

Old Boys' Contributions

THE 1890's

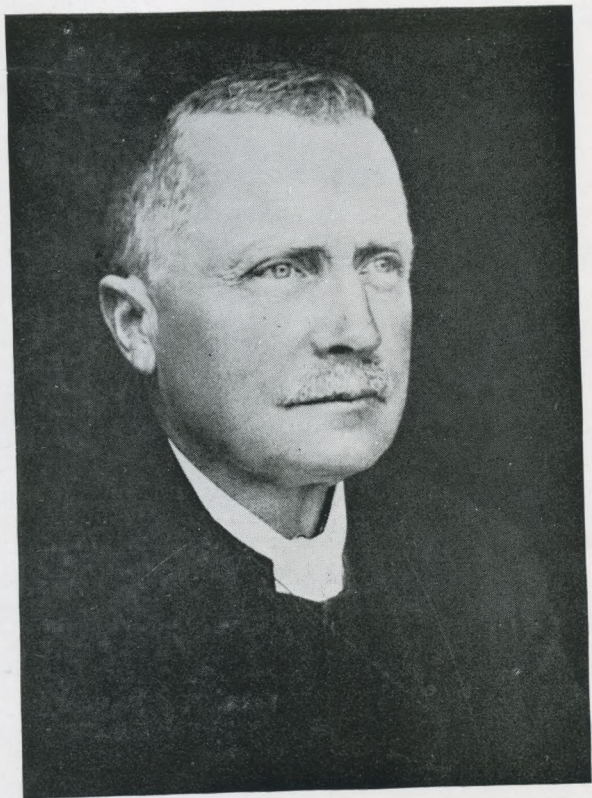
From W. J. CANTON, ESQ., O..B.E., D.L., LL.B.

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

With a salute to past and present,

I have the honour to be

W. J. CANTON.

From W. ALLEN JOHN, ESQ.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



THE 1900's

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Our annual School Plays were usually from Dickens or Shakespeare.

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

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

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

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

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

R. N. BIRD.

1913-1919

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

T. D. JENKINS



THE 20's

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

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

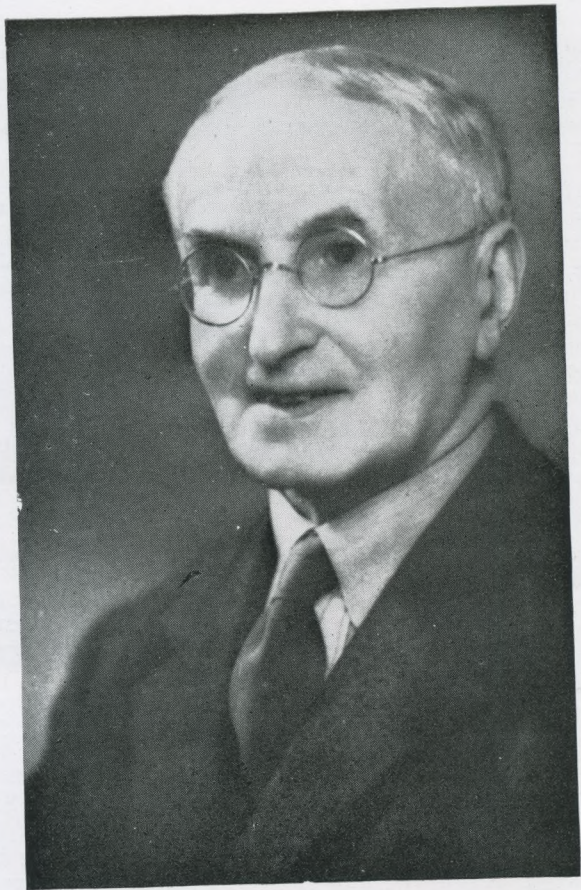
Mr. McAdam, his Senior Assistant, taught us Mathematics and taught us well. Everyone liked "Mac", a kindly humorous man but deadly when he aimed his chalk. Mr. Reid was next in seniority, a devoted teacher of English, a Christian gentleman, and the inspiration of our annual Shakespeare play and our Saturday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

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

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

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

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



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

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

My fellow pupils included many who have earned distinction on the playing fields, and later on in Hitler's War. They included also many "Characters" whose deeds, although full of merit, were never mentioned at Speech Day in the Headmaster's Report. There was "Jock" Pearson, Senior House Prefect when I was a new boy and the idol of the Lower School. He was a very hard-headed young man, for his favourite trick was to charge full speed and head down at the stout doors of the Schoolroom. There was Jenkins (I forget his initials), conductor of the world-famous "Jenkins' Choir", a sure winner at our end of term concerts. I cannot recall that Jenkins knew a note of music, but our rendering of "There was I waiting at the Church" and other ballads would have astonished Sir Malcolm (the only other Chorister I can remember was O. S. Williams). Mervyn Williams was so tiny we naturally called him "the Mighty Atom", but he used to run rings round us on the football field. Jim Phillips was so often in detention that he knew every hole and bump on Ma Mitches' (this was the playing field where detainees finished their afternoon, playing games with the youngest boarders). J. E. Lewis, tall as a maypole and "very, very brainy", used to terrify us with his yarns in the dormitory after lights-out and especially his Dracula stories. Gus Heath used the same razor blade for years, Harry Phipps knew more than a thing or two, especially about horses, and "Dai Sim" was an authority upon all things, spiritual and secular. Norman Parsons, my great friend, was always afraid he would win a prize on Sports Day before the Consolation Race arrived. All these were part of my education. So too were those splendid orators of the Debating Society, L. H. Howells, Glanville Williams and L. E. Goodwin. Then, who can forget who saw them, C. S. Davies as Macbeth, and A. C. Bassett as Shylock and Malvolio? Of course there were the athletes too, J. M. Cribb—George, Fred, Glyn and Harry Phipps—T. M. Jones and his two brothers "Nonus" and "Decy"—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 (1921-7)

THE LATE 1920's

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The terms of reference for this article included memories of the

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

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

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

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

D. G. WILLIAMS, V.



THE 30's: AN OLD BOY LOOKS BACK

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

E. H. RHODERICK



1938 - 1945

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Still they gazed, and still the wonder grew

That one small head could carry all he knew.

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

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

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

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

J. DAVID



The First Memorial Service

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

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

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