

# *THE PENVRO*



SUMMER 1972

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Miss C. M. Lewis

BUSINESS MANAGER:

K. J. Bowskill

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## EDITORIAL

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new." For many months now, almost as long as the present third form have been in the school, we have been seeing the evidence of this rising around us. We have been subjected to the resultant noise and the temporarily restricted conditions. We have been ousted from various parts of the old building and transferred to some of the new blocks. Drama and Music have been flourishing in Block A for some time; in Block B the Art department is fraternising with Metalwork to the east and the milking parlour to the west; circuitous routes have to be planned well in advance to reach the Hall or the Library (the present one!) now that the main corridor from the classrooms to the foyer has been taken over by the workmen. The Staff commute daily from the Administration block, having left Mr. Cleaver to hold the last bastion in the Headmaster's former study. Sixth formers now have a grandstand view of the dinner queues for as long as the present canteen functions. In the far distance beyond the workmen's huts, one can see the tennis players outlined against the sky and the excuse for coming late to lessons is increasingly, "Please, I didn't hear the bell!" as the new "bleep" system and the ancient handbell together struggle to shepherd in the far-flung pupils. And so we could go on . . . as the Physics Lab. is being dismantled!

Amidst all this, the work of the school has continued, proof of the tenacity and adaptability of both pupils and teachers. Small annoyances, such as restriction on ball games in the playground, to greater disturbances when major transfer schemes have been put into operation, have been surmounted reasonably cheerfully. It cannot have been an easy task for those planning the reconstruction in all its complicated detail and one is aware of this more and more as order gradually emerges out of the seeming chaos.

In spite of all, it seems that we shall not be welcoming any of the present Coronation pupils to the Bush site in September. The state of progress will limit us to taking in only the new first years, all 127 of them, into the reception House, to be in the care of Mr. Nash as Housemaster, and of Miss M. Davies as House Mistress. Several parties of these new pupils have been visiting the school during the last few weeks and one wonders what their impressions were as they compared the vast extent of Bush with the Junior schools which they now attend. Until December, at least, the Argyle Street building and those of the Lower Coronation School will still be in use and staff will have to travel a little more than usual to meet their pupils! Perhaps it is as well that we are being "phased into" the new system in this way. It will get us used to changing over from the former House systems in both schools to the idea of new loyalties and organisation within the House system. The reorganised Houses will be named (in alphabetical order) Clare, Glyndwr, Hywel, Marshall, Picton and Valence, and will involve Forms II to VI; the Reception House will

be called Tudor. Thus all the existing House names are being used.

Looking back for a moment—we are glad to welcome Mr. Pennington to the staff in April, in place of Mr. Viv Jones, who is now Head of Geology at Milford Grammar School. Mr. Pennington has not been able to be with us full-time because of his course at Swansea U.C., so Mrs. Freda Davies has once again stepped into the breach and we thank her for all her help. No staff changes are anticipated at the end of this term (unless one counts the amalgamation of the Bush and Coronation staffs), except for the departure of Herr Lockl, who has just completed a second tour of duty with us. We wish him and his family well as they return to Germany in July—it has been a pleasure to have them with us in Pembroke for the past year. We also wish a prosperous future to all those members of the school who are leaving to go to college, or employment of various kinds, and hope that the G.C.E. and C.S.E. results are all that they have been hoping for!

## EISTEDDFOD 1972

This was the last occasion on which Pembroke Grammar School would hold its own School Eisteddfod, as from September 1972 it will be amalgamated with the Coronation Secondary Modern School. It was a worthy occasion to end on. The Hall, both downstairs and in the Gallery, was packed with an enthusiastic and vociferous audience of adults and pupils. The vast entry for literary, musical and craft competitions reflected the energy and interest of the pupils. This is shown in the fact that each House scored over one thousand points. The final score was as follows: 1, Picton (1,628 points); 2, Hywel (1,277); 3, Glyndwr (1,191); 4, Tudor (1,156).

Mr. Gordon Parry once again paid high tribute to the talents of the finalists in the Prepared Speech Competition, "Women's Lib means Man's Enslavement". As last year, Karina Russell won the competition with a display of fireworks that entertained her audience throughout. Other adjudicators, too, commented on the high standard of the competition in all its aspects.

It was appropriate that the Sixth formed its own Choir of all the talents to bring to an end the long tradition of the Grammar School Eisteddfod.

Mr. Nelson, in his closing remarks, said that the Eisteddfod would start off once more in 1973 with an entirely new House system, the Houses of the Coronation School being added to those of the Grammar School, with a complete redistribution of Staff and pupils among the seven new Houses.

## RESULTS

## MUSIC (Adjudicator: R. Noyce)

**Solo** (Jun. Girls): 1, G. Cook (G); 2, L. Williams (G); 3, R. Russell (G). (Sen. Girls): 1, C. Thomas (T); 2, Jacqueline Davies (H); 3, Angela Bowen (H). (Jun. Boys): 1, S. Stokes (T); 2, J. Main (T); 3, S. Morrissey (P). (Sen. Boys): 1, R. Walters (P); 2, I. Cooper (H); 3, P. Henson (H). **Duet** (Sen. Girls): 1, Ann and Angela Bowen (H); 2, Janet and Jacqueline Davies (H), and R. Harries and M. Campbell (P). **Welsh Solo**: 1, Janet Davies (H); 2, R. Harries (P); 3, K. Griffiths (P). **Piano Solo** (Sen.): 1, Jacqueline Davies (H); 2, R. Walters (P); 3, C. Thomas (T). (Middle): 1, N. Davies (H); 2, J. Lacombe (T); 3, M. Davies (P). **Violin Solo**: 1, S. Goriah (T); 2, J. Taylor (T); 3, R. Harries (P). **Instrumental Solo**: 1, T. Samuel (H); 2, C. Thomas (T); 3, P. Griffiths (T). **Instrumental Group**: 1, A. Bowen and J. Davies (H); 2, K. Russell and party (G); 3, R. Skone, J. Halstead and R. Walters (P). **Choir**: 1, Picton; 2, Hywel; 3, Glyndwr; 4, Tudor.

## POETRY SPEAKING (Adjudicators: A. Phillips and Rev. J. Phillips)

(Jun. Girls): 1, P. Goriah (T); 2, S. Merriman (P); 3, L. Bird (T). (Sen. Girls): 1, S. Catling; 2, Jacqueline Davies (H); 3, Ann Bowen (H). (Jun. Boys): 1, M. Windale (P); 2, I. McGilloway (H); 3, R. Lloyd (G). (Sen. Boys): 1, R. Walters (P); 2, S. Phillips (T); 3, S. Badham (P). **Junior Welsh**: 1, J. Edwards (G); 2, B. Jones (P); 3, D. Ball (G). **Middle Welsh**: 1, K. Griffiths (P); 2, G. Russell (G); 3, C. Bateman (P). **Sen. Welsh**: 1, Angela Bowen (H); 2, K. Russell (G); 3, B. Lewis (H). **Recitation for Welsh Speakers**: 1, R. Harries (P); 2, W. Miles (H); 3, D. Liley (H).

## PREPARED SPEECH (Adjudicator: G. S. Parry)

1, K. Russell (third consecutive win); 2, S. Catling (P) and M. James (P).

## LITERARY COMPETITIONS

**Essays** (Adjudicators: Miss A. R. Lewis-Davies, C. F. Palfrey, Mrs. R. C. Davies, I. Griffiths, S. Shaw, Wynford Davies)—Form I: 1, T. Mansfield (H); 2, H. Kelleher (P); 3, L. Lewis (G). Form II: 1, Hywel; 2, T. Farrow; 3, J. McNaughton. Form III: 1, P. Goriah (T); 2, K. Riley (P); 3, J. Blackmore (H). Form IV: 1, J. Huxter (P); 2, S. Goriah (T); 3, K. Griffiths (P). Form V: 1, J. Armstrong (T); 2, Jon Rees (P); 3, E. Thomas (T). Form VI: 1, S. Catling (P); 2, J. Prout (P); 3, Angela Bowen (H). **Junior Welsh**: 1, E. Roberts (P); 2, Prefect (P); 3, E. Nicholas (G). **Senior Welsh**: 1, A. Bowen (H); 2, B. Lewis (H); 3, R. Harries (P).

**Short Story** (Adjudicators: Miss E. Hinchcliffe, R. G. Mathias)—(Junior): 1, S. Davies (P); 2, L. McGilloway (H); 3, N. Davies (H). (Senior): 1, G. Scourfield (P); 2, C. Pattison (G); 3, F. Whittaker (T).

**Original Verse** (Adjudicator: Mrs. N. Davies)—Form I: 1, L. Thomas (T); 2, W. Horne (T); 3, S. Lloyd (G). Form II: 1, C. Busby (G); 2, J. Spicer (P); 3, R. Russell (G). Form III: 1, S. Lloyd (G); 2, C. Bateman (P); 3, Trof (T). Form IV: 1, E. Owen (T); 2, K. Smith (P) and Y. Street (P). Form V: 1, E. Thomas (T), A. Jenkins (P) and H. Morris (T). Form VI: 1, S. Catling (P); 2, I. Kilcoyne (T); 3, J. Bird (T).

**Latin Studies**—Form II: 1, R. Thomas (G); 2, T. Butler (T); 3, C. Busby (G). Form III: 1, R. Wood (H); 2, C. Cross (H); 3, J. Nicholson (P).

**Verse Translation** (Adjudicators: A. W. W. Devereux, R. G. Roberts)—Junior French: 1, S. Lloyd (G); 2, M. Windale (H); 3, G. Pemberton (T). Senior French: 1, J. Lewis (G); 2, S. Catling (P); 3, S. Goriah (T). Junior German: 1, J. Lynch (G); 2, J. Brooks (H); 3, M. Davies (T). Senior German: 1, D. Pendleton (T); 2, J. Lewis (G); 3, S. Andrews (H).

## ART

Form I: 1, M. Windale (P); 2, S. Lloyd (G); 3, M. Taylor (T). Form II: 1, A. Clode (H); 2, S. Featherstone (G); 3, B. Shepherd (H). Form III: 1, D. Harries (P) and D. Brown (T); 3, J. Evans (G). Form IV: 1, S. Hughes (T); 2, S. Goriah (T); 3, G. Russell (G) and A. Jones (H). Form V: 1, J. Bowers (P); 2, B. Ford (T); Form VI: 1, G. Scourfield (P); 2, R. Jenkins (H). **Three Dimensional**: Junior: 1, M. Rees (G); 2, L. Shires (G) and T. Butler (T). Middle: 1, M. Davies (P); 2, H. Penfold (T); 3, C. Johnson (H). Senior: 1, I. Cooper (H); 2, J. Bowers (P); 3, J. Byers (H).

## EMBROIDERY, NEEDLEWORK, ETC. (Adjudicators: Miss A. Murphy, Miss M. Davies)

**Needlework**—Form I: 1, P. Palmer (P); 2, J. Lewis (P); 3, J. Grimwade (P). Form II: 1, T. Butler (T); 2, R. Russell (G); 3, J. Thomas (T). Form III: 2, S. Lloyd. Form IV: 1, J. Nunnery (T); 2, E. Batt (G); 3, K. Smith (P). Form V: 1, J. Dodd (H); 2, C. Roblin (T); 3, J. Dodson (H). Form VI: 1, J. Davies (P); 2, G. Evans (P); 3, Ann Bowen (H). **Embroidery**—Junior: 1, J. McNaughton (H); 3, P. Casey (P). Senior: 1, L. James (G); 2, J. Armstrong (T); 3, Hamlet (H). **Knitting**—Form I: 1, S. Davies (P); 2, L. Shires (G); 3, K. Harrington (P). Form II: 1, J. Thomas (T); 2, J. McNaughton (H); 3, M. Blackmore (H). Form III: 1, E. Nicholas (G); 2, S. Jenkins (H). Forms IV and V: 1, J. Prout (P); 2, A. Hughes (T); 3, D. Pendleton (T). **Feltwork**—Junior: 1, J. Thomas (T); 2, C. Andrew (P); 3, S. Davies (P). Senior: 1, Ann Bowen (H); 2, Pertinent (P) and J. Nunnery (T). **Floral Decoration**—Junior: 1, L. Arnold (H); 2, J. Thomas (T); 3, D. Brown (T). Senior: 1, L. Clayton (P); 2, P. White (P); 3, C. Lynch (G).



**COOKERY** (Adjudicators: Mrs. M. Blowskill, Mrs. M. Seager)

Form I: 1, S. Davies (P); 2, L. Lewis (G); 3, P. Evans (H).  
Form II: 1, J. Phillips (P); 2, C. Busby (G). Form III: 1, N. Gait (H); 2, P. Evans (T); 3, R. Parsons (T). Form IV: 1, S. Beesley (P); 2, M. Davies (P); 3, A. James (H). Form V: 1, N. Rogers (P); 2, A. Richardson (P). Form VI: 1, K. Russell (G); 2, R. Davies (G); 3, J. Doran (G).

**GEOGRAPHY** (Adjudicator: J. Jones)

Junior: 1, M. Windale (P); 2, P. Evans (T); 3, J. James (P).  
Middle: 1, A. Jones (H); 2, G. Russell (G); 3, M. Davies (P) and S. Gorlah (T). Senior: 1, T. Fish (P); 2, Ann Bowen (H); 3, S. Badham (P).

**BIOLOGY** (Adjudicator: Mrs. D. Morgan)

Junior: 1, C. Busby (G); 2, H. John (T); 3, M. Windale (P).  
Middle: 1, Tudor; 2, C. Johnson (H); 3, D. Brown (T). Senior: 1, J. Prout (P); 2, C. Lord (H); 3, P. Bowen (H).

**SCRIPTURE** (Adjudicator: Miss M. Sinnott)

Junior: 1, E. Nicholas (G); 2, N. Davies (H); 3, L. Arnold (H).  
Senior: 1, K. Russell (G); 2, C. Gait (H); 3, Ann Bowen (H).

**COIN and STAMP COLLECTING, PHOTOGRAPHY**

**Coin Collection**—Junior: 1, K. Manning (G); 2, J. Lynch (G); 3, J. Morgan (P). Senior: 1, Ann Bowen (H); 2, P. Bargery (T); 3, M. Sanderson (T). **Stamps**—Junior: 1, S. Merriman (P); 2, C. Busby (G); 3, T. Mansfield (H). Senior: 1, S. Phillips (P); 2, P. White (P); 3, T. Burton (H). **Photography**—Senior: 1, J. Hughes (G); 2, E. Fenwick (T); 3, T. Burton (H). Open: 1, T. Burton (H); 2, Pincushion (P); 3, E. Fenwick (T). Colour, Open: 1, K. Smith (P); 2, Pluck (P); 3, E. Fenwick (T).

**GYMNASTICS** (Adjudicator: Miss J. Ritter)

Junior: 1, Tudor; 2, Picton; 3, Hywel. Senior: 1, Tudor; 2, Picton; 3, Hywel. **Modern Dance**: 1, Picton; 2, Glyndwr; 3, Hywel.

**AGRICULTURE** (Adjudicators: J. Lloyd Jones, W. Jones)

**Milking**—Junior: 1, K. Elston (T); 2, S. Knowles (T); 3, W. Miles (H). Senior: 1, M. Whitfield (G); 2, M. Penlington (H); 3, E. Carlisle (P). **Tractor Reversing**—Junior: 1, W. Miles (H); 2, S. Knowles (T); 3, D. Charles (P). Senior: 1, B. John (T); 2, S. Ashworth (P); 3, M. Penlington (H). **Machinery Identification**—Junior: 1, W. Miles (H); 2, H. James (H); 3, J. Hathway (T). Senior: 1, M. Lole (G); 2, P. Rees (G) and G. Gregor (H). **Agricultural Project**—Junior: 1, Talented (T); 2, J. Horgan (G); 3, Tachna Arca (T). Senior: 1, S. Lee (P); 2, E. Stacey (P); 3, M. Lole (G).

## INTERVIEW WITH MR. HERBERT WILLIAMS ABOUT THE REBUILDING OF BUSH HOUSE

Bush House, which was then owned by Sir Thomas Meyrick, was burnt down some time in the nineteenth century. The greater part of the house was destroyed. Rebuilding started in 1902 and was completed, according to schedule in 1906 (no strikes!). The new foundations were laid over the old, though not built to the same plan. As a young boy, Mr. Williams was employed on the site as a tea-boy. At that time there were ten men working there. As a tea-boy, he received eleven shillings for a 56-hour week, and the masons and carpenters received between thirty and thirty-two shillings for the same hours. Their only holidays were Christmas Day, Good Friday and Easter Monday, for which they received no pay.

The stone used for the rebuilding was largely local limestone from Bush Quarry and Jacob's Hill, Penmar. All this stone had to be dressed by local masons with hammers and chisels. The white decorative stone was brought in from Bath in blocks of 8-10 feet square. When this arrived the foreman of the Bath stone masons decided on a suitable size and pattern, and the Bath stone was cut into square blocks by cross-cut saws.

The mosaic in the hall was designed in Llanelli and stuck on brown paper. When it arrived at Bush House the cement was laid, and the mosaic was then laid, brown paper uppermost, on the wet cement. The brown paper was removed after three days with warm water.

Ten painters were employed later to both paint and put the glass in. At the time the house was considered very modern. We have not done justice to Mr. Williams, who has a marvellous memory for names. He even remembers a Mr. Jones from Swansea, who carved the Prince of Wales' feathers above the entrance.

Unfortunately, Mr. Williams, who had done only three years of his apprenticeship, was unable to complete it, although the firm from Llanelli that had designed and built the house had asked him to move with them. This was impossible because his father was one of 600 men out of work after the Dockyard closed and Mr. Williams' wage was the only income for the family.

His interesting account of the rebuilding of Bush House was given to us in great detail by Mr. Williams, and we are very grateful to him.

Angela Bowen and Janice Doran

## SHADOWS

*The fiery ball has slowly sunk  
Into her bed of cloud.  
The sleepy lands and seas and plains  
Have shadows now for shroud.*

*The new-born moon, with gentle arms,  
Is cradling the night  
And shedding silvery paths abroad,  
The shadows put to flight.*

*Dark shadows drift along the lanes  
And dance among the trees;  
In and out, in silence creep  
With sylph-like grace and ease.*

*The velvet sky has turned to pearl  
And shadows fly away;  
Then heralding the rosy dawn  
There comes the break of day.*

SHARON LLOYD, *Form 111a*

## THE WANDERER

*The open road lay before me,  
I stepped out with determined stride  
With food and drink in my pockets  
And my trusty dog at my side.*

*I was off on a new adventure;  
The goodbyes had been said,  
Off down the open road  
To see just where it led.*

*I heard it coming closer,  
I was too tired to run.  
He stopped and opened the car door  
And said, "Now jump in, son!"*

*With a last look at the open road  
I smiled at Dad and closed the door.  
My journey would keep till another day  
For, after all, I was only four.*

WILLIAM HORNE, *Form 1*

## STEVEN HERO

"Brr-rr-rr-ah! Brr-rr-rr-ah!"

Frantically Stevie darted behind Mr. Goldstein's shrub. With forced care he parted the branches and glanced across the road to his gate and the garbage cans where Bobby hid. He had helped Rod fix that gate. Rod was his brother and a great guy. Rod was in Vietnam flying Whirlybirds, and when he came home he was going to bring him a real tin hat.

Stevie tingled as a dream of his brother's promise swelled in his head. Slowly his thoughts again settled on Bobby and the garbage cans. Functionally he ripped the plastic grenade from the belt loop of his crayon-camouflaged jeans. As usual the cheap tin catch clicked weakly open. That bugged Stevie because if this was for real he would be dead. Rod used that word "bug" when he kept telling Ma to stop bugging him and that Jeannie was a nice kid. Bobby was a nice kid, too, but he had to lose. Bobby was a poor kid but Stevie's Ma always "fed him up" and eating together was fun. Bobby liked cabbage—really he liked almost anything but Stevie wished he didn't because his Ma kept bugging him and saying, "Eat yours up like a man and be like Bobby."

That was annoying but really he was happy and lucky. His mother told him so and he could have been like Bobby. There was something sad about that. What if he lived like Bobby and his Ma like Bobby's Ma? That was sad, too sad to think about. It hurt him in his heart when he did.

He didn't really want to kill Bobby but Sgt. Roch would. Stevie pitched the grenade and ducked. The grenade bounced a couple of feet up the path from Bobby, who suddenly started up, grabbed the grenade and tossed it back to Stevie.

"That's cheating!" yelled Stevie. "You're dead!"

"How come? A grenade takes ten seconds to go off," Bobby replied with some authority.

"Five seconds!" retorted Stevie.

"Ten seconds!"

Stevie attempted a conclusion. "Well, that one was a five-second one. I fixed it so!"

"Cheat!" screamed Bobby.

"Brr-rr-rr-ah! Brr-rr-rr-ah!" rattled Stevie.

Bobby, like all good poor friends, knew when he was beat, and after their customary three-second spasm of agony he flopped over the garbage cans.

\* \* \*

"We gotta have peace, peace, peace, peace . . . People hear us . . ."

The tin radio struggled irritatingly against the audible agonies of countless unrupturable parts that made the truck "U.S. Army

through and through". It was strange that a boot-camp sergeant's words should still be ringing through Steve's head. Maybe those six sado-masochistic weeks of basic training had had some effect. He was now a soldier, this time for real. He was still conscious of the coarse masculine qualities of his denims. It was quite a change from the deodorant-sprayed, fancy-collared shirts and meticulously-faded jeans of home. The tin hat made him feel like a robot, and apart from the ethics involved with that aspect of it, the webbing made his hair, what was left of it, itch and sweat like the backstage of a flea-circus. Night was drawing in with what had to be called sinister silence. Most of the men were asleep, and now Steve's thoughts, aided by physical contentment, started an insomnia-inspired drift. He felt that an important part of his life was being fulfilled. He had always felt a desire for soldiering and now, by the draft's benevolence, he had achieved it. His mind flickered back to when he was a boy, playing with Bobby. The poor little chap did more running away than the whole of the Italian army in World War II.

He felt ashamed as he thought of himself chasing that poor frightened little mullatto, for hours, around the block. The game had always been so serious for him, but not for Bobby. He recalled, with some pain, telling Bobby that the Japs had killed his long-gone father. He did that in an effort to get Bobby in the right spirit, when his plan for making an all-out effort on old Goldstein's garage was failing through lack of enthusiasm. Steven recalled the rage, grown out of exasperation, that made him grab Bobby and shake him. But it was he who almost ended up crying when he saw the hurt in Bobby's eyes. Talking to that kid had always been so difficult. Not because he was stupid but because he seemed tuned to a different wavelength. He wasn't thinking of where the next game should be played for the right effect, but of where the next meal and sign of kindness was coming from. Could he have been that bad to shake and hurt a kid like that? But it hadn't all been like that.

He remembered sitting with Bobby on the front porch in the cool of the early evening, just before the street lamps came on, sharing a packet of Shortcake biscuits. They both used to look forward to that, after wearing the summer night into darkness, to have a munchable packet of filling biscuits and a gulpable glass of milk. They used to see who could make the most mush in his mouth before having to swallow it. It was a time of natural quiet after the frenzies of the day and there was a time of mutual silence and warming closeness.

The fact that he had taken his father's name in vain still bothered him. His father had never figured greatly in his life. After the divorce his brother had taken over as father-figure, although he had never seriously worshipped his brother—his Ma was too open with her criticism of him for that. He still felt very deeply for him. His mother had often talked to him as an equal and, when he had reached early manhood, she told him openly why she was always so concerned about

her sons. Her sincerity and frankness made him respect her. She wanted her sons to be her men of ideals, to replace and justify their lost father. If it hadn't been for her influence, right now he could be in an university apartment with the lights low and a girl and a pile of Rock L.P.s to pass the evening with. He could have dodged the draft and she wouldn't have minded but he knew, deep down, she wanted him to go. It was a simple case of womanly conflict of emotion. She didn't want to lose him but she wanted to feel pride in his courage. Should a twenty-year-old man feel so strongly with and for his mother? He knew there was truth somewhere in his emotion and he had learnt to value the instant products of emotion very highly. The action and relationships they created usually revealed the character of the basic you. The ability to feel and care should be the basis of anyone's character, but they had to be practised. His closeness to death and danger now justified, he eased into sleep . . .

The men in the truck stirred from their aching frozen sleep as the chilled flecks of early light infiltrated the all too fallible canopy of the truck. Soon the soldiers' dawn chorus of oaths and scraping of ration tins subsided, as fifteen sets of leaden jerky limbs struggled or squirmed into discarded flak-jackets and packs. The truck pulled into the fringe of tall grass at the side of the road. The sergeant who had been riding in the cab sprang athletically to the ground and smartly rounded the truck. Deftly he loosened the back flap ties and expertly flipped it over the top of the rear-frame. A 'Big A!' smile of unfathomable intent beamed at the truck's occupants, as the painful influx of light bombarded their squinted eyes.

The village up the road was classified as a 'Pacified Area'. This meant that the inhabitants who had dodged the 'human error' napalm bombs were too shell-shocked to notice whether it was green denim or black cotton walking up the road to them . . .

Steven stood facing a large hut around which a group of children were excitedly imitating the soldiers. Suddenly a tiny boy slipped down the steps of the hut, proudly waving something. The other boys sighed with jealousy and awe. From the distance Steven identified it as a K47 sub-machine gun. Slowly he walked towards the little group. Seeing him coming they innocently restarted their game and disappeared behind the hut. He followed. As he rounded the corner, the acquired and natural nervousness of the boys spun their feeble frames to face him. A larger boy, unaware of Steven's presence, continued furtively wrestling with the tiny boy. Steven yelled at the older boy who simply cowered away, leaving the tiny sobbing boy with his fingers wrapped possessively around his gun. Steven sauntered down and beckoned the child with an elder-brother smile and outstretched arm. Slowly the boy's tears were assuaged as the creases of a smile liberated his face.

"Brr-rr-rr-ah! Brr-rr-rr-ah!" he screamed.

Steven's paralysis lifted as the click of the trigger was excitedly

repeated by the industry of the tiny hands. The gun had no magazine. The little boy looked sheepishly at the much-hated visage of the man before him. With some fear he dropped the gun and started to run. Suddenly Steven thought of himself as a kid, of Bobby and Wayne, Rod's kid, and how he would run away when he pretended to be dead after being shot in the soldier games they played. Instinctively Steven caught the small boy in his arms as he tried to pass, and hugged him to his chest.

The blinding flash that followed was caused by the pressure bomb strapped to the child's stomach. His widowed mother had put it on him just before he went out to play. It would protect him, she thought, from the mischievous spirits that made little boys stray and never come home. Her distant one-night lover from the North had told her it was a good luck charm. He also told her exactly when to put it on, which was when the Yanks came, for they might steal her only comfort from her and make him a soldier one day, like her husband who never came back. The North man had been a good man, she thought. He had cared. He left a toy for the child and some food for her. That was unusual. They usually took all they could get. She wondered if she would see him again. Perhaps she would—after the Yanks had gone!

Frank Whittaker, Upper VI Arts

#### THE OPEN ROAD

*The quiet humming of the bees,  
The gentle rustling of the leaves,  
The gradual swaying of the trees,  
The sounds of the open road are these.*

*The pollen from the pretty flowers  
Drifts around all day, for hours;  
The sweet, clean smell of April showers,  
The scents of the open road are ours.*

*Transparent foliage all around,  
Willows weeping to the ground,  
The daisies peering, shy, around,  
The sights of the open road we found.*

*At nightfall, when the stars appear,  
They glint and shine, so bright and clear,  
Shimmering like a silent tear —  
The moon, o'er the open road, looks near.*

*In early morning, fresh and new,  
The blades of grass are hung with dew,  
The friendly wind there, whistling too;  
The open road will welcome you.*

LINDA THOMAS, Form I Alpha

#### INTER-COUNTY SPORTS RESULTS (Pembrokeshire and Carmarthenshire)

At the Inter-County Meeting on June 24th, several members of the school took part creditably. Particularly worthy of note were the performances of two Sub-Junior Girls, Jacqueline Lee and Jane Bent, who both had firsts. Carmarthenshire beat Pembrokeshire by 6 sections to 2.

100 metres:— 4th AILEEN MILLER (Jun. Girls).  
400 metres:— 2nd JANE TAYLOR (Middle Girls).  
800 metres:— 2nd SHEILA BEESLEY (Middle Girls).  
100 metres:— 4th JOHN PHILLIPS (Sen. Boys).  
400 metres Hurdles:— 2nd MICHAEL WHITE (Senior Boys).  
Sub-Junior Girls Hurdles:— 1st JACQUELINE LEE.  
Triple Jump:— 4th FRANK TWYNAM (Middle Boys).  
MICHAEL WHITE (Senior Boys).  
DISCUS—SUSAN PENFOLD (Senior Girls); 3rd, COLIN JENKINS (Junior Boys).  
SHOT: 1st JANE BENT (Sub. Junior Girls); 3rd, COLIN JENKINS (Junior Boys).

#### WEST WALES ATHLETICS MEETING, MAY 6th

At Haverfordwest on May 6th, three girls were placed third in their particular events at a Sports meeting which provided quite keen competition. Alyson Rowlands was third in the 100 metres Senior; Aileen Miller in the 100 metres Junior; and Eileen O'Hara in the Senior discus event. Kathryn Griffiths was unable to take part in the Hurdles event as weather conditions prevented the race taking place.

#### CROSS COUNTRY

At Newtown on March 4th, Sheila Beesley was one of six Pembrokeshire girls to take part in a cross-country event. Sheila came in thirteenth, and was second of the six Pembrokeshire competitors in reaching the tape.

#### TENNIS 1972

Owing to the very wet weather for the major part of the term, games with other schools have been unusually few this summer. We are glad to have the use of the new tennis courts and look forward to a good standard of tennis being maintained in the school as a result of the extra facilities.

The First team has been represented by Ann Bowen, Janice Doran, Janet Davies, Linda Davids, Linda Manning and Dawn Cater. In a game against Tanker's School, Haverfordwest, on May 6th, the team won by seven sets to two. No other matches have been played up to the time of going to press, apart from a match involving one court

against Tasker's Girls' School on June 12th, when Linda Manning and Dawn Cater were beaten 3-6, 6-2, 3-6. On the same day a junior team played Tasker's School, losing by 9 sets to 20 sets. The Juniors were Diane Brown, Beverley Davies, Aileen Miller, Jacqueline Blackmore, Sarah Davies, Ann James, Valerie Owen, Gwyneth Cook and Heather John.

Any other matches and the results of the School tournaments will be included in the next issue of "Penvro."

### ATHLETICS 1972

Owing to the awkwardness of preparing Bush Camp in time for the Inter-House Sports on the day intended, we shall be holding the Sports on July 12th, weather permitting! This postponement did not prevent our taking part in the County Sports in May, but one wonders if our rather disappointing showing that day is partly the result of the lack of competitive practice that the Inter-House Sports usually provides. Lack of jumping pits is another factor, as for a third season we have been without the pits owing to the construction work in progress. One can only hope that, after the settling down period of "going comprehensive" and reinforced by athletes now representing the Coronation School, Pembroke School will be a force to be reckoned with on the athletics field. Our congratulations to those who were placed in the County Sports, particularly to those who gained a first.

#### County Sports Results

##### Girls

100 metres—4th, Alyson Rowlands (Senior); 6th, Kim Smith (Middle); 2nd, Aileen Miller (Junior).

400 metres—3rd, Jane Taylor (Middle).

800 metres—3rd, Janet Thomas (Junior).

Long Jump—2nd, Alyson Rowlands (Senior); 2nd, Aileen Miller (Junior).

Discus—2nd, Susan Penfold (Senior); 1st, Eileen O'Hara (Middle).

Shot—1st, Susan Penfold (Senior); 1st, Jane Bent (Sub. Junior).

Hurdles—1st, Alyson Rowlands (Senior); 1st, Jacqueline Lee (Sub. Junior).

Relays—4th in Senior, Middle and Sub Junior; 3rd in Junior.

### HOCKEY SPRING 1972

#### First XI

Since Christmas, nine games have been played, none lost. Five games have been won and four drawn, so that we can look back on a very satisfying 1971/2 season. The team has been chosen from the following: Susan Penfold (capt.), Alyson Rowlands (vice-captain), Elaine Fenwick (committee), Janice Doran (committee), Marilyn

Scourfield, Janet Davies, Margareta Campbell, Helen Longhurst, Linda Manning, Megan John, Linda John, Dawn Cater, Susan Hargreaves.

At the end of the season, First XI colours were awarded to Janet Davies, Margareta Campbell, Linda John, Dawn Cater and Janice Doran.

#### Results

v. Preseli (H)—drew 1-1.

v. St. Davids (A)—won 3-2.

v. Haverfordwest S.M. (A)—drew 0-0.

v. Tenby (H)—won 2-1.

v. Tasker's (H)—drew 2-2.

v. Fishguard (A)—drew 0-0.

v. Milford G.S. (H)—won 2-1.

v. Canton, Cardiff (H)—won 7-0.

v. Whitland (H)—won 7-1.

One of the highlights of the Spring term was our visit to Cardiff where we played Canton Girls in two seven-a-side matches. The "A" team won 9-0 and the "B" team won 6-0. We were pleased to entertain the Canton team later in the term, when they came to Pembroke for a two-day visit.

An "A" XI played the Coronation at home on March 16th and won 5-2.

#### Second XI

The Second XI has been represented by the following players during the Spring term: Yvonne Williams, Wendy Cole, Sandra Cole, Jennifer Dodson, Yvonne Street, Linda Davids, Tina Morris, Kim Smith, Kathryn Griffiths, Aileen Miller, Cynthia Lewis, Clare Busby. The number of games played has been small and on the whole the season has not been outstanding, but we have enjoyed our games. Several of our members have represented the school in Year teams.

#### Results

v. Tenby (A)—lost 2-0.

v. Fishguard (A)—lost 5-0.

v. Milford G.S. (H)—lost 1-2.

A Fifth Year team played Milford Central and drew 2-2, at home. Colours were given to Yvonne Street, Susan Hargreaves, Tina Morris, Kathryn Griffiths, Kim Smith, Cynthia Lewis and Yvonne Williams at the end of the season.

#### Junior XI

The Junior XI played three matches during the Spring term. However, its members also played in several other matches as players in a combined third-and-fourth year team, in which some of the Second XI also played. The Junior XI was drawn from the following: Jane King, Clare Busby, Sara Davies, Beverley Davies, Karen Dooley, Janice Lewis,

Heather John, Gwyneth Cook, Sharon Jenkins, Aileen Miller, Danielle Henson, Diane Brown. Our best game was against Tasker's on February 20th, when we won 2-1. Against Fishguard the following week we lost 5-0, away, and the last match of the season, against Whitland, was a draw, 1-1.

The Combined 3rd and 4th Year team played three games, winning two and drawing one. Against St. Davids we won 2-1; against Milford Central we won 6-1; we drew with Preseli 1-1.

**Third Year XI** played two games, winning 2-0 against Haverfordwest Secondary School, and 2-1 against Milford G.S. The team consisted of Jane King, Beverley Davies, Sara Davies, Jacqueline Blackmore, Janice Lewis, Sharon James, Danielle Henson, Cheryl Samuel, Aileen Miller, Sharon Jenkins, Jean Horgan.

**Second Year XI** The five matches gave the team excellent practice and were much enjoyed. Even though we lost the first three, it was by a very small margin in each case and we won the last matches.

- v. Preseli (H)—lost 1-2.
- v. St. Davids (A)—lost 1-2.
- v. Milford G.S. (H)—lost 0-1.
- v. Coronation S.M. (H)—won 1-0.
- v. First Year XI—won 5-0.

The Second Year XI consisted of Clare Busby, Shirley Cridland, Bridget Sheppard, Valerie Lewis, Gwyneth Cook, Tessa Butler, Cheryl Johnson, Sandra Williams, Julie Thomas, Sharon Maguire, Karen Dooley, Janine Jones, Heather John, Rosemary Russell.

#### House Tournaments Results

- Senior: 1, Tudor; 2, Glyndwr; 3, Picton; 4, Hywel.
- Junior: 1, Glyndwr; 2, Hywel and Tudor; 4, Picton.

#### SECOND RUGBY XV

The Second XV completed the season with six more matches after the Christmas break. The results were of a mixed quality; two were won, one drawn and three lost. The new fixture with Hampton Grammar School was not so successful on the field, where we lost 17-6, but off the field the visit was a great success. At least we managed to keep a clean home record this season, although, altogether, we lost seven matches.

All the players who represented the team wish to thank Mr. Eifion Powell for being such a very good and patient coach. Without Mr. Powell we should have been far less successful.

The team consisted of: A. Davies (capt.), I. Cooper (vice-capt.), C. Payne (sec.), C. Gait, G. Samuel, T. Bannon (committee), P. Allen, D. O'Connor, J. Bearne, K. Bromley, A. Dickie, G. Powell, J. Evans, J. Merriman, P. Harries, N. Cooke, S. Rule, P. Brown, P. Bowen (first aid).

#### Results

- v. Whitland (H)—won 10-8.
- v. Tenby (A)—won 7-4.
- v. Milford Grammar (H)—won 38-16.
- v. Llandovery (H)—won 13-8.
- v. Coronation (A)—lost 10-11.
- v. Carmarthen (A)—lost 9-4.
- v. Milford Central (A)—lost 4-7.
- v. Cardigan (H)—won 13-8.
- v. Whitland (A)—lost 12-15.
- v. Fishguard (A)—won 19-9.
- v. Gwendraeth (H)—won 36-18.
- v. Hampton (A)—lost 6-17.
- v. Quins' Youth (A)—lost 0-12.
- v. Coronation (H)—won 16-0.
- v. Fishguard (H)—won 40-0.
- v. Gwendraeth (A)—drew 10-10.
- v. Cardigan (A)—lost 6-17.

Played 17; Won 9; Drawn 1; Lost 7; Points for 318; Against 174.

#### Junior Rugby XV

Since Christmas the team has lost two of the three games played. One was an unlucky defeat against Preseli, away, and the other was a defeat by a far better team, on the day.

On four occasions we were able to field a full-strength team. Significantly, we had our best performances of the season on these occasions.

I would like to take this opportunity of thanking Mr. Thomas once again for the time and effort he spent in training us.

At the end of the season colours were awarded to John Davies, Paul Griffiths, Christopher Rule and Brian Phillips.

#### Results

- v. Tenby (A)—lost 18-14.
- v. Milford G.S. (H)—won 16-8.
- v. Llandovery (A)—lost 12-8.
- v. Preseli (H)—won 22-8.
- v. Coronation (A)—won 22-10.
- v. Milford S.M. (A)—won 24-4.
- v. Coronation (H)—won 8-0.
- v. St. Davids (A)—won 35-16.
- v. Coronation (H)—won 12-8.
- v. Haverfordwest (H)—lost 8-4.
- v. Hendy Valley (A)—lost 10-7.
- v. St. Davids (H)—won 30-0.
- v. Preseli (A)—lost 14-6.
- v. Milford S.M. (H)—won 20-6.
- v. Tenby (H)—lost 16-0.

BRIAN PHILLIPS (Secretary).

## Under 14s XV

Only seven matches were played this season, but 22 members of the third year have played in at least one match. They were: R. Thomas, J. Lynch, N. House, T. Asparassa, J. Green, S. Gulliford, D. Charles, J. Norris (sec.), S. Whitfield, M. Edwards, C. Jenkins (capt.), J. Nicholson, J. Main, H. Morgan, R. Davies, N. Gait (vice-capt.), A. Jones, S. Thirkill, F. Cawley, B. Phillips, J. O'Connor and A. Batt.

S. Whitfield and N. Gait played in three matches for Pembrokeshire; also J. Norris played in two, and C. Jenkins and R. Davies were County reserves.

## Results

- v. Coronation (H)—won 12-6.
- v. Coronation (A)—won 16-12.
- v. Tenby (A)—drew 8-8.
- v. Coronation (H)—drew 4-4.
- v. Tenby (H)—drew 0-0.
- v. Coronation (H)—won 22-4.
- v. Penarth (H)—won 18-4.

Played 7; Won 4; Drew 3; Lost 0; Points for 80; Against 38.

J. NORRIS (Secretary) 3 Alpha

## Under 13s XV

This season, the Under 13s XV had a reasonable start, but, unfortunately, we did not live up to our early promise. Our top scorer was Jonathan Phillips; his closest rival was David Alderman.

Since Christmas the matches played were as follows:—

- v. Penarth—lost 10-20.
- v. Haverfordwest—won 12-8.
- v. St. Davids—drew 12-12.
- v. Coronation—lost 0-26.
- v. Tenby—drew 4-4.
- v. Coronation—lost 0-4.
- v. Milford G.S.—drew 8-8.

An analysis of the season's games shows the following results: Played 14; Won 5; Lost 6; Drawn 3; Points for 144; Against 128.

It is interesting to see that although we lost one more game than we won, our points score is greater than the total of scores against us.

TERRY DAVIES (Secretary).

## CRICKET

## Junior XI

Due to bad weather, the team has been unable to play many of the fixtures so far this season. The one game to date has resulted in a win for the school:

v. Milford Central—won by 30 runs.

The team that played in that match, and those chosen to play against Whitland on July 9th, is as follows: William Fell (capt.), Christopher Rule (vice-capt.), Haydn Phillips (secretary), John Davies (snr.), Paul Griffiths, Colin Evans, Adrian Gullam, Peter Guest, Philip Evans, Steven Alderman, John Davies (jnr.), David Brown, Michael O'Connor, Peter Doran (scorer).

HAYDN PHILLIPS IV (Secretary).

## FEUD

*Myths and legends tell the story  
How a wise and wealthy nomad  
Made his home in far off Mamre  
With his wife, the ageing Sarah.  
He fulfilled the Jewish prophecy,  
"Abraham, founder of nations."  
Sons of Abraham,  
Isaac, Ishmael,  
Founded nations,  
Arabia, Israel,  
Ever sworn to enmity.  
Centuries have passed since those days,  
Still ferocious hatred burning,  
Passed to each son from his father,  
To each daughter from the mother,  
"Arab and Jew shall hate each other."  
Once an Arab, young and handsome,  
Met a young Jewess and loved her,  
Loved her dark hair, loved her beauty,  
Cursed the feud that thus divides them,  
Tried so hard to overcome them.  
But the elders in their hatred  
Sent the Arab to his homeland,  
Sent the young girl to the temple  
There to learn the laws of Moses,  
There to learn the wise men's sayings,  
"It is written in the prophets,  
In the books of both these nations,  
That Arabia and Israel  
Are forever enemies."*

JULIE ARMSTRONG, Form Va

## THE CARAVAN

*I'd like to live a life so free  
Out on the open road,  
Jogging along in my caravan,  
My picturesque abode.  
I'd have a lovely chestnut horse  
To pull my house along;  
And there I'd sit upon my seat,  
Singing a happy song.*

*I'd travel the highways and byways,  
Over the hills and dales,  
Seeing the lovely scenery  
In the beautiful land of Wales.  
I'd visit the interesting places,  
Admire the beautiful views.  
Yes! the open road is the life for me;  
That is the life I'd choose.*

SYLVAINÉ LLOYD, *Form Ia*

## RAILWAY FOOD

*The railway sandwich, I'll admit,  
Is oft described with raucous wit —  
And hardened pilgrims quake and quail  
Before this relic, strange and stale . . .  
The sausage has its history  
Of dark, disturbing mystery —  
And when enshrined in railway roll  
It's not what gourmets would extol.  
The folk who've heard of Sweeney Todd  
Can hardly be considered odd  
For casting eyes with glum surmise  
Upon those enigmatic pies . . .  
What gifted girl, however sweet,  
Could make such fodder fit to eat?  
But what would railway journeys be  
Without that tasteless, tepid tea,  
Decaying cake and brittle bun?  
It may be ghoulish — but it's fun!*

DENISE PENDLETON, *Lower VI A*

## SENIOR SCRIPTURE UNION

The meetings these last two terms have been where possible alternated between discussion or talks and Bible study. During the Easter term a new fact and faith film to the area entitled "The Ultimate Adventure" was shown by the Rev. Norman Ellison of Haverfordwest — this attracted a good number. The Social Welfare Officer for Pembroke Dock, Mr. John Clifton, spoke about his faith and his work. This term Mr. Brian Griffiths and Miss Mary Lewis led an interesting discussion on whether it is always right to submit to authority. We are grateful to these guest speakers for giving their time to us so generously. The Bible studies were led by the various members of the society which surprisingly has consisted mainly of boys though some girls have attended.

This society will continue next year along the same lines and a warm invitation is extended to all who are in anyway interested from form 4-6.

*Chairman:* BERNARD LEWIS

*Secretary:* PHILIP MEIRING

*Treasurer:* PETER MEIRING

*Committee:* PETER JOHN, GILBERT LEWIS, WILLIAM MILES

## ADVENT

Anna Bucolin lay stretched out on the couch in her flat, in one of London's suburbs. She was tall and slim, with an attractive face and long glossy black hair, but at that moment her face wore a blank look, and her long body was rigid with a mood of utter bewilderment and dejection. "Will I never be completely free," she thought, "free of the past and the future and their hard and fast limits and conventions? She didn't know why she was thinking like this, but knew today that she hated herself, her way of life, the whole petty business of living. It wasn't even that something terrible had happened, or that she had terrible forebodings for the future, but she suddenly knew that her life had to hold more for her — she suddenly had a flash of what existentialism really meant, realising she had been starving her inner self, her true self. She realised how pointless her whole existence was. She didn't help anyone, had no definite political or religious feelings, never thought deeply about anything, she couldn't even work up enough motion to love someone. Her life was a mere series of reminiscences of past "good" times, and when she was particularly nostalgic, her childhood, interspersed with thoughts of what she could wear to future parties.

What she couldn't understand was why she was suddenly experiencing such thoughts and feeling so depressed. She remembered some lines by Verlaine that she'd heard somewhere:—

" . . . Pourquoi

Sans amour et sans haine,

Mon âme a tant de peine?"



She repeated them softly to herself. They suited her melancholy mood perfectly. She tried to laugh herself out of it, thinking of what the others would say if they knew she was being so absurdly serious, yet this mood was almost prophetic, revealing all her past pettiness.

She looked round the room. There was the paper rose from Joan's party . . . That had been a party to remember, and a beer-mat from a dear little pub in Gloucester, and a picture of Grahame, the boyfriend before last, or was it John? Then there were countless pictures of friends and relatives scattered all round the room. She pulled herself up sharply. This reminiscing must stop, she must live for the present, sensibly, meaningfully. Her restless state continued all day. She couldn't settle to do anything. The 'phone rang a few times but she couldn't face her friends — not while this strange mood lasted. Impatient, she began to read, then cast her book aside; then started to sketch but cast that aside too. She didn't even want to eat.

Finally she decided she must get out of the house before she became crazy. She decided to go on the first bus she saw and stay on it till the end of the route. As she stepped on to the bus she realised that this, anyhow, would keep her in the present world, and as she travelled along roads that were completely fresh to her she realised that she was feeling calmer now. The very bareness of the trees silhouetted against the sky and the wide expanse of empty fields imparted to her somehow a feeling of its own purity. As the bus travelled further and further out into the countryside the dialects became foreign to her, and she listened with delight to their slow, soft voices. They eyed her curiously as they got on and off, but rather than being embarrassed by their curiosity, she was warmed by it, for anything was better than the blank faces of the people on the underground.

Slowly the number of people on the bus decreased and the driver shouted to her:—

"Ere, do you want to get off 'ere or come back to London with me."

Blushing furiously, she climbed off the bus, after learning that another bus would be back in two hours' time. She found herself in a little town, full of poky but interesting looking shops and attractive Georgian houses. However, she didn't want to mix with civilisation, not just now anyhow. She wanted to be utterly alone, to come to terms with her depressed mood. She walked swiftly until the roads became narrower, arriving finally at a bare stretch of moor. There was a keen wind blowing which whipped her cheeks, and she marched on, hands in pockets, feeling strangely exhilarated. She realised that she hadn't had time for petty thoughts — the living actuality of nature had swept her brain.

Suddenly she stopped — a gleam of white had caught her eye. She went down and carefully removed some twigs, and underneath there were some snowdrops. She was astonished for it was as yet early

February and cold and frosty at that. She was filled with a strange joyous satisfaction on seeing something so pure, direct, and yet frail, bravely struggling to bloom and continue to live in the cold, silent world around it. She gazed and gazed at the flower and was filled with peace, they seemed to fill her with strength and purity. Her depressed mood was slowly fading away and a mood of determined thoughtfulness filled her whole mind. She knew that this day would be one memory that would help her in future, in expressing and not suppressing her inner and worthwhile self.

Angela Bowen, Upper VI Arts

#### MEETING POINT

*I sit on the shore  
Looking into the black.  
I could speak to the sea  
But it wouldn't speak back.*

*Now and then, greyish,  
The moon peeps out;  
It's there — then it isn't:  
Perpetual doubt.*

*Everything's changed  
With the absence of light:  
The silence of darkness,  
The peace of the night.*

*The sand's cold and clammy,  
Repels me away,  
But there's something much stronger  
That bids me to stay.*

*There's someone behind me —  
And yet I'm alone;  
A mysterious Presence  
That will not be shown.*

*And the vast black night  
And the mighty wave  
Show that Nature's the master  
And I am the slave.*

EVAN THOMAS, Form Va

## GOD'S PLAN

*Into a world oppressed and torn,  
Of boundless hate and forces wild,  
Where men were hungry, lost, forlorn,  
God sent a Child.*

*Into a world of maimed and dead,  
Of nations, each with selfish plan,  
Where men were helpless or misled,  
God sent a Man.*

*And when an age has lost its way,  
And power is valued more than men,  
In lives where He has voice and sway,  
God comes again.*

ELAINE FENWICK, *Upper VI A*

## SEA SONG

*I'm going down  
For a day by the sea  
Such wonderful things  
Are waiting for me.  
Tossing white horses  
And schooners with sails on;  
Sea monsters spouting  
And mermaids with tails on;  
Magic sandcastles  
And fishes with wings on;  
Starfish with fingers  
And pirates with rings on.*

*Ships all have engines  
And monsters are shy;  
There aren't any pirates  
And fish cannot fly.  
But I'll tell you a secret —  
I'm glad there will be  
Time just to paddle,  
Quite safe in the sea.*

JULIE SPICER, *Form 11 Alpha*

## "IT RUNS IN THE FAMILY"

My Gran told me once that her gran had been a witch. "Runs in the family," she nodded, very old and very wise. I was a little girl then so I begged: "Cast a spell for me, Gran!" and she smiled. "When you get to be a big girl happen you'll need my help. Then we'll see."

When I got to be a big girl I stopped believing in witches, but I always felt very close to my Gran and perhaps this was why Mum sent me to stay with her, after I got engaged to David. I'd only known David a short time but we had what you'd call one of those whirlwind romances and he asked me to marry him on our second date. I said yes at once, because people did just what David wanted them to.

He'd got a flat and furniture and even a honeymoon hotel for us, before Mum had got over saying: "But you can't—Carol's far too young!" He was quite a bit older than me and I suppose I was flattered that someone with a big car and a good job should fall for me. Anyway, I wore David's pearl and diamond ring on my finger and was proud that I was in love and would be married before any of my friends.

That was when Mum said I was looking peaky and sent me to stay with Gran. "Give yourself time to think before it's too late," she said. "Don't know front from sideways these days, you don't, with that David making up your mind for you."

David drove me down and made me promise to write every day, and then there was just Gran and me in her funny little cottage with the oil lamps because she couldn't be bothered with electricity.

I love my Gran, but autumn in the country is not really my scene. The country is very interesting as a background in a film, but when you're in it there's nothing you can do but look at it. If you ask me, the High Street at night when it's lit up, with maybe a bit of rain to make rainbow puddles on the pavements, is better than any old field with a cow plonked in the middle.

So I stayed indoors most of the time, and knitted a sweater for David, and then at the end of the week Gran said she couldn't have me moping and we'd better have a party. I wondered who Gran would find to invite, right in the middle of nowhere like we were, but she plodded off to the village in her wellingtons and came back very happy, saying she'd collected some "nice young people" and we'd have a real old fashioned Hallowe'en party with ghost stories and ducking for apples and plenty of her home-brewed cider. Sounded like kids' stuff, but I had to go along with Gran, and so we decorated her big room with turnip lanterns and vases of autumn leaves.

I hadn't brought a party dress. All I had was a dark green wool housecoat sort of dress that I'd brought because it was warm, but Gran made me a wreath for my hair out of shiny, red berries and I decided

I looked good. A bit strange perhaps, but definitely original.

Gran's "nice young people" arrived on the doorstep all in a bunch, looking as if they expected to enjoy themselves. I didn't expect to, but you have to hand it to my gran, she saw to it that everyone did. She'd cooked pies and things, and there was plenty of cider, and before we knew it we were all sitting around in the firelight cracking nuts and swapping ghost stories, and giggling as if we'd known each other for years.

Then someone said to Gran: "Tell us one of your stories." So Gran told us how, when she was young, which no could believe she ever was, she'd had a fiancé who went off to fight in a war somewhere. Well, one day, Gran was out in the fields picking herbs when her young man came towards her, all dusty in his soldier's uniform. He stayed with her for an hour and they talked about how they'd get married when the war was over, and then he kissed my Gran and walked away along the lane. She found out later that he'd been shot dead on a battlefield in France at just the time he'd met her. I thought to myself that I'd read a story like that in a book, and also that Gran had married and had eight children so she couldn't have been as heart-broken as she said, but it was a good story and most of the girls and boys were holding hands and looking very soppy by the time she'd finished it.

Then Gran produced her big wash tub full of water and we ducked for apples and got very wet and giggly. After all the apples were eaten Gran re-filled the tub and sprinkled a bottle of coloured liquid into the water, and said she'd got a game that was just for the girls. I went forward but she gave me a little push. "No, Carol, not yet," and called one of the others. "Kneel down," she said, "and look into the water. Now, think as hard as ever you can of the one you love. If he's to marry you, you'll see his face in the water."

As I said, Gran didn't have electricity, and the darkness in the corners and my Gran's wrinkled old face, and the serious looks of the boys and girls as if they believed it all, made the set-up really spooky.

The first girl saw her boyfriend's face and was thrilled, but he happened to be looking over her shoulder at the time. The second girl saw nothing, and was miserable until Gran told her a spell to make the most unwilling boy fall in love. I don't know how the others got on, 'cos I was listening to the spell and being glad I didn't need to use it on David, and then it was my turn and I went and knelt in front of the tub of water. The laughter and talking seemed a long way off, and all I heard was Gran's voice singing a funny little song whose words I couldn't catch.

I shut my eyes tight and thought of David. Then I opened them and looked into the greeny depths of the water. I saw a face. Clear as a photograph. A brown face with thick eyebrows and black sideburns like a gypsy. Down one side of the jaw ran a scar narrow and

white. The eyes were brown, deep and warm. I'd never seen that face in all my life and yet I knew it. But it wasn't David.

I slapped the surface of the water very hard with the flat of my hand. The picture dissolved and the water slopped over on to the floor.

Gran, sitting quiet in her chair said, "Striking at your fate won't get you anywhere, my girl," and I got up and came back to the fire and the laughter.

We had more cider and lumps of fruit cake, and I tried to forget that face, or at any rate to tell myself that what had happened was a trick of the light and my Gran's cider.

There was a knock at the door. We all jumped, and Gran smiled. "That'll be him," she said. "He's late," and she went and opened the door.

The boy who stood there wasn't a stranger, since I knew his face, I think, as well as I know my own. "Hello," he said, smiling around us all. He saw me and smiled, not surprised to see me, and came across the floor. I moved to let him sit by me, I couldn't help it. Beside me was where he belonged.

I've got to write my daily letter to David now—it's not going to be an easy one to write. How can I make David believe what I have to tell him—when he hasn't got a witch in his family?

## CONTRASTS

### Rain.

*Rolling slowly down the window pane,  
Misting over the river,  
Making everything sad and lonely.*

### Tears.

*Rolling slowly down my cheeks,  
Misting over my eyes,  
Making everything sad and lonely.*

### Sun.

*Shining happily in the window,  
Brightening the dreary day,  
Making everything happy and loving.*

### You.

*Shining happily in my life,  
Brightening my unhappy heart,  
Making everything happy and loving.*

### "A DAY IN THE LIFE OF . . . ."

I can't quite remember what day it was—but I do remember waking up with the room full of sunshine and the happy twitterings of birds outside the window. I remember thinking what a perfect morning it was, and springing gaily out of bed, I decided to murder my wife.

Through the bedroom window the sleepy town was awakening—the milkman was whistling and clanging bottles, a few people were already up and about and smoke curled lazily from the chimney-pot opposite. Ah! What a lovely, English summer day it was going to be! I suppose I thought of the axe first because I'd always kept a sharp, shiny one in the woodshed for chopping wood—we used to love wood fires, they're so homely, somehow. Hurrying across the landing to the bathroom, I could hear her singing in the kitchen—such a beautiful voice, Maud had—and the sizzle of bacon and eggs on the stove. Whilst shaving, I reflected that every morning for the past twenty years Maud had cooked bacon and eggs for breakfast—she cooked them so well, you know. The eggs would be firm on the outside and soft on the inside, and the bacon never curled up at the edges—such a good cook! I kissed her lightly on the lips as I passed through the kitchen, and she gave me the most radiant smile and told me that breakfast would be in two minutes. Not wishing to let my bacon and eggs go cold, I trotted with some alacrity down to the woodshed. The air in the garden fulfilled all its dawn promise—the sun was already high in the clear blue sky, and the scent of lavender and moist earth mingled with the morning smells of baking bread and dew.

The axe was hanging behind the door as usual, and shouldering it carelessly I noticed a magnificent red butterfly on one of the lavender bushes. It looked so fragile, so delicate and yet so unbelievably beautiful as it quivered and trembled on the heavy blossom. It reminded me of Maud in its vibrant perfection, and I felt somehow richer and wiser after this communion with nature. As I came back into the kitchen, Maud was placing the finishing touches to the breakfast table—a soft pink napkin and a pale pink rose by her plate, the morning papers and my pipe by mine. I remember her last words to me were, "Come on, darling—I've cooked it just the way you like it." She smiled again, and her face shone with contentment and love. I only hit her once with the axe—and I felt the blade slice through jugular and carotid and grind into the base of her skull with a muffled splintering sound. Her head lolled sideways at a most unnatural angle, and hot, sticky blood splashed and spurted from the severed arteries. She lay crumpled on the floor while the dark pool spread out in fascinating pseudopodia around her; and her fingers opened and closed like the reflexes of a mechanical doll. After washing my hands, I settled down to breakfast and the morning papers—the usual boring front page—Common Market talks, strikes and price increases. "Where is it all going to

end?" I asked myself. I had another cup of coffee and then caught the bus to work—in the twenty years I've been a senior clerk at the office, I've never been late. Except for when the bus service was temporarily suspended that time last year, of course.

Mr. Johnston was in a most disagreeable mood all morning, and the girls in the typing pool looked positively terrified. The tax return forms were all wrong again, a second batch of invoices were brought in for checking and I smudged the ledger quite irrevocably. How glad I was when the tea-break bell announced half an hour's well-deserved relaxation. While thankfully sipping my hot, sweet tea—Sally always knows how I like it—I had the splendid idea of burning the entire office block to the ground. Leaving my tea, I hurried busily down to the stores department on the bottom floor.

The whole building seemed to be humming with quiet efficiency—the neat, pretty office girls clicking their high heels along the corridors; the noisy chattering of the typewriters, the distant sound of telephones and the soft hum of the lift all blended into a symphony of harmony and co-operation. Passing clerks and office boys wished me a cheery "Good morning", and the girl on the lift to Stores Dept. had a smile like a Goya Donna, or Raphaelite saint.

Putting all the happy bustle behind me I entered the storeroom, and selected a large, red tin of paraffin and several bundles of cotton wadding. To unwrap the wadding and soak it with paraffin was but a moment's work; and with a certain feeling of inner knowledge I distributed the damp pads all over the store-room. Pausing at the doorway, I lit a match and threw it on to the nearest lump of paraffin-soaked wadding. It at once burst into the most delightful blue and yellow tongues of flame, which ran like quicksilver across the floor and shelves, and within a few seconds the entire room began to dissolve in a searing haze of liquid-light and heat. From the end of the corridor I noted with some amusement that thick black smoke was beginning to curl out under the door. I had no sooner resumed my cup of tea than all the fire alarms began a fearful clamour, and within a few minutes we were standing aghast on the pavement as our dear office block belched fumes of smoke and flame.

Between the noise and fumes and fire engines and ambulances, I felt quite faint, and resolved to have a cup of tea—I still hadn't finished my tea break. I sought the peace and tranquillity of an 18th century coffee house around the corner. Relaxing in the old dark wood and leather of these elegant surroundings, I thought to myself what a wonderful day it had been—but then, these long summer days are always filled with innumerable delights and pastimes to occupy the mind. The waitress brought me a selection of cream cakes—I remember how delicious they looked, with fairy-castle pinnacles of white cream and chocolate, interlaced with glacé cherries and angelica. They reminded me of the birthday cakes my mother used to make when I was a little boy. She was a charming girl—with such grace did she

cut large slices of peach gâteaux with a long silver knife! I suddenly had a very good idea, and smartly taking the knife from her pretty little hands I cut her throat from ear to ear. It was such a shame—the peach gâteaux was totally ruined.

Unfortunately, I didn't have time to wash my hands and finish tea, because a large number of men laid hold of my person and I remember little else . . . .

Oddly enough, I remember nothing of the trial either—though I'm sure there must have been one. I don't know how much longer I have to serve, but once I'm released I shall sell these memoirs to the newspapers. I don't like it here—the white uniforms get dirty too quickly, although I must admit the cell is beautifully upholstered—quilted, in fact. I keep putting my pyjamas on wrongly, because most of the time I can't move my arms.

This morning when I woke up, though—I had a wonderful idea . . . .

Susan Catling, Upper VI Sc.

#### BY THE SEA

*Swish, swish, the gentle waves swirl;  
Around the seaweed-covered rocks they swirl.  
To quench its thirst, the sun-drenched sand awaits;  
The tide rolls in — what havoc it creates!*

*The wind begins to blow; the air turns cold;  
The waves leap up and, merciless, unfold  
Their foaming mass, and, with a mighty crash,  
The warm defenceless sand they whip and lash.*

CLARE BUSBY, Form 11

#### WINTER MEETS THE SPRING

*Morning!  
A damp, a chill, a brave bright dawning, and  
A hint of ice hangs in the waiting air;  
And on the panes last signs of Winter melt away.  
There, reeds and sedges, willows, buds declare  
The advent of the Spring to the morning mists of May;  
And by the fence, white hoary grasses lie  
Like powdered sea-green velvet to the rippling rills.  
One juckdaw breaks the silence of the skies —  
Clear echo singing in the slumbering hills:  
A bird, a herald, an awakening —  
Spring!*

ADRIAN JENKINS, Form Vc.

#### THE OLD SCHOOLROOM

*That's my desk,  
I'm sure it is.  
There's the scratch I knew so well,  
I sat here.  
The window there,  
The ledge is lower now, and smaller.  
Wonder why they altered it?  
Funny that —  
The ceiling's lower.  
Same one, though — I know the cracks!  
Same old chalk  
And same check duster.  
The globe is slightly chipped and dented.  
I think that could be symbolic.  
Laughing voices,  
Droning tones  
Bring back memories clear and dear.  
Happy times  
With loyal friends,  
Secure with those we knew and trusted.  
It's all the same —  
And yet it isn't!  
What is it that puzzles me?  
So much smaller,  
My old schoolroom —  
Could it be 'tis I have changed?*

ELIZABETH OWEN, Form IVa

#### NIGHT MUST FALL

*Shadows merge into the darkness of the rained house.  
The daylight fades into the multi-coloured west.  
The street is silent, the chimneys pierce the sky,  
Stark and pale in the fading light.  
Time passes; footsteps echo on the shining pavements,  
Reflecting the moon as it passes silently overhead.  
A man hurries homeward, and smiles  
Faintly at the distant-tolling bell.  
Blanchened trees shed their tired dying leaves;  
Mute birds huddle together in the recesses of dark corners,  
Knowing instinctively that night must always fall.  
Darkness thickens and the long night begins.*

IAN KELCOYNE, Upper VI A

## ILLUSION OR SNOWFLAKE

*A kaleidoscope of colour —  
Sharp and razor-like,  
Harsh like rough sandpaper  
Or searing fire —  
But with no feeling,  
Incomprehensible,  
Intricate.  
As smooth as infant skin,  
As soft as drifting feathers,  
A universal instrument  
With ten thousand faces.*

*Compare the sea  
Ever moving, never constant,  
Now muffled, now raging  
Forgotten.  
The illusion of the frailty  
Of those thousands is gone.*

*Frail lives crushed  
With no thought spared  
For their grief.  
The reward of joy in beauty —  
Once a delight, our relief —  
Where is it gone?*

*The universal cry of death  
Is there, unheard  
By heedless men.  
Where is the memory  
Of these precious crystals?  
Our inconstant natures ignore  
This beauty, ours for the taking —  
Beauty now to be sought after,  
Its bright colours  
Marred by our restless souls, wary  
Or shy of our imagined fate.*

JACQUELINE BIRD, *Upper VI A.*

## PENVRO OLD PUPILS' ASSOCIATION

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

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

**Magazine Editor:** I. G. Cleaver.

This is the last edition of "Penvro" under the aegis of the Grammar School. As from September 1972 the Grammar School will cease to exist, and the new Comprehensive School, to be known as Pembroke School, will take its place.

Unfortunately, because the new buildings will not be completed by September, the new school will operate in three buildings: the present school at Bush; the Upper Coronation School in Argyle Street; and the Lower Coronation School in Meyrick Street. This will mean that some pupils, and many staff will, for the Autumn term at least, have to commute between Bush and Pembroke Dock. One redeeming feature is, however, that the whole of the first year intake—327 pupils—will commence their comprehensive course in the already completed buildings at Bush, and a number of Staff from Meyrick Street will join the present staff in the new school.

Since this term sees the end of the Grammar School, it was felt that many of our former pupils would welcome a brief synopsis of the history of the school from the beginning.

The school was established under the Welsh Intermediate Education Act, and the first meeting of the Governors was held in the Market Hall, Pembroke Dock, on Thursday, 23rd August, 1894, when H. G. Allen, Esq., Q.C., was elected chairman. Temporary premises were obtained at Victoria Road, Pembroke Dock, where the school was first opened on 21st January 1895, when 85 pupils enrolled—50 boys and 35 girls. Its first Headmaster was Mr. T. R. Dawes, M.A., with Miss I. Perman and Mr. N. John as assistants.

The foundation stone of the school in Argyle Street was laid by H. G. Allen, Esq., on 28th July 1897, and on the 27th June 1899, the school was formally opened. The Physics laboratory was opened Principal E. H. Griffiths in 1905.

In the summer of 1906, Mr. Dawes left to become Headmaster of Castleford Grammar School, and Mr. T. H. Jones, M.A. (Cantab.) became Headmaster. By this time the numbers had grown to 174 pupils. During his Headmastership, the House system was set up; prefects were first appointed and from 1920 the annual Eisteddfod became a regular and important feature of school life.

By 1920 there were over 300 pupils in the school, and the first hut was erected then. Other huts soon followed. School dinners were instituted in 1921.

The new buildings, greatly enlarging and altering the premises, were added in 1933. These comprised the Hall (also fitted as a gymnasium), the Chemistry laboratory and the new Domestic Science room.

Owing to bombing raids during the war, considerable dispersal

occurred. Classes were held at Neyland, Pembroke and St. Andrew's Schoolroom, Pembroke Dock, thus seriously affecting the life of the school, but after the construction of air-raid shelters, the pupils returned to the regular school buildings.

Mr. T. H. Jones retired in May 1941, and he was succeeded by Mr. H. M. Dowling, M.A. After four years, Mr. Dowling left to become Headmaster of Crewe Grammar School, and Mr. N. G. Cottrell, M.A., was appointed Headmaster. By this time the numbers in the school had reached well beyond 400.

After only a brief stay, Mr. Cottrell left in 1947 to join H.M. Inspectorate, and his place was taken by Mr. R. G. Mathias, B.Litt., M.A. (Oxon.). It was in 1955, during Mr. Mathias' headmastership, that the school moved into the present school buildings at Bush. In 1958, Mr. Mathias left to become Headmaster of Herbert Strutt Grammar School, Belper, and Mr. T. C. Roberts, B.Sc., succeeded him. On Mr. Roberts' retirement in 1968, Mr. C. Nelson, M.A. (Oxon.), was appointed, with the task of reorganising the school on Comprehensive lines by 1972. The present numbers in the school are about 620, and the anticipated numbers of the new Comprehensive School will be 1,740 by 1973, possibly rising to around 2,000 by 1975-6.

We have come a long way since 1895, and the only real changes hitherto have been in the name of the school—Intermediate, County and Grammar—and a change of site and buildings—that is, from Pembroke Dock to Bush, Pembroke. But the new change to Comprehensive will mean much more. The whole concept of education in the Borough will be transformed. It will mean a complete change in the content and philosophy of the education, and all the children of school age in the catchment area will, henceforth, be taught under the same roof.

An exciting new era lies before those who are about to embark on this comparatively new concept in education, and our best wishes go out to Mr. Nelson, his present and future staff who carry such a heavy responsibility. We shall follow the fortunes of the new school with great interest and fervently hope that it will have as successful a future as that enjoyed by the school which it is about to supersede.

The Penvro Dramatic Society continues to operate under restricted conditions until next autumn when the School Hall will again be available for their annual productions. On 28th April they gave a private performance of "Fire Raisers, a Morality without a Moral" to appreciative audiences at the Court Room, Pembroke Dock. The play was produced by Mr. Brian Griffiths.

The next edition of "Penvro" will be as the Comprehensive School magazine. Mr. David Williams (1941-48), at present on the staff of the Coronation Secondary Modern School, has agreed to take over the editorship of the Old Pupils' section of the magazine. It is hoped that our members will continue to support "Penvro" so that its unique record of uninterrupted publication since 1896 may be continued.

## NEWS OF OLD PUPILS

We were pleased to welcome Peter Preece (1946-54) to school on the 2nd March to talk to the Six Form about the novel which he is writing. Peter is at present doing his Teacher Training Diploma at the University College, Swansea, after teaching in Holland and Wiltshire for about twelve years. After completing his course, Peter will concentrate on his novel, for which he has been granted a £1,500 bursary by the Welsh Arts Council.

We congratulate Brian Phillips (1940-46) on his election, at the top of the poll, to the Borough Council in the May election.

We regret to record the death of one of the most distinguished old pupils of the Pembroke Dock County School in the person of Sir Alfred Road, who was Chief Inspector of Taxes, Board of Inland Revenue, from 1952 to 1955. Sir Alfred was a contemporary of W. J. A. Davies, and was one of two former pupils who are known to have been knighted. The other was Sir George Collins, who was knighted when he was Sheriff of London.

Joyce Johns (1933-39), Principal of the Welsh School of Occupational Therapy, Cardiff, has been awarded a Churchill scholarship which will enable her to spend three months in America for study and lecturing. Joyce was one of only a hundred out of 4,000 applicants and is the only representative from Wales in the field of occupational therapy.

Christopher Barker (1962-69) was recently promoted Third Navigating Officer with the Athel Line. He was also jointly nominated the Athel Line Cadet of the Year.

Evan Evans (1948-54), who is in the Hong Kong Police service, has been promoted Chief Inspector. He recently returned to Hong Kong after spending 6 months leave with his parents in Pembroke Dock.

John Jenkins (1961-68), as the result of his three year course in three-dimensional design in furniture at High Wycombe College of Technology, has been selected for a further three year course at the Royal College of Art, London, where he will study for an M.A. degree in furniture design.

Rev. George Lewis (1928-33), pastor of St. John's Presbyterian Church, Rodney, Canada, called at the school during the term. He was most impressed with the new facilities offered to present-day pupils.

Dr. Brian John (1946-53) writes to tell us that he is now teaching in the McMaster University, Ontario, Canada. He hopes to visit Pembroke Dock in the summer after an extended stay in Dublin, where he will research on W. B. Yeats. He sends his regards to all members of Staff who can still remember him!

Ronald Henson (1958-66) was recently successful in obtaining the degree of M.Sc. in Microwave Solid State Physics at Portsmouth Polytechnic. He has also been made a Fellow of the Institute of Physics.

Margaret Davies (1962-69) was recently commissioned in the Women's Royal Army Corps at Camberley, Surrey. Also at the passing-out parade were two former old pupils, namely Major Peggy Athoe and Bandswoman Christine Main.

We congratulate the following old pupils on their marriage:—

29th March in Johannesburg, South Africa: Anne Monico (1963-69) to Peter Stephenson, of Johannesburg. They will make their home in Springs, South Africa.

1st April at Evesham, Worcs: Roger Powell (1939-66) to Pamela Jean Compton, of Evesham.

1st April at Pembroke Dock: Megan Arnold (1962-69) to John Stuart McDiarmid.

3rd April at Pembroke Dock: Paul Green (1958-65) to Sandra Dawn Day, of Pembroke Dock.

8th April at Pembroke: John Harries Evans (1959-65) to Joan Elaine Hopkins, of Pembroke.

29th April at Pembroke Dock: Lionel Nutting (1960-67) to Angela Elizabeth Hunt, of Pembroke Dock.

29th April at Pembroke: Richard Brawn (1964-71) to Sylvia Julie Rogers, of Pembroke.

3rd June at Lamphey: Vivien Kyte (1964-71) to Desmond Parry (1966-68).

We congratulate the following old pupils on their engagement:—

8th April: Elizabeth Thomas (1967-71) to William Jones, of Cardigan.

May 15th: Martin Rickard (1957-65) to Diana James, of Haverford-west.

June 1st: Michael Jones (1957-65) to Pat Conway, of Kilmalcolm, Renfrewshire.

We are pleased to record the following birth:—

1st February: to Susan, wife of Donald Kingdom (1957-62), a daughter, Sarah Elizabeth.

## REMARKABLE

*Tonight, reality is violet; in shards of light  
Refracted from a naked bulb.  
Tonight the loudest sound the crashing echoes  
Of your dying childish fantasies.*

*Tonight the steaming whirlpool in your brain  
Is calm, and reason lurks  
Behind the murky veil that long ago society  
Had grafted on your mind.*

*Tonight you have the answer in your grasp —  
After so much searching;  
But the violet is violent red now; you reach out  
But it has gone again. You weep.*

*A crimson god smiles down from your emerald orange wall;  
Your arms are seeking still,  
But you are lost in the awful magnitude  
Of your own insignificance.*

*A fever tide is rising in your soul, your lips  
Are cracked with flaming ice,  
The kaleidoscope of truth unfolds and blinds you  
With the searing sword it wields.*

*You try to pray — the words sound strange and new  
And you choke in the attempt.  
You try to laugh but have forgotten how  
So cry instead.*

*Your own reflection in the naked bulb is warped;  
The irony shafts home.  
Your steel facade shatters like a glacier and you shiver  
In the aching void it leaves.*

*And now your hate is drowning in the ecstasy of scalding tears —  
For at last you know  
The epitome of all you ever dreaded, shunned and feared,  
Is yourself.*

SUSAN CATLING, Upper VI Science



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