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If I could choose to invite four young people to my home from other Commonwealth countries the four I would choose would be: India, Sarawak, Ghana, and Australia.

I think a visit from a young Indian person would be most enjoyable for many reasons. Although there is still glitter and splendour in India, the pomp of yesteryear is not present on such a gigantic scale. I have, however, heard of the festival of the Dussara, which still takes place in Mysore. It is from Mysore, therefore, I would wish my Indian friend to come. We, the Welsh, are famous for our singing, and festivity. Every year, people from every corner of Wales, in in exile, gather together at the National Eisteddfod of Wales wherever it may be held. So it is with the people of Mysore at their Dussara. I would like my friend to tell me everything concerning this Indian festival: its origin, when and why it is carried out, and particularly of its great unequalled climax. Apparently, the climax is reached when the people crowd around the lake of a thousand lights - the name itself an inspiration.

- so called because when the Maharaja appears a thousand lights are switched on, illuminating the whole scene. Then the Maharaja himself steps into his raft, which glides away into the twilight. The raft vanishes; the lights flick out, and moon radiance washes the darkened scene as the silent thousands melt away like ghosts, leaving the lake once more a ting mere hardly noticeable by daylight. It would be an interesting comparison - the National Eisteddfod of Wales, and one of the most prominent festivals in India. Every part of the Dusara (it lasts for ten days whereas the National Eisteddfod of Wales lasts a week) symbolizes in some way the conflict of right and wrong, or the subduing of passions and the spirit of worship, so it is as significant to the people of Mysore as their National Eisteddfod is to the Welsh.

I look forward to a meeting with an Indian friend with great enthusiasm.

Sarawak, which lies to the north-west of Borneo was ruled by white rajahs from 1842, when the Sultan of Brunei gave it to Sir James Brooke, until after the Second World War, when Sir Charles Vyner Brooke handed it over to the Crown.

During the "reign" of Vyner Brooke much was discovered about that country, and many legends and beliefs have broken through the dense thickness of the jungle, and revealed a little of the mind and character of these primitive people. Vyner Brooke spent many months travelling in the

interior. He became intimate with the Dyak head-hunters, saw their dances, and listened to their tales. That is why I would like a young person from Sarawak to come to my home and reveal some of the mysteries of Sarawak folklore. /

I suppose that it is only natural that in a tropical country of this kind, covered as it is by dense jungle, and inhabited by such primitive people, Tree worship should be indigenous. The Dyaks believe that the trees have souls, and my young friend would explain to me that the Dyaks will not dare to cut down an aged tree that has dug its roots deep into the soil, for fear of disturbing the spirit of the tree.

"When the Dyaks fell the jungle on the hills they often leave a few trees on the hill tops as a refuge for disturbed and dispossessed spirits. Sailing up the Sarawak

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river you may from time to time pass a clearing in the forest where manioc is cultivated. In the midst of every clearing a solitary tree is always left standing as a home for the ejected spirits of the wood. Its boughs are stripped off, all but the topmost, and just below this leafy crown two cross pieces are fastened from which a few coloured rags will dangle." So said Sylvia Brett in her book "Three White Rajas". Miss Brett also mentions the Sea Dyaks. "The Sea Dyaks," she says, "will point to many a tree and say that it is the abode of a spirit of spirits. To cut down one of these would

provoke the Spirit's anger, and he might avenge himself by visiting the sacrilegious woodman with a fatal sickness."

I would indeed like a young person from Sarawak to enrapture me with these tales of the supernatural.

6 March 1957 was a famous day in the history of the British Commonwealth of Nations - for the Gold Coast celebrated its Independence within the Commonwealth. Therefore, because it is the youngest of our family of nations I would like a young person from Ghana to come to my home. But the main reason is that I should like to compare our methods of education with theirs. It is very similar to ours in so far that primary education is free and the course lasts six years, most of the teaching being in the vernacular. Before entering a grammar school, I attended a Welsh school, and there most of the teaching was in Welsh, and where great attention was paid to Welsh singing and literature. It would be very interesting to see if my young friend from Ghana could recite some of the gems of Ghana literature and we compare the tributes of poets to our respective countries.

As the Australians live as we do, but have not seen some of the famous landmarks of the Motherland, I should like a young Australian person to come to my home so that I would be able to show him some of the famous buildings of Britain, particularly in Wales, and also in London.

what undecipherable excitement my young friend would feel in climbing up to the ball on the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral or snapping a photograph of Nelson standing majestically on his column, surrounded by his quartet of lions. What ecstatic joy he would have if he entered the National Museum, or the Art Gallery and see the masterpieces of Constable and others.

Then some day I could show him some important Welsh landmarks. Perhaps it would interest him to see the grave of St. David and Gerald the Welshman in St. David's Cathedral. Then again he might like to see Caernarfon Castle, one of the many impregnable castles built by Edward I. If he were a rugby enthusiast he would doubtless wish to see Cardiff Arms Park, the scene of many historic encounters between Wales and the Wallabies, otherwise known as the Australian Rugby Football Touring side.

Then I would take all four of my young friends to London and show them such famous buildings as Buckingham Palace and Whitehall, and Big Ben presiding, as it were, over the Houses of Parliament, with Old Father Thames winding his way slowly, lethargically, without a care in the world, down to the sea.

Books Consulted : Royal India - Maudslayi
From Gold Coast to Ghana - Paul Redmayne
Three White Rajas - Sylvia Brett. Pictorial Knowledge
Boy's Book of the Commonwealth - Edited by N. Monro