

### *Editorial*

THE weather has been the major "talking-point", as Americans call it, this term. Comments in the staff-room have varied from animated discussion on whether the Hydrogen Bomb and other experiments with atomic weapons are responsible for the inordinate rainfall to a sad and despairing shake of the head, perhaps the most eloquent statement of all. Though we have not been subject to any of the devastation experienced in other areas we have seen some unusual sights. Cowbridge main road was flooded in the vicinity of the Police Station; Old Hall lawn became a lake for several hours one day, and the cellars of the old school had to be pumped out on more than one occasion. It is during such weather as this that we fully realise the deficiencies of our school buildings. On a pleasant day it is a real treat, if a time-wasting one, to walk from, say, VA classroom to VM, but in the pouring rain it causes atrocious wear and tear on the temper. The surprising thing is that it has not caused more illness. True, we had a 'flu epidemic in September, but so did many other schools, and far worse than ours. These Cowbridge boys are tough! When, if ever, are we going to have a new school built? We hear of magnificent edifices going up, but they seem mainly to be primary, junior or secondary modern schools. We have to be content with additions and the natural amenities of the neighbourhood, and however delightful the situation of the Grammar School a situation is hardly educational in itself, save perhaps to Geographers.

If a new and convenient school is impossible owing to that old enemy, capital expenditure, perhaps a benign County Authority might consider the following alternatives to benefit a race of masters and boys who in a century or so may well develop webbed feet out of sheer self-defence: a covered way, subterranean or other, stretching from Old Hall to the new buildings (if not subterranean a quick dash across the main road would be the only thing required); provision of umbrellas, oilskins, goloshes, wellington boots, frogmen's apparatus, etc., etc., as desired by those who have to make the long wade.

The above paragraph may appear unduly facetious, but the difficulties of education in our old-fashioned School buildings have been underlined this term and we would like to feel that the appropriate authority is completely conscious of them. Floods outside and poor lighting and excessive or inefficient heating within do not make for the best teaching or the best learning.

Speaking of floods reminds me that I have not received a flood of contributions from Old Boys in response to my appeal in last term's BOVIAN editorial. Nor have I received even a trickle; in fact, not one. But perhaps it is too early to expect results; or do Old Boys read only

## MUSHROOM PICKING

I set out early one morning last summer, accompanied by my friend Alan, to gather that most delicious fruit (if one can call them fruit)—mushrooms. The cold, early morning breeze stung our faces as we cycled the two hard miles to our destination—a public field (we hoped!)

Arriving at our destination and panting hard from our exertions, we dismounted and propped our gallant steeds against the hedge separating the field from the roadside. After getting our breath back, we hopped (or rather climbed) over the old five-bar gate and gazed around eagerly as if expecting to see the mushrooms sprouting up about our feet. At last we decided to make a move and began the hunt. After half-an-hour's tramping up and down the small field about ten times, we gave up the fruitless search. As we were returning to the road, Alan turned to me: "Let's see what is the other side of that gate," he exclaimed, pointing towards a small gate set in the hedge at the far corner of the field.

I agreed, and we hastened across the dew-covered grass towards our objective. Alan, arriving there first, whistled in surprise and shouted over his shoulder to me: "Come and have a look at *this*!" I dashed up and peered over the gate curiously, and then almost fell over in surprise; for *this* was a field entirely covered in snow-white mushrooms from end to end!

Without a word to each other, we both clambered over the gate and began filling our bags with the delicacies. "This is *really* a mushroom hunter's paradise," I thought. Suddenly an angry bellow broke the silence. I glanced up from my task to see a red-faced farmer shouting angrily and waving a wicked-looking stick at us from the other end of the large field.

Then there was panic! And as quickly as our legs could carry us we were over the gate, across the field, over the other gate, on our bikes and pedalling furiously down the road away from the enemy territory. (We had dropped our mushrooms.)

We learned later that the field we had been picking mushrooms in was a private field in which cultivated mushrooms were grown! No more mushrooming for us!

A. G. D. (REM. A.)



### **General Sir William Nott, G.C.B.**

On December 24th, 1954, an article headed "Sir William Nott, G.C.B.—a Forgotten General", appeared in the "Carmarthen Journal". This article was written by Mr. Ralph Nott, of Hendon, a great-grandson of General Nott, and he had been prompted to write it by finding among some family papers, a letter from Sir Robert

Peel. This stated that he had been commanded by H. M. Queen Victoria to contribute two hundred guineas towards a monument in honour of Sir William Nott. The point of greatest interest to readers of THE BOVIAN is that the article states that Sir William Nott was educated at Cowbridge Grammar School. He must therefore be included amongst the many famous Old Boys which the School has produced. We thank the Editor of the "Carmarthen Journal" for permission to give the following account of General Nott's career, based on the article.

William Nott was born on January 20th, 1782, and was the second son of Charles Nott, a well-known agriculturist, who in 1795 was invited to take an extensive farm near Neath by Sir William Marlsworth, of Gnoll Castle.

He first attended a little school at Neath, and afterwards went to Cowbridge Grammar School.

In 1798, as a boy of fifteen, he joined a volunteer corps formed in Carmarthen to repel the attack of fourteen hundred Frenchmen, who had landed at Fishguard. He often laughingly told the tale of his first bloodless campaign, which determined his future career.

He then obtained a Bengal Cadetship, and embarked on the "Kent", East Indiaman, in 1800. The "Kent" sailed in Company with the "Queen" and both vessels were driven by tempestuous weather upon the coast of South America, where they were detained for some weeks at St. Jago. Whilst there, the "Queen" took fire, and her passengers were transferred to the "Kent". On entering the Bay of Bengal, the "Kent" was captured by a French Privateer, and Nott, whilst fighting gallantly, received a severe wound from a boarding pike. The Captain of the French Privateer transferred all the prisoners to an Arab vessel, in which they made their way to Calcutta. Nott often described the miseries endured on board the Arab vessel as the most fearful that it had ever been his lot to witness. The vessel was grossly overcrowded and the ration of water was half a wine glass.

On arrival, he was posted to the Bengal European Regiment, at Berhampore. In 1804 Lieutenant Nott was selected to command a detachment of volunteers forming part of an expedition against the tribes on the west coast of Sumatra. For his conduct, he was "Mentioned in Despatches" by his commanding Officer, Captain Hayes. On his return, he was invited to a Ball at Government House by the Marquis Wellesley, the Governor-General of India, who sent an Aide-de-Camp to convey his wish that he should attend.

In 1805 Nott married at Calcutta, Letitia, daughter of Henry Swinhoe. Fourteen children were born of this marriage, but not more than seven reached maturity, and only five survived him. Two of his sons, Charles and William, went to Eton, and then on to Trinity College, Cambridge.

In 1811 Nott became "Superintendent of Native Pensions and Paymaster of Family Pensions". In June, 1814, Nott was promoted Captain Lieutenant and in December, Regimental Captain.

In 1822 Captain Nott sailed with his wife and three daughters for England. Nott resided till 1825 at Job's Well, Carmarthen. He then lost £30,000 through the failure of a Calcutta Bank, and so had to return to India, where he soon became Lieutenant Colonel, with a reputation for efficiency. In 1838 he lost his wife suddenly and in 1839 he was given command of the 2nd Division of the Army in Scinde but was superseded by Major General Willshire, a Queen's Officer, and left in charge of troops at Quetta. On October 9th, 1839, Nott was ordered to march with half his Brigade to Kandahar, which he reached on November 13th. He held Kandahar in an iron grip for three years, marching out on August 8th, 1842, to recapture Kabul.

During the latter part of this period there occurred the tragedy of Kabul and General Elphinstone's disastrous retreat, with the destruction of his army, only one survivor, Dr. Brydon, reaching Jellalabad.

It is interesting to note that in 1926, Mr. Ralph Nott met Dr. Brydon's daughter, Mrs. Ellis, at Levanto in Italy. She was born during the Mutiny and actually had Dr. Brydon's cummerbund, slashed by Afghan swords, in her possession.

During Nott's occupation of Kandahar, there were several victorious actions against the Afghans. Towards the end of March, 1842, he awaited stores and reinforcements to reach him, but General England's Brigade was defeated at the first attempt. However, the relieving Brigade finally succeeded in crossing the Lora river, and reaching Nott's army.

On September 17th, 1842, Nott reached Kabul and on October 12th, the armies marched from Kabul with Nott's Kandahar Division in the post of honour in the rear, by order of General Ellenborough.

On December 23rd, Nott's army reached the banks of the Sutlej, and was received by Lord Ellenborough. He recognised that the prowess of the Army in Afghanistan through many vicissitudes was due to the sterling qualities of their General. As a reward, he appointed General Nott to the exalted office of President of Lucknow, and Envoy to the King of Oude. He was invested with the G.C.B. in the Palace of the Fort at Agra.

In June, 1843, he married Miss Dore, daughter of Captain Dore, of the Buffs. Soon afterwards the many privations suffered by him, on his many campaigns, caused his health to fail, and he had to leave India for England. He reached Falmouth in the summer of 1844, and proceeded to London by train, a mode of travelling new to him, and full of interest.

In London he took a house in Baker Street. He was invited to Apsley House by the Duke of Wellington and commanded by Her Majesty to Windsor, but his health prevented him accepting these honours. On September 9th he reached Neath, the scene of his boyhood. In December 1844, the City of London resolved that the Freedom of the City and a silver cup be presented to him. As winter approached his health became worse, and he died on January 1st, 1845. He was buried at St. Peters Church, Carmarthen. A full-length portrait by Brigstocke is in the Guildhall, Carmarthen, and two others, by the same artist, are in the Oriental Club and the Town Hall, Calcutta.

The statue of General Nott, in Carmarthen, is made in bronze from guns captured at the Battle of Maharajpore, and presented by the East India Company.

It is to be hoped that past and present members of Cowbridge Grammar School, when passing through the Ancient Borough of Carmarthen, will pause awhile in Nott Square, where the statue stands and reflect upon the life and exploits of a distinguished "Old Bovian".

J.D.O.



### School Notes

The following new prefects were appointed at the beginning of term: G. B. Evans, mi., T. J. Evans, xvii, E. P. McNulty, I. H. D. Penpraze. Congratulations to them!

Half-term took place on February 21st and 22nd and the School was also granted a half-holiday on St. David's Day.

The torrential rain of last term was succeeded in this by frost, snow and biting winds. All have now, however, given way to bright, dry weather, which we hope will persist, especially those taking part in the Steeplechase, which takes place on March 30th.

The School Plays will have been performed by the time the magazine is in print. They take place on March 23rd, 24th and 25th.

On March 28th a party, mainly of Sixth Formers, from the Grammar School will join forces with a party from the High School in a visit to the Arts Council's production of "Hamlet" at the Town Hall, Maesteg.

Speech Day has been shifted to the Summer Term and will take place on May 11th, when the Guest Speaker will be Major C. G. Traherne, Lord Lieutenant of the County of Glamorgan.

We should like to thank Edward Stephens (47-52) for a print of Old Cowbridge which he has kindly presented to the School, and which now hangs in the Library.

Calendar: Term ends 1st April.  
Next term begins 19th April.  
Half-term 30th-31st May.  
Summer Term ends 15th July.  
Autumn term begins 6th September.



### **Staff Notes**

We are glad to welcome to our midst Mr. W. D. Oliver, of Porthleven, Cornwall, who is a student from the Cardiff College of Physical Education. We hope Mr. Oliver is finding his stay with us enjoyable and profitable. It is interesting to know that Mr. Oliver was a contemporary at Shoreditch College of our International Cap, Garfield Owen.

Mr. Cobb was again well to the fore in the most recent Town Play, "Queen Elizabeth Slept Here". "Uncle Stanley" was obviously one of the happiest parts he has been cast in and he did full justice to it. The Town Dramatic Society must hope, as the Grammar School does, that Mr. Cobb will be with them a long time.

The lobby adjoining the Staff Room is being converted into an additional room for the masters. Increases in staff in recent years and the presence of students for considerable periods necessitated the finding of more room.



### **Old Boys' Dinner**

This was held at The Duke Hotel, Cowbridge, on December 18th, 1954. Last year's number was 98. This year it was hoped to top the century. This was done—103 Old Boys being present, an all-time record for the function. Many boys came considerable distances, those in the Services travelling from Devonport, Portsmouth and Salisbury Plain. Three members of Herapath family—G. R., Godfrey and Latimer, coming from Reading, Bristol and Sutton Coldfield respectively. In addition others came from various parts of Glamorgan and South Wales generally. All generations were represented from 1895 onwards and there were many more than usual of those who were in school in the '20s and early '30s of this century. Also it was pleasing to observe a number of Old Boys who were in school last year and the years immediately preceding it. The two distinguished guests invited to the function were Major Tasker Watkins, V.C., and Mr. Wilfred Wooller.

After dinner, the Chairman, Mr. Arthur Gwyn, called upon Major Tasker Watkins, V.C., to propose the toast to the School, and

he began his speech by mentioning something of the early history of the Ancient Borough from Roman times through the Middle Ages, and the foundation of the School in the Borough in 1608. He mentioned the many distinguished men turned out from the School through out the centuries and then turned to the connection between the School and Jesus College, Oxford. He called this "control by remote and somewhat uninterested dons" and said he considered it a great pity that they had not seen fit to enlarge upon the plans of our founder and make Cowbridge School a great Welsh Public School in the real sense of the word. There was room in Wales for more public schools and one would certainly have flourished in this ideal spot in the Vale of Glamorgan. As it was the dons relinquished the greater part of their control in 1919 but the school still retained a character and tradition which made it different from other schools in the county. He concluded by wishing the School continued success in work and sport.

The reply to this toast was given by Mr. J. I. Rees, the Headmaster, who thanked the Speaker for his references to the School, more especially in the modern era. He said that he found it somewhat difficult to reply to this toast year after year because he felt sure that he was bound to repeat himself. He said that next year he would delegate the high honour to Mr. J. D. Owen, who had deputised for him during the war. As it was he apologised for any repetition of previous speeches he might make. He went on to mention successes of the School during the past year—the Open Scholarship at Balliol College, Oxford, of Grassby, and the State Scholarship of Michael Vaughan. He mentioned the success of Haydn Davies in playing for the Welsh Schoolboys in Rugger and being made Captain of the Welsh Schoolboys Cricket XI. He deplored the alteration of the "Catchment Area" for day boys from the whole of the County to a very restricted local area, and said it was bound to have an adverse effect on the quality of the day boys entering the School. He mentioned his pleasure at seeing Old Boys coming to the Dinner from such distances, viz., the Herapaths, and those from the Services. He went on to say how pleased he was at the success of Garfield Owen and Brian Sparkes playing for Newport and Neath respectively, and his hope that they would be duly "capped" for Wales this season. He thanked the guests and Old Boys for making the effort to come to the Dinner and concluded by saying that the best proof of the success of the School was the presence there of such a record number of Old Bovians representing so many generations from 1895 onwards. Mr. Rees then said something of the visit of Lt.-Col. Steel from Canada and concluded by wishing all the Old Boys the best of fortune in the future.

The toast of the "Old Boys' Association" was given by Mr.

Wilfred Wooller, the well-known Welsh ex-International Rugby player, Glamorgan County Cricket Captain and Press Critic, who expressed his pleasure at being present because of his high regard for the Headmaster, his old companion on the Rugby field. A special debt was owing to Mr. Rees because of the way he saved the game for Wales in the closing minutes of the match against New Zealand in 1935. He referred to the connection of Cowbridge School with the early days of Rugby football in Wales. He described the visit of the Cardiff team to Cowbridge in 1874. They travelled by horse-brake and on their return journey, crashed into the turnpike gates at Ely! He said that the first Welsh Rugby team to play England contained two old Cowbridge boys in the persons of Summers and E. Treharne. The reserve was Mr. Arthur Evans who is still living in Cowbridge. Coming to modern times, he referred to the success of Old Boys in Welsh Rugby; Garfield Owen of Newport, B. Sparkes and Maddocks at Neath, and five Old Boys with the Glamorgan Wanderers' team. He then went on to talk about cricket and entertained the company with reminiscences and anecdotes of the cricket field. He concluded by expressing a wish that Old Boys would continue to win distinction at work and sport.

A reply to this toast was given by the Rev. Alun Davies, M.A., who said that he always imagined that the reply to this toast was given by venerable Old Bovians with beards, such as Archdeacons. He was sorry to observe that he was the only one in "the round collar" of the Church. His chief memory of the School as a boy was the youth of the Headmaster. But it was evident it went on from strength to strength. It would have been so easy for it to become an ordinary school, a "Pontfaen Grammar School", but in spite of difficulties it retained its distinctive character. He gave some account of distinctions won by Old Bovians in various fields, especially in recent years.

Then Mr. R. Bird rose to make an announcement concerning the formation of an Old Boys' Golfing Association. He asked for the names of those who were interested, and stated that it was hoped to hold several competitions during the course of the Spring and Summer.

Finally, a wish was expressed that Mr. J. D. Owen should say a few words. Mr. Owen said that he had not anticipated this honour but, that he was nevertheless pleased to have this opportunity of expressing his gratification at the presence of so many old boys. He was particularly glad to see so many who were in school during his early years there. He mentioned these by name and gave some reminiscences of those early days when life at the School had to be carried on through difficulties not encountered by the modern generation. He thanked the Old Boys for coming from such distances and enabling the numbers to top the century for the first time. He concluded by saying that since he had to speak at the next Dinner he would keep any further remarks until then. He looked forward to seeing them all at the next Dinner in a year's time.

This ended a most successful Re-Union Dinner, which demonstrated by the numbers present, and the enthusiasm of the Old Boys, their great pleasure at meeting again the companions of their school days.

J. D. O.

We were delighted to receive the following piece of verse from Mr. J. F. G. Bishop, who was at the Grammar School from 1920 to 1922.

In 1921 I learned from "Limen" (Does to start 'em!)  
"Amo, Amas, Amat", and thence to "Tuli, Latum"

I cannot say 'twas all with greatest ease  
I cannot say my "Prep." did always please  
And now instead of "Prep." I have my "Tele"  
But nothing makes me laugh as did "Dux Belli".

In 1953 I learned from Pupil—how belated!  
There was an Old Boys' "Club" long since created  
I never heard how old was its existence  
But I could join by paying three and sixpence  
'Tis cheap indeed, thought I, with exclamation jovian  
To read the news in pages of "THE BOVIAN."

In 1954 I learned from someone—always incog.  
(I think he must delight to leave me in fog)  
That now is overdue a year's subscription,  
But why not give a passing fair description,  
By name, of him who treasures cash. By heck!  
A Budget secret's not so closely guarded as your Sec.

The Old Boys' pages in illustrious Mag.  
Describe events when once they're "In the Bag",  
I mean I'd like to know the jaded sinner  
Who's so o'erworked he can't announce the Dinner  
To "New" Old Boys—until it's far too late

For them to even contem—ruddy—plate  
A visit to the "Wellington" or "Bear"  
With suit all nicely brushed and parted hair!  
It surely cannot be that new ones bore 'em  
Or that existing diners form a quorum.

Whate'er the cause some notice would be pleasant  
And give the "far-flung" ones a chance of being present  
Just one last word from me who make this plea  
Be not alarmed at thought of seeing me  
For distance, time, or even cash to spare  
Might counteract my wish to join you there.

In response to his cry from the heart we append the name and address of the Old Boys' Secretary:—

MR. GLYN WILLIAMS  
37, Fairfield Road, Bridgend.

### ARTHUR W. GWYN, Esq.

It is with deep sorrow that we record the death on 11th October at his home, Trefelin, Cowbridge, of Arthur William Gwyn, President of the Old Boys' Association and a governor of the School.

His association with the School was one of exceptionally long and devoted service to its welfare in all the various capacities in which he was called upon to act on its behalf. Born in Cowbridge in 1890, the son of another Old Boy and Clerk to the Governors, W. T. Gwyn, Esq. (enrolled on the School register in 1868), he entered the School in 1899. He spent six years here, during which he became a leader in the School's corporate life, playing both football and cricket for the First teams.

He was enrolled as a solicitor in 1913, but his legal career was interrupted by four years of distinguished service in the First World War. He was among the first to volunteer for service with the Cardiff Battalion of the Welch Regiment, in which he was commissioned in 1914; he was wounded and suffered shell-shock at Mametz Wood in 1916.

Soon after demobilization he entered his father's legal practice in Cowbridge, and from then on was able to take up once more his very keen interest in the School. He was largely responsible for instilling fresh life into the Old Boys' Association and, in 1930, succeeded his father not only as Town Clerk, but also as Clerk to the School Governors, a post he held until 1951.

It was a source of great general satisfaction and pleasure, when on relinquishing the Clerkships, he accepted the invitation to serve on the School Governors. His affection for the School and boys, his loyalty to its traditions, his intimate knowledge of its history, past and recent, his long experience of its administration made him an invaluable counsellor; first and last, he had only one thought—the welfare of the School, its boys and its staff. If ever one were faced with a private difficulty, it was always a comfort to know one could always turn to him for friendly and wise advice.

In Arthur Gwyn, the Old Boys' Association has lost a most lovable President, an office he so well deserved, but one which his natural modesty would have preferred to set aside.

We are indebted to him not only for himself and for all his generous services, but also for the privilege of educating and knowing his brilliant son, John, whose most promising career was so sadly cut short in action in Italy in December, 1943.

The School is proud to reckon him among its Old Boys, for, apart from his many endearing qualities, few schools can boast of a more faithful Old Boy. His loyal devotion, his sympathetic understanding and his sense of fun endeared him to all who were privileged to be closely acquainted with him. The name and family of Gwyn will ever hold a prominent and proud place in the annals of the School.

We offer his widow and family our deepest sympathy for their great loss.

The Remembrance Service was held on Friday, November 11th. The service was conducted by Rev. E. O. T. Lewis, assisted by his curate, Rev. R. L. Cole. The *Dux Scholae* read the lesson and laid the wreath on the memorial window, after which the Headmaster read aloud the names of those who died in the two wars.

During the summer holidays a party of boys under the leadership of Mr. I. D. Davies and Mr. P. G. Cobb, visited Switzerland. An account of the trip appears in this issue of *The Bovian*.

Mr. Harris will be taking a party of boys to Italy in the Summer holidays.

The football XV have so far had their best season for years. At the time of writing—the end of November—only one match has been lost, and one drawn. Congratulations to them.

House Plays will be performed at the end of term. The School Play has been selected and will be produced in the Town Hall at the end of next term. It will be "The Government Inspector", translated from the Russian of Gogol.

On November 23rd the Cardiff University Trio once again entertained the senior boys. They were accompanied by a baritone singer and gave a most varied and enjoyable concert.

Half-term was favoured with good weather. It extended from after school on Thursday, October 27th to 9 a.m. on Thursday, November 3rd.

Calendar: Next term begins January 10th.  
Half term February 13th - 14th.  
Next term ends March 23rd.  
Summer term begins April 10th.  
Half term May 21st - 22nd.  
Summer term ends July 13th.



### Staff Notes

It is with great regret that we bid farewell to Mr. A. J. Trotman, who has decided to seek his fortunes abroad. Mr. Trotman will be taking up the position of Physics and Mathematics Master at Prempeh College, Kumasi, Gold Coast, in the New Year, and our very best wishes go with him.

Mr. Trotman is, of course, an Old Boy of the School, which he attended from 1939-1946. He became a School Prefect, and his proficiency in Rugby Football, particularly as a hooker, will be remembered by those who knew him. He was later capped for the Welsh Universities and Berkshire.

From 1949-51, Mr. Trotman was serving in R.E.M.E., in which force he rose to the rank of Sergeant. In 1951 he was appointed Junior Physics Master at Cowbridge Grammar School.

Mr. Trotman's successor has been appointed: he is Mr. K. J.

Helyar. We shall be able to give more information about him in next term's "BOVIAN".

Messrs. M. B. Edwards and P. G. Cobb have again been prominent in the Town Play, Mr. Edwards as producer and Mr. Cobb as actor.

Three students have begun their school practice with us this term. They are Mr. D. A. Hopkins, B.A., B.D., Mr. D. B. James, B.A., and Mr. R. M. Humphrey.

Mr. Hopkins is an Old Boy of the Grammar School. He gained his B.A. at University College, Cardiff, and his B.D. at Aberystwyth, where he was Vice-President of the Students' Union. For three years he was a Presbyterian Minister at Taffs Well.

Mr. D. B. James is a B.A. of University College, Cardiff, gaining a second class (Div. II.) in Latin. Mr. James was educated at Haverfordwest Grammar School. He did well at Rugby Football and was a member of the 1st XV at his college.

Mr. Humphreys has come to study the teaching of P.T. He is one of a series of students who have come to us from the Heath College of Physical Training, Cardiff.

We hope that all three visitors will enjoy a happy and instructive time while they are with us.

Mr. A. G. Reed, the former Senior Mathematics Master, was in Cowbridge at half-term, though the holiday prevented him from seeing most of his previous associates.

It is now possible to sit by the fire in the new Staff Room, though not all the furniture has arrived yet. A vast array of cupboards intended for use in it was unloaded by perspiring Fifth Formers some time ago but is still, as these words are being written, lined up in the passage outside waiting to be taken away again.



### House Notes

DUREL

Housemaster: Mr. T. S. Evans. House Captain: J. E. Davies.

Vice-Captain: K. S. Ladd. Junior House Captain W. D. Jenkins.

House Secretary: R. C. Williams

The House did very well in the School Sports, losing second place very narrowly to Stradling. The combination of Senior and Junior efforts to achieve this is to be commended indeed.

The Senior House Cricket team did not do particularly well, losing to Leoline and Stradling, and beating Seys. The Junior House team did better, winning two matches and losing one.

This term the Seniors, captained by Jack Davies, the W.S.S.R.U.

### *School and Staff Notes*

The outstanding event of this term has been the arrival of Mr. K. J. Helyar, to take the place of Mr. A. J. Trotman, who left for the Gold Coast towards the end of February.

Mr. K. J. Helyar was educated at Pontypridd County Grammar School from 1942-48 and at Swansea University College from 1948-52. He graduated at Swansea in Honours Physics.

Though brought up on Rugby Football he played Association Football at the University, keeping goal in the 1st and 2nd XIs.

From 1952-54 Mr. Helyar did his National Service, acting as Technical Instructor in Radio. To show his versatility in sport he played Rugby for his station.

From 1954-55 Mr. Helyar taught Physics and Mathematics at East Barnet Grammar School, Herts.

We are very glad to welcome him to Cowbridge and consider ourselves lucky to obtain so good a replacement for Mr. Trotman, science masters being so hard to come by in these days. We hope he will be a long time with us and that his stay will be a happy one.

The Biology Laboratory is making steady progress, and in the assurance of its completion by the beginning of September, the post of Biology Master has been advertised.

The Steeplechase will be held on Monday, March 12th.

Rehearsals of the School Play are reaching their climax. "The Government Inspector" will be produced on March 20th-22nd in the Town Hall.

Speech Day will take place on Wednesday, May 2nd, when the guest speaker will be Mr. Wynne Ll. Lloyd, Chief H.M.I. for Wales.

Two days were given for half-term: February 13th-14th. The usual St. David's Day half-holiday took place as well.

Calendar: Next term begins April 10th.

Half-term: May 21st-22nd.

Summer term ends: July 13th.



### *Editorial*

THE weather has been the major "talking-point", as Americans call it, this term. Comments in the staff-room have varied from animated discussion on whether the Hydrogen Bomb and other experiments with atomic weapons are responsible for the inordinate rainfall to a sad and despairing shake of the head, perhaps the most eloquent statement of all. Though we have not been subject to any of the devastation experienced in other areas we have seen some unusual sights. Cowbridge main road was flooded in the vicinity of the Police Station; Old Hall lawn became a lake for several hours one day, and the cellars of the old school had to be pumped out on more than one occasion. It is during such weather as this that we fully realise the deficiencies of our school buildings. On a pleasant day it is a real treat, if a time-wasting one, to walk from, say, VA classroom to VM, but in the pouring rain it causes atrocious wear and tear on the temper. The surprising thing is that it has not caused more illness. True, we had a 'flu epidemic in September, but so did many other schools, and far worse than ours. These Cowbridge boys are tough! When, if ever, are we going to have a new school built? We hear of magnificent edifices going up, but they seem mainly to be primary, junior or secondary modern schools. We have to be content with additions and the natural amenities of the neighbourhood, and however delightful the situation of the Grammar School a situation is hardly educational in itself, save perhaps to Geographers.

If a new and convenient school is impossible owing to that old enemy, capital expenditure, perhaps a benign County Authority might consider the following alternatives to benefit a race of masters and boys who in a century or so may well develop webbed feet out of sheer self-defence: a covered way, subterranean or other, stretching from Old Hall to the new buildings (if not subterranean a quick dash across the main road would be the only thing required); provision of umbrellas, oilskins, goloshes, wellington boots, frogmen's apparatus, etc., etc., as desired by those who have to make the long wade.

The above paragraph may appear unduly facetious, but the difficulties of education in our old-fashioned School buildings have been underlined this term and we would like to feel that the appropriate authority is completely conscious of them. Floods outside and poor lighting and excessive or inefficient heating within do not make for the best teaching or the best learning.

Speaking of floods reminds me that I have not received a flood of contributions from Old Boys in response to my appeal in last term's BOVIAN editorial. Nor have I received even a trickle; in fact, not one. But perhaps it is too early to expect results; or do Old Boys read only

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Hunger was now calling to him, so he set his little heart on getting away from that barren place. He tried to climb up the remaining few feet of the rocks, but the lichens and tangled sea-drift roots made him stumble, and he fell back. Then he uttered a despairing cry. His mother heard it, ceased tearing up the last fragments of the codfish, and took a large morsel up in her beak. "I shall give you this tasty piece if you begin to fly." But it was no good, the poor little gull had lost his nerve completely.

It was now drawing late and the mother gull glided up to a few feet from the cliff edge. Her young one, on seeing this, stretched out his neck for the food, but she withdrew from his vain reach. This continued for a long time, and, finally, he could stand this suspense no longer. He leaped out towards it. He managed to grab the meat, but then he noticed that he was falling. A queer feeling ran through him, when, suddenly, his headlong flight stopped, and he was gently drifting downwards. Looking up, he saw his wings, gracefully holding him up, as the wind drifted over them. The baby gull squawked with delight, and flapped his wings delightedly. Then he found he could go sideways, forwards, and wherever he liked.

Far above, his brothers and sisters swooped down to the water. But now, the gull was feeling tired, for he was very hungry. He had no strength to rise, so he flopped exhaustedly on to the water. Instead of sinking as he had always imagined, he floated like a piece of wood. Then his friends, brothers, and all his family were around him, praising him, screaming their delight, and passing him fish and big lumps of meat. Soon he left the water, to explore this new aerial world.

So the baby sea-gull had made his first flight.

P. G. C. (1Va)



### LUGANO AND VENICE, 1956.

It is always a relief, on School trips abroad, when one has at last arrived at Bâle, to stagger out of the tired train and pass through the little corridor to the station where it says "Welcome to Switzerland." The worst part of the journey is over, and one will no longer, for the time being, have to answer at five minute intervals the question, "Sir, what time do we reach Bâle?" Here we are, and our first Continental breakfast of the trip is waiting for us. Soon, in a clinically clean Swiss train, we are being carried South again—two Cowbridge school parties, the girls hermetically sealed in their carriage, the boys as usual passing up and down the train making remarks in lunatic French. "Ah, les Anglais," says a native equably, as a boy asks him, "Parlez-vous francais?" as though it were a question expecting the

answer, "No." In the smokers there is the nice foreign smell of cigar smoke; at the stations the trains must wait, before starting, for the protracted pantomime to be enacted—the dings and the dongs on those things like gargantuan bicycle bells on the platform; in the distance are some Alps. The train swings and grinds and climbs through the spiral tunnels, up and up to the St. Gotthard Tunnel—and then, nine miles on, shoots out into blazing Mediterranean sunshine. We are in Ticino, Italian Switzerland. Lugano Station—and we get out; the High School party goes on.

We are met by one of those opulent buses that meet trains in Switzerland. It is wide and shiny and all perspex, and easily absorbs us. Our stopping place is a kind of holiday camp several miles off, at Agnuzzo on the shore of Lake Lugano. The proprietor, a leonine man looking like a cross between Lloyd George and Paderewski, shakes hands warmly with Duncan Marsden, whom he apparently takes to be master in charge. Then Mr. Harris is introduced, and we move into our quarters.

These are a sort of wooden dormitory, near the edge of the lake. The surroundings are idyllic, in fact, and one is lulled to sleep by the almost musical croaking of a company of truly Aristophanic frogs in the reeds close by. Then, the chances are, one is woken up again by a heated argument, in French, between Gordon Mandry and Patrick Coleman; stung severely by a task-force of mosquitoes; and then disturbed by the noisy antics of a group of Swedes who are apparently demonstrating against the camp rule of "Everyone in by 10 p.m." Very extrovert lot, the Swedes. But we are all happy, Switzerland is a lovely country, and it is hard to believe that only a week ago we were in school.

We visited Lugano, of course—feeling perhaps slightly out of place in this resort of millionaires, where a cup of tea, if you are foolish enough to ask for one in one of the more fancy restaurants, can cost you anything up to five shillings. We had a bus trip to Locarno, a pretty place on the shore of Lake Maggiore, and another to Bellagio, a place beyond the Italian frontier. But the most memorable outing from Agnuzzo was our pilgrimage to the summit of Monte Generoso. Now Monte Generoso is an eminence on the far side of Lake Lugano: you cross the lake, either by boat or train (there is a causeway carrying the line—ever seen the picture of it on a Swiss stamp?), and ascend the mountain by a funicular. From the top you get, so they told us, the finest view in Europe. You see the Apennines, summits old in story; the Swiss Alps, the French Alps, the Dolomites—the lot. We embarked, disembarked, climbed on the funicular, loudly disturbed the peace when someone read out (from an English newspaper, days old) that England had won the Test Match—and started up the mountain. At this point the English summer, which we thought to have escaped,

one counted the crazy-looking goats that wander on the summit and eat everything from ice-cream to camera satchels.

The odd thing was that this outing was a howling success. Everyone was in a hilarious mood. In the funicular we sang all the way down. There was a boat waiting to leave for Lugano at the bottom, and we streamed aboard, other English passengers eyeing us apprehensively. The boat started, and the man came up to Mr. Harris for the party ticket. A heated argument, Englishman versus Foreigner, standard pattern, immediately brewed. It said on the ticket that we must return, not by boat, but by train. It was impossible that we travel on the boat. Mr. Harris, in his best Army Italian, made an eminently reasonable suggestion: why not turn the boat round and go back, and we would get off. But this suggestion was received with apoplexy. We would have to pay; and to judge from the expression of the ticket collector, the extra amount was going to be extremely large. "How was I to know that Zug meant a train?" asked Mr. Harris indignantly, *sotto voce*. At Lugano, an earnest conference was held at the office. It was no good; the game was up. Tentatively, Mr. Harris asked how much they wanted. The mountains laboured—and then ponderously and with great gravity, the president of the company said that it would be another fivepence a head all round. Not for the first time that day, Mr. Harris laughed.

It is not much use trying to describe Venice. It is unique and beautiful, and you have either seen it or you have not. If you have not, you wonder what all the fuss is about, and remember how someone's much-travelled aunt told you that the canals smell. If you have, you recall, often, the magic of this ramshackle, tumbledown, dilapidated city and the beauty that transcends the shabbiness—the beauty as of an old enchanted manuscript of vellum, tattered and frayed at the edges, written in faded but lovely characters of rose and blue. You remember the cracked and peeling paint, the clouds of pigeons, the raucous voice of the seller of fruit, the warm colour of the worn stone, the gondolas (David Jenkins called them "lagondas"), and the taps that never work. You remember the atmosphere of the only big city in Europe where nothing goes on wheels; where people either walk or go by water, as they did in the palmy days when Venice was the greatest of all the city states that Europe ever saw; a medieval Athens, almost as cultured as the ancient, quite as beautiful, and very much more powerful. And you know that, if you can, you will go back.

We did the usual places in Venice, of course—the Cathedral, the big Tower, the glass-works at Murano, the Lido, the Palace of the Doges, the Bridge of Sighs. They are better than the pictures of them

would be endless. Gordon Murray, a Scotch Colonel and a fine cafe conversation in four languages, or it may have been five, with Jan, an indefatigable Dutchman, interpreting. "Why not all the world be friends," he said, "who wants wars?" "International," said the Austrian, and smiled.

By now the boys were buying souvenirs and presents to take home. Would there be duty to pay on knives, cameras, binoculars, musical boxes, they were asking: all the usual list of things. This time there were also some interesting new lines. John McKie, for instance, had bought a guitar, rather taller than himself. Then there was a realistic brand of toy American pistol, a very slick job this, on sale in many shops—Venice's concession to the culture of the master race. Many boys bought these; the fusillades of shots (blank, fortunately) often disturbed the pigeons.

My last night in Venice was the sort of evening to be sentimental about in retrospect—the orchestra in the open air in St. Mark's Square playing the Italian Caprice; The Pizza Napolitana (this is an Italian delicacy) in a cafe, followed by a gondola ride through the quiet darkness to Santa Maria Formosa. But by noon the following day it seemed remote enough. We were on our way home.

These trans-continental express trains in Italy look very impressive with their destination boards, "Venezia—Ostende", "Roma—Stockholm", and so on, but the plain fact is that the railways of Italy are run on a cynical sort of principle. This seems to be that the trains must be too infrequent, and the carriages too few: the payload will then always be profitable, for all trains will be overcrowded. So the principle of the survival of the fittest is the passengers' answer. What is this? Reserved compartment? Rubbish. Everyone piles in, and possession is, if anything, more than nine points of the law. So when we arrived at the station, weighed down with paraphernalia, McKie's guitar and all, there was a mass of humanity already in our reserved compartments, very strongly resistant of attempts to dislodge them.

Everything in Italy resolves itself into an eloquent debate. Rhetoric is part of Italian life. Why should we, mere holiday-makers (this chap was obviously a Communist) have seats, when those to whom the country belonged had to stand in the corridors? The audience took this cry up. "Soggiorno, soggiorno," a woman kept repeating in a sombre tone: "holiday, holiday." It was the ground-bass to a whole orchestration of heated argument. Mr. Harris played his part like a hero. Somehow or other he got us into that carriage. And then, since it was Italy, and since Italians, as well as being

emotional and argumentative, are the nicest people in the world, we and our antagonists of a few moments earlier were making friends.

Something over thirty-six hours later, we reached London. The boat was late, but we sang all the way from Dover to Victoria on the train, Mr. Harris's much applauded solo being a *tour de force* that set the seal on a truly great trip. We were to spend the night in London before going on to Wales. We arrived at the hotel. The manageress, with calculated venom, abused us for having arrived on a boat which, obviously through some fault of ours, was two hours late. If we wanted breakfast, we could have it at seven-fifteen. Take it or leave it. It was now midnight. Yes, we were back in Blighty, all right.

EXPLORATOR



### A TRIP TO STRATFORD

From examinations and a hasty lunch on Friday, 29th June, we hurried to the waiting charabanc, and by one o'clock were through Cardiff and on the way to Stratford. After breaking the journey at Cheltenham, we reached the outskirts of Stratford by five-thirty, and were safely installed in the two hotels, "The Stratheden" and "The Beeches," in time for dinner, under the surveillance of Messrs. H. E. P. and Iolo Davies respectively. During the meal we were given tickets for the theatre and told to make our own way there by seven-thirty.

The evening's performance in the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre was "Hamlet" with Alan Badel taking the title role, supported by Diana Churchill, Harry Andrews and Dilys Hamlett. The play ran for four hours all but twenty minutes, so that within minutes of the switching on of the house-lights for the interval scarce a member of the party could be seen in the auditorium.

The acoustics of the auditorium were superb and any criticism of the acting would be presumptuous. The external appearance of the Theatre is unimpressive though not ugly, and compared to it, the interior is elegantly luxurious.

Upon the Saturday morning, we visited in a party, Anne Hathaway's Cottage in which we were indeed honoured to see the only wooden oven-door intact of that period in the country. Our interest in the Americans—whom we first met here—slackened, when at every building which had a faintly "quaint" appearance we were confronted with a mass of gaudily dressed "folk from the States," busily filming anything English. After leaving Anne Hathaway's Cottage and pretty garden to the Americans, we tramped back to the town centre to inspect Shakespeare's birthplace, and his daughter's house, New Place.

By this time we had befriended an American student from

"Washington State" by the name of Cliff Bovee. He lunched with us, and accepted an invitation to go with us to "Wahwick" as he called it. But for the hour of spare time after the meal, many boys took rowing boats and canoes out upon the languid waters of the Avon, while others roamed the town, or stood upon the ancient bridge crossing the river and threw taunts at the hapless seniors.

At two o'clock we climbed into the charabanc, and set off for Warwick Castle with our American friend. On the way we visited Mary Arden's Farm, where we were again shown truly the only wooden oven door intact in the country. It was indeed pretty, well kept and less overrun by visitors than the town houses, so that it retained much of its natural charm.

Thence we proceeded to Warwick and as a party went up to look at the Castle, which is still the residence of the Earl of Warwick. After waiting an interminable length of time in an ever-increasing queue within the precincts of the Castle, while our American acquaintance drawled out such remarkably apt questions as: "Say, what's gone wrong with the elevator in this oversized bughut?", we were eventually ushered into the family Chapel. Here a blind guide pointed accurately through the gloom to objects of interest.

The corridor walls were hidden by family portraits and paintings depicting ancient battles. The Music Room (once banqueting hall) with a marble floor, contained an outstanding collection of antiques: suits of armour, swords, Cromwell's death mask, an enormous cauldron said to have belonged to a hermit who lived in a cave beneath the Castle, tapestries and the famous portrait of St. Ignatius of Loyola, founder of the Society of Jesus, and many other interesting objects. Then we passed through the State Bedrooms, opulently furnished and exquisitely decorated, in each of which were many well known portraits, such as the Holbein of Henry VIII.

We were forced to hurry through the remainder of the castle and emerged once more into the daylight, "changed individuals," in the words of Cliff Bovee. After returning to Stratford in time for dinner, we were once again issued with theatre tickets and given orders similar to the previous evening.

That evening we were to see the "Merchant of Venice" with our Welsh hero, Emlyn Williams, playing the part of Shylock and Margaret Johnson, Portia. Whereas in "Hamlet" the play had been staged on one somewhat sombre set, in this comedy the number of well designed and colourful scenes was quite in contrast and gave the theatre an entirely different atmosphere. It was a memorable production for us, to say the least.

The Sunday morning was overcast yet not sullen and scarce a breath of wind ruffled the slow-moving Avon. For us the morning was

free until twelve-fifteen, free to wander around the town sightseeing for the last time, or to go to the imposing Holy Trinity Church by the river-side, or if one felt so inclined, to go on one of the many delightful walks around Stratford. A certain person went bathing while many took out boats again. But came lunch-time and then our last look at Stratford.

We piled into the charabanc, perhaps a little sorry to leave such a peaceful town, but soon we were en route for Chepstow, stopping only in the Vale of Evesham to buy some fruit. After touring the castle on the cliffs above the river at Chepstow, we were given tea in a cafe at five o'clock.

We reached Cowbridge during a storm, precisely at the forecast time of six-thirty. The majority of the party disembarked there, but a lucky few were taken through the rain to Bridgend on the charabanc's way home to Port Talbot.

Tired, after a somewhat strenuous weekend, we were not so weary as to forget how much of the good organisation of the trip, which enabled us to see as many places as we did, was owed to the planning of Mr. H. E. P. Davies. We wish to thank him deeply for this interesting visit to Stratford and look forward to a similar trip next year.

D. T. E. (VIA)



## SUMMER CAMP

After the pleasant weather of this year's Indian Summer and golden autumn, it is difficult now to realise that the summer proper was featured in all the papers at the time—as, indeed, every summer is—as the wettest, stormiest, shipwreckedest and generally most typical since records began. Quite how far back that takes us is never stated, but I should surmise that, half the time, those hardy Ancient Britons never even *saw* the sun at Stonehenge on Midsummer Day. Tacitus, in the first century A.D., is explicit. He said that Britain has a "climate filthy with rain"—and once you have said that you have said it all.

Not a good year, then, for camping. But the week in Breconshire that grew out of the "Lion" staff outing in 1954 has now gone some of the way to becoming an institution, and once again three of the original campers were there—German, Phillips, and Hawkins, while Lydon joined us again as he did last year. We welcomed Mr. Cobb also this time; unfortunately he could not stay long, but he was there to help pitch the tents (that first day was the only dry one we had) and before he left had developed an impressive skill with a felling axe. We'll make a lumberjack of him yet, next summer.

But the camp had not really started when we hit our first snag. Hawkins disappeared. He got on a train at Bridgend and did not arrive at Brecon. Quite how it all happened we never really knew, but a little of the mystery was solved next day when a very tired and hungry boy, who had slept the night in a field, trudged into camp to calm our fears. Fortunately Hawkins is one of those unshakeable chaps. It hadn't worried him a bit.

Since German is known to be a menace with an axe (or anything, for that matter) there was a proposal that when he arrived he should be forbidden the use of these and all other implements, for his own safety's sake. It was no use. Within minutes of hitting camp he had run a rusty nail right into his finger and was soon gallantly pretending (fair's fair, after all) that the iodine didn't hurt. After that, to prevent him from his usual trick of dismembering my chopping-block, I had to pretend that I was preserving it in order to take home for firewood, a device which deceived nobody. Meanwhile, Phillips nearly severed his index finger with the small axe—or so it seemed for a moment. It was not really that bad, luckily. We found a doctor, who stitched up the digit, shooting a rapid fire of questions at Phillips the while. What school? What subjects? Science—good. Everyone should take Science. History, Latin—waste of time. Snip. And the job was done. It is a good thing that Phillips does not take Classics—that doctor, I feel sure, would not have hesitated. Amputation, or nothing.

The second day we were in camp old Mr. Davies the boatman, well on in his eighties now, gave us a couple of perch that had just been caught, and I rashly said that I would cook them for supper. Have you ever tried to fillet fish, in the dark, with a bread knife? Well, you see what I mean. It isn't as if there is much of a flavour to perch, even if they are done properly. These weren't. Lydon felt sick, and by common consent the boys did no more fishing for the rest of the holiday, "because," said Lydon, "if we catch any, we may have to eat them."

Accounts of camps are usually chapters of accidents, and the axe and fish episodes were not the only troubles we had. Water seeped into the tent one night and Hawkins got soaked. Again, it was a relief that Hawkins takes things so calmly. He didn't seem to mind, and the fluke of a short period of sunshine next day enabled his blankets to be dried. The best accident of the week, though, was when Phillips, bravely riding his bike with his stitched hand and a dozen eggs, went over the handlebars, eggs and all. He wasn't damaged, but the eggs were.

Other people were having accidents, too. The day we left camp, British Railways had managed to derail a train in Brecon Station, and the situation there seemed chaotic. But the trains we wanted were

running after all: Lydon's chugged off one way, for Newport, and Phillips and Hawkins were carried round the other bend, for Neath. German and I embarked in a grossly overloaded shooting brake (chopping-block included in the contents) and we too were through with camp, with porridge in the rain, with smoking fires and flickering hurricane lamps, with hard lying and early rising—at least, until next August. Used as we are now to punishment, the chances are we'll be back for more, when the time comes.

EXPLORATOR.

### *Editorial*

WHEN it was first decided, somewhat hurriedly, to stage "1066 and All That" as the School Play for 1957 it was probably not realised what a mammoth task was being taken on. Gaily the four members of staff mostly concerned set upon casting and rehearsing, chuckling at the prospect of so-and-so in such a part and only vaguely sensing the difficulties and labour lying ahead. The last week before production, however, made very clear indeed the many and great tasks remaining to be done. The Dress Rehearsal was a nightmare, extending from 2.30 to 8.30 with a short tea-break. Another one had to be held the following day in order to provide the continuity so essential in a play of this kind. Yet in spite of everything the first night was a success. True, the third act did sag, partly because the audience did not seem to enjoy it so much and partly because of back-stage hitches, but the generous and sustained applause at the end of the play was a sure sign of how much the audience had enjoyed themselves.

It needs to be said very clearly that "1066 and All That" could not have gone on without the prodigious efforts of Miss Davies and Mr. Cobb and their loyal band of helpers. Miss Davies spent many, many hours making dresses and properties and Mr. Cobb slaved away instructing in the musical numbers. Both of them turned themselves into dance devisers and teachers, latterly with the help of Miss Marjorie Evans, of the High School, to whom our thanks are due. On top of that, they put their usual vast amount of work into the scenery and its erection. It is appropriate here to emphasize the value of the Boarding House in a project such as the play. I have no desire to belittle the achievements of the Day Boys—some of our best actors are Day Boys—but a great amount of the hard work goes on after school hours and is done by Boarders, who this year formed a strongly preponderant proportion of the actors as well.

Nor must we forget the stout work of Mr. Vaughan, our Business Manager, and his helpers and the precision lighting of Mr. Iolo Davies.

One of the features so pleasing about putting on a School Play is the co-operation shown by people not directly concerned with it. Parents respond splendidly to requests for help with costumes, the woodwork department rallies round and members of staff do not grumble—audibly at any rate—when free periods are lost owing to the commitments of their colleagues. Long-suffering folk in the town lend furniture and other things with a remarkable willingness.

Yes, it has been worth-while putting on "1066", even if we did not quite realise what "All That" entailed.





1st XV., 1956-7

C. F. GARDINER, D. B. HOLLOWAY, T. HOPKINS, J. E. DAVIES, B. W. JONES, L. K. BRACE, A. WHILEY, J. BARNARD  
R. J. GARDNER, W. R. M. JENKINS, K. DAVIES, A. L. WILDING (Capt.), M. T. WILLIAMS, W. HALL, R. T. MORGAN  
A. R. W. OWEN J. W. LYDON

Record : Played 24, Won 20, Drawn 3, Lost 1, Points for 306; Points Against 66.

## COWBRIDGE GRAMMAR SCHOOL

### Future Developments

(Contributed by County Alderman P. J. SMITH, M.B.E., J.P., D.L.,  
Chairman of the Governors)

This School has occupied a very special place in the structure of secondary education in the County. Its continuous history as a Grammar School since the Seventeenth Century easily gives it a seniority which no other County School can approach. Additionally, and alone among similar Schools, it provides places for boarders, and it is in this respect that the important developments will come.

The Education Act, 1944, required Local Education Authorities to have regard

“ . . . to the expediency of securing the provision of boarding accommodation, either in boarding schools or otherwise, for pupils for whom education as boarders is considered by their parents and by the Authority to be desirable.”

In framing their Development Plan the Glamorgan Authority had to show what provision they proposed in this field. As was to be expected, their plan, which has been accepted by the Ministry of Education, is that boarding provision for boys in the County shall be concentrated at Cowbridge. There always have been boarders at Cowbridge, but the numbers have not kept pace with the development on the day-pupil side. In 1920, the total enrolment was 86, including 45 boarders. The boarders thus outnumbered the day pupils. In 1929 the numbers had increased to 130 of whom 60 were boarders. In January this year, the school reached a total enrolment of 374, but the boarding element is stationary at 50. The approved Development Plan envisages a two form-entry of day pupils and a one form-entry of boarders. This will give a total enrolment of 540, assuming a five year ordinary level course for G.C.E. and a sixth form totalling 90, and in this case the boarders included in the total enrolment would be about 180, that is, more than three times the present figure.

Of course there are overall needs in the School, apart from boarding provision only, and much requires to be done to bring teaching accommodation to modern standards even though a substantial amount of accommodation has been provided since the War, particularly for science. Prior to the issue of the recent Ministry of Education Circular 342, the Authority envisaged a possible five-year programme during which the School could be developed in accordance with the Plan, and site reservations have been made with this in mind. Whether or not

the programme will be carried out will depend entirely on the scale of capital expenditure for the County as a whole which will be allowed by the Ministry. The Authority are hopeful that the Circular really does initiate a forward movement in educational building which will enable the Cowbridge and other important schemes to be discharged within a reasonable time.

The cost of the development at Cowbridge cannot, at the very minimum, be less than £200,000, and probably will be considerably more. This to some might seem a very large figure but is completely justified by the imperative need to provide the best facilities in schools such as Cowbridge, if our most precious asset, the brains and inventiveness of the Nation, is to be used to the full. It is clear at the present time that, proportionately, not enough is being spent on education. Certainly the impressive record of Cowbridge Grammar School over its long history of many generations gives the assurance that any extra opportunities here will be used to the full.





## *Old Boys' Contributions*

### THE 1890's

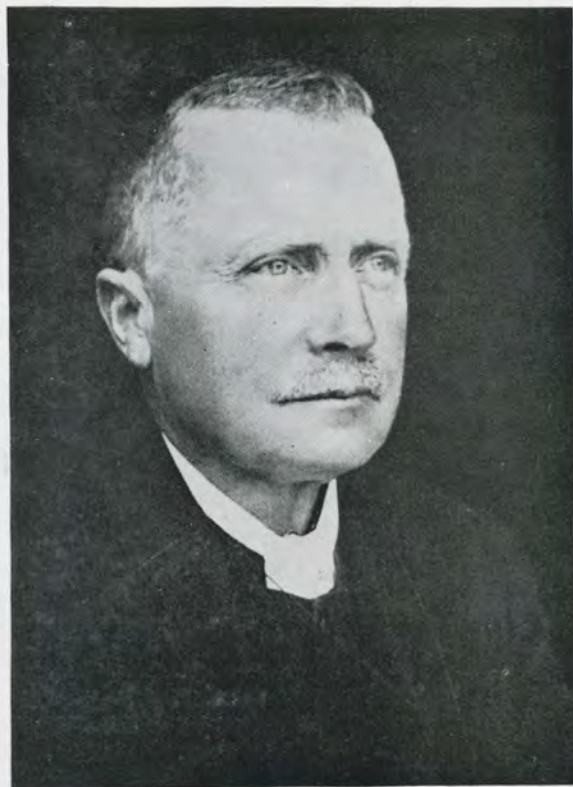
*From* W. J. CANTON, ESQ., O.B.E., D.L., LL.B.

As an old Bovian of the 1895-97 vintage I have been asked by the Editor to unburden myself of my reminiscences of the staff, scholars and activities of the School in those far-off years. A good deal of water has flowed through the River Thaw since my day and I do not pretend to recall much of interest to those of later years. The stress and turmoil of our lives since 1914 tend to obliterate memories of our schoolboy days.

The Headmaster was the Revd. W. F. Evans, M.A., a man of lovable character whom I remember with gratitude. My last contact with him was when he was raising funds for an Old Boys' Memorial in 1919 and he wrote me a charming letter while I was still an adjutant in the South Wales Borderers in Germany, with another Old Boy (Allen John) as a very efficient Education Officer.

The Assistant Masters were Mr. Jones ("Shoni" of the Rhondda), Mr. Widdows and Mr. Bolton. Hours were 7-8 a.m. school, breakfast and church 8-9 a.m., School 9-12 and 2-4, with prep. 7-9 in a vain attempt to keep us out of mischief. Compulsory sports were thrown in for good measure. We also had the late Mr. Tom Yorwerth (many times Mayor of Cowbridge) who bravely tried to teach us shorthand; and in the winter mornings from 7-8 a.m. when we were frozen solid, our efforts were like trying to shave with a hatchet.

Cowbridge was essentially a classical school and a large proportion of my fellow-scholars went on to Jesus or Lampeter, en route for the Church. Most of the others became farmers in the vale. I recall the Carnes of Nash Manor, Dunns of Llanblethran, Gwyns, Stockwoods, Moynihans, Llewellyn and Howe of Cowbridge, Fraser and Christy Jenkins of Bridgend, Trigg and Chatterton of



REV. W. FRANKLEN EVANS, M.A.  
HEADMASTER, 1890-1918.

Llantwit Major, and the Jenkins Brothers and Tom Williams from Porth. Grand fellows they were too, but a number of them went down in the 1914-1918 war.

I remember the building of the covered gymnasium and the lawns opposite the school, and the laying-out of the Town Cricket ground, presented by Mr. Ebsworth of Llandough. In those days Sam Lowe and his brother Dick, playing for Glamorgan, usually bowled the school for one and hit us for six or more; but, with Brecon and Llandovery, ours was a good school for sport and we were then the only endowed grammar schools in South Wales. I remember also the erection of the Girls' Secondary School near the East End and the first Headmistress, Miss Gladdish, whose brother was in my form.

In the long winter of 1895-96 the road from Cowbridge to Penllyne was for several weeks covered with frozen snow with a surface like marble because there was no heavy traffic. Some of us used to skate from the School to the Castle lake and back between afternoon school and evening Prep.

Boarders were well catered for on a substantial diet of roast beef and a glorious apple pie which contributed a good deal to the lusty lads who turned out on the sports field on two half-days per week and every evening. There was a useful little tuck-shop on the corner outside the South Gate of the Town. It was kept by a very old lady who, I thought, must have descended from one of the witches in Macbeth, but her jam tarts were a real luxury. I was disappointed to find some years ago that the shop had been demolished, and I wonder whether it has been replaced.

It was a privilege to attend the 350th anniversary dinner on 27th September, and the happy speeches of the Principal of Jesus and the Headmaster fully repaid the journey of 25 miles from Merthyr Tydfil, where most of my days have been spent since 1897. The only depressing feature as one looked around was the realisation that with the exception of Trigg and Allen John "all—all were gone—the old familiar faces". However, from the records and calibre of our successors it was plain to see that the standard of *Schola Boviensis* is being maintained, and I was glad to see the fine new science buildings outside the South Gate.

With a salute to past and present,

I have the honour to be

W. J. CANTON.

From W. ALLEN JOHN, ESQ.

I have before me two copied lists of form marks relating to the year 1897. Amongst the names are Aubrey, Canton, Dunn, Gladdish, Gwyn, Humphreys, Morgan, Prichard, Spencer. Thomases figure prominently, but who can place them? The roll-call went up to a duo-decimus. In duplicate or triplicate there were also Jenkins, Roberts, Stockwood, Williams.

The Headmaster was the Rev. William Franklen Evans, Who came next, Mr. D. P. Jones, or Mr. H. B. Widdows? Is there a photo-finish available to prove beyond doubt?

Junior Masters came and went like the seasons. Of four in my two years I remember Mr. West, Mr. Morley, Mr. Boyes. One of these practised on the Church organ and detained, or cajoled, boys to "blow" for him. At a Lenten Service I let out the wind before his special Concluding Voluntary. What did he say? Uh! What?

The Head's great recurring theme was that the *tone* of the School must be maintained.

I remember two Prize Days. Archdeacon F. W. Edmondson, an Old Boy, presided at one, Mr. Oliver H. Jones, J.P., of Fonmon Castle, at the other, both described as "great friends of the School".

It was at this period that the "Modern Side" of the School was inaugurated. The visible evidence is seen in the classrooms "down the corridor". Previously Chemistry and Physics were done in a room above the stable.

Early School was at 7 or 7.30 a.m., a ruse, so day boys averred, to get boarders out of bed. From it nearly all scholars went to Morning Prayer at the Parish Church (then known as St. Mary's).

Let it only be *whispered*—and in dark corners for safety—it was *Association Football* that was the School game. Some of the Bovian assessments of "Cricket Characters" and "Football Characters" could hardly have made the players blush in conceit.

The lately deceased Archdeacon C. V. Stockwood tried to teach me "Soccer", wholly without result. I offer my sincere, even affectionate, tribute to his memory.

Nobody tried to teach me cricket, so mine the greater credit that, on one occasion, I really did score—7! The umpires must have been preoccupied, admiring the contours of Llanblethian Hill maybe or the eminence of Penllyne Castle. But I was, though I say it, awfully useful at pitch-rolling, this under the persuasive and strapping direction of Vicar Bowen's elder son.

A feature of winter exercise was the Paper Chase. I remember one over Beaupre fields and across the, then, comparatively new railway embankment. Apparently no-one envisaged the Litter Act of 1958.

The present-day schoolboy is something of an enigma to the septuagenarian. Does he, with so much provided, need any encouragement? If so, let me refer back to my class lists.

In an Arithmetic Paper (October, 1897) maximum marks were 77. A. Williams, minimus, gained 77. The four at bottom had respectively, 14, 15, 10 and, *nota bene*, — 2! All Euclid papers much the same!

Another cyclostyle memento I have is a programme of a School Concert. How CLASSICAL the programme! The School Glee Party sang amongst other choruses and part songs: "So early in the morning" (7 a.m. or 7.30 a.m.?) and, be it sorrowfully admitted, "Polly wolly doodle".



#### THE 1900's

Fifty years ago, in January, 1908, I became a day boy at Cowbridge Grammar School. I did not leave until December, 1914, and the intervening six years hold many memories which are still vivid and clear.

You can make your own comparisons between school life before the first world war and as it is under modern conditions. And you can also decide for yourself which was the better.

To begin with, in 1908 there were less than sixty pupils; two in the sixth form, not many more than half a dozen in the fifth, with about 15 in the fourth. The "Modern" Form generally accounted for six or eight, whilst Form 3 was always crowded—about 20—and the first form was usually about a dozen.

The Sixth formers were treated with great reverence and respect. They occupied the Study and I well remember one of my duties—it was to take the current copy of the *Illustrated London News* to the Study round about 8 p.m. during "Prep" every Thursday night. The presiding tutor studied it for the first hour.

School hours differed in those days. During the summer 6.55/8, 8.55/11, 11.5/12, 1.55/4, 6.55/8.20. In winter time the early morning session did not start until 7.30. Wednesday afternoons and Saturday afternoons were both devoted to games: cricket of course during summer term, soccer during Christmas term and hockey during Easter term. "Colours" for soccer consisted of a most gorgeous black velvet cap with a huge red silk tassel. The cap was piped in red with the school arms above the peak. I am glad to say I still have mine although now showing signs of its age. The first formers played their cricket alongside



"Dynevor" hedge—to the left of the path from the stile. I shall never forget the joy and thrills of those games. Sunshine, long white trousers, a real score-book—wickets, pads and a hard ball—what more could life offer?

The Annual Sports were enthusiastically supported—no end of training and wonderful cups and prizes for the winners; heats on the Tuesday—all finals on the Wednesday. The steeplechase course started from Verlands field with a really formidable water ditch at the bottom of the field; then over Mount Ida, through Llanblethian, over the three fields to Constitution Hill, up the hill and over the top of "Caerex" back to the School field.

Our annual School Plays were usually from Dickens or Shakespeare.

We had a wonderful school tuck shop at the cottage by the Arch. Many coppers were spent there during the 11 o'clock break. Some delicacies at  $\frac{1}{2}$ d. and 1d. cannot be equalled to-day. Ever heard of "Rose Cream" and "Black Jacks"?

At that time our Examination Lists were beautifully printed and we were presented with the complete form order for each form and with each boy's position in Classics, English, Maths. and French. Each boy also had a separate report on every subject, initialled by the appropriate tutor. The head always assessed "Conduct". In those days the stick really hurt—from two to eight cuts across the hand. Blisters and bruises could remain for weeks.

Now for the Staff. Our Headmaster was the Revd. William Franklen Evans. No head was ever more loved and respected. David Percival Jones has a memorial window in his classroom. Ronald St. Clair Wall was a pupil before becoming a tutor. Likewise the Revd. J. Ralph Jones, Charles Mayo (English and Maths.) was followed by A. P. Daniel and Ronald C. Hadland. These covered my period at School, and three of them (Wall, Daniel and Mayo) were killed in the first war.

Of the boys, Sir Joshua Jones (who became High Commissioner in West Africa) was a sixth former in 1908. His nickname was "Boggy" and his colleague was Davies major ("Plug"). They were followed by Tom and Guy Dunn, but in 1911 this form was discontinued. Perhaps the most colourful of my contemporaries were the Deza brothers from Brazil. The Boarders certainly came from places very far afield.

Small in numbers, rich in character and fully conscious of the tradition of 300 years of continuity with Jesus College—such were the boys and staff of fifty years ago.

R. N. BIRD.

### 1913-1919

In 1913 the long Dormitory was the place for initiation as a Boarder. On going to bed the new boy was seized, dipped and made to run the gauntlet, touch the lock and many other traditional "tricks" handed down over the ages. The whole ceremony took a week, starting at bedtime and going on for an hour or so, or until someone in authority sent the Ritualists scuttling to their beds. The rites or tricks were resumed nightly until all were finished. The new boy, having passed this initiation, emerged with confidence as an accepted member of the School.

In order to decide into which class the new boy was to be placed he was given a quick test in Latin translation by the Head. I was given a passage from Caesar's "De Bello Gallico" Book II, to translate. After translation I was asked to read a passage in Latin and proceeded to do so in the modern style of the hard "c". With a bellow of anguish the Head begged me to stop and informed me that in future Latin should be pronounced in the style of the School, that of the Mediaeval Latinist—soft "c", etc. This I did and have always found it of great use in medicine.

When we were thoroughly steeped in the intricacies of Latin Syntax the Head would relate one of his favourite stories: that of the three Oxford Undergraduates who entered a tavern and, hailing a waiter, ordered a bottle of Hock—Hic Haec Hoc! The bottle was not forthcoming and the waiter being recalled explained his ineptitude with the excuse "I am sorry, Sir, but I thought you declined it".

The Head Master, the Rev. W. F. Evans, took the Service at the Church of the Holy Rood on every Saint's day in the Calendar that fell during school terms. The service was short—20 to 30 minutes—and thereafter no lessons for the rest of the day.

Games after 2 p.m. were the order of the day.

At that time, 1913-16, the Headmaster rarely refused a request to devote the afternoon to games. Prep, in the evening completed the day's work.

A familiar figure about the School in those days of war tension was that of Sergeant Bradbury, a great favourite with us all. He drilled us and taught us how to use a rifle. He was not a big man, but his bearing was soldierly and his voice stentorian.

One of my happiest recollections of those days when greater emphasis was laid upon the physical than the intellectual development of the boys occurred during the winter of 1915-1916. A prodigious frost settled upon the land and remained for several weeks. After cutting our knees and lacerating the rest of our bodies, it was decided that the playing fields were totally unfit for exercise. At the same time it was reported the Mynydd y Glew, near Welsh

St. Donats, was frozen several inches deep. Orders were placed for skates immediately in the school shop in the High Street, and before a week had elapsed the boys were skating nonchalantly over the frozen lake, and within 14 days we were playing hockey on the ice. This fast exhilarating game was played, to the best of my recollection, for nearly six weeks without intermission by thaw. It was an unhappy day when we finally had to hang up our skates on account of rain.

There was some tobogganing down the slopes of Mount Ida, but the run was terminated abruptly by a hedge or wall over which the sportsman disappeared in an aerobatic flight, leaving his toboggan behind.

The outstanding member of the staff at this time was the Senior Master, Mr. A. E. Wilde, who taught Classics. He was a fine athlete, scholar and disciplinarian. At a time when masters were very difficult to find he was a saving grace to the Head. His was a promising career cut off, I believe, by the Influenza Epidemic of 1919.

Many masters came and went after 1915. One who taught the upper school Maths. was an old friend of the Headmaster, the Rev. D. T. Griffiths, then Vicar of Llantrisant. An Oxford man, a double first, he had kept his Maths. in sharp freshness despite his advancing years. He found difficulty in imparting his knowledge, however, and his troubled brow revealed that he knew it. But, given an abstruse problem, he would unravel it quickly on the Board.

My time was getting near to joining the Army, and as I mounted higher in this School (by virtue of my seniority, be it understood, not of any outstanding intellect) I was privileged to use the study in the Corridor for my Den, and on Sunday evening was granted the high favour of strolling over the Head's lawn and enjoying his rare flowers.

A great attribute of the human mind is that it is able to submerge unpleasant experiences and prolong and recapture the ones we wish to remember. This I have put into practice and have almost forgotten the Rack of Sticks in the Headmaster's study!

T. D. JENKINS



### THE 20's

I came to the school in September, 1921, and was a boarder there for six years. It must have been a very small school in 1921 for, apart from the Headmaster, there were only four full-time and two part-time masters. Boarders, I believe, outnumbered day boys and most of the day-boys came from the town itself.

The Headmaster was "Dick" Williams—we always called him "Dick", but never within fifty yards of his presence. I shall always believe that he was a great Headmaster. He taught us Latin and his policy was "In ludo, magistri docent, pueri discunt". Learn we did.

Mr. McAdam, his Senior Assistant, taught us Mathematics and taught us well. Everyone liked "Mac", a kindly humorous man but deadly when he aimed his chalk. Mr. Reid was next in seniority, a devoted teacher of English, a Christian gentleman, and the inspiration of our annual Shakespeare play and our Saturday night Debating Society.

There were two new masters and they formed a striking contrast. Mr. Anthony was a red head and taught us French—when we did not divert him to more interesting topics. The other new master was very dark and—yes, handsome, a superb disciplinarian, yet the most genial of men. He was the School's first Science master and you must know him quite well. For his name was John Dale Owen.

There were two part-time masters. Mr. D. N. Davies, Curate at Cowbridge Church, taught us Scripture and Drawing. I shall always remember him for the report he once gave me for drawing, a report as accurate as it was brief. It simply said "Not an artist". Mr. Marsden taught us Woodwork. He was an affable Lancastrian whose accent we delighted to mimic—at a proper distance of course.

As the school expanded, additions were made to the Staff. Mr. Edwards, whom I remember with affection and respect, succeeded Mr. Anthony after three years, and I also remember Mr. Lightfoot—especially for his "plus-fours" and the fireworks displays he organised on the 5th November. In my last year at school, Mr. Robinson came to teach us History. He was a magnificent teacher. We became very great friends and have remained so ever since.

Accommodation in the School was very limited. The Schoolroom served as Assembly Hall, living room for boarders in the Lower School, and during lessons there were usually two classes being taught there. There were three other Classrooms, one laboratory and no gymnasium. Living conditions were somewhat primitive by present-day standards. There was no central heating. In the winter, we had huge fires at both ends of the Schoolroom and in some of the Classrooms. When central heating was installed in my last year, it was a great blow to us as boarders because it put an end to our unlawful feasts of sausages, sardines on toast and other delicacies. There was no electric light—we had oil lamps hanging

from the ceilings downstairs and took candles to the dormitories. There was no hot water, except for our weekly bath when we had to operate a fiendish contraption called a geyzer. These conditions did not worry us at all, though the staff must have felt very differently. The playing fields were ample for our small numbers, and we played games nearly every day.

My fellow pupils included many who have earned distinction on the playing fields, and later on in Hitler's War. They included also many "Characters" whose deeds, although full of merit, were never mentioned at Speech Day in the Headmaster's Report. There was "Jock" Pearson, Senior House Prefect when I was a new boy and the idol of the Lower School. He was a very hard-headed young man, for his favourite trick was to charge full speed and head down at the stout doors of the Schoolroom. There was Jenkins (I forget his initials), conductor of the world-famous "Jenkins' Choir", a sure winner at our end of term concerts. I cannot recall that Jenkins knew a note of music, but our rendering of "There was I waiting at the Church" and other ballads would have astonished Sir Malcolm (the only other Chorister I can remember was O. S. Williams). Mervyn Williams was so tiny we naturally called him "the Mighty Atom", but he used to run rings round us on the football field. Jim Phillips was so often in detention that he knew every hole and bump on Ma Mitches' (this was the playing field where detainees finished their afternoon, playing games with the youngest boarders). J. E. Lewis, tall as a maypole and "very, very brainy", used to terrify us with his yarns in the dormitory after lights-out and especially his Dracula stories. Gus Heath used the same razor blade for years, Harry Phipps knew more than a thing or two, especially about horses, and "Dai Sim" was an authority upon all things, spiritual and secular. Norman Parsons, my great friend, was always afraid he would win a prize on Sports Day before the Consolation Race arrived. All these were part of my education. So too were those splendid orators of the Debating Society, L. H. Howells, Glanville Williams and L. E. Goodwin. Then, who can forget who saw them, C. S. Davies as Macbeth, and A. C. Bassett as Shylock and Malvolio? Of course there were the athletes too, J. M. Cribb—George, Fred, Glyn and Harry Phipps—T. M. Jones and his two brothers "Nonus" and "Decy"—Alwyn Williams and Dewi Rees—the Brown twins.

In my last year, there was a gentle little scholar called Alun Lewis.

These were just some of my schoolfellows. I am proud to have known them all, and the many others there is no space to name.

D. I. R. HUGHES (1921-7)

### THE LATE 1920's

Thirty years on—ten less than Harrow's school song but a period of time in which so many changes have occurred in the life of the School and of the town and one in which the sharp lines of the pictures of school life and of the portraits of one's contemporaries have become blurred.

In 1927 a profusion of ivy with its gnarled roots and tendrils still cling to a crumbling South Gate; Broadway was simply a road running between fields untouched by builders except for the Primary School and the two adjacent houses; the water supply for the town was drawn from strategically placed pumps along the main road; electricity had not invaded homes and highways and the town itself was not assailed by the noise of a ponderous volume of motor traffic.

Starting at the Grammar School in September I found great differences in both town and school from life in the Rhondda Valley. For three years I had been a pupil at Tonypany Secondary School. As a town pupil I found myself in that no-man's-land between being a boarder and being a "train boy" for, while it was possible to enjoy the alleged freedom of the latter, I was also inflicted with attendance at "prep." from 7-8.20 nightly with the boarders, during which our books were illuminated by the soft light of oil lamps hung from the ceiling of the Schoolroom.

It was strange to find oneself at School on a Saturday morning and to be free on Wednesday afternoon, but the anticipation of participation in the School games on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons was some compensation for Saturday mornings.

Soccer in the Christmas term, hockey in the Easter term and cricket in the summer all have pleasant memories. Like all my contemporaries and predecessors I graduated from "Ma Mitch" to the School field. The present gym. and lab. were built on land owned by a Mrs. Mitchell, who probably let the field to the School as a playing field for the lower school while using it as pasture for her cows, pigs and sheep. There were occasions when Stanley Matthews would have been nonplussed in his attempts to dribble past the livestock!

The highlights of every term were the "away" matches. A match in the Cardiff area was the prelude to an 8d. tea of bread and butter with honey or jam and the usual cup of tea at the Carlton restaurant. Those were the days when a small orchestra played for tea-dances and to be present then was to receive the accolade of adulthood.

On our return to School we joined those already at prep. and subsequently attended meetings of the Debating Society. Memory refuses to recall the motion debated or the speaker's words, but

one performance by L. E. Goodwin left a great impression on me for years.

No means are at hand of verifying the accuracy of my estimate of the school population as 130 pupils and seven or eight masters. Of the latter, Messrs. J. D. Owen, M. B. Edwards and Tudor Hughes remain. At my previous school I had taken Welsh but, on being transferred to Cowbridge, I found that it was not included in the syllabus and I was compelled to take extra Latin with the Head. The appointment of Mr. Hughes in 1928 was, therefore, of particular pleasure to me. I was able to resume my work in Welsh under the most favourable circumstances—one master, one pupil. Because of this close relationship I feel especially indebted to Mr. Hughes, not only for his admirable teaching but also for his friendship and understanding. Nor do I forget his prowess as a full-back when he covered my mistakes in soccer!

As early as 1928 the shortage of accommodation was being felt in School. Classes were held above the Pavilion Cinema and in the vestry attached to the Baptist Chapel. The sight of a master, with gown flowing, hurrying up and down the main street in search of his class was familiar in town. On one occasion when Mr. Hughes and I were in the vestry, the lesson was interrupted by the entry of a wedding party for the purpose of signing the register.

The school tuck shop was presided over by Daddy Reynolds in the premises now occupied by Mr. Roberts' grocery shop. This was ideally situated for the boarders resident in Franklen House who, during authorised hours, were able to make an exit from back windows and enter the main street by means of the archway next to the chemist's shop.

Foremost among these boys were Iori Thomas, iv., and Stenner, who had an amazing capacity, with G. B. Herapath iii., for carrying on a conversation in what can only be described as pidgin French. They swore that their fluency in this argot successfully carried them through Oral French in the C.W.B. examination.

Cream horns were the speciality and delicacy of Reynolds' Shop. It was the custom to hold a nine-a-side soccer competition—Nines—and it was my good fortune to be a member of the winning nine captained by O. Glyn Davies. He rewarded his team with a bag full of cream horns.

Mr. E. A. Reid, that gentlest of men, was the English master. He it was, to a VIth Form which included Alun Lewis, the soldier poet, who led us to an appreciation of Shaw and Galsworthy. He was a wonderful character who could transmit his own enthusiasm for all that was best in English literature to a class of unwilling pupils.

The terms of reference for this article included memories of the

boys with whom I was at school. To include them all would reduce this retrospect to a catalogue of names. Yet for what they were in School some must be mentioned. In a higher form than I were H. M. Jones and T. E. Evans, who distinguished themselves in scholarship. In sport, the achievements of Dewi Rhys and O. G. Jones, x., in gaining their Welsh Schoolboy caps in hockey were noteworthy. In soccer, A. D. James (Amo) was the big name; with him were Roy David, Howie Davies and Emlyn Evans, iv. In cricket I remember the elegance of B. R. Rossiter as a batsman and the stolidity of Geoff. Herapath. Few school sides were met in any of our games. There was not one school playing soccer; we were compelled to play against such teams as Pontyclun, Cowbridge, Bridgend Wednesdays as well as the university and college teams. There were but two schools—Barry County and Cardiff High—in the hockey fixture list. These, I believe, were the only schools met at cricket. Their "giants" included Boon, Went, Noseworthy and J. E. Bowcott.

One last fleeting memory is of the School assembling in St. Hilary Church for the funeral of Sir Thomas Mansel Franklen, Clerk to the County Council.

The success of Old Boys' functions in the past few years strengthens a belief I have long held. It is that a bond much stronger than one usually associates with a School and its pupils has always been evident at Cowbridge. It is fashionable at Speech Days and similar functions to speak of the debt one owes to the School and if, by the School, is meant the masters and the pupils then truth is fashionable. Generations of boys have received much they value today when they were at the Grammar School. Those now at school and those who follow them will appreciate the strength of this bond.

To the Editor I would like to express my thanks for the happy thought which prompted this series and to offer my congratulations on the high standard attained by the BOVIAN.

D. G. WILLIAMS, V.



### THE 30's: AN OLD BOY LOOKS BACK

Compared with three hundred and fifty years of history, seven years is a brief period indeed; yet it is long enough to have its own individual character. What were the distinguishing features of school life in the 'thirties? On the whole, these were carefree days. In 1931 the country was in an optimistic mood; the worst of the slump was over, the value of money was at its highest since World War I, and we had not heard of Hitler. If some of this optimism



receded as the decade went by, we regarded it as a reflection of our growing maturity, and we were not unduly perturbed.

In the early 'thirties the school numbered just over two hundred pupils, and the schoolroom could accommodate us all. Each morning began with prayers, at which the Headmaster called the entire roll. Even then the school was growing, and the inadequate classroom space had to be augmented by holding classes in the Pavilion and in the Baptist Schoolroom. There were even occasions when the exigencies of time-table planning resulted in a long trek from one to the other between adjacent periods! The situation was alleviated somewhat in 1932 by the acquisition of Old Hall, but the Pavilion continued to have strong connections with the school, being used for classes, Speech Day ceremonies, school plays, and C.W.B. examinations. (These were the days of "School Certif" and "Higher"—none of this new-fangled G.C.E. business!) The fabric of the school differed from its present structure in other respects. Before the opening of Old Hall, Chemistry and Physics shared the old Chemistry laboratory, with the result that the number of possible unofficial variations of any given experiment was enormous. There was, of course, no gymnasium and our P.T. took the form of "drill" in the covered playground, at which we endeavoured to follow the inspiring example of Mr. Tudor Hughes. In really cold weather this was replaced, to our great delight, by a brisk walk in the surrounding lanes.

Around 1931 the majority of day boys travelled to school in "Emma", now, alas, overtaken by the fate of so many other branch lines. The diminutive Emmett-like locomotive with her two carriages (increased to four during rush hour) will be vividly remembered by all pre-war Bovians, likewise the long column of boys threading its way between station and school. But already, by the mid 'thirties, the pattern of public transport was changing, and the daily procession of boys to or from the station began to give way to an ever-increasing cluster at the 'bus station. There was no dining hall for day-boys in those days, and we supplemented our sandwiches by patronising various small cafes in the town. At that time Cowbridge boasted two fish-and-chip shops, and in one of them (run, appropriately enough, by a Mrs. Fry) we were able to consume egg and chips for the princely sum of twopence-halfpenny.

The character of any school is ultimately a reflection of the teaching staff, and, above all, of the headmaster. Unquestionably, Cowbridge Grammar School in the pre-war years will be inseparable in most people's minds from the figure of Richard Williams, who retired from the headmastership in 1938, and there is no doubt that the growth in prestige of the school in the 'twenties and 'thirties sprang very largely from his leadership. He was a strict disciplin-

arian, but he could be sympathetic, too, when occasion demanded, and he will always rank high in the affections of those Old Boys who passed through the school during this period. He was an ardent classicist, as the large number of classics scholars produced by the school during his headmastership shows, yet he always gave the would-be scientist all the encouragement he could. Two other stalwart members of staff of this period were Mr. E. A. Reid, senior English master, who died in 1933, and Mr. A. W. McAdam, mathematics master, who died in 1938. Many of the school's scientists remain deeply indebted to Mr. McAdam's enthusiastic teaching and friendly advice, and although the writer was never taught by Mr. Reid, he vividly remembers his soft Irish voice reciting "Sir Andrew Barton", his favourite poem. In those days the staff was, of necessity, very versatile. We were taught scripture by Mr. McAdam, drawing by Mr. Edwards, and received ancient history lessons from Mr. Owen. The latter provided Mr. Owen with much raw material for his collections of schoolboy howlers, which used to be a regular feature of the BOVIAN; there was one, about Hammurabi and the Suntraps, which used to recur almost every other year.

As time went by, the international outlook grew more ominous. The writer can well remember walking down the street after school on the day of the outbreak of the Abyssinian war, and reading the single word "WAR" on the evening newspaper placards. We read about Hoare and Laval, but we were too young to worry about appeasement, or even to know what it meant, and we got on with our cricket. In those days the school was a considerable power on the cricket field, and produced several players of unusual ability. There was a brief period around 1932 when we were able to watch county cricket on the town field, and on one occasion, to our great glee, we saw Glamorgan dismiss Somerset for some thirty-odd runs. At Rugby, our light shone less brightly, but we improved steadily. Our chief enemy at that time was Bridgend County School, who boasted a promising centre three-quarter called Jack Matthews. Before the war, we played hockey in the Lent term, and although this may have retarded our progress at Rugby to a certain extent, it produced a large number of hockey enthusiasts who watched its disappearance with sadness. One advantage of hockey was that it enabled us to have an annual fixture with Jesus College, Oxford, and the long 'bus journey, which left sufficient time for a brief tour of Oxford with the Headmaster as guide, was one of the highlights of the term.

And so to 1938, the rape of Czechoslovakia, and Munich. Even then, as we scanned the newspapers in the prefects' study, we were more interested in the antics of "Jane" than in events in

Europe, and we were but dimly aware of the cataclysm ahead. We sang "Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing" for the last time, with more than usual poignancy, and our thoughts wandered over some of the myriad facets of school life: the schoolroom filled with the sound of two hundred voices; the laburnum in bloom on the Headmaster's lawn, seen through the window of the second form classroom; the pungent smell of hydrogen sulphide wafting up the corridor; the Bear Field on a crisp autumn afternoon, with the roar of "School!" rising from the grandstand; and, above all, the stocky figure of "Dick", a small white terrier at his heels, shouting encouragement from the touchline.

E. H. RHODERICK



#### 1938-1945

The War Years are undoubtedly unique in the School's long history. From 1938 to 1945 there was a turnover in Staff of 200%, a figure which would gladden the heart of many a company chairman. All sorts of records were set, and it is to be hoped that they will remain unbroken. When the School bell rang in 1943 for the first time since 1940, we confidently expected it to herald a return to near-normality. The following term we welcomed four new Masters and one new Mistress. We were particularly unfortunate to lose Mr. J. I. Rees to the Royal Air Force in October 1941, just two years after he had joined the School as Headmaster. With him in the Air Force were Mr. W. C. P. Harfoot, Mr. A. B. Codling, Mr. F. C. Raggatt, Mr. A. G. Reed and Mr. L. Manfield. Mr. W. T. Williams and Mr. G. H. Baugh served in the Army. Mr. J. D. Owen, who acted as Headmaster from 1941 to 1945, Mr. M. B. Edwards and Mr. T. Hughes remained to enable continuity to be established through the War Years. To them we are indebted, and to the many others, some of whom were with us for no more than a term, for maintaining the high standard of the School during very troubled times.

Mr. W. R. MacAdam, the Senior Assistant Master since 1919, died very suddenly in September, 1938. Mr. Harfoot was killed on active service. He came to Cowbridge in 1935 and his love of the unorthodox had endeared him to all boys.

The School war efforts were numerous: Savings Weeks of varying titles—"Wings for Victory", "Warship Week", "Salute the Soldier"—were held periodically. These were organised on a House Competition basis, and amid great enthusiasm amounts between £2,500 and £3,000 were amassed. That was, and still is, a lot of "brass". Mr. Reed, the cheerful Mr. W. M. Williams and Mr. I.

Jones all at one stage or another had charge of the Savings Bank. Gardening took the place of Woodwork and even parts of Old Hall field were cultivated. In the early days of the War, several Masters and quite a few senior boys joined the L.D.V., later named the Home Guard. Others did their stint at Firewatching and A.R.P. activities. The School A.T.C. was formed in the Lent Term, 1941, under the guidance of Mr. Raggatt and Mr. Baugh, and afterwards Mr. Pattenden and Mr. Gibbs. Paper saving was very popular. The junior forms, in many instances, forwent their terminal examinations in order to save paper. These joyous thoughts are balanced against the memory of a Summer Holiday in 1940 cut to three weeks and followed by a seventeen week term.

There were fortunately few obvious signs of war at Cowbridge. We were constantly reminded of the struggle taking place, when in a crowded schoolroom, complete with Llantwit Major boys, we were told that yet another Old Bovian must be added to the Roll of Honour. In September, 1939, there were troops billeted in the Dining Hall, Gymnasium and the Pavilion Cinema. They were a cheerful crowd. Inevitably, when marching, they sang, disturbing many classes in Old Hall. In song they informed us that rolling out the barrel was jolly good fun and indicated the best line on which to hang washing. They soon departed to less peaceful places. The occasional wailing siren sent us huddling into the School corridor or a shuttered Old Hall cloakroom. Strict black-out was enforced, and hideous blue paint on the School House windows eventually gave way to curtains. These did not give the drawing room effect that was expected. The black-out also caused the curtailment of School hours—9 a.m. to 12.10 p.m. and 1 p.m. to 3 p.m. In the later years of the war American troops overwhelmed Cowbridge. Anglo-American relations were severely strained on one occasion. A fire extinguisher, well aimed from Long Dorm, was used to silence a rowdy party of G.I.'s assembled outside the School to await their after-midnight transport. The stoutness of the School doors was well tested that night.

There was both quantity and quality in the examination results. J. D. Gwyn, J. H. Adams and G. Galey obtained State Scholarships, together with Meyricke Scholarships in the case of the latter two. J. D. Gwyn, after a very successful stay at Cambridge, was killed in Italy. The School Certificate results in 1942 were particularly rich in distinctions. E. Hughes collected eight, with a high average mark of 77.69% for nine subjects. In 1944 nine Higher School Certificates were obtained, and in 1945 four County Major Scholarships were awarded to the School.

The School increased in numbers from 217 in 1938 to 300 in 1945. Somehow or other they were crammed into existing

classrooms. Much of this increase was in the Sixth Forms. There were 37 in the Sixth in 1944 and for the first time ever the Sixth produced a team well able to challenge the rest of the School at Rugby.

In 1942, following the re-organisation of the Houses, Mr. Pattenden introduced the Cock House system. In 1943 the 150th number of this Magazine was produced. That was the last of the coverless magazines on the expensive paper. It was edited by Mr. B. Jenkins, who had taken the place of Mr. Baugh as Senior English Master. As with the Giles children, he was the one with the hair.

In 1944 the weighty matters of world importance prompted the formation of a Discussion Group sponsored by Mr. C. E. Rees. Old Hall Library was always crowded to hear "Professor" Malcolm Bean expound, so learnedly, on some obscure topic :

Still they gazed, and still the wonder grew

That one small head could carry all he knew.

Mr. W. H. Davies, the Senior Classics Master from 1941 to 1945, brought along his quiet philosophy to these Discussions. This attitude we could never reconcile with his overpowering desire to smite a cricket ball from School Field to Llanblethian.

Hockey was terminated as a School sport in 1940, for the twofold reason that there were no schools to play and no suitable pitches available. An Athletics team was formed in 1943 as a direct result of the enthusiasm and hard work of Mr. G. E. Burton and G. R. Grice, the first Athletics Captain and a treble *Victor Ludorum*. The team was unexpectedly successful in its early years. In 1944, the discus, javelin and weight events were introduced to the School Sports and in that year no less than thirteen records were broken on a somewhat unorthodox track. M. Pearce was the outstanding Rugby player of the War Years. In his last season at School he scored 194 points and was chosen to play for East Wales against West Wales in a near-International field. Others who were outstanding on the playing fields were D. A. Parry, a treble *Victor Ludorum*, V. D. Westcott, G. T. J. Pratt, H. E. Phillips, J. T. Morgan, G. P. Stradling, who excelled at all sports, I. M. Griffiths, the most successful bowler, and K. Maddocks.

It is impossible to write of the War Years without remembering the ladies. In the School House Mrs. Rees carried on under the most difficult circumstances, owing to shortage of domestic staff. At one stage the Boarders did some dish washing. Miss John—the first Schoolmistress—came in 1941 to teach Art, and was followed in a rapidly changing scene by Miss A. Rees and Miss G. Williams. Miss Watcyn-Williams became the first full-time Mistress in 1945.

In all these years the School never gave up hope. Each new difficulty was met as a challenge; we marked our own playing pitches, we mowed our own cricket squares. As our School clothes and sports clothes became shoddier and tattier and the Boarders' special Sunday suiting disappeared, we entertained only the idea of the inevitable victorious outcome. When it came a band of very willing Boarders kept the School Bell pealing for one full hour.

J. DAVID



### ***The First Memorial Service***

This was held on Wednesday, 12th November, and provided an opportunity for public bodies, staff and boys of the School to celebrate the School's three hundred and fifty years of life in conjunction with the remembering of Old Boys who gave their lives in the two world wars.

At 11 a.m. Rev. E. O. T. Lewis (Vicar) and Rev. P. David (Curate) led out the surpliced choir from the Vestry. They were followed by the Cross-Bearer, the two Churchwardens and the Lord Bishop of Llandaff, Rt. Rev. Glyn Simon, M.A. The hymn, "Of the Father's love begotten", was sung, and after prayers and responses the newly-formed School Choir led the singing of Psalm 19, "The heavens declare the glory of God". The usual lesson from Ecclesiasticus followed, read by the Deputy Dux Scholae, F. E. Herlihy, after which the Choir sang the anthem "Blessed are the men who fear Him", from Mendelssohn's "Elijah". More prayers were then read, after which a Procession made its way to the War Memorial Window in the following order:—The Cross-Bearer (F. A. Taylor), The Dux Scholae (W. Adams), the Headmaster, the Vicar and Curate, the Churchwardens (Messrs. S. Thomas and H. Phillips) and the Lord Bishop. While this was going on the Choir sang the Hostias from Mozart's Requiem Mass. The Dux Scholae then laid the wreath on the Memorial Window and the Headmaster recited the names of the dead of two wars. The hymn "Let Saints on earth in concert sing" followed, whereafter the Lord Bishop addressed the congregation. He spoke primarily to the boys, of their task as Christians, stressing the need for the threefold training of body, mind and spirit. It was an address well suited to the understanding of those for whom it was intended, simple yet wise, and well illustrated with homely examples, mostly from the preacher's own experience.

The service concluded with the singing of "Now thank we all our God" and the Blessing.

### The Luncheon

Following on the first Memorial Service, the Glamorgan County Council gave a Luncheon to invited guests at the Duke of Wellington Hotel. The Chairman of the County Education Committee, County Alderman Llewellyn Heycock, J.P., was to have presided, but owing to the serious illness of his son after a road crash, he was unable to be present. His place was taken by County Alderman P. J. Smith, M.B.E., D.L., J.P., Chairman of the Governing Body. Amongst the distinguished guests present were the Lord Bishop of the Diocese; the Lord-Lieutenant of the County (Major C. G. Traherne); the Mayor of the Borough (Mr. G. McNeil), the Chairman of the Rural District Council (Mr. T. J. Hughes), and the Headmistress of the High School (Miss E. M. Smith, B.Sc.).

After an excellent lunch the Royal toast was drunk, followed shortly by a silent toast to the Founder, Sir Edward Stradling, and Sir Leoline Jenkins.

The first speech proper was delivered by J. N. L. Baker, Esq., M.A., Fellow and Bursar of Jesus College, Oxford. Mr. Baker expressed the regret of the Principal of Jesus College that he was unable to be present, for, of the 350 years of the Grammar School's existence, during 233 Jesus College had presided over the School's destinies. The speaker alluded to three elements of the School. Of the Governors he declared that they were mere upstarts; the School had managed without any till 1919! Jesus College, who had the nomination of a proportion of Governors, had done well, he felt, in naming three Old Boys for the task. Lastly, he wished to thank the Chairman for his personal kindness to him and his conscientious work on the Governing Body.

The second element was the Headmasters, who were a very long-lived body of men. The present Headmaster, Mr. J. I. Rees, who had already been at the School for 20 years, bade fair to follow in this tradition.

The third element was the Boys. In spite of the smallness of the School in earlier days it was striking how high a proportion went to Oxford University. Between 1751 and 1849 at least ten of these won Open Scholarships. Mr. Baker referred particularly to three Old Boys. The first was Leoline Jenkins, who worked his way through college as a servitor and became Principal; the second was Charles Williams, two centuries later, who also became Principal, and the third was Mr. Evan Evans, who became Master of Pembroke College and Vice-Chancellor of the University.

In conclusion, the speaker laughingly addressed himself to three of the company on Top Table. He told the Mayor of an attempt by one of his predecessors to turn the School into an

Agricultural College; he informed the Lord Bishop of a memorandum sent by one of *his* predecessors, whose advice would have impeded the School's progress; then, turning to Alderman P. J. Smith, he declared how greatly he hoped that the tradition of the School would also be maintained even against the machinations of County Councillors.

Alderman Percy Smith replied. He thanked Mr. Baker for his kind remarks and expressed his gratitude for having been given the chance of serving education and the Grammar School in particular for so long. He had not been fortunate enough to enjoy a Grammar School education himself, so it was some compensation to secure for as many boys and girls as possible the benefits he lacked himself.

The speaker then gave an account of the growth of the School and its premises. In the last twenty years its numbers had nearly doubled. The audience were particularly interested in the glimpse of the future Mr. Smith gave. It was intended, when funds were available, to build a new school somewhere adjacent to the present buildings. The old School and Old Hall buildings were to be used as Boarding House accommodation, the number of Boarders being increased to about 170. The entire school would number between 450 and 500.

D. C. Watts, Esq., Vice-Chairman of the Governing Body, proposed the health of the Visitors. He referred first to the absence of County Alderman Llewellyn Heycock, and wished his son a speedy recovery. He was also sorry that the Lord-Lieutenant of the County and the Lord Bishop had had to leave early, but they were both very busy men. Incidentally, Major Traherne's grandfather had been a pupil at Cowbridge Grammar School. Next Mr. Watts turned to the Mayor. Time had been when College and Town were on poor terms with one another. He was glad this was no longer so.

Next the speaker welcomed the County Councillors and the Chairman of the Rural District Council. He was glad also to see a good sprinkling of the medical and legal profession. In particular, Mr. Watts welcomed the ladies. He himself had had four sisters and two daughters and felt he knew quite a lot about the sex. He had great pleasure in welcoming Miss Elizabeth M. Smith, B.Sc., the newly appointed Headmistress of Cowbridge High School, who was to respond to the toast. He wished her every success and happiness in her post.

Mr. Watts ended on a lighter note by saying that he understood that Alderman Percy Smith was going on to the High School after the luncheon to judge a mannequin parade. He wished him well in that!



Replying, Miss Elizabeth Smith said that compared with the Grammar School the High School was only an infant, but at least it was a lusty infant. She hoped the Girls' School would follow in the traditions of the Boys' School, though she doubted whether any present would be at the 350th Anniversary of the High School. She was very grateful for the invitation to the luncheon and thanked the County Council in the name of the visitors. She thanked Mr. D. C. Watts, too, for his kind references to herself.

The Chairman then declared the proceedings closed and all departed with their attractive menu card to remind them of a most enjoyable function.



### *The Second Memorial Service*

This was primarily intended for Old Boys and parents, and other members of the public were welcomed. The result was gratifying : a church crowded almost to overflowing. For three-quarters of an hour before the service began at 3 p.m. on Advent Sunday, 30th November, the church bells pealed out. The eight bell-ringers included Mr. I. D. Davies, A. Hutchings (Old Boy), R. Lee and F. Taylor. The team rang a Quarter Peal of 1,260 Grandsire Doubles, half-muffled, with 7, 6, 8 covering.

The hymn "Glorious things of Thee are spoken" opened the proceedings, and, after prayers and responses, Psalm 148 was sung. Mr. D. G. Williams, Secretary of the Old Boys' Association, read the lesson, Ecclesiastes 11 and 12. More prayers followed; then a procession was formed and made its way to the War Memorial Window in this order : The Cross-Bearer (Francis Taylor), Mr. R. N. Bird (Old Boy), Mr. W. S. Trigg (President of the Old Boys' Association), the Headmaster, the Rev. P. E. N. David (Curate), the Rev. A. R. Davies (Old Boy and Secretary to the Bishop of Llandaff), the Rev. J. V. Payne (Old Boy and Vicar of Llanharan), the Churchwardens (Messrs. S. Thomas and H. Phillips), and the Lord Bishop of Bangor, the Right Rev. G. O. Williams, M.A., D.D. As the procession moved off the Choir sang the Hostias from Mozart's Requiem.

Wreaths were laid on the War Memorial Window by Mr. Ralph Bird, and Mr. W. S. Trigg, and Rev. A. R. Davies read the names of those members of the School who fell in battle or died in the two world wars.

After further responses the hymn "Let saints on earth in concert sing" was sung, whereafter the Lord Bishop preached the sermon. His theme was Christian education. The task of society was to

inculcate in the growing boy a respect for personality and the freedom of the individual. But as the boy grew up he became aware of a dilemma : his self-expression often clashed with the wishes of those around him. It was only when he became aware that the service of Christ was the true freedom that the dilemma was resolved, for it was then, in service to others, that his personality truly flowered.

The service concluded with the singing of the hymn "Immortal, invisible, God only wise" and the Bishop's Blessing.

Old Boys and others gathered in the day boys' dining-room after the service for a buffet tea, the food for which had been provided by many friends of the School under the direction of Mrs. Idwal Rees. To these ladies our thanks are due for a most pleasant social occasion, which supplemented by contrast the impressiveness of the ceremony that preceded it.





## ***Valete and Avete***

### **Valete**

#### *Via*

- A. D. R. BAUGH, Leoline, came 1950; W.J.E.C. Ordinary Level in eight subjects, 1955, Advanced Level in three subjects, 1958; School Prefect, Deputy Dux Scholae, 1958; Librarian, 1956; Dramatic Society, 1953 and 1956-8; School Harriers Team, 1957; 1st XV., 1957-8.
- C. E. J. CALDICOTT, Leoline, came 1950; W.J.E.C. Ordinary level in eight subjects, 1955, Advanced level in three subjects (Distinction in English), 1957; School Prefect, 1957-8; Librarian, 1956; Dramatic Society, 1955-8; 1st XV., 1954-5, 1957-8; Sussex S.S.R.U., 1957; 1st XI., 1954-8, Captain 1958; Glamorgan S.S.C.A., 1958; Contributor to BOVIAN.
- K. DAVIES, Leoline, came 1951; W.J.E.C. Ordinary level in four subjects, 1956; 1st XV., 1955-8; 1st XI., 1954-8; W.S.S. v. England, 1958.
- A. G. DAVIS, Durel, came 1951; W.J.E.C. Ordinary level in eight subjects, 1956.
- C. S. DRURY, Stradling, came 1951; W.J.E.C. Ordinary level in seven subjects, 1956; Advanced level in three subjects, 1958.
- D. T. EDWARDS, Durel, came 1955; W.J.E.C. Advanced level in three subjects, 1957; School Prefect, 1957-8; House Captain; Dramatic Society, 1956-8; Music Society, 1956-8; 2nd XV., 1957-8; 2nd XI., 1957-8, Captain 1958; Athletics Team, 1956.
- T. B. A. EVANS, Stradling, came 1951; W.J.E.C. Ordinary level in four subjects, 1956; 1st XV., 1957-8; 1st XI., 1958.
- F. D. GERMAN, Leoline, came 1951; W.J.E.C. Ordinary level in four subjects, 1956; Advanced level in three subjects, 1957-8, (Distinction in Latin; Tennis VI., 1956-8, Captain, 1957; *Lion* Editor, 1952-8.
- R. P. HARRISON, Stradling, came 1951; W.J.E.C., Ordinary level in six subjects, 1956-7; 1st XI., 1957-8; 1st XV., 1957-8.

- E. R. HOPKINS, Stradling, came 1950; W.J.E.C. Ordinary level in five subjects, 1955; Advanced level in two subjects, 1958; Harriers, 1957-8.
- W. HOWELLS, Stradling, came 1951; W.J.E.C. Ordinary level in seven subjects, 1956; Advanced level in seven subjects, 1958.
- A. R. HUTCHINGS, Leoline, came 1950; Ordinary level in seven subjects, 1955; Advanced level in three subjects, 1957-8; School Prefect, 1957-8; School Play Helper, 1958; 2nd XV., 1957-8; Under-15 Cricket.
- W. R. M. JENKINS, Stradling, came 1950; Ordinary level in eight subject, 1955; Advanced level in two subjects, 1957-8; School Prefect, 1956-8, Dux Scholae, 1958; Head of House, 1958; School Play Helper, 1958; 1st XV., 1955-58, Vice-Captain, 1957-8; Athletics teams, 1952-8, Captain, 1958; Tennis VI., 1958.
- M. R. MORGAN, Seys, came 1951; Ordinary level in eight subjects, 1956; Advanced level in three subjects, 1958.
- R. J. NEAL, Stradling, came 1951; Ordinary level in seven subjects, 1956; Advanced level in three subjects (Distinction in Applied Mathematics), 1958.
- A. R. W. OWEN, Leoline, came 1950; W.J.E.C. Ordinary level in six subjects, 1955-6; Advanced level in three subjects, 1958; School Play, 1957; 1st XV., 1956-8; Tennis VI., 1958.
- G. O. PEARCE, Leoline, came 1951; W.J.E.C. Ordinary level in seven subjects, 1956; Advanced level in three subjects (Distinction in English and Geography), 1958; School Prefect; School Play, 1953-8; Librarian, 1956; Harriers Team; *Lion* Editor, 1953-8.
- D. M. PHILLIPS, Leoline, came 1951; W.J.E.C. Ordinary level in nine subjects, 1956; Advanced level in three subjects, 1958; 1st XV., 1957-8; 1st VI., 1956-8, Captain 1958; *Lion* Editor, 1952-8.
- D. H. THOMAS, Seys, came 1950; W.J.E.C. Ordinary level in eight subjects, 1955; Advanced level in three subjects, 1957-8; Contributor to *THE BOVIAN* in English and French.
- N. A. S. VINCENT, Stradling, came 1951; W.J.E.C. Ordinary level in eight subjects, 1956; Advanced level in two subjects, 1958.
- A. WHILEY, Seys, came 1950; W.J.E.C. Ordinary level in eight subjects, 1955; Advanced level in three subjects, 1957-8; School Prefect; Head of House; School Play, 1953-7; Librarian, 1956; 1st XV., 1956-8; 1st XI., 1957-8.

M. T. WILLIAMS, Leoline, came 1950; W.J.E.C. Ordinary level in five subjects, 1955; Advanced level in two subjects, 1958; School Prefect, Head of House; 1st XV., 1954-8, Captain, 1957-8; W.S.S.R.U. Trials; Glamorgan XV., 1957; Athletics team, 1952-3; School Play Helper and Actor, 1955-8.

R. C. WILLIAMS, Durel, came 1950; W.J.E.C. Ordinary level in eight subjects, 1955; Advanced level in three subjects (Distinction in English and Geography), 1957; State Scholarship in Geography, 1957; Edwin Jones Scholarship in Geography to Jesus College, Oxford, 1957; School Prefect; School Play, 1954, 1956-7; Regular Contributor to THE BOVIAN; Athletics team, 1953; Tennis VI., 1957-8; British Schools' Exploring Society Labrador Expedition, 1958.

*Vlb*

A. R. MAY, Durel, came 1952; Ordinary level in eight subjects, 1957.

C. J. THOMAS, Durel, came 1952; Ordinary level in six subjects, 1957; 2nd XV., 1956-7.

*Va*

D. K. BROWN, Leoline, came 1953; Ordinary level in nine subjects, 1958; Harriers Team, 1957-8.

H. J. DAVIES, Durel, came 1954; Ordinary level in five subjects, 1957-8; U.15 XV., 1955-6; Athletics Team, 1956.

W. J. GOLDSWORTHY, Stradling, came 1953; Ordinary level in six subjects, 1958; 1st XV., 1957-8.

M. D. JOHN, Durel, came 1952; Ordinary level in six subjects, 1957-8; U.14 and 15 XV's, 1955-7.

D. A. MILLS, Seys, came 1952; Ordinary level in seven subjects, 1957-8.

R. M. SCHONFELD, Leoline, came 1954; Ordinary level in nine subjects, 1958; School Play, 1956-8; U.14 and 15 XV's; U.15 XI.

*Vm*

J. L. BOWEN, Leoline, came 1953; Ordinary level in five subjects, 1958; School Play Helper, 1957.

J. I. BRIDGES, Stradling, came 1953; Ordinary level in one subject, 1958; 2nd XV., 1957-8.

I. DUNN, Seys, came 1953; Ordinary level in two subjects, 1958.

D. HENDRY, Stradling, came 1954.

C. J. HERLIHY, Seys, came 1953; Ordinary level in four subjects, 1958; U.15 and 15 XV's, 1954-6.

K. A. JONES, Durel, came 1952; Ordinary level in four subjects, 1957-8; Harriers Team, 1956-8.

P. H. SMITH, Durel, came 1952; Ordinary level in six subjects, 1957-8; 2nd XV., 1956-8; Athletics Team, 1954.

D. J. THOMAS, Seys, came 1952; Ordinary level in one subject, 1957.

*Rem. B.*

D. M. EVANS, Seys, came 1958.

J. H. PARSONS, Stradling, came 1954.

*IVa*

D. N. C. MORGAN, Leoline, came 1955.

*IIIa*

M. P. C. MORGAN, Leoline, came 1956.

*IIa*

P. A. C. DOBLE, Leoline, came 1957.

Avete

*Vib*

R. H. GREEN

*Vm*

R. M. G. S. FELL

*Remove B*

M. J. DONOVAN

*IIIb*

S. LEADBEATER, J. P. M. RAGGATT.

*IIa*

R. E. BEAVIL, A. L. BOULTER, M. E. CHARLISH, H. M. DAVID,  
D. R. G. DAVIES, A. GOODWIN, H. B. GRIFFITHS, R. A. HARDING,  
J. HODDER, M. D. HUMPHRIES, J. G. ISAACS, R. A. JAMES,  
G. D. JAMES, C. B. S. JONES, H. G. JONES, M. LEWIS, A. G.  
MATHIAS, I. S. McMILLAN, D. C. J. MORGAN, A. NELMS,  
J. L. ORRELL, G. U. PALMER, R. J. PRESS, D. M. ROBINSON,  
J. A. ROYCROFT, G. SWINNEY, M. SYKES, R. L. THOMAS, P. J.  
THOMAS, P. UNSWORTH, N. A. WOOD.

*IIb*

A. H. BERROW, J. H. BEVAN, J. L. BURRA, P. B. COSSLETT,  
R. J. CLUTTERHAM, H. G. DAVID, P. J. D. DAUNCEY, M. R.  
DAVIES, M. J. DAVIES, B. T. DUNN, R. P. EVANS, P. G. EVANS,  
R. M. JAMES, M. JAY, D. S. MUIR, D. McTEER, R. P. MEWIS,  
P. G. MAYLE, J. A. NEWMAN, L. F. PICK, D. A. PRITCHARD,  
J. R. PRICHARD, E. F. THOMAS, P. A. THOMAS, R. LL. THOMAS,  
A. J. WILLIAMS, E. N. WORKMAN.



# The Bovian



DECEMBER, 1957

No. 192



## *Editorial*

This has been a very difficult term. At the end of September the school faced its worst epidemic that the writer can remember. Influenza whether of the Asian or European variety, brought work almost to a standstill and three weeks, effectively, were lost. At its peak the disease laid low three-quarters of the school, and only two members of the Boarding House remained on their feet. There has been further illness since, and the BOVIAN, like other school activities, has been affected. For the first time for many years it has proved impossible to tabulate Valeté Notices in time and they will have to appear next term. House Notes, too, will have to wait and in next term's issue a full survey of last year's activities will be possible. We apologize for these deficiencies but they are inevitable. In passing, and in the hope that this may catch the eye of next July leavers, we should like to state that Valetes could easily have been included in the present BOVIAN had boys leaving put their records into the hands of the Editor.

If the influenza epidemic was one startling event of the term so was another that concerned the school magazine. Soon after term began the Editor received an intriguing letter postmarked Warsaw. It was addressed to RED BOVIAN, and for a moment we thought that we had been mistaken for a branch of World Communism. On second thoughts, however, we decided that RED must mean Editor or Manager, though there is no denying that the BOVIAN is red, in colour if not in politics. However, the inside of the letter, as Tony Lumpkin once remarked, is the cream of the correspondence, so the letter was opened and perused with interest. It asked for a specimen copy of the BOVIAN, which would be displayed with other foreign periodicals in a centre to be specially set up in Warsaw. The idea, as stated in the letter, was to encourage knowledge of other lands and, particularly, seats of learning. In due course the Editor got busy and dispatched two issues of the BOVIAN (for good measure) to the capital of Poland, not without a few qualms, however, as to whether this action amounted to consorting with the enemy. Your editor comforted himself, however, with the thought that Poland is a little more liberal than it used to be, and so far he has not been conscious of being tailed by agents of M.I.5. We may fairly say, then, that the BOVIAN has broken through the Iron Curtain; so if any of you are taking your holidays in Warsaw this year, don't forget the Cultural Centre for the Promotion of Understanding between Peoples.



### HORIZONTAL OBSERVATIONS

*It gives us much pleasure to publish the following article, written by David Milsom (of last year's IVa), who has been undergoing treatment in Cardiff Isolation Hospital for the last nine months. We wish him the very best of luck and complete recovery in the near future.*

A loud cry of "Wakey, Wakey!" pierced my deep slumber and a husky "What's the matter?" escaped my lips before I realised it was six o'clock and time to have my temperature taken. Through a haze of sleepiness I saw a nurse looming over me, trying to put a thermometer into my mouth, which she finally rammed half way down my throat, at the same time remonstrating, with a few sarcastic remarks, that I should have been wide awake by then. However, I was forced to keep silent because of the thermometer in my mouth.

In this position, lying flat on my back with the thermometer protruding from the side of my mouth and the nurse trying desperately to count my pulse above the bawling of the baby next door, I proceeded to look around the room. It was a fairly large cubicle with a window in each wall, the ones either side looking into two other cubicles, the one behind looking out over a wide lawn at another ward the other side, and the one in front overlooking the verandah. The double doors also opened out on to the verandah. Before I could observe more, the nurse, having succeeded in taking my pulse, gave me a pan of water which, as usual, was far from hot, and went out to see the woman next door. Not feeling too eager to wash thoroughly, I splashed a little water over my face, wiped, and gave my teeth a half-hearted brush. Feeling very exhausted after having done that, I lay down to go back to sleep until breakfast time.

I was rudely awakened, some time later, by the clattering of crockery and the squeaking of a trolley. It was eight o'clock and the dishes were being given out ready for breakfast. After the trolley had rattled right around the ward, pushed and pulled alternately by a small, grinning nurse, who seemed to enjoy making as much noise as possible,

breakfast was brought around. There was usually a good variety of food for breakfast and I enjoyed the bacon and scrambled egg that was put before me. Tea was brought round and, after I had drunk it, another trolley was pushed round to carry the dishes back to the kitchen.

Having some time on hand before my bed was made I read a few pages of a book. At about 9.45, two nurses with a trolley load of linen and a receptacle for holding dirty clothes, appeared at the door and, with no further delay, started stripping my bed. When the last sheet was briskly removed a horrible draught of cold air blew up my trouser legs, causing me to shiver until all the bedclothes were replaced. When I started getting warm again, however, a staff nurse appeared with a large tray covered with a cloth, and with her nose and mouth covered with an ominous-looking mask. It was injection-time. While the nurse (better known as the dart-thrower) prepared the syringe, I had to remove my leg from under the warm blankets and subject myself once more to the cold air outside. However, injections were soon over and the doctor arrived just after ten o'clock to make his round. At 11 o'clock we were honoured by a visit from Matron, who, after greeting us and enquiring as to how we were getting on, went into a long conversation with sister before going on to the next ward. After all these visits had been completed and all the treatments seen to we were "free" till dinner-time.

Just after 12 o'clock the cutlery and salt cellars were given out (I invariably received an empty one) ready for dinner. It was a quarter of an hour, however, before a nurse appeared, staggering under the weight of a tray on which several storeys of plates with flat covers were precariously balanced, entered, and after putting them down, proceeded to peer closely under each bed to find which was which. When she discovered which was mine she gave it to me and continued down the ward. As I finished my dinner the trolley with the sweet arrived and soon afterwards cups of tea were distributed.

Straight after dinner a nurse came in and proceeded to throw things out of my cupboard in search of the bath blanket (the blanket in which you are wrapped when the nurse attempts to give you a good wash in bed). As far as I can tell, I have had the same one ever since I came in. Therefore, since it gets slightly wetter every time, bathing is rather an ordeal. However, I managed to wrap myself in it while the nurse trotted off in search of the hot water tap. Then the fun began. With a blanket around you it is extremely difficult to manoeuvre, and to turn right over is quite a problem. You feel like throwing the blanket away as far as you can and you would, apart from the fact that there is a nurse standing over you. Patience is the only thing that can master this problem and, even if you have patience the nurse may not, but finally, after you have had a reasonably good wash, she gives it up and, after cleaning up the mess she made, she leaves you to prepare for your visitors.

After having a bath there is little time left to get ready for visitors before they come, so that it is all one mad rush. Getting my clean pyjamas out of my locker always takes a considerable time, because I can never get them out without dragging half the contents of the locker on to the floor. This results in my hanging over the side of the bed searching for the pop-bottles, packets of biscuits, and Wild West novels, scattered during the avalanche. However, I succeeded in "roundin' 'em up" and putting on my pyjamas just in time. The visitors come trooping in and started unpacking various eatables and drinkables which they had brought. After all the supplies had been checked and rechecked there was hardly any time left to exchange news, and I began to wonder why I'd bothered to change my pyjamas in the first place. However, they did manage to tell me that our cat had had seven kittens the day before, and I gave them some news from *The Lion*.

When the last of the visitors was disappearing down the road the tea trolley was rattling to a halt outside the door, and the nurse entered with a cup and saucer, plate and the inevitable slice of chocolate Swiss roll which I had had every day for months, with the exception of a slice of cherry cake at one time. I sorted out all the fruit which my visitors had brought me and selected a pear for my tea. Some time after tea the medicines were given out and we were "free" till supper at six-thirty.

After supper I listened to the wireless for a while, and at eight o'clock the night nurses came on and the day nurses' voices and footsteps were heard fading away until they were suddenly stopped by the slamming of a door. I continued to listen to the wireless till ten o'clock, when I had another injection, and then tucked up and went to sleep-with the happy thought that I was one day nearer the end of my treatment.

D. M.



### JUGOSLAV JOURNEY

The Channel crossing from Dover to Calais always seems to evoke great excitement from the people who watch the coast of France grow larger out of the horizon. There is a compact thrill somewhere on this journey, and all the other travellers appeared as eager as my friend and I were to set foot on the Continent and be away to the four corners of their holiday.

The train which took us to Paris seemed, however, to be a malevolent force and contrived to reach the Gare du Nord later than scheduled. This meant an undignified scramble through the painfully slow Metro towards Gare de Lyon. Already luggage had become a burden, time a threat, and the last jot of placidity exploded when, somewhere beneath Paris, we realised that the relief-express with our reservations aboard had departed five minutes before.

The regular Simplon-Orient express was, however, still cooped up within the platforms and thankfully we ran toward it, various nationals becoming infuriatingly entangled with our arms and legs, for we could not get near the train. The whole thing was alive with people, and when eventually we did hack our way to a corridor-door we simply could not get aboard. Toilets, nooks, crannies, corridor connections, everything, heaved with people. Gare de Lyon looked like becoming our Waterloo.

Angry at our own negligence, French railwaymen and life in general, we accosted a Wagon-lits official. Certainly, he could find us first-class reservation to Venice for £12 each! Panic, what were we to do? There was only one thing for it, get aboard somehow. Therefore, literally fighting our way past furious railwaymen we scrambled into a coach which was reasonably empty of people. No wonder, it was a sleeping-car and no one was allowed to stand in the corridors. However, our holiday was worth more than the sanctity of French railway instructions and we stayed put. Soon we were away, rolling across N. France, and none of the various "controlleurs" who came to argue with us succeeded in moving us along. Oddly enough, they were all shorter than we were.

The evening was closing in, and the scenery diminished into the night. Sleep was the order of the day, and corridor floors don't make such terrible beds even if they do smell. Half Europe seemed to be setting out on holiday on our train, and the odd mixture of Italians, Yugoslavs, Frenchmen and five-star U.S. generals to be seen aboard brought a strange chequered reality to the night. I wonder what the proud Neapolitan woman, who told us that her son, "Mr. Moustache", was in New York to fight for some world boxing title, is doing now. Whatever it is, the train went on and soon, down in the Swiss Alps, the long roar of the Simplon tunnel and the sudden emergence of the sun in the N. Italian Plain brought Venezia Santa Lucia that much nearer.

Tired perhaps, but certainly exhilarated, we had both returned to Venice. On that last occasion, the shielding organisation of a school trip had cotton-wooled us along. Now, from the steps outside the station we saw the gondolas again and the green canals, the pigeons and the red-tiled roofs. Yes, this was Venice. Confident, we set out to walk to the address of the shipping-office we had to find . . . Several hours later, and humping trying luggage, we staggered to the office. Venice was still, evidently, a problematic maze of side streets, and the office was very definitely closed. Two rather dishevelled characters slumped down on the water-front and went to sleep, to the obvious chagrin of the immaculate dollar tourists and the sleek Italians sipping spumantes nearby.

A return to the shipping-agent, some brisk financial transaction, a little information and, armed with boat-passages for Yugoslavia, we

strode with some reassurance to a student hostel where a refreshing shower and a real bed brought a deep and solemn, if somewhat late, siesta. That evening, we dined out and enjoyed a most extravagant dinner in the Cafe Brindisi, overlooking one of the brisk and infinite piazzas with which Venice abounds, and the waitress, though young, was quite something . . . The Grand Canal was at its best that evening (or is it always at its best?) and a short walk away from one of its "vaporretto" stops brought us into the very familiar area round Ponte Accademmia near where our boat was to sail. The whole city was superb.

Next day, aboard our ship the M.B. Jugoslavia, latest addition to the Jadrolinija line, we went to our cabin and settled in. Afterwards, for we had arrived early, we watched all the other people, who were to be our travelling companions, climbing the gangway. Once under way we steamed out of Venice, and with the Yugoslav national anthem erupting from the loud-speaker system, headed out of the lagoon into the Adriatic.

For some time the gentle swell of the blue sea and the rise and fall of the following sea-gulls were the main features of a wonderfully relaxed scene. Then the Brioni Islands appeared, where Tito lives, followed by the flat coastline of Istria, until, the land gradually gaining in height, Ryeka, drab and grey, before its backcloth of bare hills, hove to before our prow, and soon we were tying up alongside the quay. Few places could be less inspiring. The great hulks of grey, squared building lowered on the waterfront; a great red star, quite out of proportion to the hotel it squatted on, was stark against the sky; poorly dressed people crowded the quay, staring; and when we went ashore, there was no friendly bustle of traffic to greet us, just a few great articulated army lorries, a farm-cart and a shunting railway engine, for the lines run down to the waterfront. Ryeka seemed lifeless. It was most depressing.

Casting off with the anthem playing again we prowled down the coast towards Split. But it was early morning when we arrived there, and there was little incentive to go ashore. However, as dawn broke up the sky behind the great mountains and islands which follow the coast here, the whole atmosphere changed. The spectacle of the great, sheer limestone cliffs that rose up out of limpid waters, contrasting the blue of their depth and subtlety with the angular and stark shapes and livid shades of the land, was breathtaking, and virtually everyone on board crowded the rails to watch this impressive sequence of bay, crag and island sweep by. Shades and tones that never appear in Northern Europe unfolded before us, dramatic whites, blazing in between great mattresses of low, stunted and compact olive-trees, and evergreen oaks, with myrtle and acacia, rosemary and pine outstanding in certain parts. Everywhere the panorama was clear-cut and violent. The day had come quickly, the skyline was definite, the colours often subtle, but always hard; the whole scene was committed, and

I found myself yearning somewhat wistfully for some low clouds to break up the slab of blue above us, and some planeton to bring a little pea-soup humour to the glittering sea. However, I suppose that is the price we have to pay if we want to see flying-fish darting beside ships, or the sun beating down with tenacity upon our decks. Neither are particularly evident on Channel crossings.

Exactly 26 hours after leaving Venice, Gruz, the commercial port of Bubravnik appeared, and soon we were ashore, exultant in the sunshine. All the hours of planning were justified; letters sent back and fore between Cowbridge and Bridgend, Cowbridge and Venice, Cowbridge and London—all had achieved something. A fortnight of relaxation could now begin.

Perhaps the word relaxation was a little ambitious at this juncture, for when we arrived at our International Student Camp we found it to be very much alive and remarkably international. There were some two hundred people, mostly students, of one sort or another, sleeping there under canvas. There were Serbs, Croats, Poles, Russians, Greeks, Lebanese, Pakistanis, French, Italian, Dutch and a few British. Rows of double tents spread out in the terraced grounds of what had once (before the civil war) been a baronial residence. The dining terraces, the dance-floor, the bar and the club room, together with the kitchen and the staff accommodation, were found within the mansion itself, and few pleasures could surpass sipping iced Prasek or Sliravica, seated at a table shaded from the sun's glare by an elaborate colonnade and overlooking the whole of Gruz Bay, with the mountains rising up on one side and the coast of a thousand islands shimmering away into the heat-haze and the distance.

But romantic contemplation was most marked by its absence on this holiday, for there was always something going on, and the British contingent always managed to be in the thick of things. Every day a great party would go off swimming at the private bay of "Hotel Splendide" (pronounced Splonendeed) which, as every good citizen knows, is right next to the private bay of the private villa of Rankovic, vice-president of the republic. However, I mustn't give you to understand that people went swimming en bloc, or just one at a time. There was always someone swimming, and the same faces were just as likely to appear in front of a pair of swim-fins at 4 a.m., as at mid-day, midnight, or 6 a.m..

Then of course there were the dances, five nights a week at the Camp, when a student band swept hep into the Dalmatian night. Or of course, if one tired of the company, or alternatively wanted a little less company, there were at least five other regular dance-spots which I visited in Dubrovnik itself. For the knights of culture there was also the Summer Festival. Edric and I spent one whole evening at a superlative performance of Goethe's "Faust" in the Sponza Palace, and later I managed to buy a ticket for the classic production of Hamlet

given every year in the nearby Lovrjenac fortress. Indeed, even if we forget the rather uninspiring art collections exhibited in Dubrovnik, we shall certainly never forget the plays. Neither shall we forget the early morning harbour scenes, as the peasants in a long, human chain, handled fresh melons up on the quay from the long low barges, loaded deep with fruit. The bewildering market scenes, where people bustled and shouted, buying, selling and exchanging, are never-to-be-forgotten themes, as are the haunting melodies that peasants fingered out of gnarled mountain flutes, melancholy and strange. Last, but not least, the antique tramway between Gruz and Dubrovnik clanks, alive with tight-packed people, and rattles away, beneath memories of the mountain, bare and hard, which sweated ounces of energy out of anyone who climbed it for the view, that framed its backdrop to Dubrovnik life.

All these things blur the departure from Dubrovnik and the majesty of the sudden, terrible Adriatic thunderstorm that cork-tossed our boat beneath a crash of jagged night-torn mountain peaks; and the unreal calm that followed and the exquisite oil-painting, that met our gaze as the towers of Venice spired the horizon, backed by sunset-flaming Alps and sky. The long haul back to Calais and the final debouchment on to the Dover Customs shed ended it all. Everthing else was gone. We were almost back where we started, but there was a great casket of memory in between. A Yugoslav journey and another summer had passed.

R. C. W. (VIA)



#### LLANGORSE CAMP, 1957

Around this time last year I remember leading off with a bit about the weather, when I set out to write about our camp at Llangorse. Here we are again, then, the camp by this time more or less a Boarding House Institution (we've camped four years running), and the weather still with us. In fact, the day we went to camp was something of a record-breaker. I don't think I have ever seen heavier rain. It limited visibility through a car windscreen to about twenty yards. For all we knew, the field near the Lake might be flooded. But there was no turning back now. As German and I drove out of Cowbridge through the storm, we heard a hooting. A van was following us. We stopped, and found we had nearly left half a tent behind: Mr. Gethin Thomas had seen us washing through Cowbridge, and chased us up the Aberthin road. It was a bit of good luck—perhaps a good omen.

Well, amazing things do happen sometimes. At Llangorse it was not raining when we arrived. It started later, but by then we were getting established and it didn't matter so much. That first week-end, in fact, was very stormy, as a splintered tent pole bore witness; and the rest of the ten days was never really fine. But we again proved that you can have a good camp in bad weather, for this year's was, by



common consent, our best yet.

There were eight of us all told this time: Mr. Cobb and I; regulars German, Phillips and Lydon; and new boys James vi and Yardley—and last, but not least, Pearce, who has thus at length been to one of the camps which were his idea in the first place. Have you ever seen eight eggs together in one frying pan? It's a fine sight, believe me.

Something always happens to German. Getting out of a boat at old "Harry" Davies' landing stage, he caught his foot under the seat and pitched forward into the water. His foot stuck, and he could not move. Tragedy was soon averted, as his hysterical companions, after savouring the full humour of the situation, reluctantly rescued him. The best memory of German in the whole camp, though, is of the expression on his face the morning he was woken up and told he had passed at Advanced Level in all his three subjects. It was worth going a long way to see.

Mr. Cobb, a real demon for fitness this year, decided to hike round the Lake one day—a walk of about seven miles. Pearce, German and Phillips went up the hill of Allt yr Esgair, beyond the Lake, another time. But the real prize for physical keenness went to Lydon and Yardley, who announced one evening that they were going to climb Mynydd Llangorse. It was no good trying to stop them: off they went. "They'll never do it", we said. But they did. About ten o'clock they were back, just in time for supper—bruises, torn trousers, faces stained with whinberry juice, and the triumph of achievement in their eyes. It was a stout effort.

There was not much fishing this time, as the weather was so bad. But, to make up for the bad impression left by last year's mis-cooked perch, I managed to fry an eel which Lydon caught, and he actually ate it, his faith in my frying pan apparently restored. (You ought to see that frying pan—a real veteran which was given to me after it had done years of service in Westcotts).

James and Yardley spent most of their time with ears glued to my portable radio, arguing furiously about the relative merits of the pop tunes which were, I need hardly add, strictly the only things they listened to. Such conversations as, "Love Letters in the Sand is good." "No, it's **useless!**" provided one of the camps' few discordant notes.

Wasps were another. Most people would agree it has been a good year for wasps. There were hundreds of them. Now I, personally, rather like wasps. They never sting me, and so what I always say is Live and Let Live. The boys soon realised that this fad of mine had possibilities for exploitation. With intense fervour they declared war on the wasps. My protests that wasps have a right to live, after all they don't make Hydrogen Bombs, or massacre Hungarians, etc., etc., only inflamed them further. For the poor old wasps it would have been

better if I'd kept quiet. But poetic justice was done one morning. Yardley, while in the act of describing with relish an incident in which a wasp had gone down someone's neck, sat down and leapt up again with a yell, all in one movement. Well, you can't blame the wasp really, can you? What would you do, if someone sat on you?

The entomology may have been light-hearted, but the geology was dead serious. One evening I asked the boys to dig a new rubbish pit. These requests come in camp from time to time, and this one was not greeted with any fiercer scenes of enthusiasm than is normal. Reluctantly they got to work. Then, about two feet down, they hit soil of a completely different colour. It was white, and full of tiny shells—the ancient floor of the Lake, in fact. Everyone went wild. The white earth fairly flew out of the pit. Shells were sorted and sifted on enamel plates (some of them got into the fried tomatoes afterwards and I had to cross my fingers no one would notice). Then a new colour of earth was reached—deep purple, old red sandstone soil, harder than clay, packed tight in a bed that no living eye had ever gazed on before. Lydon said the next thing was to determine how far the white bed extended. In no time at all he was at the other end of the field, about five feet down in a new trench of his own. I've never seen digging like it. Incidentally, he and Mr. Cobb another time found a very tidy glacial moraine which is the reason for the Lake being there in the first place, and one day Lydon will probably write a book about it all, because geology may be just geology to you, but it's meat and drink to Lydon.

Well, chaps, so much for this year's camp. Next summer, if you're in Llangorse in August, walk across the Common and into the field along the river the far side. We'll probably be there, and glad to see you. In fact we'll fry you an egg, or an eel, or maybe a geological specimen.

IOLO DAVIES.



### HOLIDAY IN HENSOL

It came as rather a shock to me to hear that I had a job up at Hensol waiting for me when I came back from Holland. I arrived home on the Monday, June 29th, and on Wednesday I had started working. My shift started at 12.40 a.m. and finished at 8 p.m., and so, feeling a little scared, I was directed to go to Ward F. As I walked down the path towards the ward I wondered what sort of people I would have to deal with. In a very short time I was to find out. The patients in Ward F were having lunch when I arrived. As soon as I was spotted they surrounded me, yelling at me with unintelligible noises, poking and prodding me, and trying to kiss me—that was the worst part. One of the patients, who looked exactly like the Piltown Man, immediately made friends with me, and rather cautiously I let

him try on my glasses. That was my first mistake. A white-coated figure strode through the mass of patients surrounding me and offered to take me round the ward. He showed me where the patients' boots and clothes rooms were, the dormitories, bathroom—in fact we did the whole ward pretty thoroughly.

There were 70 patients in the ward but some were on holiday when I arrived there. One of the workers said that I should be all right once I got to know the boys, and indeed he was right. The ages of the "boys" ranged from about 5 to 70 or 80 years, but their mental age ranged from 2 to 9. The patients were classed into two grades: high grade and low grade. The high grades were the feeble-minded ones who were capable of thinking for themselves to a certain extent, unlike the low grades, who were the imbeciles or cretins who could do practically nothing at all.

I soon settled down there and, to my great astonishment, was given a bunch of keys which made me feel very important, and soon I was swinging them nonchalantly and looking as if I had been working in the ward all my life.

Every week I changed my shift and thus it alternated between morning and afternoon. Each shift overlapped by one hour and twenty minutes so that between 12.40 and 2 a.m. there were eight nurses on duty. The morning shift started at 6.45, which, for me, meant getting up at 5.30 a.m.! Despite the early hours this was the shift I liked most. On a fine morning I had a wonderful feeling as I cycled to Hensol. The sun was shining, birds were in full cry and rabbits were basking in the early morning sun.

The day started at 6.45 a.m. when the night nurse went off duty, having got all the patients out of bed. Once washed and dressed they were paraded downstairs and into the day-room where they had their breakfast. After breakfast, if it was fine, certain patients were sent to do manual labour. While I was there the trainees, as they were called, were engaged on building a road. Some of the patients went to work in the gardens, some to the handicraft shops or to the upholstery shop, and the remainder, who were either disabled or mentally incapable of doing work, were sent for a walk. It was during my first walk at about 9 a.m. one morning that I made my second mistake. I should have counted how many patients went out from the ward, and also counted them when they returned. Luckily no one tried to escape or strangle me during these walks, though I had one or two nasty moments. The walk was designed to take from two to three hours in order to enable the ward to be cleaned out when everybody was away. Once another nurse and I walked six miles in three hours. I had to carry one patient all the way! When the patients arrived back lunch was almost ready. After lunch the patients went on another walk which took until tea time. After tea they either kicked a ball around or watched a cricket match on the field (if one was in progress) or trooped into the T.V.

room to watch the Lone Ranger and Billy Bunter.

At about 6 p.m. the low grades went to bed, and at 7 p.m. the rest of the ward followed them, with the exception of about six of the highest grade patients, who were allowed to stay up till 9 p.m.

I had one day off per week and for that day I had to work what is known as a "long day." The long day consists of two shifts with an extra hour, that is from 6.45 a.m. to 9 p.m. These were the killing days. Once I did three in succession—were my feet sore! The rest of the staff went off duty at 8 p.m. with the exception of the unlucky one whose long day it was. Alternatively he was "on the hour."

About 60% of the patients in our ward were epileptics, and by the time I left Hensol I felt confident that I could handle an epileptic patient during one of his fits. In fact these fits are not so bad as most people make them out to be. There is the odd one, of course, who is very violent, but he is an exception.

But despite the E.P.'s (as the epileptics are called) Hensol has its lighter side. There is the patient who, even on the hottest day, will not remove his thick overcoat because then he will have nowhere to put his daps except in his coat pockets. Then there are the two Mongoloids who greet each other as if they have not seen each other for years, kissing each other and hugging—after returning from a walk.

Very few of the patients can read or write, but instead of cluttering up their minds with reading or writing they can adapt their minds to other spheres. One patient who could neither read nor write was a genius for associating a date with a day. If you asked him the day on which January 30th fell in 1637, back would come the answer, and it was always correct. I persuaded him to work out the day on which January 1st fell in the year 1. He said it was a Wednesday (can anyone verify this?). The same patient can memorise the "Radio Times" from cover to cover.

The patients' concept of the English language leaves much to be desired, and one of the nurses in the ward told me: "If there's anything worse than a medical student on this job—it's a theological one."

Altogether I enjoyed my holiday in Hensol and look forward to going there again next year. Needless to say, the acid remarks that my friends poured upon me when I told them that I was in Hensol were very numerous. Lastly, I would like to thank everyone concerned up at Hensol for helping me to get over my teething trouble during the first few days and for the generosity and kindness that everyone showed me—I am grateful to them. But the feature that will appeal most to all schoolboys is that the money is good too!

D. E. (VIB)



### *Editorial*

This term has been overshadowed by the death in tragic circumstances of the Headmistress of the High School. Miss Enid Walker had done so much to increase the reputation and efficiency of the High School by her conscientiousness and vitality that it is all the more sad that her work should be thus cut short. We should like to take this opportunity of publicly expressing to our sister establishment in Cowbridge our deep sympathy in their loss.

Life in the Grammar School, however, has continued much as usual. True, anti-polio injections were a novelty, but the School Play was not, and the Steeplechase followed it faithfully a week later. Last year's record-breaking attendances at the School Play were not matched this year, "A Midsummer Night's Dream" not having the popular appeal of "1066 and All That", but one of our talented actors, Christopher Edwards, established his own particular record in the Steeplechase, clipping twenty-two seconds off the previous best time. Clearly there is no "bottom" to this boy's ability.

I wish I could speak as highly for the ability displayed in the annual Literary Competition. Entries have been fewer than usual and the standard generally lower. The best entries are always printed in the Easter term magazine and the less good the following term, but it seems at the moment as if there will be no "left-overs" this time. Still, it gives us great pleasure to print a French poem by David Thomas, and the contributions, we feel, are nicely varied. We are also glad to know that a new young poet is amongst us who is contributing regularly to *The Lion*.

Speaking of *The Lion*, we should like to thank its enthusiastic proprietor, Mr. Iolo Davies, for the help he gives us in various ways in connection with the BOVIAN, and the same thanks go to others who contribute, with different degrees of willingness, their accounts of various School activities.





## *The School Play*

### "A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM"

*(A reprint, with some additions, of the review of the School Play published in Issue No. 261 of "The Lion", dated March 15th. 1958).*

The final curtain-call, an applauding audience, a tired and happy cast, and Mr. Edwards giving his brief speech: here it all was once again, last night at half-past-nine. Then out went the lights, off came the grease-paint, down came the scenery. It was all over bar the talking, and Cowbridge Grammar School Dramatic Society had scored another big success.

For make no mistake about it, this production **was** a big success, and let us not be afraid to say so. Object, if you like, that no school play since the dawn of time has ever been reported, in any school magazine, as anything **other** than a big success, however atrocious it may have been in reality. That is perfectly true; there is that about school plays which makes normally discriminating people lose their critical faculty. Tell me, if you will, that at best the justification for a school performance of Shakespeare is the old Chestertonian tag that if a thing is worth doing it is worth doing badly; and for good measure, add, if you must, that as I am (in a very small way) connected with the production of the School Plays, I have little right to talk about them. To all this I will reply that there are no such things as absolute standards of criticism in the first place; but in any case, I am dealing not with criticism but with facts at this stage. A play is a success if the audience enjoys it. The audience loved this one. All credit, then, to all concerned—the actors, the producers (Mr. M. B. Edwards and Mr. A. B. Codling)—the designers and makers of the striking set (Mr. P. Cobb and Miss

G. M. Davies and their helpers); it is a long list, for in this Society, the only major out-of-school activity the School has apart from its games, there are many who contribute. There is Mr. Cobb again for his music (yet another original composition this year), and Mr. M. Vaughan and his merry "Front-of House" band. His programme sellers, by the way, are the only people who make any money themselves; perhaps that is why they were described as "business assistants" this year. We daily expect to hear a demand from the actors for a "trone" system to be introduced.

To the people who do not like Shakespeare I shall say but little. It is just their hard luck, that is all. But there is another point worth mentioning. There were some who thought this was not the best of his plays to choose, and I may as well admit that I was one of them. The performances this week made me change my mind. I was made to see more in this play than I had done before—and I have been on nodding terms with it now for twenty-five years. And, when you come to think of it, what play could a boys' school more appropriately choose? There are parts here for boys of all ages and sizes—serious and comic, simple and mysterious, male and female (the female parts, mark you, written for boys to act!) and between the magic of the poetry, the poetry of the magic, the tragicomic parody of love, and our love of parodied tragi-comedy, what a wonderful evening's entertainment it adds up to. By entertainment I mean something more than mere amusement. You have to put more attention in, and so you get more enjoyment out.

I am well aware that no-one who reads this review will be really interested in anything but the references to individual characters in the play, which will come at the end. Yet there is a point which needs to be made here, for it is in the light of it that I shall speak of the players. The key to this play, in my opinion, is the "play in the play" at the end—uproariously funny, but has it not also a very special significance? Pyramus and Thisbe are to Theseus and Hippolyta as Theseus and Hippolyta are—to what? To real life. It is easy to see that Bottom and his friends are plain honest Englishmen whose native wit (and limitations) are but little affected by the veneer of Classicism. But is not that true of the English Renaissance as a whole? The rediscovery of the Classics did not make England the home of creative artists; it merely canalised their creations, imported themes and images, heroes and heroines, and gave to the outpourings of the Northern lyric and dramatic genius many a wood near Athens in which to find a local habitation and a name. The main part of the play also, then, like the play in it, shows us Shakespeare and the English Renaissance smiling at themselves. And the theme of the two degrees of reality is embroidered by the introduction of a third—that in which lies the world of the Fairies.

Which, then, of these three worlds has characters the most "real"? Why, Bottom's world. They are the everyday persons who project themselves into the world of romantic fantasy—the world of Theseus and Hippolyta. And for the link between the two there is the Fairy kingdom, more than half real to Shakespeare's generation, with Puck (a very important character indeed) as the go-between.

It sometimes happens that in a play of Shakespeare there is one character, and one only, in whom the poet seems particularly interested, building up the portrait with that unique mastery he possesses. It is not always the chief part on paper; it is so in *Hamlet*, which is a play about Hamlet—but it is not in *Merchant of Venice*, which is a play about Shylock. Now if there is a character round which "*A Midsummer Night's Dream*" really revolves in this way, it is Bottom the Weaver; and therefore the whole atmosphere of the production depends on the way this part is presented.

It is easy enough to make Bottom merely a blundering, vain nincompoop, a caricature of some 16th century green-room bighead; but your play will be the shallower for it. Make him appealing, instead of ridiculous, genial instead of vapid, and human instead of asinine (all of which Chris. Edwards did with such easy assurance), and your play goes forward. As we see the quaintly philosophising songster moving amiably through the three worlds of reality, of romance, of poetry (and we might add a fourth, the world of the theatre), we begin to wonder, secretly, if the green-room character Shakespeare really had in mind was an old boy of Stratford-on-Avon Grammar School, a "weaver" with a vengeance.

In a short review like this, one cannot mention all. For the rest of the "mechanicals", all of whom were good and well-cast, we have no space except to add a word for Paul Marshall as Quince. He sustained well the queer accent he chose to use; he too was likeably human to the extent that we all wanted his play to succeed for his sake; and his enjoyment of his part was infectious, drawing his Prologue most well-merited applause.

If the world of Theseus and Hippolyta is less "real", it follows that we look for different things here in the portrayal of the characters. They are not individuals, as are Bottom and Quince, but types. We are more interested in their words than in themselves. Elocution, diction, tone—all the rather impersonal qualities—become of paramount importance and pose their own special difficulties. It was a measure of Michael Morgan's success as Hermia that he made his part stand out against the background of what the others in this part of the play achieved (and the general level was good). Theseus (Edric Caldicott) was ducal in manner and speech. The set-piece of the quarrel



involving Hermia, Helena (David Adams), Demetrius (David Edwards v), and Lysander (John Bennett), was as good a piece of theatre as one would wish to see.

Now to the Fairies. The four little ones deserve a mention, if only for their appearance. Green, ghostly, and never statuesque but quivering with a sort of elemental and so-appropriate restlessness, they quite captured the audience. So did Graham Pearce (Oberon), Christopher Gill (Titania), and Maxwell Cook (Puck). The task they had was that of the characters in the "Theseus" world, with a difference. To succeed, they had to add mystery to, extract poetry from, every word they uttered.

How pleasant it was to see Graham Pearce (probably in his last appearance on this stage) crowning his career in our Dramatic Society with a performance of such stature and eloquence. And how remarkable to see, playing opposite him, a young performer, Christopher Gill, of such talent. There cannot be many boys of eleven years capable of holding an audience spellbound, as he did, with the sheer beauty of poetic utterance. As *Lion* readers know, he is a poet himself, which explains part of his success. Maxwell Cook as Puck gave a heart-warming performance, taking us into his confidence with just the right air of conspiratorial mischief. It is a hard part for a little boy, but he showed unexpected depth and maturity in the way he tackled it. The picture of him making his final speech, alone on the darkened stage, is one that will long stick in the memory.

IOLO DAVIES.



### *School Notes*

First we have the pleasurable task of congratulating Robert Williams on gaining the Edwin Jones Scholarship in Geography at Jesus College, Oxford.

We are also glad to know that he has been selected to go on the British Schools' Exploring Society's 1958 Expedition to Labrador in July.

"A Midsummer Night's Dream", this year's School Play, is now a thing of the past. It was performed on March 12th, 13th and 14th. A report appears in this issue.

The Steeplechase will be run off on Wednesday, March 19th, and it is hoped to include an account in this term's BOVIAN.

Speech Day is to be held on Wednesday, May 7th, when the

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COWBRIDGE GRAMMAR SCHOOL



THE BOVIAN



JULY, 1959

## COWBRIDGE GRAMMAR SCHOOL

### Future Developments

(Contributed by County Alderman P. J. SMITH, M.B.E., J.P., D.L.,  
Chairman of the Governors)

This School has occupied a very special place in the structure of secondary education in the County. Its continuous history as a Grammar School since the Seventeenth Century easily gives it a seniority which no other County School can approach. Additionally, and alone among similar Schools, it provides places for boarders, and it is in this respect that the important developments will come.

The Education Act, 1944, required Local Education Authorities to have regard

“ . . . to the expediency of securing the provision of boarding accommodation, either in boarding schools or otherwise, for pupils for whom education as boarders is considered by their parents and by the Authority to be desirable.”

In framing their Development Plan the Glamorgan Authority had to show what provision they proposed in this field. As was to be expected, their plan, which has been accepted by the Ministry of Education, is that boarding provision for boys in the County shall be concentrated at Cowbridge. There always have been boarders at Cowbridge, but the numbers have not kept pace with the development on the day-pupil side. In 1920, the total enrolment was 86, including 45 boarders. The boarders thus outnumbered the day pupils. In 1929 the numbers had increased to 130 of whom 60 were boarders. In January this year, the school reached a total enrolment of 374, but the boarding element is stationary at 50. The approved Development Plan envisages a two form-entry of day pupils and a one form-entry of boarders. This will give a total enrolment of 540, assuming a five year ordinary level course for G.C.E. and a sixth form totalling 90, and in this case the boarders included in the total enrolment would be about 180, that is, more than three times the present figure.

Of course there are overall needs in the School, apart from boarding provision only, and much requires to be done to bring teaching accommodation to modern standards even though a substantial amount of accommodation has been provided since the War, particularly for science. Prior to the issue of the recent Ministry of Education Circular 342, the Authority envisaged a possible five-year programme during which the School could be developed in accordance with the Plan, and site reservations have been made with this in mind. Whether or not

the programme will be carried out will depend entirely on the scale of capital expenditure for the County as a whole which will be allowed by the Ministry. The Authority are hopeful that the Circular really does initiate a forward movement in educational building which will enable the Cowbridge and other important schemes to be discharged within a reasonable time.

The cost of the development at Cowbridge cannot, at the very minimum, be less than £200,000, and probably will be considerably more. This to some might seem a very large figure but is completely to be justified by the imperative need to provide the best facilities in schools such as Cowbridge, if our most precious asset, the brains and inventiveness of the Nation, is to be used to the full. It is clear at the present time that, proportionately, not enough is being spent on education. Certainly the impressive record of Cowbridge Grammar School over its long history of many generations gives the assurance that any extra opportunities here will be used to the full.



### *Contributions*

Desks of plastic and schools of glass  
Schoolboys slogging at French and Maths.  
V.T.O. jets instead of buses—  
What will it be like in the future ?

High speed lifts to take boys to their dorms  
Yelling boarders filling the dorms  
T.V. screens affixed to the walls—  
What will it be like in the future ?

Robots gardening and cleaning the rooms  
Riding stables with mechanical grooms ;  
Latin forgotten, Martian instead—  
What will it be like in the future ?

Skyscrapers rising from the School field  
Food in containers hermetically sealed  
Nuclear chem. labs. in Old Hall grounds—  
What will it be like in the future ?

Old Hall and Boarding House might be museums  
Housing all relics from books to Te Deums  
The new buildings might be regarded as ruins—  
What will it be like in the future ?

Swimming pools, maybe, in the School grounds  
New haughty prefects doing their rounds,  
Lunar root juice instead of our milk—  
What will it be like in the future ?

What will it be like in the future ?  
Much enlarged it will be in the future.  
With buildings of glass in the future—  
That's how it will be in the future.

D.E.H. (IIIa)



#### FUTURAMA

Some day, when you and I are dead,  
This ancient school will lie in ruins ;  
This copper beech, no longer red,  
Will tumble, nodding its ancient head  
To meet the dark, unyielding earth,  
Thus fall the remnants of these ancient walls ;  
Thus dies the image of our ancient brood.

Yet Cowbridge, if in spirit alone,  
Will live on, though the building will be new ;  
Where our ancient hearts would quicken at the drone  
Of three score schoolboys learning of the Rhone  
Glacier, and the wonders of remoter times,  
Taught by an automaton, a mechanical Don,  
Replacing him who once with knowledge shone.

This modern hall of learning,  
Though new in face, is steeped  
In tradition of the finest turning,  
Shaped on the lathe of time, and yearning  
In its shallow roots to recapture  
The long lost atmosphere of these boring days,  
Trying to shed its automatic maze.

J.G.M. (REM. A)



## COWBRIDGE GRAMMAR SCHOOL IN THE FUTURE

What will Cowbridge Grammar School be like one hundred years hence? Will the school be so very different from that of today?— I do not think so. Boys' habits will remain much the same in spite of the quickly moving span of the next hundred years. Dress will differ, and pupils will have their own conveyance to school each morning, but apart from these changes, not much else will be different, and the boys will still have to endure lessons and examinations, just as those of today.

However, the changes that will have taken place may seem attractive to the boy of the twentieth century, though the school of the Space Age will not really be so much pleasanter.

Old Hall and the other buildings will probably still be standing, and will be used by the pupils of the future, but there will also be many new buildings to accommodate the larger numbers of pupils with their thirst for knowledge. These new buildings will have all the luxuries and conveniences of the new age, but will lack the charm of the old. Even in a hundred years, there will still be excitement and interest in tracking down familiar names carved in the old School.

The boy of the future will also enjoy far more freedom than a pupil does nowadays, and his jet-propelled motor-car or helicopter will enable him to go home to lunch, even if he does live at a distance. But is this really an advantage? Is there a boy who would prefer eating alone to enjoying the company of his friends? Can anyone visualize school without the risk of stealing "out of bounds"? No! Even though he will have far more freedom, and will be able to travel around during his free-periods in that new age, he will eventually become unable to concentrate upon school-work.

Work will also be more difficult in a hundred years' time, as there will be more to learn. Imagine a hundred years' more history to grasp, and also more science, since this will have rapidly advanced after a hundred years of a fast-moving scientific era.

Cowbridge too will have changed by 2059, and it will probably be then a flourishing metropolis with huge, wide roads, airways, and buildings, which rise up high into the sky. The pupil of the school nowadays thus has a distinct advantage since, during the dinner hour, he can lie on the grass in Welsh countryside unmolested by industrial progress, which will be quite impossible after a century has passed.

However, although it seems as if Cowbridge Grammar School

of the next century will be less attractive than the school of today, the changes will not amount to much, and there will still be the school plays, the house matches, athletic meetings ; and perhaps, too, the English master of 2058 will be searching for special talent to place in THE BOVIAN in order to mark the four hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the School.

B.J. (REM. A)



### FOR BETTER OR FOR WORSE

My first day in Cowbridge Grammar School was September 7th, 2007. As I stepped through the old stone porch I was conscious of a feeling of going back in time, even though the School was air-conditioned and neon-lighted. The latest plastic desks and the small automatic computer standing beside each one seemed oddly out of place between the grim, venerable stone walls.

Perhaps it is the lessons which have changed most in the past fifty years or so. In those days who would have thought of learning Muscavism, the Martian dialect? The television sets certainly helped a lot in learning Maths., and the 30 pictures made learning the contours of the moon an elementary problem.

After the first lesson I strolled along the river bank, the beauty of which has not altered—nor will in a thousand years. A group of boys from the Mars section of the boarding house were busily engaged in launching the daily rocket for determining the next day's weather. On top of the large dome which dwarfed the surrounding belt of vegetation, the radar scanner moved steadily in its orbit, and the squat black nose of the telescope pointed menacingly upwards, showing the way to the stars.

Over everything, bathing everyone in its shadow, towered the gigantic stack of the atomic pile, poised like the sword of Damocles. Strangely silent, running on its cobalt motors, this creation summed up the developments of the past fifty years. The invisible plastic screen around it could stand the force of an S-bomb, while the walls, made of synthetic fibre-rubber, were built with the thought in mind that when man ceased to exist, the power-plant would no longer be needed.

As I wandered back, and slipped my calory-pill from my pocket which had taken the place of a cooked dinner long ago, I began to wonder whether man had advanced or gone back in half-a-century. After all, who wanted to visit Mars, Venus, even Pluto? Not I. And I longed for the good old days when one shivered in Winter, and perspired in Summer; and, most of all, I longed for the laughter which had disappeared from our synthetic world.

G.T. (1Va)



### THE FUTURE COWBRIDGE GRAMMAR SCHOOL

Let us draw back the curtains that hide the future, and look at Cowbridge Grammar School in all its new glory, and investigate all its hidden secrets.

The year is 20— A.D. New pupils usually arrive in helicopters, hover-craft or flying cars. Land vehicles are now in museums, although electric cars are used in airports. The School is divided into several



buildings : Science, Biology, Geography and Mathematics are each taught in different sections of the same building, which is large and circular in shape. The special Gymnasium and Games Centre is opposite the laboratories. At the other side of the Grammar School is the Plastic Laboratory, the Foundry, and the Engineering Factory, and in the centre is the Flying department complete with hangars and offices. The Old Hall and the old boarding house are now used as museums. The newest part, which was built in 1954, has been re-erected into a new day-boys' canteen and a new boarding house to accommodate the 360 boarders. Altogether there are approximately 1,200 day-boys and 60 masters. All the buildings in the School have a similar special building scheme. Each classroom has a span roof supported in the middle and surrounded by "curtained" walls. At a press of a button these walls can be electrically controlled, so that they roll themselves up, shorten or lengthen themselves.

Teaching is often done out of doors, or if it happens to be a bad day—which is usually forecast a week ahead—teaching is done in the classroom. All lesser-grade teaching is done by closed-circuit television. Dialects have been abolished and a universal language is used, namely a very modified form of English. Excluding the teaching of English the main subjects are Biology, Science, Industrial Science, Mathematics, Geography, Metallurgy, Engineering and Flying.

Punishments are quite severe, the electric cane for instance. When a boy has to be caned the normal process is followed, although the boy is also given a slight electric shock. However, there are many aids to the doing of lines, the automatic transcriber being very useful. A hidden camera in the classroom reports any bad behaviour to the master. As the number of boys has gone up, the number of prefects has greatly increased to maintain discipline.

The Plastic Society has replaced the old Woodwork Society, for wood has long since ceased to be an economic material to use, and trees are now only used as "ornamental" plants. New plastics such as polythene are being made every month. The "Plasticlaboratory" consists of a rectangular building having a queer assemblage on its walls. Inside it has many automatic machines, so that each artisan need not have to be skilled in the use of them.

The Metallurgist department deals in metals and new alloys. At one end of the "foundry" there is a small blast furnace, while in the rest of the building there are many forging machines. The forging machines are automatic and built to a high degree of accuracy.

The Photographic Society is very advanced. Films and cameras fast enough to photograph an object travelling at the rate of 1,000 miles per hour can be bought. To photograph an object all you have to do is to give instructions to your "flying movie-camera" The camera

takes the photographs which are moving and coloured, and develops and prints them.

The Engineering Society is also a physicist section and deals with electronics and electrically controlled machines. They have a large factory near the foundry, so that a constant supply of metals is available. The factory is full of machines, hydraulic lifts, automatic tools, testing apparatus and information panels.

Closely linked with the Engineering Society is the Boys' Flying Society. This deals mainly with helicopters and small helijets. The special "airport" consists of two large buildings: the hangars and the control rooms and offices. Juniors use the helijet which is on the same principle as the helicopter, that is, it works on the vacuum principle. Seniors use the helicopters. The helicopter is now very advanced, it is completely different from the old "whirlywizzy."

Last we come to the Science Society. This deals with chemicals and fuels for the helicopters and helijets. Both the Biology laboratory and the Science laboratory are large and very advanced. The Science laboratory has an underground storage place for chemicals which is built entirely of a special plastic. Its ground floor is very similar to the other buildings, although it has very advanced pieces of apparatus inside.

All the School's societies help towards the success of the Boys' Flying Society—plastics, alloys, cameras, engines and fuel.

Leoline, Stradling, Durel and Seys still exist although the games are much more strenuous. The reason for this is that too much transport leads to wasted limbs, so that games have to be more strenuous to make up for this. The gymnasium has altered a lot as many new sports and games are played.

### **The Future Prospects of the School**

It is hoped that telepathy will be employed by most of the masters. Plans are being made for a new building scheme. It is also hoped that weather control will come into use soon. The exchange of pupils in Grammar Schools between Europe and Great Britain is already a common practice and it is hoped to extend this to America and Asia. This, of course, refers to the higher forms and the exchange occurs to allow them to take advantage of specialised instruction.

And so we leave Cowbridge Grammar School of the future and come back to the present after a truly wonderful foretaste.

P.A.T. (IIa)



Another upheaval took place during the Summer holidays and was still continuing at the start of term. The Old School and Headmaster's House were completely re-wired and central heating of a new type installed. The Headmaster and his family will not readily forget their "Summer holiday" of 1959 when their privacy was shattered by an army of invading electrical engineers. Traces of occupation still remain . . . .

We would not only look back, however, or lament present difficulties. We now learn that a new school is a little nearer than we had anticipated. The plan to build on the School field has now been dropped and the intention is to build a three-storey building in Mill Road, being in effect a continuation of the present three-sided block. A start is scheduled by 31st March, 1965, provided the necessary Government grant is available. We wait and hope.



### **Staff Notes**

Mention has already been made in the Editorial of this term's staffing difficulties. Miss E. D. Marsh, B.Sc., is one of those who has been helping us out. Miss Marsh retired not long ago from her position as Senior Mistress and Senior Mathematics Mistress at the Cowbridge High School. She was at the High School during the difficult time when they lacked a Headmistress and it was her industry and organization that held the School together so well. We are most grateful to Miss Marsh for coming out of retirement to teach in a boys' school ; but she has done so with efficiency and conscientiousness.

Our other supply teacher, Mr. Roger Williams (alternatively known, for some reason, as Mr. Rowland Jones) was educated at Ferndale Grammar School and is a B.A. of Aberystwyth University College. There he edited both the University Newspaper and Magazine. He ran the Film Unit and was Secretary to the Film Society ; he was Stage Manager for both English and Welsh plays. Finally he has taken part in Eisteddfodau. We are very sorry to think that Mr. Williams is not staying with us any longer as we have enjoyed having him, but he is due to take up an appointment in January at the Gladstone Road Secondary School, Barry. Our good wishes follow him there.

The vacancy caused by the death of Mr. T. S. Evans is to be filled by Mr. A. J. Trotman. Mr. Trotman is so well known in Cowbridge, that little needs to be said about him except how delighted we are to welcome back an ex-pupil and ex-member of staff. Since he left us Mr. Trotman has been teaching in Ghana.

Mr. P. G. Cobb has been moving in dramatic circles again and performed with his usual aplomb in the latest Cowbridge Amateur Dramatic Society production. Rumour has it that Mr. Cobb wouldn't mind a rest from acting but the Society would be hard put to managing without him.

We have two Students from Cardiff University Training College with us this term. They are Mr. A. J. Bevan, B.Sc. and Mr. C. E. Bowen, B.A. Mr. Bevan was educated at Llanely Grammar School and gained a degree in Physics and Mathematics. He has played with the National Youth Orchestra of Wales and was a member of Cardiff University 1st XV. Mr. Bevan must be the first student of his qualifications that we have had at Cowbridge for many a long year. With a degree in Physics and Mathematics he should have little difficulty in obtaining a good post.

Mr. Bowen was educated at Llandovery College and University College of Wales, Aberystwyth, where he read Classics and Philosophy.



#### **RINGING AT LLANBLETHIAN**

Llanblethian tower contains a peal of six bells, the tenor weighing twelve hundredweight. The bells were last rung regularly before the Second World War, and for fourteen years the tower was left locked and deserted. People who would have liked to ring there were discouraged by rumours of the tower being unsafe, and the frame on which the bells rested being rotten. However, last year, boys from this School

obtained the key of the tower, and wound their way up the spiral staircase.

Inside, all was chaos. The floors were thick with dust, but this was soon rectified when boys started cleaning with brooms. The tower was found to be quite safe, but the gutters on the roof were blocked and the rain dripped through the roof. However, when the gutters were cleaned, this fault was soon put right.

The bells and their fittings were in good condition, but when an attempt was made to ring them, the ropes were found to be rotten, and broke. After this, ropes from the Cowbridge tower were used. All of us boys enjoyed ourselves, and we agreed it was a fine peal of bells.

After these first visits, the tower was not visited again for some months, until a meeting of the South Wales Nomads was held there. The South Wales Nomads is a society which rings in towers which for some reason have been unused.

Both the ringers from this School and the South Wales Nomads rang, and, although the rain was pouring down outside, inside there was an atmosphere of enjoyment. At the end of the day we returned home tired, but well satisfied with what we had done.

The South Wales Nomads attempted a peal, a ring which lasts three hours, but this was unsuccessful, and since then no more ringing has been done at Llanblethian, because of the lack of bell-ropes. One rope costs between three and four pounds, but if someone was to start donating money, ropes could most probably be bought, and the Llanblethian bells could again ring out over the Vale.

G.J. (IVa)



## *Staff Notes*

We begin with two apologies. It seems strange to think that, after fourteen years' association with him, the Editor should be unaware that Mr. Vaughan's first name is spelt Morris and not Maurice; but so it is. He tends his humble apologies to Mr. Morris Vaughan.

The other apology concerns our French Assistant, M. Roland Guyard, who was completely ignored in last term's Staff Notes. The reason perhaps is M. Guyard's quiet and retiring nature; but the last thing in the world we would wish to do is to upset the Entente Cordiale. At the time of going to press M. Guyard is not in School, so we will leave over any facts concerning him to next term's magazine, once again sincerely regretting our deficiencies.

It has been most pleasing to have had a term with a full staff throughout. Mr. Tudor Hughes is back and seems to be standing up to the strain of teaching very well. It is delightful to have him with us again.

Mr. A. J. Trotman has rejoined the Staff as Senior Physics Master. He was with us previously from 1951 to 1955 as Junior Physics Master, then he left for Ghana, where he was Senior Physics Master at Prempeh College, Kumasi, one of the three large boarding schools providing Secondary School education (to "A" level) for 550 boys. The years and the heat have obviously not weighed heavily with Mr. Trotman. He is the same genial person as when he left us; we wish him a long and happy stay. He has now settled in a house in Bridgend, and the only fly in the ointment is that he recently failed his driving test, even though he has been motoring for two or three years abroad. There seems something a little queer in a system that fails him yet passes Mr. Lloyd Davies at the first attempt, though he is new to motoring. Dare we in the latter case raise the gladiators' cry by way of congratulation: "Hail, those about to die salute thee"?

Our Junior Physics Master, Mr. K. J. Helyar, will be leaving us at the end of the summer term. Perhaps encouraged by Mr. Iolo Davies's exploits at the High School, where he is teaching Latin to the Sixth Form in combination with his own Sixth, Mr. Helyar applied for and obtained the Senior Physics post at Bridgend Girls' Grammar School. As Mr. Helyar is now living in Bridgend this will be a most convenient promotion for him, but we shall be very sorry to see him go.

We have a new Music Mistress in the person of Miss Margaret Williams. Miss Williams comes from Merthyr, and we extend a warm welcome to her.

We are delighted to have with us a Physical Training Student in the person of Mr. Hugh D. Davies, who was educated at Llanelly Boys' Grammar School from 1944-50. He served in the Royal Air Force from 1950 to 1952. Since 1953 he has been a professional cricketer with Glamorgan County Cricket Club—he is an aggressive

fast bowler. From 1957 to 1959 he carried out two years' teachers' training at the City of Cardiff Training College, and is at present attending the Diploma Course in Physical Education under the same auspices. We hope that Mr. Davies will be very happy with us and that he will be able to help the Staff demolish the School 1st XI in the annual match.

(Mr. A. B. Codling, the author of the above note, and indefatigable editor of *The Bavian*, has had to go into hospital as we go to press. We all wish him an early and complete recovery.—I.D.D.)





## *School Notes*

The Headmaster's return to health and work is greatly welcomed. We hope his recovery will be permanent.

A major event took place on the evening of 9th November, when a Careers Convention took place at the Grammar School. The Gymnasium, Canteen and several classrooms were thrown open to parents, boys and girls of the Grammar School and High School. There they had the opportunity of consulting a large number of authorities on very varied careers. Not only was this new departure considered a great success from the point of view of the information received but it was, incidentally, an enjoyable social occasion. It is to be hoped that similar events will be held every two or three years.

We are delighted to record that T. J. Chilcott gained a State Scholarship on his performance at Advanced level. He has, subsequently, been granted a place at St. John's College, Cambridge, but hopes that he may also land an open award during his third year in the Sixth Form.

Congratulations to all who passed the G.C.E. exams. of last June. Results seem to have been pretty good, and of several distinctions at Advanced level four were in Physics.

The following appointments were made: to be Dux Scholae, A. O. Hughes; to be Deputy Dux Scholae, M. J. Morgan; to be Prefects: G. Binks, M. J. Bourne, T. J. Chilcott, A. J. B. Codling, G. A. Davies, P. B. Davies, R. B. Greenwood, G. A. V. Rees, A. E. Taylor, K. V. Taylor, D. G. Thomas, J. C. Yardley.

Remembrance Day was celebrated in the traditional way on Friday, 11th November. This year the Vicar delivered a brief address for the benefit of the boys, who, he felt, might consider themselves to be rather far removed from the two World Wars that were being remembered. He noted that the numbers of the School had so increased that it would not take so many more to fill Holy Cross Church completely.

Two boys in the School gained fame in the golfing world during the summer holidays: M. P. D. Adams and P. A. Thomas, xvi. "David" Adams represented South Wales against North Wales, and won both his singles and foursome matches; he obtained the second best gross score in the *Daily Telegraph* Competition—against all the best boys in Wales—and also won the Ivor Nicholls Cup with a best score of 73. Paul Thomas also represented South Wales against the North and won both singles and foursome matches. Congratulations to both of them.

We are very glad to report the formation of a Scientific Society in the School. Its activities are described in this issue of the BOVIAN. They included a visit to an "Atoms at Work" Exhibition on 25th November, a report on which appears also.

Two days only could be taken for half-term as we had enjoyed a longer summer holiday than usual. Half-term thus extended over the period 29th October-1st November.

The Old Vic. Company will be visiting Cardiff in the week beginning 12th December, and a party of seniors headed by Messrs. Codling, Edwards and Cobb are going to see "St. Joan", by G. Bernard Shaw.

The end of term sees the revival of House Plays. We hope the standard will not have slipped in the meanwhile, though we understand that one House is having casting problems.

CALENDAR: Next term begins	.....	10th January, 1961
Half term	.....	13th-14th February
Next term ends	.....	24th March
Summer term begins	.....	11th April
Half-term	.....	22nd-23rd May
Summer term ends	.....	19th July
Autumn term begins	.....	12th September



### **Staff Notes**

Regretfully, we have to record the illness of yet another member of Staff. Mr. I. D. Davies has been taken to Bridgend Hospital with severe stomach pains ; it seems unlikely that he will be in school again this term. We wish him a quick recovery. As we go to press, we are very glad to report Mr. I. D. Davies's speedy recovery.

It is all the more sad that, at the same time, Mr. Davies's father is lying very seriously ill. We hope for better news of him too.

The end of last term saw the departure from our midst of Mr. John Marsden and Mr. Kenneth Helyar. Mr. Marsden came to us in December, 1956, and quickly settled into the Grammar School atmosphere. He was fortunate enough to have one of the new parts of the School to hold court in, the Biology Lab., and on the rare occasions when a mere Arts man penetrated to this sanctum he could see how well Mr. Marsden administered it. But it was not jealously guarded. The Photographic Society was made to feel at home there, and Mr. Marsden worked willingly in that department of School activity. The Editor would like to thank him personally for his help with the photographic side of the 350th Anniversary "BOVIANS". He was also Durel Housemaster.

Mr. Marsden is now Lecturer in Zoology, in charge of the Department of Biology, at the College of Advanced Technology, Cardiff. He comes now and then to see us on a Monday when the long week-end of a lecturer is beginning to draw to its close.

Mr. Helyar was junior Physics Master with us and also very well liked. He came in January, 1956. We remember with gratitude how he took over the Senior Physics on the loss of Mr. T. J. Evans. Good science masters like Mr. Helyar are hard to come by in these days.

Mr. Helyar we have not seen since he left us ; he is no doubt pretty thoroughly occupied organising the Senior Physics at the Girls' Grammar School, Bridgend. We feel sure that he will get on well there, but we miss his strong sense of humour.

In place of Mr. Marsden has come Mr. Frank T. Palmer. Mr. Palmer was educated at Canton High School and University College, Cardiff. He gained his B.Sc. in 1956 and in 1957 obtained First Class Honours in Botany. From 1957 to 1960 he was engaged in Research for a Ph.D. The result is still pending. Mr. Palmer's interests comprise the Study of Vegetation of Industrial (Colliery) Waste, Motor-Cycling, Walking and Nature Study. He is married.

Mr. David Hunt is the replacement for Mr. Helyar. He was educated at Cathays High School and at University College, Cardiff. He gained Second Class Honours in Physics and his degree of B.Sc. includes Mathematics. He also gained the Diploma of Education. Mr. Hunt's interests include Rugby Football, Tennis and Swimming.

We welcome Mr. Palmer and Mr. Hunt very warmly to our midst and hope they will be very happy here.

Three students are with us this term. Pride of place goes to Mlle. A. Omnès, the latest in the now growing line of French "assistants". Mlle. Omnès is the second lady we have had and, being the possessor of a charming disposition, has found no difficulty in settling down in what must be a rather unusual situation for her. Mlle. Omnès has gained the first two parts of her Baccalauréat, the Certificate of General Literary Studies and the Certificate of Practical English Studies. Her interests are in Sport, Reading, Travelling, Holiday Camps, Music and Psychology. With the coming of Mlle. Omnès we feel that the Entente is even more Cordiale.

Mr. David Griffiths was educated at Malvern College. Among his interests there was the playing of the piano and the School Play. He was a school prefect and the head of his house. After National Service he went to Queen's College, Cambridge, where he gained a B.A. in History. His activities were various there, and included Badminton and Fives. He is now at the Teachers' Training Department, Cardiff University College.

Mr. Ronald Jones was educated at Christ's College, Brecon, where he played Rugby Football and cricket for the first teams and was a member of the Music Society. He did his National Service in the Royal Navy, during the course of which he studied Russian. At University College, London, he gained an Honours Degree in Classics. He played for the second teams in both Rugby and Association Football. In addition to his interest in Music, including Jazz, Mr. Jones enjoys the theatre and films, literature and psychology. He is now training in the Department of Education, University College, Cardiff.

*D. Hartman - Lancelotti*

*Don*

# The Bovian



MARCH, 1961.

No. 202.

## *Editorial*

Spring has come early this year. There were even daffodils blooming in time for St. David's Day, not merely in the mild west of Wales, but in our own area. The crocuses in Old Hall had an early and splendid, if brief, life, and an iris appeared in one of the beds at the beginning of March, a full fortnight earlier than last year—itsself very mild in respect of its Winter. This precocious Spring has, of course, provoked the usual outcries of "We'll pay for it later"; but people forget that in one sense we have paid for it already in the months and months of unrelenting rain that tormented us through the latter half of 1960 and continued at least to the end of January of this year. True, there may be cold to come yet, but the Spring flowers are blooming. Let us enjoy the season while we may.

The attractiveness of Old Hall garden at this time of year is at once a blessing and a curse, because its loveliness gives the impression that the Cowbridge Grammar School is a little paradise for those who inhabit it. We noticed the other day a small group of people, who were said to be connected with school building, admiring the Old Hall setting. No doubt they were aware, by contrast, of the grim deficiencies of the School buildings, but, surrounded by loveliness, it is hard to be quite so perturbed by failures in other respects. I am told that some local authorities meet in June to vote money for such purposes as anti-snow protection; the consequence of which is that such protection is deficient. The analogy seems to be a sound one. When staff and boys are hurrying through soaking rain to find shelter in inadequate classrooms it is hardly constructive to tell them to think of next Spring or Summer.

This, then, is another plea to the powers-that-be to do all they can to hasten the building of a new Cowbridge Grammar School. We make no apology for returning to this theme. The School has built up quite a reputation for itself in more ways than one, but we feel that so much of what has been achieved has been done in spite of our surroundings. We should all be happier and willing to try even harder if we knew that, at least, a firm date had been fixed for the start of the new project. Meanwhile all we can do is to hope and to enjoy the daffodils.



## FIELD WORK

On the sunny morning of Thursday, 15th June, a hive of activity was witnessed around the entrance to the Biological Laboratory. Weird apparitions in enormous sweaters and gum boots were seen to enter and leave this mysterious building. But have no fear, dear reader, it was not a protest march staged against the age-old tradition of Cowbridge Grammar School uniform, nor were we invaded by a tribe of refuse collectors (though we may sympathise with those spectators who held the latter view). No—it was, in fact, the frenzied preparation of the lower Sixth biology class for their long-awaited expedition to Nash Point. The purpose of the expedition, I am now at liberty to disclose, was to collect, identify and study all the forms of life found between high and low water mark (other than that which got there by car). And so, led by Major Seth Palmer and his wife, six of us, armed with specimen tubes and thermos flasks, piled aboard a mini-wagon and rolled seawards.

On arrival at Nash Point, little time was wasted in distributing the equipment and after a briefing, six boys, peering through eyeglasses and scribbling furiously in makeshift notebooks, began following the receding tide in search of everything that lived. The heat soon began to take its toll and hairy chests began to appear. Despite the fact that, for some unaccountable reason, less animal life was in evidence after the hairy chests had put in their appearance, the specimen tubes were rapidly being filled and 3,246 winkles and two jellyfish later, a halt was called for refreshment.

Egg and tomato sandwiches, washed down with lemonade and spiced with weird and wonderful tales of left-hand thread winkles, limpets a foot wide and starfish waving white flags, put new life into us. While we sat on the pebbly part of the beach beneath the overhanging cliff, we discussed our work for the afternoon. It became apparent that the lower part of the beach was likely to prove much more exciting than the part already covered, though the latter was in itself not uninteresting. In view of this, and the fact that we had used rather more specimen tubes than had been expected, we were obliged to re-organise our exciting catch to make more room for the next—and we were not disappointed.

Shrimps, whelks and numerous varieties of crabs were found. Even several fish were caught in the rock pools. The highlight of the afternoon, however, was yet to come. By this time, we were spread out over a considerable area of the beach and we were rather surprised when Mr. Palmer gave a yell and stood on the top of a rock gesticulating at us. We hurried to the spot and there witnessed an unusual sight. Swimming calmly around a large rock pool was an eighteen inch cuttlefish. A cuttlefish resembles an octopus in having eight tentacles though its body is longer and flatter in proportion. The white, bony

part of its body is often found washed up on the highwater mark. Fortunately we had a tin large enough to accommodate it and the cuttlefish was guided into it without undue trouble. However, when Mr. Palmer raised the tin out of the water, the indignant cuttlefish, protesting against its rough handling, promptly squirted the water out of the tin in the general direction of the cause of its discomfort. The sight of this unfortunate man with a tin of cuttlefish in one hand, a geological hammer (or was it a coal hammer) in the other, and water streaming off his bronzed torso was too much for us. Even Mrs. Palmer was seen to stifle a mighty giggle.

When the laughter died down, it was time for tea. Afterwards there was only time to visit a mussel bed a few miles down the beach before we had to collect all our equipment and retrace our steps up to the car park to await the arrival of the mini-bus.

In summing up my reactions to this trip I must say that it was the most enjoyable day of school work that I have ever experienced. Its interest and importance educationally (not to mention the addition of a cuttlefish to Mr. P's collection) cannot be overestimated and anyone who may think that we went purely for fun could not be more wrong. I agree wholeheartedly with the saying that—Practical observation is the basis of all science.

D. M., VIA SC.





### *School Notes*

The School Dramatic Society chose, for this year's School Play, Jules Romains' comedy, "Doctor Knock", which was specially translated from the French for the occasion by the Producer (Mr. P. G. Cobb) and T. J. Chilcott. The play was successfully performed at the Town Hall, Cowbridge, on 25th-28th April. A review will be found on another page.

Music-lovers in the School and in Cowbridge will, one hopes, be pleased to know that there is a possibility of a return by the Dramatic Society to Gilbert and Sullivan for next year's production.

Speech Day was held on Wednesday, 10th May, at the Town Hall, the Guest Speaker being Mr. H. Wyn Jones, M.A., B.Sc. A full report appears further on in this issue.

As we go to press, the film made by T. J. Chilcott and his associates of the Upper Sixth, depicting aspects of life at this School, is almost ready for showing. It is hoped that it will have been "released" before the end of the term. The film is called "The College", this being the traditional name by which Cowbridge folk have known the School for a century and more.

Sports Day, which is still in the future at the time of writing, is to be Wednesday, 12th July. A report will appear in next term's issue of



THE BOVIAN. It is worthy of record that on that same day, the Girls' High School will hold an Open Day at which some of our boys will be present in an official capacity. They are members of the combined Orchestra from the two Schools, which holds regular practices weekly.

A visit by certain favoured members of the School Scientific Society to Margam Steelworks has been arranged for a date in July. Form 2a had their customary trip to Caerleon ; and several form outings to Gower are planned for the end of term.

A large number of boys attended the annual Schools' Holy Communion Service in Holy Cross Church, Cowbridge, on Ascension Day, 11th May. Before the service the tower bells were rung by a mixed band of pupils from the High School and this School.

The School, as usual, was represented at the installation of the new Mayor of Cowbridge at the Town Hall, on 17th May. THE BOVIAN offers respectful good wishes to His Worship, Alderman Robert Thomas, J.P., for a successful year of office.

CALENDAR This term ends on 19th July, 1961.

Next term starts on 12th September, 1961 ; Half Term is on 30th and 31st October ; the term ends on 15th December.

Next Hilary term starts on 9th January, 1962 ; Half Term is on 19th and 20th February, and there is to be a half-day on 1st March ; the term ends on 13th April.

Next Trinity term starts on 1st May, 1962 ; Half Term is on 11th and 12th June ; the term ends on 20th July, 1962.



### **Staff Notes**

Mr. M. Bryn Edwards, who underwent an operation at Easter, was away for the early part of this term ; we are glad to record that he is now fully recovered.

Unfortunately two other members of Staff, who have both been on the sick list during the past year, have again been away this term. Mr. Tudor Hughes, happily, is now back with us ; but the BOVIAN'S Editor, Mr. Arthur Codling, has not yet been able to return. We wish him all the best, and hope that this run of illness affecting our Staff is destined soon to end.

In Mr. Codling's absence, the School has been lucky in securing the temporary services of Miss A. Clayden, B.A., who has quickly made herself at home among us, and is popular with both Staff and boys.

Mr. Peter Cobb, and also the Headmaster's Secretary, Miss Eira Williams, are both members of the newly-formed Glamorgan Singers who, under their conductor Mr. Mansel Thomas of the B.B.C., have already made one series of recordings for broadcasting.

We congratulate, albeit with regret, Mr. D. Lloyd Davies on gaining the appointment of Senior French Master at Bridgend County Grammar School. He will leave us to take up his new post in January. A full appreciation will appear in next term's BOVIAN.

Next term there will be an addition to our Staff in the person of Mr. G. A. Meek, B.Sc., who will fill the newly-created post of Junior Mathematics Master.





### *Staff Notes*

So many things have happened to the Staff recently that it is difficult to know where to start, but as it is Spring—in spite of the cold wind—we will begin with the young. Heartiest congratulations, then, to Mr. Peter Cobb on his engagement to Miss Siân Mansel Thomas. Mr. Cobb's fiancée is the daughter of the B.B.C. Director of Welsh Music, who runs the Glyndwr Singers with whom Mr. Cobb has made appearances on television.

No less than three members of the staff have enjoyed increases in their family. Our music mistress, Mrs. Parfitt, has had a baby daughter, Clare; Mr. and Mrs. Trotman are the proud possessors of a baby daughter, Elizabeth, who joins a brother and a sister; and our new Senior French master, Mr. Peter Wilson, now has a tally of no less than four daughters, the latest being named Ruth Helen.

Mr. Wilson comes to us from Kettering Grammar School, where he was a colleague of Mr. G. F. Phillips who used to teach

at Cowbridge G. S. Mr. Wilson was educated at Wellingborough Grammar School and St. Peter's Hall, Oxford, where he graduated in Honours French and Russian. He has already gained one convert to Russian in the Grammar School. Outside his academic interests Mr. Wilson is very keen on Classical Music and he has been helpful in accompanying at rehearsals of "Iolanthe". We are delighted to have Mr. Wilson with us and hope that he will be happy in the School and in his new home at Bridgend.

Messrs. Whittle and Codling have both been away for short periods because of minor operations, both of which were successful.

We welcome for a spell as a Physical Training Student Mr. K. D. Cadwallader. Mr Cadwallader hails from Radnorshire and was educated at Presteigne Grammar School. He represented the counties of Brecon and Radnorshire in the Senior Mile at the Welsh Schools Championships in 1959. He is now a student at the City of Cardiff Training College, Heath Park. His main interests are Association Football and Athletics.





### ***Staff Notes***

This term we are having to say a regretful goodbye to our Deputy Headmaster, Mr. J. D. Owen, B.Sc. Mr. Owen was educated at Queen Elizabeth Grammar School, Carmarthen, and University College of Wales, Aberystwyth. For one year he was Senior Chemistry master at Newtown Boys' Grammar School, Montgomeryshire, before transferring to Cowbridge School in September 1921, where he was the first master appointed to organise and teach Chemistry up to Higher School Certificate (the present Advanced level). He also taught Physics for a time in the Sixth form, and English, Geography, Ancient History and Mathematics all figured at one time or another in his curriculum.

For over three years Mr. Owen was a resident master, and his other activities included umpiring School hockey matches and taking charge of the School Shooting Team.

In October, 1938, he was appointed Senior Master (now known as Deputy Headmaster), and in 1941 became Acting Headmaster on Mr. Rees's departure for the R.A.F., remaining in charge until 1945, when, on Mr. Rees's return, he resumed his former position.

Cowbridge has a record for long-staying Headmasters but in

Mr. J. D. Owen we have a Deputy Headmaster whose stay of 41 years will be hard to beat. We are hoping to have an article from him in the next Bovian on his experiences at the School during his long stay. Meanwhile we should like to wish him the utmost happiness during a long retirement. We shall all miss him very much.

With the departure of Mr. Owen, Mr. Vaughan becomes Senior Chemistry master. Mr. D. G. Pugh is giving up P.T. and the organising of sport—though he will be helping for the time with the latter—and will be taking on more work on the Science side, particularly Chemistry.

The new P.T. and Sports master will be Mr. Wyn Oliver, at present at Llanelly Grammar School. More will be forthcoming concerning him in our next issue.



It is with deep regret that we record the passing of Mrs. Florence Hinton, our first and only woman governor. Mrs. Hinton had been an outstanding Mayor of Cowbridge and greatly regarded for her intense kindness and sense of service. Our sincere condolences are offered to her husband.

We are deeply sorry to have to record the death of Tom Carter, devoted School servant and friend of all in the School, masters and boys alike. We should like to offer our sincere sympathy to Mrs. Carter and her family.

### ***Llangorse Camp, 1962***

Camp was pitched on a cloudy, dismal day, and as soon as the three tents had been erected, rain set in and all were confined to barracks, until late afternoon.

Although Col, Wick, Anty and Mr. Davies had prepared the enormous refuse pit, there was much to do as far as general arrangement and organisation went. At last, however, when everything had been prepared, the sun came out, and, for the first time that day, we caught a glimpse of the Beacons and Llangorse Lake in the fading light.

Highlight of the whole week was Wick's eel-trap, a device which puzzled all, including Chris Gill, who sensibly kept a good distance away from it. The "machine" issued the most indescribable smell. However, its ingenious owner had high hopes of its success but unfortunately, not only for him, but for everybody who would have enjoyed eel supper, nothing was caught. This surprised many, for the "pong" that it emitted, as Goff said, "should have attracted fish for miles around."

Every morning, we clambered aboard our conveyance and literally "hit" Brecon. Altogether, we had about an hour to muse around, and then we would assemble in "Peg's Cafe", where Goff, Col and Maxie would play a Brenda ("4 foot 9 ins. in her socks") Lee record, much to the disgust of those who wished to concentrate on "The Times" crossword. We learnt that "Peg's" was to be closed for the following week, and so a new midday hide-out was sought. Despite pleas from Maxie that a café with a juke-box had to be found, we settled for the "Ice Cream Parlour", where newspapers could be read in peace.

Much time was spent on the lake, fishing, swimming, enjoying the scenery and hurling abuse at the "ton-up" motor boats which persistently raced back and fore, disturbing the general tranquillity. One very memorable incident was when Wick's fishing tackle was severed by one such boat, when, so it seemed, a learner, an antiquated grandmother, was at the helm.

On Bank Holiday Monday the lake was invaded by trippers and two eccentric mobile canteens. Maxie went to great pains to prove to all concerned that the only difference between hamburgers, valued at 1/6d., and hot dogs, 1/-d., was the price!

One day, beaching our boat at the far end of the Lake, Wick, Anty, Mr. Davies and I decided to climb Mynydd Llangorse. The climb itself was extremely exhilarating, but the commanding view and, more especially, the abundance of whinberries were a filling reward. Anty persisted in jumping in glee into the riper patches, and received a



somewhat "coloured" trouser seat. After a hurried descent—it was getting late—we were confronted by a rather irate farmer, and only by Mr. Davies' eloquence of speech did we regain our boat.

On one rainy day, rather tired of cards and yesterday's "Times", we went to Brecon cinema in the evening, and, after discussing the prices and deciding on the back stalls, we found we had to sit on cold cinema tiers much to our dismay and the ice-cream woman's annoyance. The evening was generally enjoyed, but even after seeing "Sergeants Three" Col didn't want to join the army.

Alongside our camp ran a little river, about four feet deep, and, being industrious, Col, Wick and Rog attempted to ford it. A suitable plank was found and, with the attempts on shore by all three and by Anty in the water, a rather rickety and unstable "bridge" was constructed. Chris was the only one who didn't trust this "masterpiece of engineering". He preferred, rightly so, a concrete crossing further down. Everyone fell in with the exception of Mr. Davies, who could cross the plank in two strides. Incidentally, our hero didn't attempt to pole-vault the stream this year, because a suitable implement couldn't be found. Maybe he preferred to wash like the rest of us!

Dap, meanwhile, had turned his whole attention on some Jersey cows in our field. He was quite certain that he could tame one, but all his attempts met little success.

When Mr. Cobb, Siân, Grace and Tim came, the whole party ascended Mynydd Llangorse again, in search of whinberries, and about a pound and a half were picked. Most of the credit is due to Mr. Davies, because the others decided to gang up on Dap and push him down the slope.

The following day, on Rog's return from Essex, we climbed Pen-y-Fan, and an enjoyable time was had by all; too soon, however, we had to leave as clouds were approaching, and in poor visibility the descent might have been tricky.

Another of the memorable treks was to two nearby aqueducts, and, although it absolutely poured while on the ten mile walk, no-one would have missed it for anything.

On the final night, a few went to a "twist and jive" at Llangorse, and although Col and Maxie disliked the look of one character, they returned safely.

To sum up, I can only say that thanks to Mr. Davies (and his cooking) an enjoyable holiday was had by all, and when it was time to depart, one could only wish that next year's camp could be as pleasant.

J.B.G. (*Rem. A*)



### *Staff Notes*

We take this opportunity of wishing Mr. P. G. Cobb every happiness in his marriage to Miss Siân Mansel Thomas. The ceremony will be performed by the Vicar, Rev. E. O. T. Lewis, in Holy Cross Church, Cowbridge, on Saturday, 6th April.

This term we have had Mr. Roger Michaelson with us as a student teacher of French. Mr. Michaelson was educated at Clifton College and Christ's College, Cambridge. At Clifton he was Captain of Rugby and gained his colours in Boxing, Cricket and Water Polo. He played for the Welsh Secondary Schools at Rugby in 1957-58-59 and was Captain in 1958-59.

At Cambridge Mr. Michaelson took the Modern Languages Tripos, Parts 1 and 2, in French and Spanish, graduating in 1962. He gained his blue at Rugby in 1960, playing again for the University in 1961 and 1962, as Captain in the latter year.

Mr. Michaelson played in the Final Welsh Trial in 1962 and 1963. He was capped for Wales against England in 1963.

We have been very pleased to have Mr. Michaelson with us. The journalists would undoubtedly call him a "genial giant" and it has been delightful to see him in company with the decidedly smaller and slighter Mr. Oliver, whom he has been helping in Rugby and Physical Training.



### *Speech Day*

Speech Day was held in the Town Hall on Wednesday, 15th May. In the chair was Mr. D. C. Watts, deputising for County Alderman P. J. Smith, who was recovering from an operation. Also present on the platform were Alderman Mrs. Tilley and the Mayoress and Dr. Evan Thomas.

The Chairman expressed the wishes of all present for a speedy recovery from his illness of Mr. Percy Smith. He welcomed the guest speaker, Professor F. Llewellyn-Jones, Vice-Principal of University College of Swansea, whom he described as an internationally famous lecturer, the author of several books, President of the Royal Institute of Wales and distinguished in several other fields besides. He then called upon the Headmaster to speak.

Mr. Rees, in regretting the absence of Mr. Percy Smith, referred to the award to him of the C.B.E. in the New Year Honours List. He also welcomed Professor Llewellyn-Jones, a man, as he said, of modesty and charm.

The Headmaster devoted part of his speech to a defence of Grammar Schools, which he declared not to be the sheltered home of an intellectual élite—we had our “B” forms! The problem of over-specialization in Sixth forms had been much aired recently. The proposal of adding three subsidiary subjects to the three main ones would come very hard on the small Grammar School unless the pupil/teacher ratio were greatly changed and library facilities much improved. In fact, the Crowther Report supported study in depth rather than too general an education, and Mr. Rees then quoted several Old Boys’ successes to prove that specialization did not lead to narrowness.

The School was still plagued with difficulties. Old Hall was in poor condition; there was but one playing field for 400 boys. Negotiations were in progress for increased playing space but they were likely to be long drawn out. One ray of hope was the decision to erect a new Physics Lab. of a prefabricated kind, probably by the other labs.

The following items of news concerning Staff were recorded: Mr. Vaughan had become Senior Chemistry Master, and Mr. Pugh Assistant Chemistry Master on giving up organisation of Physical Training. The Headmaster welcomed Mr. Wyn Oliver to the teaching staff—he had taken over Mr. Pugh’s job—and also Mlle. Ombret, this year’s French *assistante*. Mr. Cobb was now married and had left the Boarding House; thanks were due to him for his assistance there. Mr. White had written a History text-book for Sixth forms which was to be published soon. On the care-taking side Mr. Penny had retired and been replaced by Mr. Maddy. Mr. Rees was most grateful for the assistance rendered by both.

He referred sympathetically to the death of Mr. Tom Carter, who had served the School faithfully for a number of years.

Results for 1962 were satisfactory but no more. There were 70% passes in "A" level, which was up to the standard for Wales but not above, as usual.

A warning was issued to *Vm* boys that they must do well enough this coming June to warrant being allowed to return in September, if necessary, to re-take failed subjects. Numbers next year were likely to be a real problem.

In sport, the 1st XV had done quite well, losing no match on the Bear Field except to the Old Boys; the Harriers had won 37 out of their 51 contests; the 1st XI and 1st VI had broken even.

Of other school activities, the School Play had, for the first time for many years, not taken place, the reason being difficulties over costumes and play copies; the Science Society was going from strength to strength; a Debating Society had been formed and a House Debating Competition held, in which the standard was very high; the Photographic Society and the Christian Union were still functioning successfully; a Chess Club had been formed; the BOVIAN maintained its high standard and the *Lion* continued to arouse controversy and to increase in size.

Finally, the Headmaster thanked the School Governors and the Teaching Staff for their co-operation.

The prizes were then distributed as follows :—

<i>VI</i>	1.	J. C. YARDLEY
<i>VA</i>	1.	J. A. SAINSBURY
	2.	H. M. DAVIES, mi
	3.	I. N. MACDONALD, mi.
<i>VM</i>	1.	K. W. VOSPER
<i>RA</i>	1.	E. N. WORKMAN
	2.	I. S. McMILLAN
	3.	J. L. ORRELL
<i>RB</i>	1.	P. G. MAYLE
<i>IVA</i>	1.	{ J. B. GREENWOOD, mi.
		{ R. G. LEWIS, xiv.
	3.	C. JENKINS, ma.
<i>IVB</i>	1.	B. M. SIBLEY
<i>IIIA</i>	1.	R. L. JOHN, ix.
	2.	A. P. MORRIS, ma.
	3.	J. A. PEARSE
<i>IIIB</i>	1.	R. RICHARDS, iv.
<i>IIA</i>	1.	A. H. WILLIAMS, xv.
	2.	R. D. TAYLOR, ma.
	3.	J. CORBETT
<i>IIB</i>	1.	L. JENKINS, viii.

**REID MEMORIAL PRIZE**

J. A. SAINSBURY

**JOHN GWYN MEMORIAL PRIZE**

R. DAVIES, ix.

**LEWIS EVANS PRIZE FOR SCIENCE**

I. R. WIESNER

**OLD BOYS' MEMORIAL PRIZE**

(a) *For Science* ..... P. A. THOMAS, xvi.

(b) *For Classics* ..... J. C. YARDLEY

**T. J. HUGHES—HISTORICAL ESSAY PRIZE**

M. J. McCONVILLE

After the presentation of the Cock House Championship Shield to Leoline Professor F. Llewellyn-Jones, M.A., D.PHIL., D.SC.(OXON.), F.INST.P., gave his address. He stressed the present weakness of British Science which had done so well during the war; scientists, technologists and technicians were badly needed. British aircraft were not being bought and only one nuclear power station system had been sold. A second Industrial Revolution was taking place in this country, but it was a strangely different one from the first. Few people could be seen working in the new factories: the oil refinery in Milford Haven employed only 250 people yet produced double the output of Llandarcy. Where were the people suitable to run these new plants? The speaker stressed the enormous acceleration of scientific knowledge by pointing out that nine-tenths of the scientists from 500 B.C. to the present day were still alive. The first Physics master at Eton had been appointed only in 1907, now there were more entries in Physics at "A" level than in any other subject. Yet the Cabinet and the Civil Service boasted scarcely any scientists; there should be more: decisions on such matters as Skybolt and the aircraft industry needed to be taken by people who could speak the language. Professor Llewellyn-Jones illustrated his point by telling a story of an expert called in by the army to report on the efficiency of a certain bomb. Would it sink a ship? he was asked. The expert said it depended on several factors and asked some questions designed to help him in his conclusion; whereupon he was told that he hadn't been invited along to ask questions but to give a straight Yes or No.

The speaker told another delightful story of four professional men who were asked to assess the height of a church steeple, using only a length of string and a barometer. The Civil Engineer went to the top of the steeple and discovered the height by the laborious method of paying out the string with the barometer attached. The Mathematician and the Physicist used quicker and more scientific methods, but the Civil Servant, deeming science to be unnecessary, tipped the Verger to tell him the height!

But though the present age was so dependent on Science it was vital that scientists should not draw apart from other lines of thought. Scientists often wrote bad English and were ignorant of arts and culture. The speaker felt it was high time that sixth form shibboleths should be destroyed; he would like to see sixth form students take a language or English with two sciences, instead of the present three sciences. With such alterations he believed our sixth form system would be the best in the world; but he made an appeal for more teachers, especially of science, so that a better pupil/teacher ratio might be attained.

The Chairman called for a round of applause for the guest speaker. Then Her Worship the Mayor, Alderman Tilley, proposed a vote of thanks to Mr. D. C. Watts, whom she described as a most valuable public servant.

The function ended with the singing of the national anthem.



# The Bovian



MARCH, 1964.

No. 211

## *Editorial*

For a long time now we at the Grammar School have been hoping for a new school but, ironically enough, the hopes became dimmest when we discovered that Old Hall had been fixed up with new and almost too brilliant lighting. Yet, not many weeks later, this same building was condemned and arrangements put in hand for the construction, in the field adjacent to the newest part of the school, of several new class rooms, Woodwork and Art rooms and Staff room. While we would obviously rather have a completely new school the action taken is certainly a lot better than nothing. Not only shall we be moving from an unhealthy building but the noise from the main road will no longer be with us. We had hoped to be able to report that work on the new block was already under way but at least a temporary office has appeared on the site, which is a start. We are particularly glad to think that an Art Room is being included in the new block. For far too long Miss Mary Davies has been trying to stimulate interest in her subject under every sort of difficulty. On the other hand, it seems a pity that no mention has been made of a Library, which would seem an indispensable feature of any secondary school. Presumably we shall have to put up with a few bookcases yet awhile, housed in various sections of the new block.

The future of Cowbridge Grammar School in another respect has been much discussed. More and more Local Education Authorities are abolishing or intending to abolish the eleven plus examination and turning to Comprehensive education. There is speculation, therefore, as to what will happen to us, particularly in view of the area being a rural one. The best thing we can do is to say that we have no idea and to stop speculating and get on with our job. Nothing is likely to happen for some time yet and when it does we shall adapt ourselves accordingly. Cowbridge Grammar School has been here too long and has had too much success to be lightly dispensed with. We have been in existence for over 350 years, and if the politicians can keep the nations from the final holocaust we hope to be in existence, in some form or other, after another 350 years have passed. Floreat Schola Boviensis !





## NOS GALAN MEMORY 1963/64

By R. D. WHITAKER

New Year's Eve. A trickle of Welsh singing. A splash and flash of fire-brands. A mass of jogging athletes, waiting. The whip-like crack of the starting-rocket . . . a forward surge. A storm of runners, gulping and painfully exhaling, sweeping pale and phantom-like into the fever and the fret, into the wild encouragement and the deep, thoughtful anonymity of night. And, at the last, a bleary funnel of heads, hands and policemen . . . a droop of exhaustion . . . and the bitter-sweet memory of another Nos Galan past, another Blwyddyn Newydd Dda begun.

I remember, and always will remember, the electric atmosphere that hangs over Mountain Ash on New Year's Eve, over the cramped and friendly valley town bravely struggling up steep hillsides. This is the night when the whole town seemingly spills forth from house and hall, from pub and park; old and young, rich and poor, to throng Oxford Street and its surrounds and shout support and greetings to the competitors in the midnight four miles round-the-houses road race, an event which, starting in one year and ending in the next, comes as the climax to an evening of sprinting and miling in the streets of Mountain Ash and nearby Penrhiwceiber. This is the night when athletes great and unknown, schoolboy and adult alike, are drawn naturally together in enjoyment of their sport and to the warm friendliness of the people of this glowing, unselfish, close-knit community. This, indeed, is a night emulated in the world only by similar events around the lofty town walls of Shrewsbury and the dusty streets of far-off Sao Paulo, Brazil.

And above and around one can almost feel the tingling spirit of

Guto Nyth Bran pervading the lofty hills, almost imagine him sharing in the race that celebrates his memory: Guto Nyth Bran, that illustrious eighteenth century figure with the speed of a gazelle and the toughness of a lion who has his place in Welsh tradition as the greatest runner the world has ever known. A tombstone in the shadow of the cold and lonely church on the hill at Llanwonno records his last great victory over the Bedwas youngster, Prince, and his untimely death in the scene of jubilation afterwards. "Da iawn, Guto bach, da iawn", exclaimed his joyful sweetheart Sian y Siop to her exhausted victor; and this thrilled cry, echoing realistically through the mist of romantic association, really crystallises the sense one feels of excitement, mysterious, apocalyptic, maybe, yet brutally real in the strain and stress of the race itself.

Each year a deserving athlete is secretly selected to represent the spirit of the fabulous Guto and carry a flaming brand from Llanwonno down to Mountain Ash to start the midnight race. At Guto's graveside the Mystery Runner will pause and, torch aloft, read aloud the inscription thereon before setting out through the gloom. Near the churchyard, a straining crowd will peer expectantly through the darkness, each eager to be the first to see and identify the Mystery Runner. It is then that the spirit of Guto will ghost the dim hillsides.

It is 11.40 p.m. In just six minutes' time the Mystery Runner is due to appear with the twelve women acolytes who have led him over the final mile. The massed crowds are still jubilant over Ron Jones' deserved "hundred" win over the record and title holder, the ever-popular dusky Nigerian sprinter, Kamoora Agboola. Appreciation for John Whetton's feat of winning the Open Mile for the second year running is still rampant; and, all around, the new events, the Women's Mile and the Boys' Sprint are being loudly discussed with typical partisanship, prejudice and fervour.

The torches flame frantically, casting their light and shadows in weird patterns over the pressing crowd. A group of runners are seen in the dim distance. A moment of strained curiosity as the runners approach; then recognition dawns rapidly and the name "Bruce Tulloh" ripples audibly through the throng; meanwhile, the island of vest-and-singleted runners inches surreptitiously forward, anxious to be off. Amid tremendous scenes of enthusiasm the rocket is fired and the battle is on; each runner is now lost in a personal well of concentration and effort as he tries to break successfully from the rush of sardined bodies. And so on past the cheering revellers, straining up the hills, thankful for the declines, speeding on the flat, struggling through the last seconds of the dying year, careering into the new, a final burst . . . and Nos Galan is but a memory, though a memory to treasure for many years to come.

R.D.W. (*Via*)



# The Bovian



*JULY, 1964.*

*No. 212*

## *Editorial*

WORK on the new block goes on apace and we are looking forward to occupying our new premises next term. Inevitably there will be some sadness at parting with Old Hall; in the summer term particularly the surroundings are most pleasant. Moreover, the two Staff-rooms are a great asset that will be missed: the one for relaxing and chatting, the other for the more serious business of marking or preparing work. The Classics department, too, will hate leaving the little fastness that they have created. But, as always, the good of the greater number has to be considered. We shall have more light and air, more warmth in winter, and, above all, greater quiet in which to do our work. Another great asset will be that distances between classrooms will be considerably reduced. It is no pleasure to walk from Old Hall to, say, Remove A in the pouring rain, quite apart from the loss of teaching time. Now the worst hazard to be faced will be the journey from the new block to Seys classroom, or vice versa.

Rumour has it that there is a possibility that Old Hall will not, in any case, be completely lost to the School. The building may be demolished to make room for a new one to house the boarding community of the future. If this becomes an accomplished fact it will be a big step forward. We should like to stress, however, that the scheme is highly problematical; for one thing, the Old Hall building is of second grade historical interest and may have to be retained as intact as possible for a long period ahead. There is also a chance that a building or buildings may instead be erected on Old Hall land as had been envisaged some years ago. We shall have to wait and see.

Meanwhile let us be thankful for the new buildings that await us, and may we appeal particularly to the boys to respect what is being done and help to preserve the amenities provided in a clean and structurally sound state.



## *Contributions*

### **“GOODBYE TO ALL THAT”**

Recently Mr. Palmer has been making available to the School large photographic prints of the School as it appeared about 1860. The print is grey. It depicts a building that still stands, but which is now old. Boys bowling hoops have been replaced by queues of parked cars and “No Waiting” signs. It is all excessively symbolic.

Let’s face it, Cowbridge Grammar School is not an archetype of Streamlined Modern Britain. And I have the feeling that Streamlined Modernity isn’t going to tolerate this anachronism for very long. When I first came to this School, the School seemed infinitely large and infinitely secure. Now I am leaving, the School seems as unstable as the walls of Old Hall, in whose library the elegant panels have been pulled down to reveal hideously ugly stones and cement. But who cares? Old Hall, anyway, is being destroyed. To replace it are classrooms as materially flimsy as they are architecturally vapid.

The very existence of the School is no less precarious. Nothing illustrates the ludicrous dependence of schoolmasters on local and national politicians better than the Headmaster’s plaintive plea that the School might be given some warning before the Authorities made some radical change in the School’s nature. Schools have as much independence as a cog in a machine, an antiquated cog, sometimes. Educators have no influence in education.

I am not complaining. This state of affairs is the natural consequence of a discernible trend in this civilisation. Civilisations, as they become more complex, require a strong central government or chaos results. In the Roman Republic the government machinery designed for a city-state was inadequate for the governing of an empire, and so it fell, replaced by a strong dictator. Our modern Augustuses lurk in committees. These committees of worthy railwaymen, grocers and butchers tell teachers how to teach. They are all honourable men. They are the backbone of a modern socialist state.

And socialism decrees that schools shall be comprehensive. The great advantage of comprehensive education, from the vote-catching point of view, is that nobody fails the eleven-plus. Failures are inadmissible in a state of equality and fraternity: everybody must catch the bus. Leo Abse, Labour M.P. for Pontypool, has declared as his avowed aim the destruction of Cardiff High School, because he failed to get in there. Far be it from me to infer from this that in educational matters politicians are actuated by personal or merely political motives.

I am not attacking either socialism or comprehensive education. Comprehensive education may have advantages. Indeed, in a debate (such are debates : exercises in verbal insincerity) I once declared that comprehensive schools would encourage the stupid, and give the intelligent humanity and understanding. It was not expedient for my case to mention the obvious fact that comprehensive education might just as easily encourage the stupid to influence the intelligent adversely and create universal lethargy. I know how easily a few boys can influence an atmosphere. I have seen the junior Boarding House change in a few years from a group of boys, who were at least active and competitive, to one that takes pride in sluggishness. It is, however, possible to hope that comprehensive schools would create something.

The words "creation" and "destruction" are subjective comments on, perhaps, the same situation. If Cowbridge Comprehensive School is created, Cowbridge Grammar School will be destroyed. And the distinctive corporate activities of the Grammar School will be destroyed. But perhaps all this is out of date. Esprit de corps is old hat. What we want is not a school as a community but a huge factory, into which thousands are poured for lessons, and out of which they have to rush to catch their buses to distant places. This is what everybody wants. If the Grammar Schools are not destroyed, they will surely die of their own accord.

So the plastic and glass fabrics of new schools are necessary plastic surgery, they argue, much-needed amputations. As one who has spent seven years in a withered limb of education, I cannot help feeling sorrow that what I shall leave is only an old grey photograph, confined and suffocated by a new, pastel-shaded glass frame.

C.J.G. (Vla)



### THE SCHOOL'S TRIP TO THE ROME OLYMPICS

After a long and sleepless night for about fifty boys the day had finally come and, at approximately 8.15 a.m. on Tuesday, 30th August, we were ready to depart for Gatwick Airport and Rome. Then, when Mr. Pugh and Mr. Iolo Davies had checked the boys, and the Headmaster had told some anxious parents that he had never seen the boys so clean, we left ; the bulk of us in a coach, the sixth-formers and Old Boys in a mini-bus.

There followed a long and uneventful journey to Gatwick, during which we were entertained by Dai and Gabby with an endless stream of jokes.

The Grammar School boys, together with several old boys, including "Rusty" Jenkins, "Bertie" Baugh and Ray Schonfeld (who had come from Canada), and Michael Pugh, and a few adults who had joined us for the trip—all tumbled out of the buses into the airport and, after the customary weighing of luggage, we were told there would be an hour's interval before passing through the Customs. This passed quickly, and soon, accompanied by several French people, we were boarding the 'plane, and there followed a four hour journey, which was, for many, their first experience of flying.

Late that evening we were met in Basle (Bale) by the Swiss guide who conducted us to the railway station. After three-quarters of an hour we boarded the train and proceeded to Rome. Unfortunately, it was dark, so we could not see the renowned Swiss scenery. We passed through the Italian customs in the early hours and changed trains at Milan. We finally arrived in Rome at 2.30 p.m. on Wednesday, after a very long, boring and stuffy journey, and were conducted to our "hotel," really a holiday camp, where several English parties were already in residence.

It took us the rest of the afternoon to settle in, and, after having our first real Italian meal, which consisted of steak, cold tomatoes and lettuce, dipped in olive oil and served by Italian girls, we left for Rome. As we were about 12 kilometres distant from Rome our transport to the city was an electric train, partly underground. This trip resulted in seven or eight boys getting lost and "Scruffy" North hurling abuse at the taxi-driver for charging him 6/- to get back.

When we awoke the next morning we found that breakfast was already being served, so we quickly dressed and went up to the canteen for the typical Continental breakfast of bread rolls, jam and coffee—our breakfast for the rest of the stay. The day was spent around Rome.

Rome itself was wonderful ; the mixture of very old buildings and brand new stadiums and flats seemed to blend magnificently. It was only too easy to get lost, but that was part of the fun. It was wonderful just to wander around, and the spectacles seemed all the more magnificent from close quarters.

In the early afternoon the next day we went to the Olympic Stadium and the Athletics. These were an unforgettable spectacle, although most of the boys spent more time trying to get into better seats, than watching the athletics. The events we saw included the semi-final and final of the 100 metres (ladies) ; Finals of the 400 m. hurdles, 800 m., 5,000 m. (men) ; shot put (ladies).

The following afternoon our party left for a conducted coach tour of Rome, which proved to be both interesting and instructive for all concerned, especially the Latin students.

We started by being shown the Olympic Stadiums and Village, and what is known as Modern Rome. The 'bus then proceeded through the city state of the Vatican and into the famous St. Peter's Square, where we stopped and went into St. Peter's Cathedral. As the majority of the party wanted to go to the top of the dome, the stay was prolonged. A few thousand steps later we beheld the spectacular sight of Rome and the beautifully laid out Vatican Gardens. Everyone agreed the climb was well worth it, but many were surprised to see how commercialized the Cathedral was, with a large souvenir shop halfway up and a stall selling picture postcards (you were even forbidden to take your own photographs !)

Eventually we departed and went to the highest point in Rome—The Janiculum Hill, where we stopped again for a short while. Then we went to the Catacombs, the underground "hide-outs" of the early Roman Christians.

We were conducted around these magnificent passages by an English-speaking priest. Many of the caves were hewn out of solid rock. We saw the burial places of many martyrs and saints. We only saw, however, a small proportion of the Catacombs.

As it was getting quite late we pressed on, via the Appian Way, passed the Colosseum, the Victor Emmanuel Memorial and stopped at Fontana di Trevi, the fountain made famous by the song "Three Coins in a Fountain."

Early the next morning the 5A contingent, together with "Scruffy" North, C. H. Westcott (Rem. B.) and "Poth" David (4A), and headed by "Billo" Bartlett and his guide book, departed for Fregene, which was, to quote Billo : "A pleasant seaside resort, half an hour's 'bus journey from the capital." Two hours later we



arrived at a noisy, chalet-covered beach. We hired a chalet and changed.

The beach was just like the South of France, with showers, a swimming pool, catamarans, and, most important, innumerable golden, sun-tanned girls, all in bikinis.

It was very hot, but the heat itself was not found to be as bad as expected, although at times it was advisable to wear hats. The types of headgear worn by "the boys" would need a vivid imagination to describe.

Sadly, after six hours on the beach, we had to leave, after a very enjoyable stay. (We later learned it was the hottest day, the temperature reaching 103°F.).

Owing to the success of the previous day's trip, "Billo" again led a bigger party to Fregene, including many Sixth Formers, which again was a big success. As they were coming home the storm clouds built up and there followed an infrequent, torrential rainstorm, so severe, in fact, that the boys had to shelter in Rome for a considerable period.

Meanwhile, back in camp, the boys left behind, together with some from London, had to dig a trench to prevent the chalets being flooded, but in spite of this the water came pouring in to a depth of six to ten inches. However, it's an ill wind that blows nobody any good, and we subsequently moved to better chalets, owing to the efforts of Mr. Pugh and Mr. Davies.

It was this night that "Taffy" Hughes, our head boy, Rodger Evans (VA) and several others were invited to tea by some young Italian lady, who could speak English quite well. They came back to camp very pleased to say that they had been invited once again. The shyer ones dropped out, but I believe Rodger Evans is still writing to her . . .

The next afternoon (Tuesday) we again went to the Olympics and saw, including many other events, men's finals of the Hop, Step and Jump; 400 metres, and 1,500 m.; and the following Decathlon events: 100 m. hurdles; Discus; Pole Vault; Javelin, and 1,500 m. These were enjoyed by all as, by now, the weather had cleared after the previous night's rain.

The next two mornings were comparatively uneventful, spent present-hunting. Here money seemed to melt as soon as you started. But the prices could be greatly reduced if you bartered with the shopkeepers. Many of the boys were insolvent with a few days still to go of their holiday, and arrived home with nothing left but mementos, luggage and memories. Shopping was such a hot, tedious business that many of the boys used to cool themselves off in the numerous fountains.

We did, however, go to the Olympic Stadium for the last time on the Wednesday, but, although we saw the start of the road walk, we did not see the end in the Stadium and Britain's only gold medal, for this would have meant a two-hour wait. It was, however, seen by most boys on the camp T.V. set.

It was disheartening in a way to see most of the British athletes getting beaten, but Herb Elliot and Murray Halberg were strongly supported.

There was also a trip to Lake Albano on Thursday morning, where the Olympic rowing events were held and where the Pope has his Summer residence.

On the same morning Mr. Davies left the party and flew home, in order to be in time for his sister's wedding, which was taking place the following Saturday.

It was a rather sad party that left Rome in the early afternoon of the 8th of September, and which arrived at Basle, after a much shorter journey, early the next morning. Unfortunately, the plane was held up by fog, and we did not leave Basle until 2.00 p.m. on the Friday. Within 3½ hours we were in Gatwick, and soon on the coach bound for Cowbridge. The long bus journey was much shortened by the guitar-playing of "Gabby" Thomas and "Nobby" Jones. At last, after a long journey, with only a few stops, we arrived in Cowbridge in the early hours, very tired, but very happy.

This trip will long remain in the memories of those who went, and the grateful thanks of all of them is given to Mr. and Mrs. Pugh for organising it so well.

R.B.J., M.B. (*Va*).

