

Flags aloft in a village near Swansea betokened the holding of the great Welsh festival of poetry and song --- the Eisteddfod. From the Pavilion, the swelling voices could be heard across the level Welsh mountains and valleys as more and more competitors arrived to play their part.

This is the very voice of Wales --- undismayed by the kind of weather that gave its name to the Black Mountains.

One of the chief ceremonies is the crowning of the Bard for the year. In the presence of the higher Druids in traditional dress, the Archdruid mounts the dais and presents the winner. The subject upon which the competition poems had to be written ^{was} ~~was~~ "The Peaks"; ~~the~~ ~~subject~~. The winner was the Reverend Lloyd Williams --- pastor of a Baptist Church in Carmarthenshire.

And so --- to the ceremony of the crowning. Thousands of Welshmen -- and Welsh women --- had travelled from all over the British Isles to be present at this annual ceremony --- which has its roots in the dimmest past; hundreds had come from across the sea; to look upon the ancient Welsh customs once again; to hear the voice of Wales --- at home --- once more.