

Study in Black Cont'd.

It stood at the end of an avenue of ancient lindens the boles of which were, after the manner of their kind, covered with an out-crop of matted sprouts so dense as to shut out the slanting light of the winter sun.

The whole was mirrored in the still water of a reën; a darkling totality that extended to a flock of sheep in the next field; every one of which was jet black.

I picked my spot and set to work.

The day was bitterly cold - my watercolour froze and I had perforce to make separate studies in pencil.

As I worked I pondered on the fate that had overtaken the mansion, on the people who had lived in it and on the long-enduring social structure of which their kind had been the apex.

By now my friend had returned. It was getting dusk. He asked me what I thought of my subject matter. I told him that while I found it absorbing, the place fairly gave one the creeps.

"So indeed it would", he said. "I didn't want to put you off by telling you its* story, but now you've done what you came for, I will give you the gist of it on our way back."

In the time of the third George the then owner of the mansion wished to add to his property a few acres belonging to a neighbouring small farmer. This man was, however quite unwilling to sell and had

remained unmoved by escalating cash offers. One moonless night two men stole up to his little farmhouse, put a ladder against the big end chimney and lowered into it the carcase of a *black sheep*.

Information was laid and the inevitable conviction for sheep stealing brought the innocent man to the gallows.

With his last breath he swore that from the grave his vengeance would overtake the one who had brought him thither and that the time would come when scarce one stone of the great house would be left standing on another.

A few years later the place went up in flames and to this day, some two hundred years after, it remains a ruin.

Did I finish the painting?

As soon as I got back to Gwaelod-y-Garth I went into my workroom and from my studies produced a finished watercolour.

Well - not quite finished. You see, after hearing the story of the place, the centre of my interest had shifted. It turned out well enough, but I felt it yet lacked something. Then the penny dropped. I put into the foreground a black sheep.

My patron, a kindly and affable man, had his picture. He scrutinised it and declared himself very pleased. I like to think he understood that I could not leave out a symbolic epitaph for that poor farmer, bereft of life and land.

Arthur Miles.

* Told in the book "*Peacocks in Paradise*"

Editorial

If you ask the majority of people living in these villages about the standard of road safety in this area they agree that it is really bad. With the near escapes I have seen, it is a wonder that the churches are not more full of people hedging their bets.

When people drive in rural areas the traffic is light and roads are narrow so there is a tendency for speeds to be too fast around corners and they are either cut or clipped. People living here probably realise this, but we all have to compensate for others using these roads and think for them. Another problem is that people are told to walk facing oncoming traffic which is correct in most instances with one exception. A right hand bend for a pedestrian is a left hand bend for a motorist but at this point a motorist is usually hogging the side where he will meet the pedestrian head on. A motorist or hiker from the town may find the country exhilarating but also dangerous.

One personal plea from me is this, please do not park near bends to save walking a few yards or park near an exit obstructing the view.

Old Remedies

FOOT EEZE

1 dessertspoon of herbal or cider vinegar
2 tablespoons of yoghurt
Mix the two ingredients together and rub well into the hard skin on your feet. Leave the mixture on for about 10 minutes, before rubbing off. Bathe feet in warm water.

HERBAL PILLOW

Make a cloth bag 15cm x 25cm (6" x 10") and use a basic filler of hops. Add a few spoonfuls of relaxing herbs such as:- Clover, mignonette, valerian, catmint or lemon balm. Any of the last mentioned would do on their own but hops seem to have been well favoured - probably more by men than women. Fragrant additions could be cloves, cinnamon, pine needles, lavender, thyme or a citrus peel.

The First Minutes

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*Minutes of the proceedings of the
Penttyrch Parish Council*

Dec 31st 1894. The first meeting of the Penttyrch Parish Council
convened by a notice dated December 25th 1894
and signed by the Chairman of the Parish Meeting
(Mr Evan Watkins Jones, Brynaudd) held on December
27th 1894, took place on December 31st 1894 at
the Village Road School, Penttyrch.

All the Councillors were present viz—

1. Henry Evans, Swaledd, North (miner)
2. John Jenkins, Penttyrch (Baptist Minister)
3. Samuel John, do (Coaltrimmer)
4. Richard Jones, Swaledd, North (Pavement)
5. Evan Jones Phillips, do (Accountant)
6. Evan Morgan Phillips, do (do)
7. William Rees, Penttyrch (Plasterer)
8. Robert Roberts, do (Builder)
9. David Teller, Brynaudd Farm (Ironworker)
10. Evan Watkins Jr, Brynaudd, Penttyrch (Accountant)
11. Isaac Williams, Penttyrch (Mason).

Mr Charles Butcher, the Assistant Overseer of the
Parish, was also present with the Declaration of
office forms for the Councillors to sign.

The proceedings were commenced by Mr Isaac Williams
proposing that Mr Evan Watkins Jr be the Chairman
for the evening. Mr Samuel John seconded the motion
and it was carried unanimously, all the members
of the Council voting present voting for it.

Mr Watkins took the Chair at 7.30. After thanking the
Councillors for the honor of electing him the Chairman
of the first Council, he suggested the advisability
of appointing someone to take the position of
Clerk for the evening for the purpose of recording

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the minutes of that meeting. Mr Roberts proposed
and Mr Evan Phillips seconded that Mr E. J. Phillips
be appointed clerk for that purpose. All the
councillors voted for the motion.

The Chairman then asked Mr Phillips to read the
notice convening the meeting, which was duly done,
after which the councillors signed the declarations
of ~~their~~ acceptance of office in accordance with
the requirements of the Local Government Act 1888.

The Chairman called on Mr Butcher the Assistant
Overseer to read the minutes of the Parish Meeting
held on December 25th 1894. Mr Robert Roberts
proposed and Mr Rees seconded that the
same be confirmed, and signed by the Chairman.
Mr Evan Phillips expressed the opinion that this
would not be in order, and that the Chairman of
the last or next Parish meeting would be the proper
person to sign such minutes. After some
discussion the motion was put to the meeting,
when the following voted for it—H. Evans, S. John,
J. John, R. Jones, E. Phillips, W. Rees, R. Roberts, D. Teller,
I. Williams—Mr Evan Phillips did not vote.

The said minutes were then signed by the Chairman.
The Election of Chairman for the year was then
proceeded with. Mr David Teller proposed that Mr Watkins Jr
be appointed—Mr Daniel John moved as an
amendment that Mr Watkins Jr be the Chairman
for the year, and Mr Evans seconded the amendment.
After several councillors had spoken Mr Teller withdrew
his proposition and Mr Evans's motion on being
put at the meeting was passed unanimously,
all the members voting in its favor.

It was proposed by Mr Jones seconded
by Mr Phillips that Mr Evan Watkins Jr be the Chairman

Above is a photograph of the first minutes of the proceedings
of the Penttyrch Parish Council, dated December 31st 1894.

The Church

We always regard a place of Worship with
reverence and deep respect, as well we should,
but as human beings who meet there and spend
a lot of time during the years the few
people who have worked in the Churchyard and
Church of St. Catwg, have seen, heard, and
taken part in many humorous incidents. The
late William Llewellyn of the Kings Arms who
was sexton for over fifty years was a wonderful
character but age compelled him to engage
some help. My father helped him on many
occasions and one day said to William "This
cannot be healthy opening up this old ground,
the germs must be plentiful." William looked
and replied "I have been opening graves for
fifty years and have never seen any yet."
William had some sheep and one day they broke
into the Vicar's garden, within a few minutes
he was told and proceeded to see what damage
had been done, he looked at the gap in the
hedge and said to an on looker, "Yes I can see
they left their hair behind."

The years went by and William duly retired.
My father carried on and on this occasion was

obliged to open up a vault for another burial.
After removing various slabs he opened the
vault and to his dismay could see the coffin
of the last occupant blocked right against
the entrance. In a near-by garden David Evans
known locally as Dai Dowlais, who had helped
William put that coffin in the vault, was
working, so my father called to him to come
and look, when he looked in his fact went
white and he said in a very shaken voice,
"Bill we must have buried the poor b.....
alive." The explanation of course was simple,
during heavy winter rains, water had filled
the vault and the coffin had floated around.

Taken off a memorial stone in the Church Yard.
'Here lies the relics of Thomas Shadrach who
was unfortunately drowned in the river Taff
Cardiff on January 19th 1816, aged 67 years.
Full seven weeks my corpse was rolled both
night and day and tossed by winds and waves
without a moment stay. None of my children
dear nor weeping friends around did ever
think to see my corpse until the trumpet sound.'
C.J. Perrett.

CREIGIAU (Concluding Article)

Castell y Mynach is considered to be the oldest and most important building in the district. It is thought to have existed close upon 1000 years ago, but there is no definite evidence of it before the 15th century. According to the 'Topographical Dictionary' published in 1843 by Sam Lewis, Castell y Mynach (meaning Monks Castle) is described as an old mansion in the parish of Pentyrch belonging to Lord Dynevor, and formerly used for religious purposes. Yet according to Sem Phillips, in 1866, it was in the Borough of Llantrisant in the early 17th century. Also, apart from the name, there is no evidence at all of the mansion being used for monastic purposes.

At present Castell y Mynach is used as a farmhouse, set back about 80 yards from the road which passes on up through the village. The lane leading to it now deviates slightly to the right into the farmyard, but originally formed a straight course right through a fine archway into a courtyard of considerable area, containing at that time a beautiful aviary and sparkling fountain.

In 1901 it was stated:

"There are no doubt at present, subterranean passages and dingy dungeons underneath this part, as when a horse is trotted or any heavy beast allowed to pass over, there is vibration and a hollow sound about the place, which confirms the theory". Yet, now no traces of any underground passages can be found.

The greater portion of the old buildings has been destroyed. Now, the sheds and outhouses are ranged on the right side of the yard, whilst on the left is the house, including what remains of the structure which represented the Mediaeval Castle. Some of the walls and partitions of the ancient stronghold are incorporated in the present building.

There appears to be some connection with Royalty at Castell y Mynach, as in the large reception room, may be seen the Royal Stuart Coat of Arms, emblazoned on the wall with the two Latin mottoes. These, being translated, mean, "Evil unto them who evil thinketh", and "God on my right". There is no record of a

Royal visit to the mansion but it is known that Humphrey Mathew, whose home it was in the 17th century, as were many of his family, was a loyal and devout Royalist. It is thought that probably as a reward for the loyalty that the right to erect the Royal Arms upon the walls was conferred upon them.

Over the massive stone mantel, carved upon the wall of the reception room, are Lord Dynevor's Coat of Arms. The Castell y Mynach estate is an inheritance from the Dynevor family and is now in the possession of the Wingfield family, successors of Lord Dynevor. From the 15th to the 18th centuries, it was

the name of eight generations of the Mathews family. They were in their day gentlemen owning valuable land, and men of importance in state and municipal affairs. In 1613, Thomas Mathew was Sheriff of London and was twice Lord Mayor. The initials of his name are still inscribed upon the keystone of the barn door - T.M.Kt. (the Kt. being Katherine his wife) and the date 1616. Records of this date refer to the name of the place as Castell y Mynarch.

Another of the Mathews family was commonly known as "Matho Dew" (Tew, of which 'dew' is a mutation, means 'fat' in Welsh). He was feared throughout the neighbourhood as he would take anything he took a fancy to, from any of the local farmers. He was particularly fond of boasting about his wealth, and used to state frequently, that he had enough Golden Guineas in the house to reach from Castell y Mynach to Pentyrch in one straight line.

The legend goes that a shoemaker who lived at Efail y Castell (a cottage in Creigiau) at that time took into his head to punish the tyrant. So he placed a cobbler's awl on a seat upon which Matho usually reclined when he entered Efail y Castell. The result was, the awl caused his death. This antique seat is to this day preserved in the chapel at Castell y Mynach.

The place abounds in legendary tales of ghosts, hobgoblins and massacres by Round-head soldiers. The author spoke recently to the present tenant of Castell y Mynach who declared in a matter-of-fact tone that one would have to believe in such tales before seeing any ghostly visions. Yet speaking to another inhabitant of Creigiau, the author was told of experiences of a distinct ice-cold feeling, on hot summer days when passing the entrance to the farm. This had been experienced on several occasions.

The first tenant farmer who occupied Castell y Mynach appears to have been a Mr. Davies who lived there from 1726-1768. The farm was then 220 acres in extent, but since the laying of the railway lines, some of that land was taken away and about 200 acres remained after about 1890.

Efail y Castell was a beautiful, thatched, whitewashed cottage which older inhabitants of the village always bring up in their reminiscences. It certainly dated from the 17th century if not well before, as it was here that Matho Dew met his untimely death from the shoemakers awl.

There is no trace of the cottage now as it was destroyed in the early years of World War II. Its site was in, what is now, the centre of the village, and I believe that it was around this cottage and between it and the railway that the village was built.

Here was the local blacksmith and cobbler and was the first and only shop in Creigiau until the early 20th century. For many generations, it was in the Jenkins family. Listening to the reminiscences of an elderly inhabitant of Creigiau who has lived in the district nearly all her life, about 60-70 years ago, this shop was the focal and meeting point of the village. Here Mr. Jenkins would supply whatever was wanted from his all-purpose village store. All the business (apart from shoeing) was conducted in one room where he would repair shoes, his mouth full of tacks, serve sweets or home cured bacon. There also was the post office, and the author has been told that when the telephone exchange, (which was operated here) became more automated, the elderly Jenkins couple took it quite calmly in their stride.

An interesting feature of Efail y Castell was its round pig-sty almost unique in its style. Unfortunately, in the mural which has been painted of the cottage, kept in the nearby village hall, the round pig-sty has been inaccurately recorded as being rectangular.

The last generation of Jenkins to live in Efail y Castell was a stepson who became friendly with some gypsies. Evidently, just before, and over the early war years many moved into the cottage to live with him.

Many local people have mentioned the vandalism that took place, the thatched roof was pulled down for firewood, furniture was sold and the place is reputed to have become rat-infested, and for this reason was burnt to the ground. Even the ruins and the out-buildings were erased and have been replaced by a children's playing field.

It is a great pity that this beautiful and very old cottage could not have been preserved.

*Extracts from a research article by:
Mrs. Wendy Nelson*

Many people may have in their possession documents, photographs, or old books which deal with the history of our parish.

Perhaps you have heard a tale or legend worth adding to those already related?

Your contributions are invited, your comments welcomed, and constructive criticism gladly received.

Please help to make 'COMMUNITY LINK' a reflection of the present as well as a mirror of the past.

Community Council News

1. Briar Hill, Pentyrch

Legal action to secure the right of way through to the field is continuing and it is hoped that the matter will soon be resolved and the footpath included in the next Review Map.

2. Bridleway No. 79, Creigiau

In spite of continued pressure by this Council on The County Council, the obstruction of this bridleway continues. The possibility of a diversion is now being investigated by the County Surveyor and he is holding discussions with the owner of Creigiau Farm.

3. Joint Liaison Committee

A joint Liaison Committee consisting of members of all Community Councils and District Councillors has been set up and matters already discussed at the request of Pentyrch Community Council include provision of further information on planning applications, manual street sweeping, refuse disposal and footpaths.

A mobile manual street sweeping service is now being provided and residents in the Community should shortly see the men with brushes and trollies in action in their wards.

4. Drainage

The draignage opposite Salem Chapel, Gwaelod-y-Garth has been improved at the request of the Council and temporary action has been taken to prevent flooding at the entrance to the industrial estate. The Council has been told that the work necessary to provide a permanent solution to this nuisance will be undertaken in conjunction with the widening of the road. This is scheduled for the next financial year.

5. Playing field at Creigiau

The top area of this field between the quarry and the railway line is being leased to the Council for allotments and the remainder will be used as playing fields. Discussions are being held with representatives of interested organisations in Creigiau about sports requirements for this field and it is hoped that some work can be carried out on the field in the near future. On a longer term it is hoped that this field may provide a permanent home for the Cregiau Lawn Tennis Club.

On Getting Old

One of the queer things about getting old is that you are surprised that you are old and indeed you find it very difficult to believe that you are old. It seems to have stolen up on you unawares.

I remember my mother who lived until she was over ninety telling me: "You know George, I can't believe that I have lived all that time". I too am experiencing something of her bewilderment and disbelief.

A year or two ago I remember climbing our famous Zig-Zag with another elderly gentleman who found it a little more difficult to negotiate than I did. A little later I remarked to someone else "Poor old Mr. So and So, he had a terrible struggle climbing the hill today". To which I got a rather startling reply "Not so much of the Poor old So and So". Do you know that he is about a year younger than you are yourself."

We can mark, and observe the passing of time with others, we often fail to mark it with ourselves. Inside me at the moment of writing this, - I am young, tall and handsome; actually I am old, ugly and half bald. This is a fact difficult to accept but it must be accepted because it is unalterable. Wrinkles appear on your face whether you like it or not. If you're wise you will make the best of it and say "Thank God wrinkles don't hurt".

Getting old can be very difficult, with your hearing not so good, your eye sight not so good, and mysterious and new aches every day. So that you find yourself with this kind of condition that if somebody asks how you are, you are inclined to think that they really want to know and you spend the next hour and a half telling them. You will also find if you are not very careful that you are looking very ruefully and sadly back into the past and brooding over the Question of "What is the best age in life?" and perhaps feeling that all the best things are in the past.

But is that really true? What is the best time in life? What is the best age in life? There has been a tremendous lot of discussion about this at different times and a lot of it silly and useless; because when you ask this question you ought also to ask another question and that is "Best for what?".

You see a man may be at his best in somethings in his twenties but he is no good at all in them when he has reached his sixties, on the other hand a man may be no good at all in his twenties but when he has reached his sixties he is incomparable. For example, after sixty you are no good at all on a rugby field, you can't "dash down the wing" or "heave" in the scrum because you are bereft of "speed" "wind" or "beef".

So I repeat, when you ask the question what is the best age in life, we should ask best for what? The best age for a footballer or a cricketer, or a pugilist, most of necessity differ from the best age for a profound theologian or a wise statesman. Aristotle said that a man is at his best when he is forty-nine but we are aware that there was a time when a great many were saying "too old at forty" I think that each age in life has its own particular purpose, significance and glory.

What then are triumphs of old age?

One of the triumphs of old age is to come to terms with time; that is to accept the fact that you haven't a long future to look forward to in this world. You remember when you were a child that there was an old gentleman whom you used to meet, and he would pat you on the head and put a penny in your hand, (Which was a handsome sum in those days) and you liked him, and you asked somebody his age, and they said 80 years. You were amazed - 80 years! It seemed unbelievable. An eternity! The hills you think cannot surely be a year older than he. You think then that you will never reach such an age yourself.

But time goes on and you reach forty and when you are forty you have a comfortable feeling that with care and moderation in food and drink, with exercise and a serene spirit you may add another 40 years to your score.

But when you are seventy, you wake up to the fact that this arithmetic is a very dreary business, and there is nothing more foolish than asking yourself a question that is beyond your skill to answer. You can't tell how long you are going to live. The oldest person in the village may live longer than the youngest child we know.

The triumph of old age, is that instead of trying to count the years that may, or may not be ahead of you, you joyfully accept the gift of each lovely day.

It is, as Madam Curie puts it "Making the best of the now". I know of one elderly gentleman in our village who does just that. When I asked him the secret of his longevity and lack of complaint, he replied "I live one day at a time." In spite of his many years he is still warming his hands at the fire of life and enjoying it.

Another very difficult triumph to win, in old age, is to grow more beautiful as you grow older. I am not of course, referring to physical beauty, though I think we should do our best to retain as much of that as possible. One woman writer said this the other day "every grandmother should keep her looking glass" I think the writer was right. I think that we should endeavour to look as nice as we can for as long as we can. A new hat, or dress or a "hair do" or a touch of rouge or a dip in the powder compact can work wonders.

But as I have already said I am not so much referring to physical beauty as to beauty of personality. It is as I have already indicated, difficult to halt the passing of time physically, but it is possible to grow more handsome more lively in our personalities. One need not grow sour in old age. Many perhaps will know and love these old lines.

Let me grow lovely growing old
So many fine things to do,
Laces and ivory and gold
And silks need not be new
And there is healing in old trees
Old streets a glamour hold
Why may not I, as well as these grow,
Grow lovely growing old.

It is possible as this poet says to grow lovely growing old and when we do, that is so much nicer for ourselves and everybody else. Mind I don't like to say this but people grow old differently. Some are jaundiced, bitter, and sharp; others mellow, ripen and grow sweet. Oliver Wendell Holmes said "Men, like peaches and pears grow sweet awhile before they die. But unfortunately not all. Some grow grumpy, crusty and have a grudge against youth and all merriment." You needn't be one of this latter type.

I suggest that every day that we find ourselves alive gives us an opportunity to pity others more than we have done, to care about all sorts of things over which we have been careless, to speak more true, to do more good, and to think more kindly.

There was an old artist who was interviewed by a reporter on his eightieth birthday. After many questions the reporter again asked "Which of your pictures do you think will be considered the best?" And the old man made a simply splendid reply. He said "My next".

I would further add the words of another old man, - Judge Mulock of Ontario who on his 86th birthday wrote these very challenging words.

"I am still at work with my hands to the plough and my face to the future. The shadows of evening lengthen about me, but morning is in my heart.

The testimony that I bear is this. "The castle of enchantment is not yet behind me. It shines before me still and daily I catch glimpses of its battlements and towers.

"The best of life is further on, hidden from the eyes of man beyond the hill of time".

CORRESPONDENCE

In a recent issue of 'Community Link' reference was made to the early history of Creigiau and it reminded me of an interesting letter which I received in 1959 from the late Mr. Thomas John of Barry, written when he was in his late Eighties. I should explain that Mr. John was one of the sons of Castell-y-Mynach Creigiau whose family farmed there from the first half of the Eighteenth century. In this letter, which is still in my possession, Mr. John gives the following information. It is known that a man named William John was an active Member of the Watford Welsh Congregational Chapel on Caerphilly mountain in the year 1662. His son, Philip John, came from Eglwysilan to Penllwyn Farm Pentyrch in 1720. He (Philip) was the father of William John who was born in 1730 and died in 1818 and is buried in Pentyrch Church. This William John took over Castell-y-Mynach Farm in addition to Penllwyn but gave up the latter and moved to Castell-y-Mynach in 1768. In 1730 a son was born in Castell-y-Mynach named John who was the grandfather of the Thomas John who wrote to me in 1959. Grandfather John died in 1864 at the age of Ninety four. In the letter he writes that his Father and Mother were married in Pentyrch Church in 1859. It was then a primitive building and in a poor state of

repair. Very soon after this wedding, a near relative of his - another William John of Llantrisant was married and both couples planned to emigrate to Australia. Deposits were paid for a journey which would then have taken probably nine or ten months. However, when the time came, only the Llantrisant couple went, the other newlyweds failed to face the ordeal of parting and lost their deposit. They preferred to remain in Castell-y-Mynach. The Llantrisant William John and his bride, on arrival in Australia, were given a large parcel of land by the Australian Government for farming purposes. Within five years a new Railway system was constructed through their land and a station built. The name given to the station was JOHNSTOWN. The area developed and a new township came into being and this William John was thrice Mayor of the Town named in his honour. A long way from Creigiau to Johnstown!

From: T.W.Thomas, Greenhurst, Pentyrch.

A Lot of Bull.....

Once upon a time Perhaps it was as long ago as 1947. Certainly the war was over although we still felt the effects of the rationing and most of all the shortage of money, so when the chance of a 'bus trip' to Pentyrch came my way my first worry was whether or not my Mother could spare the money. Fortunately she was only too glad to be able to send me on my way, complete with sandwiches created from the depths of our larder. Beautiful sandwiches. Lettuce and Marmite and cheese I think, anyway even if I can't remember the detail I can remember the pleasure and the excitement.

I was going with a friend of mine whose Mother was with the WVS and whose local division had arranged this outing for their hard working members. I had never heard of Pentyrch and indeed none of my pals knew exactly where it was, except that it was 'over there somewhere' 'there' being towards the hills north of our dusty suburb of Cardiff. I remember wondering how long it would take and being told that if I was asleep before the bus got there they would wake me in time to return again.

It was a warm day and after the bus had travelled for what seemed halfway towards an eternity I was indeed finding it difficult to keep my eyes open, but at last we began a steep ascent between two mountains clad with trees and alive with sheep, to arrive shortly at a small gravel covered bus stop where we alighted in the sunshine and were allowed to wander away with the warning "stay together children, and don't go far or be long in returning". I can remember peering over the edge of a steep quarry with a pond reflecting the sky and overhanging branches and being afraid that I might slip. I liked heights even less then than I do now, and my fear of drowning was equally well developed. But these fears were soon to be forgotten in the wonder and pleasure of being free in the country. This was so different from the grey stone pavements and red brick houses complete with dusty wallflowers and tired hedges of our neighbourhood. Everything was so much more open and lighter and brighter. In one field there were primroses stretching for miles and as we walked down one narrow lane away from the pub where the WVS and husbands were recovering without the help of their children, it seemed a good idea to stop and eat our sandwiches and drink the Tizer that had been tempting us from the word go. Being naturally incautious rather than brave I climbed over a gate into the big field to the left of the lane and turned to my friends in time to see them take to their heels. Very soon I understood why, for bearing down upon me, and I swear it was breathing fire, was the biggest bull I had ever seen. It took me no time at all to get back into the lane and almost less time to catch up with my friends to tell them not to bother to get help. We had to go back to get our sandwiches and when we had plucked up courage we crept back to that gate and saw that this 'big bull' was now peacefully having his lunch from his mother.

Pentyrch seemed then to be the very centre of Paradise, with its panoramic views and bracing air and all that exciting nature about us. Little did I dream then that I would one day live in that very same field and that my house would stand where once there were primroses and I suppose it is a sad thing that people have to live anywhere at all for we seem to make an incredible mess of our environment and then to spend lots of money on continental holidays to get away from it all. There have been a lot of changes within the parish of Pentyrch even in the short while that I have been here and it does seem as though the planners are determined to completely eradicate all countryside. But then if they had refused planning consent for my estate I would not have been able to enjoy my return to Pentyrch.

C.T.

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