EXCELSIOR

RECORD
FOR THE YEAR 1954

THE VOICE
OF THE
TREORCHY MALE CHOIR

Editor: Mr. T. D. HOPKINS.
Sub-Editors: Messrs. W. J. GRIFFITHS and E. HIGGON.

Treorchy Male Choir

President: Mr. IORWERTH R. THOMAS, M.P.
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Conductor: Mr. JOHN HAYDN DAVIES.

Accompanist: Mr. TOM JONES.

Chairman: Mr. G. J. NEIGHBOUR.
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Hon. Secretary: Mr. W. J. GRIFFITHS, 26 Glyncoli Road, Treorchy.

Hon. Treasurer: Mr. GWYNNE WILLIAMS, 36 Wyndham Street, Treherbert.

Librarian: Mr. CLY WILLIS. *Registrar:* Mr. IDRIS THOMAS.

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Rehearsal Hall: Treorchy Secondary Modern School.

EDITORIAL

We have pleasure in presenting the second of our annual records, but we must apologise for the delay in its publication.

We can again look back on a year of honest endeavour and steady progress. Although our activities in 1954 were confined to the Principality, they were, nevertheless, varied and interesting. Old friendships were renewed, and new trails were blazed. Once again we experienced the indescribable thrill of winning the "National",—"Ar ol cyrchu'r nôd heb ildio, fe ddaw dyddiau'r llawenhau".

During the year we were again privileged hosts to many overseas visitors, and their remarks in our Guest Book testify to the great pleasure we gave them.

Our grateful thanks are due to all contributors and, in particular, to Mr. Gwyn Thomas, the celebrated Welsh novelist and playwright, and Principal Gwilym Ambrose, Caerleon College.

We thank our friends in Amsterdam, Cologne and Cleveland, Ohio, for their expressions of goodwill, and we wish them in return every success in the future.

A busy time lies ahead, and our continued success will depend largely on the combined efforts of all members. Let our aim for 1955 be "regularity and punctuality".

PRESIDENT'S NEW YEAR MESSAGE.

Despite the inclemency of the weather in 1954, the spirits and morale of the Choir remained as high as ever. Growth and sure development is the natural process of all healthy organisms. The record of 1954 is proof of the vitality and strength of the Choir. Looking forward into 1955 I see opportunities coming along which will add to the prestige and high-light the Choir in the world of quavers.

Best wishes.

MESSAGE FROM THE CHAIRMAN.

Another year in the history of the Choir has just passed—a year which has been very satisfactory from all points of view, and one in which you have further enhanced your already well-established reputation.

Whilst it is true that the number of your engagements were not quite so numerous as in the previous year, it is equally true that they were important engagements. In some cases they were repeat engagements from the previous year, which only goes to show that you have been well and truly taken to the hearts of the people in the districts which you have visited. There was not an important appearance such as Glasgow, but what is equally as important in my opinion, was that Glasgow came to you, and that was, in all senses, an occasion which gave great satisfaction to all. I was particularly pleased by the great friendliness and comradeship which was in evidence between the members of both choirs, and I must say that the joint Concert at the Parc and Dare Hall, Treorchy, was an experience which I shall never forget. It was a landmark in the history of the Choir, and I feel that more joint efforts, not only as was the case in this instance, but generally speaking throughout the country, would benefit all choirs participating in such happenings.

Unfortunately, as most of you are aware, I have not been able to join in engagements inside or outside the area to the extent which I previously did, and I can assure you that my inability to do so has been very disappointing to me. It was a joy at all times to take part in journeys outside the area and to hear the choir sing, because you have always done yourselves proud, and have been complimented, not only upon your singing, but also upon your decorum. I say this, notwithstanding the exuberance and frolicsome pranks on the part of certain junior and not-so-junior members of the Choir.

Although, as I have stated, I have not been able to accompany you to engagements, I have, at all times, followed your activities with great interest and have been able to sit back and enjoy your broadcasts.

This past year was more particularly notable in that you achieved the distinction of gaining the premier award for Male Choirs at the Ystradgynlais National Eisteddfod. All those who were privileged to be present on that occasion agreed that the capabilities of the Choir had never been more in evidence, and it was an occasion when everyone accepted the decision without question. I heartily congratulate you.

I realise that all the work you have been doing has meant considerable energy and time on the part of all concerned, from the Conductor and Accompanist to the rank and file, but I feel that you are now glad that you have attended so faithfully to your duties, and have thereby been able to achieve such a satisfactory year's work.

I am glad, and feel sure you are too, that members of the Choir who have been active as soloists, have been so successful in carrying out their duties, and I hope and trust that they will continue to achieve good results in this respect.

I take this opportunity of thanking Mr. Edward Knapgate for so ably taking my place in Committee, and to extend to you, Mr. John Davies and Mr. Tom Jones, and all my fellow Officers hearty congratulations on the tremendous amount of work you have got through, and also to thank you all for your kindly consideration and concern on my behalf throughout the year, and I would like to express my heartfelt thanks for the great pleasure which your singing has given me, with the hope that you will continue to expand in the future, and add still further to your reputation as a Male Choir.

Best wishes to you all for 1955.

After a concert in honour of Vaughan Williams' seventy-fifth birthday, two men came out of the Royal Albert Hall.

"I don't like this modern stuff and I don't believe in it", said one of them. "Now tell me : apart from 'Land of Hope and Glory', what good and proper tune has Vaughan Williams ever written?"

"Goodness me", the other man replied, "don't you know that 'Land of Hope and Glory' is by Elgar?"

"See, what did I tell you!" the first one continued. "He didn't even write that!"

THE CONDUCTOR'S NOTES.

Orson Wells, in a TV interview, said that to him the play that he was about to write was more important than all his past successes. We must guard against living in the past, but must look forward, think forward, and work forward to the limit of our ability Remembering this, we may look back over the year, not to find opportunities for self-congratulation, but to count our blessings and to give thanks.

With pleasure do we recall the visit of the Glasgow Police Choir. This was a memorable social and musical occasion. In the past police came to the Rhondda to subdue the miners embittered through industrial strife. The Glasgow Police Choir came to charm us with their courtesy, friendliness and their beautiful singing. We saw the baton used, not to coerce, but to coax and to unite miner and policeman in song. Music had broken the barrier.

"Gwyn ei fyd, byd a gano,
Gwaraidd fydd ei gerddi o".

(Blessed is the world that sings. Gentle will be its songs.)

Thanks to the will power, concentration and hard work of the choir, we were able to make up time given to a crowded Winter programme, and we were awarded the First Prize in the Royal National Eisteddfod of Wales, held at Ystradgynlais.

On Easter Monday evening, the conductor viewed the first appearance of the Choir on TV. (I was so taken up with identifying the choristers that I did not listen to the singing!) In the Autumn we gave the first performance in Wales of *Merchantmen* (Thomas Wood) with the BBC Welsh Orchestra and Roderick Jones, under the conducting of Rae Jenkins. Two other broadcasts with the orchestra, a recording under the supervision of our old friend, Denis Wright, and an exhilarating *All Together Now* programme on Boxing Night, in which we renewed acquaintance with Mary Kendall, Alwyn Jones, John Morgan and Alun Williams, completed our broadcasting in 1954.

Successful concerts at Brecon and Llanelly provided financial help for the excellent girls' choirs in both towns. Return visits to Cardigan and Ynyshir enabled us to appear in company with famous soloists. Memory also treasures the intimacy of concerts on a smaller scale where the sympathy and appreciation of the audience sometimes moved choir and conductor to sing with a sensitivity previously unattained. Restraint, a greater ease and poise, these to me have been the striking qualities of our singing in 1954. But let no one be complacent: excellence is a long way off.

We offer our sincerest congratulations to the Pendyrus Male Choir on the honour bestowed by the Queen on Arthur Duggan, their conductor. His record of unbroken service to his choir must surely be unequalled at the present time in Wales. "Well done, thou good and faithful servant!"

Thanks to the good offices of J. N. Bongers, our Dutch "Pen-friend" and treasurer of the Shell/Amsterdam Male Choir, we may be able to overcome many obstacles and carry out an exchange of visits between Holland and Wales.

The singing of the Cologne Male Choir gave us delight when they visited Cardiff. Thanks to the kind co-operation of Wilhelm Pitz, their conductor, we have exchanged a number of male voice pieces. Some of the German songs are already in our repertoire. We hope that they will get equal joy in singing the songs of Wales. We shall do all we can to strengthen this link of friendship.

Once more I am glad to acknowledge my indebtedness to Tom Jones, our loyal, capable and unassuming accompanist; to our benign chairman, George Neighbour, now happily in better health; to our energetic secretary, W. J. Griffiths, and to the other officials and committee-men.

It is with mixed feelings that we extend our warmest congratulations to Dewi Hopkins, our Publicity Manager and Editor of *Excelsior*, on his appointment as Principal of Highmead Residential School, Llanybyther. We rejoice in his well deserved professional advancement, but our joy is tempered with regret when we realize that our ways must part now. Whole-hearted and competent in all he has done for the choir, both as chorister and as official, Dewi now leaves for West Wales.

"Many deaths have place in men before they come to die,
Joys must be used and spent and then abandoned and passed by".

We are grateful to him for his splendid record of service to the choir, and know that in his new sphere of action he will bring the same high qualities into play for the benefit of others. Dewi, we wish you well.

The promising new choristers who have joined during 1954 have been keen and enthusiastic. We have had to bid a regretful farewell to some of our "Old Guard", but our regret is tempered with gratitude for their loyal service. Some of our choristers have been laid low with ill health. To them we wish a speedy and complete recovery so they may soon be with us again. There remains the central core of the Choir, those faithful ones, regular in attendance, attentive and alert in rehearsal, with the music in their heads and not with their heads in their music, singing at concerts with confidence and courage, cheerful at all times and ever-patient and long suffering despite the idiosyncracies of the conductor. They in truth are THE Treorchy Male Choir.

Our Dinner and Dance at the Park Hotel, Cardiff, gave us a chance to honour some of our friends. The after-dinner speeches by Principal Gwilym Ambrose, of Caerleon, Mr. Alun Oldfield-Davies and Mr. Fred Pullin, gave lustre to the occasion. But our greatest recompense was to see the happy faces of our sweet-hearts and wives, the uncomplaining "back-room" girls, without whose self-denial and forbearance the Choir would long have ceased to be.

Warmest congratulations to the BBC Controller for Wales, Mr. Alun Oldfield-Davies, on being made a C.B.E.

I close with some words by Lionel Tertis:

"Music will not be the music we know, when it is nothing more than a commodity obtained by turning on a tap.

"The music we value as the real thing, has to be struggled for with all the power of the will—struggled for, missed and struggled for again".

CHOIR ENGAGEMENTS.

February	25—Libanus	... Treherbert
April	14—Avon Lodge	... Blaengwynfi
April	16—"With Heart and Voice"	... B.B.C.
April	26—"Easter Parade"	... Television
May	9—Aberaman Hall	... Aberaman
May	16—Eisteddfod Marquee	... Cardigan
May	30—Odeon Theatre	... Llanelly
June	3—"Songs for Everybody"	... B.B.C.
June	5—Combined Concert	... Treorchy
August	**—National Eisteddfod**	**...Ystradgynlais**
October	9—Salem Baptist Church	... Ferryside
October	14—Saron Chapel	... Ynyshir
October	28—Horeb Chapel	... Treherbert
November	13—Market Hall	... Brecon
November	25—"The Merchantmen"	... B.B.C.
December	12—Welfare Hall	... Blackwood
December	19—Carol Service	... Treorchy
December	27—"All Together"	... B.B.C.

THAT NIGHT STILL SHINES.

Gwyn Thomas.

We want to know more intensely, as they are bound to be less frequent, those moments of experienced beauty that seem to flood the present and future with a benediction of radiance from the first years of one's innocence and rapture upon this earth. Let me see if I can bring into focus just one of those moments. I was with a party of foreign students, drawn from at least four continents, visiting the Rhondda. In the early afternoon we had gone down the Lewis Merthyr colliery in Trehafod, and a more desperately anxious band never made for Australia the hard way. I recited all the slogans I knew in praise of mining to the cage full of explorers. By the time I finished I was wearing my Davey lamp on my head and was trying to switch on my helmet. When we came up the afternoon sunlight was charged with such a symphonic vitality it almost knocked us back down the shaft. The movements and the quick flashing tongues of the miners fascinated my companions. "Such eyes, such voices", said one of them to me. "And their minds?". "Even deeper, even brighter", said a young Malayan who had spent several of his earlier years in the area.

We made our way up the valley. We were to attend a rehearsal of the Treorchy Male Voice Choir. We had some time in hand. The driver of the bus took us up the great switchback road to the top of the Bwlch. We got out of the bus. Some of my companions were impressed by the dramatic religious slogans such as "Prepare to meet thy God" painted on a wild rock face, and I had to explain to them that these were not government directives. We looked down over Cwmparc and Treorchy. It was a bowl of green and amber evening light, the sort of prospect that brings out in all the children of the valleys a sense of their beauty and pathos that is almost beyond expression. Down we went. The Treorchy choristers were waiting, as brilliant and merry a band of carolling meibion as will ever shame the silence that is supposed to be of gold. The conductor, John Davies, welcomed the students from their corners of the globe in a speech that our best diplomats might make if they had the added humanity that comes from the sort of music created by John Davies and his friends. The visitors were seated on low benches that gave us the look of earnest disciples. The hall was small, festooned with samples of children's handicraft. John Davies led the choir into the first notes of Cherubini's *Sanctus*. A great column of silver sound. The bodies of the people around me shot up, and in their eyes was the sort of expression that must have been in Ali Baba's when he caught his first glimpse of that cave. For treasure it was without any doubt. The singers sang songs of as many countries as were represented in that many nationed up.

A French girl wept a little during the sadder of the Welsh folk songs. I assured her that it was perfectly in order. The moment had that kind of fullness and we Welsh have dug some fairly deep wells for tears.

A book came around in which the visitors were asked to put their names and possibly a comment. An Egyptian lady, moved by the wonder and exaltation of that hour to chance her arm with a rhetorical flourish, wrote: "The flame of all life burns in you".

The choir ended with *Nidaros*. By some miracle the words of the climax became intensely clear and luminous, "The dawn is not distant nor the night starless", and I could see the lips of some of the visitors utter them, carried away by some ecstasy of communication and compassion, some act of giving and receiving that had cut right through the tragic knots that keep the brothers and sisters of mankind lost and forever afraid of the unity of love.

Then the leave-taking. The pavement outside the school was crowded with friends and warmly loud with offers of hospitality. How I would have liked all my companions to have entered a Welsh kitchen to resume around a hearth of quick affections and rich fare the enchantment of great art, great hwyl we had known while listening to the choir.

But the bus waited. A German behind me whispered, "Such strength, such goodness!"

As we left the Rhondda we felt life lose a magical promise it had held for us an hour before.

One night whilst singing 'Raoul' in *Les Huguenots* at the Metropolitan Opera, Jean de Reszke, the great tenor, felt in radiant form and finished an aria with an improvised, clear and brilliant top D.

A tremendous storm of applause greeted him. "Why all the fuss", said de Reszke. "A thing like that has nothing to do with singing; it's only acrobatics".

* * *

Sir Malcolm Sargent was rehearsing *Messiah* with a famous English singing choir. He interrupted the singing during the chorus, "For unto us a child is born", and said, "Ladies, just a little more reverence and a tiny bit less-er-astonishment!"

TOPICALS.

(Broadcast in *All Together*, Boxing Night.)

In festive mood we bring you little quips about the choir
Who sing here—lustily,
They have their jolly characters—full of fun and fire
Wherever—they may be;
At Oxford Mr. Thatcher and his crew went in for boating,
They went around in circles for an hour—just floating;
A motor boat—towed them in—the choir gloating,
And cheering—merrily.

Elwyn Davies, Second Tenor—is quite an expert
At counting raindrops all day,
He can only count in tens—that's why Treherbert
Will soon be—Herbert Bay;
When he blew his whistle—in "Riding down from Bangor",
Ernie Lewis lost a pea—pity, what a fluster;
Ever since he doesn't wince—he's got the answer—
A spare pea—tucked away.

In coming home from Ystradgynlais National Eisteddfod
Some were missing a week,
No one knows what happened really—to that bus-load,
And no one—cares to speak;
Who paddled in the fountain—at Lampeter one summer?
And why did our Committee—at Cheltenham we wonder,
Keep the choir waiting for an hour and a quarter?
Their explanation was weak.

As a good instructor our conductor tells his party
To think———or thwim;
For McKinsey—the Kyles of Bute had little beauty,
The outlook being so dim;
At Oxford Ieuan Lawrence had a passionate audition
But Ieuan and Bob Martin—are faced with competition:
They now have tiny Second Tenors yelling for nutrition:
They nurse them—with a hymn.

Who bought his wife some cutlery, the price was—fantastic
At Petticoat Lane—one day?
Dona's wife is tying all his hats with tight elastic,
He's lost so many, they say.
What about the Rugger tickets?—and who deceived us?
However, All Together—we've had a merry Xmas,
And next year Jackie Rees and Trefor Protheroe will be with us,
We hope so—anyway.

By kind permission of B.B.C., Ivor Rees and Dafydd Griffiths
("*Raligamps*").

A RHONDDA RE-UNION.

E.H.

"If another man's reason convinceth me, it becomes my own reason", said the great satirist, Jonathan Swift. Most certainly, Rhondda people are convinced of the wisdom and sincerity underlying the aims of Mr. Farquhar Macdonald, conductor of the Glasgow Police Male Voice Choir.

Briefly, these aims are as follows, ... "to promote and propagate the idea of choirs meeting together, ... whereby from this comparatively small beginning, choirs, and ultimately people from other lands, would come together united in song".

Music, like love and true understanding, knows no frontiers or barriers.

If the highly successful 1953 and 1954 combined concerts on the part of the Glasgow Police and Treorchy Male Voice Choirs are a measure of the worth and efficacy of "this comparatively small beginning", then music—"Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun",—can yet be a source of great comfort, joy, and hope in this fear-haunted world.

"It is very important to switch the train of destiny on to the right lines", said a notable politician recently.

Our 1954 meeting with the Glasgow Police Choir in Treorchy was 'right' in every respect, the experience proving memorable, delightful, and wholly rewarding. Viewed in retrospect,—details of this re-union resemble the rich and colourful patterns of a priceless tapestry.

These details "flash upon the inward eye" with startling intensity, namely, the mutual efforts and arduous preparation which had transformed dreams into reality; the geniality of spirit shared and enjoyed by all; the Celtic hwyl and fervour inspired by a wholly enthusiastic audience at the Parc and Dare Hall; our fleeting Jack-in-the-box look at a friendly though rain-swept Mumbles; the warmth of the welcome, and the golden quality of an informal concert at Port Talbot; the rich comic genius and buffoonery of John Begg and friends; the obvious sincerity of all speeches and speakers; the genuine goodwill and camaraderie which characterised every action, incident, and gesture of the leisure hours; and finally the reluctant farewell and departure on Whit-Monday morning of our Scottish guests, having sampled Rhondda hospitality, if not weather, at its best.

"I am a part of all I have met", remarked the Ulysses of Tennyson's imagination. Likewise, both the Glasgow Police and Treorchy Male Voice Choirs are a part of each other's activities and sentiments,—spiritually, socially and chorally.

"One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield".

THE ROYAL NATIONAL EISTEDDFOD OF WALES. YSTRADGYNLAIS, 1954.

ADJUDICATION—CHIEF MALE VOICE COMPETITION.

1. *Nidaros.*—Opening, Fine tone. Excellent voices very well balanced. The chording clean. *Andante* 2nd 4. Pleasing opening but the chromatic notes not really sound. Page 5, "Yr her dderbyniwn" powerful and gripping. We felt that they were phrasing carefully and smoothly; nevertheless, they were over-singing on each phrase and the climaxes were not built up with sufficient vigour.

A striking feature was the clear articulation. *Allegro con spirito* in happy time. The picture was very vivid and the rendering throughout was alive and colourful.

1st Bass (Page 13) lacked conviction in the middle. A stirring, colourful climax.—Marks 89.

2. *Henffych Gorff Di-ymwad.*—Smooth, colourful opening. Phrasing clean and unbroken. The colouring of some phrases exceptionally effective.

The second part in better tempo and the rendering throughout was varied and musical. The quieter passages were beautiful. | Marks 92.

3. *Salm Bywyd.*—Masterly opening, fine tone. We felt that the picture portrayed was colourful and remarkably alive. Yet it was not as brilliant and dramatic as the rendering of the first choir.—Marks 85.

	1	2	3	Total.
Treorchy ...	89 ...	92 ...	85 ...	266
Pendyrus ...	84 ...	90 ...	87 ...	261

GREETINGS

When the Editor asked me to write a few lines for *Excelsior* I was glad to record my small tribute to the Treorchy and District Male Voice Choir, which has delighted thousands of listeners throughout Britain. I have listened to your broadcasts with the greatest pleasure from the zest, finish and artistry of your work, and with particular interest in that I have long had the rare privilege of the friendship of John Davies, whom we at Caerleon are proud to number among our distinguished students.

My pleasure will henceforth be enhanced by happy memories of your Annual Dinner-Dance at which I was honoured by being of the company. On that happy evening I learnt some of the secrets of your success, that warm fellowship and corporate loyalty. Long ago Socrates wrote: "When I have found a good thing I share it with my friends". You have found a good thing and are sharing it with your friends near and far. Building on the best Welsh choral traditions, you are not content to rest on the achievements of the past, but are adventuring into the exciting world of modern music. Long may you continue to delight us with your rich and varied art.

Gwilym Ambrose,
Principal, Caerleon College.

My dear Welsh Friends,

Although I dont know any of you personally, there is a certain bond which unites us, namely, the bond of fellow singers. By international contact between singers from different nations, no matter how slight the contact will be, we colaborate to develope an understanding between people of different countries. By singing, which we really do for our own pleasure, we co-operate in the task to make people understand and respect each other.

May we be successful in that task.

Ko. Bongers,
Shell Male Choir, *Amsterdam.*

On behalf of the Cologne Male Choir and myself I wish you and all the English fellow singers a very happy and peaceful New Year.

All our singers think with great pleasure to the cordial reception in England and we are all glad to know that, through our music have got new friends.

We hope hearty that our concerts will bring a great friendship and conception between our nations, which will last for ever and become larger and larger.

Wilhelm Pitz
(*Conductor, Cologne Male Choir.*)

All of us in Orpheus want you to know that we are happy that the medal means so much to you and your fine choir, and wish for you continued success. We also read your interesting Journal and he emphasised particularly for our benefit what you said about rehearsing three times a week year in and year out. We Orpheans think we love to sing, but in this respect we wish to take our respective hats off to your choir. . . . . The Doctor sends his personal regards to you as conductor, members of the committee and every member of your great choir. I can assure you he is very proud of you.

Vanston Lee
(*Orpheus Male Chorus*),
Cleveland, Ohio.

"QUOTABLE QUOTES".

By the late Sir HUGH ROBERTON.

"CRACKS": It's an empty singer that makes most noise.
A "Hitch" in Time ruins Line.
Good singers are often drowned by their fellow-singers.
Any one who sings "so-so" is as dead as a dodo.
It is often too late to blend.

NIGHTLY ADVICE. Time every consonant.
Tone every vowel.
Tune every note.

CHOIRS IN GENERAL.—Recipe for good soup beings: "First 'Catch the Hare' ". Good soup requires a good cook. Good choirs require a good conductor. Good conductors are born —not made. Good choirs are made—not born. Making a choir does not depend on rules and regulations, on this theory or that, or on notations or subscriptions. It lies in mutual co-operation between capable leaders and choristers, and there is plenty of room for variety of type.

CONDUCTOR: Must be long suffering and plenteous in mercy. He must be half musician and half diplomat. He must be human and have a sense of humour. He must believe in himself and in his choir. He must have a fixed ideal and also the determination to reach it.

CHOIR MEMBERS: Must have patience while the slow members pick up. They must imagine that the conductor can turn base metal into gold. They must know that if the conductor has the temper of an angel, he will not have the temperament of an artist.

PRESS

"The Treorchy Male Choir opened the concert and immediately set a high standard, reminding us forcibly that the great organ of vocal music is still the sound of over a hundred men singing with intelligence and controlled fervour..... Diction was supreme throughout, and if the Male Choir over-reached itself now and then as its exuberance mounted, the fault was, on these occasions, in the best sense—if one may reverse the metaphorical traffic between music and cricket—Comptonian in its richness".

Brecon Gazette.

* *

"That haunting melody, *All in the April evening*, enabled the tenor section to display a soothing sweetness which was outstanding. This was followed by a stirring rendering of *Laudamus* which featured the rich singing of the bass section".—*Aberdare Leader.*

* *

"They produced a deep, very beautiful, organ tone, and their conductor, Mr. John Davies, played on this with the utmost skill. The choir sang sensitively, and with ready responsiveness to their leader's demands, from the haunting, sombre beauty of *Were you there when they crucified my Lord?* to the *23rd Psalm*, which they sang with gracious simplicity".—*Llanelly Gazette.*

* *

"The serviceable device of recording has given us the pleasure of hearing again, since the National Eisteddfod at Ystradgynlais, the dramatic singing of Treorchy, winners of an outstanding male voice test. I venture to prophesy that we shall hear this record often in the future, and that it will become a classic example of Eisteddfod singing—but not, I hope, a relic of an era that will have passed".—Y Tiwniwr, *Western Mail.*

"I do not remember a finer example of singing that was truly devotional without being ecclesiastical: there was spiritual exaltation, but instead of pillars and stained glass windows one sensed grassy slopes and the clear light of day, darkened in one poignant passage by the deep shadows of a grim valley".—Wil Ifan, *Western Mail.*

* *

"Here was the old artistry, the magnificent basses, the sensitive pianissimo passages, the attack and verve that has earned for this choir its great reputation—and here, above all, was an outstanding example of control and discipline by a masterly conductor".—*Cardigan Advertiser.*

* *

"The two choirs (*Brecon* and Treorchy) appeared together for the first time. It should not be the last. The combination was highly successful, and the evening proved that Welsh choral traditions are not dead. In fact, the choirs provided an incentive to other areas to revive choral singing.

"They showed that there are people who believe that doing things for themselves is still one of the chief reasons for living.

"I commend to you both choirs and their conductors. They are valuable to Wales".—Herbert Davies, *Western Mail.*

Walter Damrosch was once asked if he could tell the secret of great conducting.

"Of course I can", he replied. "Look: here is a baton—yes?—and here I beat three-four time. One-two-three, one-two-three. You see? All right, and now I am going to beat four-four time. Look: one-two-three-four; one-two-three-four. See? Well that, my friend, is the secret. Only, I implore you, don't tell it to anybody!"

* *

Once when Brahms as a world-famous composer returned to his native Hamburg, his father who, as a vagrant double-bass player, made a living by playing in garden restaurants and dances, insisted on playing in the concert orchestra. His skill was utterly insufficient for the intricacies of his son's *Serenade, Op. 11.* The rehearsal became a nightmare for the conductor, who at last stopped, perplexed how to explain matters to father. In this very instant old Brahms' sonorous voice was heard all over the hall: "I know what you want to say, Hannes—but don't say it; better keep your big mouth shut".

MEMBERS OF THE CHOIR.

FIRST TENOR

Walter Breeze
Hedley Curtis
Albert Curtis
David Davies
Ieuan Davies
Mel Davies
Trevor Davies
Ronald Dowling
Eddie Evans
Ken Evans
John Evans
Lewis Francis
John Francis
Ben Jackson
Elwyn Jones
Jack Jones
Will Kinsey
Ernie Lewis
Ron Lewis
Howell Lewis
Islwyn Morgan
Mel Meredith
Haydn Parfitt
Trevor Protheroe
Eddie Rowe
Jack Rees
David Skym
Haydn Thatcher
Idris Thomas
Fred Williams

SECOND TENOR

Royston Bobbett
Donald Bound
Emlyn Davies
Islwyn Davies
Derrick Davies
Alun Davies
Donald Davies
Elwyn Davies
Roy Davies
Roy Daniels
Haydn Evans
William Evans
Daniel Edwards
Gwyn Fletcher
Ben Griffiths
David Harris
Emlyn Higgon
John Hughes
Ritchie Lawthom
Norman Martin
Jack Morgan
Percy Parcell
Douglas Pearce
Cas Powell
Mel Parfitt
William Parcell
William Pritchard
John Quirke
Alun Rosser
George Rees
Frank Smith
Alan Snell
Tom Thomas
Cly. Willis

FIRST BASS

Cliff Chislett
Eddie Davies
Roy Davies
Emrys Davies
John Davies
David Davies
Gwilym Davies
George Edmonds
John Devonald
Austin Evans
Gwyn Evans
Haydn Erasmus
George Gregory
Gareth Hughes
Emrys Hughes
John Hughes
Eddie Jones
Dilwyn Jones
Gareth Jones
John Lewis
Erfyl Lewis
Richard Lewis
Gerwyn Llewellyn
Alwyn Morgan
Mal Morgan
Jack Phillips
Arthur Powell
Alwyn Phillips
David Rees
Albert Stubbs
Jack Thomas
Richard Thomas
Eli Wright

SECOND BASS

David Davies
Reg Davies
Gwyn Davies
David T. Davies
John Daniels
David Galliford
W. J. Griffiths
Robert Griffiths
David Griffiths
Des. Goodridge
Myrddin Hopkins
T. D. Hopkins
John Hughes
Jack Jones
William Jones
Arthur Jones
Edward Knapgate
Ieuan Lawrence
Haydn Merriman
Glan Nicholas
Gordon Oates
Harry Price
Bryn Thomas
Daniel Williams
Gwynne Williams
Emlyn Williams