

My father jumped out, sniffed the air, put his shoulders back, and pronounced to all the world those famous lines from Ceiriog's poem:

*'Aros mae'r mynyddau mawr,
Rhuo trostynt mae y gwynt'*

A free translation being:

Stay/await you great mountains,
The roar of wind above you ...

The only exception of course was the scene that particular day was calm and beautiful. He was often fond of quoting from his favourite prose and poems on the best occasions, as a literateur and very keen Eisteddfodwr. On Eisteddfod days he would be glued to the 'wireless' (before television), to listen to the criticisms and pronouncements of the adjudicators, especially at y Babel Lân (Literature tent). He once attempted to explain to me 'cynghanedd' - the complexity that is peculiar to Welsh poetic structure.

Apart from the Welsh poets, other authors Dai fondly admired were, Thomas Hardy, Dickens, RL Stevenson, Kipling's verse and particularly the plays and works of G Bernard Shaw. He had an interesting habit of marking in his books, his favourite chapters, sentences, or even the odd word etc by underlining the various paragraphs and putting his thoughts and comments on different subjects in the margins of the pages of the books.

Dai was good at reciting humorous monologues, especially at rugby events. He enjoyed every opportunity to meet up with the local characters in the Kings Arms Pentyrch and the Lewis Arms, over a strong pint or two to discuss various topics of the day. His paternal grandparents hailed from Pentyrch, and his family retained a strong affinity with the area. On week-ends I would sometimes accompany my father on walks across the Garth mountain, via the Lan farm, to visit his aged father Gwilym Millward in Efail Isaf, who was looked after by his daughter Annie. When my brother and I used to visit, it was always:

'Cofiwch nawr, dim gair o Saesneg yn y ty hwn!'

(Remember now, not a word of English in this house!)

During the war years the large Tabernacle Chapel on The Hayes in Cardiff was used to entertain the local troops once a month with Community Singing. Afterwards in the vestry, the chapel deacons organised an evening of eats and entertainment. Dai was often invited to these evenings to recite his odd ode and monologues, usually in the South Wales vernacular. The Tabernacle evenings were very popular, and the chapel was always full to capacity. In those war years my father served as a Special Constable Policeman.

Mother and father were both long-term members of Bethlehem Chapel, Gwaelodygarth, the minister being Y Parch R.G. Bery, and later Parch Gwilym Morris, who were both members of the Gorsedd. Occasionally, we would hear other Welsh Bardic illuminaries, such as the Arch-Druids 'Crwys' Williams, 'Cynon', W.J. Gruffydd, or the blind hymnist, Elfed Lewis. R.G. Berry was a popular poet and dramatist, very much involved in his local Garth Drama Players. Dai was an active member of this group, which used to perform some of the minister's plays in English and Welsh. One I remember was called 'Crossroads'.

I also remember one Christmas time, the Players did three one-act-plays in the Vestry; one called 'The Poacher', by J.O. Francis, with my brother Arthur taking part. Another was Anton Chekhov's 'The Bear', with my cousin D.M. (Tetto) Davies and Nest Phillips. The third one-act-play had Dai and Nancy Millward in 'Mr Sampson', a west country comedy. That was quite a challenging evening considering there was one Welsh, one Russian, and one West country drama! Others taking active parts in the plays were John Charles Davies, Arthur Glyn Phillips, John Phillips (Ty Newydd), and his sons Arthur and Phil (who were then performing for BBC radio). With other Gwaelod youngsters I thoroughly enjoyed helping with the production business of getting together furniture, props etc.

In 1946/47 there started up in a chapel vestry in Charles Street, Cardiff, a very enthusiastic drama company called 'Everyman Theatre'. A number of Dai's dockland colleagues were involved with the productions; therefore he took us along, as a family to enjoy their performances. They always had a public inquest of the performances in the following week, and often lively discussions ensued, with Dai putting in his contribution of constructive criticism. Also, at the Prince of Wales we enjoyed some first-class plays with famous names such as Emyln Williams and Donald Wolfitt. It was certainly catch-up time for everyone, after five years of gloom, constraints and utilities of war.