

THE HAMMER

BRYNTAIL EXCERPTS

1915 to 1934

gallant band. The march up was accomplished in about one hour, Mr. H. Guerra gallantly leading the rear.

As soon as we arrived, several energetic souls forgetting their fatigue started mountaineering, the others were content to explore the unknown corners of the cottage.

Bryntail is an ideal place for a holiday. Hills tower up on all sides, and circling round the valleys below or dashing over rocks or hiding in the deep foliage on its banks, flows the river, the name of which a few elastic tongues, especially that of "Brains" can pronounce correctly, it is the Clywedoc. Not far from its banks stand the remains of what once was a flourishing lead mine, and with the exception of Bryntail farm, no human habitation can be seen within a couple of miles.

Several brave parents attempted to reach the eagle's nest we had chosen and many failed in the attempt. Some motorcyclists landed in gorse bushes at the sharp corners and some motorists, imitating the lobster had to climb backwards, thereby no doubt giving the impression they were going down hill; others collided with inoffensive farmers on the road, to say nothing of one of the best known characters of the C.S.S. who not only raced the Cambrian Railway on the level but also the farmer's cart up the hill.

Great interest was taken in the architectural design of the ruins of the old mine. Our artists improved on the archways with the help of well-intentioned but misguided parents.

Of the twelve boys who formed the first contingent no fewer than seven managed to get round their parents with such skill that they obtained permission to remain another fortnight. Mr. Guerra sat up (with a cup of hot cocoa) until the midnight lamp burnt low, making a brave and praiseworthy effort to find out where to put them all. The problem became acute later on when it was known that four "tramps" were also to find lodgings at the cottage. One slept on two tables and another attempted to sleep in an armchair; both were unsuccessful and passed the night chasing a mouse in the chimney.

Many were the pleasures of the mountains, but to these pleasures was added the attraction of the farm, Mr. E. Evans and family being most obliging and kind, and we take this opportunity of thanking them for all they did for us. The farm, thanks to them, was a delightful spot. One boy learnt how to ride a horse, though he still has to learn how to stop it, and another maintains he can now milk a cow. They all made friends with the dog "Bob," and with three snorting monsters which lived by the gates and which specially attracted Mr. C.

On the last Saturday the prize distribution took place. Mrs. Esslemont kindly consenting to give them out. The proceedings were opened by R. Powis, the school football captain, who presented her with a fine bouquet of wild flowers which the

BRYNTAIL

We started on our holidays at Snow Hill station at 1-15 p.m. The journey as far as Shrewsbury was comfortably accomplished, as we had reserved compartments, but after that we had to brave the terrors of the Cambrian Railway. The least said the better and eventually we landed at Llanidloes half an hour late.

A cart was waiting to take our luggage up to Bryntail and in about half-an-hour we got everything loaded up satisfactorily. Then we started on our grand march up the mountains. It was up hill practically the whole way, the gradients becoming steeper the farther we went. When about half way, it started to rain, and that, combined with the last hill, nearly finished off the

SCHOOL NOTES.

Dates to be remembered : Prize Distribution on Wednesday, 26th, at 7-30 p.m. ; end of term on Friday, July 28th ; next term, Tuesday, September 12th to Wednesday, December 20th.

A very interesting marriage announcement :—"On the 20th May, at St. Michael's, Handsworth, Norman Loveridge (Sergeant R.A.M.C.) to Dorothy G. B. Cashmore."

On June 6th, Mr. Foster gave a most enjoyable lecture on the Shackleton Expedition, first reviewing the work of Vasco da Gama, Captain Cook, Captain Scott, and other explorers, then giving us a detailed account of this last expedition of Sir Ernest Shackleton to the South Polar regions. It will be remembered that the School took a practical interest in Captain Scott's last expedition by making a contribution sufficient to buy a dog. This lecture has greatly helped to increase the School's interest in a work which, but for the war, would have engrossed everyone's attention.

From a Bryntailer :—"On Wednesday, April 19th, twenty boys under Mr. Guerra's supervision entrained via Llanidloes for Bryntail, their home for the next fortnight. The three-mile walk to Bryntail was soon accomplished, the cupboards were ' bagged ' as also were the beds, by the first arrivals ; the three older boys having these. The weather, except two days, was very fine, and excursions were made to Rhayader, Plinlimmon, Pennant Rocks, and to the waterfall of Craig-y-llo. We were favoured with visits from a number of parents who all enjoyed camp-life, although it be rough and ready. The Camp Sports were held, and Mrs. Robottom kindly distributed the prizes which Mr. Powis had brought from Birmingham. How pleasant it was to go just wherever we pleased—no fences or sign-boards with the usual warning phrase, not to trespass. We all enjoyed ourselves, even those who, being late for meals, had to wash up. We did hear of two poor fellows who went without a meal altogether. Everybody returned looking better for his holiday and is eager to go again."

A very interesting match was played between an XI. of convalescent soldiers from Highbury and the C.S.S. Our XI. had the benefit of the services of Mr. Lovel, Mr. Davison, Mr. C. A. F. Hastilow, and Mr. Postins, captain of the Night School Cricket Team. Highbury batted first on a wet wicket and made 57. C.S.S. played out time making 100 for the loss of three wickets. We hope to play more of these matches before the term ends.

We do not vouch for the accuracy of the following description of a mathematical lesson :
"The master walks in, looks round, passes his hand through his hair, then 'Good morning, boys,' says he—pause of 10 seconds

boy contracted stomach-ache, having captured the larger part of the Llanidloes' tuck shops. Matric. results arriving, it was found necessary to christen the Sixth Formers the "Guild of Undergraduates." Knicks beginning to look the worse for wear. Great attraction the next day in Innes' and Holloway's accidental diving exhibition in full dress. Holloway ascending the hill in a towel, gave us the impression of a prehistoric Briton or else an advertisement for Pears' soap. On the 3rd several campers visited Pennant Rocks. Tunstall gave us a good example of the force of gravity as applied to human beings, trying to hang by his budding moustache over a twenty-foot precipice. On Friday (the 4th August) eight of us went to Moat Lane to see Govier off for Borth. Personally, we saw him just as the train started; however, being philosophic, we consoled ourselves with the thought that it was quite enough. Growing casualty list, including tooth-ache and sunburn cases. Indeed, many boys were wondering if they would have any epidermis left on their return. On Sunday Mr. Powis arrived on the famous "James," also Fred Sadler. A visit was paid to the Welsh Church. On Monday, the first Camp Sports were held, R. Matthews gaining most successes. The Guild still survive their suppers, although half a pound of vigorous cheese eloped with a loaf of bread in a mysterious manner. On Wednesday (August 9th) the water sports were held; these included polo and diving, the latter being won by Langley, with Hall as runner-up. The day after, a visit was made to Plynlimon. On Friday (the 11th) the first fortnight boys disappeared, being replaced by the second fortnight boys, with whom came Mr. Millard and Mr. Walker. On Saturday we had the first rain, the weather previously having been very hot and fine.

Sunday, the 13th, was wet practically all day; a few boys, thinking they would get no wetter than they were, took advantage of a fine interval to bathe. A very fine interval indeed! So fine it could hardly be measured. The following day, a baseball match was arranged between the Old Campers and the New Campers, the former gaining an easy victory. On Tuesday a paper chase was organised, in spite of some protestations from the opposition benches. It was remarked that an enthusiastic devourer of the "Nelson Lee" Library (full particulars on application) followed the trail in the approved style, sniffing hard. By the way in which Matthews (Form II.) succeeded in sticking to a large deposit of Welsh mud, one would have thought we had had some rain; of course a most ridiculous supposition. Very ungentlemanly laughter from hares on hounds' arrival, one and half hours after them. Wednesday was calm on most fronts. On one sector, however, Bradford (Va.) tried to hang by one finger on to the barbed wire entanglements of the front gate, with consequent disastrous results. Another visit was paid by the boys and Mr. Guerra to Craig-y-llo Waterfall. Great credit is due to J. Nicolle

BRYNTAIL SUMMER CAMP, 1916.

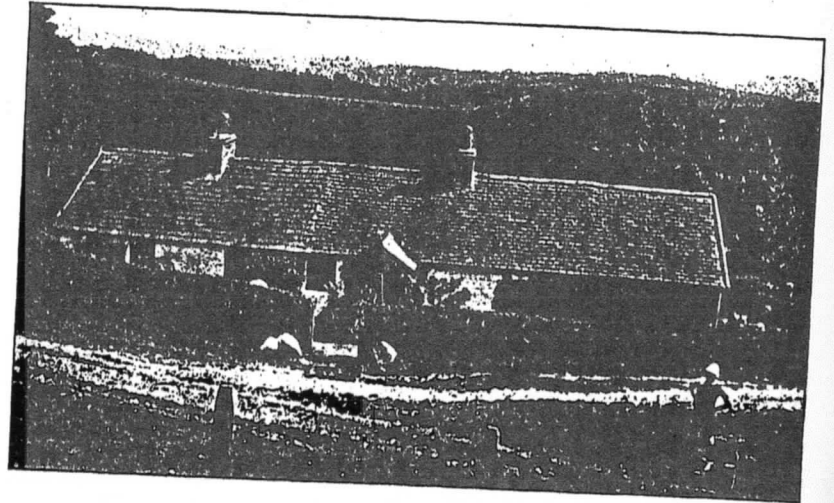
We all arrived safely on July 23th, and got the cottage in order. On the Saturday Howson and Smith arrived unexpectedly, and had to return to Llanidloes; then Southon, Ball and Boston arrived at 11 p.m., having cycled from Birmingham. Owing to lack of accommodation they had to sleep in an old miner's cottage. On the 30th an excursion was made to Craig-y-llo Waterfall. At night the air was alive with muttered strafings against unknown persons who had effectually sewn up the pyjamas of certain boys. On Monday an unofficial report was circulated that the Sixth Formers (Ball and Co.) had pineapple and salmon for tea. We sincerely hope they had a good night. A certain Form II.

for his brave attempt to fall the 70ft. On the return, Mr. Guerra and a few intrepid followers forded the river, without wetting their boots and stockings. Great protestations from Mr. Guerra that he had not taken them off, though of course no one dared suggest that he had. On Thursday, meat having run short, the writer and a gallant ally assisted 12lb. of meat in its walk from Llanidloes to Bryntail. No bathing, the "raison" being that the current was too strong. On Friday, the 18th, Mr. Taylor effected a safe arrival. It is rumoured that the Cambrian train by which he arrived was only three minutes late. No special editions of the local paper were observed, however. On the 19th Govier re-arrived from Borth. The second fortnight sports were also held on this date. On Sunday (20th) several doughty warriors, following the example of the Spanish toreadors engaged in a little interview with a Welsh bull of prepossessing appearance and good manners. Records were made both in cross-country running and in tree-climbing. Winners, Mr. Millard and Mr. Taylor for the running, Messrs. Grew, Govier and Walker for the tree-climbing. Finally, after a quiet conversation, lasting about a quarter of an hour, the interviewers made a highly dignified and strategical retreat, without casualties. However, Aspinall narrowly escaped a serious wound for laughing in a particularly hard-hearted manner at two prefects washing up. (Hurried retreat of Asp.). The duty boy for the day severely "strafed" for being too economical with the butter. However, as the bard says, "Man needs butter little here below."

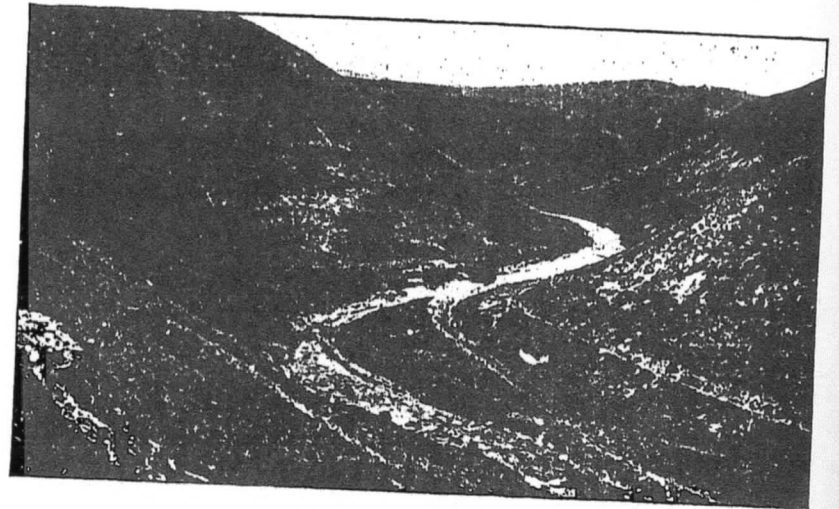
On Monday a visit was paid to the Van Mines, but no one succeeded in falling down the shaft. One boy showed a suicidal desire to have his head crushed by the beam engine, but fortunately for those who would have had to pick up the bits, he was saved. On Wednesday, the 23rd, a visit was paid to Broncho Bill's Wild West Show, Three Huge Shows in One, etc., etc. (total time taken, one and half hours). Everybody trudged down to Llanidloes in the wet fully prepared to witness bloodshed and murder in the hair-raising sword duels, also feats bordering on the impossible. By the way, did Roman Gladiators wear trousers and leggings, or have their hair down their backs? The only feat bordering on anything, let alone the impossible, were those of the tight rope dancer. On the Thursday the prize distribution took place, Mrs. Evans, of the farm, presiding. On Friday the camp broke up, after a very pleasant holiday, and with hopes for a further visit.

J. GREW.

[Two views of Bryntail Camp (from photographs taken by S. Rymond) are added to this number. The first gives a view of the cottage, and the second shows the grand scenery of the immediate neighbourhood. On the right of the lower picture, near the river bank, may be seen the patch worn bare by the Undergraduates' Camp].



BRYNTAIL.



CLYWEDOG RIVER.

SCHOOL NEWS.

The Prize-Giving will take place on Thursday, July 26th, at 7-30 p.m. We break up the next morning. Season Tickets for next Term should be ordered from September 11th to December 19th.

We regret to announce that Miss Henderson is leaving us at the end of the term; we trust that the West Country will appreciate, as we have done, her high standards of work and duty, and that the maids of Clifton may emulate the boys of Suffolk Street in their response. We are heartily sorry to lose her.

Birmingham University successes:—S. G. Ball has passed the Final B.Sc. in Mathematics and Physics; and C. A. Lakin, in spite of his being engaged in war work since before Easter, has passed the Final B.Sc. in Physics.

Mr. Ellerker is again offering a prize for fielding to be awarded on the vote of the team. In 1915 the prize was awarded to R. Powis, and in 1916 to A. B. Holmes.

A Watch Competition provided us with a little excitement and enabled us to send £3 to the Y.M.C.A. Hut Fund. The winner, F. M. Barr, now positively revels in punctuality.

The exact amount raised by the Whist Drive on February 17th and the Headmaster's Lecture on March 3rd was £26 10s. 4d., and a cheque for that amount was sent last term to the Lady Mayoress' Depot Fund.

Of ginger beer it may be said that its precise composition now depends on Lord Rhondda and is a problem for the laboratory, but the brand prepared for the Sports must be sweetish, must cling to the palate, must froth, and must distend—one bottle is good, three are desirable, more is unattainable felicity. Our Sports' brew triumphed over every difficulty.

If, as comic opera tells us, the hall mark of gentility is a following of sisters, cousins, and aunts, our entrance examination candidates are the very pink of courteous circumspection, the Ex.-VI. of years to be.

An innovation this term is a series of water polo matches, Form VI. v. the Rest. It was Mr. Guerra's intention to have a polo match at the Sports, but the short time allowed for the use of the baths made this impossible.

The Easter Bryntailers had a unique experience: snow to the hocks, more snow, well-pressed sledding snow, if anything, added to the enjoyment. The Summer Camp immediately succeeds School Assembly; on July 27th, promptly at noon, twenty-eight boys plus luggage will swarm down the front steps. The same evening, the walk up, the pure mountain air, and long vistas of joys to come may cause a sad inroad upon the countless bags of luscious nutriment thoughtfully despatched ahead by Mr. Guerra.

It has been known for some time that our attempts to improve the turf on the cricket pitch were welcomed by the rabbits in the

BRYNTAIL CAMP.

Now-a-days a journey on an ordinary railway is both uncertain and dangerous, and the Cambrian is anything but ordinary. However, the charms of Bryntail being irresistible, even in the face of such hardships, Mr. Guerra plus thirty boys embarked in high feather on the 1-5 express from Snow Hill on July 28th. Even the attempts of the railway company to stifle us by shunting our carriage into a tunnel, and leaving it there for half-an-hour, proved inadequate to quell our spirits. The journey was further enlivened by the rain, torrents of it, till we were nearly home. Our only excitement during the first fortnight was getting up at midnight and hammering in tent-pegs, which the wind immediately pulled up. During the second fortnight we were favoured with five really fine days, and a walk to Pennant Rocks was arranged. A sudden shower coming on just as we were scrambling up a cliff added to the excitement, and greatly to the astonishment of a cow, who shared our quarters; we dried our jerseys in a shed belonging to a neighbouring farm. One night some fellows arrived in their tent to find everything an inch deep in water, so they spent half-an-hour in carrying bedding into the cottage. Jam supplies ran short after the third week, so Mrs. Millard volunteered to preserve bilberries. Twenty-eight pounds were speedily gathered, and the jam was thoroughly appreciated. A paper chase, with Mr. Millard and Mr. Walker as hares, ended in a victory for the hares, while Macadie won sixpence for being the first hound to reach home. As our time drew to a close, "feeds" became nightly occurrences. The members of one tent decided to hold theirs while the rest of the camp were at supper. Unfortunately the secret leaked out; there was a raid, pineapple got on the ground, the ground got on the pineapple, while both got into the cream, and a mixture of powdered biscuit and smashed gooseberry got on everything and everybody.

On adding up the number of points which each camper had gained it was found that Esslemont and Aspinall had tied for the Bryntail Medal, but a baseball match, won by Aspinall's side, gave him the necessary point. Throughout the month the camp maintained its record for punctuality and early rising, especially the members of Form V. tent and the cooks, who never once were late for breakfast, though they sometimes discarded "summer time."

In spite of rain we had a glorious time; nothing ever mars our enjoyment at Bryntail, and with each visit the place seems to get more and more delightful.

Recently the Bryntailers gave an exhibition game of Baseball; an "exhibition," the strain of which, the ball itself could not withstand. However, the players carried on with a rubber ball, while Grew continued to referee with a solemnity which would have graced an owl. The losers were assisted by Mr. Guerra, who, escaping before the end, was discovered in the pavilion drowning his shame in cocoa.

of wild rose bushes; also a most successful cycle run to Earlswood with a full tale of punctures and lots of chaff and laughter. It is rumoured that when the Threes are Fours the "Junior" lure may draw them still.

A party of boys already initiated into Baseball at Bryntail, and desirous of seeing the real thing, went to the Aston Villa ground on June 8th. Their expectations rose greatly when a U.S.A. player stopped a long catch with his head; the business-like way in which a reserve took his place was impressive, while the comments of some fifty American soldiers seated behind the "home plate" were more impressive still. One was told to "vamoose to ballyhack," another to "fetch his granny," and another to get a drain-pipe to it." Apparently "buckets" not "mitts" were required, and the only decent man in the "Canuck" team was the catcher who was "jake-aloo." But we are "ornery" linguists, so "nuff sed."

None regrets more than we the absence of Old Boy Letters from this number. Other deficiencies we can make up, but not this. Cheery, humorous, uncomplaining, these letters, giving us an insight into the hum-drum duties of the soldier, have set the cords of memory vibrating, and, more than anything else, have helped us to realise what the school is doing in the war. Can we not have more?

The Maroon Demonstration provided the School with a little excitement; the prospect of something going off is always alluring; moreover, there were persistent rumours, unfortunately unfounded, that the occasion would be graced by an elocutionary effusion of patriotic sentiment; but none knew exactly what was going to happen. Directly the maroons were fired orders were given to assemble in Room 127. First came 5A and 5B, swinging along manfully, half protesting against being in the van, while gracefully acknowledging the compliment implied; then 3A, beautifully led, mincing in time with crisp, decisive steps, were immediately followed by 3B and 3C; far above there sounded the patter of little feet in unabashed haste, while their leader hovered uncertainly between van and rear wondering which was the post demanded of propriety; Form VI. strolled imperturbable, disapproving of any uncalled-for exertion, condescendingly and leisurely they wended their lordly way; lastly came the Fours, noisily, as is their wont. In four minutes the whole school was safely stowed away; we have often seen boys and macaroons stowed away in 162 in half that time.

We are grateful for the ungrudging payment of the increased price of the magazine; one reader who borrowed a copy went so far as to pronounce it worth sixpence, another, however, thought the inclusion of the Four Oaks railway-service might make it worth a penny. Criticism generously dealt out has clearly indicated a plain path to our unperplexed vision: in future, the Easter

BRYNTAIL.

We have been privileged to look over the Easter diary; it is a piquant document, full of life and youthful excitement, a testimony of pure joy and exuberant health, occasionally giving little peeps into the innermost life of the camp, but more often relapsing into silence after saying just enough to whet the keenest curiosity.

The fun started at Snow Hill, where Mr. Guerra had a "fierce argument with the ticket-collector about half-fares." We are not told who won, but, knowing H.G.'s thoroughness, we can picture his stage setting: Esslemont cutting a tooth, Cash lisping in falsetto for a Steedman powder, Bushill soothing a teddy-bear with chocolate cigarettes, and the others standing around singing "We are Seven." By the way, H. G. seems fairly to have run amok: besides this fierce argument, we learn that he "tried his strength on six yokels"; we cannot find out anything about these yokels, so we conclude they were mangled beyond identification; he also conspired with Asp—the very name gives us Nilotic shivers—to assassinate M. Le Grand; once, after cider, H. G. attacked the cottage with the brutal idea of spring-cleaning it, and damaged himself with a hammer; again, unaided, and armed only with a sou'-wester, he went out and defeated in single combat the turkey-cock, enemy to boys and devourer of rice-puddings; moreover, he won the Booby Prize.

Others, besides Mr. Guerra, were strangely affected by Welsh scenery. Once Slater was carried home in a stretcher, completely overcome; another time Esslemont forgot to go to bed. In his search for a quiet corner suitable for the study of Nesfield, he had retired into the pantry and was found, late at night, devouring grammar with his head propped up against a half-empty jam-pot. But the most remarkable testimony to the efficacy of Welsh civilisation is found in the following entry:—
 "On Saturday three notable Sixth Form wits went to Craig-y-lloe." Three wits, Sixth Form wits, all at once! Note the suddenness of the change. The very boys who are wont to gaze stolidly and unrelentlessly with dull, leaden, expressionless gaze out of those windows turned, in three days, into wits! Wonderful! What a tribute to Plynlimmon!

We have always had a partiality for cooks, we admire them and all their works, and we rejoice to find that the Bryntail cooks kept unsullied the high reputation won by the world's greatest benefactors. They were thoughtful from the first; owing to a high wind there was little sleep the first night, so they were late the next morning; the day after, with infinite tact, they were too early; on meatless days they comforted the camp with chocolate and rice pudding; they shared their rations with the turkey-cock; after seeing the deplorable effect of cider on Mr. Guerra, in utter devotion to their beloved chief, they "put away" the source of evil, cut their fingers and broke two plates; so tremendous were their efforts that they used up the coal too soon and had to collect wood; and their meek and unaffected grace at church prompted the vergar to ask their assistance in taking round the collection-plates. We are proud of them!

One Thursday several boys went to Llanidloes by trap, but missed it for the return journey. Fortune, however, amply repaid them, they met a "nice girl, aged two, who had never been kissed." Tut-tut! Where was the fierce arguer, the vanquisher of six yokels and one turkey-cock, the co-conspirator with Asp, where was he? Or was Walker, winner of the prize for being the most obliging boy, on the spot? And did he oblige? We sincerely hope he was and did.

The Camp ended up in a blaze of glory with a splendid Prize-Giving, splendid Prizes, and splendid Speeches, notably that of Esslemont, winner of the Bryntail Medal, awarded for the highest marks for Beauty, Leap-frog, Intellect, Potato-peeling, and Virtue.

SCHOOL NEWS.

The Athletic Sports will be held on Saturday, June 28th. We break up on Friday, July 25th. Next term's seasons should be ordered from Tuesday, September 9th, to Friday, December 19th, inclusive.

Our House Captains are :—A. POWELL (Black) ; F. R. SANTALL (Blue) ; H. B. VICARY (Green) ; and H. S. ROBINS (Red).

At present we have twelve Prefects :—J. H. Bushill, F. R. Lea, N. C. Marples, E. W. Moore, F. H. Nicholls, A. Powell, H. S. Robins, E. R. C. Smith, R. B. Tunstall (Senior), H. B. Vicary, J. M. Walshe, and A. S. Witts.

The small Union Jack which jauntily flutters near the ceiling in 267 was put up on Armistice Day. How it got there puzzles us ; how it can be got from there puzzles 6B.

The Junior Debating Society has had a good session. Among its most successful features may be recorded a paper on The Channel Tunnel, by Walker (4B), a Mock Trial of Kaiser Wilhelm, and War-talks by Lieuts. Quinney, Hopkins, and Loveridge. A Yarn-Spinning Contest and a Musical Recital had something of the charm of novelty. But why, oh why, have we not a piano ?

On April 14th the Sixths, with inimitable decorum, endured "Everyman" at the Repertory as a sermon which cost a shilling ; on May 12th, as an antidote to fifteenth century morality, they enjoyed in "Much Ado" Dogberry's malapropisms and the delightful "Sigh no more," though they voted Claudio a scurvy hero, and preferred to his fickle affection the obvious villainy of Don John. The Fours had a rare old time at "She Stoops to Conquer." Tony they consider a real hero, and are prepared to let the management know just how the part should be played.

Our school has an architectural admirer. Its beauty has evoked enthusiasm in a French schoolboy, who ordinarily can see little to charm in English interiors. He was pleased with the inside mural decorations ; but tears were very near his eyes when, in 5B, he spied those channels grooved in the desks for

streams of ink, widely separated in the highlands and converging near the edge into one vast and cunningly constructed reservoir. Another strand in the Entente Cordiale !

The Prizes were distributed by Miss Burrows, a constant good friend to the School. A beautiful gilt basket, tastefully wreathed by Mrs. Hatfield with crimson roses grown in the gardens of the boys' fathers, expressed the thanks of the School more warmly than could the usual costly bouquet.

Bryntail still draws crowded and enthusiastic houses. Last summer the camp lasted four weeks ; there were no mishaps, contre-temps, or accidents ; indeed, of this camp it may be said : "Il n'y a pas d'histoire à raconter des camps heureux." For the first week of the Easter camp glorious, weather prevailed, and the older boys were able to go under canvas ; but one morning, at 6-30 summer time, the tents gave way, the cooks established a record for early rising, and soon after winter returned, making Alpine sports possible. Unfortunately, one young camper hurt his knee while playing baseball ; otherwise the Easter holiday, in spite of varied weather, was most enjoyable ; moreover, the presence of Cash and Govier, those stainless cooks of a former camp, gave an air of distinction to a blameless holiday.

The above is the official record, but we are not so easily misled. Our exposure in the Magazine of last July has obviously frightened H.G., and though he may have told us the truth, he has certainly not told the whole truth. Searching inquiry has established the fact that Bushill and Robins, supposed to sleep at the farm opposite, were once locked out and forced to sleep above innocent cows in a hayloft. Moreover, the turkey-cock has disappeared. "Le brave coq est mort." His last gobble is gobbled, and his last strut strutted. It is of no use to tell us "il n'y a pas d'histoire à raconter des coqs heureux," because we know that H.G. went down at Christmas and came back smacking his lips, not with emotion, but, we fear, with gustatory recollection. Crocodile was the tear that dropped on the parson's nose ! And the last gobble of all—we blush to relate it—was not the turkey-cock's, but H.G.'s.

About forty boys spent three weeks of the summer vacation "on the land" in Scotland. Despite the fact that they camped near a plantation of seven or eight hundred acres of raspberries, they did only four days' work. The National Service committee, having a somewhat guilty conscience, paid the expense of a trip to Loch Earn, one of the beauty spots of Scotland. Previous to this—in fact, during the last week of the summer term—six boys went to Tamworth. Although they missed the delights of "Bonnie Scotland," and of hearing undiluted Scotch accent, they certainly chose a better time.

The plays chosen for last Christmas were "Le Cid" and "King Henry IV." Part II. Rehearsals were continued until the

BRYNTAIL.

During the early part of the term there had been strange rumours that there would be no camp; wise heads were wondering what H.G. would do with himself. What could be the counter-attraction? What greenhouse, what tomato, what strange malady of the chicken-coop could accomplish this? Speculation was rife, but the boys nevertheless had their camp. This year we have prodigies to chronicle. First two prefects got up at 4 a.m. to catch a train. Gentle reader, you have read aright, it was 4 a.m. They got up, travelled, arrived, but their eyes, if not their appetites, belied any awakening. Again there came to light a ferocious wild-beast-hunter who, searching for tigers, snared a rabbit, and tracking a polar bear, encountered a pole cat. As it was dead, its capture became feasible. Our snake-charmer who specialized on the tail-end was not wholly successful, since the cobra, known in Wales as a blind-worm—strange people are the Welsh to persist in miscalling animals—slipped through the operator's fingers into a gorse bush. For the first few days we had our Headmaster with us, needless to say he was most welcome; he left on Tuesday at 6 a.m., and tents A and B should have seen him off. However, by some unforeseen hitch, tents A and B were still asleep when the breakfast bell rang at 8-30. The question they still try to solve is whether Welsh time is the same as English time. Dr. Roberts paid a flying visit, also too short; and then came two tramps from Bristol, all dust and thirst; then another, yclept "Tuppence"; and yet another visitor, Mr. Walker, to whom the camp, since its start, owes the Bryntail medal; a debt recognized by speech and souvenir on his departure. With him came a horde of tenderfoots, tired and footworn. It is such a climb from Llanidloes, the City, to Bryntail, the CAMP. And so days passed; swimming, running, and baseball, watching 1st XV. heroes indulging in scientific tip-cat—without move, levels, or nose-drops—made the time pass all too quickly. Duty boys did their work with zeal. It is true that a key was found in the porridge that dish-cloths had a knack of disappearing, and that scarcity of plates was felt; these are but details. Everyone knows it is easier to break a plate than to wash it: for proof come to Bryntail. Rumour also has it that there is a cupboard in H.G.'s room worth breaking open. It is full of tuck. Tuck plentiful and up to the present, unowned.

All camp activities proved successful, and competition between boys was keen. Four paper-chases were run, all campers joining in and all finishing, except one. In spite of Indian-like methods, in which it appears Bryntail boys are adepts, the track was lost. The four dispatch runs were exciting, but bilberries proved too strong a temptation for the small fry. The weather, fine beyond expectation, proved favourable for camping. Some boys were as black as the blackest negro Africa can boast, and days of brilliant sunshine followed one another until the last week, when a hurricane swept down the valley and blew a tent over. The following night, when rain found its way into the same tent, H.G. took drastic measures and removed

the forlorn sixth-formers, plus the School Captain's bed, into better quarters. The only tangible result of the efforts of the wind was the appearance of the seniors for breakfast; yes, indeed, whatever! In time, look you now too! It was one of our best camps. On an average fourteen pounds of bread per week per head were eaten (what says the Food Controller?). Fielding at baseball smartened up, and twenty-two catches in one evening will take some bearing. With the exception of a cut sustained as a result of the attraction of the bread-cutter, the surgery was singularly neglected. The youngest camper, joined for the month, was twenty-four months old and weighed two stones. The water supply for the first time ran so low, that special duty had to be taken to carry some from the river for washing purposes, the little supply available from the spring being kept for cooking. Amongst the campers were the School Football Captain; seven 1st XV., seven 2nd XV., and six 3rd XV. players; two boys who were amongst the first Bryntail campers five years ago; six boys from form VI, ten from form V., twelve from form IV., ten from form III., [and one Master from Alexandra Road, Edgbaston—Ed.]

Birmingham Central
Secondary School Magazine.

"FORWARD."

Editor - - MR. L. C. EVANS.

VOL. VIII.—No. 5.

MAY, 1920.

SIXPENCE.

Pro Patria.

To the sixty names already published one more must be added :
 G. F. R. BRIDGE, killed in action April 15th, 1918.

SCHOOL NEWS.

We break up on Friday, July 23rd, and re-start on Tuesday, September 7th. The School Sports will be held on Saturday, June 26th.

We congratulate H. Whitworth on his success in the January London Matric. Exam.

Prizes for General Knowledge were awarded at Christmas to Eaton 6A and Hughes 3B.

To many readers the name "Bryntail" is linked with their pleasantest memories of school life which will stand out undimmed and unforgettable when other incidents will have faded into oblivion; old Campers, especially, will be grieved to hear that, after Easter, Bryntail will no longer be available for school camps.

The C.S.S. is always pleased to see old friends, especially, perhaps, when they happen to be ladies; those who knew Miss Henderson were delighted to greet her en route in the New Year from Aberdeen for the West. She can still identify the surviving Sixth under their disguise of adolescence! Mrs. Hatfield blew in at mid-term, floated up to Form II. to compare this year's spring crop with previous seasons', and openly wished herself back on overtime, explaining Nap to Matric. candidates. It's some success to make scientists sense history!

Preparations for cricket are well advanced. Some rolling has been done, stock has been overhauled and, where necessary, repaired or replaced, and a completed fixture list has been put in the hands of the printers. We resume this year our games with Halesowen G.S., and for the first time matches have been arranged with Yardley S.S. Santall's leaving creates a gap in the XI, we shall have difficulty in filling. His keenness and brilliance in School cricket lead us to expect big things of him in the next few years, and we shall watch his career with interest.

for posterity. If some outstanding event had to be inscribed on the School's record, we should mention the weather. The weather makes or mars camp life, and that summer it was most unkind. Easter, 1921, was again not favoured, and even this summer when an exceptional fine spell created elsewhere a record of sunshine and warmth, the boys at Bryntail caught all the worst the year produced. After the weather, health holds second place in importance. During the four weeks of the camp in 1920, ill-luck was again with the boys. Mr. Guerra, who assumes the responsibility of the outings, and believe me, reader, it is no small matter, suffered much from ill-health. Moreover, one of the boys contracted quinsy, and we must in this connection give hearty thanks to Mrs. Millard who was with us, for the excellent care she gave the invalid. However, the two following camps were absolutely free from illness, and health reigned supreme.

Camp routine was pleasantly broken in 1920 by the visit of several parents, who are always welcome in our little "nid d' aigle." Most welcome indeed was the visit at Easter of our Headmaster and Mr. Benton, who remained with us for far too short a period. Mr. Benton created quite an enthusiasm by discovering a tumulus, which the boys dug out in the expectation of finding remains of a period now disappeared in the fog of time. The energy they displayed in digging would drive the leaders of the trade union of navvies to despair.

Old Boys still flock to Bryntail. Once having been, they always want to come again. In 1920 the Old Boys joined hands with the School; in 1921 they camped independently close by. Their only mishap was the loss of a bucket that floated down the river which had risen so high and so quickly as to flood their tent.

Activities never flagged. Last summer the boys bathed in the river daily, had four paper-chases of about five to six miles, four dispatch runs, two sports days (in which all events were keenly contested by every boy without exception), two gymkhanas, well enjoyed, tugs-of-war, four hill-climbing competitions, some swimming sports, one junior sports meeting, two mock trials, and four concerts, in which the camp Jazz band gave a good account of itself. After tea baseball was the order of the day, and on four occasions the boys went for long walks in the neighbourhood (about 8 to 9 miles). It is needless to add that none suffered from insomnia.

Duty in 1920 was not altogether satisfactorily performed, but at the two following camps it proved to be without a flaw. Each boy did his best, and that is all that is asked of a Bryntail boy.

We cannot close these comments without a word of praise for the spirit displayed this summer. Indeed the Camp Motto, "un pour tous et tous pour un" for them is not an empty phrase. It is a motto they took to heart and obeyed to the letter. So long as that is the case, we need have no fear that Bryntail will not live yet a while for the enjoyment and pleasure of the boys, and of their commanding officer whose orders are carried out so cheerfully and well.

BRYNTAIL.

It is not possible to allow the Magazine to go to print without a word about Bryntail. Every Easter and every Summer boys from the C.S.S. leave for the School camp in Wales, high up in the Plynlimmon Range. The event attracts no attention, produces no stir; it is part of the School routine! The Summer camp of 1920 has little to record

AIR, LIGHT AND SPACE.

The easiest, simplest, most delightful way of studying Geography, indeed the only method that should be admissible, is to see the world for oneself; then, then only perhaps, do the plans, maps, descriptions of experts become intelligible, then only can the information they exude in class- and lecture-room be absorbed; while, incidentally, fresh experts may thereby be created to bore with their knowledge the yet untravelled young. The day, we fear, is yet far distant when enlightened Education Committees, no longer impecunious, will at not infrequent intervals despatch envoys to the far places of the earth to see, enjoy, return and report; but till that happy day arrives (we shall watch its advent from our "bed of heaped Elysian flowers"), let us continue—afoot, awheel, atrain, or in hospitable car—to scour that portion of the universe accessible to us. The one necessity of travel is not money, but time; though into a week-end one can cram a deal of pleasure, and some folk would tackle the Indies in a Whitsuntide recess.

Several habitues of the School have recently by week-end discovered Wales, which, as the bulk of boys already know, is a Principality, which in the North produced for them a Second, and in the South a Head, which, as one of its dozen counties, includes Montgomeryshire, which enfolds Bryntail. Ah, Bryntail (remember to pronounce as newsboys cry their My-i-i-il), what visions the word calls up of huge jam-jars and smoking camp-fires, of cold, clear water and romantic caverns, of cheeky squirrels and elusive otters, of yarns and climbs and races galore! If there be yet one Boy, Old or Extant, who knows not Bryntail, and who asketh "What?" and "Where?" we answer: "Bryntail is a hospitable home in Edgbaston, where one plays billiards, and fingers longingly antique bayonets, scimitars and swords; Bryntail is a windy hill-top that looks towards Plynlimmon; it is a flourishing farm whose cows are red and white Herefords, not little black Welsh; it is a long, low cottage, the nucleus of the School Camp, set deep in a hollow of the mountain-side."

And how does one get there? One cycles, if holidays are long and luggage light, its 120 miles of distance; one meanders there by train, if loads are weighty; one is whisked there by car, if the Fates and Mr. Guerra are kind.

Hast thou, Fair Reader, seen Mr. Guerra's car present or past, replete with boys and dogs and gramophones? Hast ever seen him drive, him to whom Jehu, the son of Nimshi, was a racing snail? But mind, he slackens speed to let a black-aviced lambkin cross the road, and he never exceeds the speed limit long when he spies a policeman in the offing. And what game he puts up—a long-tailed cock-pheasant, a vagrant fox, bunnies and blackbirds galore. And some won't up! Certain matronly hens, sublime in buxom British worth, decline to hurry the pace, and the Citroën must needs slacken speed lest Dignity's staid plume be ruffled by her breeze.

Once there—O the joy of waking at Bryntail on a May morning, when the bloom is on the pear! Breakfast cooked in the open, French omelette done to a turn, pommes de terre sautées, chunks of bread and butter overlaid with store marmalade, and washed down with mugfuls of China tea. Then the scrambles up and down stony banks, the peeps into birds' nests, the discoveries among the whinberries and down by the stream. Hard to say which is most exciting, to dig out a baby rabbit with the help of one stick, one dog and half a dozen excited humans, or to locate Cavern 161—first discovered by a 4a boy, and capable of holding most of two Juniors, dovetailed head and heel! Then the charm of running water, the distant blue of mountain glens, the gleam of golden celandine, the elusive charm of violets, white and blue.

Then the Farm at Bryntail is so jolly neighbourly; in its great bedroom the sound sleep born of unlimited fresh air defies the gambols of rats and mice behind the wainscot, and round its wide fireplace it is very pleasant to gossip overnight with the Welsh lads come safely back from Salonika and Jerusalem. How odd these far-away names sound in this mountain home!

Of the two roads to Bryntail it is hard to say which is the more pleasant, the one through quaint Leominster (where one stops to note that the Ducking Stool was the reward not only of scolding Wives, but of cheating Brewers and Bakers) and busy Rhayader, or the other through the gate of old-world Ludlow and by half-timbered Ombersley. One may mention that since Bryntail was actually bought for a permanent School Camp, the Birmingham Water Works Authority at Rhayader, in view of the increased traffic of the district, have thought it expedient to take down the ancient "Butter Cross" that blocked the main village street lest it should share the fate of Llanidloes Town Hall, charged sideways recently by a Bryntail motor convoy. (Damage to car, slight to negligible.)

Of late, the Chief of Camp, in the goodness of his heart, has made some extra runs down Bryntail way, but we are glad to report that the patient in Llanidloes War Memorial Hospital, whose visitors he has carried, is now well on the road to recovery, since he has taken to blowing bubbles and laughing aloud over the epistles despatched to him in bulky envelope by his co-mates in smoky Brum.

Au revoir, Bryntail! We long to see you again! The lilac is all abloom, and the hedgerows are white with May, and all the trees have tumbled into flower and leaf, incontinent, at once. The scent of the bean-field, the lark's nest in the heather—and the engines are letting off steam alongside the C.S.S., and through the dull glass panes one can hardly tell whether the sun shines or no. Ay de mi, ay de mi!

E.H.C.

THE EASTER CAMP.

This Easter Camp was the fourteenth held at Bryntail. In giving this short account of the deeds and misdeeds of the bold adventurers who penetrated to the summit on which stands our little eagle's nest, we will not enlarge on the sorrow felt at the misfortunes of one camper who, the day of his arrival, was taken seriously ill. Barring this, the only clouds were those in the sky, and these were many, the weather being an extraordinary mixture of snow, sun, rain, hail, and wind: indeed, we had no weather, but merely a complete set of samples. The rain seemed particularly keen on exercising its influence in the morning, greatly to the distress of F. Barr, our eminent cook, who knows how to combine mysterious elements into a delectable whole, but likes to do so in solitude. Thus it happened that, making the most of sunshine and accepting rain with a cheerful mind, the days at Bryntail followed their unswerving course, and too soon, much too soon, the hour came when it was necessary to say good-bye to the Welsh mountains. Looking back upon the fourteen days, it must be admitted that nothing but pleasant recollections are present in our minds. The activities were numerous, dull moments few, and these were soon dispersed by the efforts of the excellent household band, whose selections were admirably rendered, especially the "Birthday

Serenade," their best effort. Out of doors games were keenly played, even "tip-cat"; Mutt and Jeff were here in their element, and great were their victories. Each week Sports were held, and these proved most successful; four Old Boys—Boston, Esslemont, Laughton, and Barr—joined in, but their efforts, though duly appreciated, met with little success. We had the pleasure of having Mr. Benton as judge and our Headmaster as starter. It is always a great joy for the boys to have our Headmaster at Bryntail, and the sole objection to his visits is that they are too short. We know what a busy man he is, and for once we shall excuse him *mais qu'il ne recommence pas*—carried nem. con.

We also welcomed the presence of Mrs. Brosecomb at our last meeting and prize distribution. She gave out the prizes in a way which at once captivated every boy. The C.O. expressed his satisfaction at the behaviour of the boys and at their readiness to fall in with any suggestion. Once again the boys proved true to the Camp motto: "One for all and all for one." We feel that when this is the case we can but repeat the famous words of Macmahon: "*C'est vous le négre, parfait, continuez.*"

The outstanding event of the fortnight was the farewell dinner organised by the Senior Boys for their own benefit. This was a gorgeous affair indeed. Eggs, bacon, milk and tea galore! The table was loaded, and to complete the festivity, the C.O., in the dark of night, produced a cake that also disappeared in mysterious fashion.

This account would be incomplete should no mention be made of the addition of a steel tent to the sleeping accommodation. In connection with this, our most hearty thanks must be given to Mr. Fox, who so kindly came to Bryntail to erect it, and who incidentally mended all our seats; put up a shelter for the Cook, and proved such a useful acquisition to the Camp that hopes are entertained that he may come again. Rumour says he may.

And now one word to the boys. We speak of events, of visitors, of building: what about the boys? Undoubtedly they form the most important part of the whole concern. Duty well performed, discipline, sportsmanship above suspicion, constitute elements assuring a successful Camp. May it ever be so.

H.G.

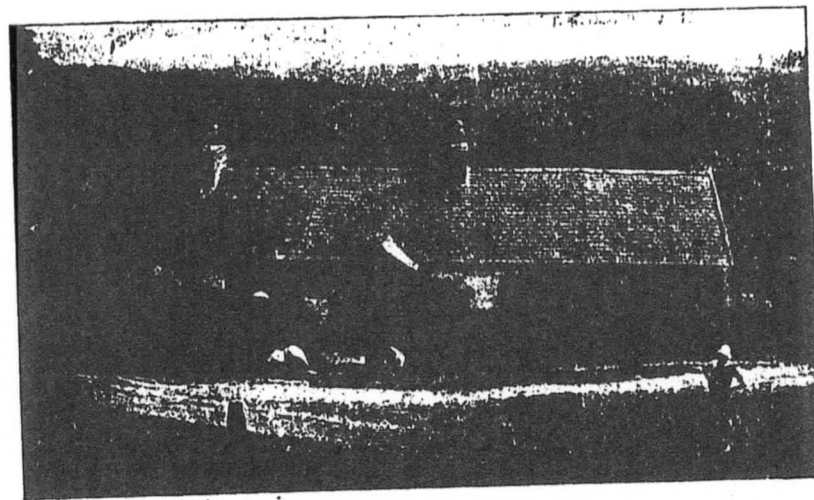
Months ago there were persistent rumours that C.S.S. boys were to become landed proprietors. Everyone of importance now knows that, through the kindness of Mr. R. G. Powis who lent the necessary cash, Bryntail belongs to the School. The debt on the cottage was £80 plus legal expenses amounting to £5 16s. Already two whist drives have helped considerably to reduce this debt. The first, at which there were 244 players, yielded a profit of £20, and the second with 228 players gave us £19. We have, therefore, thanks to the generosity of parents and the splendid help by the Ladies' Committee, who made such a success of the catering, reduced the debt to £46 16s. At both drives Bryntail boys were to the fore; after their experience in waiting on forty hungry campers, the task of supplying refreshment to two hundred or more civilized Birmingham citizens was mere child's play. Elsewhere a picture of Bryntail will give parents an idea of the holiday home they have helped to buy and, we hope, will prove an incentive to further acts of generosity so that the purchase may be speedily completed.

A party of eleven, ten mere hommes, and Nell Guerra, spent New Year week working at Bryntail, [That's the place to teach that work is the best of play!] and thanks to their efforts the walls are now distempered in artistic tones, and everywhere is swept and garnished for Easter. The weather was mild, and the moon was full; the Jazz Band gave several spirited performances. [You should see H. G. conduct! Appleby Matthews isn't in it!] There was a new cook [Fr: cuisinière], who burnt the soup only once—it was thick soup! Ye gods! Even the Farm dogs sniffed. H. G. looked like Don Q in his crimson sweater, with his hair on end; the rest resembled budding pirates till transformation came on leaving day, when shoes were polished and collars clean. Nell's costume sustained no damage. Rumour has it that the smaller half of the party got side-tracked on the return journey. However they looked jolly enough when an inspector looked in on them, in a carriage all to themselves, crunching toffee and playing bridge for love. Swank!

BRYNTAIL.

Bryntail Camp was carried on last August with as much enthusiasm as in previous years; the boys were keenly interested in Camp Sports and Camp Competitions, as was shown by the hard tussle for the Camp Medal. Mr. Guerra was pleased with the keenness shown in the Swimming Sports, one of the greatest camp events. There were also two walks, each about ten to twelve miles long, and four hill-climbs, one in each week. The weather was bad for the whole month, but in spite of this, routine was carried out as usual.

The Camp was honoured by the presence of a few Old Boys, though these proved quite sufficient; on the other hand they did a great work in acting two Charades, which were quite humorous. The Old Boys who turned up were Boston, Robins, Harris, Slater, Govier, and a jolly new camper Cornick, or the camp comedian. The camp was also honoured by the presence of Mr. Broscomb and Mr. Benson who made a Stage which, to our surprise, has not yet broken down under the weight of performers. A little while before August those famous building contractors, Broscomb and Guerra Ltd., came to Bryntail, and by knocking down the wall between the C.O. room and the Square room, formed the large Dining Room and Concert Hall. The campers were not without tuck, for H. G. opened a



BRYNTAIL COTTAGE.

tuckshop which was put in charge of H. Walker. All went well until the second fortnight when a poor little darling turned up and grew so homesick that, when he had been there only three days, he was sent back home incurable. Friend Cooke came to camp and proved to be a good camper, for he kept to the camp motto, "One for all and all for one," so well that he was voted the Popularity Prize.

The camp was marred by the illness of Nell and Dunn, the former became stiff and could not stand, probably due to overgorging. Nell became so ill that Mr. Guerra was obliged to take her to the Vet, but she soon got well after a few days starvation. Dunn caught a severe cold; it appears that he fell into the river, and instead of running straight back to camp, he undressed and waited until his clothes were dry; however he recovered and was well enough to go home quite soon.

The last note of interest is the journey of five adventurers who risked their lives by going to Aberystwith in the Citroën. They did the twenty-nine miles in seventy-five minutes, some speed; but H.G. says that a Citroën will do anything, even beat a Morgan.

There will, of course, be a camp at August, and Mr. Guerra hopes to see many new campers at Bryntail, and I may tell you, it is really a wonderful place.

B.G.M.



SOME OF THE BRYNTAIL BOYS. SECOND FORTNIGHT, SUMMER, 1924.

CAMP.

For boys especially there is no happier, healthier holiday than camping . . . but camping depends on three things:— First. The weather. Our last four camps were very unfortunate, and the work of the C.O. and the Cook was increased tenfold. Last summer we had four paper chases, of about eight miles, in the rain; every boy except one turned out, and all enjoyed the fun. We also had four dispatch runs in the midst of showers, and they also proved enjoyable. We had two Sports Meetings, in which all the events were well contested, specially the tug of war, and two days were set apart for Junior Sports. The weather allowed one Swimming Sports Meeting, but the second suffered from the rain and cold.

Second. The boys, who must show themselves docile and adaptable. To learn not to be selfish is a great lesson; where can it be better learnt than in camp?

The third essential is the officers, who must be perpetually on the alert, see to everything, know everything, control everything, and give sometimes disagreeable orders in a pleasing manner.

There is also the question of money. In spite of the heavy demand the various improvements at Bryntail have made on our resources—two new steel tents, reflooring of miner's cottage, covering of way to camp oven and water supply, laying of drains—the balance sheet this year shows a welcome improvement. So far we have lived on our debts; in a near future all this will be cleared up.

We had the pleasure of entertaining during the 1923 Summer Camp three boys from our city's adopted town of Albert, and from these boys we still receive occasional letters recalling amusing incidents. Last summer unfortunately neither space nor money allowed the repetition of the experiment.

We have been fortunate in our cooks; they have all done admirably; such names as Govier, Innes, Robins, Boston, Robotham, need no comment. Last summer this responsible post was held by a school boy, Mills, and at no time were we better served,

The Camp Concerts were excellent! We had a gymnastic display, living pictures, an articulated doll, a mirror mystery, marionettes, and a nigger minstrel troupe, and songs specially composed for Bryntail were numerous and amusing. We must thank Mr. Broscomb for his help in our entertainments; his song "The Nigger Sunday School," has become part of the Camp collection. Underwood as a young lady, Brooks as the parson, Mr. Boston as the bold bad pirate (with a stove-pipe in lieu of a telescope) took the camp by storm.

We also gave a Grand Banquet to the Old Boys and visitors. Five courses, with speeches and songs, finished with a dance in which the C.O. led the final farandole to the martial strains of "Quand Madelon." Form Four boys acted as waiters, in costume, towel tied round the waist.

One of our bonfires had to be abandoned through rain, but the other was splendid, and the flames rose to the height of the cottage chimney, while the hissing was deadened by the syncopated singing of the Old Boys.

Mrs. Broscomb kindly distributed the 67 prizes on the last day; the medal was well won by G. Hughes; the runner-up was Talboys.

OLD BOYS' CAMP, 1924.

The affair started on July 28, when half a dozen of us set out from Snow Hill, presumably to look after the schoolboy campers, but really to have a jolly good time. Railway journeys have a knack of putting people into high spirits and giving them that Kruschen feeling necessary to the successful holiday-maker. By the time we reached Llanidloes we were ready for any devilment, but our good sense prevailed! We managed to crawl up to Bryntail and renew old acquaintance, and then we turned to our "digs" in the miner's hut next door to the school cottage.

A conspicuous old camper who always slept in bed socks would have us all "go to sleep together;" his appeal for unity met with a storm of missiles, most of which were heavy boots. There was, too, a super-fastidious person, who would have a table of some sort, and who would object to burnt porridge or even to a few cinders in his rice. Our membership included also two notorious Alexandrines—brothers, worse luck!—an insurance agent, pianist, a hard working moulder, a harder working chartered (nearly) accountant, the hardest worker of all (the writer), and a would-be actor. During August week, we had a real live cricketer, who is also a full back, a non-smoker, and a strict abstainer.

None bathed until the third week of camp, thanks to the rainy season setting in, with short sharp spells of cold relieved by down-pours and further outlook gloomy to stormy. Of course wood duties had to be performed, and the brother Alexandrines, setting aside for once their little differences of opinion, rigged up intricately intelligent contrivances with straps for that easy carrying of logs which constituted most of our material exercise and diversion and after which complete rest, before and after dinner, was always much appreciated—except by the cooks.

The first exciting action in which we took part was H.G.'s concert, to which we were invited free of charge. The next was when, as hares for the paper chase, we led the boys a rare dance—and ourselves too—only to find them cut the trail by about a mile and a half and suddenly appear a few yards behind us! The funniest incident of the run was that a certain "Chappie" could not stop running down the Van mountain and crashed, legs foremost, through a thick set hedge.

Our piratical troupe outshone anything in "Treasure Island" or "Peter Pan;" our libretto, with lyrics, highly original, left the juniors dumbfounded. Dewdrop, the pirate wench, was highly acceptable, though her borrowed skirt was rather short; the rest of the troupe made love to her quite attractively, and when she quivered and

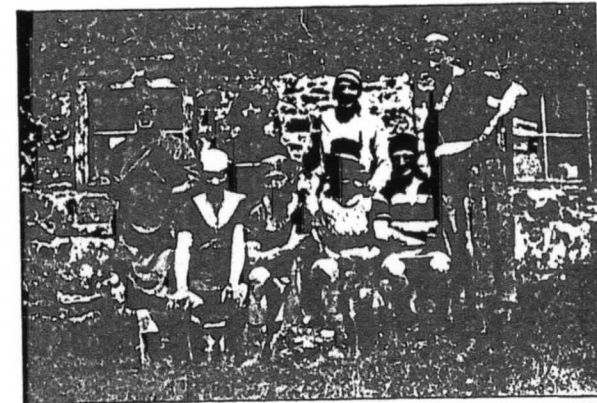
tremored in the "Prithee, pretty maiden" duet, the whole house quivered and wept with her.

We gave a really A1 dinner in the Hut; it was a four-course dinner, and H.G.'s appetite certainly improved when he saw the fruit salad. Impromptu speeches were made in flowing terms, and Mr. Broscob related funny (?) stories. The gathering dispersed to the accompaniment of weird and wonderful noises from a crowd of boys, dressed in anything from a pyjama upwards, who were growing excited over a suppositious bonfire, and the evening finished with songs and dances round a huge conflagration.

We visited the Birmingham Waterworks in the Elan Valley, thirteen miles away, where we drank tea and sherry (the brothers had birthdays!) at the Hotel, sang with mine host's daughter, descended beneath the Caban Gôch dam and generally had a good time. Then we raced back to Rhayader and shopped in Llanidloes, and, when the moon arose in silvery majesty, even the staidest old camper felt the prick of Cupid's little sharp arrows. However, abnormality soon returned, and we treated Sabrina (Severn) and her neighbours to a selection from our extensive repertoire of song. Finally we crawled the four miles up to camp and flopped into bed, dead to the world.

Succeeding days saw another paper chase, much longer than the first, a supper and concert, given in our honour by H.G. à la Savoie, the revival of the obsolete art of bathing, and much more which has been forgiven and forgotten. "Goodbye, Bryntail; roll on 1925!

Wood.
L.



OLD BOYS' CONCERT PARTY, SUMMER, 1924.

CAMPERS IN TOWN.

Some of the best events in camp life are those which take place after it is too dark for outdoor sports, and perhaps the most enjoyable of these is the Camp Concert or Sing Song when those who are able are called upon to amuse the others by their efforts, vocal, instrumental, etc.

It was thought by the 'powers that be' that those unfortunates who have not been able to take part in the camps, together with their parents and friends, might be interested to know how the time at camp is spent, and to this end a Bryntail Sing Song was arranged in the School Hall, on Saturday, January 24th.

The Head in his opening remarks pointed out that as only one person could sing, and he was not mentioning that person's name so that no one would be jealous, the audience must please be merciful and not throw things at the performers, each of whom would be doing his best.

The "Sing Song" was declared open by the private camp crier known as the Silent Reader—Barlow, Broscumb and an overcoat. This item was successful in that at least one of H.G.'s pipes is now useless.

The next item was the Camp Song—"There is a Happy Camp," by the Form 4 artists, after which Merrick and Fletcher told us, in musical form, exactly what one eats at each meal.

A recitation called "Morrow," by Rooke, was much appreciated by the audience. Keey, supported by a Form 4 Chorus gave the

song—"L'Alouette," and the Head and H.G. endeavoured to persuade the audience to join in the chorus, with more or less success owing to a certain amount of shyness, a quality which was confined to the older members.

During the evening, Mr. Broscumb, a camp visitor, gave two songs.

Form 4's section of the evening's entertainment concluded with an athletic display—"Pyramids."

A Nigger Minstrel concert, of which the instrumental part was of the Jazz order, next took place. Two of the leading instruments were the Watering Can and H.G.'s banjo. Perhaps the most successful items in this section were, Piccadilly (the Band), The Garden Subbub (sung by Partridge), and Me Namara's Band (sung by Hughes).

During the interval which followed, the audience were stimulated by coffee, served by the camp waiters, and after this Mr. L. M. Jones gave an interesting talk on Camp Life, illustrated by Lantern Slides. It is interesting to note that, in spite of rumours to the contrary, one slide showed that washing does take place in Camp routine.

The next musical item was a song called "Hey Diddle, Diddle," which tells of the exciting adventures of "Mary," "Mrs. Perkins," and others. Ellerslie's song—"Rhubard and Custard" made an impression. "The Capital Ship" was sung by Anckorn, supported by others from Form 5, who also sang a song which is now looked upon as belonging to the camp—"My Old Master."

This brought to an end the first Sing Song, which was certainly enjoyed by present boys, old campers and, we hope, the audience.

The proceedings closed, in the same manner as at Bryntail, by all singing God Save the King.

R. B.

The latter simply adopted an old track of years gone by and got home before the hares!!! The Relay Races also were successful and well contested; so were the Baseball matches. The most interesting event of the Sports was the Tug-of-War which was rendered difficult by the wet and slippery grass.

The Concerts were most enjoyable; a pathetic little ditty about H.G.'s beard went to the tune of "It aint gonna rain no more"; a good song about "our marsh" had elaborate staging, including live animals. (This does not refer to the actual troupe of entertainers). All did well.

A certain amount of excitement animated the smaller boys when, through a stoppage in the pipe, the water supply gave out. They had brought soap; but how to use it!!!

Accidents. O! yes of course! One boy came into rough contact with the rocks and damaged his leg. Another sprained his foot. The latter is used to it. He does it every time! Quite a habit!

The two outstanding events of the Camp were undoubtedly the final banquet and the bonfire. The Cook surpassed himself, but rumour has it that he is now convalescent and ready to recommence. Excitement reigned when it was found that Nell, innocent Nell, taking advantage of the concentrated attention given to the eloquent speech of the C.O., was silently but effectively devouring Form 2's custards.

The bonfire would not burn. It simply WOULD NOT BURN. It was raining, and our Senior Stoker had built it.

Duty was well performed. Even the wood duty. Ay, Ay! Sir! even the wood duty, as proved by the acrobatic performance of the milk duty boy, vaulting high stacks of wood piled in the most unexpected place. One of the Camp problems is how did the Cook manage to burn the lot!

For the second time in Bryntail Camp history two boys tied for the medal—Clarke and Burr. Well done!

And the last day came all too soon, and every one returned to Birmingham all the better for the change.

H. G.

THE TWENTIETH BRYNTAIL CAMP, EASTER, 1925.

It has been said that happy countries have no history. The same can be said of last Easter Bryntail Camp.

It was raining when the boys tramped up to the Cottage. It rained practically all the time, and by sheer luck the boys managed to get to Llanidloes on the return journey between two showers. Rain, however, is of little account. It is easy to get accustomed to all things, it is only a matter of forgetting that it might be otherwise.

We had two excellent Dispatch Runs and two good Paper Chases. The second was of a special nature. Through lack of paper the hares laid but a scanty track. That did not puzzle the hounds.

BRYNTAIL.

The first fortnight boys, conducted by Mr. L. A. Walker, arrived at Bryntail, tired but happy, in the afternoon of July 28th and were immediately served with tea. A few days after, F. Barr came up, followed by an outbreak of influenza in the camp; H. G. brought a doctor from town, and, having caught cold himself, went about with a blanket wrapped tightly round him, à la mode indienne.

The Sports and Concerts were a success on the whole, but the weather was wet; to quote a Form II boy "Stormy, further outlook unsettled" Towards the end of the fortnight there was a banquet (?) followed by a bonfire, and next day the fortnightly boys departed, accompanied by Barr, who, having smoked hundreds of Army Club, had littered the Camp with empty cigarette boxes.

The second fortnight, with the helpful supervision of Colonel and Captain Walker, passed peacefully (except when H.G. was awakened too early in the morning or afternoon); but the water supply ran short, and the boys had to wash in the farm horse trough or the river, that is, when they did wash. (Who was the boy who carried pails of water to the farm for Mary?)

The Sports, ably (?) conducted by Barlow, were a great success; several new records, the chief being the two-mile relay in 29 minutes 0 seconds by Mills, were set up. The usual Paper chases were run, but why did the whippers-in carry gorse bushes?

Poulton celebrated his sixteenth (or his sixth) birthday; the inmates of the cook's room, plus an outsider, invited H.G. to a magnificent tea, subscribed for by them, but alas! a certain 1st XV fellow couldn't pitch in the baseball game afterwards, and his side, who were firm favourites, lost.

Several concerts were given, notably the mock wireless demonstration, of the Walkers and Tent Four, but the greatest event of the fortnight was the Banquet; the most hard worked person in the Camp was the cook, who provided the following menu :- Soup, sausage and mash, sardines, peas (cannon balls), bread and cheese, and custard and prune(s?), washed down at various intervals with tea. The Banquet was followed by the Prize Distribution, when the Camp Medal was given to Fletcher, but the bonfire, not for the first time, was washed by rain.

The next day Camp broke up with mixtures of joy and sadness, but "If Summer comes, can Easter be far behind?"

F.J.M.

BRYNTAIL CAMP, EASTER, 1926.

The School Camp was again, as in previous years, a great success. The chief thing which ensures a successful camp is good weather, and probably never before has the camp enjoyed such delightful weather at Easter-time.

Then again there was no grumbling, every boy performed his duties willingly and well, and even the C.O. could find nothing wrong, and he is, as everyone knows, very critical. Special praise, if such may be given, is deserved by the camp cook Mills, whose culinary achievements were truly remarkable, reaching the summit of their greatness in the camp banquet held just before the return home. Mills also served the meals to time, or even a little before time; this latter fact, although appreciated by the camp in general, caused considerable discomfort to some members of the Sixth, not to mention a few Old Boys, in the mornings.

Two paper-chases and despatch-runs were run as usual, everyone in camp taking part. The second paper-chase was, however, unfinished, owing to the length and difficulty of the course. For the first time was held a "course au clocher," in which the camp was completely hoodwinked by Mr. Walker and Mr. Broscombe. Two sports meetings, as well junior sports, were held; all the events were keenly contested. Most events were won by Burr and Hughes. Thanks to the weather, swimming in the morning and baseball in the evening formed part of the daily routine.

Three visitors, Mr. Broscombe, Mr. Humphreys, and Mr. Walker, honoured the camp by their presence; a number of old boys turned up at the beginning of the first week, but of course "Camps are not what they used to be in the old days. Why . . . etc."

Several camp concerts were held during the fortnight, the first, by the old boys, was a great success, although H. G. arranged the programme, while the audience patiently awaited the performers. Of

the performances in the other concerts, that of Grocock occupies a position the others could not rise or fall to,—his singing as well as his voice is unique.

Two days before the end of these eventful weeks was held the camp banquet, at which the guest of honour was Mr. Humphreys. After the dinner, served by Mr. Guerra, Dunn and Walker, (many and varied were the remarks passed about the amount left for the waiters), various items of song (?) were rendered by the more accomplished members of the camp.

The next day the prizes were distributed by Mr. Humphreys; the medal was awarded to G. Hughes, and the popularity prize to Broscombe (Sen). After supper the camp bonfire was lit by Mr. Guerra with a gallon of petrol. Then on the Saturday camp broke up, as did the weather in seeming sympathy. D.N.W.

THE SUMMER CAMP, 1926.

The first fortnight boys left Snow Hill on Friday, July 23rd and arrived at Bryntail in time for a welcome tea. Camp activities began with a Paper Chase on the Monday, and everybody slept well that night. The second Paper Chase was held a week later, and, after losing the trail several times, the whole camp, including the hares, turned up late for tea, much to Mr. Guerra's annoyance.

The Two Mile Relay Races were held, (Jones covering the ground on one occasion in less than twelve minutes), and in the usual athletic and swimming sports, competitions and despatch runs Mills and Fletcher covered themselves with glory.

Bathing was enjoyed nearly every morning. The water was very cold, though H. G's thermometer, a unique instrument, proved it was always above freezing point. Baseball was played by part of the camp every evening, and those unfortunates who were not playing, indulged in a peculiar game invented by H. G. and called Tip and Run.

Towards the end of the fortnight a magnificent bonfire was fired by means of all the available petrol. In a burst of economy and thinking of the coal strike, H. G. decided to boil his kettle on the embers, and save the methylated sprits in his stove. The seniors were allowed to roast potatoes in the ashes.

At the Camp dinner on the day following the bonfire, Broscomb Senior was voted the Popularity Prize. The dinner itself was excellent and our cook surpassed himself.

The second fortnighters ate a week's bread in the first three days, and certain activities were cancelled, no paper-chase at all being held. Mr. Humphreys and the seniors conducted a walk to Craig y Llo, the falls being particularly high owing to the rain, and six senior campers walked to Pennant Rocks.

At the end of the third week we lost the well-known Mills, our much prized cook. The brothers Walker took over this difficult task, and their dinners will long be remembered. At the second Camp Dinner and Prize Distribution Mr. Guerra was presented with a cut glass and silver biscuit barrel in honour of his twenty-fifth visit to Bryntail. The prizes were distributed by Mrs. Walker and Mrs. Broscomb. Bennett won the Camp Medal, Marklew was voted the most popular boy in Form 4, and Newey was awarded the Junior Medal.

As usual there were numerous Old Boys at Bryntail, it would not be camp without them. We had a number of visitors during the month, including, as usual, Messrs. Broscomb, Walker, and Humphreys, Mr. René Guerra and several parents.

The weather was, as is usual at Bryntail, rainy with a few fair periods. The second week was glorious, but during the second fortnight bathing was often impossible as the river rose two feet. The concerts during the month were as good as ever, Form IV's was especially enjoyable. At the mock trial Mr. Broscomb was a very good judge, and we will not enlarge upon the terrible punishment of the prisoner. The camp attended Divine Service at the chapel on Crowlwn once during each fortnight.

R. J. B.

x/6 JUL 27

That there are one or two Weary Willies in the Upper School whom nothing short of a charging bull or a charge of cordite could rouse from their lethargic boredom. So young and yet so slothful! Perchance all their energy is spent on growing pains?

That eclipsing is great fun, especially when Dad pays your fare and Mother cuts the sandwiches and fills the Thermos. We mayn't be here for the next Sun Shadow Show; we may be up among Bailey's beads. How nice and warm we'll be, smoking Coronas on the Moon!

That there will be many changes in the class rooms and canteen next September. One bold spirit prophesies that books will be housed in a library and that a penny scone will cost less than three halfpence. What a hope!

That the Head is some cricketer.

That "Current Events" as a part of History is a brainy idea and can include anything from Archæological Excavations and aerial wonders to the sliding of a front garden down a fissure in the London chalk.

That a ditty called "Sing a Song of Sixpence" is not popular in the Fives.

That some of the hymns sung at Morning Prayer are top hole. The musical critic of the Upper Fifth has some yarn about the second century of the Christian era and the Procession of the Ass. Perhaps Mr. Hopkins (or another) would oblige with a lecture on "Origins of Early Christian Music."

That Mr. Evans shows such a pretty wit whiles in Assembly that one wide smile leads on to silence.

That some of the Prefects are mighty good looking, and that a Fourth Form boy's young sister noted the fact aloud.

That though there was no Easter camp this year at Bryntail a Rhode was found there; the way was long, the path was steep, and the water bubbled in the radiator before the Cucumbers were reached.

That one of the Staff reached school so early one June morning that he lost both himself and his hat. It is not true, however, that he nicked the night watchman's early cup of coffee.

That at the injunction, "Hands out of your pockets, boys!" one of the masters nearly obeyed himself.

BRYNTAIL.

Arriving at Llanidloes at 4 o'clock, we began camp training with a four mile walk, all uphill in a boiling hot sun. Mr. Humphreys presented the camp with twelve silver medals for various activities; Dr. Cobb came up, and Mr. Ward, one of the school curators. It was a wonder some of the boys survived the 'Camp Feast,' when one considers what they put out of sight.

We went on a lorry to Llandinam; had altogether four paper chases, of about six to eight miles each; four relay races of five miles across country (the best time 12 minutes); two 'gate hunts,' two dispatch runs, two junior sports, two camp competitions, two senior sports and two swimming sports.

Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds came to the Farewell Dinner; Mr. Reynolds gave us a little entertainment, Mrs. Reynolds distributed the prizes. The Camp Cup, for the best at Sports, Baseball and Duty, was won for the third time by R. G. Hughes.

On the last night we had a tremendous bonfire and a procession, and the seniors roasted potatoes on the ashes. On Saturday (the last day) we set out in pouring rain for Llanidloes. D. T. L.

lost himself in the hills of Wild Wales, but we do not know what refreshments he had en route. Some reached Bryntail far in advance of the School Advance Party, much to the delight of the members of this party, who found everything ship-shape and in perfect order and therefore had nothing to do. Two more Old Boys were seen, after the Camp had broken up, hastening on push-bikes towards Middleton. Whether they reached Bryntail or not, we cannot say. What they did if ever they got there and found everything locked up, we can but guess, but what they said we pretty well know!

The chief activities of the Old Boys were: first, a terrible rush on the Camp tuck shop (Ask friend C—— what he thinks of the camp "Fruit Dainties,") second, a visit in force to Llanidloes Picture House. We are told that when they had all got seated, it was found necessary to close the doors—"House Full." We cannot record the hour of their return to Camp. They returned so quietly that even the mastiff of the O.C. failed to hear them. Did they get back at all that night? We wonder!

We also hear on good authority that Old Boys peeled potatoes, mended wireless sets, drank milk and even played cards at the farm.

And these Old Boys were right to come and were therefore heartily welcomed. It is the best way to enjoy an outing and the O.C. assures me that he is always pleased to see Old Boys coming back to the old spot where so many pleasant hours were spent.

May there be many such happy parties at Bryntail. I.L.G.

WITH THE OLD BOYS AT BRYNTAIL CAMP, EASTER, 1928.

[This article deals with the activities of a party of about 20 Old Boys who attended the School Camp at Bryntail and had a really first class, enjoyable time.—Ed.]

A fine gathering of Old Boys took place at Bryntail this Easter. The Old Boys outnumbered the School Boys by six!! They all rolled up—some by train, some on motor-bikes, some on push-bikes. One Old Boy who is following special treatment for reducing his embonpoint suggests walking it? And on they came, at all times; one turned up in the early hours of the morning. It appears that he

BRYNTAIL. FEBRUARY, 1929.

The premature and much regretted retirement of Mr Guerra raises the question of what is to be done about the School Camp at Bryntail, and it is important that boys, parents and old boys should understand the true situation.

Those who know and appreciate the time and labour Mr. Guerra devoted to camp matters will realise that no single man can succeed to his work—for masters who have normal home ties to spend almost the whole of the Easter and Summer Holidays at Bryntail is an utter impossibility and an unreasonable tax on their time. Responsibility for the camp will therefore henceforth have to be borne on more than one pair of shoulders, and several masters have intimated their willingness to take a turn of duty. Mr. Humphreys has agreed to undertake the organisation of the administrative side, and offers of assistance have been received from parents and old boys.

The main difficulty is the Camp itself. A certain amount of annual repair of the cottage and the tents is expected, but the gales of last Autumn caused unprecedented damage. Two of the steel tents are completely wrecked, a third is so badly damaged as to make its reconditioning at least a very difficult matter; the corrugated-iron roofing over the cook-house has been blown down and part of the verandah roof swept away. We already knew that the beams supporting the roof of the miner's cottage were rotting and required

replacement, and certain improvements in the cooking arrangements were contemplated, but the havoc wrought by the weather was beyond our wildest nightmares.

A brief statement of the Camp's finances must here be made. The Cottage, steel tents and fittings represent a capital outlay of £150.

It has been the policy to keep the fees of the campers as low as possible. No provision for a sinking fund has therefore been made; the money for repair work, extensions, etc. has been met by means of loans, repaid by instalments from the proceeds of subsequent camps. There is thus no money in hand, indeed an amount of £10 is still owing to the Old Centrals' Football Club. It must be clearly understood that since the Camp concerns at the most 15% of the boys in the School, the general games fund can hardly be used for camp purposes (except by way of loans).

It must also be remembered that the cottage property is leasehold and that when the lease falls in in 23 years time it will have to be handed back to the owner in its original condition. Such restoration will prove expensive, and in justice to our successors it is imperative that some provision be made for this. If we are to provide for a sinking fund for the above purposes, it will be necessary to increase the charges made to campers.

Such then are the facts upon which a decision will have to be made. It must be clearly understood that the ultimate responsibility for a Camp bearing the School name and under School auspices must fall on the Head Master, and that from this no-one, however willing, can relieve him.

May it be added that he is appreciative of the delights of the Camp and its surroundings, of the immense benefit life under such conditions can be to boys and of the happy memories it holds for Old Campers.

W. H. R.

X1/6 Jul 29

BRYNTAIL.

In response to the request of many parents the Camp at Bryntail is being continued.

In order to put the Steel huts, the Cottage and various camp buildings in proper repair we have already incurred expenses amounting to £35. We hope parents, old boys, and others interested in the activities of the School will send donations to help us to defray this expenditure.

BRYNTAIL, 1929.

After a lapse of about a year the Camp was reorganised this Summer.

At Whitsuntide a party went to Bryntail to estimate the extent of the damage done by the gales, and it was decided that out of the remains of the four tin huts, together with some new materials, three huts might be erected. Hence the Summer Camp was intended to be a "Working Camp." Actually, the greater part of the work under the supervision of our technical advisers, Mr. Crump and Mr. Broscob, was finished in the first four days, and after that the Camp ran on its usual lines, sundry despatch runs and paper-chases, etc., being arranged.

The second paper-chase was a particularly bright affair; it poured hard and it blew hard, so that after some (thirty?) three miles the hounds gave up; the hares, who included a member of the Staff, got home about two hours later. It appeared that at frequent intervals they had thought they could hear the hounds and hence they made the most gruelling trail they could, until, eventually, they lost themselves.

The weather was quite good for Bryntail; that is to say "mainly unsettled and showery with a few fair periods." The fair periods were brilliant, and even sun-bathing was indulged in.

As for the home life of Camp we were exceedingly well fed and generally looked after by our excellent quartermaster, Mr. Humphreys.

The position of C.O. was ably filled by Mr. Loveridge, who even tested our bath water (River Clwedig) before allowing us to get "c-c-c-eversowarrm." ourselves.

Mills acted as cook for the fortnight, surpassing even his usual high standard—The porridge was burned only twice. He was helped by Mr. E. Ward, who filled the post of General Handyman.

Mr. Logan came up to give Camp a trial for two or three days. He stayed a fortnight. What more can be said to emphasise the pleasure of the holiday?

D.G.B.

The next evening saw an innovation in the camp, Rugby-touch succeeded Base-ball, mainly on account of the temperature or rather lack of it. Those who have played "ordinary" Rugby-touch have no idea what the game can be made into. It can become as exciting as Rugby itself, especially if the players disagree over the rules.

A long walk to the "Bottomless lake," inured us to the "hardships" of camp life.

A paper-chase, held a day or two after, was by no means a complete success, unless to collect mud from unbeaten tracks, and dump it at the camp.

Now Mr. Loveridge took the opportunity to paint the tents, and some unfortunate ones had to scrape the rust off them, on their free days.

At the end of the vacation, we had a bathe, that is those of us who could stand a temperature of a little, if any, above zero. Mr. Loveridge enjoyed it; he said so himself when he came out of the water, three seconds after he had entered it.

A Steeple-chase, about the last thing we did, was perhaps the most successful of all, though wading the river three or four times damped the ardour of some.

The breaking-up concert was successful but not so much as the feast that preceded it.

Then almost before we could realise it, ten days had gone and the time had come to return to home and beauty.

From another source:—Messrs. Humphreys and Broscob were Quarter Master and Renovator respectively. The latest innovations are sausages and palliasses. Smith and Mills took over the cooking. Together they used, according to the wood squad, more fuel than ever before. The Quartermaster and Renovator bricked in the tap, built a set of steps and improved the outside fireplace. Out of old tent tin they made a contraption for either bathing in, or keeping wood in.

From a third:—Near to the Camp, at Van, Mr. Guerra was found taking a holiday. Cheerful as ever, with as usual a number of small boys about him, he was lodged in a cottage through whose roof protrudes the remains of a fallen tree.

THE TRIO.

C. S. S. CAMP, EASTER, 1930.

After an uneventful train journey, about fifteen of us arrived at Llanidloes, dumped our kit-bags, and faced, cheerfully or otherwise, the prospect of a three-mile walk uphill.

The long train ride had cramped our legs, and the first mile of walking eased them, but after that, well, I'll leave that to your imagination.

As soon as our kit-bags arrived, we reduced our wear to the least possible and went to see the "sights." Old campers renewed their acquaintance with the beloved land-marks, new campers paused and wondered at the glories revealed.

That night gave an indication of the cold weather that was to come, and I am afraid most of us wore more than the usual night-gear.

christened in Yorkshire, schooled at Birmingham University and housed for four years at Chancellor's Hall, (where they play fives), and Mr. C. Roberts whose English is more intelligible, in the Gymnasium and out, than was Mr. Logan's. Quite a number of the staff, some of them Army men, are fluent in French and German, but Mr. Roberts is unique in that he speaks Danish as the result of three years spent in Jutland and on the Island of Fyn at the Silkeborg and the Niels Bukhs Physical Training Colleges.

Two masters, two boys and a make-weight had a delightfully strenuous November week-end at Bryntail where they went to "tuck up the camp for the winter." Lunch off the road side, shopping in Llanidloes, a rush up hill in Mr. Humphrey's powerful six cylinder Austin, sausages for supper, a moonlight walk down to the tumbling Clywedog and over the swaying Miners' Bridge, Welsh ham for breakfast, and a ripping run home—how's that for twenty-seven hours! Camp is picturesque and comfortable nowadays, the beds, which rolled up look like fat umbrellas, make good lying, and the steel tents are gay with stripes of black, white and flame.

Congratulations to Mr. Guerra on his recovery after operations. We wish him a long tenancy of his £5 house at Van. It is stone built and solitary, even a Citroën cannot get to the door, and rumour says it is well furnished for the simple life with a sack, a deckchair, and a table-cover convertible when required into a blanket.

A Fourth Form boy walked into the Library the other day with half a dozen "sixpenny" books as a modest gift to the School. The gift was heartily welcomed and put into circulation forthwith; volumes today are so badly bound, they are indeed only cased, that their life is short, and any readable book lasts till it falls to pieces. Perhaps others will look over their shelves and emulate Thompson.

School is proud this season of its Rigger "fathers," the Old Centrals. The *Mail's* Saturday night's issue and the *Post's* Monday morning's are eagerly scanned for new victories.

November's Whist Drive was most successful. There were sixty-six tables and quite a floating regiment of supers; in all, some three hundred people were present, and a goodly number of boys, and even men, played "lady." Jackson of 5A won First Prize, Madame was equally successful, and Miss Marsh, one of our two charming satellites, gained half a tea-set and had to motor home to Shropshire at the week-end to display the spoil. Excellent and plentiful refreshments, as usual, halved the programme. At the C.S.S. the food is half the fun, while at other shows one pays, often through the nose, for coffee, cakes and sandwiches.

SUMMER CAMP, 1930.

Ours was a reserved coach all the way to Llanidloes this year, and the boys rode up to camp in comparative comfort upon a motor lorry. At Bryntail a great crowd was gathered—all sports, all noisy, and all thoroughly prepared to extract the maximum enjoyment from their sojourn in the wilds. The smallest boy in camp was the biggest noise there (with perhaps one notable exception); one could not help knowing Harrison.

Each day's programme was arranged upon the actual day so that the weather might be consulted before hand and its fell intentions balked.

On the first Sunday certain boys who walked to Craig-y-Lloe encountered a Welsh farmer's wife and her pig: she did all the talking and won, hands down.

As usual there was plenty to do; despatch runs, gate hunts, prisoners' release, a paper chase, and, lastly, bathing every morning, all of which were endured, if not enjoyed.

Our first concert was a mixed effort, boys, Old Boys, Masters and visitors all made as much noise as possible. This was obviously their aim, and well they succeeded. The second concert included THE BAND, i.e. one watering-can, one banjo, and lord knows what else; the banjo played just one note though the player seriously studied the music and moved his digits accordingly, and the watering-can grunted sympathetically. At the last concert, the Old Boys, attired in varied garb recorded every camp happening. This concert was great and deserves a space to itself.

Mr. Humphreys was quietly indispensable, Mr. Loveridge worked hard upon the tents, Messrs. Crump and Broscob, though a nuisance to ping-pongers, transformed the miner's cottage, Mr. Guerra paid us a visit and ladled out the soup, Mr. Ward was as cheery as ever and the Head was a true camper.

It was a great camp and everyone was sorry when breaking-up day arrived. There have been good times in the past but none better than this.

T. A. GROGOK.

BRYNTAIL, SUMMER 1930.

At Camp this Summer there were more Old Boys present than there have been of recent years; and in accordance with Mr. Loveridge's invitation voiced at the O. B's. dinner they were all made very welcome. Camp nowadays is not what it used to be. Eggs, for example, are no longer thrown in the air at breakfast time by the C.O. and caught on an enamel plate at the third attempt; and in order not to set the youngsters a bad example we had to break the habits of a lifetime and wash before breakfast. In spite of these minor changes Camp is still a very pleasant place to spend a holiday.

The Camp buildings have been enormously improved; the Miners' Cottage now being topped with a really waterproof roof and the cottage itself being cleaned and painted throughout.

The Old Boys as of old played the School at Baseball and as usual beat them, the game lasting the full nine innings for each side. In order to solace the School to some extent for their defeat, we volunteered to provide the breaking-up concert. We appeared on the stage in weird disguises and chanted all the old camp songs (including two of L. M.'s parodies) together with a few original ones manufactured by our own private parodist, in which we slated everybody in general, and of course, Mr. Loveridge in particular.

We thoroughly enjoyed ourselves and fondly hope and trust (and also believe) that the audience did likewise. Incidentally it was very pleasant to see that the people from the neighbouring farms still turn up at the concert.

It was very good to see Mr. Reynolds at camp. He joined in everything that was going on and proved himself a first-class camper. It is distinctly to be hoped that he will make regular visits to Bryntail.

In conclusion we would like to thank the School for still allowing the Old Boys to come to Bryntail, and to say, at least in as far as the six habitués who were there this last Summer, that we intend trespassing on your good nature again. Incidentally there is no finer place than Camp for renewing old acquaintance as well as making new. However, adios Bryntail, until 1931.

R.J.S.B.

BRYNTAIL.

Due no doubt to the fact that Easter was rather early this year only eleven or twelve stalwarts visited Bryntail. Lack of numbers, however, was more than counterbalanced by enthusiasm.

To a newcomer to the Camp, our arrival in a steady drizzle of rain was hardly exhilarating, but I was informed by old-stagers that I should soon get used to it, in fact the said old-stagers persisted in recalling for my benefit, holidays spent at Bryntail with perhaps one fine day per month. The "fickle jade" favoured us, however, and we had only two wet days out of ten. Further, let it be known, on one or two occasions sun-bathing was the order of the day.

The Camp went on in the usual manner, paper-chases etc. being organised and on four occasions we braved the waters of the River Clywdog.

Mr. Humphreys 'quartermastered' us exceedingly well and saw to it that we were all well fed, while Mr. Loveridge made an admirable C.O., in fact to my mind the two chief joys of Camp were to see Mr. Loveridge with paint-pot and brush busily engaged in painting the window-panes—sorry—I mean the window-frames, and to hear him tootle "Come to the Cook-house door, Boys" on one note.

James, assisted by Squire, set up, I am told, again by the old-stagers, a new standard in Bryntail cooking.

Another newcomer to the Camp was Mr. C. Roberts who proved a very jolly and useful camper, despite the fact that he suffered with his throat for the first few days and went about in mortal dread since Mr. Loveridge entertained bloodthirsty notions of removing his tonsils with a penknife.

A welcome visitor to Camp was Mrs. Cantrell, who, though staying at the farm, "messed" with us.

A peculiar feature of the Camp was the number of Old Boys present over the Easter week-end, indeed at one time they actually outnumbered us.

R. PITTAWAY.

OLD BOYS' SECTION.

EDITOR: A. CHURCHMAN, "Tideswell," 23, Kingsley Road, King's Norton, who will welcome contributions for future issues.

OLD BOYS' ASSOCIATION.

In spite of the discomfort necessarily attached to eating in an armour plated shirt,—Convention's misguided conception of suitable evening wear,—the Old Boys' Dinner appeared to be thoroughly enjoyed by everyone present. The chair was taken by Dr. Anderson, who proposed the toast of our Association with effortless eloquence and with a flow of language to which it was a delight to listen. Mr. Reynolds, responding to the toast of the School,—proposed by S. H. Smith, the retiring Head Prefect,—spoke of what we must regretfully consider to be the School's uncertain future. Mr. Scorer's breezy remarks, Richardson's rather incoherent reply, and Hastilow's graceful appreciation of our guests were all heartily enjoyed, while Burt and his friend, with their duets, added to the evening all that was required for its complete success.

Mention should be made of the Easter Camp, which for part of the time, was almost completely predominated by Old Boys. Why any sane person should voluntarily forego the comforts of modern civilization for Bryntail's Spartan existence,—a Bryntail rendered even more barbaric by a contrivance known as an Ablution Bench, (one of Mr. Loveridge's infernal machinations, I believe) planted in the wide open spaces, and exposed to the four winds of heaven,—can be understood only by seasoned campers. Whether it is that fragrant smell of burning wood and burnt prunes, or those inimitable paper-chases, or that particularly persistent, drenching rain which makes this Bryntail so dear to them, it is difficult to determine, but for those who have once learned to love its barren slopes and icy river, it possesses an inexhaustible enchantment. Before passing to other things, a tribute should be paid to the hospitality of the quietly efficient C.O., and the equally efficient, but not nearly so quiet Second-in-command, both of whom gave a warm welcome to the numerous O.B's. who drifted in during the holiday.

June 27th was noteworthy for two reasons:— 1. It was a fine day. 2. It was the date of the Old Boy's Cricket Match. Being lamentably ignorant of all things cricket, but a bare outline of the game can be given. The O.B's., by dint of shamelessly scrounging runs on any pretext whatsoever, managed to scrape together 42 in the

SUMMER CAMP, 1934.

The Dry Bryntail theory was abolished after gaining a considerable number of adherents. It even retained them for a year or two and indeed made a gallant fight for it, but at this Camp was completely discredited and once again replaced by the "Wet" or "rain" theory. The records state that we had three completely dry days, two completely wet ones and nine when the Heavens, if not opened, were at any rate distinctly ajar.

New Campers included Mr. Bradley, hereinafter referred to as B., and Mr. Chapman, a Technical College lecturer with gifts in the arts of engineering and song-writing. They were both unanimously agreed to be good campers; both very definitely added to the enjoyment of life at Bryntail, enriching it with songs ancient and modern, cheerfulness and good humour, concrete suggestions, concrete steps and a bottle of Worcester sauce. We hope to see them both at Bryntail again.

This camp also saw some important additions and improvements to our equipment. The tent roofs were all repainted; we acquired a new boiler; Mr. Chapman stuck lumps of concrete on and round the kitchen fireplace—the focus of all camp-life; N.L., assisted by Freddie Broncomb, stayed on and painted the cottage inside, after we had all cleared off to our respectable homes. Finally the front steps, laid and concreted by L.B. and Mr. Chapman, were declared open on the 5th August. On the 6th, after a thunderstorm, they became a cascade and shot half the water neatly off "Bryn" under the front door.

The old gutter has been redug.

Health was not so good as usual; Parkins went to see Dr. Davies; the cook's room fed one night on mushrooms, sardines and fried potatoes; Brockway suffered from some obscure Celtic disease; Fry slid down Crowlwm on a wet afternoon.

A final melancholy fact: the pool "Llyn Ror (?)" or "Whitpool," reputed to be bottomless, is actually about 18 feet deep. As it is being sounded for concealed rocks or snags the pool was in use among Bentons and Old Boys as a diving-pool.

DAILY LOG, SUMMER, 1934.

W. 26th July. Fine, warm, wind moderate from West. Buggott, Holland, J. James, Dolphin, E.C., P.J.H., J.M. arrived as advance party. Opened and cleaned tents, etc. Aired and filled gasbags. Bathed.

Th. 26. Rain, fine and warm after 3 p.m. Washed all crocks; prepared Miners' cottage; bathed. Mr. Chapman, L.B., N.L. and 25 boys arrived. Faulkner arrived by bicycle at 9 p.m. P.J.H. returned home in afternoon.

F. 27. Showery; fine in afternoon. Bathing. Camp Walk. New boiler arrived from Falkirk. Rugger Touch. E.C. went back.

S. 28. Rain in morning; some sun later. Bathing (optional). Whitehouse, Brooks, Freeman arrived by bicycle at breakfast time. Despatch run. Rugby Touch.

Sun. 29. Rain all day. Indoor Tournaments.

M. 30. Fine; some sun. Bathing; some old boys in "New Pool." Free afternoon; small party walked via Bwlch y Gle to "The Hill." After tea, the new campers received compliments from the old on their unusual rapidity in picking up the rules and methods of Baseball. Leading-Aircraftman Richmond arrived. Isherwood had four bowls of soup.

T. 31. Heavy showers after 11-30 a.m. Pennant Walk. Sing-song after tea; L.B. introduces Barnsley National Anthem.

W. 1st August. Rain all day after 1 p.m. Bathing optional. "Straight" run. Another sing-song after tea, led by old boys. L.B., Faulkner and J.M. walked to Plynlimon.

Th. 2. Rain all day. No bathing. "Straight" run. Free evening. Messrs. Crump and Crump arrived. Visit from Mr. H. Guerra.

F. 3. Fine; warm afternoon. E.C. and cousin departed. L.B. got up early, oyez, and also departed avec Legg. Richmond left. Bathing optional, river being high. Free afternoon, optional bathing at 4 p.m. Painting tent roofs and concreting front steps completed. Baseball. Tracey, S. J. Roberts, Mather, Field arrived.

S. 4. Fine. Bathing. Walked to Craig y Llo.

Sun. 5. Showery. Bathing optional. Treasure Hunt. To Deildre chapel; heard Mr. Davies, a local preacher from Llangurig. Mr. and Mrs. Turner, Mr. and Miss Gillam visited camp; also Mr. and Mrs. Holland.

M. 6. Showery; thunderstorm in evening. Bathed. Prisoners' Release, Baseball (Old Boys v School).

T. 7. Dull, but warm; some rain at 5 p.m. Banquet and Concert. Ladies from the farm (Mr. Chapman's wife and mother),

Mr. and Mrs. Varnom, friends from Crowlwm, Cwm and Bryntail.
(Programme given below).

W. 8. Fine and warm ; shower about 8 p.m. Bathing. Free
afternoon with optional bathing. Baseball.

Th. 9. Showery. Return, the main party with Mr. Chapman.

PROGRAMME OF CAMP CONCERT.

The Diver, Jean Ba'tiste, The Last Round Up, Assorted Songs
(Rowland, 2A), Five Sketches ; the following song, written and sung
by Mr. Chapman (air : " John Peel ")

1. D'ye ken Bryntail with its boys so gay ?
D'yd ken the O.C. and big May ?
D'ye ken the cooks who get no pay
And the duty in the morning ?

Chorus : For the O.C's. face peers in at the door,
And we know that day we shall sleep no more :
" Lazy swabs ! Get up from the floor,
For there's duty to be done in the morning."

2. The Veg. Squad to its work does fly ;
At the start they're very spry ;
At the hundredth pound they're ready to die
Or jump in the river in the morning.
3. The big man May is very wise
For a person of his size ;
When on walks " Nice now ! " he cries,
But he can't get up in the morning.
4. Clever men in the Long Room dwell,
Of four of them I will not tell ;
The fifth finds it difficult to quell
Their remarks as he gets up in the morning.
5. The cook's efficient, there's no doubt,
Although wet wood makes fires go out ;
His plans sometimes go up the spout,
And the porridge turns to water in the morning.
6. But we must admit that in spite of this
The life up here is full of bliss ;
We hope that next time we shan't miss
Tea in bed, hot fish and taters in the morning.