

# The Lion

= Monday 18<sup>th</sup> September, '72 = No. 762 =



9 BAD LUCK AGAIN, NUMBER 23.... BUT A NICE TRY 3



"In Memory of Tudor Hughes" - a Tribute by Michael Duggan, former Dux Scholae

(Mr. Tudor Hughes, Welsh master, Cowbridge Grammar School, 1928-1968; latterly Deputy Head; retired 1968; died September 9th, 1972).

Tudor Hughes is dead: thus was I informed of another sad chapter in the history of C.G.S. So short was the notice given me that I could not even attend the funeral; so confused was my impression that even now I am certain of the details of his passing.

The shock, you see, was not that of his physical death. His health was indifferent for some years and his unfortunate accident must have been a great blow to his system. What is hard to appreciate is that "Taffy" Hughes, beloved and respected by generations of Old Dovians if not by you younger readers, has left us for good as far as this world is concerned. Whether we believe that his soft Cymric cadences are silenced for ever, or that we shall hear them again elsewhere, is immaterial at the moment. Taffy has gone, and another prop of adamant is removed from "Lonely College Hall".

As it happens, I have spoken to many of my contemporaries this week. They have expressed the same thoughts, and their sorrow is genuine. He was a kind, gentle, scholarly man; a linguistic purist in his first language; a character of the old school whose gown grew from his shoulders. His colleagues, too, must miss him in this way.

"Master, Dursar, Senior Tutor, these his three survivors, all  
Feel old."

Doubtless a number of people are feeling old at this time too.

But of course, you never knew him. You will not miss his "inspiring example under the covered playground"; you cannot remember him slipping quietly into that black procession in Llanharri on March 27th 1969; you do not regret that it was never written out ten thousand times; you are unable to say, "Da, was da a ffyddlon." But I speak for hundreds, albeit from "outside the door" as Taffy would have said. If you are at all fond of C.G.S., then consider for a short while that, even as the sun is setting over College Hall another shade joins the black-gowned throng impatiently waiting to take complete possession; that Tudor Hughes is about to produce yet another name upon the board of Founders' Room.

M.A.K.D.

\*\* Mr. Hughes' funeral at the Coychurch Crematorium on Wednesday last was attended by most of those members of staff who were his former colleagues and friends - and in Tudor's case the two words were anyway synonymous, always. The notice of arrangements in the paper said, "Dim bloŷan", but there were three family wreaths on the coffin; and to these, as was only fitting, there was added one from his bigger family here, the label inscribed: "Affectionate last respects to Tudor ("Taffy") Hughes, from the masters, boys, and non-teaching staff of Cowbridge Grammar School."