



# THE PENVRO

SUMMER 1967

# THE PENVRO

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No. 142

SUMMER

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## EDITORIAL

In spite of the prospect of the endless speeches, everybody turned out alert, excited and smartly dressed on Prize Day. And even more surprising they were like this for the whole of that week. What could have caused such a stir amongst all the pupils? What less than the television cameras could have made everyone believe that *he* was a budding Richard Burton, or *she* a Liz Taylor? T.W.W. was featuring Bush House and the farming department of our school, which is the only one of its kind in Wales and one of only three in the whole of Britain.

The Mighty House of Glyndwr was badly shaken this year in the Eisteddfod for there was very keen competition for first place, and even yet it is not certain which house was the victor. The houses were again well matched on Sports Day—the sunniest within living memory (a slight exaggeration, but never mind) and everyone, including some bald headed members of the staff, came to school next day, much the redder and sorer for their afternoon in the sun; never has Sports Day been such a success.

The new system of school dinners has attracted much comment—some complimenting its *effishency* but others seem to find themselves even more prone to indigestion since the innovation.

The end of this year will not see many changes in the staff, apart from Mr. Stephen Griffiths who has decided that he just has to have a break from us for a year, and while we wish him the best of luck in his new venture, we hope that he remembers to come back to us. Also congratulations to Mrs. Morgan and Mrs. Earle on their forthcoming happy events. We hope Mrs. Gwyn Davies, who is bridging the gap while Mrs. Morgan is away, will enjoy her stay with us. Again we have been very pleased to welcome to our midst two foreign students: Herr Hans Lockl, who joined us last autumn from Germany and Mlle. Jeanne Marie Delfour from France, who arrived more recently, half-way through the Spring term, having spent the first part of the year in Milford Haven.

A stop-press item of news which has delighted us all is Mr. Islwyn Griffiths' award of the M.B.E. in the Queen's Birthday Honours list. We offer him our heartiest congratulations!

## PRIZE GIVING

The annual prize giving on January 18th was held under far from normal conditions. Those pupils who find such ceremonies a test of endurance were given something to occupy their attention for the whole afternoon, for T.W.W. had taken over. Spotlights and microphones, cameras and other equipment, all were made as unobtrusive as possible—but how possible was it? Everyone was probably secretly hoping to “get on the telly” and envying Joseph Bowman his moments of glory as the camera recorded his ambling progress on to the platform to receive his prize. It was very convenient for the programme director that the T.W.W. visit coincided with Prize Day and very interesting for us to see the results of their two-day visit when the programme was screened on Easter Monday.

The other special guests were Professor and Mrs. Glanmor Williams who both seemed to be enjoying the novelty of a televised Prize-giving. Professor Williams, of the history Department at the University College, Swansea, gave one of the most interesting and amusing addresses to have been heard in recent years, as Mrs. Mathias, Chairman of the Governors, had promised he would. Mrs. Williams presented the prizes and certificates awarded for 1966.

Form II-1, Janet Davies; 2 Angela Bowen; 3, Jill Prout and Susan Catling; 5, Susan Lee; 6, Karina Russell.

Form IIc-1, Pamela Nutting and Fay Thomas (joint first prize).

IIIb-1, Janet Mitchell; 2, Patrick Maguire; 3, Philip Nicholas. Good progress, John Humber.

IIIA Tech.-1, Gerald James.

IVc-1, Alan Lewis; 2, Ruth Martin.

IVb-1, Christine Jenkins; 2, Philip Pryse.

IVA-1, Selwyn Skone; 2, Angela Gwyther; 3, Geoffrey Wilson; 4, Helen McNally.

IV—Good progress, Michael Thomas.

U.IV Tech.-1, Alan Turner.

U.IVc-1, Janice Powell.

U.IVb-1, Elizabeth Williams; 2, Rowland Jeffreys; 3, Alastair Campbell. Good progress, Stephen Andrews.

U.IVa-1, David Cooper; Good progress, Adrian Fell, Jennifer Ricketts.

V.Tech.-1, Peter Sendell.

Vc-1, Brian Jones.

Vb-1, Helen Stewart.

Va-1, Dinah Haggar.

## SUBJECT PRIZES, G.C.E. ORDINARY LEVEL

*English Prize* (given by Miss A. R. Lewis-Davies, M.B.E.)—Dinah Haggar, Megan Sutton.

*Welsh Prize* (given by Alderman J. R. Williams)—Irwel Bevan.

*Latin Prize* (given by Mrs. Hilda Thomas)—Noel O'Byrne.

*French Prize*—Neil Campodonic.

*German Prize*—Susan Moffatt.

*History Prize* (given by the Rev. Lewis G. Tucker)—Prudence Pattison.

*Scripture Prize*—Philip Carradice, Brian Jones.

*Geography Prize* (given by Mrs. Nevin in memory of Ald. William Nevin)—Dinah Haggar.

*Mathematics Prize* (given by B. G. Howells, Esq., O.B.E.)—Neil Campodonic, David Cooper, Noel O'Byrne.

*Chemistry Prize* (given by Mr. Bernard Garnett in memory of his father, J. H. Garnett, M.Sc.)—Michael Hanschell.

*Physics Prize* (given by Mr. Bernard Garnett)—Michael Hanschell.

*Biology Prize* (given by Mr. Bernard Garnett)—Clive Morgan.

*Human Biology Prize*—Pauline Stewart.

*Agricultural Biology Prize*—Russell John.

*Botany Prize*—Peter Badham.

*Art Prize* (given by Mrs. C. Griffiths)—David Jenkins.

*Cookery Prize* (The 'Beatrice Mary Williams Prize')—Annette Thomas.

*Dressmaking Prize* (given by Mrs. M. V. Jones)—Susan Griffiths.

*Woodwork Prize* (given by Alderman J. A. Meyrick Owen)—Brian Hall, Neil Campodonic.

*Metalwork Prize* (given by Alderman W. Carr)—Mark Gradon.

*Practical Plane and Solid Geometry Prize*—Peter Louis Morgan.

*Pembroke Farmers' Cup for Good Work in Agriculture*—Peter Sendell.

*Prize for Service to School Music* (given by Mr. Daniel Hordley)—Jane Sudbury.

## LOWER VI

*Prize for the Spoken Word* (given by Miss E. M. Young in memory of her father, Charles Young, J.P., Governor of the School)—Rosemary Jenkins.

*The Alice Mary Rees Prize* (given jointly by Ralph Llewellyn Rees and Morwyth Rees, in memory of their mother)—John Davies and Roderick Milne.

*Prize for Original Work* (given by Mrs. Sarah Thomas)—Caroline Hughes.

## UPPER VI

*English Prize*—David Campbell, Helen Hanschell, Roger Powell.

*History Prize*—Roger Powell, Richard Wragg.

*Domestic Subjects Prize*—Wendy Donovan.

*Woodwork Prize*—Howard Robinson.

*The Brenda Lloyd Prize for Welsh*—Katherine Phillips.

*Prize for Best Performance at Advanced Level* (given by Pembroke Rotary Club)—Roger Powell.

*The Chairman of the Governors' Prize for Service to the School* (given by Councillor Mrs. M. M. Mathias)—Veronica Sandell.

## GENERAL CERTIFICATE OF EDUCATION

## AUTUMN EXAMINATION

The following candidates passed at Ordinary Level:—Megan Arnold, Human Biol.; Gerald Asparassa, Hist., Biol.; Julia Bannon, Biol.; Lionel Bennetto, Eng. Lang., Gen. Sc.; Kevin Brady, Eng. Lang.; Gillian Brown, Eng. Lang.; John Clark, Geog., Gen. Sc.; Mair Davies, Eng. Lang., Geog., Biol.; Valmai Edwards, Eng. Lang., Human Biol.; Paul Gogarty, Geog.; Susan Griffiths, Eng. Lit.; Wyn Griffiths, Eng. Lit., Hist.; Martin Hadley, Biol.; Ieuan Harries, Human Biol.; Kathleen Humber, Maths., Biol.; Brian Jones, Gen. Sc.; Corenne Jones, Eng. Lang.; Margaret Kelleher, Eng. Lang.; Teresa Leyland, Human Biol.; William Medland, Chem.; Margaret Morgan, Welsh; Graham Nicholas, Hist.; Lionel Nutting, Geog.; Prudence Pattison, Latin; Leslie Pemberton, Maths.; Melanie Phillips, French; John Picton, Physics; Alan Searle, Eng. Lang.; John Power, Eng. Lang., Geog., Human Biol.; Maureen Rees, Eng. Lang., Biol.; Susan Richards, Welsh; Roy Roberts, Eng. Lang.; David Rogers, Phys.; Douglas Simpson, Eng. Lang.; Joy Smith, Eng. Lit.; Helen Stewart, Maths.; Margarate Waters, Eng. Lit.; Michael Watkins, Chem.; David Williams, Hist., Geog.; Hazel Williams, Eng. Lit.

## “USE OF ENGLISH” EXAMINATION—MARCH, 1967

The following were successful:—Carola Bowen, Patricia Gibby, Caroline Hughes, Pamela Jenkins, Sarah-Jane Monico, Maribelle Thomas, Margaret Vernon, Roderick Milne, Clive Morgan, Robert Wilcox.

## ST. DAVID'S DAY EISTEDDFOD

A most exciting day at Pembroke Grammar School Eisteddfod finished with a very narrow victory for Glyndwr House, which won the coveted Sudbury Shield by a mere eleven points. The narrow margin of this victory shows how ardently all Houses tried to unseat Glyndwr who have been victors for the past five years.

The closeness of the competition made this year's Eisteddfod stand out as one of the most exciting for some time, and the many parents and friends who supported the Eisteddfod enjoyed themselves throughout the day. The continued interest of old pupils in the welfare of their Houses was revealed by the presence of many in the Hall, and by the telegrams and messages that others sent.

The final position of the Houses was as follows:—

1. Glyndwr	752
2. Picton	741
3. Hywel	624
4. Tudor	594

## RESULTS

## MUSICAL EVENTS

*Senior Girls' Duet*: 1, Margaret Rogers and Maribelle Thomas (T); 2, Jane Sudbury and Sylvia Pemberton (T); 3, Sarah Monico and Caroline Hughes (G). *Instrumental*: 1, Sarah Monico and Caroline Hughes (G); 2, Peter Badham and Michael Davies (P); 3, Roger Parsons (H). *Senior Boys Solo*: 1, Roger Parsons (H); 2, Richard Davies (P), 3, Alan Searle (P). *Senior Piano Solo*: 1, Susan Thomas (T); 2, Charles Watson (P); 3, Margaret Waters (G). *Senior Girls' Solo*: 1, Sylvia Pemberton (T); 2, Jane Sudbury (T); 3, Sheila Richardson (P). *Junior Welsh Solo*: 1, Stephanie Main (T); 2, Christine Main (T); 3, Rhiannon Harries (P). *Violin Solo*: 1, Ian Cooper (H); 2, Joan Bendle (G). *Junior Girls' Solo*: 1, Christine Main (T); 2, Jacqueline Davies (H); 3, Pamela Morgan (P). *Junior Boys' Solo*: 1, Gilbert Lewis (T); 2, Gareth Powell (G); 3, Clive Pattison (G). *Junior Piano Solo*: 1, Rhiannon Harries (P); 2, Jacqueline Davies (H); 3, Robin Campbell (G).

## LITERARY EVENTS

*Poetry Speaking*: Senior Girls: 1, Rosemary Jenkins (T); 2, Vivien Lain (T); 3, Sarah Monico (G). Senior Boys: 1, Keith Allen (P); 2 Alan Searle (P); 3, Roderick Milne (P). Junior Girls: 1, Ann Bowen (H); 2 Karina Russell (G); 3, Angela Bowen (H). Junior Boys: 1, Phillip Marsden (G); 2, Robin Campbell (G); 3, Nicholas Mason (T). *Welsh Poetry Speaking*: 1, Karina Russell (G); 2, Teresa Englefield (H); 3, Rhiannon Harries (P). *Prepared Speech*: 1, Sarah Monico (G); 2, Roger Parsons (H); 3, Maribelle Thomas (T). *Original Poems*: Form II: 1, Denise Pendleton (T); 2, Heather Gorden (P); 3, Jacqueline Davies (H). Form III: 1, Karina Russell (G); 2, and 3 (tie), Jane Lewis (G) and Susan Lee (P). Form IV: 1, Timothy Hordley (P); 2, Phillip Marsden (H); 3, David Holmes (G). Upper IV: 1, Vivien Lain (T); 2, and 3 (tie): Pat Eastick (T) and Jeremy Jenkins (T); Form V: 1, No award; 2, Sheelagh Kelly (G); 3, Kathleen Humber (G). Form VI: 1, Caroline Hughes (G); 2, Patricia Gibby (G); 3, Janet Statter (P). *Essays*: Form II: 1, Leonard Mullins (G); 2, Heather Gordon (P); 3, Stephen Ball (G). Form III: 1, Gill Prout (P); 2, Susan Lee (P); 3, Frank Whittaker (T). Form IV: 1, Vivien Kyte (H); 2, Peter Smith (T); 3, Carol Kaye (T). Upper IV: 1, Jeremy Jenkins (T); 2, Anne Monico (G); 3, Vivien Lain (T). Form V: 1, Raydene Bateman (G); 2, Derek Aspinall (P); 3, Elaine Hughes (G). Form VI: 1, Katherine Campbell (P); 2, John Davies (T); 3, Philip Carradice (G). *Short Story*: Junior: 1, Cheryl Young (G); 2, Jacqueline Davies (H); 3, S. Freeman (H). Senior: 1, Philip Spencer (P); 2, (G); 3, Clive Morgan (P).

## VERSE TRANSLATIONS

*French*: Junior: 1, Timothy Hordley (P); 2, Simon Rogers (P); 3, John Stephens (G). Senior: 1, Sarah Monico (G); 2, —; 3, Vivien Lain. *Welsh*: Junior: 1, Janet Davies (H); 2, Jacqueline Davies (H); 3, Rhiannon Harries (P). Senior: 1, Christopher Lewis (G); 2, Elizabeth Hopkins (T); 3, David Havard (P). *German*: Junior: 1, Anne Monico (G); 2, John Stephens (G); 3, Patricia Howells (G). Senior: 1, Caroline Hughes (G); 2, Sarah Monico (G); 3, Julie Davids (T).

## AGRICULTURE

*Tractor Reversing*: Junior: 1, Martin Jones; 2, John Gittins; 3, Jonathan Leah. Senior: 1, Nigel Hall (P); 2, Joseph Bowman (H); 3, Andrew Merriman (P). *Farm Machinery Identification*: Junior: 1, G. Grantham (H); 2, S. James (H); 3, C. Hurt (H). Senior: 1, R. Aston (P); 2, G. James (H); 3, P. Sendell (P). *Machine Milking*: Junior: 1, G. Grantham (H); 2, S. James (H); 3, J. Gittins (G). Senior: 1, J. Rudder (G); 2 and 3 (tie), P. Sendell (P) and J. Bowman (H). *Dairy Stock Judging*: Juniors: 1, E. Scourfield (H); 2, J. Gittins (G); 3, K. Turner (H). Senior: 1, R. Pepper (G); 2, D. Harvard (P); 3, R. Evans (P).

## CRAFTS

*Feltwork*: Open: 1, Maribelle Thomas (T); 2, Joan Bendle (G); 3, —. *Knitting*: Form II: 1, Jean Davies (P); 2, Maureen Lewis (H); 3, Lynne Clayton (P). Form III: 1, Heather Harries (H); 2, Gill Prout (P); 3, Janice Doran (G). Form IV: 1 (tie), Christine Jordan (T) and Caroline Lloyd (G); 3, Doreen Stephens (T). Upper IV: 1, Angela Gwyther (G); 2, Anne Monico (G); 3, —. Forms V and VI: 1, Elizabeth James (T); 2, Sarah Monico (G); 3, —. *Table Decoration*: Open: 1, Vivien Lain (T); 2, Joan Handley (P); 3, Margaret Davies (P). *Embroidery*: Open: 1, Judith Phillips (P); 2, Vivien Lain (T); 3, Karen Mabe (P). *Needlework*: Form II: Catherine Slater (H); Form III: 1, Irene James (H); 2, Elaine Davies (H); 3, Ann Bowen (H). Form IV: 1, Kathleen Davies (P); 2, Mary Phillips (T); 3, Marion Parry (P). Upper IV: 1, Linda James (G); 2, Marilyn Cole (H); 3, Vivien Lain (T). Form V: 1, Margaret Channon (P); 2, Julie Davids (T); 3, Jennifer Ricketts (G). Form VI: 1, Rosemary Jenkins (T); 2, Corene Jones (H); 3, Susan Richards (T).

*Cookery*: Form II: 1, Jean Davies (P); 2, Lynne Clayton (P); 3, Pauline O'Carroll (H). Form III: 1, Trevor Fish (P); 2, Heather Harris (H); 3, Bronwen Merriman (P). Form IV: Vivien Kyte (H); 2, Peter Smith (T); 3, Simon Rogers (P). Upper IV: 1, Malcolm Mathias. Form V: 1, Jennifer Ricketts (G); 2, Anne Turvey (P); 3, Caroline Atfield (T). Form VI: 1, Lyn Smith (T); 2, Elizabeth James (T); 3, Sarah Monico (G).

## ART

Form II: 1, Christine Lord (H); 2, Paul Harries (P); 3, Stephen Ball (G). Form III: 1, Jane Richards (G); 2, Beth Davies (G); 3, Angela Bowen (T). Form IV: 1, Mark Bell (H). Upper IV: 1, Carolyn Roch (T); 2, Lorraine Smith (T); 3, Rosemary Allen (T). Form V: 1, David Reynolds (H); 2, David Cooper (H); 3, Margaret Davies (P). Form VI: 1, Katherine Campbell (P). *Three Dimensional Design*: Junior: 1, Beth Davies (G); 2, Timothy Hordley (P); 3, Robert Jenkins (H). Senior: 1, Desmond Parry (P); 2, Clive Morgan (P); 3, Derek Ambrose (T).

## GEOGRAPHY

Forms II and III: 1, Jean Davies (P); 2, Janice Doran (G); 3, Joanna Thomas (G). Forms IV and Upper IV: 1, Timothy Hordley (P); 2, William McCall (G); 3, Jeffrey Reader (H). Forms V and VI: No entries.

## PHOTOGRAPHY

Junior: 1, Timothy Hordley (P). Senior: 1, Ieuan Harries (P). Open: 1, Timothy Hordley (P); 2, Ieuan Harries (P).

## STAMP COLLECTING

Junior: 1, Paul Harries (P); 2, Robin Campbell (G); 3, Trevor Fish (P). Senior: 1, Helen Stewart (H); 2, Philip Spencer (P); 3, Gwyn Campbell (G).

## NATURE STUDY

Forms II and III: No awards. Forms IV and Upper IV: 1, Margaret John (T); 2, Judith Phillips (P); 3, Jacqueline James (H). Forms V and VI: 1, No award; 2, Jane Sudbury (T); 3, Raydene Bateman (G).

## HOUSE DRAMA COMPETITION—MARCH 20 AND 21

The Drama Competition this year was a very successful event and gave us two very enjoyable evenings of entertainment. The adjudicator was Mr. Kenneth Lee, who is by now well known to many would-be actors and actresses for his informed and constructive criticism.

On the first evening Hywel presented Vernon Sylvaïne's "The Road of the Poplars," set in a French estaminet, near Ypres, in the early 1920's. The producer, John Whitehall, has hitherto confined his talents to the lighting effects for house and school plays, but he evidently has been picking up hints on other aspects of drama production during the years. He had a very willing, if inexperienced cast in Margaret Vernon, Terry Williams, Damian Clarke, Roger Parsons and Alan Hyde. Backstage helpers were Pamela Jenkins, Corenne Jones, Frances Stewart, Diana Griffiths, and Joseph Bowman.

Picton chose Stuart Ready's "Five at the George," produced by Philip Spencer, who also took the part of the police inspector. Keith Allen as Captain Standish and Alan Searle as Mr. Merridew showed what good voices they possess, and they were well supported by Margaret Davies, Sheila Richardson and Desmond Parry, Margaret Channon, Karen Mabe, Katherine Campbell, Joan Handley, Bill Medland, Philip Jenkins, John Jenkins, Roderick Milne and Peter Sendell were responsible for backstage duties.

On the second evening Tudor gave us a rollicking performance of Carey and King's "Holiday Home," produced by John Davies. The cast of Susan Collins, Rosemary Jenkins, Vivien Lain (who took over at short notice), Neil Campodonic and David Ashley gave a most amusing and convincing performance. It was not surprising that they won first place and swept the board by providing the best actress, Susan Collins, and the best actor, Neil Campodonic. They kept the audience in roars of laughter from start to finish. The backstage helpers were Elizabeth James, Margaret Rogers, Janice Gamman, Maribelle Thomas, Jane Sudbury, Susan Richards, David Eastick, Meredydd Thomas and Richard Allen.

Glyndwr presented "On the Frontier" by Norman Holland, produced by Philip Carradice, who also took one of the major parts (albeit he was a sergeant!). Timothy Drysdale gave a good performance as the vain lieutenant around whom the play revolved and Elaine Hughes was a suitably enigmatic spy. Caroline Hughes, Carola Bowen, Sarah Monico and Malcolm Cawley gave efficient performances. The backstage helpers were Angela Stevens, Linda Williams, Sheila Kenniford, Pat Gibby, Maureen Rees, Jennifer Smith, Margarate Waters, Hazel Williams, Sally Ann Rees, Wyn Griffiths, Anthony Hodge, Michael Phillips, Roy Roberts, Clive James, Robert Brown, Graham Nicholas, Peter Canton, Christopher Lewis, G. James and B. James.

The final placings were: 1, Tudor; 2, Glyndwr; 3, Hywel; 4, Picton.

## LETTER FROM AMERICA

We often hear snippets of information about various old pupils who have travelled to different parts of the world since leaving school, and one such person is Christopher Law who is now coming to the end of an eighteen-month work-study course for teachers from outside the United States. The course is based on Antioch College, Yellow Springs, Ohio, a liberal arts college which "has pioneered in developing the study-plus-work program of education," to quote the course brochure. After a preliminary three-month course at Antioch, Christopher was let loose on America as a member of staff at different schools and camps. His description of his experiences may inspire *Penuro* readers to think of tackling something similar in the future.

"As I flew in over Kennedy Airport at 5 in the morning, lots of thoughts struck me all at once—I was a stranger in a foreign country! I didn't know anyone! What had I let myself in for? Where was I going and what was I going to do? I was suddenly so alone that I think if I had had the fare I would have caught the first flight back to England. This feeling was heightened when Miss Victoria Neff, the representative from Antioch College, was not there to meet me as expected. However, she soon turned up and was a big surprise. Instead of the expected college official she turned out to be a senior student, very cheery (even at 6 o'clock in the morning), pleasant and friendly, who soon made my feelings of doubt vanish. I learned that she was to be our (the Teachers' unit) resident assistant at Antioch.

I spent three days in New York taking in some of the sights—the U.N. building, Empire State, etc. I also spent New Year's Eve in Times Square—one experience which I will remember for a very long time. During the three days I met several other European teachers who had come on the same programme. On Sunday, 2nd January, nine of us got a Continental Trailways bus for Yellow Springs, Ohio. We arrived sixteen hours later without hitch or mishap.

We, the teachers—eighteen of us from eight countries—were housed in what had been a private home some ten minutes' walk from the college campus. It is difficult to know what to put in the letter about Antioch College and the town of Yellow Springs, my first real taste of America. The town and college are both very small by American standards with populations of 5,000 and 1,600 respectively. The whole area is very rural. The facilities provided by the college were varied and impressive. We had our own series of lectures and seminars which I christened "Instant America." The topics, presented by first-class men in their fields, covered every aspect of American life with a big emphasis on education and schools. We did a great deal of school visiting and observation. We also had quite a lot of free time and most of us attended some of the college lectures for regular students. These were fascinating—not the least of which was the casual attitude of students and professors alike—cigarettes and soda-pop were much in evidence.

On the whole I was favourably impressed with the schools I visited. To be truthful, from impressions I had formed in England, I had expected the worst—but behaviour was better than I had expected and, in general, the attitude towards work was good. I found it difficult to accept standards of dress and student-teacher relationship but this was due to my different background.

Towards the end of our stay in Antioch, much time was spent with interviews for our job placements and, all too soon, it was time to leave Yellow Springs and move on to green fields and pastures new. My first job took me to another rural community in Accokeek, Maryland, about 17 miles south of Washington, D.C. I was to teach English at an independent, non-graded, permissive high school called Canterbury. The first shock was

when the Director of the school came to meet me in Washington. SHE turned out to be a 26-year-old, very pleasant, blonde Texan, whom the students at the school called Tex! The school itself was a bit of a shock. The building was part of the parish hall in the church grounds. The student population was 65 and, at 27, I was the oldest member of the eleven faculty. There were virtually no school rules. The children took full advantage of this: manner of dress was surprising, smoking (cigarettes and pipes) was common and students were as much at home in the chair behind the Director's desk, reading her mail, as they were in the basement, strumming guitars. The children were very friendly and easy to get on with—there were some fascinating characters there. At the end of the school year the results of the standardized testing were very high—freedom obviously works for some children.

My summer job took me to a camp in Canada. I drove via Philadelphia, Yellow Springs, Cleveland, Buffalo, and Niagara Falls to Port Loring, Ontario—a very indirect but enjoyable trip. Niagara Falls are very majestic, especially viewed from the top of one of the new scenic towers. About ten miles from the camp the road had been washed away because someone had blown up a beaver dam. When I got the car to camp the next day I realised that I had driven 1,700 miles in six days.

The camp site was on a beautiful lake shore. The entire vicinity was a wilderness of forestland and lakes. I was employed as a tripping counsellor, which meant that I took the campers out on canoe trips lasting from one to four days. The surrounding countryside was very beautiful. I was at camp for seven weeks and with the exception of two days the weather was absolutely glorious, which made camping and canoeing very much more enjoyable. Portaging—carrying a 75lb. pack or 70lb. canoe through the woods from one lake to another—was rather uncomfortable. It was very hot and sweaty work. At times the mosquitoes were almost unbearable. However, all these discomforts were soon forgotten when we were drifting on a lake or along a river.

The camp, Blue Heron Camp, was very small—19 campers first session and 16 second session—so we, the counsellors, got to know the children very well. They ranged from 9 to 15 and were interesting to be with as they were enthusiastic about everything. Apart from the physical aspect of the programme the camp also had a strong Natural Science programme and I learned a great deal. There were nine counsellors in all and we got on very well together. Apart from canoeing and portaging which were new experiences for me I also had the opportunity to drive a bus (single decker), water-ski, and barn dance in a genuine barn.

After camp I returned to the States rather reluctantly because I wanted to travel across Canada but I had to come back for an interview. The job I finally accepted was teaching a small group of mentally retarded children. There are nine in the class aged between 16 and 19. So far I have enjoyed being with them very much. Although I am not working with my main subject, Geography (which is in general very sadly neglected in the States), I feel I am learning a great deal because they are presenting me with teaching problems which I have not come across before. I find the work equally interesting and frustrating. I constantly have to remind myself that what I find boring and repetitious is not so to them. They are a friendly bunch of children with many problems of many sorts and by and large I enjoy being with them.

The Guilderland Central School district, though very rural, is apparently typical of American school systems, though in my limited experience I would say better than most. It has new buildings and a young and seemingly energetic faculty. The children for the most part are well dressed, neat, courteous and proud of their school. The following of parents for sporting competitions is very impressive. It has the faults (at least, in my opinion they are faults) of large educational establishments (there are something over 2,000 students in the Junior and Senior High Schools occupying the

same campus) in that they tend to become impersonal educational machines turning out a certain number of graduates each year, rather than dealing with human beings with human problems. Of course, I am at something of a disadvantage being with the Special Class but from talking to students and faculty I feel that my observations are valid. I am also surprised at the lack of clubs, societies, and extra-curricular activities—other than sporting!

Plans for holidays to be had before I leave the States include an eight-day trip to Florida in April where I hope to try my hand at deep-sea fishing, and a trip out west to see Yellowstone National Park, Salt Lake City, the Grand Canyon, and perhaps through California to the Pacific. There is a possibility that I might take a tour which will get me home via Japan and other countries in South East Asia—indirect but interesting.

I am continuing to have a most enjoyable time in the States. It is hard to believe that I have been here 14 months (N.B.—Christopher wrote in March) and have only about four months left. When, in December 1965, I thought of coming to the States for 18 months it seemed such a long period of time—but it has gone all too quickly. The people are great—not like those Americans one generally meets travelling around Europe—the food is good and a lot of the scenery well worth seeing."

"P.S.—I've just checked. I've had the car 4½ months (take out six weeks when I didn't drive it at camp) and I've added 11,000. SOMETHING must be worth seeing!"

#### CONTRAST

While walking on the heather-covered downs above the beach  
I thought how very different it would be  
If these things of natural beauty were placed beyond my reach  
And city life replaced this life for me.

Instead of hearing seagulls' cries, and waves upon the shore,  
And smelling damp salt sea-weed on the rocks,  
There'd be pigeons by the hundred, and the noisy traffic's road  
Would drown the chimes of all the city's clocks.

There'd be the smell of hot-dogs, fish and chips, and coffee bars—  
Not unpleasant—but it's nothing to compare  
With the perfume of the country, where nothing ever mars  
The smells of nature in the pure, fresh, air.

There'd be theatres and cinemas and bright lights all around,  
And various other interests to see.  
But give me the peaceful countryside where animals abound  
And where endless entertainment is all free.

For what better music to enjoy than bird songs in the trees?  
What more to see than flowers every day?  
From every field and hedgerow, their perfume on the breeze  
Is carried o'er the fields of new-mown hay.

The city folks I know wouldn't change their life for mine,  
I don't know if it's prejudice or pride,  
But if I *must* change for *city life*—I know that I would pine  
For my old life—and for the countryside.



fishing it seemed the ideal idea. Bill suggested a place he knew which was undiscovered and hidden away in the woods, miles from anywhere. The bus ride was short, not because of a short distance, but because the bus conductor kicked them off for not paying. The weather seemed to get worse as they reached the last half mile gate; clouds appeared from nowhere and it seemed to get hotter as if a great storm was brewing. At the gate they paused for a moment wondering if they should go back or press on. After a while they decided to press on.

After trekking across fields and through the speckled green foliage covering the paths, they climbed a small rise and gazed upon half a mile of bending and meandering water. Its surface was covered with lilies which gave you the impression that pink snow had fallen on the green leaves. All at once the sun came out causing a brilliance on the scene, surpassed only by the sun itself. They rushed shouting down to the water and flopped tired on the moss-covered banks. The first move was stripping off their shoes and socks and dipping their feet in the cool clear waters.

After resting their feet, they began to fish. Out went the float into a clear patch of water. Then he saw her, a flash of tanned skin from the rocks above him, a plummeting splash, then another splash, and then long, golden hair floating to the surface.

His first reaction was to curse her for spoiling his fishing but her angelic smile soon put a stop to that. Her friend shouted.

"Come and join us. It's lovely."

"We haven't brought our swimming trunks."

"Neither have we." A splash and they were gone, giggling. The sun reflecting on their brown backs, their legs throwing up a multitude of water drops like pearls towards the sky.

"Come on, Bill! We can't let them show us how to swim."

"But we haven't got any trunks. Mum will kill us if we go home wearing wet pants." But there was nothing else to do, they both saw that. In a flash they were climbing the bluff and diving into the water below. The initial shock was invigorating. The cool water thrilled their bodies like nothing before experienced, like diving into hot ice, if that can explain it. They set off in pursuit of the girls, now thrashing the water fifty yards ahead.

The girls disappeared only to appear again to the right surrounded by lilies. It took the boys five minutes before they found the underwater passage leading to the place where the girls were. Amid screams and ducking, they chased each other until the sun was setting in the sky. Suddenly the girl with the blonde hair disappeared under the water. Bill had his time occupied with her friend, so being worried about her Stephen looked around to see her hair just under the surface some ten yards away. He dived under in panic and saw her, her feet caught in the roots of the lilies, her face stricken with terror. It took him a few seconds to release her but she had already given up hope and opened her mouth. In desperation, he dragged her roughly to the bank and applied the kiss of life. Her eyes opened slowly and she smiled. Exhausted they lay on the bank, the sun drying them as they lay there. Nothing else mattered in the world but themselves, the water and the sun.

When he awoke she had gone and the sun was falling from the sky in the west. He hurriedly woke Bill, dressed, and they rushed home dreading the row that was inevitable when they arrived. Stephen was happy with the thought that he knew where to find his golden-haired girl next day and again they would live in their world of enchantment away from worries.

That was seven years ago but still they find the same joy and thrill in the cool waters, feel the sun drying their wet skins as they lie, happy and exhausted, on the bank. Will this lake be enchanted forever? They think so.

PHILIP SPENCER, Lower VI Sc.

## THE WITCH'S SONG

I'm a witch, I'm a witch, and I live near a ditch,  
Where the toads and the frogs and the weeds from the bogs  
Are gathered together in all winds and weather.  
I take blood from a rat, and the eyes of a bat,  
The ears of a bull-dog, the snout of a hog,  
The claws of an eagle, the beak of a seagull,  
The skin of an adder, an old pig's bladder,  
All mixed with the black thorn in my heavy cauldron,  
Which bubbles and bubbles, and bubbles mean troubles.

With twelve other witches, I crawl through the ditches.  
We meet in a graveyard, a coven is started,  
I call on the Devil, to help me make evil.  
I call on the thunder, to tear folk asunder.  
I blind with the lightning, and make the sun frigh'ning.  
I burn all the harvest, make floods, storms and tempest.  
I make images of lead, of foes I want dead.  
I gloat over tombstones, suck blood for my cauldron,  
Which bubbles and bubbles and bubbles mean troubles.

At the dead of the night, on my broom I take flight.  
Then I curse and cast spells, over mountains and dells.  
The ewes lose their lambs, the farmers their hams,  
As pigs eat their farrow, and die by the morrow.  
The cows lose their calves, the eggs break in halves,  
The milk turns quite sour, as I show off my power.  
I'm a witch, I'm a witch, a black evil-eyed witch.  
I crouch by the fire and stir in more mire.  
It bubbles and bubbles and bubbles mean troubles.

TIMOTHY HORDLEY, IV<sup>A</sup>.

## THOUGHTS ON FIRING PAPER PELLETS

The satisfaction obtained by firing a paper pellet varies from person to person. In some people it inspires the bestial lust of their primitive ancestors and in some it heaps coals on the fire of race hatred—Welsh v. English. There are many different reactions that can be obtained from firing a pellet and some of these also tempt the schoolboy to indulge in this sport. Some people seem to take being hit by a pellet as one of the schoolboys' occupational hazards but others take it as a personal insult and consider it their duty at least to return as much as they get—preferably more. Other reactions include yells, screams and shouts of anger, punctuated by any odd expletive that comes to mind.

The manufacture of pellets has reached a fine art and by the time anyone has lived to reach the Upper Fourth he or she should know all there is to know about making pellets. There is, however, a gift in making one on the spur of the moment which will compare favourably with those made in the safety and peace of one's home. Anyone who is a keen pellet marksman takes time in manufacturing his ammunition for he knows that, should one misfire, not only will he be at the mercy of his target, but will also have to suffer vengeance from the unfortunate hit by the errant pellet. The main manufacturing methods are as follows—by making a pellet while wet, it will dry hard like cardboard, thus giving maximum stinging power; by covering a normal pellet with adhesive tape; and by embedding in its striking surface a staple. The last method is forbidden by one of the unwritten laws which govern a schoolboy's existence and which ensure that he lives to the ripe old school-leaving age.



Enemies and friends have been made during a pellet war and it is the satisfaction a boy gets from hitting an ear at fifteen paces with geometrical accuracy that makes him want to build a rocket to hurl a one-and-a-half-ton hydrogen bomb nine thousand miles through space to hit a tiny island somewhere in the Pacific Ocean. I have already said that enemies and friends have been made in a pellet war and it has been suggested by a certain historian, whose name I forget for the moment, that it was a certain Jew (who shall remain nameless) who caught Hitler a right stinger on the back of the neck and caused his later anti-Jewish feelings.

Generations of tyrannical teachers have so suppressed this "sport of kings" (sons) that it has brought forward a new generation, the "furtive pellet-flicker" who gives the other adherents of the sport a bad name.

EX-UPPER IV<sup>TH</sup>.

### THE SPANISH BULL

With thundering hooves that sound and pound,  
And eyes where hatreds flame,  
You charge across the sawdust ground  
All eager for the game.

With savage lust through scorching dust,  
That cloak is flapping red,  
You cannot stop for fight you must  
Till one of you is dead.

Your brain is reeling, your senses leaving,  
Some they say it's wrong;  
Indignity and wrath is seething,  
Yet they cheer you on!

Congealing pools of blood and dust  
Cover the sanded ground,  
And then there comes the savage smash—  
The sword has struck you down!

The snarling bray of the trumpets' play,  
The horses' gasping breath,  
The thunder of the crowds "Olé",  
Your Requiem of Death!

SUSAN CATLING, IIIA.

### TRAVELS

Find new customs, see new faces,  
But, to my mind, this can't compare  
With the fun one has just getting there!

Imagine the thrill of boat and train rides,  
Or looking down while giant plane glides,  
O'er fields and rivers, mountain ranges,  
And seeing how the scenery changes.

So let it be by boat or train,  
By cycle, horse, or aeroplane,  
There's always such a lot to see  
While travelling from A to B.

DENISE PENDLETON, IIA<sup>lpha</sup>.

### THAT MAN

The sky was slowly darkening and if we had a refusal to camp on this farm, we would have to travel to the nearest public camping site. Dad turned the loaded Bedford van to the right and into a drive. Trees lined both sides of the drive and showed very little light through their leaves. We crunched and lurched over the stony track. A fast-flowing stream ran a smooth course, in the shade of the trees, parallel to the straight drive.

When we had first sighted the farm, everyone, apart from myself, had voted for trying to camp there. I did not like the situation in which the farm was placed; it was too near the main road and it was beneath a very sinister and grim looking range of mountains.

The van came out of the shadow and into the evening sunlight on the farmyard. Dad turned the van through a semi-circle and stopped in front of the house. The house was two houses made into one. They were dreary-looking houses and the garden looked forlorn and untidy.

Dad stepped out of the van, stretched his legs and wandered towards the house. He reached and opened the gate and then he halted. A piercing scream of laughter rang out from the outhouses and barns to the left of the farmhouse. Two figures emerged from a doorway in the top floor of the outhouses and descended down some stone steps into the farmyard. They were both men and one continued to scream with laughter, while the second one, a shorter and much fatter man, just smiled. As they came nearer I saw their faces and features clearly. The taller one was about six feet in height. His hair was black, curly and unruly. He had not shaved for several days and he wore clothes that were stained and dirty. The last two features mentioned made his appearance similar to that of a common gypsy and yet his piercing laughter made him look like and sound like an insane person.

The other shorter and fatter person was evidently a farm labourer. He wore huge boots the heels of which caught sharply on the stones, sometimes causing a spark to fly. His trousers were covered with dirt up to the knees and plentiful quantities of mud were also present on his clothes.

Dad walked up to them and asked them if we had their permission to camp on the farmland. The tall man lifted his head and roared with laughter. He then quietened and gave permission. Dad thanked him, made an arrangement for the milkman to leave an extra three bottles of milk at the end of the drive, and then turned and climbed into the driving seat. He took out the ignition key and turned it. The engine roared into life. Dad again thanked the farmer and then turned the van and drove up a lane in the direction which the farmer had pointed out. As we drove up the narrow, bumpy, stony, uneven path, the features and depths of the ruts were exaggerated in the long shadows.

At the end of the track was a gate which we opened and closed behind us. Then the car travelled over a stout wooden bridge and on into knee-high grass.

We set camp in the far corner of the field. I loathed the field. I loathed the dark mountains behind and in front, across the valley. The back of the house showed from behind a small hill and a solitary light from the house showed a clear, square patch of light on the stones in the yard. Occasionally snatches of laughter rang through the still night. I thought of the farmer and I hated the look of him!

Later that evening, our family sat inside the tent. We sat on boxes, sleeping bags and mats, while mum passed the soup round. The gnats were not so plentiful here as in our last camp site and only five or so of them got scorched and drowned in the soup. The transistor was switched on and we listened to the ten o'clock news. Big Ben solemnly rang out. The men wanted for the murder of the three London policemen were still at large and one was believed to be in central Scotland. I thought that they must have been mad to kill those policemen. Then I switched my thoughts to

the farmer and his insane appearance. What if he was the wanted man! What if he had baited us and probably other campers here. And this very night, while we were sleeping in our sleeping bags, steal up to our tent, expertly, making no sound, unzipped the flap of the tent and slipped through into the centre. There he would lift his gun, fit a silencer over it. No, he would have no need for the silencer, for we were so far from the road and any house. He would just stand and shoot and shoot, then laugh and laugh and laugh!

While in my sleeping bag I thought this over, told myself that what I said was not true, but then, what if it was true! A cold sweat poured over me as I lay there, still, listening, freezing at the slightest sound. The stream, which was a lengthy distance away, thundered in my ears. I worked myself up into a fantastic frenzy. I looked up and saw him stepping past the flap into the tent and laughing. Then he shot. BANG! BANG! BANG! He turned towards me. BANG! Darkness fell.

I woke the following morning to the smell of eggs frying in a saucepan and the fat sizzling and crackling. The sun crept through the flap and shone its warm and golden rays upon me. The farmer was there, with his wife, talking to mum and dad. Three milkbottles were standing on a groundsheet, leaning against the cutlery box. I stretched back and listened to the talk.

GWYN CAMPBELL, Upper IVA.

#### THE MONKEY

Monkey, little merry fellow,  
You are Nature's clown;  
Full of fun as Puck can be  
Harlequin might learn of thee!

Watch him slyly peep;  
He pretends to sleep!  
Fast asleep upon his bed,  
With his arm beneath his head.

Ha, he is not half asleep!  
See, he slyly takes a peep.  
Monkey, though your eyes were shut,  
You could see this little nut.

There, the little ancient man  
Cracks as fast as crack he can!  
Now good-bye, you merry fellow,  
Nature's primest clown.

CLIVE PATTISON, IIB.

#### THE BOOK-WORM

I used to visit the library of the village of Tungsten every Wednesday evening to collect my literature that would help me to while away the lonely hours in the cottage that I rented in the village street. There has never been anyone who had been the centre of my curiosity as the white-haired lady who came also on Wednesdays to fill her wicker basket with books to read. There was an air of eccentricity about her, something that made it impossible for one to forget her. About her shoulders she wore a woollen shawl with all the colours of the rainbow knitted into it and a bright blue

apron embroidered with yellow thread. When she smiled her blue eyes danced as if she were enjoying every moment of living, and she always handed the librarian a bunch of flowers. It used to fascinate me to hear her talking, after the library had closed; she used to know so much about so many things; happiness and joy radiated from her whether in the library, or as she walked along the village street, or even more as she worked in the picturesque garden that stretched in front of the white cottage with latticed windows. It was on one evening when I stood by the lilac hedge, breathing in the elusive perfume and watching the bees work frantically among the mauve blooms that she came up to me, and it was later on while sitting on the rustic bench beneath the rambler rose tree that I learned her story.

Her childhood was lonely as she was an orphan. Her guardians merely did the duty of keeping her fed and clean. For her there was no place in their hearts and the little extras at birthdays, Christmas and other festivals were denied her.

It was on a grey November day when the mists swirled and wrapped her ghostly veil around everything and everyone. The houses in the narrow street were phantom-like, elusive, half there and yet not clearly defined. She had been playing underneath the flickering street lamp with other children. They had been swinging on the rope that they had tied to the old lamppost. The cold night air began to penetrate, numbing her limbs so much that it became painful and uncomfortable for her to remain outside, and so she went indoors and from the window of the unlighted front parlour she stood and watched the other children. Alternatively she amused herself by making designs on the misty window pane. At that moment she saw a huge effigy of Guy Fawkes being pushed ceremoniously along. Cold and mist were forgotten, and she rushed out to join the red-faced children in the torch procession to the patch of waste ground nearby. Immediately she volunteered to light the fire, this even though she had never lit a match. Not even a match was wasted in that prim loveless household. Here in the thrill and hilarity of normal childhood she became so excited and enthusiastic that, caring for no-one, heeding nothing, she offered to light the bonfire. Time had sped on wings, too fast it seemed, wonderful until the moment when the fatal flash of an exploding box of matches blinded her. Even though the huge box of matches blasted her into lasting darkness, she felt no regret because for once she had really enjoyed living.

She told of how in the years of darkness that engulfed her she still held in her memory the jewelled splendour of colour—raindrops dripping from the hedges onto a spider's web like rainbow gossamer alight with diamonds, the crystal clear river from where little silver fish swarm beneath the bank where the saffron marsh marigold displayed its sovereign goldness from the light green turf. Often she lay in the darkness, but in her imagination she sowed gay flowers and the same dream flowers she also reaped. Her imagination became so coloured that she began to compose poems and short stories. With the help of a friend who used to write them out for her, she sold her "works" until enough money was raised to pay for surgery. Although still willing to accept darkness for ever there came a day when the bandages were unwrapped. Her joy was indescribable, her sight was restored.

The tears ran down my face. I had never realized until now why she loved colours, flowers and reading books, and how life seemed to be so wonderful, but most of all I shall remember her love of books, of the little library where she used to love to be, and why she was such a 'Book-worm!'

SARAH MONICO, Upper VI Arts.

## THE SEASONS IN COLOUR

In Springtime the sky appears a pale blue  
 The grass grows emerald green, covered with dew.  
 Fresh golden paints the swaying trumpet-crowned daffodils  
 And frisky lambs become snowy white dots as they dance on the hills.

As June begins, the heavens proudly exhibit a clear bright blue  
 A deep gold occupies the sun-drenched sands so new;  
 And as the sun smiles upon the hills with its golden rays,  
 Apple trees display their pretty pink scented blossoms to the day.

Dismal grey now fills the lonely, gloomy Autumn skies  
 While crisp brown leaves carpet the wood as greenery dies,  
 And bright flames now fill the cheerful warming fire-places,  
 As the noisy white hail wounds our faces.

The winter's sky holds a cold dark grey so dead,  
 Children now crunch into the crisp white snow with merry tread.  
 For each colour has its reason  
 To bring out the best in each season.

PATRICIA EASTICK, Upper IVa.

## TO SHANDY

Oh Shandy, my little skew-bald mare,  
 Of you I take the greatest care,  
 Plaiting your mane and brushing your tail,  
 Then feeding you nuts from your own pail.

Oh! how I love riding all the day  
 Over the hills and far, far away,  
 Leaping the hedges and little streams  
 And past the lake where the sunshine gleams.

To the local hunts and shows we go,  
 Hoping to win a few cups or so;  
 Or hunting the fox with merry cries,  
 Returning home under darkening skies.

Don't worry, Shandy, you won't be sold.  
 Although you're weary and getting old.  
 You have served me well throughout all the years  
 And if you died I'd shed many tears.

SUSAN LEE, IIIa.

## TIME MACHINE 1967

It began as a dull rumbling and grew into a fantastic roar accompanied by brilliant flashings of violet light, the whole scene encircled by a cloud of orange smoke. And as the soil settled and the machine juddered to a violent halt in the back-yard of a fruiterer's, Walter Marsh knew he had failed once again to travel in time.

Walter was the only child of a middle-class, suburban, bald fruiterer whose sole ambition in life was to have his wife happy; her sole ambition was to sell more fruit. It was from these banal and humble surroundings that the pink faced cherub that was little Walter grew up. Little did the neighbours know that he would emerge into the most famous inventor of time machines that did not work. (He didn't work, neither did his machines).

Of course, he had not always messed with time. Indeed, once he had aspired, and, once inside, perspired, to the cab of a steam engine. But like all boyhood fancies it palled a little as he grew older and wiser.

So from the age of nineteen onwards he began to draw national assistance and plans for time machines. He actually built some models, and a few real things in his forty years of life. They had come in all shapes, sizes, materials, weights, colours and noises. Each had ended in spectacular failure.

His background endeavours were not carried out alone. For his lifelong friend George Clements always visited the backyard to witness "the first voyage into time by an intrepid explorer." (A quote Walter was always using; he was very prolific at quoting from post-war cigarette cards and philosophising on them. "A proper little Isaac Newton is our nabs" used to drool his loving mother. Of course she would have said Benjamin Franklin if she had been married to a G.I. Luckily she had missed the Americans, having led a sheltered life in the Orkneys). This friend always came around to see the failures for two reasons—a free tea and a chance to prognosticate failure intelligently.

After each of these failures Walter would haul the remains back to his little hut, and after a brief enquiry, would embark on a bigger and better version.

"We've got to keep the flag flying," he would say, "the Americans are getting everywhere these days."

So after all these years of failure after failure the eternal infernal optimists, Walter and George, expected that when the technological breakthrough came it would be an impressive affair. But the Lord must have shaken his head; or were the guardian angels on strike?

Anyway, little did they know they were on the threshold as they walked into that backyard that was so familiar. It was a cold, crisp January morn. Their breath hung heavily in the air and the machine hung heavily in the hut.

It was a simple affair, fifteen feet square and six feet high, consisting of an aluminium ex-army frame supporting a comfortable commode, in which all the electronics were wedged. Walter, composed and unhurried, majestically strapped himself to the seat and pulled down the control panel which hung from the corduroy roof. He waved goodbye to George and mouthed a "This is it!" through the aluminium wall. George stood outside nervously twitching.

Quiet—everywhere, no birds, no traffic, nothing.

Instantly Walter stepped down.

"What's up, Walt?" asked George.

"What do you mean?" retorted Walter. "I've been and come back and all I can remember is that they made me forget all I had seen before I returned to our time."

"GETAWAY," Form VI.

## MY LITTLE SISTER

Short and fat, noisy and gay,  
 Wild in every possible way.  
 Locable, endearing; but cuddly, NO!  
 Always running; never slow!  
 Only five, but already she's learnt  
 That playing with fire she'll get her hands burnt!

Only five, and spoilt by all;  
 She's at our every beck and call.  
 Mischievous she is, but we all agree  
 Better you will never see.  
 Only five, and already she knows  
 That charming all hearts, gets rid of all foes!

PAMELA JENKINS, Upper VI Science.

## TRANSCIENCE

Leaves falling  
falling  
falling,  
Trees are bare  
And all is desolate everywhere.  
Only the robin remains  
Seeking his sustenance—  
Leaves still falling.

Wind howling  
howling  
howling through the cracks  
In the old, old doors:  
Making winter cold and lonely—  
Wind still howling.

But now birds sing,  
Glad they are alive—  
Making us glad too.  
Flowers blossom,  
Adding colour,  
bright colour,  
vivid colour—  
Now it is the Spring.

Days are long  
And sun shines down;  
All is bright  
All is right.  
No thought of changing season yet to come—  
but come it does,  
Never failing in its course  
till once again  
the colours change.  
And now the leaves are falling,  
falling  
falling.

"TATTY," Form VI.

## MISSION: "FIREWORK DISPLAY"

As I sat on the hard wooden seat of the Wellington, the plans of my mission were being turned over in my mind. When I arrived at Guise, a small French town, I was to contact the French resistance, and to blow up a German Fuel Depot that was situated about four or five miles from Guise.

The drone of the Wellington's engines interrupted my thoughts for a few moments. I looked towards Captain Thompson, who grinned and said, "It won't be long now." I was no longer Guy Stevenson, a Captain in the British Army, but Jean-Jacques Déslandes, a French factory worker from Paris, and I was visiting relatives in the area.

I felt someone pulling at my arm and found that the site for my drop had been found. The light reading 'ready' was on. My companions wished me luck and when the light 'jump' came on I slipped through the hatch-way and into the cold night air. My mission had begun.

Rushing through the air I remembered all that I had been taught back at the special school. As I landed, I rolled over, picked myself and my 'chute up off the hard ground. I rolled the 'chute up and hid it under the roots of an old tree. I picked up my suitcase and as I looked around I saw three men looking at me. I was scared but I closed my fingers around the cold butt of my revolver. The three men were coming nearer.

The tallest of the three held out his hand and said to me, "Monsieur Déslandes, welcome to France. I am Edouard, and this is Phillipe and Gérard. If you are ready we will be on our way." While he was talking we shook hands all round and Gérard picked up the suitcase.

When we reached the road Edouard asked me if I could ride a bike. I said I could and he laughed, I realized why when I saw two antiquated bicycles propped against the hedge. Edouard was to take me to see Georges, the local resistance leader, while Gérard and Phillipe were to watch for German activities. But before we could get on the bikes Edouard told me to get behind the hedge while Gérard and Phillipe threw over the bikes and then dived over the hedge themselves.

Not three minutes later we could hear the engines of motor-bikes splitting the air. Edouard explained that it was a German patrol probably out looking for the parachutist. It didn't take us long to get on the bikes and set off for Ménete's farm, the resistance headquarters.

When we reached the farm I met Georges, the resistance leader. He was a fine man and together we made plans for blowing up the depot. Georges would get hold of some kind of layout of the depot and would find out when the fuel would arrive.

For a week I waited impatiently for the information I needed. On Monday Georges came and told me the fuel would arrive on Wednesday, the same day as the local fete. This was lucky for us because it means that possibly we could distract the guards who patrolled around the walls of the depot. It meant that the depot would have to be blown late on Wednesday night or early Thursday morning.

Now all the theory would have to be put into practice. When Wednesday night came, Phillipe and Gérard would cause a disturbance and draw the attention of the guards. While they did this Edouard and myself would get into the depot and lay the explosive. It would then be up to us to get out of the depot before it blew.

Wednesday had come, the local fête was in full swing, and while Phillipe and Gérard caused the disturbance, Edouard and I got over the wall and laid the explosive in the middle of the storage tanks. We had five minutes to get out or else we would be blown sky-high.

We reached the wall, were just about to scale it, when we noticed that one of the guards had come back. The disturbance plan hadn't worked. For the first time that evening I was scared. In about four minutes the depot would blow up and I didn't like the idea of going up with it.

I looked over towards Edouard. I could see he was worried too. Then, with a determined look on his face, he turned and said: "Monsieur,

you must hurry. You must get away while I tackle the guard. Please don't argue. Your work is important to France." He held out his hand to me, shook it and before I could stop him he was over the wall.

I heard him being questioned, and ran away, as fast as I could go, from the depot. I threw myself into a clump of bushes. Ten seconds later there was one hell of a bang. The depot had gone, and, with it, Edouard.

I felt my eyes fill with tears as I remembered Edouard's bravery. It was up to me now to get away from Guises to the French-Swiss border. I had hoped I would never lose a good friend in that way.

## THE HUMANITY FLOWER

The flaming gorse burst  
 In sun-spark showers—  
 Halo-bright flowers  
 On the thirsty hill.  
 Writhing nails of thorn appear  
 And the long green sharpness  
 Of a spear.

Pierce him, pierce him  
 Alil the golden gorse sprigs.  
 He is pain.  
 He is pain.

In the midst of the rose,  
 There is Christ, the humanity flower,  
 Symbol of all that grows beautiful.  
 Yet behind the flower  
 The thorn—ever-waiting—  
 To twist into a crown.

Pierce him, pierce him  
 All the crimson roses.  
 He is pain,  
 He is pain,

Wild gorse, tame rose,  
 Ready to divide the clothes.  
 Prepare the circlet for a lord's head—  
 Blood—red.  
 Halo—yellow.

Pierce him, pierce him  
 With your crooked sharpness.  
 He is pain.  
 He is pain.

CAROLINE HUGHES, Upper VIA

## OPEN

When first I saw the title,  
 I wondered what to do.  
 It's such a strange old title  
 I didn't have a clue.  
 I've heard of doors left open,  
 Of open rolling plain,  
 But when it comes to poems  
 I haven't got much brain.

I wrote that "pome" a while ago  
 I wrote that "IAs"  
 And still I'm thinking hard  
 Of what this "open" title means  
 On school's eisteddfod card.  
 I think I've got the wrong end,  
 But I won't try again.  
 I've probably gone round the bend;  
 I just can't stand the strain!

"PLINLIMMON," Form VI.

## THE ANGEL

The town clock struck its tenth and last stroke as Bobby James silently closed the front door, and then made his way from the council-house estate. He was on his way to find an angel. His mother had told him that the angels sometimes come down to earth, to help people in need, and he needed one very badly and very quickly.

Bobby James was nine and he lived in a council-house in Cardiff. He needed an angel because his little brother was very ill, and he knew that it was serious because he had heard the doctor telling his mother and father to pray for a miracle. He did not know what a miracle was, but he knew that it was something they had to ask God for. His mother had only taught him one prayer and he was not sure how to make up one of his own, so he had decided to go and look for an angel and to ask him to ask God to make his little brother well again.

Tim was four, and earlier that day he had been run-over by a lorry. Bobby had been with him and had heard his screams, and seen his body twisted around the wheel of the lorry. A cold feeling had come over Bobby and he had felt ill and started to cry. After, an ambulance had taken Tim to the hospital, and Bobby and his parents had followed in their car. Bobby had been with his parents when they spoke to a doctor and although he did not understand everything that they said, he knew it meant that Tim would die soon unless he had what was called 'an operation'.

All that day Bobby sought to find a way to help Tim. When he was alone in his bedroom he remembered the doctor's words, 'We must all pray for a miracle', and so he set out on his desperate search for an angel.

He decided that the best place to find an angel would be in the big church, over on the other side of town. He had been there a few times and his mother had told him that it was God's house. Angels, he thought, belonged to God and if God lived in that church there would surely be some angels watching over it very carefully.

At last he reached the other side of town. He wondered if he still had time and he began to run. Running as hard as he could, he bumped into a policeman, who caught hold of his arm.

"Where do you think you're going?" asked the policeman.

"I've got to find an angel", replied Bobby.

Bobby realised he was wasting time. Besides, what was the time? He asked the policeman who, in order to look at his watch, released Bobby's arm. Bobby seized his chance and ran from the policeman, faster than he had run in his whole life. He didn't dare look behind him because he knew the policeman was following. He ran through streets he had not known existed, and after a while the footsteps stopped.

At last he reached the church, the cries of the policeman still echoing through the narrow streets. The church door was open, so he went inside. The stillness of the building appalled him, yet he was aware that he was not alone. He was frightened and he hoped that an angel would be coming soon. Two large candles lit up the altar and as Bobby watched them, they seemed to grow larger and brighter. In the flame of one he thought he saw a figure. He looked again but there was nothing. After a time he heard the church clock strike midnight.

He wanted to cry, but what he felt was too much for tears. Feeling that no angel would come, he turned and saw the Vicar of the church walking towards him.

"What are you doing here?" asked the Vicar. "I was looking for an angel for my brother, but there aren't any", Bobby answered in a quiet voice. The Vicar looked surprised and so Bobby told him the whole story. "Well, I wouldn't say there aren't any angels, little fellow", said the Vicar. "You see, you may not always be able to see them but that doesn't mean that they are not there and doing the work you ask them to do. Kneel down here and close your eyes while I ask the angels to make Timmy well again, and then I'll take you home."

The Vicar offered his prayer and Bobby muttered everything he particularly wanted the angel to hear, quietly, after the Vicar.

It was less than half-an-hour later that the Vicar's car drew up outside Bobby's house. The Vicar opened the door for Bobby to get out and the two of them went up to the door of the house. Bobby's mother answered their knock and let them both in. She said that in her worry she had forgotten about Bobby and until she had not known that he had gone out. She asked the Vicar to sit down and wait until Mr. James came back from phoning the hospital. As she was saying this Mr. James dashed in through the door and shouted, "It's okay, dear. The operation was a success and Tim will be back home in less than a month."

Bobby hugged the Vicar and begged him to thank the angel for making Tim well again. So, for the second time, the Vicar and Bobby knelt down together to pray to the angel, and this time in his prayer the Vicar thanked God for the faith Bobby had shown through that long and fruitful search.

RAYDENE BATEMAN, Form Va.

### SUNSET IN THE TROPICS

The glowing orb is devoured by the waves,  
The palms trace their feathery fronds  
Like giant webs silhouetted against the fiery sky.  
The heaven is a giant canvas  
Streaked with reds, oranges and yellows.  
All is quiet except for the chirruping of the cicadas  
And the giant land frogs;  
The birds have long since sung their last songs  
And retired to their nests.  
All is quiet, and the earth is at rest.

JANET STATTER, Lower VI Arts

### THROUGH THE WINDOW OF A CELL

How calm and blue the heavens seem!  
Like some interminable dream  
Of freedom from reality,  
And death's unbeatable finality.  
*Seeing* the trees and birds is more  
Than dreaming from behind a door—  
That's always locked against the light  
Of day, and moon-illuminated night.  
Thinking of life's futility,  
In precious moments left to me,  
For death will mean an end to strife.  
Freedom is the essence of life,  
Not caged in some infernal cell  
Longing so much for my death knell.  
Ah! Death will mean my sweetest sleep,  
I will not find the time to weep  
O'er sins in my forgotten past,  
For death will rescue me at last.

MEGAN SUTTON, Lower VI Arts

### A STRANGE MEETING

The date was April 22nd. Cuthbert Bloggs was on his way across London to watch Chelsea play Stoke City at Stamford Bridge. He was in a mews just off the North End Road when his attention was caught by the antics of a small, elderly man on the opposite pavement. He was looking at Cuthbert in a strange way. Suddenly he looked at his watch and seemed to reach a decision. He stomped over to Cuthbert, who was wondering what he wanted, and greeted him cheerfully, "Higgul nug phoney", he said. "plug gickle tronk".

Cuthbert recoiled slightly. "Pardon?" he said vaguely.

"Higgul nug phoney, plug gickle tronk", hiccupped the strange man.

"Did it?" asked Cuthbert. "I thought it ate rhubarb."

This must have annoyed the old man because he gave a war-whoop and yelled, "Ung skiddud ibble flub? Sprronk oddle nug phoney".

"Nug phoney?" said Cuthbert, vaguely.

"Sprronk oddle nug phoney", clarified the small man.

"You turn left at the corner for it", said Cuthbert, realising that the conversation was getting out of hand.

"Good-bye", he finished.

"Hoggle mug askronn", pleaded the old man, taking hold of Cuthbert's lapel.

Cuthbert was a kindly man by nature, but this had gone *too* far. He broke away from the man's grasp and walked away. The man gurgled and gave chase. Cuthbert broke into a run and so did the man, who was surprisingly agile for one of his years. Cuthbert, feeling rather a fool, turned into a side street and set off at a good pace. Half-way down he stopped to look round and saw the little old man pursuing him doggedly. At the end of the road Cuthbert saw a sign which had a red circle with a red bar across it. Thinking that it must be the West Kensington Underground Station, he made for it with new hope, for it would be simple to lose a pursuer on the many escalators and platforms.

When he ran in he bought a ticket to the first place he could think of, which happened to be Earl's Court. He ran to the platform, followed by the old man. This time Cuthbert was in luck, for there was a train already in and he scrambled into a compartment, just as the doors slid shut. Out of the window he could see the old man running alongside the train mouth-ing like a demented goldfish and jumping and hopping in anger until the train entered the tunnel and the old man was left behind.

Two days later, Cuthbert had almost forgotten the stranger, when a knock sounded at his door. It was not a normal sort of knock, but a resounding hammering like a woodpecker gone mad. Cuthbert lay down the book he was reading and went to open the door, which was in imminent danger of being beaten off its hinges.

When he opened it Cuthbert could have cried, for there stood the same little old man who had chased him through the streets of Chelsea less than forty-eight hours before.

"Holy smoke!" he muttered under his breath. "It's Mickey Mouse again."

"Uggy higgie", said the man, introducing the person who stood beside him. "Shnogdul ub snaoggy grool."

"I am pleased to meet you, Mr. Smoggy Grool", said Cuthbert. "Are you his keeper?"

"I apologise", said the person whom Cuthbert had referred to as Smoggy Grool, "but I wasn't there when my friend first met you. You see, this is Sir Ethelbert Smith, the famous coin collector, and . . ."

"Wrickle morrstub nug phoney!" interrupted Sir Ethelbert, and dashed past Cuthbert.

"As I was saying" resumed the other, "Sir Ethelbert has an impediment in his speech and I am the only one who can understand him".

"But what has all this to do with me?"

"Sir Ethelbert has discovered that you have in your possession a very valuable coin, and he wishes to purchase it."

A shrill gurgle of triumph split the air from inside the house.

"I think", remarked Cuthbert, "that we had better go inside".

KEITH JOHNSON, IVA

### COLOURS

From Nature's joyful brush there came  
The rainbow's brilliant hues,  
Through lemon, orange, red and flame,  
To purple, green and blues.

She painted all the butterflies,  
Made scarlet poppies grow,  
And splashed white clouds upon the skies,  
Red made the rubies glow.

The golden gleam of daffodils,  
The tender green of Spring,  
The distant blue of lonely hills,  
She coloured everything.

VIVIEN LAIN, Upper IVb.

### THE SEASONS

When Spring, so silent, lifts her head serene,  
And flowers bloom midst hedgerows green,  
As a mantle covers the beauteous earth,  
Then Summer with its ?— ?— ?— sun  
And ripening corn, which is from nature won,  
Adds beauty to glorious mirth.

When Autumn tints colour the falling leaves,  
And boughs stand bare with tears, and grieves  
As time passes to eternity,  
Then Winter, chill winter enters so stark,  
And dying days see shades so dull and dark,  
Merge into Posterity.

"TANTALISER," Form VI.

### FORM GOSSIP

#### FORM II

Our form now conssts of 16 girls and 13 boys since one or two of our members have left (boys, I'm glad to say!). We are reputed to be one of the noisest forms and we certainly seem to hold the record for punishments this term. The boys certainly live up to this title and have had many bookings, but the girls (angels!) have hardly any. We had to write an essay on "Honesty" when only three people, followed later by the whole form, owned up to talking in the corridor. Apart from all that, we are a pretty good form and have several star athletes in our midst who won quite a few honours in the school sports, and three people even reached the standard for the County Sports. One person (no names mentioned) entered four events and came 4th, 5th, 7th and 8th out of the eight people entered. R. Harries has just left us to have an operation and we all wish her well. A while ago M. Jenkins sprained her thumb while playing the latest craze, "jacks". We'd all agree that this term has been fun—we'd better thank the teachers for putting up with us and begin to *think* about improving our record for next term.

#### FORM IIA

Summer term has brought about keen interest in sport, with tennis and rounders filling most of our leisure hours. Three of the girls and two boys represented the School in the County Sports—D.M., P.M. and M.J. were the girls; A.L. and P.J. the boys. Better luck next time! Welcome to the new pupil, W.L. Every Friday afternoon S.J. entertains the form. He is usually locked in the stock cupboard and he was embarrassed when two girls turned "nurse" to bandage his finger one day. We are very sorry to lose our form mistress, Mrs. Morgan, for a time—she succeeded in taming a wild bunch without completely losing her temper. We welcomed Mrs. Greig as our temporary form mistress. Colin Judge excelled himself by coming first in the last exams. What about next term—36 or not 36? That is the question!

#### FORM II ALPHA

We are very proud in II Alpha that Susan Ronald, one of the Victrix Ludorum cup holders, is a fellow class-mate, for she is good at most sports and earned a good many points for Tudor House. We are a very handy class, for certain boys (no names mentioned) broke a panel out of a glass cupboard, leaving even less than was there before. We wish you all the best from II Alpha, the best in the West!

#### FORM IIIA

Dear Fellow-sufferers and frowning teachers, this is IIIA reporting! We don't intend to start by saying that we are the noisiest form in the school—we don't need to—everybody knows! We'd like to welcome Jane Sudbury as our new form prefect. (We think that Maribelle is probably recovering in a rest-home!) Our form teacher has had a very busy time of it—throwing Ga - - t - P - w - - l's comb out of the window, for example. This year we've had to choose our subjects and we have budding teachers, doctors, archaeologists, space-men and pop-stars—and Winkie's taking woodwork (not forgetting our professional layabouts, J - - - c - D - r - n and P - - r - S - t n). We also thank Mrs. Harris for suffering us without a murmur for a while year and patiently helping us with our subject choices. And so, with exams looming closer, IIIA bids other "chain-gangs" Happy Revision, and, on that happy thought, we sign off with a tatty-bye.



## FORM IIIB

First of all we would like to thank all the staff, especially our form teacher, Mrs. Lewis, for putting up with us. As usual we have the reputation of being the noisiest form in the school. We were well represented in the school and County sports. M. Campbell, S. Penfold and E. Fenwick were the girl representatives, with G. Wickland and B. Lewis as our boy representatives. M. Campbell, S. Penfold and G. Wickland went on to the County Sports. M. Campbell, S. Penfold and E. Fenwick got into the first and second Rounders teams. We have a new girl who moved up from the "C" form because of her outstanding result in the last school exams.

## FORM IIIC

Hi folks! IIIC again, still as uproarious as ever. We congratulate Mrs. Earle on persevering with us and trying hard to teach us maths. A certain boy, much to his embarrassment, split his trousers the other day—he is no friend or relation of P. J. Proby. J. Bugby and Dorothy Hay both represented the school at the County Sports. Irene James is the captain of the netball team. A few months ago Alan D. had a slight accident when playing rugby against the Coronation. His face had an accidental argument with someone's boot and the consequences were two black eyes and a broken nose. I hope we will survive the exams. (Ugh!) and will be with you again in the next edition of "Penvro".

## FORM IVA

Once again some members of the form have surpassed themselves on the sports field. S.K. and P.M. received 2nd XI Hockey colours and are also in the rounders teams; R.C. plays for the Junior Cricket team, for which R.J. has also played; J.H. represented the school in the 100 yards at the County Sports. I am afraid to say that the volume of noise from Room 8 is increasing, if that's possible, but I can guarantee a gloomy silence in a fortnight's time!—Exams! Any cheers heard in the vicinity of this room are caused by *Someone* getting his Maths right. (Anyone wishing to know that person's identity should ask Mrs. Harris—if she survives our next Maths lesson!)

## FORM IVB

Hi!—IVB once again! How's life? As long as it isn't like our form's, you don't have to worry! Having to put up with the boys of our form is not only a strain on the teachers but on the girls of IVB, who have to put up with those characters every day—well, there's no need to wonder why we're going crazy!! Nothing much has happened this term except that some of our boys did well at the sports. John Asparassa came first in the discus event by throwing it 109 feet. Steven Griffiths also did well in track events. Some of the girls entered the American Tennis Tournaments and did quite well. We should like to thank all our teachers for coping with us, especially Mrs. Earle (to whom we wish the best of luck in the future) and Mrs. Hughes (for being such a patient form teacher).

## FORM IVC

We were well represented by the girls of our form in the finals of the annual Eisteddfod. Theresa Englefield was placed second in the Welsh poem; Christine Main was first and second in the English and Welsh solos respectively; Stephanie was first in the Welsh solo. We shine in sport as well—Lyn Boswell is a member of the first netball team and the first rounders team, and she was first in the shot-putt at the school sports. Mary Donohoe plays for the second netball and rounders teams. In the county sports Lyn Boswell and Lyn Smith represented our form—and the school, course!

## FORM IV TECH.

This term IV Tech. consists of 14 members, most of us at Bush House. In the school sports four members were involved and Stephen went on to the County Sports. In the Young Farmers' Rally, Glyndwr had an outstanding win in the crafts events and Richard did well also. The Eisteddfod star of the form was Geoffrey. In the exams we had some good marks, but Stephen again came out on top. We are afraid that Glyndwr may have been permanently disfigured from a crash involving a reckless member of Mr. Jones' form, but we have hopes of a complete recovery for both.

## FORM UPPER IVA

This term most members of the form have shown us what they are made of. P.H., J.P., and A.S. have had a placing in the Y..F.C. Rally, and A.S. took part in the play. G.C. came first in the mile race in the school sports and went on to the County sports, where F.S. and A.G. were in the relay team. Three brilliant members of the form are in the first rounders team, one being the captain. R.D., B.J., G.C., M.R., and E.D. are in the Junior Cricket XI and others have been chosen for tennis teams. Lately there has been a little horse-play when A.S. nearly got bitten by a "bucking brocho". The better half of the class have been taking some subjects for G.C.E. and we all had a go at English Language. We have been blessed with an invasion of locusts this term, fortunately all under lock and key, P.L. and G.T. being their fascinating—sorry! fascinated—keepers. Perhaps they should be under lock and key too!

## FORM UPPER IVB

While saying goodbye to Sylvia Pemberton, Angela Wilson and Peter Hughes, three of our liveliest members, we also welcome a new member, Steven Owen. Paul Weathrall brought fame to himself by taking a photo of a flying saucer—his fame was published in the local newspapers and several other papers of importance. Graham B., David S., Peter T., Malcolm M., and Gerald R. are active members of the Junior Cricket team, David being the secretary. At the end of the rugby season Graham B. and David S. were awarded rugby colours. Malcolm and David took part in the County sports and are going on to the Inter-County sports—we all wish them luck. The mystery of the broken furniture was never cleared up, although several boys were punished. Some people have odd parking places for cast-off chewing gum, as one of the girls discovered when she almost ruined her skirt one day. Boys again? On the whole the term has been quite uneventful and all we have to look forward to now are the exams, and G.C.E. next year!

## FORM UPPER IVC

Here I am again, readers, reporting on the latest escapades of the inhabitants of Room 7. Not that there is much to report, as term has been rather uneventful. Although two of our colleagues have left us since last term, I don't think that we are any the quieter, but it is very curious that two of our most talkative young ladies are absent on Friday afternoons. After half-term we were very surprised and indeed shocked to find that two of our lads had had their hair cut—we'd almost forgotten what they looked like! One of our boys unfortunately suffers from amnesia—he even forgets to do homework. Alan L. is in the Junior Cricket XI and Marilyn S. and Yvonne E. are in the rounders team. One boy informed me that Ronald D. is the Tiddlywinks champion for 1967 but I can't believe that he's serious. If it's true, congratulations, Ronnie. I'd like to thank Mr. Smith on behalf of us all for being so patient with us, as he always is!!

## FORM VA

Greetings and sympathy are extended to all those who suffer with us. R.A. seems to enjoy going about the school assuring anyone smaller than himself that they are not at Butlins. Well, R., after this term VA has certainly realised that school is no holiday camp. If "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy" is true then most of us can claim to be exceptionally bright. Just how bright remains to be seen when the examination results are issued! (We wonder if the form teacher of next year's VR will be as efficient and helpful as Miss Williams has been.) We are proud again this year of the achievements of David Rourke, who was joint Victor Ludorum and of Margaret Davies, joint Victrix Ludorum in the school sports. Like Upper IVA, we have also found that authority will not permit us to express our thoughts in chalk on walls and notice board. Someone please issue the school with a suggestion-box (a waste paper bin will not be suitable). At the time of going to print nobody in the form has decided to leave school, so our beautiful smiling faces will probably grace the school again next term.

## LOWER VI ARTS

I hope all you children can hear  
For we prefects are always quite near.  
We will give you all lines,  
In the library—fines.  
So start grating your teeth in drear fear.

We think all your excuses are rot.  
We don't care if you spin them or not,  
For our authority is sure,  
We have got just the cure—  
In your little green books we will jot.

We are better than it would appear,  
Though perhaps we cause many a fear.  
But if you work with us  
You'll earn our trust,  
And no longer will you live in fear.

## SCHOOL SOCIETIES

## SENIOR SCRIPTURE UNION DISCUSSION GROUP

Meetings this term have included a discussion led by Julie Davids and Roland Jeffreys on the question of Capital punishment. Megan Arnold introduced the topic "The Battle of the Generations", which gave rise to some interesting discussion. Later in the term Joan Handley and Clive Morgan showed a film and gave a talk on Working Parties held in the Summer holidays at home and abroad and organised by the I.S.C.F. Exams. have cut short our activities for the rest of the term as most members are involved in either 'O' or 'A' levels. To this happy band we wish every success.

## INTERMEDIATE SCRIPTURE UNION

## DISCUSSION GROUP

Chairman: Angela Stevens. Secretary: Ann Stephens

Upper IVA Representatives: Frances Stewart, Roland Perkins

Upper IVB Representatives: Marilyn Cole, Graham L. Brown

Upper IV Representative: Alan Lewis

This term meetings have been held once a week and the attendance has been very good, although some have been enticed away by the weather. One of the meetings was on the subject of Faith Healing, introduced by Roland Perkins and Selwyn Skone, but we found that most of us knew so little about it that the meeting was not as successful as we'd hoped. A very good meeting, which ran on into a second instalment a fortnight later, was an "Any Questions", the panel including Miss Mary Lewis, Mr. Brian Griffiths, Clive Morgan, Mlle. Delfour and Herr Lockl. Their answers to the questions were very interesting. Another good meeting was on the Christian view of marriage. This was led by Frances Stewart and Ann Stephens and brought about discussion on abortion, amongst other things. Vivien Lain and Christine Jenkins led a discussion on the use of the Ten Commandments in the 20th Century, and later in the term we had the topic "Can you have Christian behaviour without Christian belief", introduced by Paul Lindsay and Jeremy Jenkins.

We hope that next year members of the Upper IVth group will all join the Senior S.U. Discussion Group as the intermediate Group is for the Upper IVth only. It has provided us with good practice for discussing a wide variety of subjects. We hope that next year's Upper IVth will enjoy it as much.

ANN STEPHENS, Upper IVA (Secretary)

## JUNIOR SCRIPTURE UNION

We have had many enjoyable meetings during the Easter and Summer Terms. We have once again shown film strips of Bala and a very good film entitled "The growth in our idea of God". Some outside speakers have visited us—the Rev. N. Ellison, who is by now quite a frequent and welcome visitor; Mrs. Meiring, who improved and enlarged our knowledge of the Old Testament; and Mr. and Mrs. Tomlinson, who not only talked but sang to us, helped by Mr. Tomlinson's guitar. We have also held several quizzes, debates and discussions. The most successful meeting was a record session, where there was a "record" attendance to listen to the panel's views on various religious folk songs. To end a year of very good and varied meetings we hope to have a day trip to Tenby and Caldy Island during the last week of term.

KAREN STEVENS, IVA (Secretary)

Committee: Roderick Milne, Malcolm Cawley, Sarah Monico, John Davies, Richard Davies, Jane Sudbury, Keith Allen, Terry Williams. Hon. Secretary: Clive Morgan. Assistant Secretary, Pamela Jenkins.

Since our last Penvro report at Christmas the Society would appear to have entered a period of mild dormancy. However, despite the threat of approaching exams, two meetings were held in the first half of the Easter term.

The first meeting took the form of an address—Science in the Antarctic—given by Dr. Hooper, from University College, Swansea. Dr. Hooper, having spent some two years in the Antarctic, gave an excellent account of what life was like in the most desolate area of the world.

At the end of January sixth formers were able to see how science is taught in some schools, when the film "Science in school—Views of Form VI" was shown. The film showed a method of teaching science where greater emphasis is placed on experiment, and the student is also encouraged to work on a project he has devised himself.

We ended the Easter term with a visit from Mr. Cowell, the warden at Orierton Field Centre. He gave us an interesting talk on the role of the Field Studies Council in Pembrokeshire. Of the eight or so field centres in the British Isles, two are situated in Pembrokeshire, an indication of the abundance of flora and fauna to be found here and surely a good enough reason for seeing that we keep its natural beauty.

During June a small party went over to Skomer, a trip which was thoroughly appreciated and which was definitely worth all the trouble of getting there. At this point I would like to thank all the society officials for their help throughout the year, especially Miss Julian Jones, Mr. K. Bowskill, and Mr. S. Griffiths, who were always willing to help out when youth failed.

CLIVE MORGAN, Upper VI Science (Secretary)

#### YOUNG FARMERS' CLUB

The annual Rally of Pembrokeshire Young Farmers' clubs took place on Saturday, May 20th, at the Mart ground, Haverfordwest. The weather was showery and blustery but this did not dampen the spirits of the competitors. It was a very successful day for Pembrokeshire Grammar School Y.F.C., as we managed to bring home the Junior Shield for the third time and also the runners-up cup. We seem to have come nearer to winning the shield every year so perhaps next year—who knows?

We also won the Folk Dancing cup and many thanks go to Mrs. Tapley for all the work she put in. Other first places were gained by Glyndwr Evans, who designed the shield that will take pride of place at the Pembrokeshire Young Farmers' display at the Royal Welsh Agricultural Show at Hanelwedd later this year. Joan Hanley gained first prize in the dress-making and modelling competition, while Dick Pepper gained a first in the under-18's stock judging competition. Joseph Bowman came first in the under-25's machinery identification competition.

In the Pre-Rally events the club did well, winning the public speaking competition and gaining third place in the County Drama Competition.

Many thanks must go to our club leaders, Mr. B. J. Davies and Mrs. Robinson, who have helped us so much in preparing for our competitions.

The day was rounded off by a very successful dance held at the Market Hall, Haverfordwest, which several members of the club attended.

SUSAN RICHARDS, Lower VI Sc. (Secretary)

## SCHOOL GAMES

### HOCKEY RESULTS—SPRING TERM 1967

#### FIRST XI

The Easter Term results were average—although we didn't exactly shine, neither did we hopelessly disgrace ourselves. Out of seven matches we won three and lost four. The Austin Cup matches on March 11th gave us an over-all position of third, when we won two games, drew one and lost one. The team was drawn from the following during the term: Margaret Jenkins,\* Janice Gamman,\* Helen Humber, Ann Stephens, Valmai Edwards,\* Jane Sudbury,\* Frances Stewart, Ann Griffiths,, Margaret Davies, Margaret Bondizo, Melanie Phillips, Pamela Morgan, Sheila Kenniford. At the end of the season the following were awarded first team colours:—Margaret Bondizo, Helen Humber, Frances Stewart, Ann Stephens.

(\* Old Colours)

14 January—Haverfordwest S.M.	..... (away) ...	won	4-1
26 January—Milford G.S.	..... (away) ...	lost	2-3
4 February—Tenby	..... (away) ...	won	3-0
11 February—Taskers	..... (away) ...	lost	4-1
18 February—Milford S.M.	..... (away) ...	won	2-0
25 February—Fishguard	..... (away) ...	lost	3-4
4 March—Carmarthen G.S.	..... (home) ...	lost	1-3
11 March—Austin Cup match:	2nd in section, over-all 3rd.		

#### SECOND XI

Only four Second XI matches have been played since Christmas and unfortunately we have lost all of them, a matter that we shall have to remedy next season. It might be connected with the fact that they were all away games, but we can't make that an excuse. The team was drawn from the following players: Prudence Pattison, Helen McNally, Judith Phillips, Jacqueline Davies, Janice Thomas, Susan Morris, Melanie Phillips, Marilyn Cole, Sylvia Jones, Marilyn Jones, Pamela Morgan, Linda Panton, Pat Howells, Margaretta Campbell. Pamela Morgan and Sheila Kenniford were awarded second team colours at the end of the season.

4 February—Tenby	..... (away) ...	lost	0-10
11 February—Taskers	..... (away) ...	lost	0-3
18 February—Milford S.M.	..... (away) ...	lost	0-1
25 February—Fishguard	..... (away) ...	lost	...

#### JUNIOR XI

The Junior team has had a disappointing end to the season in that we have lost two of our Easter term matches and drawn one, but we have enjoyed the games and hope to do better next season. The team consists of Perryn Butler, Margaretta Campbell, Linda Palmer, Elaine Fenwick, Janet Davies, Petra Sutton, Ann Bowen, Alyson Rowlands, Susan Penfold, Janice Doran, Linda Davids.

14 January—Haverfordwest S.M.	..... (away) ...	lost	1-3
4 February—Tenby	..... (away) ...	lost	1-4
25 February—Fishguard	..... (away) ...	lost	...

## HOUSE MATCHES

SENIOR—								
1—Tudor	.....	6	points					
2—Glyndwr	.....	4	points					
3—Hywel	}	.....	1	point	OVERALL POSITIONS			
Picton					.....	1—Tudor	.....	11
JUNIOR—								
1—Tudor	.....	5	points	2—Glyndwr	.....	6	points	
2—Picton	.....	3	points	3—Picton	.....	4	points	
3—Glyndwr	}	.....	2	points	4—Hywel	.....	3	points
Hywel					.....			

## NETBALL—EASTER TERM 1967

January 14—v. St. Clears S.M. (A)					
3rd Form team	.....	.....	.....	Won	13—12
4th Form team	.....	.....	.....	Lost	13—15
Upper IVth team	.....	.....	.....	Won	13—12
Upper IVth 'A' team	.....	.....	.....	Lost	7—17
February 4—v. Tenby (A)					
11st VII	.....	.....	.....	Lost	11—21
2nd VII	.....	.....	.....	Lost	13—18
Junior VII	.....	.....	.....	Lost	9—12
February 11—v. Taskers, Haverfordwest (A)					
1st VII	.....	.....	.....	Won	13—7
2nd VII	.....	.....	.....	Lost	3—23
February 25—v. Fishguard (A)					
1st VII	.....	.....	.....	Lost	27—31
2nd VII	.....	.....	.....	Lost	18—27
Junior VII	.....	.....	.....	Lost	13—30

The First VII was chosen from Susan Collins\* Jacqueline Croft, Julia Bannon,\* Linda Williams\* (captain), Cecilia Donovan,\* Susan Richards, Margaret Vernon, Priscilla Palmer, Lyn Boswell, Ruth Martin. Colours were awarded to Margaret Vernon, Lyn Boswell and Susan Richards at the end of the season.

(\* = Old Colours)

The Second VII was drawn from Sylvia Pemberton, Lyn Boswell, Yvonne Evans, Ruth Martin (captain) Angela Gwyther, Priscilla Palmer, Karen Mabe, Janet Mitchell, Irene Higgs, Ann Gibby, Joy Smith, Teresa Croft.

The Junior VII was chosen from Irene James (captain), Janet Mitchell, Teresa Croft, Cheryl Young, Marilyn Blair, Mary Donohoe, Dorothy Hay, Marion Harries, Jeanette Hopkins, Christine Mathias.

## HOUSE MATCHES

	Senior						
	W	D	L	Pts.	For	Agst.	Captain
Hywel	2	—	1	4	35	12	M. Vernon
Tudor	2	—	1	4	32	28	S. Collins
Glyndwr	2	—	1	4	29	26	L. Williams
Picton	—	—	3	—	21	51	M. Channon

The Senior House matches were interesting in that three houses had equal points and the final result was based on goal average. This gave Hywel first place, Tudor second, Glyndwr third and Picton fourth.

## Junior

	W	D	L	Pts.	For	Agst.	Captain
Picton	2	1	—	5	28	11	L. Boswell
Hywel	2	—	1	4	32	12	J. Mitchell
Glyndwr	1	1	1	3	17	16	C. Young
Tudor	—	—	3	—	2	40	D. Stephens

The Staff match at the end of term resulted in a win for the School 17-10

## RUGBY—Spring Term 1967

## FIRST XV

The first XV this term has been represented by the following: L. Smith, A. Hodge, D. Rourke, A. Hyde, F. Penfold, P. Carradice, R. Milne, T. Williams, N. Campodonic, D. Eastick, J. Jenkins, W. Griffiths, R. Jeffreys, I. Samuel, A. Searle, G. Jones, B. Jones, D. Williams, L. Nutting, P. Spencer, S. Goodman, D. Clarke, R. Brown, R. Roberts, G. Nicholas, H. Davies, M. Davies, P. Sendell, P. Morgan. Colours were awarded to W. Griffiths, R. Milne, F. Penfold, A. Hodge, and L. Smith.

## Easter Term Results

January 21—v. Haverfordwest G.S. (home)	.....	Drew	0—0
January 28—v. Preseli—cancelled			
February 4—v. Tenby C.S. (home)	.....	Won	8—3
February 11—v. Whitland G.S. (away)	.....	Drew	3—3
February 25—v. St. David's (away)	.....	Won	8—3
March 4—v. Milford G.S. (away)	.....	Won	3—0
March 11—v. St. David's (home)	.....	Won	24—0

## Season's Record

				Points	Points
Played	Won	Lost	Drew	For	Agst.
18	10	4	4	154	58

J. JENKINS, Lower VIA

## SECOND XV

Captain: A. Hyde

Vice-Captain: J. Power

Secretary: C. Barker

Committee: D. Williams, B. Gwyther

The remainder of the games that the Second XV have played this season have resulted in them winning four games, losing none and drawing one. The team played better towards the end of the season and seemed to play together more as a team. The following boys have represented the Second XV this season: A. Hyde, J. Power, C. Barker, D. Williams, B. Gwyther, H. Davies, L. Nutting, J. Reynolds, T. Williams, W. Mills, P. Morgan, R. Davies, D. Clarke, G. Asparassa, D. Rogers, J. Moredale, R. Brown, N. Campodonic.

The results of the games played were:—

January 21—St. Clears (away)	.....	Won	9—6
January 28—Coronation (home)	.....	Won	15—0
February 4—Tenby (home)	.....	Won	6—0
February 11—Whitland (away)	.....	Drew	0—0
March 18—Coronation (home)	.....	Won	18—3

D. WILLIAMS, VR

## JUNIOR XV

In the Spring term the Junior XV played seven matches and won just over half. The team played well in most games but poor finishing often let them down. Four boys played for the county team in the Spring term—Neil Phillips, David Scourfield, Robin Davies and Malcolm Mathias. Those who represented the Junior XV were Brian Jones (captain), Robin Davies (vice-captain), Peter Hughes, Neil Phillips, Lyn Smith, Malcolm Mathias, David Scourfield, John Handley, Graham D. Brown, Selwyn Skone, Robin Davies, Peter Thomas, Roland Perkins, Leslie Johnson, Martin John, Colin Butland, Robert John, Alan Lewis, Philip Pryse, Gwyn Campbell, John Asparassa, Peter Smith.

## Results

v. Haverfordwest G.S. (home)	Won	23	—	3
v. Tenby S.S. (home)	Drew	8	—	8
v. Coronation S.M. (away)	Won	18	—	5
v. St. David's S.S. (away)	Lost	8	—	11
v. Haverfordwest S.M. (away)	Lost	0	—	16
v. St. David's S.S. (home)	Won	19	—	0
v. Coronation S.M. (home)	Won	17	—	0

Played	Won	Lost	Drew	Points For	Points Agst.
7	4	2	1	93	43

GRAHAM D. BROWN (Secretary) Upper IVB

## SCHOOL SPORTS 1967

As if to compensate for the shocking weather last year, when we were forced to hold the Sports in two instalments, this year the sun shone all day. Three records were broken—Robin Campbell broke the 880 yards Junior Boys record; Anthony Hodge beat the existing Senior Shot-putt record by two feet, and the Tudor Middle Boys relay team beat the record in their race by three seconds. David Rourke equalled the Middle Boys 100 yards record and his over-all performance made his joint Victor Ludorum with Wyn Griffiths. The position of Victrix was shared by Margaret Davies (VA) and Susan Ronald (U Alpha). Two cups changed hands this year—Tudor Girls won the Ebsworth Bowl, and Picton Boys took the Rechabites Cup away from Glyndwr by 20 points. Glyndwr retained the R.A.F. Athletics Cup, however, beating Tudor by the narrow margin of eleven points on over-all performance. The final positions were:

Girls' Events: 1, Tudor 284; 2, Glyndwr 232; 3, Picton 190; 4, Hywel 177.

Boys' Events: 1, Picton 435; 2, Glyndwr 415; 3, Hywel 359; 4, Tudor 352.

Over-all: 1, Glyndwr 647; 2, Tudor 636; 3, Picton 625; 4, Hywel 536.

## RECORD SHEET

GIVING PLACINGS, HOUSES AND WINNING TIMES OR DISTANCES

## 100 YARDS—BOYS:

Sub-junior—1, C. Thomas (H); 2, B. Busby (G); 3, P. Watkins (H). 13.8 secs. Junior—1, S. Griffiths (H); 2, M. Cole (G); 3, C. Mends (T). 13.4 secs. Middle—1, D. Rourke (T); 2, M. Mathias (P); 3, D. Scourfield (P). 10.4 secs. (equals record). Senior—1, A. Hodge (G); 2, I. Samuel (P); 3, P. Hordley (P). 11 secs.

## 100 YARDS—GIRLS:

Sub-junior—1, S. Ronald (T); 2, P. Mathias (T); 3, L. Manning (G). 14.3 secs. Junior—1, J. Hughes (T); 2, A. Rowlands (G); 3, S. Kenniford. 13.2 secs. Middle—1, I. Higgs (G); 2, A. Gibby (T); 3, F. Stewart (H). 13.5 secs. Senior—1, J. Sudbury (T); 2, J. Handley (P); 3, A. Thomas (G). 13.8 secs.

## 220 YARDS—BOYS:

Sub-junior—1, C. Thomas (H); 2, G. Samuel (P); 3, B. Busby (G). 30.2 secs. Junior—1, M. Cole (G); 2, S. James (H); 3, G. Wickland (T). 30.5 secs. Middle—1, R. Luff (T); 2, M. Mathias (P); 3, B. Norris (H). 26.5 secs. Senior—1, A. Hodge (G); 2, D. Aspinall (P). 26 secs.

## 220 YARDS—GIRLS:

Middle—1, M. Davies (P); 2, A. Gibby (T); 3, F. Stewart (H). 30.8 secs. Senior—1, J. Sudbury (T); 2, A. Thomas (G); 3, R. Bleach (P). 32.5 secs.

## 150 YARDS—GIRLS:

Junior—1, S. Kenniford (G); 2, S. Penfold (T); 3, L. Palmer (P). 21.5 secs. (New event).

## 440 YARDS—BOYS:

Junior—1, K. Thompson (G); 2, S. Griffiths (H); 3, D. Sheehan (T). 1 min. 4.5 secs. Middle—1, L. Smith (T); 2, A. Searle (P); 3, B. James (H). 1 min. 1.2 secs. Senior—1, T. Williams (H); 2, E. White (G); 3, P. Hordley (P). 59.2 secs.

## 880 YARDS—BOYS:

Junior—1, R. Campbell (G); 2, S. Griffiths (H); 3, G. Wickland (T). 2 min. 36.6 secs (new record). Middle—1, N. Campodonic (T); 2, A. Searle (P); 3, R. Brown (G). 2 min. 24 secs. Senior—1, W. Griffiths (G); 2, R. Roberts (G); 3, D. Parry (P). 2 min. 15 secs.

## 880 YARDS—GIRLS:

Middle—1, M. Davies (P); 2, E. Hughes (G); 3, F. Stewart (H). 2 min. 41.4 secs. (New event). Senior—1, J. Handley (P); 2, M. Davies (P); 3, S. Moffatt (P). 3 min. 21 secs.

## ONE MILE:

Middle—1, G. Campbell (G); 2, K. Harries (P); 3, R. Brown (G). 5 min. 22 secs. Senior—1, K. Brady (H); 2, P. Spencer (P); 3, R. Roberts (G). 5 min. 23.3 secs.

## HURDLES—GIRLS:

Sub-junior—1, D. McNally (P); 2, D. Cater (T); 3, C. Lord (H). 15.1 secs. Junior—1, A. Rowlands (G); 2, J. Hughes (T); 3, M. Campbell (P). 12.1 secs. Middle—1, M. Davies (P); 2, A. Gibby (T); 3, F. Stewart (H). 13.9 secs. Senior—1, R. Bleach (P); 2, A. Thomas (G); 3, A. Willoughby (T). 16 secs.

## HURDLES—BOYS:

Sub-junior (70 yards)—1, P. Lingard (T); 2, D. Davies (H); 3, S. Ball (G). 15 secs. Junior (80 yards)—1, I. Cooper (H); 2, A. Colley (P); 3, M. Cole (G). 14 secs. Middle (110 yards)—1, P. Evans (G); 2, S. Skone (T); 3, R. Brawn (P). 18.3 secs. Senior (120 yards)—1, W. Griffiths (G); 2, A. Hyde (H); 3, N. Phillips (T). 17.8 secs.

## 200 YARDS HURDLES—BOYS:

Middle—1, D. Rourke (T); 2, C. Barker (P); 3, B. Norris (H). 28.1 secs. Senior—1, W. Griffiths (G); 2, F. Penfold (T); 3, K. Brady (H). 26 secs.

## HIGH JUMP—BOYS:

Sub-junior—1, C. Thomas (H); 2, P. Bargery (T); 3, A. Lingard (T). 3ft. 6in. Junior—1, J. Bugby (T); 2, S. Griffiths (H), K. Johnson (G); 3, M. Cole (G). 4 ft. Middle—1, P. Evans (G); 2, N. Campodonic (T), R. Jeffreys (T); 3, M. Mathias (P). 4ft. 8in. Senior—1, I. Samuel (P); 2, L. Smith (T), R. Roberts (G); 3, D. Aspinall (P). 5ft.

## HIGH JUMP—GIRLS:

Sub-junior—1, S. Ronald (T); 2, L. John (H); 3, C. Lord (H). 3ft. 6in. Junior—1, D. Hay (P); 2, J. Davies (H); 3, P. Butler (T). 3ft. 10in. Middle—11, J. Bannon (H); 2, P. Eastick (T), C. Donovan (H); 3, A. Gibby (G), J. Thomas (P). 3ft. 8½in. Senior—1, A. Willoughby (T); 2, L. Williams (G); 3, R. Jenkins (T). 3ft. 8in.

## LONG JUMP—BOYS:

Sub-junior—1, C. Thomas (H); 2, B. Busby (G); 3, P. Bargery (T); 13ft. 8½in. Junior—1, M. John (P); 2, J. Stephens (G); 3, R. John (H). 16ft. 5½in. Middle—1, D. Rourke (T); 2, N. Campodonic (T); 3, A. Searle. 18ft. 5in. Senior—1, D. Aspinall (P); 2, E. White (G), A. Hyde (H); 3, R. Milne (P). 19ft.

## LONG JUMP—GIRLS—

Sub-junior—1, S. Davies (G); 2, H. Gordon (P); 3, M. John (G). 11ft. 6in. Junior—1, A. Rowlands (G); 2, J. Hughes (T); 3, S. Kenniford (G). 14ft. 2½in. Middle—1, C. Donovan (H); 2, P. Kenniford (G); 3, A. Stephens (G). 13ft. 10½in. Senior—1, A. Thomas (G); 2, L. Williams (G); 3, S. Richards (T). 14ft. 4½in.

## TRIPLE JUMP—BOYS:

Sub-junior—1, P. Bargery (T); 2, J. Spence (P); 3, G. Samuel (P). 25ft. 3in. Junior—1, J. Asparassa (H); 2, M. John (P); 3, K. Johnson (G). 32ft. 2in. Middle—1, D. Rourke (T); 2, J. Handley (P); 3, R. Brown (P). 35ft. 8½in. Senior—1, D. Aspinall (P); 2, A. Hyde (H); 3, P. Hordley (P). 37ft.

## POLE VAULT—BOYS:

Sub-junior—1, H. Campbell (G); 2, M. Sanderson (T); 3, J. Cumming (H). 4ft. Junior—1, G. Wickland (T); 2, P. Best (H). 5ft. 3in. Middle—1, P. Morgan (P); 2, R. Brown (G); 3, G. Brown (H). 6ft. 10in. Senior—1, W. Griffiths (G); 2, R. Davies (T), P. Morgan (H).

## DISCUS—BOYS—

Sub-junior—1, P. John (T); 2, H. Campbell (G); 3, S. Ball (G). 63ft. Junior—1, J. Asparassa (H); 2, M. John (P); 3, I. Kilcoyne (T). 108ft. 11in. Middle—1, P. Lindsay (H); 2, L. Johnson (H); 3, A. Campbell (P). 114ft. 7in. 105ft. 3in. Senior—1, F. Penfold (T); 2, R. Milne (P); 3, P. Spencer (P).

## DISCUS—GIRLS:

Junior—1, S. Kenniford (G); 2, P. Butler (T); 3, L. Boswell (P). 66ft. 6in. Middle—1, C. Donovan (H); 2, M. Bondzio (H); 3, I. Higgs (G). 69ft. Senior—1, S. Richards (T); 2, P. Pattison (G); 3, J. Sudbury (T). 76ft. 11in.

## JAVELIN—BOYS:

Sub-junior—1, P. Watkins (H); 2, H. Campbell (G); 3, A. Dickie (G). 70ft. 5in. Junior—1, J. Asparassa (H); 2, A. Colley (P); 3, R. John (H). 92ft. 5½in. Middle—1, P. Morgan (P); 2, J. Handley (P); 3, R. Main (T). 117ft. 8½in. Senior—1, L. Smith (T); 2, P. Spencer (P); 3, D. Eastick (T). 143ft. 1½in.

## JAVELIN—GIRLS:

Sub-junior (Rounders Ball)—1, S. Ronald (T); 2, W. Richards (T); 3, L. Clayton (P). 104ft. 7in. Junior—1, M. Campbell (P); 2, P. Butler (T); 3, J. Davies (H). 52ft. 11in. Middle—1, M. Davies (P); 2, J. Thomas (P); 3, A. Stephens (G). 85ft. Senior—1, J. Gamman (T); 2, J. Sudbury (T); 3, R. Bleach (P). 57ft. 6in.

## SHOT—BOYS:

Sub-junior—1, P. John (T); 2, K. Weston (G); 3, D. Willington (G). 27ft. 11in. Junior—1, M. John (P); 2, J. Asparassa (H); 3, R. John (H). 34ft. 5in. Middle—1, R. Jeffreys (T); 2, G. Aldbury (T); 3, A. Fell (P). 34ft. 1in. Senior—1, A. Hodge (G); 2, F. Penfold (T); 3, R. Milne (P). 40ft. 10in. (new record).

## SHOT—GIRLS:

Sub-junior—1, S. Ronald (T); 2, W. Richards (T); 3, D. McNally (P). 21ft. 7in. Junior—1, L. Boswell (P); 2, J. Davies (H); 3, P. Butler (T). 28ft. Middle—1, C. Donovan (H); 2, M. Bondzio (H); 3, A. Stephens (G). 28ft. 1in. Senior—1, S. Richards (T); 2, M. Morgan (T); 3, P. Pattison (G). 23ft. 8in.

## RELAY—BOYS—

Sub-junior—11, Hywel; 2, Glyndwr; 3, Picton. 62.6 secs.  
Junior—1, Hywel; 2, Glyndwr; 3, Picton. 56.8 secs.  
Middle—1, Tudor; 2, Picton; 3, Glyndwr. 49.8 secs (new record).  
Senior—1, Glyndwr; 2, Picton; 3, Hywel. 48.4 secs.

## RELAY—GIRLS:

Sub-junior—1 Tudor; 2, Glyndwr. 1 min. 3.4 secs.  
Junior—1, Tudor; 2, Glyndwr; 3, Hywel. 60.1 secs.  
Middle—1, Picton; 2, Hywel; 3, Tudor. 60.5 secs.  
Senior—1, Tudor; 2, Glyndwr; 3, Hywel. 63.2 secs.

## COUNTY SPORTS 1967

## GIRLS RESULTS:

100 yards Senior—Jane Sudbury (5th). Junior—Jennifer Hughes (6th).  
220 yards Senior—Jane Sudbury (5th). Middle—Ann Gibby (5th).  
150 yards Junior—Sheila Kenniford (6th).  
880 yards Senior—Joan Handley (4th). Middle—Margaret Davies (1st).  
Hurdles Senior—Melanie Phillips (5th). Junior—Alyson Rowlands (5th).  
High Jump Sub-junior—Susan Ronald (3rd).  
Long Jump Senior—Annette Thomas (5th).  
Shot Middle—Cecilia Donovan (4th). Junior—Lyn Boswell (5th).  
Sub-junior—Susan Ronald (5th).  
Discus Junior—Sheila Kenniford (5th). Middle—Cecilia Donovan.  
Senior—Susan Richards.  
Javelin Senior—Janice Gammon (2nd). Middle—Janice Thomas (2nd).  
Junior—Margaretta Campbell (5th).  
Relay Senior—Jane Sudbury, Annette Thomas, Joan Handley, Melanie Phillips (4th). Middle—Cecilia Donovan, Ann Gibby, Frances Stewart, Margaret Davies (5th in heat). Junior—Alyson Rowlands, Susan Penfold, Jennifer Hughes, Linda Davids (6th). Sub-junior—Susan Ronald, Rosemary Aplin, Margaret John, Pauline Mathias (3rd).

## BOYS' COUNTY SPORTS RESULTS

## SENIOR BOYS:

220 yards—D. Aspinal (5th).  
 440 yards—T. Williams (5th).  
 880 yards—R. Roberts (3rd).  
 One Mile—K. Brady (1st).  
 200 yards Hurdles—W. Griffiths (5th).  
 120 yards—W. Griffiths (2nd).  
 Long Jump—D. Aspinal (1st).  
 Triple Jump—D. Aspinal (5th).  
 High Jump—I. Samuel (5th).  
 Discus—F. Penfold (1st).  
 Javelin—L. Smith (3rd).  
 Shot—F. Penfold (3rd).

## MIDDLE BOYS:

100 yards—D. Rourke (2nd).  
 220 yards—P. Luff (5th).  
 440 yards—L. Smith (3rd).  
 880 yards—N. Campodonic (5th).  
 One Mile—G. Campbell (6th).  
 200 yards Hurdles—C. Barker (3rd).  
 Triple Jump—D. Rourke (3rd).  
 High Jump—P. Evans (3rd).

## JUNIOR BOYS:

880 yards—R. Campbell (6th).  
 Discus—J. Asparassa (1st).

## SUB-JUNIOR:

100 yards—C. Thomas (3rd).  
 220 yards—C. Thomas (3rd).  
 Shot—P. John (3rd).

## ROUNDERS—SUMMER 1967

## FIRST IX

We have had a very average season so far and have won half of our games. We have certainly enjoyed them all, if that's anything to go by. The team was drawn from the following girls—Pam Morgan, Ann Stephens, Priscilla Palmer, Carolyn Roch, Sheila Kenniford, Lyn Boswell, Margaret Davies, Elaine Fenwick and Perryn Butler.

29 April—v. Fishguard (home) ... .. Won 3—1  
 6 May—v. Tenby (away) ... .. Drew 3—3  
 13 May—v. Fishguard (away) ... .. Won 8—3  
 3 June—v. Haverfordwest S.M. (away) ... .. Lost 1—3

## SECOND IX

The team this season consists of Marilyn Cole, Susan Penfold, Susan Thomas, Ann Bowen, Anne Monico, Teresa Croft, Yvonne Evans, Jacqueline Davies and Mary Donohoe. We have played four games in all and won two of them. We seem to do well in alternate matches—or maybe it's just that Fishguard have the better team!

29 April—v. Fishguard (home) ... .. Lost ½—5  
 6 May—v. Tenby (away) ... .. Won 9—2  
 13 May—v. Fishguard (away) ... .. Lost 0—5½  
 3 June—v. Haverfordwest S.M. (away) ... .. Won 7½—2

## CRICKET

## FIRST XI

Captain: D. Eastick. Vice-Captain: L. Smith.

Secretary: B. Jones

The following boys have played for the 1st XI: D. Eastick, L. Smith, B. Jones, D. Williams, W. Griffiths, G. Jones, H. Davies, K. Brady, A. Hodge, B. Gwyther, J. Jenkins, and R. Davies.

The First XI has had an above average start to the season. We have a very young team, but we are guided by the experience of D. Eastick and L. Smith. D. Eastick, A. Hodge, W. Griffiths, B. Jones, D. Williams and G. Jones represented the school in the final County trial, and D. Eastick, A. Hodge and G. Jones were selected for Pembrokeshire. D. Eastick represented Pembrokeshire in the final Welsh trial but he unfortunately was not selected for Wales.

The weather has not been very good so far this season and only four games have been played.

## Results

29th April—v. Coronation (away)—won by 42 runs.  
 11th May—v. Stackpole C.C. (home)—lost by 32 runs.  
 3rd June—v. Fishguard (away)—won by 47 runs.  
 7th June—v. Tenby (away)—won by 6 wickets (1st Round of Bowen-Summers Cup).

## Batting Averages

	Innings	Not out	Runs	Average
B. Jones	4	1	79	26.3
W. Griffiths	3	0	58	19.3
G. Jones	4	2	35	17.5

## Bowling

H. Davies—14 wickets for 21 runs.

## CRICKET XI

The Junior XI has had a fairly successful season so far. We have played three matches and won them all. The last match was against St. David's in the first round of the Bowen Summers' Bowl, when the team played very well and won convincingly by nine wickets. The following boys have played for the eleven this season—Neil Phillips (captain), David Scourfield, Robin Davies, Alan Lewis, Gerald Russant, Eric Dade, Peter Thomas, Gwyn Campbell, Graham D. Brown, Ian Marchant, Meyrick Rowlands, Brian James, Robin Campbell.

## Batting Averages

	Matches played	Innings	Not out	Runs	Highest	Average
D. Scourfield	2	2	1	83	75 n.o.	83
N. Phillips	2	2	1	18	18 n.o.	18
A. Lewis	3	3	1	29	13	14.5
G. Russant	3	3	0	26	17	8.6
E. Dade	3	1	1	8	8 n.o.	8

## Bowling Averages:

	Overs	Maidens	Runs	Wickets	Rate
D. Scourfield	17.4	6	16	7	2.2
G. Campbell	4	1	9	7	2.2
M. Rowlands	8.2	1	8	3	2.6
R. Campbell	13	3	32	8	4
N. Phillips	4	0	10	1	10

DAVID SCOURFIELD (Secretary) Upper IVB



## PENVRO OLD PUPILS' ASSOCIATION

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In the Spring issue of 'Penvro' we mentioned the acquisition of the old Court House in Pembroke Dock as club quarters for the Penvro Dramatic Society. The premises have already been put to good use by the Society, especially for rehearsals for the successful production of the three-act play 'The Rape of the Belt' at the School in May. Those members involved in this production were occupied in preparing the production of 'A Miniature Beggars' Opera', which was presented on three occasions to invited audiences at the Club at the end of May. Everyone concerned with this production had an enjoyable and often hilarious time. This was the first attempt at a 'musical' by the Society, and judging by the reactions of the audiences, further musicals will be popular. The background music was provided by our secretary, Danny Hordley, with his piano-accordion. No-one seemed to mind that such instruments did not exist in the early 18th century—the period of the play!

The whole Society was shocked a few weeks later by the sudden death of Sara Nelson. Sara, an American, had joined the Society during the winter, had played a prominent part in the 'Beggars' Opera', and was popular with everyone. All members offer their sincere sympathy to her husband Kenneth and to their three young children.

At this year's 'Mayor-making' ceremony at Pembroke two Old Pupils played prominent parts. The first was the new mayor, James Meyrick Owen, whom we congratulate on his election to this high office. 'Jim' had invited as his chief guest another Old Pupil, Edward Navin, now Professor of Economics at the University College of Wales, Aberystwyth. In recent years Edward has become well-known as a radio and television commentator on political and economic affairs.

Finally, we again make what is unfortunately becoming a regular appeal to Old Pupils to send us their news for inclusion in their own section of 'Penvro'.

## NEWS OF OLD PUPILS

David Bates (1956-61), whose marriage is reported in this issue, is now a member of the Staffordshire Police Force and is stationed at Burton-on-Trent.

Joan Tucker, who returned to her post at Llanion School last April after a cruise to Australia and the Far East, made contact with several Old Pupils during her travels. In Australia she stayed with Skyrme Rees and his wife Marjorie (née Mathias), both Old Pupils, and when in Hawaii had a phone conversation with Wendy Power (1954-61), who for some years has been a ground hostess with Trans-World Airways and is now living in San Francisco.

We congratulate Gwyneth Drewett (née Rees) and Eileen Wilcox (née Bush), both Old Pupils, on their appointment as Justices of the Peace to serve on the Pembroke Bench.

While conducting French Oral Examinations for the G.C.E. at Whitchurch Grammar School, Cardiff, this year, Mr. E. G. Davies, the former Deputy Headmaster, met George Lewis (1947-53), who is now in charge of the Art Department at Whitchurch, having taught for some years previously in Bristol.

Congratulations to James Croft (1949-57) on his appointment as Professor of Microbial Genetics at the University of Birmingham.

Another Old Pupil at Birmingham University is John Furlong (1939-43), who is a lecturer in the Physical Education Department. He tells us that Birmingham is the only university offering Physical Education as a degree subject in a combined honours degree. John himself is not trained in P.E. He lectures on statistics, which is his subject, and is in charge of a course called Tests and Measurements of Physical Education.

Brian Jancey (1946-52) wrote us in January from Horholm, Denmark, where he is now living. He spent some years working in a bank in Oslo and moved to Denmark last year. He is now employed in the Foreign Department of a bank in Copenhagen. He would be pleased to see any Old Pupil who may visit Copenhagen. His bank, Arbcidernes Landsbank, is just outside the main railway station at Copenhagen.

To date very few Old Pupils' university results have reached us. Peter Lewis (1956-63) has gained a Third Class Honours in Theology at Cambridge. He was also a member of the Cambridge Athletic team this season, and has hopes of obtaining a Blue next year. His speciality is the sprint.

David Canton (1957-64): Honours Class II Division 1 in Electrical Engineering at Bangor. David is staying on at Bangor to do research.

Pat Thomas (1956-64): Honours Class II Division 1 in Theology at Birmingham. Pat intends to follow a course for the Diploma in Education at Bristol University next year.

Dilys Griffith (1955-58) has been appointed to Bassaleg Grammar School to teach English and Scripture.

We congratulate the following Old Pupils on their engagement:

- 22 December 1966: Michael Marchant (1958-63) to Janice Pugh, of Neyland.
- 30 December 1966: Graham John (1954-61) to Shirley Lewis, of Pembroke Dock.
- 30 December 1966: John Skone (1955-63) to Shan Llewellyn, of Bridgend.
- 5 January 1967: David Badham (1956-63) to Gaynor Price, of Llanwrtyd Wells.
- 24 February: Gordon Rickard (1949-57) to Stefanie Cygielman, of Cricklewood, London.
- 10 March: Susanne Palmer (1957-64) to Nigel Harding, of Swansea.
- 6 April: Geoffrey Bettison, A.R.I.B.A., to Janita Helen Fraser-Woodhouse, of Edinburgh.
- 6 April: Richard May (1954-57) to Anne Randall, of Greenock.
- 28 April: Pauline Calver (1960-66) to Malcolm Kelson, of Reading.
- 28 April: Jane Goodrick (1961-66) to Billy James, of Pembroke Dock.

We congratulate the following Old Pupils on their marriage:

- January 1967, at Penarth: Joan Morgan (1955-62) to Bruce Ferguson, of Berwick-on-Tweed.
- 25 March, at Pembroke: Hilary Jones (1956-62) to Angus Alexander, of Manorbier.
- 25 March, at Maidenwells: Gillian Roberts (1956-61) to Michael Millward, of Blackpool.
- 23 March, at Monkton: Tony McTaggart (1953-59) to Judith Williams (1955-60).
- 27 March, at Pembroke Dock: Sheila Goodacre (1959-62) to Peter Plumbly, of Wythenshawe, Manchester.
- 27 March, at Stackpole: Philip Roberts (1959-?) to Janet Thomas (1957-60).
- 27 March, at Pembroke Dock: Antoinette Pearce (1955-62) to Ivor Jones, of Mold, Flintshire.

- 27 March, at Pembroke Dock: Stephen John (1958-62) to Rosemarie Evans, of Pembroke Dock.  
 1 April, at Pembroke Dock: Philip Lloyd (1961-63) to Christine Lewis (1956-61).  
 1 April, at Pembroke Dock: Rosemary Davies (1955-59) to Terence Beynon, of Monkton.  
 1 April, at Tenby: John G. Evans (1954-59) to Marcia Lorraine Luxton, of Tenby.  
 30 March, at Stoke-on-Trent: David Bates (1956-61) to Elaine Leese.  
 8 April, at Northleigh, Oxford: Thomas Simpson (1958-61) to Sally Yates, of Northleigh.  
 20 May, at Laugharne: Donald Gough (1956-63) to Jennifer Harding, of Laugharne.  
 3 June, at Pembroke: Sheila Llewellyn (1956-61) to Malcolm Palmer, of Pembroke Dock.  
 3 June, at Pembroke: Myra Parsons (1958-63) to Samuel Rawley, of Wallaford, Scotland.  
 3 June, at Thorne, Merion: Dorothy James (1955-59) to Wyndham Evans, of Gorseinon.

We are pleased to record the following births:

- 19 October 1966, at Horsholm, Denmark, to Bente, wife of Brian Jancey (1946-52), a son, Boyd William.  
 2 February 1967: to Diana (née Elsdon, 1949-54) wife of Clive Hodges, a daughter, Helen Louise.  
 7 February, at Ashton-under-Lyne: to Rita, wife of Terence Roche (1948-52), a son.  
 11 March: to Kathleen (née Hughes 1950-56), wife of John Davies, a son.  
 17 March: to Mavis (née Williams, 1938-43), wife of Clifford Davies (1939-44), a son, John Charles.  
 15 April: to Jennifer (née Roblin, 1955-60), wife of Lloyd Coles (1952-57), a daughter, Beverley Anne.  
 22 May: to Patricia (née Moor, 1957-64), wife of John Campodonic (1956-61), a son, Steven John.

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