

record the ever changing pattern of life in our community to record the ever
 gyfodi y neid parhaol sydd yn nhatrum byyd cymdeithas ein bro i gyfodi
 ord the ever changing pattern of life in our community to record the ever oh
 yfodi y neid parhaol sydd yn nhatrum byyd cymdeithas ein bro i gyfodi ne
 ever changing pattern of life in our community to record the ever changing
 d parhaol sydd yn nhatrum byyd cymdeithas ein bro i gyfodi neid parhaol a
 life in our community to record the ever changing pattern of life in our com
 yfodi y neid parhaol sydd yn nhatrum byyd cymdeithas ein bro i gyfodi neid
 he ever changing pattern of life in our community to record the ever changin

COMMUNITY

i neid parhaol sydd yn nhatrum byyd cymdeithas ein bro i gyfodi neid par
 ging pattern of life in our community to record the ever changing pattern of
 fodi y neid parhaol sydd yn nhatrum byyd cymdeithas ein bro i gyfodi neu
 rd the ever changing pattern of life in our community to record the ever cha
 byyd cymdeithas ein bro i gyfodi neid parhaol sydd yn nhatrum byyd cymde
 munity to record the ever changing pattern of life in our community to rec
 ndeithas ein bro i gyfodi neid parhaol sydd yn nhatrum byyd cymdeithas ei
 rd the ever changing pattern of life in our community to record the ever cha
 odi y neid parhaol sydd yn nhatrum byyd cymdeithas ein bro i gyfodi neid
 n our community to record the ever changing pattern of life in our community

PENTYRCH

GWAELOD-Y-GARTH

CREIGIAU

changing pattern of life in
 neid parhaol sydd yn nhatru
 anging pattern of life in ou
 uid parhaol sydd yn nhatrum
 pattern of life in our commu
 ydd yn nhatrum byyd cymdeit
 unity to record the ever oh
 uid parhaol sydd yn nhatrum
 g pattern of life in our com

LINK

haol sydd yn nhatrum byyd o
 life in our community to r
 id parhaol sydd yn nhatrum b
 nging pattern of life in our
 ithas ein bro i gyfodi neu
 ord the ever changing patter
 n bro i gyfodi neid parha
 nging pattern of life in our
 parhaol sydd yn nhatrum by
 to record the ever changin

Editor: S.K.Gill,
 Primrose Cottage,
 11 Field Terrace,
 Pentyrch, Cardiff

C
 1978

PENTYRCH COMMUNITY COUNCIL.

MEMBERS OF THE COUNCIL.

Chairman: Councillor S.K.Gill, Primrose Cottage,
 Field Terrace, Pentyrch.
 Tel: Pentyrch 890514.

Vice-Chairman: Councillor Mrs. C. Saunders. 'Hazel-
 hurst', Cardiff Rd., Creigiau.
 Tel. Pentyrch 890250.

Councillors: E. Owen Davies, 'Woodfield', Cardiff Rd.
 Georgetown, Creigiau.
 Tel. Pentyrch 890596.

G.T.Roberts, 2 Parc-y-Fro, Creigiau.
 Tel. Pentyrch 890622.

W.B.Ashton. 72 Heol Barry, Gwaelod-y-
 Garth.

G.C.Davies, 32 Garth Olwg, Gwaelod-y-
 Garth.
 Tel: Taffs Well 810074.

G.Derbyshire, Ffygis House, Main Rd.,
 Gwaelod-y-Garth.
 Tel: Taffs Well 810596.

C.Griffiths, 7 Salem Terrace, Gwaelod-y-
 Garth.

Mrs. N.Jeremy, Ty Newydd, Gwaelod-y-
 Garth.
 Tel. Taffs Well 810213.

R.Williams, 14 Heol-y-Nant, Gwaelod-y-
 Garth.

Mrs N. Jones,
 25 Dan-y-Rodyn, Pentyrch.

Norman Follis, 'Woodford', Heol-y-Pentre,
 Pentyrch.
 Tel. Pentyrch 890247.

W.G.Lamerton, 8 Field Terrace, Pentyrch.
 Tel: Pentyrch 890512.

C.J.Perrett, 16 Penueel Road, Pentyrch.

Evan D. Rees, 39 Heol-y-Pentre, Pentyrch.
 Tel. Pentyrch 890163.

Clerk to the
 Council:

Mrs. M.Patmore, 6 Nant-y-Garth, Gwaelod-y-
 -Garth.
 Tel: Taffs Well 810485..

COMMUNITY COUNCIL NEWS

1. Nuisance by dogs and horses

Attempts have been made to control nuisance by
 dogs and horses in the Community. Control of
 dogs orders have been posted in Pentyrch and
 will be posted in Creigiau and the local police
 have been asked to take action against anyone
 found offending against these notices and also
 against anyone riding horses on footpaths or
 green verges. A gate is being put up at the
 entrance to the field at the rear of the post
 office to prevent horses galloping through the
 gap and posts will be erected at both ends of
 the footpath opposite the Lewis Arms leading
 to Heol-y-Pentre. People are asked to co-
 operate by keeping their dogs on leads and
 keeping horses off footpaths and verges. It is
 perhaps not generally realised that it is ill-
 legal to ride horses on footpaths.

2. Allotments

The Taff-Ely Borough Council have agreed to
 accept the suggestion of the Community Council
 that land to be purchased in Creigiau between
 the quarry and the railway line should be let
 as allotments and that a compulsory purchase
 order be made for the acquisition of land betw-
 een the Primary School and the Council housing

estate at Bronllwyn Road, Pentyrch. The Council
 are pressing for this land to be made available
 as soon as possible to meet the outstanding
 requirement for allotments in Creigiau and
 Pentyrch.

3. Public Footpaths

A large number of footpaths in the Community
 have been walked by Councillors and steps have
 been taken to have obstructions moved when these
 have been found. The Council considers maint-
 enance of footpaths of great importance and it
 has been disappointed not to have been able to
 find a retired person willing to take on this
 part-time job in Pentyrch. The Clerk would be
 glad to hear from anyone interested.

4. Castell-y-Mynach Housing Development

Detailed consideration has been given to the
 outline planning applications for housing devel-
 opment at Castell-y-Mynach, Creigiau, and a
 special meeting with officers of the Taff-Ely
 Borough Council was called to make sure that
 the fullest possible information was available
 and all the implications known before a decis-
 ion was taken. The Council has expressed
 preference for the Land Authority of Wales
 application as, in its view, this is in the best
 interests of the village and ensures that the

farmhouse and buildings are retained intact as far as possible. No development should, of course, be allowed until sewerage facilities have been provided with sufficient capacity to cope with present and future development.

A NEW VENTURE

W. J. George

I spent my youth in a mining area rocked by industrial strife, and lived in a street which was one of many blackened by the smoke and dust of adjacent collieries. For the past 50 years I have resided in a village - a small community, but the impact of the change still remains.

It did not take me long to appreciate the words of Nancy Mitford - 'That of all situations for constant residence, that which appears most delightful is a little village, a small neighbourhood with inhabitants whose faces are familiar, a little world of our own, close packed, insulated like sheep in a fold, where we know everyone, are known by everyone, interested in everyone.'

What I experienced then, I have no doubt, is echoed in the minds of so many who have recently moved into the parish, that village life is incredible to those of another experience. I was conscious that I was a 'newcomer' and that I was to experience a life in strong contrast to my previous one, as the villagers, whilst possessing a certain rough vigour, were steeped in traditions, sentimental about nature and did not take kindly to modern ideas or 'intruders'.

One is not immediately accepted into village life. It is a gradual process which to some can be irksome. There are many who fail to 'qualify' because they do not, or choose to ignore, the fundamental requirements for acceptance.

I was fortunate that my introduction and metamorphosis was accelerated by the nature of my occupation which allowed for frequent contact with the villagers. It provided me with the opportunity of gaining knowledge of the people and surroundings at a quicker rate than that vouchsafed to the ordinary newcomer. I soon became acquainted with the beauties of the countryside; I began to enjoy the delightful freedom and the neighbourliness. I came gradually to understand the warm impulsive nature of the people who addressed each other by their christian names. I wondered if ever I would become 'one of the village' and if my formal 'Mr' would ever disappear.

Despite the passing of 50 years, I still remain 'Mr' to too many with whom I have shared social and public life. Traditions die hard! and complete integration - unattainable?

Life in a country village compels an awakening of the senses for before us is the everyday miracle of natural beauty. Having spent my formative years in bleak surroundings flanked by mountainous terrain which was limited to bare existence for sheep whose nutriment in-

take had to be reinforced by the supplementary rations provided by the rubbish bins in the terraced streets, I entered a new world - the cycle of sowing and reaping. I became responsive to the first signs of new life in the hedgerows; attuned to the sounds of the countryside - the barking of the dog fox and the call of the vixen; and in those early days the pathetic squealing of the pigs as they were fed by the cottagers, or as they were led to the slaughter by the village butcher, with an audience of children who were thrilled by the gruesome sight. In Gwaelod-y-Garth the slaughterhouse was the main road.

If one is prepared to accept village life one can discern nature's generous contribution to the pattern of colour in the countryside, a thrilling spectacle which enriches life and provides a soothing tone particularly to those whose occupations necessitate confinement in factory or office for many hours of the day.

The newcomer must take cognizance of local traditions - to obey the unwritten laws of the countryside - always to close garden and farm gates, not to walk through a field which has no stile or kissing gate, the countryman's sign of a 'right of way'. To fully appreciate the meaning of a 'footpath' and to distinguish it from a 'bridleway'. If one wishes to earn the respect and confidence - confidences must be inviolate. It is necessary to be judicious and discreet as village life is dangerous when rumour rears its ugly head. Be ever on your guard. Bad news, like good news, travels quickly and the fortunes and misfortunes of the inhabitants are village property in short time. Scandal travels with the rapidity and fury of a forest fire. Beware of petty jealousies and endeavour to gain intimate knowledge of the villagers so that one can avoid the mistake of being unwittingly involved in 'family affairs' through the many inter-relationships which never seem to exhaust themselves despite the march of time.

The joy of sitting in country cottages, primitive in appearance and convenience, which generates an atmosphere of warm friendliness in simple but spotless surroundings, and of enjoying the hospitality, serenity and enchantments which country life is resplendent, may have totally disappeared, displaced or replaced by 'mods and cons' but the fundamental acceptance still remains - the thrill of being a vital link in the community and 'the joy of knowing everyone, being known to everyone, of interest in everyone.'

FIELDS

The names of the fields of Pentyrch are colourful and some have associations with local characters, long forgotten - Cae Twm Tincer Cae Will y Gof, Cae Moses Lewis' Cae Ieuan Bin and Clawdd Sion.

Some are quaint

Cae'r Clomendy "The dovecote field"

Dwyerw Llwynreos "The two acres of Nightingale Grove".
 Cae Twyni Geirwon "The field of rough hillocks".
 Pebyll y Brain "The Crows Pavillions".
 Caer Wen "White Fortress".
 Coed Rhiw Ceiliog "The Cockerel's hill wood".
 Craig Ffynnon Gog "The rock of the cockoo's well (some say cook's well)".
 Brista Fach "Little Bristol" - so called because at one time it was where large quantities of leather were stored having been brought across the channel from Bristol, to await collection by cobblers of the area

STREAMS

Nant y Cesair "Hailstone Brook".
 Nant Cwmllydrew "The Stream of Hoarfrost Valley".
 Nant yr Arian "Silver Brook".

WELSH LANGUAGE

Welsh was the first language of the majority of the native adult population right up to the end of the first quarter of this century. The local dialect is a form of Gwenhwyseg or Gwentian Welsh and is still spoken by a number of inhabitants.

Not so long ago a bench seat at the side of the road in Cefn Bychan was known as "The Bardic". The village men of words would gather there to compare their work. A favourite surviving satirical piece described the mock funeral of a much loved domestic pig. It is not certain as to whether this was inspired by the poetic tradition or by the freely admitted local weakness for ham and bacon!

Two sayings which reflected the notorious insularity of the Pentyrch menfold became well-known throughout Wales. "Bit rhyddock chi wyr Pentyrch" and "rhwng gwyr Pentyrch a'i gilydd". Both suggest that these people were best left to their own devices and they neither needed nor welcomed interference from outside! These sayings were prevalent at fairs and markets when trouble was started by adventurous young bloods from the village.
 "LET IT BE BETWEEN YOU, MEN OF PENTYRCH"!

EDUCATION

As in the rest of Wales, the Sunday Schools produced a degree of literacy and it is also noted that one of the Gruffydd Jones Circulating Schools operated in Pentyrch in 1738.

The school attached to the Ironworks was featured in the famous education report of 1848 where the monoglot Welsh fluency of the pupils was cruelly mistaken for illiteracy.
 "Brad y Llyfrau gleision" - "The treachery of the Blue Books".

The village Board School which was held at the old St. Catwg's Hall came to an end in 1907 when it was superseded by the Council School built

in that year.

There is a popular theory that in the thirteenth century Llwyndaddu was an educational centre for priests. The farm, it is said, takes its name from Dafydd Ddu (Black David) the anchothe who founded the seminary.

A notable educational success was the versatile John Jones Lld. who was born in Pentyrch in 1655 the son of Matthew Jones. He entered Jesus College, Oxford when he was 17 years of age. After taking degrees in the Arts he studied Law and was admitted Doctor of the Faculty in 1677. He practised "physic" at Windsor for some time and was made Chancellor of Llandaff in 1691. This man of exceptional learning and ingenuity published in 1683 a Latin treatise on intermittent fevers, and according to Plots Natural History of Oxfordshire, he invented a clock which moved by the air equally expressed out of bellows of a cylindrical form, which fell into folds in its descent. He died in 1709.

RELIGION

Apart from the Parish Church a strong religious tradition expressed itself through the various Nonconformist denominations.

PENUEL BAPTIST

This was an extremely active place of worship capable of seating over 600. Built in 1838 and renovated in 1877 it had served the membership well into the 1960s before it finally closed down. The building is currently being used by a firm which constructs church organs. In its time many of the true "Giants" of Welsh pulpit had preached there.

BRONLLWYN CONGREGATIONALIST (INDEPENDENT)

This chapel, pulled down in 1970, had served the local "Annibynnwy" faithfully since 1858. The site was acquired by the Parish Council and was taken up by the Village Hall Committee.

HOREB CALVINISTIC METHODIST

Now Presbyterian Horeb was strong for a century and a half and was the last chapel to hold regular Welsh services. The wartime Community Singing evenings attended by many of the American soldiers stationed at Rhydlafe were memorable occasions. It continues in its new form to be a very active church.

THE MISSION

This was established in the late 1890s to cater for the few English speakers who had come to live in the area, all other places of worship being totally Welsh. This Mission was built by a local benefactor named Schroeder who was a Norwegian Timber Importer. Four old cottages were converted to make the hall.

There were several other religious meeting houses in the village, some of the exact locations being lost now. A Wesleyan meeting house stood in Temperance Rd., and both Soar and Brista Fach had been places of worship in their time.

As promised in the first issue, we continue the article by Don Llewellyn on "The Pentyrch Story"

Unitarians were meeting regularly during the 1790s at Pentyrch and more than one gathering took place on the Garth Mountain attended by that great man of the day Iolo Morgannwg.

ST. CATWG'S

The present Parish Church structure was erected in 1857 on a foundation that must be over 1400 years old. Some mediaeval features are still to be detected. Among the items of interest are a font likely to be 12th century and a stoup of similar age. There are carved heads of 19th Century Vicars and Church Wardens on the chancel walls and a beautiful East Window of stained glass which was added in 1906. There are two bells, one is pre 1535 and the other dated 1700. The lych-gate is a post war addition.

PUBLIC HOUSES

PENTYRCH has had its share of drinking houses and in former times they were frequented by some formidable imbibers including more than one clergyman with an insatiable taste for ale.

It is not clear why the main street in the middle of the village had to be called "Temperance Road".

The King's Arms is the oldest surviving ale-house. It has a pre-Tudor section of the interior and the fireplaces are several hundred years old. Some beams have carved dates on them the oldest being 1605. Most of the exterior is thought to be no older than the early 18th century. In the 17th century it was known as Cae Colman.

The Lewis Arms. The Lewis Arms has been a focal point for about a century and a half and together with the Lewis's Arms in Tongwynlais received its title from the Greenmeadow family of that name. It was a traditional place for the Meet of the Pentyrch Hunt under the patronage of the BUTES.

The Colliers Arms stood on the breast of the Garth at the Gwaelod end and as its name implies drew its custom from those hardy workmen who toiled far beneath its cellars. Almost disappeared now but still some traces of excellent stone-masonry are left visible. A cultural centre, this public house held its own eisteddfod!

The Rock and Castle was situated opposite the church and is now an attractive cottage. This tavern was the favourite meeting place of the local poets and it features in several anecdotes which have become part of local folklore. Like the Colliers Arms it had its own poetry festivals.

The writer has not been able to ascertain the exact location of the Navigators Arms. However, the Cross Inn certainly stood on the fork at the approach to the mountain and was a quite

large thatched roof building with a substantial yard and stabling.

More than one large house was licensed to sell liquor including Ty'nywaun and the tithe map of 1840 shows that Bro Nant was a tavern.

CUSTOMS AND FOLKLORE

The Christmas and New Year custom of the "MARI LWYD" persisted in Pentyrch until the 1940s. The horse's skull dedecked with ribbons and bells chilled many a spine and a group of brown cows standing nearby that their faces turned white. "This", said TWM, "was the beginning of the White-Faced Hereford breed!"

Tape recordings are available for study of a number of old Pentyrch inhabitants speaking in both languages. This collection has become a sound library of information about life in the village in times gone by. A very popular recording is a three hour chat between a few stalwarts of the old Pentyrch Rugby Club recalling the team's exploits during their 'Golden Era' at the beginning of the century.

A large collection of papers in the possession of the writer relating to the William Evans Shop (the now derelict store in the village centre) is another source of information. Dating from 1860 to 1898 these letters, bills, receipts, licences, etc. which had been kept meticulously by old William Evans, described graphically every aspect of Victorian Life in Pentyrch. They show the parts played by the various "pillars of society" - the Vicar, the Schoolmaster, the Land Agent, the Postmaster and the Chapel Deacons - the immense disparity between the rich and the poor; the eating habits and the cultural life of the community. The rivalries, the intrigues, the prejudices come through from these papers and also a great deal of compassion and generosity. Space does not allow any further description of these papers but they are available for examination at any time.

The Pentyrch Story may not be one of illustrious events; it is more to do with the way in which it has retained its identity despite so many pressures. However, it has not escaped the occasional touch of greatness, neither has it been ignored by the famous. Whilst we may dismiss local claims that Pentyrch was a temporary sanctuary for famous fugitives including Charles 1st and Tyndale, we know for sure that in more recent times, Disraeli walked our leafy lanes as did Lindbergh, who stayed more than once at Hendrescuthan.

Perhaps the new community at Pentyrch can persuade the distant past to unlock more of its million secrets. The cannon balls and old coins which have been unearthed belong to comparatively recent times. Mysteries remain which are as old as the Garth itself. My advice though, to anyone who happens to meet a box-hatted gentleman on the Garth at night or hears the moaning of hounds near Caerwen in the early hours would be - "go home at once your pig is dead!"

D.R.LLEWELLYN, PENTYRCH.

Editorial

Even in pre-history it has been found that people lived together for mutual support and companionship. The only criteria in old societies was the ability of each individual to integrate and contribute to the whole.

In this community we all have differing backgrounds, different jobs and abilities, even different colour skins, but all of these things are superficial, merely accidents of birth for which we can take no credit. If we can take no credit, neither can we attribute fault so let us be sure of three things:

- (a) our attitudes to our neighbours
- (b) our attitude to this community
- (c) the value we attach to ourselves

If we make an honest assessment it will be a fact that this community will be not only a dormer area for Cardiff, but a place where people will want to live, not sleep. Those people who buy and sell, lose a great deal in never having roots and feeling that they "belong". The old story of being an outsider even after twenty years is now fading and a new order is taking over which we would like to see develop merging with the best of the old.

Traditions of race and creed are important but living together as people transcends these things giving us a sense of living among friends, knowing that our friendship is also valued.

On Spinning and Weaving. (The Commission)
Renee Hill.

Charlie's coat arrived on my doorstep last week - I was out at the time. I had been expecting it but surely this was too soon! The winter isn't over yet. Poor Charlie! I'd been told "I don't care what it costs to transform it" but how many heart attacks am I allowed to give people if I truthfully time myself and multiply at a given rate per hour? I don't know any fairy godmothers and any gnomes that may be around here seem to be particularly mischievous or positively malicious. So there's no help to be obtained there.

So to work Sort out the good, the reasonable and the downright horrible parts.... Straighten and smooth the fibres. Twist the lengths, hour after hour.....Wind into skeins and tie.....Wash and Wash again.....Weigh to give the poundage.

Off for a day to collect the equivalent in leaves and flowers and bark and roots to colour the yarn. Count the stands in the skeins to give the yardage.....Turn the rusty cogs in my brain to calculate on lengths and widths and interlacement so to create the web....Translate the figures to practical placing, strand by strand.....Wash and tread the fabric to mesh the fibres and press to finish.....At Last!!

Will He like it? Do I like it? Would it have been better with another pattern, different colourways? I forgot my timing.....I knew I

would.....I can't charge too much.....not when its Charlie.....

I fold the transformed coat back into the pink plastic bag in which it came, ready for collection by Charlie's boyfriend.

Very appropriate.... Charlies is his pet ewe.

Electrical Safety

Fuses and Cables

A fuse is a weak link that is deliberately inserted into a circuit to interrupt that circuit if a fault or overload should occur. If you use a fuse that is too small for the load it will blow, either immediately or shortly after switching on. A fuse too large will not clear a fault, which will persist and could cause an appliance to become "alive" or over-heat or if the wires inside the appliance are fine these wires could blow.

To select a fuse, work out the load current and then put in a fuse which is the next size above. A good approximation is to estimate on.

1000 Watts (1KW) - 4A Use 5A fuse
2000 Watts (2KW) - 8A Use 10A fuse
3000 Watts (3KW) - 12A Use 13 fuse

If you have rewirable fuses make sure that no part of the wire can lie outside of the fuse body.

If you send an appliance to the Electricity Board for repair it will be returned to you with 2 metres of cable which may outrage you. The reason for this is that cables cause more deaths than any other electrical appliance. For maximum safety the house should have plenty of socket outlets and all cables should be in good conditions with no tape joints. Either check the plug tops yourself or have them checked to see that the connections are correctly made, and are sound, also that the clamp which secures the cable is firm so that no strain on the terminals takes place.

Remember that many fires are of electrical origin so if you value safety of life and property take care of your electrical system and call in an electrician occasionally for a check up.

THE PARISH CHURCH OF ST. CATWG, PENTYRCH

In the last issue of COMMUNITY LINK I gave a brief outline of the history of our Church, together with references to St. Catwg himself as our Patron. I should like to expand a little in this issue upon some of our possessions which are many and varied. I had better attempt this task in note form and I shall end the article with a contemporary theme! I should add that in these notes I have drawn heavily upon the work of Mr. H. S. Moore, one time Churchwarden at Pentyrch.

We have several Ancient Relics in the Church, the most important being a pedestal bowl font

probably dating back to the twelfth century. It is made up of three parts and has a cylindrical stem. It seems that when the old church was pulled down in 1857 this ancient font found its way into the garden of the Old Rectory, from which it was rescued comparatively recently and restored to its place in the Church. I cannot make out what the Vicar in those days could have used it for but then I am not a gardener myself! There is also a stone stoup in the Porch of great antiquity which had been built into the garden wall of a neighbouring cottage, while near the lych-gate there is a monolithic socketed base-block for a cross ascribed to the 13th or 14th century.

Perhaps the most mysterious of these relics is the stone slab built into the inside wall at the rear of the Church. This is five feet long and two feet seven inches wide with an incised floriated cross and a Latin inscription which really is indecipherable. It was discovered by workmen in 1882 embedded beneath the chancel pavement. The late Dr. Nash Williams described it as a 15th century grave slab. Tradition would have it that it commemorates Matthew Dew of Castell-y-Mynach who was treacherously killed by his blacksmith who placed a poisoned awl in the seat of his chair.

Near the font we have a very interesting museum piece from the last century. I often ask visitors what they think this object is and I am sure that it would baffle the experts who appear on T.V. to identify specimens of this nature. It is a long rectangular iron object containing four large cylindrical holes and in fact it is a wedding "cannon". Charges of gunpowder were placed in the holes which were then sealed with wooden plugs. The powder was ignited by means of small touch holes at the side, and the plugs were blown out with loud reports which must have added to the rejoicings at the wedding festivities. It ceased to be used many years ago consequent upon injuries sustained by a man trying to discover why the thing had not gone off. Shades of Guy Fawkes Day! It was made in the ancient Pentyrch Iron Works with which Mr D. R.

Llewellyn deals in the last issue and it is stamped with the letters T.W.B., the initials of Thomas Williams Booker, a member of the family which owned the works to which Mr Llewellyn refers. A brass memorial tablet to the memory of Thomas William Booker may be seen to the right of the chancel arch.

Other interesting features of the Church include Ancient Documents. The oldest document is the first Parish Register which commences in 1678. We have, of course, further documents of this nature. In addition there is the Churchwardens' Account Book, 1824 - 1869. Here are a few of the expenses which may prove of interest.

Ale for the Vestry	2s. 6d.
Killing a fox	5s. 0d.
Killing a Fitch-Hog (Pole-cat)	8d.

In 1832, Evan William, Carpenter was paid £1. 13s. 2d. for making new stocks and in 1835 Evan Thomas was paid 10s. (4 days at 2s. 6d a day) for "walking boundaries".

I referred last time to Silver Alms Dishes. These were presented to the Church by Joseph Larke Wheatley, who lived at "Silverbrook", Pentyrch and who was a Churchwarden. His is one of the figureheads on the carved corbels in the chancel and he is depicted wearing his wig as Town Clerk of Cardiff. These dishes commemorate the marriages of his daughter in 1900 and his son in 1904. They once belonged to Lord Beaconsfield (Disraeli) and are inscribed to that effect.

As a concluding theme I thought this would be a good opportunity to try to remove any misunderstandings that may exist with regard to the Church's position in Pentyrch. This is particularly relevant in view of proposed planning in the Parish. The Church in Wales is of great antiquity dating to as far back as the fifth century and pre-dating the establishment of the Roman influence in these islands. However, there was an amalgamation of the Church in Britain at the Synod of Whitby in the eighth century and the church became part of the Church of England, a position which remained untouched throughout the Middle Ages and survived the Reformation. However, by the end of the nineteenth century there was wide discontent in Wales at what was thought to be the privileged position of the Church and a great struggle for Welsh Church Disestablishment was fought, led by Mr Lloyd-George. This was finally achieved in 1920 when the Church ceased to belong to the Church of England and became completely independent under its new title of the Church in Wales.

Those years at the beginning of the present century were bitter ones for the Church. Most of its leaders thought that Disestablishment would be a crippling blow. The Church was no longer the Established Church in the country and even more grievous from the practical point of view was the loss of most of its revenues and particularly of the very large amount of land which it had previously owned. Happily it is generally agreed that these events turned out to be a blessing in disguise. There was a great challenge to Church people of that day to rebuild out of virtually nothing and the response was an inspiring one. It is felt too that it is a positive advantage to be completely independent of the State. Indeed there is a strong movement at the present time favoured by influential leaders within the Church of England to achieve a similar position there. Whether it will materialise is open to doubt. These unhappy controversies belong to the past. There is now a much better feeling between religious bodies in Wales and co-operation is the order of the day.

This brings me back to my starting point. Church people in this Parish belong to the Church in Wales and not to the Church of England. The two churches are completely separate. The Church in

Wales has lost nearly all its endowments and its land. It has to support itself. When Disestablishment took place a body was created called the Welsh Church Commissioners. It is this body which controls the revenues accruing from land previously owned by the Church - now owned by the nation. Let me emphasise that this is not in any way a "Church" body. It administers its revenues through local government authorities in all parts of Wales. In other words these lands do not belong to the Church and have not belonged to the Church for over fifty years. The Church has no say whatsoever in their administ-

ration.

There is a practical implication in what I have been trying to say. There remains land in Pentyrch administered through the Welsh Church Commissioners. Indeed there is some controversy surrounding the disposal of part of it at the moment. I have had many enquiries as to the possibility of building in this area from people who thought that it was "Church land". I wish it was! We in the Church, however, have no say at all in this matter and perhaps it is just as well.

The following article is written in the distinctive Welsh dialect of the Parish of Pentyrch, and it describes some of the interesting Welsh characters who lived in the Parish when Welsh was the first language.

We believe that this will be of interest not only to the remaining Welsh speaking natives of our Parish, but also to those Welsh speakers from other parts of Wales who have come to live amongst us.

Gan un o Wyr y Gwaelod - yn nhafodiaeth y Pentre.

Un nosweth - cretwch i ddim - o'n ni'n mynd lan ipo'r Glwyd-ddu a phwy welas i'n dod lawr i'r hewl i gwrddyd a fi ond Isaac y Crydd - a ni sefsw'n i gal mwgyn manna gyferbyn a'r Ffynnon Fawr. O'n ni'n lico Isaac - rodd ticyn yn i ben e' where teg. Fe drows yn sytan a gofynnodd i fi os o'n ni'n gwpo'd prun odd yna Fardd o bwys wedi cal i gwnni yn y Gwaelod ariod. 'Wel nacos - i fi gofio' meddwn i. A fe fuo'n meddwl am y peth wedyn. Dyna beth od ontyfa? Codwd ddim bardd 'Talcan Slip' yma am wn i. A dyna chi bentre Pentyrch - rodd yna sopyn o enyn nhw yno ar ddechra'r ganrif yma. Ond, cofiwch chi, o'n nhw'n cianu'n well ar nos Satwrn Clwb na un nosweth arall. Rhywffordd odd mwy o ddiddordeb ym mhechgyn y Gwaelod miwn llenyddiaeth a'r Ddrama, Llywodrath leol a busnes. Pam hynny, 'nenor dyn? Wel, falla am fod Cardydd ticyn yn nes i'r Gwaelod nag odd Pentyrch - nenwetig nol tua dechra'r ganrif 'ma. Rodd yna ddou fardd itha decha yn Ffynnon Taf hefyd - mor acos a hynny. Dyna chi John Thomas (John Selina) - gwrbonheddig o ddyn - wedi studio'r cynganeddion ac yn Englynwr gofalus. Yn anffodus, fe losgwyd ei gynhyrchion i gyd. A'r nall odd Iefan Phylip (Iefan Cwmllywtro). Bardd bach pert ac yn fishtir ar y TRIBAN - TRIBAN MORGANNWG wrth gws. Rod e'n gallu gwithio englyn yn ddechra hefyd where tog. Y fe - Iefan Cwmllywtro - gwnnws dy Lawrence gyferbyn a'r hen Bont Walbi - a hynny or syndod i bawb, a'r enw answyddogol ar y ty odd 'Pwy feddylsa'. Wy'n i gofio fa yn beirniadu miwn Steddfod fach yn Festri Bethlam rhyw dro ac os dim dwt i fod e wedi'i bleso yn y gystadleuath achos dyma fa'n atrodd pennill ar y pryd - a dyma fe.

Pwy feddylsa byth fod dawn
Mor llawn yng nghwyr y Gwaelod
Ni raid cal spectol at y gwaith

Ma'r ffaith yn ddicon amlwg
Fod dynon gyda ni'r nos hon
Sy bron a dod yn enwog!

Fe ofynnws rhywun i fi spel fach yn ol - beth odd y mesur triban yma o'n ni'n son amdano. A'r ffordd ora i atab y cwestiwn yw ail-atrodd hen driban sy wedi bod ar gof a chatw ys llawer blwyddyn.

Mae gwyr y North ers oesau
Yn caru caeth fesurau -
Ond Triban hen Forgannwg wen
Am fawl neu sen yw'r gorau.

Clywch chi'r 'glec' yn y ddwy llinell ola' 'na?

-----hen Forgannwg wen
Am fawl neu sen yw'r gorau.

Yr odd Gwilym Millar - yr Ochr Draw - yn itha handi ar witho triban hefyd a Tomos Tomos (Didymus) o Bentre poeth yntau yn itha cyfarwydd a'r grefft. Ond, di'r-di-shefoni - dos yma neb yn awr all rhigymu ticyn heb son am gynghaneddu. Son am Didymus - o'n ni'n whilmatach yn y ty 'ma rhyw nosweth a fi ddeetho ar draws pennill 'sgrifennod Didymus wedi i'r Tan mawr hwnnw losgi stasiwn Collan Ffrengig (Walnut Tree). Os rhywun yn cofio hynny'n dicwdd? Dyn o'r enw 'Mr. John' odd Mishtir y Stasiwn - dyn bach dicon 'sedet' a 'theidi i wala' ond ticyn yn Ffyslyd - ond dicon piwr yn i ffordd hefyd. Ond ta beth, dyma'r pennill yn Sisnag os gwelwch yn dda (ond er mwyn i 'Mr. John' ei ddiall, os dim dwt!)

It was on the 29th of November
It is well that I remember
The Station went in flames -
And Mr. John, he went beyond
And lost his tempar
And called them nasty names!

Dicon clycyrnog ontyfa?

Pan o'n ni'n grotyn - rodd Steddfod yn Festri Bethlam a mawr y sbri odd yno (nenwetig tasa Josaff Millar ddim yno!)

Rodd cystadleuath rhyw dro ar destun neulltuol - cofia i ddim 'nawr beth odd y testun na'r pennill - ond wech chinog odd y wobor a chiatar. Jaconius 'nillodd ta beth a fe gas y pshin wech a'r giatar - ond taw ciatar plentyn odd hi a thwll yn y gwaelod! Wel, dyna ddicon am y tro ontafa?

The First Twenty Years

Long before Rugby Football came to Pentyrch, a distant relation of the game was played with an inflated pig's bladder. This was an inter-village contest with the 'ball' being conveyed both on foot and horse-back over a course several miles long. The strong farmers, colliers, ironworkers and their no less sturdy women used to take part. An annual event at one of the festivals not noted for their sobriety, this activity was pursued with fervour and at times with reckless abandon.

By the 1880s the comparatively civilised sport of modern Rugby was firmly established in South Wales and was being played by all social classes. Despite the lack of documentary evidence we know that there was a team playing at Pentyrch in 1883. Their pitch was at Brynheulog to the rear of Bronllwyn and Pennel Road, although 'kickabouts' were held frequently on the 'Forlan' at the end of Cefn Bychan. By the end of the decade they had moved to Clawdd Sion and were to stay there for over fifty years.

These early teams played clubs mainly from the Cardiff district but occasionally travelled further afield. An annual trip to the Llanelli area was included in their calendar and also a regular visit to Port Talbot.

The game by now had come a long way from the days of the pig's bladder but there is no doubt that this band of men adopted techniques which were reminiscent of the ancient game. The old saying: "Bit rhyddoch chwi Gwyr Pentyrch" still rang true, declaring with fierce pride that these men were not to be trifled with.

Names from this period include Ned Thomas the Rock and his brothers Dai and Jack who lived at the old tavern the Rock and Castle opposite the church; Dai Jenkins, Archie Gay, Sioni Aron, Ned Llewellyn, Idris Jones, Harry and Frank Llewellyn, Dick Watkins, the Gardner brothers Willie and Deuan (Winci). Serving his 'apprenticeship' with this gang was a young man who was to lead the next generation through a 'golden era'. This was Thomas Lee Llewellyn known as TWM LEE, collier and mountain fighter extraordinary.

During these twenty years up to the end of Queen Victoria's reign, the team enjoyed consistent success in its own class and were frequently offered special fixtures with bigger clubs. In 1898 the Cardiff Electric Co. R.F.C. came to Pentyrch with an unbeaten record for one such invitation game. This was played on the field known as the "DWRLYN" which many generations later became the permanent home of the club. Pentyrch won this 'David and Goliath' match before a huge crowd and the occasion remained a local talking point for years.

After the turn of the century there was a temporary lull in the progress of the club and for a time the best players had their games with other villages in the area including Taff's

Well known to Pentyrch people as 'yr ochr draw' - the other side of the river. In 1905 the successful Garth Rangers team which won the Cardiff District League included nine players from Pentyrch.

In the summer of that year, the local youths had an open-air meeting which revitalised Pentyrch R.F.C. Edgar Watkins (EGIN) took over the secretaryship and Edmund Llewellyn (EMWNT SEDI) became treasurer. The players flooded back and from 1906 until the outbreak of the first World War the team went through a truly 'golden era'.

The exploits of the club during this period are recalled in vivid detail on a tape recording made in 1965 of a chat between the forementioned Edmund and Edgar joined by Ollie Richards. The conversation between these veterans is not only a joy to listen to but is also an important item for social study. The stories are told with genuine pride and laced with great humour. We hear of a remarkable sense of comradeship inspired by an intense feeling of belonging to a village conscious of its past.

Despite its close proximity to Cardiff, Pentyrch had remained a Welsh speaking village and the team of ten took advantage of this fact on the field of play adding to their considerable rugby skills a series of code signals in their mother tongue.

The captain for most of this period was Mog. Evans who declined to go to any of the several first class clubs which repeatedly sought his services. He was a quick thinking fast moving half-back with an abundance of skills. Greatly admired both as a player and as a person, Mog coached the team and was solely responsible for selection.

However, the man who really epitomised the spirit of the club was the remarkable Twm Lee. Feared and respected for many miles around this quietly spoken collier possessed superhuman strength. Although sometimes described as a brute by unappreciative opponents he was hero worshipped by the local populace. Pressed to reveal the truth about this legendary man, Edmund insisted that Twm was "a gentleman both on and off the field."

"He was our caretaker" said Ollie.

"Our guiding star" added Edgar.

"Couldn't be tackled by the head" said Ollie, "he had no neck. You could see his muscles rippling beneath his clothes".

Edgar would never forget an occasion when, after receiving a scruffing from a giant in a match at Treherbert, Twm came up and asked him to change positions with him for a while. In a moment the troublemaker had been floored by a purposeful yet legal flick of Twm's hip.

"Yes indeed," recalled Edgar, "Twm had a wonderful left hip".

With a wry smile and a superb timing of a good story teller Ollie added: "Aye and he had a wonderful left hand too!"

Edgar Watkins was working as a Junior Clerk in the office of a Shipping Company at Cardiff Docks and was a natural choice to represent the club on the Cardiff and District Rugby Union committee. He was also, in his own words, "Pentyrch's little messenger boy who bought the kit for the players from Calders' shop. Hard cash every time" said Edgar proudly. "Pentyrch never was in debt, even for laces and shin-guards."

"Yes", said Ollie, "that was one of our religions wasn't it?"

Other teams in the district began to complain that they were beaten before arriving at Pentyrch because of the walk up that long hill and took their grouse to the District Committee. An impassioned speech from Edgar who reminded them that most of the Pentyrch lads had to walk the same hill after a long shift working underground placed the matter in true perspective.

"In fact" said Edgar, "they usually ran up it".

"Case dismissed" said the chairman.

Playing away, the team travelled by horse-brake. Coryton House had acquired a motor car and the cabman, Mr. Stockford had been presented with the brake and two horses as a retirement gift. It is said that the Pentyrch team travelling off in Stockford's brake made an impressive sight. They sang their way out of the village waving to the well-wishers who always came out to see them off.

When transport was not available they would walk great distances and often trudged home from Cardiff (singing as usual). Many times they incurred the wrath of P.C. Fred Burch at Whitchurch for not passing through that village as quietly as he would have liked. Sometimes they would catch the famous 'Rodneys' Train (last train to Merthyr) and walk from Taff's Well, pausing to warm themselves at the Pentyrch furnaces. This would have been after a visit for 6d to the Empire Theatre which was their favourite Saturday night haunt. Sometimes they would also go to the Palace, but this meant missing the Rodneys' Train.

The majority of the players were strict teetotallers. Asked if the few who enjoyed their ale were heavy drinkers, Edgar's reply was clear:

"Not one of our boys ever passed the drinking exam, that is, no one was ever dropped from the team because of his drinking qualifications and that is what matters."

Taverns in fact feature prominently in the stories, especially those Cardiff pubs in their Edwardian heyday: The Royal Oak in St. Mary Street, where Twm was discovered after being missing for a fortnight; The Griffin, The Taff Vale, The Cambrian kept by Bob Downey a Cardiff sportsman; all the pubs of Bute Town and their favourite - The Lakes of Killarney in Mary Ann Street. In one such pub when half a dozen dark-skinned gentlemen burst in through the swing-doors, Twm is claimed to have quip-

ped to Taliesin Evans standing alongside him.

"Saf o'r ffordd mae siwrna 'n dod maes" (Stand out of the way there is a journey of coal coming through!) This well-known pit-face warning cry was translated for the benefit of the black-men who thoroughly enjoyed it and a riotous night followed.

There is a tale still told in whispers about a 'spill-up' in a public house after an away match at Rhydyfelin their favourite rival club. The teetotallers are said to have entered the pub to support their pals when the melee was at its height. Peace was eventually restored but not before several black eyes were exchanged and the local Bobby had been called to remove a gun from the possession of a stranger who, it was revealed, had caused the fighting to break out.

The suggestion that an undercurrent of violence seemed to occasionally surface in the anecdotes brought a swift response from Edgar:

"We were gentlemen all", he said.

"Like lambs" added Edmund

"Mind you", said Ollie after a thoughtful pause, "we never shunned a duty".

There were knowing nods from the other two.

Rugby was very hard in those days but we are given an impression of a genuinely happy and healthy rough and tumble affair. An example of this was the occasion of the semi-final of the Mallet Cup played against Cardiff Romilly on the field behind the Fox and Hounds in Whitchurch. As usual the residents of Pentyrch were there en masse to support their idols in what was a vital match. Depleted by injuries (and numerous suspensions) the team nevertheless outwitted their much heavier opponents in a fast open game. With Pentyrch in the lead and ten minutes left to play, the match degenerated into a 'free for all' and had to be abandoned. The referee who happened to be an official of the District Union quickly departed the scene.

"Didn't need to put a ferret in" said Edmund, "he just bolted!"

The rival spectators then put on a memorable display of unarmed combat and several from both sides ended up in the brook that ran alongside the field. Although Edgar and Edmund would not or could not recall what had actually started it all, Ollie was adamant:

"Tali Phil see, had given this chap a 'domino' in the scrum, no doubt about it!"

What a shame. It led to the club being thrown out of the Cardiff and District Rugby Union.

So went the old song:

"Come all of you footballers, wherever
you may be,
And listen for a moment about this
Pentyrch team.
Although the Cardiff District,
At a verdict did arrive,

Expelled us for a season,
But the boys are still alive.
To beat the Pentyrch boys,
To beat the Pentyrch boys,
You must be very clever,
To beat the Pentyrch boys!"

Verses like these, written in Welsh and English by Ned Llew (NED CWMLLWYDREW) were printed on leaflets and sold for a penny each. The songs, extolling the virtues of the team were very popular in the village. The lines still remembered by many tell of the triumphs and the glories; they speak of the "nimble half-backs" Dai back and Mog; the "fullback grand" Ianto Jenkins; Tali and Allie "like tigers in the scrum", and so on.

After their expulsion from Cardiff the club set its sights on the Pontypridd District. Within one year - 1911/12 they had secured the League championship and won the knockout shield. They really took the Ponty District by storm winning game after game with spectacular displays of rugby. Unheard of outside the Cardiff area before this they now found themselves on the rugby map. One cartoonist of the day depicted the Pentyrch captain (wearing his District Cap) receiving the trophies from Dame Wales. In the background, two players from conquered teams are roped to a league and Knockout monument; one of them is saying:

"He's got us set!"

The headline is "Bravo Pentyrch" and below is the quote from Dame Wales:

"Daro, but you are the surprise of the season mun, ai indeed, look you!"

And so they were, but they worked hard for their success with a disciplined approach to training and a determination to play the running type of game. According to Edgar Watkins their conduct was exemplary at all times and we have to take his word for that of course. Allegations that Pentyrch excelled mostly in the physical dimension of the game are dismissed categorically by the trio of veterans as expressions of jealousy.

"We had the best players", it was as simple as that" insisted Edgar.

"Sportsmen all" said Edmund.

"Mind you," ventured Ollie to an accompaniment of knowing nods again, "we could give it or take it!"

It was also revealed that with comparatively few players to choose from, they often had to compete with teams who were much their physical superior. For instance, Merthyr their formidable opponents in the semi-final of the Knockout were mostly large and robust policemen. In this incredible match, Pentyrch were, in fact, playing below normal strength. Again several players were under suspension but their replacements played heroically. The fact that this semi-final was played on neutral ground at Mountain Ash was considered a distinct

advantage for Pentyrch with the local people all shouting for the village side. Time after time, surging rushes by the Merthyr forwards threatened the Pentyrch line but brave tackling and clever cover prevented a score. Towards the end of the game, Pentyrch staged numerous counter-attacks with dazzling runs by the threequarters. Almost on the final whistle the ball sped along the backs with Mog, Wil George and Rhys David inter-passing.

Finally an inside pass and then a "dummy" put Wil Rees over in the corner for a wonder try. This player typified the kind of dedication expected of Pentyrch players. He had travelled all the way down from Dundee Training College for this match and had to begin his long return journey immediately after the final whistle.

The victory which clinched the League Championship was over Rhydyfelin their arch rivals and was played at Ynysangharad Park, Pontypridd. The referee, Mr Roberts of Llanelli remarked after the game that the standard of play was as high as he had ever seen.

Then came the final of the 'Knockout' against Pontypridd Reserves in the last match of the season. This was played at Ynysbwl attracting a large crowd anxious to see how this audacious little club would perform against players experienced in first-class rugby. Pentyrch, playing at full strength on this occasion, turned on one of their best ever performances and were winners by a try, scored this time by Tom Buffs.

"I've given my medal to my grandson", said Ollie. "Mine is at home in the drawer" whispered Edgar. "Real Gold you know". "They ought to be gold too" agreed all three. "We fought damned hard for them."

The stalwarts insisted that their old values of comradeship were sadly missing today. But although theirs was a brotherhood steeped in local myths about the alleged insularity of Pentyrch natives, they felt they pursued their rivalries with dignity. Hard and sometimes rough though their existence might have been, a certain moral code governed their behaviour. There was an absence of viciousness and cynicism which attends all too often today's sporting activities.

Allowing that many of the recollections have been mellowed by nostalgia (that well-known thief of the facts), they clearly tell us of an approach to life that has been regrettably lost. All three agreed that social reforms were overdue in their time and that in practical terms life is easier and more comfortable now. However, they talk (with only the slightest hint of sentimentality) about a rather idyllic existence in this rural parish. A life in which the village Bobby, starved of serious crime always lurked in the shadows, ready to pounce with a smile on his face whenever the lads gathered in the corner of a field to play cards for money. Mostly during the reign of

P.C. Bright, this much loved law officer would actually join in the games "and a good card player he was too". There had though, been an earlier bobby who sent them more than once on the long walk to Llandaff Police Court to meet the consequences of breaking the gambling laws. Ollie tells of one occasion when the gan were let off with fines of 2/6d except for Twm Lee who had to stand in the dock to hear his long history of disagreements with the blue-helmeted brigade read out to the court. He was displeased when asked for £2 and only a "whip round" insisted on by the lads saved the day. After this the teetotallers of the group dispensed but Tali, Ollie and Phil were taken on a 'spree' to Tiger Bay by Twm who was determined to make a day of it. Unfortunately Twm's fame had gone before him and they found themselves banned from most of the pubs they tried to enter. Phil, Tali and Ollie came home on the Rodney's Train; Twm Lee did not come home for three months

Bobbies figure large and often in the tales. One day the seargent had come up from Taff's Well with a wad of summonses for the lads following some harmless escapade. He pleaded with Edmund to deliver the papers on his behalf to those who lived in Temperance Road because he feared the womenfolk who had an awesom record of speaking their minds.

One rugby tale that Edgar told with conviction but which is regarded by some as apocryphal concerns a match at Canton, Cardiff. Dai Lee, it is claimed, was bitten on the shoulder by the Canton outside-half who was a Rag and Bone merchant named Georgie Morris. Edgar remembered the Football Echo headline that evening:

"Canton Cannibals" it read.

"It just shows" said Edgar with a grin, "how brave we must have been to go down to a place where they ate players."

There were farmers, quarrymen and clerks in the Pentyrch team but the majority worked underground. Our three tell of their early lives. Edmund went as a thirteen year old straight to the South Cambria Drift mine at Ty'nycloed. Mishandling some explosives he was some time later blown out of a garden shed but lived to tell the tale. Edgar was one of the first pupils at Bloggs Commercial School in Cardiff and remembered travelling with his older brother Dick on his first day in 1899. Leaving Edgar at the gates, Dick went on to join his regiment embarking for South Africa and the Boer War. Ollie worked first as a twelve year old at the house owned by the local public benefactor Mr. Shroeter who was a Norwegian Timber Importer. Ollie's first job was picking gooseberries in the garden but soon left this heavenly-sounding occupation for the rigours of the coal-face.

Clawdd Sion, the home ground had been presented to an earlier generation for recreation purposes in the village by the owners of the Wingfield Estate. There was a nominal rent of one shilling yearly with grazing rights retained

for Penllwyn Farm. This was forgotten in later years and was much argued about.

On the days of home matches Clawdd Sion was bustling with activity long before kick-off. Id. Jones's big black shed was the unofficial club-house furnished with benches, tables, coat racks and four large Zinc baths. Sporting pictures of boxers, jockeys, race-horses and rugby teams adorned the walls. The water was boiled in cauldrons on a coal fire above which were rails for drying towels. Large iron kettles were always on the boil to provide players and supporters with tea. Sixpence was charged for admission to the field and by the cunning device of re-using the tickets week after week the taxman was effectively out-manouvered.

"I mean to say", smiled Edgar without a trace of shame, "wouldn't you do the same!"

The first world war brought it all to an end. There is a story about a player from Pentyrch and another from Ynysybwl arguing about rugby football in a trench at the height of a battle. What is known for certain is that Edgar was about two hundred yards from Twm Lee during the attack on the "Towers of Helloc". Twm had two companions, one from Tongwynlais and one from Abertillery with him and were waiting for the order to go "over the top" when the shell arrived. It killed his two pals outright and removed one of his legs at the hip. Later in a military hospital in London, Twm's strength and courage astonished the nursing staff.

"Are you this man's brother" they asked Dai Lee who had gone up to see him with Mog, "he is not like any human being we have ever seen."

During his convalescence in a temporary hospital for the wounded at Pontyclun, a nursing sister became "heavily interested" in Twm. They married eventually and "went to live far away beyond the Malvern Hills."

"That's true", said Edgar, "but before he left the hospital he had one last fling. He nipped out to Llantrisant one night and despite his one leg he flattened a copper."

Thirty five years later, on a visit to his home village, Twm, a striking figure though in his eighties stood with his white hair flowing on the "groeslon" at High Corner regaling the youngsters with tales of the golden era of Pentyrch R.F.C. Later that day he peacefully met his maker in a chair at his sister's cottage.

"He died a teetotaler" said Edgar quietly. "I couldn't believe it when he had a lemonade with me in the Twyn (Lewis Arms) by there."

"Remember", said Ollie "when Ruth his mother used to stand outside that old thatched cottage and tell us that Twm had not come home again, and we would say don't worry, he'll come home"

"He always did" said Edmund "our guiding star he was".

Owing to lack of space, some articles have been omitted. These will appear in the next issue.

Forest Walk at Tyn-y-Coed Woods

by Jean Henderson

A little bit of paradise has just been virtually given to the people of Penttyrch and Creigiau (everyone else is welcome to come of course) in the shape of what amounts to a small country park. The land is owned by the Forestry Commission who, acting on a detailed plan drawn up by the Penttyrch Civic Trust Society, have developed part of Tyn-y-Coed Woods to form a delightful area of forest walks with picnic sites. Mr John Zehetmayr, Conservator of South Wales, says that the Forestry Commission have almost 100 recreational sites in South Wales but that this is the first where the initiative has come from the local community. Our Society drafted some ideas and after submitting a detailed scheme to the planning authorities and the F.C., providing proof of support from most of the local organizations here and from the three tiers of councils, the proposals have now been implemented.

The Forest Walk starts off from a small car park to wend its way through a beautiful wood of mixed conifers and deciduous trees with kissing gates en route. Avenues of trees have been cleared in places to make a more definite pathway, which caused the forestry workers some pain as they look upon those often-maligned conifers as their children, cherished from birth. There are picnic tables and benches placed in sun and shade and a half-concreted area which can be used as an adventure playground for children (this has not yet been completed). The reward for the walker who is not afraid of a small climb to the top of the hill is glorious views over the surrounding countryside, with felled tree trunks lying around to give some natural seats. Although Tyn-y-Coed does not possess rare plants and flowers and is not classed as a site of special scientific interest, what could give more aesthetic pleasure than the acres of bluebells flowering in the spring beneath the oaks and beeches, honeysuckle, foxgloves and the immense ropes of old man's beard draped dramatically from some of the tall trees? For the bird-lover who can distinguish between one tweet and another there are more than 70 types of birds throughout the year in these woods, including three different species of woodpeckers, three species of owls, ravens, birds of prey in the form of kestrels, sparrow hawks and buzzards, and six species of warblers including the notable wood warbler. Because the wood has been undisturbed for at least 50 years a rich diversity of mosses, lichens and fungi flourish, feeding on dead logs and undergrowth. The mixed habitat is an ideal place to study our environment and the pupils of Penttyrch Primary School have made visits here to do this, producing some interesting essays and drawings afterwards. Mr H.E. Jones, the Headmaster of the school was one of our supporters of the scheme. Besides the natural environment there are interesting

relics of bygone industries here - being a comparative newcomer of twenty years to this area I cannot comment on this with any authority, but I am sure that it would be a fascinating tale told by someone who knows the story. I remember someone telling me that there used to be a thriving hat factory very near Tyn-y-Coed on a hill, where they used to make those tall stovepipe hats for men.

Tyn-y-Coed Woods was already a place of natural beauty but some of the rough edges have been polished off. For instance the Forestry Commission insisted that first and foremost the mundane matter of a suitable site for the car park must be found, before anything else could be considered. Our Society looked around and hit on a disused timber yard adjacent to an unofficial rubbish dump, which had become a disgraceful eyesore over the years. If we had achieved nothing else but wipe out that blot on the landscape the whole exercise would have been completely worthwhile. It is a strange and unnatural fact that rubbish begets rubbish - a couple of black plastic bags bursting with refuse will soon generate two or three more; an old mattress will have the company of a bedfellow before long; 50 copies of the Farmer's Weekly will be joined by as many copies of Exchange and Mart; a sad overcoat will hold hands with discarded dungarees and a broken T.V. set will be quickly followed by a disembowelled radio! the whole lot compounding an ugly chaos. This particular rubbishscape has been abolished and an attractive landscaped car park with Forestry Commission signs put in its place by one of their engineers with great aesthetic sense.

The function of the Forestry Commission used to be to grow trees for profit, and nothing else. The Government discovered that very little profit, if any, was being made however, and decided that the C.C. should spend part of their energies providing amenity areas. This was at the end of the sixties, and the F.C. now have the difficult task of reconciling the two objectives of business and pleasure, of making a profit from their trees and of contributing recreational facilities for the people. The organization seems to have received more than its fair share of undeserved brickbats in the press when it is considered how many good things it has done for the public at large, but unfortunately the shouts of the vociferous few often drown the murmurs of pleasure of the many.

We are very grateful to the Forestry Commission for carrying out our scheme so delightfully. The rural character of Penttyrch and Creigiau has changed with the domination of the new housing estates with the population just about trebled in these last few years; this country park makes a welcome green lung and a retreat for the residents away from the increasing roar of the J.C.B. and the heavy lorry. May it be a source of pleasure for country lovers for years to come.

13, Tyn-y-Coed Road,
Penttyrch.