



TUA'R GOLEUNI

*The Cowbridge
High School for Girls
Magazine*

No. 5.

JULY, 1955

CONTENTS

Editorial	LYNDA EVANS, VI
School Notes	
Parody: <i>The Old High School</i> (with apologies to Rupert Brooke)	BERYL HIGNELL V LYNDA JONES
<i>Lino Cut</i>	LYNDA EVANS, VI
<i>The Rugby Match</i>	JANICE BARBER, III
<i>My Classroom (Poem)</i>	PATRICIA DICKER I
<i>A Night Walk</i>	MARY BURNAGE II
<i>The Sky by Night (Poem)</i>	SONIA WATKINS V
<i>Ill in Bed</i>	JOAN DAVID II
<i>The Day When Everything Went Wrong (Poem)</i>	DOREEN EVANS, I
<i>An Educational Visit</i>	RUTH GILBERTSON, I
<i>Limerick</i>	ANN ROBERTS, I
<i>Switzerland, 1954</i>	JOYCE THOMAS, VI
<i>Helping on the Farm</i>	KAY LEWIS, IV
<i>The Big Black Cat (Poem)</i>	WENDY DAVID, I
<i>Helping in the House</i>	MARY MCNULTY, III
<i>The Ghost Walks (Poem)</i>	JUDITH THOMSON, II
<i>Learning to Do New Things</i>	HELEN PEARCE, III
<i>Urdd Notes</i>	C.E.D.
Parody of " <i>The Way Through the Woods</i> " (Poem)	JUNE MADDY, VI
<i>School Life (Poem)</i>	GILLIAN PENNY I
<i>Fy Hen Gartref</i>	ETHEL JONES, II
<i>Making a Splash</i>	JANET EVANS, III
<i>My Pet (Poem)</i>	THERESA MUIR, I
<i>Other People's Animals</i>	PAT GOUGH, II
<i>The Lakes (Poem)</i>	M.G.
<i>The Night Sky (Poem)</i>	ELIZABETH WALES, VI
<i>Washing Day</i>	ANN RAY, II
<i>The Englishman Abroad</i>	YVONNE CHARLISH, V
<i>Society News</i>	
<i>Old Girls' Association</i>	
<i>Games Report</i>	

EDITORIAL

In spite of the very bad weather, which seriously interfered with the games schedule, school has in general proceeded in its usual way.

Regretfully, we have said goodbye to yet another Art Mistress. Miss Keeshan was unable to fill her post in September, however, owing to ill-health and Mrs. Earle stayed on until Miss Keeshan came in February. We all thank Mrs. Earle very sincerely for her interest in every one of her pupils and we heartily welcome Miss Keeshan into our midst and hope that she will be very happy with us. We were also very glad indeed to welcome Miss Miles back in September and rejoice with her in her return to good health.

In the summer holidays a very exciting school trip was organized to Interlaken. An account of this is given elsewhere. A similar trip is being organised this year, when the party will visit Mont-richard in France. We all hope that the travellers will enjoy themselves in the sun.

On Wednesday, May 5th, 1954, we held our annual Speech Day and Sir Ivor B. Thomas, J.P., D.L., delivered the address and distributed the prizes, under the Chairmanship of County Alderman P. J. Smith, M.B.E., J.P. Prizewinners for 1952/53 were as follows:

Best Attainment in Form I		MARY McNULTY
					DIANA MARSTON
” ” ” ”	II		ANNE McNULTY
					JOAN MORGAN
” ” ” ”	III		BERYL HIGNELL
” ” ” ”	IV		LORRAINE DEANE
” ” ” ”	V		FAY NUTBEAM
” ” ” ”	VI		GILLIAN DAVIES
Year's Special Prize		SHIRLEY THOMAS
Head Girl		SHIRLEY THOMAS
Athletics		MARY MORGAN
Needlework		ANN PRICE
Shield Winners		ST. HILARY

LYNDA EVANS, FORM VI.

SCHOOL NOTES

1954

- June For the fifth year running the school paid a visit to the performance of plays by the Arena Theatre Group. The charm and wit of "Much Ado About Nothing" were admirably brought out in the production which was lively and colourful.
- July 7th A very enjoyable school trip was arranged to see the Roman amphitheatre and the treasures of the museum at Caerleon.
- December 2nd Senior girls who were studying "Twelfth Night" for their examination considered themselves very lucky to be able to see this play, presented in the Reardon Smith Theatre by Cardiff University Players.
- December 23rd A party of twelve boys from the Grammar School and twelve girls from this school were invited to attend the Quarterly Meeting of the County Council at County Hall, Cardiff. They were met by the Chairman, Alderman P. Rowlands, and after being entertained to lunch, were shown the buildings and also the vaults which contain, among other treasures, the ancient archives of Cowbridge and the original seal of Llantrisant.
- December 22nd At the request of the Boys' Grammar School Debating Society, a debate was arranged in this school on the topic "History is Bunk", a motion which was defeated almost unanimously. The speakers for the affirmative were Donald Fisher and Elisabeth Wales, and those for the negative Brian Davies and Lynda Evans.

1955

- March 1st The entries in the Eisteddfod competitions were numerous, and on the whole, up to standard. The winners were St. Quintins.
- March 28th Senior girls joined with the Boys' Grammar School in a visit to the Arts Council production of "Hamlet" by the Elizabethan Theatre Company in Maesteg.
- May 3rd As a part of their course in Civics, Form VI.B. visited the Police Court at Cowbridge on 3rd May, 1955, in order to see how proceedings are conducted in such a court.

THE OLD HIGH SCHOOL, COWBRIDGE

(With apologies to Rupert Brooke)

Just now assembly's in full swing
With Miss Walker, in the Gym.,
And in the store-room, now I think
Miss Evans (Geog.) is sorting ink,
And in the Staff-room well I know
The Mistresses prepare to go.
Oh! there the bell goes. Lessons start.
To drop these Maths. I'd give my heart.
In tunnels of green gloom I dream,
And then above I hear a scream—
Miss Marsh's voice—a reprimand—
If only I could understand.
Oh gosh! I have it! Now I know
How these quadratics ought to go!
But still my work will not come right
I try again with all my might—
But still in vain.

Du lieber gott!

Here am I, sweating, sick and hot,
And still Miss Marsh keeps on at me—
There's the bell! At last I'm free!
I breathe again—but not for long.
Latin's next, but now what's wrong?
Here comes Miss Marshall, angry too!
She's marked my test. What can I do?
"Detention Friday, *dear*, for you!"

Would I were, Oh! would I were
At home right now, instead of here.
Some people have the magic touch
With English, French and Maths. and such,
And domestic pupils love to stand
All day, a-peeping, cloth in hand,
Into ovens, and see their ware,
Cooking slowly, with their care.
Or hear their mistress bellowing low,
About the things they ought to know,
Until the notes all blend and blur,
And they're no wiser than they were.

Long-trained at Bristol's learned school,
Miss Evans, still as cool as cool,
Chatters in unending trill,
But I cannot do contours still.
And in the Lab. Miss Harner shouts,
And in few words quells all the doubts.
They must write up their notes tonight
Or they'll be in a sorry plight.
In spectral dance, and Grecian style,
One hundred girls in single file,
On flattened foot and shapeless toe,
Across the Gym. are seen to go.

Oh! oft between the clouds I see
The High School waiting there for me.
Till, at a shiver in the skies,
It vanishes before my eyes,
And real life sweeps back again,
But it leaves the longing in the brain.
These were the pleasures I turned down,
How I wish I could find them in this town!

God! I will pack and take a train,
And get me to Cowbridge once again!
For Cowbridge's the one place I know
Where girls with honest hearts may go.
And Cowbridge High, of all that town,
The one place that deserves renown,
And of that school, from all the rest,
I choose Form Five as being best.
For Form Four girls throw books at you—
And worse than books in Form Two!
And Form One girls are young and naughty
And in Form Three they're very haughty,
And things are said you'd not believe,
By Sixth Form girls, before they leave!

But Form Five, Oh, the Fifth Form!
You'll find that there the hearts are warm.
They may seem lazy, scared to work,
But, deep within, their goodness lurks.
They strive to do all that they ought,
And all absorb what they are taught.

Oh God! to see the dinners come
Across the hatch, at dinner time.
To smell the thrilling, sweet and rotten,
Unforgettable, unforgotten,
Dinner smell, and see delight
Sweep through the room, at such a sight.
Say do the teachers greatly stand,
Still guardians of that rowdy band?
And after, ere those lessons grim,
Do they still dance, down in the Gym?
Stands the hall clock at ten past three?
Is there detention still for me?

BERYL HIGNELL } FORM V.
LYNDA JONES }



Piquant

What Form Six girl was responsible for calling Chaucer's
"Prologue" "the sauce book of history" instead of "the source
book"?

THE RUGBY MATCH

Full of anticipation, we walked down the road towards the field where the rugby match was to be held. This was the great day! The marvellous day! Everyone had been waiting for this for weeks, and now—at last—it had come! In front of us were two people evidently going to the same place as we.

“What a record!” said I, “That makes four spectators. This is really going to be an outstanding match.”

When we reached the ground, after a long walk of a quarter of a mile, we discovered two small vans standing in the middle of the field, the gate of the field wide open, and the owners of the vans shooing six obstinate cows out of the field, unsuccessfully. Eventually, the men got back into the vans and drove around the field, frantically tooting and bumping terribly until they had disposed of the cows. After this incident we settled down comfortably on a tree stump to wait for the players. After we had eaten six sandwiches and drunk a flask full of coffee, the first player arrived, followed by two reserves of our own team. (It's always a good thing to have reserves.) Then, later on, three more of our team arrived, one of them in the arms of the other two men.

“Knocked out cold; fell off the bike,” was the explanation.

We gave him some coffee and he soon revived, so that was six! Good!

A van swung round the corner and stopped, and out piled seven men in the most marvellous assortment of jerseys. This was our greatest rival team, the deadly foe! They always managed to have one more player than we, but we bore it bravely and asked one of the van drivers to stand in. Now we are all set, apart from the positions; (but still, what difference did it make? Everyone went all over the field, so the feeling was that we might as well not waste time over position). We tossed up to see which end to play, the other van driver whistled and we were off!

Just then—we remembered—we had forgotten the ball!

JANICE BARBER, FORM III.



MY CLASSROOM

My classroom is painted,
Half cream and half blue,
We have pictures on the wall,
And flowers in there, too.

The floor is made of wood,
The fireplace is brick,
We have a teacher's desk,
But we haven't got a stick (thank goodness).

PATRICIA DICKER, FORM I.

A NIGHT WALK

I like walking in the dark by myself, although it is very eerie sometimes. If there is a moon the trees make eerie shadows. When you pass a house the windows let out a flood of welcoming light. Then, when you get to the corner, it becomes dark again and you expect someone to jump out on you. I usually pass a corner, praying that no one jumps out on me: a silly habit which I cannot get out of. If you pass a field with cows in and they look through the hedge, for just a moment, you start, and then you realise it was only a cow, and you're angry with yourself for being silly.

There are lovely things to see on a night walk, for instance, the rabbits playing in the moonlight, which start at the smallest noise. Sometimes the nightingale sings the other birds to sleep. The stars twinkle against the velvet soft sky. God made these and He made us, so how can we be frightened in the dark night? He is there to guard and guide us, and take us safely home. But the owl's cry is a horrible thing to hear in the night. He flies after smaller animals, such as the unlucky field-mouse, who scuttles away at the sound of his cry and the beat of his wings.

It must be terrifying in Africa to hear the sound of the lion as it searches for prey, or the leopard as it goes to the river to drink. The wild cat as she sleeps in the tree tops cries to warn you that she also is there to frighten you. Such must be the sounds of a night walk in Africa.

But we are in Wales, and even a night walk here is terrifying, without going to Africa to hear the beasts of prey warning us it is dangerous to venture near.

MARY BURNAGE, FORM II.



THE SKY BY NIGHT

When the long day draws to a close,
And birds to their nest have flown,
When children slumber in blissful repose,
And humans have ceased to moan,
Then the moon comes out to light the sky,
And the stars to adorn it too,
To guide the sailor over the sea,
And watch over me and you.

The stars twinkle steadily on,
Regardless of what men do,
Though men commit murder below,
The stars are still shining through.
The sky is a picture painted by God.
With might and majestic skill,
Though there's many an artist on Earth I know,
One Artist is Master, still.

SONIA WATKINS, FORM V.

ILL IN BED

I felt ill first of all in school. Most of the pain was in my head so all the teachers lent me their scarves, and I was sent home with another girl to look after me, as I had a mile to walk. I got home safely and the girl went back to school. My father was out, but he was not expected to be long, so I waited for him before I went to the doctor's. Soon after I arrived home something in my head snapped, and my ear started to bleed. My father took me to the doctor, who told me I had an abscess in my right ear and added that I had to go to bed.

My mother put me to bed with a bandage around my head. That was the first time I really liked being put to bed. For about a week my head was very painful, and as I had a lot of attention I did not really mind being in bed, but after I had been in bed a week the pain eased and the bandages were taken off. My mother was tired of running up and down the stairs and so she didn't come up to see me quite so often.

I had a clock in my room but it wasn't going, so I told the time by various incidents in the day. At eleven o'clock my grandmother would come in to have a cup of tea with my mother. At half-past three my father came home. At four o'clock the infants, including my brother, came home from school and at half-past the elder children arrived. At five the wireless was put on for Children's Hour, and at half-past my tea was brought up to me. I did not get many visitors, but I slept most of the morning, and all my spare time in the evening was taken up with my homework. Even although I was at home ill my school master managed to get my homework to me somehow. Usually a girl living near me brought it from school and took it back to be marked in the morning.

Everyone in the house was sure I was well enough to get up, except the doctor. He came one day though, and told me the four words I had been longing to hear. They were, "You can get up."

Of course, I could not go out for a long time after, but at least I was up and that was all that mattered.

JOAN DAVID, FORM II.



THE DAY WHEN EVERYTHING WENT WRONG

Oh what a terrible day it has been!
Nothing will seem to go right!
If only I'd jumped out of bed when called
I should not be in this state tonight.

I sprang out of bed with one mighty leap,
Forgetting that mats are not anchored,
I skidded across that galloping floor,
As a drunkard dives after his tankard.

I picked myself up, as best I could,
Then into the bathroom I hobbled,
I must wash my face before going to school,
And with eyes full of soap, my breakfast I gobbled.

Then, grabbing my satchel, my coat, and my hat,
I ran for the bus like a hare,
I must get to School, but Oh Glory be!
The jolly old bus wasn't there.

DOREEN EVANS, FORM 1.



AN EDUCATIONAL VISIT

My sisters and I took three days off from school and Mummy motored us down to Chichester, where we stayed the night. We all went to bed early because it had been a very tiring journey and we were to get up at 5 a.m. the next morning. At 5 a.m. our alarms were ringing and in half-an-hour we were creeping downstairs, with our shoes in our hands, to the car.

We arrived at the docks at 6.30 a.m. and parked in the car park. From the park we had a wonderful view of the ship. She really was magnificent, rocking in the early morning, misty sea.

On the gangway we could see out through small windows and we watched all the brightly coloured American cars being unloaded.

Daddy was on board the ship, ready to show us all round. There were great big gyms and two dance floors, a main lounge and many smaller sitting-rooms. There were three sun decks and plenty of places for playing deck tennis, and a game in which you pushed the ball into circles and scored so much. Nobody in the three thousand passengers would play deck tennis on that voyage. We had breakfast in the dining-room at eight o'clock. There were menus as long as your arm and at any meal you could have anything in the world. At meal time Daddy sometimes asked for Pâté de foi gras, and enough for six was placed in front of him, sitting in a bowl of ice.

After breakfast we took snaps of the ship and of Daddy, before going through the Customs, and in spite of getting up so early we were all ready to see over Winchester Cathedral. On the way home we stopped at Stonehenge, which is very near the road home. We also came over the ferry and to watch cars come off it was great fun, since they looked as if they were going into the sea. We arrived home that night to be greeted by the dog, and went to bed completely tired out.

RUTH GILBERTSON, FORM 1.



There once was a jolly old stager,
Who laid, yes, many a wager,
By the church's saint name
That place he would claim,
Was Llanilltyd and not Llantwit Major.

ANN ROBERTS, FORM 1.

SWITZERLAND, 1954

In July, 1954, a party of girls went on a school trip to Switzerland. We had been preparing for this holiday for months and at last July 14th—the great day—arrived. After a long and exciting journey we arrived in Interlaken on the morning of July 15th, and were taken straight to the hotel. It was truly a beautiful hotel, set in a wood overlooking Interlaken. We were so tired after our journey that we decided to reserve our energy for the activities which began the next day. We found that a party of Grammar School boys from Accrington, Lancashire, were staying in the same hotel.

On Friday we travelled to the Trummelbach Falls which offered some remarkable sights. They were situated in the Lauterbrunnen Valley, also called the Valley of Waterfalls, and paths led into the cliff where water gushed and flowed over the rocks, cascading into the darkness below. In the evening a dance was held in the dining room of the hotel between the two school parties. I am afraid the boys outnumbered us by 48 to 15, but we enjoyed ourselves nevertheless.

I think Saturday was the most memorable day of our holiday, for it was the day we climbed the Jungfrauoch (11,000 ft.). We were awakened at 5.30 a.m. and the two parties combined to travel up in the mountain train. It seemed peculiar to be surrounded by miles and miles of deep snow, while the sun beat down from a clear blue sky. After having a delightful ride in a sleigh drawn by husky dogs, we began the journey back.

We were to go to church on Sunday morning, but we arrived late and did not go in. This was fortunate because we learnt later that it was a three hour service in German! In the afternoon we took a boat trip down Lake Brienz to Giessbach and Brienz and walked down to Wildersvil in the evening.

On Monday we took the one and only coach tour of our holiday. This trip was over the three passes of Susten, Furka (where we saw the Rhone Glacier) and Grimsel, where we travelled along the famous hairpin bends. In the evening we went to a soiree in the Kursaal down in Interlaken, where we witnessed exhibitions of Swiss yodelling, flag-throwing, alpine-horn blowing and wrestling. We enjoyed the entertainment very much and also the lemonade.

On Tuesday, which was the hottest day of our visit, we travelled on a chair lift, which was a great experience, to Kandersteg and later we went to Blausee, which is a beautiful, vivid blue lake.

On Wednesday we visited Thun to do some shopping, but we

made sure we were back at the hotel in time for the farewell party. No-one could ever forget the wonderful, sun-filled holiday spent among the snow-capped mountains of Switzerland and everyone is looking forward to the day we can return.

JOYCE THOMAS, FORM VIB.



HELPING ON THE FARM

What an interesting job is helping on the farm! I like helping on the farm in spring and summer, for these are the busiest times.

In the spring I often help on the farm. This year I have three pet lambs to look after. It is great fun to feed them, though as soon as they hear me coming, they start bleating. I have great difficulty in holding the feeding bottles, for although they are young, my pets are very strong, when it comes to taking milk. This year an incubator has been installed and we now hatch chicks. Occasionally one or two chicks cannot get out of their shells, and I help them out. Even at this early age, chicks make a great deal of noise.

Another job I love doing is looking after the calves. You have to be very careful with them, for a cow will not think twice about kicking you when you touch one of her calves.

Opposite my house is a yard, full of piglets. I hate grown pigs, but piglets are really very attractive. This year, the piglets are very tame and, if you let them, they will lick you. I enjoy mixing the food for them and watching them rush to the feeding troughs.

In summer, I like helping in the fields, especially the hay fields. Here, there are cutting, stacking, carrying and many other equally interesting jobs to do. I also like threshing corn and often I go out to the fields where the peas are grown. Many people come to pick and I often join in. Of course I am paid to pick peas, but the other jobs are voluntary.

KAY LEWIS, FORM IV.



THE BIG BLACK CAT

Old Mother Hubbard,
She had a black cat,
She thought she would feed it
And get it quite fat.
So she put on a saucepan
And made it some stew,
The cat ate it up
And it grew and it grew.

It frightened the neighbours
To see such a cat,
It looked like a tiger
And a big one at that.
It ran round the streets
Just stopping at points,
Stealing the chickens
And some Sunday joints.

The old woman got frightened
And ran from her home,
The cat took possession
And lived there alone.
If anyone entered
Or someone would call,
The cat sprang upon them
And swallowed them all.

The neighbours disgusted
Said, "This is no joke,
We'll get rid of this creature
Now, at one stroke."
So they formed a great army
All armed with a spade,
And called to assist them
The Fire Brigade.

They turned on the hoses
And drowned the whole place,
The cat it sprang out
And Oh! what a chase.
Down through the streets
It went running like mad,
It never looked back
And all were so glad.

They chased it for miles,
Right down to the Bay.
When darkness came on,
They called it a Day.
All back to their homes
They went and they slept,
Except Mother Hubbard;
She lay down and wept.

The poor old cat
Oh! where could it be,
It must have got frightened,
And jumped in the sea.
She thought as she lay there,
How she'd lost a good friend,
She'd killed it with kindness,
And that was the end.

WENDY DAVID, FORM 1.

HELPING IN THE HOUSE

In our house, where there are six of us altogether, there is a lot of work to be done. I quite like helping in the house, as long as I do not have to dust and sweep. Most of all I like cooking, especially cakes and pastries.

Once, when my grandmother was ill, my mother had to go to Ireland to see her, and I was left to keep house. Luckily, it was during our half-term holiday, so I did not have to go to school. As my sister Anne does not like cooking, I had to do it all. I was very enthusiastic the first morning. Breakfast was easy, as nobody eats much breakfast at home, but lunch did not turn out so well. I did not cook enough potatoes, and the peas were one green mess. I am afraid we lived on tinned food, except for dessert. The next day I was taking a rice pudding out of the oven, when I dropped it, and broke my mother's best pyrex dish. There was no dessert that day. The house was in a mess, as Daddy was decorating the bedrooms, and there was paint everywhere.

The last straw was when my father rushed home from work the night before my mother came back, to say that our grown-up cousin happened to be in Port Talbot on business, and was coming to stay the night. What a fuss there was! But we managed to have everything ready in time. How glad I was when my mother came home the next morning! After that experience, just *helping* in the house seems nothing at all.

My father is quite good at helping in the house. He washes up in a minute and can cook a dinner quite well. My brother is very poor at it. If he does condescend to wash or dry up, he always leaves the cutlery for someone else to do, as he does not like doing it. Whenever I am cooking, he comes into the kitchen, and tells me everything I do is wrong. He always seems to know how to cook things properly, but I should like to see him try.

Helping in the house is not too bad in winter, when we cannot go outside very much, but in summer it is not very pleasant when I am just about to go outside, and my mother asks me to lay the table for tea, or do something similar. In our house, one has to use some skill when laying the table, as everyone has his or her special cup, plate, knife and spoon. I do not like it when Anne takes it into her head to clean out our bedroom, as she puts all my belongings away, and I can never find them when I want them in a hurry.

In spite of everything, helping in the house can be fun, if one goes about it the right way.

MARY McNULTY, FORM III.

THE GHOST WALKS

Away from the bustle,
Under a crescent moon,
A stately house stands brooding
In melancholy gloom.

The stairs within are shrouded
With shadows, dark and drear,
This is a house of sadness,
Of mystery and fear.

Within that house so dreary
From which all light has flown
And darkness conjures visions
Of dangers yet unknown;
Where evil spirits hover
Like silent winged hawks,
And distant bells ring out the chimes,
A ghost, a phantom walks.

JUDITH THOMSON, FORM II.



LEARNING TO DO NEW THINGS

I think it is great fun learning to do new things. The most difficult new thing I have learnt was learning to ride a pony. I did not start to ride on a pony with perfect manners which would do just as it was told, but I learnt on a pony which was well-known for bucking. It did not have a saddle at the time.

It was a very cold day in winter and there was a little snow on the ground. I was in a field watching a girl riding on a pony. Oh! How I wished I could ride like her. Tethered to a branch of a tree nearby, was the girl's other pony, a much smaller one. I moved near her, and smoothed her mane with my fingers. As time went on, my feet began to ache with cold, so I gingerly climbed onto the pony's back, thinking it could do no harm, as it was tied. Not long after, the girl finished her ride, and said she had to take the ponies to their field, which was about a mile away. I asked if I could ride (or try to ride) the pony I was on to the field.

Eventually she gave in, and told me not to blame her if I fell off and hurt myself. We started off. Of course the pony wanted to trot, and every time she broke into a trot, I would begin to slide dangerously off her back. I pulled her up and just managed to pull myself back squarely on to her back. This happened all the way to the field, but by the time we had reached it, I was a little better at staying on her back, and she could trot about six paces (very gently) before I would begin to slide off.

That was the beginning. I went often to ride the pony, and before long I could gallop her bare-back up and down the field. It would be no good my trying to tell you how many times I fell off, for I lost count.

HELEN PEARCE, FORM III.

URDD NOTES

In September of this year a flag day in aid of the Urdd was organised. The gratifying sum of £25 was realised which merited a personal letter of thanks from Syr Ifan ab Owen M. Edwards himself. It certainly was the result of a real effort on the part of the children.

In November, over sixty girls took part in a "Gymanfa Ganu" held at Bridgend. The senior girls gave an individual item, singing "Y Mae Afon" and "Y Ffrwd" which was greatly appreciated. Much enjoyment was obtained both from the practices and the festival itself, which was a great success.

This term preparations are being made for "Sul yr Urdd" at Bridgend on 11th July, and of course the usual holiday at the Urdd Camp is eagerly awaited, fourteen girls looking forward to going to Llangrannog and two senior girls to Glan Llyn, Bala.

C. E. D.



PARODY OF "THE WAY THROUGH THE WOODS"

(With apologies to Rudyard Kipling)

They opened the new branch line
Fifty years ago.
Man and main have closed it again,
And now you would never know
There was once a new branch line
Before they closed it once more.
It is near the school and the marshy fields,
And the rowdy traffic's roar.
Only the porter sees
That, where the green grasses twine
And the workmen sit at ease,
There was once a new branch line.

Yet, if you come to the town
Of a winter's morn quite late,
When the bright sun shines on the abandoned lines
Where the workman calls to his mate,
(They like not work on the tracks,
Because it breaks their backs)
You will hear the click of a worker's pick,
And the whistle of the wind in the air,
Noisily bursting through
The misty solitudes,
As though it was almost aware
Of the new branch line to the town . . .
But there is no line to the town.

JUNE MADDY, FORM VI.

SCHOOL LIFE

With exams to be sat,
English this, and English that,
Life isn't so easy.

With work to be learned,
When one is sun-burned,
Life isn't so easy.

With wireless blaring,
And Mother flaring,
Life isn't so easy.

GILLIAN PENNY, FORM I.



FY HEN GARTREF

Pentref bach yng nghanol y mynyddoedd yw Llanfachreth, ac y mae yn lle bach del iawn. Y mae yno un siop ac ysgol. Y maent yn gwerthu bron popeth yn y siop, ac ysgol yr eglwys yw yr ysgol yno. Y mae'r eglwys yng nghanol y pentref ac y mae hi yn eglwys fawr brydferth, ond nid yw hi gymaint â'r eglwys sydd yn Nolgellau. Sant Machreth yw enw'r eglwys. Cafodd ei henwi ar ôl St. Machreth, canys fe a'i hadeiladodd hi gyntaf. O goed yr oedd hi wedi cael ei gwneud gyntaf, ond cafodd ei hail wneud gan bobl y pentref, lawer o flynyddoedd yn ôl. Y mae yno ddau gapel hefyd—un yn y pentref ac un arall ryw filltir allan o'r pentref.

Wrth ymyl yr ysgol y mae neuadd y pentref, a chynhelir pob cyfarfod yno. Y mae Eisteddfod yn cael ei chynnal yno unwaith bob blwyddyn. Y mae pobl o bob rhan o'r plwy yn mynd i Lanfachreth yr adeg honno. Yr oedd yno gwmni drama hefyd.

Pan oeddem ni'n byw yn Llanfachreth, yn y Tŷ Capel yr oeddem ni yn byw, ac yr oedd mam yn gorfod glanhau'r capel bob wythnos. Gorfu i ni symud o'r Tŷ Capel i un o dai'r cyngor am fod Tŷ Capel yn hen dŷ.

Y mae llawer o ffermydd o amgylch y pentref, ond y mae rhai yn bell iawn o bobman. Yr oeddem ni yn cael ein llefrith yn un o'r ffermydd pan oeddem ni yn byw yno. Yn awr y mae'r ffermwyr yn gorfod rhoi'r llefrith mewn poteli, ond ychydig amser yn ôl yr oedd pawb yn cael mynd i'r fferm gyda chan llefrith. Yr oeddynt yn gwerthu menynt cartref yno hefyd pan oeddem ni yn byw yno, ac y maent yn dal i wneud eto.

Yn y gaeaf, pan fydd hi yn bwrw eira, y mae yn anodd iawn i'r bobl fynd i'w gwaith canys y mae'r moduron a'r bws yn methu mynd i fyny'r rhiwiau; ond y mae'r bobl yn gorfod mynd lawr i Ddolgellau i gael y bwyd, ac nid oes dim iddynt wneud ond cerdded, i lawr yno. Y mae Dolgellau ryw bedair milltir o Lanfachreth. Y mae bws yn

mynd i fyny i Lanfachreth bob bore i fynd â'r plant i Ddolgellau i'r Ysgol Ramadeg. Ar ddydd Sadwrn y mae llawer o fysiau yn mynd i fyny yno achos y mae bron pawb yn y pentref yn mynd i siopa ar y Sadwrn.

ETHEL JONES, II.



MAKING A SPLASH

"Pass the paint up, will you?" shouted Simon.

"All right, all right! Can't you see I'm busy," I shouted back.

"Oh, hurry up! This ladder is not too safe," he retorted.

"I would ask him to help to decorate the kitchen!" I said to myself. "He thinks he is so professional at it, but I can do it better alone."

We, that is to say, I, had started painting the kitchen under the supervision of my big brother (actually he is only one year older than I, but he thinks he is ten years older). It ended up in his doing the painting, assisted by his "young" sister as he calls me.

"Oh, where is that paint?" I muttered to myself. "Oh, I know, it is in the garage—or is it?"

"Got it?" shrieked Simon, as he wobbled back and fore on the ladder he had made for himself.

"Wonderful handyman," Mummy had said to Mrs. Brown, referring to Simon. "He has just made a ladder, you know." Well, I shall be telling Mummy soon that he has just broken the ladder.

Eventually I found the paint—in the larder of all places. I took it to Simon. He muttered something that sounded like, "You were slow enough." He dabbed his almost invisible paint brush into the paint and "slapped" it on to the wall. I left him to make a mess and carried on with my scrubbing. I had started scrubbing the walls down, when Simon called for the paint. Just as I had begun scrubbing once more, in trotted Barney, my four year old brother. He held, if you please, one of my oil paint brushes in his hand. I swung round and asked in a startled voice, for that was my favourite brush, what he was going to do. He replied, "I'se goin' to help Simmy, p'ease."

"Oh no you're not," Simon said.

"Oh let him. He is not going to do any harm," I pleaded. After a lot of coaxing Simon allowed him to paint the wall.

"It's a waste of paint, letting him do some," grumbled Simon.

"Tisn't Aste o' Paint. It's Snowcem," said Barney.

"Oh, keep quiet, will you?" Simon replied.

"An' you," shouted Barney. I put my hands on my hips, scrubbing brush and all, turned round, and shouted, "Keep quiet you two!"

After that, all went quietly—too quietly! Neither of us realised that giving a small boy an opportunity to dabble with paint was like giving jam to babies. Barney, getting tired of splashing paint over the wall, and over his face, decided to go and help Simon. He toddled up to the ladder, put his foot on the first rung of the ladder, slipped, caught hold of the ladder and pulled it over. That did not require much strength, with Simon hanging on so precariously.

The paint pot and paint went "sailing" across the room and struck me on the head. What exactly happened to Simon and Barney I do not know, but I spent the next few hours washing my hair.

Barney escaped with only a few scratches and bumps but Simon sprained his wrist, twisted his ankle and had slight concussion. When I went to his room later, after receiving a lecture from Daddy for being so helpless, he informed me that "it was all my fault. I should not have allowed Barney to paint and I should not have left soap at the bottom of the ladder."

I replied, "You shouldn't have ordered me to get the paint. You should have used a safer ladder and why did you give in to Barney?" I thought as I left the room that next spring I shall leave the painting to Daddy.

JANET M. F. EVANS, FORM III.



MY PET

I have a little kitten,
Who is only two months old,
He is really very pretty,
But won't do what he is told.

I try to teach him manners,
But dear, Oh deary me!
He just sits there purring,
And seems to laugh at me.

I plan when he is older,
And has learned to beg for me,
To buy a little puppy,
So that he'll have company.

THERESA MUIR, FORM I.

OLD GIRLS' ASSOCIATION

The Association's last meeting in December, 1954, was, as usual, a happy occasion. A pleasing feature was the attendance of a group of recent leavers. Once again we enjoyed a performance of the Simms Marionettes. Mrs. N. G. Brown, a former member of the staff, joined Mrs. Date (née Jean Francis) as Vice-Chairman.

We hope to welcome the present Sixth Form and new members who have only recently left school to our Summer Reunion on July 8th.

Some recent Marriages:

Anne Francis to Mr. Dennis Ball.
Joan Bradley to Mr. W. Francis, New Beaupre Farm,
Cowbridge.

Mair Durbin to Mr. John Evans.
Enid Adams to Mr. Robert Thomas, Penllyn Court, Cowbridge.
Glenys Russell to Mr. James R. Gill.
Ivy Carter to Mr. Ian Grey.
Valerie Troakes to Mr. Glyn Harry.

To all of these the Association sends its cordial wishes for their happiness.

HOCKEY GAMES REPORT

As we are not able to use our gamesfield, no hockey matches were arranged. We hope to settle down to serious practising early next season, and arrange fixtures with other schools later.

TENNIS

School Tennis Team worked steadily throughout the season. They won five and lost two matches.

<i>Date</i>	<i>Opponent</i>	<i>Venue</i>	<i>Result</i>
April 17	Tonyrefail	Away	Lost 3-6
May 1	Penarth	Home	Won 5-4
May 8	Whitchurch	Away	Lost 4-5
May 15	Treforest	Home	Won 6-3
May 21	Penarth	Home	Won 5-4
May 28	Tonyrefail	Home	Won 5-4
July 3	Bridgend	Away	Won 5-4

On July 2nd a mixed team from Cowbridge Grammar and High Schools played a match against Pontypridd Grammar Schools. Cowbridge won the match 8-1.

INTER-HOUSE MATCHES—St. Hilary beat St. Quentin's and St. Donats.
ROUNDERS—St. Donat's beat St. Quentin's and St. Hilary.

St. Hilary beat St. Quentin's.

Once again St. Hilary was successful in winning the School Sports. One of its members, June Maddy, gained 25 points for her House and the title of Victrix Ludorum for herself. The runners-up were Mary Dobbie 24 points, and Mary Morgan 21 points.

Final scores: St. Hilary 214; St. Donat's 182; St. Quentins 145.