner hour there was a film show open to the whole school and the films shown were "Let my people go," "The Brotherhood of Man" and "The Colour of Man." On the Friday night Nina Pearman spoke on "Apartheid in South Africa" and Roger MacCallum on "The Biology of Race."

A 'German night' was held on November 22 when Herr Reinhart Kroll, of Berlin, who is staying with us as teacher for a year, sang songs to the accompaniment of his guitar. He also talked on the Berlin Wall problem and showed us his slides. We then had two films of Berlin and its problems. Afterwards we finished with a sing-song.

On December 6th Canon Stevens, Vicar of Pembroke Dock, who has spent many years in India, talked on Indian village life. We then saw the film "Journey through India" which he helped to make.

To finish the term we had our Christmas Party on December 14th to which many old pupils were invited. By tradition, it was held on a Saturday. It lasted for about six and a half hours. We decided to make it Fancy Dress and as usual many original ideas appeared. Entertainment was made up of films, games, Father Christmas and his followers, eating and dancing.

As the project for the term, we sold U.N.I.C.E.F. Christmas cards—£25 of them—! We also held raffles for Chocolates, a Beagle L.P. and nylons. The proceeds went into our charity fund.

MICHAEL EDWARDS, Secretary.

### THE SCIENCE SOCIETY

September—December 1963

The Science Society began its activities for the year by electing a committee late in September. The committee decided that it would be most satisfactory if meetings of the Society were held as close as possible to the first Wednesday of the month.

The first meeting was held on October 9; it took the form of a debate on the motion 'World Government is a Myth.' The motion was resoundingly defeated.

On November 6 a film show was given, "A Light on Nature" being shown. This film dealt superficially with the fronts of scientific discovery, and proved quite interesting.

Two papers were to be given on November 20 by two sixth formers, but due to their unavoidable absence the meeting was not held. It is hoped to hold this meeting at a future date.

The final meeting of 1963 was held on December 5, when Mr. L. R. Griffin, a Senior Lecturer at Swansea University, spoke on the various methods of determining the ages of the earth, sun and universe. We are very grateful to him for giving up some of his so valuable time to deliver this lecture.

The Society has been fairly well supported so far; but it is felt that a little more interest could be shown by the Vth and VIth forms. Let us hope that this is so in future meetings.

P. LAIN, J. BROWN, Secretaries.

### SCRIPTURE UNION

Chairman: Janice Brady; secretary: Patsy Anfield; committee: Maureen Thomas, Ann James, Kathryn Phillips, Susan Collins.

The S.U. continues to meet every Thursday at 1.15 p.m. and we are always pleased to welcome new members. This term we have had a varied and interesting series of meetings. The Rev. H. B. Pearce spoke on "Why be a Christian?"; Sister Peter from the Sacred Heart Convent answered questions on her vocation as a nun; Miss Pamela Williams gave us an outline of certain aspects of her recent visit to the United States; Mr. V. R. T. Hughes spoke on religious poetry; and Mr. D. W. Wood, Regional Secretary of the Inter-School Christian Fellowship to which we are affiliated, talked about the I.S.C.F. in Britain. Bible studies from St. Matthew's gospel have dealt with such questions as "Forgive Always?", "What is true religion?" and "Is God fair?"

We are very grateful to our visiting speakers for giving their time so generously and wish that they were not, as so often happened, "stopped by the bell".

### JUNIOR SCRIPTURE UNION

Chairman: Susan Richards; secretary: Dinah Haggart; committee: Annette Thomas, Helen Humber, Kevin Brady, Richard Allen.

The junior branch of S.U. meets on Tuesdays at 1.15 p.m. Our meetings have included a Criss-Cross Quiz efficiently organised by Richard Allen; an "Any Questions" session at which the invited panel of Pat Thomas, Janice Brady, Peter Lewis and David Campbell answered some very tricky questions very ably; a Bible Study on Psalm 23, led by Miss Williams; and a "What's My Line?"

We welcome all members of Forms II, III and IV to our meetings.

### Y.F.C. REPORT

Christmas Term

The first meeting this term was held on September 10th, when officials for this year were elected. They are as follows:—

President: Mr. T. C. Roberts; Club Leaders: Miss C. M. James, Mr. B. J. Davies, Mr. W. H. Mackenzie; Chairman: Philip Lloyd; Secretary: Anne Johns; Treasurer: Robert Whitehead; Vice-Chairman: Peter Roberts; Press Secretary: Julie Rogers; Committee Members: Malcolm Lewis, Peter Davies, Peter Ross, John Harries, Julie Rogers and Terence Watkins.

A list of members was compiled and this year we were pleased to note that we have sixty-one members.

John Evans represented Pembrokeshire in the Stock Judging competition at the Royal Welsh Show, Builth Wells, this year, and Malcolm Lewis and David Jones entered on behalf of the Club. They were placed 4th and 3rd respectively.

We won the Brownstate Public Speaking trophy for the third year running. The teams were:—

Under 25's: Malcolm Lewis, Anne Johns, Susan Stevens.

Under 21's: Peter Lewis, Guy Thomas, Robert Whitehead.

Under 16's: Catherine Rogers, David Ashley.

The under 21's team won their competition, the under 25's were placed 6th, and the under 16's 3rd.

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

During the term we had a visit from Mrs. Anna Voyle, of Llawhaden Y.F.C., who gave us an interesting talk and showed us two films on her recent visit to Germany and this year's County Rally at Picton Castle, Haverfordwest.

We also had a debate on segregation, with Anne Johns and Peter Davies opposing the motion and Susan Stevens and Malcolm Lewis supporting it.

We were very sorry to lose our secretary, Graham Evans, who left at the end of last term, also some of the committee members, but we are sure that their places will be amply filled by the new officials.

The Club has been fairly active this term and we look forward to an equally successful Spring term, next year.

E.A.J.



## FIRST XV RUGBY

## Officials :

Captain : Guy Thomas. Vice-Captain : Philip Lain.

Secretary : Allen Beard

Committee : Martin Rickard, Hugh Owen

## Results to Date :

September 7—Quins (Home)—Won 9-0.  
 September 14—Tenby (Home)—Lost 0-5  
 September 21—Fishguard (Home)—Won 12-0  
 September 28—County Final  
 October 2—Haverfordwest G.S. (Away)—Lost 3-14  
 October 5—Milford (Home)—Draw 3-3  
 October 12—Aberystwyth (Home)—Won 9-0  
 October 19—Haverfordwest G.S. (Home)—Won 9-5  
 November 2—Whitland (—Away)—Cancelled  
 November 23—Preseli (Away)—Lost 8-0  
 November 30—Gwendraeth (Home)—Lost 0-15

## SECOND XV RUGBY

## Officials :

Captain : John Brown. Vice-Captain : David Thomas

Secretary : William Clift

## Results to Date :

September 7—St. Davids (Away)—Lost 6-8  
 September 21—P.D.S.M. (Away)—Lost 6—0  
 September 28—Milford S.M. (Home)—Won 11-0  
 October 2—Haverfordwest G.S. (Away)—Won 6-3  
 October 5—P.D.S.M. (Away)—Lost 17-9  
 October 12—Aberystwyth (Home)—Won 6-0  
 October 19—Haverfordwest S.M. (Away)—Won 34-0  
 November 2—Whitland (Away)—Cancelled  
 November 9—P.D.S.M. (Home)—Won 3-0  
 November 16—Haverfordwest S.M. (Home)—Cancelled  
 November 30—Gwendraeth (Home)—Lost 3-0  
 Points against—37. Points for—75

## SUMMER TERM, 1963

## ROUNDERS

The following represented First IX : Christine Lewis ; Hefina Bowen (Captain) ; Valmai Edwards ; Ann Griffiths ; Margaret Barton ; Diane Evans ; \*Sheila White ; Maureen Emmet ; \*Pat Moor.

\* Awarded colours

The following represented Second IX : Rhiannon Bowen (Captain) ; Ellen Nash ; Susan Stevens ; Sandra Gaccon ; Ann Cole ; Susan Preece ; Marilyn Thomas ; Lynda Williams ; Susan Pannell.

## Results :—

1st IX v. Tenby S. School (Away)—Lost 2½-½  
 1st IX v. Coronation (Away)—Won 5½-3  
 1st IX v. Pembroke G.S. Boys—Lost 9-2  
 1st IX v. Coronation (Home)—Won 9-3½  
 1st IX v. St. Davids (Home)—Won 32-3  
 2nd IX v. Coronation (Away)—Lost 3½-5  
 2nd IX v. St. Davids (Home)—Won 40-3

## 4th Form :

IX v. Coronation (Home)—Lost 7-4½  
 IX v. Coronation (Away)—Draw 3-3  
 IX v. Coronation (Home)—Won 4-3½

## 3rd Form :

IX v. Coronation (Away)—Won 2½-1½

## 2nd Form :

IX v. Coronation (Home)—Won 7-4

## HOUSE ROUNDERS

Rev. Garfield Davies' Challenge Cup was won by Hywel House, with Glyndwr second, Tudor third and Picton fourth.

## TENNIS

The following represented School : \*Pat Thomas (captain) ; \*Ruth Morgan ; Janice Brady ; \*Judith Payne ; \*Patsy Anfield ; Lyn Shore ; Priscilla Tee ; Marilyn McKee.

\* Awarded colours

## Matches played :

Tenby G.S. (Away) Won 5-4 games  
 Coronation Boys (Home)—Lost 6-3 games  
 St. David's G.S. (Home)—Won 7-2 games

## TENNIS TOURNAMENT 1963

Girls Singles—Ruth Morgan (second year in succession).

Boys Singles—Barry Stubbs (fourth year in succession).

Mixed Doubles : David Frazer and Pat Thomas

Girls Doubles—Pat Thomas and Judith Payne (second year in succession).

Boys Doubles—Barry Stubbs and David Frazer (fourth year in succession).

## JEAN CRUTCHLEY CUP

Awarded to best all-rounder, taking into consideration service to School—Ruth Morgan

## ATHLETICS 1963

Ruth Morgan represented Pembrokeshire in the Shot event at the Welsh Secondary Schools Athletics Meeting.

Ruth Morgan—Shot event, 2nd, 34ft. 10½ins.

Margaret Barton—Discus, 3rd

Helen O'Leary—Hurdles

All chosen to take part in the Junior Welsh Games at Cardiff.

## HOCKEY 1963

## FIRST XI

Captain : Christine Lewis. Vice-Captain : Pat Moor

Secretary : Hefina Bowen

## SECOND XI

Captain : Gwyneth Griffiths

## Matches played :

			1st XI	2nd XI
September 21—Coronation	(Home)	Won	8-2	Won 3-2
October 5—Fishguard	(Home)	Won	2-1	Won 2-1
October 19—Tenby S.S.	(Away)	Lost	2-1	Lost 2-1
November 16—Whitland G.S.	(Home)	Lost	3-0	Won 2-1

Pat Moor, Ruth Morgan and Patsy Anfield were chosen to take part in the Final Trials for the Pembrokeshire Schoolgirls XI. Ruth Morgan (Left Inner), Patsy Anfield (Left Wing) were chosen to represent Pembrokeshire.

## NETBALL 1963

## FIRST VII

Captain : Ellen Nash. Vice-Captain : Janice Brady

Matches played :

October 5—Coronation (Home)—Won 16-6

October 19—Tenby (Away)—Lost 13-4

November 30—Gwendraeth G.S. (Home)—Lost 22-6

## BADMINTON (MIXED TEAM) 1963

Captain : Douglas Brown. Secretary : David Canton

Treasurer : Pat Thomas

Matches played :

October 5—Fishguard S.S. (Home)—Lost 6-3

November 30—Gwendraeth G.S. (Home)—Lost 4-1

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