

Cowbridge Grammar School

OLD BOYS ASSOCIATION
(1903—2003)

Centenary Bovian



APRIL 2004.

No. 241

Editorial

The preparation of a Bovian to commemorate the founding of The Old Boys Association in November, 1903 was always going to be difficult but it was not until I put pen to paper that I realised how awesome was the task I had undertaken.

However, I was fortunate in having a base around which I was able to work. My first term in Cowbridge, September to December, 1958, coincided with the celebration of the 350th anniversary of the founding of the school. Special Bovians were produced and in the first of these No. 195 (December, 1958) there were articles from Old Boys recalling their time at school, beginning in the 1890s.

My research indicates that Cowbridge did not officially cease to be a grammar school until July, 1974, but the final three terms were classed as 'A grammar school with a comprehensive intake'. I have therefore drawn the line at July, 1973, the final period of selection via the 'Eleven Plus' examination.

Cowbridge was served by four headmasters, each bringing their many and varied qualities to the task. It was thus appropriate that an appreciation of these four distinguished gentlemen should be included.

Eric Ainslee Reid and John David Gwyn, in memory of whom school prizes were annually awarded, were perhaps regarded as the best loved master and best loved scholar respectively and they also merited tributes.

During the 70 years from 1903 to 1973 over 3,000 pupils could claim Cowbridge as their alma mater. Sadly, only a small number of these are recorded in this short journal. I felt that this should include those regarded as leaders in a particular field of activity.

Thus the names of the captains of the various sports 'first' teams are recorded. The school play, speech day and sports day were also important items in the school calendar and a note of these are to be found within these pages.

I am grateful to all those who willingly contributed articles to this Centenary Bovian and I hope those who read it will find something of interest.

My special thanks to Paul Smith (1956-1963) who took over the entire printing and publication of this centenary edition.

I have done the research to the best of my ability having available material from Jesus College, Oxford, the Glamorgan Records Office, all the Bovians from December, 1903 to July, 1974 and a copy of Mr Iolo Davies's book 'A Certain Schoole'.

I am conscious that there may be errors which will have to be corrected at some future date.

This Bovian will be the first and last of its kind so in this respect it is unique.

"Floreat Schola Boviensis! O Memoria Beata!"

NEIL WORKMAN

Editors of 'The Bovian'

E. A. Reid, B.A.	1920—1932
G. H. Baugh, M.A.	1933—1944
B. Jenkins, B.A.	1944—1945
A. B. Codling, M.A.	1946—1968
D. J. Lloyd, B.A.	1968—1974

During the late 1930s John D. Gwyn (1921—1943) was joint Editor. It would appear that A. E. Wilde was Editor during the years of the Great War. Mr Baugh edited again when he returned from active service in 1945 until he left in July, 1946

The Old Boys Association 1903—2003

PRESIDENTS

Venerable Archdeacon F. W. Edmondson	1903—1918
William Thomas Gwyn	1921—1930
Thomas Thomas, Beechcourt	1936—1948
E. Kerdig Evans	1948—1954
Arthur William Gwyn	1954—1955
Walter S. Trigg	1955—?
Ralph N. Bird	1970s
Kenneth Westcott	2003

SECRETARIES

Rev. L. E. Richardson	1903—1918
A. W. Gwyn & A. Griffiths	1921—1930
A. W. Gwyn & R. B. Thomas	1930—1935
G. R. Herapath	1936—1938
G. R. Herapath & O. H. Evans	1938—1945
D. G. Williams	1945—1973
R. Morris	1974—1977
R. N. Bird	1977—1979
C. D. Lewis	1979—2001
E. N. Workman	2001—

The inaugural meeting of Cowbridge Grammar School Old Boys Association was held at the Park Hotel, Cardiff on 26th November, 1903. 65 Old Bovians attended and the Venerable Archdeacon F. W. Edmondson was elected President and the Reverend L. E. Richardson Secretary. The headmaster, Rev. W. Franklen Evans, the Dux Scholae C. V. Stockwood and the senior master D. P. Jones were also present at that very first function.

Since those early days of last century the Old Boys Association has been both enthusiastically and badly supported. Prior to 1914 the meetings were well attended but the Great War took its toll, not only in the number of old boys who perished but also in the rekindling of interest by those who survived. Had it not been for the continued efforts of W. T. Gwyn, its President, the Association probably would have folded. A number of meetings took place between the wars but it was not until 1946, when the Association was re-formed after the Second World War, that its greatest successes were achieved. Annual dinners were held with guest speakers and the attendance varied sometimes from about 30 to close on 100.

One of the most successful evenings was on Saturday, 27th September, 1958 when the Old Bovians celebrated the 350th Anniversary of the School's foundation. At that function over 120 old boys, together with other dignitaries including the Principal of Jesus College Oxford were joined by its former headmaster, Richard Williams, its current headmaster Idwal Rees and its future headmaster Iolo Davies. That evening Richard Williams was greeted with an affection, rarely, if ever matched before or since.

The 9th July, 1971 was another memorable evening when tributes were paid and a presentation made to Idwal Rees on his retirement.

It can be seen that the Old Boys Association has been held together over the years by those old Bovians who truly loved the school and wanted to preserve its traditions and achievements passed down over nearly four centuries..

Notable among them were W. T. Gwyn and his son A. W. Gwyn ; Ralph N. Bird and its two longest serving secretaries, Glyn Williams and Colin Lewis.

N.W.

Chairmen Of The Board Of Governors

Principal Sir John Rhys, Jesus College, Oxford
 Sir Thomas Mansel Franklen
 Principal E. G. Hardy, Jesus College, Oxford
 E. E. Genner, Esq., Jesus College, Oxford
 Thomas Jenkins, Esq., J.P.
 Sir William Jenkins, M.P.
 County Councillor Johnson Miles
 County Alderman Percy Smith, C.B.E., J.P.

Until October 1919 when the Glamorgan County Council became involved in the management of the school, the sole Trustee and Governor was the Principal of Jesus College Oxford, in this case Sir John Rhys. There was no governor after Sir John Rhys's death in 1915 until 1919.

Headmasters

Reverend W. Franklen Evans, B.A., M.A. (Oxon, Jesus)
 November 1903—December 1918
 Richard Williams, M.C., B.A. (Wales, Aberystwyth) B.A., M.A.
 (Oxon, Jesus)
 January 1919—July 1938
 J. Idwal Rees, B.A., (Wales, Swansea), B.A., M.A., (Cantab, St. Johns)
 September 1938—July 1971
 Iolo D. Davies, B.A., M.A., (Oxon, Jesus)
 November 1971—July 1973

Acting Headmasters

John Dale Owen, B.Sc., (Wales, Aberystwyth)
 October 1941—November 1945
 Arthur B. Codling, B.A., M.A., (Oxon, St. Edmund Hall)
 September 1971—November 1971

Reverend W. Franklen Evans, M.A.

The Reverend W. Franklen Evans, M.A., was the last of Cowbridge's Headmasters to take Holy Orders and his Headmastership of 28 years, covering the late Victorian period to the end of the Great War in 1918 makes him Cowbridge's fourth longest serving Headmaster.

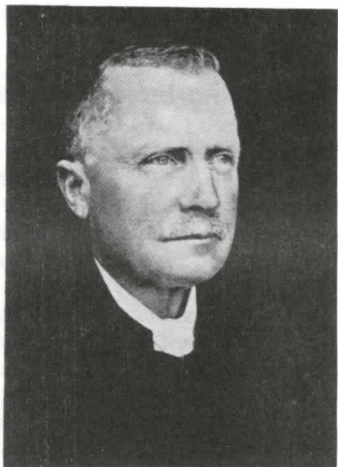
The following obituary appeared in the March, 1929 Bovian (No. 106) ;

On the 5th of January, shortly before the present term commenced, William Franklen Evans was laid to rest in the churchyard of Llanblethian. He had been Headmaster of the School for 28 years and was moreover an Old Boy. Born at Wick in 1854, he and his twin brother attended the School as day-boys from Llanmihangel, where their father was rector. In 1873 Mr. Evans won a Classical Scholarship at Jesus College, Oxford, but after taking Classical Moderations he went on to Natural Science and obtained a First Class in 1877. In the following year he became an assistant master at Felsted School and remained there until 1889, when he was made a Fellow of Jesus College and appointed Headmaster of Cowbridge. He continued here until the end of the war in 1918, when he retired to St. Quintin's, where he spent the remainder of his days. He had been ordained in 1881, and from 1890 to 1910 was perpetual curate of Talygarn. Thus he spent the greater part of his life in the Vale of Glamorgan and knew the Vale as few men can have known it. For

to a wonderful gift of observation he added a passionate love of flowers and birds and a deep and intimate and scientific knowledge of all wild nature.

Starting with 35 boys, in five years he had raised the number to 66, and maintained the School at about that number in spite of the difficulties caused by the opening of the Intermediate Schools and the bitter opposition he had to overcome in continuing the School on its old basis.

Considerable alterations and improvements were carried out during his Headmastership. The old cottages on the opposite side of the road were pulled down and a woodwork room and the covered playground were built and the lawns laid. The old shed was removed from the Tally Court, the wall built up, and half the playground there was asphalted, while in 1896-7 the new classrooms were built on ground taken from the old garden, which must have been a great wrench to such a lover of gardens as Mr. Evans.



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

He was instrumental in founding the Old Bovians' Association in 1903 and our School magazine, *THE BOVIAN* he had started in 1894. To *THE BOVIAN* he himself contributed a number of charming articles delightfully written on aspects of bird life in some corner of the Vale, or of its flowers, or its history and occasionally some account of his travels.

A man of great activity in his prime, he was a keen sportsman, both fisherman and shot, and a great walker who thought nothing of walking 20 miles in an afternoon. His doctor averred that he had never known him wear an overcoat, though he may sometimes have carried a mackintosh—in his pocket.

In his last years he showed wonderful cheerfulness in spite of being cut off, by gradual paralysis, from all his customary pleasures, and his calm patience was a marvel to all. His enthusiasm and love for nature inspired many a boy with a similar love, and his most distinguished pupil is perhaps the C.M.G. who controls the Botanical Department of the Government of S. Africa. A movement is on foot to place a permanent memorial of some kind in the School to one who loved it so well and served it so faithfully for well nigh 30 years.

One of his Old Boys writes of him: "He was in his way the most splendid character I ever met. I think he never said an unkind word of anyone, and his great love for natural science, which he inculcated in some of us, has given us great delight in the after years. He was so joyous that he was always like a tonic, and I was always learning from him in the walks he took me and when driving him to Tal-y-garn. My affection for him was shared not only by the fellows at School with me but also by the miners, who often walked long distances to hear him preach."

R.W.

Richard Williams, M.C., M.A.

Richard Williams was headmaster from January 1919 to July 1938, and the first not to have taken Holy Orders. Born in 1881, he was educated at Haverfordwest Grammar School and took his first degree at the University College of Wales, Aberystwyth. He then proceeded to Jesus College, Oxford, gaining a 'Double First' in Classics.

His distinguished record in the Great War earned him the Military Cross.

The 1920s and 1930s saw not only a rapid increase in the number of pupils and staff but a modernisation and broadening on the academic side with the teaching of Mathematics, Science and Modern Languages while at the same time retaining the Classical tradition. Academically it was probably the most successful two decades in the school's long history as a glance at the Honours Boards, now in the Sixth Form of the Comprehensive school, will show.

John Dale Owen, B.Sc., wrote the following appreciation in the *Bovian* of April 1968 (No. 223) while Kenneth Westcott, B.A., a pupil of Richard Williams from 1934 to 1938 and junior Latin master at the school from 1948 to 1952, also pays a tribute to his headmaster:

***Richard Williams, M.C., M.A.,
Headmaster : 1919—1938***

AN APPRECIATION

WHEN the news was received that on 20th March, Mr. Richard Williams, M.C., M.A., had "passed to higher service", it was realised that the School had lost one of its great headmasters, and one whose name will always be associated with that period in the School's history when its status was raised from that of a small and somewhat struggling boarding school to that of one of the leading Grammar Schools in Wales. This is one of the most important periods in the long history and varying fortunes of the School, but the wonderful prosperity and success of that era was due entirely to the extreme energy, wise direction, and devotion to duty of Mr. Richard Williams.

During his early years, Mr. Williams gained valuable experience in the work of Grammar Schools for he was a pupil at Haverfordwest Grammar School and an Assistant Master at King Henry VIIIth Grammar School, Coventry, Monkton Combe School, near Bath, and Llandovery College. He had a fine record as a Scholar, first of all at University College, Aberystwyth, where he gained 1st Class Honours in Latin, and 2nd Class Honours in Greek. He then went on to Jesus College, Oxford when he was awarded a "Double First" in Classics. He was thus admirably fitted to become the Head of an old Welsh Grammar School, so intimately connected with Jesus College, and having a long and distinguished Classical tradition.

When he first arrived at the School, he came, not in the traditional garb of a Schoolmaster, but in the khaki uniform of a captain in the Royal Artillery, from the battlefields of France. This must have been a portent of the work which lay before him, and it can be truly said that in his great efforts to raise the School from the low state in which he found it, he was as unflinching in his devotion to duty as he was when he wore the King's uniform on "Flanders Fields". He had a distinguished war record, and was awarded the Military Cross "for gallant conduct in action". The work he did at Cowbridge was not rewarded by medals or decorations, but by a School greatly increased in size and reputation, by the many academic distinctions gained by its scholars, and by the affection and respect of countless Old Bovians holding eminent positions in Wales and beyond its borders. These owe their positions, and much that is best in their characters to their early training under his Headship.

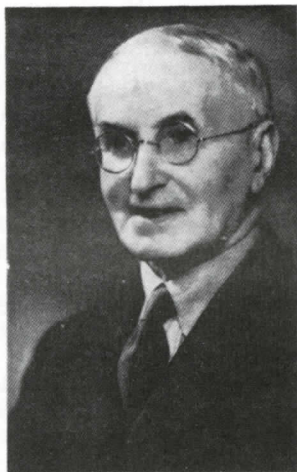
When Mr. Williams arrived in January 1919, he found the School at a somewhat low ebb, due partly to a depreciation in its

endowments, and to neglect during the war years. He found it almost medieval in its amenities—or lack of them, and almost monastic in character. It had no public water supply, no electric light—only candles! Heating was by open fires—greatly loved by the boarders for the cooking of their traditional delicacies. Life was Spartan in the extreme for staff and boys. In summer one pumped water from wells ; while on cold winter mornings one broke the ice in one's wash basin before going down to early lessons. It needed a man of extreme energy and determination to build up the School and modernise it. However, under the Headmaster's wise guidance, and stern discipline, things quickly improved. The first years were of necessity years of hard work and little leisure for staff or boys. However, during this period of strain and sacrifice the Head was always in the forefront. Results were quickly apparent ; numbers of staff and boys rapidly increased, and it was soon possible to modernise and broaden the academic side with the teaching of Science and Modern Languages, at the same time retaining the Classical tradition. Gradually the buildings extended far beyond the confines of the grey old School, so well known and loved by generations of "Bovians". In due course, the Headmaster's wise planning, and increasing effort brought such good results that the School entered upon a period of prosperity and success seldom equalled in its long history. It has been said that a glance at the Honours Boards in the old Schoolroom shows a "Golden Age" in the 1870's. Further scrutiny will show that this "Golden Age" returned during the latter years of Mr. Williams' Headship and—all will agree—has continued ever since.

Outside the Academic sphere, and on the playing fields, the School definitely made a name for itself in one branch of athletics, viz. Hockey. The Head himself was a hockey player of more than average ability, and by his example and coaching, he turned out, year by year, a steady stream of boys, who formed the nucleus of the best known teams in South Wales. Indeed, to be an Old Bovian was a passport into teams such as these, also to the hockey teams of the Welsh University Colleges, and those of the Oxford and Cambridge Colleges. Several boys played for the County of Glamorgan while still at School. This happy state of affairs continued until the difficulty of getting games with other schools caused the substitution of Rugby Football for Hockey. Here again the Headmaster proved a tower of strength for, in his youth, he had been a good "Rugger" player, and the foundation of the fine Rugby tradition of today was laid during his latter years.

We have said a great deal about Mr. Williams' energy and drive, his capacity for hard work, and those many qualities which brought such success to the School. Little has been said, however, about his

impact on boys and staff, and his personal relations with them—a most important side of School life. From the point of view of the average boy, the Headmaster's outstanding characteristic would be the rigid discipline imposed in all matters connected with the School, both inside and outside the classroom. There is no doubt that most schoolboys like discipline—although they would not admit it—and have little regard or respect for a master who cannot control them. The Cowbridge boy soon found that he had little to worry about if his work and conduct were up to the expected standard. The Head insisted on a high code of honour, and the liar and cheat could be sure of stern punishment, while the lazy boy soon found that slackness did not pay. However, it is very true to say that Old Bovians of this generation at School possess a great respect and affection for their Headmaster and look back with admiration on the way their somewhat turbulent spirits were curbed and their sometimes lethargic minds made to concentrate on things academic.



RICHARD WILLIAMS, ESQ., M.C., M.A.
HEADMASTER, 1919-1938

In his relations with his staff, Mr. Williams had one outstanding quality which Assistant Masters value, probably, more than any other in a Headmaster—he allowed them to manage their classes in their own way. He never dictated methods of teaching, and judged solely by results. He was quick to detect teaching ability and respected a good disciplinarian. His daily perambulations of the School premises were well known, and he quickly detected

any departure from routine. Teaching under him was a stimulating and valuable experience. Some found him difficult to approach, but those who knew him best realised that no reasonable request was ever refused. He always supported his staff in all matters connected with the boys.

Mr. Williams' full life in the service of the School left little time for the social graces, or for public work. For the latter he probably had little inclination, but beneath the stern exterior and dignity which he imposed on himself as Head, there lay a very kindly nature, a charm of manner and keen sense of humour. He was a most generous man, and was always grateful for anything which was done for him. He seldom left the School during term time, for he imparted to himself the same rigid discipline and sacrifice that he expected of others.

He retired prematurely, owing to ill health but, in spite of a physical disability, he enjoyed thirty years of well earned leisure. During this period, he mellowed considerably, and allowed those qualities of charm and friendliness, which he had kept rigidly in the background during his Headship, to come to the front. This gave much pleasure to his wide circle of friends, and to the many Old Bovians who visited him from time to time. He continued to take a great interest in the affairs of the School which he had placed on such a sure foundation.

In conclusion it can be said that this account has tried to put on record some aspects of the life and work of a man of great integrity and character; a man who always put duty above all things, and who as Headmaster, brought Cowbridge School to the forefront of Grammar Schools. For this he deserves to be remembered. Those who have read the recent History of Cowbridge Grammar School will know that, in its long existence of over three and a half centuries, the School has known many great and distinguished Headmasters. Surely to this honourable company must now be added the name of Richard Williams.

J.D.O.

My Memories of Dick

So, what do I recall about Dick? He was with me from 1934-38, and those who had experience of him will know that his presence remains, large and with clarity.

In stature he was a small man, but his presence invaded every moment of life in the "College". I like to think I had more opportunities than many of my fellow pupils to "know" Dick. In the first place, I was a "Greek" boy, meaning that I had chosen, at the tender age of 12, a future in the Classics. And this would bring me into a closer contact

with Dick than those who had chosen to specialise in Science and Mathematics. My first close contact was in 4A, when I started on Greek, and this stage was entirely in Dick's hands, for he was our teacher. There were only two of us in the class, and to say that we were obliged to concentrate on the elementary stages of Greek Grammar would be something of an understatement.

I do not think I can say that Dick was a good teacher. His method, as it was for Latin, was simple and straightforward. "For prep, you will learn everything on pages xxx" Which we always did enthusiastically, for we knew we would be tested mercilessly the following day. And we all looked forward to being confronted by Dick every day with varying feelings, some with confidence if we had given the homework the attention Dick expected, and with something approaching terror, if we had not.

Dick's main task was to ensure his pupils in form 5A would be successful in Latin at the "Matric" examination. This should not have been a hard chore for him, for he had made sure that only those boys who had a good chance of Latin success at "Matric" would still be studying the language. Any borderline cases would have been demoted already to 5B, where there was no Latin. His teaching method was to ensure that every candidate would become very familiar with every work on the relevant pages of Kennedy's Shorter Latin Primer. This was to negotiate the Grammar paper. However, it was at this stage that we were brought face-to-face with Latin Literature. This would be in the form of Vergil,—a book of the Aeneid, and I suppose it was where Dick came into his own. His love of the classics, and especially Latin, and especially Vergil' must have made his lessons less than pleasurable for him. For us, Vergil was nothing but a series of puzzles which had to be solved. Certainly Dick's teaching methods were not such as to engender any real love of the Classics !

For those of you who have had no direct experience of life under Dick, it will have become clear that discipline was his watchword. Rules were rules, and unless memories play me false, we were surprisingly comfortable with the situation. We knew what the rules were, and were confident in the knowledge that we knew where we stood.

Some years after my experiences with Dick, I was privileged to serve the school as a teacher, and of Latin ! What made this interesting was the fact that, although Dick had long gone, there were still some members of staff who had served under Dick, so that I could get first hand knowledge of what life had been like as a teacher in those days. Bryn Edwards was there, as was Tudor Hughes. I had many a chat with them about their days as teachers under Dick. I came to the conclusion that their experience of Dick had not been far removed from that of the pupils. They held him in awe as much as we did, and both pupils and teachers shared equal respect, if tinged with fear, of the great man.

Modern advances in educational methods, and present day attitudes towards discipline in schools, have made it impossible to envisage any headmaster like Dick operating today. More is the pity !

KEN WESTCOTT

Idwal Rees, Esq., M.A.

Idwal Rees was perhaps a surprising choice to succeed Richard Williams. Educated at Swansea Grammar School, his first degree was taken at University College, Swansea. At St. Johns College, Cambridge (the first Cowbridge headmaster to hold a Cambridge degree) he gained a second in the second part of the Classical Tripos. A Cambridge rugby blue, he played for Wales fourteen times, captaining them on three occasions. Idwal Rees continued the good work of his predecessor and the academic and sporting successes continued to flow. Writing in the *Bovian* of July, 1974 (No. 240), Idwal Rees contended that the 10 years immediately after the Second World War were the most successful of his Headmastership. The school, nonetheless, continued to flourish in his final 16 years and its achievements were on a par with those of previous years.

Peter Cobb, M.A., Senior Geography and Scripture master from 1949-66 and a resident boarding master from 1953-63 pays this tribute :

JOHN IDWAL REES

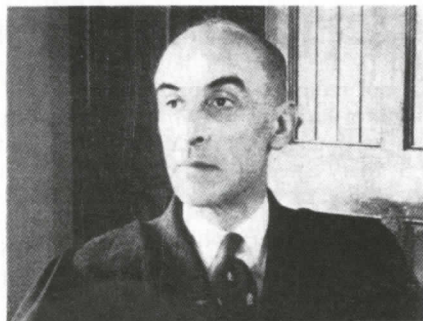
Idwal Rees was only 28 years old when he got the headship at Cowbridge, the one Cambridge man in an otherwise unbroken line of heads from Jesus College, Oxford. He arrived in the Michaelmas Term of 1938, trailing the clouds of glory of a just-finished career in International Rugby ; but his Headship was soon interrupted by the War, for he spent several years in the R.A.F., and did not return to Cowbridge until late in 1945.

My first sight of him was in Cardiff, in the urbane context of afternoon tea in the lounge of the Central Hotel, which stands at the bottom of St Mary Street to this day, reminding me each time I see it of the oddity of that now far-distant occasion. He had arranged to meet me there in the July of 1949, to interview me for a job at the Grammar School. There were just the two of us, he and I, and no sign of an interviewing panel. There must have been some kind of interview as we drank our tea and ate our cake, though not a word of it remains with me now ; but at the end of it, I accepted his offer without having even seen the school, entirely on the strength of what he looked like : he was

fortyish, well turned-out, very relaxed and courteous, a man certain of himself and of his position in the world, yet willing to give the impression that he was talking to an equal, and not to a potential underling: in short, the sort of man it seemed likely that it would be a pleasure to work for. And during the 17 years that ensued at Cowbridge, I saw nothing to diminish that first view of him.

But as I reflect on it now, a curious thought occurs to me: "The Boss"—that was how the staff always spoke of him—was my boss between 1949 and 1966; yet during all those years, ten of them lived as one of the housemasters under the same roof. I never once ventured to address him as anything other than "Mr Rees". Of course, we were then living in an altogether different era, long before the dignity of office had been eroded by transatlantic modes of address; but mostly it will have been because of him personally, not what he represented; for though he was, in time, to become a supportive friend, and very good company, someone who could equally share a good tale with you or give you sound advice, he was never the sort of man to be over-familiar with.

In the last couple of years, I have been in touch with dozens of Old Bovians, all of them only too willing to write or speak of what they remember about school; and a lot of them have mentioned their headmaster. Most remembered him with strong regard; but whether they did or not, they all seemed to find much the same sort of adjective to describe him: it would be a word like austere, aloof, distant, even intimidating. I have to say that none of these epithets would have occurred to me, but I can easily see that a presence like his, effortlessly impressive in countenance, garb, voice and bearing, (not to speak of the sporting record), could well have been intimidating to many boys



J. I. REES, ESQ., M.A.
HEADMASTER, 1938-1971

who as yet lacked any attributes of the sort. And then of course there was his nose, almost a beak, which earned him the nickname of Jim Crow, and which, by its tilt, or the flaring of the nostrils, seemed able to register a whole range of attitudes, which could undoubtedly include dissociation or distance. Respect for him seemed to come automatically, without his needing to do anything to get it; but popularity he never showed any interest in at all. And so he remained, quite 'other' to many of the boys, and Mr. Rees to me.

This is to give a much less than fair account of him, of course. People who do little to ingratiate themselves, or to claim attention, commonly get less than their due from society. Idwal Rees had enjoyed a fine career in both club and international rugby, and his clearance on the line at the Arms Park in 1936, with the entire Kiwi pack thundering down on him, had earned him a place among the immortals, but I never once heard him boast about it, or indeed ever refer to it, except once, when he was telling a tale about a later Kiwi game at the Arms Park, by which time he was a spectator himself. "I happened to mention to my neighbour that the Kiwis didn't seem as formidable as they were in 1936, and some ignorant fellow in front of me turned round and said "Ow the 'ell do you know? Were you there?" He was quite without conceit, happily married to an exemplary wife, unostentatiously religious, honourable, fair-minded, humorous among those he was prepared to relax with—for instance, his Cowbridge friends on the golf course at Southerndown—a good judge of character, and far more concerned about the progress of the boys in his school than many of them ever realised. A few of the Staff said that he was interested only in the boys good at classics or rugby football, but this was not the case at all. If you teach Latin and Greek, and referee the First XV on a Saturday, then of course you're going to appear to be taking more interest in them than in the rest. But the Head knew all the boys in the school, and knew about them too; which is more than be said for my own very distinguished headmaster in Bournemouth, who was unaware that most of us even existed until we got into the Upper Sixth and became possible candidates for the older universities.

In short, the Boss had many of the qualities of the ideal headmaster. Had these qualities been allied with an urge to dominate or an iron will to be obeyed, (very useful, if not always attractive headmasterly attributes, and far more commonly found), there is no doubt that Cowbridge could have become what it at times seemed on the verge of becoming, the best Grammar School in Wales. But he was what in today's parlance would be termed laid-back, and he had the typically male characteristic of

avoiding personal confrontation until it was actually staring him in the face. He had no problem with discipline whatever, and could at times denounce with all the force of an Old Testament prophet, and, notwithstanding his Hawks Club tie, polished Oxford shoes, grey double-breasted worsted suit and M.A. gown, contrive to look like one too. Further, he could cane hard, with the swing of a good golfer. The reign of terror that followed the boarders' theft of the apples and grapes from the altar rail of Holy Cross Church one Harvest Sunday in the 1950s remains an object lesson of its kind. But these times were rarer perhaps than they might have been. And it has to be said that he tolerated shortcomings in his Staff which would have been better dealt with. I wonder now—sometimes even wondered then—how it was that I was allowed to get away with walking into assembly, late more often than not, to play the piano for the hymn, with the Headmaster himself among those standing waiting? For that matter, how was it that the Staff were left to decide for themselves whether they need bother to put in an appearance there at all? And what was I doing in the Staffroom at Break, still smoking and drinking coffee 10 minutes after the bell had rung, with the Sixth Form there in the Library, aching to be taught? Questions of this sort were not often addressed. As it happened, I flourished on the trust that the Head seemed to have in his staff; but there were some notorious backsliders, to whom, as far as one knew, nothing was ever said.

So Cowbridge, under Idwal Rees, developed a very distinctive set of qualities that set it apart, I suspect, from other schools of its time. These included a cheerful acceptance of anyone who was different, a willingness to allow boys to take what they wanted from the system, rather than take what they were told to take, and a preparedness to accept whatever a boy wanted to give back, even if it was next to nothing. As a result, there was no feeling of class at all, neither social, nor athletic, nor academic. Any kind of achievement was acknowledged by all. There was a down side, though: failure was let pass without remark. Many of the lazy under-achievers could not be blamed if in later years they reproached their school for failing to make them work.

I think it is important to recognise that his job was a double one: he was head of a residential boarding house, as well as of the school itself, and living on the same premises, and he took his turn, on an equal footing with the two housemasters in the boarding duties. Inevitably, the boarders figured more prominently in his concerns than most of the dayboys, because in term-time he stood to them *in loco parentis*, and behaved accordingly, as any boarder from those times who remembers his Saturday morning inspections will confirm: beds, lockers, shoes, fingernails, hair length

(always a prime concern, it seemed, for one who had so little of it!) all came under his close scrutiny. It was a tough existence in the boarding house—frugal and uncomfortable, almost totally lacking in amenities, few legitimate sources of diversion in the town, and nothing whatever to amuse on a Sunday, unless you were interested in church services, or were a bellringer. And yet there was, all through the middle and later 1950s, a kind of humorous acceptance that things could not be very much different; and, although the boredom might sometimes become almost insupportable, there was no feeling of intimidation, nor even of imprisonment, so easy was it to break the bounds. If a boarder was wretched, it was certainly not on account of the Headmaster, or of the resident masters, whose outlook was mercifully as tolerant and humane as his own. By his habit of looking the other way, which only very occasionally was reversed, he created an environment in which character was able to grow and assert itself, benignly for the most part. I have now and again come across old Bovians who had been miserable for much of their time in the boarding house, and some who had come to realise that the old school's academic reputation was founded on a few very brilliant boys in each year, with a long tail of underachievers; but I have encountered hardly any who thought that the Grammar School had been a bad place in itself.

Indeed, it was an excellent school in so many important ways, something more than a sausage machine for delivering boys neatly wrapped up in their certificates. Tolerance, plenty of freedom to develop within a very loose pattern of constraints, a chance for every one to contribute and to feel valued, a very genuine pride in belonging to C.G.S.—to have had an education like this must be worth all the intermittent discipline and the want of a firm educational policy. I am certain that it was Idwal Rees who enabled these qualities of school life to develop. Institutions do so often take on the characteristics of their bosses. It was his own humane, fair-minded, faintly ironic character that was reflected in the life of his school. More, I think that it was on account of the Boss's own deep-rooted affection for the school that Bovians 30, 40, 50, even 60 years on now, are able to feel an almost universal affection for the place too. For myself, I would say that it was because Idwal Rees was the sort of man he was—easy to work under, and appreciative of what you were trying to do—that, having gone to Cowbridge intending to stay there no more than a couple of years, I happily stayed for 17.

PETER COBB

Iolo Davies, M.A.

Iolo Davies, M.A., was headmaster of the school from November, 1971 to July, 1973. Like Idwal Rees, he, too, was educated at Swansea Grammar School before gaining a Meyricke Scholarship to Jesus College, Oxford. After war service, he completed his degree and in September, 1947 became Senior Classics Master and one of the resident boarding masters. Iolo Davies fought valiantly to retain Grammar School status and the battle with the Glamorgan County Council and its Education Committee inevitably overshadowed the 20 months of his headmastership.

Colin Lewis, B.A., a pupil at the school from 1953 to 1960, and Senior Classics Master from November, 1971 to July, 1973, pays this tribute.

IOLO DAVIES : LAST HEADMASTER OF COWBRIDGE GRAMMAR SCHOOL

Iolo Davies came to Cowbridge Grammar School in 1947 as Senior Classics Master, a post which he held until the Michaelmas half-term of 1971, when he became Headmaster of the Grammar School. His headmastership lasted until the end of the Trinity term of 1973. By then the fate of the Grammar School and its boarding house had been determined ; the school



**IOLO DAVIES, M.A.
HEADMASTER, 1971-1973
(PHOTO: CIRCA 2002)**

would henceforth be a mixed comprehensive school. In truth, the passionate commitment which Iolo Davies brought to the academic institution he had known and loved for so many years (he himself was an Old Boy of Swansea Grammar School, a younger contemporary of Dylan Thomas, in fact) made his resignation of the headship inevitable, and although the Grammar School continued as a separate boys' school for one more year, the new headteacher was appointed to the headship of the Comprehensive School.

In undertaking the headship at the time he did, Iolo Davies understood the difficulties which awaited him. In addition to the duties incumbent upon the Head of a Boarding School, he was impelled to fight tooth and nail to save the institution from those who were determined that it should close. It was always an unequal battle: the politicians were the paymasters, and they would have the final say.

What of Iolo's stewardship of the Grammar School? In a different age, the qualities he brought to the post would have earned him the recognition which was his due. A gifted academic himself, he was convinced of the need for a civilised society to preserve its academic institutions as one of the linch-pins of its existence. Standards really did matter to him. He was an upholder of other, old-fashioned virtues—fairness to individual, senior or junior; doing what he felt was right rather than expedient; facing down the powerful bully and sympathising with the underdog. In his dealings with colleagues and boys he was human to the core.

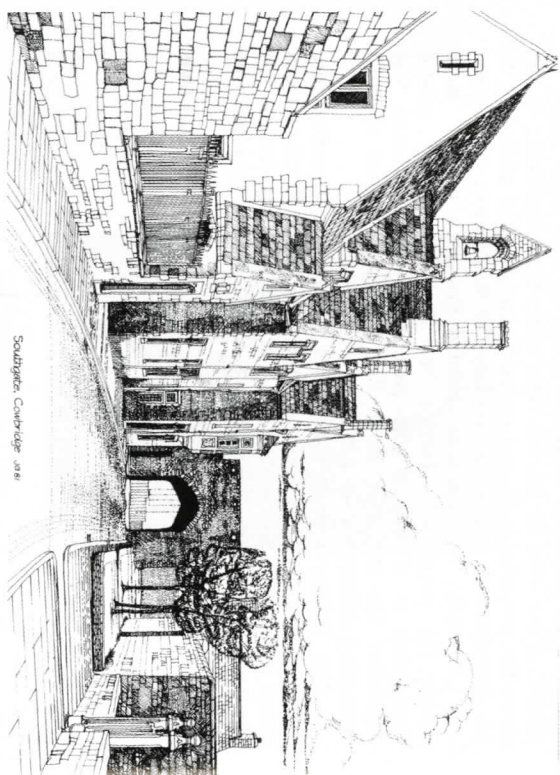
Ultimately, circumstances dictated that such qualities were beside the point. Iolo Davies had a vision of the school continuing as it had in the past. Many of us shared that aspiration. On the other hand, the politicians wished to erect something different in its place.

The independent school sector reaped the benefits. Iolo Davies ended his career teaching the subjects he loved at Dean Close in Cheltenham. It was, however, wholly fitting that the last Headmaster of Cowbridge Grammar School should have been its most passionate advocate.

C. D. LEWIS

Assistant Masters 1903—1918

H. B. Widdows, B.A., Cantab, Queens
 D. P. Jones, B.A., Oxon, Jesus
 R. St. Clair Wall
 Rev. J. Ralph Jones
 Charles Mayo
 A. P. Daniels
 Ronald C. Hadland
 A. E. Wilde, B.A., Cantab, Queens
 Rev. D. T. Griffiths, Llantrisant
 T. W. Whelan, B.A., Wales, Cardiff
 C. F. Fussell
 Sergeant Bradbury



Southgate, Cardiff, 1918

COWBRIDGE GRAMMAR SCHOOL — THE SCHOOL ROOM AND
 BOARDING HOUSE IN CHURCH STREET : CIRCA 1981

Cowbridge Grammar School List of Masters & Mistresses

(EXCLUDING TEMPORARY APPOINTMENTS AND STUDENTS)

1919—1973

Date of Appointment	Name	Subjects	Date of Leaving	Other Notes
September, 1915	T. W. Whelan, B.A., Wales, Cardiff	Geography	April, 1921	
September, 1919	W. R. McAdam, M.A., Belfast, Queen's	Mathematics, General Science	November, 1938	Death
September, 1919	E. A. Reid, B.A., Belfast, Queen's	English, History	January, 1933	Death
September, 1919	D. N. Davies	Drawing, Arithmetic	April, 1926	Holy Orders
October, 1920	H. Marsden	Woodwork	May, 1938	
September, 1921	W. T. Anthony, B.A., Wales, Cardiff	French, Latin	December, 1924	
September, 1921	J. D. Owen, B.Sc., Wales, Aberystwyth	Chemistry, Physics	July, 1962	Retired
January, 1925	M. B. Edwards, B.A., Wales, Aberystwyth	French, English, Latin	July, 1966	Retired
September, 1925	G. C. Lightfoot, B.A., Cantab, Downing	Classics, Latin	July, 1927	
September, 1926	T. Robinson, B.A., Manchester	History, Geography	July, 1930	
September, 1927	W. E. Moore, B.A., Cantab, Emmanuel	Classics, Latin	July, 1929	Emigrated
September, 1928	Tudor Hughes, B.A., Wales, Cardiff	Welsh, Mathematics, P.E.,	July, 1968	Retired
September, 1929	H. S. Elliott, B.A., Bristol	Classics, Latin	July, 1932	
October, 1929	W. T. Williams, B.Sc., Wales, Bangor	Physics, Mathematics	June, 1949	
September, 1930	F. C. Raggatt, M.A., Bristol	History, Geography	July, 1946	
September, 1932	K. R. H. Folland, B.A., Cantab, Peterhouse	Classics, Latin	July, 1935	
September, 1932	G. F. Phillips, B.A., Oxon, Pembroke	Latin, English, Scripture	July, 1936	
February, 1933	G. H. Baugh, M.A., Oxon, St. Catherine's	English, Scripture	July, 1946	
October, 1933	E. C. Brown, B.Sc., London	Mathematics, Physics, P.E.	July, 1936	
September, 1935	W. C. P. Harfoot, B.A., Oxon, Keble	Classics, Latin		Killed in Action
January, 1936	D. R. Jones	Music	July, 1950	
September, 1936	A. B. Codling, M.A., Oxon, St. Edmund Hall	English, Latin, Scripture	July, 1972	Retired

September, 1936	J. D. Pethard, B.Sc., Birmingham	Geography, P.E.	July, 1937	Drowned, Austria, August, 1937
September, 1937	T. H. C. Walker, B.Sc., London, (Nottingham UC)	P.E., Mathematics, Chemistry	July, 1939	
September, 1938	G. H. Brown, B.Sc., London, Queen Mary's	Physics, Geography	July, 1939	
January, 1939	A. G. Reed, B.A., Oxon, St Johns	Mathematics	July, 1947	
January, 1939	D. L. Jones, London (External)	Woodwork, Drawing		
September, 1939	L. Manfield, B.Sc., Wales, Cardiff	P.E., Physics, Chemistry	February, 1948	
September, 1939	G. E. Burton, B.Sc., London (Leicester UC)	Physics, Mathematics	December, 1943	
September, 1940	W. Meurig Williams, B.Sc., Wales Swansea	Mathematics, Science, Geography	December, 1944	
September, 1940	L. G. Thomas	Art	July, 1946	
January, 1941	Miss M. M. John	Art	December, 1943	
March, 1941	W. H. Davies, M.A., Wales, Cardiff	Classics, History	July, 1945	
April, 1941	J. O. Jenkins, B.A., London	Latin, English	May, 1944	
June, 1941	D. G. L. John, B.A., Wales, Cardiff	General	July, 1944	
October, 1941	E. F. Pattenden, B.Sc., London	Science, Mathematics	July, 1951	
January, 1943	C. E. Rees, M.Sc., Bristol	Geography, Scripture, Mathematics	July, 1949	
January, 1943	Morris Vaughan, M.Sc., London	Chemistry, Mathematics	July, 1967	Retired
January, 1944	Brinley Jenkins, B.A., Wales, Cardiff	English, French	December, 1945	
January, 1944	T. H. Williams, M.A., Wales, Swansea	History, Geography	December, 1948	
January, 1944	Ieuan Jones, B.A., Wales, Cardiff	History, French	July, 1945	
January, 1944	J. E. Gibbs, B.Sc., Wales, Swansea	Physics, Mathematics	December, 1945	
September, 1944	Miss Glenys Williams	Art	July, 1945	
September, 1944	W. D. Williams, B.A., Wales, Aberystwyth	Latin, Mathematics, History	July, 1948	
May, 1945	J. J. A. Powlesland, B.A., Wales, Swansea	Classics, Latin	July, 1947	
September, 1945	Miss B. Watcyn-Williams, B.A., Wales Cardiff	History, French	July, 1946	
September, 1946	K. C. White, B.A., Cantab, Gonville & Caius	History, French	July, 1947	
September, 1946	D. L. Davies, B.A., Wales, Aberystwyth, University of Lille	French, German, English	December, 1961	
October, 1946	Miss G. Mary Davies	Art	December, 1969	Death
September, 1947	P. D. Adams, B.Sc., Wales, Cardiff	Mathematics	Transferred	
September, 1947	J. L. White, B.A., Wales, Cardiff	History, English	Transferred	
September, 1947	I. D. Davies, M.A., Oxon, Jesus	Classics, Latin	Headmaster November, 1971 to July, 1973	
April, 1948	D. G. Pugh, B.Sc., Wales, Aberystwyth, P.E. Diploma	Physical Education, Chemistry	Transferred	
September, 1948	K. Westcott, B.A., Wales, Cardiff	Latin, English	March, 1952	Pupil 1934-1940
January, 1949	M. G. H. Davies, B.A., Wales, Cardiff	Economics, Geography, History	Transferred	
September, 1949	T. S. Evans, B.Sc., Wales, Cardiff	Physics, Mathematics	July, 1959	Death
September, 1949	P. G. Cobb, M.A., Cantab, St. Johns	Geography, Geology, Scripture	July, 1966	Holy Orders
October, 1951	A. J. Trotman, B.Sc., Wales, Swansea	Physics, Mathematics	December, 1955	Pupil 1939-1946
January, 1960	A. J. Trotman, B.Sc., Wales, Swansea		Transferred	
April, 1952	S. Harris, B.A., Wales, Swansea	Latin	Transferred	
September, 1953	R. A. Parfitt, B.A., Wales, Cardiff	English, History	July, 1954	
September, 1954	H. E. P. Davies, B.A., Wales, Swansea	English, History	July, 1956	
January, 1956	K. J. Helyar, B.Sc., Wales, Swansea	Physics, Mathematics	July, 1960	
September, 1956	J. J. Marsden, M.Sc., Wales, Cardiff	Biology, Chemistry	July, 1960	
September, 1956	R. A. Whittle, Loughborough College	Woodwork, Metalwork, English	Transferred	
September, 1956	Mrs A. E. Wood, ARCM	Music (violin)	July, 1959	
September, 1958	Honddu Davies, B.A., Wales, Bangor	English, Mathematics	July, 1971	Retired
February, 1960	Mrs. Marageret Parfitt, ARCM	MUSIC (violin)	December, 1963	
September, 1960	D. Hunt, B.Sc., Wales, Cardiff	Physics, Mathematics	Transferred	
September, 1960	F. T. Palmer, B.Sc., Wales, Cardiff	Biology, Chemistry	Transferred	
September, 1961	G. A. Meek, B.Sc., Wales, Cardiff	Mathematics	Transferred	
January, 1962	P. Wilson, M.A., Oxon, St. Peter's	French, Russian	July, 1973	
September, 1962	J. W. Oliver, Loughborough College	Physical Education, Mathematics	July, 1969	
September, 1964	D. J. Lloyd, B.A., Wales, Swansea	English, French	Transferred	
September, 1966	A. J. L. Alden, M.A., Cantab, Selwyn	Geography, Geology	Transferred	
September, 1966	P. C. Rees, B. Music, Wales, Bangor	Music, English	Transferred	

Dux Scholae (School Captain)

We know from reading the Latin oration given by Evan Seys on Speech day 1618 that he was one of the earliest Dux Scholae. The Boyian of December 1903 (special edition 30A) confirms that the Dux Scholae, C.V. Stockwood, was present at the inaugural meeting of the Old Boys Association. It is believed that he was succeeded by two members of the Dunn family.

From 1906 to 1918 there are few records. It would appear that no specific reference was made to a School Captain. There were captains of both football (soccer) and cricket and on many occasions the same person held both offices. It may well have been that the sports captain was also the school captain.

Complete records exist from 1919. Unless stated the Dux Scholae's term of office commenced in the September of the year given and ceased the following July.

Each Dux Scholae probably had a deputy but the term was not officially recognised until September 1954 when K. Wilson was named as deputy to E.S. Griffiths. In 1938, 1939, 1941, 1946, 1947, 1952 and 1967 the Dux Scholae left during the school year and was succeeded by the person immediately named after him.

In 1921/1922, 1932/1933 and 1970/1971 the Dux Scholae served two consecutive terms.

Dux Scholae

DUX SCHOLAE DEPUTY DUX SCHOLAE

1903	C.V. Stockwood	1903	J.R.C. Dunn
1904	F.W.M. Dunn	1906—1918	Insufficient Information Available
1919	J.C. Gover, ma	January 1919	H.R. Thomas
1919	E. Harties	September 1919	V.S. Williams
1920	D.W. Evans	September 1920	E. Escott
1922	E. Escott	1921	E. Escott
1923	C.S. Davies	1924	P.L. Pearse
1925	N.E. Parsons	1926	R.B. Thomas

September, 1966	E. R. Stads, M.A., Oxon, St. Catherine's	French	Transferred
September, 1966	Rev. Keith Jones, B.A., Wales, Cardiff	Scripture	December, 1971
September, 1967	Dr. B. Gethin, B.sc., Ph.D., Birmingham	Chemistry	Transferred
September, 1968	I. Walters, B.A., Wales, Aberystwyth	Welsh	July, 1969
September, 1968	P. Williams, B.sc., Wales, Aberystwyth	Geography	December, 1969
September, 1969	R. Jones, B.A., Wales, Aberystwyth	Welsh	July, 1972
September, 1969	Huw Williams, Cardiff	Physical Education	Transferred
January, 1970	College of Education	Art	
September, 1970	Mrs E. L. Richards	Mathematics	
September, 1970	G. Lewis, M.A., St. Andrews	Metalwork, Technical Drawing	
September, 1971	G. Scourfield, Aisager	English	
September, 1971	College of Education	Geology	Transferred
September, 1971	Mrs. M. Huxtable, Coventry	Classics	Transferred
September, 1972	College of Education	Mathematics	July, 1973
September, 1972	Terwyn Parry, B.sc., Wales, Swansea	Welsh	
September, 1972	Alan Hampton, B.Ed., Carmarthen Trinity	English	
September, 1972	Miss M. Herbert, B.A., Wales, Swansea		
September, 1972	Mrs P. Staddon		

1927	D. Rees
1928	L.D. Jones
1929	G. Herapath
1930	H.M. Jones iv
1931	B.R. Rossiter
1932	J.P. Lloyd
1933	J.P. Lloyd
1934	A.B. Powell
1935	I.V. Pugh
1936	D.W.P. Jenkins
1937	E.H. Roderick
1938	V.D. Westcott
	G.T.J. Pratt
1939	G.T.J. Pratt
	J.H. Collins
1940	D.A. Parry
1941	M. Pearce, ma
	D.A. Thomas
1942	J.T. Morgan iii
1943	G.P. Stradling
1944	J. David iv
1945	J.M.W. Bean, ma
1946	A.R. Williams xi
	N.E. Palmer, ma
1947	J.B. Scott
	R. Stevens
1948	T.P. Jones xvii
1949	P.E. Barton, ma
1950	G.D. Owen, mi
1951	L.T. Richards iii
1952	R.C.V. Cornwell
	E.H. Clayton
1953	J. May
1954	E.S. Griffiths, mi
1955	G.B. Evans, mi
1956	T. Hopkins, mi
1957	A. Whiley
	W.R.M. Jenkins
1958	I.W. Adams, ma
1959	R.G. Garfield
1960	A.O. Hughes, mi
1961	J.C. Yardley
1962	W.T. John, ma
1963	R.D. Whitaker, mi
1964	J.A. Sainsbury
1965	E.N. Workman

K. Wilson
E. MacNulty
A.L. Wilding
W.R.M. Jenkins
A.D.R. Baugh
F.E. Herlihy
P.D. Poole
M.J. Morgan
A.J.B. Colding
W.J. Evans xvii
C.J. Gill
B.E. Sharp
G.D. James iv

1966	I.R. Mitchell	N.G. James vi
1967	R.L. John	J.M. Van Rooyen
	K.H. Joshua	P. Nicholas
1968	H. Groves	R.H. Smith iv
1969	R.C. Walters	G.M. Livingstone
		D.J. Thomas
1970	M.A.K. Duggan	R.N. Morgan
1971	M.A.K. Duggan	G.R.V. Jones / S. Down
1972	J.R. Oldfield	D.J. Newbold
April 1973	D.J. Newbold	J. Davies iv

Memories of Old Boys

10 Old Boys, covering the period 1903 to 1973, remember life at the College. The first four articles reproduced from the 350th anniversary edition (Bovian 195, December 1958).

THE 1900s

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

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

To begin with, in 1908 there were less than 60 pupils; two in the sixth form, not many more than half a dozen in the fifth, with about 15 in the fourth. The "Modern" Form generally accounted for six or eight, whilst Form 3 was always crowded—about 20—and the first form was usually about a dozen.

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

School hours differed in those days. During the summer 6.55/8, 8.55/11, 11.5/12, 1.55/4, 6.55/8.20. In winter time the early morning session did not start until 7.30. Wednesday afternoons and Saturday afternoons were both devoted to games: cricket of course during summer term, soccer during Christmas term and hockey during Easter term. "Colours" for soccer consisted of a most gorgeous black velvet cap with a huge red silk tassel. The cap was piped in red with the school arms above the peak. I am glad to say I still have mine although now showing signs of its age. The first formers played their cricket alongside "Dynevor" hedge—to the left of the path from the stile. I shall never forget the joy

and thrills of those games. Sunshine, long white trousers, a real score-book—wickets, pads and a hard ball—what more could life offer?

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

Our annual School Plays were usually from Dickens or Shakespeare.

We had a wonderful school tuck shop at the cottage by the Arch. Many coppers were spent there during the 11 a.m. break. Some delicacies at 1/2d. and 1d. cannot be equalled today. Ever heard of “Rose Cream” and “Black Jacks”?

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

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

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

Small in numbers, rich in character and fully conscious of the tradition of 300 years of continuity with Jesus College—such were the boys and staff of 50 years ago.

R.N.BIRD.

1913 TO 1919

In 1913 the long Dormitory was the place for initiation as a Boarder. On going to bed the new boy was seized, dipped and made to run the gauntlet, touch the lock and many other traditional “tricks” handed down

over the ages. The whole ceremony took a week, starting at bedtime and going on for an hour or so, or until someone in authority sent the Ritualists scuttling to their beds. The rites or tricks were resumed nightly until all were finished. The new boy, having passed this initiation, emerged with confidence as an accepted member of the School.

In order to decide into which class the new boy was to be placed he was given a quick test in Latin translation by the Head. I was given a passage from Caesar’s “De Bello Gallico” Book 11, to translate. After translation I was asked to read a passage in Latin and proceeded to do so in the modern style of the hard “c”. With a bellow of anguish the Head begged me to stop and informed me that in future Latin should be pronounced in the style of the School, that of the Mediaeval Latinist—soft “c”, etc. This I did and have always found it of great use in medicine.

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

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

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

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

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

One of my happiest recollections of those days when greater emphasis was laid upon the physical than the intellectual development of the boys occurred during the winter of 1915-1916. A prodigious frost settled upon the land and remained for several weeks. After cutting our knees and lacerating the rest of our bodies, it was decided that the playing fields were totally unfit for exercise. At the same time it was reported the Mynydd y Glew, near Welsh St. Donats, was frozen several inches deep. Orders were placed for skates immediately in the school shop in the High Street, and before a week had elapsed the boys were skating nonchalantly over the frozen lake; and within 14 days we were playing hockey on the ice. This fast exhilarating game was played, to the best of my recollection, for nearly six weeks without intermission by thaw. It was an unhappy day when we finally had to hang up our skates on account of rain.

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

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

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

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

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

T. D. JENKINS

THE EARLY AND MID 1920s

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

The Headmaster was "Dick" Williams—we always called him "Dick", but never within 50 yards of his presence. I shall always believe that he was a great Headmaster. He taught us Latin and his policy was "In ludo, magistri docent, pueri discunt". Learn we did.

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

There were two new masters and they formed a striking contrast. Mr. Anthony was a red head and taught us French—when we did not

divert him to more interesting topics. The other new master was very dark and—yes, handsome, a superb disciplinarian, yet the most genial of men. He was the School's first Science master and you must know him quite well. For his name was John Dale Owen.

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

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

Accommodation in the School was very limited. The Schoolroom served as Assembly Hall, living room for boarders in the Lower School, and during lessons there were usually two classes being taught there. There were three other Classrooms, one laboratory and no gymnasium. Living conditions were somewhat primitive by present-day standards. There was no central heating. In the winter, we had huge fires at both ends of the Schoolroom and in some of the Classrooms. When central heating was installed in my last year, it was a great blow to us as boarders because it put an end to our unlawful feasts of sausages, sardines on toast and other delicacies. There was no electric light—we had oil lamps hanging from the ceilings downstairs and took candles to the dormitories. There was no hot water, except for our weekly bath when we had to operate a fiendish contraption called a geyzer. These conditions did not worry us at all, though the staff must have felt very differently. The playing fields were ample for our small numbers, and we played games nearly every day.

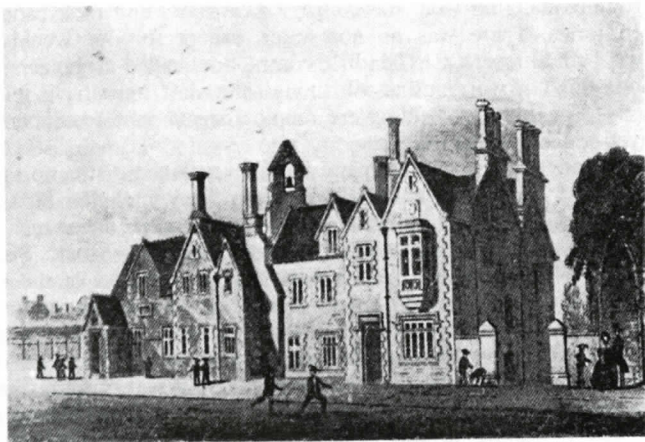
My fellow pupils included many who have earned distinction on the playing fields, and later on in Hitler's War. They included also many "Characters" whose deeds, although full of merit, were never mentioned at Speech Day in the Headmaster's Report. There was "Jock" Pearson, Senior House Prefect when I was a new boy and the idol of the Lower School. He was a very hard-headed young man, for his favourite trick was to charge full speed and head down at the stout doors of the Schoolroom. There was Jenkins (I forget his initials), conductor of the world-famous "Jenkins' Choir", a sure winner at our end of term concerts. I cannot recall that Jenkins knew a note of music, but our rendering of "There was I waiting at the Church" and other ballads would have astonished Sir Malcolm (the only other Chorister I can remember was O. S. Williams). Mervyn Williams was so tiny we naturally called him

“the Mighty Atom”, but he used to run rings round us on the football field. Jim Phillips was so often in detention that he knew every hole and bump on Ma Mitches’ (this was the playing field where detainees finished their afternoon, playing games with the younger boarders). J. E. Lewis, tall as a maypole and “very, very brainy”, used to terrify us with his yarns in the dormitory after lights-out and especially his Dracula stories. Gus Heath used the same razor blade for years, Harry Phipps knew more than a thing or two, especially about horses, and “Dai Sim” was an authority upon all things, spiritual and secular. Norman Parsons, my great friend, was always afraid he would win a prize on Sports Day before the Consolation Race arrived. All these were part of my education. So too were those splendid orators of the Debating Society, L. H. Howells, Glanville Williams and L. E. Goodwin. Then who can forget who saw them, C. S. Davies as Macbeth, and A. C. Bassett as Shylock and Malvolio? Of course there were the athletes too. J. M. Cribb—George, Fred, Glyn and Harry Phipps—T. M. Jones and his two brothers “Nonus” and “Decy”—Alcwyn Williams and Dewi Rees—the Brown twins.

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

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

D. I. R. HUGHES



COWBRIDGE GRAMMAR SCHOOL
THE MAIN BUILDING IN CHURCH STREET

THE LATE 1920s

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

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

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

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

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

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

On our return to School we joined those already at prep. and subsequently attended meetings of the Debating Society. Memory refuses to recall the motion debated or the speaker’s works, but one performance by L. E. Goodwin left a great impression on me for years.

No means are at hand of verifying the accuracy of my estimate of the school population as 130 pupils and seven or eight masters. Of the latter, Messrs. J. D. Owen, M. B. Edwards and Tudor Hughes remain. At

my previous school I had taken Welsh but, on being transferred to Cowbridge, I found that it was not included in the syllabus and I was compelled to take extra Latin with the Head. The appointment of Mr. Hughes in 1928 was, therefore, of particular pleasure to me. I was able to resume my work in Welsh under the most favourable circumstances—one master, one pupil. Because of this close relationship I feel especially indebted to Mr Hughes, not only for his admirable teaching but also for his friendship and understanding. Nor do I forget his prowess as a full-back when he covered my mistakes in soccer !

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

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

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

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

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

The terms of reference for this article included memories of the boys with whom I was at school. To include them all would reduce this retrospect to a catalogue of names. Yet for what they were in School some must be mentioned. In a higher form than I were H. M. Jones and T. E. Evans, who distinguished themselves in scholarship. In sport, the achievements of Dewi Rhys and O. G. Jones, x., in gaining their Welsh Schoolboy caps in hockey were noteworthy. In soccer, A. D. James (Amo) was the big name ; with him were Roy David, Howie Davies and Emlyn Evans, iv. In cricket I remember the elegance of B. R. Rossiter as a batsman and the stolidity of Geoff. Herapath. Few school sides were met in any of our

games. There was not one school playing soccer ; we were compelled to play against such teams as Pontyclun, Cowbridge, Bridgend Wednesdays as well as the university and college teams. There were but two schools—Barry County and Cardiff High—in the hockey fixture list. These, I believe, were the only schools met at cricket. Their "giants" included Boon, Went, Noseworthy and J. E. Bowcott.

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

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

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

D. G. WILLIAMS, V.

THE MID AND LATE 1930s

I became a pupil in the Grammar School, or "the College", as it was known locally, in 1934, after having survived the Scholarship, later the "Eleven Plus". I cannot have passed this entrance examination with flying colours, for I was relegated to Form 2B, the very first rung on the educational ladder at secondary level.

My first memories are of wonder and nervousness. Wonder at being thrown into so many uncertainties, so many mysteries, and nervousness about how I would cope in the new environment. My classmates were all strangers to me, coming from such far-away places as Llantrisant, Pontyclun, and Maendy. Most of them travelled by train and those from the Bridgend area by the local bus. I was a "town-boy", living near enough to the school to share the advantages and disadvantages enjoyed by the boarders.

My earliest memories of the staff differed widely from later recollections. I remember with pleasure Ancient History, taught by Mr. Owen. We did not, at that stage, consider it strange that the senior chemistry master would be teaching us ancient history, or indeed why ancient history would be one of our subjects at all. I have toyed since with the idea that this was a convenience to him, since my 2B form

room was adjacent to the Chemistry Laboratory ! And my first memories of school life are linked inextricably with the smell of hydrogen sulphide wafted up the corridor from the Chem.Lab. But John Dioxide, as he was known, had the gift of making Ancient History so much more enjoyable to all of us than was litmus paper, and we looked forward to his lessons with enthusiasm. Other subjects, Chemistry, Algebra, Geometry, Latin and French, had the advantage of novelty. I remember opening my tin box, just issued, containing a protractor, (what on earth can this be for ?), compass, etc. with the joy of opening Christmas morning presents !

There were areas of the school so far from our experience as to be foreign lands. The Old Hall we never approached, except when taking a message to one of the forms housed there, and this was like exploring new territory. We still had no place for PT except the "Covered Playground". The only showers were in the main building next to the Chemistry Lab., and there was no arrangement for their use after PT. Sweaty and far from clean we had to go to our next class, after our exertions in the Covered Playground. But there were no complaints about this, from ourselves or our parents, for whom the College could do no wrong. And if they suspected some wrongdoing on the part of the school, no parent could question the College.

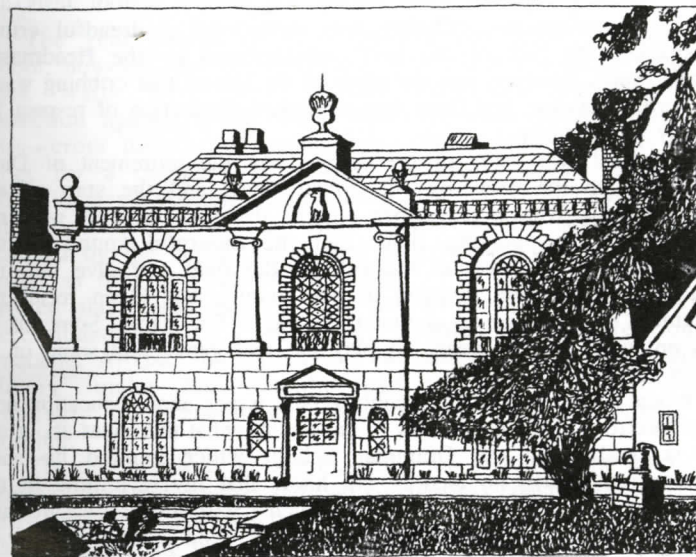
Discipline was handed down from on high, in the shape of the Headmaster, Mr. Richard Williams, MC, universally known as 'Dick'. He was the archetypal disciplinarian. Respect for the teachers was paramount. Every school rule was religiously enforced, and if this is thought to have made school life unattractive, this was not the case. All pupils knew exactly where they stood in the scheme of things, and this knowledge gave us a sense of security, which is perhaps not the situation in the modern educational system. All teaching members of staff had to wear their academic gowns during school hours. These sometimes served a double purpose, for there was not always a backboard duster in every classroom.

Games played a very important part in the scheme of things. During my first years in school, hockey still took over one of the winter terms, and rugby, the other. And they were compulsory for the boarders, and for those of us who lived in the town. There were games every day, except Sunday, although Wednesdays and Saturdays were reserved for school matches. There was no avoiding games, except by producing a note from parents, and the parents were very unlikely to produce anything less than a genuine note. The highlight of the hockey season was our fixture with Jesus College, Oxford. It had become difficult, however, to find opponents among the neighbouring schools, and 1938 was to see the end of hockey in Cowbridge Grammar School. I remember how privileged we felt on the bus to Jesus College, Oxford, for the last game. It was one, however, in which I had not been destined to play. During the knock-up before the games, I was struck on the head by the ball, when, I

suppose, attention was directed elsewhere, and I could take no further part in the proceedings !

For the boarders, and us, town-boys, school did not end at the close of the day's classes. Every night demanded a "prep" session. The period 7 p.m. to 8.30 p.m. required attendance in the schoolroom, to complete the homework, which was set by the teachers. Saturday night was no exception. A member of the teaching staff had to ensure we were all present, and supervise these sessions, which for us became a normal part of the school routine. If, for some special reasons, perhaps a visit to the local cinema, we town-boys wished to be absolved from attendance on Saturday, it was necessary to request an audience with the Headmaster, and a plea for his mercy. Sometimes, this was granted, sometimes refused, but the decision always accepted without demure.

Saturday was a normal school day, at least during the morning, and Saturday afternoon, was detention time. The dreaded Red Book made its journey from class to class on Saturday mornings. The Detention Book contained the names of all those unfortunates, who had earned the disapproval of one of the teachers during the week. They would be confined to the schoolroom for periods measured by the hour on



OLD HALL

Saturday afternoon. Three hours was common for the more recalcitrant, sitting at a desk, supervised by a teacher, whose turn it was to sacrifice his Saturday afternoon. I remember that the same names seemed to crop up in the Red Book with unflinching frequency. There was one particular boy, who seemed to spend most of his Saturday afternoons in detention. I am not sure now if this was the result of his misbehaviour, or if his being the Headmaster's nephew had some bearing!

As I progressed up the school, the early uncertainties and nervousness of form 2B was replaced by the confidence of familiarity and accomplishment. Becoming a "senior", that is, getting into the fourth form, was a huge step, permitting the wearing of the distinctive senior cap.

The target of all was success in the "Matric". This was the examination taken at the end of the fifth form, after four years of study. And it marked the end of schooling, except for those high flyers who would proceed to the Sixth Form, and study a few specialised subjects, before hopefully going on to university. The venue for the Matric Examination was, in my days, the local cinema ballroom, the Pavilion. Portable desks were laid out, the appropriate distance being respected between candidates. Perhaps I should mention the heinous crime of cribbing. There was, of course, no opportunity for this during the Matric examination, but even during the normal school tests and terminal examinations, cribbing was considered a dreadful crime, punishable with "six of the best" administered by the Headmaster himself. Such, however, was the ethos of the school that cribbing was a very rare occurrence, and there was a marked diminution of respect for any boy found guilty.

The final two years of the decade saw the retirement of Dick, the taking up the reins by Mr. Idwal Rees, and the start of the Second World War. I remember clearly the first air-raid warning. We were on the playing field, and the mournful sound of the warning saw us all rush to the side of the field and dive into the ditch. No bombs were dropped in our vicinity, but I can recall the excitement of what for us at that time was a fine game. Some of us went on, within a few years, to play the real game, and some of us did not return.

When I read about all the controversial issues about education now in the forefront of the news, I try to understand what there was about my own schooldays in the Grammar School which excited no such controversies. I have no answer, but know that my own time in the College left me with happy memories which I will always treasure, and the lessons I learned there have stood me in good stead in the years which have passed.

K. WESTCOTT, OBE

The Wartime Years

1939 TO 1945

It was morning break during the beautiful autumn—Michaelmas—term of 1939. The sad voice of Mr. Chamberlain had recently announced — "We are at war with Germany". I sat on the school wall, proudly wearing my new school cap bearing its single red cockerel crest. Having just attained the ripe age of eleven years, I was somewhat mystified with my new surrounds. The tall grey school building—its lichened walls—masters hurrying by in frayed, chalk dusted gowns, and boys wearing blazers and dark suits. This was a new life—a far cry from my village of coalmines and chapels, where Barry Island and Porthcawl were the limits of my world. I was unaware of the dimensionless tragedy that was unfolding.

At that moment, the air raid siren began its wailing. Prefects, who to me seemed grown men, raced from their study to report for some A.R.P. or L.D.V. duty at the Town Hall. To me it was a welcome sound as, in place of the promised test, we would now have to shelter in the long darkened corridor outside 2A and 2B classrooms. The smells of hydrogen sulphide from the school's only chemistry laboratory would be suffered gladly. With luck, the 'All Clear' would not sound for a long while.

The year passed quietly—the sun continued to shine. The school, however, did begin to take upon itself a wartime look. Tall brick walls were built outside classroom windows—as a protection against bomb blast. Windows were shatter proof with criss—cross patterns of paper strips. The gymnasium was now a billet for a company of troops—its grassy areas occupied by tall chimneyed cooking stoves. Each day the soldiers marched the vale returning at mid—day shirt—sleeve ordered and sun tanned. Watched by the boys, they would cheerfully strike up 'Roll out a barrel' as they approached the school. 'P. T.' was now held in the covered playground—with a 'box' and a 'horse'. Woodwork lessons were abandoned—lack of timber. 'Gardening' appeared on the timetable. Around the gymnasium we obeyed the slogan 'Dig for Victory' under the watchful eye of the head gardener. A seemingly stern headmaster—Mr Rees—walked the school each morning.

The day began at the station at the top of town. The train called 'Emma' —a small engine and two corridorless coaches—disgorged its noisy crowd of passengers. After a season ticket scrutiny by the station porter, the trek to school began. Leather satchels and gas—masks in cases swinging carelessly. Hordes of High School girls, wearing velour hats and bearing hockey sticks made their way in the opposite direction. No fraternisation was allowed!

Morning assembly was held in the schoolroom—tightly packed with boys and ancient desks. No one was summoned by the school bell as the rope had been detached—the sound of its chime would warn the town of invasion.

After a year or so, the war news became gloomy and ominous. For me, however, times brightened a little on the move to the fourth form—a senior at last! The cap now worn bore the three cockerels—shielded. One was no longer vulnerable to boisterous older boys who delighted in ‘ducking’ junior heads into washbasins filled with water. The 4A classroom in Old Hall was oddly shaped—darkened by shutters and blast wall—and heated through winter by a coal-fired stove alongside the blackboard.

The war now moved even closer to the school. Several of the masters including the Head, had now joined forces. They were replaced by an ‘itinerant’ staff—some of dubious quality—who seemed to move on quite quickly to other appointments. They knew that at the end of hostilities they would have to make way for returning masters. J. D. Owen, the senior chemistry master affectionately known as ‘John Dioxide’ took over the running of the school.

The night skies now were swept with searchlight beams. They were often reddened by the blitz fires which burned Cardiff and Swansea. The Bovian, began its ‘Roll of Honour’ in its columns. The classics master, Charlie Harfoot, would not return.

At the end of the school day, the journey home became a problem. Train connections at Llantrisant were delayed many hours by the Luftwaffe’s attention to London. Saturday morning school made the week seem very long! ‘Detention’ on Wednesday afternoon was something to be avoided. One held one’s breath when the lists were read around the classrooms on the previous afternoon. Games periods continued. Cricket whites were few and far between; rugby kits were motley and tattered. Yet cheers could still be raised at the grandstand on Bear Field. Also, cheerful were the tales told by the boys, mainly from the vale farms, who had ‘captured’ German prisoners at the time of the great escape from the Bridgend camp.

Everyday life now seemed dominated by uniforms—forces of many nationalities. Large numbers of American troops were stationed at St. Mary Hill; the High Street was busy with their heavy trucks. And then, quite suddenly, the town’s quietness returned.

The Soldiery had gone; D—Day had arrived. Like the Old Boys before them, who had answered the call of duty, they departed Cowbridge. No doubt, beneath their jovial songs, feelings of sadness and anxiety must have flowed deeply. For so many, this was a decisive moment when all thoughts of life’s longed—for possibilities seemed lost—to be replaced by an awareness of life’s finitude and mortality.

And then the sun began to shine again. VE Day and VJ Day arrived and were celebrated. Staff returned and school continued. My schooldays

were now rapidly drawing to a close. The C.W.B. examinations had finished—the gymnasium was cleared of desks and chairs. Prefects had collected their final payment at the Head’s study—a goodly sum of several shillings bequeathed in the will of Sir Leoline Jenkins. All too soon the final assembly. Announcements, the reading of the terminal examination lists for the lower school, and then the singing of Hymn 577.

“Lord dismiss us with Thy blessing...”

Most sang with gusto, relishing the thoughts of the long vacation that would extend well into September. A few thought sadly of the days now ending.

“Those returning, those returning, make more faithful than before”.

“Those returning” departed hurriedly to their buses, leaving the school in an unusual silence—not even a shout from the tally court!

But the strains of the hymn continued to echo in the low beams of the schoolroom—

“Let thy father—hand beshielding, All who here shall meet no more”.

I stepped through the school porch into the street, into a drab and uncertain world, but a world at peace.

And to those who will never return—a memorial at Holy Cross Church. They are part of history now—but perhaps through the coming years, pupils of the new schools at Cowbridge, on the 11th day of November will remember them. When the lists of names are read, they might think of the ‘Old Bovians’ who gave their ‘tomorrow’s’ hoping for a better world—a world of peace, justice and goodwill.

ADRIAN TROTMAN

THE MID AND LATE 1940s / EARLY 1950s

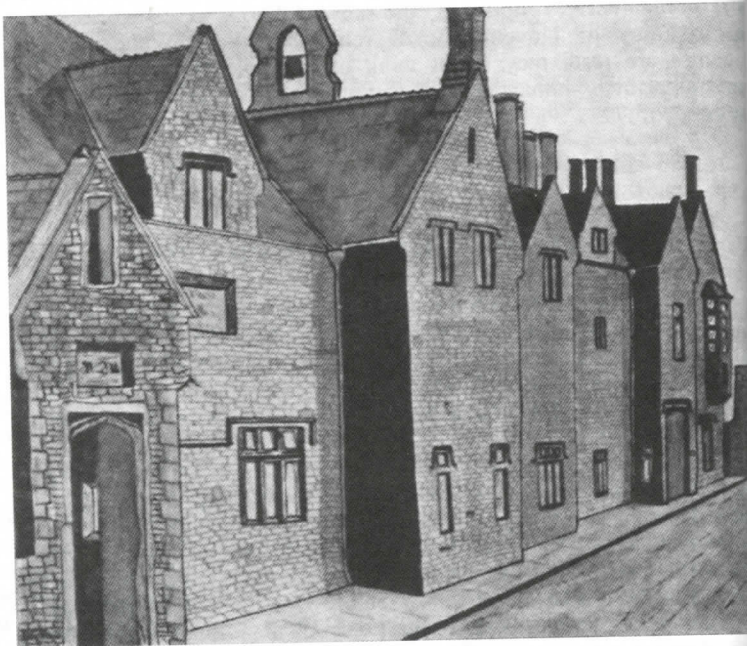
At 70 years of age memories tend to grow dim, so my apologies if I make errors in this recollection of school life at Cowbridge. History was in the making all around us as the tide of war had now turned in favour of the allies, on top of which I, and of course others, had passed the scholarship entrance examination to Cowbridge Grammar School.

Having lived in the locality of Cowbridge, I had heard reference to ‘The College’ never believing that I would one day step into its hallowed buildings. It was an escape for me as the primary school I was leaving had been governed by a Headmaster who ruled by the cane. The 21st September, 1944 is the date that sticks in my mind; the day I started, thrown into the maelstrom of the Assembly with about 300 other boys—a sharp contrast to the small primary school in a small village. Many other pupils, I am sure were feeling the same. The staff of ‘masters’ (as we referred to them) then entered, their black gowns in full flow. John

Dale Owen (acting Headmaster until Idwal Rees's return in the November of the following year) appeared on the rostrum and after prayers sent us off to our respective classrooms. I was allocated to Form 2A, which was just down the corridor from the Assembly Hall. I never understood why we did not start at Form 1.

We were allocated a form master. However, I cannot remember who that was but 'Pattenden' rings a bell—he ran the A.T. squadron which had been established in the school. I was then told I was in Durel House, which at first I did not understand, and then about the 'Prefects' which again I failed to grasp but soon learnt of the authority. This first day was confusing for me, as it was, I daresay, for every other new boy.

Just before our first morning break, we were told that all new boys must report to the gymnasium. Like lambs to the slaughter, we obliged completely and received the traditional 'ducking' in the time honoured custom. The gymnasium was a completely new experience for me and also the discovery that the school had flush toilets, hot and cold running water together with porcelain washbasins and urinals.



THE SCHOOL ROOM AND BOARDING HOUSE

I thought of the friends I had left behind at primary school and how they would have reacted to my new scholastic lifestyle.

Another awakening was school on Wednesday and Saturday mornings; but I soon discovered that Wednesday afternoon was detention time. And so, many of us became used to a five and a half day week at a very early time in our lives.

Certain subjects taught or attempted, such as Latin, Physics and Chemistry, were completely alien to me and there were three subjects for homework each working day with five at a weekend, one of which was always an essay. However, I thought I was lucky in that I could go home at night; not like the boarders who had to stay in school all week and at weekends.

We thus settled into school life and by half term, hasps and staples with padlocks had been fitted onto our desks in order to secure our textbooks. Our exercise books with glossy coloured covers were embossed with the school crest and motto 'Vigiliis et Virtute' on the front. Wednesday afternoons, if you were lucky enough not to be in detention, were devoted to games, Winter and Spring terms for rugby, Summer for cricket and athletics. I unfortunately was not made for these activities, my highest achievement being 14th in the junior steeplechase. I had never touched a rugby ball previously and so, many times I finished up with many others being a spectator in the grandstand on the Bear field. I took part with others in the cricket activities, rolling the pitch with what was a horse drawn roller complete with shafts, but using boy power instead of horsepower.

The steeplechase was at the start of the athletics season and was run in February. The first couple of years it started from the school field up hill to the Llantwit Major road and back over Mount Ida, down into Llanblethian, back to the Town Mill and then around the foot of Mount Ida and then back to the school field. I believe the seniors had to go over the top of Mount Ida twice. A few years later, it was run from the Bear field out over the moors below Penllyn Castle.

Of the lessons, I think I enjoyed geography the most. Latin was foreign to me. 'Amo; amas; amat' is about as much as I can remember. The Chemistry lab was awe inspiring with bottles of acid and weird looking experimental apparatus. This was in complete contrast to the Physics lab in Old Hall with its clean benches, each with its balance scales.

As my mother was Welsh speaking, I had opted to take Welsh and not French. Those of us who took this option then joined the boys from 2B in their class in Old Hall. The boys taking French came to 2A and this continued right up until school certificate.

My second year was in 3A in the classroom which had direct access from the staff room. There was a separate entry for the pupils via a corridor from the main entrance. One Saturday morning at 12 Noon T. H. Williams (nicknamed 'Pindrop') wanted to detain the whole class and this was very much against the grain.

So we planned that, as soon as the 12 Noon bell went, we would make a quick exit thinking that 'Pindrop' would come in from the staffroom. But he was one up on us as he had already stationed himself in the narrowest part of the corridor, blocking our exit. But not to be outdone, we quickly retreated back into the classroom and got out onto the main High Street via the classroom windows. We thus got away boy power having triumphed.

Life outside the classroom consisted of 'tally' or football under the covered shelter linking the main school to Old Hall gardens. There were not many outlets for us; the aftermath of war was still affecting everyone everything was rationed, especially sweets. Our pocket money would be spent on buying the odd copy of the Western Mail or a Chelsea bun from Thomas & Evans' breadshop. Ice cream came back on the market and was available initially served on a dish in Westcotts owned by Ken Westcott's mother. Ken, of course, became junior Latin master during my last two years.

I remember one occasion after the war was over when General (later Field Marshal) Montgomery stopped in Cowbridge during one of his grand tours. We all trooped out onto the High Street to greet this great war hero. Apparently, Monty's usual request was to ask the head to grant the pupils a half day in his honour. Idwal was not present so no half day was given but I do remember the general telling Terry Speck to get his hair cut. Terry's mop of curly hair always stood out.

Another popular out of school activity as we became teenagers was the discovery of girls. And what was more, there was a whole school of them at the opposite end of town. The main object thus was to get as near to them as possible without being caught by their Headmistress the formidable Miss Bennett Jones, who, if she caught sight of us hanging around would immediately inform Idwal to ensure that strict boundaries were enforced. And so, the Town Hall was the farthest east we were allowed to go.

After 3A, I was relegated to the B stream and so upstairs above 3B in Old Hall. One of our pranks then was to dangle a satchel out of the window so it would appear at the window of 3A classroom directly below. It was in 4B that I became friendly with Tim Arnott from Llandow and Ken Owen from Tynant; with both I have remained firm friends to this day.

In our fourth year we became Remove A and Remove B. Remove B was housed in the woodwork room halfway between the main school and Old Hall. I recall one day when the Dramatic Society required the room for practice. The only room available for our lesson with T. H. Williams ('Pindrop') was the Chemistry Laboratory. The geography was like nothing on earth as some of the more daring were producing noxious fumes, which eventually forced the whole class back into the corridor and a fair helping of detention.

After the remove, there were three fifth forms, 5A, 5B and 5M. 5M stood for modern but there was nothing modern about it as far as I could see. The three classes were housed in the Assembly Hall and the main feature of that year was the introduction of the first female student, Ann Francis, who attended for Physics and Chemistry, subjects not taught at the High School. As Ann lived not far away and we both attended the same junior school, we were able to compare some of our physics homework and this I found very helpful. 5M was the year in which we were to sit the School Certificate. It was in the Summer term of that year that I became very fond of one young lady and whilst racing on my bicycle to see her I had a collision with another cyclist, head on. This resulted in my sustaining a broken right hand and this certainly did not help my exam results (failure). I probably wasn't very bright but the broken hand was a good excuse. Thus, I had to spend an extra year in 5M. Among the staff, I remember with a certain kind of affection were C. E. Rees ('Pedro'), A. B. Codling, M. Vaughan, M. B. Edwards ('Gateau') Les Manfield and 'Taffy' Hughes. C. E. Rees will be remembered for his 'Beehive' weather station in the grounds of Old Hall and his maps drawn on the blackboard between lessons. He was most upset when someone painted his 'Beehive' black. I did meet him some years later when I was employed in the building industry. The company I worked for commenced building a large extension to a school in Cymmer Afan where he was Headmaster. He had come to view progress when he recognised me as being a former pupil of his. I remember his comment at the time: 'The rainfall in Cymmer Afan is 10 times that in Port Talbot'. I discovered this was quite true during the course of the contract.

A. B. Codling was exquisite with English Language and Literature, coupled with perfect diction. I always thought he had the most appropriate of initials—to suit his subject: A-B-C.

Morris Vaughan, although a very amiable character, was the exact opposite to A B C. Whereas A B C was always immaculately dressed, Mr. Vaughan's hair was always windswept and his gown in ribbons.

Bryn Edwards we found we could engage in argument on a topical subject such as school dinners. Les Manfield was, I suppose, something of a hero to us since, like Idwal Rees, he was capped for Wales. After a few years, he returned to Mountain Ash. 'Taffy' Hughes, obviously the Welsh teacher, was with me throughout the whole of my schooldays, for as I have previously said, I opted to take Welsh instead of French.

I have many more memories of Cowbridge Grammar School but to record them would take a whole journal. Some bring joy; others sadness. Nonetheless, I still believe that my schooldays were by and large very happy.

GLYN SIMKISS

THE 1950s

First day of the Michaelmas Term of 1953, a bright Tuesday early in September. The first day of term always was a Tuesday in those days, to allow for the arrival of the boarders on the previous Monday evening. The new boys made their way, expectancy mixed with apprehension, from the Town Hall bus stop, up the High Street, turning left at The Duke into Church Street.

Earlier arrivals—but only if they were old hands—sat on the wall opposite the tally courts, self-assured and superior. We stood on the pavement before them: a year's seniority is a yawning gap at the age of 11. The school bell tolled, and we followed the older boys into the Schoolroom. It was a tight fit even in those days, though there would have been scarce three hundred boys in the school at the time. We stood at the front, as new boys must. To our left stood the Sixth Form, fronted by the all-powerful prefects. The masters stood near the piano to our right.

The Headmaster, Idwal Rees, made his entrance, and ascended the rostrum. "Lord receive us ..." thundered out, followed by a reading of prayers and notices, a pattern which was to become familiar over the years. Our names were called as we were assigned to our forms, and off we trooped. We would discover one way or another what the rules were and what was expected of us. There were no prior visits or induction processes in those days.

The first week resolved itself into a kaleidoscope of impressions—begowned masters, Sixth Form giants, unfamiliar expressions, frightening stories of this or that master's ferocity (some of which turned out to be accurate). Above all we were aware of a pecking order which had us very firmly placed at the bottom of the heap. At lunch, in those early days, we tried to match teacher-appearance to subject taught; and failed in spectacular fashion. J. D. Owen never did teach French, nor Jim White Science.

In his book of reminiscences, Peter Cobb, retired cleric now but senior Geography master then, referred to that observation that the past is a foreign country. Certainly the Grammar School I knew as a boy was just that, from today's perspective, a country in which you obeyed the rules or suffered punishment, more often than not physical punishment at the hands of prefect or master. Usually the punishment was deserved; sometimes it was not; but in this robust world there was no redress. You dared not mention to your parents that you had been punished, since it would be assumed that the punishment must have been deserved, and there was a fair chance that parental chastisement would be added to that already received. This, too, was a lesson: life is not always fair.

The school in those days, like Caesar's Gaul, was divided into three parts. The Old School fronted Church Street. The building was mainly

given over to accommodation for the fifty or so boarders, but there were classes held in the Schoolroom (off which lay the Sixth Form Maths room), in two rooms in the adjoining corridor, and in the junior Chemistry laboratory. In between and beyond were the boarders' tuck room, prefects' study and boarders' locker room. As things worked out, I was to spend a number of my middle years in this area, since 3A was taught in the Schoolroom, 4A in Founder's Room, and Remove A in Seys Room.

Beyond the Southgate arch stood the day-boys' canteen, the gymnasium, two classrooms, a senior Chemistry laboratory, and—from about 1956—a Biology laboratory.

Opposite the tally-courts lay the lawned area in front of the Woodwork shed, and 'covered playground' which Old Bovians older than I will remember as a bicycle shed. Beyond the wall lay the magnificent Old Hall gardens adorned by a majestic copper beech, below which were strewn crocuses and daffodils in spring. More lawns, and what had once been grassed tennis courts led to Old Hall itself, a rambling and rather stately town house which had once belonged to the wealthy Edmond family, but which now housed a number of classrooms and staff-room.

These days were days of austerity. The war had ended but eight years previously. Old Hall, for instance, was heated by coal fires, and you roasted or froze depending on proximity to the fire and the time of day, since the fires were not replenished as the day wore on.

But new boys do not remain new boys for ever. The following September it was our turn to take our place on the wall: we had made a move—a small but significant one—up the hierarchical ladder. Five years later we were the prefects. Nothing ever seemed to change very much: the school's permanence appeared assured. Grandiose schemes for new buildings were outlined by the local politicians—I particularly remember the promise of a new boarding house to be built on the school field—but nothing ever came to fruition. Some masters moved on, but most stayed. The school year revolved around school matches, the school play, Speech Day, examinations and Sports Day. Teenage empowerment lay in the future: childhood was succeeded by young adulthood. After all, at 15 most youngsters were already entering employment. Compared with what goes on in schools of today, it was, indeed, a foreign country.

And where are its inhabitants now? Idwal Rees, J. D. Owen, Arthur Codling, Bryn Edwards, and so many others are gone. Happily some remain among us still—Iolo Davies, Peter Cobb, Adrian Trotman and one or two others. Even the boys of those days are retired or nearing retirement. Could this successful businessman really be the 'Shwn' David whose almost-convincing tales of far-fetched scandals involving the most unlikely members of staff enthralled an audience almost-willing to believe them? John Yardley's all-consuming passion for Elvis Presley and the world of pop music did not, after all, bring him fame in that

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world: he is a Professor of Latin now. Goff Lewis runs Social Services in Yorkshire—surely not the Goff Lewis whose self-assured tone of righteous indignation was enough to leave even the most confident member of staff off balance—the boy could not have said that, surely—a hesitation just enough for the moment to intervene to have passed.

Cowbridge Grammar School knew nothing of targets and strategies and policies and the other totems which have come to epitomise contemporary education. Above all it was a real community inhabited by real people.

COLIN LEWIS

THE EARLY AND MID 1960s

The early and mid-1960s coincided exactly with my teenage years. My grammar school life had begun on Tuesday, 9th September, 1955 when, along with 26 other boys, I had been placed in 2B.

Our form master, also new, was Mr Honddu Davies who later taught me junior maths, and English and Seys classroom, down the long corridor in the main building and lying between the prefects' study and the old chemistry laboratory, was where we had most of our lessons.

By April, 1960, my 13th birthday, I had been a pupil for one year and two terms. I was to remain a further six years, leaving in July, 1966 the same day that Bryn Edwards retired after over 40 years service and Peter Cobb left to further his studies in Theology at Cambridge University.

January, 1960, saw a new man take over as head of the physics department. He was, of course, only new to me, having previously been a pupil at the school from 1939 to 1946 and junior physics master from 1951 to 1955. I refer, to Adrian Trotman, subsequently my housemaster and now a friend whom have recently come into contact with again after a lapse of over 30 years.

The early '60s were in many ways a period of consolidation both for the United Kingdom as a whole and for the school. 1960 was a watershed year for me. In the summer term of that year I was placed much to my amazement, first in 3A and, as a result of that achievement would receive a prize at the following year's Speech Day—the first of four I was to gain. In December of that year I appeared in my first House Play 'The Happy Ending' and as a result was given the part of the Town Crier in 'Dr Knock', the 1961 School Play.

The buildings were located on three sites—the main school building in Church Street, Old Hall overlooking High Street, and the new part past Southgate, containing the day boys dining hall, the gymnasium, biology and chemistry laboratories and three other classrooms. It was not until September, 1964, when Old Hall was closed, that we moved into the extra part adjoining the newest section in Town Mill Road.

There was not a great turnover in staff during this time. Adrian Trotman, as already noted, had returned to replace Tom Evans who had died in tragic circumstances. John Marsden (Biology and junior Chemistry), Ken Helyar (junior Physics and Maths.) and Lloyd Davies (senior French) left to further their careers elsewhere and were replaced by Frank Palmer, David Hunt and Peter Wilson respectively. As the numbers grew from about 350 in 1958 to 400 in 1966, two additional masters were appointed—Gerry Meek in 1962 as assistant Maths. master and David Lloyd in September, 1964 as assistant English master.

An era ended in July, 1962, when the senior Chemistry master and deputy headmaster, John Dale Owen, retired after 41 years at the school. J. D., acting headmaster from October, 1941 to November, 1945, was one of the great characters in the school's history and is remembered by me more because of the fact that he gave me two strokes of the cane when I was in Form 4A rather than any chemistry I might have learnt. When he retired, Morris Vaughan took over as senior Chemistry master and Don Pugh ('Sniffy') gave up P. E. and games to take on junior Chemistry. Wyn Oliver, in his early 20s, replaced 'Sniffy' in charge of P. E. and games.

There were seven periods in a day, four in the morning each of 45 minutes with a quarter of an hour break at 10.45 a.m., and three in the afternoon each of 40 minutes with no break. The school's academic achievements were certainly on a par with those of previous generations. A number of the brightest won either scholarships or exhibitions to either Oxford or Cambridge and many others went to the provincial universities. St. John's College, Cambridge, probably because it was Idwal Rees's alma mater, took a number of Cowbridge boys, among them Tim Chilcott and Chris Gill, but the school's long association of over 300 years with Jesus College, Oxford was slowly being undone. In my eight years, only Clive Jenkins, of Ystradowen, became a student there.

As I progressed through school I became more and more involved in House activities and was secretary of Durel from 1962 to 1965. The house system continued, the ultimate prize being the winning of the Cock House competition. Leoline were, more often than not, the victors but were occasionally beaten by either Seys or Stradling. Durel were also rans, finishing bottom on many occasions. After 1951/52, they were never Cock House champions. Yet, one of the proudest moments for me was on 7th July, 1965 when, to the astonishment of many and to the delight of many others we won the Cock House Sports Day cup. This was in no small measure due to the efforts of our juniors from Under-14 downwards who were absolutely superb on the day, as they won medal after medal. It was the first time that Durel had won anything of significance since 1951/52 and I was over the moon—more so because no one had given us any chance.

Rugby and harrying were sports of the winter with cricket and tennis in the summer. For the last four years I acted as Recorder to the

harriers teams, with Iolo Davies as the master in charge. There was the annual fixture with Jesus College, Oxford, which took place in either October or early November and on two occasions I went on the trip. Other out of school activities included Christian Union, the Debating Society, which by 1965 was a joint venture with Cowbridge Girls High School, the Chess Club, the Scientific Society, Change Ringers, Badminton, Astronomical Society. The Fiction Library was another permanent feature.

Mr. Iolo Davies with his band of boarders continued to produce the weekly magazine 'the Lion' available every Monday morning during term time. Arthur Codling continued to edit the Bovian produced thrice yearly at the end of each term.

Speech Day was always held in May or in early June and we had a fair mix of speakers mostly from the field of education. The masters would wear full academic dress including their hoods which only came out on special occasions and Iolo Davies possessed a mortar board which he removed once the proceedings had started. Idwal Rees was always worth listening to as he reported on the school's activities both academic and otherwise. I only missed one Speech Day, in 1960, when I had no cause to go. All the other years I was either receiving a prize or certificate or, being a prefect, acting as a steward.

During the eight years, I made lots of friends, some older, some younger. Three, John Prichard mi (Wick), Howard Griffiths mi (Cowbridge) and Philip Thomas vi (Llantwit Major) were particularly close and I regret, that until his recent sudden death, John Prichard was the only one I was in regular close contact ! Two of my greatest friends from Durel were Bruce Maskell and Ian Mitchell ; both were prefects with me and were towers of strength on whom I could always rely.

My appointment as Dux Scholae in my final year was a great joy. I was following in the tradition set by Evan Seys some 350 years earlier and it was a privilege not given to 99.99% of all the other pupils who passed through the hallowed walls.

I had met Idwal Rees within half an hour of my arrival. I had been sent to fetch something or seek some advice from the headmaster. Idwal was in his study, invited me in and seeing I was new asked my name and where I came from. It was a meeting that was to change the whole course of my life at Cowbridge. From that moment on, I had no difficulty with the Headmaster. I respected him and thought that he brought tremendous qualities to the job. He always looked immaculate in his grey suit, his black polished shoes and MA gown billowing behind him.

If I had a problem or was in difficulty I would have had no hesitation in going and seeking his advice. When I left in July, 1966, his remarks on my last report were : 'I thank him for his loyalty and conscientiousness as Dux Scholae. Good luck ! '

As I look back, 40 or so years later, and regrettably not having had a university education, I realise how much my present opinions and

attitudes have been moulded by my time at Cowbridge. I was useless at things practical such as woodwork and art and had no love for rugby or gymnastics. Academically, certainly up until the sixth form, I was a good all rounder and my A level results, although not exceptional won me a place at Swansea University College. If I was asked to organise something or act as secretary to a society, I was in my element and would give of my best. I thoroughly enjoyed my time at Cowbridge—it was great fun and brings back memories of an age now long gone but ones which I will treasure for the rest of my days.

NEIL WORKMAN

THE LATE 1960s / EARLY 1970s

THE TIMES THEY ARE A-CHANGING

How does one approach an article describing seven years at school when memories of nearly 40 years ago are slightly blurred to say the least (and I must be one of the younger contributors). Detail is almost impossible (although I'm sure some will creep in as the years unfold), but the title gives a clue to the main thrust of the article. The '60s was a decade of great change, particularly for young people (and the repercussions for the older generation) and CGS was as affected as any institution by these changes, indeed, for what was one of the more traditional grammar schools the change was probably more accentuated.

By 1965 the Beatles and Rolling Stones were having a great effect on youth culture—clothes, hair, attitude and general outlook on life. Greater upheavals were to come with the advent of psychedelia, the summer of love and the Woodstock generation. In a way CGS was affected by these and by the time I left, the school was a totally different one to the one I arrived at on a sunny September Sunday afternoon in 1965. Still home to 50 boarders (£50 a term board and lodging—up to eight new arrivals each year) it was a great adventure for an 11 year old from Kenfig Hill and the opportunity to attend such a prestigious school was not to be missed.

First impressions—just as expected—dormitories of up to 20 beds, large communal dining room, school room, matron's room, perfects study, and the centre of all boarding houses—the tuck room lined with shelves of tuck boxes, each initialled—RMV, GTO, ND, JD, KN, GD etc. And, of course, the Headmaster—the imposing figure of J. Idwal Rees, who would be a great influence for the next few years. The new boarders arrived earlier than the rest, which was a good opportunity to meet new friends before the more senior boys arrived. Beds were allocated in top dorm, trunks unloaded and unpacked before being stored in Danny Powell's boot room until the end of term (a ritual to be repeated

21 times over the next seven years) and basic rules and regulations laid down by Mr. Rees and the matron, Megan Rees—the most formidable five footer I've ever met. Once the initial euphoria had passed, the realisation set in that this would be home for the whole term. A new life with 49 strangers.

The first day of term can be a trauma for any newcomer—coming from the top year in your school three months ago, to the bottom year. teachers who appeared to put the fear of God into all and sundry and prefects whose preferred method of discipline was the dap. Many of the teachers were coming to the end of their careers—Tudor 'Taffy' Hughes, Bryn 'Gateau' Edwards, Jack Adams, Alfie Vaughan, Don 'Sniffy' Pugh, Peter Cobb. All seemed to have been there for ever. Don Pugh ruled the junior Chem Lab with a mixture of fear (the dreaded glass (Krebs?) cabinet, use of the bunsen burner tubing, the club like bat beater) and good humour. Tudor Hughes came across as your favourite grandfather (but could still deliver a hefty boot up the backside), and Jack Adams seemed bored with the whole proceedings. Wyn Oliver had 'Sebastien' as his favoured weapon of punishment and the cane was still administered by the headmaster, along with the back of the hand by most others. Yes, corporal punishment was still alive and well.

In 1965 the boarding house still retained fagging and the prefects who were served by the juniors also relished giving their own form of punishment—the aforementioned dap. Without wishing to harp on about this, the dreaded dap was one of the most iniquitous throwbacks to the bad old days of boarding schools—meted out by bullies who had some sort of quasi—authority to punish kids for the most pathetic reasons—shoes not cleaned properly, running down corridors, talking out of turn. To be fair not all acted this way but it was one of the more unacceptable parts of life at that time. Over the next seven years this sort of punishment died out, as did most other forms of physical punishment. This was not an official banishment but what seemed to be more of the sort of change I was talking about earlier, a change of attitude and outlook. New teachers arriving brought a breath of fresh air—Jeff Alden, Gerry Meek, Dai Lloyd, Peter 'Peanuts' Wilson, Terwyn Parry, Hugh Williams while the likes of Adrian Trotman, Frank Palmer and Sid Harris had always seemed to have a more progressive outlook on teaching.

Some of the more traditional events seemed to take a further back seat—the school play, the annual senior and junior steeplechase. The school house plays died a death (it was always the enthusiasm of a few individuals that kept this going). In fact the whole set up of houses and house competitions gradually gave way to the more collective school team sports.

It is almost as if the old grammar school traditions were breaking down, maybe paving the way for the forthcoming comprehensive school. As the sixties wore on (although Idwal did his best to ensure that boarders hair did not go below collar length—the demon barber Ruben Owen

ensured this—the 'haircut list' read out at teatime by Idwal was feared by all) and school uniform was less rigid (no caps). I always remember the presentation of prizes at sports day circa 1968. The finest cross country runner in the school in the late '60s was Gareth 'Gadge' Vaughan who had a fine main of black hair and when the time came for the presentation of his prize Idwal announced 'and the winner of the senior steeplechase cup is Gareth Vaughan—or should I say Miss Vaughan.' However even on the hair front Idwal showed a certain tolerance.

By 1972 I would say that the school was totally unrecognisable from the school I started at in 1965. Idwal had gone, the comprehensive was a few years away and the boarding school was near closure. For all its faults I found it a wonderful school which, especially in the latter years, had the right mix of discipline and freedom and although Idwal Rees could be a disciplinarian he saw over a school that was a happy place to be a student in.

ROBERT VAUGHAN

OTHER CONTRIBUTIONS

Christopher Gill, M.A., PH.D.

Christopher Gill was a boarder at Cowbridge from 1957 to 1964 and during his time was the school's resident poet, with weekly contributions in 'The Lion' and thrice yearly in 'The Bovian'. A stalwart of the school plays, he will be best remembered for an outstanding performance as Lady Macbeth (1960). On leaving Cowbridge, he read Classics at St. John's College, Cambridge and holds a doctorate from Yale University in the United States. Married with four sons, he now lives in Exeter and is Professor of Ancient Thought at the University.

He writes thus :

COWBRIDGE GRAMMAR SCHOOL : A PERSONAL APPRAISAL

About 30 years ago, I found myself giving the main address and handing out the prizes at the annual school Speech Day (May 1973). I had recently come back to Wales as a lecturer in Classics at the University College of Wales, Aberystwyth, after holding temporary lectureships at Yale (where I had studied for the PhD) and Bristol Universities. As it turned out, it was the last Speech Day at Cowbridge Grammar School. The School had just received the news that the petition against the reorganisation of

the Cowbridge area on comprehensive lines had been rejected by the Secretary of State for Education (Margaret Thatcher). On the platform in Cowbridge Town Hall beside me were both the most vigorous advocate of comprehensivisation, Alderman Percy Smith, Chairman of Governors, and its staunchest opponent, Iolo Davies, Headmaster of the school. I had already decided to use my speech to try to sum up the distinctive qualities of Cowbridge Grammar School, as I saw them and had experienced them. The occasion gave this attempt a special, and poignant, significance. It was also the end of the Boarding House ; although Iolo Davies and others argued for the retention of boarding in the new comprehensive school, as was entirely possible, the Local Education Authority decided that the Boarding House would close along with the Grammar School.

I will try here to reconstruct the main themes of my speech on that occasion, though no doubt altered in memory. Obviously, my remarks reflect a personal standpoint : the responses of an academically inclined schoolboy and a boarder at a particular phase of the School's history. The special character of the School arose, I think, from a combination of some of the qualities and ambitions typical of a public school and a powerful sense of place and connection with the town and area. That combination was, to a degree, typical of the grammar school tradition, which was largely coming to an end in Britain in the 1970's. (This is in sharp contrast to other European countries : the German gymnasium, French lycée and Italian liceo classico still offer a comparable type of education.) But at Cowbridge, this combination was intensified by the Boarding House and the School's long history on the one hand (a history recounted in Iolo Davies's, 'A Certaine Schoole', Brown, Cowbridge, 1967) and by the nature of the locality on the other.

In what respects was the School like a public (independent) school ? The external signs were obvious : the rather imposing Victorian building, which contained the Boarding House, named class-rooms with crested stained-glass windows and the Headmaster's house. Also, the Schoolroom with the boards commemorating scholarships awarded at Oxford and Cambridge ; the system of prefects and house-competitions, the programme of sporting fixtures with other leading schools in the area. Other, less obvious, features were, I think, immensely important, above all, the very wide range of extra-curricular activities offered (and not only to boarders), particularly by the two Boarding House masters during my time, with their different but complementary interests, Peter Cobb and Iolo Davies. I had the strong sense of windows being opened all around ; and there is no other period of my life when I was so fully engaged in such a wide range of activities. For me, the most important ones were the weekly

'Lion' magazines (I wrote a poem each week) and the annual School plays, in which I took leading roles ; for others, it was bell-ringing in the next-door Church Tower or the Harriers (cross-country running). It was also, as I now realise, a huge privilege to be taken with other pupils to concerts, plays and operas in Cardiff ; to see, for instance, Lawrence Olivier and Maggie Smith in 'Macbeth' and 'Uncle Vanya', and to be able to discuss with other boys and masters exactly what we thought was - or was not - good about these famous actors. Indeed, the chance to discuss things - thoughtfully, frankly, irreverently - with masters and other pupils, is something I recall as a hallmark of life at the school. The Boarding House, of course, created occasions for this (over meals, in the dorms before 'lights out'), but it spilled out into school life more generally.

What about the actual teaching ? Did it live up to the school's academic ambitions ? What was striking in retrospect (though one took it for granted at the time) was that a large group of very able teachers stayed there for most or all of their careers, rather than seeking promotion, as several could have done, at other schools. My own learning experience was untypical, as I took 'O' levels after four years (in only five subjects) before spending three years studying Classics in the sixth form. I am not really in a position to make an objective appraisal of the quality of the teaching as a whole. What I certainly did receive in the first four years was an absolutely first-class training in the grammar of Latin (from Sid Harris), English (from Arthur Codling), and French (from Lloyd Davies). In editing, for instance, academic essays by other scholars, I am still powerfully aware what a secure linguistic basis I acquired in those years. This was further developed, of course, in the Classics Sixth with Iolo Davies ; but the most striking thing there was the stimulus to independent, mature thinking - the Classics Room operated like a running seminar. Also, Jim White, in his sixth-form General Studies lessons, positively bridled at any reluctance to take up intellectual challenges. Going to Cambridge as an undergraduate seemed initially a step backwards in this respect ; and it was quite some time before I found an analogous level of stimulus to independent thought there.

The intellectual vitality, the outside activities - this kind of thing made life in the School like a public school, at least one of the better ones. But only, and perhaps fortunately, up to a point. Over the years, I have discussed school experiences with many people, women as well as men, from public schools. Although reactions vary, of course, a surprising number cordially loathed their school-days, understandably, on their description. It is very striking that, although I was a swot, a poet, and completely hopeless at sport, I was not pitilessly bullied or even marginalised by

other boys. What made the difference ? How did Cowbridge Grammar School manage to combine many of the strengths of the public school with a remarkably tolerant and inclusive ethos, without being self-consciously 'liberal' or experimental. A large part of the explanation, as Peter Cobb suggests in his memoir (At Cowbridge Grammar School : 1949-66, Cowbridge Record Society, Cowbridge, 2001) lay in the character of the Headmaster at that time, Idwal Rees. Though seemingly rather conventional in background and attitudes, he had, in reality, a humane open-mindedness and a relaxed style, that allowed scope for diverse personalities and interests to flourish, among staff and pupils.

An example may highlight the point. In my first year in the school (1957-8), there was bullying, at least in the Boarding House, as well as 'hate-campaigns' against individual boys, and bitter fights were treated as spectator sports. But from my second year onwards this largely vanished and the atmosphere was much more friendly. Why the difference ? It's difficult to be sure ; but one key factor was the decision to let boys go out on Saturday nights to the local youth-club, to have a change of scene and meet girls and dance. The decision might have seemed potentially risky, but it undoubtedly helped to defuse the kind of interpersonal tensions that sometimes poison the atmosphere in boarding schools.

But also very important, and a second distinctive feature of the School (again marking a contrast from many public schools), was the strong sense of place and connection with its locality. The School was, in the first place, physically integrated with this rather small Vale of Glamorgan market town, right next to the parish church and, in Old Hall, close to the main street and cattle market. Groups of boys from the school and girls from the High School sprawled into the shops and cafés after school. Also, it was, of course, a grammar school, not a public school, and the pupils came from the town and surrounding area. Even the boarders were mainly from Glamorgan, the main exceptions being children of RAF parents like myself, who had joined the school via RAF St. Athan, and became boarders to enable continuity of schooling while our parents moved location every two years.

Also, the School, as an institution, played a role in the communal life of the town. School plays and sporting fixtures were local events ; boarders contributed a solid (sometimes sullen) block to the church congregations, attending twice on Sundays, and swelled the audiences of town plays and other functions. Boarders like myself, whose families were distant, were befriended by families from the churches we attended and also by the parents of more locally based boarders, who visited their sons on Sunday afternoons. I also came to know the House Masters as

friends, as they have remained, and became friends with their families. By the time I left the school, I felt I had experienced a rich, diverse, and very warm-hearted, social life in Cowbridge and parts of Glamorgan, and had shared in that larger community as well as that of the School.

The locality and its social style or idiom made a crucial difference to the School, though one that is not easy to define. As I have tried to bring out, much of what seems to me most characteristic of life at the School was the talk, the conversations, and their quality - often relaxed and funny but also reflective and informed. Fragments of these conversations still linger in my memory, half-attached to particular personalities and occasions. Although there is, of course, no one Glamorgan style, certain distinctive features stand out, by contrast (as I found out later in Aberystwyth) with Mid-Wales, as well as, of course, England. The characteristic mode is marked by directness, a willingness to be (openly) both serious and jokey from an early stage in the relationship, a dry, rather mordant, wit underpinned by a readiness to engage fully with other people. Though the style is not exactly classless, it is not class-defined in the way that most English styles are. I think the most important thing I learned at Cowbridge was - to put it rather simply - how to talk with people, and how valuable real conversation can be.

This appraisal has been, perhaps, over-personal. For instance, I have not tried to determine how much of what seems to me special about the School derived from its being a single-sex grammar school rather than (what my own sons attend) a mixed comprehensive. Nor have I attempted to assess whether the school population as a whole in the area was better served by the selective school system then in operation than by the comprehensive system which replaced it. What I have tried to do is to link my own, still powerful, memories with certain objective features of the School at that time. Perhaps, in the process, I have singled out some qualities that are important in any good school ; but, if so, it was at Cowbridge Grammar School that I learnt what these qualities are.

CHRIS GILL

A. B. CODLING

Arthur Bower Codling was the school's fourth longest serving master and from 1946 until his retirement in 1972 he was the senior English master. Editor of the *Bovian* from 1946 to 1968, he was the school's

Deputy Headmaster from September 1968 to July 1972; from September to November 1971 he was Acting Headmaster. In the final Bovian of July 1974 (no.240) he gave his impressions of school life from the mid 1930s until the early 1970s.

This is his article :

REFLECTIONS OF AN ELDERLY BOVIAN

It was on a sweet day in June that I first set eyes on Cowbridge Grammar School. Immediately I felt that it was the place for me, little thinking that I was to spend more than thirty years there. I was one of two candidates for the post of Resident Junior Latin and English master, with, as it turned out, C. W. B. (Ordinary Level) Scripture. As it happened, I knew the other candidate (both of us came from Oxford), which made things easier, and the two of us were pleasantly entertained to tea after interview by the Headmaster and his wife. This was the renowned Mr. and Mrs. Richard (Dick) Williams, the tough side of whose character I was to discover later on. One question put to me at tea was whether I had expected to be coming to a mining area—apparently my rival for the post had made a slight gaffe by admitting as much. As I hadn't thought about it one way or the other I was able to reply in the negative.

Two or three days went by and then a letter arrived to say that the job was mine if I was prepared to accept. I didn't hesitate. Posts were not easy to come by in those days. So it was that in September 1936, I came once again to Cowbridge, living in School House (in the same Boarding Master's Study as exists today) with a Mr. W. C. P. Harfoot, killed, alas! in the second World War. In those days we had to pay for the privilege of our bed and board (thirty shillings a week, or £1.50 in modern terms). This was the sort of figure charged quite commonly in those days for a week's lodgings, but we, of course, had to do duties on top of that. However, these were shared—somewhat to their indignation—by the non-resident masters, so things didn't come too hard. The only duty I really detested was Sunday tea at 4.15. As much as anything I think it was the mixture of food smells that put me off; but whatever it was I always felt a long way from home on those occasions.

In those days there was another boarding community: Franklen House, subsequently incorporated into the premises of R. H. Williams, the chemist (now Trevor Griffiths). This was presided over by Tudor Hughes, a former Deputy Head, who died not long ago. The boarding masters used often to forgather for tennis, and croquet on the Headmaster's lawn was another enjoyable pastime.

Richard Williams was, like most of us, a mixture. He could be charming and he could be tough. Many a boy who felt the sting of his cane will testify to the latter attribute. I remember developing a cold and being asked how it was in a tone of voice that seemed to suggest I should never have been weak enough to catch it. On one occasion the whole school, including staff, were made to stay in after 4 p.m. for what I can only describe as a fancied noise during morning assembly. Why did staff stand for such treatment, modern school—masters may wonder? Partly it was because, as I have said before, jobs were hard to come by in those days; partly because discipline was valued more highly—a virtue that we would do well to recover. At any rate, on that famous (or infamous) occasion 'Dick' didn't keep us long; but he had made his point—if it needed making—that he was the boss. But one thing could always be said in his favour; if he was tough with other people he was tough with himself; he worked other people hard but he worked himself hard—and he did it all for the sake of a well run school.

Life was not so hard at Cowbridge Grammar School in those days that we had no characters amongst the boys and no fun: there were plenty. One of the boys who amused me most was 'Joby' Griffin. In a Scripture lesson he suddenly took up his Bible and sat on it. When I remonstrated with him for this sacrilegious behaviour he burst out: 'My boil, sir, my boil! It appeared that he had a boil on his behind and had conceived this method of sitting, whereby the painful portion hung delicately over the side of Holy Writ. They say the Word has often brought comfort . . .

When I think of the boarders of those two years during which I was in residence my main memory is of how they talked. There was R. C. Williams, the Headmaster's nephew—in spite of the relationship repeatedly the most frequent recipient of the cane; 'Pop—eye' Gough; Nigel Francis; 'Fishy' Adams and many more. It was as though they had to expel their inhibitions when released from the routine of school or church or whatever it might be. And the noise from the Schoolroom during leisure hours was far greater than during the more relaxed regime of Mr. J. I. Rees.

My coming out of residence coincided with the advent of a new headmaster. Mr. Idwal Rees gradually brought to an end the participation of day staff in boarding house affairs—a situation which would in any case have become more difficult as staff from farther afield came to be appointed.

Not long afterwards came the war and unsettlement. I was called up in April 1941 and for four and a half years knew little or nothing of what was happening in Cowbridge Grammar School. When in early December 1945, I returned to the School

I was in for a shock—an explosion had taken place ; not the kind that we had been experiencing during several years of bombardment, but one of population. I became form—master of IIIa, then housed in Old Hall—now no longer part of the School. When I walked into their form—room the place seemed to be seething with boys ; there were actually 39 of them. In these days that is nothing unusual : a few years ago Remove A reached the record figure of 42 ; but I did wonder how I should cope with so many. It speaks volumes for the pleasantness of that crowd of boys that we got on splendidly for the most part, though I do remember one restless, if nice enough, lad called Edmonds whom I would occasionally punish by making him stand on one leg in a corner of the room—to the great delight of the class.

After I had been back at Cowbridge just over a year the Senior English Master moved to another post and I took his place and, along with it, the editorship of the Bovian. This latter was a job I came to enjoy particularly. It is a privilege, if a sad one, to be writing in this very last edition.

Nor can I possibly forget the School Plays that I was involved in over the years with so many members of the staff and boys—and even once a girl, a High School pupil, actually, who attended certain classes in the Grammar School. If I had to pick out shows that provided most enjoyment for me I think they would be : ‘The Frogs’, ‘1066 and All That’, ‘The Mikado’, ‘The Beggar’s Opera’ and ‘The Birds’.

And so the years passed peacefully. The School continued to grow. New buildings, which had begun with a dining hall and gymnasium in 1938, were slowly added, and fresh staff appointed.

And now what ? A school that has been happy and successful is to be sacrificed on the altar of politics. Despite the efforts of Mr. I. D. Davies, who succeeded Mr. J. I. Rees as headmaster in 1971 ; despite all that other members of the staff, Old Boys and parents could do ; in September next Cowbridge Grammar School will disappear and be merged into a large comprehensive school. It seems that there are those who believe that the Grammar School was a centre of privilege. What rubbish ! The sons of prosperous middle class and professional men mixed with the sons of working—class folk in complete harmony. The headmaster knew everybody. That must now be lost and replaced by a soulless mass—producing educational unit. Children of weaker mental ability, so far from feeling that there is now no barrier between themselves and the brighter pupils because they are in the same school, will be rendered even more aware of their deficiencies by seeing the superiority of others at closer hand. How much longer must we go on with this pretence of equality ?

I’ve said enough, but for a long time yet, wherever two old Bovians meet, and—one likes to think—in heavenly academies too, the toast will be *Floreat Memoria Scholae Boviensis*.

A. B. CODLING, M.A.

Jesus College, Oxford

The school’s historic ties with Jesus College, Oxford dated from the late Seventeenth Century.

In the article below, Geoffrey Gale, (1937—1943) a Meyricke scholar, reflects on life at the university during the last year of the Second World War. (Bovian 152 July, 1944)

OXFORD IN WARTIME

In this, the fifth summer of the war, Oxford is evidently in battle dress. A large number of the students are in the uniform of one or other of the fighting services, preparing for the difficult task of leadership ; even the learned frequenters of the senior common rooms have to turn occasionally from the Muses to the problems of Mars, and we see one of Britain’s great authorities on military history—nearly 70 years of age—wearing the very unacademic dress of the Home Guard, albeit adorned with corporal’s stripes. Water tanks and escape ladders disfigure our quadrangles, and even the American visitors are in uniform.

The University has, indeed, played its part in the common struggle. Many students have left her to fight at the front in all parts of the world, from Burma to Yugoslavia ; many have gained high honours (old members of the Air Squadron alone have won nearly 100 decorations) ; many have given their lives. The University likes to feel that they have fought better, led better and died better because of the lessons they learned during the time—be it 10 years or six months—which they spent within its boundaries. But at the same time, it is not fair to forget those who are denied uniforms and decorations, those who unfortunately are sometimes accused of having a good time at College while others do the fighting. I mean, of course, the research students whose work is so tiresome and so invaluable, but which for obvious reasons receives no publicity. Penicillin is but one of Oxford’s contributions to the Allies in the field of science.

Let us spare a moment, too, to think of the position of the women students. Striving to do three years’ work in two, they have to suffer all the inconveniences of a servant shortage from which the men are spared. Nor does the regulations enforcing

twelve hours war work a week pass them by. 'They are to be found fire-watching, in the Observer Corps, in canteens, looking after day nurseries, in fact carrying out dozens of those important tasks which we rarely even think about. I have even seen girls (who were quite the reverse of "beefy") filling holes in the road outside Lady Margaret's with barrow loads of stones which they had wheeled there themselves. Work like that is no light thing for girls who come from well-appointed homes and have spent their lives until now under the comparatively benign regime of girls' boarding schools or of governesses. Yet I have heard no serious complaints.

But when one has become accustomed to the surface differences caused by the war—uniforms, water tanks, dehydrated egg for breakfast (and served in Hall at that!) and all the other things—does one find that the fundamental spirit of Oxford has changed?

I think not. The University is a little graver perhaps, and the War absorbs its leisure moments. But the essential spirit of truth, the conviction that true learning and character are far superior to mass-produced ability, the atmosphere of eternal youth, that casual appearance that conceals so much, all these remain.

Oxford still preserves its old traditions and enshrines that conception of education which, in the words that Lord Acton uses of History, "compels us to fasten on abiding issues and rescues us from the temporary and the transient." And Oxford students continue to learn as much by discussions with their fellows and with those people of great experience in affairs who still find time to come to talk to us, as in the lecture rooms. I myself, in one term, had the privilege of hearing the views of the Lord Chancellor, the Home Secretary, a well-known woman reporter, a great headmaster, a Welsh dramatist, one of our finest historians, and many other people of repute. And all these people came, not to lecture a well disciplined audience from a conveniently lofty platform, but to talk matters over with us on an equal footing. Such is the catholicity of youth that all were welcomed, and all met a barrage of searching and sometimes embarrassing questions.

The work of liberal education still goes on. It is the pride of the University that it learns from the past so as to profit for the future, and it is not surprising that it has so often been the home of reformers. 600 years ago it was Wycliffe: today it is Beveridge. It is a noble tradition, and let us hope that many more Bovians will follow in the footsteps of that company of their predecessors who have shared in it, and that they will help Oxford play an even more distinguished part in the peace than that in the war.

Culture has not vanished from Europe. We can still feel this—and feel it most, I think—as we walk through Oxford at its best, by moonlight. And we can rejoice as we walk between silvered walls, disturbed only by the flutter of a gown, following a long dead martyr's ghost down Brasenose Lane.

G.G.

Tim Chilcott, M.A. D. Phil

Tim Chilcott was a boarder at Cowbridge from 1955 to 1961. Like Christopher Gill, Tim, too, was a stalwart of the school plays; he played the second piano for the school's productions of *The Mikado* (1959) and *Iolanthe* (1962).

A distinguished academic, Tim now lives in retirement in Brighton. In the ensuing article, Tim reflects on the production of *'The Mikado'* and of the heroic efforts Peter Cobb made to ensure its success and of his own part in the making of *'The College'*, a film about life at the school, which, as revealed in Peter Cobb's book *'At Cowbridge Grammar School 1949 to 1966'* Idwal Rees 'considered the most outstanding achievement by any pupil during his headship'.

'THOSE BLUE REMEMBERED HILLS':

THE MAKING OF THE MIKADO AND THE COLLEGE

It says something about the special world of Cowbridge Grammar School during the 1950s that I now remember almost nothing about the teaching it provided, but almost everything about the education it gave. The classrooms, the set texts for 'O' and 'A' level, the exams, the essays, even the lessons themselves, have long since sunk into oblivion, resurrected only by fitful remembrance, a fleeting image that fails to solidify. So many new facts taught and learned – clause analysis, rivers of England, chemical equations, dates of battles – and all of them now decently buried by the alembic of memory. But other things (and paradoxically more general things) have retained a clarity and focus that are as sharp now as they were half a century ago: the broad mental space that was not only tolerated but actively demanded, the delight in the improvised and the tangential, the benign anarchy that seemed to permeate so many of the place's activities. I often think that, if there was a *genius loci* at the school, his name was certainly not Zeus or Apollo or Prometheus, but rather Pan.

There were two events around the turn of the decade that, for me, have come to crystallise the school's distinctive qualities: the production

of *The Mikado* in 1959, and the film *The College*, made two years later. That the school had no music department, no instruments save two old pianos, no singers, no reliable cine-camera or tape recorder or projector, seems to have had little if any bearing on the decision to mount either project. On the blithe assumption that only a bad workman needs good tools (and conversely, that good workmen really need no tools at all), masters and boys generated an enthusiasm that survived seemingly impossible artistic and technical odds. For some like me, the two productions were to make for unforgettable days.

Gilbert and Sullivan's *Mikado* had been chosen as the annual play to coincide with the school's 350th anniversary—momentous year requiring some suitable notable production—and that the play was even considered a possibility, let alone realised with such energy, was almost entirely owing to one person, Peter Cobb. Few who witnessed the triumph of the final outcome will have realised how enormous his contribution was, or the commitment with which it was carried through. His own memoir omits all mention of what it cost. After a day's teaching, there would almost always be a rehearsal to be conducted, and tuition not simply in Sullivan's score (that would have been too easy) but in the absolute basics of musical notation. I still remember an early lesson ('Here are five lines. If the black blob goes up, you sing higher. If it goes down, you sing lower'). Then, a little later, far greater sophistication, as so it seemed ('This is a crotchet. You sing it for twice as long as this, which is a quaver'). Then the rehearsal of parts (treble, alto, tenor, bass), first of all separately and then gradually together into four-part chorus. And throughout the rehearsals, the nagging fear that the bell-like treble who was holding the soprano line together would return the next day, his voice starting to break. After the rehearsals, there was hour after evening hour to be spent arranging Sullivan's music into a two-piano version, brilliantly realised, and then copying the transcription by hand for me, as the second pianist. How, given such obstacles, Peter Cobb managed to hold down his 'day job' as a teacher of geography, I shall never know. And the dedication was all the more remarkable for giving us boys so little hint of the pressures inevitably felt. Just once, though, I saw them, unforgettably. A final dress-rehearsal for *The Mikado* had just begun, with the opening performance a night later. A group of listless boys wandered on to the Town Hall stage, in the ostensible guise of Japanese noblewomen. 'Comes a train of little ladies,' they murmured, 'From scholastic trammels free'—and a more mournful, tuneless declaration can scarcely have ever been heard. 'Each a little bit afraid is': the tunelessness deepened. 'Wond'ring what the world can be': the shuffling voices had become almost inaudible. Two more bars of this, and 'what the world could be' was no longer a matter of wonder, but a piano lid crashing down with almighty force. Peter was incandescent with rage. 'D'you think I've given up six months of my life to hear you shower sing like that? How dare you! Sing! (crash of piano lid),

SING! (CRASH!), SING! (CRASH!). No Old Testament prophet could have had a more stunning impact. Galvanised by utter terror, the chorus started again, but now loud, in tune, *con molto brio*. Death by a thousand cuts would have been preferable to a fourth crash of that piano lid.

The reawakened energy flowed into the entire run of performances. Even to hard-nosed observers not directly involved, it must have seemed an extraordinary week. Out of many memorable performances, John Beckett's *Katisha*, Christopher Edwards' *Koko*, and Roger Garfield's *Pooh-Bah*, remain in the memory, not least because each seemed to move into his role so effortlessly. And I recall that a single line was delivered with such superb comic inflection that it brought the house down every night. Threatened with an unimaginably horrific death by the *Mikado*, Garfield's *Pooh-Bah* painfully raised his head from his prone position on the stage, and bleated a strangled cry through at least three octaves: 'But I wasn't even there!'. It was a moment to place against Edith Evans' slowly raising eyebrows and comparable run through three octaves as she queries Jack Worthing's place of birth in *The Importance of Being Earnest*: 'A haaaaaand-bag?'

Of all the performances that week, though, the finest was undoubtedly the last night. Word had clearly spread through school and town about how remarkable a production this was, and the Town Hall was packed, with not only every seat taken but also boys standing in the aisles and at the back, crushed against walls and doors and windows, in contravention, one suspects, of every possible fire and safety regulation, even in those laxer days. Colin Lewis, if I remember aright, was my page-turner; and somehow, we had managed to obtain and secrete inside the piano a bottle of Tizer and a bunch of grapes, which we took out and devoured during suitable periods of spoken dialogue. As the final chorus came to an end, and Peter Cobb and I crashed out Sullivan's last fortissimo chords, there was a riot of sound such as I had never heard before, and rarely since. Clapping, whistles, bravos, feet stomping, encores, whooping, cheers—this was noise closer to the most raucous performance of 19th century Italian operetta than to a small country grammar school concluding its annual School Play. And, as final speeches concluded, the truth was acknowledged that this marvellous élan would not have existed but for Peter Cobb badgering, encouraging, inspiring, a school that really had no music at all into a school where music had become a vitalising, shared pleasure, accessible to all.

The impact of *The Mikado* was immediate enough to bring the recognition that its achievement ought to be recorded in some more permanent form; and before the set was struck the following day, two masters (I think Reg Whittle and Don Pugh) brought a cine-camera and tape recorder to the Town Hall in the hope of preserving one or two choruses for posterity. Even with the kindness of memory, it might be said that the result left something to be desired. Not only had extended

choruses to be shot from an entirely static camera position, but there was, unfortunately, no discernible relationship between the movements of the chorus' mouths and the sounds that they made. It was scarcely surprising, therefore, that when, some months later, I approached Idwal Rees, the then headmaster, and proclaimed, 'I'd like to make a film about the school', his already furrowed brow should have furrowed even more deeply. He may well have realised that there is nothing more calculated to inspire the young than the apparent ineptitude of their elders, but equally that there is nothing more foolish than to encourage the young to repeat the same mistakes. Nonetheless, he agreed to the idea, characteristically set no guidelines or prohibitions on the film's content, and gave me £30 to buy or hire whatever material was needed.

In best Hollywood tradition, the final film came in way over budget (nearly £43, if memory serves); but the making of it during the spring and summer terms of 1961 remains one of my very warmest memories of Cowbridge Grammar School. I was by that time in the third-year Sixth, 'A' and 'S' levels safely tucked away, a university place assured, and with nothing to do but soak myself in a glorious, creative indolence. A number of artistic decisions were, I think, made almost immediately. The film would be in colour, the overall structure would follow a composite school day from morning to night, and there would be a sound commentary but no attempt to synchronise voices with actual lip movements. Three enormous arc lamps were hired from a photographer's shop in Bridgend to light the interior scenes, and threatened to fuse the school's entire electricity supply whenever they were turned on. And exterior scenes were shot as weather or event allowed. Half way through the summer term, sequences concerned with lessons, the school run, rugby and cricket, bell-ringing, the school play, exams, the weekly newspaper *The Lion*, had all been shot and processed. Peter Cobb advised on the choice of music as background accompaniment; and Iolo Davies wrote and spoke a telling and beautifully modulated commentary, which gave the visual sequences coherence and point, and which fashioned some splendidly adept transitions to cover up continuity gaffes (shots of printing a clearly pink-coloured *Lion*, for instance, being followed by the selling of an equally clearly blue-coloured *Lion*). John Beckett, Adrian Codling, Iain Paton, and several others, helped with splicing the film, gluing the pieces together, and other editorial tasks – and by the evening before Sports Day (the day chosen for the first showing), all was ready for the final recording of Iolo's commentary.

As the evening wore on, however, it became clear that I had woefully underestimated a crucial technical problem. Not only did the school's cine-camera, tape recorder, record player, and projector run at variable speeds to each other, they also ran at variable speeds to themselves. And so, although a medium shot of the school bell ringing might coincide exactly with its sound on a first run-through, on the second and third, the sound might be heard five seconds before the shot, or ten seconds

after. The actual frames of the film, of course, could not be added to, nor at this late stage, cut away. The tape recorder had a single, if erratic, speed—and even if it had been able to run faster or slower, Iolo's voice could clearly not be allowed to rise or fall an octave in mid-sentence. The old projector, though, had one saving virtue. It could run at two speeds: normal and (on a good day) faster-than-normal. And so the decision was taken that, at crucial points in next day's showing, I would signal to Beckett and Codling to speed it up for four or five or however many seconds might be necessary to catch up with the commentary. With some subtle timing, few should notice that a runner's legs were momentarily moving rather faster than usual, or that the large cup of steaming cocoa a boy had at his lips had, a second later, been entirely downed. We all got to bed late in the early hours, exhausted but relieved.

The following day, with screen and audience in the poorly blacked-out Gym, and noisy projector and tape recorder in the adjacent changing-room, The College received its world première through a small and less than spotless window in the changing-room door. Standing in the shadows by the door, I was able to mime speed-instructions to the projectionists behind; and mercifully, sound and vision were at last synchronised for the 25 minutes of the film's showing. As Iolo's final words 'Goodnight, children, everywhere' and final orchestral chords were heard, 'The End' more or less simultaneously appeared on the screen—and the Gym erupted in obvious and unfeigned delight. As with *The Mikado*, the marvel was, perhaps, not simply that a film about the school had been made at all well, but that it had ever been made at all.

The reception that *The College* received that afternoon was an enormous delight, not only to me but to all of us who had been involved. Yet in the way of things, it could so easily have become a nine-day wonder, praised and then utterly forgotten. That this was not its fate is entirely due to Iolo Davies who, in the weeks and years following, tirelessly promoted its cause, showing it to countless audiences throughout Wales, having tape and celluloid transferred on to 8mm. sound film in 1980, and then arranging for safe deposit, initially at the Glamorgan Record Office and finally at the Welsh Archive of Film and Television in Aberystwyth. Knowing nothing of this careful guardianship, I had long thought the film entirely destroyed when, two years ago, a video tape and letter arrived from Iolo; and I sat down to witness scenes and sounds and faces I had not seen or heard for forty years.

Moments and events like these are not daily happenings in anyone's life; and when they occur in adolescence, it is very easy for them to take on in later life a special nostalgic glow, the subtle power of A.E. Housman's 'blue remembered hills /... of lost content'. The adult mind, more bruised, is more questioning: was it really 'content'? were they true hills? were they that blue? To judge the truth of a remembered past against the massive swirl of details that have intervened since then is never easy. Certainly, the faults and defects of the school during the time

I was there would form a litany of limitations : restricted curriculum (compounded by a clear bias towards the arts rather than the sciences); antiquated, ill-equipped buildings ; formal teaching that veered between the inspired and the non-existent ; food that was sometimes close to uneatable ; little contact with the larger world outside ; and so on and so on. Yet the sense I ultimately retain of the place is not of limitation but of expansiveness. It fostered broad perceptions and understandings, and gave wide margins to the text of adolescent development. It was unrheterical, going quietly about its business without any spurious, loud appeal to a 'strategy' or 'mission' or 'ethos' or 'vision'. It was never crabbed, or tight, or mean, in its spirit. Indeed, if there is a single word that crystallises its intellectual and emotional atmosphere for me, it is the word 'generous'. There was a generosity of attitude about the place, a generosity all the more telling for being so entirely understated. 'Fine,' the school implicitly said to me, 'go and make a film, play the piano, give up rugby, smoke a ciggie. But always remember that there are far worse, and far better, things that you might do.' And because it said that to me in liberation, it gave me wings. And—the ultimate generosity—it gave me wings, after those champagne days of *The Mikado* and *The College*, to fly away and leave it all behind.

I don't think you can ask much more from an education than that.

TIM CHILCOTT

Five Distinguished Benefactors : Obituaries

Sir Thomas Mansel Franklen	(No. 105 December, 1928)
William Thomas Gwyn	(No. 112 March, 1931)
Sir William Jenkins, M.P.	(No. 154 March, 1945)
Arthur William Gwyn	(No. 186 December, 1955)
Ralph N. Bird	

SIR THOMAS MANSEL FRANKLEN

By the death of Sir Thomas Mansel Franklen the County of Glamorgan lost a great public figure, who had played a very great part in the management of affairs and served the County faithfully and with very great ability for 50 years. Tributes to his work and memory have been paid in the Press and by every public body ; we are concerned not so much with his public career as with his work for the school. We have suffered a very grievous loss by his death. Sir Thomas's connection with the School goes back a very long way. His great-great-grandfather, Daniel Durel, was Headmaster of the School from 1721—1763,

and the Rev. W. Franklen Evans, Headmaster till 1919, was a distant connection. Sir Thomas took a keen interest in the School in Mr. Evans's time, and on Mr. Evans's retirement he devoted much time, energy, and thought to negotiating and carrying through the scheme under which the School in now governed. He became one of the original governors of the School under this scheme and the whole government of the School since that date has been carried out under his guidance. A site for the future expansion of the School was secured in 1919 but high costs and, afterwards, the need for economy prevented the development of various schemes put forward on his initiative. Through his good offices the School field was purchased in 1922, and in that year he became the most recent of our benefactors by making over to the School certain properties in the High Street which had come down to him from his ancestor, Dr. Durel. From the first Sir Thomas wished this property to be used to increase the accommodation for boarders, but as it was let under lease that could not be done at once. But in 1925 Sir Thomas bought out some of the leaseholders, and plans were begun for the conversion of the Great House. In November of the following year the structural alterations were completed and the house was opened as an additional boarding house. To commemorate the gift and the name of Sir Thomas the house has been named Franklen House, so that the name of Franklen will be associated with the School for future generations to remember. Sir Thomas's memory is also perpetuated by the inclusion of his coat of arms among those of our founders and other benefactors in the window of the Founders' Classroom.

To connect the Franklen House property to the School, Sir Thomas purchased a strip of land at the back. This was enclosed and planted during 1927 and, last of all, again through Sir Thomas's initiative, a hard tennis court was constructed in Franklen House garden last Easter, adding a finishing touch to the whole. The completion of this part of his scheme for the enlargement of the School gave, we believe, great pleasure to Sir Thomas.

But this was only a part of the work he did for the School ; his advice and help in all difficulties was always at our disposal and was invaluable, and his position in the County Council Offices enabled him to watch over our every interest. No School function was complete without him and nothing but illness ever kept him away. Seldom can a school have had a more devoted governor. We feel that we have lost our prop and main-stay and can apply to him Scott's lines on Pitt.

Now is the stately column broke,
The beacon light is quenched in smoke,
The trumpet's silver sound is still,
The warder silent on the hill.

R.W.

WILLIAM THOMAS GWYN

This winter has taken from us one of the most loyal sons of the School. Mr. W. T. Gwyn entered the School in the year 1868, and the Latin he learnt at School carried him successfully through his Law examinations. He was soon appointed Town Clerk of Cowbridge and, in that capacity, rendered his native borough most loyal, loving, and disinterested service, until failing eyesight forced him to relinquish his post, a very short time before his death. His townsmen, in 1929, showed their appreciation of his character and service by conferring upon him the Freedom of the Borough. But if the borough claimed his chief devotion, he had a very warm corner in his heart for his old School, and was never tired of singing its praises or showing his interest in all its activities. He was President of the Old Boys' Association before the war, and again when it was revived a year or two ago. His kindness endeared him to all and the esteem in which he was held was shown by the numbers who were present at his funeral, at which the School also paid its last tribute to his memory by lining Church Street as his funeral cortege passed.

SIR WILLIAM JENKINS, M.P.

It is with deep regret that we have to record the passing of Sir William Jenkins, M.P., a Governor of the School since April, 1934, and Chairman of the Governors from July, 1934 to July, 1938. His life story was a romantic one, for he began work at the age of 11, and worked underground as a miner until he was 27. He was elected to the Glamorgan County Council in 1906, and from then onwards he spent his life in service to the public. He was especially devoted to the interests of the working man and his children, being determined that they should not lack the opportunities which were denied to him in his youth. As a member of the Education Committee from 1918 onwards, he laboured unceasingly to raise the standard of education for the youth of Glamorgan by the provision of every facility from the Elementary School to the University.

Amongst the many responsible positions which he held may be mentioned the Chairmanship of the Federation of Education Authorities for Wales, and, in 1938, the honour of being the first Welshman to hold the Chairmanship of the Association of County Councils. He was made Labour M.P. for Neath in 1932, and during his long political career, he was a member of the panel of the Chairman of the House of Commons. He became a Justice of the Peace for the County, and he was finally knighted for his public services.

He took a special interest in Cowbridge School. He was proud of its long tradition of learning, going back to the early days of the 17th Century, and he did much to preserve the old character of the School, and to keep up its connection with Jesus College. At the same time, he

was determined that it should not lack modern equipment, and we owe him a special debt of gratitude for his efforts to provide us with a new Dining Hall, and Gymnasium in 1938.

It is said that he was proudest of all when referred to as the "children's friend" or—as he himself would have put it in his native Welsh—"cyfaill y plant." He could also with justice have been called a "friend of Cowbridge School."

ARTHUR W. GWYN, Esq.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

RALPH N. BIRD

Ralph Bird was a pupil at the Grammar School from January, 1908 to December, 1914 and in the 350th Anniversary edition of *The Bovian* (No. 195 December, 1958) wrote an account of life at the School in the years immediately prior to the First World War.

A local businessman he maintained his interest in the School and its activities throughout his life. In July, 1970 he presented the prizes at the annual sports day.

A Governor at the School, he was President of the Old Boys' Association during the '70s and its acting secretary from 1977 to 1979. During his time as secretary he was instrumental in ensuring that the stained glass windows in the Founders and Seys classrooms were transferred from the School to the Holy Cross Church.

Ralph Bird's son, Roger, was a pupil at the School in the late '40s and his grandson, Jeffrey, (1969 to 1976) is the current treasurer of the association.

A Greatly Loved Master And A Greatly Loved Pupil

ERIC AINSLEE REID

Of all the masters and mistresses who taught at the Grammar School perhaps the most loved and most missed was Eric Ainslee Reid. Born and brought up in Northern Ireland, he entered Queens University, Belfast in 1912 where he obtained his B.A. in English. Joining the staff in September 1919 Reid's love of his subject, together with his Christian ideals and strong moral principles, were soon evident. He took over the Editorship of the *Bovian*, revived the Debating Society, reorganised the Library and with great energy and enthusiasm produced the annual school play. He was the master in charge of Franklen House and a pillar of the League of Nations branch which he himself formed in Cowbridge. He abhorred war and found corporal punishment offensive. He bore his spinal illness with great courage but passed away suddenly in January 1933 aged 47 years.

He lies buried in Llanblethian Churchyard.

His cousin Miss Helen Waddell wrote in the *March*, 1933, *Bovian* (No. 118) thus :

On the 2nd of July, 1798, James Porter, minister of Grey Abbey in County Down, and great—great—grandfather of Eric Reid, was hanged for high treason before his own manse door. He had been a great and unwearied lover of knowledge, more especially the natural sciences, had travelled up and down the North with his model balloons and an electric battery, making experiments the like of which no man had seen, a scholar and a lover and buyer of books ; and he was middle—aged but still ardent in that world of dawning revolution, of which Wordsworth and Coleridge felt that to be young in it was very heaven. But already it was high treason to sing the Marseillaise along the country lanes, and something very near it to believe that one's Catholic neighbour should have a vote. James Porter was a master of irony, and he spared neither the government nor the Marquis of Londonderry, though the Marquis' son and he had been friendly enough in the strange false dawn of Castlereagh's generous youth. At any rate, by 1798 he was in hiding in the Mourne Mountains which have given stern shelter to many a hunted man before and since ; in June he was arrested on the charge of holding up His Majesty's mails with military despatches to the garrison at Portaferry, and the false swearing of an informer procured his conviction. He was sentenced to be hanged, drawn and quartered. His wife trailed to Mountstewart with her eight children, the youngest a baby in her arms, but was denied : she that had been one of the proud Knox's stood in the road like a beggar to intercept the old Marquis in his coach : but he bade the coachman drive on. Yet some mercy crept into the barbarity of the sentence, it was commuted to plain hanging on the green knoll between the Church and the manse. His wife, dumb in her agony, came to meet the grim procession, in the midst of which her husband walked for the last time down the familiar road. It halted, that he might speak to her. He looked at her, smiling.

"So dearest," he said, "I am to sleep at home tonight."

To those of us who knew Eric Reid there is no story that so frames his life as this legend of savagery and tenderness and pain that flowered at the gallows' foot into high poetry. For in his pain—haunted and heroic body the ardent gentle ironic spirit of his great—great—grandfather seemed to incarnate, burnt again in those great grey eyes. They said that the older man was the handsomest of the men of his generation ; there were few faces more beautiful than his great—great—grandson's, unless graven in stone.

From his earliest childhood the boy was acquainted with pain, pain that bowed his back, and that culminated in his thirtieth year after months of wearing agony in a partial paralysis of the spine, which was with him to the end, and cost him intermittent fierce bouts of suffering.

Yet never was there such gay agony. "Behold," said St. Paul, "we count them happy which endure," but his happiness was no assumption. He was of that rare company who before ever they have left the body "By martyr's pain have come unto this peace."

He was born in 1885 and almost from birth lived in a comfortable ivy-covered old red-brick house with a garden and trees about it, looking across the salt Holywood flats to Belfast Lough, and the lights of Queen's Island where the shipyards are, and to the Antrim Hills where Wolfe Tone, his idol, swore—in the United Irishmen by night. He was the youngest of three children in a house full of grown-up people, for their young mother had died when Eric was still a baby, and the children were brought up by two aunts, beloved not only by these three, but by a swarm of cousins who ate gooseberries in the kitchen garden and had fun in the old house; and under the aunts there was Uncle Archie, a silent man with a slow kind gaze and a passion for wild duck shooting—there were glass cases of his victims, beautifully stuffed, all over the house; and the children's father, Alexander Reid, as visionary and idealist and unexpectedly practical as his youngest son. The boy was too delicate for much schooling, but he read omnivorously, beginning with his great-uncle, Captain Mayne Reid, and Sir Walter Scott, and writing plays and poetry, most of it about Ireland or the sea. The poet in him survived his youth. As he grew older, he studied design under a remarkable Frenchman from Alsace, M. Prang, who filled him with his own impartial passion for Schiller and Victor Hugo. From 1906—1912 he worked as designer for the York Street Linen Company, but in 1912 entered Queen's University to read for Honours in English Language and Literature under that reserved and massive scholar, untimely dead—Professor Gregory Smith. He took the University Prize in English Language and Literature and only that his final year coincided with the acute stage of his spinal trouble, his Second would have been a First. After teaching for one year at the North Eastern Counties School and for a term at Cork Grammar School he came in September, 1919 as English master to Cowbridge, and there remained, his life growing richer and fuller with every year until his death after sharp but most brief pain, on January 16th, 1933. He never married, but the relationship between him and his sister Beatrice, who kept house for him for the last six and a half years, was rare and beautiful; while the death of his elder brother, Dr. James Reid, left him the fatherhood of four children not his own, unless in love.

The School to which he gave the richest years of his life has done him honour, and will keep him in remembrance, and it is not fitting for one of his own kin to praise him. Yet death, like twilight, blots out day's mutable distinctions, and the men who were his friends, and the boys whom he taught the love of letters, and those of his family who knew even better than they his almost intolerable generosity of soul, are one in

mourning him. "Man," wrote Arthur Balfour, "will go down into the pit, and all his thoughts will perish, the uneasy consciousness, which in this obscure corner has for a brief space broken the contented silence of the universe, will be a rest. 'Imperishable monuments' and 'immortal deeds' will be as though they had never been. Nor will anything that is better or be worse for all that the labour, genius, devotion, and suffering of man have striven through countless generations to effect." Yet remembering this one life only, and this death, something in us gives the lie to this philosophy of a dead star.

"The present's nothing: but eternity Abides for those on whom all truth, al' good, Hath shone, on one entire and perfect light."

Every year since Reid's death, a prize has been awarded in his memory to the pupil who either wrote an English essay, which in the opinion of the judges merited the award, or achieved the highest marks in English at GCE 'Ordinary' level. The list of winners is as follows:

E. A. REID MEMORIAL PRIZE WINNERS 1934 TO 1974

The first prize was presented to I. V. Pugh on speech day, 2nd February, 1934. The subsequent dates refer to the speech day at which the award was given.

1934	I. V. Pugh
1935	L. Herapath
1936	G. Howells
1937	J. D. Davies
1938	J. D. Gwyn
1939	J. H. Adams
1940	H. E. Phillips
1941	J. I. Davies
1942	G. Galey
1943	K. Owen
1944	J. M. W. Bean
1945	G. S. Hopkins mi
1946	K. Maddocks
1947	D. N. Holly
1948	P. C. Williams iii
1949	P. D. Robins
1950	J. E. Palmer mi
1951	S. R. Read and T. J. Arnott ma
1952	W. R. Evans ix
1953	C. T. Powell ma
1954	G. B. Evans mi

1955	H. L. Rees v
1956	J. Barnard
1957	F. E. Herlihy ma
1958	J. W. Lydon
1959	R. V. Woodrow
1960	G. C. Thomas vii
1961	R. Davies ix
1962	R. D. Whitaker mi
1963	J. A. Sainsbury
1964	J. L. Orrell
1965	E. P. Jones mi
1966	M. L. Jenkins mi
1967	R. G. Thomas v - D. R. Hughes v
1968	G. M. Livingstone
1969	R. N. Morgan xii
1970	J. H. Fish mi
1971	D. J. Newbold
1972	G. R. V. Jones
1973	N. J. Brent
1974	T. Beech

John David Gwyn (1921—1943)

John David Gwyn was the only son of Arthur W. Gwyn, clerk to the School Governors and President of the Old Boys' Association from 1954 to 1955.

In a tribute in *Bovian* 151 (March, 1944) the writer says of him :

'He (John Gwyn) had the highest ideals of life, a passion for truth and cleanliness of mind and body, and a love of physical fitness. Although not brilliant at games, he played football and cricket with determination, and undertook the most fatiguing climbs in The Lake District and in Switzerland.

Having won the Reid Memorial Prize, John Gwyn took English, History and Latin at higher certificate winning a State Scholarship to St. John's College, Cambridge. There he took a First Class in the Law Tripos, was elected a scholar of St John's, was awarded the post graduate McMahon Studentship and won the St. John's English essay prize. Had his life not been so cruelly cut short, there is no doubt that John Gwyn would have risen to the very top of his chosen profession.

In his memory, his parents created a trust fund which, even to this day provides an annual prize, known as the John David Gwyn memorial prize. This is awarded to the pupil who gains top place in English at the higher school certificate (Advanced Level) examination, provided that person has been educated, before coming to Cowbridge, at a public elementary school.

JOHN DAVID GWYN MEMORIAL PRIZE WINNERS 1944-1974

The first prize was presented to G. Galey on Speech Day, 23rd June, 1944. The subsequent dates refer to the Speech Day at which the award was given.

1944	G. Galey
1945	E. Hughes iv
1946	J. M. W. Bean
1947	G. S. Hopkins mi
1948	J. L. S. Miles ma
1949	B. J. Conway
1950	B. J. Conway
1951	D. G. Lewis iii
1952	P. D. Robins
1953	L. T. Richards iii
1954	R. M. Sandford
1955	J. May
1956	I. H. D. Penpraze
1957	H. P. James iv
1958	C. E. J. Caldicott
1959	G. O. Pearce
1960	M. J. Lem. Hurley
1961	T. J. Chilcott
1962	F. J. Lewis mi
1963	R. Davies ix
1964	R. D. Whitaker mi
1965	B. D. Johns
1966	C. Jenkins ma
1967	E. Richards
1968	L. J. O. Purcell
1969	L. S. Rees ma
1970	S. J. Evans vi
1971	J. D. Beynon
1972	G. Edwards
1973	D. J. Newbold
1974	J. Watts

OTHER PRIZES

At the time of the celebration of the 350th anniversary of the founding of the school in 1958, it was announced that from 1960 onwards four additional prizes would be awarded.