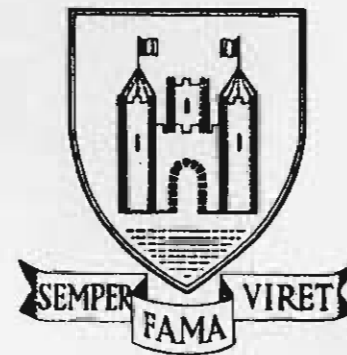


# *THE PENVRO*



*SUMMER 1968*

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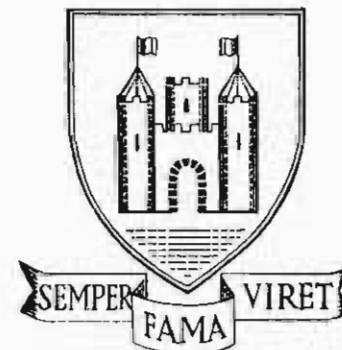
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*Canteen Organiser:* Mrs. G. Hitchings

# THE PENVRO

No. 144

SUMMER

1968



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Writing an editorial is rather like preparing a train timetable in some ways, for arrivals and departures are the dominant themes. This term is no different from others in this respect and we have a particularly important departure to record—that of the Headmaster, who has advanced his retirement by twelve months in view of the imminent developments in secondary education in the Pembroke area. We feel that this is a most unselfish decision as it will enable the new Headmaster, Mr. Cyril Nelson, to be in touch from the start with plans now being formulated for our future in this school.

We shall be losing, too, the services of Mrs. B. Harris, who is also retiring, temporarily at least, from teaching. We were fortunate in keeping her a year longer than we had anticipated and we look forward to seeing her from time to time at school functions. Mrs. Margery Lewis has taken up a housewife's duties permanently since Easter and we were delighted to learn just before going to press that she now has a second son, Edward. We have said goodbye since February to Mlle. Delelis who has been spending the second part of her Welsh visit in Milford Haven Grammar School. So much did she like Pembroke, however, that she is still living there and ferry-users amongst us see her cheerful smile daily as we pass her, en route to our respective schools. Fraulein Hahnemann will be completing her year's stay with us in July and returning to Germany, but we understand that she has so much enjoyed her time here that she is thinking of spending another year away from Germany, possibly in France. We offer our good wishes to all these members of staff and thank them for their friendship and help.

In January we welcomed Mr. G. K. Davies to take Mr. Whitehall's place and, in April, Miss J. M. Evans came to replace Mrs. Lewis. We are glad to see that both of them have settled in happily with us. Mr. Coombes is transferring at the beginning of next term to the Maths. department and we shall be seeing Mr. Griffith back in charge of Physics after his sabbatical year at Reading University.

Since the last issue of "Penvro" we have been spreading our wings in various directions. In February, a party of senior pupils went skiing in Austria having a gratuitous few days added to their half-term in consequence. In March, the Glyndwr bastions were stormed and Picton won the Eisteddfod in a nerve-racking finish. This term the Y.F.C. made a long-distance trip to Harrogate in an attempt to invade the world of entertainment—but maybe their talents are better employed in other fields! Our admiration goes out to the Bush House boys who are improving amenities by constructing a swimming pool in their spare time—future boarders, cooling off after a hot day, in school, will have cause to bless their name!

Towards the end of term we were glad to welcome back Miss M. J. Cleevely and Mrs. G. Hitchings, after a long period of illness. We hope they will soon be completely fit and well.

We should like to express our deep sympathy to Mr. Devereux, our Senior Master, and to Mrs. Devereux, on the tragic loss they have sustained this term in the sudden death of their son. Brian was a staunch supporter of school activities, both as a pupil and an "old boy," and we regret his passing.

Finally, may we congratulate our new chairman of the Governors, Mrs. Wisbey, on being appointed chairman of the Pembrokeshire R.D.C., another "double" for one of our lady governors!



T. C. ROBERTS, B.Sc.

HEADMASTER 1958 - 68

When, in September 1958, Mr. Roberts became Headmaster in succession to Mr. R. G. Mathias, his well-established reputation as a doughty warrior on the education battlefield in Pembrokeshire came ahead of him. He came to us from Fishguard, which had recently become a bi-lateral school and his association with Fishguard, both school and town, was so longstanding that his departure for the English South must have come as a distinct shock to those who had come to regard him as permanently rooted in the North of the county.

His experience of the bi-lateral system fitted him well for taking charge of our unusual combination of grammar and technical education. That he was a firm disciplinarian we had heard in advance; that he would be a friend we sincerely hoped. We were soon to discover that he was both—the Spring 1959 edition of "Penvro" produced the following unsolicited tribute from the pupil editorial board: "We have found not only a leader but a very dear friend." One is reminded of Goldsmith's lines:

"Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,

The love he bore to learning was in fault."

There are many who have cause to remember Mr. Roberts for his willingness to put himself to great trouble on behalf of those who needed his help.

During the ten years of Mr. Roberts' tenure of office, the school has enjoyed a period of stability, in great part due to the Headmaster's ability as an administrator, particularly in financial matters. Those who now breathe sighs of relief that the debt on the organ is cleared can thank Mr. Roberts for his unstinting efforts to make this possible. Perhaps he even secretly enjoyed his "sitting at the receipt of custom" on odd occasions when a crisis developed in the dinner-money department! His enthusiasm for and enjoyment of all school functions was very evident and we hope that he will attend them on an "emeritus" basis for many years to come.

He is fond of reminding pupils who are leaving that, no matter where they go, they are still members of Pembroke Grammar School. May we suggest to him that this refers to him, too, for he must always remain a true friend to this school which he has served so faithfully for the last ten years, ready at all times to give his time and energies to its welfare. We wish him and Mrs. Roberts a very long and happy retirement, full of the pleasure that they so well deserve.

## PRIZEGIVING — January 31st, 1968

On Wednesday afternoon, January 31st, the annual prizegiving took place in the school hall. The guest speaker was Mr. Desmond F. Lewis, F.P.S., Barrister-at-Law, a former pupil of the Headmaster's when he was at Fishguard. Mr. Lewis said that he felt very honoured to be invited as this was Mr. Roberts' last speech day as Headmaster of the school, and he paid Mr. Roberts very sincere tribute for the influence he had had over the lives of many past pupils, including himself. In his report the Headmaster referred briefly to the period of change that lies ahead, with all the challenges involved in the comprehensive system of education. Mr. Lewis presented the prizes, with the help of Miss Julian Jones, who deputised for Miss Hughes in her absence.

## FORM PRIZES

Form II—1, Colin Judge; 2, David Williams; 3, Denise Pendleton; 4, Jacqueline Davies; 5, Paul Harries; 6, Rosemary Cook.  
 IIIC—1, Theresa Croft.  
 IIB—Clare Lynch; Yvonne Gregitis.  
 IIIA—1, Janet Davies; 2, Angela Bowen; 3, Susan Catling; 4, Jill Prout.  
 IV TECH.—David Stacey.  
 IVC—Michael Baker.  
 IVB—1, Joan Bendle; 2, Carolyn Lloyd; 3, Kathleen Davies.  
 IVA—1, Mary Phillips; 2, Robin Campbell; 3, Karen Stevens.  
     U.IV TECH.—John Gittins.  
 U.IVC—1, Alan Lewis; 2, Brian Smith.  
 U.IVB—1, Paul Weatherall and Stephen Owen.  
 U.IVA—1, Selwyn Skone; 2, Geoffrey Wilson; 3, Angela Gwyther.  
     Industry Prize: Lorraine Smith.  
     V TECH.—Alan Turner.  
 VC—Janice Powell.  
 VB—Alastair Campbell. Industry Prize: Robert Brown.  
 VA—David Cooper.  
 Lower VI—*The Alice Mary Rees Prize* (given jointly by Ralph Llewellyn Rees and Morwyth Rees in memory of their mother): Anthony Jenkins.

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

## UPPER IVA

*English*: Christopher Maggs, Geoffrey Wilson, Angela Gwyther, Roland Perkins.

*Mathematics*: Selwyn Skone, Geoffrey Wilson.

## FORM V

*English Prize* (given by Miss A. R. Lewis-Davies, M.B.E.): David Cooper.

*Welsh Prize* (given by Alderman J. R. Williams): Hazel Scourfield, Richard Pepper.

*Latin Prize* (given by Mrs. Hilda Thomas): David Pendleton.

*French Prize* (The Brenda Lloyd Prize): David Pendleton.

*German Prize* Rowland Jeffreys.

*History Prize* (given by Rev. Lewis G. Tucker): Rowland Jeffreys.  
*Scripture Prize*: John Power.  
*Geography Prize* (given by Mrs. Nevin, in memory of Ald. W. Nevin):  
 Helen Humber and David Cooper.  
*Mathematics Prize* (given by B. G. Howells, Esq., O.B.E.): David Rourke.  
*Chemistry Prize* (given by Mr. Bernard Garnett, in memory of his  
 father, J. H. Garnett, M.Sc.): Alan Searle.  
*Physics Prize* (given by Mr. Bernard Garnett): David Cooper.  
*Biology Prize* (given by Mr. Bernard Garnett): Charles Watson.  
*Agricultural Science Prize*: Paul Morgan.  
*Art Prize* (given by Mrs. C. Griffiths): David Cooper.  
*Cookery Prize* (The Beatrice Mary Williams Prize): Jennifer Ricketts.  
*Dressmaking Prize* (given by Mrs. M. V. Jones): Christine Williams.  
*Metalwork Prize* (given by Alderman W. Carr): Peter Morgan.  
*Botany Prize*: Jane Sudbury, Annette Thomas.  
*Human Biology Prize*: Anthony Jenkins.  
*Pembroke Farmers' Cup for good work in Agriculture*: Alan Turner.

## FORM UPPER VI

*Prize for Best Performance at Advanced Level* (given by Pembroke  
 Rotary Club): John Davies.  
*English Prizes*: Carola Bowen, Patricia Gibby, Caroline Hughes, John  
 Davies.  
*Geography Prizes*: Timothy Drysdale, David Eastick.  
*The Brenda Lloyd Prize for French*: John Davies.  
*Physics Prize*: Roderick Milne.  
*Chemistry Prize*: Roderick Milne.  
*Prize for the Spoken Word* (given by Miss E. M. Young, in memory  
 of her father, Charles Young, J.P., Governor of the School):  
 Susan Collins.  
*Prize for Original Work* (given by Mrs. Sarah Thomas): Hazel Scour-  
 field.  
*Prize for Service to School Music* (given by Mr. D. R. Hordley):  
 Christine Main, Stephanie Main.  
*The Chairman of the Governors Prize for Service to the School* (given  
 by Alderman E. G. Griffiths): Joan Handley, John Whitehall.

## THE HUNT

*Down over the hill, across the green  
 Wide meadows stream  
 The baying, thrusting, bunching hounds,  
 Broad-chested, tan on darker brown,  
 They break across the furrowed ground  
 To where the fox sinks, trembling down  
 Quite spent—and barely now aware  
 Of all the alien morning sounds,  
 The thudding weaving hooves that tear  
 Closer and closer—and all his fear  
 Erupts in one last screaming shudder.*

GARETH POWELL IVA

## THE COUNTY SCHOOL, PEMBROKE DOCK, circa 1900

Mrs. Emily Brooks (née Potter) was a pupil of the school at the turn of the century when her father was Headmaster at Eastgate, Pembroke. She is now living in retirement at Banbury and is always pleased to hear news of the school, mainly through "Penvro." She has summed up a few of her memories of school life some 70 years ago in the following lines:

"We wore the frocks that mother made: there was no uniform; I had a two-mile walk to school, come rain or shine or storm. We didn't ride our bikes to school because the roads were hilly; We used to warble HARROW songs but thought them rather silly. We sat for lunch around the stove—there were no free hot drinks; Nor was there any rest-room for snatching forty winks. We played some curious hockey games with sixpenny ash sticks; We had no wireless, cars or 'planes, nor were there any 'flicks.' Our mistresses were kind but strict; they made us work like niggers; And woe betide the luckless wight who had 'no head for figures.' Examination questions were chalked up on the board, Next day, with due solemnity, we heard what marks we'd scored  
 (if any!)

We learnt our lessons thoroughly (?) and said them to the mistress; Few were the interruptions, or any other business. Our teachers were OLYMPIANS, their stockings 'Oxford' blue; Their shapely legs and ankles hid 'neath skirts of sombre hue. Many years on, I fain would live those happy days again; But memory keeps the pleasures bright and blots out all the pain."

## THE HUNTED

*Over the moor  
 The mists are lifting,  
 In the sky  
 The sun is drifting  
 As a fox appears—  
 Just see how he's shifting,  
 Over the moor.*

*Drawing near,  
 The horses are neighing,  
 And the fox, as he runs,  
 Is panting and praying  
 He will not be caught  
 By the hounds who are baying,  
 Drawing near.*

*Trapped now, the fox  
 Prepares for his dying.  
 So near are the hounds  
 With their feverish crying.  
 Beyond them, their master's  
 Excitement belying,  
 Trapped now the fox.*

TIMOTHY BURTON, IVA

## EISTEDDFOD, MARCH 1st, 1968

Picton House were this year's winners of the annual Eisteddfod at Pembroke Grammar School. Picton won by the very narrow margin of three points, with Glyndwr, winners for the last six years, runners-up. This was a well-deserved victory for Picton, who were second last year in almost as close a finish. The excitement was electric when the Headmaster, Mr. T. C. Roberts, wrote the final scores on the blackboard, and the applause thunderous when he presented the Sudbury Shield to the Captains of the winning House, Joan Handley and John Jenkins.

In a short speech before he presented the shield, Mr. Roberts reminded all that this was his last Eisteddfod as Headmaster of the School and it was for this reason that he had this year reserved for himself the honour of presenting the Sudbury Shield. The Headmaster told the school and all the visitors present how much he enjoyed the Eisteddfod, and indeed found it the most inspiring event of the school calendar. Mr. Roberts then thanked all those concerned, and paid especial tribute to the adjudicators who worked so conscientiously and in whom the School placed great reliance.

## LITERARY COMPETITIONS:

*Essay.* Form II: 1st Helen Longhurst (P); 2nd Angela Davids (T); 3rd Evan Thomas (T). Form III: 1st Kim Weston (G); 2nd Rhiannon Harries (P); 3rd Joanna Thomas (G). Form IV: 1st Susan Catling (P); 2nd Gareth Powell (G); 3rd Angela Bowen (H). Form Upper IV: 1st Penny George (P); 2nd Mary Phillips (T); 3rd Robin Campbell (G). Form V: 1st Ann Monico (G); 2nd Vivien Lain (T); 3rd Selwyn Skone (T). Form VI: 1st Hilary Thomas (G); 2nd Raydene Bateman (G); 3rd Desmond Parry (P).

*Original Verse:* Form II: 1st Stuart Phillips (T); 2nd Nicholas Rogers (P) and Carol Cole (H). Form III: 1st Jayne Baldwin (P); 2nd Denise Pendleton (T); 3rd Jonathan Harries (T). Form IV: 1st Gareth Powell (G); 2nd Timothy Burton (H) and Alyson Rowlands (G). Form Upper IV: 1st Philip Marsden (G); 2nd Stephen Griffiths (H); 3rd Timothy Hordley (P). Form V: 1st Angela Stevens (G); 2nd Vivien Lain (T) and Carol Wate (P). Form VI: 1st Paul Penfold (G); 2nd Adrian Fell (P); 3rd Paulette Brown (H).

*Short Story:* Junior: 1st Susan Catling (P); 2nd Michael Perkins (G); 3rd Angela Bowen (H). Senior: 1st David Rourke (T); 2nd Cheryl Young (G); 3rd Kevin Brady (H).

*Verse Speaking:* Junior Girls: 1st Jennifer Hay (P); 2nd Angela Bowen (H); 3rd Jane Lewis (G). Junior Boys: 1st Stuart Phillips (T); 2nd Christopher Harding (T); 3rd Hugh Campbell (G). Senior Girls: 1st Elaine Hughes (G); 2nd Angela Stevens (G); 3rd Vivien Lain (T). Senior Boys: 1st Alan Searle (P); 2nd Philip Spencer (P); 3rd David Cooper (H). Welsh Verse, Junior: 1st Rhiannon Harries (P); 2nd Janice Dodd (H); 3rd David Gwyther (G). Welsh Verse, Senior: 1st Theresa Englefield (H) and Richard Pepper (G).

*Prepared Speech:* 1st Ann Monico (Third winner of the Parry Cup, and the second member of her family to do so) (G); 2nd Roger Parsons (H).

*Nature Study:* Forms II and III: 1st Christine Lord (H); 2nd Huw Campbell (G); 3rd Stuart Piper (P). Forms IV and Upper IV:

1st Angela Bowen (H); 2nd Timothy Hordley (P); 3rd Theresa Croft (G). Forms V and VI: 1st Neil Campodonic (T); 2nd Helen Humber (T); 3rd Jane Sudbury (T).

*Stamp Collecting:* Junior: 1st Clive Pattison (G); 2nd Hugh Campbell (G); 3rd Ann Greenland (P). Senior: 1st Timothy Hordley (P); 2nd Alastair Campbell (P); 3rd Vivien Lain (T).

## MUSICAL COMPETITIONS:

*Pianoforte:* Junior: 1st Simon Rogers (P); 2nd Janet Davies (H); 3rd Jacqueline Davies (H). Senior: 1st Eric Scourfield (H) and Charles Watson (P); 3rd Susan Thomas (T).

*Solos:* Junior Girls: 1st Ann Bowen (H) and Janet Davies (H); 3rd Rosemary Jones (H). Junior Boys: 1st Timothy Burton (H); 2nd Stephen Huddleston (P); 3rd Nicholas Rogers (P). Junior Welsh: 1st Angela Bowen (H); 2nd Rhiannon Harries (P); 3rd Janet Davies (H). Senior Girls: 1st Margaret Davies (P); 2nd Joan Handley (P); 3rd Christine Main (T). Senior Boys: 1st Desmond Parry (P); 2nd Richard Allen (T); 3rd Alan Searle (P).

*Senior Girls Duet:* 1st Christine Main and Stephanie Main (T); 2nd Angela Bowen and Ann Bowen (H); 3rd Janet Davies and Jacqueline Davies (H).

*Violin:* Junior only: Lawrence Underwood.

*Instrumental:* Open: 1st Ursula Steinhilber (H); 2nd Peter Badham and Michael Davis (P); 3rd Roger Parsons (H).

*Choir:* 1st Glyndwr (conductor, Angela Smith); 2nd Hywel (Roger Parsons); 3rd Picton (Margaret Davies) and Tudor (Jane Sudbury).

## AGRICULTURAL COMPETITIONS:

*Essay:* Junior: 1st Stephen James (H); 2nd Karen Stevens (G); 3rd Myles Pepper (G). Senior: 1st Joan Handley (P); 2nd Paul Morgan (P); 3rd Sheila Kenniford (G).

*Dairy Stock Judging:* Junior: 1st M. O'Dare (T) and Myles Pepper (G) and Beth Davies (G). Senior: 1st Richard Pepper (G); 2nd Eric Scourfield (H); 3rd Mark Grey (G).

*Milking:* Junior: 1st Stephen James (H); 2nd Martin Jones (H); 3rd Colin Hurt (H). Senior: 1st Richard Pepper (G) and Gerald James (H); 3rd Nigel Hall (P).

*Tractor Reversing:* Junior: 1st Graham Morris (H); 2nd Stephen James (H); 3rd Martin Jones (H) and Colin Hurt (H). Senior: 1st Richard Pepper (G) and Nigel Hall (P); 3rd Gerald James (H) and Glyndwr Evans (T).

*Machinery Identification:* Junior: 1st J. Purser (G); 2nd M. Penlington (H); 3rd M. Jones (H). Senior: 1st Gerald James (H); 2nd Richard Aston (P); 3rd Peter Sendell (P).

## VERSE TRANSLATION:

*Welsh:* Junior: 1st Janet Davies (H); 2nd Rhiannon Harries (P); 3rd Angela Bowen (H). Senior: 3rd Jacqueline Davies (H).

*German*: Junior: 1st Denise Pendleton (T); 2nd Linda Davids (T); 3rd Malcolm Muller (T). Senior: 1st Judith Phillips (P); 2nd Ann Stephens (G); 3rd John Stephens (G).

*French*: Junior: 1st Susan Catling (P); 2nd Robin Campbell (G); 3rd Janet Davies (H). Senior: 1st Ann Monico (G); 2nd Angela Gwyther (G); 3rd David Pendleton (T).

*Cookery*: Form II: 1st Helen Longhurst (P); 2nd Jane Shellard (G); 3rd Nicholas Rogers (P). Form III: 1st Lesley Kenniford (G); 2nd Christine Lord (H); 3rd Teena Williams (T). Form IV: 1st Bronwen Merriman (P); 2nd Janice Doran (G); 3rd Linda Davids (T). Form Upper IV: 1st Peter Smith (T); 2nd Kathleen Davies (P); 3rd Pat Howells (G). Form V: 1st Vivien Lain (T); 2nd Lorraine Smith (G); 3rd, John Handley (P). Form VI: 1st Jennifer Ricketts (G); 2nd Ann Turvey (P).

*Art*: Form II: 1st Nigel Harries (P); 2nd David Lightley (H); 3rd Stephen Rule (H). Form III: 1st Stephen Ball (G); 2nd Ann Greenwood (P); 3rd Huw Campbell (G). Form IV: 1st Janet Davies (H); 2nd \_\_\_\_\_ (H); 3rd Gareth Scourfield (P). Form Upper IV: no awards. Form V: 1st Gwyn Campbell (G); 2nd David Harries (P); 3rd Rosemary Allen (T). Form VI: 1st David Cooper (H); 2nd John Jenkins (P); 3rd David Reynolds (H). Form VI (Second Competition): 1st Jacqueline Croft (G); 2nd Annette Thomas (G); 3rd Neil Campodonic (T).

*Art (Three Dimensional Design)*: Forms II and III: Ian Williams (T); 2nd Helen Longhurst (P); 3rd Kim Weston (G). Forms IV and Upper IV: 1st Timothy Hordley (P); 2nd Carolyn Lloyd (G); 3rd Janette Lovering (P). Forms V and VI: 1st Desmond Parry (P); 2nd Philip Spencer (P); 3rd David Reynolds (H).

*Geography*: Form II: 1st Stephen Rule (H); 2nd Sydney Howells (G); 3rd David O'Connor (P). Form III: 1st Jean Davies (P); 2nd Colin Judge (G). Form IV: 1st R. Jenkins (H); 2nd Alan Davies (G); 3rd Michael Perkins (G). Forms Upper IV and V: 1st Timothy Hordley (P); 2nd John Humber (G); 3rd Avis Arthur (T). Form VI: 1st David Reynolds (H); 2nd Charles Watson (P) 3rd Margaret Davies (P).

*Photography*: Junior: 1st Timothy Hordley (P). Senior: 1st Peter Canton (G); 2nd Brian Norris (H); 3rd Dennis Thompson (P). Open: 1st Peter Canton (G); 2nd Dennis Thompson (P); 3rd Timothy Hordley (P).

*Table Decoration*: Open: 1st Ann Monico (G); 2nd Jill Prout (P); 3rd Jane Richards (G) and Margaret Davies (P).

*Knitting*: Form II: 1st Jennifer Dodson (H); 2nd Helen Longhurst (P); 3rd Janice Dodd (H). Form III: 1st Marilyn Scourfield (P); 2nd Jean Davies (P); 3rd Dawn Cater (T). Form IV: 1st, Jill Prout (P); 2nd Ann Bowen (H). Form Upper IV: No entries. Forms V and VI: 1st Pamela Hayes (P); 2nd Angela Gwyther (G); 3rd \_\_\_\_\_ (H).

*Feltwork*: Junior: 1st Jean Davies (P); 2nd Alyson Rowlands (G); 3rd Ann Greenland (P). Senior: 1st Margaret Channon (P); 2nd, Helen Humber (T); 3rd Pat Howells (G).

*Embroidery*: Junior: 1st Jane Russell (G); 2nd Janet Davies (H); 3rd Alyson Rowlands (G). Senior: 1st Helen Humber (T); 2nd Vivien Lain (T); 3rd Lorraine Smith (G).

*Needlework*: Form II: 1st Jennifer Hay (P); 2nd Christina Morris (P); 3rd Catherine Power (P). Form III: 1st Jean Davies (P); 2nd Ann Greenland (P); 3rd Rhiannon Harries (P). Form IV: 2nd Jane Russell (G); 3rd Susan Lee (P). Form Upper IV: 1st Kathleen Davies (P). Form V: 1st Pamela Hayes (P); 2nd Frances Stewart (H); 3rd Ann Monico (G). Form VI: 1st Ann Turvey (P); 2nd Julie Davids (T); 3rd Jennifer Ricketts (G).

*Final Scores:*

Picton	...	...	...	...	951
Glyndwr	...	...	...	...	948
Hywel	...	...	...	...	702
Tudor	...	...	...	...	519

*THE JUNGLE*

*Monkeys chatter, lions roar,  
Where have I heard those sounds before?  
Only in a city zoo,  
But now the noise goes through and through,  
A shriek, a cry, a hullabulloo;  
This is where the leopards leap,  
Does the jungle ever sleep?*

*Rain drips from the leafy sky,  
A bird is singing away on high,  
A snake glides swiftly on its prey  
That has not seen the light of day  
And never will now, come what may;  
This is where the spiders creep,  
Does the jungle ever sleep?*

*The cottonwoods are tall and strong,  
The rhinos pass by in a throng,  
A sapling whirls and flies on high,  
The elephants are charging by.  
A struggle, a fight, something will die;  
This is where bush-babies weep,  
Does the jungle ever sleep?*

*Frogs are croaking, fire-flies flash,  
Insects move with lightning flash,  
This is not man's domain,  
In this dark and leafy lane,  
His tent is pitched upon the plain,  
He lives where the starlight peeps,  
No, the jungle never sleeps.*

STUART PHILLIPS. II alpha

## INTER-HOUSE SPORTS — SUMMER, 1968

As Wednesday, 15th May, was such a wet day, the School Inter-House Sports were held on the following Friday. This year Glyndwr swept the board in both boys' and girls' events, to win the Pembroke-shire Rechabites Cup, the R.A.F. Athletics Cup, and the Ebsworth Bowl. The Victrix Ludorum was Alyson Rowlands, of Glyndwr, while the joint Victors were Wyn Griffiths, of Glyndwr, and Neil Phillips, of Tudor. Several records were broken in the Girls' events, but this was largely due to the alteration of the age groupings this year. In the Boys' events, Robin Campbell broke the 880 yds Junior record in 2 mins. 25 secs.; Neil Phillips broke the Middle 220 yards hurdles record in 27.1 secs., and the Middle long jump with a leap of 20½ ft.; Anthony Hodge broke the Senior shot record with a putt of 41 ft. 4 ins.

## RESULTS — GIRLS EVENTS

- 100 yds.—S.J. 1, C. James (G); 2, C. Waters (G); 3, M. Pryse (T).  
 Jun. 1, A. Rowlands (G); 2, S. Penfold (T); 3, S. Ronald (H).  
 Mid. 1, F. Stewart (H); 2, A. Gibby (T); 3, S. Kenniford (G).  
 Sen. 1, A. Thomas (G); 2, J. Sudbury (T); 3, C. Donovan (H).
- 220 yds.—Mid. 1, M. Davies (P); 2, A. Gibby (T); 3, Y. Evans (G).  
 Sen. 1, A. Thomas (G); 2, J. Sudbury (T); 3, J. Handley (P).
- 150 yds.—Jun. 1, A. Rowlands (G); 2, S. Ronald (T); 3, M. Bannon (H).
- 880 yds.—Mid. 1, M. Davies (P); 2, A. Stevens (G); 3, F. Stewart (H).  
 Sen. 1, E. Hughes (G); 2, J. Handley (P); 3, M. Bondzio (H).
- Hurdles—S.J. 1, H. Longhurst (P); 2, M. Pryse (T); 3, C. Waters (G).  
 Jun. 1, A. Rowlands (G); 2, J. Davies (H); 3, M. Campbell (P).  
 Mid. 1, M. Davies (P); 2, A. Stevens (G); 3, A. Gibby (T).  
 Sen. 1, J. Handley (P).
- High jump—S.J. 1, F. Woodward (G); 2, A. Davids (T); 3, S. Cole (H).  
 Jun. 1, J. Thomas (G); 2, S. Ronald (T); 3, M. Campbell (P).  
 Mid. 1, A. Stevens (G); 2, P. George (P); 3, A. Gibby (T).  
 Sen. 1, A. Thomas (G); 2, C. Donovan (H).
- Long jump—S.J. 1, H. Panton (T); 2, M. Pryse (T); 3, H. Longhurst (P).  
 Jun. 1, A. Rowlands (G); 2, J. Doran (G) and S. Penfold (T).  
 Mid. 1, A. Stephens (G); 2, F. Stewart (H); 3, P. George (P).  
 Sen. 1, A. Thomas (G); 2, C. Donovan (H); 3, M. Bondzio (H).
- Discus—Jun. 1, M. Blair (H); 2, J. Davies (H); 3, L. Manning (G).  
 Mid. 1, P. Butler (T); 2, S. Kenniford (G); 3, P. Palmer (P).  
 Sen. 1, C. Donovan (H); 2, C. Williams (T); 3, M. Bondzio (H).
- Javelin—S.J. 1, C. Waters (G); 2, B. Thain (H); 3, H. Panton (T).  
 Jun. 1, M. Campbell (P); 2, L. Manning (G); 3, E. Fenwick (T).  
 Mid. 1, M. Davies (P); 2, A. Stephens (G); 3, P. Butler (T).  
 Sen. 1, J. Croft (G); 2, C. Williams (T); 3, M. Bondzio (H).

Shot—S.J. 1, A. Davies (T) and C. Waters (G); 3, E. Reynolds (H).  
 Jun. 1, S. Ronald (T); 2, J. Davies (H); 3, D. McNally (P).  
 Mid. 1, P. Butler (T); 2, A. Stephens (G); 3, L. Boswell (P).  
 Sen. 1, M. Jenkins (P); 2, C. Williams (T); 3, M. Bondzio (H).

Relays—S.J. 1, Picton; 2, Glyndwr; 3, Hywel. Jun. 1, Glyndwr; 2, Picton. Mid. 1, Glyndwr; 2, Hywel; 3, Picton. Sen. 1, Tudor; 2, Glyndwr; 3, Picton.

Girls' totals—1, Glyndwr 302; 2, Tudor 222; 3, Hywel 205; 4, Picton 173.

## BOYS' EVENTS

- 100 yds.—S.J. 1, M. Broxton (P); 2, M. Muller (T); 3, M. Lawlor (P).  
 Jun. 1, J. Phillips (G); 2, M. White (P); 3, P. Best (H).  
 Mid. 1, N. Phillips (T); 2, M. Mathias (P); 3, L. Smith (T).  
 Sen. 1, A. Hodge (G); 2, B. Jones (G); 3, R. Luff (T).
- 220 yds.—S.J. 1, M. Muller (T); 2, M. Lawlor (P); 3, P. Burton (G).  
 Jun. 1, J. Phillips (G); 2, J. Johns (H); 3, G. Wickland (T).  
 Mid. 1, N. Phillips (T); 2, M. Mathias (P); 3, B. Jones (H).  
 Sen. 1, A. Hodge (G); 2, B. Norris (H); 3, M. Davies (P).
- 440 yds.—Jun. 1, R. Campbell (G); 2, T. Bannon (H); 3, S. Rogers (P).  
 Mid. 1, M. Mathias (P); 2, L. Smith (T); 3, K. Johnson (G).  
 Sen. 1, W. Griffiths (G); 2, R. Luff (T); 3, B. Norris (H).
- 880 yds.—Jun. 1, R. Campbell (G); 2, G. Wickland (T); 3, M. White (P).  
 Mid. 1, G. Campbell (G); 2, G. D. Brown (H); 3, P. Pryse (T).  
 Sen. 1, K. Brady (H); 2, D. Parry (P); 3, D. Clarke (H).
- One mile—Mid. 1, G. Campbell (G); 2, G. D. Brown (H); 3, M. Gwyther (G).  
 Sen. 1, K. Brady (H); 2, P. Spencer (P); 3, D. Clarke (H).
- Hurdles—S.J. 1, N. Cook (P); 2, K. Hedigan (H); 3, P. Burke (T).  
 Jun. 1, M. White (P); 2, J. Bugby (T); 3, P. Gwyther (G).  
 Mid. 1, S. Skone (T); 2, R. Brawn (P); 3, I. Cooper (H).  
 Sen. 1, W. Griffiths (G); 2, A. Hyde (H); 3, P. Pryse (T).
- 220 yds.  
 Hurdles—Mid. 1, N. Phillips (T); 2, D. Scourfield (P); 3, I. Cooper (H).  
 Sen. 1, W. Griffiths (G); 2, K. Brady (H); 3, C. Barber (P).
- High jump—S.J. 1, S. Rule (H); 2, P. Colley (P); 3, K. Hedigan (H).  
 Jun. 1, J. Bugby (T); 2, G. Powell (G); 3, A. Lingard (T).  
 Mid. 1, R. Davies (T); 2, R. Brawn (P); 3, K. Johnson (G).  
 Sen. 1, P. Evans (G); 2, R. Jeffreys (T); 3, N. Campodonic (T).
- Long jump—S.J. 1, P. Colley (P); 2, P. Burke (T) and A. Warburton (H).  
 Jun. 1, T. Bannon (H); 2, R. Campbell (G); 3, J. Phillips (G).  
 Mid. 1, N. Phillips (T); 2, J. Asparassa (H); 3, R. Brawn (P).  
 Sen. 1, B. Mills (P); 2, N. Campodonic (T); 3, B. Jones (G).



H.S.J.—S.J. 1, P. Colley (P); 2, S. Smith (T); 3, K. Hedigan (H).  
 Jun. 1, R. Campbell (G); 2, T. Bannon (H); 3, N. Rule (H).  
 Mid. 1, J. Handley (P); 2, R. Brawn (P); 3, R. Perkins (G).  
 Sen. 1, N. Campodonic (T); 2, A. Hyde (H) 3, P. Evans (G).

Pole vault—Jun. 1, A. Lingard (T); 2, H. Campbell (G).  
 Mid. 1, P. Vincent (T); 2, G. Brown (H).  
 Sen. 1, W. Griffiths (G); 2, P. Morgan (P); 3, R. Davies (T).

Discus—S.J. 1, G. Willington (G); 2, A. Warburton (H); 3, P. Burke (T).  
 Jun. 1, I. Kilcoyne (T); 2, F. Whittaker (T); 3, G. Headley (G).  
 Mid. 1, L. Johnson (H); 2, J. Asparassa (H); 3, S. Badham (P).  
 Sen. 1, J. Jenkins (P.); 2, J. Spurr (G); 3, G. Asparassa (H).

Javelin—S.J. 1, G. Willington (G); 2, P. Burton (G); 3, G. Williams (T).  
 Jun. 1, M. White (P); 2, J. Bugby (T); 3, T. Bannon (H).  
 Mid. 1, J. Asparassa (H); 2, M. John (P); 3, R. Evans (T).  
 Sen. 1, P. Spencer (P); 2, P. Morgan (P); 3, J. Spurr (G).

Shot—S.J. 1, S. Smith (T); 2, G. Willington (G); 3, A. Warburton (H).  
 Jun. 1, A. McMahon (H) and D. Parry (T); 3, T. Fish (P).  
 Mid. 1, L. Smith (T); 2, R. Perkins (G); 3, C. Rees (H).  
 Sen. 1, A. Hodge (G); 2, J. Spurr (G); 3, P. Spencer (P).

Relays—S.J. 1, Picton; 2, Tudor; 3, Glyndwr. Jun. 1, Glyndwr; 2, Hywel; 3, Picton. Mid. 1, Picton; 2, Tudor; 3, Glyndwr. Sen. 1, Glyndwr; 2, Picton; 3, Hywel.

Boys' totals—1, Glyndwr 404; 2, Tudor 362; 3, Hywel 357; 4, Picton 350.

Over-all totals—1, Glyndwr 706; 2, Tudor 584; 3, Hywel 562; 4, Picton 423.

#### COUNTY SPORTS — MAY 25th, MILFORD HAVEN

Our showing in the County Sports was badly affected by the Young Farmers' Rally being held at Haverfordwest on the same day. Some unlucky people had to make a difficult choice as to where their loyalties should lie. Wyn Griffiths did extremely well, with two firsts in the hurdles' events, and we congratulate him on being appointed Captain of the County Athletics' team, a well-merited honour. Margaret Davies also covered herself with glory, with a first in the 880 yards sprint, and another in the javelin event with a National Standard throw of 87ft. 8ins. Alyson Rowlands, this year's school Victrix, came first in the Junior Hurdles; Robin Campbell was first in the Junior 880 yards and Hop, Step and Jump; Gwyn Campbell was first in the middle School Mile, and Graham D. Brown came second in the 880 yards Middle event.

It will be interesting to have the opportunity of seeing our representatives in action at the Inter-County Sports at Bush Camp, Pembroke Dock.

Congratulations to Alyson Rowlands, who came first in two events at the West Wales Championship at Carmarthen on May 18th. She jumped 14ft. 0½in. in the Long Jump, against eighteen other entrants, and won the Hurdles event in 12.9 seconds. She obviously has benefited a great deal from her Easter course in athletics at Aberystwyth.

#### GIRLS' EVENTS

100 yards: Senior—Annette Thomas, 5th.  
 Junior—Alyson Rowlands, 3rd.

220 yards: Senior—Annette Thomas, 7th.  
 Middle—Frances Stewart, 4th..

Hurdles: Senior—Melanie Phillips, 6th.  
 Junior—Alyson Rowlands, 1st.

880 yards: Senior—Elaine Hughes, 4th.  
 Middle—Margaret Davies, 1st.

High Jump: Middle—Angela Stevens, 8th.  
 Junior—Joanna Thomas, 4th.  
 Sub-Junior—Fiona Woodward, 5th.

Long Jump: Senior—Annette Thomas, 5th.  
 Middle—Ann Stephens, 4th.  
 Junior—Alyson Rowlands, 2nd.

Shot: Senior—Cecilia Donovan, 3rd.  
 Middle—Ann Stephens, 5th.  
 Junior—Susan Ronald, 7th.  
 Sub-Junior—Carolyn Waters, 6th.

Javelin: Senior—Jacqueline Croft, 4th.  
 Middle—Margaret Davies, 1st.  
 Junior—Margareta Campbell, 2nd.

Discus: Senior—Cecilia Donovan, 2nd.  
 Middle—Perryn Butler, 5th.  
 Junior—Marilyn Blair, 9th.

Relays: Senior—(A. Thomas, J. Croft, C. Donovan, M. Phillips), 5th.  
 Junior—(S. Ronald, S. Penfold, M. Bannon, A. Rowlands), 3rd.

## BOYS' EVENTS

- Senior: A. Hodge: 100 yards, 2nd; Shot, 3rd.  
 N. Phillips: 220 yards, 5th; Long Jump, 4th.  
 D. Parry: 880 yards, 5th.  
 K. Brady: Mile, 4th.  
 W. Griffiths: 200 yards Hurdles, 1st; 120 yards Hurdles, 1st.  
 N. Campodonic: Triple Jump.  
 J. Jenkins: Discus, 3rd.  
 Relay: 3rd.
- Middle: M. Mathias: 100 yards, 4th; 440 yards, 2nd.  
 G. Brown: 880 yards, 2nd.  
 G. Campbell: Mile 1st.  
 R. Davies: High Jump, 4th.  
 J. Asparassa: Long Jump; Javelin.  
 R. Brown: Triple Jump, 2nd.  
 S. Skone: 110 yards Hurdles, 4th.  
 L. Johnson: Discus, 4th.  
 Relay: 3rd.
- Junior: J. Phillips: 100 yards, 6th.  
 R. Campbell: 880 yards, 1st; Triple Jump, 1st; 440 yards, 2nd.  
 M. White: Javelin, 3rd.  
 T. Bannon: Long Jump.  
 I. Kilcoyne: Discus, 2nd.  
 Relay: 5th.
- Sub-Junior: P. Colley: Hurdles, 2nd.  
 Relay: 4th.
- Team Result:  
 Total score: 143½ pts.  
 Team position: 4th.

## HOCKEY

## FIRST XI

Results for Easter Term:

Tenby, away .....	won 3—0
Carmarthen, away .....	lost 7—1
Milford Grammar, away .....	drew 0—0
Preseli, home .....	won 6—2
Milford Central, away .....	won 4—2
Haverfordwest Secondary School, away .....	lost 3—2
Fishguard, home .....	drew 4—4

The matches against Carmarthen and the Coronation School were cancelled owing to the weather conditions.

On January 4th, Ann Stephens travelled to Oxford as first reserve for the junior South Wales team.

At the end of the season, colours were awarded to Sheila Kenniford, Margaret Davies and Joan Handley.

The team during the season was represented by: Margaret Jenkins, Helen Humber, Jacqueline Davies, Margart Bondzio, Ann Stephens, Penny George, Melanie Phillips, Sheila Kenniford, Jane Sudbury, Susan Penfold, Margaret Davies, Frances Stewart, Joan Handley, Alison Rowlands and Hilary Thomas.

A match was played against the staff, which we lost 4—0, at the end of term.

## SECOND XI

Opponents:

Tenby, away .....	lost 1—0
Carmarthen, away .....	won 1—0
Milford Grammar, away .....	lost 1—0
Milford Central, away .....	won 4—1
Haverfordwest Secondary Modern, away ...	won 1—0
Fishguard, home .....	drew 1—1

The following have represented the school: Margareta Campbell, Janet Davies, Angela Stevens, Penny George, Elaine Fenwick, Marilyn Jones, Marilyn Cole, Susan Penfold, Linda John, Janice Doran, Jean Huddleston, Alyson Rowlands, Linda Davids, Helen McNalley and Melanie Phillips.

Colours were awarded at the end of term to Jacqueline Davies, Susan Penfold, Penny George, Angela Stephens, Marilyn Cole, Elaine Fenwick, Janet Davies and Alyson Rowlands.

During the season, first year, second year and third year teams were also fielded.

## JUNIOR XI

Marilyn Scourfield, Jean Huddleston, Petra Sutton, Janet Davies, Pauline Mathias, Heather Gordan, Mary McNally, Dawn Cater, Linda John, Megan John, Janice Doran and Margareta Campbell have formed the team. We achieved the honour of being placed second in our section of the Junior Austin Tournament.

Tenby, away .....	won 1—0
Carmarthen, away .....	drew 0—0
Milford Grammar, away .....	lost 7—1
Preseli, home .....	lost 2—1

## HOUSE HOCKEY MATCHES

Glyndwr .....	10 points
Tudor .....	8 points
Hywel .....	5 points
Picton .....	1 point

## NETBALL — EASTER 1968

The First VII was selected from: Theresa Croft, Marilyn Blair, Dorothy Hay, Irene James, Marion Harries, Cecelia Donovan, Jacqueline Croft, Ruth Martin, Julia Bannon, Lyn Boswell, Annette Thomas, and Megan Arnold.

## Opponents:

Milford .....	lost 7—14
Coronation ... ..	lost 14—16
Fishguard .....	drew 15—15

The Second VII played one game against Fishguard and won 14—7. The Third, Fourth and Upper Fourth teams also played one game each.

At the end of the season, colours were awarded to Lyn Boswell, Julia Bannon, Cecelia Donovan, Marilyn Blair, Jacqueline Croft, Annette Thomas and Ruth Martin.

At the end of term, the school First VII played the staff and won 17—8.

Hywel won the senior and junior house netball matches.

## ROUNDERS — SUMMER TERM 1968

The following have represented the First IX: Mary Donahue, Carolyn Roch, Priscilla Palmer, Melanie Phillips, Penny George, Marilyn Blair, Lyn Boswell, Margaret Davies and Margareta Campbell. On one occasion, both Angela Greenwood and Elaine Fenwick and on two occasions Teresa Croft, have represented the team.

The Second IX were chosen from Mary Donahue, Linda Manning, Angela Greenwood, Phillipa Greenwood, Janice Doran, Elaine Fenwick, Sandra Cole, Helen Longhurst, Susan Penfold, Alyson Rowlands and Teresa Croft.

At the time of going to press, four matches have been played.

## First IX:

Tenby, away (abandoned owing to weather conditions)	
Fishguard, away .....	lost 0—2½
Coronation, home .....	won 3½—1½
Preseli, away .....	won 6—1

## Second IX:

Tenby, away (abandoned because of weather)	
Fishguard, away .....	lost 1—2½
Coronation, home .....	won 4—2½

## 1st Year IX:

Coronation, home .....	won 2½—1
Preseli, away .....	won

## TENNIS — SUMMER 1968

The girls' tennis team has been selected from: Jacqueline Croft, Annette Thomas, Ann Stephens, Jane Sudbury, Megan Arnold, Margaret Bondzio, Helen Humber, Elaine Hughes, Teresa Croft and Angela Stephens. The girls were joined by Alan Hyde, Michael Davis, Alan Searle, Damian Clarke, Peter Canton, Phillip Spencer, John Power and Alan Stephens, to form the mixed pairs.

## Opponents:

Tenby, away (abandoned because of weather)	
Fishguard, away .....	won 8—4
Tasker's, away .....	lost 1—8

## 1st RUGBY XV

Captain, J. Jenkins; vice-captain, W. Griffiths; secretary, B. Jones; committee, A. Hodge, G. Jones.

Players who have represented the 1st XV this season are: Ritchie Davies, N. Phillips, D. Rourke, M. Mathias, D. Scourfield, C. Barker, K. Brady, N. Campodonic, A. Searle, W. Griffiths, G. Jones, B. Jones, P. Spencer, A. Hodge, D. Clarke, J. Jenkins, G. Asparassa, G. Campbell, K. Harris, P. Sendell, J. Power, P. Thomas, B. James, P. Morgan.

## Results:

September 9th: Whitland (H) .....	0—3 (L)
September 16th: Tenby (A) .....	0—19 (L)
September 23rd: Milford (H) .....	23—3 (W)
October 7th: Carmarthen (A) .....	5—14 (L)
October 21st: Preseli (A) .....	6—6 (D)
November 18th: Gwendraeth (H) .....	0—6 (L)
November 25th: Haverfordwest (A) ...	3—0 (W)
November 9th: Combined Pems & Quins Youth (H) .....	20—8 (W)
December 16th: Fishguard (A) .....	12—0 (W)
December 21st: Old Boys (H) .....	8—0 (W)
January 6th: Whitland (A) .....	3—3 (D)
January 20th: Kilburn (A) .....	8—14 (L)
January 27th: Milford (A) .....	8—0 (W)
February 10th: Gwendraeth (A) .....	3—11 (L)
February 17th: Preseli (H) .....	9—3 (W)
February 24th: Tenby (H) .....	9—0 (W)
March 9th: Haverfordwest (H) .....	9—3 (W)
March 11th: St. Davids (A) .....	27—3 (W)
March 22nd: Kilburn (H) .....	19—11 (W)
March 30th: Llanelli (H) .....	8—0 (W)
April 4th: Old Boys (H) .....	9—5 (W)

Played 21; Won 13; Lost 6; Drew 2.

Five boys gained county trials: W. Griffiths, A. Hodge, J. Jenkins, P. Spencer and Peter Sendell. Griffiths, Hodge and Jenkins represented the south county in the final trial and all three gained places in the County Schools' Team versus the County Youth.

This year has been very successful for the 1st Team, despite having a number of set-backs at the start of the season. Although the team has been small, compared with past seasons, they have made up for their lack of weight by being a fast and determined side. It is worthy of note that only Gwendraeth Grammar School succeeded in defeating the school twice and they have been regarded as one of the most consistent teams in West Wales this year. For the first time in four years we have succeeded in completing the double over Haverfordwest Grammar School. The most pleasing result was our 8—0 victory against Llanelli Grammar School at Llanelli. We had travelled to Llanelli with the expectation of a hard, fast game and we surprised our opponents with our great determination. Two tries by P. Spencer and a conversion by W. Griffiths were enough for victory, and we thus registered our first win at Llanelli for at least six years. The result was all the more pleasing when we heard that Llanelli had in their ranks three current Welsh internationals.

At the close of the season, J. Jenkins and W. Griffiths represented Pembrokeshire in Welsh trials and were selected to tour Cornwall and Bristol with the County XV.

WYN GRIFFITHS, LOWER VI ARTS

#### RUGBY SECOND XV

##### Results:

v. Whitland (H) .....	won	9—0
v. Tenby (A) .....	won	3—0
v. Milford (H) .....	won	27—0
v. Carmarthen (A) .....	lost	8—14
v. Gwendraeth (H) .....	lost	8—11
v. Fishguard (A) .....	won	27—0
v. Whitland (A) .....	lost	0—12
v. Kilburn (A) .....	drew	3—3
v. Milford (A) .....	won	14—6
v. Gwendraeth (A) .....	lost	3—22
v. Pembroke Youth (A) .....	won	17—0
v. Coronation S.M. (A) .....	lost	3—6
v. Kilburn (H) .....	drew	5—5
v. Llanelli (A) .....	lost	11—13
v. Coronation S.M. (H) .....	won	20—0
v. Pembroke Dock (A) .....	lost	8—14

Played 16; Won 7; Drew 2; Lost 7; Points for 166; Points against 106.

The Second XV had an average season owing to injuries and first team calls. These calls came before important matches resulting in several key players being absent. Llanelli, although they defeated us, were shaken when, after half-time, their 13—0 lead was reduced to a two-point lead. This showed the fighting spirit and fitness of the team, which was trained by Mr. J. Harris.

Officials for the 1967-8 season were: P. Morgan (capt.), B. James (vice-captain), J. Reynolds (secretary), R. Davies (committee member). Those who represented the team were: J. Reynolds, C. Rees, M. Mathias, D. Scourfield, P. Penfold, N. Campodonic, S. Skone, R. Davies, D. Rourke, B. Gwyther, G. Brown, J. Handley, R. Perkins, P. Pryse, G. Campbell, R. Jeffreys, L. Johnson, B. James, P. Morgan, G. Evans, P. M. Thomas, P. G. Thomas, K. Brady, M. John, R. John, G. Asparassa, D. Reynolds. Team coach and manager respectively were G. Albury and C. Watson.

#### JUNIOR XV

The following boys represented the Junior XV in one or more games during the Easter term: R. John (capt.), R. Campbell (vice-capt.), S. Badham (sec.), J. Asparassa, J. Stephens, R. Davies, K. Johnson, I. Cooper, A. Colley, P. Brown, M. Grey, S. Griffiths, K. Phelps, R. Aston, I. Kilcoyne, F. Whittaker, M. White, P. Scourfield.

The last report which said that the team was improving was not an idle boast. We have revelled in glory as we won every game but one this term. This glory, however, was somewhat dampened by a look at the total points scored against the team for the whole season, as compared with the points for.

##### Results for Easter Term:

Jan. 13th: v. Coronation S.M. (A) .....	won	3—0
Jan. 27: v. Milford G.S. (H) .....	won	8—3
Feb. 3: v. Milford S.M. (H) .....	cancelled	
Feb. 17th: v. Preseli (H) .....	won	3—0
March 2: v. Haverfordwest S.M. (H) .....	drew	3—3
March 9: v. Haverfordwest G.S. (H) .....	won	13—6
March 11th: v. St. Davids (A) .....	won	9—0
March 23rd: v. Cardigan (A) .....	cancelled	

##### Results for 1967-8 season:

Played 12; Won 6; Drew 1; Lost 5; Points for 77; Points against 112.

Top scorer: John Asparassa, with 15 points.

STEPHEN BADHAM, UPPER IVA

## HOUSE RUGBY 15-A-SIDE COMPETITION

## SENIOR MATCHES:

In the senior competition, Picton won the trophy. They eventually proved superior by beating Glyndwr in a replay for the deciding game of the championship after having drawn 3—3 in their first game. This victory had been generally expected, as Picton, who were led by John Jenkins, captain of the School XV, had fourteen first and second team players in the House XV. Glyndwr, with just over half this number, were able to put up an extremely hard fight in the games because in their team was the formidable Hodge - B. Jones - G. Jones - Griffiths combination, who, incidentally, are the Glyndwr relay team, so there was no lack of penetrative speed in their line-up. Hodge at number eight, the two Jones boys at half-back and Griffiths at centre produced some tremendously exciting movements when they needed to score. However, in the deciding game, they didn't have the same well-drilled support that their opposite numbers from Picton had, although they did produce a very close game. This is the last time that these four will appear together in a house match. All except Hodge (the youngest) are leaving for places of further education.

Hywel, as predicted in the last edition of "Penvro," moved from last place by winning their first game for three years by defeating Tudor 9—0. This very lively Hywel team momentarily knocked Glyndwr out of their stride when they led 5—0 at half-time. However, Hywel's jubilation was short-lived for, three minutes later, Glyndwr had roared back to an 8—3 lead, eventually winning by 18—5.

Results: 1, Picton; 2, Glyndwr; 3, Hywel; 4, Tudor.

## JUNIOR COMPETITION:

Glyndwr received some consolation from the fact that they won the Junior competition. Hywel came a very close second, with Picton coming third and Tudor fourth.

## CRICKET — FIRST XI

Officials this season are: Brian Jones (capt.), Gareth Jones (vice-capt.), and Wyn Griffiths (secretary). The team has been represented by B. Jones, G. Jones, W. Griffiths, J. Jenkins, A. Hodge, Ritchie Davies, K. Allen, K. Brady, D. Scourfield, A. Searle, N. Phillips, D. Reynolds, J. Reynolds, Robin Davies.

Wyn Griffiths, Brian Jones, Gareth Jones, Anthony Hodge and Keith Allen were given county trials; G. Jones and A. Hodge played for the county side in all their games with B. Jones as reserve. Hodge has at last been recognised as a fast bowler and, following a Welsh trial held at Bridgend, he was selected to represent the Welsh Schools XI against the M.C.C.

The school has won all games so far this season. We have at last achieved our most burning ambition, a place in the final of the Bowen-Summers Bowl. For the past three years we have been defeated in the semi-final of this competition, but now the Bowl is within our grasp. In this year's semi-final we were drawn against Haverfordwest G.S., the holders for the past three years. The school won convincingly by 75 runs and thus ended Haverfordwest's fine record.

WYN GRIFFITHS, LOWER VIA

## CRICKET SECOND XI

This year sees the formation of a second cricket XI because there is such a large number of boys interested in cricket. The only qualification necessary is that one is not a regular member of the First XI. To date we have played two games and won both.

Officials are Charles Watson, Paul Morgan and Christopher Barker. The following have played for the team: C. Watson, P. Morgan, C. Barker, D. Reynolds, A. Searle, J. Reynolds, R. Jeffreys, A. Lewis, G. Russant, M. Rowlands, J. Spurr, G. Albury, with B. Mills and A. Fell as reserves.

DAVID REYNOLDS, LOWER VIA

## JUNIOR XI

We did not have a very happy start to the season, with our first two matches rained off. This meant that the first game that we had to play would be the quarter-final of the Bowen-Summers Bowl against our local rivals, the Coronation. Because of this, we were not too confident of a win, but expert batting and bowling won us the game by five wickets. Since then, our luck seems to have deserted us, and we have suffered two defeats. But good fielding and bowling almost won us the game against Haverfordwest Grammar School, with two runs needed to win and one of their wickets left to fall. Those who have played so far for the team are: Robert John, Philip Brown, Keith Johnson, Peter Herbert, Stewart Longhurst, Robin Campbell, John Stephens, Peter Smith, Philip Marsden, Jeffrey Seabourne, Robert Dickie and Ian Cooper.

PETER HERBERT, UPPER IVA

## BADMINTON — VI FORM CLUB

The club played five matches during the Easter Term and gave a good account of itself by winning three. Once again we met our match against the Staff, although the margin of defeat was narrowed. The team against Penvro, lacking match experience, was strengthened by the inclusion of Miss P. Williams and Mrs. D. Morgan, and this duly paid dividends.

An Inter-House League was inaugurated and the Hywel pairings of A. Hyde and D. Clarke, D. Reynolds and S. Andrews, who lost only one match, ran out the winners. Picton came second, Tudor third and Glyndwr fourth.

On Friday, 30th May, a fund-raising film show was held. The films featured the 1962 Perth Games and Wong Peng Soon, a Malayan badminton player, needless to say.

The following represented the VIth Form Club: R. Davies (capt.), D. Clarke (secretary), A. Hyde, V. Ireland, P. Canton, P. Spencer, M. Davies, D. Reynolds.

## Results:

March 7th: v. the Staff .....	lost	3—6
March 11th: v. Coronation S.M. ....	won	9—0
March 14th: v. Penvro .....	lost	3—6
March 28th: v. Penvro .....	won	9—0
April 4: v. Penvro .....	won	5—4

DAMIAN CLARKE, UPPER VIA

## THE FOX

*The flash of your red-brown coat went by,  
And quickly pursued by the hounds  
You darted alone, leaping high and dry  
Over ditches and hedgerows, and mounds.*

*The sound of the hunter's horn on the wind  
Brings fresh life to your weary limbs.  
The men that are coming have never been kind—  
But nature decides who wins.*

*Back at the stream are the riders and mounts,—  
A mass of crimson and black.  
The horses are tired, each short cut counts,  
You know you must never slack.*

*Galloping onwards, they spot your coat  
With mud on its frothy sides.  
You're nearing freedom, don't give your throat  
To the hounds with brown and white hides.*

*Through a thicket you pass, over hedges they follow,  
Your instinct for home is still stronger.  
The red coats are losing, just think of the 'morrow  
If you keep it up just a while longer.*

*You climb a big hill; your feet and your claws  
Make you want to abandon your strife;  
But you think of the sport that Nature abhors  
And the flame in your eye comes alive.*

*Have the dogs lost your trail, lost sight of your brush?  
Oh, great is the day they're defied!  
Your journey is o'er, and so is your rush  
For safety, so rest in your hide.*

*Now the darkness shrouds your den from all danger,  
You've escaped the hunt's cruel laws;  
But there'll be another, so until then, stranger,  
Rest your head on your torn, weary paws.*

JANET DAVIES IVA

## WHO SAID "IT TAKES ONE TO KNOW ONE"?

The lorry driver looked very inconspicuous and he wandered in and out of the rows of parked lorries outside Joe's, the local transport cafe. It was one of those rare sunny summer afternoons when everything and everybody seems to doze in the warm sun.

He stopped near a fully-loaded articulated lorry, looked around casually, and slowly climbed into the driver's seat. The engine roared into life and the gears grated into first. Then the offside door opened and in climbed an attractive young girl of about eighteen.

"How about giving a little girl a lift, mister?"

He looked at her for a few seconds, thought to himself and then answered.

"Sorry, love, but I'm only going to the depot." At this a grin appeared on her face and she pulled what looked like a starting pistol out of her handbag.

"Then why have you got Edinburgh chalked on your destination board? This may only be a starting-pistol but it can do a lot of damage in this confined space, so how about starting for Edinburgh?"

"O.K.! It's your funeral!"

Slowly the lorry moved towards the car park entrance, and as it pulled out, another man came out of the nearby toilets, stopped and stared at them, and then waved an arm and yelled.

"Who's that, eh?" asked the girl.

"Oh, it's only Dave! He's a bit of a practical joker. He's probably trying to make us think something's wrong."

"Don't stop!" she said, jabbing him in the side with the pistol. "Smile and wave back to him—that's right. A nice big smile."

Slowly the lorry left the park and edged its way into the stream of traffic.

"Turn left for Scotland and the North," said the girl as she read a sign-post near the roundabout.

"I know," snapped the driver. "This isn't my first trip to Edinburgh. You aren't going to read out every sign, are you?"

The girl looked annoyed but just sat back, with a loud "Hmmp!" They continued for a few miles without either of them speaking, but the driver's inquisitive nature could not keep itself unheard for long.

"What are you—the first of a new style of hitch-hiker? Or—" sarcastically—"don't tell me—you're the girl from Uncle!"

"Very funny. You're wasting your time being a lorry driver, mister. You've got the makings of another Jimmy Tarbuck!"

They were now in the outskirts of a small town. There was a policeman standing at the cross-roads.

"Watch it!" the girl said huskily. For one moment the driver thought of charging across against the policeman's signals, but, feeling the pistol pushed harder against his side, he changed his mind.

"The wrong move and you get it—for keeps, understand. I'm not scared, you know," she said, seemingly more to reassure herself than to scare the driver. Once clear of the town she relaxed again. He tried to remember where he had seen her before.

"You're not from Candid Camera, are you?"

She shook her head, grinning.

"Then you're a shop-assistant who's run away with the day's takings, are you?" Upon hearing this her eyes flashed wide open and her mouth twisted slightly.

"Very funny, Smart Alec! Now just shut up and concentrate on getting us to Edinburgh, and fast!" The driver hunched his shoulders and began to think more seriously where he had seen her plain but fascinating face before. They continued for about ten miles without either speaking, although the man kept stealing glimpses of the girl's face. Suddenly he remembered—it was in one of those "Missing Persons" sections of one of the Sunday newspapers. What was it she had done? That's right! She had run away from a nursing-home after robbing the matron's office. But where had she got that pistol? Probably she'd stolen that, too.

Ahead, a police car was drawn up alongside the hedge and a policeman was standing beside it, flagging the lorry down.

"O.K.! Stop!" she snapped. "It's probably only a licence check but just you make one wrong move and . . ." she threatened, pointing the gun at him. The lorry drew slowly to a stop and the policeman walked up to it. The driver wound the window down.

"May I see your driving licence, please?"

"Of course." He began rummaging through his pockets but with no luck. "It must be under here," he said, reaching across to the shelf below the dashboard. He pulled several spanners on to his knee, while the policeman began fidgeting impatiently. All the time the girl's hand was in her mackintosh pocket and she was becoming impatient as well. "Have a look in the glove compartment on your side, will you, love?" he said.

She hesitated for a few seconds, then leaned forward to obey, unconsciously taking her hand out of her pocket. In a flash, the driver grabbed a small spanner and brought it down squarely on the girl's upper leg. "Quick!" he shouted to the amazed policeman. "She's got a gun." The policeman quickly ran round to the other door, opened it rapidly and grabbed the girl. He pulled her out of the cab and bundled her into the nearby police car, handcuffing her to the door.

"That was quick thinking," he said to the driver as he closed the door. "I think you'd better follow me back to the station to make a statement."

"Righto!" answered the driver.

The policeman got into his car, turned it round and started back to the police station. The lorry driver started his engine but, instead of following the police car, he waited until it was out of sight. Then he accelerated rapidly away in the opposite direction. Soon he was speeding up the A.1. with about fifteen thousand pounds worth of cigarettes plus a new articulated lorry to his name.

Do you really think that Dave was trying to stop the lorry for a practical joke? After all, it was *his*!

CHARLES WATSON, LOWER VI ARTS

## A GYPSY ENCAMPMENT

### I

*As I sat high up on the hillside,  
Still in the sunset's glow,  
The haunting strains of the music  
Drifted up from the valley below.*

*The notes filled with beauty and longing,  
Played as only the gypsies know,  
Floating out on the soft night breeze  
And filling that valley below.*

*Around the bright camp fire,  
Far from the mad world's strife,  
While smoking their pipes, they re-live the days  
Of their wonderful gypsy life.*

*All at once the tempo quickens.  
The music exciting and gay,  
And with swirling skirts, and nimble feet  
They dance all the night away.*

*They go with the next day's dawning.  
Their caravans move away,  
Into the distance; who knows where?  
For that is the gypsies' way.*

JAYNE BALDWIN IIIA

### II

*Once gaily-painted caravans  
Scattered all around  
Lines of washing. Pots and pans  
Littering the ground.  
And barefoot, dark-skinned children  
Shrieking noisily.  
This scene meets the eye of those  
Less fortunate than me.*

*For I once spent some time among  
These kindly Romanies,  
And there are times when I still long  
For those carefree, happy days.  
And the scene I see is a pleasant one  
Of friendliness and giving.  
Not asking this, or wanting that,  
But just happy to be living.*

DENISE PENDLETON IIIA

## III

*Today, as I went for a tramp,  
 I came upon a gipsy camp.  
 Blue smoke was swirling through the trees,  
 With scent of wood smoke on the breeze.  
 Happy laughter all around,  
 Little children dark and brown.  
 Knowledge, never learned in schools,  
 These children learn from nature's rules.  
 Brightly painted caravans,  
 Hung outside with pots and pans;  
 Over by the tall trees tied,  
 Stand their horses, side by side.  
 Round the fire the old folk sit,  
 Men smoke pipes and women knit.  
 Baskets, some with coloured borders,  
 These are made to special orders.  
 Pegs, and mats, made from the rushes,  
 Clothes hang draped on all the bushes.  
 Black pot hangs 'midst smoke of blue;  
 To me it smelt like rabbit stew.  
 A gipsy I would like to be,  
 And travel around so far and free.*

JONATHAN HARRIES IIIB

## A WOMAN

The nurse ran quickly out of the old woman's room, deftly dodged the doddering aged, who were scattered in the passageway, and knocked urgently on the matron's office door.

She lay quietly in her bed, her mind confused and weary. She noticed, faintly, the bustle that was going on around her. A man's voice worked its way into her consciousness. After some painful concentration, she ascertained that he was the doctor. He spoke to the matron who was looking quite troubled, a thing which was unusual for her. After a time of tedious thinking, the words of the doctor, spoken to the matron, materialised before her and she realised she was dying. She had known this all the time but these words verified it.

It was a funny thing, she supposed, but the fact that she was dying didn't trouble her in the least. To most people it was the terrible and inevitable end, but to her it was happiness with her and all men's God. She thought that even if there was no after-life, she would still be happy, not overjoyed, but just happy to die. Perhaps the reason for her so-called life's failure was her own attitude towards it. She certainly wasn't blaming God for her life. She mentally shuddered at the thought. No, she echoed, she wasn't blaming it on God. It was a happy world until she reached the age of seven.

Yes, in 1901, one winter, at Ystalyfera, she came home to receive

the news that her father had died somewhere in South Africa fighting the Boers. It was a lasting shock. Her mother, with her brother and herself, sold their house in 1902 and moved to a cheaper and poorer house. Their position, financially and morally, deteriorated after that. She felt then she had to get out of that house and live a better life. The old woman mused; she had had high ideals then.

Finally the break came. She fell in love and married a young man in the carpentry trade in August 1913. She smiled; how happy and radiant she was on that clear day. But then tragedy struck. The following year Britain was at war with Germany. Conditions were hard and she was pregnant. In June 1915 she gave birth to a baby boy. Four months later, her husband was called up. He died in June 1916, in the allied defence of the Arras Front. Her pregnancy in 1916 was a painful one and the shock of her husband's death further complicated it. Another baby boy was born in July 1916. He was mentally retarded.

Again she had to move house and because of the difficulties of war, she had to move back into her mother's house. Her brother came back crippled in 1918, and though a small war pension was given to her, life was hell! Then, to her relief, the war ended. It was, however, a false alarm, and the soldiers brought back a fatal 'flu virus. The 'flu spread round the valleys very rapidly and her younger son caught it. He died in December 1919 of meningitis.

She aged rapidly from that time on. However, she worked hard to try and give her son a good education. This was difficult with a crippled brother and an old mother in the house, but she and the rest just lived. Her hopes for her son were smashed when he entered the pits, but she still kindled the hope that one day he would complete his education. Then the depression came and the helpful money from her son ended, for he was on strike.

Conditions worsened and grew to fever pitch when the loathed Winston Churchill sent English troops down the valley to subdue the miners. But, because everyone else in the valleys was in the same boat, she couldn't get any more money. At last conditions eased up a little, but a threat of war with Germany loomed. An adamant Socialist and Tory-hater, she supported the efforts for peace, knowing the hardships of war.

War came, however and, as she feared, her patriotic son joined up. She feared terribly that death would come to him, for it had come to her family with force. Her mother died in 1940, and that, in a way, was a relief. She managed to move to Swansea, where she could look after her brother's needs, better.

Again conditions worsened, but on pensions and working as a house cleaner, she scraped enough to live on and put some apart for her son. Swansea was badly damaged by bombs, but the area she was in was relatively safe. She received few letters from her son and wasn't surprised when they stopped coming, for he loathed writing letters.

In 1942, her house was bombed in a daylight raid. She was out working at the time and returned to find it in a smouldering heap, with her brother's body lying in the gutter outside the house. From then on she lived in the crowded church hall, nearest her home.

All her hopes and her life were finally shattered when, in 1944, she received the news that her son had been shot down over Germany and killed. She was in despair and broke down. In 1946 she came out of



the hospital and obtained a job as a house cleaner in Cardiff. She wished to get away from the painful reminders that Wales had for her, however, so she moved to Bristol. The job was too much for the white-haired, weary old lady though, and she had a heart attack in 1948.

She lay on her bed, remembering with an indifferent mood, her past life. Life had taught her to be indifferent and she had been so ever since she entered the old people's home in 1948. She tried hard to remember where the home was but the attempt was too mentally painful and she gave up. Instead she watched the blurred pictures of the doctor and nurses rushing around. Gradually the pictures faded and she fell into a deep, peaceful, painless sleep.

The doctor straightened up, still holding the old woman's wrist. "What was her name?" he asked the sombre matron.

"A Mrs. Williams," replied the matron. The doctor sighed, placed the old woman's arm alongside her body and walked out of the room, followed by the nurses. The matron lifted the white undersheet completely over the prostrate form and followed the others, quietly closing the white door.

GWYN CAMPBELL, VA

### THE ROAD SWEEPER

*Slow, tired curls of smoke,  
Thick and grey, wind from the stacks.  
They may as well be asleep,  
Both the houses and the people,  
For there's no-one about  
Except, as usual,  
The rheumatic road sweeper  
With a council broom in his hand  
And black rags on his back.  
His every joint is stiff  
And aches when he tries to stoop  
To the flattened cigarette end,  
And yesterday's newspaper  
Lying sodden in the road.  
Yet he works on in his slow mechanical way.  
All that road sweeper thinks  
Of winter is that it brings  
The fall of leaves from the boughs.  
He cares not for beauty;  
Not even starkness  
Of bare branches above,  
Nor the gnarled frown of the bark  
Can impress themselves on his mind.  
All he sees are dingy brown leaves  
To be scraped up on his shovel.*

STEVEN GRIFFITHS, Upper IVB

### ON THE RUN

Far, far away, perhaps three or four miles, she could feel the steady pounding of the earth as if smitten repeatedly by a giant's club: she raised her head slightly, and she was afraid! She laid her ears flat against her head and listened again—yes, now there could be no doubt of what was approaching. Her mother had warned her of this when she had been a cub—and a tigress has a very acute memory. . . . She bared her fangs in a defiant snarl, her long tail twitching restlessly, her keen eyes probing the dense plain-grasses for any glimpse of what she knew must not, by now, be far away. She stared unblinkingly as a flock of vultures rose deliberately on petrified wings, and circled, gliding solemnly and steadily around an area of about two miles diameter. Then she turned abruptly and ran. . . .

The dirty brown-faced little Indian held a long metal-tipped bamboo in his mis-shapen crooked hands, as he sat cross-legged in a time-worn dirty howdah patched with scraps of animal hide and yellowed canvas sheeting. A buzzing fly walked ponderously across his wrinkled forehead—he did not attempt to brush it away, only screamed and chided in his high-pitched gabble at the leading elephant, Tyamba, who was plodding forward with ageing steps which symbolised many years of patiently-borne ill-usage from his bad-tempered owner. But the dirty brown-faced Indian no more cared for the welfare of his loyal beasts than he cared for the welfare of his assistants, who were advancing steadily through the six-foot elephant grass, chanting a brain-numbing dirge, and slowly beating time on makeshift drums of highly-polished black wood held in their scrawny hands. He merely sat ordering and incessantly beating his obedient mount, Sukila, behind the ears with his metal-tipped bamboo cane.

Frequently, he would peer backwards over his bared shoulder at the fourth elephant who was just behind and slightly to his left, his favourite, called Balibee, who lumbered deliberately in the path of the preceding beasts. But the Indian did not turn just to ensure the comfort of his elephant—he was far more interested in the expression on the greasy middle-aged features of the loud-mouthed American, Lombard, who sat cradling his rifle in his hot, sweating elbow; and of Mrs. Lombard, who cradled her camera, flash-bulbs, cine-camera, colour-tones and tape-recorder in her ample lap.

"Can't you do something about these darn mosquitoes, honey?" was her respected whine. But her husband wasn't listening to the complaints of his wailing wife. His eyes were narrowed deeply against the white glare of the Indian sun, his cheek muscles working rapidly, as he scanned the parched expanse of plain in front of the line of beaters, and occasionally he stroked the butt of his rifle.

The Indian overseer despised the American—it was probably the first time the obese fool had taken his rifle off the Los Angeles Firing Range. He licked his cracked, parched lips with a rasp of a tongue and turned towards his elephant. "Still," he thought, "who's financing this expedition? Who's paying me and my assistants? Who's feeding the elephants out of his own bulging wallet?" He twisted inwardly. "He's paying everything and everybody in sight, as if he's Midas, even if he can't hold a rifle or talk sensibly about wild animals. But it's going to be messy, very messy, and I'll probably have to finish the job myself. Blasted Americans! . . ."

The relentless sun beat down upon the tigress's lithe rippling muscles and her sleek coat as she ran frantically. She knew she must get away. Still a distance away, she could hear the rhythmic thunder of the feet of the elephants, and another sound, a far more chilling sound, that of human voices, and she knew nothing but blind panic.

She was becoming tired and dropped her great pace to a gambolling lope, that tireless lope that can run down anything on four legs on the Indian plains, over short distances. As she ran, she could see through the shimmering heat-haze a high outcrop of reddened rocks rising before her, a bleak, barren cliff-range adorned with stunted shrub and scant foliage. She had reached the Yashmithe Gorge. Perhaps, under different circumstances, if she had not been running for her life, she might possibly have turned to her left, away across the sandy wasteland that was near the gorge. This drastic change in terrain from high, blanched grass to sandy desert land had always been a geographical mystery and the local natives held the place in taboo and would not go near it as they thought the evil fire gods dwelt behind the gorge. But she realised no danger. She suspected nothing amiss, for her reeling senses, already saturated with the scent of humans, failed to register fresh scents that were coming from in front, not from behind. . . .

The American, Lombard, had been first to see the tiger, through his field-glasses—the Indian let him take all the credit for the sighting, although he himself had known for over twenty minutes, by the behaviour of the elephants, that they were on a fresh trail. He had shrilled his orders to the beaters in his high-pitched voice, and they had spread out accordingly into a wide crescent to the North-West, thereby half-encircling the tiger. The old Indian had been in this business for a long time. He knew that a wild animal fleeing for its life would instinctively rush for cover instead of heading for the comparative safety of the open spaces. And, of course, the old Indian also knew what Lombard didn't know, and would never know. He knew about the Yashmithe Gorge. Naturally enough, he expressed gross surprised delight to see that the tiger was heading for the gorge.

The elephants quickened their pace; Tyamba trumpeted wildly. The Indian smiled and thought lovingly of the American's wallet, his fingers tightening on his bamboo cane. The American also smiled, his mind idling on the tiger-skin thrown carelessly across his couch, the envious glances of his fellow executives and the fascinated glances of his wife's friends as he relived, for their benefit, the few hours leading up to the historic moment when he, Henry James Lombard, had shot the savage tiger. His fingers tightened on the trigger of the rifle. . . .

The tigress ran desperately down the Yashmithe Gorge. She glanced once or twice at the high red sheer faces on either hand as she galloped madly towards the narrow exit from the gorge known as the Yashmithe Pass. She was five hundred yards from the pass when she first saw the net. Her ears twitched wildly, her tail swinging like a pendulum, but she ran on. . . .

She hit the net like a thunderbolt, but the old Indian knew his job. Thin-meshed nylon netting does not snap, even under the strain of an attack by a half-mad frenzied tiger. She looked around, and full realisation hit her when she saw the line of elephants entering the gorge. She tried madly to scale the cliff until her pads were cut and bleeding, and the alkaline dust whirled like a storm-cloud about

her. Five times she attacked that net like a demented fiend, teeth and claws flying. Then, as she turned defiantly, her white fangs bared, her eyes blazing and strangely glazed, she charged. . . .

. . . Lombard raised his rifle. Steady . . . wait . . . wait . . . steady! He had eyes for nothing but the tiger and did not see the beaters silently remove the net from the pass. He didn't see the old Indian take careful aim at the charging tigress. And under the roar of his own gun, he did not hear the old Indian's bullet discharge straight and true at the tiger's brain on its errand of mercy.

Perhaps he wondered a bit when a second bullet was found in the left foreleg of the tiger, but the skimmers were silent. Lombard had shot his tiger.

SUSAN CATLING, IVA

### PATRIOTISM

*O where is the soul of Wales,  
That vital ingredient of mines and voices?  
It is pleasing to hear the soul in music,  
But that is not your dwelling place.  
Arise, there is much work to be done,  
Your task is to free a subjugated race.  
We band of loyal, but confined Welshmen  
Yearn to find you, and use you,  
In our struggle against tyranny.  
With you there is nothing we cannot do.  
But where is the soul of the Welshmen?  
Aided by you we can march on  
To freedom.*

PAUL II Upper VI

### SUICIDE

*My time is limited.  
I have so much to see.  
The house needs cleaning.  
They rely on me.  
What can I do?  
My life has nothing.*

*I have an hour, maybe less,  
Before they look for me.  
The knife cuts deeply in my flesh.  
It is too late—suddenly I see.  
What have I done?  
My life had everything.*

CHRISTINE GUTCH. Lower VI Arts.

## THE SCHOOL TRIP TO AUSTRIA, FEBRUARY 1968

On Friday, February 16th, a group of pupils, under the care of Miss Pamela Williams and Mr. and Mrs. Brian Griffiths, eagerly set off for a skiing holiday in Austria. The place chosen was Mösern near Seefeld in the Tyrol.

The journey was long but everyone was excited and for the most part contentedly disregarded their fatigue and gaily chatted about the holiday in front of them. We arrived at Mösern on the Sunday afternoon and before the evening meal, each member of the party was fitted out with ski-boots, ski-sticks and skis ready for the first lesson on the following morning.

On the Monday morning each of us set off for the nursery slopes which were not far from the hotel. For the first lesson the party was split up and taken by two instructors, but for the rest of our stay one instructor took one group in the morning and the other in the afternoon. Some lucky people were very good at skiing and progressed well but others, who shall remain anonymous, just could not manage the art of remaining upright for even five minutes at a time. Perhaps it was just as well that the sports-minded people gave up after the first day, or the party might well have found itself presented with a bill by two irate instructors suffering from aching backs after having to lift up these sprawling creatures on numerous occasions. One was reminded of penguins on skis, totally unable to stand up on them.

However, there was more to do than skiing, for a bus travelled to Seefeld in the mornings and afternoons; as the morning bus returned too late for lunch most of us caught the afternoon bus and spent the day strolling leisurely around Seefeld to see what presents could be bought for families and friends. Seefeld is a very busy place with many tourists walking around the streets. Most of these were Germans but we did see a few English people. The town is not very big but it is much larger than Mösern which seems to consist mainly of hotels.

What about the weather and the scenery? The former was quite good and at times the sky was a bright blue, the sun shining and the air beautifully fresh and cool. One day it actually snowed! Some members of our party hoped we would be stranded at Mösern and so have a longer holiday, but others did not relish the idea of being surrounded by snow and cut off from the outside world.

As for the scenery, it was very beautiful. Mösern was surrounded by snowcapped mountains, rather irregular in shape, at the base of which grew evergreen trees, the dark green of which made a splendid contrast to the whiteness of the snow higher up. The tops of the mountains pierced the clouds and gave one the feeling of being in the middle of a fairy tale.

On the Saturday morning, after a week of skiing, skating, sight-seeing and lazing about, we started the long return journey. We had collected one casualty en route—Alan Turner—but we are glad to report that he seems completely mended at the time of going to press, walking about on the usual quota of legs. We arrived at Pembroke on the Sunday evening, exhausted but very much alive, after a very enjoyable and exciting holiday.

HAZEL SCOURFIELD, LOWER VI ARTS

## AN ANIMAL'S WORLD

*King of beasts patrolling your domain,  
On your royal head a flowing mane,  
Not befitting your glory, perhaps,  
These bars behind which you are trapped.*

*You can no longer exercise your right,  
Pacing the floor by day and night,  
You think of past glory and death so gory,  
Boredom and sorrow complete your story.*

*How you envy those outside!  
How you wish you'd not survived!*

PAULETTE BROWN VR

## WHAT WOULD YOU CALL IT? — BLACKMAIL?

The facts were available for anyone to read in the newspapers. One fine June morning, Miss Thomas, who rented a top-floor flat in a quiet cul-de-sac, folded a blanket on the kitchen floor, sat down and thrust her head into the gas-oven which she immediately turned on. Later in the year, on a dark November day, Mr. Watson swallowed a glass of dilute sleeping pills and was dead before morning. It was later discovered that Mr. Watson was overdrawn at the bank and had been harassed by his creditors. The third case was a different type—when the light was fading one evening, Miss Samuel, a small woman of about fifty, climbed the protective barrier and walked on to the parapet of one of London's roadway viaducts. It was a sheer drop of nearly eighty feet. She waited until she saw a heavy lorry approaching, judged her moment and calmly stepped off. The driver caught a glimpse of a body flailing downwards and braked sharply. He climbed out, white-faced and shocked. Looking up he saw Miss Samuel, voiceless, winded, but otherwise intact in the sagging canopy of his lorry.

The court report concluded: "Miss Samuel was financially solvent until the end of last year. She had an income from investments and a 'nest-egg' in the Post Office Savings Bank. In the last three months she seems to have sold these securities and drawn eleven to twelve hundred pounds out of her savings account. Miss Samuel either cannot or will not help us find out where this money has gone. . . ."

Miss Lloyd was a practical philanthropist; she gave generously and imposed only one condition, that her name should not be mentioned. If it were so much as whispered in connection with her donations she would never again give to that cause. Most of her money came from investments and she was still having money which had been the rights of her now dead father. She lived in modest comfort in Surrey and kept a maid. Sometimes her gifts seemed to exceed her means and the summer of last year was an expensive donating period, a high peak of generosity. It seemed to coincide with the appearance of an unexpected visitor. One morning her maid, Roberts, announced a gentleman who had come to see Miss Lloyd. He was a small, fat, bald-

headed man in his mid-fifties.

"Miss Lloyd? My name's Smith. I won't keep you long. Do you know a Mrs. Preston?"

A sudden silence fell upon the room. Miss Lloyd spoke at last.

"Well, what an extraordinary question! Who are you?"

"Never mind for a moment who I am."

"What if I refuse to answer your question?"

"If you don't, perhaps you'll explain how, at 11.15 precisely this morning, you approached the assistant in the sub-post office in Millend Road, produced a Post Office book made out to a Mrs. Preston, and withdrew ten pounds. This is one of the commonest forms of crime. You ought to hear what the judges say—very harsh about these things they are. It's very ingenious to get hold of an old Savings account book as you did and then start working with it—very ingenious, but illegal."

"Lady!" said Mr. Smith, "I just stand in Post Offices and such places and watch out for this sort of thing. If that young lady at the counter hadn't been gossiping she'd have spotted it a mile away. Your face, your hands, your actions . . ."

Miss Lloyd recovered a little of her composure.

"What are you going to do about it?"

"Well, now!" said Mr. Smith. "If I did no more than my duty you'd be in the dock."

Miss Lloyd shuddered. "It's not only me . . . my family . . . my father would never have got over it. How lucky he's dead. He was a financier, you know."

"The important thing is that I need some capital," said Mr. Smith. "Income? Now I'd laugh at income! What's ten or fifteen pounds a week? Four of those go into the tax-collector's pocket. A nice round capital sum of one and a half thousand? But, no—make it two thousand!"

"Two thousand pounds? I couldn't possibly . . ."

Smith interrupted. "It's going to save a lot of trouble if I tell you that I've been devoting time to looking at your affairs. I know exactly what you've got in that current account and I know what securities your nice, kind and trusting bank manager is holding for you. It may mean realising a little of your war stock . . . the offer's open for three minutes. Then the price goes up—to twenty-five thousand."

Miss Lloyd's nerve held out for about twenty seconds. Then she blurted out, "You must give me time."

"Three days . . ."

On the morning of the third day she saw her bank manager and drew out two thousand pounds. That evening at seven-thirty, Mr. Smith called again. She gave him a sealed envelope. "You'll find it's all there. Two thousand pounds. I got it in five pound notes."

"Very kind of you," said Mr. Smith. "I think I'll count it, though."

"Just one more thing I'd like to know," said Miss Lloyd. "How am I to know you won't be asking for more?"

He looked up. "You'll have to trust me," he said.

"Like Miss Samuel? She trusted you."

Smith's fingers faltered. There was uncertainty in his voice. "What do you know about Miss Samuel?" he whispered.

"Why, she's one of my dearest friends," replied Miss Lloyd. "I

knew Miss Thomas, too, and Mr. Watson."

"So what?" said Smith abruptly. "What's all this leading up to?"

"Three months ago," began Miss Lloyd, "when Miss Samuel came out of the nursing home, she came to see me. Between us we hatched up a little scheme. Our advantage was that we knew, in each case, what was wrong. We knew about Miss Thomas and her so-called husband and the letters that used to come to her every week. We knew about Mr. Watson and the silly things he did with his Post Office savings book. It was really that that gave us the idea. As for Miss Samuel, she told me everything. It didn't seem a very serious thing for her to have paid you all that money, but there we are!

"The common factor in all the cases was that they were Post Office matters. So we got the idea that this person hung around Post Offices to see if he could pick up information. After that we paid some money into an account in Roberts' name. My maid, you know."

"That's a lie!"

"Not at all. Her name is really Mrs. Preston. I call all my maids Roberts. The first one I ever had was called Roberts, and I dislike change."

Mr. Smith swore.

Miss Lloyd went on with her story. "Then I drew out ten pounds at a time for her, in the most furtive manner, from practically every sub Post Office in the area. It was quite fatiguing."

"How are you going to prove this?" asked Smith aggressively.

"I took the very best legal advice, without mentioning any names. I was told to have a witness that you asked for the money and then another to prove that I paid it to you. Well, I've done just that. You can come out now, Roberts."

The maid came out from behind an ornamental screen. "Thank you, ma'am. I'm sure I heard everything."

"You can take your money back," shouted Roberts, and he shoved it urgently across the table.

"Certainly, if you insist, but I don't think it will make any difference. You *did* take it in the first place."

"You'll never prove it," sneered Smith.

"I will," smiled Miss Lloyd. "Do sit down and let's listen to our first conversation in comfort. Press that switch, Roberts."

Suddenly a voice rang out. "My name's Smith. I won't keep you long. Do you know a Mrs. Preston?"

Mr. Smith jumped to his feet, snatched wildly at a heavy brass candlestick and brought it crashing down on the instrument he could see.

"Don't be so silly," said Miss Lloyd. "That's just the loud-speaker. The recorder is in the other room."

"What do you want? What are you going to do?" said Smith.

"Twenty-five hundred pounds to start," said Miss Lloyd. "It's no good saying you don't have it, what with Miss Thomas and Mr. Watson and Miss Samuel. I wouldn't say 'thank you' for income, but a nice round capital sum . . ."

## THE WIND

*I love to feel the wind so fair,  
The gentle wind that lifts my hair  
And ripples through the ripening corn  
A summer breeze on a summer morn.*

*I love to hear the tree tops sigh  
And see the clouds float gently by,  
While branches brush my window-pane,  
Their rustling leaves the wind's refrain.*

*I love to watch the storm-tossed sea  
Crash and cascade in front of me  
Froth, and foam, and crash once more  
Like thunder on a wind-swept shore.*

VIVIEN LAIN VB

## SCHOOL SOCIETIES

## JUNIOR SCRIPTURE UNION

Chairman: Bernard Lewis; Vice-chairman, Huw Campbell.  
Secretary: Bronwen Merriman; Treasurer: Robert James.  
Committee: Heather Harries, Helen Longhurst, Tim Meiring.

During the Spring term we had four visiting speakers, the first being the Rev. Ivor Hopkins, a missionary in South America, who gave a very interesting talk about his work there. Mr. and Mrs. Reg Tomlinson, the Rev. Edmund Owen, of the Coronation School, and the Rev. Alun Williams, of Bethany, were our other speakers.

We had three quizzes, which were won by Heather Harries, John Merriman and Tim Burton. The treasure hunt later in the term was won by Charles Gait and his partner. The other meeting of the term was a very interesting "Any Questions?" session, with Miss P. Williams, Mr. D. Ladd, Desmond Parry, and Robert Wilcox forming the panel.

This term has not seen so many meetings, of course. The first took the form of a very successful "Witness Box." In the "Box," answering questions about their faith, were Bronwen Merriman, Timothy Burton, Bernard Lewis and Timothy Meiring. The following week, the Rev. D. A. Bowen, of Monkton Priory, came to give a very interesting talk on his year's stay in America. A "Jungle Doctor" colour film-strip called "Now is the Hour" proved most entertaining and challenging. The final meeting of the term was addressed by Mr. Colin Jones, of Rhymney, who gave a very practical talk on the Beatitudes, and we sang choruses to his guitar.

At the end of term, it is hoped to hold our annual trip, to which all regular members of the J.S.U. are invited. We are always ready to welcome more members of Forms II, III and IV to our meetings, and hope to have a record attendance at the beginning of next term.

BRONWEN MERRIMAN, IVC.

## YOUNG FARMERS' CLUB

One of the first jobs this term was to select a play for the Annual Drama Competition. The play chosen was "In the Beginning," by Edna Baker, and once again we should like to thank Mr. and Mrs. Sandell for producing the play. This year the Club narrowly missed the final and were placed fourth. However, the Club was awarded the Cup for the best set.

After the Drama Competition had taken place, we were asked to represent Pembrokeshire in the Finals of the National Entertainments Competition, which was held at Harrogate on May 4th. In order to raise money for this trip we decided to hold a Concert in the School Hall. This was held on the 29th of March, and the sum of £50 was made.

As we were to travel to Harrogate on May 3rd, there would not be much time to practise after the Easter holidays, so we began practising as soon as the Drama Competition was over.

When we returned to school after the Easter holidays the final arrangements for the trip to Harrogate were made. On May 3rd, 47 members and four members of staff travelled to Harrogate. We had decided to stop at the youth hostel in York and so managed to visit two large towns on the trip. This was the first time that the School Club had ever competed in a National Competition.

As soon as we returned from Harrogate we began practising for the Annual County Rally, which was to be held on the 25th of May. Several of our competitors gained notable positions in their competitions. Stephen James, 1st in Dairy Judging (under 16); John Gittins, 2nd in Dairy Judging (under 18), and 3rd in Beef Judging (under 18); Jackie Croft, 1st in First Aid (under 21); Annette Thomas, 3rd in Poultry Trussing (under 21); Richard Pepper, 1st in Beef Judging (under 21), 3rd in Trailer Reversing (under 18).

We should also like to take this opportunity of congratulating Joan Handley on being chosen as the Rally Queen. Joan was an attendant at last year's rally, and is the first club member ever to become an attendant or a Queen.

And now, on behalf of the committee, I should like to thank the club members for their support throughout the year, and we intend to round off the year with a barbecue.

Finally, we should like to thank our club leaders, Mr. B. J. Davies, Mrs. H. M. Robinson, and Mr. E. T. Bowen for giving up so much of their time to help the club.

RICHARD PEPPER, LOWER VI SCIENCE.

## SENIOR SCRIPTURE UNION

Meetings this term have been held once a fortnight, and have varied from a report on the visit made by three Sixth Form pupils to the I.S.C.F. Conference in Bristol, held during the Christmas holidays, to a play reading from "Man Born to be King," in which several members of the society took part.

An innovation in the form of a meeting was introduced, when the topic, "Why did Jesus die?" was discussed from three points of view; Selwyn Skone taking the point of view of Pilate, Gwyn Campbell taking that of the Pharisees, and Jane Sudbury taking God's view.

A guest speaker, the Rev. Lennard Jones, from Hill Park Baptist Chapel, Haverfordwest, gave his opinions on the topic, "Who moved the stone?" Elaine Hughes, Desmond Parry and Miss P. W. M. Williams formed the panel of an "Any Questions?" session, which gave rise to much discussion.

At the most recent meeting, a tape recording was played back of the speech about his suffering in Communist countries, made by Pastor Richard Wurmbrand, in Haverfordwest, in May. We express our thanks to Elaine Hughes for recording the speech, which was certainly an "eye-opener."

JULIE DAVIDS, LOWER VI ARTS.

## WILD CHORUS

*What is that?*

*A skein of grey geese alight on the flat,  
A rush and a whirr of wings strong and grey  
The majestic grey geese at the end of the day.*

*All night long a raucous din  
From those great geese, who each year arrive,  
In the morning, all bedraggled and thin  
Some of them lucky to get here alive.*

*They alight on the mudflat,  
A seething black crowd,  
Families reunite on the grey wet flat,  
All gabbling and crying, "No strangers allowed,"*

PETER EVANS. Lower VIA

## FORM GOSSIP

## FORM IIIA

Hello there! IIIA reporting from Room 1. There's no need to tell you that we're the noisiest form in the school—everyone knows already. This term has been an uneventful one, with the exception of choosing our subjects for next year. We have budding teachers, doctors and vets. among us, apart from other more varied types. We thank Mr. Harris for giving us his invaluable advice about our subjects, and for putting up with our chattering throughout the year. How *can* he cope with the noise of a certain Miss —O—K? He's given her a nickname—can you guess? We congratulate Rhiannon Harries on passing her music examination. With exams. looming closer, IIIA bids fellow pupils "Happy Revision" and we hope to be with you in the next edition of *PENVRO*.

## FORM IIIB

We have done quite well throughout the summer term, and some of the form showed their ability during the school reports. Albert McMahon won the junior boys' shot putt and Christopher Thomas represented the school at the County Sports. A.M., P.J., B.B., C.P., H.C., and L.M. are in the IIIrd Form cricket team. Linda Manning plays in the school second rounders' team. Sian has been away with a broken leg, but is back and well. We congratulate our form-mistress, Mrs. Morgan, on putting up with us. To all members of staff who have been ill or are ill we extend our best wishes.

## FORM IIIC

Mrs. Robinson has been quite patient with us and we have only had detention once. That is very fortunate for us, considering we create such a row in Room 2 each morning and afternoon. Nothing exciting ever happens in our form, except that W. L - - - s was made to buy a new set of pens by our Maths. teacher and S - - BH - N usually has lines or detention every History lesson. Somebody has said we live in a state of constant chaos, but we're quite happy and always ready to talk.

## FORM IVA

Hallo, everybody, from the bunch of raves which makes up IVA. Much to our delight we have had quite a few sports socials this term, but to the disappointment of many of the female sex, J - - - M - - - - M - - did not turn up (chicken!). We would like to thank Mr. Cooper, our manual clocking-in machine, for putting up with us this year. Many of the form have done well in athletics this term, and we even have the Victrix Ludorum, Alyson Rowlands. This is Aff and Ringo signing off for the year. See you some time next year if we haven't had the sack!

## FORM IVB

We have had a change of form teachers this term and we should like to congratulate Mrs. Lewis on losing us and gaining a son (Edward). Miss Evans is keeping us well under control and we give her flowers instead of lines. With us we have competitors for the county and inter-county sports—Ian Kilcoyne (discus), and Margareta Campbell (javelin) for the County Sports; John Phillips (220 and 100 yards), Marilyn Blair (discus) and Susan Penfold (relay) for the County Sports. We also have a canoeist who hitched a lift from a passing speedboat in a race from Haverfordwest to Pembroke Dock. This character, who wishes to remain anonymous, is P---R B--T. We would like to thank Miss Evans and other long-suffering staff for putting up with us (so far!).

## FORM IVc

We can report a reasonably successful term. We have had a new recruit, Christopher Carne, and a budding high-jumper specialist has come to light. This is James Bugby, who represented the school in the County Sports. Nobody has been really naughty, but we have surprisingly managed to get some detention, mainly from our form teacher, who puts up with us very well, considering.

## UPPER IVA

By now we must be the largest form in the School, but we are *not* the noisiest. We have welcomed three new pupils, Angela, Phillippa and Christopher, and we hope that they have settled in happily. We have once again excelled ourselves in sport, having members of the cricket and rounders teams, not to mention a few athletic stars. Sheila won the cup for the best actress in the House plays; some of us competed in the Y.F.C. Talent Competition at Harrogate, and others in the Y.F.C. Rally at Haverfordwest. We would all like to thank Miss Lewis for being a very patient form-teacher throughout the year. P.S.—If you hear teachers going along deserted corridors singing “Silence is golden!” it’s because we’re “inside,” tied to exams! !

## UPPER IVB

Attention, please! Attention, please! (That sounds familiar). Form Upper 1VB is on parade. First we should like to congratulate Raymond P., who, in his last term at P.G.S. (sorry to see him go, girls) has finally been elected form-captain. Sports are really the boys’ field, with Stewart Longhurst vice-captain of the Junior XI for which Philip B. and Philip M. play regularly. John A. has played for the County team and has had his certificate to prove it! The girls are as unathletical as ever, with the exception of the professor, P.G. We’re doing quite well with social service and we wish to thank Mrs. Hughes for surviving the term. Finally, we combine in wishing Mr. Roberts a very happy retirement.

## UPPER IVC

Nothing much has happened this term except the breaking of a window by some of our mob. They were joined by a member of Upper IVB in this dreadful crime. The headmaster threatened to put them all in skirts if it happened again. Lyn Smith has been our sole star in athletics this term and came second in the 440 yards in the sports. Some of us did quite well in the Eisteddfod; Teresa even shared a first prize with the Y.F.C. Chairman! Several of the girls would get first prizes for giggling, mind you. We wish those who are leaving a very prosperous future and thank Mrs. Tapley for coping with us this year.

## UPPER IV TECH.

This term, so far, has been fairly eventful. In early May our Y.F.C. “invaded” Harrogate, but unfortunately we were not able to “take it by storm,” and we were placed fifth in the Entertainment Competition. Our form members took a prominent part in it—ten out of fourteen. Although we were not victorious, we enjoyed it very much. On the sporting side we all “sportingly” contributed to the success of the school sports, by being hurdle stewards, at least in the morning. That afternoon a number of us helped to lay the cement in the famous (?) Bush House Swimming Pool, and even got our pictures in the local paper! Several of us participated in the Y.F.C. rally, for better or for worse. Our teachers have stood the rigours and hardships of teaching us fairly well, including H. V. J., but the strain is beginning to show, we think. We should like to thank Mr. Dennis Lloyd for his help and co-operation and for being able to extract Games and Penvro money from us, a bold task! All for now!

## FORM II ALPHA

Our form consists of twenty-eight pupils, now that a new girl, Joyce Little, has joined us. Despite her name, she is one of our tallest girls. This term has been a record of class bookings—David R----s-- has achieved his goal of eleven. We did quite well in the sports when Gareth Willington had two firsts and several standard points. We have five girls and one boy, Nicholas Rogers, in the choir. We all hope to do very well in the exams. Our thanks and very good wishes to Mrs. Harris.

## FORM IIA

If ever you have heard a great row and hullabaloo coming from somewhere in the school, you can bet your last brass button that it’s us. We have the name of being one of the most talkative forms in the school, and, no matter how hard we try to be good, we always live up to our reputation, unfortunately. We suffer the misfortunes of lines, essays or detention more often than we deserve (we think!) Our form captains this term are J. Rees and Helen Longhurst, who represented us very well in the school sports. We would like to thank Mr. Ladd for his brave efforts to keep us under some sort of control.

## WINTER'S SCENE

*Gaunt trees lift bare black arms up to the skies  
As if to push the lowering clouds away,  
And all the earth in frost's hard grip now lies  
In the grey twilight of a winter's day.*

*The first soft flakes come drifting slowly down,  
Then thicker, faster, in a whirling dance  
Of soft white down, which covers field and town,  
And 'neath its blanket all lies in a trance.*

*This is the world to wonderland made now  
As climbs the sun in sky of glorious blue,  
Turning to silver every spangled bough,  
Shining on roofs, so suddenly made new.*

*Each bush and tree has blossomed overnight,  
And hidden is all ugliness and grime  
Beneath a mantle of pure virgin white,  
The crowning glory of our winter time.*

PHILIP MARSDEN, Upper IVB

## OLD PUPILS' ASSOCIATION

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

*Vice-presidents:* Miss A. M. K. Sinnett, E. G. Davies, Esq., B.A.

*Secretary:* D. F. Hordley. *Magazine Editor:* A. W. W. Devereux

This is the last issue of "Penvro" to appear while Mr. T. C. Roberts is President of the Association and Headmaster of the School. We should not like the occasion to pass without expressing to Mr. Roberts our sincere thanks for the whole-hearted way in which he has supported every branch of the Association's activities since he became Headmaster. In particular, it is almost entirely thanks to Mr. Roberts's energy and enthusiasm that we have in the School Hall the magnificent Miller organ as a memorial to Old Pupils who died in the two World Wars. The idea for such a memorial may have come from the Old Pupils, but it was Mr. Roberts who turned the idea into a reality. As he retires he can feel satisfaction in the knowledge that the organ is free from debt and that it will be a source of pleasure and instruction for future generations of pupils. We wish him a long and happy retirement.

The Spring production of the Penvro Dramatic Society was "Quality Street," by J. M. Barrie, which was presented to large audiences at the School on 8th and 9th May. Few recent plays by the Society have been so long in production, as rehearsals started in January, but the large cast and the backstage workers, particularly those who made the ladies' costumes, worked enthusiastically and

happily at the Old Court House during this period. One of the successes of the play was the schoolroom scene in which a party of young pupils from Stackpole School, trained by Molly Thomas, the producer of the play, quite won the hearts of the audience. The colourful uniforms of the men, which were hired, and the dresses of the ladies, all made by members of the Society, were also much admired, as were the sets and stage furnishings.

## NEWS OF OLD PUPILS

Lysbeth Gordon (1957-59) who took her degree in Classics at University College, London, has been awarded a three-year research scholarship to study for the Ph.D. degree at Indiana University, U.S.A.

Trevor Gwyther (1947-51), Head Boy of the School in 1950-51, has been appointed Head of the Science Department at Starcross Comprehensive School, Islington. Trevor served during the year 1966-7 under Mr. R. G. Mathias, former headmaster of this school and now Head of King Edward VI Grammar School, Five Ways, Birmingham.

Anthony James (1950-54) has been promoted from Detective Constable to Sergeant in the Pembrokeshire Police and is now stationed in Tenby.

Brian John, M.A., Ph.D. (1946-53), who has been on the staff of the English Department of Pennsylvania State University, U.S.A. since he left Bangor University in 1961, has accepted an appointment to the English Department of the McMaster University, Hamilton, Ontario, Canada. He will join the staff of McMaster University on 1st September, 1968.

Valerie Jenkins (1956-62) started work in June at a secretarial agency in Chicago. Since leaving school she has worked as a secretary at the Texaco Refinery, Pembroke, and also in London.

Pat King (1957-64), whose marriage is reported in this issue, has been appointed Spanish and French mistress at East Ham Grammar School for Girls, London.

Anne Parcell (1954-61), who has been teaching at Llanion Junior School, Pembroke Dock, left in April to take up a teaching appointment at the R.A.F. school at Gutersloh, West Germany.

Colin S. Thomas, C.B.E., has been promoted to the rank of Air Commodore, R.A.F.

We congratulate the following Old Pupils on their engagement:

- 6 January, Susan Preece (1958-63) to John Davies, of Narberth.
- 22 March, Stephen Maher (1956-63) to Suzanne McAlpine, of Sydney, Australia.
- 22 March, Averil Griffiths (1960-65) to Colin Barnikel, of Pembroke Dock.



We congratulate the following Old Pupils on their marriage:

- 19 August, 1967, at Seaford, Sussex, Derek MacGarvie (1947-54) to Pamela Sturman.
- 17 February, 1968, at Monkton, William Carne (1963-64) to Marilyn Jones (1959-65).
- 2 March, at Wandsworth, London, Patricia King (1957-64) to Martin Paul Hodson, of Macclesfield.
- 9 March, at Pembroke, Anne Morgan (née Wright, 1950-58) to Colin Bellmain of Pembroke Dock.
- 9 March, at Pembroke, Rachel Pannell (1962-66) to Christopher Howlett, of Ilford, Essex.
- 9 March, at Neyland, Ingrid Jowett (1959-63) to A. Milson.
- 16 March, at Pembroke Dock, Olwen Richardson (1959-64) to Gerald Scaife, of Pembroke Dock.
- 23 March, at Pembroke Dock, Bertha Workman (1965-66) to Glenmore Ashby, of Pembroke Dock.
- 30 March, at Pembroke Dock, Janet Irene Scourfield (1961-65) to Thomas McIntyre, of Co. Donegal, Ireland.
- 29 March, at Pembroke, Janet Harries (1958-63) to Brian Perry, of Retford.
- 3 April, at Totteridge, London, Paul Davies (1957-64) to Julia Woods, of Totteridge.
- 17 April, at Pembroke, Roger Baker (1958-65) to Sandra Wickland, of Tenby.

We have pleasure in recording the following births:

- 21 February, to Ann (née Phillips, 1948-55), wife of Graham Tregidon (1946-54), a second son, Mark David.
- 15 March, to June, wife of Desmond Roch (1939-46) a son, Mark Bailey.
- 15 June, to Anne (née Hall, 1955-61), wife of Tom Paine (1955-57), a second son, Richard Thomas.
- 18 June, to Margery (née Paine, 1955-58), wife of Eddie Lewis, a second son, Edward.

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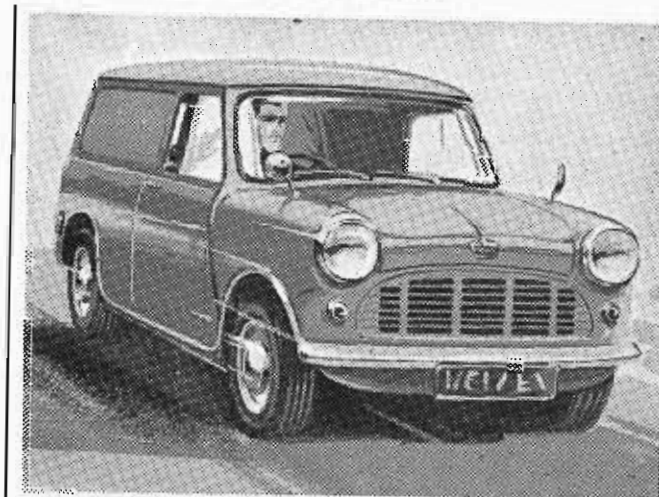
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