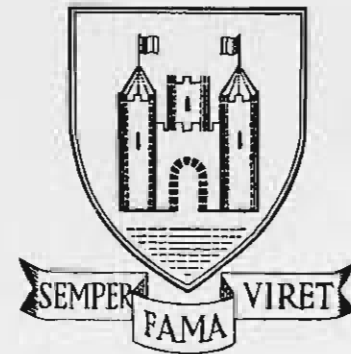


# *THE PENVRO*



*SPRING 1969*

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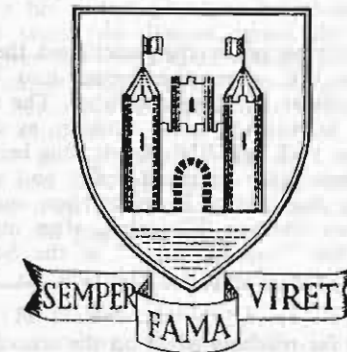
28 MAIN STREET, PEMBROKE, PEMBS.

# THE PENVRO

No. 145

SPRING

1969



EDITOR:

Miss C. M. Lewis

BUSINESS MANAGER:

K. J. Bowskill

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## EDITORIAL

The autumn term has been a stimulating one, with a general feeling of rising to a challenge in welcoming a new headmaster. It seems hardly necessary at this point in time to welcome Mr. Nelson, as he has so quickly and naturally become part of the school, entering into its activities wholeheartedly, and even establishing a new club in our midst. We hope that he is very far from regretting his move from Kingsbridge, Devon.

Memorable events have pleasantly punctuated the routine work of the term. The former V.R. were transformed into VI General, with all the consequent privileges and responsibilities. The staff and prefects' coffee break proved a worthwhile social occasion, as did the Christmas Candlelight Supper for staff and VIth Form, this being notable for its unique decorations, beautifully prepared buffet and efficient organization by the planning committee. In November, our "Up-to-Date" quiz team appeared on Harlech Television, after much avid reading of newsprint and a few "dummy runs" in the School Hall. They earned our sympathy for losing so narrowly to Frome Grammar School.

Perhaps the most far-reaching effect on the school will be provided by the vending machine, providing tea and coffee principally, that was briefly tried out towards the end of term. A month-long trial period will start at the beginning of the Spring term when one foresees a dearth of sixpences in and around Bush!

Not many staff changes were anticipated in September as Mr. S. Griffith was returning to the Physics Department without causing the departure of Mr. Coombs, who was joining the Maths. Department in place of Mrs. Harris. We expected—and were delighted to welcome—Mlle. M. Fournier and Herr Kröger as language assistants and we hope that they are enjoying their stay. Unfortunately Miss Hughes and Miss Cleevely have been away through illness for several weeks and we send them our good wishes for a full recovery. Mrs. Hill has been deputizing for Miss Hughes, and Mrs. Edwards and Mrs. Pryce for Miss Cleevely, and we thank all three for their help. Mrs. Comley will be taking French from January onwards until Miss Cleevely returns. Mrs. D. Morgan has decided to concentrate on being a housewife and mother, and we bid her a warm farewell at the end of term. We thank Mrs. G. Davies for once more stepping into the breach in the General Science Department at the beginning of term, and we shall be looking forward to meeting Miss N. George, to take over from Mrs. Morgan in January.

Just as we were going to press we were grieved to hear of the death of former deputy headmaster, Mr. E. G. Davies, with whom many old pupils kept in touch when he was in charge of the Old Pupils' section of Penvro. We regret his passing and send sincere sympathy to his wife and daughter, assuring them of our gratitude for his long and valued service to the school.

## MR. E. G. DAVIES, B.A.

All old pupils who were at school between the years 1925 and 1960 will learn with regret of the death in hospital on January 6th of Mr. E. G. Davies, B.A. Mr. Davies was Head of the French department during the whole of his long service with the school, became Senior Master in 1942 and Deputy Headmaster when that post was created soon after the war.

Mr. Davies will be remembered by his former pupils as a thorough, competent and successful teacher, and by his former colleagues as an able administrator, who carried out his duties with quiet efficiency, and as a loyal friend whose dry wit enlivened many a common-room break. Many young teachers have been grateful for his encouragement and advice.

For several years Mr. Davies edited the school magazine and later took over the Old Pupils' section of Penvro. Through this he was in contact with old pupils in all parts of the country and abroad. He never lost interest in his former pupils and was always delighted when they visited or wrote to him. It can truly be said that Mr. E. G. Davies loved the school to which he gave such long and devoted service. All who knew him will join in extending deep sympathy to his wife and his daughter Lesley, herself an old pupil.

A.W.W.D.

## SIXTH FORM LEAVERS, JULY, 1968

The following members of the Sixth Form of 1967-8 have entered college, university or places of further education and training:

Gerald Asparassa—Regent Oil Co. Laboratory; Peter Badham—Portsmouth Coll. of Ed.; Julia Bannon—Civil Service; Lionel Bennetto—City of Westminster College; Joseph Bowman—Bangor U.C.; Kevin Brady—Swansea Coll. of Ed.; Alastair Campbell—High Wycombe Coll. of Technology and Art; Neil Campodonic—Cardiff C.A.T.; Damian Clarke—Cardiff Coll. of Ed.; Jacqueline Croft—Middlesex Hospital (Radiography); Richard Davies—Bedford College, London; Ritchie Davies—John Golcher, Wolverhampton; John Gittins—Shropshire Agric. Coll.; John Gould—Oundle, Further Ed. in Agric.; Diana Griffiths—Chester Coll. of Ed.; Wyn Griffiths—Newland Park Coll. of Ed.; Dinah Haggart—Swansea U.C.; Joan Handley—Worcester Coll. of Ed.; Michael Hanschell—Newcastle Univ.; Elizabeth Hopkins—Cardiff Coll. of Commerce (Child Care); Richard Huyshe—P. & O. Line (Navigation); Alan Hyde—West Ham Coll. of Technology; Vivienne Ireland—Glamorgan Coll. of Ed.; Clive James—Shoreditch Coll. of Ed.; John Jenkins—High Wycombe Coll. of Technology and Art; Margaret Jenkins—Worcester Tech. Coll.; Alan John—Shoreditch Coll. of Ed.; Brian Jones—Chester Coll. of Ed.; Gareth Jones—Aberdeen Univ.; Robert Luff—Wales Gas Board; William Mills—Civil Service; Susan Moffatt—Hendon Coll. of Technology; Stephen Owen—Atlantic College; Desmond Parry—Bath Tech. (Physiotherapy); Roger Parsons—Royal Holloway, London; Prudence Pattison—Swansea U.C.; Melanie Phillips—Cartrefle Coll. of Ed., Wrexham; Richard Preece—Trainee Architect, Australia; Shan Pryce-Evans—Llandaff School of Chiropody; Peter Morgan—Carmarthen Coll. of Ed.; Peter Sendell—Seale Hayne Agric. Coll.; Angela Smith—Caerleon Coll. of Ed.; Janet Statter—Barry Coll. of Ed.; Helen Stewart—St. Mary's Hospital; Jane Sudbury—North Western Polytechnic, London; Megan Sutton—Hereford Coll. of Ed.; Annette Thomas—Aberystwyth U.C.; Robert Wilcox—Swansea U.C.

## ADVANCED LEVEL RESULTS — JUNE, 1968

J. Bannon—English, History.  
 J. Croft—Zoology (O).  
 D. Griffiths—English, French (O).  
 D. Haggart—English (Gr. A), French, History.  
 J. Handley—Domestic Subjects (Gr. A).  
 E. Hopkins—English (O), Scripture (O).  
 V. Ireland—Biology (O).  
 M. Jenkins—English (O).  
 S. Moffatt—English, History, Geography.  
 P. Pattison—English, History, Geography.  
 M. Phillips—English, Scripture.  
 A. Smith—Welsh, Music (O).  
 J. Statter—English, French (O), Scripture.  
 H. Stewart—Scripture, Geography.  
 J. Sudbury, Chemistry (O), Botany, Zoology.  
 M. Sutton—English, French.  
 A. Thomas—Chemistry (O), Botany, Zoology.  
 K. Allen—English.  
 P. Badham—Botany, Zoology.  
 L. Bennetto—History, Geography (O).  
 J. Bowman—Chemistry, Botany (Gr. A), Zoology.  
 N. Campodonic—Arts, Mathematics, French.  
 D. Clarke—English, Scripture, History.  
 R. Davies—Biology, Chemistry.  
 Ritchie Davies—Woodwork, Metalwork.  
 M. Davis—P. and A. Mathematics.  
 M. Hanschell—Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry (O).  
 A. Hyde—Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry.  
 C. James—Woodwork (Gr. A), Metalwork.  
 D. Jenkins—Art (O).  
 J. Jenkins—Art, Woodwork.  
 A. John—Metalwork.  
 B. Jones—Scripture, History (O).  
 G. Jones—Mathematics (O), Chemistry, Botany.  
 W. Mills—French (O), German (O), History.  
 P. Morgan—Woodwork, Metalwork.  
 R. Parsons—Chemistry (O), Botany, Zoology.  
 P. Sendell—Botany (O), Zoology (O).  
 P. Spencer—P. and A. Mathematics, Physics (O).  
 R. Wilcox—Mathematics, Chemistry, Physics.

## FORM VI (Extra Subjects):

3 subjects—R. Preece.  
 2 subjects—M. Arnold, H. Humber, S. Kelly, L. Peck, S. Andrews,  
 G. Asparassa, P. Canton, P. Morgan, B. Norris, P. Penfold.  
 1 subject—J. Croft, J. Handley, K. Brady, R. Davies, G. Brown,  
 M. Channon, D. Grigor, C. Muller, J. Ricketts, D. Cooper, P. Evans,  
 A. Fell, A. Hodge, D. Reynolds, J. Reynolds, A. Searle, D. Thompson.

## FORM VR:

3 subjects—J. Handley.

2 subjects—C. Attfield, M. Bondzio, A. Griffiths.

1 subject—P. Brown, L. Panton, C. Barker, R. Evans, K. Harries,  
 R. Lewis, P. Luff, J. Spurr, A. Stephens.

## FORM VA:

D. Byers (5); P. Eastick (6); A. Gibby (6); A. Gwyther (6); P.  
 Hayes (3); C. Jenkins (3); M. John (6); K. Mabe (6); H. McNally  
 (8); P. Palmer (2); J. Phillips (5); C. Roch (3); L. Smith  
 (7); A. Stephens (6); A. Stevens (8); F. Stewart (7); G. Campbell,  
 E. Dade\* (5); R. Davies (5); P. Dix (2); M. Gwyther (5); D. Harries  
 (5); B. James (5); L. Johnson, P. Lindsay, C. Maggs (7); S. Owen\*  
 (9); R. Perkins (3); C. Rees (1); M. Rowlands (4); S. Skone  
 (7); G. Thomas (7); M. Thomas (7); P. Weatherall\* (6); G. Wilson.  
 (All except those marked \* already gained at least 1 subject previously).

## FORM VB:

S. Bell (2); M. Cole (4); L. James (3); E. John (6); M. Jones  
 (1); B. Kelleher (2); V. Lain (6); A. Monico (1); S. Morris  
 (3); D. Noble (2); L. Peck (7); S. Porteous (1); H. Pritchard  
 (1); C. Pryke (4); R. Brawn (2); G. D. Brown (1); G. L. Brown  
 (3); D. Howard (1); M. Mathias (3); P. Pryse (4); J. Reader  
 (5); R. Reynolds (3); G. Russant (4); A. Stephens (3); P. G. Thomas  
 (2); P. M. Thomas (6); P. Vincent (2).

## FORM VC:

R. Allen (4); P. Eastick (2); Y. Evans (1); J. Jenkins (3); C.  
 Maher (1); M. Slack (2); C. Waite (2); M. Cavancy (5); A. Evans  
 (2); D. Head (4); A. Lewis (2); D. Matthias (2); C. Pickard (2).

## V TECHNICAL:

S. Morris (3); D. Gittins (5); N. Hall (1); G. James (2); J. Leah  
 (4); R. Pepper (1); E. Scourfield (3).

## UPPER IVA:

3 subjects—J. Davies, M. Phillips, S. Badham, K. Johnson.  
 2 subjects—J. Bendle, G. Evans, J. Jenkins, S. Kenniford, K.  
 Stevens, D. Ambrose, R. Campbell, I. Cooper, S. Freeman, P. Herbert,  
 T. Hordley, R. John, G. Lewis, S. Rogers, P. Smith, J. Stephens.  
 1 subject—O. Avis, A. Batchelor, P. Cawley, Joan Davies, P.  
 Howells, J. Hughes, P. Morgan, A. Russell, W. Street, E. Thomas,  
 C. Young, R. Brawn, P. Maguire, P. Nicholas.

## CERTIFICATE OF SECONDARY EDUCATION RESULTS

## FORM VA:

D. Byers (1); A. Gibby (1); P. Hayes (2); M. John (1); K. Mabe  
 (1); P. Palmer (2); J. Phillips (1); C. Roch (2); A. Stephens  
 (1); R. Davies (1); P. Dix (2); D. Harries (1); L. Johnson  
 (1); C. Maggs (1); R. Perkins (1); C. Rees (1); M. Rowlands  
 (2); G. Wilson (1); G. Thomas (1); P. Weatherall (2).

## FORM VB:

S. Bell (2); M. Cole (2); L. James (2); E. John (1); M. Jones  
 (4); B. Kelleher (3); V. Lain (2); A. Monico (3); S. Morris

(1); D. Noble (5); L. Peck (1); S. Porteous (2); H. Pritchard (6); C. Pryke (1); R. Brawn (3); G. D. Brown (3); G. L. Brown (2); D. Howard (2); M. Mathias (1); P. Pryse (1); J. Reader (2); R. Reynolds (4); G. Russant (2); D. Scourfield (5); A. Stephens (2); P. G. Thomas (2); P. Vincent (2).

FORM VC and TECH.:

R. Allen (1); P. Eastick (4); Y. Evans (4); J. Jenkins (2); P. Kenniford (1); C. Maher (5); R. Martin (3); M. Slack (4); C. Waite (4); S. Morris (2); M. Cavaney (3); A. Evans (3); D. Head (3); A. Lewis (2); D. Matthias (3); C. Pickard (3); J. Gittins (1); F. Grantham (1); N. Hall (1); G. James (2); J. Leah (2); R. Pepper (1).

### SOCIAL SERVICE FUND

Following a discussion amongst the form social service representatives, under the chairmanship of the headmaster, thirteen charities were chosen to benefit from the £132 collected during 1968. The money was allocated as follows:

	£	s.	d.
The Central Jewish Relief Fund ... ..	8	0	0
Cancer Relief ... ..	12	0	0
Cheshire Homes ... ..	8	0	0
Starving Children in Biafra ... ..	12	0	0
National Lifeboat Institution ... ..	8	0	0
Oxfam ... ..	8	0	0
Polio Research ... ..	8	0	0
Christian Aid ... ..	8	0	0
N.S.P.C.C. ... ..	12	0	0
Deaf, Dumb and Blind ... ..	12	0	0
Pestalozzi Children's Fund ... ..	8	0	0
Lepra ... ..	16	0	0
Pembroke District Old People—six old people to receive £2 each ... ..	12	0	0

Of particular interest is the donation to "Lepra," as it is the amount of money needed for a year to provide a leper child with the treatment for her disease. The ten-year-old girl that we have adopted for the year is called Mwajuma, daughter of Makambala, and living in Dodoma, Tanzania.

In addition, there have been special efforts made relating to particular organisations. The Dr. Barnardo Collections amounted to £46 13s. 6d. and the United Nations Association collection undertaken by members of Form VI in the Pembroke area resulted in £23 0s. 0d. Christmas cards sold by the Junior Scripture Union in aid of the Save the Children Fund, which works amongst destitute children the world over, raised £21 11s. 4d., and UNICEF Christmas cards were sold to the sum of £46 10s. 0d. The British Sailors' Society collection brought in £13 14s. 11d. Finally, at an end of term film show, £12 9s. 4d. was collected to send to the Schools' Branch of the U.N.A. in Wales, who have a project to provide a mobile film unit for use in Kenya.

In all, therefore, £295 19s. 1d. was sent out at the end of the Christmas term from Pembroke Grammar School, a satisfying thought for most of us.

### VIth FORM SCRIPTURE COURSE AT LANGTON

On Friday, October 11th, 1968, eight of us from Form VI set off for the Advanced Level Scripture Course at Langton Hall, the Christian Youth Centre near Fishguard. We were in for an intensive weekend of lectures and discussions in the company of about sixty Pembroke Sixth-formers.

The theme of the lectures, based on the A-level New Testament syllabus, was "Paul—the man, his preparation, environment and theology," and the subject was dealt with very fully and clearly by Mr. Brynmor Price Jones, lecturer at Caerleon College of Education.

The first lecture was given on Friday evening, immediately after dinner, and succeeded in stretching our minds more than they had been stretched for some time! Saturday was a very full day, including the morning lecture followed by a heated discussion, the early evening lecture before supper and a Fact and Faith film called "Dust or Destiny." The afternoon was free so almost the entire conference decided to go into Fishguard, arriving back by 5.30 p.m. The conference ended on Sunday morning when we had our final lecture and a discussion on the theme of the conference. Following this there was a short service and after a good lunch we said our goodbyes and rushed to catch the ferry home.

This was the first conference of its kind to be held in the county and was a worthwhile venture that could profitably be repeated. We valued the opportunity of meeting other VIth formers doing similar courses and of discussing topics relating to our VIth form work and modern problems.

SUSAN RICHARDS, UPPER VI ARTS

### ACCOUNT OF THE "UP-TO-DATE" QUIZ HELD ON WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 13th, 1968

This quiz was a rather unique occasion for all of us connected with it. It is not likely that we will have the opportunity of representing the school in such a quiz as this again and so we were determined to make the best of our opportunity of fame. Naturally we (the team) were very nervous beforehand and found waiting at the TV studios for the recording of the quiz, the worst part of the day.

Soon after we had arrived at the studios, we were given lunch in the staff canteen, and it was then that we first caught sight of the 'enemy'—Frome Grammar School's team. So it was that, between mouthfuls of food, both sides cast suspicious glances across the room at each other. For our part, we proved that appearances are deceptive, for we decided that the most dangerous-looking person in the Frome team was in fact their reserve. Also, we thought the reserve to be the girl who later played a large part in her team's success.

After our lunch, the two teams were escorted to a room, with a notice on the door to inform us that it was the Conference Room. Here, there was a little tentative conversation between the two teams, with one of the production team of the programme acting as mediator. We had a rather long wait before we were led to the studio for a rehearsal of the quiz.

This rehearsal was intended to be as near to the actual quiz as possible and no doubt it did much to help calm our nerves. The major difference between the rehearsal and the actual contest, was that the questions in the rehearsal were considered too difficult for the second quiz. This point was soon proved, as neither side answered any of the first four questions asked. However, we soon 'got into the swing of things' and defeated Frome by 79 points to 58.

This was a great boost for our confidence and we left the studio with high hopes of victory. We were then sent to the make-up room and I was very relieved to find that the only make-up we needed was a covering of powder on our faces! We then returned to the Conference Room and were rejoined by Endaf Emlyn, to await the big moment of the recording. This came at 3.30 p.m., when we walked rather solemnly back to the studio, and prepared ourselves for action.

There were several television sets in the studio and it was not long before we saw the opening caption of the programme on the sets and heard the signature tune being played. Then we saw ourselves and knew that the same picture would be seen by many more people that evening. Soon, we were introduced individually by Endaf Emlyn and then came the first question. After that I can remember very little of what happened, except thinking that we were not going to win *this* quiz by 21 points. By that time, I think we had overcome most of our nervousness and so I do not think that nerves played a very great part in the final outcome. In one sense, however, I think we rather defeated ourselves, by just not being quick enough. On several occasions, especially in the first part of the quiz, we did not 'dive in' with an answer as soon as we recognised the question. Instead, we hesitated to be certain there was no trick in the question and so, by our hesitancy, we lost points at the beginning that would have been invaluable at the end, when Frome came through so strongly. Consequently, we lost the contest by 49 points to 39 and were naturally very disappointed.

Despite our defeat, I think we enjoyed our debut appearance on television and at least have the satisfaction of knowing that on an aggregate score of the two contests, we defeated Frome 118—107.

P.S. There is, of course, no significance in the fact that three of our team of four were born in England and that it was the English team that won the quiz!

SELWYN SKONE, LOWER VI SCIENCE

#### THE TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS OF A TALENT SHOW

Each year the Young Farmers' Clubs of the United Kingdom hold an inter-club talent competition, first within the boundaries of their own counties, then at national level, followed finally by a Grand

Final of the leading clubs from the two previous eliminating rounds.

Sunday, 24th November, 1968, began as most Sundays usually do, quiet, a late breakfast, and a relieving sigh. For the members of the Pembroke Grammar School Young Farmers' Talent Show (quite a mouthful that one) however, this was far from being the case. We had won, defeating nine other Pembrokeshire clubs in the County Final. After three weeks of organising, casting, rehearsing, exhilaration, despair, our ambition had been achieved—we had won. The feeling of excitement and the glow of satisfaction of 'a job well done' seemed to flow through all our veins.

It all began on a Wednesday, after a meeting of the club and the committee, held in the School Hall. The first decision, which later events proved to be a wise one, elected Mr. Ladd as producer/director, who in turn was ably supported by Mrs. Tapley and Mrs. Robinson. We had a production team, many ideas, but as yet no definite plan of action. This proved one of the most irritating factors of the whole affair. However, after many suggestions, examination of and debate over them, the basic idea emerged.

The show was to be based on the Olympic Games, with, however, a Welsh flavour. How could this be best achieved? It was finally decided that the Investiture of Prince Charles as Prince of Wales would be used as the foundation of the show with a four-nation Welsh Games organised to celebrate this auspicious occasion. The idea was born. All that was needed now was to organise its baptismal. The cast was found, about forty in all, rehearsals began, and went on, on and \*?\* on.

The songs were written, the music to go with them unearthed, the chorus organised, the dance teams drilled, the various side acts organised and the result—utter chaos. There seemed to be a conflict between the written material and the unpredictable human element. However, with patience, calm and collected thought, persuasion, and a sprinkling of intimidation, something had to emerge. As time passed (much too quickly) the show began to take shape, but still lacked its final polish. Rehearsal followed rehearsal, trial followed tribulation, and before we knew it, it was 'Der Tag'; the day of our public trial had come. We were as confident as anyone could be, but a nervous apprehension was still in the air. However it was now too late for second thoughts; the show was not perfect, but we were going out there to give the audience a good show.

Twenty-five minutes it lasted, twenty-five minutes which, after so many hours of toil and sweat, seemed such an anti-climax.

Well, by jove, Pembroke Grammar School Young Farmers, we did it! We won—incidentally for the third year running—a remarkable achievement.

Finally, sincere thanks to Mr. Ladd, Mrs. Tapley, Mrs. Robinson, Mr. Davies and to all those who helped behind the scenes and to the members of the cast, without whose efforts the show and the success which followed would never have been possible.

ROWLAND JEFFREYS, LOWER VI ARTS



## "SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER"

BY OLIVER GOLDSMITH

It is a nerve-racking but salutary experience to play to one's contemporaries and, having run the gauntlet of a dress rehearsal before the whole school on the Tuesday afternoon, the cast of "She Stoops to Conquer" was admirably prepared for the public performances on Thursday and Friday evenings, December 12th and 13th.

It was a tribute both to Goldsmith and to Mr. V. R. T. Hughes, the producer, that a member of Friday's audience was heard to say, "It's not surprising that this play has stood the test of time." From the moment that the curtain swept back to reveal the interior of Mr. Hardcastle's house, one was involved, alternately sympathising or feeling impatient with the characters as their very human qualities and foibles were portrayed to us. The plot, centred around the subversive activities of Tony Lumpkin, who wants to get a little of his own back on his step-father, Mr. Hardcastle, and on anyone else who fails to appreciate him as a "pretty, well-bred, agreeable youth," is complicated but not confusing. Tony persuades Marlow, Kate Hardcastle's prospective lover, and his friend, Hastings, that Hardcastle's house is an inn, causing Marlow great subsequent embarrassment and Mr. Hardcastle much annoyance and distress because of his boorish behaviour. Such pleasure as Tony receives from his plot is tempered by his unpopularity when his various schemes, including one to help his cousin elope with Hastings, are revealed or come unstuck. Finally, good nature triumphs and all are happy, except the slightly disgruntled Mrs. Hardcastle.

The bluff joviality of the country-loving Squire Hardcastle was very well conveyed by Michael Davis who succeeded in bringing a deeper tone to his normally rather light voice. His face was a joy to behold at times as it registered his feelings so clearly, particularly when shocked or angry. Ann Batchelor made a convincing début as Mrs. Hardcastle, her first major part, berating her husband and her son like a fishwife at times, being suitably coy and affected with Hastings, and giving us most enjoyment in the horsepond scene when frightened out of her wits, she pleads for mercy from her own husband, thinking him to be a highwayman out for Tony's blood.

Alan Searle was immersed in the character of Tony Lumpkin from start to finish as he galumphed his uproarious way through the play. Although we *did* see an "awkward booby", only too evidently "spoiled at his mother's apron-string", he also aroused our sympathy as he strove for his independence, revealing in the process that he had a shrewdness and good-humoured resilience that one had to admire. Elaine Hughes was a charming and vivacious Kate Hardcastle, using facial expression and a flexible voice to good effect. She gave a delightful performance, both as an elegant lady of fashion and a simply-dressed maid, fully enjoying her share in the confusing of Marlow. Peter Evans, new to a major rôle, presented a dignified Marlow, of graceful movement, who made an excellent foil for the pert Kate. Angela Stevens, as Constance Neville, argued convincingly with Tony, talked sweetly with Hastings, and left us with the impres-

sion of determination and intelligence. David Cooper played the part of Hastings with assurance, making good use of a clear and expressive voice and of his opportunities for humour. David Lovell, looking very much the part of the elderly elegant Sir Charles Marlow, made an interesting and effective contrast to the more ebullient Hardcastle.

Amongst the minor characters, Richard Allen made a very amusing and loquacious Diggory, setting a parade-ground example for his fellow servants, played by David Pendleton and Charles Watson. The two latter shared the duties of scene announcing with Ann Bowen, a demure but perky Pimple, the maid. Anthony Hodge, Richard Aston, Ian Cooper and Dick Davies (who doubled as Jeremy) were suitably rowdy fellows at "The Three Pigeons," while Christopher Gandy made a quiet entrance as another servant.

Without the fascinating scenery designed by Mr. K. Cooper much of the excellence would have been lost. The intriguing and quickly-achieved alteration of Mr. Hardcastle's house to an inn was most ingenious and the scene-shifters did their work expeditiously (although the fireplace suggested at one point that slight subsidence was taking place underground!). The garden scene was particularly good with its crescent moon and stars, by kind courtesy of the lighting experts up aloft. Helping Mr. Cooper to paint the scenery were R. Allen, L. Evans, K. Mabe, C. Pryke, C. Roch, R. Brawn, A. Evans, P. Pryse, P. Vincent and P. Weatherall.

As usual, the back-stage hands were indispensable. Mr. D. E. Lloyd and Paul Weatherall were stage managers, and stage hands were G. Grantham, C. Hurt, S. James, M. Jones, M. Pepper, D. Stacey and K. Turner. Lighting was effectively done by Mr. R. Sabido, T. Hordley and G. Lewis; wardrobe was in the charge of Miss J. Jones, Margaret John and L. Smith, the costumes having been provided by Charles Fox, Ltd.; properties were organised by J. Phillips and Ann Stephens; the prompter was P. Howells; make-up was beautifully done by Miss J. Jones, Mrs. Hughes, P. Hayes, V. Lain, E. John and F. Stewart. The violin and flute (recorder!) music was played by J. Bendle, K. Stevens and S. Rogers, and the organist was Mrs. G. K. Davies. Mr. K. J. Bowskill was business manager.

## SETTING OUT ON HOLIDAY

"I've seen a company of two thousand men pack and march out of camp in single file, have their passes checked, walk half-a-mile to the station, board the train and disappear over the horizon in half the time it takes this unorganised shower to pack a suitcase . . . !!"

In case by now you are wondering what that little quotation has in common with our setting off on holiday, I must enlighten you. This is the opening line of Act One of the greatest farce of the twentieth century—it is entitled:

"Don't Force It — Get a Bigger Hammer!" and is usually delivered (like the mail) by that epitome of fatherly patience and tolerance himself, who thinks that he is still in the Air Force!

Actually, I have a sneaking suspicion that I am the main offender

here. After deciding what I am taking with me, I find that this alone is enough to fill the suitcase, so a slight difference of opinion arises.

"You won't need this!"

"I'm sure you can do without this!" (Feeble protest).

"And how often have you worn this, may I enquire?"

"Oh, once or twice . . ."

"Right! We're not bringing that—and if you imagine for one minute that I am going to attempt to pack those relics from the German goose-step, you've got another think coming!!"

When my carefully selected necessities have been quartered, I am generally left with sufficient to look the best-dressed orphan at the workhouse party.

Then begins the cramming of clothes into suitcase—ours being not the most spacious of receptacles to begin with . . .

"A little organisation is all you need—after all, you can't expect to pack an elephant into an overnight bag unless you fold it properly!"

And this is where the sparks really begin to fly! I distinctly remember the first—that is to say—the last, time that I decided to do everyone a good turn by packing the suitcase as a surprise. Well, it would have been really excellent—everything well-folded, uncreased, tightly-fitting and well positioned . . .

. . . I wasn't to know that I had packed them all into the suitcase whose lock didn't work, was I?

After being painlessly put out of my misery, the Right Honourable Organisation Esquire took over. (Please repeat paragraph one here).

After an hour or more of miraculous folding, pressing, smoothing and surreptitious bashing, the great feat was finally accomplished—suitcase filled to bursting point, lid crammed down and firmly shut. And then . . . (no, this isn't the painfully old story of finding one shoe under the bed or shutting the 'case and losing the key—this is even better) . . . and then . . . the lid somehow slipped out of its hinges and everything cascaded out through the back of the suitcase on to the floor, in a creased, untidy pile!

"Oh dear," said father, and mended the case, and repacked it, at the same time jamming his thumb very neatly in the spring lock.

"Oh dear, dear me!" said father and stormed out of the house to bring the car round to the front door. All sorts of fascinating possibilities crowded themselves into my head—but none so hilarious as what actually happened. Running down the path, mother slipped on the step, broke her high heel, dropped the suitcase into the flower bed and ended up sprawling on the pavement. It was raining! Perhaps the full significance of the broken high heel has not yet dawned on you. Every other pair of shoes she possessed were . . . at the bottom of the suitcase. Mother unpacked it. I repacked it. Father sat watching, smiling sweetly, shouting encouragement up the garden path . . .

"Now, now, dear, we'll miss the jolly old boat if you don't hurry up!"

(Or something like that).

We missed the boat at Dover and had to put up overnight in a last-minute hotel called the "Friendly Visitors" (I suspect they were in my mattress!).

Next morning we got up at seven—we were all seasick on the boat, and it was the worst weather for the crossing of the whole season. "Happy memories!"

I sincerely hope no one else is ever blighted with such a list of misfortunes on their first—or should I say, on their last holiday together.

(P.S.—When we arrived in Spain someone—who-shall-be-anonymous—had confused the hotel bookings; we ended up three to a bed, with no bath [so sorry, señorita] and I caught measles).

SUSAN CATLING, UPPER IVA

### A PACIFIC ISLAND

*Golden shores surrounding,  
A sea of silver blue,  
Palm trees twined together,  
With the sunlight shining through.  
Mountains in the distance,  
Silhouette a cloudless sky,  
And echoing o'er the ocean  
Comes a joyful seabird's cry.*

*The grass huts in the valley,  
Are standing all alone,  
And from the sandy beaches  
Comes the sea waves' crashing tone.  
Volcanoes tall and stately,  
Along the coastline run,  
Displaying all the splendour,  
Of the island in the sun.*

HEATHER GORDON, IVB

### RAIN

*Slowly, softly, splashing and splashing,  
Descending from that black, swollen sky,  
Rain . . . sounds its watery drum,  
On the bleak, forgotten, forlorn cobbles,  
Intensifying, penetrating.  
No birds; no life!  
Everything is still,  
Except this torrent of clear, liquid marbles.*

JANET CHURCHER, IIIA

## DEATH

8.50 p.m.—time for the news:  
 A daily 14,000 dead.  
 Unmerciful; not shot in the head,  
 But pain in belly,  
 And eyes contorted, twisted, bolted,  
 Last searing pain halted,  
 The crumpled corpse rotted.

Dear! How tiring! Press that knob!  
 Cut, sever that link with Hell.  
 Goodwill to man; ring on, the bell:  
 It's Christmas and time for our party.  
 Bring in more turkey, be sociable, hearty,  
 Goodwill to man?—Buy us more drink!  
 Goodwill to man?—Sever that link!

I write; I speak; I spit  
 And laugh—and I'm alive!  
 While some, dying, writhe,  
 Contorted, frigid and cracked.  
 Their death is reality.  
 The world is to me  
 History, geography, land and sea.  
 Is this my reality?

To think Christ died for our mad lot:  
 To rise, although condemned to rot,  
 For man, by man. Help us,  
 We beseech you, Lord;  
 For you are all, while we are naught.

GWYN CAMPBELL, LOWER VI ARTS

## LIFE

Life is something;  
 What, I don't know.  
 It's full of joys, full of sorrow,  
 Full of hopes and dreams of tomorrow,  
 Full of failures, full of fears,  
 Full of unforgotten years.  
 Life is everlasting, Jesus saith.  
 If this is life, then what is death?

LINDA JOHN, IVA

## THE JUNK YARD

India tyres and old tin cans,  
 Pieces of cars and pieces of prams,  
 All mixed up, an infested heap;  
 I would never go there to take a peep.

Tramps find there, to keep as treasure,  
 Little things which give much pleasure.  
 Rats and insects have some fun,  
 Playing "catch me" in that slum.

Pieces of furniture, old and torn,  
 A model farm with a field of corn,  
 Old tin soldiers with rusty coats,  
 An open playground for weasels and stoats.

In the corner a pile of wheels,  
 Cardboard boxes and cotton reels.  
 Doors and windows, big and small,  
 Lots of chalkings on the wall.

KATHRYN GRIFFITHS, IIA

## BONFIRE NIGHT

Bang! Bang! It's bonfire night.  
 Burning Bush showing its beauty.  
 Rockets whizzing through the air.  
 Bangers banging, aeroplanes flying,  
 The bonfire's wood crackling and burning.  
 Children holding sparklers.  
 Catherine Wheels throwing out their stars.  
 Soon it's all over.  
 Time to go home.  
 Oh, what a lovely night it has been.

JENNIFER NUNNERY, IIA

## TALK

Imagine the silent world of the dumb,  
 Imagine talking with finger and thumb.  
 Radios and telephones? There would be none.  
 No friendly chat to the lonely one.  
 No gossiping over the garden fence,  
 No lengthy arguments in self-defence;  
 You see, to talk, or shout, or screech,  
 You have to have the power of speech.

HILARY THOMAS, UPPER VI ARTS

## THE SLIGHTLY MAD SCIENTIST

An expression of fiendish delight crept over the wizened features of the old man. He gave a sinister chuckle as he realised he was nearing the completion of his life work.

"Just a few more minutes," he gloated, "and then, then it will be all mine!"

Pulling himself together he painfully hobbled to the other end of the bench where he would soon complete the task that had cost him so much—in money, in time, in injuries. As he passed the rows of test tubes, beakers, retorts and flasks, his face showed what he had suffered in order to do what he had.

He stepped in front of the specially adapted bunsen burner to adjust the flame slightly. Then he opened a tap on a glass tube leading from a condenser and nervously waited.

A clear liquid dripped slowly from the tube and the scientist rubbed his hands together in anticipation. At last, when the flow had completely stopped, he stood up, turned off the tap, and almost reverently removed the beaker, half-full of the precious liquid that was the result of his labours. Then he proceeded to test it for acidity and to examine the spectograph which he compared with two other similar ones.

Finally, when he was satisfied, he held the remainder high up to the light, sniffed it, gloated over it for a moment, raised it to his mouth and, in one gulp, he drank the first Welsh whisky.

DAVID WILLIAMS, IVA

## THE OLYMPICS

*Gold medals, Silver medals, Bronze medals, too,  
These are the trophies for those who win through.  
So many contestants groan in self-pity,  
When they fail to qualify in Mexico City.*

*The altitude's high, the contestants tired,  
But they do their best when the gun is fired.  
A great burst of speed, 'tis more than a token;  
Many a world record out there has been broken.*

*All hail to the Olympics! Long may they reign!  
May countries compete without thought of gain.  
Come now, you fellows, let's write a ditty,  
For the World Olympics at Mexico City.*

STUART PHILLIPS, IIIA

## AN OLD FRIEND

*Old, old is that dear friend,  
Even from the beginning of time,  
It has rolled resolutely onwards,  
Whispering its haunting chime.  
White walls of water roar  
Over an unknown wilderness,  
And into the storm opens heaven,  
Beauty portrayed in peacefulness.*

CAROLYN WATERS, IIIA

## THE POINT OF NO RETURN

Probably electrified, I mused gaily, as I glanced at the wire fencing out of the window of Workhouse 32, top security wing, Bushwood Scrubs. However, I was not left long to my meditations, as the entrance of a grim-looking Prefect Warden cut short the sullen growl of desultory conversation. After pitying glances at us, he spoke quietly to the Duty Warden and turned to face us. With agonizing slowness he commenced to read out names from small white cards. Every one of us knew what was in the offing and waited with bated breath for our names, which came in due course.

Even the most hard-baked thugs, like Willington 032/44 and Williams 77/99, paled a trifle as the full implication of this sank in. When we were escorted out into the cold, misty morning, towards the "no return" block, we looked resignedly at the grey stone walls, wet with dawn dew.

Making feeble jokes, we filed through a huge wooden doorway and, splitting into ones and twos, along dim panelled corridors. My footsteps sounded like the knell of doom, and as a white door appeared in front of me, I had an overwhelming desire to bolt. However, the door opened and I found myself dragged into a small room and pushed down into a chair by a pair of brawny hands. As I was confronted by what looked to be a fiendishly-grinning female surgeon my heart sank. In her hand was a gleaming dagger-like needle, poised to strike. Fascinated, I watched it enter my bare arm, thoughts of death by cyanide or arsenic poisoning floating through my mind. To my intense surprise, no excruciating pain followed and in a mild daze I was ushered out.

Outside I sighed with relief. Well, back to the workhouse! At least I'd had the school T.B. jab and survived.

COLIN JUDGE, IVA

## PROTEST, 1968

*London School of Economics,  
Sunday morning in October,  
Grey and misty Sunday morning,  
Wait the students, banners ready  
For the mammoth demonstration.  
March in protest against Vietnam,  
Against H-bombs, against colour,  
Marching against Communism,  
Marching for the sake of marching.  
Down with organized society,  
All the discipline entailed there  
In conforming with the masses,  
All the apathetic millions.  
Blindly blinkered nine-to-fivers  
Pass by on the other side.*

JAYNE BALDWIN, IVA

## DREAMS

*Sometimes I go to bed at night,  
And dream about the moon so bright,  
I dream about the spaceships flying  
Above the stars, and whilst I'm lying  
I sometimes wonder how outer space looks.  
Perhaps it's like it is in books.  
Maybe the moon's surface is very rough  
With bumps and dips, and not enough  
Warmth and flowers and insects and things,  
And I wonder if the nightingale sings.  
The man in my dreams is an alien being,  
A man from whom I'm ever fleeing,  
Then I awake and find it's morning,  
The sun is rising, another day's dawning.*

YVONNE STREET, II ALPHA

## ADVENTURE AT THE FAIR

I wandered aimlessly down the street, eyeing the candy floss stall meditatively. People were all around me talking and laughing, obviously thoroughly enjoying the fair. I passed the dodgems, which were being driven by apparently very reckless drivers. I continued down the road, wondering what I had not been on, and after looking in my purse I realised that I had only a shilling left.

Behind the waltzer was the Haunted Castle, and in front of this I hesitated. It looked very eerie, the front of it resembling a castle with the heads of two ghosts looking out of the windows that were painted on the wood. Deciding abruptly, I ran to the lady who was taking the money and gave her ninepence.

It was pitch dark inside, except for one tiny blue light which gave

little or no illumination, and I ascended the five steps to a little platform with a feeling of excitement. Leading off this was a narrow passage, so I began to walk along it. I realised that the floor sloped up and down. Sometimes there was a step and I found myself stumbling quite frequently. A piece of material hung from the roof and dangled in my face. I pushed it away with a shudder. I reached a corner and was about to feel my way around it when a step made me trip and hit the side with a loud thump. To my utmost horror I felt it give and I sprawled headlong through into complete darkness.

I scrambled to my feet and swung round, expecting to see a hole where I had gone through, but there was no such hole. I knew then that I must have hit some sort of swing door. I began feeling my way around me, my eyes being unused to the darkness, only to stumble over something again and to land heavily on the floor. This only made me more frightened. Although I knew it could not be true, vague pictures of spectres tripping me up began to form in my mind.

I got up slowly and tried to see where I was. Dim shapes were around the room and I tried desperately to steady myself and stop my heart beating so loudly, as I was sure any ghost would be able to hear it. The shapes did not move, to my great relief, and at last I ventured a little way further into the room, as I made it out to be. My eyes were fairly accustomed to the dimness by now and I moved around with a little more confidence. Suddenly my outstretched hands touched something soft and it fell over my head. I shook it off with a piercing shriek and dropped on to the floor, where I felt comparatively safe. Peering anxiously into the gloom, I crawled along the floor, feeling in front of me with my hands. Again I touched an object and I swallowed hard as I realised it was one of the "shapes".

I quickly moved away and regained my feet, but as soon as I had walked a few steps I put my foot on something which toppled over, causing me to overbalance and land heavily on the floor. I heard, in a detached sort of way, people talking and laughing, and music playing. I had forgotten I was at the fair. The only thing that mattered was that it was a nightmare and that this was the last straw. Cupping my hands round my mouth, I screamed as loudly as I could and lay still, gasping.

Suddenly a torch beam cut through the gloom and a voice demanded, "Who's there?" I leapt up and ran to where the torch was. A man was holding it. He was one of the fair people and behind him stood a lady. As I looked at her I vaguely recognized her, but was in too much of a hurry to get out of the place to care. The man led me out into the street and smiled. "When I heard you scream I knew you were in there. Marie," and he nodded towards the lady, "who takes the money at the entrance, said she didn't remember you coming out. You must have fallen through the swing-door into the store shed where boxes and other things are put out of the way. Sorry if you were scared!"

I thanked him and began walking home slowly. It had been quite an adventure, though I doubted whether I would ever go into the Haunted Castle again.

REBECCA JUDGE, IIA

## THE SNOW

*I awoke to see the world so white,  
The world was white as a fairy's gown.  
I touched it and it melted down,  
The snowflakes were floating as in a dance.  
I felt, I knew, I was in a trance.  
I saw the branches covered in snow.  
Above the flakes were twisting down,  
Soon they covered all the town.  
The birds were pecking at the ground,  
And all around there was no sound.*

DAVID O'CONNOR, IIIA

## PIGEON RACING

Millions have already taken up this sport. If ever you go to a pigeon-loving part of London, Birmingham or Dublin—or even Fishguard—you will notice that every house has a loft behind it. The racing spirit is there and the pigeons are all ready to go.

You can start off with this highly exciting sport in a number of ways. You must have a shed or loft, dry and amply ventilated, as well as perches and nest boxes. A deep litter of sand will help to keep the loft clean and a good portion of lime should be mixed in a four-inch depth of sand to kill off any undesirable bugs. You may stock your loft either by purchasing your birds or by scrounging a few pairs from a local fancier. Good pedigree pigeons must be bought from a dealer or at a sale for about £8 a pair. This will put you on the road all right. If you scrounge some strappers (strays) from local fanciers, you don't know what you are getting, so I do not advocate this practice.

Pigeons need at least two feeds, perhaps three, a day, and it is best to feed them little and often, placing the grain from your hand into an open trough. This will make them recognise you as their master and ensure that there is not much fuss and bother when you are basketing the birds for a race. Beans, peas and maples are best, being high in protein and energy-giving, but low in fattening substances. Always remember that, when in the basket or at liberation point, these intelligent little creatures are under tremendous mental strain and, when released, both mental and physical strain is greater than that in any other animal. So their food must be of the best quality. I would advise anybody to buy pigeon food in bulk—it is so much cheaper.

There must always be a supply of clean, fresh water available to the birds, changed at least daily. In some lofts there is a nearby stream which the fancier has tapped and so the pigeons have running water all the time.

When you reach the stage where you are able to race your birds you will have to join the local club. The affiliated club secretary for

the Pembroke Dock area is S. Reed, 13, King Street, Pembroke Dock, and for Pembroke, D. W. Williams, 6, The Grove, Pembroke.

To race pigeons you must have rings on their legs for identification purposes. If a pigeon is lost it can then be traced to the Homing Union in question, and ownership may easily be settled by looking at the ring numbers. To take part in a race you have to buy or rent a clock. Even a cheap one, new, costs about £35, but you could rent one for £3 a year. Its purpose is to "clock in" a bird on arrival. When pigeons come back from a race the small "rubbers" on their legs have to be taken off and put into a small box, which is dropped into the top of the clock. When you pull a lever a cardboard disc is marked with the time of arrival, even to the exact second, so that the winner can be pinpointed. Each night after the day of liberation, until the race is officially closed, all locks have to be taken to a fixed place (usually a pub) to be checked.

This is rather an expensive hobby for a young person still in school, but it is much cheaper than keeping and maintaining a pony.

OWEN JAMES, IV TECHNICAL

## COLOURED PIGMENTATION OF THE SKIN IS NO

## JUSTIFICATION FOR A COLOUR BAR

Immigration is like a wet day! We don't really want it to rain, but know it's good for the gardens, and anyway we can't stop it, so might as well make the best of things. And once we've got it, we must be fair. The newcomers must be treated decently—without segregation and without a colour bar.

Most of us consider that those immigrants who settle here should come to resemble us, adopt *our* ways and become responsible citizens. And yet, when they have lived up to our standards, it is concluded that they are generally being *un-British*! How far do we, and they, really want this to go? All the way? Or should there be, and could there be, a halfway house in which any community that so wished could keep its own customs while sharing our lives—a sort of semi-detached, halfway, house?

Perhaps this could be the first of many steps towards acceptable social integration. And certainly, integration is the key-word of the whole problem. We must combine dark-skinned West Indians and Africans and Asians, not to mention the paler, but no less alien, Poles, Italians, Cypriots, etc., into one entire nation: an all-out effort to unite and blend the various communities. Moral, educational and social standards are the result of training and environment and are not found in a person at birth—so these standards can be altered by changes in circumstances. If, therefore, white standards are considered so much better than the coloured standards, the sensible measure would seem to be to assist the coloured races by offering a beneficial contact with the white, and not by enforcing barriers and segregation.

But we can't, to begin with, go on pretending that a small island

which already holds over fifty-two million people, and is bursting at the seams, can take in anyone who wants to come, in unlimited numbers, from various parts of a Commonwealth in which some 750 million people live and multiply. But those immigrants already settled in this country should be assisted and treated as equals whatever colour skin—for surely human worth is deeper than mere pigmentation of the skin.

Can more be done? Indeed, the trouble goes deep. What is needed is a common cause to unite across dividing lines of community and race. After all, immigrants have created few *new* problems. They have merely emphasised those which already perplex our society. In this case, it is a lack of national purpose, of self-confidence, of belief. But these difficulties can be overcome—by beneficial contact with the white. It is better to try to overcome prejudice through education and understanding than to let it grow. It is certainly better to secure the friendship and co-operation of the coloured races while we can, by giving them justice and equality, than to wait until it is too late, and bitterness makes any such efforts impossible.

Perhaps we should first sharpen our curiosity. Here are all these people from exotic backgrounds of all corners of the world, full of strange traditions and peculiar ways. Most of us take no interest in them at all. We are idle; language can be a barrier; on top of that we are shy. But, fundamentally, lazy. Our idealists, progressives and reformers, the activists of our society, who march and squat in Trafalgar Square and sign petitions and letters to "The Times"—these individuals leave us in no doubt of the wickedness of apartheid in South Africa and of segregation in America. They condemn with equal spirit, in their native land, any sign of colour prejudice wherever it may rear its head. Fair enough. But I sometimes wonder how many of the parades, demonstrators and petitioners have ever asked a Pakistani factory hand, a Polish toolmaker, an Indian shopkeeper, a Nigerian nurse, or a Jamaican bus conductor home to tea.

In conclusion, I strongly believe that each of us should treat these members of the British Commonwealth with equal respect, in a true Christian spirit, loving thy neighbour as thyself.

ANGELA STEVENS, LOWER VI ARTS

### A MEMORABLE HOLIDAY

Last year I had a lovely holiday in Romsey, Hampshire, at an instructional riding course which lasted a week. My friend, Susan, and I will never forget it. We stayed at a beautiful thatched house called "Buttons," on the edge of the New Forest, and there were nine girls on the course.

Susan and I shared a room with a German girl named Chris, who was very funny as she could not speak much English. Our room had a roof sloping nearly right down to the floor and ever such bouncy beds. Our first meal was very amusing as everyone was very shy and put on their best manners. However, we soon got to know each other and Susan and I made a special friend out of a girl called Denise.

We arrived at "Buttons" on a Saturday, and on the Sunday got down to work. After getting to know the ponies we split into two groups, one to go for a ride on the roads and the other to do lunging in the paddock.

Susan and I went with the road ride in the morning and lunging in the afternoon. For the ride I had a cheeky pony called Andson, and for lunging and exercises in the afternoon there was a big mare called Sasha. We bumped about patiently for what seemed ages without stirrups, touching toes and trying to get the correct seat. We were shown how to do the "scissors"—you sit facing the horse's ears, place your hands on his neck, lift yourself up and cross legs in mid-air so that you finish up facing the horse's tail. This is done extremely quickly and for no apparent reason. The next day I was so stiff I could hardly move!

Our hostesses were Marion and Carol, who were 21 and 18 respectively. There was a tiny kitten called Sambo, very playful, a big Persian cat named William, a rather smelly dog called Doogie, and another dog called Lydia. The Erskines, the people who ran the place, also boarded dogs and horses, and to add to the zoo there were three poodles called Here-we-come, There-we-go, and How's-that? and a tiny black pony called Peggy.

On Monday it was too hot to ride so four of us went to Southampton swimming pool with Carol, in her ancient car which she called Gertie. It started with a terrific bump, shooting us forward, and smoke would pour from under the passenger seat in front. However, we got there and back in one piece. On Tuesday we met the blacksmith, Monty, who came to shoe the horses. He was very comical, but a marvellous blacksmith, very skilled. On Wednesday it was pouring with rain, and we planned to go to the cinema with Mrs. Erskine, but couldn't find seats. So we went to the zoo instead! We went through some woods to get there and Susan and I tried to be clever, walking on a piece of grass which turned out to be a bog!—so we traipsed through the zoo with wet feet. On Thursday we again split into groups, and we went for a ride in the forest while the others brought tea to the picnic spot in the car. On Friday night we had a farewell barbecue and cooked sausages and hamburgers over a camp fire, to eat with crisps and cider. We finally staggered wearily up to bed just after midnight.

I was sorry to leave "Buttons," but looked forward to relating my experiences to my parents. Both Susan and I are returning there this year. Like to come?

ANGELA GUTCH, IIIc

### SCHOOL SOCIETIES

#### CHESS CLUB

At the beginning of the term a new committee was set up consisting of the following members: Stephen Andrews (chairman); Brian Norris (secretary); Dennis Thompson (treasurer); Alan Turner, Derek Head (committee).

Total membership of the club so far is approximately fifty. Meetings have been held on Mondays and Fridays during the dinner break as in previous years. We have had a fairly good regular attendance but have been sorry to notice a definite lack of female members. We would, therefore, wish to make it clear that chess is not necessarily an exclusively boys' game and that school pupils are welcome to join the club at any time of the year.

We should like to thank Mr. Lloyd, our club leader, for giving up so much of his time to help the club. The end of term tournament was won by Mark Bell, G. Davies was second, and joint third were D. Williams and G. O'Neill.

BRIAN NORRIS, UPPER VI SCIENCE

### COIN CLUB

This term has seen the introduction of a new club, the Coin Club, formed by the Headmaster, Mr. Nelson. The meetings are held once a month and coins are brought along for Mr. Nelson to identify and give background history wherever possible. During each meeting a selling and buying session is held for those who wish to obtain or dispose of coins.

In one meeting this term, we were shown various coins from the reign of George III, on loan from the National Museum of Wales, and we look forward to more meetings of this kind.

We should like to thank Mr. Nelson for giving up so much of his time to organise the Coin Club.

DAVID HARRIES, LOWER VI SCIENCE

### SENIOR SCRIPTURE UNION

Chairman: Selwyn Skone. Secretary, Raydene Bateman.  
Vice-chairman, Julie Davids. Treasurer, Pamela Hayes.  
Committee: Vivien Kyte, Sylvia Jones, Robin Campbell,  
Robert John.

To begin on a happy note, the meetings this term have been very successful and quite well attended. There has been an increased attendance, but it is hoped that our numbers in the Easter term will be even greater. We extend a welcome to all senior members of the school to attend our fortnightly meetings.

The first meeting took the form of a talk by Mr. Colin Jones about the change that Christianity brought into his life. He also entertained us with songs to his own guitar accompaniment. The Headmaster, Mr. Nelson, is a welcome member at some of our meetings and gave a very humorous talk on the subject, "Should R.I. be compulsory in schools?" Our best attended meetings have been the film "City of the Bees," which drew a comparison between the life of man and of bees; a debate in which the motion "The Bible is not acceptable to the twentieth century mind" was finally rejected; and an

"Any Questions?" session. The most informative meeting for most of us was the visit from the Rev. Reekie, a missionary from the South Pacific island of Nu-ai. He illustrated his talk with various specimens of island life. The final meeting was a play reading from "Man Born to be King," by D. L. Sayers.

In November we welcomed representatives from the other Inter-School C.F. groups in the county to an evening discussion and planning session, under the direction of Miss Penny Lowndes and Mr. Derek Jones, the I.S.C.F. regional secretaries.

RAYDENE BATEMAN, UPPER VI ARTS

### JUNIOR SCRIPTURE UNION

Chairman, Jacqueline Davies. Vice-chairman, Peter Meiring.  
Secretary, Marion Jenkins. Publicity secretary, Rhiannon  
Harries. Committee, Jane Pope, Catherine Slater, David  
Williams, Peter John.

We have had three guest speakers this term—Mr. Nelson, who spoke about his faith as a Christian; the Rev. Alan Williams, who gave a most intriguing talk about pickles and Christianity; and the Rev. Roy Doxsey, who told us what brought him into full-time service in the Church. We enjoyed all these talks very much because the speakers were not trying to talk down to us.

We have had a most enjoyable term, with an excellently prepared Treasure Hunt, thought out by David Williams; a Twenty Questions quiz, in which most of us took part; an Any Questions? session, to which we invited Pam Hayes, Mr. Ladd and Selwyn Skone; a film strip on the life of Jesus of Nazareth; and a play reading from one of the series in "Man Born to be King." We have also had two discussions—"Why send a man to the moon?" and "Do we spend too much money at Christmas?" and towards the end of term, Mr. C. Jones brought along his guitar to play us some gospel songs which we enjoyed very much.

The committee decided to undertake a project and chose to sell Christmas cards for the Save the Children Fund. We were not sure how many would be sold and found we had to send for extra supplies as the cards were so popular. We should like to thank all those who sold and bought cards to help us send a cheque for £21 11s. 4d. to S.C.F.

Four of the committee represented the J.S.U. at the Pembroke-shire Joint Inter-Schools' Christian Fellowship meeting at our school in November, when we met members from other schools in the county.

In the spring term we intend to appoint second form representatives to the committee. We are always glad to see old and new members at our meetings every Tuesday lunchtime.

MARION JENKINS, IVC



## YOUNG FARMERS' CLUB

At the beginning of the Christmas term the committee for 1968-9 was elected. These were Angela Stevens (chairman), Nigel Hall (vice-chairman), Frank Grantham (treasurer), Judith Phillips (secretary), Karen Stevens (Press secretary), Pamela Hayes, Vivien Lain, Alan Turner, Stephen James, Jacky Jones, John Handley, Glyndwr Evans and Richard Aston.

There has been a debate on Blood Sports and a film show. A club hockey match was played one night after school and more games will be arranged as many have requested this. One evening Dr. William Thomas, ex-Chief Inspector for Schools, gave an interesting talk on "World Food Production" to the club at a meeting held in Bush House common-room and we all learnt a great deal from it.

We won the Talent Show Cup for the third year in succession after a great deal of hard work by Mr. Ladd to bring us up to platform standard and we should like to thank him for all his efforts.

The public speaking competition took place in Haverfordwest on December 13th and 14th, and the club gained first place over-all. In the Under-25 group, Anne Monico, the speaker, gained second place; Stephen Badham, proposer of the vote of thanks, and John Handley, chairman, gained fifth place. In the Under-21 group, Vivien Lain, chairman, was first; Angela Stevens, speaker, was first and also won the cup for the best speaker; while Mary Phillips was first as proposer of the vote of thanks. In the Under-16 competition, Jane Lewis was first and Angela Bowen was first.

The next item on our programme for the year will be the Young Farmers' Drama Competition during the Spring term, when we hope to add to our successes.

JUDITH PHILLIPS, LOWER VI ARTS

## SCHOOL GAMES

## TENNIS—SUMMER TERM, 1968

The last few matches of the Summer term had as their highlight the Dora Lewis Cup match, played on July 8th, when the school was represented by Helen Humber, Elaine Hughes, Ann Stephens, Angela Stevens, Michael Davis, John Power, Alan Hyde and Alan Stephens. All the girls reached the quarter-finals of their section. The boys were even more successful with Alan Hyde and Alan Stephens winning the Boys' Cup, and Michael Davis and John Power reaching the semi-finals.

On the 6th July, the boys played Haverfordwest Grammar School at home, winning by nine games to nil. On July 1st, the girls' team played Haverfordwest Secondary School at home, winning by fourteen games to two.

At the end of term, colours were awarded to Megan Arnold, Margaret Bondzio, Ann Stephens, Michael Davis, Alan Hyde, Alan Stephens and John Power.

The results of the school tennis tournaments were as follows:—  
Senior Girls' Singles—Ann Stephens.

Senior Boys' Singles—Alan Stephens.  
Senior Girls' Doubles—Carolyn Roch and Ann Stephens.  
Senior Boys' Doubles—Michael Davis and Alan Searle.  
Senior Mixed Doubles—Michael Davis and Penny George.  
Junior Girls' Doubles—Margareta Campbell and Teresa Croft.  
Junior Boys' Doubles—Terry Bannon and Gareth Powell.  
Mixed Doubles, Junior—Ann Bowen and Peter Best.

## ATHLETICS

In addition to the Summer term's report of school athletics, it was very encouraging to hear of the success of several of our athletes in more advanced competitions later in the season.

Margaret Davies was the Welsh intermediate champion in the 880 yards race for the second year in succession, as well as representing Wales in the International Athletics match at Connah's Quay, where she came fifth in the 880 yards.

Alyson Rowlands competed in the Welsh Open Championships at Barry and came third in the Junior Girls' 70 yards hurdles. Alyson and Margaret were awarded athletics colours at the end of the season.

Wyn Griffiths also attended the Welsh Open Championships and was third in the Youth section of the 120 yards hurdles.

Margaret, Alyson, Wyn, Robin and Gwyn Campbell were members of the Pembrokeshire team at the National Sports.

## CRICKET, 1968

Captain: Brian Jones. Vice-Captain: Gareth Jones. Secretary: Wyn Griffiths. Committee: Anthony Hodge, John Jenkins.

The team was represented by the following during the term: M. Rowlands, B. Jones, G. Jones, W. Griffiths, A. Hodge, J. Jenkins, R. Jeffreys, D. Reynolds, J. Reynolds, K. Brady, K. Allen, D. Scourfield, N. Phillips, R. Davies, Ritchie Davies, A. Searle. Substitutes were C. Watson, R. Allen, P. Spencer.

Four boys played for the County XI, namely B. Jones, G. Jones, Ritchie Davies and A. Hodge. J. Reynolds was reserve and played for the County Youth XI. Hodge played for Wales on several occasions. Playing brilliantly against Ireland, he enabled Wales to win by devastating the Irish second innings, taking 7 for 21. He was awarded his cap soon after this game.

## Results :

v. Cardigan—abandoned. Rain.  
Bowen Summers v. Coronation—won by 75 runs.  
Bowen Summers v. Haverfordwest G.S.—won by 78 runs.  
v. Stackpole C.C.—lost by 45 runs.  
B. S. Final v. Tenby—drew.  
v. Staff—won by 6 wickets.  
v. Old Boys—won by 4 wickets.  
Bowen Summers  
Final replay v. Tenby—lost by 22 runs.

A. Hodge topped the batting averages. The team put up a creditable performance throughout the season, being ably led by Brian Jones who had a fine all-round season. Unfortunately the Bowen Summers Bowl slipped from our grasp yet again but we look forward to next season's competition when we hope to regain the Bowl.

### HOCKEY—CHRISTMAS TERM 1968

#### FIRST XI

The term's results were very good for out of eight matches we won six and lost two. Total goals scored for the team were 40 and 16 were scored against. The County trials were held on September 21st at Milford Grammar School when the following were picked to play in the final trials: Jacqueline Davies, Sheila Kenniford, Frances Stewart, Penny George, Susan Penfold, Helen Humber and Ann Stephens. Ann Stephens was finally chosen for the County First XI while Penny and Frances now play for the Second XI.

The Austin Cup matches on November 9th took us to the semi-final against Fishguard. However, we unfortunately lost by a penalty corner after 25 minutes of extra time.

The team was drawn from the following: Perryn Butler, Helen Humber (capt.), Jacqueline Davies, Margaret Bondzio (secretary), Penny George, Frances Stewart, Marilyn Cole, Susan Penfold, Ann Stephens, Sheila Kenniford, Margaret Davies (vice-captain), Alyson Rowlands, Hilary Thomas, Pamela Morgan, Linda Manning and Angela Stevens.

#### Results :

Sept.	7 v. Carmarthen G.S. (home)	lost 4—2
	14 v. St. Davids (away)	won 7—1
	19 v. Tenby (home)	lost 5—3
	21 & 28—County Trials, Milford Haven	
Oct.	5 v. Milford G.S. (home)	won 3—1
	12 v. Fishguard (away)	won 5—4
	19 v. Milford Central (away)	won 3—1
Nov.	9 at Fishguard (Austin Cup)—2nd in section, reached semi-final.	
	12 v. Coronation S.M. (home)	won 10—0
	16 v. Haverfordwest S.M. (away)	won 7—0

#### SECOND XI HOCKEY

This term the Second XI has played seven games. They won five, lost one and drew one, scoring 29 goals and having 7 goals scored against them. The team was drawn from the following: Marilyn Scourfield, Pauline Mathias, Helen Longhurst, Elaine Fenwick, Janet Davies, Linda Manning, Ann Bowen, Susan Catling, Linda

Davids, Alyson Rowland, Janice Doran, Jane Pope, Sandra Cole, Margareta Campbell, Petra Sutton, Dawn Cater and Megan John.

#### Results :

Sept.	7 v. Carmarthen (home)	won 6—1
	14 v. St. Davids (away)	won 7—0
	19 v. Tenby (home)	won 3—2
Oct.	5 v. Milford G.S. (home)	drew 1—1
	12 v. Fishguard (away)	lost 1—3
	19 v. Milford Central (away)	won 5—0
Nov.	12 v. Coronation (home)	won 4—0

#### JUNIOR HOCKEY XI

The Junior team has sadly played only three matches this term, all of which they drew, giving them four goals for and five goals against. The team consists of Jane Pope, Helen Longhurst, Frances Kingston, Susan Davies, Sandra Cole, Jennifer Dodson, Mary McNally, Megan John, Linda John, Dawn Cater and Helen Gait. Helen Dickie, Yvonne Williams, Carol James, Margaret Price, Julie Armstrong and Christina Morris have also played.

#### Results :

Oct.	5 v. Milford G.S. (home)	drew 1—1
	12 v. Fishguard (away)	drew 2—2
	16 v. Haverfordwest (away)	drew 2—2

#### RUGBY

##### FIRST XV

As has been their habit for the past couple of years, the First XV again started rather dismally in September, losing to Whitland, on their own ground, by 20 points to 5. But, under the inspiring leadership of their captain, Anthony Hodge, the team has once again raised considerably its standard of play during the term. As a result they finish the first half of the season with a run of seven games without defeat.

The main asset of the side is its combined speed and taking into consideration the lightness of the pack and the pace and agility of the three-quarters, the team is left with no alternative but to play fast, open rugby. This has made them an attractive side to watch.

The following have represented the side during the term: A. Hodge (capt.), J. Power (vice-capt.), A. Searle (sec.), N. Phillips, P. Morgan, R. John, M. John, M. Davis, G. Campbell, R. Jeffreys, R.

Perkins, P. Spencer, R. Davies, S. Skone, C. Barker, C. Rees, L. Smith, D. Scourfield, I. Clode and J. Reynolds.

## Results :

- September: v. Whitland G.S.—lost 5—20  
 v. Tenby S.S.—drew 0—0  
 v. Milford G.S.—won 19—3
- October: v. Carmarthen G.S.—lost 0—5  
 v. Preseli—won 6—0  
 v. Haverfordwest G.S.—won 17—3  
 v. Fishguard S.S.—won 32—0
- November: v. Gwendraeth G.S.—drew 6—6  
 v. Pembroke Dock Quins Youth team—won 28—0
- December: v. St. Davids—won 16—13  
 v. Old Boys—drew 6—6

ALAN SEARLE, UPPER VI SCIENCE

## SECOND RUGBY XV

I am pleased to report that the Second XV have done extremely well and are unbeaten in Pembrokeshire. We all hope that this standard is going to continue until the end of the season. Much of the credit for our success must go to Mr. Harris for training us and to Brian James for being such a good captain. The following people have played for the team so far this season: Brian James (capt.), Robin Davies (vice-capt.), John Handley (sec.), John Asparassa, Graham D. Brown, Philip Pryse, Stephen Badham, David Reynolds, Peter Thomas, Leslie Johnson, Peter Miles Thomas, Gerald Russant, Keith Johnson, Alan Stephens, Paul Penfold, Malcolm Mathias, John Stephens, Philip Brown, Ian Clode and Richard Brawn.

## Results :

- September: v. Whitland G.S. (away)—won 19—3  
 v. Tenby S.S. (home)—won 25—0  
 v. Milford G.S. (away)—won 41—0
- October: v. Carmarthen G.S. (home)—drew 6—6  
 v. Pembroke Youth (home)—won 14—11  
 v. Preseli (home)—won 32—0
- November: v. Gwendraeth G.S. (away)—lost 0—17
- December: v. Coronation S.M. (away)—won 21—0  
 v. St. Davids (away)—won 14—3

JOHN HANDLEY, LOWER VI SCIENCE

## JUNIOR RUGBY XV

So far this season the Junior XV has had quite a reasonable success, suffering no overwhelming defeats and putting up a good show in each match. Three of our boys were chosen to be in the final county trial and one has maintained a regular position in the county side since then, while the other two were chosen as reserves. These boys were Robin Campbell, our captain, Frank Whittaker, our vice-captain and county player, and Ian Kilcoyne. Owing to their absence when the county has called we have been under-strength in some of our matches.

The boys who have represented the school so far this season are: Robin Campbell (capt.), Ian Kilcoyne, Michael Perkins (sec.), Michael White, John Phillips, Terry Bannon, Gareth Powell, Philip Gwyther, Peter Best, John Merriman, Andrew Lingard, John Purser, Niel Rule, Albert McMahan, Michael Sanderson, Darrell Willington, Gareth Willington, Gareth Scourfield, Simon Rogers, James Bugby, and Frank Whittaker (vice-captain).

## Results :

- v. Coronation S.M. (home)—won 9—8  
 v. Tenby S.S. (away)—drew 9—9  
 v. Coronation S.M. (away)—lost 9—17  
 v. Haverfordwest G.S. (away)—won 6—3  
 v. Fishguard S.S. (home)—drew 3—3  
 v. Haverfordwest S.M. (away)—lost 0—3  
 v. Coronation S.M. (away)—won 17—3

MICHAEL PERKINS, UPPER IVA

## UNDER THIRTEEN'S XV

The team has played very satisfactorily this season. All but two of our fixtures have brought us victory. Top scorer was Gareth Willington, our captain. Our highest winning score was 25—0 against Fishguard.

Those who have played in one or more matches this season are as follows: W. Canton, S. Williams, G. Willington (capt.), S. Phillips (sec.), D. O'Connor, S. Smith, P. Burke, R. Phillips, M. O'Connor, A. Warburton, G. Williams, J. Davies, D. Jordan, G. Gough, S. Rule, M. Broxton, P. Burton, K. Hedigan, P. Colley, M. Davies, N. Cooke, M. Lawlor, S. Gwyther and C. Rule.

## Results :

- September 7 v. Coronation S.M.—won 6—0  
 10 v. Tenby S.S.—won 12—5  
 21 v. Coronation S.M.—lost 11—14
- November 9 v. Fishguard S.S.—won 25—0  
 23 v. Coronation S.M.—won 3—0  
 30 v. Haverfordwest G.S.—won 14—6
- December 7 v. Coronation S.M.—drew 3—3

STUART PHILLIPS, IIIA

## BADMINTON CLUB

Due to limited facilities the club is still confined to members of the Sixth Form. After the club was overwhelmed last year with pupils endeavouring to learn the basics of a very fast and skilful game, the committee members of this year decided to limit membership to those pupils who possessed their own racquets, another valid reason being that the club simply could not afford to purchase racquets for general use. The club is only in its second year and its fixture list is, as yet non-existent, though there is every hope that we may have several matches in the following half of the season. The elected officials are Angela Stevens (treasurer) and Alan Searle (secretary), and the regular players in the club are M. Davis, P. Spencer, S. Andrews, D. Reynolds, C. Watson and B. Norris.

ALAN SEARLE, UPPER VI SCIENCE

## PENVRO OLD PUPILS' ASSOCIATION

*President:* C. Nelson, Esq., M.A. (Oxon.)

*Vice-Presidents:*

Miss A. M. K. Sinnett, T. C. Roberts, Esq., B.Sc.

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

In our last issue we said goodbye to Mr. Trefor Roberts on his retirement from the Headmastership. We are pleased to announce that he has agreed to become a vice-president of the Association. In this issue we welcome his successor, Mr. Cyril Nelson, both as headmaster and as President of the Association. During his first term at the school Mr. Nelson has impressed everyone with his enthusiasm and energy and has shown that he is fully capable of facing the great challenge which comprehensive reorganisation will bring within the next few years.

At a most enjoyable dinner held at Bangeston Hall on 23rd November last, attended by about sixty members and friends, a presentation was made to Mr. and Mrs. Trefor Roberts from the Penvro Dramatic Society by its chairman, Aubrey Phillips. After thanking Mr. Roberts for his interest and support for the Society during his ten years as president, Mr. Phillips welcomed the new president, Mr. Cyril Nelson, and Mrs. Nelson to the Society.

Penvro's autumn production was the comedy, "Goodnight, Mrs. Puffin," by Arthur Lovegrove, which was produced by Aubrey Phillips and presented to encouragingly large audiences and November 14th and 15th. Jean Hoy, Eliza in last year's "Pygmalion," took full advantage of another Cockney rôle, this time as the charlady whose dreams change the lives of several people. It was good to see Dewi Elis Williams on stage again after a long absence. He gave a most polished performance in the long and difficult part of the harassed father.

Molly Thomas is to produce the next play, "Devil May Care," in the Spring, and there are also plans to celebrate the Investiture of Prince Charles with a special production in Pembroke Castle.

## NEWS OF OLD PUPILS

We congratulate the following old pupils on successfully completing their university and college courses:

Malcolm Roche (1957—65). Honours in Agriculture, Class II, Division I, at Bangor University.

John Evans (1959—65). Honours in Law, Class II, Division I, at Aberystwyth University.

David Clay (1952—59). Honours in Art and Engineering Design, Class II, at Leeds College of Art.

Jacqueline Edwards (1957—64). B.A. degree, Cardiff University.

Barbara Bowen (1956—62) has been appointed Home Service Adviser with the Wales Gas Board, Pembroke Dock.

John Brooks (1947—53), who has been teaching for some years, has obtained an Honours Degree in History at London University.

David Canton, B.Sc. (1957—64), whose marriage is reported in this issue, has been appointed to a post as electrical engineer with Messrs. Plesseys, of Southampton.

George Dickman (1957—62), who in addition to travelling extensively in many parts of the world has been teaching handicraft at Holland Park Comprehensive School, London, took up duties last August on the Advisory Staff of the Timber and Furnishing Training Board in London.

Frances Edwards (1959—66) completed her two-year French and secretarial course at St. Godric's College, London last June and obtained a First Class Diploma. She is now working in Geneva with the Alliance Internationale de Tourisme.

Ceryth Evans (1953—59) has been working for the past five years as an assistant agricultural officer in a special development scheme for the Government of Uganda. His sister Marilyn (1955—62) is nursing in British Columbia.

David Everatt (1961—65) writes to say that after sailing to most parts of the world as a navigation apprentice with the New Zealand Shipping Company, he is now at the Merchant Navy College in London, completing the Ordinary National Diploma. If he is successful he intends to start a degree course.

Janet Hasler (1959—64) left in October to take up an appointment as housemother at Erw'r Delyn, a centre for the physically handicapped, at Penarth, Glam. Janet has for some years been an active committee member of Pembroke Dock Youth Club.

Diana ap Iorwerth, née Palmer (1954—60), flew with her husband to Calgary, Alberta, early in January. Her husband, Dr. ap Iorwerth, a geophysicist, has a three-year appointment with the Pan-American Petroleum Corporation. For the past three years Diana has been teaching in Birmingham.

Ruth James (1957—64) has been admitted a Fellow of Trinity College of Music, London, and is now teaching at Wheathamstead, St. Albans.

Tom James (1954—61) obtained the degree of Ph.D. at Swansea University last year and is now working in Zurich, Switzerland.

Philip Lain (1957—64) gained First Class Honours in Chemical Engineering at the University of Surrey last June and started work for his Ph.D. in October.

Kenneth W. S. Lewis (1955—62) is now a computer programmer with Rolls-Royce at Derby.

Edwin Lewis (1934—40) is now Principal of North Staffordshire College of Technology. This college will in the near future become a Polytechnic, with power to award degrees.

We congratulate Patrick McCloghrie (1945—53) on his recent appointment as an assistant vice-president in the Connecticut Bank and Trust Company. Patrick emigrated to the United States three years ago and is married to an American teacher.

Ken MacGarvie (1949—58) who is now a professional actor, spent the summer season in repertory at Weston-super-Mare. As well as taking leading parts he acted as assistant stage manager.

Marilyn McKee (1958—64) who obtained her Diploma in Physical Education at Liverpool last June, spent the summer vacation on a six-weeks tour of Kenya and Uganda with a team of students coaching hockey.

Alfred Panton (1944—49) spent five weeks in Sweden last autumn on an exchange visit between the Central Electricity Board, by whom he is employed, and the Swedish Electricity Authority.

Judith Payne (1956—63) left Pembroke last September to enter the Civil Service in Birmingham, where she is sharing a flat with Pat Thomas (1956—64), who is now doing research for her Ph.D. degree at Birmingham University. A keen member of Penvro Dramatic Society, Judy was presented with a table-lamp by the Society before her departure.

Wendy Power (1954—61) writes to say that she has moved from San Francisco to New York to join Pan-American Airways as a stewardess. She flies to Europe, Africa, Asia and the Caribbean and makes constant use of her French and German in her work. She is now learning Italian. She invites any Old Pupil flying by Panam to New York to look out for her as she is often on that route.

Lawrence Phillips (1952—58), now on the staff of London Counties' Newspapers, flew last November for a tour of British Far East Naval bases to gather material for a series of articles on the Far East Fleet.

Alan Stace (1952—60) obtained the degree of B.Ed. with Honours in Science at Reading University last June. He trained as a teacher at Newlands Park College and before entering college, served for some years in the Buckinghamshire Police Force.

Dr. Geoffrey Wainwright (1948—55), now employed by the Ministry of Public Building and Works, supervised an archaeological 'dig' during last summer at Lambston, near Haverfordwest, on the site of a settlement dating back to 50 A.D.

Jeffrey Warlow (1957—64) gained the degree of B.Ed. last June after training at Newlands Park College, Bucks. In September he took up an appointment as geography master at the Turnpike School, Newbury, Berks.

We congratulate the following Old Pupils on their engagements:

13 July: Michael Johnson (1959—65) to Olwen Mary Harries, of Hundleton.

13 July: Philip Warren (1956—61) to Linda Spurgeon, of Ipswich.

16 August: Gerran Phillips (1960—62) to Caroline Skyrme (1955—60).

5 September: Priscilla Hughes (1959—64) to Hugh Burnard, of Bristol.

6 September: Caryl Davies (1963—64) to Colin Scream, of Atherstone, Warwicks.

6 September: Andrew Warlow (1961—66) to Joan Elizabeth Arnold, of Stapleford Abbots, Essex.

27 September: Brenda Cole (1956—62) to Harry Rees, of Llanrhian, Pems.

6 October: Sarah Monico (1960—67) to Krzysztof Korycinski, of Bromley, Kent.

11 October: Brian Rees (1958—65) to Susan Middle, of Whitland.

6 December: Howard Barton (1958—65) to Jenny Davidson, of Bedfont, Middx.

1 January: Malcolm Roche (1957—65) to Pamela Jenkins (1963—67).

We congratulate the following Old Pupils on their marriage:

27 July, at Amersham, Bucks., Victor Catherall (1954—62) to Adrienne Lewis, of Amersham.

—July, at Ipswich, Kenneth W. S. Lewis (1955—62) to Susan Janet Coates, of Ipswich.

3 August, at Lytham St. Annes, David Canton (1957—64) to Mary Waigley, of Lytham St. Annes.

3 August, at Pembroke Dock, Malcolm Roberts (1958—64) to Hazel Esme Griffiths, of Pembroke Dock.

7 September, at Pembroke Dock, David Neville (1956—62) to Ann Williams, of Pembroke Dock.

7 September, at Lamphey, Sally Brown (1955—62) to Graham John, of St. Florence.

7 September, at Worcester, Mary Olwen Mathias (1955—56) to Peter Randall Baker.

20 September, at Lamphey, Lysbeth Gordon (1957—59) to Kevin Charles Ford, of Waterloo, Lancs.

27 September, at Tupsley, Hereford, John Lloyd (1956—62) to Lynda Myers, of Tupsley.

- 28 September, at Pembroke Dock, Terry Kettle (1955—59) to Janet Harries, of Pembroke Dock.
- 5 October, at Pembroke Dock, Valerie Lomas (1958—64) to John Bernard Wilson, of Pembroke Dock.
- 26 October, at Pembroke Dock, Susan Evans (1959—66) to Thomas Harry Morgan, of Cardiff.
- 16 November, at Pembroke Dock, Bernadette Henson (1960—65) to Robert Stanley Wright, of Woodford Bridge, Essex.

We are pleased to record the following births :

- 10 August, to Vanessa (née Jenkins), wife of James Meyrick Owen (1930—33), a second son.
- 4 September, at Lippstadt, W. Germany, to Jennifer (née Tomlinson, 1958—63), wife of John Collins, a son.
- 7 September, at Willowdale, Ontario, to Beti (née Evans, 1953—58), wife of Dr. David Randall, a daughter, Sarah Lynne.
- 16 November, to Dorothy (née Anstee, 1952—59), wife of Malcolm Cousins, a son.
- 21 December, at Barnet, Herts., to Yvonne (née Richards, 1950—57), wife of Malcolm Bowring, a daughter, Joanna.

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