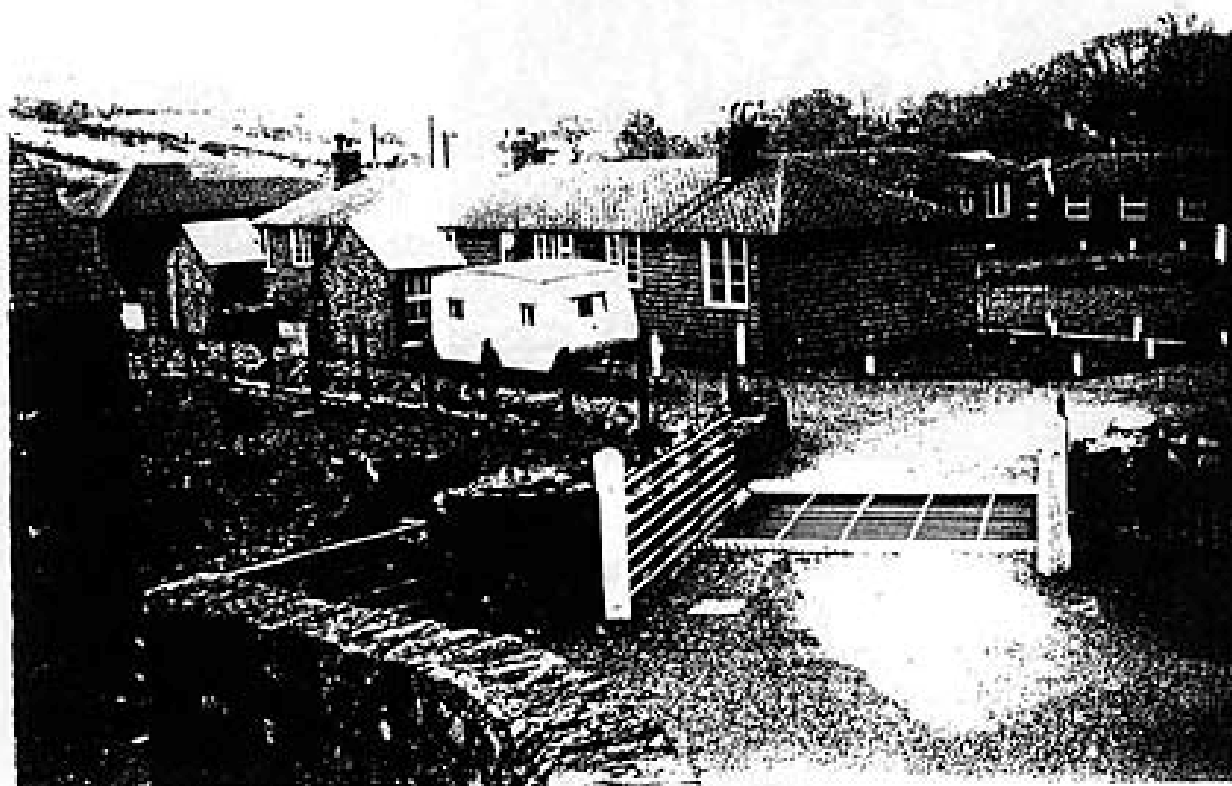




PEOPLE AND PLACES

Thanks Plaque from Tanzania for Gwydr Forester School

It's a long way from Capel Curig to Tanzania, but nevertheless there's a real link between the two places. For ex-students at the Gwydr Forester Training School have been doing a good job in instructing their Tanzanian counterparts in the forestry know how which is so important to developing areas in Africa.

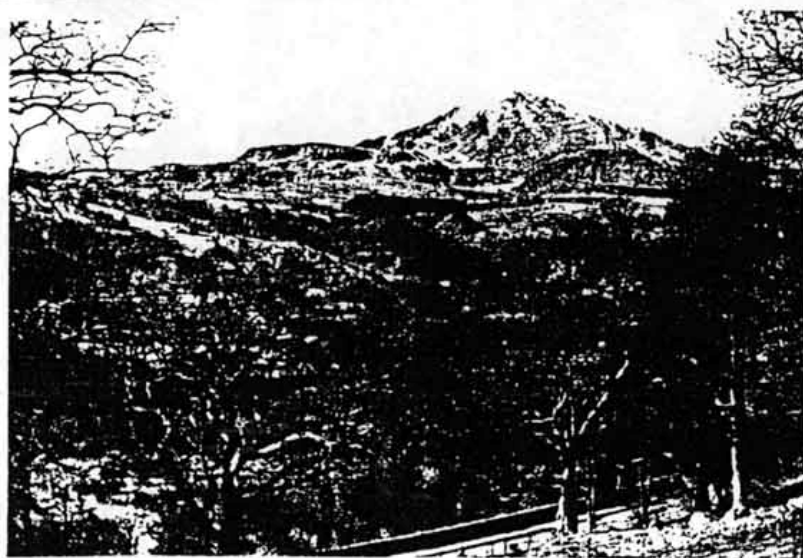
Since 1953 five foresters trained at Gwydr have gone out to work, under the Voluntary Service Overseas scheme, at Olmotonyi Forester Training School, situated some fifty miles from Mount Kilimanjaro. The first to go was Mr David Craze now a forester at Newborough Forest, Anglesey- and the others were Messrs Peter Clapham, Graham Haddock, Michael Warner and Peter Robinson.

The students at Olmotonyi were not unappreciative of their assistance, for on learning that their principal, Mr J Holmes, was going on home leave to Britain, they asked him to go to the Gwydr school to present a plaque as an expression of their thanks. This Mr Holmes duly did last week when he handed the plaque bearing the Olmotonyi school crest and motto, to the Gwydr chairman, Mr Paul Marsh.

In doing so, he mentioned the high standard of instruction maintained by the former Gwydr students, particularly in practical matters that are valuable to the Tanzanians, such as forest nursery work, tool handling, soil science and surveying. And Peter Clapham, he added, was especially remembered for coaching the Olmotonyi football team to such effect that they went on to win a district cup.

Messrs Michael Warner and Peter Robinson are still at Olmotonyi. Other countries in which Gwydr ex students have worked for up to two years under the VSO scheme include Sierra Leone, Zambia, Malawi and Monserrat (West Indies)

From Dick Mihalop, New forest.



ERIC ROGERS MEMORY

OF HIS EXCHANGE COURSE

AT GWYDR 1953

Gwydyr Forester Training School

I was one of those chosen from the Dean students to attend the exchange course at Gwydyr in the early autumn of 1955.

Mike Houghton came to visit me at my parent's home in Hunstanton. He stayed for a few days and then we set off on his motor bike, heading west. His parents lived near the Wirral and we stopped there for a break. The forestry school, just a collection of huts, was situated between Betws-Y-Coed and Capel Curig, on the A5 Bangor road. The huts had been used in the 1930's depression to house the unemployed and give them work to do in the Welsh forests.

The staff consisted of, Principal Mr Robinson, I cannot remember his first name, District Officer Tilney-Basset or Tidley B as we called him, Head Forester Ted Waddelove and Forester Bob or RAF Kemp. Tidley B looked a real boy in his long shorts and thin rimmed granny glasses!

Unfortunately unlike prominent politicians, I did not keep a diary and my memory, never brilliant, has deteriorated like the rest of me, progressively during the 46 years since I was there.

The weather during that six weeks was truly amazing. Snowdonia has an average of some 80 inches of rain a year, and in the six weeks we were there I only remember one day's rain. It was real 'shorts' weather and when I finally got back into long trousers I can still recall the strange feeling. We swam, walked, drank, climbed, and thoroughly enjoyed ourselves. I do not remember too much about working!

However I do remember the nursery. Mr Robinson was very apologetic when he told us about the nursery. It had been sited something like 1000 feet above sea level in order that it should be weed free. Someone had taken up compost and it was no longer weed free. He was very sorry but some of us would have to go up the mountain to the nursery to weed.

We need not have worried there were not many weeds, certainly not compared with the Dean nurseries, the weather was good and with a reservoir close by, for those of us who swam, it was no hardship at all. Cycling down was an experience; the track joined the road by the Ugly House. The last half a mile or so was so steep that even with the brakes full on, the bike went down that hill extremely fast and with cable brakes, that I recalled snapping on occasions, it made me feel quite anxious! Another job we had to do in the nursery was to place brash on the windward side of the beds, to provide some protection when the weather was less idyllic than when we were up there.

Close by the Betws-Y-Coed road not far from the school was the miner's pool and some of us spent many hours swimming there. The water was never very warm, but it was so warm when one emerged from the water, that it did not matter.

Further down the Betws-Y-Coed road were the Swallow Falls and opposite was the Swallow Falls Hotel. In the lounge bar there was a plaque that said in Welsh "Wales Dear Land of Song" and in the public bar there was a notice in English that said "Singing Strictly Forbidden." On Saturday nights they held dances there. The local talent would gather in the bar waiting to be bought drinks. Port and lemon was in vogue then and we students were poor! So one had the choice of lashing out for drinks and then having to pay for them and yourselves to get into the dance, or ignore them and hope things would look up when one went into the dance. I seem to remember they closed the bars earlier than in England and they were closed on Sundays.

Some of us took the opportunity at weekends to take up the challenge of the mountains. I managed three, Moel Siabod, Tryfan and Snowdon. On the way up Moel Siabod we lost Gerry Andrews. We got more and more anxious but eventually we met up with him. He had got half way up a rock face to find he could not go up or down, he heard us shouting but dare not reply for fear of falling off! In those days there were no lightweight-climbing boots, just nailed boots. Trainers had not been invented so I decided there was nothing for it but to wear 'Jesus sandals.' The weather was good and the rocks were dry so the grip was good, but the foot protection was nil and imagine what would have happened if a buckle had come off! My blood runs cold to think of it.

Tryfan apparently is the only mountain in Wales where one has to use ones hands to reach the summit, or put another way it is possible to reach the summit of all the others without using ones hands. I have been back to Snowdonia and climbed Tryfan several times since but never brave enough to jump across the Adam & Eve stones, my younger son proved he was braver than I was though. Tryfan remains my favourite mountain.

We decided to get to the Snowdon summit via Crib Goch. Having climbed this steep ascent one is confronted with a very sharp long and narrow ridge that forms part of the Snowdon Horseshoe. It was very clear on the summit. We came back along the ridge towards Crib Cogh but then decided to descend to the Llanberis Pass on the steep scree slopes, all done wearing sandals, oh what it is to be young!

I think the films were shown in the village hall in Betws-Y-Coed, at least there was certainly no carpet. When the projector failed, which was not infrequent, there was a very loud stamping of feet!

We were taken on various tours, one was to Dovey Forest, but my memory is dim. I do remember the wonderful weather, the walking, climbing, swimming, drinking and those wonderful mountains.

Most reading this will come to the conclusion that I did not have my mind on the job! They are not far wrong! However, the picture I have painted, is one of life at Gwydyr on Exchange. A pleasant interlude from the normal humdrum of the forestry school curriculum, with the added bonus of amazingly good weather. I think someone spending two years at Gwydyr and experiencing all the vagaries of the Snowdonia weather would have a different story to tell.

On reflection, the whole course was based on training foresters for Commission forests. Those of us that went into private woodlands had to learn a completely different ball game. However, the fundamental truths of forest management, silviculture and surveying were certainly laid down in and around those wooden huts in the wild Welsh countryside all those years ago. I trust the above is helpful.

Yours sincerely,

Geoff Sheppard

Ken Broad Gwydyr August 1958 to July 1960.

I'm afraid the photo of the school taken from the adjoining hillside (the Glyn) has faded over the years. The other photo is of members of my course (13). Unfortunately I did not keep a record of their names and I am not blessed with a good memory but I give below as many as I can remember. This information should not be relied upon. Please check if you have any useful contacts. Neither can I guarantee correct spellings.

Top row ??,??,??, Pete Brown, Dave Downs, ??, Pete Walker, Jim ?, Keith Tout.

Second row Terry Birch, myself Ken Broad, Graham Smith, Mike Mitchell, Eifion Jones, ??,??, Jack Wade, Dave Powell, Dave Gardner, Tom Daly, ??, Pete ?, ??, John Priestly

Bottom row John (Ginger) Galvin, ??, ??, Jack Kemp, ? Purser, Gwyn Francis, Alan Powell, Phil Mead, Mick Butler.

The three African students, I think from Nigeria, were on a short visit of a couple of months at the most.

The third person on the front row was a new instructor who had just joined the school. An instructor not in the photo was Ted Waddelove.

Issue 12 of FCRA News asks " why the dearth of contact from ex Welsh students?". I cannot speak for other courses but on our course, as well as that of our senior and junior courses there were in fact very few Welsh lads. There was just myself and two others on my particular course, whereas there were half a dozen Irishmen. Of the instructors only Gwyn Francis was Welsh but perhaps Alan Powell was also.

The school comprised a collection of wooden huts. Six of these were living quarters, each sectioned off into ten cubicles arranged either side of a central corridor and each with a couple of cramped seating areas equipped with some decrepit chairs and an ancient stove.

The staff members were also housed in wooden huts though presumably with less Spartan interiors. A larger hut served as the dining hall and others served as ablutions, drying room, cycle shed, lecture rooms, office and seed extraction plant.

We had lectures on Fridays and Saturday mornings. Pay was £2 16s 0d per week.

The stoves in the living quarters had to be lit afresh every day, guaranteeing ice cold conditions for the first two hours of any winter evening. Small wonder the that we found other ways to occupy ourselves. Amongst other activities, Ginger Galvin ran a fencing half the school working for him during evenings and weekends. It was an amazing sight to see his pickup take off down the A5 stacked ten feet high with rustic chairs, seat and bird tables.

Each hut put on a sketch for a Christmas pantomime. Our hut staged "The Shooting of Dan McGrew". It brought the house down and I think won the first prize. This was mainly due to Mike Mitchell's acting ability- he starred as 'the Lady that's known as Lou'.

One night the drying room went up in smoke. It was completely gutted in spite of our frantic efforts to extinguish the blaze. Needless to say, when it came to the insurance assessment the total amount of clothes claimed as destroyed would have kitted out the Austin Reed for a twelvemonth.

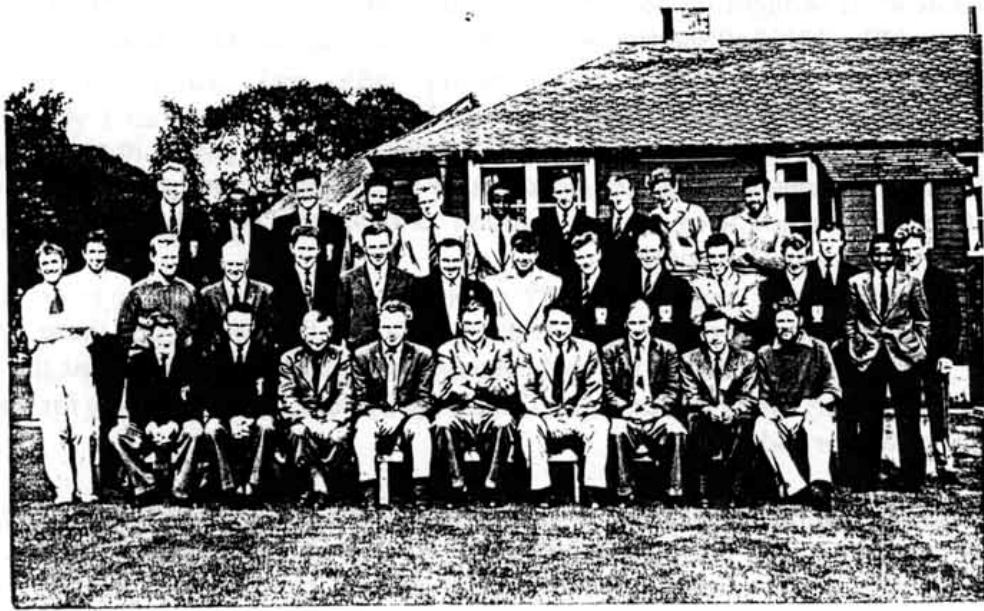
We were each required to bring a cycle when we started the course but these cycles were never used and as we had to pay rail carriage to get them home again at the end of the two years many were left behind. This stupidity had been going on for years- you couldn't move for old bikes.

Certain duties were allocated to the students on a random basis. Mine was to take the daily meteorology readings during the first year, which was reasonably rewarding, but in the second year I was in charge of the weed garden, charged with ensuring that weeds didn't encroach.

At Gwydr, the quality of the food served up to us was appalling, but no amount of complaining ever made any difference. When we were sent on exchange we were amazed at the different standards on offer. I went to the Dean where the food was excellent. How well I remember those fresh baked loaves that we cut an inch or more thick and plastered with peanut butter, chocolate sauce or other appealing fillings for our mid-day snack. Washed down with a couple of pints of cider in one of those cool little forest pubs after a morning felling large oaks- I drool even now. Those students who went to other schools came back with similar tales. At Gwydr we had sliced bread- often not too fresh- and the dinners were atrocious. Something had to be done- so we organised a demonstration. On one particular day we queued for our dinner as usual but none of it was eaten. Then, to a man, we filed out and scooped the lot into the pig bins. There followed an immediate enquiry, the cook was sacked and the food improved enormously.

PA(personal assessment) marks were awarded to students for (perceived) appropriate performance over and above technical and academic ability. (There's nothing new about political correctness!). Playing the fool was seldom appreciated- as I discovered when Gwyn Francis, taking an outdoor lecture on height measurement, asked me to 'conduct myself to the flagpole and stand alongside it while we estimate it's height'. I can see now that waving an imaginary baton at an imaginary orchestra as I walked along was not a very bright thing to do. My PA mark went into freefall from that moment. He also had his own back by naming me the class 'thermometer'. In lectures he reckoned I was so average that 'if Broad has grasped it there's a fair chance that 50% of the rest of you will grasp it'.

Henry, you can see I am now scraping the bottom somewhat and I doubt that this is the sort of material you are looking for anyway. So be it, the exercise has brought back some happy memories for me so it has been of some use.



GWYDYR CLASS OF 1958-60



GWYDYR SCHOOL

PHOTOS BY KEN BROAD

1958-1960

THE START :- Upon leaving school I worked on Delamere Forest for 6 months prior to doing 3+ years for Her Majesty in the REME. I returned to Civvy Street and Delamere to complete my obligatory 2 years minimum pre-school training. Fortune shone on me with a new in-post Head Forester, Leighton Jenkins, who had just completed a stint instructing at Forestry School, arriving just before me. He was determined to try out new ideas and of course all of the young pre-schoolboys featured in his plans. This gave all of us a good grounding and also meant that we started our 2yrs at Forestry School with HM Inland Revenue paying us rebated Income Tax to supplement our £2-16s per week from the Forestry Commission.

ARRIVING:- I was not a stranger to N Wales, but the initial impression of Gwydyr was not great. The encampment had, I was led to believe, served as a Royal Navy training unit among other things. It was a Borstal for a period, but whether that was before, during or after our residency I do not now. Greeting you at the entrance was a very noisy cattle-grid, which no matter how it was approached, guaranteed that you had been noticed. After reporting to the office you were directed to a hut. There were 6 of these, the top 3 inhabited by our seniors. Each hut was divided with fixed screens that afforded a reasonable amount of privacy. Heating was by 2 coal heaters, which could roast your front while the back froze and due to the complete lack of insulation the ambient temperature during the winter was low. A river skirted the campus, hence a frost hollow. Frost on your blankets in the morning was not unknown. Facilities were adequate, including a billiard table, student run shop, a dark room as well as a library etc.

STAFF:- During my time we had Fred Purser as Boss for the first year and Gwyn Francis for the second year (what happened to him?), Ted Waddiclove, Allan Powell, Bob Kemp, Mr Clayden. There were others who left shortly after we started and arrived just before we departed, but my memory is not that good. Without seeming sycophantic I think we were very lucky with our instructors because they did know their job and wanted us to gain from their experience. Questions were encouraged and answered or discussed, no matter how trivial.

THE COURSE :- I think the format was the same for all the schools i.e. practical 4days a week and 1.1/2days in the lecture room with the emphasis changing throughout the two years until most of the time was spent in the lecture room. Transport to and from jobs was by the usual Bedford Lorry with a canvas sheet over the back. Drivers varied from poor to diabolical and I sometimes wonder how we reached the end of the course. The Health & Safety would have kittens if anybody tried it today. During the summer the canvas was usually dispensed with so we could

eye up the ladies when passing through Betws-y-Coed. One very hot day a young lady suitably clad for the sun was seen and the boys went ballistic, except Mike Butler. When asked if he had seen her the response was a laconic "It's 80% water". Shorts and beards were worn by most of us most of the time including winter and in retrospect we must have been looked on as wild nutters. During the final summer we were sent to do a fencing job up in the hills near a small lake. The access was awkward and the temperature high, so it was decided to float the woodwork across the lake. The sight of the squad wearing nothing but wellies while driving stakes etc was hilarious, but at the same time brought tears to the eyes.

Gwydyr School had a small nursery and first year used to get the jobs like weeding. We were duly employed on this most enjoyable of jobs, when the local Head Forester, Mr Harrison arrived with a large contingent of Primary School children. Young child "Why do you carry that slasher with you Mr Harrison?", to which the reply given in a loud enough voice for us all to hear, but also in complete innocence "On my travels around the forest I find things that have been interfered with". At this point there was a muffled explosion of student mirth. I wonder why there was such a low opinion of the students by the local staff?

One of the first jobs we new boys were given was seed collection. There was a very good crop of tsuga that year and we spent many days tied to the top of the trees with a leather GPO belt picking these small cones. At the end of the day after arrival back to mother earth it proceeded to rock under your feet for quite a while until your balance system cancelled the swaying of the trees. The school had a very good reputation for running dances at the Swallow Falls Hotel or the village hall in Betws y Coed. With such a large contingent of students to steward these events the local youth realised that they were on a loser if they started trouble. At one time a very high percentage of the students had local girl friends and this led to many weddings.

One thing that occurred at Gwydyr which I found very disappointing was the almost complete lack of communication between Bangor University Forestry Faculty and ourselves. While out marking one day we came across a tree stump which had been completely mangled. It transpired that a party of university students had been attempting to fell trees using an axe. It was obvious that they believed that, like lightning, the axe never hit the same spot twice. The stump was cut off with a saw and sent to the university asking for advice and comment about the damage the beaver had done when we had been told that it was extinct. This could have been the start of some good rivalry, but they did not rise to the challenge. Maybe this started the scepticism many foresters had of the forestry graduates.

EXCHANGE :- I believe about nine or ten of the Gwydyr Students went on exchange to Benmore. This occurred straight after the summer break and lasted for about eight weeks. We learned that the forestry in Scotland was vast and their programmes very large in comparison to ours. Another vast difference was the diet, "Oh not venison again". It put our peanut butter

sandwiches to shame. Whilst on exchange one DO was heard to say to a local forester "Watch this lot they ask question and expect answers".

There is a tale, which I believe, when a party of exchange students from Glentress were down in Thetford, the local DO stood on a stump and said "Welcome to Thetford Forest, you are on Elveden Beat and are at present 48 feet above sea level". A voice from the assembled company stage whispered "Oxygen for Gods sake".

When our course finished and we were saying farewell, I recall Ted Waddiclove giving us this bit of advice. "You have finished your course and passed your exams, so now you are in a position to go out and learn your job". He was right.

In retrospect the course was very well constructed and being residential added another dimension which I am sure helped many students in the future. The Foresters produced by the system certainly helped to create some fine forests throughout the UK in spite of the poor university system which was the alternative.

Extracts from The Condiments Christmas 1959 Gwydr FTS

Saturday 7th November 1959. Mochdre 18 v Gwydr FS.

On a dull dreary afternoon, both teams took to the field not knowing which way the game was to go, (neither did I). The teams lined up for the kickoff at 2.45pm. The match started off very lively with Gwydr doing all the attacking. These attacks continued for a further five minutes, then away went Mochdre up the left wing. The winger centred and the centre forward took a shot which was parried away by the goalkeeper, the inside right ran on to it but shot over the bar with the goalkeeper beaten. Gwydr cleared but was soon under pressure again. The Mochdre team kept attacking up the left wing to start a three goal burst on the Gwydr goalmouth. Their score reached nine before half time. Gwydr did manage to attack periodically but their efforts soon frittered out.

The second half started with as much fire as the first with Gwydr attacking again. However, their attacks were short lived, with Mochdre blasting the Gwydr goal. Three goals came in rapid succession. With twenty minutes to go, the score had reached 14 to nil when the Gwydr winger decided to have a go in goal. During the last twenty minutes, one could see what was wrong with the Gwydr team. They would insist on playing on top of one another and, throughout the match failed to feed the right wing. Two further attacks by Mochdre brought their tally to 16 goals to nil. However Gwydr never gave up and after a series of quick attacks the left winger managed to score a consolation goal. Mochdre replied with a second score. With five minutes left to play Gwydr suddenly sprang to life and bombarded the Mochdre goalmouth but to no avail as the final whistle blew.

Final score 18-1.

Comments. It was very noticeable very early in the game that all eleven players of Gwydr were not in a football mood. The forward line had no push in their methods, while the defence lacked decision. The Gwydr goalkeeper was at fault for a few goals, but what else could he do with six fiery forwards piling on him like a herd of elephants. The Mochdre team was made to look good because of weak opposition. However downhearted the Gwydr team may have been, they showed pluck and sportsmanship. Reporter Mack The Knife.

(It will be noticeable on the Transfer list that the Gwydr goalkeeper is on the free one).

Last Epistle of a student's widow.

Appearances are known to be deceptive, but this statement has never been proved to me. Basic proof is a necessity I feel in this life as proved by your psychological lectures.

Given, therefore, the benefit of the doubt, the appearances and actions of your Morry man suggest a highly stimulating and interesting band.

It was such a relief and a change to meet what I term as real men. They 'complement' us pieces of femininity and make us feel protected- I for one appreciate this.

You men are like a patch of rugged scree loyal, strong, capable of crushing but nevertheless susceptible to succumbing to the downward path i.e. wine, women and song.

The personalities and fighting spirit of the man overshadow the more intimate and deplorable conditions of habitations. Obviously, all primate urges have not been

civilised! But in a nutshell, I liked what I saw. Bless you all for existing.
I offer a piece of advice- feminine logic. As most girls respond unexpectedly well to decisiveness- after successfully mastering nature and the elements, use what hard earned experience in connection with the most interesting phenomena on this earth. Be more decisive!. (HJS-I am not sure if I understand)

Dear Mr Editor,

You have requested our opinions of Forestry Students. First we would like to explain, that we are two young ladies who have not known for very long that Forestry Students even existed. With our small knowledge, we will try to give you our impressions on this subject.

We have gathered that during their course, Forestry Students study (among other things) trees, pick and 'stamp on' X plants, plant, fell, saw and count 'les arbres'.

However, we have been given to understand that there is more to forestry than this. They are rather mad but not insane, amusing in a rather hilarious sort of way, epigrammatists, grimaciors and any other adjectives that you can find.

Forestry Students' main hobbies seem to be meddling with cars and motor bikes, climbing, walking, football, rugby, dancing and of course drinking and naturally 'girls.

In conclusion we would like to say we think of them as a happy, friendly crowd who back each other up, come what may, through thick and thin.

Sincerely'

TWO MUSKETEERS.

X 'press' perhaps?

To The Editor,

Dear Sir,

Even though my experience of the Gwydr students is, fortunately perhaps? confined to one (a man who invented the word, Idle), I feel I am able to speak with at least some authority.

Forestry students have the nerve, the audacity to claim that they work. Granted that they go shooting, fishing, climbing, swimming, not forgetting that agreeable pastime of bird watching. But is this working? I doubt it. To be fair, I did pass two once, leaning on their axes (tired perhaps) and I know for sure, that they go round putting marks on trees and even go so far as to paint white rings on them. But let us be reasonable. Can we honestly call this work? To me (speaking as one who really does work) this seems more like a rest cure

But I am forced to admit that on the rare occasion they do work for I believe they do their own washing and ironing. (From my acquaintance with the aforesaid mentioned, this is blatantly obvious at times). Could not the odd lecture be included in the forestry course to aid them in such matters? (possibly to include darning)

I shudder to think what will happen to those poor students when they have to leave their Utopia and come into the big wide world to earn a decent living. Still I suppose we couldn't do without them- or could we?

I remain,

Frustrated.

(I can't resist it; Tout's Lady done it.)

EXCERPTS FROM THE SLASHER

March 1949

SOCIAL LIFE AT LYNFORD HALL

Besides taking part in such out of school activities as the Botany Club, the Entomology Club and so on, the student at Lynford Forester Training School has other diversions. Indoor, as well as outdoor games are well catered for, writes Mr B.A.Painter, the Social Secretary. For example, the school now has a full-sized billiards table, and on this some interesting games have been played- the highlight being a recent contest between the school and a team drawn from Thetford Chase. The latter defeated the school, but a challenge has been issued for a return match.

Table tennis, too, has its quota of support, and in a recent "knockout" competition the Education Officer, Mr R.J.Streets, stole the lime light by defeating the favourites and going through to the final.

Thoughts are now turning to cricket, and the School's own cricket ground is being put into the best possible order. The fixture card is fairly full and, with a little luck, it should be a good season. Those who wish to play lawn tennis have two well kept courts at their disposal. A lake (situated in the school grounds) and a nearby river provide for those who like to follow the more leisurely sport of fishing.

Children from the nearby forests beats and villages have been entertained at a party at Lynford Hall, and more than two hundred dancers were present at a Christmas ball.

April 1949

AN EDUCATION OFFICER'S PLEA

Education Officer R.J.Streets, of Lynford Hall, asks us to state that it was not he who nearly won the School's table tennis tournament (the Slasher last month) but Forester Instructor T.L.Jenkins. Our apologies for the slip, Mr Streets.

September 1949

CRICKET AT GLENTRESS

A Saturday afternoon- the field nestled comfortably in the bed of the valley, surrounded by a panorama of the most pleasing shades of green one could imagine (and bordered, incidentally, on the north by a trim Commission forest); the road, along which passed a single bus each hour, lay to the south, appropriately flanked by a well tended shelter belt; the spectators, sitting on benches or lying on the grass, had submitted to the semi tropical heat and could find energy only for polite hand clapping; and the only other sign of life, apart from the erratic flight of pseudo-industrious butterfly came from the cricketers themselves.

The reader might justifiably feel that English village cricket was the subject of this discourse; but no; the foregoing describes the scene at a recent cricket match between the staff of the Edinburgh Office and the students of Glentress Forester Training School, on the school playing field some twenty miles from the Scottish capital.

The weather was perfect, even though the wicket was rather hard, and a large party which made the journey from Edinburgh was entertained at the school in the best Commission tradition. What matters then, if the cricket is not up to test standard? Admitted, some of the players wielded the bat in Sir Adrian Boult's best Albert Hall style and others favoured the American baseball technique; nevertheless, all shared in a

common purpose- to extract the maximum pleasure from the game. The score was of little consequence, though Glentress knocked up a bold 108 in reply to Edinburgh's hard earned 34, of which incidentally J.R.Ferens scored 25. The best Glentress bat was carried by J.Maxwell, who collected 44 runs. Glentress bowler W.Heckles helped himself to 6 wickets for 4 runs, while G.Stevenson 4 for 29.

There are no statistics available regarding the marathon "baseball" in which the ladies participated in the evening!

Warm thanks were extended to Education Officer T.A.Robbie and the students. The Edinburgh staff recommend the trip to Glentress from any part of the country, and the students will accept all challenges!

December 1949

RUGBY AT GWYDR SCHOOL

Students of Gwydr school recently met a Rydal (Colwyn Bay) XV in the first rugger match to be played on the sports field at Bettws-y-Coed. After leading 12 nil at half time, Gwydr were hard pressed and a grim struggle ensued. The final score was 17-12 in favour of Gwydr who were playing their introductory game and hope next term to tackle the leading R.U.F. clubs in North Wales. Captain G.Lerway, Gwydr's pack leader played a fine game and J.England and D.Brown were prominent.

Members of the Gwydr club are very proud of their ball. It was used in the Wales v. Scotland R.U. match at Edinburgh in January last and has been presented to the club by student P.Densham.-

EXCERPTS FROM THE SLASHER

November 1949

GWYDR FORESTER TRAINING SCHOOL "was on the air" recently in the Welsh Home service. The six minute feature comprised of two recordings--one by Education Officer H. Cruikshank and the other by A.A.Smith-Jones. A third recording by student H.Peglier could not be broadcast owing to lack of time. The Education Officer briefly described the history of the School, explaining that the emphasis in training is on the practical side, quoting the School's Welsh motto -"Ni wyr ymarfer", which means "to learn is to be able to practise". Mr Cruikshank also referred with regret to the fact that comparatively few Welshmen have come forward to take advantage of the free training offered.

Mr Smith-Jones said the men at the school came from all parts of Britain, and most had served in the forces. He had spent nearly four years in the Palestine Police Force, and had decided to take up forestry because he liked the open air life offered by such a career. In describing the practical work taught at the school he mentioned the School Beat.

March 1954

SCHOOL'S HALF CENTURY

The Dean Forester Training School will be 50 years old in July and arrangements for suitable celebrations are well in hand. These will take place on Thursday, 22nd July, when the programme will include the presentation at 2.15pm of certificates to students by the Director General. Then will follow a garden party and afternoon tea and in the village hall in the evening a dance and caberet.

It is earnestly hoped, says the Education Officer, Mr J.F.Goodwin, that all past students who can possibly make the journey will be at the school on the aforementioned date and that they will notify Mr Goodwin as soon as possible of their intention to be present on this red letter day. "It is regretted," says Mr Goodwin, "that we cannot help with accommodation", so it is necessary for those who wish to stay the night to make their own arrangements. But please don't let this be a deterrent.

It is hoped to mark the anniversary by the production of a Jubilee edition of the Deansday Book, a journal well known to earlier students. Past students, even though they may no longer be with the Commission, are requested to write to Mr Goodwin without delay, giving their present "whereabouts", for a short history of the school is being compiled, requiring reminiscences or other items of interest.

February 1958

BENMORE FORESTRY SCHOOL

Has now produced a badge and it is hoped that many of the ex students now scattered throughout the world will wish to obtain one. The badge and background is approximately three inches by four inches and is in the form of a scroll surmounted by a shield. The shield is outlined in silver and contains the cross of St. Andrews at the top, and crossed axes and a conifer spray below. The scroll is in gold with the motto in black letters. The latter is "Scientia Ingenio Rustice" which, freely translated means "with scientific knowledge and rustic skills". Badges may be obtained through the Education Officer, Benmore, price 48/- each

BENMORE SCHOOL

What was probably a unique event took place recently at Benmore School when Evelyn, infant daughter of Mr and Mrs A.R.Mair, was christened in the Junior Lecture Room. Mr Mair is the Research Forester at Benmore.

October 1958

LYNFORD SCHOOL

Former students of the late Forester Training School will be interested to hear of the latest chapter in the varied history of the old building. It will be recalled that the Commission closed the school a year or so ago, since then the premises have stood empty; now, however, they have been taken over by the United States Air Force as a guest house.

January 1961

DEAN SCHOOL

Mr Hanson who retired close on 30 years ago was instructor at the Dean School from 1904 to 1914 and from 1904 to 1914 was assistant Deputy Surveyor, The Dean.

November 1961

DEAN SCHOOL Re-union

Recently 7 members of the 1958-60 course met at Parkend for a re-union. After dinner at which Messrs J.Goodwin, M.E.S. Dickenson, S.J.Betterton and J.Webster of the schools instructional staff, with Forester Bert Parry and Ted Williams were guests to the well known "Fountain" for some quiet reminiscences

December 1962

DEAN SCHOOL

The School, staff and students are arranging a dinner and dance to be held at the Anchor Hotel Tintern, on Friday 18th January. Former students and friends, with their ladies, will be very welcome. Tickets at 15s each may be obtained from the Dance Secretary, Forester Training School, Parkend.

June 1959

Faskally

Former students at the Faskally Forester Training School will be interested to know that a newly designed blazer badge is now available. This is an attractive insignia consisting of a St. Andrew's cross, that is the white cross on a blue background, on which is imposed a Scots Pine with roots growing as from an open book. The name Faskally is to be seen at the top and the school motto beneath. The badges are hand made and some are in stock at the school, price 29s.

January 1966

JACK MAUND RETIRES

Jack Maund started his career with the Commission at the The Dean Forester Training School and until the war he was in the Research Branch as Forester and District Officer, followed by the Census and Plans Branch. At the outbreak of war he was moved to Thetford where, for more than seven years he was in charge of timber production work and established what is now the Brandon Central Depot. In 1947 he returned to the Commission and took up the post of Utilisation Officer in York, where he remained until his retirement. During this time he built up reputationship with the timber trade which will have a long reaching benefit for the trade and the Commission.

December 1966

Earlier this year Mr J.D.Leeffe, District Officer stationed in Grantham, was requested by FAO to accept a short term appointment as a Forest Education Consultant. This was in connection with request to the United Nations Special fund by the Trinidad and Tobago Government for financial assistance towards the establishment of a Forester Training School.

April 1967

CALLING EX-BENMORE STUDENTS

A re-union is planned for all 1962-64 ex Benmore students, to be held during the week ending 1st-2nd July, in Northumberland at a venue to be decided upon between those able to attend. Anyone requiring further details is asked to contact Mr D.J. Whitmarsh, Gwydr Uchaf, Llanrwst, Denbs., or Mr M.J.Day, Work Study, Forestry Commission, Boughrood House, Brecon.

June 1967

M.B.E. FOR CHIEF FORESTER.

Our congratulations to Chief Forester JAMES WATSON of Dalbeattie Forest, South Scotland, who in the Birthday Honours List this month was made an M.B.E.

Mr Watson joined the Commission in 1921 and attended the Beaufort school from 1924-1926. Two years later he was appointed a foreman at Aberfoyle and was promoted to Forester Grade 2 in 1931. In 1940 he became a Grade 1 Forester; Head Forester in 1948; and Chief Forester last year. He served successively at Loch Ard, the Rennan and Dalbeattie, which he has built up to some 6,000 acres.

SUDDEN DEATH OF HEAD FORESTER

It is with deep regret that we have to record the death, which took place suddenly, of Head Forester W.F.C. Middleton of Arundel Forest, South East England. He collapsed and died shortly after a meeting of Forester Grades at Buriton and leaves a widow and three daughters, to whom we extend our sympathy.

Mr Middleton joined the Forestry Commission as a Forest Worker at Swaffham in 1926. He went to the Dean School in 1931 and on completion of his course he was posted to Buriton in 1933 as a ganger. He served various forests in South East England until 1949, when he was posted to Arundel Forest as Forester in charge. His knowledge of silviculture and natural history were of a high order and those working with him quickly learnt to respect this. His 18 years at Arundel will show evidence of his skill for a great many years to come.

