

THE PENVRO



SUMMER 1963

PEMBROKE GRAMMAR SCHOOL FARM
CHRISTMAS WILL SOON BE HERE!

Pay a small deposit on your turkey
NOW

and save 1/- in the £1 at Christmas
FINEST QUALITY BIRDS ONLY

Details from Farm Office Phone Pembroke 2450

HIRE YOUR COACH



from
**SILCOX MOTOR COACH
CO. LTD.**

WATER STREET, PEMBROKE DOCK

Phone : PEMBROKE DOCK 3143 TENBY 2189



THE PENVRO

No. 134

SUMMER

1963

Editor :
MICHAEL JONES

Editorial Board :
JANICE BRADY, PATRICIA KING,
PHILIP LAIN, PAMELA WILLIAMS

Staff Editor :
V. R. T. HUGHES

Business Manager :
S. GRIFFITH

EDITORIAL

The approach of the G.C.E. examinations near the end of the Summer Term has been heralded by weather which has assumed the proportions of a heatwave. While this is regarded with delight by most of the School the candidates themselves must attempt to complete last minute revision while the call of the 'great outdoors' lures them away. It is unfortunate that those mystical beings—the Examiners—are not aware of these impediments for then surely their reports would be less scathing. However, we wish all the candidates 'good luck' in their struggle.

The event which has marked this term as one to go down in the history of the School was the arrival of the long-awaited organ. The School returned from the Easter holidays to see the gleaming instrument occupying a position of honour in the Hall. The criticisms of those cynics, who rather unkindly compared the appearance of the organ to that of a roll-topped desk, could not be extended to its tone. In morning assembly its dulcet notes lend an air of dignity to the proceedings, though they also serve the purpose of softening the raucous voices of some members of the school during the singing of the hymn. It is hoped that the benefits of the organ may be shared by those members of the School who are capable of learning to play the instrument, under the expert tuition of Mr. Whitehall. This event in the School's history was summed up by one pupil, who must remain anonymous, who said:—

"There's a little yellow organ to the North of Classroom Two."

We were delighted to learn on our return to school that Mr. Palfrey and Miss Lloyd Jones, both members of staff, had been united in holy wedlock. I am sure that every member of the school joins in wishing them every happiness in the future. Mr. James Nicholas, who has been with us now for four years as head of the Mathematics department, has been successful in gaining the headship of Preseli Grammar School, Crymmych. We congratulate him heartily on his achievement and hope that he will be as happy in Crymmych as we are sure he has been in Pembroke. However, his sadness at leaving us is tempered by the recent announcement of his engagement to Miss Hazel Griffiths, who teaches domestic science. It would seem that the air of Pembroke is conducive to "les affaires du Cœur." After Miss Caroline Pratt's departure for North Wales at the end of the Easter Term we viewed with trepidation the fate of girls' games in the near future. However, that faithful servant of the School, Mrs. M. Ebsworth, stepped into the breach once again to help out.

Since the weather has been so good this term we were able to hold our Annual School Sports on our own playing-fields. After a highly successful day Picton house emerged victorious followed by Glyndwr, Tudor and Hywel respectively.

The success of the previous issue of Penvro has enabled us to include photographs of school teams in the present issue. We must thank local tradespeople who have placed their trust in our magazine as a medium through which they may advertise and hope that they will continue to do so in future.

The role of a mysterious grating which has recently been placed in the quadrangle is, as yet, unexplained. However, among the suggestions as to its purpose is either that of a guided missile launcher or a measure designed to hold the School together. The editor apologises but he is unable to reveal the sources from which he obtained this information. Any further developments will be reported in our next issue.

PRIZE DAY

The Annual Prizegiving was held in the Hall on Wednesday, January the 16th. Unfortunately, Rear Admiral Hoare, the Headmaster of Atlantic College, St. Donat's Castle, who was to have been the Guest of Honour, was unable to attend owing to illness. Fortunately, he was able to send in his place the Senior English Master at Atlantic College, Mr. Meurig Wynn Owen. Alderman B. G. Howells, O.B.E., was in the Chair and prizes were presented by Mrs. Howells.

Form Prizes

- 2C—1, Shirley Jones; 2, Mair Davies; 3, Hugh Davies.
 2B—1, Maureen Rees; 2, Kevin Brady; 3, Kevin Walling.
 2A—1, Martin Lockley; 2, Robert Arnold; 3, Dinah Haggart. Good Progress, Hazel Williams.
 3C—1, Catherine Campbell; 2, Valmai Edwards; Good Progress, Joan Kenniford.
 3B—1, Marilyn Thomas; 2, Arthur Nicholas. Good Progress, Alan Hyde, William Mills.
 3A—1, Malcolm Cawley; 2, Peter Badham; 3, Margaret Vernon and Barry Crawford.
 4T—1, Wendy Donovan; 2, Malcolm Lewis.
 4C—1, Catherine Rogers; 2, Ruth Hall.
 4B—1, Vicky Waterfield; 2, Robert Leyland; 3, Diana Richardson.
 4A—1, Maribelle Thomas; 2, Patsy Anfield; 3, Helen Butters, Margaret Richards.
 U4T—1, Graham Evans.
 U4C—1, Geoffrey Cavaney.
 U4B—1, Roger Baker; 2, Ann Cole. Good Progress, Keith Griffiths.
 U4A—1, Keith Kneller; 2, Caroline James; 3, Howard Barton.
 5X—John Brown, Philip Lain.
 5O—Raymond Rees, Malcolm Roche.

Subject Prizes, Form 5

- Welsh Prize, given by Ald. J. R. Williams—Gwyneth Davies.
 English Prize, given by Miss A. R. Lewis Davies—Patricia King.
 History Prize, given by Rev. Lewis G. Tucker—Michael Jones.
 Latin Prize, given by Mrs. Hilda Thomas—Philip Lain.
 Scripture Prize—Janet Mullins.
 French Prize—Jacqueline Edwards.
 German Prize—Michael Jones.
 Geography Prize—Michael Jones.
 Mathematics Prize—John Brown, David Canton, Paul Davies.
 Science Prize, given by Mr. Bernard Garnett in memory of his father, J. H. Garnett, M.Sc.—David Canton.
 Science Prizes—John Brown, Paul Davies.
 Music Prize, given by Mrs. Jill Lockely—Ruth James.
 Art Prize, given by Mrs. Jill Lockely—Michael Edwards, Philip Lain.
 The Beatrice Mary Williams Prize for Cookery—Pauline Bowen.
 Needlework Prize, given by Mrs. M. V. Jones—Pauline Bowen.
 Woodwork Prize, given by Mrs. David, in memory of her father, W. N. Grieve, J.P.—John Brown.
 Metalwork Prize, given by Mr. James Meyrick Owen in memory of the late T. H. Jones, M.A.—Barry Hunter.
 Pembroke Farmers' Club Cup for good work in Agriculture—Guy Thomas.
 The Alice Mary Rees Prize, given jointly by Ralph Llewellyn Rees and Morwyth Rees, in memory of their mother—Nina Pearman, Brian Morgan.

The Chairman of Governors' Prize for service to the school—Christine Nash.
 Prize for the spoken word, given by Miss E. M. Young in memory of her father, Charles Young, J.P., Governor of the School—Marion Gough.
 Prizes for original work, given by Mrs. Sarah Thomas—Sara Jane Monico, Mary-Rose Woodward.

EISTEDDFOD 1963

One of the outstanding events of the School year was the Inter-House Eisteddfod, held on St. David's Day. Last year Glyndwr House gained a clear victory; this year tension mounted throughout the afternoon and evening sessions, as the final result was by no means a foregone conclusion. The audience was so large that some forms had to find places on the stage. Glyndwr were again winners and the Sudbury Shield was presented to the winning captains, Patricia Thomas and John Nash by Ald. B. G. Howells, O.B.E.

Final position of the Houses:—Glyndwr House 845 points, Tudor House 750 points, Hywel House 614 points, Picton House 486 points.

The Adjudicators were:

MUSIC	W. H. Whitehall, Esq. S. A. Evans, Esq.
POETRY SPEAKING:					
ENGLISH	Aubrey Phillips, Esq.
WELSH	Mrs. Olwen Rees.
PREPARED SPEECH	Mrs. G. Partridge.
ORIGINAL VERSE	Mrs. Nora Davies.
ESSAY	Miss A. R. Lewis-Davies, M.B.E. Miss Eveline Hinchliffe. Mrs. R. C. Davies. Miss Ethel Young. T. K. Griffiths, Esq., Wynford Davies, Esq., Miss Morwyth Rees, Mrs. Sarah Thomas. Miss Ethel Young, Mrs. Olwen Rees, R. G. Roberts, Esq., A. C. Davies, Esq., R. Metcalf, Esq.
SHORT STORY	Mrs. M. Seager.
VERSE TRANSLATION	Mrs. H. M. Robinson. J. M. Caradice, Esq., Miss Morwyth Rees, J. Lloyd Jones, Esq., H. Bennison, Esq., Michael Evans, Esq., Angus Athoe, Esq., J. H. A. Macken, Esq., Mrs. M. M. Mathias.
COOKERY	The Reverend Hywel Davies.
EMBROIDERY, NEEDLEWORK	
ART AND CRAFT WORK	
NATURE STUDY	
AGRICULTURE	
GEOGRAPHY	
PHOTOGRAPHY	
STAMP COLLECTION	
TABLE DECORATION	
LOCAL STUDIES	

MUSIC

Junior Piano Solo, 'Ayre in D. Minor' Purcell: 1, Caroline Attfield (T); 2, Charles Watson (S); 3, Joy Smith (G).

Middle Piano Solo, 'Für Elise' Beethoven: 1, Ieuan Harries (P); 2, Veronica Sandell (H); 3, Sarah Monico (G).

Violin Solo: 1, Ruth Morgan (H); 2, Jane Sudbury (T); 3, Margaret Davies (P).

Junior Girls' Solo. 'Ladybird' Schumann: 1, Margaret Davies (P); 2, Mary Jackson (G); 3, Rhiannon Bowen (T).

Junior Boys' Solo. 'Contentment' Mozart: 1, Kevin Brady (H); 2, Robert Main (T); 3, Peter Canton (G).

Senior Girls' Solo. 'When'er you walk' Handel: 1, Ruth James (G); 2, Janice Brady (H); 3, Susan Campodonic (T).

Senior Boys' Solo. 'I attempt from Love's sickness to fly' Purcell: 1, Michael Jones (G); 2, Raymond Dando (G); 3, Peter Lewis (H).

Welsh Solo. 'Codiad yr Eheddyd' Traditional air: 1, Rhiannon Bowen (T); 2, Maribelle Thomas (T); 3, Bernadette Henson (H).

Senior Girls' Duet. 'Here amid the shady woods' Handel: 1, Ruth James, Carol Herbert (G); 2, Janice Brady, Sheila Davies (H); 3, Margaret Rogers, Susan Campodonic (T).

Choir. 'When Spring with its joy' Mozart: 1, Glyndwr, Conductor—Ruth James; 2, Tudor, Conductor—Susan Campodonic; 3, Hywel, Conductor—Janice Brady; 4, Picton, Conductor—Marilyn Mackee.

POETRY SPEAKING

Junior Girls. 'The Listeners' Walter de la Mare: 1, Ann Gough (H); 2, Susan Collins (T); 3, Bernadette Henson (H).

Junior Boys. 'Macavity—The Mystery Cat' T. S. Eliot: 1, David Cooper (H); 2, Derek Skone (P); 3, Kevin Brady (H).

Senior Girls. 'The Solitary Reaper' Wordsworth: 1, Carol Woodward (P); 2, Veronica Sandell (H); 3, Janice Brady (H).

Senior Boys. 'Naming of Parts' Henry Reed: 1, Roger Horgan (H); 2, Michael Jones (G); 3, Peter Lewis (H).

Junior Welsh. 'Morys y Gwynt' I. D. Hobson: 1, Hazel Scourfield (G); 2, Ann Jones (H); 3, Megan Sutton (T); 4, Elaine Hughes (G).

PREPARED SPEECH

Subject—'The moon is too expensive': 1, Michael Jones (G); 2, Janice Brady (H); 3, Peter Lewis (H).

LITERATURE

Junior Short Story. 'The Key': 1, Susan Elsworthy (T); 2, David Davies (H); 3, Caroline Hughes (G).

Senior Short Story. Open: 1, David Olyott (P); 2, Philip Lain (T); 3, Phillip Carradice (G).

ESSAYS

Form 2. 'A day's outing ruined by the weather': 1, David Cooper (H); 2, Hazel Scourfield (G); 3, Carolyn Attfield (T).

Form 3. 'An Ideal Summer Holiday': 1, Jane Sudbury (T); 2, Susan Richards (T); 3, Hugh Davies (T).

Form 4. 'An Amusing Journey': 1, Sarah Monico (G); 2, Julie Munt (T); 3, Bernadette Henson (H).

Form Upper IV. 'How our town could be improved': 1, Maribelle Thomas (T); 2, Margaret Barton (T); 3, Phillip Carradice (G).

Form 5. 'The Importance of Friendship': 1, Ruth Thomas (G); 2, Tantalizer; 3, Suzanne Palmer (G).

Form 6. 'Our Daily Newspapers': 1, Peter Lewis (H); 2, Ruth James (G); 3, Michael Jones (G).

ORIGINAL VERSE

Form 2. 'The Zoo': 1, Carolyn Attfield (T); 2, Pauline Robson (T); 3, Irene Higgs (G).

Form 3. 'Pictures in the Fire': 1, Megan Sutton (T); 2, Hugh; 3, Meredydd Thomas (T).

Form 4. 'The Sea Shore': 1, Sarah Jane Monico (G); 2, Elizabeth James (T); 3, Elaine White (P).

Form Upper 4. 'The Woodlands': 1, Margaret Richards (G); 2, Richard Powell (G); 3, Maribelle Thomas (T).

Form 5. 'View from a Bridge': 1, Lynn Shore (H); 2, Sheila Davies (H); 3, Valerie Jamts (H).

Form 6. Open: 1, Judith Payne (P); 2, Philip Lain (T); 3, Ann James (P).

VERSE TRANSLATION

Spanish: 1, Pat King (P); 2, Susan Preece (G).

German: 1, Michael Jones (G); 2, Roger Powell (G); 3, Suzanne Palmer (G).

French: 1, Sarah Jane Monico (G); 2, Judith Payne (P); 3, Brian Devereux (G).

Latin: 1, Peter Lewis (H); 2, Pat King (P); 3, Caroline Hughes (G).

Welsh: 1, Maribelle Thomas (T); 2, Isuan Harries (P); 3, Helen Butters (H).

COOKERY

Forms 2, 3. Large Open Jam Tart: 1, David Jenkins (T); 2, Kathleen Humber (G); 3, Brenda Watts (H).

Forms 4, Upper 4. Six Bread Rolls: 1, Ann Robins (T); 2, Joan Kenniford (G); 3, Sonette Bowen (H).

Forms 4, Upper 4. Gingerbread Cake: 1, Helen Butters (H); 2, Jennifer Gwyther (G); 3, Ann Jones (G).

Forms 5, 6. Home-made Sweets: 1, Philip Lain (T); 2, Janet Mullins (G); 3, Hefina Bowen (T).

Forms 5, 6. Simnel Cake: 1, Sara Monico (G); 2, Joan Green (T); 3, Pat Thomas (G).

EMBROIDERY

Open to all forms. Four Table Mats: 1, Susan Mabe (P); 2, Catherine Rogers (P); 3, Susan Huxtable (G).

NEEDLEWORK

Forms 2, 3. Waist Petticoat: 1, Susan Richards (T); 2, Julie Davids (T); 3, Helen Stuart (H).

Forms 4, Upper 4. Baby Doll Pyjamas: 1, Catherine Rogers (P); 2, Veronica Sandell (H); 3, Joan Kenniford (G).

Forms 5, 6. Summer Dress: 1, Patricia Thomas (G); 2, Pat Harries (H); 3, Sandra Staunton (P).

FELTWORK

Open to all forms. Pyjama Case: 1, Susan Mabe (P); 2, Catherine Rogers (P); 3, Anna Sturgeon (H).

KNITTING

Forms 2, 3. Knitted Toy: 1, Ann Willoughby (T); 2, Susan Richards (T); 3, Helen Humber (T).

Forms 4, Upper 4, 5, 6. V-necked Jumper: 1, Susan Mabe (P); 2, Gwyneth Griffiths (T); 3, Ann Jones (G).

FLORAL DECORATION

Open. Wild Flowers in a Jar: 1, Philip Lain (T); 2, Helen Butters (H); 3, Priscilla Hughes (G).

Open. Evening Spray: 1, Shan Griffiths (G); 2, Susan Griffiths (G); 3, Sandra Williams (H).

AGRICULTURE

Junior. Model: 1, John Davies (T); 2, David Campbell (G).

Senior. Model: 1, Howard Robinson (P); 2, Colin Good (P); 3, Ken Deveson (P).

Junior Dairy Stock Judging: 1, Joseph Bowman (H); 2, Barbara Bowen (H); 3, Roger Gregson (T).

Senior Dairy Stock Judging: 1, Graham Evans (T); 2, Malcolm Lewis (G); 3, John Evans (G).

Junior Tractor Reversing: 1, Russell John (T); 2, Mark Gordon (G); 3, Philip Thomas (H).

Senior Tractor Reversing: 1, Phillip Lloyd (P); 2, David Merriman (P); 3, David Jones (G).

Junior Milking: 1, P. Ross (H); 2, D. Ashley (T); 3, P. Thomas (H).

Senior Milking: 1, Phillip Lloyd (P); 2, Colin Good (P); 3, Malcolm Calver (G).

ART

Forms 2, 3: 1, Neil Campodonic (T); 2, David Cooper (H); 3, David Reynolds (H).

Forms 4, Upper 4: 1, Howard Robinson (P); 2, Helen Cooper (H); 3, Frances Edwards (T).

Forms 5, 6: 1, Philip Lain (T); 2, Susan Mabe (P).

Open: 1, Howard Robinson (P); 2, John Davies (T); 3, Arthur Nicholas (H).

STAMP COLLECTING

Forms 2, 3, 4: 1, Eric White (G); 2, Malcolm Cawley (G); 3, Prudence Pattison (G).

Forms Upper 4, 5, 6: 1, Michael Edwards (T); 2, Margaret Richards (G); 3, Patricia Thomas (G).

GEOGRAPHY

Form 2: 1, Helen Humber (T); 2, Paulette Brown (H); 3, Richard Allen (T).

Form 3: 1, Wyn Griffiths (G); 2, Anthony Hodge (G); 3, Lionel Nutting (P).

Form 4: 1, Alan Hyde (H); 2, David Ashley (T); 3, Sara Jane Monico (G).

Forms Upper 4, 5: 1, Barbara Bowen and Terrence Mulvaney; 2, Margaret Barton (T).

PHOTOGRAPHY

Junior: 1, Helen Butters (H); 2, Douglas Simpson (T); 3, Bruce Penfold (T).

Senior: 1, Philip Lain (T); 2, John Nash (G); 3, Paul Green (T).

Open, Colour: 1, Michael Edwards (T); 2, Howard Barton (T); 3, Terrence Mulvaney (T).

Open, Black and white: 1, Roger Horgan (H); 2, Harvey Thomas (T); 3, Bruce Penfold (T).

LOCAL STUDIES

Forms 2, 3: 1, Jane Sudbury (T); 2, David Reynolds (H); 3, Andrew Drysdale (G).

Forms 4, Upper 4: 1, Robert Rogers (P); 2, Sara Jane Monico (G); 3, William Mills (P).

Forms 5, 6: 1, Michael Edwards (T); 2, Andrew Thomas (G); 3, Andrew Drysdale (G).

NATURE STUDY

Forms 2, 3: 1, David Reynolds (H); 2, Helen Humber (T); 3, Richard Huysche (P).

Forms 4, Upper 4, 5: 1, Howard Robinson (P); 2, Patsy Anfield (H); 3, Ann Robins (T).

Form 6: 1, Philip Lain (T); 2, Roger MacCallum (P); 3, Michael Jones (G).

HOUSE DRAMA COMPETITION

Held April 3rd and 4th—*Adjudicator*, Miss K. Hearne

The annual House drama competition was once more a highly satisfying venture. The final order of the Houses was as follows: 1, Hywel; 2, Picton; 3, Glyndwr; 4, Tudor.

Hywel House—"The Apollo de Bellac" by Jean Giraudoux

This was an extremely difficult play requiring mature and sophisticated acting. The talent of the producer and actors was such that they were able to attain the standard demanded by a play of this nature.

It was a comedy of character mainly, and each actor displayed untapped skill in showing the characters' idiosyncrasies, by means of speech, gait, or costume. In this way they held their audience constantly for forty minutes, an achievement rarely equalled in House Drama.

There was a professional touch to Hywel House play which was absent from the others, and after seeing this fine production there could be no doubt about the result. The play was produced by Peter Lewis and Janice Brady. The cast was as follows: Peter Lewis, Lyn Shore, Roger Baker, Brian Morgan, Paul Reynolds, Geoffrey Warlow, Ronald Henson, Janice Brady and Veronica Sandell.

Pat King, Lower 6th

Picton—"A Glass of Marsala" by Arthur Hessayon

Again one felt that this was a good choice, for although the plot was not so interesting and unconventional as Glyndwr's plot, the theme did have anticipation and therefore something to keep interest in. The actors were fortunate in that they were very effectively aided by the presence of a colourful and realistic set. Make up, too, was excellent, especially that of Lorenzo and Emilio which made them both look realistically far in advance of their years. The only drawback was the lighting—this unfortunately was rather less impressive. Yet the play was well produced with good stage grouping throughout. Acting was also of a good calibre, although in some instances more pointed acting was called for and sometimes comic remarks were not always spoken with their fullest significance.

Nevertheless, Richard James as Emilio Ferra gave a competent performance as the domineering "Padrone" but we did not get the contrast in his character sufficiently well when his secret was revealed by the tramp, played by Paul Davies, who incidentally really looked and acted like what he was supposed to be. Elizabeth Holmes (Morena) as Emilio's daughter, conveyed emotion well and her friend Enza, played by Eira Jenkins, gave a favourable impression of a typical harridan of a wife to Lorenzo, who played his part with ableness and conviction. Finally, the characters around whom the plot was centred were played by Sandra Staunton as Carea, and her lover, Giovanni, was played by Michael Johnson. Both achieved the requisite picture of youth and vitality.

Andrew Thomas, Lower 6th

Glyndwr—"The Force of Devil's Bridge" by Henri Ghéon

This play was an interesting choice for it provided a complete contrast to the other plays in that it avoided convention by turning its back on realism. Instead we had a refreshing production with an extraordinary plot aided by yet another unique feature which was the absence of a set, and so much was left to the imagination. The players, therefore, had nothing to rely upon—albeit the lighting effect was excellent—except their own acting abilities; this was achieved mainly in the personages of the two principal actors: Gwyn Jones, as the False Pedlar, gave an accomplished and fluent

performance as the subtle and persuasive Devil, whereas Michael Jones, who represented the opposing faction of good, gave an impressive and intelligent performance as Father Kado, for he conveyed well the stoicism and graveness which was required of that part.

These two actors, however, were ably supported by a good cast. Brian Devereux (Mathurin) gave a good solid performance as a Breton fisherman, although his voice tended on occasions to become monotonous and more variety in tone was required. Carole Herbert as Father Kado's cat, with many feline graces, gave a good impersonation of what a cat should be like, and Patricia Moor, as Mathurin's daughter, gave an able but non-speaking performance. Finally, continuity was preserved by Susan Stephens, the Property Mistress, whose clear, resonant voice did much to enhance the play as a whole.

Andrew Thomas, Lower 6th

Tudor House—"Thicker than Water" by Wilson Barnes

This comedy-thriller was a difficult play to perform. From the comic realism of working-class life we are suddenly moved to murder and melodrama. The play is, therefore, not easy to perform convincingly. There were some good individual performances.

The play was produced by David Fraser. The cast was as follows: Jacqueline Edwards, Hefina Bowen, Philip Lain, Michael Edwards, Katherine Phillips, Malcolm Phillips, Paul French, Susan Campodonic.

MY VISIT TO SWITZERLAND

On December the 27th, 1962, a party of thirty-six pupils from the School left for a holiday in Switzerland, accompanied by Miss Pratt and Mr. Boskill. Below is a personal impression of the visit:

On the evening of December the 27th, I embarked on the most exciting journey of my life, my first trip abroad. After the long night, the grey coldness of the December morning did not dampen my spirits nor did the brisk walk before breakfast use up my boundless energy.

The chilled feeling of the icy blast up on deck on the cross-channel steamer, and the discomfort of the French trains were soon dismissed from my mind when we arrived at Berne, where we breakfasted, and then boarded the Swiss train. If there is anything of beauty and distinction in trains, then I think that Switzerland could claim the laurels. How intriguing the railway system was! At many 'stops' it seemed like stopping in an open street, so different from the orthodox railway system. At Aigle we changed from train to motor-coach, and this is something that I shall never forget. My heart seemed to stop still when we were climbing and descending some hills. At times it seemed we were driving on the edge of a huge ravine, and I was amazed at the skill with which the driver handled the motor-coach. After the laborious and weary ascent of the last hill we arrived at Champéry—enchanted Champéry.

At first I was frightened and astonished at the sheer height of the mountains. I tried to find the sky; it was a breathless experience. Not until I had craned my spine and my head to an exacting angle could I see it. At times now I still recall the indescribable mountain grandeur. It was lunch-time when we arrived at the little village, and before us stood the picturesque wooden doll's house of an hotel that was to be our home. I was delighted, for my friends and I shared a tiny wooden chalet annexed to the hotel. From the wooden verandah of the chalet I used to look out across the mountain slopes to see those wooden chalets that nestle in snow under the hillside. At one time I felt as if I was on a huge iced Christmas cake which was decorated with tiny chalets and tall fir trees.

Our first ski-ing lesson proved an experience which was both interesting and amusing. We were taught to carry the skis in a special way and we were taught how to walk with skis. This proved very amusing. I am sure I must have looked dreadfully clumsy. My friend, for instance, fell down in the middle of the village street while wearing her skis, and we had to drag her clear of an oncoming car. This we did successfully until she slipped just as a sledge was passing, and in collision, her ski-stick travelled off with the driver of the sledge.

One talks in Britain about sledges, but it was surprising to see to what practical purpose they were used in Champéry. I was intrigued to watch the women and babies go shopping on their toboggans just in the same way as mothers wheel babies out in prams in England, and they glided downhill and trudged uphill in such a matter of fact way.

On the first Sunday evening we decided to go to church. Usually, churches are cold, but the little wooden church had a warmth about it and a beckoning glow from the candles that lit it. The faces of the congregation belonged to a people who were not harassed by time and speed and civilisation. They were there not for the routine of being there but because they loved every moment of it.

Some of our party chose to go ice skating and tobogganing, but it was enough for me to explore the beloved village, and to gaze in amazement at the scenery above and below me. The shopkeepers in the village were charming, and there was an old-world courtesy about them.

One day we visited Geneva where we were shown the United Nations building. It was unfortunate that the day was not a sunny one. However, I explored the various shops in the city buying presents for my family.

The visit to Champéry is in the past now, but there are some pictures that I shall cherish, a comradeship with people never to be forgotten, my appreciation of the people of Champéry, and lastly my gratitude to the village of Champéry and to enchanted Switzerland for being placed on the face of this good earth.

Sara Jane Monico, 4A

GYMNASIUM, MITTELSCHULE, VOLKSCHULE

We are accustomed in the Penvro to comments on Pembroke Grammar School by German students. The following is a brief comment on a German 'Schule.' It should be added that everything stated below may not apply to all German schools. We are concerned with a Comprehensive School in Hamburg.

Children begin their school life at six years of age. On their first day at school, they are given a large paper cornet over a foot long and full of toffees by their parents. This, I presume, serves as a sort of jam on the bitter pill of going to school!

School begins at 8 a.m. unless a special lesson is arranged, in which case it begins at 7 a.m. It carries on then with 45 minute lessons, with about 10 minute intervals in between the lessons, until about 1.30 p.m. when school is over for the day.

After four years in the Junior school, the equivalent of the 11 plus is operated. The academic type (by recommendation of the teachers or request of the parents) spend a fortnight in the gymnasium (grammar school section of the school) where they are supervised in small groups by one teacher from the gymnasium, one from the junior and one parent for each group. A large number of subjects are dealt with during this fortnight. A number of tests are given each candidate and as a result of these, together with an assessment mark from the junior school, the candidate is passed or failed. The successful ones move into the gymnasium and everybody else enters the Volksschule. There is an examination in the Volksschule after two years on the same lines as the examination for entrance to the gymnasium.

The successful candidates go into the 'Mittelschule' (Middle school) while the others stay in the Volksschule. The Volksschule pupils are allowed to leave school at 15 years of age. They will be the "hewers of wood and drawers of water." The Mittelschulers take a leaving examination at 16 years of age. They will be the technicians and clerks of the fatherland. The successful pupils of the gymnasium carry on until they are 18 or 20 years of age and take an examination called 'Abitur' in seven or more subjects at a standard equivalent to our Advanced Level. Success at this examination gives entry to University.

The Teachers Training Institute at the University of Hamburg had good departments for woodwork and metalwork but the school was not well equipped for these subjects nor were the rooms large enough. Girls can take woodwork and boys can take cookery for a limited course.

I was much impressed by the equipment in Physics and Chemistry at the school. I was told that parents contribute regularly (and voluntarily) towards equipment and for educational excursions by their children.

I walked into one classroom where some 15 year old Mittelschulers were learning English. (Every West German child learns English for at least three years). I was asked to take over the lesson in the form of question and answer—they to ask and the Welshman to answer. As there was a pause, I wrote on the black-board *Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerychwyrndrobwilllantisiliogogoch* and translated it into English. After that, questions poured out. The girls wanted to know why we put one hand under the table when we eat soup; if we cut potatoes on our dinner plate with a knife; if I knew Cliff Richards and Elvis Presley. The boys asked about the Common Market and East-West relationships. The exchanges were brisk and showed good command of English.

There are no school dinners and no organised games. There is going to be a football ground on the school campus but I don't know when it is going to be used. It is possible that the children who live near enough to the school may return voluntarily in the afternoon.

How would this German or Continental System work in Pembroke? Parents would throw their hands up in horror at the thought of having their children at home every afternoon! The training of teachers on the Continent of Europe is so thorough that their function is accepted as that of teachers; in this country, teachers are regarded as "child-minders" and morning school only would be unpopular. But a ballot in Pembroke Grammar School on this Continental versus British system might surprise us.

S.G.

We are publishing this term a few of the entries in the literature section of the *Eisteddfod* competition. A great deal of effort is shown in this section and, sometimes, a true gift for writing for its own sake is shown. It is therefore a pleasure to be able to print some of these entries which otherwise might not see the light of day.

A DAY'S OUTING RUINED BY THE WEATHER

The morning was fine and sunny, as it sometimes is during Summer, and our family was going to visit some stone-age flint mines called Grimes' Graves. We were told about them by some friends who had given us the idea that we would find them very interesting, and not a little fun crawling around underground.

We left our caravan after dinner and still the weather was fine but it was slowly beginning to cloud over. About half way to the mines we arrived at an aerodrome and waited for some time while two jet-fighters came in to land. Then it started to rain. At first the rain came slowly and then speeded up, and soon it was teeming down.

All this time we were on main roads, but then we had to turn off on to a rough chalky track. We went for some distance along this track and eventually found ourselves on a grassy field containing nothing but five or six cars and a wooden hut. As it was raining, most of the people were in their cars. On either side of the field was moorland, and in front of us was a wood with a few small hollows in the clearings.

We protected ourselves from the weather as best we could and went over to the hut. In the hut were an old man, a chair, a few shelves and some candles and guide-books. We bought a guide-book, but it gave us no idea where to start. We also bought a candle to see in the pits because it was dark. After searching through the woods we eventually found a dip, with what looked like a concrete cover with windows and a trapdoor in it. After going down an iron ladder under the trapdoor, looking round, we found ourselves in a covered pit about fifteen feet deep. The sides were of chalk with layers of flint embedded in the rock.

When we reached the bottom we found passages leading off underground. My brother went furthest into one passage, and when he had gone twenty odd feet he turned round and came back. Apparently, the passage went further in and we later found out that it must have been the entrance to a labyrinth of passages which we knew existed. This was the longest passage we came across, because the others were, on the whole, only two or three yards long. Whenever we went into a passage the water dripped down from above making us filthy.

After looking around the pit we climbed up and came out into the terrible weather above and searched the woods, and found another identical cover. When we went down this one, we found that it was about five feet deeper than the one before, but its width was the same, being about ten to twelve feet wide. There did not seem to be so many passages, and they were, on the whole, the same length as the short ones in the other pit.

The rain above us was driving down but all the same we made a diligent search. The bushes were wet, so whenever we brushed against them we were made even wetter. Luckily the grass was mainly short. After satisfying ourselves that there were no more pits, we ran back to the car to warm ourselves and keep out the rain.

The weather showed no signs of improving so we returned to the caravan and to comfort, leaving the rain, the old man, the hut and his candles.

David Cooper, 2A

AN IDEAL SUMMER HOLIDAY

Summer holidays come and go, but how I long for my ideal holiday! One thinks at once of sunshine, blue seas, azure skies and complete relaxation and leisure to do what one really wants. In this country our recent summers have been so cold, unsettled and uninviting that I am afraid I should have to look elsewhere for my ideal holiday.

I should like to leave these shores in a luxury liner and sail in real comfort, eventually reaching a country I have heard so much about and always wanted to visit. Greece is my choice, as the summer climate is hot and it is a land full of opportunities and thrills for the sightseer, and its history is so well known.

On the liner I should like to join in the many activities which they have these days, and I would spend many hours lazing on the deck.

The exciting time would come when we entered the Mediterranean Sea through the Straits of Gibraltar to stop at some of the many ports on the route to Greece. I would like to have the longest stay at Rome. Rome is situated on the River Tiber, and is called the mother city of the world, and is a city of many contrasts.

Old buildings have always appealed to me so I would be very interested in the Vatican and other old buildings with their marvellous tapestries and mosaics. The old Roman Empire would come to life for me in these wonderful old buildings and ruins.

The islands in the Mediterranean off Greece would be very exciting. I would sail through the same waters that Odysseus struggled to safety through, after the shipwreck.

Approaching Greece I am sure would be as wonderful as I picture it. Sandy beaches, creeks and inlets, silvery olive trees, white-washed churches perched high on hilltops and gaily painted fishing boats, would make me catch my breath at the beauty of it all.

Sailing on, we would, I hope, land at Piraeus, the port for Athens, the capital of Greece. Here it would be nice to be lost in the glory of the cathedrals, temples, palaces and scenes of the legendary heroes. From the famous Acropolis it would be thrilling to get a bird's eye view of the city and the different landmarks such as the sight of the snow-capped Mount Olympus, home of the gods.

My sight-seeing would have to be done very leisurely, for the heat at times might become very intense, but as I would like to spend the whole of my two months holiday here, I could afford to take my time. I hope my journey would take me to Olympia, where the original Olympic Games were first held, the Temple of Zeus and many other buildings.

What a wealth of information I should come home with! I am sure my interest in Greek History would be enhanced. My glorious sun-tan would be the envy of all, and no doubt I should come home wanting to spend many more splendid holidays like this 'Ideal Summer Holiday.'

Jane Sudbury, 3A

THE KEY

It was a hot, sultry day in July 1534. Far above me the sun shone down mercilessly, allowing no shelter. I sat staring out at the Thames, clasping my knees in my hot hands and dreaming of plunging into the cool blue-green water. "Wait 'till the day when my apprenticeship is through," I thought gleefully. "I shall swim like a dolphin and ride like a centaur. Everyone shall cry 'Master Henry,' instead of 'you, lad,' and I shall be great and . . ."

My daydreams were rudely awakened. A smooth hand stretched out and pulled me up by the ear. The lock I was polishing fell to the ground and I twisted around to face the person. My mouth fell open with surprise. There, before me, stood a tall nobleman. Upon his tunic was embroidered the royal crest.

"What are you gaping at, boy?" he enquired. "Fetch your master quickly."

"Yes, sire," I gasped. Never before had I seen so splendid a man in my master's locksmith shop.

A few moments later the nobleman was escorted to my master's study and I returned to work, or to attempt to.

Later the master called the two apprentices, Tom and me, and the journeyman, Edward, to his room.

"We have been sent," he said gravely, "a royal command. We are to make a key for King Henry. He has a jewelled casket for the Lady Ann Boleyn, and wishes to present it to her as a wedding gift. Yet it has no key . . ."

"You mean that we are going to make it?" cried Edward.

"It is a great honour," replied the master.

"A golden one, with the queen's initial on perhaps?" asked Edward.

"The key is to be engraved with bluebirds and wild flowers. It must be so beautiful that the queen will carry it next to her heart," the master answered. "You must work day and night, 'till the task is completed."

We left the room, each thinking of this work. "Imagine, we shall be at the King's service," I breathed in delight.

For the next few days we worked as we had never worked before; yet it was so hot that I felt sure the sun would melt the gold faster than my work with the bellows. The key gradually took shape. It filled me with delight just to gaze at it, for each petal, each bird's feather, was the work of hours. "Yet I, too, could gild the key with lovebirds and with flowers," I thought. "How shall I ever prove it though?"

At last all that was left to be engraved was the queen's initial, A. I knew each curve, each stroke, for I had seen the pattern on parchment and coarse metals so often.

That evening the master called for Edward. "We must celebrate," he said, "for the key is almost finished." The two left the workshop and went out feasting together.

Early next morning I went downstairs to gaze awefully at the key, for it was to be collected that evening. Suddenly Tom raced down calling, "Henry, Henry!" I turned quickly.

"What's wrong?"

"It's the master and Edward. The mistress says they're both ill in bed. They ate something last night which made them sick. They cannot work today. Oh, Henry, we shall be ruined!"

"This is my chance, Tom," I cried, "and you must help me. I will engrave the initial."

Tom stared at me in horror. "Don't be a fool, you're good but . . ."

"Yes, but what?"

"But you'll ruin us all."

"Have faith Tom, please. This must be finished today. What is the difference, to be disgraced for bad craftsmanship or for not doing a task in the set amount of time?"

At last Tom agreed. Yet I found that my hands trembled and shook. Why had I undertaken so huge a task! However, as soon as the tool was in my hand, my fear seemed to vanish and I was filled with hope.

All day long I worked, until I knew that I had done all I could and that it was good. "Better than good," called Tom, "Henry, you're a genius." I blushed the colour of a peony.

At that moment I heard a noise outside the door and then it was flung open. In tottered the master and Edward. "I was told that Edward was engraving the key," groaned the master.

"And I, that the master was," said Edward. "We are ruined for it is now too late."

"No," I cried. "Look!"

The master took the key, my key, as I now felt it to be. I turned away for I could not bear to see their faces. It was impossible for them to like it. Suddenly Edward walked over to me. "Master Henry," he cried, sweeping a low bow. "Master Henry your work, it is exquisite, superb, perfect . . . Well done!"

I just stared at him. Perhaps, at last, my dreams were coming true.

Caroline Hughes, 4A

OUR DAILY NEWSPAPERS

The 3.55 from Liverpool Street began its journey Northward jerkily, emerging from beneath the station's dirty canopy and presenting the passenger with an uninterrupted view of office-blocks and back-gardens. Everyone in the compartment shuddered and groped hurriedly for something with which to occupy themselves. The gentleman in the college scarf picked up the "Daily Sketch" . . . "Just what the doctor ordered," he remarked, "twelve pages packed with pregnant clichés." His three friends smiled faintly, and retired self-consciously behind the "Times" and "Guardian."

Examining this scene closely, one may form certain impressions of the functions of the daily newspaper in present-day Britain: it is, seemingly, to provide for the mental faculties, the same kind of narcotic satisfaction that tea provides for the British body. In fact, tea and newspaper combine at the classical British breakfast table to make eight a.m. a little more tolerable; the printed news-sheet seeks to pass more quickly the time spent in waiting for the bus, to soothe the apprehensions of the dentist's waiting-room, and, as we have seen, to mitigate the horrors of travel "à la British Railway."

As its name implies, the avowed purpose of a newspaper is to inform the public on matters of current interest, and to deal with whatever is "new." This however is only one part of the problem. The consideration uppermost in the editor's mind in deciding which items of news are to be reported and commented upon, is the type of material which the man in the street is prepared to pay to read about.

Hence the variety among Fleet Street's numerous products, for our newspapers vary in character and outlook as much as do we who read them. At one extreme lies that stratum which chooses to concern itself with matter such as that found beneath the recent headline "I was Hitler's lover," and at the other extreme we find reports on skiing conditions at the Continental winter sports centres. Events of importance are treated with varying degrees of sensationalism. The "Daily Mirror" treats reports of individual teenage marriages as though they were of national significance, whereas the "Daily Telegraph" is more inclined to feature them in annual statistical surveys. There is nothing remarkable in this contrast, individuals take to themselves "dailies" which require varying degrees of taste (and literacy), with a disarming lack of self-consciousness.

Just as the Press influences the public, the public influences the Press. Although radio and television have considerably diluted the effect of newspaper reports upon people's thinking, they have not taken upon themselves the detailed coverage which the Press attempts, nor are they permitted to present a biased interpretation, as many national newspapers do. One cannot but feel thankful that news broadcasts abstain from political propaganda such as the "Daily Express's" tedious campaign against entry into the Common Market. The Beaverbrook Press is a reminder of the danger inherent in any monopoly in newspaper ownership: the entire reading public could in this way absorb day by day the views of one opinionative magnate, thus affecting the fundamental principles of democracy.

The influence of the daily newspaper is, however, a far more subtle force than any party political bludgeon—it is insidious. By publicising the incidence of immorality, the Press enables the public to convince themselves that immoral behaviour is conventional—and therefore, to some extent, socially acceptable. By pandering to popular taste for "stories" in which sex and sensationalism predominate, our newspapers lend an aura of glamour to improper and anti-social conduct. Men who have succeeded in becoming prosperous by quick and questionable methods are photographed with smug smiles on their faces and fat cheques in their hands—and the notion that to be responsible and conscientious is to be unfashionable receives a boost. Establishments like the Church only gain publicity when

they appear to be failing or resorting to "gimmicks;" unpopular parish clergy; outspoken Baptist dignitaries; Bishops who bless motor-bikes, are all seized upon with relish.

If a subject is thought to be "good copy," the Press gives it "the full treatment." In terms of literary method, this means that the report is written in a peculiar dialect—"journalese"—which, in black and white resembles an algebraic equation. Wherever possible, the ages of the individuals involved in the story are included, and institutions and public figures are reduced to mere initials. N.A.T.O., S.H.A.P.E., Mac and K. Thus the printed page often becomes a jumble of numerals and block capitals. Some, however, are fortunate: the Archbishop of Canterbury remains unabbreviated, perhaps through reverence or a regard for euphony. Daily Newspapers indeed sometimes publish writing which is memorable for its resonance, if not for its clarity. In December 1962 the "Daily Telegraph" announced to an incredulous nation that "Kricheldorf of Stuttgart paid £382 for a five thaler middle-line wolfsbittel."

The influence of journalistic writing upon the language which people both speak and write, is a very real one. It forms part of a wider influence over public standards which some publications seem to exercise more responsibly than others. The Press has a responsibility towards the community which it is paid to inform and entertain. It cannot be afforded the privilege known as "freedom of the Press" unless it accepts this responsibility. In railing against the evils of the "Yellow Press," one tends to forget that a number of newspapers meet this responsibility with a high degree of skill; clear, accurate reports from overseas, authoritative opinions and well-informed sports coverage—all are available to the public. No critic of our national Press could accuse it of irresponsibility comparable with that with which the "Der Spiegel" episode in Germany has been concerned. Nevertheless, reading some of the sordid material which all too frequently has appeared in the daily press, the word "censorship" springs readily to the tongue; by publishing such material the rule of professional responsibility among the Press has not merely been broken—it has sustained a compound fracture.

Peter Lewis, Upper 6 Arts

TOO MANY CROOKS

The willowy blonde made a striking picture as she swayed on crazily-high stiletto heels along the row of parked cars. It was quiet in the little side street; the sombre office buildings seemed to doze in the warm afternoon sun.

She stopped close by a smart blue convertible, looked up and down the street with a show of impatience and then at her watch. She then moved round to the driving seat and slammed the door. The engine was ticking over soundly and the girl was moving the gears into first when he slid into the passenger's seat and slammed the door.

"How about a lift, Sweetie?"

She gave a start and turning her head with a gasp, found herself looking into the smiling face of a man of about thirty-five. He sported a thin line of moustache and tiny beard which gave him a slightly foreign appearance. "I'm sorry," she said distantly. "I'm not going far, please get out."

At this his smile broadened and showed her a neat little revolver.

"It's loaded, sweetie," he grinned at her, as her eyes widened with fear. "Now what was it you were saying?"

She swallowed nervously, "Where do you want to go?"

"Drive down town and head north. Do as I say and you won't get hurt."

As they pulled out, a young man leaving one of the offices stopped and stared at them. His expression registered disbelief then dismay. He waved an arm and yelled. The girl giggled suddenly and hysterically.

"The boy friend, eh?" said the stranger, and before she could reply he jabbed her in the ribs with the gun.

"Then smile and wave to him—that's right, a nice big smile so he won't get alarmed. This way he'll only think you've ditched him for something better."

She was shaking as they left the street.

"O.K., turn left and head north," snapped her passenger. She took a quick look at him and wondered. Was he on the run? She had a vague feeling of having seen him before.

"Are you a new-style hitch-hiker or"—sarcastically—"an escaper from a lunatic asylum?"

He grinned. "You're way off the mark, sweetie, try again." They were approaching a busy market town when she felt the gun in her ribs. "Watch it," he warned.

There was a policeman on duty at a crossroads. For one wild moment she contemplated jumping his signals, but the man beside her sensed her thoughts and pressed the gun harder.

"One wrong move and you get it—good!"

Once clear of the town, he relaxed again. She tried to remember where she had seen him.

"Perhaps you're a spy trying to flee the country?"

He shook his head still grinning.

"Then you're a small time crook on the run?" This brought an immediate reaction. His mouth twisted viciously and his mean eyes flashed.

"No-one ever called me small-time, blonde," he snarled at her angrily. "I'm big time, understand? Big-time and don't forget it."

In that moment she was sure she recognised him. He must be the Little Branton bank robber. A drawing of his face had disfigured the front pages of the national newspapers only a fortnight ago. He had callously shot down the bank manager and a girl clerk. The manager had died instantly and the girl was critically ill. The drawing had been of a clean shaven man. But she was positive the eyes were those of the man beside her.

He was a murderer—brutal and cold blooded—who would not hesitate to kill again.

Ten miles later, when it was obvious that they were heading for Liverpool, a police car appeared suddenly. As it drew level with them, its indicator light flashed. She felt the gun in her ribs and heard his warning.

There were two young officers in the patrol car, who showed only the merest flicker of interest in them as they rode level for a moment then pulled away and disappeared round a bend. Her heart sank to zero, but her passenger was jubilant.

"Yes, I'm big-time all right," he reminded her with a hateful grin. He was still grinning as they rounded the bend to find the patrol car parked and one of the officers signalling them to stop. The killer was taken completely by surprise and looked round wildly, but the girl stayed cool.

"Probably a licence check," she remarked soothingly. "They're always doing it. Well, big timer, what's it to be?" She was slowing down as she spoke.

"O.K. but one wrong move and I'll drill holes in the lot of you."

The fresh-faced youthful police officer was polite but stern.

"May I see your driving licence please?"

"Of course." She rummaged around unsuccessfully in her handbag.

"Oh dear, I could have sworn it was in my bag. Perhaps it's in here," and she leaned over to a recess below the dashboard and pulled a large torch and an assortment of road maps on to her knee. The waiting officer exchanged looks with his companion. All the time the killer's hand remained in his pocket and she sensed his restlessness. She flashed the policeman a

smile and turning to her passenger said: "Look in the glove compartment at your side, darling."

He hesitated for a fraction of a second and leaned forward to obey, unconsciously withdrawing his hand from his pocket.

In a flash, she had picked up the heavy torch and brought it down hard on the back of his head.

"Quick," she yelled to the astonished officers, "he's got a gun." It was all over in a moment. The bank killer awoke to find himself reclined in the back seat of the police car and handcuffed to the officer sitting beside him. The girl was in front, beside the officer. She was pale, but smiling triumphantly.

"You made a nasty mistake, big-timer. Remember the man you thought was my boy-friend? Well, he was the owner of the convertible I was pinching." Her mouth twisted angrily. "A real honey of a car, too, and you had to shove your ugly mug in."

The officers' eyes met in the patrol car mirror and they exchanged grins. It wasn't often they got two for the price of one.

HOW OUR TOWN COULD BE IMPROVED

Many hundreds of years ago, a charter was granted to the town of Pembroke by the King; consequently, the town is very ancient and it contains some buildings of historic interest. A Norman Castle dominates Pembroke, and the Priory Church which faces it from the opposite bank of the estuary is equally old. There are also two other ancient churches, and in some places remnants of the old town wall may still be seen. Any improvements made must be in keeping with the atmosphere which has been created through the centuries. The tourists who visit the district usually come to see these ancient monuments and enjoy the atmosphere of past centuries.

The town's main street does not meet the requirements of traffic conditions in this age. The street is long and narrow, with a pavement on either side of the road. On a busy day there is much congestion—this does not help the town. It is necessary for lorries and goods vehicles to deliver to shops on either side of the street, and because of the street's narrowness, a traffic-jam results. Added to this state of affairs is the fact that motorists have a habit of parking their vehicles in any vacant space, which adds to the difficulties of both motorists and pedestrians. In order to overcome these drawbacks, there must be additional car-parking facilities, so that there will be a reduction in the number of stationary cars. An additional asset for the remedy of this traffic chaos would be to make the Main Street a "One Way street." Traffic proceeding eastwards could use the street, but westward traffic could use the Common's Road at the back of the town, or vice versa. These improvements would reduce the headaches of the police, motorists and pedestrians, and the shopping centre would become a safer area for all.

As in every other old town, there are some buildings which are eyesores; those in the main street, however, have been kept in a good state of repair by their owner-occupiers. On the boundaries of the town there are many dilapidated derelict houses which should be removed. They add neither to the dignity nor to the appearance of this ancient borough; also, they may be a menace, and in the interests of all it would be an advantage if they were razed to the ground. In the space resulting from the demolition, more congenial living accommodation could be provided and so Pembroke would benefit. These new residences must be built in keeping with their surroundings.

The razing to the ground of the afore-mentioned eyesores could possibly lead to a double improvement. As well as for improvements in housing, some

of the areas cleared could be used for recreational purposes. At present Pembroke sadly lacks such facilities, and since physical education and fitness are symbols of the age, it is necessary to provide suitable grounds for the training of the young.

In spite of the fact that the beaches are within easy reach, I am a strong advocate for a swimming pool. Children could learn to swim as part of their education. They could indulge in this practice during all seasons and we might even produce some gold medalists! Now, the people of the district swim in the summer only when they visit the beaches, and as a result there are comparatively few strong swimmers. A swimming pool might even facilitate the forming of "life-saving" teams which could patrol the beaches during the summer months.

A great improvement and addition to the town I think would be a communal centre. The town is small, and because of its size there are many limitations. I maintain that provision should be made to satisfy all ages of the community. Because a town is small, why should its inhabitants lack the necessary accommodation for their enjoyment and interests?

In this centre there would be a crèche, full of amusements suitable for tots and young children. Attendants would be in charge, and the little ones would be left there while their parents did their shopping and attended to their business. It is a good thing for children to play together and they could do this here without getting into mischief or danger.

For the older children there could be a room provided in which they could indulge in quiet games. Children do not always want to play out-of-doors, and in such a room they could spend many happy, enjoyable hours and also learn to give and take.

As well, there could be billiards, snooker, table tennis and many other indoor games played by adolescents, teenagers and young adults. At present, during the winter evenings these young people have no place to go for recreation. They can only visit the cinema, the café and the public house. They have no alternatives. In a communal centre these youngsters could be catered for, and could possibly cater for themselves.

A great asset to the town would be the establishment of a reading room and a library, and these could be established in such a centre. People would be able to read the different daily newspapers provided, and they would be able to analyse the different points of view portrayed. This would broaden their outlook on life and help them to formulate their own opinions. For a low fee, books could be borrowed and possibly the readers' field of education would become increased.

Very important members of the community are the older people. Rooms should be set apart for them. In these special rooms these old folk could meet and enjoy themselves in their own special way. The old men would be able to have a smoke and a chat with their friends and contemporaries, while the old ladies could chat and discuss their little difficulties. In this way the old people could possibly feel less lonely, maintain their personal interests and keep in touch with others.

In the building there should be an unlicensed cafeteria where everyone would be able to take refreshments. I would prohibit a licence, because there are already sufficient houses where people may buy intoxicants. It would not be fair to put temptation in the path of young people.

The centre would be the responsibility of the Town Council; in the beginning it would possibly not be a paying proposition, but run efficiently it would be a boon to the town in many ways.

It is possible that if we could make some improvements, we might be able to attract some light industries to our neighbourhood. If we could prove that we are progressive, and do our best to provide amenities for the people, industrialists might possibly take an interest in our town and district. It is often noticed that when one industry has become established it often proves to be a stepping stone for the establishment of others.

Whatever improvements may take place in Pembroke whether they

be material, financial or cultural, they must always be carried out with an eye to the future. The people responsible for the improvements must realise that these must be carried out in such a way that both present and future generations may benefit. The improvements must not be allowed to become white elephants—they must be constructive.

The wind of change has blown across every corner of the world. This same wind must blow in our town, and although we wish to keep its atmosphere and character, we must not be too conservative and delay beneficial improvements.

"Nothing venture, nothing win."

Maribelle Thomas, U4A

AN AMUSING JOURNEY

My thoughts turned to other times when I had entered a railway carriage to make a journey. The variety of people in a railway compartment is always interesting, and sometimes amusing. The train whistle disturbed my idle day-dreams, and I hurriedly bundled myself into a first class carriage.

In one corner sat a woman, thin and chiselled like marble from her head to her long thin feet. It seemed that she might have been sculptured. The thin lips seemed reluctant to move; only the piercing eyes seemed to scan and scathe me. Opposite me sat the inevitable British business man, clad in black, and foot bespatted. He hid behind the defence of "The Times," and coughed appropriately from time to time. Seated next to me peering out from under his red banded cap was a red-faced military gentleman. He appeared to be sleeping and his deep breath made the shining military buttons on his great coat rise and fall in perfect time and rhythm, exactly like a regiment.

We had moved slowly out from the busy station; past the intricate sets of sleepers, away from the solitary signal box out to the great expanse of railway lines. It was at that moment that the corridor door opened and to make our company complete we were joined by a young man, an American officer, a middle-aged man of about forty years, and an old man, thin as a scarecrow. The silence of the compartment was destined to end when the American joined us, for Americans can never stop talking.

His first remark to the "granite lady" in the corner was—"Say sister, do you care to smoke?" The frozen lips unfroze to allow her most emphatically to assure the American that she did not smoke. Oh, but he was not to be daunted, and he chattered idly, apparently to himself, for no one answered, that is until they were annoyed into doing so. The young student was in fighting mood, and decided to attack verbally the American whose stupid and boastful conversation annoyed him politically. The student outwitted the young officer, who for something new to talk about then started a topic that annoyed the General. He jumped up, and simply roared his annoyance at the American. I was thankful when the dining car attendant, peering into our compartment, shouted, "First lunch." Now, I thought, we shall at least escape the serious and angry arguments caused by the human mind at cross purposes.

I shall never forget that lunch. My table was shared by the general, the gaunt lady, and the old "scarecrow" man. On the other table the comedy had started. As the waiter brought the soup the middle aged man got down on to his knees, and started to give thanks. It was like a sermon, no it was more than a sermon, it was like the hell-fire sermon of the Welsh revival. This man was evidently an enthusiastic convert to Christian Evangelism. At once the student jumped up—hair on end, put his fingers to his ears and

shouted out—"Long live the works of Karl Marx." I thought that the American was going to fight him, but the middle-aged businessman just pressed his neighbour's shoulders until he was again seated, and at last, after the "Amen," came the end of the little 'comedy' and our comedy was to start.

The old man drank the soup in one gulp. His soup spoon lay forgotten, and across the dining car could be heard the words, "Come on, Man, give us another cup of that broth." He was insistent that we partook of a second helping, but we remonstrated successfully, but not before the old girl was told by him that she was skinny and looked underfed. If at that moment I could have made myself invisible I would have. More was to follow. At the end of our lunch the waiter brought coffee. His usual question, "Black or white?" met with—"No, man, brown and not in them daft dolls cups either." At that moment I wanted to laugh uncontrollably. I did start to laugh when the waiter brought his book of receipts around. The old 'scarecrow' man wanted to pay for all our lunches from a thick bundle of notes tied with dirty string. The old woman appeared to be deaf, and so, ignorant of army rank he turned to our military gentleman and pleaded with him to allow him to show his generosity to a "soldier boy." Suddenly the military gentleman understood the old man's kindly gesture and forgave his 'ignorance,' and in a democratic manner managed to persuade the old man to send a donation to the Chelsea pensioners instead.

I think our company longed to split but heavy cases made our hearts faint, so we all trudged into the compartment once more. The dull and steady rhythm sent the student to sleep, and so when the evangelist distributed his leaflets no verbal attack was forthcoming. The business man viewed the leaflet through his black spectacles, while the old lady and the military gentleman pushed them into their pockets. The American and the old man were dozing so that I was free to ask my fervent friend what his religious convictions were based upon. This proved an enlightening and interesting conversation, even though I reasoned against some of his beliefs. The world was at peace until the whole train came to such an abrupt stop that everyone must have been jerked from his seat. I fell into the arms of the American. This little 'tin soldier,' on close contact, smelt just like a ladies' beauty parlour. Within five minutes we had been told that there had been a terrific landslide—and we had been very lucky to escape. Oh, this was the opportunity the evangelist had been looking for! He stood up and the words were pouring forth from his mouth like spools and spools of endless film. He was shouting hysterically—"Thank you, Lord, oh, thank you, Lord." The true "British" came out in the old lady and the military gentleman. "Deeds not words" was their mutual reply, and immediately they were organizing our compartment party into action. Within a short time the general, the old lady, and "scarecrow" in his rightful place, arrived back from across the fields where they enlisted help from a farmer. Patiently and carefully the military man drove back and forth from the railway edge across the fields to a main road, with his cart load of passengers and luggage, while the scarecrow man led the farm horse and the student and the American acted as porters with the luggage. The old lady busied herself organising the next trip to the main road, while I was chosen to make sure that each party left behind no luggage. Only the train driver and the guard, who remained helpless in their train until officials came to the point with instructions, were left under the 'spell' of our religious friend. He was dancing around the almost hypnotized railway men singing praises of the saving hand of Providence.

The work of my comrades had ended and as we rode joltingly in the cart I thought how interesting the day had proved to be with this most amusing journey.

Sara Jane Monico, 4A

A TALE OF THE SEA

Roberto the fisherman was well pleased with himself. Had he not brought home the biggest catch ever, but a few days ago? Not that it was unusual for him to do so. His catch was always larger than anyone else's and also in his favour was the fact that the prices in the fish market were very high at that time. Roberto was well pleased with himself.

Roberto lived in the Sardinian village of Oristano, and he spent his life as a hard-working and skilful fisherman, helped by his younger brother, Mario. Both young men were respected in Oristano for their open and cheerful manners and their honesty and good faith. The brothers were true Latins with black curly hair, dark skin, flashing eyes and perfect teeth. They were also very successful at their trade.

Oristano is a small Italian village, the main occupation of the men being fishing in their small motor vessels. Frequently they make trips to the fine fishing grounds of the Tyrrhenian Sea, and land their catches on the south coast of Sardinia, at the largest town, Cagliari, before sailing back up the west coast of the island to the Gulf of Oristano.

The village, like all fishing villages, consists of a cluster of modest buildings around a busy harbour. Down through the centre, and emptying into the sea a short distance from the harbour, runs the River Tirso. In winter the river is full and it flows swiftly into the sea, carrying melting snow and ice off the high mountains in the interior. In the hot summers the Tirso is but a small stream which moves slowly into the shimmering, blue sea.

The pride of the village is its rail link with Cagliari, which enables the frozen catches of fish to be sent to the main centre with great speed and efficiency. Oristano is a successful fishing village, and is looked upon with envy by some of the other villages in Sardinia.

Roberto knew all this, and he possibly knew, also, that he was the best fisherman there. Life was not, however, without its troubles for Roberto and his brother. Among the other fishermen of Oristano, there was one who was jealous of the success of the two brothers. He was jealous of their large catches, of their fine equipment and above all of their popularity in the village. He dearly wanted to take revenge on them, for he thought that he, himself, should make the largest catches and be the most popular person in the village.

Life in the village continued in its normal way for the next few months, but Pietro, the jealous fisherman, nursed his hatred within himself. Soon his passion would break out of him and be loosed upon the two young men. However, Pietro bided his time and waited until he was sure that he could show the brothers in an inferior light in front of the whole village.

Towards the end of summer the fishermen of Oristano beach their boats and prepare for the winter. The clean white sand of the beaches, and the grey, impassive harbour walls become workshops. The old paint is rubbed off the boats to be carried away in a coloured cloud of dust. Blowlamps splutter and roar, the paint tins are opened and the smell of turpentine and petrol fills the air. It is a time of great visible changes. The boats lose their grey and rusty drabness and become startling white with touches of red, blue, orange and yellow.

Robert and Mario were, as it happened, painting their boat next to their secret enemy, Pietro. They worked cheerfully and with the loving care that only a fisherman knows for his boat. That year they were going to paint their boat white and trim it with a brilliant yellow paint which they had bought in Cagliari some time before.

Mario had just finished stirring the paint when Roberto called:

"Pass me up that hammer, Mario!"

He had been repairing some damage to the mast. Mario put down the open paint, and, climbing up, passed the hammer to Roberto.

"Don't drop it," he said, with a broad smile.

At that moment they heard an exclamation of anger and surprise from

below them. Looking down, they saw beside the boat Pietro, and at his feet was the overturned tin of yellow paint, splashes of which had landed on his legs. The brothers were annoyed at the loss of an expensive tin of paint, but soon they began to laugh at the spectacle below them.

"Hey, Pietro!" shouted Mario, "you have yellow feet!"

By now the other fishermen had collected around and were laughing at the unfortunate Pietro.

Suddenly Pietro spun round and faced the amused brothers:

"You did that on purpose," he hissed. "You did that to make a fool of me in front of everyone."

There was a surprised silence. No-one had expected this outburst from Pietro. Before Mario or Roberto could say a word, Pietro stalked off, his eyes flashing hate, as only those of a Latin are able. Mario and Roberto shrugged their shoulders and, deciding that the best thing to do was to forget the incident, they carried on with the work.

So, autumn came and with it the stormy weather. On a particularly stormy morning when all the boats were sheltering in the harbour, there occurred an incident that was never to be forgotten in Oristano.

When the wind blows directly into the narrow mouth of the Gulf of Oristano large shoals of fish are trapped inside the Gulf. For anyone who is foolish enough to go out there would be large catches—if they could get back into harbour. It had been often tried, but no-one had ever succeeded.

As Pietro stood by the harbour wall staring at the rough sea, a cruel idea formed in his mind. If only he could get Roberto and Mario out there in the bay, they would have to turn back and so they would be disgraced in the eyes of the village. Pietro walked back to the harbour where all the men had congregated. His mind was made up.

He walked onto the quay and began to prepare his boat to set sail into the bay. He started his small auxiliary engine and began to move out of the harbour.

"What are you doing?" cried the harbour-master above the roar of the wind and waves. Pietro did not answer but sailed out of the harbour. His boat bobbed among the waves, and in a few moments his mast head had disappeared round the headland which formed the side of the harbour wall.

The storm did not abate; if anything it increased in its violence. After some hours Pietro returned. He rushed up the harbour steps, his eyes alight with excitement.

"There are so many fish out there, that my net was filled and broken away," he said.

Roberto and Mario were filled with enthusiasm and rushed down to their boat. If Pietro could do it, they felt sure that they could. Quickly they left the harbour, but alone. No-one else had decided to go out into the hungry sea; most of the fishermen were old and they had seen the sea like this before. They preferred to stay on land during such a storm.

Pietro watched them go, a cunning light in his eyes. "The foolish young idiots," he thought. He had, in reality, sailed around the headland and moored his boat in a sheltered bay nearby. He had counted on the brothers being fired with young enthusiasm to go out and brave the fury of the sea. He felt sure that they would have to turn back and so be disgraced—by him.

The two brothers sailed out of the harbour, and as they left the smooth water the waves beat against the bows. The boat rode well and they sailed on out. Pietro looked on in astonishment for they were not turning about. As he watched, they disappeared into the trough of a wave and he realised that they had no intention of turning back. A great wave of fear and guilt came over him. He had not wished their deaths, for he could see that if they did not return, they would die.

Quickly, he ran up to the other sheltering fishermen and told them what he had done. The other men looked at him in disgust and to a man heaped curses and admonishment on him for his vile trickery.

There was no time to be lost, for the two brothers were by now far out in the bay and were beginning to fish. The fishermen ran along the quay towards the small distress station at the far end. Two of them dragged out the apparatus and sent up red rockets, while the others hoisted the distress signals on the harbour mast.

The two brothers saw the signals, and not knowing what the extra danger could be, began to haul in their nets. It was an almost impossible task to do so for the nets were about breaking, being filled with fish. There had been some truth in Pietro's lies although he had not known it himself. Having pulled in their nets Mario and Roberto set back towards the harbour which they had left about an hour before. Returning to the harbour was much harder than leaving it had been. The wind, following behind, blew massive waves over the stern of the boat, which somehow managed to stay afloat. But, just a quarter of a mile from the harbour, disaster struck. The engine oil had become mixed with flying spray and water, and with an apologetic sigh, the engine stopped.

The men on the harbour wall observed this and quickly they brought out a rocket line and fired it to the boat. It missed. Again they fired, and finally a line was secured aboard the boat, and the other end fastened to a winch. Slowly the little boat was pulled towards the shore.

All was not well, however. As the boat moved nearer and nearer the harbour, so the cross-currents took it further to the left of the harbour entrance. The men could see that the boat would come upon the beach nearby. Some of the men rushed to the beach to await the arrival of the boat, and to aid the young men in it.

Slowly the boat came in. In his anxiety to see it safe, Pietro ran into the sea up to his thighs, and stayed there, defying the shouts of his fellows. Suddenly some of those on the shore saw a huge, mountainous wave building up behind the boat, and moving with sullen sureness towards the boat and Pietro, who was in the water. The two men on the boat saw it and they shouted to Pietro, but their voices were lost in the roar of the sea.

The wave hit the boat with immense force. The mast snapped off and was washed over the side. The deck of the boat was awash. Pietro, who had been watching the boat, now saw the great wave. He turned to run, but the backwash held him in its grip. He turned his head toward the wave, and saw it about to break above him, with the mast of the boat at its crest . . .

Those on the shore saw the wave break and boil across the beach in hissing arcs of foam. The boat was grounded, and spilling out its catch of fish, it lay rocking gently on the beach, a poignant reminder of three men who had tempted fate that day.

Philip Lain, Lower 6 Science

DEATH

You, not the end, but the beginning,
 The fulfilment or the ending of life's death;
 You, certain sudden cause of being
 Deprived, with rattling quiver of last breath!
 My precious guardian of the dark forever,
 Complete, concise, concealed in putrescence
 Scoff I? I do not at your cold endeavour
 For I shall taste in time your permanence,
 Shall heed the cloying, cold aroma
 From deepest distillation of your breath,
 Shall trace with blanching fingers pale stigmata
 And wonder, shall I recognise you, Death?

Michael Jones, Lower VI Arts

Welsh Verse Translation

THE SCARECROW by I. D. Hoason

The meadows are green,
 And the thorns are all white,
 And watching intently
 Is the scarecrow all night;
 In an old soldier's jacket
 With breeches made ready,
 His hat over his ears,
 And his arms stretched out steady.

O! Scarecrow,
 Old scarecrow;
 Old scarecrow.

The birds are all laughing
 In the bushes of the maze,
 And picking up the weed
 From almost under your gaze,
 Is the crow with the pigeon;
 And the wren full of zest
 Works up your sleeve
 To build herself a nest.

O! Scarecrow,
 Old scarecrow;
 You are funny,
 Old scarecrow.

Squire of the furrows
 Whose clothes are so bad,
 If niggardly your master
 You are not very sad.
 You do not begrudge
 To the wood pigeon and her squab,
 Any portion of the harvest
 The starling has not robbed.

O! Scarecrow,
 Old scarecrow;
 You are a gentleman,
 Old scarecrow.

Maribelle Thomas, Upper 4A

French Verse Translation

THE VILLAGE by Emile Henriot

From the road which turns at the slope of the hill
 One can see the village so peaceful and still,
 The meandering river so smoothly does run
 Like a silver ribbon shimm'ring in the sun.
 From an old bridge is seen the village, serene,
 At the valley's end midst meadows cool and green,
 Golden sun pours down on roof of church and farm
 Its wondrous light, ethereal, gold, mystic, calm
 Save for lacework branches kissed by gentle breeze
 That murmuring, whispers lullabies through the trees.
 Across azure sky the pigeons flying fast,
 On sun-drenched roof tops their darkened shadows cast.

Sara-Jane Monico, 4A

Latin Translation

From PENTARDIUS

Trust your ship to the storm,
 Not your heart to a maid,
 For you'll find that the foam
 Is more steady and staid.
 You will ne'er find a woman
 Whose word you can trust,
 For a good thing will never
 Come from earth and dust.

Caroline Hughes, 4A

Spanish Verse Translation

PEGASOS, LINDOS, PEGASOS by Antonio Machado

Dream horses, pretty winged horses
 little horses of wood.

As a boy I knew
 the thrill of going round and round
 on a red charger
 on a fiesta night.

In the dusty air,
 the lights sparkled,
 and the blue burning night
 was all bespangled with stars.

Ah those childhood joys
 which cost a mere copper coin,
 Pretty dream horses
 little horses of wood!

Susan Preece, 5X

L'OEIL QUI PLEURE TROP FINIT PAR S'AVEUGLER

White, black—life, death;
 Each shade of colour in between —
 Our hopes, fears, thoughts, prayers,
 Castles bright and stark reality.
 Then across the light a shadow falls,
 Death puts forth an untimely hand.
 Each colour, bright as before,
 Are now through other eyes perceived,
 And I in cold rest am sleeping
 As though I'd never been.
 For what purpose, what design
 Was I with flesh attired?
 Has death taken life?
 Has she wiped clean the slate?
 Left not even spark to fire light?—
 No child, no work, no pattern set;
 Just the eyes of youth
 Looking to a future never seen.
 This cry, like many other,
 Has no answer known.
 For we cannot discern each truth
 That weaves itself through life.
 Why pain, why love,—why anything?
 Why flowers touched with tears?
 Why life? . . . But greater she,
 Her truth not ours to know,
 Her pitch so high rings unheard;
 Whispering softly in the breeze
 Her answer is her own.

Judith Payne, Upper VI Arts

MY STAY IN PEMBROKE

From the 10th of January to the 5th of April, I went to Pembroke Grammar School for the Spring Term 1963. In these three months I had countless impressions of the British system of education, of masters and pupils, and of the everyday life in a British school.

One cannot imagine a bigger contrast than the one between a German "Gymnasium" and a British Grammar School, but I am not going to describe the differences, I am only going to say a few words about the impressions I received which seemed to be the most important to me.

The very first thing I noticed was the friendly and natural relations between pupil and master. The pupil is not afraid of pulling the master's leg, and the master does not mind as long as the joke does not go too far.

One day I heard the following conversation between a master and a schoolboy who had not behaved as he should have done. Master: "I warn you for the last time now! I have thrashed much bigger boys than you!" Boy: "You can start with me if you like, Sir!" Whereupon the master only smiled. What consequences would this have had in a German "Gymnasium"?

The other reasons why I like the British school system are firstly the sporting life in school which, with its many competitions, stimulates the pupil's competitive mind, and secondly the social life in school which forms a feeling of togetherness and is—in connection with sport—an ideal counterweight to the hard everyday life of swotting and cramming.

One of the questions I was asked mostly was: "If you had a choice, would you rather go to a British or a German school?" I can only say: "I do not know, I like both of them."

Pembrokeshire is often called "Little England beyond Wales" because a very high percentage of the population speak English, and, moreover, only a very few understand or know how to speak Welsh. But I must say that most of the people think and feel Welsh, although they cannot even speak their own language.

One of my first impressions of Wales was the hearty hospitality of the people. Wherever I went I was the "guest," the most important person.

Never have I felt any dislike of Germany and the Germans; on the contrary, everybody showed interest, and in most cases the first question was: "Which part of Germany do you come from, East or West?" which shows that the people are really interested in the fate of the divided country in the heart of Europe.

On the other hand, I must say that few knew that Germany is actually divided into four parts, and not only into East and West.

Finally, I should like to say that I really did enjoy myself with these wonderful people.

Werner Bender

WHY A SCHOOL MAGAZINE?

This might seem a superfluous question, but, perhaps, we have taken the School magazine too casually in the past, as something that turns up annually or biannually as inescapably as washing-day or the G.C.E. examinations. No school worth its salt would be without its magazine. That must be accepted straight away. But as in all societies we have our moaners and groaners who sometimes feel that they have not had their money's worth when they have expended their hard-earned two-shilling pieces. The key words here are 'money's worth.' At a time when we are repeatedly told that we have never had it so good, there is a tendency to try to work everything out by material values. Possibly, two shillings' worth of blank paper, fairly worked out by weight, would be more satisfactory to some than the varied literary productions in a school magazine. To those few whose minds tick-over that way persuasion is, indeed, superfluous.

But to the majority who see in their magazine the visible reflection of a civilised community, I should like to say what a school magazine is. It is a medium to reflect the genuine intellectual interests of a school and it must give some idea of the variety of school life. It must not be merely a collection of gossipy trivia. This does not mean that a magazine should be solemn. Humour and wit have done more to better the world than solemn priggish moralising. Indeed, there is a place for some kinds of trivia, but let it reveal an awareness of life around one, that we are 'with it' in a witty kind of way. I read in an educational journal two lines written by a school pupil:

"Girls, give your hair that extra coil,
 Use Esso Visco-Static oil."

This taken in vacuo might be said to be mere space filling, but in an age of high pressure advertising it takes on a more pointed sense to us who live on Milford Haven.

For the next issue, I should like to see more entries of a controversial nature as well as works of genuine literary appeal. The class room is no longer 'a place of torment' as the great Elizabethan schoolmaster, Roger Ascham, called it, but no place is paradise, so why not air your views—not only about parochial matters, but also about the world in general.

V.R.T.H.

NATIONAL SIXTH FORM CONFERENCE OF WALES 1963

At the beginning of April I was fortunate enough to be able to attend the Sixth Form Conference on Contemporary World Problems, which was held at Coleg Harlech in North Wales. The conference lasted from the 4th to the 11th of the month, and during it various problems of today were discussed, and suggestions put forward to alleviate these difficulties.

The course of lectures at the conference was quite intensive. Three lectures were given each day, and a discussion was held at 11 o'clock each morning. The afternoons were free every day, except for two bus trips to the surrounding areas of Welsh countryside. At the conference only two social evenings were arranged, and I feel that I must criticise this. I think that there was too little emphasis on the social side of the conference, and too much time spent on lectures. I was in agreement with most of the other pupils at Harlech on this point, as was the case when we considered arrangements for discussion groups. The discussions were held daily in the hall of the college, and instead of small groups, the whole body of pupils assembled as one discussion group. This group was far too large for a normal discussion to be held, and this was detrimental to the aims of the conference.

Apart from the slight flaws in the arrangements, which have been mentioned above, the conference was a great success, since it brought home to every person there, and I am sure of this, because I had some very interesting conversations during the free time, the immensity of the problems of the world, and the diverse facets which can be shown to exist when dealing with any difficulty. From my point of view, the conference was a most enlightening experience, and it has broadened my outlook considerably. It was a wonderful experience to be able to meet people from other parts of Wales, and to talk with them freely about my own views, and they about theirs. The pupils who became my friends at Harlech did not display any of the apathy which is prevalent in many sixth forms, nor were they afraid to say what they thought, however ridiculous their ideas may have seemed.

My visit to Harlech was an experience which will be with me for the rest of my life. It was like a breath of fresh air, which cleared away the cobwebs of muddled thinking, and started my mind on its own journey of discovery. It made me realise how stereotyped and stale my ideas were, and how idiotic it was to copy other people's ideals in every matter. It made me realise that to be able to think for myself was, perhaps, the most wonderful faculty of life.

To my mind, the conference was steeped in socialist ideas. I feel that this was wrong, because it was unfair to the pupils to present a biased series of lectures. This does not mean that I disagreed with everything said there, but it does mean that I believe a balanced course of lectures, with representatives of every political party, would have been better.

Above all, I made friends and acquaintances at the conference with whom I hope to keep in contact, and I believe that it is by keeping these friends that I will gain the full benefits of the conference. The conference has sown the seeds in those who were there, and very soon, let us hope, we shall see the fruits harvested in plenty.

Philip Lain, Lower VI Science

REPORT OF THE INTERNATIONAL CLUB; EASTER TERM

The International Club continued its meetings into the Easter Term, after the very successful Christmas Term session. As previously, all the meetings were well attended, with most of the club members taking part. It was unfortunate, however, that a few of the members did not intend taking any activity as seriously as they should, when they joined. This kind of attitude is not in keeping with the spirit and enthusiasm of the club, and the committee have decided to correct such behaviour in future.

The first meeting of the club took place on January 25, on the Friday of the week as usual. The meeting was in the form of a talk on Bardsey Island by Miss Carolyn Pratt, the games mistress who recently left the school to become warden on the bird sanctuary of Bardsey.

On February 8th a Quiz and Competition was held, the club competing against the school Young Farmers' Club. The result of the competition was a draw, and this happy result was followed by an enjoyable dance.

A Debate was held on February 22 when the motion 'Our Education is Unsatisfactory' was discussed. Paul Davies, Nina Pearman, Werner Bender, and Malcolm Phillips spoke. The debate was followed by an extremely amusing reading of the play 'The Crimson Coconut'.

On March 8 a talk on 'Filming in Turkey' was given by the Reverend Pearce of Pembroke, who also showed some very beautiful slides. The talk, which was, perhaps, one of the most informative of the year, was followed by a short dance.

The last meeting of the term was held on March 23. It took the form of a number of scientific talks by various club members: Michael Edwards on Photography, Roger MacCullum on The Sea Shore, Philip Lain on Diesel Engines and David Fraser on Fluorescent Lighting. The talks were followed by two short films, one on Greece and the other on the Colour Problem.

At the end of the meeting Werner Bender was presented with a book as a token of the club's appreciation of his faithful and active attendance. The club as a whole was sorry to see him return home.

This year for the International Club was a most successful one, and it is hoped that next year will be even better.

Philip Lain, Lower VI Science, Chairman

SCRIPTURE UNION

The Scripture Union has gradually become one of the most active societies in School. Attendance is regular, and new members are always being welcomed.

The programme for the term was, as always, Bible studies every other week, with discussions, Any Questions, and debates filling up the remaining weeks.

A highlight of this term was a discussion between members of the Union and the Science forms as to whether Jesus Christ was really God.

The discussion was very varied with many points of view being put forward; but, as always, time was not sufficient.

Towards the end of this term, the Union hopes to be addressed by the Reverend Campbell, a teacher at the Coronation School. We are all looking forward to this with great anticipation.

In addition to the Senior Scripture Union, the Junior branch is still functioning successfully with their meetings every Tuesday at 1.15 p.m.

J.B.

Y.F.C. REPORT FOR SPRING AND SUMMER 1963

The first important Y.F.C. meeting of the Easter term took place one Friday evening in January when we were challenged to a games session by the International Club. A social followed the various competitions and a quiz.

The County Drama Festival was held in March, when our club entered a French play called "One Marries the Property." Mr. Shaw kindly produced it while those who took parts were Lynne Aitken, Shelagh Buckley, Caroline Hughes, Susan Stevens, Keith Berry, Colin Good, Malcolm Lewis and Richard Payne. Unfortunately, we were not as successful in this competition as we have been in previous years.

On the 14th March Mr. Brian Young, a member of South Pembrokeshire Y.F.C., addressed the club on his visit to America. Also present at this meeting were members of Preseli School Club, and Miss Ann Phillips, last year's County Chairman.

Miss James gave members of the club a further dancing lesson, although it was unfortunate that she had fewer pupils than on the previous occasion.

Our club trip was held during the last week of term, when we visited the milk-creamery at Felinfach, Cardiganshire, an egg-packing station and a woollen mill. We returned via Cardigan and Preseli.

The highlight of the summer term was, of course, the annual County Rally, which was held this year in the beautiful grounds of Picton Castle. There were many practices for the various competitions beforehand, and our final position was seventh, although we were placed third in the junior competitions. We also did well in the girls' competitions. Special reference should be made to John Evans and Malcolm Lewis who came first in the Dairy Stock Judging.

Before the end of term the club hopes to raise money in aid of the Freedom from Hunger Campaign.

Susan Stevens, SX (Chairman)

THE SCIENCE SOCIETY

The Society resumed its second term after some delay caused by the freak weather of January.

The "Brains Trust" was sufficiently warmed up to open the term by tackling some "man-sized" questions. The "floor" took a more active part than usual in this session as questions and answers were controversial to say the least.

Next, Philip Lain and Michael Jones read a paper on "The Diesel Engine" and "Michael Faraday" respectively, with appropriate film illustrations in each case.

Then, there was a 'hot' debate on the subject "Science is a menace to civilisation." This was an opportunity for Sixth Science and Arts to defend their "civilisation." It roused the "floor" to challenge all loose remarks from the forum. Peter Lewis and Roger McCallum supported the motion; John Nash and Pat Thomas opposed it.

Roger Horgan gave a most lucid and provoking paper on "Relativity." It was a very pleasant surprise.

The Society, in the last week of term, invited the whole School to a film show, "Antarctic Crossing," featuring Dr. Fuchs and Sir E. Hillary in glorious technicolor. We hope that the school enjoyed it.

Finally, we made our usual invasion of the industrial world, by a visit on April 3rd to the Carmarthen Bay Power Station in the morning and to the Mond Nickel Works, Clydach, in the afternoon.

The cavalcade of private cars had a most satisfying day. The visit to the Mond Works, which was greatly appreciated, ended with a meal provided by the 'Works' and gave us the necessary stimulus for the long journey back to Pembrokeshire.

The Society wishes to thank all officers, chairmen and participants for their loyal service during the year.

PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

Senior and middle school boys have been doing excellent work, some of the exhibits in the School Eisteddfod reaching a very high standard indeed. It is hoped that next session more interest will be shown by juniors, boys and girls. If there is sufficient demand two evenings a week will be reserved for beginners.

The photograph of the organ on the front cover is the work of Roger Horgan, Upper VI Science.

LOCAL HISTORY GROUP

Upon learning that the Regent Oil Company had acquired land in Rhoscrowther, the Local History Group decided to make a survey of an unscheduled ancient monument in that vicinity—the old farmstead of Henllan. This former mansion stands in a wooded hollow some three hundred yards to the south-west of Pwllcrochan church, and it was once the home of the White family, which held the Henllan estate from the early sixteenth century until the death of Henry White in 1670.

During the medieval period Henllan had belonged to the Eynon family, which claimed descent from Gwynfardd Dyfed, one of the pre-Norman *reguli* of Dyfed, and may have been living at Henllan at the time of the Anglo-Norman conquest. In this context it is important to note that there was a considerable measure of Welsh survival in the Pembrokeshire district, as is proved by the persistence of many early Welsh place-names and by the retention of lands by Welsh families. It is wrong to suppose that all the Welsh inhabitants of the vicinity were wiped out by the invaders: at least a quarter of the medieval peasants of the Pembrokeshire district were of Welsh origin. The Eynons belonged to the minor gentry, and consequently they do not figure very much in the records, though in 1447 a certain John Eynon was arrested along with other members of the household of Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester: this man was probably the John Eynon who perished on the battlefield of Banbury (26th July, 1649), together with many other followers of William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke.

More is known about the Whites. One of the family, Thomas White, won fame through assisting Henry Tudor to escape from Pembrokeshire to Brittany in 1471, a mere generation before Jenkin White, a former mayor of Tenby, married the Eynon heiress. In the Elizabethan period we find Griffith White engaged in a long struggle with Sir John Perrot, the bastard son of Henry VIII and Lord Deputy of Ireland from 1584 to 1588, one of the most powerful magnates of West Wales. The feud culminated in an affray fought out at dawn on 28th August, 1582, on the fields of Neath farm in Rhoscrowther. The Whites were Puritans, and in the Civil Wars another Griffith White, grandson of the first, gave unwavering support to the Parliamentary cause. When John Ryer defected to the Royalists in March 1648 and his troops attacked a Parliamentary contingent in Pwllcrochan churchyard, Griffith White had to escape hurriedly for Henllan. Griffiths' son, Thomas White, was M.P. for Southwark and became a member of the Committee for Plundered Ministers, a body which expelled Royalist clergymen from their livings. He was a rabid Puritan, and in 1643 published a book entitled *The First Century of Scandalous and Malignant Priests*, a volume which explains his nickname 'Century' White. The direct line ended with the death of Henry White in 1670, his son, Griffith Lassing, predeceased him, and Henllan then passed to a daughter, Elizabeth, who was married four times.

Thereafter Henllan gradually decayed, though the old house was still occupied for some time. After the building of a new farmhouse on the slope above it at Upper Henllan, possibly during the period of the French Wars (1793-1815), the old mansion was put to baser uses and at the time of our visits it was being used to store old agricultural implements.

Members of our group have visited Henllan on several occasions, but it was only in April that a record was made of the structure. Detailed measurements were taken by various members, and from these Andrew Drysdale has prepared an excellent plan. Glyn Bate sketched various features of the building, and Frank Penfold and Michael Edwards took a series of photographs.

The building is a complex one to describe, for it has been modified considerably over the centuries, but this tentative interpretation of its development may be offered:

Stage 1 (Later Middle Ages). The original building was a long open hall with no upper storey. It was lit by narrow splayed embrasures.

Stage 2 (Late 16th century?) The upper storey was added, new windows inserted, and an external chimney stack built on the south end.

Stage 3 (Early 18th century?) The northern part of the structure may have become derelict by this time, for a new external north wall was built which shortened the building; a small chimney stack was constructed in this new wall. One window was blocked, presumably because of window tax.

Stage 4 (Early 19th century?) The building became a barn, and a wide door, capable of admitting large agricultural machines, was knocked into the east wall.

MUSICAL ACTIVITIES

Undoubtedly the outstanding feature of the term has been the installation of the new school organ, which was played for the first time in assembly on April 26th, when Mr. Whitehall gave a short recital. A very fine instrument, built by Miller & Co. of Norwich, the organ is two-manual, has electric action, and stop-keys with double-touch. When played in morning assembly, or as Anthem accompaniment, it more than justifies its existence and the generosity of those who contributed towards it. The official dedication will take place early in September, when the guest organist will be Mr. Harry Gabb, M.V.O., organist to H.M. Chapels Royal.

The school choir again gave a public recital during this term, a very successful concert at Westgate Church, when every seat was taken. Solos and duets from members of the choir were an added attraction.

The musical section of the Eisteddfod met with a crisis when it was learned that the Adjudicator could not attend, due to illness. However, our Mr. Whitehall was pressed into service at the last minute, and although protesting loudly, did the adjudication so well, that we are sure he must have enjoyed himself.

URDD GOBATH CYMRU

The Urdd Movement in Wales (The Welsh League of Youth) which started very modestly, has grown to Nation-wide proportions. Its aims are to make all Welsh children aware of their heritage, the Welsh language, and Welsh culture; especially those who are unable to speak Welsh. Its work in enabling these non Welsh-speaking members to learn the language has been immeasurable. Among its many publications for Welsh-speaking children is a monthly magazine "Cymraeg," published expressly for the purpose of helping those learning Welsh.

Every summer, the Urdd holds camps at Llangrannog on the Cardigan-shire Coast (for children aged 10-14), and at Glandlyn on Bala Lake (ages 14-25). All camps are open to Welsh and non Welsh-speaking members. Here children are encouraged to take part in all sports available such as gymnastics, football, rugby, netball, cricket, canoeing, sailing, swimming, etc.

The Urdd National Eisteddfod is held every year in a town in North and South Wales alternately. To qualify for this Eisteddfod competitors must have won first place at their Urdd District Eisteddfod, and the County Eisteddfod. The standard of the National Eisteddfod is therefore very high.

This year, for the first time, an Urdd Branch was started at this school. The response was keen, which resulted in our having almost 100 members. Urdd meets fortnightly on Thursday nights at 4.0 p.m.

Already 12 children are going to Llangrannog Camp this summer, and two to Glandlyn Camp.

After competing in a few competitions at the District and County Eisteddfod, a dancing party under 15 and a choral recitation party under 15 qualified to compete at the National Eisteddfod in Brynamman in June this year. Unfortunately, owing mainly to nervousness and inexperience of such keen competition, neither team won; however, nothing daunted, they are determined to do so next year.

The Urdd Branch in this school owes its success to the keenness and team spirit of its members, and the invaluable help of its committee, Janice Brady (Chairman), Malcolm Phillips (Vice-Chairman), Maureen Thomas (secretary), Hefina Bowen (treasurer), Carole Herbert, Kenneth Deveson, Ann Jones, Kevin Brady, Elaine Hughes.

E.P.

THE URDD NATIONAL EISTEDDFOD—BRYNAMMAN 1963

When Mrs. Palfrey entered our names to compete for the Urdd Eisteddfod, little did we ever dream that we would reach the finals. We entered the District and County finals and we won both, which entitled us to go to Brynamman for the Urdd National Eisteddfod.

So there we were leaving the school at 3 p.m. (We were all there before 2.30) for Brynamman. We had received instructions before setting out that we were to go to a chapel in Ffairfach, a village outside Llandeilo, where we would be given the address of the people who had very kindly offered to put us up.

The next morning we got up at 7 a.m. and after breakfast we met the rest of our party on the square, and caught the bus to Brynamman, and the Eisteddfod field.

The first impression I had of the Eisteddfod was that of great size. It was held in a rugby field in which there were about forty small tents situated on the sides of the field, and many ice cream vans. In the centre of the field was the main marquee in which all the events, such as singing, dancing and poetry speaking took place. It was a very large marquee capable of holding four thousand people.

Both B.B.C. and T.W.W. had a canvas tent as a studio, from which programmes from the Eisteddfod were televised. There were television cameras wherever you went.

In other, smaller tents were people selling all sorts of things, such as books all in Welsh on every subject, Urdd Badges of all sizes, and showing pictures of previous Urdd Eisteddfodau.

We stayed at the Eisteddfod for two days. The first day we entered the boy's choral poetry speaking "Monys y Gwynt." Unfortunately we failed to get on the stage, but we were told that we had gained 78%.

The next day we entered our National Folk Dance. In this, too, we failed to qualify.

Both the results disappointed us a little, but the great enjoyment we shared with the friends we met there made up for the disappointment, and we came home satisfied and happy with our experience.

Kevin Brady, IIIA
Gareth Jones, IIIA
Robert Main, IIA

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AWARD SCHEME

The Award Scheme is designed to encourage initiative, powers of leadership, self-discipline and purposeful use of leisure. It falls into three groups—First, Second and Third series, which carry respectively the Bronze, Silver and Gold Awards. Any boy between the ages of 14 and 19 is able to enter first for the Bronze Award and, if successful (and sufficiently determined) for the Silver and Gold. The Bronze and Silver Awards each comprise a Certificate bearing the Duke of Edinburgh's message and facsimile signature of Sir John Hunt, the Secretary of the scheme, and a badge with the Duke's insignia.

Each series is made up of four sections—Physical Fitness, The Expedition, Rescue and Public Service, and the Pursuit or Project—and the boy must show competence in all four sections and meet the required standards which are within the scope of any average child.

In the school, as many as twenty boys or more were, at the outset, interested enough in the Award Scheme, and of these about fifteen bought the Record Book. However, only a few of these pupils displayed that ability to progress unaided which is essential for success, especially so in the Pursuits Section, where the boy has to do something worthwhile during his leisure hours, e.g. aero-modelling, reading, gymnastics, stamp-collecting.

So far, one pupil, Robert Howells, has gained the Bronze Award but at least three other boys are approaching this standard. These more determined few deserve not only success but the admiration of those who have 'fallen by the wayside', for it must be stressed again that only those who are to a large extent self-reliant and determined will succeed. The Duke of Edinburgh Award Scheme does not seek to implant these qualities in a boy, but to draw them out and put them into action.

THE SCHOOL SPORTS

The School Sports were held on the School playing fields this year. The fields are better drained than when we last held the Sports on them three years ago, and this, combined with the effect of a dry spell in the week preceding Sports Day, meant that the track was fairly hard and fast.

The difficulties presented by the jumping pits being a long way from the track were overcome by our holding the jumping events after school in the week before the Sports.

HOUSE RESULTS:—Girls: 1st Glyndwr 210 pts., 2nd Hywel 209 pts., 3rd Tudor 185 pts., 4th Picton 138 pts. Boys: 1st Picton 417 pts., 2nd Tudor 264 pts., 3rd Glyndwr 263 pts., 4th Hywel 213 pts.

Over-all winners—Picton.

Victor Ludorum: Michael Johnson, Anthony Hodge—joint winners.

Victrix Ludorum: Valmai Edwards.

RECORD SHEET—1963

Giving placings, Houses and winning times or distances

- 100 yds.—Boys
Sub-junior: 1, A. Hodge (G); 2, D. Rourke (T); 3, A. Searle (P); 11.7 Record.
Junior: 1, E. White (G); 2, D. Campbell (G); 3, D. Williams (P); 12 secs.
Middle: 1, M. Johnson (P); 2, C. James (T); 3, B. Penfold (T); 11.2.
Senior: 1, R. Rees (P); 2, P. Lewis (H); 3, J. Nash (G); 10.5 Record.
- 100 yds.—Girls
Sub-junior: 1, J. Sudbury (T); 2, P. Johnstone (P); 3, Ann Jones (H); 13.3.
Junior: 1, P. Anfield (H); 2, H. O'Leary (P); Valmai Edwards (T); 12.5 equals record.
Middle: 1, S. Gaccon (G); 2, P. Thomas (G); 3, Valerie Lomas (H) 12.8.
- 220 yds.—Boys
Sub-junior: 1, D. Rourke (T); 2, N. Scourfield (G); 3, J. Jenkins (P); 30.5 secs.
Junior: 1, D. Williams (P); 2, E. White (G); 3, K. Brady (H); 27.4 secs.
Middle: 1, M. Johnson (P); 2, C. James (T); 3, G. Cavaney (H); 25.9 secs.
Senior: 1, P. Lewis (H); 2, J. Nash (G); 3, R. Rees (P); 24.5 secs.
- 220 yds.—Girls
Middle: 1, P. Anfield (H); 2, Valmai Edwards (T); 3, Christine Bellamy (P); 30.4 secs. Record.
Senior: 1, Veronica Sandell (H); 2, Ann Griffiths (P); 3, Pat Thomas (G); 31 secs.
- 440 yds.—Boys
Junior: 1, D. Williams (P); 2, E. White (G); 3, K. Brady (H); 1 min. 2.5 secs.
Middle: 1, M. Johnson (P); 2, C. James (T); 1 min. 4.6 secs.
Senior: 1, J. Nash (G); 2, C. Good (P); 3, D. Fraser (T); 56 secs.
- 880 yds.—Boys
Middle: 1, S. White (P); 2, P. Driscoll (P); 3, P. Thomas (T); 2 min. 17.2 secs.
Senior: 1, W. Kavanagh (P); 2, D. Fraser (T); 3, D. Hay (P); 2 min. 48.2 secs.
- One mile
Middle: 1, S. White (P); 2, B. Penfold (T); 3, J. Mathias (P); 5 min. 7 secs.
Senior: 1, G. Briggs (P); 2, W. Kavanagh (P); 3, D. Fraser (T); 5 min. 29.5 secs.
- Hurdles—Girls
Junior: 1, M. Jackson (G); 2, Jane Sudbury (T); 3, Joan Williams (P); 13.7 secs.
Middle: 1, Helen O'Leary (P); 2, Linda Williams (G); 3, Pat French (T); 11.2 secs.
Senior: 1, Veronica Sandell (H); 2, Gwyneth Griffiths (T); 3, Hilary Thomas (P); 15.6 secs.
- Hurdles—Boys
Sub-junior: 1, D. Williams (P); 2, R. Main (T); 3, D. Priestley (G); 14 secs.
Junior: 1, D. Williams (P); 2, W. Griffiths (G); 3, J. James (H); 13.3 secs.
Middle: 1, M. Lewis (G); 2, C. James (T); 16.8 secs.
Senior: 1, R. Rees (P); 2, G. Jones (G); 3, Guy Thomas (T); 18.5 secs.
- 200 yds. Hurdles—Boys
Middle: 1, B. Penfold (T); 2, J. Mathias (P); 3, M. Lewis (G); 27.4.
Senior: 1, D. Gough (P); 2, A. Thomas (G); 3, G. Thomas (T); 28.3.
- High Jump—Boys
Sub-junior: 1, P. Evans (G); 2, D. Priestley (G); 3, R. Jeffries (T); 4'1".
Junior: 1, L. Griffiths (G); 2, J. Clarke (P); 3, E. Bromhead (P); 4'2½".



SCHOOL REPRESENTATIVES AT THE COUNTY ATHLETICS MEETING

Middle: 1. P. Lain (T); 2. Howells (H); 3. Roberts and White (P.P); 4'9½".

Senior: 1. G. Jones (G); 2. A. Drysdale (G); 3. R. MacCallum (P); 5'3¼".

High Jump—Girls

Junior 1. Pat Johnstone (P); 2. Cecelia Donovan (H), and Hazel Scourfield (G); 5'9".

Middle: 1. Valmai Edwards (T); 2. Linda Williams (G); 3. Helen O'Leary (P); 4'4" equals record.

Senior: 1. Gwyneth Griffiths (T); 2. Joanne Dean (T); 3. Veronica Sandell (H); 4'1".

Long Jump—Boys

Sub-junior: 1. D. Rourke (T); 2. N. Scourfield (G); 3. A. Searle (P); 13'1".

Junior: 1. White (G); 2. Crawford (G); Mills (P); 16'.

Middle: 1. P. Lain (T); 2. B. Smith (H); 3. K. Deveson (P); 17'11".

Senior: 1. G. Jones (G); 2. R. MacCallum (P); 3. J. Nash (G); 19'2½".

Long Jump—Girls

Junior: 1. Mary Jackson (G); 2. Pat Livingstone (T); 3. Pat Johnstone (P); 13'.

Middle: 1. Valmai Edwards (T); 2. Ruth Morgan (H); 3. Helen O'Leary (P); 15'.

Senior: 1. Ann Griffiths (P); 2. Gwyneth Griffiths (T); 3. Veronica Sandell (H); 14'2".

H.S.J. Boys

Sub-junior: 1. A. Hodge (G); 2. J. Jenkins (P); 3. D. Clarke (H); 29'5".

Junior: 1. P. Hordley (P); 2. F. Penfold and D. Campbell; 32'11¼".

Middle: 1. Brian Smith (H) and Michael Johnson (P); 3. P. Lain (T); 35'9½".

Senior: 1. G. Jones (G) and B. Stubbs (P); 3. R. MacCallum (P); 37'10".

Pole Vault—Boys

Sub-junior: 1. E. Ball (H); 2. D. Rourke (T); 3. R. Brown (G); 6'0".

Junior: 1. J. James (H); 2. P. Badham (P); 3. P. Manning (H); 6'6".

Middle: M. Rickard (G); 2. C. Thomas (T); 3. P. Roberts (P); 9'7" New Record.

Senior: 1. H. Owen (T); 2. J. Brown (H) and R. Rees (P); 8'6".

Discus—Boys

Sub-junior: A. Hodge (G); 2. J. Spurr (G); 3. J. Jenkins (P); 84'7½" Record.

Junior: 1. B. Crawford (G); 2. P. Hewitt (H); 3. R. Humber (T); 118".

Middle: 1. R. Baker (H); 2. P. Roberts (G); 3. R. James (P); 104'6½".

Senior: 1. G. Briggs (P); 2. B. Stubbs (P); 3. A. Beard (H); 106".

Discus—Girls

Junior: Cecelia Donovan (H); 2. Karin Watson (T); 3. Pat Johnstone (P); 65'3".

Middle: 1. Margaret Barton (T); 2. Ruth Morgan (H); 3. Joan Kenniford (G); 73'7".

Senior: 1. Lynne Shore (H); 2. J. Mills (P); 3. Valerie Lomas (H); 79'7".

Javelin—Boys

Sub-junior: 1. Moogan (P); Spurr (G); E. Ball (H); 66'1½".

Junior 1. L. Smith (T); 2. F. Penfold (T); 3. M. Jowett (P); 115'7".

Middle: 1. R. Howells (H); 2. M. Rickard (G); 3. M. Brace (G); 126'7".

Senior: 1. W. Kavanagh (P); 2. A. Thomas (G); 87".

Javelin—Girls

Junior: 1. Susan Pannell (G); 2. Margaret Bondzio (H); 3. Pauline James (H); 43'8½".

Middle: 1. Marilyn Thomas (H); 2. Janice Gammon (T); 3. Shan Griffiths (G); 60'8½".

Senior: 1. Christine Lewis (H); 2. Susan Huxtable (G); 3. Valerie Lomas (H); 61'3½".

Shot—Boys

Sub-Junior: 1. A. Hodge (G); 2. J. Albury (T); 3. A. Morgan (P); 32'11" Record.

Junior: 1. D. Esmond (T) and B. Crawford (G); 3. R. Humber (T); 36'6".

Middle: R. Baker (H); 2. M. Rickard (G); 3. G. Cavaney (H); 38'7½".

Senior: 1. B. Stubbs (P); 2. B. Morgan (H); 3. J. Skone (P); 34'5".

Shot—Girls

Junior: 1. Susan Pannell (G); 2. Karen Watson (T); 3. C. Donovan (H); 23'10½".

Middle: 1. Ruth Morgan (H); 2. Margaret Barton (T); 3. Susan Richards (T); 35'8½".

Senior: 1. Susan Huxtable (G); Jennifer Mills (P); 3. Lynne Shore (H); 26'.

Relay—Boys

Sub-Junior: 1. Glyndwr; 2. Picton; 3. Tudor; 59.6 Record.

Junior: 1. Glyndwr; 2. Picton; 3. Hywel; 53.8 secs.

Middle: 1. Picton; 2. Tudor; 3. Hywel; 50.1 Record.

Senior: 1. Glyndwr; 2. Picton; 3. Hywel; 47.5 Record.

Relay—Girls

Junior: 1. Glyndwr; 2. Hywel; 3. Picton; 61.8 secs.

Middle: 1. Hywel; 2. Glyndwr; 3. Picton; 59 secs.

Senior: 1. Glyndwr; 2. Hywel; 3. Picton; 58 secs.

RESULTS OF BOYS' PERFORMANCES AT COUNTY SPORTS HELD AT HAVERFORDWEST ON SAT., 8th JUNE, 1963

SENIORS: 100 yds.: R. Rees, 3rd; 220: J. Nash 4th; 440: C. Good, 2nd; 880: P. Driscoll, 6th; Mile: G. Briggs, 5th; 120 hurdles: G. Jones, 4th; 200 hurdles: D. Gough, 4th; H.J.: G. Jones, 3rd; H.S.J.: B. Stubbs, 3rd; Long Jump: G. Jones, 1st; Pole Vault: C. Thomas, 2nd; Discus: G. Briggs, 5th; Javelin: B. Stubbs, 4th; Shot: B. Stubbs; Relay: Rees, Good, Jones, Nash, 3rd.

MIDDLES: 100 yds.: M. Johnson, 4th; 220: C. Lewis, 5th; 440: M. Johnson; 880: B. Penfold, 2nd; Mile: S. White, 2nd; 120 hurdles: M. Lewis, 3rd; 200 hurdles: B. Penfold, 2nd; High Jump: P. Lain, 5th; Hop, Step, Jump: B. Smith, 3rd; Long Jump: P. Lain, 4th; Pole Vault: M. Rickard, 2nd; Discus: P. Lain, 5th; Javelin: M. Rickard, 4th; Shot: R. Baker, 6th; Relay: Penfold, Rickard, C. Lewis, Johnson, 6th.

JUNIORS: 100 yds.: E. White, 4th in heat; 220: E. White, 4th in heat; 440: D. Williams, 3rd; Hurdles: D. Williams, 4th; High Jump: W. Griffiths, 5th; Hop, Step, Jump: P. Hordley, 3rd; Long Jump: E. White, withdrew injured; Pole Vault: P. Badham, 5th; Discus: B. Crawford, 1st; Javelin: L. Smith, 3rd; Shot: B. Crawford, 6th; Relay: White, Williams, Hordley, Campbell, 5th in heat.

SUB-JUNIORS: 100 yds.: A. Hodge, 1st; 220: A. Hodge, 1st; Hurdles: D. Rourke, 1st; Shot: A. Hodge, 3rd; Relay: Rourke, Phillips, Searle, Hodge, 1st. The Sub-juniors won the Milford Chamber of Trade Cup for most points in their section.

The team was runner-up for the Lord Merthyr Shield for most points in all boys events.

SEASON 1962-63

1st Fifteen Results—Easter Term

All the games during January and February were cancelled due to the hard winter.

March 2 — Haverfordwest G.S. (Away)—Won 9-6.

" 9 — Gwendraeth G.S. (Away)—Drawn 0-0.

" 16 — Cardigan G.S. (Away)—Drawn 0-0.
" 23 — St. David's G.S. (Away)—Cancelled.
" 30 — Tenby G.S. (Home)—Won 8-0.
April 1st — Old Boys (Home)—Won 5-3.

Results for the season:

Matches Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	Points for	Points against
18	9	5	4	129	60

The following boys represented the 1st XV in one or more games:—G. Briggs (capt.); W. Kavanagh (vice-capt.); J. Skone (sec.); B. Stubbs and J. Nash (committee); R. Rees; G. Jones; M. Rickard; R. Baker; H. Owen; G. Thomas; B. Morgan; P. Lain; P. Richards; D. Gough; J. Mathias; C. Good; A. Beard; G. Evans; R. MacCallum; P. Reynolds; P. Driscoll; P. Lewis; M. Johnson; K. Deveson.

G. Briggs, B. Stubbs and B. Morgan played in one or more County games. G. Briggs was the Pembrokeshire Schools captain and also appeared in all W.S.S.R.U. trial matches. He was eventually chosen as reserve for the Welsh Secondary Schools against the French Schools in France.

Colours were awarded at the end of the season to J. Skone, G. Thomas, B. Morgan, P. Lain, C. Good and G. Jones.

J.C.S. (Sec.)

SECOND XV REPORT

Captain: A. R. Thomas; Vice-captain: D. V. Hay; Secretary: T. P. Lewis
Played 15, won 4, lost 7, drawn 4. Points For 104. Against 68.

Milford (A)	3-0 Won
Coronation (A)	0-0 Drew
Coronation (H)	0-11 Lost
Ardwyng S (A)	0-0 Drew
Llanelly (H)	0-9 Lost
Preseli (H)	0-11 Lost
Preseli (A)	3-6 Lost
Carmarthen (A)	3-11 Lost
Gwendraeth (H)	3-9 Lost
Coronation (H)	3-3 Drew
42nd Regiment (A)	39-0 Won
Haverfordwest S.M. (A)	32-3 Won
Coronation (H)	0-5 Lost
Gwendraeth (A)	0-0 Abandoned at half-time
Milford (H)	18-0 Won

A seemingly unimpressive record was not helped by having to lend many players to the First XV. There were several encouraging aspects of the season—no heavy losses were sustained and promising performances were given against such strong sides as Llanelly and Gwendraeth. Also several drawn games might, with a little luck, have resulted in wins.

Regular players were: A. Thomas, D. Hay, P. Lewis, J. Mathias, M. Johnson, D. Fraser, J. Hubbard, M. Roberts, S. Maher, A. Beard, P. Reynolds, P. Driscoll, R. Jones, R. James, R. MacCallum, J. Brown, B. Thomas, G. Warlow, R. Mitchell, G. Cavaney, R. Paine, R. Baker, D. Thomas.

JUNIOR XV

The following boys were awarded colours:— B. Penfold (capt.), P. Carradice (vice-capt.), K. Deveson (secretary), M. Brace, H. Robinson, D. Campbell.

B. Penfold, P. Carradice, K. Deveson and M. Brace were chosen to represent Pembrokeshire and B. Penfold was chosen for the 1st Welsh Trial.

The team had only a moderate season, winning 6 games, losing 6, and drawing 1. Many matches were cancelled, which accounts for the low number of games played.

Haverfordwest S.M.	lost	14-6	H
Milford	won	3-0	A
Tenby	lost	9-5	A
Coronation	won	14-3	H
Coronation	lost	14-3	H
Coronation	lost	8-0	H
Preseli	won	5-3	H
Preseli	drew	3-3	A
Haverfordwest G.S.	lost	6-0	H
Fishguard	lost	17-5	A
Haverfordwest G.S.	won	13-9	A
Cardigan	won	6-0	A
Haverfordwest S.M.	won	15-0	A

The following boys played regularly for the team:— B. Penfold, P. Carradice, K. Deveson, M. Brace, D. Campbell, D. Williams, R. Whitehead, R. Powell, R. Leyland, R. Rogers, R. Humber, R. Wragg, B. Hall, B. Crawford, R. Howells, B. Clift, G. Pearce, D. Greig, D. Eastick.

K.D. (Sec.)

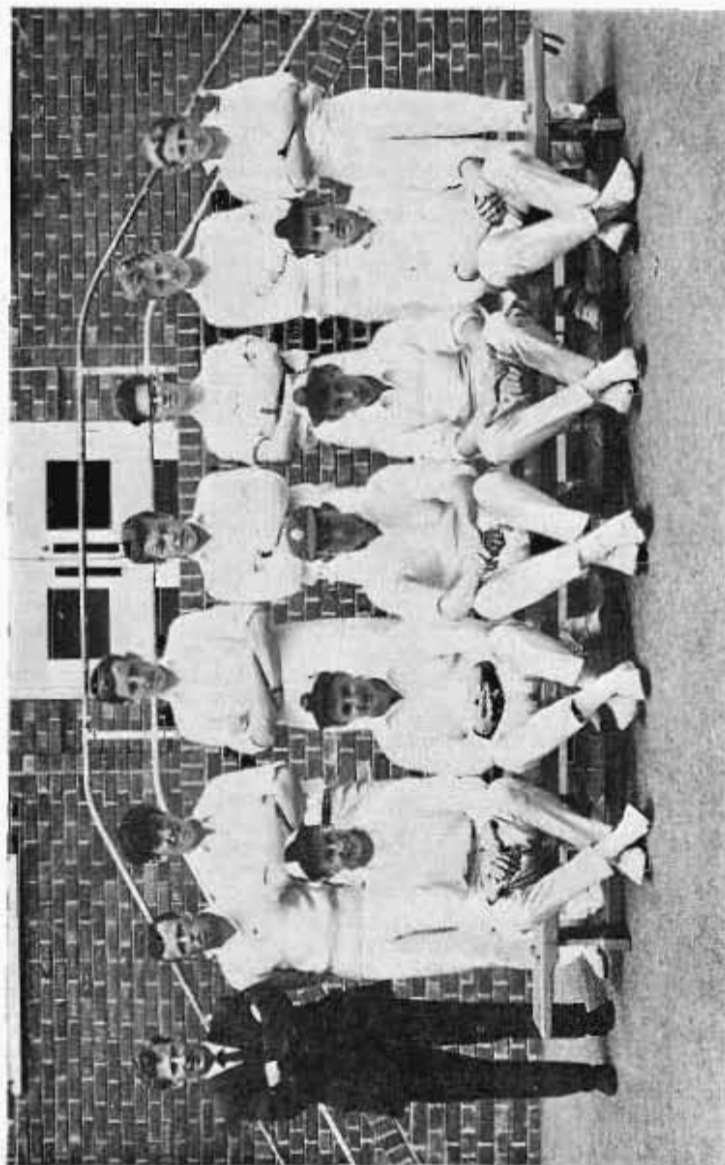
UNDER 13s XV

H-W S.M.	15-0 (won)	H
Coronation	9-0 (won)	H
Coronation	9-3 (won)	A
Preseli	0-9 (lost)	A
Whitland	3-9 (lost)	H
Preseli	Cancelled.	
H-W S.M.	9-3 (lost)	A
Fishguard	23-3 (won)	A
Coronation	9-3 (won)	A
H-W S.M.	Cancelled.	
Lampeter	Cancelled.	
Milford	Cancelled.	
Fishguard	Cancelled.	
Coronation	18-0 (won)	H
H-W S.M.	14-11 (won)	A
Carmarthen	Cancelled.	
Tenby	Cancelled.	
Cardigan	3-3 (drew)	A

Record: Played 11, won 7, lost 3, drew 1.

The following boys played in the Under 13s XV:— A. Hodge (capt.), W. Griffiths (vice-capt.), G. Jones (sec.), N. Canton, B. Gwyther, J. Jenkins, B. Jones, K. Davies, D. Clarke, J. Clark, M. Lewis, L. Nutting, K. Brady, H. Davies, N. Scourfield, D. Rourke, R. Allen, E. Ball, G. Richardson.

A.H. (capt.)



FIRST CRICKET XI

SENIOR NETBALL

First Round

Glyndwr, fielding a very experienced team of 1st and 2nd school team players, beat Picton 29-18.

Tudor had a walk-over against Hywel, the latter House failing to field a senior team.

Final: The more experienced Glyndwr team well led by the House captain, Pat Thomas, had little difficulty in beating Tudor, although in the second half Tudor seemed a revitalised side and offered far more opposition. The final score was Glyndwr 13 and Tudor 5.

Glyndwr team: Pat Thomas, Carole Herbert, Jennifer Tomlinson, Susan Stevens, Sandra Gaccon, Diane Evans, Janet Cox.

JUNIOR NETBALL

Much enthusiasm was shown in these matches and the promise shown by some of the juniors augurs well for the future of netball in the school.

First Round: Tudor beat Picton by 10 goals to nil. Glyndwr had a walk-over as Hywel failed to field a team.

Final: In the first half scoring was quite even, but during the second half Tudor romped ahead, scoring 24 goals to Glyndwr's 10.

Tudor team: Ellen Nash (capt.), Pat French, Valmai Edwards, Mary Newton, Susan Collins, Barbara Bowen, Pamela Robson.

HOCKEY HOUSE MATCHES 1963

SENIOR HOCKEY

This was played on a knock-out basis.

First Round: Glyndwr played Tudor, who had to field almost the same team as represented them in the Junior competition. Glyndwr won 2-0. Hywel beat Picton 5-1.

In the final the two teams—Glyndwr and Hywel—were extremely evenly matched and there were two replays before a decision could be obtained. Glyndwr finally emerged victors by 2 goals to 1.

Glyndwr Team: Pat Moor (Capt.), Rosemary Simlett, Sandra Gorton, Priscilla Tee, Janet Mullins, Suzanne Palmer, Pamela Williams, Rosemary Wrench, Susan Huxtable, Jacqueline Davies, Joan Kenniford.

JUNIOR HOUSE HOCKEY 1963

First Round: Tudor convincingly beat Hywel 5-0. Glyndwr also convincingly beat their very small opponents by 9 goals to nil.

Final: This was a very good game. A strong Glyndwr team had difficulty in beating the ten players fielded by Tudor, scoring the only goal of the match in the dying seconds of the game after a goalmouth scramble.

Glyndwr team: Joan Kenniford (capt.), Jacqueline Davies, Linda Williams, Gwyneth Mathias, Margaret Waters, Susan Pannell, Cledrau Gibby, Susan Griffiths, Sally Rees, Margaret Hasler, Hazel P. Scourfield.

CRICKET

Captain: J. C. Skone; **Vice-captain:** B. Stubbs; **Secretary:** J. O. Brown.

So far the school 1st XI has had quite a successful season. After a rather shaky start, losing two out of the first three matches, the team has improved considerably and have won their last four matches.

This season's captain—John Skone—must be congratulated for being elected captain of the County XI for the second season running, and we all hope that he will again get his place in the Welsh XI.

Results (to date)

May 4th	Fishguard (H)	Lost
9th	Angle C.C. (H)	Won
11th	Haverfordwest (A)	Lost
18th	Tenby (H) (1st Round of Bowen Summers Cup)	Won
25th	St. Davids (A)	Won
30th	Stackpole C.C. (H)	Won
June 15th	St. Davids (H)	Won

Averages (to date)

Batting

Name	Innings	not out	runs	Highest score	Average
J. Skone	7	1	148	42	24.66
B. Clift	6	—	81	26	13.5
B. Stubbs	7	2	62	19*	12.4
M. Johnson	7	—	56	16	8.0
G. Briggs	5	3	14	7	7.0
T. Gough	3	1	10	8	5.0

* denotes not out.

Bowling

Name	Overs	Maidens	Runs	Wickets	Average
M. Brace	24.2	11	39	12	3.25
G. Briggs	31.1	17	44	8	5.5
J. Skone	57.5	19	119	15	7.93
R. Mitchell	24	8	74	9	8.22

Catching

D. Thomas 4, B. Stubbs, J. Skone 3, J. Brown, D. Gough 2.

JUNIOR CRICKET

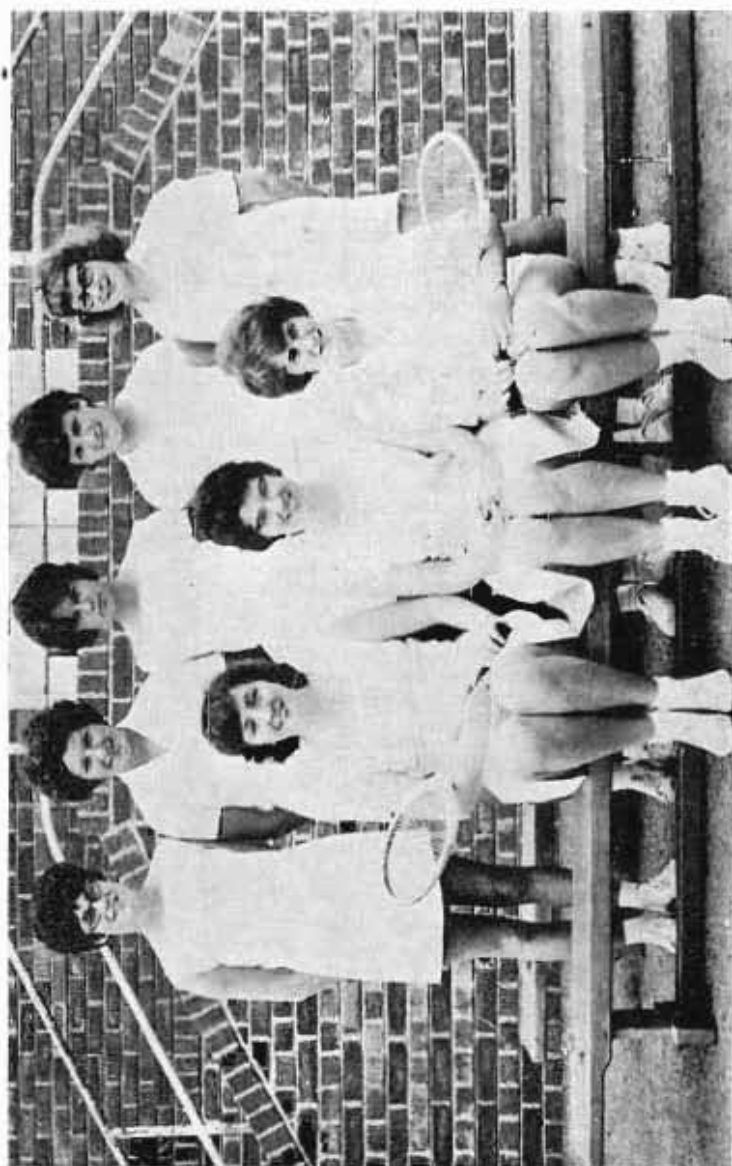
Captain: M. Brace; **Vice-captain:** B. Penfold; **Secretary:** D. Campbell.

Games	School	Opponents
v Coronation	37	38 for 6
v Tenby	62	58
v Narberth	82	79
v Milford	40	41 for 7

Team: M. Brace, B. Penfold, D. Campbell, D. Eastick, R. Leyland, G. Pearce, L. Smith, R. Powell, R. Wragg, H. Thomas, R. Hartland, R. Humber, D. Williams, H. Robinson.

Batting Averages: G. Pearce—11.6 runs per innings; B. Penfold—9 runs per innings.

Bowling Averages: D. Eastick 13 wckts. for 67 runs; R. Leyland 8 wckts. for 30 runs; M. Brace 7 wckts. for 69 runs.



SCHOOL TENNIS TEAM

OLD PUPILS' ASSOCIATION

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

Vice-presidents:

Miss A. M. K. Sennett, J.P., H. Rees, Esq., M.A., E. G. Davies, Esq., B.A.

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

It is with great pleasure that we are able to announce that the Old Pupils' Memorial organ was installed in the School Hall during the Easter holiday. The organ, built by Messrs. Miller of Norwich, is a beautiful instrument, both in appearance and tone. It is hoped that many Old Pupils, whether they have already contributed to the Appeal Fund or not, will try to visit the School to see and if possible to hear the organ. We feel sure that those who have not contributed will be anxious to do so once they have seen what an asset to the School the new organ is.

We must make it clear that the Appeal Fund target has by no means been reached and that it is only thanks to a generous loan from the Pembroke County Council that it has been possible to have the organ installed so soon. All Old Pupils are urged, therefore, to redouble their efforts to clear the debt outstanding, approximately £1,000, as soon as possible.

We apologise for a mistake in our notes in the Spring issue of 'Penfro.' An Old Pupil has written to point out that we omitted to mention Keith Bowskill, (1944-51), head of the Chemistry Department, as one of the Old Pupil members of Staff, who, with him, now number four.

OLD PUPILS' NOTES

Geoffrey Bettinson (1951-58) has just completed his final year at the Welsh School of Architecture. In 1962 he won the College Town Planning Prize and was Treasurer of the Students' Union.

S.A.C. John Bettinson, R.A.F., (1954-60) has been stationed in Aden since last January. In March he moved to Salala in the Persian Gulf for a twelve month tour of duty.

We congratulate John Campodonic (1956-60) on being selected for the Welsh Youth Rugby XV last season. As far as we know he is the first Old Pupil to win a Welsh Youth 'cap.'

Our congratulations also to Eric Cary (1935-41) on his appointment as manager of the Broadway, Southall, Middlesex branch of Barclays Bank.

Bernard Garnett (1923-27), who for the past three years has been at the British Embassy in Athens, recently returned to this country and is now working at the Foreign Office.

We congratulate Glyn Macken (1952-59) on being elected president of the Students' Union at Swansea University for the Session 1963-4.

Sheila Martin, née Smith, S.R.N. (1950-54), flew to Aden in June to join her husband, F/Lieut. James Martin, D.F.C., who is serving there as a helicopter pilot.

Mary Mathias (1955-56), the daughter of a former headmaster, Mr. R. G. Mathias, has been awarded a Major Open Scholarship at University College, Swansea. Mary has spent the past year as a pupil at the International School, Ommen, Holland, where Peter Preece (1946-54) and Raymond Garlick, a former English master at this school, are members of the teaching staff.

David R. Phillips, (1943-47) was recently appointed Assistant Surveyor to the Pembroke Borough Council.

Glenwyn Phillips (1945-51) is now Assistant Manager of the Swansea District of the Britannic Insurance Company.

Lawrence Phillips (1952-58), who is now in his second year at Trinity College, Carmarthen, has been appointed editor of the College magazine, 'Troid.'

Wendy Power (1954-61), better known to her schoolfellows as Wendy Gray, spent a year working in a London travel agency after her course at the London Secretarial College. In May she flew to the U.S.A. and writes to say

that she has found a post as secretary to the manager of an insurance company in Chicago. She describes Chicago as a beautiful modern city with a vast expanse of lake front with sandy beaches, harbours and all the amenities of the Italian Riviera. Wendy, who seems to be enjoying life to the full, sends her regards to all her old friends.

Beti Randall, née Evans, (1953-58), was on holiday from the U.S.A. in June. She has been teaching for some time at Boulder, Colorado, and on her return to America she joined her husband at a summer school at the University of Massachusetts.

Brian Stephens (1954-59) who on leaving School was employed in the drawing office of Messrs. Christiani and Nielsen at the B.P. Terminal, Popton, is now a cartographical draughtsman with the Royal Signals at the Garrison Works Office, Hobbs Point, Pembroke Dock.

C.P.O. Derek Strachan, R.N., (1946-51) was on holiday at home in May, prior to flying to a posting in Mombasa.

We regret that in our last issue we omitted to congratulate Joyce Willoughby, S.R.N., (1951-56) on being commissioned last September with the rank of Flying Officer in Princess Mary's R.A.F. Nursing Service.

We congratulate the following Old Pupils on their engagement:

- 3 Jan. 1963—Dorothy Anstee (1952-59) to Malcolm Cousins, of Freystrop.
- 4 Jan. 1963—Margaret Thomas (1950-59) to Edward MacKenzie, of Pontypool.
- 1 Feb. 1963—Leonard Allen (1951-57) to Carole Bunnis, of West Hartlepool.
- 8 Mar. 1963—Pauline Canton (1956-60) to Dave Britt, of Rye, Sussex.
- 8 Mar. 1963—Diana Mathias (1956-61) to Haydn Scaife, of Pontyberem.
- 12 Apr. 1963—David Pearson (1952-59) to Margaret Lynch, of Glasgow.
- 30 Apr. 1963—Stuart Lewis (1954-61) to Margaret John, of Burton, Pems.
- 7 June, 1963—Richard Callen (1952-60) to Ann Cartwright, of Singapore.

We congratulate the following Old Pupils on their marriage:

- 26 Dec. 1962, at Pembroke Dock, John Carr (1951-59) to Susan Devonald, of Pembroke Dock.
- 27 Dec. 1962, at Mathry, Robert Ferrier (1952-58) to Daphne Kathleen Hughes, of Mathry.
- 29 Dec. 1962, at Monkton, Michael E. Williams (1953-59) to Elizabeth Ann Hicks, of Monkton.
- 2 Feb. 1963, at Shobery, Rhona Gassner (1951-57) to Frederick Barrett, of Shobery.
- 16 February, at Monkton, Alec James (1949-52) to Devine Joyce Brace, of Monkton.
- 23 February, at Pembroke Dock, Sandra Miller (1954-58) to Frederick Dalling, of Hereford.
- 23 February, at Pembroke, Marcia Huntbach (1953-58) to Peter James, of Pembroke.
- 2 March, at Pembroke Dock, Margaret Davies (1954-60) to Terence Jarvis, of Cardiff.
- 16 March—at Llanstadwell, Marion Welham (1948-54) to Albert Perkins, of Leicester.
- 30 March—at Pembroke, Dianne McKee (1953-57) to Dennis James Jones, of Pembroke.
- 30 March—at Pembroke Dock, Sheila Jones (1952-58) to Newton David Howells, of Kilgetty.
- 13 April—at Monkton, Jean Devote (1950-57) to Brian Spurr, of Pembroke Dock.
- 13 April—at Pembroke Dock, Patricia Oliver (1951-59) to Brian Sinclair, of Leytonstone.
- 13 April—at Monkton, Lloyd Coles (1952-57) to Jennifer Roblin (1955-60).
- 15 April—at Pembroke, David Saunders (1953-59) to Janet Munt (1951-61).
- 15 April—at Stackpole, Ivy Garlick (1941-48) to Dr. J. R. Webster, of Anglesey.
- 15 April—at Rochester, Brian Griffiths (1949-58) to Patricia Anne McNulty, of Rochester.

20 April—at Pembroke, John Saunders (1951-55) to Doreen May Skeels, of Pembroke.

27 April—at Pembroke Dock, Stephen Brown (1950-57) to Marie J. M. La Hausse de Lalouvière, of Mauritius.

April—at Cirencester, Kenneth W. G. Rogers (1953-59) to Stephanie Pearing, of Cirencester.

11 May—at Pembroke Dock, Ann Smallbone (1948-53) to Patrick John Brown, of London.

3 June—at Pembroke Dock, Paul Evans (1951-58) to Jacqueline Hay (1953-58).

3 June—at Hakin, Milford Haven, Robert Reeves (1956-61) to Jean Ida Harwood, of Milford Haven.

1 June—at Stackpole, David Esmond (1954-60) to Carol Spurr, of Stackpole.

We have pleasure in recording the following births:

28 Sep. 1962—to Ann, née Roberts (1950-57) wife of Peter Donovan, a daughter, Caroline.

29 Jan. 1963—to Sylvia, née Smith, wife of Michael Tee (1950-55) a daughter.

6 Feb. 1963—to Dorothy, née Thomas, (1948-55) wife of Colin Griffith, a son, Gareth.

4 February—to Marion, née Hall (1935-39) wife of Laurie Dale, a son, Charles Thornton.

27 February—to Kathleen, née Hughes (1950-56) wife of John Davies, a daughter.

13 April—to Dorothy, née Shears (1944-50) wife of David Macken (1944-50), a son, Simon David.

May—to Shirley, née English (1946-53) wife of John Ross (1940-46), twin daughters, Deborah and Elizabeth.

FOR THE FINEST COLOUR WORK
NEGATIVE PROCESSING AND COLOUR PRINTING
KODACOLOR, ILFOCOLOR, AGFACOLOR, GEVACOLOR
REVERSAL COLOR PROCESSING
KODACHROME, ILFOCHROME, AGFACOLOR, EKTACHROME
GRIFFITHS CHEMISTS (Pembroke Dock) LTD.
 Tel.: THE PHARMACY 2048
19 DIMOND STREET, PEMBROKE DOCK

ELSDON

(Prop.: Mrs. Diana Hodges)

25 MAIN STREET, PEMBROKE

Everyone should inspect our Large and Varied
 Selection of High-Class Confectionery
 With Daily Supplies of Fresh Milk and Eggs
OFFER CUSTOMERS, OLD AND NEW,
A DEPENDABLE SERVICE

JOHN H. TEE

8 LAWS STREET, PEMBROKE DOCK

Make us your School Outfitter

Old Mill Blazers Bukta Sports Kit

Telephone : PEMBROKE 2757

M. GUNTER

WOOL STORES, etc.

QUEEN STREET, PEMBROKE DOCK

PHONE 2834

SWIFT'S CYCLE SHOP

11 LAWS STREET, PEMBROKE DOCK

SCOOTER & MOPED ACCESSORIES

Motor Cycles and Cycle Accessories

SALES AND SERVICE

LARGE STOCKS OF SPORTS GOODS

by Leading Manufacturers available at

HUMBERS SPORTS SHOP

46/48 DIMOND STREET, PEMBROKE DOCK

Tel : PEMBROKE 2132

For all your Motoring Requirements consult

W. L. Silcox & Son Ltd.



WATER STREET, PEMBROKE DOCK

Phone : PEMBROKE DOCK 3143 TENBY 2189

AUSTIN MORRIS M.G. DEALERS

FOR ORDINARY

and

ADVANCED LEVELS

best results obtained with

PARKER & CONWAY STUART

PENS & PENCILS

A FULL SELECTION AT

JOHN MENDUS LTD.

CHEMISTS

P E M B R O K E

TELEPHONE 2370

A. F. MUNT

HIGH - CLASS WATCHMAKER AND JEWELLER

26 QUEEN STREET, PEMBROKE DOCK

TEL. 2922

For Presentation Pieces, Trophies, Jewellery and Wedding Gifts of
all descriptions

All types of repairs, including engravings, carried out

LAIN'S

11 MAIN STREET, PEMBROKE

Tobacconist and Confectioner

HIGH QUALITY FRUIT AND VEGETABLES

T. SMITH & SONS

FAMILY BUTCHERS

54 MAIN STREET, PEMBROKE

Telephone 2381

SALON LAIN

High - Class Ladies' Hair Styling in

Luxurious Surroundings

11 MAIN STREET, PEMBROKE

Telephone 2760

Always a Comprehensive Selection of Wines and Spirits in Stock

J. WALTER EVANS, M.P.S.

PHARMACEUTICAL CHEMIST

29 DIMOND STREET, PEMBROKE DOCK

Tel : PEMBROKE 2960

Sole Agent for Dorothy Gray, Tweed, Worth, Norman Hartnell and
Houbigant Preparations

S. R. TAYLOR & SONS

Established for a Century

General Ironmongery, Tools, Paints, China, Glassware
and Garden Equipment

Drapery and Soft Furnishings

DIMOND ST. & MEYRICK ST., PEMBROKE DOCK

DAVIES & SON

GENT'S & BOYS' OUTFITTERS

37 DIMOND STREET, PEMBROKE DOCK

Phone : PEMBROKE 2077

STOCKISTS OF SCHOOL UNIFORM

We cordially invite you to pay us a visit

MARK CLARKE

DIMOND GARAGE, PEMBROKE DOCK

Tel. : PEMBROKE 2605

Agent for Humber, Hillman, Sunbeam, Commer. Also other makes

ALWAYS GUARANTEED USED CARS IN STOCK

Self Drive Hire, £2/10/0 24 hours including Insurance (No mileage charge)

PRINTED BY
H. G. WALTERS (PUBLISHERS) LTD.
NARBERTH