

Ye Olde

Bryntail Rag

Summer 1938. A.D.

July 21^{ST.} to August 4^{TH.}



Editorial.

Owing to the late arrival of the Editor the first edition is comprised of articles by our special correspondent; if you bear him any ill-will be careful what you do to to him else we may all be without meals.

Competition

The editorial staff is offering a substantial prize from the tuck shop for the best design for a cover for our magazine. Entries should fit comfortably into the size of this paper and should be handed in at the editors office by Tuesday p.m.

Wednesday July 20th.

Advance party arrived to find that for once the weather was good.

Thursday 21st

Camp proper arrived at 5.50, owing to the fact that the farm cart had not given them a lift. A remark was heard that if they had arrived on time the cooks would have had apoplexy. Statement false! Junior tent passed the night talking and throwing shoes.

Friday 22nd

Junior tent awake at 4 o'clock causing much wrath in official quarters. A certain rule was broken for the first time in Camp History. This rule, rule 17a, section P, subsection X, in "Rules and Regulations of Ye Olde C.S.C. Campe" states:- It is not meete for ye cookes to rise before 6 o'clock. Ye penalty for this is hunger before breakfast" In other words they got up early and got "cussed" by "you know who".

Bathing was compulsory today and in the afternoon the camp went a pleasant stroll round Bryn and Vau; Messrs May and Perrot leading.

The young and innocents were initiated into the complications of "Bryntail Base-Ball".

Saturday 23rd

Some people are never pleased! The cooks heeded their warning and arose at 7a.m. Result:- see above re 'early rising'

Bathing was again compulsory.

(2)

Base-Ball was again 'played' and a ball disappeared down the rill. When our correspondent spoke to the fiddler Mr Filer he stated "I was just walking about thinking of something else when on turning round and staring vacantly into the middle of a gorse bush the base-ball appeared". When pressed as to the subject on which his great mental powers were really at work he replied laconically "Nark it".

Last Edition Final.

Last May a weaver carrying his cogs well machine across the low downs sat down to rest on a lovers' ridge. He suddenly espied a parrot coming out of Isherwood This very bird was carrying a locket key. That prig of a weaver rushed after the bird and went bamping down a slope. The bird led him to a hump. Age-old it was and there was a little door. He tried the key in the door but it wouldn't turn 'er so he had to file 'er. Inside was decaying fungus which gassed the cowley weaver, who died saying 'I'm not teeling velly well!

(Communicated)

Extra Last Edition Final

What the girl said to the sailor:- "Isherwood Now, now! Don't be naughty".

(Also communicated)

Work.

The O.C. on reaching Bryntail immediately re-adopted the habits of our primeval ancestors and scrambled over the roofs of cottage and tents armed with tiles and paint pots.

Some of the boys have been reported to have stolen part of the results of the O.C.'s work.

Sunday 24th

Craig y Llo waterfall burred, gushed and roared in it's delight at seeing the camp arrive after the first part of it's Sunday afternoon stroll.

Teeling and Shenton found that their straight short-cut from Crowlm to Bryntail was not a straight line between two points owing to the contour of the land. Though fatigued after his efforts at walking Bamping was quite refreshed after partaking of tea. This was made more delightful than usual by the presence of Mr, Mrs and Miss Chapman and also by their home-made cakes.

Monday July 25th.

3.

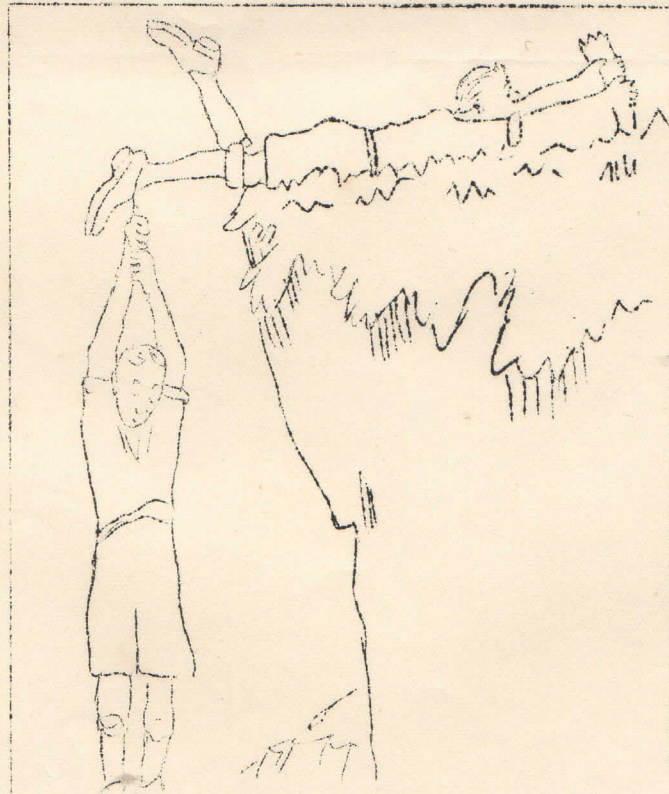
Instead of putting the remains of the stew back into the soup to make it thicker our noble and esteemed (I don't know why) cooks put it into the pot for the farm pigs Perhaps from bitter experience they regard the pigs as of more importance than the MERE campers; or is it a case of standing up for their own side?

The weather is proper Bryntail weather; after an afternoon with a lugger louch competition between three teams run on the lines of an American tournament the weather was so bad in the evening that we spent the time in the quiet restful seclusion of the dining room and miners' cottage. Some boys were instructed into the complicated uses of aces and trump cards.

Supper was finished early and was followed by a tuneful (more or less) sing-song.

Camp Rules Illustrated.

When you go out walking you must not go on your own, there must be two or more of you together.



Tuesday July 26th

4.

Bathing was compulsory in the morning as the weather was still keeping to its early promise of being fine.

In the afternoon however Bryntail returned to a common habit it has of being "the place beneath" on which the rain "droppeth as the gentle dew from heaven". (With apologies to Shakespeare. The quotation starts, I think, "The quality of Mersey is not strained". The boys stayed in but four stalwarts braved the tempest away in the wilds, and perhaps had the lightest hearts of all.

Plynlimon Perigrination.

The Editor demanded something facetious about the walk to Plynlimon. But Perrot said he didn't see anything funny in it, May remarked I feel too deeply about the matter. Isherwood concurred, with the remark "Oo ar" and Faulkner finally agreed that it was not really a subject for levity.

The above-mentioned four set off at 10.30 and walked via the Cwm and Severn valley to Rhyd y Benwch and the old lead-mine. There we spent some time inspecting the old workings and miners' house which though it has begun to collapse still contains the remnants of beds and mattresses giving the impression that the place was abandoned at a minute's notice.

We reached the infant Wye half an hour later..i.e. at 210 oclock.. and there sat down to eat sandwiches. Then on, past the source of the Wye, climbing steadily, until we saw the summit a mile ahead.

Even before we reached it, Perrot who was leading called back "Look, that's the sea over there" and pointed to a dark blue line far away. We would hardly believe then, and pushed on up the final slopes and there sure enough a vast panorama unrolled before us -- the whole of Cardigan Bay from the Pembroke coast to Bardsey Island, with the Dovey Estuary and Borth just below us, so it seemed. Inland Cader Idris and the distant summit of Snowdon were seen, and further east our own neighbour Van by no means dwarfed in this lordly company; while to the south there was nothing visible but a tumbling sea of desolate mountains looking all the more impressive in their gloomy grandeur because of the black rain clouds that began to sweep over them as we walked.

And that really ends the story, for as we sat on Pen Plynlimon Wstle (2427 ft), half an hour nearer home, we saw those clouds blot out the Severn Valley, then Bryn and Van, and we knew that the Camp, as well as ourselves, were in for it. And it was so.

J.M.

Wednesday July 27th

The morning promised fair but the afternoon and evening were wet and stormy.

Cards, letter writing, ping-pong and other games were the order of the day.

Thursday July 28th

Although the morning was showery and threatening it cleared up enough at mid-day to allow twenty or so of us to visit Llanidloes to see the Hospital Carnival. This was the first time in camp history that the Carnival had been graced by our presence.

Llanidloes Hospital Carnival

The party from camp arrived in time to see a stilt walker in Oak Street. Soon afterwards things began to move and the Procession itself came in sight. In the procession there were troupes of dancers, the Llanidloes Boys' Club, followed immediately by M. Guerra, a past master of our school, who started the club a few months ago. There were carts and lorries with different tableaux and the Carnival Queens of last year and this year.

Following the procession we made our way to Victoria Park to see the crowning of the Rose Queen. After the crowning, delightfully carried out by Miss Joan Davies, daughter of Lord Davies, we were entertained by various demonstrations. The Llanidloes Boys' Club gave a demonstration of Physical Training and there was a competition for the dancing troupes.

Some of the visitors were entertained by the World Astounding Conjurer Cardi; who incidentally showed up the dirty work of Peeling and Humpage in concealing packs of cards about their person. There were numerous side shows to patronise.

Four stalwarts who still wanted more joined in the confetti battle in Oak Street (it is rumoured that two had a good view point from the top of a lamp post)

Still wanting more the he-men had supper at 11.0 o'clock and made their way to the Drill Hall. Here there was supposed to be a Dance in progress but all one could do was to grab the necessary evil and shuffle into the clear spaces which occasionally showed themselves.

Nice work if you can get it!!

Friday July 29th

6.

The camp attended the 11.0 oclock parade as usual.
In the afternoon some weather(see definitions below)
impelled us to inhabit the Miners' cottage. Some competitions
were organised.

Prize List

Table-Tennis	Podmore
	Weaver
Quoits	Machin
	Lloyd

The Bagatelle and Drayughts Tournaments are still to
be finished.

In the evening we strolled up to the top of Bryntail
just to see if it was still there; then we ran to the top of
Pen y Clun and back from the "Cucumbers".

----- oOo -----
Seniors have spent some of their time sliding down
Crowlwm. The ground has been wet and some time has been spent
in washing pants. One "stout fella" even started work with
needle and thread.

P.M.

----- XXX -----
Geographical Note

We had a visit from our landlord, Dr Roberts, who is
a ship's doctor. He had not come for the rent but told us two
little stories (quite clean)

The old Mill Race which starts from the "S Bend" still had
water running in it about 45 years ago. The works were stopped
and the machinery sold up to pay the landlord. The big wheel
was down by the river below the Old Mine Shaft.

Llyn yr Ord

Many years ago in the dim and distant past two giants
threw their battle axes at each other, one from the top of
Bryntail and the other from Crowlwm. The axes met in the middle
and falling to earth they were so mighty that they cut a deep
cleft in the earth. Into this cleft the river still flows to
this day just below the fall.

The name means the Pool of the Hammers.

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Camp Definitions

Weather ... Water, lots and lots and lots.
Water ... Interior of the eggs on some mornings when the
cooks rise late.

Saturday July 30th

7.

Shout Hurrab! Ring the Bells! Wave the
Flags! Put on a clean Collar!

Why? It's Bamping's birthday today.

Just to join in the celebrations the weather was pretty good, in fact after the usual morning's programme it was almost fine enough to carry out the arrangements of the afternoon. The clerk of the weather pulled himself together however and sent showers on us to such an extent that we decided to hibernate again.

In the evening the Juniors and Inters. played "camp ruggar touch",

A number of visitors were shown round the camp by our obliging O.C. and a goodly section of the Old Centrals' Association arrived, only to disappear again to the wild and wicked city.

Sunday July 31st

Old Boys arise with a slight hang-over but manage a fairly substantial breakfast.

The weather really seems to be trying to be fine and this evening is perfectly lovely.

At dinner we were treated to some more of the O.C.'s fine plum duff; two old boys on seeing the menu at the Bryntail Hotel would not risk it but went back to Town to dine. The cooks were evidently making sure of having a good dinner if the sweet was not up to scratch; they ordered an extra serving of the first course to share round on their table.

After a free afternoon we had the pleasure of having our picture took by a press photographer; the enjoyment was spoilt to a certain extent for some people as they had to get out of bed for it.

Twenty one of made our annual visit to the chapel at Deildre.

----- oOo -----

Over-heard in the O.C.'s room

Boy Please can we have the pincers for the vegetable winder.

O.C. I suppose you mean the pliers for the mincer.
Here you are fat-head.

We are sorry for an error in a previous issue. 'Miss Jean Davies should have read The Hon. Jean Davies.

Ed.

Monday August 1st

8.

Though a little threatening in the morning the weather gave us a very pleasant afternoon.

After the usual morning programme we had a very unusual afternoon. A cricket team went down to Llanidloes in Old Boys' cars and played a team of the Llanidloes Boys' Club. The rest of the camp had a free afternoon and evening.

The Llanidloes Boys' Club

Until Mr Guerra retired to Llanidloes with his brother there was very little in the way of entertainment for boys but knowing "H.G." we half expected something to happen.

It did!

Mr Guerra gathered a number of boys together and started a club. The club rents an old woollen mill and runs a Physical Training Section and three cricket teams.

The ground floor of the Club is used for indoor games. There are two billiard tables, one half size and one quarter, two table tennis tables, a small bagatelle table and other games.

The room on the second floor is used by a Scouts' Troup.

The other floor is used by the Athletes and is equipped with a boxing ring, agility mats, a box and other apparatus.

It was the "A" team that we played at cricket and in the evening after tea at Wood's some of the boys played billiards against some of the Club boys.

Playing cricket against a team which was strengthened by a couple of first team players we lost by 13 runs to 34.

Playing billiards on a strange table, with a rather peculiar slope, our boys wone two of the six games and did quite well in the others.

Tuesday August 2nd

We experienced one of the peculiar types of weather that Bryntail gives us. There was a mist in the morning which might have lasted all day and might have given way to a blazer. It gave us the first.

Most of the day was spent in preparations for the Camp Supper and Entertainment.

(To be continued in our next)