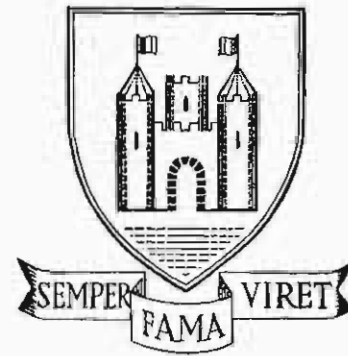


THE PENVRO



SUMMER 1970

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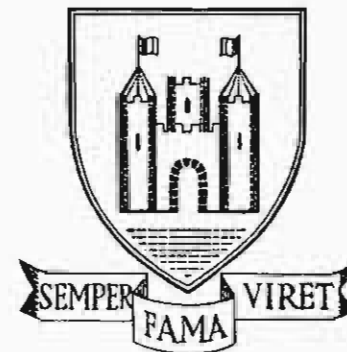
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THE PENVRO

No. 148

SUMMER

1970



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EDITORIAL

The end of the summer term marks the departure from amongst us of a number of members of staff. Mrs. Harries, who only rejoined us last year, is unfortunately leaving us again and her place in the Maths. Department is being taken by Mr. Harry Edwards. Mr. O. D. Ladd is leaving to take up an appointment in Germany. Mrs. O'Driscoll, a former pupil of the school, will teach English and German in his stead. Miss George's General Science post will be taken by Mrs. Marilock and Miss Phillips' Needlework post by Miss M. Owen. Miss P. W. M. Williams is taking a year's Sabbatical leave to pursue a course at London University. Mrs. T. Vincent is joining us in her place.

We offer all these members of staff our best wishes; to those leaving Pembroke Grammar School our best wishes for future happiness in their different new spheres; to those joining the staff our best wishes that they will soon settle into their new environment and be very happy.

Unfortunately, this term has been marred by much staff illness. Miss C. M. Lewis and Miss M. Cleevely have both been in hospital but we trust to see both in our midst again soon. We are grateful to Mrs. Comley and Mrs. Davies for taking over Miss Cleevely's classes and to Mrs. S. Jones and Mrs. D. Morgan, both well known as former members of staff, for "helping out" during Miss Lewis' absence.

We also say "Goodbye" at the end of this term to Monsieur Saudreau who is returning home to his native France after a year's stay in Pembroke. Mrs. P. E. Griffiths has been appointed as laboratory technician and we hope she will be very happy with us.

The construction work for the new Comprehensive School is going on a-pace and there has been continuous activity in the school grounds since last Easter, the noise of mechanical drills mingling with the sweet, melodious (?) voices of pupils.

The inevitable, long-awaited G.C.E. 'A' and 'O' levels have once again come around, while the school terminals loom ahead like "The Sword of Damocles" in the not too distant future. We sympathize with and wish well all those undergoing the agony of external examinations.

We hope those with aspirations for University places will be successful, and to all leavers, whatever their respective ambitions, we hope each will find his particular niche in life and be very happy.

ANNUAL PRIZEGIVING

On Wednesday afternoon, January 21st, the annual prizegiving was held in the school hall. The guest of honour was Professor John Oliver, of the Geography Department, University College of Swansea, who was introduced by Councillor Cledwyn Nicholls, Chairman of the Governors. After the Headmaster's report, the choir sang a very interesting selection of songs under the baton of Mr. David Ladd, who was officiating in the absence of Mr. G. K. Davies.

Professor Oliver's address was followed by the presentation of prizes and certificates by Mrs. Oliver, who was subsequently presented with a bouquet by the youngest member of the Junior School. Professor Oliver's memento of the occasion was a tankard made in the school Metalwork Department. A vote of thanks to the guests was proposed by Councillor Mrs. Margaret Mathias.

Form Prizes

Form II: Christopher Rule, Louise Russell, Jacqueline Huxter, Kathryn Griffiths, Angela Jones.
 IIIc: 1, Susan Lewis; 2, David Griffiths.
 IIIb: 1, Christine Roblin; 2, Jonathan Rees.
 IIIa: 1, Peter Colley; 2, Julie Armstrong. Progress: Ian Williams.
 IV Tech: Jonathan Harries.
 IVc: Doreen McNally.
 IVb: 1, Dawn Cater; 2, Marilyn Scourfield.
 IVa: 1, Colin Judge; 2, David Williams. Progress: Jayne Baldwin, Susan Davies.
 U.IV Tech.: Robin Collis.
 U.IVc: Brian Reynolds.
 U.IVb: 1, Peter Best; 2, Ian Kilcoyne.
 U.IVa: Angela Bowen, Susan Catling, Jill Prout, Janet Davies.
 V.Tech.: David Stacey. Progress: Stephen James.
 Vb: Penelope George. Progress: Kathleen Davies, Ian Lightley.
 Va: Ian Cooper, Christopher Gandy.

Subject Prizes: G.C.E. Ordinary Level

English Prize (given by Miss A. R. Lewis Davies, M.B.E.) Stephen Freeman.
 Welsh Prize (given by Alderman J. R. Williams): Anne Russell.
 The Brenda Lloyd Welsh Prize: Hazel Scourfield.
 Latin Prize (given by Mrs. Hilda Thomas): Cheryl Young.
 German Prize: Cheryl Young.
 History Prize: Robin Campbell.
 Scripture Prize: Ailsa Davies.
 Geography Prize (given by Mrs. Nevin in memory of Alderman W. Nevin): Richard Brawn.

Physics Prize (given by Bernard Garnett, Esq., C.M.G., O.B.E.):
Timothy Hordley.
Biology Prize (given by Bernard Garnett, Esq., C.M.G., O.B.E.):
Robert John.
Agricultural Science Prize: Stephen James.
Art Prize (given by Mrs. C. Griffiths): Jacqueline Davies.
The Beatrice Mary Williams Prize for Cookery: Ann Batchelor.
Dressmaking Prize (given by Mrs. M. V. Jones): Kathleen Davies.
Woodwork Prize: Ian Cooper.
Metalwork Prize (given by Alderman W. Carr): Michael Baker.
Botany Prize: Lorraine Smith.
Human Biology Prize: Ann Batchelor.
Farm Biology Prize: Margaret John.
Pembroke Farmers' Cup for good work in Agriculture: David
Stacey.

Special Prizes

The Alice Mary Rees Prize (given jointly by Ralph L. Rees and
Morwyth Rees in memory of their mother, for good work in
Form Lower VI): Gwyn Campbell, Michael Thomas.
Prize for the Spoken Word (given by Miss E. M. Young in
memory of her father): Alan Searle.
Prize for Original Work (given by Miss Sarah Thomas): Rebecca
Judge.
Prize for Service for School Music (given by D. F. Hordley, Esq.):
Charles Watson.
The Chairman of Governors' Prize for Service to the School:
Elaine Hughes.

Form Upper VI

Prize for Best Performance at Advanced Level (given by Pem-
broke Rotary Club): Christina Müller.
Scripture Prize: Raydene Bateman.
French Prize: Julie Davids, Christina Müller.
German Prize: Christina Müller.
Geography Prize: Geoffrey Albury.
Mathematics Prize: David Cooper.
Art Prize: Peter Evans.

PEMBROKE GRAMMAR SCHOOL

EISTEDDFOD — 1970

On the nearest Wednesday to St. David's Day, as is traditional, Pembroke Grammar School held its annual eisteddfod, the first of the Seventies, and has shown that a new decade has done nothing to impair the excellent standards that have been built up over the years. One of the really exciting things about this annual event is that the enthusiasm of the pupils and their delight in making beautiful and useful articles and in performing exacting

items that call for a great deal of time and effort show no signs of abatement. The parents and friends who loyally come to support this festival are able to see much of this in the pupils who appear on the stage and in the entries for some of the competitions, like needlework and art, but they are, unfortunately, unable to look at the literary entries. Perhaps the best justification for the eisteddfod is the fact that nearly every pupil in the school has voluntarily entered for at least one competition, not counting appearing in the House choir. Indeed, many pupils enter for almost every competition within their age groups.

This is, of course, a House competition, and the supporters of Glyndwr House who were not present will be delighted to hear that they managed to win back the Eisteddfod Shield from Picton, while Picton adherents will feel pleased that the margin of victory was a mere twenty-two points, with both the houses obtaining over 1,200 points. Tudor, coming third, led at the end of the morning session when most of the junior events were held, which augurs well for their future, and Hywel, even though they came last, managed to build up a very good number of points.

There were some very pleasing and tuneful voices among the boys, and some of the girls sang like angels. A new item, the solo instrumental competition, provided some music of a very high standard indeed, comprising two clarinetists, a flautist and an organist. For me, Christine Main's performance of a Mozart Concerto was one of the highspots of the eisteddfod.

The prepared speech maintained the good standard commented on by Mr. Gordon Parry last year, and the Parry Cup was won with a very amusing speech by Karina Russell, who managed her audience as if she had had years of public speaking behind her.

The last item was the Choral competition, with choirs trained and conducted entirely by the pupils. The atmosphere was very tense because everyone felt that the marks allotted to this item might well be the deciding factor in the final number of marks gained by the two leading houses. It was won by Picton, with Glyndwr second, Hywel third, and Tudor fourth.

A novel feature of this year's Eisteddfod was the introduction of a gymnastics competition for the girls. This proved of great interest, to the Junior School particularly.

It is very exciting when the competition amongst the houses is so keen, and I hope that this interest in cultural activities—in singing, reciting, and playing instruments well, in writing well, and in creating lovely and useful articles—will continue to delight us in the future as it has done in the past.

VERSE TRANSLATION

LATIN: 1st, Jayne Baldwin; 2nd, David Williams (P); 3rd Stephen Smith (T).

GERMAN: Senior—1st, Pat Howells (G); 2nd, Denise Pendleton (T); 3rd, Selwyn Skone (T). **Junior**—1st, Angela Davids (T); 2nd, Sharon Lloyd (G); 3rd, Jerome Keheller (P).

WELSH: Senior—1st, Rhiannon Harries (P); 2nd, Ann Russell (G); 3rd, Sheila Kenniford (G). **Junior**—1st, Nicholas Rogers (P); 2nd Kathryn Griffiths (P); 3rd, Jacqueline Williams (H).

FRENCH: Senior—1st, "Peaky" (P); 2nd, Angela Bowen (H); 3rd, Denise Pendleton (T). **Junior**—1st, Elizabeth Owen (T); 2nd, Valerie Owen (T); 3rd, Jamie Larcombe (T).

AGRICULTURE

ESSAY: Senior—1st, Karina Russell (G); 2nd, Lorraine Smith (G); 3rd, Margaret John (T). **Junior**—1st, Angela Davids (T); 2nd, Mary Richards (G); 3rd, "Hedge" (H).

FARM MACHINERY OPERATION: Senior—1st, Graham Morris (H); 2nd, Martin Jones (H); 3rd, John Purser (G). **Junior**—1st, Tom Harries (T) and M. Frazer (G); 3rd, M. Whitfield (G).

MILKING: Senior—1st, Paul Scourfield (G); 2nd, Colin Hurt (H); 3rd, Ann Turvey (P). **Junior**—1st Michael Frazer (G); 2nd, Tom Harries (T); 3rd, M. Whitfield (G).

CATTLE JUDGING: Senior—1st, R. Collis (G); 2nd, C. Hurt (H); 3rd, M. Penlington (H) and G. Edwards (G). **Junior**—1st Jonathan Harries (T); 2nd, S. Ashworth (P); 3rd, A. Evans (T).

MACHINERY IDENTIFICATION: Senior—1st, Owen James (T); 2nd, C. Hurt (H); 3rd, M. Jones (H). **Junior**—1st, D. Lovegrove (H); 2nd, M. Whitfield (G); 3rd J. Harries (T).

COIN COLLECTING: Senior—1st, David Harries (P); 2nd, Pat Howells (G) and Clive Pattison (G). **Junior**—1st, Jonathan Rees (P); 2nd, Nigel Harries (P); 3rd, Peter Doran (G).

STAMP COLLECTING: Senior—1st, Stephen Phillips (P); 2nd, Philip Gwyther (G). **Junior**—1st, Gareth Gough (G); 2nd, Sarah Davies (G); 3rd, Sally Ann Scarce (G).

PHOTOGRAPHY: Slides—1st, "Greaser" (G); 2nd, "Padishah" (P); 3rd, "Gwyn" (G). **Prints**—1st, "Tornado" (T); 2nd, "Holly" (H).

NATURE STUDY: Forms V and VI—1st, Margaret John (T); 2nd, "Go-Go" (G); 3rd, "Gorgonzola" (G). **Forms IV and Upper IV**—1st, Paul Bargery (T); 2nd, Christopher Thomas (H); 3rd, Linda John (H). **Forms II and III**—1st, "Police Cop" (P); 2nd, Tornado (T); 3rd, "Gurgle" (G).

GEOGRAPHY: Forms VI—1st, Jacqueline Davies (H); 2nd, Simon Rogers (P); 3rd, Penelope George (P). **Form Upper IV and V**—1st, Ann Bowen (H); 2nd, Janice Doran (G); 3rd, Heather Gordon (P). **Form IV**—1st, Angela Davids (T); 2nd, Jonathan Rees (P); 3rd, Stephen Smith (T). **Form III**—1st, Shobha Goriah (T); 2nd, Peter Doran (G); 3rd, Keith Cook (P). **Form II**—1st, Andrew Carne (H); 2nd, Aileen Millar (P); 3rd, Desmond Davies (H).

FELTWORK: Senior—1st, Kathleen Davies (P); 2nd, Vivien Lain (T); 3rd, Pat Eastick (T). **Junior**, Sally Ann Scrace (G); 2nd, Kathryn Griffiths (P); 3rd, "Hawk" (H).

KNITTING: Forms V and VI—1st, Pamela Hayes (P); 2nd, Ann Turvey (P); 3rd, Lorraine Smith (G). **Forms Upper IV**—No entries. **Form IV**—1st, Joan Bowers (P); 2nd, Janice Dodd (H); 3rd, Yvonne Williams (P). **Form III**—1st, Angela Jones (H); 2nd, Megan Ellis (G); 3rd, Caroline Lee (P). **Form II**—1st, Elizabeth Nicholas (G); 2nd, Diane Jenkins (H); 3rd, Janice Lewis (H).

EMBROIDERY: Senior—1st, Ann Bowen (H); 2nd, Pamela Hayes (P); 3rd, Christine Jenkins (T). **Junior**—1st, Jane Shellard (G); 2nd, Sally Ann Scrace (G); 3rd, Kathryn Griffiths (P).

NEEDLEWORK: Form IV—1st, Kathleen Davies (P) and Rosemary Allen (T); 3rd, Ann Turvey (P). **Form V**—1st, Janice Doran (G). **Form Upper IV**—3rd, Jean Davies (P). **Form IV**—1st, "Hawk" (H); 2nd, Janice Dodd (H); 3rd, Christine Morris (P). **Form III**—1st, Megan Davies (P); 2nd, Sally Ann Scrace (G); 3rd, Jennifer Nunnery (T) and Jane Taylor (T). **Form II**—1st, Beverley Davies (P).

ART: Form VI—1st, Margaret John (T); 2nd, Sylvia Jones (T) and Lorraine Smith (G). **Form V**—1st, Janice Doran (G); 2nd, Peter Best (H); 3rd, Gareth Scourfield (P). **Form Upper IV**—1st, Rhiannon Harries (P); 2nd, Christine Lord (H); 3rd, Joanna Thomas (G) and Paul Harries (P). **Form IV**—1st, Susan Hargreaves (T); 2nd, Nigel Harries (P) and Angela Davids (T). **Form III**—1st, Louise Russell (G) and Peter Griffiths (T); 3rd, Christopher Rule (H). **Form II**—1st, John Morgan (P); 2nd, Russell Hitchcock (G) and Richard Thomas (G).

ART — THREE DIMENSIONAL: Senior—1st, Sylvia Jones (T); 2nd, David Harries (P); 3rd, Mark Bell (H). **Junior**—1st, Peter Griffiths (T); 2nd, Peter Doran (G).

LITERARY COMPETITIONS

SHORT STORY: Senior—1st, Karen Stevens (G); 2nd, Kathleen Davies (P); 3rd, Megan John (G). **Junior**—1st, Janet Kaijaks (G); 2nd, Sheila Beesley (P); 3rd, Stephen Scaife (G).

ESSAY: Form VI—1st, Gwyn Campbell (G); 2nd, "Pann" (P); 3rd,

Pat Howells (G). **Form V**—1st, Susan Catling (P); 2nd, Jill Prout (P); 3rd, Michael Perkins (G). **Form Upper IV**—1st, Paul Harries (P); 2nd, Jayne Baldwin (P); 3rd, Jacqueline Davies (H). **Form IV**—1st, Jonathan Rees (P); 2nd, Sydney Howells (G); 3rd, "Hawk" (H). **Form III**—1st, Kathryn Griffiths (P); 2nd, Shobha Goriah (T); 3rd, Rebecca Judge (G). **Form II**—1st, Idris O'Connor (G); 2nd, Sara Davies (G); 3rd, Jayne Evans (G).

WELSH ESSAY: 1st, Ailsa Davies (H); 2nd, Ann Russell (G).

ORIGINAL POEM: Form VI—1st, Gwyn Campbell (G); 2nd, Philip Marsden (G); 3rd, "Pyx" (P). **Form V**—1st, Susan Catling (P); 2nd, Philip Gwyther (G); 3rd, Alyson Rowlands (G). **Form Upper IV**—1st (all equal), Rosemary Cook (G); Heather Gordon (P); Jacqueline Davies (H); Bill Busby (G).

Form IV—1st, Helen Morris (T); 2nd, "Paul" (P) and Julie Armstrong (T). **Form III**—1st, Rebecca Judge (G); 2nd, Brian Phillips (T) and Angela Jones (H). **Form II**—1st, Glenys Griffiths (P); 2nd, Valerie Owen (T) and Carolyn Bateman (P).

COOKERY: Form VI—1st, Carolyn Roch (T); 2nd, Pamela Hayes (P); 3rd, "Podger" (P). **Form V**—1st, Jill Prout (P); 2nd, Heather Harries (H); 3rd, Theresa Croft (G). **Form Upper IV**—1st, Jean Davies (P); 2nd, Shiobhan Morrissey (P); 3rd, Pauline Mathias (T). **Form IV**—1st, Jane Shellard (G); 2nd, "Termite" (T); 3rd, "Geronemo" (G). **Form III**—1st, Pat White (P); 2nd, Susan Andrews (H); 3rd, Peter Doran (G). **Form II**—1st, Sharon Jones (G); 2nd, John Morgan (P); 3rd, Yvonne Harries (P).

FLORAL DECORATION. MANTELPIECE DECORATION WITH FLOWERS: 1st, Judith Phillips (P); 2nd, Nicholas Rogers (P); 3rd, Christine Lord (H).

MANTELPIECE DECORATION WITHOUT FLOWERS: 1st Joanna Thomas (G); 2nd, Margaret John (T); 3rd, Vivian Lain (T).

GYMNASTICS. SOLO EVENTS: Senior—1st, Geraldine James (T); 2nd, Perryn Butler (P); 3rd, Alyson Rowlands (G). **Form IV**—1st, Susan Hargreaves (T) and Angela Gutch (T); 3rd, Christina Morris (P). **Form III**—1st, Jane Taylor (T); 2nd, Pat White (P); 3rd, Eileen O'Hara (T). **Form II**—1st, G. Pemberton (T); 2nd, Aileen Miller (P); 3rd, Prabha Goriah (H).

DOUBLES: Senior—1st, Geraldine James (T) and Wendy Griffiths (P); 2nd, Janice Doran (G) and Angela Bowen (H); 3rd, Alyson Rowlands (G) and Perryn Butler (T). **Form III**—1st, Helen Thomas (T) and Pauline Symes (T); 2nd, Kathryn Griffiths (P) and Pat White (P), Eileen O'Hara (T) and Catherine Jones (T), Deborah Clarke (H) and Carolyn Lovering (P). **Form II**—1st, A. Miller (P) and P. Jones (P),

V. Thomas (T) and B. Verrall (T); 3rd, Danielle Henson (H) and S. Jenkins (H), V. Coote (T) and L. Bird (T).

POETRY SPEAKING: Senior Boys—1st, Alan Searle (P); 2nd, Michael Gwyther (G). **Senior Girls**—1st, Angela Stevens (G); 2nd, Christine Jenkins (T); 3rd, Susan Catling (P).

Senior Welsh—1st, Rhiannon Harries (P); 2nd, Jacqueline Davies (H); 3rd, Ann Bowen (H). **Junior Boys**—1st, Stuart Phillips (T); 2nd, Brian Phillips (T); 3rd, John O'Connor (G).

Junior Girls—1st, Sara Davies (G); 2nd, Katherine Griffiths (P); 3rd, Shobha Goriah (T) and Glenda Pemberton (T).

Junior Welsh—1st, Kathryn Griffiths (P); 2nd, Ann James (H); 3rd, Carolyn Bateman (P).

PREPARED SPEECH: 1st, Karina Russell (G); 2nd, Alan Searle (P); 3rd, John Little (H).

MUSICAL EVENTS: Senior Boys' solo—1st, R. Walters (P); 2nd, S. Skone (P); 3rd, M. Bell (H). **Senior Girls' Solo**—1st, Christine Main (T); 2nd, Joan Bendle (G); 3rd, Angela Bowen (H). **Senior Girls' duet**—1st, Janet Davies and Jacqueline Davies (H); 2nd, Angela Bowen and Ann Bowen (H); 3rd, Joan Bendle and Helen James (G). **Junior Boys' solo**—1st, Patrick Henson (H); 2nd, Jonathan Main (T); 3rd, Nicholas Rogers (P). **Junior Girls' solo**—1st, Wendy Cole (P); 2nd, Katherine Griffiths (P); 3rd, Susan Andrews (H) and Shobha Goriah (T). **Junior Welsh solo**—No entries. **Senior piano solo**—1st, R. Walters (P); 2nd, S. Rogers (P); 3rd, Janet Davies (H). **Middle piano solo**—No finalists. **Junior piano solo**—No finalists. **Senior violin solo**—No finalists. **Junior violin solo**—1st, Bernice Thain (H); 2nd, Jane Taylor (T); 3rd, Elizabeth Scourfield (H). **Group instrumental**—1st, Angela Stevens and Karen Stevens (G); 2nd, Ann Bowen, Angela Bowen, and Peter Best (H); 3rd, Jacqueline Davies (H). **Instrumental solo**—1st, Christine Main (T); 2nd, Richard Walters (P); 3rd, Peter Griffiths (T). **Choirs**—1st, Pictón (Karen Mabe); 2nd, Glyndwr (Lorraine Smith); 3rd, Hywel (Janet Davies); 4th, Tudor (Christine Main).

FINAL SCORES

1st—GLYNDWR	1,247 points
2nd—PICTON	1,225
3rd—TUDOR	984
4th—HYWEL	729

HOUSE DRAMA COMPETITION 1970

The drama competition made a welcome return after having to be cancelled last year. The plays were performed before large and enthusiastic audiences on Monday and Tuesday nights, March 23rd and 24th.

Once more we were fortunate in having Mr. Ken Lee, of Tenby, to adjudicate for us. As usual, a very high standard of performance and production was achieved, making the task of the adjudicator a far from easy one. There were some extremely good individual performances, but Angela Stevens excelled as a formidable back-slapping female out for a husband in Glyndwr's play, and Alan Searle gave a closely-observed, excellent study of a working man, combining many of the characteristics of an Alf Garnet or Marty Feldman, in Picton's very good production.

The results were as follows:

1. Picton House with "You Ain't Going Nowhere," by C. H. Mander, produced by Alan Searle.
2. Glyndwr House with "Wife Required," by Falkland L. Cary and Philip King, produced by Angela Stevens.
3. Tudor House with "This Desirable Cottage," by Anthony Booth, produced by Vivien Lain and Rowland Jefferys.
4. Hywel House with "The Laboratory," by David Campton, produced by Ian Cooper.

Best Actor Award — Alan Searle.

Best Actress Award — Angela Stevens.

Best Make-up Award — Hywel House.

ANOTHER POINT OF VIEW

He was a hero. He was a hero all right. He had a medal to prove it. He also had a scarred face. He also had no friends because of it. The only person to be, so it seemed, at all happy about it was his mother. He had come back from the war. When the war ended several young men had not come back. Their mothers were not so happy.

Darkness had fallen. The street lights were lit but there was no light inside for he had got quite used to sitting in the dark, with or without visitors. They always sat in the dark if he was in the room with visitors. He could no longer stand the pitying looks, if indeed they could look a second time. But now visitors were very rare.

Sitting alone by the fire he was thinking about these things when there came a knock at the door. He opened the door and standing there was a young lady with a suitcase.

"Could you tell me the house of Mr. and Mrs. Smith, please?" she said in English but in a foreign accent.

"Well, I can't," he said, "but my mother will when she returns. Would you like to come in and wait?"

She entered. He realised she was puzzled about the darkened room, but she said nothing, neither did he volunteer an explanation, and an explanation did seem the most sensible thing to offer. They broke the ice by exchanging names. He said his name was David, then enquired as to her name. She answered "Carlotta."

They got on well, chatting quite freely. She told him that she was from Sicily and had come to live with her sister who had married an English sailor there. Footsteps sounded outside.

"Here is my mother," he said, recognising the footsteps. "We have company, mother," he said before she had time to turn on the light.

His mother said, "I will take you to the door of the people you are looking for."

The following night a knock on the door was answered by David's mother, and standing there was Carlotta.

"I have come to visit David," she said.

"You come in. You are very welcome," his mother replied.

"He does not get many visitors."

That visit led to many more visits by Carlotta and they became very good friends.

Then, during one visit, fate played a strange trick on them. The log on the fire dropped into a gap left by burning coal and a flame shot up, lighting the room almost as much as an electric light bulb would have done. Belatedly, David put his hands in front of his face, but he knew she had seen his face quite plainly. He turned to her and very miserably said, "I suppose now you will not visit me any more."

She said in quite an ordinary voice, "Why not?"

He replied, "You saw my face, didn't you?"

She said, "Oh, that! I saw that the first night I came here. When you answered the door you stepped into the light of the street lamps for a moment. I saw your face then."

He was quite astonished at this and said, "Seeing that, and you still come here?"

She then told him, "Your face is nothing to my village's occupants, what with feuds, vendettas and bandits. Most of the males in my village are scarred like that before they reach manhood. I came because, like you, I was lonely and no one should be lonely when it is possible to be otherwise. Shall we have the light on now?"

SIXTH FORM CONFERENCE AT HARLECH, 1970

This conference, which took place from the 31st March to the 6th April this year, was organised by the "Council For Education In World Citizenship—Cymru," which is a branch of the Welsh National Council of the United Nations Association. This year is the 25th anniversary of the United Nations and most of the conference was devoted to the U.N. and its work in different fields. Altogether there were 15 lectures given by distinguished lecturers.

We were given four different viewpoints on the U.N.—the British, the American, the Soviet and the African. The goals of British foreign policy are safety, progress and prosperity and improvement of life in Britain and abroad. There is concern amongst U.N. members that the U.S.A. and U.S.S.R. would make agreements at the expense of others. The U.N. is involved in several operations—firstly, fact finding and placing observers in countries; secondly, there is a full-scale peace-keeping force which kept peace in the Middle East for 10 years before the 1967 war; thirdly, preventive action such as working for disarmament, the fight against pollution and the problems of Outer Space.

Mr. Julius W. Walker, Jr., of the U.S.A., thought that peace and disarmament should be the first aim of the U.N. Many fiery questions were asked of him, especially about domestic policy in America. He thought that increasing violence in America was a sad thing but there was no way of changing the traditional right to a gun. Asked about the welfare system in America, he said that America did in fact have a great system. It was not like the British "socialised medicine" system but was run on insurance companies. He overlooked the fact that many of the companies were going bust. In spite of this slight hypocrisy, the lecture was very good.

Mr. Filator gave the Soviet view that the primary function of the U.N. was political. The U.N. was an opportunity for governments to express their ideas and to discuss. The first task of the U.N. is to ensure and work for peace. On the Middle East situation, he criticised Israel for its arrogance, saying that in November, 1968, Britain, Russia and the Arabs had agreed on terms but Israel had not. It was later pointed out to us that this was not in fact the case. Mr. Filator was asked some very tough ques-

tions after a very clear and precise lecture. He denied that Russia had "invaded" Czechoslovakia; it had helped the country which a minority had taken over. Anyway, Russia was against domination. He refused to answer one question put to him because he was not allowed to. The Church in Russia is perfectly permissible although the state completely disowns it and certain professions are banned to churchgoers.

The African representative bitterly criticised the American and Russian nations who think that they can dictate the affairs of the rest of the world because of their great military power. The

U.N. was a good body—there were three main problems that had to be dealt with: firstly, independence of the colonised countries from the mother country and the removal of the threat of Russia and America in their cold war; secondly, racialism, and, thirdly, the gap between the rich and poor countries. Each nation's voice has to be heard in the U.N.—the idea of more votes for largely-populated countries is ridiculous.

In the open forum on the U.N. we learnt that China is represented in the U.N. at the moment by Formosa, the equivalent of the Isle of Man representing Britain. China needs a two-thirds majority to get in. The U.S.A. has been against its entry because it thinks it will want to change the whole structure of the U.N. This is unlikely because after 22 years of isolation it will probably jump at the prospect of joining. The main obstacle to the working of the U.N. is the veto which the five big powers have in the security council.

There were very many interesting lectures ranging from "The Contribution of Industry to International Understanding" to "Central European Problems." The latter was concerned especially with Germany which holds the key to the European situation. Here Russia is very suspicious of N.A.T.O. and America afraid of the Warsaw Pact. In spite of this, or rather because of this, there is a very stable position in Europe. Many observers thought that Russia's policy was becoming more liberal until August, 1968. There is a question of whether Russia is united domestically and whether the youth of Russia is likely to be more liberal or more dogmatic than the present rulers.

There is a sorry state of affairs in Southern Africa at the moment. There is a degree of co-operation between Portugal, Rhodesia and South Africa who are united against the natives but remain individual countries. South Africa has complained to the U.N. that it should not interfere in domestic policies of a country. It disagrees with the Chinese government so why not interfere there? It was pointed out that the difference lay in the question of human rights. The black majority in S. Africa is not allowed to own houses, have state education, walk on the same pavements or go to the same toilets as whites. The Vorster government has tried, with a certain amount of success, to stop the blacks getting jobs. If a black is knocked down by a car he must wait for a black ambulance to take him to hospital. He must carry a pass to show whether he is black or coloured and is liable to arrest if he does not carry it. The "black" countries surrounding S. Africa do not want to trade with her but are forced to by economic necessity, e.g. Botswana's entire trade is with S. Africa. It is up to other countries to offer better terms of trade to these poorer nations.

The most valuable part of the conference was in the discussions we had amongst ourselves on a variety of subjects. Near the end of the conference we had a mock election. The Tory candi-

date got booed down after trying to talk on industrial relations. The Anarchist gave a half-minute speech, saying that he shouldn't take part in it because it was against his principles. The Socialist proposed building a wall between Wales and England so that the people would flee to Wales and boost its economy. The Welsh Nationalist spoke in Welsh half the time and complained bitterly that Welsh water was being used by the English. The Liberal was fairly rational. Our half of the room voted Anarchist, the other half Liberal and there were a few votes each for the others.

In spite of the fun at the end, the conference gave us information for serious thought. We were encouraged to take a hopeful and not cynical attitude towards the problems of the world.

Robin Campbell, Lower VI Arts

SCHOOL GYMKHANA — MAY 22nd, 1970

Owing to the initiative and enthusiasm of a few members of the Junior School, and with the willing co-operation of Mrs. Tapley and an organising committee, the first school gymkhana took place at Pembroke Grammar School this summer. For the past two years quite a number of girls have been taking riding lessons (at their own expense, of course) during their games periods and several other members of the school are equally interested in riding as a hobby—or even as a way of life, judging by the wholeheartedness that some show! The gymkhana was the inevitable outcome.

The gymkhana was planned for Friday, May 15th, but the unsuitable weather on that day caused much disappointment and a postponement until the following Friday, May 22nd. Not only were members of staff and school involved, but several friends and parents who were invaluable in the organisation and judging of events. We are indebted to Mrs. P. Lord, Miss Wendy Donovan and Mr. J. Williams (proprietor of the riding stables at St. Florence) for their help in judging; to Mr. P. Lord for announcing the events; to Mr. Ivor Kenniford for lending stakes and jumps; to Mr. and Mrs. Lord for lending bending poles and collecting rings; to Mr. S. Buttle for supervising the school first-aid group; to the S.A.A., Manorbier, for lending relaying equipment under the supervision of Staff Sergeant Atkins.

The outstanding rider of the day was Christine Lord of Upper IVA who won several first placings and jumped the only clear round in the jumping competitions. It was a pity that no cup was available for presentation, but no doubt this lack will be met for future occasions.

The results in detail are as follows:

Obstacle Race: 1, Gail Evans; 2, Colin Lord; 3, Deborah Boswell.

Bending Race: 1, Sheila Beesley; 2, Vanessa Heap; 3, Rosalind Day.

Saddle-up: 1, Christine Lord; 2, Deborah Boswell; 3, Andrew Evans.

Potato Race: 1, Cynthia Lewis; 2, Lynn Thomas; 3, Vanessa Heap.

Musical Sacks: 13.2 under—1, Sheila Beesley; 2, Tom Harries; 3, Sally Ann Scrace; 13.2 over—1, Christine Lord; 2, Andrew Evans; 3, Kathleen Smith.

Bareback: 1, Christine Lord; 2, Andrew Evans; 3, Jonathan Harries.

Gretna Green: 1, Deborah Boswell and Gail Evans; 2, Christine Lord and Andrew Evans.

Walk, Trot and Gallop: experienced riders—1, Deborah Boswell; 2, Colin Lord; 3, Gail Evans; novices—1, Rosalind Day; 2, Eileen O'Hara; 3, Cynthia Lewis.

Jumping: 13.2 under—1, Gail Evans; 2, Susan Lee; 13.2 over—1, Christine Lord (clear round); novice—1, Cynthia Lewis; open—1, Christine Lord (on Jenny Wren); 2, Christine Lord (on Nutty).

[Experienced=Pony Owners; Novices=Riding Class Pupils]

As well as members of staff who officiated at the event, the organisers wish to thank all those helpers previously mentioned, the rosette-makers (Mrs. Brace, Carolyn Lovering and Pat White), the number-card makers (Susan Lewis, Sally Ann Scrace and Vanessa Heap) and the VIth Form stewards (Philip Brown, Stephen Badham, Stewart Longhurst, Peter Smith, Philip Marsden and Meyrick Rowlands).

THE TEST

John Wilson ran down to the beach of Blue Haven with a cloudless sky above him. The sea breeze blew in his face. Every morning he went down to the sea to have a morning swim to keep fit. He was kept busy from then onwards catching lobsters and selling them in a nearby town.

Usually John had the whole beach to himself, but this morning he saw a girl about his own age standing on the wooden jetty. She waved to him.

"Come on, lazybones!" she called gaily. "The sea is lovely this morning."

John recognised her as Cynthia Lancaster, and he waved back happily as he ran to join her. Cynthia's father owned the Blue Haven fleet of trawlers, and the girl also went to an expensive girls' school. Cynthia, whom John called Cindy, had taught him to swim. She had also won the Junior Five-hundred Yards at last year's Gala. They both spent a lot of time together swimming during the school holidays.

Cynthia grinned.

"I thought you'd be surprised," she chuckled. "Have you been doing any swimming lately?"

"Yes, and if you don't believe me I'll race you to where the harbour begins," John challenged.

"Right oh!" accepted Cynthia.

"I'll give you a twenty-yard start. Right, Cindy?" he offered.

Cynthia agreed and at the word "Go!" dived into the sea. John was soon in and gaining on her, although Cynthia just managed to touch the side before him.

"My, you have improved!" she exclaimed. They both jumped up to sit on the side of the quay, dangling their feet. They sat together talking in the sun. Then John jumped to his feet.

"I'll have to be going now," he said. "After breakfast I'm going out to fetch the lobster pots."

"I'll come and help you if you don't mind?" offered Cindy.

They swam back to the wooden jetty. On arriving they caught sight of a horsewoman cantering across the smooth sands.

"Oh look!" cried Cindy in surprise. "There is my mother out for an early morning ride."

Mrs. Lancaster checked her chestnut mare just before reaching the jetty. She was a beautiful, young-looking woman, but rather haughty.

"Hello, Mother. This is John Wilson," Cindy said, pulling John forward to be introduced. But Mrs. Lancaster gave John only the briefest of nods. She didn't speak to him. John felt a flush rising to his cheeks and hurried away. He realised that he had been snubbed.

"Goodbye, Cindy," he muttered, hurriedly, and walked briskly up the beach to where he had left his towel and jacket. As he gave his arms and face a quick rub down he couldn't help overhearing what Mrs. Lancaster was saying.

"Cynthia, I am annoyed with you. Your father is spending all this money on you and sending you to an expensive school and we do not expect you to muck around with fisherboys. Surely you can find someone more suitable as a friend than that boy."

John didn't hear Cindy's reply. He was too angry and upset to listen.

"What cheek!" he thought as he slipped on an anorak to keep warm. "We might not have a lot of money but we're as good as them any day."

He ran up the beach, and across the road to the little white-washed cottage where he lived with his mother who had lost her husband. As he reached the front door the postman was passing.

"Morning, John. How are you?" he greeted him in his friendly way and handed him a letter addressed to Mrs. Wilson.

"Golly, this looks important," John exclaimed, for the address was typewritten.

He gave the letter to his mother who was in the kitchen preparing breakfast, then went to his own room to finish drying himself and to get dressed. When John came downstairs again Mrs. Wilson was staring at the letter with a worried face.

"What is it, Mother?" John asked.

"It's from Mr. Lancaster," his mother answered in a distressed voice. "He says we're not to take any more lobsters from the Shallows."

"What!" John cried, and read the letter which his mother handed to him.

It was addressed from Mr. Lancaster's office in Blue Haven, and stated that he had recently bought up most of the foreshore.

"My rights extend to the Shallows, from which you have been taking lobsters," the letter continued, "and I must warn you to discontinue this, otherwise I shall be forced to prosecute you. Yours faithfully, Charles Lancaster."

"Oh, but he can't do this," John cried. "Blue Haven people have always caught lobsters in the Shallows, and even if Mr. Lancaster has the right to stop us I think it's awfully mean of him. A few lobsters are nothing to anyone as rich as he is, but they mean a lot to us."

That was true. John's father had been drowned two years before, and Mrs. Wilson had only her widow's pension; so the lobsters which John caught and sold in the nearby industrial town of Oldcastle were a big help.

"I don't suppose Mr. Lancaster has considered that," Mrs. Wilson said with a sigh. "Wealthy people don't always understand what a difference a few shillings can make."

John went to Mr. Lancaster's office but he wasn't allowed to go in. John then decided to go and fetch the lobster-pots.

As he was casting off he heard a shout, and Cindy came hurrying along the jetty. She was looking very serious.

"It's no use," he called to Cindy. "It's better if we don't see each other again."

Ignoring Cindy's shouts, he rowed away. John soon reached the Shallows and found the buoys which marked lobster-pots. He grabbed one of the buoys and began to haul in the line which was fastened to it. Then he seized another line and repeated the process.

When he had finished he began to row back to Blue Haven. A sea mist had fallen. John hadn't rowed far when a big metal sphere loomed in the mist. But as it came nearer, rolling over and rocking from side to side, he saw it wasn't the right shape or size for a buoy. The black paint was peeling off in places and it was turning rusty. There was a red ring painted around the top, and four spikes sticking out from the sides.

John didn't know what to do when he realised what it was. A floating mine!

"Oh no! If it hits my boat it'll explode," he exclaimed in horror. "I must get away from here."

Then he thought of something which sent a shiver down his spine. The fishing fleet was due back in Blue Haven that morning and if the mine drifted out into the Shallows one of the trawlers might hit it in the thick mist.

"I must do something! One of the boats may easily hit the mine as they head for the harbour!" He panicked when he thought how helpless he was. Then he remembered his father who had risked his life to help people and vessels in distress. He pulled himself together.

He turned the boat and rowed cautiously back towards the floating mine. John chose the longest of his lines and made it fast to one of the spikes. As he picked up the slack line, with all his strength he rowed towards the shore. It was hard work towing the heavy metal sphere, but fortunately the tide helped him. Presently he heard the sound of surf. The mist was thinning slightly and there, just behind him, was the reef. He decided to let the mine go now, so that the tide would carry it to the rocks.

He untied the rope and the mine began to drift towards the rocks. He started to row with all his might but he didn't seem to be getting any nearer to the shore but being driven towards the reef. He began to grow alarmed.

John tugged desperately at the oars but his arms and shoulders ached. He was fighting a battle, and slowly losing. Even if he wasn't killed when the mine exploded, the jagged rocks would tear the bottom out of the boat. Then, even though he had now become a good swimmer, he would stand no chance against the angry sea.

He began to give up hope as he was now nearing the edge of the reef. Then, in the distance, he heard the throbbing of an engine. Some motor vessel must be passing in the mist.

"Help!" he shouted. "Help!"

There was no answer and the sound of the engine grew fainter and fainter. John could have wept in despair. But then he heard the sound of the engine returning, and a motor-boat appeared out of the mist."

"Help! Help! I'm drifting on to the reef," he cried.

Even as he shouted he saw that the people that were in the boat were Robert and Cynthia Lancaster. They brought the boat up beside John and he scrambled in.

"I'll take your dinghy in tow," cried Robert.

The motor-boat surged away from the reef until it was completely covered in mist.

"What on earth were you doing so close to the reef?" Cindy asked as John sat down. "It's jolly lucky I got my brother to bring me out looking for you."

Before John could say anything, a yellow flame appeared,

lighting up the sky. The sea seemed to shake.

"Crikey! What was that?" Robert asked in a startled voice.

"A floating mine," John answered, and started relating his adventure.

Cindy and Robert gazed at him in utmost awe.

"You **have** got a nerve," they both said, overcome.

"I had to do something to save the fishing fleet," said John.

That night Cindy described John's adventures. Later that evening Mr. Lancaster came to the Wilson's cottage.

"Good evening, Mrs. Wilson," said Mr. Lancaster. "I've come to say thank you to John for the plucky way he saved my trawlers. He's quite a hero. Also I would like to give you permission to take as many lobsters as you want from the Shallows. By the way, Cindy's got something for you."

"Here it is," said Cindy. "I hope you like it."

"An outboard motor for the dinghy. What a lovely present!" John cried.

Then she slipped her hand into John's.

"Best of all," she said, "we are friends again."

Sheila Beesley, IIIA

THE HERO

Heroes nowadays can be anything from a footballer, scoring a winning goal for his team, to an astronaut, venturing to a new, unexplored world. Long ago it was a different matter and to illustrate my point I'll take you back two thousand years to a hot July day in the ancient city of Rome.

Imagine, if you can, a forum in the city of Rome itself. All around are rich Roman families, dressed in togas, sitting in rows, waiting eagerly for the sports to commence. On a raised platform is a rather short, fat man adorned in rich clothes and jewels, sitting in a large throne, surrounded by his attendants, all eager to earn his praise. This is Emperor Nero, the ruler of the whole Roman Empire.

The Emperor is a little short-sighted and as he raises an emerald to his eye, to aid his sight, he signals for the games to begin. The crowd roars and then is silent as a group of men enters the arena. These men are gladiators, there to entertain the audience by fighting.

One of these men has a history which might interest you and so I will describe it. His name is Valerius and he is a gladiator. His parents were servants to a rich family and a few years after Valerius was born they were attending a Christian ceremony in

the catacombs below the city. The punishment in those days for being a Christian was death. A few days later both Valerius' mother and father were fed to the lions along with many other runaway slaves and Christians before the eyes of such rich families as were now seated in the arena.

Valerius was brought up as a slave. He was a strong, sturdy child and secretly carried on in his parents' faith, attending meetings and services in the underground burial chambers called catacombs.

At the age of sixteen he attended some games and challenged another young slave to a fight. Valerius won and also defeated all the other young men who challenged him. He went on fighting and showing his strength, until now he stood before the Emperor, dressed in armour. Some of the other gladiators were his friends and Valerius hated to have to fight in such a barbaric fashion. He was prepared for death because there could only be one victor among the gladiators.

The signal to begin fighting was given, the crowd roared with excitement as swords clashed and man after man fell to the ground making the dust red with innocent blood. Soon only Valerius and another youth were left standing, they fought until the youth staggered and fell. He was dead.

The crowd roared and waited in suspense for Emperor Nero's signal. Slowly the Emperor raised his hand; his thumb was pointed upwards. Again the crowd roared. Valerius had pleased the Emperor. His life was to be spared.

Valerius was ashamed and disgusted that so many men had died and he had helped to kill them. He threw down his sword and marched out of the arena, turning his back on the shouts and cheers of the delighted audience.

A message was sent to Valerius from the Emperor. Valerius was requested to become the Emperor's personal body-guard. That evening Valerius was dressed in splendid armour and taken before the Emperor. He was made to kneel and then he stood to face the mighty Emperor Nero.

"You have pleased me. You are a brave, strong young man. I shall want you to be my body-guard. You must protect me at all times and kill anyone I think fit. Do you understand?" asked the Emperor.

"I shall not!" said Valerius, defiantly. "Never!" There was a hush. The Emperor lifted his head and stared at the youth who stared defiantly back. "Never will I serve such a cowardly, evil man as you. Never! You killed my parents. You must kill me before I'll raise my hand to protect you. I was born a Christian, I am a

Christian and I shall die a Christian, just as my parents did," said Valerius, dramatically.

"Take him out! He shall die and I shall walk in his blood!" said Emperor Nero, looking at Valerius who was trembling with passion. Valerius was taken out and thrown in a cell where he was to await his death the next day in the stadium.

The next day, more people were seated in the arena and the Emperor sat in his usual seat. Valerius soon found himself in the arena, facing a crowd, just as he had done a day earlier. The lions were released and the crowd roared once more to see Valerius die, just as they had roared at his victory!

Janet Kaijaks

SONG FOR THE 'SIXTIES

*The "Sixties" was a decade
Of turmoil and unrest—
From half a million uproars
Let's try to sift the best . . .
In the 'Sixties swingin' London
Was the only place to be—
Mary Quant, the Beatles
And the "In" Society.
The Older Generation
(Whoever they might be)
They thought it Most Disgraceful
And sheer Vulgarly—
Such Disgusting lechery—
The start of Social Rot—
The Younger Generation
Had clearly gone to pot.
What no one seemed to realize was
That most of us had not!*

*Our aeronautic brilliance
Makes the Housing Company frown—
As fast as they can build 'em up
The Concorde knocks 'em down.*

*The year is nineteen sixty-nine,
The twentieth of July,
"The day Man landed on the Moon"
The history books will cry:
The moment we'd been waiting for
With bated breath since countdown . . .
ITV said "We apologise—
But there has been a breakdown . . ."*

*The shortest war on record
Across Egyptian sand;
The Israelites, it seems, intend
To keep their Promised Land.*

Rhodesia declares U.D.I.
 It's Wilson versus Smith.
 So Harold's suave diplomacy
 Was, after all, a myth.
 "The Economic Miracle,
 My friends, is on its way;
 But—speaking frankly—more you earn
 The more you'll have to pay."
 The Pound has been devalued,
 We're millions in the red—
 Exactly up which garden path
 Have we all been led?
 And hoorah for Enoch Powell,
 The Oppressor of The Foe—
 He always uses Persil
 'Cos it washes white as snow!

The "Sixties" brought their toll of wars
 As every decade brought—
 But men will be remembered
 For the good that they have wrought.
 Men like Martin Luther King
 And John F. Kennedy,
 Who dedicated mind and soul
 To fighting misery,
 And men like Winston Churchill
 By whose hand the world is free.

Now the "Sixties" are behind us
 And a chunk of history,
 I wonder what's in store for us
 In Nineteen Seventy?

Susan Catling, VA

THE WRECK

Deep waters lap the dark and rotting deck,
 Once scrubbed to whiteness by a host of horny hands.
 Then, bleached by sun like bones in desert sands,
 Now barnacle-encrusted, dying, hopeless wreck.

Where seagulls wheeled aloft, uttering wild yell
 In the tall rigging, as white sails in wind unfurled,
 Bright fish glide leisured in their silent world
 Of fluttering seaweed, waving gently in the swell.

Pink coral holds the mighty hull gripped fast,
 Sand sifts around the gaping hole which caused her end.
 Proud vessel who o'er all the oceans reigned,
 Conquered and beaten by the sea at last.

Philip Marsden, Lr. VI Sc.

THE TRAIN (Wild West style)

The train comes chuffin' down the railroad track,
 And the fireman shovels an' he strains his back,
 An' the driver blows the whistle as he calls, "Jack,
 We're gonna make it to the town by noon,"
 An' the smoke comes curlin' from the funnel's top
 Like the coal-black signal from a burnt-out chop.
 The fireman throws the coal in, an' he calls out, "Stop!
 There's an old danged cow stuck on the line!"

So the wheels they start a'screechin' as they grind up to a
 halt,
 An' the driver clears the cab with just a single vault,
 An' he grabs the mangy critter and gives a tug and jolt
 An' the cow goes off meanderin' 'cross the plain,
 "Sure hope we don't meet any durned cows again!"
 The train goes on a-chuggin' and she rounds a coupla bends,
 An' she glistens in the sunlight as her way to town she
 wends,
 "That could scare a dead coyote, that ol' hootin' up she
 sends."
 Said the Marshal in the last gold town.

Now it's gettin' on fer midday,
 An' the sun is ridin' high,
 An' them cursed an' pesky vultures
 Is a circlin' in the sky;
 "I sure hope my bones ain't left here on the day I down
 an' die,"
 Says the driver to his fireman friend.

An' just as he has spoken, there's a war whoop and a yell,
 An' the Injuns come a-ridin' like the dead from out of hell,
 An' the driver spits his baccy out and clangs upon the bell,
 Shoutin' "Shovel on that coal there, Jack."
 "Why I polished up this engine just as if she were my own,"
 Says the driver with a frown an' in a real mad threatenin'
 tone,
 "An' no pesky injun arrer's gonna scratch her dainty bone!
 Danged thievin' Redskins, mangy painted heathens!
 Can't you just leave the Railroad alone!
 Keep shovellin' the coal, Jack,

You're doin' it just fine,
 But we'll need the speed to get us to Cod's Corner right
 on time."

Now the Railroad in the West is at this time high at its peak,
 An' they chug across the prairie like a silver lightnin' streak.
 "I sure hope that the water tank aint got another leak,"
 Says the driver to his fireman friend.

So they leave behind the Injuns,
 An' the train speeds on ahead,
 An' who's waiting at the platform but that grand ol' miner,
 Jed.

"Well done, Benjie!" says the old guy, lettin' loose lead,
 "You sure got 'Bessie' here on time."

Heather Gordon, Upper IVA

ODE OF A YOUTH

It was a large family of ten into
Which he was born the sixth. At fifteen, he
Took an apprenticeship in Manchester,
One hundred miles away.
With time his mail decreased until, at last,
He lost all links which tied him to the home. . . .
The third year passed and summertime had come:
He flew to Oslo, then hitched up north
Into the bare mountains:—

Vast mountains
Hung from the lucid sky in stretched, unruly
Lines, each asserting its individual right
To stand aloof. From high and rocky plain,
He dropped dizzily to dark depths beneath
Where murky waters lapped the scanty edge.
Freezing streams from mountain heights cut shallow
Into the cumbrous plateau rocks, then suddenly
Ejaculated forth, fell and playfully
Touched the rock to dart again into the depths.
Steamers choked with custom traced faint shimmers
On the inlets, which, like veins twisted
Far into the hardened land.

Cars passed infrequently along
The rocky open road. The seventh night
He spent in a crumpled pile in an unyielding
Hollow. The day dawned, but dark clouds rumbled
Ominously above. Determined to stop
The next vehicle, he waited, hungry and stiff,
Until gone midday.

Slight sleet, steadying into snow,
Hastened him to walk to reach safety.
His rucksack folded his shoulders almost as low
As to touch the ground. The wind whipped
The freezing sleet to lash his cheek and chin.
It blew, then stopped, then howled again, making
Him falter and fall, or fumble back and fore.
Striving to balance and make headway on the slush-covered
road,

He lost his sense of place, direction and time.
The truth cut deep:

In panic he lurched desperately forward, losing
His bag in one hasty lunge. His mind
Lost all consideration, and, as a mountain
Loomed ahead, he veered for it, as if
Its vastness would crack and a void suck
Him into the warm comfort of a dark womb.

The plain became a mountain
As he stumbled blindly up into the heights.
The storm encompassed and beat him in its rage.
He feared its blustering blighting blast on him alone.

Countless hours passed as
With arduous steps he trudged the slimy slope,
Slithering slowly through the slushy snow,
Frequently faltering over sudden ruts,
Or blundering 'gainst odd sharp concealed rocks,
His mind besieged and battered by a raging blizzard
Was whipped into a numb and aching blur:

The white glowed and throbbled,
Tempting the weighted lids to shut it out;
Slip softly under anaesthetic calm
Into the enveloping bowers of restful death.
Yet life still clung,
Painfully prising his frosted lids apart,
Flooding the head with a sharp and searing glare.

More hours he stumbled 'til slowly the gloom encroached,
While, merciless, the distant unseen sun
Drifted away; and with it fled all hope
As when embers flicker, fade and die
All warmth vanishes.

Still he trudged,
Though mindless. Finally the cold crept up
To stiffen every twisted brittle limb
Until, tottering, he wandered o'er a cliff,
Jabbed the air and fell and cracked in two.

Round, over and through the deep fissure
The wind howled in scornful, vengeful triumph.
Later, the gloom lifted, leaving snow
Deep, fresh and guiltless. Perhaps a slight
Rise indicated where he lay, broken,
Or maybe not. His friends ceased wondering
And forgot; life rolled on, as did death.
And the wind howled.

Gwyn Campbell, Upper VI Arts

TO APOLLO 13

Three souls, shot skyward in a needle-nosed tomb,
Crossing the Styx in an inferno of gas and heat.
Was Man formed for this?
Little man, made in God's image,
Is this your heritage?

Strong men, and brave, to nose your way
'Cross continents unknown,
And at the end, death, dark and cold
Is waiting.

Two lights stop winking,
And simple man on earth is sorry.
What can he know of cold and thirst and hunger?
O little man, made in God's image,
Come home safely.

Stephen Smith, IVA

DREAMS OF A WORLD

*I stood upon an empty stage,
And dreamt of years ago,
Of ancestors
And warriors,
Men fighting with the foe.*

*I sat before the firelight's glow,
And dreamt of things to come,
Of other men
In other worlds
And coach tours on the sun.
And as I sit in solitude*

*I think of the present day,
"Aquarius",
—"Apollo Craft"—
Three men for whom we pray.*

*Men wish they'll find a world "up there"
From human cares set free,
Where love abounds
—let peace be found—
In a world of eternity.*

Julie Armstrong, IVA

IN THE PARK

*Springtime in the park
Shows green of palest hue
And golden of the crocus
With snowdrop showing through.*

*Summer in the park
Appears a darker green,
With flowers in profusion
To make a merry scene.*

*Autumn in the park
With apples rosy red,
And crisp leaves in abundance
Lie on the flower bed.*

*Winter in the park,
With a coverlet of snow,
And a robin sings his sweetest
On branches bending low.*

Glenys Griffiths, Form II

WINGS

*Soft, grey wings in the twilight swirling,
Swooping, twisting in the night,
Silent through the still, dark shadows
The ghostly bat, on its lonely flight—
Oh, what a wonderful thing to have wings!*

*Then down again, from the blue, blue sky,
On those majestic, sinister wings
The deadly vulture, with one lone cry,
Drops, attacks its helpless victim—
Oh, what a wonderful thing to have wings!*

*Among the flowers, in the garden bright,
A flash of colour from the petals goes by,
Red, black and yellow, a pretty sight
In the morning sun, a drifting butterfly—
Oh, what a wonderful thing to have wings!*

*Against the flickering candle-flame
A moth flits and dances round about,
Casting weird shadows in the light,
To disappear as the flame goes out—
Oh, what a wonderful thing to have wings!*

*Twittering, chirping, gliding swiftly
Over the roof, to the garden seat,
The little sparrows, gracefully swerving,
Squabble noisily over a scrap of meat—
Oh, what a wonderful thing to have wings!*

*Come back again, you lonely sea-gull,
Your wings have carried you far and wide,
Your raucous, unhappy call drifts clear
Over the waves on the other side—
Oh, what a wonderful thing to have wings!*

*No-one knows what stories they have to tell,
No-one knows what secrets they have to keep,
No-one knows what things from the sky they have seen
As we, in our beds, lie fast asleep.
Those birds, on their wings, carried far away,
Their secrets die with them, they cannot say.
God made them the same, to the very last clay,
While we may only silently wonder
What a wonderful thing to have wings!*

Rebecca Judge, IIIA

LIVING IN THE COUNTRY

*A silvery gleam in the eastern sky heralds the dawning day,
 The farmhouse garden is filled with light as it bathes in the sun's first
 shimmering ray.
 The emerald leaves of the ancient yew spread their shade on the
 stable wall,
 Chequered and flecked like a young fawn's coat, it rests on the manger
 above the stall,
 An old grey mare is first to stir as the golden sunbeams dance on
 her face,
 She looks up at a cobweb caught in the ray, which shines like a shred
 of fairy lace.
 At the creak of a door she lifts her head and gives a gentle neigh,
 Then trots out into the bright new world, happy, free and gay.
 As the sun climbs high into the sky, a lark sweeps up from the corn,
 A sleepy mouse crawls from its nest and welcomes the tranquil dawn.
 A clanking of pails in the old cowshed and the quiet low of the cows,
 These are the sounds that the old dog hears as he stretches, yawns
 and bows.
 A fair-haired girl runs from the yard, as fair as the morn itself.
 She flits through the meadows and long sweet grass, like a fairy or
 enchanting elf.
 She has lived in the country all her life; she knows the ways of the wild,
 No city's smoke and dust has she known. She was born a country child.*

Helen Morris, IVC

THE TRAIN

*It stands, huge and majestic,
 Its great, green body
 Dwarfing all others.
 Proud and haughty
 With gleaming name-plates
 Proudly bearing the name
 The "Royal Express".
 Its shining black funnel
 No longer belches clouds
 Of pungent, grey smoke.
 Its wheels no longer
 Travel mile after mile
 Of parallel track.
 Now, a museum piece,
 It stands silent.
 Under the aloofness
 Is an air of despondency.*

Christine Lord, Upper IVA

FORM GOSSIP

FORM II

Good morning, good afternoon or good evening! Whatever the time of day, it is good. . . ! These are the special agents, A.C. and P.G., reporting from Special Branch (Form II) on a top-secret mission. Our leader, Mrs. H., has just managed to cope with us, with the help of this term's captains for the organisation, A.C. (in charge of the unmanageable scruffs) and J.B. and P.G. (coping with the angels). Agent 61, Gwyther Street, is a very fast runner and has been awarded the Cawley medal for this. Agent D.D. has a strange habit of sliding into corridor walls, and for this has been elected champion of a knock-out competition. After selling this TOP SECRET information to our enemies, the P.E.N.V.R.O., we have finally decided to say no more.
 —(Agents X and X, anonymous).

FORM II ALPHA

This is II Alpha calling and here is the latest newsflash. We did quite well in the Shelter Campaign and collected over £2. This term we have two new form captains, Glenda Pemberton and John Norris—we picked these ourselves. We have Jane Monsen and Garry Mills as our social service monitors. We had quite a lot of (so-called) athletes in the County Sports and I will mention them by name for you to check—Aileen Miller, Jonathan Main, Vanessa Thomas, Margaret Shapcott, and last but not least, Jennifer Parker. That is all. Over and out!
 —(A.W.)

FORM IIA

This term, Malcolm Edwards was elected as Form Captain and Danielle Henson as Assistant Form Captain. A pen-friend organisation sent us forms to fill if we wanted to write to friends in foreign countries. We feel that this is an excellent way to learn about the way people live in other parts of the world. We hear that three of our friends will be leaving at the end of this term. Jacqueline Logan is going to Milford Haven, Robert Ewington to Aberdare and Russell Hitchcock to the South-west of England. We wish them every success in the future and hope to hear from them from their new schools.

FORM IIIA

Hi, this is Form IIIA calling all fellow pupils. Nothing much to report this term except that we hope our "new arrival"—Mark Jones—can live with us until we change forms in September. So far this year the form captains have been Elizabeth Owen, Rebecca Judge and this term Jenny Nunnery (boys always chicken out!!!) We have been told that we are the noisiest form in the school (hasn't everyone!). I suppose you can guess we are getting along fine with our form mistress, Miss Phillips. We thank her very much for not resigning (!!!!) and sticking us out through the year—but there are a few weeks to go, so don't go yet, please. . . . See you next term! Love from US (United Scholars)!!!!

FORM III

Bonjour, nos amis! How's life treating you? It's treating Form III better than ever. Two of our male tennis addicts got into the tennis tournament, which we all think is quite an achievement. Well done, J - - n D - - - - s and P - - I G - - - - - s. The school Gymkhana went down well, with everybody helping even if they were only spectators. We still got their shillings (chuckle). Thanks to all concerned. Also our thanks to Mrs. Guest and Mrs. Jones who have helped in Miss Lewis's absence. We hope she'll be back very soon. Our sincere sympathy goes out to all taking G.C.E. and C.S.E. Well, we must go, amigos. Adios and good luck in the exams!

FORM III ALPHA

Here we are again, the noisiest (but surely the nicest) form in the school. We have been told this by so many that we are beginning to believe it. At the moment our form captains are Kim Smith and Peter Thomas. One of our members has left, you will be sorry to know, and we wish her the best of luck. Most of us are either members of the stamp club or members of the chess club, and Sally Anne Scrace has worked extremely hard to keep the stamp club going. We have three violinists, E. Scourfield, G. Thomas and L. Smith, and in fact we are a very harmonious bunch on the whole. —(L.S.)

FORM IVA

This is a summer term Blues report from the most — form in the school. The **only** things wrong with this term, we feel, are (a) the weather—because it was so hot one 'free' biology lesson, that we left the hall to sit on the bank outside. Although we explained that we had gone out to study the parallel leaf venation of grass, we were threatened with detention; (b) the half-term holiday—three days! (c) the exams—no comment. I have been told (maybe 'forced' is a better word) to say that in the County Sports the following distinguished themselves: P. Colley (2nd), Mac Muller (3rd), N. Thorpe (last). Already this term we have been smitten—by the continuing absence of D. O'C., and the famed S.H. was last seen in detention for escorting yours truly to the dentist's. Well, who would have thought that one of US—!

FORM IVB

Here we are again! the angelic hosts (boys) and "the rest" (girls), plus extras. With the start of the summer months we have changed from rugby and hockey to rounders, cricket and athletics. The junior County Athletics team contained J. Batt and F. Twynam who were both in the relay, with Frank also competing in the shot, long jump and triple jump. S. Williams has played twice for the Junior Cricket XI against Cardigan and the Coronation, scoring 19 and 1, respectively. Angela Davids has played tennis for the school and won quite convincingly with a IVA girl (name censored) as partner. The rounders team this year contains four of our girls—Helen Dickie, Tina Morris, Helen Lloyd

and Jennifer Dodson. We wish to thank Mr. Ladd tremendously for keeping us in good shape and we wish him the best of luck in his next post in West Germany.

FORM IVC

Hi! This is IVC clocking in for summer. B. Thain and A. Richardson are our only hope in netball and Bernice is captain of Hywel House and the school junior teams. H. M. and B.T. are in the rounders team and C.E. is in the junior hockey team. W.C. has once again been suffering from you know what, so we haven't seen much of him this term. We are sorry to be saying goodbye to Judith Stevens who is leaving to go to Larkhill in September. Mr. Humphreys has done wonders to put up with C.J., A.R. and L.L. in Welsh. Thank you, Mrs. Harris, for putting up with all of us this year. This is 4C clocking out!

UPPER IVB

Here's Upper IVB checking in to greet all Penvro readers. Nothing much has happened yet from our gifted members but there's no knowing what **might** happen. Three of the form have represented the school in cricket — George Hobbs, Leonard Mullins and Philip John. In the cross-country County Trials in Haverfordwest, Megan John and Linda Manning represented the girls, while Christopher Payne, Leonard Mullins and Nicholas Watts represented the boys. Christopher came third. Did I say nothing much has happened?!

UPPER IVA

Upper IVA here, casting a little sunshine into your lives of drudgery. We welcome a new member to the form, namely Sandra Germain, who joined us at the start of the last batch of exams!! We do not claim to be the noisiest form but we are certainly the most talented. Don't look so surprised! Haven't you seen those fantastic physiques loping in the direction of Room 16? Seriously though, we congratulate several members of the form upon their prowess in athletics and games, and thank them for giving the form a reputation to be proud of. But people, our talents do not end there. We boast several musicians specialising in the strings, woodwind and brass (rumour has it a bassoon has appeared). If these mates of ours carry on the way they're going they could have quite a musical future (Chicago, eat your hearts out). The 'O' levels are looming up. Admire our charms while you can, 'cos this time next year we'll be looking like squeezed-out lemons!

VI GENERAL

This is Uncle Jim's nephews and nieces addressing all our cousins. Nothing much has happened so far this year, but we're still hoping. Brothers John, Lyn and Dai excelled themselves very much last season . . . that is, in Rugby! Brothers John and Lyn also represented us in the County Sports, but it seems third place was their best. Romance in our form is still flourishing but it seems that some of our **Dear BrotherS** just can't take a hint!

We would like to thank us very much for looking after the vending machine so admirably, and having to suffer the perilous risks of sampling its products every day. We would like to wish everyone taking exams the best of luck, especially us, the Upper Vth and the Vth form. Many thanks to Uncle Jim for putting up with us

—(J.L., J.H., S.J., H.J.)

LOWER VI SCIENCE

Cupid strikes again, folks! Without naming persons concerned, would it be sufficient to say that there has been a general reshuffle on the front bench in Chemistry? No, all ye stirrers—we refer to the two by the **window**. "Prestige" has done its "Job" well, for the number of prefects in the form has "crept" up from three to eight and a half. Well, our scout is only little, isn't he? Once again our thanks and sympathy go to Mr. Jones for controlling us so keenly. His job has been comparatively easy due to a certain two-week absence of one unmentionable (sorry!—unmentioned) person. P.S.: Best of luck to our senior comrades facing 'A' levels. Our advice to you is to pass them—or else risk joining us next year. P.P.S.: Cheerio, Paddy!

LOWER VI ARTS

There now follows a partly particular broadcast on behalf of the Gibbon-throttlers' Association. For our past term of office we have been highly successful at being failures, even if we say so ourselves. Despite all attempts from the other party across the corridor we have undoubtedly been THE form of the term (THE what form? I ask myself). Our cabinet, or wardrobe, as you all know, consists of:

Prime Minister—Robin Campbell, M.A.D., Oxo.

Minister with portfolio—John Little.

Treasurer—Ailsa Davies.

Minister of Agroculture—Ann Batchelor.

Minister of Transport—Peter "Angel" Smith.

You know that "Your country needs you," well we're telling you that "Your school needs us" and we should know. So vote for us in the next general election and we will guarantee each person in the school a free gibbon a day to throttle in the canteen at break.

Epltaf to Pam

At last we've thought of something
On which we all agree—
Departed, not forgotten,
Miss Williams, R.I.P.

—(Love, Lower VI Arts)

SCHOOL SOCIETIES

CHESS CLUB

This has been, so far, a very uneventful term, but it is hoped to hold a tournament at the end of the term. As membership is now approximately one hundred, the membership fee will be raised to sixpence per term to provide additional sets and possibly a small library.

Once again we wish to thank Mr. D. E. Lloyd for presiding over the club.

—Richard Walters (Lower VI Arts)

FILM SOCIETY

This year saw the reintroduction of a Film Society into school activities.

The films shown were mainly of interest to middle and lower school pupils, and attendances, though usually quite good, were assisted by inclement weather.

The quality of sound and vision of the films was greatly improved by the arrival of the school's new projector at the beginning of March.

The Film Society extends its thanks to all those who helped with the organisation of the film shows, and to those who attended them.

—D. J. Harries (Upper VI Sc.)

JUNIOR SCRIPTURE UNION

Last term's meetings started with a Criss-Cross Quiz and continued with a discussion on the role the Bible can play in modern life. We also had an 'Any Questions' Session; another discussion on various topics, including the subject of Sunday sport; and a reading from "Passport to Life City," which is an up-to-date "Pilgrim's Progress" based on life in modern America. We were pleased to welcome Mr. Nelson who spoke on the Parable of the Sower and answered questions put by members of the group. We should like to thank Miss Williams for helping us in the absence of Miss Mary Lewis, who is still away recovering from an operation. Everybody in the Scripture Union hopes she will soon recover. As usually happens in the fine weather of the summer term, numbers are dwindling this term. Come on, Juniors! Spare half an hour on Thursdays to come to our meetings!

—Peter John (IVA)

YOUNG FARMERS' CLUB

At the beginning of the term, former National Federation Chairman, Miss Ann Phillips, gave an interesting talk on "The Y.F.C. Movement throughout the country" and all members present gained a great deal of knowledge on the growth of the Y.F.C. Movement.

Unfortunately, a team could not be arranged to enter the public speaking competition so we had to back out of this event. The dressmaking and modelling competition was held on Saturday, 28th March, in Clarboston Road, where Kathleen Davies came second in the junior competition. Ann Bowen and Vivien Lain also entered this competition.

The 7th of May brought a Y.F.C. dance, which members of the Coronation helped to make a very enjoyable evening. A group, "The Universe," played at this very successful dance.

The last event of the year is the rally, at which we have two attendants, Vivien Lain and Judith Phillips, and in which we hope to have some success.

—Judith Phillips (Upper V1 Sc.)

URDD GOBAITH CYMRU

A week before the School Eisteddfod in March, a number of Urdd members were busy selling leeks at sixpence each to raise money for the South Wales Physically Handicapped Children. This is an annual St. David's Day appeal and the money collected is used to keep and maintain the Children's Holiday Home. The total sum was £2 10s. 2d. for which we received the acknowledgement of the organisation which has its headquarters at Cowbridge, Glamorgan. Those who want to buy leeks to celebrate St. David's Day next year should contact members of the School Urdd branch. They will be supporting a deserving cause at the same time.

At the beginning of the Summer Term it was suggested in an Urdd meeting that the activities of the year should end with a trip to the St. Fagan's Folk Museum near Cardiff. This report has to be written before we go on the trip but we hope to tell you about it in the next issue of Penvro.

—Anne Russell (Lower Sixth Arts)

COUNTY SPORTS RESULTS — 16th MAY, 1970

The County Sports this year were held at the Secondary Modern School, Haverfordwest, on May 16th. The new cinder track recently laid down made competition in the track events particularly interesting and several records were broken. As far as individual performances are concerned, Frank Cawley, of Form II, did extremely well in the Sub-junior section, coming first in all his events, and winning the plaque for the best Sub-junior athlete at the sports. The Middle Boys produced winners in the persons of Robin Campbell and Michael White, and Graham Brown ran well to come first in the senior 800 metres. In the girls' events, Margareta Campbell came first in the Senior Javelin competition and Perryn Butler had two second placings, in the discus and shot events.

RESULTS**GIRLS' EVENTS****Senior:**

High Jump, P. Butler, 4th; Shot, P. Butler, 2nd; Discus, P. Butler, 2nd.

Middle:

100 yards, Alyson Rowlands, 3rd; 800 yards, Janet Davies, 5th; Hurdles, Alyson Rowlands, 3rd; Javelin, Margareta Campbell, 1st; Shot, Janet Davies, 3rd; Discus, Susan Penfold, 4th; Long Jump, Alyson Rowlands, 3rd.

Junior:

100 yards, Kim Smith, 4th; Hurdles, Kathryn Griffiths; High Jump, Janet Churcher, 5th; Discus, Helen Penfold, 7th; Long Jump, Kim Smith, 5th.

Sub-junior:

100 yards, A. Miller, 2nd; Hurdles, J. Parker, 5th; High Jump, V. Thomas, 4th; Shot, M. Shapcott, 5th.

Boys' Events:

100 metres—Malcolm Muller, 3rd (Junior); Frank Cawley, 1st (Sub-junior).

200 metres—John Little, 2nd (Senior); Frank Cawley, 1st (Sub-junior).

400 metres—Lyn Smith, 6th (Senior); Norman Cooke, 4th (Junior).

800 metres—Graham D. Brown, 1st (Senior); Peter Burke, 4th (Junior).

1,500 metres—Robin Campbell, 1st (Middle).

400 metres Hurdles—Michael White, 1st (Middle).

Long Jump—John Asparassa, 3rd (Senior); Terry Bannon, 3rd (Middle); Frank Twynham, 4th (Junior).
 High Jump—Keith Johnson, 3rd (Senior); Andrew Lingard, 3rd (Middle).
 Triple Jump—Richard Brawn, 4th (Senior); Michael White, 1st (Middle); Frank Twynham, 5th (Junior).
 Pole Vault—Ian Lightley, 3rd (Senior); Andrew Lingard, 4th (Middle); Peter Colley, 5th (Junior).
 Javelin—Andrew Colley, 4th (Senior); Gareth Willington, 5th (Junior).
 Shot—Stephen Griffiths, 5th (Senior).
 Discus—John Asparassa, 3rd (Senior); Ian Kilcoyne, 2nd (Middle); Peter Burke, 4th (Junior).
 Relays—Senior, 5th; Middle, 2nd; Sub-junior, 1st.

SCHOOL GAMES

HOCKEY — Spring Term 1970

1st XI

v. Fishguard (A)—lost 2-1
 v. Fishguard (A)—won 3-0
 v. Haverfordwest S.M. (A)—lost 2-1
 v. St. Davids (A)—lost 3-0
 v. Milford G.S. (H)—won 1-0
 v. Tenby (A)—won 3-2
 v. Coronation S.M. (H)—won 6-0
 v. Tasker's (A)—drew 2-2
 v. Staff (H)—drew 1-1
 v. Narberth (A)—won 4-0

The team has had a successful season, losing only four of their matches and capped their success by the winning of the Austin Cup against Fishguard in January. At the end of the term, First XI colours were awarded to Marilyn Cole, Pamela Morgan and Linda Manning.

2nd XI

v. Fishguard (A)—won 3-0
 v. Haverfordwest S.M. (A)—won 3-0
 v. St. Davids (A)—won 1-0
 v. Milford G.S. (H)—lost 1-3

The 2nd XI has had a very successful year, losing only one of their matches, which was at the end of the season. At the end of the year 2nd XI colours were awarded to M. John, L. John, D. Cater and M. Scourfield.

Junior XI

v. Fishguard (A)—lost 5-0
 v. St. David's (A)—won 2-1
 v. Tenby (A)—won 1-0
 v. Tasker's (A)—won 1-0
 v. Whitland (H)—lost 1-3
 v. Narberth (H)—won 2-0

The team also came second in their section of the Junior Austin Cup. The team has proved itself an efficient unit with as much team spirit as the 1st XI and the 2nd XI have shown.

There have also been two matches played this season by a 3rd year XI and a 2nd year XI, each team winning and losing one match.

House Hockey

The Senior House Hockey was won by Glyndwr House. The Junior House Hockey was won by Picton House.

NETBALL — Easter Term, 1970

March 7th (Home) v. Milford Grammar School (Senior): won 11-7.
 March 10th (Away) v. Greenhill Comprehensive (Senior): won 18-8; (Junior): lost 10-8.
 March 12th (Home) v. Coronation (Senior): won 17-6.
 March 14th (Away) v. Tasker's (Senior): lost 24-8; (Junior): lost 11-7.
 March 24th (Home) v. St. Clears (1st Team): lost 7-6; (3rd year): lost 8-6; (2nd year): lost 3-0.

The 1st VII was chosen from the following: Janet Davies; Karen Stevens, Philippa Greenwood, Ann Stephens, Alyson Rowlands, Marion Harries, Bernice Thain, Clare Lynch; Irene James, Dorothy Hay, Marion Harries, Ailsa Davies, Theresa Croft.

The Junior VII was chosen from: Helen Lloyd, Jane Thomas, Janice Dodd, Susan Shires, Jennifer Hay, Bernice Thain, Ann Richardson, Judith Edwards.

House Matches (Senior) [2 points for a win, 1 point for a draw]

Glyndwr v. Hywel: 13-8
 Glyndwr v. Tudor: 15-9
 Picton v. Hywel: 9-6
 Picton v. Glyndwr: 14-11
 Hywel v. Tudor: (Tudor team did not turn up)
 Picton v. Tudor: 18-4

Final score of the Senior House Netball was:

House	Final score	Captain
Glyndwr	6 —	Ann Stephens
Picton	4 —	Carey Spencer
Hywel	2 —	Ailsa Davies
Tudor	0 —	Ann Gibby

Junior House Netball Matches

Hywel v. Tudor: 17-0
 Picton v. Glyndwr: 7-5
 Hywel v. Glyndwr: 14-1
 Picton v. Tudor: 8-4
 Picton v. Hywel: 11-1
 Glyndwr v. Tudor: 5-1

House	Final score	Captain
Hywel	6 —	Bernice Thain
Picton	4 —	Megan Davies
Glyndwr	2 —	Helen Lloyd
Tudor	0 —	Gail Thomas

The result of the match between the school 1st Seven and the Staff was a victory for the school by 17-9.

1st XV

During the Easter Term the 1st XV continued its impressive and successful record, losing only three matches all season. Throughout the season the team played highly attractive rugby, the best performance being against Kilburn G.S. at home. We would like to thank Mr. Lloyd for giving up so much of his time to coach us.

At the end of the season, colours were awarded to: Rowland Jeffreys, Clayton Rees, Brian James, Gwyn Campbell, Selwyn Skone, Michael Davies, David Scourfield.

The following boys represented the 1st XV: Jonathan Reynolds (captain), Paul Morgan (vice-captain), Rowland Jeffreys (secretary), Michael Davies (committee), Clayton Rees, Lyn Smith, David Scourfield, John Asparassa, Selwyn Skone, Robin Davies, Brian James, Robert John, Gwyn Campbell, Graham Brown, Roland Perkins, Richard Brawn, John Stephens, John Phillips, Frank Whittaker and Stephen Griffiths.

Results since Christmas:

Milford G.S. (Home) won 47-6
 Tenby C.S. (Home) won 8-6
 Fishguard C.S. (Home) won 40-0
 Gwendraeth G.S. (Home) won 8-3
 Kilburn G.S. (Away) won 27-0
 Cardigan G.S. (Away) lost 0-6
 Kilburn G.S. (Home) won 40-3
 Old Boys (Home) lost 3-11

Record for season

P	W	L	D	Pts. for	Pts. against
19	16	3	0	435	83

Graham Brown, Lower VI Arts

2nd XV

Officials for 1969-70 season: G. Russant (captain); F. Whittaker (vice-captain), P. Brown (secretary); committee: J. Stephens, R. Campbell.

The 2nd VX have finished the season with the loss of only one game out of 18 played, a record owed mainly to the forwards at the beginning of the season, but during the second half of the season the backs showed the excellent form they were capable of. Top scorer was J. Stephens with 98 points. The Kilburn trip this year was thoroughly enjoyed by all concerned, and both teams are grateful to all those who accommodated them. Again thanks must be paid to Mr. E. Powell for giving us the hardest training sessions in school.

Those who have represented the 2nd XV this season: G. Russant, F. Whittaker, P. Brown, R. Campbell, J. Stephens, M. White, T. Bannon, R. Brawn, L. Smith, J. Phillips, K. Johnson, S. Griffiths, M. Cole, C. Morgan, S. Badham, M. Perkins, M. Perkins, S. Longhurst, I. Cooper, K. Phelps, A. Lewis.

Games played:

Whitland G.S. 14-0 (W)
 Tenby 25-0 (W)
 Milford G.S. 32-0 (W)
 Coronation 16-0 (W)
 Carmarthen G.S. 3-3 (D)
 Coronation 16-0 (W)

Pembroke Youth 3-3 (D)
 Malvern G.S. 49-0 (W)
 Gwendraeth 5-6 (L)
 Fishguard 44-3 (W)
 Coronation 22-0 (W)
 Milford G.S. 20-3 (W)
 Tenby 29-0 (W)
 Milford 20-0 (W)
 Gwendraeth 22-0 (W)
 Kilburn 25-3 (W)
 Cardigan 14-3 (W)
 Kilburn 35-3 (W)

Games				Pts.	Pts.
played	W	L	D	for	against
18	15	1	2	403	27

Philip Brown, Lower VI Science

3rd XV

This term we played only two games probably because our reputation had spread throughout the county. Our hardest game was against the staff, who played dirty and had the ref. on their side! Their hard play was shown by the ceremonial dropping of Alan Lewis and Stephen James, both of whom suffered from concussion. The downfall of the Thirds came when Gower was given the ball and was not seen again until he had scored under the posts. This try evened the score which was to remain unaltered till the final whistle. We hope next season's team will have more games than this year's and keep up the good work.

The following boys represented the team: I. Lightley, G. Powell, S. James, E. Dade, K. Phelps, P. Scourfield, A. Lewis (capt.), S. Longhurst, R. Brawn, I. Cooper, D. Thompson, P. Smith, A. Colley, G. Thomas, L. Johnson, P. Marsden, P. Gwyther, P. Thomas.

Played, 7; Won, 4; Lost, 1; Drawn, 2;
 80 pts. for; 37 pts. against

Robert Brawn (Sec.), Lower VI Arts

Junior XV

This year's Under 15s has been exceptionally successful throughout the 1969-70 season. Since Christmas the team has played only four matches, winning three and drawing one. Throughout the season five boys played for the County XV. These were D. Willington, G. Willington, M. Whitfield, P. Watkins and J. Purser. At the

end of the term, colours were awarded to C. Payne, G. Samuel, D. Willington, G. Willington, P. Watkins, J. Purser and M. Whitfield. The points for the team since Christmas are: points for 90; points against 17.

The Junior squad was made up from: G. Willington, D. Willington, M. Sanderson, C. Thomas, P. O'Connor, M. Muller, C. Gait, N. Cook, D. Williams, P. Burke, P. Watkins (captain), J. Purser, C. Payne, P. Capp, G. Samuel, P. Brown, H. Campbell, B. Busby, A. McMahon, A. Dickie, A. Lingard, P. Colley, G. Edwards, M. Whitfield.

C. Payne (Sec.), Upper 4b

Under 13s XV

Again we do not have a very satisfactory result but I think that a better game of rugby was played by all team members and the standard of play was better than that of last term. The unsatisfactory result is no doubt due to the lack of experience in playing inter-school competitive rugby. I am sure that the players will improve as time passes and will make an excellent First XV.

Those who played in one or more matches this season are: C. Rule (captain), C. Evans (vice-captain), J. Davies, P. Davies, A. Guillam, P. Busby, S. Alderman, P. Henson, K. Cooke, N. Gait, H. Phillips, D. Brown, S. Sealy, P. Griffiths, P. Doran, G. Davies, C. Jenkins, M. O'Connor, S. Scaife (secretary).

Result of Easter Term matches:

- v. Tenby (A): lost 3-9
- v. Fishguard (H): drew 6-6
- v. Haverfordwest S.M. (A): lost 3-19
- v. Coronation (H): lost 0-20.

Stephen Scaife, III Alpha

GIRLS' CROSS COUNTRY — Thursday, January 22nd, 1970

Points gained in this event will be added to those gained in the school sports.

Position	Senior (Over 15)	Points for Sports
1st	Alyson Rowlands, Glyndwr	16
2nd	Christine Lord, Hywel	14
3rd	Janet Davies, Hywel	12
4th	Janice Doran, Glyndwr	10
5th	Pamela Morgan, Picton	8
6th	Penny George, Picton	6
7th	Ann Bowen, Hywel	3
) Linda Davids, Tudor	3

Position	Junior (under 15)	Points for Sports
1st	Cynthia Lewis, Glyndwr	16
2nd	Vanessa Thomas, Tudor	14
3rd	Aileen Miller, Picton	12
4th	Danielle Henson, Hywel	10
5th	Linda Arnold, Hywel	8
6th)	Pauline Symes, Tudor	4
)	Helen Thomas, Tudor	4
8th	Shobha Goriah, Tudor	2

TOTAL POINTS

Seniors		Juniors		Overall
Hywel	68	Tudor	54	Glyndwr ... 212
Glyndwr	71	Picton	135	Hywel
Picton	116	Glyndwr ...	141	Tudor
Tudor	174	Hywel	148	Picton
				251

PENFRO OLD PUPILS' ASSOCIATION

President: C. Nelson, Esq., M.A.

Vice-presidents: Miss A. M. K. Sinnett, J.P.;
T. C. Roberts, Esq., B.Sc.

Secretary:

Magazine Editor: I. G. Cleaver.

It is with great regret that we record the death at the early age of 55, of Mr. D. F. (Danny) Hordley (1929-35), who had been secretary of the Old Pupils' Association for many years. Since his return to the Coronation School, Pembroke Dock, after completing his teacher's training course at Oakley College, Cheltenham, Mr. Hordley took an active interest in the Association and, together with Mr. J. H. A. Macken, was jointly responsible for organising the Old Pupils' annual reunion dance in the school hall until lack of support forced its abandonment.

The Coronation School in particular, and the borough in general, have suffered a great loss, and generations of pupils and countless parents have cause to remember, with gratitude, his outstanding work at the school's annual carol services and the musicals, the last of which, "My Fair Lady," was played to packed audiences for a whole week at the end of March. It was shortly after this that Mr. Hordley collapsed in school with pneumonia.

To his widow, Mrs. Lilian Hordley (née Dew, 1931-36), and only son, Timothy (1964-69), we offer our sincere sympathy.

We extend our heartiest congratulations to Miss A. M. K. Sinnett, J.P., one of our Vice-presidents, and one of our most senior old pupils, on her appointment as a member of the newly-formed governing body of the school, in anticipation of the school's reorganisation, on comprehensive lines, in 1972.

The Dramatic Society gave another polished production of the comedy "No Time for Fig Leaves" in March. The play was produced by Miss Molly Thomas, and the school hall was full on both evenings.

NEWS OF OLD PUPILS

Virginia Lewis (1958-63) qualified as a State Certified Midwife in December 1969. She already holds the S.R.N. Certificate.

Philip Lain (1957-64) was awarded a Gulf post-graduate scholarship valued at £100 in January. Philip is at present doing research at the University of Surrey for which he hopes to obtain the degree of Ph.D.

Wendy Donovan (1959-66) joined the staff of the Coronation Secondary Modern School, Pembroke Dock, on 1st January to teach Domestic Science.

Rev. John Lewis (1949-1956) recently moved from Coventry to St. Andrew's Church, Bedford. His brother Peter (1956-63) was ordained Deacon by Robert, Lord Bishop of St. Albans, in the Cathedral and Abbey Church of St. Albans on Trinity Sunday, 24th May, and will serve in the Hatfield Team Ministry. Peter, who followed John to Selwyn College, Cambridge, recently completed his theological studies at Ripon Hall, Oxford.

John L. Ebsworth (1950-1957) recently left the teaching profession to enter the insurance business. John was head of the physical education department at Northampton Grammar School. He continues to live in Northampton and remains coach to the successful Northampton Rugby Club.

George S. Dickman (1957-1962) has also left the teaching profession. He was formerly on the staff of Holland Park Comprehensive School, but resigned his appointment to become the area training adviser to the Furniture and Timber Training Board. He has recently joined the international timber firm of Hollander Hyams, Ltd., one of the largest wholesale timber merchants in Europe. George commutes between the major European ports weekly. He expects to spend some time in Ghana in the near future as the firm's chief representative.

Derek Welby (1946-52) is now the London area manager of the United Dominions Trust Finance Company. He resides in Haywards Heath, Sussex.

Edward (Ted) Ridley (1947-52) left Pembroke in February to take up an appointment with Shell International in Nigeria. Since 1965 Ted was assistant engineer with the C.E.G.B. at Pembroke Power Station. His wife, Frances (née Rixon, 1946-53), hopes to join him soon when the political situation is more stable.

Donald Gough (1956-63) has been promoted to Senior Radiographer at the West Wales Hospital, Glangwili, Carmarthen.

Raymond Llewellyn Jones (1940-1947) made a series of successful television appearances in the Harlech television serial, "Owl Service," during the early part of 1970.

Philip Carradice (1959-67) has been appointed to the staff of Milford Haven Central School to teach Remedial Classes.

David Hay (1956-63) has been appointed Head of the Craft Department of a comprehensive school in Luton, Beds., as from September next. A close neighbour is Paul Reynolds (1956-64).

Susan Peach (1958-65) was successful in gaining her State Certified Midwife certificate recently. She already holds the S.R.N. Certificate.

David Weale (1949-57) formerly head of the Chemistry Department at Cardiff High School for Boys, took up his new appointment as Administrative Assistant to the Welsh Joint Education Committee in Cardiff on 1st May. David was successful in gaining his M.A. degree of the University of Wales, in July, 1969.

Richard Huyshe (1962-69) visited the school recently and informed us that he is now a cadet with the Pacific and Orient Steam Navigation Company. He is recently back from a tour of South Africa, Hong Kong, Japan, South America and the Continent. Richard says that Japan was the most impressive country he has visited so far.

Timothy Hordley (1964-69) reports that his course in electronics with the Ministry of Technology, Royal Aircraft Establishment, Farnborough, Hants., is most enjoyable and recommends it to anyone interested in electronics.

Wendy Power (formerly Gray) (1954-1961) writes to say that she hopes to enter Columbia University in September for a course in Russian studies.

Paul Leonard Evans (1964-69), who is at the Army Apprentices' College, Arborfield, is doing very well. His recent report was an excellent one and he is doing particularly well in electronics.

Geoffrey Baines (1939-42) produced a series of six programmes on BBC2 in March and April entitled "The glory that remains—the thousand-year walk." The programmes were concerned with ancient times. Geoffrey is one of the BBC's most experienced producers of documentaries and travels all over the world for this purpose.

Derek Cousins (1945-1954) recently qualified as a W.R.U. referee. Derek is an insurance and mortgage broker in Builth Wells. He is fixture secretary for Builth Wells R.F.C. When in school, Derek was a regular member of the First XV.

Gordon S. D. Parry (1937-43) was adopted on 30th May as the Labour candidate for the Pembrokeshire constituency. Gordon is a good friend of the school and his adjudications of the prepared speech at our annual eisteddfodau are always much looked forward to. His father, the late Rev. T. L. Parry, was for many years a governor of the Pembroke Dock County School.

We congratulate the following Old Pupils on their engagement:

1 January: Paul Arnold (1957-63), to Ann Thomas of Bromley, Kent.

1 January: Huw Gibby (1958-1960) to Linda Williams (1960-1967)

1 January: David Williams (1961-1967) to Susan James, of Pembroke Dock.

8 January: Cleddau Gibby (1961-1966) to Michael Allen, of Stepaside.

20 February: Leslie Neville (1959-1964) to Pauline Broom, of Pontypridd.

20 March: Margaret Channon (1963-1969) to John Woolford, of Monkton.

27 March: Margaret Vernon (1960-1967) to Howard Maitland, of Caerleon, Newport.

1 April: Janet Statter (1965-1968) to Simon Hiatt, of Pembroke.

18 April: Keith Griffiths (1958-1966) to Susan Millington, of Frome, Somerset.

We congratulate the following Old Pupils on their marriage:

5 January: at Pembroke, Kenneth Deveson (1959-1966) to Susan Stevens (1958-1965).

30 March: at Pembroke Dock, Wendy Cavaney (1954-1962) to Dennis O'Driscoll, Cork.

30 March: at Coshaston, Sheila Kenniford (1964-1970) to Gary Johnson, Pembroke.

1 April: at Pembroke, Ruth Thomas (1958-1965) to Michael Roberts.

11 April: at Pembroke, Sally Baker (1959-1966) to Roland Kemp, Llanelli.

9 May: at Ealing, J. Glyn Mathias (1955-1956) to Sian Davies, London.

9 May: at Devizes, Glyn Pemberton (1966) to Janet Lewis, Pembroke Dock.

9 May: at Pembroke, Anna Sturgeon (1960-1966) to Robert John Byrne, Exeter.

18 May: at Pembroke, Dinah Haggard (1961-68) to Robert Peter Moon, Coshaston.

9 May: at Tralee, Robert George Sudbury (1960-1963) to Aileen Mary O'Dowd, Tralee.

23 May: at Stackpole, Susan Elizabeth Preece (1946-1958) to John Rees Davies, Narberth.

We are pleased to record the following births:

22 December: to Sandra (née Stevens, 1954-60), wife of Roy Briskham, a daughter, Sarah.

24 December: to Maureen (née Morgan), wife of John Powell (1944-1953), a daughter, Annette Elizabeth.

5 January: to Diane, wife of Terence Richards (1954-61) a daughter, Sian.

- 6 February: in Canada, to Beti (née Evans, 1953-1958), wife of Dr. David Sandall, a son, Jason David.
- 27 March: at Manchester, to Caroline (née Hughes, 1962-67), wife of Robert Jackson, a son, Sebastian Llewellyn Blocquet.
- 8 May: to Jenny (née Pugh) wife of Ricky Hill (1957-1962) a son, Richard.
- 20 May: to Sally (née Brown, 1955-62) and Graham John, a daughter, Nicola Louise.
- 29 May: to Diane (née Batchelor, 1958-63), wife of Robert Midgley, a daughter, Adele Louise.

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