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COWBRIDGE GRAMMAR SCHOOL



THE BOVIAN



MARCH, 1959

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Editorial

IN this issue we present phase two of Operation Anniversary. The contributions have been written and drawn exclusively by boys in the School (with a few modifications, inevitable on such occasions, from master or parent). As such they represent the present generation of Bovians, whereas the writing in the last magazine was the product of past generations of scholars. We hope that the deliberately mixed bag of articles and poems (co-ordinated, however, by their relation in every case to the School) will give pleasure not only to present readers but also to those who may in the future thumb through these pages. We hope, too, that in the days to come when the School will, presumably, have changed a great deal it will be interesting for future readers to be able to look back.

We thought it appropriate to include three photographs to match the principle of modernity. We have one regret: the Staff photograph does not include Miss Mary Davies, the Art Mistress. The original photograph taken, which included Miss Davies, was not a success, through nobody's fault, and the Staff had to "re-sit" at a time when Miss Davies was unable to be with us. We are very sorry about this because she has been a tower of strength for years now in the School Play: her settings are famous.

Mr. Marsden and Mr. Whittle have been responsible for the photographs and it was a happy idea of the former's to suggest a shot of the School's most recent acquisition, the Biology Lab., and those who work therein.

A real problem will arise with regard to photographs in our next number. How can we take pictures of the School of the Future? One member of the Staff suggested—on the assumption that the new building would be constructed on the School Field—a photograph of a boy at a desk in the middle of the cricket square. Imaginative reconstructions seem to be called for. But the Editor always faces his problems a term at a time. At the moment he is mostly concerned with getting the present number to press. The warmth of Summer (if any) will no doubt spawn new ideas in his mind, and, as always, he will welcome suggestions. Meanwhile, thanks are due to all who have co-operated in the production of this issue, in particular to Mr. I. D. Davies.

Contributions

THE SCHOOL BELL

Through countless generations of small boys the sorrowing note of the school bell has been the voice of authority, for which they break off even their beloved "tally." As the first untuneful shells burst over their heads, in they rush, to pack the schoolroom in readiness for assembly.

It does not always strike upon the ears untunefully, however. Imagine a typical summer scene. Cows thoughtfully munch the luscious green grass, skylarks tremble against the blue heavens, and a small knot of schoolboys lean over a bridge, gazing deep into the glistening waters. Then, in complete accord with its surroundings, over the fields and through the still air comes the solemn, monotonous voice of the school-bell. The knot of boys drift sadly away.

It is not always an unwelcome sound, either. To boys fighting an uphill battle against French verbs, there is one phrase which keeps their flagging spirits up, an inspiration to their weary brains, their banner with a strange device. It is Mr. Lloyd Davies's long-awaited words—"Sonnez la cloche!"

All those ignorant people who think that the school bell is an inanimate object are quite wrong. Any boy who has ever listened attentively to its peals will tell you that it has a unique personality. Calling you into classes, it takes on a solemn, mournful note; at the end of the period it has a joyous ring, which hangs in the air long after.

One day, unknown to 4A in the schoolroom, the bell was undergoing repairs. Just as Mr. Adams was strolling to his lair, the sixth formroom, the bell-chain began to dance up and down. "Don't worry," remarked Mr. Adams, "it's only the bell going for a walk!"

G. T. (IVa)



THOSE OLD THINGS

The first to go was the old table which had stood innumerable years in the Schoolroom—frail and tattered object suffering in its old age from the beatings it had received from generations of barbaric schoolboys. The day for its dismissal came in 1955 when its remains took to retirement in a dark recess of the stable-yard. Its last few years were spent with a new table in the Schoolroom, and that in its turn is now resigning itself to fifty or so hard years' labour. Perhaps by the School's four hundred and fiftieth anniversary it will have joined its ancestor's dust.

With the table, regarding generations of schoolboys in past assemblies, stood the old rostrum. The bottom half of this forms the

base for the new, more flimsy affair. After its departure at about the same time as the table, there was a gap before the new rostrum was built. As a result of this, Headmaster and prefects voiced their eloquence over an old desk, and as a junior I thought the time was bound to come when it would collapse beneath the weight of a burly prefect.

No flimsy in-between, however, came in the change between the old step in the porch and the new. On our return at the beginning of the year it was there. We all remember it; we all tripped over it. Remember how easily our feet slipped over that well-worn step before this new monstrosity replaced it? Now that we are celebrating our 350th anniversary, I often wonder why it was removed. If anything, I am sure that that was the best illustration of how long the School has stood, that grey old step, worn to a hollow by the patter of tiny feet down the long corridor of time.

That step wore down an extra fraction every time the bell rang, releasing or summoning the multitude. Probably the bell has been rung hundreds of thousands of times. Its doleful note has been heard all over Cowbridge for many years and today it is made use of by the townspeople as a time-check. It will, I hope, go on tolling over the next few hundred years and not meet with the same fate as the table and rostrum. A new bell would be just about the limit!

All three of these things mean the loss of all tradition—the tradition which ought to be more greatly appreciated by members of the school. We have a fine old building with stained glass windows constantly reminding us of tradition. Rumour has it that a new school may be built. I certainly hope not! It is bad enough now having to spend half our time in the new buildings and the Old Hall. These are not the school; they are just buildings. They have not got carvings on the doors, windows, desks and tables which date back a hundred years. No new school, either, would have these, though on that point I feel we are fairly safe for a few years. If it took seven years to get the new biology laboratory built it will take seventy years to get the new school even designed.

The new honours board symbolizes, I think, the atmosphere of a new school. It is a beautiful piece of work, well designed and built, but does not compare with the old one. It will not have any names before 1960. Look at the names on the old honours board and one easily sees the age of the School very prominent in the faded paint. The different shades show the gap in time and the crooked lines show the poorness of some painter of long ago.

Though such interesting things as the old table, rostrum and step have disappeared we still have the honours board and bell; the honours board actually telling us something of this grand old school's history. As long as that and the bell, at least, remain with us I shall be content.

L. L. R. (*Va*)

SCHOOL DESKS

School desks are elaborately carved, regrettably not by the hand of a master, but by people in whose hands rest not chisels, but penknives.

Some of these desks boast non-existent seats and the prospective occupant usually descends into the murky depths below. In fact, one of the masters was once a victim of the disappearing desk seat effect—a feature exclusive to school desks.

These medieval marvels (it's a marvel that they hold together) are also somewhat musical, for the lid when opened gives the overtone of a badly tuned fog-horn.

These desks are, however, rather attractive in an antique sort of way, and this makes a classroom rather more interesting than it usually is. They make interesting reading and on them are carved many names of people that have sat there and learned just as boys do nowadays.

P. H. M. (*IVa*)



THE SCHOOL WALLS

Old, undaunted, knowing walls
Whose green-tinged skin hides depth within
Whose heart is made of stone,
Look down on us, though not with pity,
But with immeasurable knowledge us endow
Who serve thee now.

The toll of the bell rings many changes.
A moaning desk mourns the death of those
Who served the morning of your life.
But still your gaze stays glazed,
Unseeing, unspeaking, yet knowing all
You guardedly keep your secret.
Just as mole blindly burrows through damp earth
And builds his home about him,
We dimly grope and peer
And push aside the shrouded beads of mist in search of truth,
While the answer is near.
A whispering breath may brush our cheeks
Which only hints—at least—
But for our sakes, if you could speak—
As a gushing geyser—erupt your fountain
And quench our thirsted quest
For truth!

R. A. W. S. (*V1a*)

TRADITION

Snatched from the corners of this noble isle,
Compressed into four walls, four grim grey walls,
To struggle into manhood's gallant frame—
The strange impulsive souls of youth.

One jovial soul that laughs at those grim walls
And makes a jest of all calamity ;
The timid one that hourly shrinks away
From life and its bold villainies.

The bully and the coward—they are one,
Their infamies have long defiled this world.
Rejoicing in audacity, 'tis he—
Flaunts the world for mere bravado.

But there are others, of a different type,
Who do not laud their exploits to the skies ;
But in a patient and laborious way,
Build up tradition as they live.

And it is these, who, o'er the centuries,
Have trod the strait and narrow path of life
And left our heritage—old tradition,
For us to make, and to enjoy.

C. J. G. (*IIIa*)



THE SCHOOL AS IT STANDS TO-DAY, 1959

In this year of 1959 Cowbridge Grammar School celebrates its 350th Anniversary. In the following text I have divided the school into three main parts, followed by the sporting activities and societies.

The Main Buildings

These are situated on Church Street next to Holy Cross Church where the school's commemoration and remembrance services are held. On the west side is the river Thaw which flows into the Bristol Channel at Aberthaw. The east side is situated at the edge of Church Street.

The Assembly Hall is the place where each morning the boys of this school meet for morning assembly, which commences at 9 a.m. and continues until 9.15 a.m. From this time hence it is used as a Form room. In these buildings are the Honours Boards which date back to 1870.

Next to the Assembly Hall is the Boarders' Dining Room. In here are found memories of the School as it was many years ago. The Dormitories where 50 Boarders sleep are above the Assembly Hall.

Another small but important room of the main buildings is the Headmaster's Study, where Mr. Rees sits at his desk for most of the day. Mr. Rees, who has Honours in Classics (and he also had an M.A. at Cambridge) has been Headmaster of the school for a considerable time, and, like Mr. I. Davies and Mr. P. Cobb, is a Boarding Master. The total permanent staff is 19, but we are privileged to have with us three student teachers.

Also included in these buildings are the prefects' study and the boiler house. The boiler house supplies the heat for the main part of the school—six form rooms and (what is now called) the old chemistry laboratory.



G. J. (Ra)

Old Hall

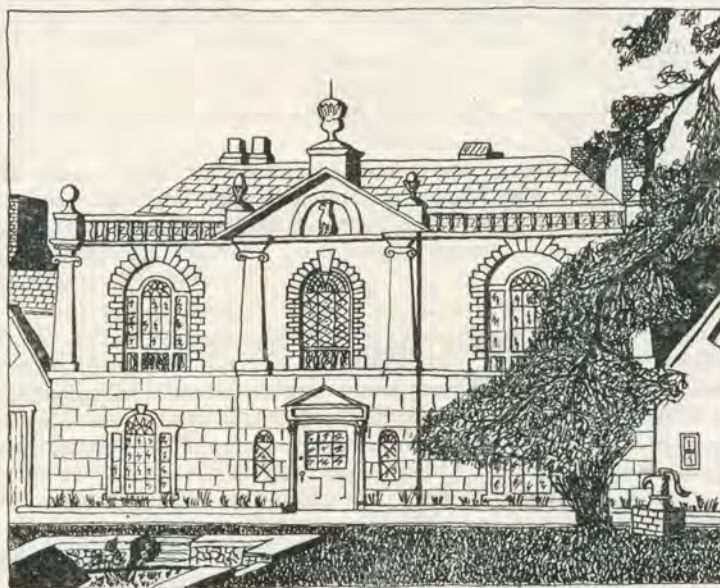
This was once an old manor house and is situated on the main Cardiff—Bridgend road. It is a two storey building including, mostly, form rooms. The south side faces the green lawns and flower beds which are kept in excellent condition by Mr. Carter. Amid the green lawns stand two very old beech trees, which have seen many generations of Cowbridge Grammar School boys. These trees and others, tall and short, make a lovely picture in the spring and summer when they are surrounded by daffodils and bluebells.

The staff room occupies part of the ground-floor building. This is where (between periods and at lunch time) the masters discuss topics of their own interest. It is in this room towards the end of the Christmas and Summer terms that the (dreaded) exam. papers are printed.

Next to the staff room is the form room which is at present allocated to 3a (the form with the reputation of being the quietest in the school). Upon the wall of this room there is a stag which has hung there for about one hundred years, and he prides himself as King of Old Hall.

The physics laboratory is above the staff room, and although old it is still in current use. Altogether in Old Hall there are six class rooms.

The lawns lead out to the battlements. On the outer-side of these is the Cowbridge cattle market. From the battlements can be seen the school's Rugby pitch and a little farther away the cricket pitch.



I.D.B.P. (*Ra*)

The New Buildings

These are situated near the South Gate of Cowbridge and are the most modern parts of the school. Here the biology laboratory and the gymnasium can be seen, not forgetting the day boys' canteen.

The biology laboratory is used mainly by the fifth and sixth formers, but other forms have access to it for chemistry. Opposite the biology laboratory is the sixth formers' chemistry laboratory.

There is not the amount of room here that would be liked, but it is well stocked with chemicals, etc.

The gymnasium is also new and well equipped and the school's showers are about the best in the area.

The dining hall is where the majority of the day boys have their dinners and it has a permanent staff of five.

Sporting Activities

Cowbridge Grammar School has four Rugby teams representing them—the first XV, the second XV, the “under fifteens” and the “under fourteens.” Besides competing with other schools our school is divided into four houses (or groups) and they are: Leoline (red), Stradling (blue), Seys (black), and Durel (green) which compete in Rugby and other fields of sport for the “Cock House” championship. The school has two Rugby pitches, one next to the town's (which is known as the Bear) and the school field which is visible from the new buildings.

The school also has a cricket team which at the present time is doing quite well. During the past year a gym club and a golf club have been formed.

Other activities of the school are the Dramatic Society, the Christian Union, the Music Society, and, last but not least, the Photographic Society, all of which are well supported.

B. S. (IIIa)



THE CLASSICAL SIXTH

A learned critic of classical Greek achievement once airily dismissed the whole field of Greek drama as “nonsense”, because an Athenian tragedian chose parricide and incest as the theme of his greatest play. Having delivered this dictum, he swung off into the trees to watch his television. To attempt to justify the pursuit of culture (if I may be permitted the use of a word which has recently acquired something of an odour) is obviously a waste of time. As long as there are men like our drama critic, there will be ample justification.

A defence of the Classical Sixth, then, is unnecessary. What is left? “*Difficile est satiram non scribere*”, wrote Juvenal when he looked around Imperial Rome; a brief glimpse into the Classics room might easily prompt similar sentiments. A mountain of past editions of *Punch* and *The Times* collect dust in a corner. Colin Lewis, his Homer neglected, seeks an elusive marble under the bookcase; Wayne Hall, “the poor man's Presley”, admires his tousled locks in the mirror; a small but dedicated group of enthusiasts pores over an insoluble *Telegraph* crossword; and our be-duffed mentor with benign smile

leads back his wards from worldly things to Helicon to sip of the Muses' cup with Sophocles and Virgil. Then, despite the muffled roar of passing traffic and the distant, angry whine of a physics practical period, the lesson starts: irregular verb forms and ideal second persons trouble the mind; stirring tales of Argive warriors, and Cicero's masterly, conceited rhetoric are haltingly construed. Virgil "wields his stateliest measure" and delights with stories of the rustic Tityrus, the despot bee, and love-torn minstrel Orpheus.

Ever since the foundation of our School has Classics flourished here. Numbers of pupils and the extent of their studies have inevitably decreased. A testimonial written to Oxford by Daniel Durel, and dated "Feb. ye 19th, 1736", describes one of his pupils as having read "Pliny, Paterculus, Quintus Curtius and Martial throughout, part of Terence and most of Virgil and Horace. As to Greek he hath read part of Lucian's Discourses, part of ye Greek epigrams, Hesiod's Theogonia, Dionysius's Periegesis and Anacreon throughout", which, as any classics student will admit, is quite an extensive course. In those eighteenth century days, probably all Durel's pupils were classicists. Today the Classics VIth numbers four, in addition to three who take Latin alone, a pathetic handful, some might think, in comparison with the veritable hordes of scientists. But it must be borne in mind that only a half dozen or so schools in Glamorgan still have a Classics Sixth, so that Cowbridge Grammar represents quite a large proportion of the classics pupils of the county. This is a tradition which, I feel, it would be well to continue for as long as possible, and thankfully there are others who think alike.

Will some future Cowbridge pupil, looking back through old copies of THE BOVIAN, smile at the swan song of classical learning in this School? I think not. Deified Progress leads her babbling multitudes on with relentless, too fast tread. But there will always remain some to falter by the way and explore those avenues of literature and thought which will not die.

G. P. C. (VIa)



Now bid thy soul man's busy scenes exclude
And view composed this silent multitude—
Silent they are, but, though deprived of sound,
Here all the living languages abound.

from "THE LIBRARY" by GEORGE CRABBE

A dog. A stone dog symbolising twentieth century learning—the only parallels I can draw between the dog and the learning is that they are both singularly ugly, they are both cracked in places and they both look funny wearing a brown respirator. So much for symbolism, now to the facts. Some little way beneath the dog is a door, green with

frosted glass. Go through it and turn left. Open the next door and pause on the threshold before plunging into a positive morass of intellectualism and inspiration. This is where culture bends her head and breathes life into the honoured few. Enter. There are seven chairs with nineteen legs between them and two tables with four legs each. Lying on one of the tables and three of the chairs is one person in an apparent coma. Judging by his bizarre dress and long hair you would say that he was an intellectual in an ecstasy of aesthetic delight. Wait! He is going to speak. What pearl of wisdom is about to fall from these delicate lips?

"Ace Flush."

There, hanging over the fireplace, is a Cézanne print. How do I know that it is a Cézanne? It is written on the back. I may not know much about art but I know what to do to avoid an appearance of total ignorance.

Underneath the Cézanne lies blatant evidence of the wide range of interests followed by the Arts sixth: an unopened *Spectator* for January, 1954, and a much-perused copy of last week's *Reveille*.

Hanging from the opposite wall is a Latin scroll which, as yet, has foiled even Wayne Hall's efforts at translation, but I am sure that when it is at last corrupted into the vernacular a moral will be drawn which will be a source of endless inspiration to all.

This, then, is our heritage, our link with the past; with a last look at the bleached bones of the science student who dared to say: "You'll never get a job taking arts, all they are good for is teaching other people arts", we must leave the last refuge of the few, one of the last places where humanity is still supreme over technicality. On the day when a scoffing scientist invents a machine to unravel the works of Shelley, on that day and not before, will I swop my mind for a thermometer, a few twisted cogs and a book of log tables.

P. D. H. (via)



BIOLOGY AND ITS PLACE IN COWBRIDGE GRAMMAR SCHOOL

When Disraeli gave the Victorians a choice between thinking of themselves as apes or angels, and the bishops incurred the sarcasms of Thomas Henry Huxley by their scorn on the subject of evolution, they were doing more than attacking a scientific theory: they were defending what was to them man's sacred privilege of isolation.

"My Lord," Disraeli concluded in his "apes or angels" speech, "I am on the side of the angels," and in this observation he was following man's earliest instincts. To breathe a life into the wind or to place a soul in a bird or beast, or as Voltaire so succinctly put it, "to construct God in his own image", is the tendency of man in many of

his intellectual inquiries. The aim is isolation by identification: by identifying nature with man's standards and reducing it to a subsidiary role man is left as the final arbitrator. Thus the Anthropomorphists extract the whirlpool from the river on the argument that the river is subsidiary to the thing it has created. The publication of the "Origin of the Species", however, was a challenge against the right of man to project his own ideals and prejudices into all enquiries concerning nature and the universe: it was the cornerstone of Biology in that it justified for their own sake the study of things outside man's realm and showed that nature was less of the human convenience she had been held to be.



Biology is the study of the environment from which man has attempted to extract himself: it is the study of life without human prejudice and in this capacity it is able to apply itself to human problems in a unique way; this is because it is able to relate man to his conditions in that it recognises that he neither lives in a vacuum nor has come out of a void. Aldous Huxley has suggested that it is only by the sciences of life that the quality of life can be changed, and like any other instrument of change it can be used in many ways—the Herakleophobia of H. G. Wells, in fact. It is a bad influence if it creates a shallow revolution of applied Science, but if it can cultivate an attitude of humility and diligence it can act as a good influence. Thus the attitude and approach of the Scientific investigator may be no less legitimate than the aesthetic, poetic or purely practical approach to a subject. If we agree that "La vie marche vers les Utopies", we must take care that the form our "perfect state" takes may not be such that man's destiny is made second to the needs of his society, and the more humble man can

become with respect to his own importance in the universe the less likely this is to occur. It is to be hoped that a training in Biology will contribute in some part to this attitude. Thus the first words spoken to the 1869 Metaphysical Society, containing as it did most of the famous biologists of the day, were the following, of Tennyson :

“The sun, the moon, the stars, the seas, the hills and the plains—
Are not these, O soul, the vision of him who reigns?”

All this must be something of a self-justification. Cowbridge Grammar School has only been teaching Biology for three years, and this is but a short space of time in 350 years. We are thankful, however, that we do not find, as Huxley did of Victorian Oxford, that ideas are as dated as the walls of the buildings. We may be justly proud of a school that, with a tradition of 350 years, still assimilates new ideas with such rapidity. Here we have historic buildings rubbing shoulders with new buildings, and there is a balance between many different ideas. Indeed, the key to the attitude and atmosphere of Cowbridge Grammar School is the spirit of tolerance and the lack of arrogance in the attitude of people to their various subjects. This is one of the factors which make our school a true seat of learning. If a piece of poetry may be used to express a part of the spirit of our 350th anniversary we might well remember the words of Tennyson :

“Law is God,” say some, “no God at all,” says the fool,
For all we have power to see is a straight staff bent in a pool.”

M. J. M. (*Vla*)



SOME CONTEMPORARIES OF MY SIXTH FORM DAYS

When I look back on my days at Cowbridge, in years to come, my thoughts will mostly be centred on the time I spent in the Sixth Form. Not unnaturally so, either, for it is in the two years one spends in the Sixth Form that one begins to mould one's ideas.

However, for me, the Sixth Form will hold more than this. I shall remember it for my contemporaries. And what contemporaries! One can hardly pass two years of one's life in close contact with people and fail to be impressed by what one sees.

Perhaps the most prominent member of my Sixth Form is (in his own words) that “most personable youth”, Patrick Hannan. Who, of those who know him, will fail to remember him bursting into the form-room with wild Irish cries of “Hannan! Hannan!”? Not I. He will be most remembered for his scathing attacks on everything under the sun, excluding himself. He would be the first to denounce Mr. Kruschev as a villainous hypocrite, and so logically, that one could not fail to believe him. He will be remembered, too, for his most

valuable work towards the production of the school play. In the words of that eminent master, Mr. P. Cobb, "If it wasn't for Hannan, I don't know where we'd be." That, in fact, sums up Hannan completely. If it were not for Hannan, we would not indeed know where we are. My only desire is that he will not end up in that very position he himself has reviled for so long—namely, Society Columnist for the *Daily Express*.

Forming rather a vivid, but none the less impressive contrast to Hannan, is J. (Shwn) David. If this fellow were to become Ambassador to Russia he would very soon have the Russians whimpering and distraught, not knowing whether they were Russians or Martians. This is because Mr. David is possessed of that admirable ability to persuade people that black is white. I remember times when Mr. David would have everybody arguing the merits of some new invention, which he had told us about, while the whole time he would sit sniggering behind his desk, knowing full well no such thing had ever been invented. He is, as Voltaire was, the complete master of irony. God protect us from the day when Mr. David becomes Minister of Information. Of course, if he does, we shall see "1984" with a vengeance.

It is in a somewhat different vein that I shall look upon Roger Garfield. Ponderous by stature, Roger, or "Monty" as he is intimately known, was ponderous in discussion. A protégé of Mr. Cobb, he could produce vast lines of information about such interesting things as the strategic values of Neath in world affairs. What was more important, he could inflict this knowledge upon those in discussion, and by devious means would show its importance to all, even if the discussion was about "moral codes".

But despite this, Roger's great attribute is his aforementioned weight. He, the backbone of Cowbridge Rugby, will undoubtedly play for Wales. This is, if the British Courts will allow him time off—rather a doubtful point, you will agree, in view of his qualities as an arguer.

Another contemporary is one with the high-sounding name of Le Mesurier Hurley. This bluff fellow will go down in the annals of School history as the only boy to whom the Headmaster ever gave a flagon of beer. This is indeed true, not some fabrication of the above-mentioned J. David. Hurley did it, and Hurley can be proud. It is for this feat that he will stay chiefly in my memory, and I daresay in his other contemporaries' minds too.

Next comes David Warburton. Whether he will imitate his illustrious namesake, I know not, but he will certainly be remembered as the person who ultimately exposed to our view the carryings-on of J. David. He, who had for so long been beguiled by that worthy, uncovered him by the simple expedient of openly questioning one of his outbursts. Great was the noise when Shwn David was found out.

Mr. Warburton will also live in my memory as the person who beat Monty in the supplying of ink for my pen.

Last, but by no means least, comes Wayne Hall. With a name like that, one cannot fail to conjure up a picture of a tall, athletic figure. Indeed, this is how I shall always see him. I do hope, however, that he will have unbreakable glasses by the time he is Head of Customs and Excise. Wayne's admirable Prefectship will admirably suit the duties he will be called upon to do in the future. I only hope he will remember these kind words when I do my travelling.

Well, this is a brief picture of my contemporaries. To you all, I salute you! Patrick bhoyo, even thou, who hast so oft chided me on my appearance. Yes, I salute you.

G. R. T. (*Via*)



MEMORIES OF A IIB BOY

When I first came to Cowbridge Grammar School in 1954, and was separated from my friends who went to different forms, I felt alone in a big school with about 30 others who probably felt the same.

Mr. Trotman, our form master, led us through the covered playground and into Old Hall for the first time. Once inside we were shown our form room in which we were to work for the next year.

Each of us took our seats and waited patiently though we did not know what we were waiting for. We sat there for perhaps a quarter of an hour, settling in, looking around to see the new faces who were to become familiar to us, and talking nervously to someone whom we knew.

As I look back, and remember how we took our seats, it seems to be just the same now that we are in the fifth. The same boys sat in the back, in corners, and others in the front, near to the master, and the rest, including myself, sat anywhere where there was a desk. This was 2b.

2b, the form which in later years was to become notorious as prefect-killers; 2b, with its many famed and talented Rugby players; 2b, my form, was about to start its first day at school!

A form captain was elected, a pep talk by the Headmaster was given, and the ordinary events of the first day at school were going on.

Now that I am older, I realise what a difficult task masters had in trying to drum into little boys' heads subjects which before were only words: Chemistry, Physics, Geography, Mathematics and, finally, Latin.

Latin was taught by Mr. Harris, that famous and talented Rugby, Cricket and Football player, whose quiet, unassuming voice would

reach our ears and whose words of wisdom would be taken in and stored in our young but active brains to be poured out during one of his frequent tests. Some did well in them and were congratulated by Mr. Harris; others, like Bennett, did not do so well.

Bennett was Mr. Harris's arch enemy; he practised judo and tried it on Mr. Harris. R.I.P. Anyhow, there were other sports.

On the Rugby field we excelled ourselves: Burrows playing outside half; "Ike" Jones, wing forward; Ernie "Prutt", full back. Stinger the Winger was what Webber was known as, and on the other wing was "Fred" Lyall, who looked for inspiration from the firsts.

What a team Cowbridge had then! And I believe that there will not be another team to equal it. The "Seconds" were very good also and I wondered if I, a second former, would ever be a member of any team.

The next five years passed quickly, but to say they passed without incident would be quite untrue.

Finally, I find myself in the fifth form and playing for the seconds, and I am very proud to be a member of such a famous and great school as Cowbridge Grammar, especially now during the celebrations of its 350th Anniversary.

A.M. (*Vm*)



A TOWN CALLED SCHOOL

The days are short and lessons long,
Or so it seems to us so young,
That Latin, French and Maths. loom large ;
And Cowbridge just a town called school.

And Wednesday bright with freedom great,
A soaring ball and comradeship.
The evenings long and filled with prep.
And mornings filled with masters' wrath.
Our youth so long, or so it seems,
And manhood still an aeon away :
And Cowbridge just a town called "School".

The years will pass, the World will shrink
And towns not names but places be,
And friends will go and home will fade;
And Cowbridge still a town called school.

A. E. T. (*VIa*)

A PLAY REHEARSAL

What is a school-play rehearsal like? Well, nine times out of ten it is a shambles. What else can it be when characters such as the Edwards Twins and "Lenny" Richards are trying their utmost to look down-hearted or contemplative, while all the time they are laughing at their own efforts. Even Mr. Codling and Mr. Edwards, both of whom put much work into the annual play, are sometimes reduced to hearty laughter. A memorable example of such an occasion was when Koko, Christopher Edwards, was grovelling for clemency at the feet of the Mikado, Mr. Codling, and he, rising to make a suggestion, inadvertently trod upon the agitating fingers of the terrified Koko.

Painful accidents occurred continuously when rehearsal for "Holiday in Hades" were progressing. In one part, Dionysus and Xanthias had to take turn about at beating each other with long canes. The canes were only supposed to hit the floor, but occasionally real screams of anguish reverberated through the almost empty dining-hall, where rehearsals were then held.

However, such physically painful accidents do not often occur. Of course, minor tragedies occur, such as a piano string snapping, which causes Mr. Cobb more agony than if he had his teeth extracted by "terrified amateurs". (By kind permission of the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company.)

In choral practices for "The Mikado", this year's production, very comical situations have already arisen. Such was the occasion when a strapping senior, who should have been singing bass, appeared to reach with ease the very highest soprano notes. It turned out that a lusty-tongued junior was standing behind him and singing for all he was worth.

Also, in a moment of uncertainty or forgetfulness, there is always the danger of mixing one's words, as did one eminent vocalist who sang: "O fallow shool!" Such mistakes cause sufficient mirth to bring any hitherto serious rehearsal to a giggling end.

Without some amusement, though, a rehearsal can become very boring, especially if you do not have to do much acting. One of the things which create most boredom at a rehearsal is going over the same part "n" times all because one person makes a mistake. After the umpteenth attempt tempers tend to become rather frayed, and it is then that sparks fly and hasty words are spoken. Fortunately, even the most tactless comments are soon forgotten in the fraternity of actors.

One rehearsal where no tempers should be lost is the dress rehearsal. This also can be boring, often lasting for four hours or more, but there is the novelty of the costumes, the scenery, and the multi-coloured lights.

The night after the dress rehearsal is usually "first night", and with that comes the end of play rehearsals for another year.

M. W. T. (*Va*)

LIFE WITH "THE LION"

Every Monday morning sees the Llantwitian and Llanharanic hordes sweep into Cowbridge on their Western Welsh chariots to overrun the half-awake town. With cries of joy (?) mingled with ecstatic excitement, they pay their meagre copper for *The Lion*, our weekly magazine, and continue their march on the school. Yes, many buy our magazine but, on those cold and misty mornings, do they realize how many confused, strenuous boy-hours have been put into its publication?

It is on Friday evening, when moist faces pore over their uncompleted prep, that the clock of work is first wound up. Beckett curses his Physics problem as he is summoned to the Lion's den to put pencil to paper and evolve a cartoon, either political or topical, for the cover. The pencil sweeps swiftly and artfully over the paper and soon a design lies solemnly under the light of the pale-yellow moon, while School, and Lion Staff, sleep soundly, forgetting all the cares and troubles of this wordly life.

The morning bell ends this after about eight hours of bliss—and this summons the staff to a tedious and thoughtful morning. The cover is soon completed and skilfully copied on to a stencil. The Editorial and Gossip Column lie half-finished, awaiting completion while the sports report makes rapid progress in the boggy swamps of the wind-swept Bear Field. By Saturday night, all editorial works are completed while, yet again, cares are lost in the void of sleep.

Sunday comes, and it is the typists' turn to take over. The clattering hammer of typewriters echoes round the "den" and empty dormitories, while the damp and sweaty figures of Chilcott or Taylor accurately bang at each small key, carefully cutting holes in the carbon-backed stencil. But work comes first—and the afternoon finds Mr. Davies the sole occupant of the study, carefully pressing the keys of his borrowed typewriter with his two weary index fingers.

Yet it is after tea that difficulties arise. There are three hours left—three small periods of sixty minutes in which to complete printing and stapling. Panic breaks out. Black and red ink squirts over exercise books and smiling faces of junior spectators as the "chum-cherum" of the second-hand Gestetner (bought, incidentally, in a jumble sale at Rugby) spits forth printed covers, Editorials, Gossips and Poet's Corners. With approximately a half-hour in hand, the printing has been completed—except on those Sundays when the machine, suffering from over-use and a faulty pick-up, refuses to send correctly-printed sheets through its rollers.

Half an hour left. Auxiliary help is called for and the Top Dorm volunteers, hearing the tearful wailing of Mr. Davies, rush to the rescue. Sheets are hurriedly passed along two long lines to the wrist-aching staplers at their ends, and completed *Lions*—some, naturally,

with their sheets in the wrong order—flutter to the study floor. The piles of sheets lessen as the pile of completed papers builds up haphazardly. Soon we come to the last of the covers—to find that about twenty of each of the other parts are left over. But that is just “one of those things” in the journalistic world of today—and nothing prevents the weekly publication of *The Lion*.

All this happens before you receive your four-paged (except when we visit Oxford) issue. The sales managers rush to the arriving buses and try, with the utmost courtesy, to please the hordes which tumble from them—and, indeed, they have an extremely difficult task. But, for the journalist, work is finished. We can think about Ovid and the sine rule for five days, now—till Friday comes once more, and, yet again, Church Street turns into a second Fleet Street.

J. C. Y. (*Va*)



“FIRST PEAL”

It was just an ordinary arithmetic period. Whilst trying to pay attention to the master, I saw one of the Cowbridge bellringers, “Ted” Coles, walking towards our form with Mr. I. D. Davies. I wondered if he wanted to speak to Francis Taylor or myself, as I could think of no other reason for his visit to the School. I was soon to find out. There was a knock at the door, and I was soon outside.

“Can Frank and you ring in a peal next Saturday? We are two ringers short. You’ll ring the tenor, Frank the treble. The Method will be Oxford Bob Triples”. Very eagerly I said that I would be only too glad to ring and that I was sure Frank would be too. The rest of the day I was very excited. A peal attempt! I thought that if Mr. Coles was ringing in it, there must be a quite expert band ringing. I had been waiting for months for a chance to score my first peal, and now the great chance had come.

The great day arrived. I felt very nervous and not sure of myself as I waited for the rest of the band, with the Tower Key in my pocket. Five soon arrived, and after much searching the eight of us entered the tower, and the door was locked.

At 4.45 p.m. the bells were raised in peal, and rung in a few rounds so that rope lengths could be tested. I was now a bunch of nerves, especially when the rest of the team seemed perfectly calm.

“Look to! Treble’s going, she’s gone!” shouted Frank on the Treble, and we pulled off smoothly into rounds. I was ringing the sixteen hundredweight tenor bell, the heaviest bell in the medium peal of bells in the Holy Cross. My job as “Thomas” was to be always the “last bell down”, that is whilst the other seven bells were changing

their order, I was to ring the tenor always in eighth position, like a big drum setting the speed and timing of the other bells.

My mind concentrated on the job of "Covering", as the tenor's work is called.

"One stroke over the sixth, one over the seventh, one over the sixth, two over the seventh, now up comes the treble (the lightest in the peal) two over her and then two over the bell in the hunt." So the peal goes smoothly on. After an hour I begin to feel tired, but I get some consolation in the fact that my friend Frank also looks worn out, though the experts seem unaffected. After another hour has passed, I began to relax.

"Pull your back-stroke in, Tenor!" yells the Conductor. I reddened and woke up with a start; in Method-ringing there is no time at all to relax, especially at a vital point in a peal.

We ring on, about one change every two seconds. We were going to try and ring the extent of seven bells, all the possible orders you can have of the number one to seven; to be exact, five thousand and forty changes—not rung in any order, as it would be impossible to memorise numbers, but so that each bell has a fixed "course" to follow and does not have to remember any numbers at all. The certain patterns which the bells were following in that peal made up one of the hundreds of methods in Campanology—Oxford Bob.

Two and a half hours had now passed and I was feeling literally "fit to drop". It was pitch dark outside when at last the magic words "That's all" were called by the Conductor, followed by "Stand next time". We had rung the peal in three hours two minutes.

"Quite a fast time for Oxford," says one of the ringers. And then in a haze Frank and I were congratulated on achieving our peal. I had rung badly in places, but it was now all over, and all I wanted to do was to rest my aching feet, which had not moved from the standing position for three hours, and my arms, which had not stopped moving up and down for the length of the peal!

R. J. L. (*Va*)



HARRYING AT COWBRIDGE GRAMMAR SCHOOL

The Headmaster raised the flag and let it fall, and about a hundred boys started on their annual slog over the moors and marshes of Cowbridge. While still in sight the runners had separated into two distinct groups. One group ran keenly, the other reduced their steps to walking pace after only a few minutes.

A few years ago this was the only chance a boy had to exhibit his prowess at running. Now this has been changed, thanks to the efforts of Mr. Iolo Davies. A harrying team was formed in order to give those who showed promise in the sport a chance. At first, the team achieved understandably poor results and were looked on by the rest of the school as poor relations of the Rugby teams, but despite this, they persevered.

In the face of adverse criticism the team continued, and gradually enthusiasm increased, even in this veritable Rugby stronghold. The achievements of the team were regularly and faithfully reported in another of Mr. Davies's brain-children, *The Lion*. But the school had a generation of younger members, and as soon as they were able, they joined the ranks of the School's runners.

As the numbers increased, so did the competition for places. This had a desirable effect in increasing the fitness and standard of the team. Soon regular training runs were held and as a result the team were winning regularly. Their paramount victory was the result of sheer hard training, and this was the defeat of a combined Jesus College and St. John's College team. This fixture marked another milestone in the history of the harriers, for the coveted Oxford trip had previously been for the Rugby, Cricket and Tennis teams, and for the occasion the harriers were equipped in new kit. The training for this match was particularly arduous as it involved abandoning our usual course for a much longer one, as the Oxford Colleges run over five miles. The new course entailed a run around Llysworney, and when the harriers used to run around it after School, they would have to bear the dubious criticisms and outrageous insults which were hurled from the Llantwit Major school bus as it bowled on its merry way.

The normal course, however, is an exceptional course. It is the unanimous opinion of all visiting runners that it is one of the finest courses in Glamorgan. It is principally through moor and bog, with many additional hazards such as an exceptionally fine water splash, where sometimes it is necessary to break the ice before crossing.

The courses of most schools cannot compare with it. But it is these away matches which prove a headache to most schools. A harriers team is too small to necessitate a special bus so most schools have difficulty in this respect. We are fortunate, however, for here again, the noble patron of the Harriers, Mr. Iolo Davies, comes to their aid, and provides his Austin van to help transport the team. But sitting in a van with nine other boys does get a little cramped when fulfilling a distant fixture such as Pontypool.

The team now flourishes (a tribute to Mr. Davies's efforts), and is doing consistently well. But with this success has come the understandable desire of the juniors for their team, but it seemed as though the Games Fund would not stretch to their requirements. Despite these unfortunate circumstances, though, a team has been formed, and while as yet it has a meagre fixture list, the senior team also started from small beginnings.

The future of the Senior team looks bright, and if they continue to improve they will soon be one of the top teams and will rival the achievements of the illustrious Rugby teams. The Rugby teams have tradition (an inescapable word, when writing about this School). The Harriers have no tradition — yet.

P. M. (*Va*)

IN HONOUR OF THE SCHOOL'S ANNIVERSARY

A relic, whose success unparalleled
Has stirred the Muse that I so longed to find,
And by thy beauty I am thus compelled
To write this ode, while others have been blind.

But soon the dreaded tramp of endless time
Will chime an end to my endeavours here;
And I shall be of an unbroken line
Whostill remembers Cowbridge year by year.

D. W. (*VIa*)



A NEW VESSEL

It was first spied by an observant Cowbridge Grammar schoolboy who saw it lying at the edge of a field, adjacent to the Grammar School, near the river Thaw. Immediately, thoughts of great enjoyment concerning this object came into his head.

The object was a bulbous looking affair rather like a squashed half of an orange. The whitish paint was streaked with green from the grass over which it had obviously been dragged. The construction was, or seemed to be to him, mainly of a wooden skeleton over which had been placed specially moulded and strengthened plywood. He also noticed two holes in the bottom.

As he ran off to find his friends, other Grammar School boys joined him to see what his excited shouting was about. After telling them all about his find he mentioned the two holes, and soon, two corklike objects were found to block them. On reaching the object the boys, with an excited shout, scrambled inside to take a closer look and block the holes. After a thorough inspection they jumped out and started dragging the "boat", as it soon was to become, to the river Thaw. When they had dragged it to the bank of the river they were extremely exhausted.

With one great heave it was launched into the river and a picked crew jumped aboard besides a few unwanted but unstoppable stowaways. The river they found was rather too narrow, but if one rocked the "boat", as it was now evidently called, it went along at a satisfactory pace.

After each journey some water which had managed to seep in had to be poured out by overturning the boat on the bank. When eventually a crowd began to appear there were regular trips up and down the river, not without casualties though, for a few "sailors" managed to fall in to the loud shouts of "man overboard."

Eventually, word came by way of the prefects that the boat had to be taken back. It was later found to be an aircraft radar dome. So ended another adventure.

D. W. W. (*IVb*)



PREPARATION

Beside the unfinished prep. I sat ;
My ruler in my hand ;
My books were bare, nothing was there ;
I could not understand.
Forty and twenty make three score ;
Now that's finished here's some more ;
Latin and French and Welsh and Greek ;
They all come in a Grammar school week ;
Geography, Maths., Biol. and more ;
I've never had such work before ;
When these are done, there's History ;
And other subjects of mystery ;
There'll be prep. to do to-night ;
My books all look an awful sight ;
I'd better work, or there will be
An imposition handed me.

P. D. (*IIIb*)



A PICTURE OF LEARNING

It is hot. I am sprawled tiredly in my desk. The sun pours through the stained-glass windows, throwing multicoloured reflections on the opposite wall. It is hot. "Confound this heat!" I take my blazer off. Still I am hot. "Confound this heat!" My shirt is wet and sticks like fly-paper to my overflowing pores. I fan myself idly with a forgotten exercise book.

Someone is speaking. His voice sounds like the droning of ten-thousand bees. Idly I study particles of dust gliding down long beams of light. A fly lands on my nose. It tickles. I swat it lazily. The fly flies away and then returns. This time it lands on my cheek. I get exasperated and slap wildly. That hurt. The fly goes to torment someone else.

Somewhere, far off, I hear the click of bat and ball breaking the stillness of the air. A lonely thrush is searching for its mate. Now he too has gone. Time stands still. The droning continues. The monotony of the sound gets on my nerves. I grind my teeth in vexation.

"Boy! Are you paying attention?"

"What me, sir? Yes, sir."

"Be sure that you do."

"Yes, sir."

I go back to sleep. "Confound this heat." My mind is wandering. I think of a long, gay beach swept by a cool sea-breeze. I see people running into the water. I see them splashing and enjoying themselves. I think of a palm-fringed island where dusky-skinned people waste away their existence. I think of the mountains of sand that are desert. I am lost. I am thirsty. I see an oasis. I stagger to it. It disappears.

I wake up. "Confound this heat." Somewhere a bell goes. The sound of running feet reverberates in the corridor. Shouts come from nearby. A door bangs. The period has finished. I walk tiredly down the corridor and bury my head beneath a cold tap. Truly I am a picture of learning.

J. G. M. (*Ra*)



A TYPICAL IMPOT !

Here is an example of a typical imposition which I received after the visit of the Cardiff University Trio. The circumstances under which this imposition was given are as follows.

During the recital I noticed that a certain boy was doing his prep. behind the backs of some other boys. This being exceedingly bad manners, as well as doing prep. at a time when he was not supposed to, I gave him a chance to wriggle out of being punished. I asked him if he could name any of the composers of any of the pieces played or sung, or in what language the first three were sung—not an answer to any of them. I accordingly gave him the essay, which is reproduced below, to write out. Although he has not kept to the subject it gave me great pleasure reading it, and I felt very pleased at being a prefect. Nevertheless the miscreant missed a very good concert—for it is not every day that we get a chance to listen to a pupil of Tertelier. (See Music Society).

D. I. E. (*Vla*)

THE ADVANTAGES OF LISTENING TO CLASSICAL MUSIC

Classical music is said to appeal to the intelligent part of the human race. It seems that only this section of people is able to enjoy and to understand the true quality of this particular kind of music. It would seem that the common herd, of which most of us are a part (except certain people who are not even fit to belong to this class), are quite unable to absorb all that classical music is supposed to convey. We, the common herd, are reduced to boredom and complete misery at the sounds which are produced by this type of music. Perhaps the intelligent section (?) would help us dull ones to enjoy this fine art, perhaps they would explain it line by line and tone by tone and each varying sound of each instrument and how, why and when they blend together and the reason thereof (which, I am sure, they will not teach us by making us write out a two page imposition with ten words to a line). To make sure that my feelings towards classical music are constant and unchanged, I have just played Brahms' Rhapsodies in B minor and G minor, Brahms Intermezzi in E flat major, B flat minor and C sharp minor, and to me they are all flat. Thinking that Beethoven would improve my feelings I played his fifth symphony and his Sontata No. 9 for the violin but, unfortunately, I remained untouched. So much for instrumental classical music. I am quite prepared and ready to be taught to enjoy classical music. Yet I would like to know if anyone *really* likes classical music or is it just a matter of snobbery? Singing on the other hand, I enjoy—as long as the singer has a really good voice and sings decent songs, in the English language which we are all able to understand and enjoy. Perhaps in the near future some clever persons may be able to give to us, the "squares", some of their quiet taste in music, so that we too may be able to thrust our knowledge upon persons who, like myself, have no sense of the classical. What about personal freedom and thought now? Or do we have to endure little Hitlers?

R. B. J. (IVa)



THE MONSTER 'NEATH THE STAFF ROOM FLOOR

In our schoool, if you should look
Beneath the staff room floor
You'll find a creature, huge and weird
With ripping claws and dark red beard.
And few forget, for he is feared
By all the form next door.
And few forget this vicious brute
Beneath the staff room floor;
For every year, the monster's keeper
Tries to sink the horror deeper
Into the mind of each small weeper
In the form next door.

Into their minds, each little mind,
The dreadful stories pour.
The wicked man who keeps this brute,
And feeds him little boys and fruit,
Thinks he can frighten every cute
Boy in the form next door.

A boy who falls into the hole
Is caught by a cruel claw.
If he escapes, in the passage way
He wonders if 'tis night or day,
For darkness now is here to stay.
His friends he'll see no more.

The monster must devour him now
He'll perish now for sure.
And when he falls into the hole
The Devil must engulf his soul,
Deliver him to Hell's Black Hole—
Beneath the Staff Room floor.

J. O. C. (Va)



The Lecture on Sir Leoline Jenkins

On December 11th, an interested, but unfortunately not very large, audience, listened to an hour's lecture by Canon N. G. Matthews, M.A., Chancellor of Llandaff Cathedral, on the second Founder of Cowbridge Grammar School. The chair was taken by the Bursar of Jesus College, Oxford, J. N. L. Baker, Esq., M.A., who in a brief introductory speech said that he was glad to be presiding, for two reasons: one was that Sir Leoline Jenkins belonged both to Cowbridge Grammar School and Jesus College; the other that Canon Matthews was an alumnus of Jesus College.

The speaker began by outlining the background of the times against which Leoline Jenkins grew up. He was born in 1623, the year in which the First Folio of Shakespeare was published and died in 1685, by which time Dryden was a name to conjure with in literature. He saw the temporary extinction of the monarchy and the burning of the Book of Common Prayer. Leoline Jenkins was not a colourful man but he was a dutiful one, particularly as he lived much of his life against the tide of opinion. It was an age of argument about such matters as the Bible and Holy Communion. The consequence was to render such things more common; but a few people, of whom Jenkins was one, reacted against popular feeling and became extra-reverent. Another effect of the age on him was that he devoted himself endlessly to learning to find out facts; and, thirdly, he developed commonsense—a quality often lacking in a controversial age which readily argues about barren things.

It is not sure where Leoline Jenkins was born. Llantrithyd, Llanblethian and Llantrisant all claim him, but Llanblethian is the likeliest. His father certainly lived there. He was educated at Cowbridge Grammar School and left in 1641 to go to Jesus College, but did not remain there for long as the Civil War had broken out and he returned to South Wales to join the King's forces there. Not long afterwards Dr. Mansell, the Principal of Jesus College, was ejected and came to take refuge in Aubrey House at Llantrithyd. Jenkins was there too, acting as tutor to Aubrey's eldest son. He became Dr. Mansell's right-hand man and later wrote his biography, in the course of which he referred modestly to himself as "a young man."

The number of Leoline Jenkins' pupils steadily increased, and after a while he deemed it safe to return with them to Oxford. But not for long—they had to leave in a hurry, and continued their education in France, Holland and Germany, in each of which they received good instruction, though not so good, Leoline declared afterwards, as they would have got in Oxford.

In 1660, the monarchy was re-established and Leoline Jenkins, with his disciples, returned to Oxford. He gained a Doctorate and Fellowship, and in 1661 succeeded Dr. Mansell in the Principalship, in which he gained the reputation of a "good governor."

From the time of this preferment Jenkins led a busy and varied life. Foreign correspondence, legal work (he was a friend of Sheldon and drew up the conveyancing for the Sheldonian Theatre), reorganization of college finance, assessing Prize Money in the war with the Dutch—all fell to his lot. Samuel Pepys once turned up at the Admiralty Court where Jenkins was presiding and pronounced himself "mightily pleased with the judge," who was learned and "not to be corrupted." It was not long before Leoline Jenkins was able to do a personal service for the King by gaining him the inheritance of Queen Henrietta Maria. Jenkins became Sir Leoline as a result.

He now became M.P. for Hythe, and was shortly to act as mediator between Holland and France, while concluding a separate peace for England. From now on he was possibly a sick man and certainly a lonely one, but his work did not diminish. He became M.P. for Oxford and Secretary of State in 1680. He was the principal witness against Shaftesbury, fomentor of the Monmouth Rebellion.

In 1684, Sir Leoline resigned his Principalship, and on September 1st, 1685, he died, leaving his property to Jesus College and Cowbridge Grammar School to the keeping of the College.

Mr. Baker, in thanking Canon Matthews for his lecture, added one interesting fact to those already given. After negotiating the return of Henrietta Maria's inheritance Leoline Jenkins brought back her ring, which contained a miniature of Charles I. Charles II presented it to Leoline, who bequeathed it in his will to the successive Principals of Jesus College, where it still resides.

School Notes

We should like first to congratulate Haydn Davies heartily on gaining a second Welsh Rugby Cap by playing in the game against Scotland. In adding these honours to his Cambridge Blue he brings credit upon his School as well as himself.

"The Mikado" will have been performed by the time this issue is printed and we shall know how the School's first venture into Opera has fared. This is the first time the School Play has run for five nights. We hope the additional effort will be reflected in the Box Office takings.

The Cardiff University Trio paid us another visit on Tuesday, 3rd March. This time their performance was further enhanced by a baritone vocalist.

A School Photograph was taken on Wednesday, 4th March, on the Headmaster's lawn.

The Steeplechases will be run on Wednesday, 18th March.

Speech Day will take place on Wednesday, 6th May, when the Guest Speaker will be Sir Ben Bowen Thomas, Head of the Welsh Department of the Ministry of Education. On the same day Mr. D. G. Pugh will be staging a Physical Training Display. The team are hard at work practising, though their numbers are temporarily depleted by the prior claims of the School Play.

Two other functions are to be held in the summer, one a regular feature—Sports Day, the other specially designed, like the P.T. Display, to celebrate our Anniversary. It will take the form of a Concert of Music and Verse and will be held in the Schoolroom. The dates of Sports Day and the Concert are not yet settled but will probably be near the end of term.

Half-term occupied 16th-17th February and we were fortunate to have some pleasant weather over the longer than usual week-end.

CALENDAR	Next term begins	14th April.
	Half-term	18th-19th May.
	Summer term ends	17th July
	Autumn term begins	8th September



Staff Notes

It must be a long time since we were able to announce at the same time the birth of two sons to members of the Staff. Perhaps the last record of such an event was the arrival of the Edwards twins, though only one member of Staff was concerned then. Now we would like to congratulate most heartily, first, Mr. and Mrs. K. J. Helyar on the birth of Ian; second, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Marsden on the birth of David Lawrence. We understand that both lads are thriving and hope they will continue to do so.

We are glad to welcome temporarily to the Staff Mr. Emlyn Jones. Mr. Jones is a P.T. Student from Heath Training College, Cardiff. He is Captain of the Soccer team there and President of the Welsh Society.



THE STAFF

(*Standing, left to right*)—Mr. R. A. WHITTLE, Mr. J. J. MARSDEN, Mr. H. DAVIES, Mr. P. G. COBB, Mr. D. G. PUGH, Mr. I. D. DAVIES, Mr. J. L. WHITE, Mr. K. J. HELYAR, Mr. S. HARRIS, Mr. T. S. EVANS

(*Seated, left to right*): Mr. M. H. G. DAVIES, Miss EIRA WILLIAMS (*Secretary*), Mr. P. D. ADAMS, Mr. T. HUGHES, Mr. J. D. OWEN, THE HEADMASTER, Mr. M. B. EDWARDS, Mr. A. B. CODLING, Mr. M. VAUGHAN, Mlle. M. DURET (*Student*), Mr. D. L. DAVIES



Autumn W.J.E.C.

The following boys passed in the subjects stated at Ordinary Level:—

C. S. A. Cooksley, History ; R. H. Green, French ; W. D. Jenkins, Mathematics ; K. N. King, English Language ; F. W. Morgan, English Language ; K. T. O'Connor, Physics ; D. G. Thomas, History, Physics ; T. S. Warren, English Language, Physics ; J. R. Wigg, English Language, Chemistry ; E. V. Williams, English Language.

External Candidates : H. J. Davies, Mathematics.

Old Boys' Notes

The Old Boys' Section of the December issue of the BOVIAN was entirely taken up by a full account of the special Old Boys' Dinner, which was held to celebrate the 350th Anniversary of the founding of the School. We have therefore many items of interest concerning individual Old Boys to record in this number.

We begin by extending our sincere congratulations to several Old Boys on being awarded higher Degrees for Research. They are the following:—

Gwilym J. Rees, B.Sc. (London) (38-43) has been awarded a Ph.D. for Research in Chemistry. He has left his post as Research Chemist with the Distillers Co. at Barry and has gone to the State University of Pennsylvania, U.S.A., for further work on Chemistry.

J. M. W. Bean, M.A. (OXON.) (39-46) has been awarded a D.Phil. Degree at Oxford University for a Thesis on "The Estates of the Percy Family 1416-1537". This has recently been published by the Oxford University Press. Dr. Bean is now Lecturer in History at Manchester University.

Kenneth A. Owen (38-44) was recently awarded his M.A. Degree by the University of Wales for a Treatise on "Education in Singapore". He is at present on leave in this country, and visited School last term. He soon returns to take up his post again as Lecturer in English in a Training College in Singapore.

We also congratulate C. F. Willmot (47-55) on gaining a 2nd Class (1st Division) Honours in Geography at Bristol University, and J. Ll. Harris (48-55) on obtaining a Second Class (1st Division) Honours in English at University College, Cardiff; also Peter Raggatt (46-53) on gaining his B.Sc. Degree in Chemistry at Bristol University.

T. E. Evans, iii., M.A., M.B.E. (25-30) who was, until the Suez Crisis, at the British Embassy, Cairo, is now at the British Embassy, Berne.

Roland G. Evans, iv., B.A., MUS.BAC. (42-50) is now in charge of the Music Teaching at Clifton Row Comprehensive School, Nottingham.

Peter Raggatt, B.Sc. (Bristol) is now in the Teachers' Training Department of Bristol University, and is at present doing Teaching Practice at the Crypt School, Gloucester.

We were pleased to meet recently Emrys Ll. Jones, ix (23-27), who is now Manager of the Midland Bank, Maesteg. He told us that his brother, T. M. Jones (20-26) is on the Staff of Wolverhampton Grammar School, while Owen G. Jones, x (24-29), who was in Trinidad, is now on the Staff of an Oil firm in London.

T. Walter Jenkins (20-23) is Manager of the Midland Bank, Commercial Street, Newport, Mon. Also at Newport, at Lloyds Bank, Maindee, is E. Munro Roberts (19-23). He is a Clerk. R. J. Colin Rees (48-51), our Headmaster's son, who served with the Welch Regiment in Cyprus, has been demobilised, and is now at St. John's

College, Cambridge. With him in the Welch Regt. in Cyprus was Huw L. Rees (49-56), who is now with the Regiment at Benghazi, North Africa. On the Island at the same time, but in an Anti-Aircraft Regiment, was David T. Williams (48-53). He has also been demobilised, and has returned to the Steel Co. of Wales at Port Talbot, where he is working in the Metallurgy Laboratory.

Norman Parsons (21-25) is teaching near Tonyrefail, while Norman Powell (35-40) is teaching in Middlesex.

Norman E. Webber (40-44) is a Clerk in the G.P.O. at Bridgend.

It was very pleasing to hear from the Rev. David W. P. Jenkins, B.A. (31-37), who is Vicar of St. Mary's, Dorchester. He wrote to say that he had listened with great interest to the Broadcast of the Speeches at the Old Boys' Dinner in September. He also said that he is Chaplain of the Dorset County Hospital where A. F. C. Farnham (33-34) is an Administrative Officer.

We were glad to see D. F. "Tinker" Taylor, m.i. (51-54) at the Old Boys' Dinner and also at the School. He came back for two weeks' holiday from Montreal, Canada, where he is working in Insurance. He recently met, at Montreal, Spencer D. Parker (47-53) and G. Williams v (49-53), who went to Canada from Bristol University on Vacation work.

Charles Powell (50-55), after a period in the U.S.A., is now at the London School of Economics.

Arthur E. Dunkley (22-26) is now the Chief Land Agent for the Glamorgan County Council.

We were very glad, also, to hear news of the Rev. John P. Evans, M.A. (27-31) and his brothers. He is leaving the Parish of Bishopston near Stockton-on-Tees, Co. Durham, to become Chaplain of Stockton Grammar School, and Lecturer at Stockton Parish Church.

His brother Owen H. Evans, iv (28-33) is still with the National Provincial Bank in Birmingham, while E. D. J. Evans, v (31-36) is now Master of his own ship, and Captain of the Royal Fleet Auxiliary *Spabeck*.

Denis H. Evans, iii (34-39) is a Major in the Royal Army Pay Corps and is in Indianapolis, U.S.A.

The Rev. J. P. Evans saw L. E. Goodwin, M.A. (25-29) recently, and said that he was flourishing as Deputy Clerk to the Durham County Council.

S. R. Thomas, B.A. (London) is at present teaching at Hill Farm Junior School, Coventry.

J. Dudley Williams, B.SC.(WALES) (43-50) is a Research Chemist with the National Coal Board.

We welcome news of Dudley H. Rowlands (43-51) who qualified in Mechanical Engineering at University College, Cardiff, and who is now in Calgary, Alberta, Canada, working as a Salesman in Bearings. In the same city there is another Old Bovian in the person of Aubrey M. Edwards, iii (29-34) who is in the "Real Estate" business, and who, in

January of this year, came back to Cowbridge on a combined business and pleasure trip. He told us that his brother, John F. Edwards (24-30), is Manager of the Midland Bank at Axminster, Somerset, while his other brother "Bobby" Edwards (22-26) is working in Cowbridge.

Two Old Bovians in British Columbia are David Williams, xiv (44-51), who has left the County Library at Bridgend to go to Canada for a year, and Anthony H. Roberts (37-42) who has taken up a post in Vancouver as an Architect after a prolonged holiday in this country.

W. Graham Price (44-51) is working at the Ford Motor Works at Dagenham, Essex, in the Costs Dept. He hopes to play for the Brentwood R.F.C. Price was married some time ago, his "Best Man" being Aurobindu Ghose (42-51) who is now training as a Metallurgist at Swansea Training College.

Rhys Lloyd recently completed his National Service with the Royal Pay Corps and is now in the Civil Service near Price in Dagenham.

David L. Jones (45-51), after a period at University College, Swansea, and the Steel Co. of Wales, Port Talbot, is now a student at the Cardiff School of Architecture.

W. R. "Roddy" Evans (46-53) has given up playing Rugby Football for this season in order to concentrate on his studies for his Solicitor's Examinations. His brother, Peter K. D. Evans (49-55), is studying Agriculture at Cambridge University.

We congratulate Arwyn A. John, mi. (44-49), of South Cornelly, who won the "Foxhunter" Jumping Championships at the "Horse of the Year" Show at Harringay Arena, London on 7th October. He was riding "Rambler IV" for Mr. T. E. Thomas, of Pool Farm, Kenfig Hill. In a brilliantly ridden jump-off against the clock with two other competitors in the Final, he had the only clear round. His performance was watched with much interest on Television.

Clive Gardiner (51-57) has left University College, Swansea, to study for his B.Pharm. Degree at Cardiff Technical College.

Gareth Evans (48-56) has left University College, Aberystwyth, to become a Laboratory Assistant at the British Distillers Co., Barry. Other Old Bovians who have also gone there recently are A. Davies, xi (52-58) and R. P. Harrison (51-58).

J. H. Williams, v (43-46), of Porthcawl, after a period with Messrs. Bird of Cowbridge, is now a partner in the firm of Crane Hire and Sales, Ltd., at the Bridgend Industrial Estate.

D. Norman Jenkins, M.A. (38-45) who was a Research Chemist with the Distillers Co. at Barry, has now taken charge of his father's Building and Contracting Business, and, it is interesting to note, is responsible for the erection of the new buildings at Cowbridge High School for Girls.

W. N. Heap (43-48) is now in the Architect's Department, at County Hall, Cardiff, but lives in Port Talbot.

Rhys Evans is a Solicitor at Cheltenham.

Brian Llewellyn (53-56), of Nash, is a student at the Pottery and

Ceramics School at Cardiff.

J. A. Stevens (35-39), of Pontyclun, is an Engine Driver with British Railways at Port Talbot.

T. J. Hughes (37-39) who is teaching at Llantwit Major, is Chairman of the Cowbridge Rural District Council.

J. L. Thomas, xii (41-48), of Llantwit Major, is on the Staff of Dover College as a Physical Training Instructor and Games Master.

W. A. Ll. Thomas (35-40), formerly of Llysworney, is a Quantity Surveyor with a firm at Cardiff.

E. D. Davies, viii (45-49), who joined the Welch Regt. as a "Regular" soldier soon after leaving school, and who was wounded in Cyprus, is now in Cowbridge Post Office.

John M. Edwards (43-51) is now in the Legal Department of a firm of Stockbrokers, at the London Stock Exchange.

K. P. Wilson (48-55) is at St. Luke's College, Exeter, taking a Three-Year Course as a Physical Training Instructor. With him there, also, is Keith Esau (49-53) who, while on a Royal Marine Commando raid, was wounded at Port Said.

George Childs (45-50) is now in a Branch of the National Provincial Bank in London, and is a prominent member of the "Wasps" R.F.C.

We have left several important items of interest in the football world till the end of our Notes, and we heartily congratulate Haydn Davies (51-57) on being awarded a "Blue" as a Centre-three-quarter in the Cambridge XV, and on gaining his International "Cap" for Wales in the same position in the games against England at Cardiff in January of this year and against Scotland at Edinburgh in February. This brings the total of International "Caps" gained by Old Bovians to five in four years—a really wonderful record.

We would like to congratulate J. Garfield Owen (43-51) on being made Captain of the Halifax Rugby League Team, and on gaining his International Cap in Rugby League Football by playing for Wales against France at Toulouse a short while ago.

We note, too, that Brian A. Sparks (42-48), who is also a member of the Halifax Rugby League Team, is very prominent, and was also chosen to play for Wales against France, but, owing to illness, had to refuse. However, we have no doubt that this is but an honour deferred, and that he, like Garfield Owen, will be able to add many Rugby League "Caps" to those already won in Rugby Union Football.

Keith Maddocks (39-45), who played in the Neath XV with Brian Sparks, has now moved to take up a teaching post in South Devon, and plays regularly for the Torquay R.F.C.

We congratulate Timothy P. Jones (43-49) on being made Captain of the Porthcawl R.F.C. He has several Old Bovians with him.

Finally, we are pleased to hear that an "Old Bovians" Team has been organised by Norman E. Palmer (41-47) to play some games in the Easter holidays. We wish them success, and are confident that they will keep up the reputation of the School on the Rugby field. J. D. O.

Rugby Football

FIRST XV RUGBY REPORT

<i>Opponents</i>	<i>Played on</i>	<i>Venue</i>	<i>Result</i>
Ogmore G.S.	November 29th	H	0—0
Caerphilly G.S.	December 6th	H	8—6
Old Boys	December 13th	H	5—27
Dyffryn G.S.	January 10th	A	10—0
Glan Afan G.S.	January 24th	A	13—3
Whitchurch G.S.	January 31st	A	11—3
Maesteg G.S.	February 6th	H	16—3
Bridgend G.S.	February 21st	H	8—0
Whitchurch G.S.	February 25th	H	14—0
St. Iltyd's College	February 28th	A	6—3

<i>Played</i>	<i>Lost</i>	<i>Drawn</i>	<i>Won</i>	<i>Pts. For</i>	<i>Pts. Against</i>
18	4	3	11	168	98

Persons who have played for the 1st XV this season: W. Hall (*Captain*), R. Davies, xix., C. Tarr, R. Harman, A. Hughes, xi., I. Jewell, D. Edwards, iii., D. Jenkins, P. Coleman, D. Evans, xx., B. Samways, R. Talbot, I. Dunlop, D. Marsden, A. Williams, iv., R. Brown, G. Leeke, J. W. Lydon, S. Cooksley, W. Adams, A. Taylor, ma., J. David, C. J. Shepherd, R. Garfield.

The 1st XV improved on their undistinguished performances of the Christmas term and developed into a successful and attractive side. The side remained unbeaten in 1959 and, in fact, after the New Year it was rarely menaced by defeat and several sides victorious over us earlier in the season were dealt with in no uncertain manner. But first we must return to the Rugby of the latter half of the Christmas term. After our defeat at the hands of Jesus College, Oxford, the School played a home fixture against Ogmore G.S. This match must surely rank as the poorest of the season; a vastly superior Cowbridge side had only themselves to blame for not winning this match comfortably. Most of the blame here must fall on the forwards, who starved their stronger three-quarters of the ball. However, badly as the Cowbridgians played against Ogmore, they certainly brought out their best to defeat a powerful Caerphilly side. Although the losers were without their star players, numbered among whom were two Welsh S.S. Caps, this should not detract from the merit of Cowbridge's victory, for the home team on the day proved the slightly better side, though the close result reflects, too, the Rugby talent of Caerphilly, for although they fielded six reserves, the win, as the result suggests, was not easily obtained.

The conditions for the Old Boys' match, which followed a week later, were atrocious, but despite this the Rugby was extremely skilful. The strong Old Boys' team overwhelmed a less experienced and less fit school side, the famous (in Cowbridge, at least) Wilding—Williams

half-back partnership brought back memories of more successful seasons, but it was in the pack that the Old Boys' strength lay. They fought like tigers and the School rarely gained possession. Caldicott was outstanding in a star-studded Old Boys' pack but it is at least heartening to note that the best try of the match came from the School, for Harman's fifty yard run to score under the posts must rank as the season's most exhilarating try.

The first fixture of the Easter term saw the 1st XV travelling to Port Talbot where they subdued a team with whom they had only managed to draw earlier in the season. The hard ground did not make falling on the turf pleasant but the game, for all that, was enjoyable and played with not a little skill. The 1st XV paid their second visit in two weeks to Port Talbot the following Saturday, Glan Afan G.S. providing the opposition. Weakened by the absence of their Welsh S.S. Cap the home side were rarely in the picture. After a scoreless first half, Cowbridge turned on the pressure to come out comfortable winners. The pack played extremely well and pinned the home side in their twenty-five for long periods.

Whitchurch provided the 1st XV with little opposition a week later; the better drilled and fitter Cowbridge forwards gained possession of the ball often enough to bring their much improved back line into play. Skipper Hall's try late in the game showed his versatility and class and was the highlight of a hard open game.

Our next opponents, Maesteg G.S., who have had a lean year as far as Rugby is concerned, were outmanoeuvred both at forward and at three-quarter. The conditions, which were ideal for Rugby, produced attractive if sometimes rough play. Bridgend G.S. captained by Welsh S.S. Cap, D. K. Edwards, showed themselves to be a well-disciplined and skilful side. At forward Cowbridge, who played with fourteen men for most of the second half, were inferior to their opponents. The handicap of losing a hooker was considerable, and had the Bridgend three-quarters backed up the sterling efforts of their forwards the game could have ended with a very different result. On one occasion, with the line at their mercy, the ball was thrown wildly and the chance, like several others, was frittered away.

The return fixture with Whitchurch saw Cowbridge complete the double over the Cardiff School. Brown was undoubtedly the Cowbridge star; his three tries and a conversion represented the best individual scoring effort of the season and was a merited reward for this hardworking intelligent forward. The last match of the season against St. Illtyd's was, from the Cowbridge point of view, a somewhat disappointing affair. St. Illtyd's proved to be a strong tackling side which made up for its lack of "know-how" by its enthusiasm, but Cowbridge on that day's showing hardly merited the praise of the St. Illtyd's captain in the meal after the match. Looking back on the 1958-59 Rugby season, we feel it only fair to say that the young, small 1st XV have improved considerably. The three-quarters, strengthened by the

inclusion of Jenkins at outside half, have gained in confidence and consequently in skill. The forwards have, on the whole, performed adequately: Lydon's hooking has been superb and the play of the back row, Samways, Brown and Leeke, has been magnificent. The most improved player in the forwards—and it bodes well for next season—is Dunlop. Provided not too many leave at the end of this year—and it appears at the moment that few will—the prospects for next year are bright.

We should like to congratulate Brown, ma. and Garfield on gaining a Welsh Secondary School Under-18 Final Tiral.

UNDER-15 XV

Davies, vii., Phillips, Hammond, Thomas, xvi., Gronow, Carr, Treharne, Eastment, Matthews, Wiesner, Deakin, Shepherd, Rees, Lane, A. G. Morgan, Burrows, "Spud" Evans, Adams (*Captain*), McAndrew, A. Davies, iii.

Yet again this term Cowbridge U-15 have had a very successful season, having lost only one match to a very strong Cardiff High School side.

The highlight of the season was our last league match against St. Iltyd's when we won 20—0, Gronow, top scorer last season, scoring four successful tries. Once more this season he has proved himself an extremely good wing-threequarter.

Also, the backs this season have proved to be fast-running, thrustful and strong in defence. Matthews has done well at outside-half and combines well with Wiesner at inside-half and fast running inside-centre Tony Eastment, while Carr has been a very good defender and attacker for one so young.

Amongst the forwards, A. G. Morgan, "Spud" Evans and Burrows have excelled in all departments, Spud even successfully lending his services at centre when required. Shepherd hooked well all season.

Before going to press we are able to report that we have been placed second in the league with a place also in the last four teams for the cup, which is ample proof of our good play.

Results

	<i>Visitors' Score</i>	<i>Home Score</i>
Whitchurch G.S.	3	6
Barry G.S.	3	17
Howardian G.S.	9	9
Howardian G.S.	0	12
Cardiff High	6	3
St. Iltyd's	3	9
Cathays G.S.	11	14
Fitzalan Tech.	11	14
St. Iltyd's	0	20
<i>Played 9. Won 7, Drawn 1, Lost 1. Points for 104. Against 46</i>		

Under-14 XV

The following have represented the U-14 Team:—Williamson, John v., John vii., Thomas ma., B. Johns, Jewell mi., Board, Turner, David vi., How, Rees mi., Evans vii., Williams ix., Lamerton, MacDonald, Jenkins vi., Evans ma., and McAndrew.

The first half of the season resulted in no wins for the U.14 Team. The team met some bad luck against Canton High School and was unfortunate to lose by 9 pts. to 6 pts. The heaviest defeat of the season was suffered at the hands of Howardian High School, the score being 23—0.

The second half of the season has resulted in two wins in two matches. Howardian High School were beaten 5—3 and Fitzalan Technical High School were beaten 3—0.

The outstanding back has been Turner, who has often thrilled us with his clever touch-finding. Williamson and Board have showed up well in defence, both being very good tacklers.

Among the forwards Rees mi. and McAndrew have been the best, while MacDonald deserves mention for his speed in the loose.

<i>Opponents</i>	<i>Venue</i>	<i>Pts. For</i>	<i>Pts. Against</i>
Barry G.S.	Away	3	17
Canton H.S.	Away	6	9
St. Illtyd's	Away	0	19
Howardian H.S.	Away	0	23
St. Illtyd's	Home	3	6
Fitzalan Technical H.S.	Away	3	0
Howardian H.S.	Home	5	3



HARRIERS' REPORT

This term the fixtures have been many; the cancellations profuse, the losses inevitable, the runs fast, and the wins heartening.

'Twas the dreaded 'Flu Germ that disrupted this term's running, and consequently many of the runs have been cancelled. It is heartening to think, however, that it was always the opponent that cried off, and that we could always raise a team. Of the sixteen fixtures arranged for this term, eight have been cancelled. As far as the other matches were concerned, the seniors won three and lost two. One event was the Welsh Championships, one a Junior event against Barry, and we fight Whitchurch on the 14th March. Such is the dismal story, but nevertheless, some flowers have blossomed amid the rain, wind and influenza and fruits have been borne on the branches of success and defeat.

This year, runs have been fast. An even time was recorded at Caerphilly by the captain. The School Steeplechase Record has been lowered by 16.5 secs. to 19 mins. 49.5 secs. While on the subject of records, it must be said that Mr. Davies has not yet missed a Harriers' run and C. Edwards is also his equal in this respect.

It is heartening to see the beginnings of a Junior Harriers Team. Three fixtures were arranged but only one materialized. Our Junior Team lost this by a narrow margin but the nucleus of a future team was well seen in Phillips, Thompson and Cook's filling 2nd, 3rd and 4th places. These runners, with Hammond and Carr, could bring many successes to the Junior team and in the future to the Senior Team.

One match has yet to be played and the Steeplechase has to be decided before we put our running shoes away till next season.

On behalf of the teams I would like to thank Mr. Iolo Davies for unselfishly allowing the use of his car and travel sickness tablets for most of the away fixtures. I should also like to thank the Hon. Secretary, Dai, for ensuring that it is possible to have a cancellation on the coming Saturday. For next year, about 30 matches have been arranged.

May I wish you every success in the coming year.

C. E.



Tennis Note

In the latter half of last summer term the School Tennis team continued in winning vein and beat Pontypridd and the Girls' High School in convincing fashion. The Staff made their usual gallant resistance and suffered their usual slight defeat. Surprisingly, however, in the last game of the season Pengam handsomely defeated the School.



Christian Union

Owing to adverse circumstances the C.U. has only had one meeting this term. The speaker at this meeting was Mr. Laurie, a travelling representative of the Inter-Schools Christian Fellowship. The meeting was opened in prayer and Mr. Laurie gave his talk and finished by telling us about the Summer Camps run by the I.S.C.F. The meeting was closed with a word of prayer. The absence of the piano was noticed but the meeting was thoroughly enjoyed by all who attended. The number at this meeting was a record for the C.U., there being 18 boys excluding the Secretary. Chilcott, our pianist, was missing and everyone missed his hymn playing.

The attendance at this meeting was typical of the attendance I should like to see at all meetings in the future.

F. A. T.



Music Society

There were no meetings of the Society this term owing to the intense activities of "The Mikado". Nevertheless, music was not entirely forsaken in School as many boys tried to get into the school-room to listen to the rehearsals. When you read this the play will be over and school will be back to normal. We were treated to a concert on 3rd March by the Cardiff University Trio, who enthralled us all for an hour. The guest artist was a fine baritone with a very rich and

versatile voice, who had magnificent chest control. He began the recital by singing three of Schubert's songs in German. Then followed a song in Latin by Wolf. All the songs were sung with feeling and fine expression—he evidently knew the works backwards, it was a pleasure to listen to him. Miss Gwyneth George then played two 'cello solos: first the well-known Berceuse by Fauré (I prefer his *Elégie*, personally) and then the slow movement of Haydn's D minor Concerto—both played very well.

I doubt whether many of the listeners realised that Miss George is a pupil of Paul Tertelie, as was very evident in her style of bowing in the Haydn Concerto. It is not very often that we get a chance to listen to a pupil of one of the world's finest 'cellists (Casals is on the decline). Miss George is giving a concert in Reading later this month and also a recital at the Wigmore Hall, London. We wish her every success in these and future concerts.

Miss Smith then gave us three piano solos, all of which were well within her capabilities, although the contemporary piece by Wolf, I think, was very testing. Last year she played Grieg's "Wedding Day at Troldhauzen" which was a very difficult piece. After some delightful folk songs from Ireland about fine lasses—all sung with wonderful winks of the eye and very provocative expressions, which had every Vm boy asking for more, Miss George ended with a 'cello solo of a French piece by France's leading woman composer and conductress. (For the life of me I can't remember her name.)

This, I think, was one of the most successful concerts ever given by the trio—at least as far as audience response counts—and that's the main thing. We look forward to next term's visit.

After the School Play I hope to procure a tape recording (unavailable in this country) of the Bach double violin concerto, played by Menuhin and David Oistrach—an extraordinary performance this—and the Bach unaccompanied 'cello sonata No. 2, played by Casals. The main stress next term will be on music that is unavailable in this country or at least very rare. This will include a recording (Dutch) of Paganini's Violin Concerto No. 2 in D and H. Vieuxtemps' Concerto No. 4 in D. This is the epitome of violin technique. We might also hear a Russian recording of Rachmaninov's Second Piano Concerto (this record was bought in the Russian Pavilion at the Brussels Exhibition); so next term's programme will be one not to miss.

We wish all music lovers a Happy Easter.

D. I. E. (VIa)

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Photographic Society

The society has continued to meet without interruption throughout this term. Meetings have been held twice a week, and have taken place in the Biology Lab., thanks to the continued courtesy of Mr. Marsden. It is hoped, however, that next term there will be three meetings a week, and this, it is expected, will deal with the large number of Summer

photographers. Membership has not been quite so large this term as in previous terms, but adequate support is still enjoyed and we are sure of more members in the Summer months.

Thanks are also due to Mr. Whittle for his work in taking the photographs of the staff and the school play. These former were very successful, and it is hoped that the latter will be. It was very good of him to give up his time in doing them.

Activities of the society have included developing, printing and enlarging, and if quantity is any judge of success the Society may be said to have enjoyed a successful term with their results. It is hoped that this enthusiasm will be continued in future terms, since for prolific photographers the Society is surely a sound financial proposition. For the cost of one shop-developed film a member can develop as many films and print as many pictures as time will allow. The fee, incidentally, remains at 2s. 6d. a term.

M.J.M. (*Via*)

Fiction Library

We are very grateful to Mrs. J. H. Date for the gift of a large number of books, very readable books in excellent condition. The result has been an increased interest in the library during the term. We cannot expect such a windfall every term, but perhaps this response to my appeal for gifts may stimulate others to give, if on a much smaller scale. Thank you very much, Mrs. Date, not only for the books but for transporting them to the school.

Thanks are also due to Miss E. U. Marsh for the presentation of a copy of T. E. Lawrence's "Seven Pillars of Wisdom". A. B. CODLING.

Valete and Avete

Via

Valete

J. A. BENNETT, Leoline, came 1952; Ordinary level in seven subjects, 1957; House Prefect; School Play, 1955-8.

G. E. JONES, Stradling, came 1952; Ordinary level in four subjects, 1957.

M. W. STAMP, Seys, came 1952; Ordinary level in six subjects, 1957.

Vib

C. W. Ashman, Durel, came 1953; Ordinary level in eight subjects, 1958.

Vm

K. N. KING, Seys, came 1953; Ordinary level in seven subjects, 1958.

I. E. MATHIAS, Durel, came 1953; Ordinary level in four subjects, 1958.

Rem. b

K. J. HOLLOWAY, Durel, came 1955.

IVa

F. B. RAY, Seys, came 1958.

P. J. SIMON, Leoline, came 1956; U.14 Rugby XV.

IIa

R. A. HARDING, Seys, came 1958.

Avete

IVa

D. A. CROCKER

IIa

D. N. G. THOMAS

M A Lewis (Yum/Yum)

D. H. Williams (mi)

Ellis Thomas ix

M. Dales

Garth H. Jones viii

~~John~~ Gen Norman Mac Donald ~~sq~~

P M Evans ix

Richard John vii

Roger J. Rees iv

Hywel Daires mi 3A

John Dillan

Bruce T. Batcock
(Never mind eh?)

John J. Halls

B B Maskell

P. Ullsworth

R Taylor

J P Smith ii

Ivor Griffiths

J. Easthope

R B Williams (10)

B E Sharp

J Irving
~~XXXXXXXXXX~~

B D Johns.

T M Lewis

P J Lewis

Jeffrey Jenkins iii

SHUNN

M. S. Williams (ix)

Robert Walsh

Clive Farnham (Zemore)