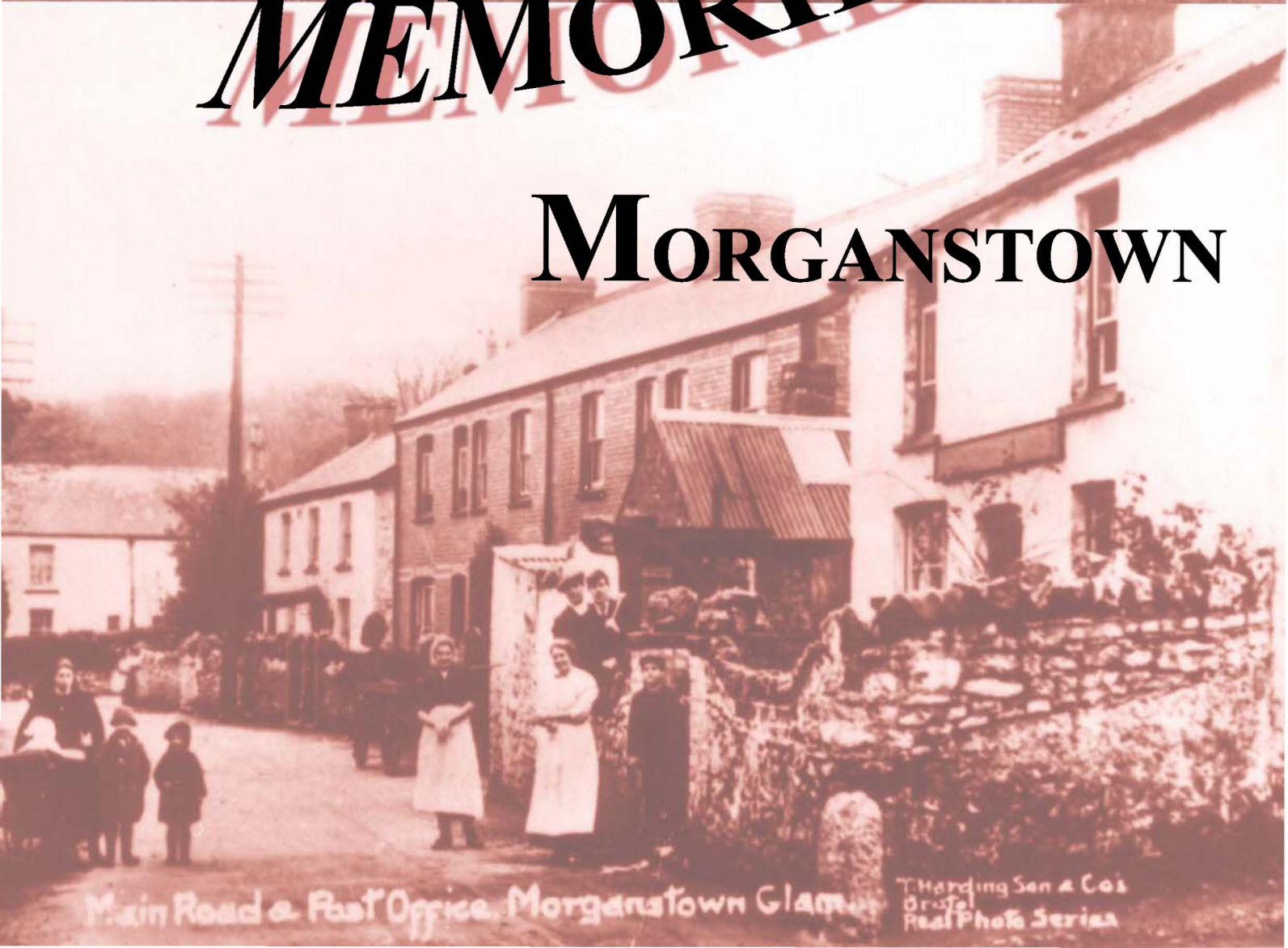


RADYR

MEMORIES



MORGANSTOWN

Main Road & Post Office, Morganstown Glamorgan

T. Harding Sen & Co's
Ortel
Real Photo Series



Radyr looking north to quarry 1951

Preface

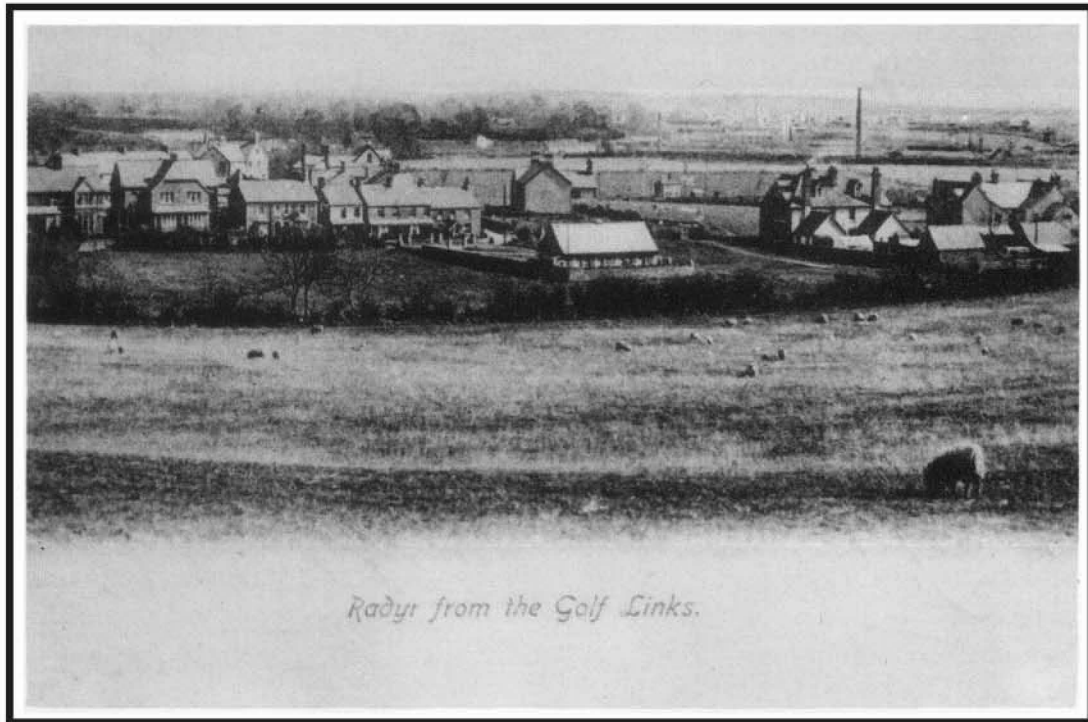
This is the second volume dealing with the history of Radyr and Morganstown that the Local History Group has produced in a little over two years. Although this is a companion volume to "Twixt Chain and Gorge", bringing the history of the two villages well into the twentieth century, it differs considerably from the first. It tells the story of the two villages in the words of those of the contributors themselves with a minimum of notes linking them. Usually the names of contributors will be found in brackets at the end of each section, unless they have already been introduced in some other way. Further notes on the contributors can be found at the end of the volume. The text has been arranged under various headings in the hope of giving a clearer picture of the subject under review.

Unfortunately memories are not always as accurate as one might believe and I'm sure many of you will disagree at least with some points of detail. We are conscious of this and whilst we believe that the bulk of the material is correct, we are aware of the possibility of error in the details, our plea being that the text is as told to us by the contributors. When we know of differing versions of a story we have often printed both or all of these versions. To give an example: there is no question that the older children at Radyr School went to Tongwynlais School for cookery and woodwork lessons in the 1920s and 30s. How did they travel? Dewi Watkin Powell remembers a 'tin lizzie', while Marian Ray remembers travelling on the back of a coal lorry. Others mention walking over the iron bridge. Some or indeed all of these versions could be true.

The text is made up a little under a half of the reminiscences collected by members of the group. Some are only a few lines, other extend to fifteen or twenty pages. All the original material will be placed in Radyr Library.

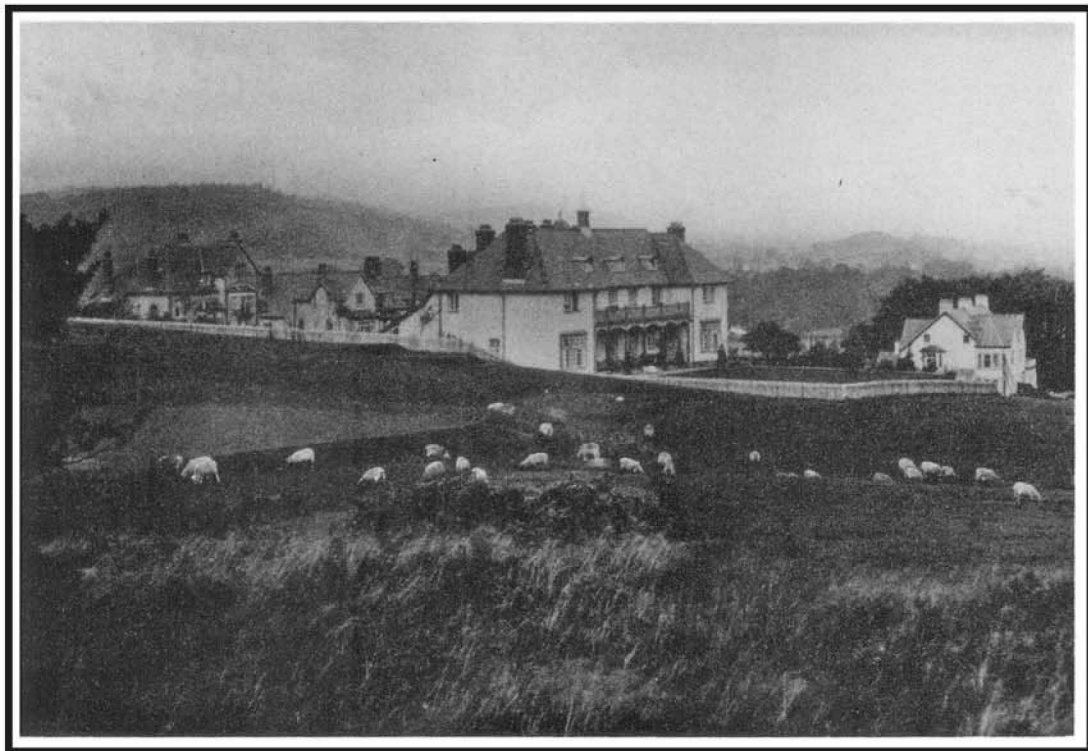
Once again we would like to thank the New Horizons Trust for their generosity in allowing us to hold over their original loan to finance this second volume. I would also like to thank Christine Curry and her tireless team for all the work involved in collecting and editing the reminiscences and photographs. Finally, I would like to thank all those people who so willingly invited us into their homes, fed us tea, cakes and information and allowed us to leave carrying away their prized photographs.

Allan Cook
Chairman
October 1993



Radyr from the Golf Links.

*View from Radyr Golf Course c. 1902.
Note the newly built Methodist Church (Centre foreground)*



Radyr Golf Club 1913

First Impressions

I came to Radyr as a small child in 1906. It was only a small village with rough country roads, just the Main Road, Windsor Crescent, Station Road. Driscoll Hill and Junction Terrace. Only the nave of the church existed. David Phillips was the Rector. There was a field in front of the church where they held an annual flower show. Years later a Dr Stanford tried to get up a petition to stop them building the houses there. On the road towards Cardiff there were just two cottages and the 'Fever' house in the field. Windsor Road was always called 'the golf road' with no houses, only a small golf house (which was burned down when I was young) at the top and the Chapel at the bottom of the hill. The Post Office in Station Road was kept by a Mrs Hughes and there was only one shop. Morganstown remained a village much longer than Radyr and used to be a favourite walk until the traffic on the road got so bad. Living on the main road, with all the traffic we have now, I often look back and think how peaceful it was in the 'olden days' when all we heard was a horse and cart or a trap or perhaps someone riding by. (*Doris Spinks*)

The map at the back of the book, originally drawn up in 1906 on behalf of the diocese of Llandaff, illustrates the limits of development in the parish when 'Dorrie' Spinks came to Radyr. Building was going on apace, however, especially on 'Driscoll Hill' where several large houses already stood on the lower slopes when the family of Professor Daniel Jones arrived from Aberystwyth:

When our family came to Radyr in 1911 we lived for one year in a semi-detached house, now called Romarys, while our house, Eryl Daf, was being built. It stands at the corner of Drysgol Road and Windsor Avenue but in those days Windsor Avenue did not exist. Driscoll Lane was an unmade road, with old tree trunks scattered about, and I am fairly sure that Father's car was the first private car to come up that road. (*Mary Hewart Jones*)

Between the wars, ribbon development took place along Heol Isaf. At the top of the hill looking towards Cardiff, The Rise was built for the Stuart family:

I was born at The Rise in 1924. The house appeared very much as it still does. except for the lych-gate, which is a post-1945 addition. There were open fields on each side, with nothing between us and the Llantrisant Road apart from our orchard and field, and on the other side towards the village there was an open field all the way down to Billy Palmer's farm, where the car park for Radyr Comprehensive School is now. Behind Billy Palmer's farm stood a bungalow at the end of the land where it was possible to pick your own tomatoes fresh from the greenhouse. The only houses opposite The Rise at that time were Penkridge and Glanwern. Beyond our rear garden fence stood Plymouth Cottages, a red corrugated iron structure that had been used once as a fever hospital. The first of the cottages was occupied by the Villa family and we were always in trouble with Mr Villa as our cat would insist on catching his chickens. Sadly, Plymouth

Cottages were destroyed by fire after World War II. The orchard of The Rise has now been built upon, as has the site of Plymouth Cottages.

The construction of The Thatch caused a lot of interest at the time, being the only house in Radyr with a thatched roof. It was built for the Mathias family. Gradually, during the late '20s and into the '30s, houses were built between Glanwern and the village. The Red House being one that comes to mind.

Ours being the only house at the time between the village and Llantrisant Road, we always seemed to receive any casualties in road accidents, which were numerous, as at that time the junction was a Y junction and what cars there were tended to cannon off each other; hence the later construction of the T junction now in existence. I particularly remember one young lad on a motorbike who went straight through the windscreen of an open Vauxhall tourer, ordinary glass in those days, so he took some cleaning up. Road repairs were carried out by steam roller and I have happy memories of sitting down on the road next to a blazing brazier and eating a hot sausage with the workmen on one occasion. I always remember eating that particular sausage and the smell of steam and coal. Even up to the late '30s, Radyr was considered to be somewhat remote from Cardiff and old country customs were still followed. We used to receive annual visits at The Rise from Mari Llwyd. Two men used to call at the door, one inside a horse's beribboned skull, both men singing and one holding his cap out. However, the custom was to feed the coin - usually a florin - into the horse's mouth, where the man operating it would duly collect. On one occasion, both men were slightly the worse for drink and a fight ensued for possession of the coin. *(Peter Stuart)*

The Powell family came to live at Glanwern:

We came to Radyr in 1925, when I was five years old. My earliest recollection of Radyr was of being deeply disappointed, because my father had said that there was a railway running in front of the house. In fact, it was a good quarter of a mile away! Just behind Windsor Road (where The Green is now) there was a road that led up to Drysgol Road. We called it Lucky Lane, because people threw out their old raspberry and blackcurrant bushes and it was a feast at certain times of the year. Sometimes you used to get some interesting plants there. In about 1928 a little bungalow was built behind Radyr Uchaf. It was known as The Bungalow and I think it was the only bungalow in the place. That was where Mr Jenkins lived. He used to sell eggs. Then there were two families living in what used to be the smallpox hospital.

In those days, Radyr and Whitchurch were two entirely different communities. When you ventured across the river, you ventured into strange territory. You could go along the side of the railway by the ash path, past those fields that were once a bowling green, over the river bridge and immediately to your left were the great tin works, which were very substantial. On the one side was the river, on the other the canal. I remember barges bringing tin plate from Melin Griffith to the docks in Cardiff. We set our watches by the hooter of the Melin Griffith Works.

When the new year was ushered in, you heard the hooters going and all the engines would whistle the old year out and the new year in. It was a strange cacophony.

If you go down the road from the old parish church, the old road now, under the railway bridge, you come to the river bank. Nearby were the old quarries, the famous medieval quarries where you got red Radyr sandstone, and there were certain pools where boys used to swim in summer. They were very cold, I'm told, and sometimes there were tragedies.

Between our arrival in 1925 and my going to university in 1937, there had been a certain amount of in-filling along Heol Isaf. The Thatch was built in 1936. That was when Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret had their thatched cottage and it was intended to be the same. (*Dewi Watkin Powell*)

In 1932, the Kernick family came from Pontypridd to no. 42 Heol Isaf, the house that had formerly been St Winifred's School:

I well remember the red tiled cellar with the rather low ceiling. It still had the coat hooks around the wall with all the pupils' names on them. In the old stables at the top of the garden we found harnesses and old clothing, green with age, belonging to some long-forgotten coachman. The harness room was hanging with the dust and cobwebs of years. My father, an electrical and mechanical engineer, altered the old stables into a garage and workshop. My parents renamed the house Glascoed. (*Elizabeth Kernick*)

DANYBRYN PARK ESTATE

In the late 1930s, Sir Lewis Long her began developing the Danybryn Park Estate on his land. These new houses were "the last word in labour-saving, comfort and economy", according to the brochure issued to prospective buyers. The first houses were built around the crossroads formed by Park Road and Windsor Avenue, two new names on the map of Radyr. One of those houses was bought by the parents of David Rose:

My parents moved to Radyr in March, 1938, having bought 2 Park Road for £1,250. There were only two houses opposite us in Park Road until after the war and three up the hill beyond us. There were fields beyond and behind our house. You could walk to Morganstown across the fields in those days and to Rhydlafer through the woods. Not far into the fields over the back fence was a smelly pond with plenty of tadpoles and frogs. These fields were tenanted by the village farmer of that time. Bill Richards. He used to drive a small herd of cows from Radyr Farm along Windsor Avenue to those fields, leaving a well marked trail! (*David Rose*)

War broke out while Sir Lewis Lougher's ambitious development of his estate was in its infancy. Post-war development of the land was carried out by other developers, who did not follow the original layout.

THE TY MYNYDD ESTATE

In 1967, Ty Mynydd was demolished, but development of the land had already begun. Maes-yr-Awel follows the line of the driveway to the house. The first occupants of no. 9 came from Llanishen in 1965: We wanted to live in the country and Radyr was still sufficiently rural then to give the impression of being a country village but was close to the city. Ty Mynydd was still standing but was in poor condition, although let out in flats. The lane at the end of Maes-yr-Awel led to the fields of Ty Mynydd farm, still being farmed by Charley Vincent. The lovely pond on the farm was a favourite spot for our family walks. When the old house was demolished in 1967, the families of Maes-yr-Awel had bonfires on the site on Bonfire Night. (David and Connie Griffiths)



Morganstown in the 1920s. A carnival in Springfield Gardens. Many of the costumes had been seen in 'socials' at Bethel Chapel.



Members of Bethel Chapel prepare for an outing circa 1910.

Morganstown

At the turn of the century, Morganstown was a close-knit community of families living in houses and cottages clustered around Bethel Chapel, built in 1842.

BETHEL CHAPEL

As recently as the 1920s, all services were conducted in Welsh. The minister in those days, the only full-time minister we ever had, was the Rev. Thomas Joseph Jones. He lived at The Manse. We remember him as being strict, but then so were all those in authority in those days. He died in 1932 and is buried in the graveyard. *(Enid Morgan)*

Average congregations were much higher than today - perhaps 40 to 50 would have been typical. The Sunday School was particularly thriving. For example, our Sunday School Register of August 3rd, 1930, showed five teachers and 68 children. Children also attended Band of Hope meetings, which included recitations and the singing of uplifting cantatas. In 1931, 39 members contributed to the weekly collections at the Chapel. Total collections for that year were £65 11s 2½d.

Bethel organised the annual village outing: all the village came, not just members of the Chapel. Seven or eight charabancs were hired from Cridlands and we went either to Barry Island or Porthcawl. One year when we went to Porthcawl, it rained so hard we were back home again by 3 o'clock. We had a caretaker at the Chapel whose duties included lighting coal fires in the vestry and at the back of the Chapel. Later on, we had paraffin-oil heaters and gas fires. At one time the Chapel owned all of Springfield Gardens and the adjoining allotments but the freeholds have now all been bought by the local residents. *(Nesta Chapman)*

THE TYNANT INN

An alehouse has stood on this spot since at least the eighteenth century. When Brain s Brewery bought the inn from the Plymouth Estate in 1899, John Jones was their first tenant. Edgar Jenkins, his grandson, lived at the inn until 1928:

John Jones moved to the Ty-yn-y-nant Inn in 1899 and was the publican there until his death in 1927 at the age of 89, exactly a week after the death of his wife, Mary. They had three sons and two daughters. Of their three sons, Edgar was killed in the First World War. The others were Bert and Bill and it was the latter who took on the running of the Tynant Inn after my grandfather's death. He retired in 1936. All the members of the family helped in the Inn during the long period that my grandfather was the publican.

The next publican after my uncle was Dai Evans, a former miner. He was in the rescue party in the Senghenydd explosion in 1912. He used to say that when they eventually broke through and found some of the miners, they were all dead but there was not a mark on them. They had died of lack of food or lack of oxygen. I've heard him say many times that their hair was down to their shoulders. Dai Evans was a great character.

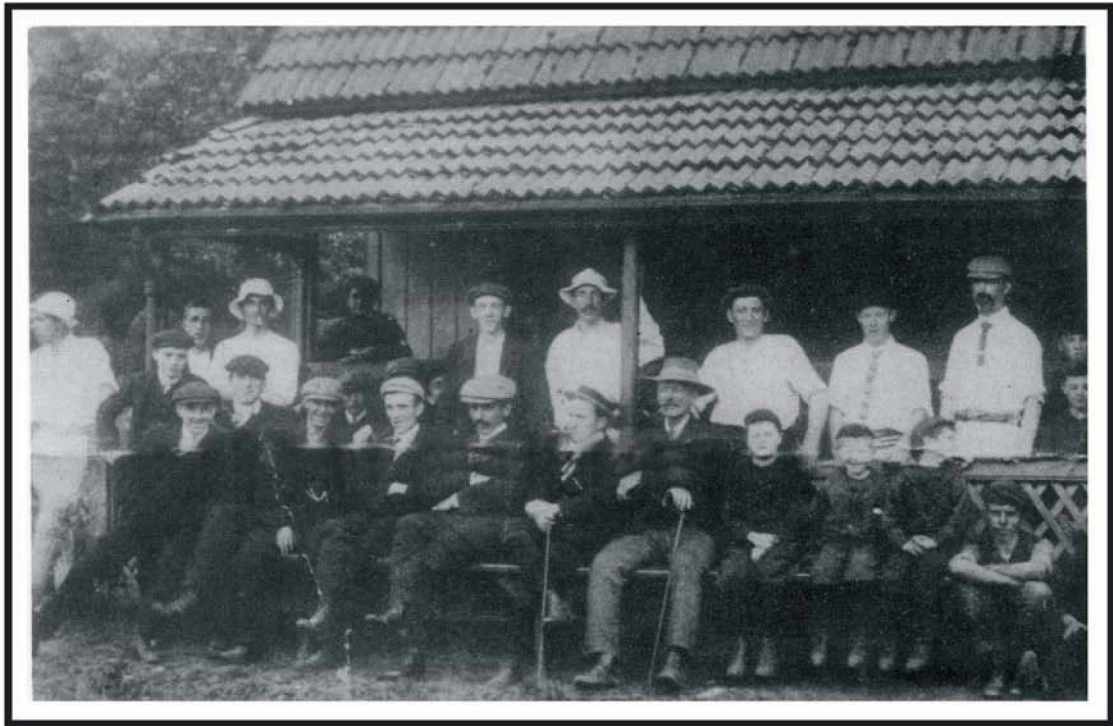
Another character was Rudolph Cook, who lived in one of the Pant-tawel cottages with his mother. He used to come down to the Tynant to have a few pints. Then he used to get into his cart and the shafts would go up, the belly strap would touch the horse and the horse would make its way all the way home. Rudolph would get out of the cart and the poor old horse would be in the shafts still the next morning! One night he didn't have the horse and cart, so he walked up the lane by the allotments to Cwm Farm. On the left there was a duckpond, covered in a lovely green slime. By some means or other, Rudolph fell in. He was lucky to get out. He came back to the Tynant and Dai Evans got the hose-pipe and washed Rudolph all down. He went home in soaking wet clothes! (Edgar Jenkins)

TYNANT HOUSE

A J.P., Franklen George Evans, owned the estate once. He put up the lych gate of Radyr Parish Church in 1899. When I arrived in Morganstown in 1905, the estate had passed into the hands of the Lewis family. Children were taught to be respectful to Mr and Mrs Lewis, the boys always doffing their caps and the girls curtsying. *(Tom Watkins)*

The house stood beside the Tynant inn but was separated from its 30 acre estate by the road, then an unmetalled country lane. The land currently occupied by the Tynant Nursery was a croquet lawn, in regular use and surrounded by beautifully kept trees, shrubs and/lowers. The moat around the castle mound was kept constantly supplied with water piped from the brook near by and served as a breeding area for swans. To the south of the mound the family maintained a cricket pitch, with its own pavilion, used for many years by the Garth Cricket Club.

The Garth Cricket Club was just below Gelynis Terrace. Phil Ray's sons used to play for the club and my aunt, Mrs Edith Ray, the village baker and postmistress, used to have a stall selling cakes and sandwiches. *(Jack Ray)* Morganstown had a thriving cricket team, with regular players in Dai, Will, Cliff and Hubert Ray, Norman and Dud Stallworthy, Arthur and Jack Staple ton, Gwyn Samuel and Billy Dobbins, the coachman's son. Mrs Edith Ray used to serve lemonade at the pavilion. Mrs Lewis was always dressed in black. In her day, Mr Dobbins was the coachman at Tynant house. At that time there were two cottages where Pugh's Nursery has a flower-bed at the side of the road and these were the coachmen's cottages. *(Albert Williams)*



The Garth Cricket Club in Morganstown



Two well known members of the Ray family, Auntie Ede (Mrs Edith Ray) on the left and Auntie Rose (Mrs Rose Ray) on the right. Auntie Rose was a school 'dinner lady' in the days when they served dinners in the Old Church Rooms. Here they are running a Treasure Hunt at Morganstown Field to raise money for the Village Hall in the mid-fifties.

When we were little 'uns, on a Sunday morning my father used to take us down to the stables of Tynant House to see Mr Dobbins, the coachman. We were allowed to watch him cleaning the brass for about ten minutes, then we would go to Mrs Dobbins and have a sweet each from her. When Mr Povey went as the driver of the Lewis's car, Mr Dobbins went as a gamekeeper. He told us that, when he was the coachman, he was treated like a dog by Mrs Lewis. He had to go out at 12 p.m. or 1 a.m. to pick her up in Cardiff. He also had to take her in her wheelchair to watch the cricket being played at the Club. *(Jack Ray)*

Tynant House was not the only 'big house' where Morganstown people found employment. Up the hill stood Ty Mynydd, the biggest house in the neighbourhood, owned by George Fisher, Resident Director of the Taff Vale Railway, and then by his son, Colonel Henry Oakden Fisher, who lived there after his father's death in 1891 until his own death in 1915:

My grandmother used to do the washing for Colonel Fisher in a shed at the back of Vine Cottage: wash, dry and iron for a shilling a week. *(Bert Walters)* Mother used to say, 'The Fishers were very good to us, a shawl for Grannie and a bit of baccy for Grandad at Christmas.' Mother was always bowing and curtsying. *(Helen Stephens)*

When I was mitching from school, I used to help on Cwm Farm. It was kept by David Watkins, who was bailiff to Colonel Fisher. I remember being sent by Colonel Fisher to Greenmeadow in Tongwynlais with a basket of butter during the First World War. The nobs never went short! I remember King George V and Queen Mary coming to Greenmeadow. They stayed at St. Fagans when they came to Cardiff and went through Morganstown. All the children ran from Morganstown to Tongwynlais to see them. There were dozens of girls playing harps along the main road. *(Bert Walters)*

Many Morganstown girls found employment on the staff of Ty Mynydd. Sarah Llewellyn is listed as being resident there in 1891, when George Fisher was the head of the household, while her sister, Miriam, worked for his son, Colonel Fisher, first as a maid and then as cook. Most Morganstown girls had only two options on leaving Radyr Council School at the age of 14; domestic service or working in shops and factories.

At first I worked with my aunt, Mrs Lydia Newman, in her shop. After six months, I got a job in a shin factory in Cardiff owned by Mr J. Jones of Meadowcroft in Drysgol Road, Radyr. At the factory we made army shirts. *(Nesta Chapman)*

Choice of work was a little wider for the men:

A host of chaps in Morganstown worked at Bale's Farm (Gelynis). They had cows and hay, as well as the market garden. All that area down there was one mass of glass as you approached the farm. It was a sight to see! Its heyday was in the 1930s. A team of horses and a wagon used to take the produce up to



*Mrs Kindness Llewelyn and her family outside their home in Springfield Gardens
L to R Mary, Lydia, Kindness, Williams, Albert Newman (son-in-law),
Miriam, Sarah and Tom. The small boy is Ernest Jones, son of the
Reverend T. J. Jones, the Minister of Bethel Chapel.*

Pontypridd Market before they had a lorry. (*Edgar Jenkins*)

However, most Morganstown men worked away from the village:

Broadly speaking, there were three main occupations for the men of the village. Many were colliers at Rookwood and Nantgarw. Others were tinsplate workers, mostly at Melin Griffith. Finally, there were railwaymen: platelayers, drivers and firemen. (*Albert Williams*)

Many of the miners worked at Rookwood pit, above Nantgarw, which was a drift mine. The others worked at Nantgarw pit, which was the deepest in South Wales. They used to walk along the canal path and follow the railway (Rhymney branch) up to Rookwood. (*Bert Walters*)

My father used to cycle to Taffs Well station, where he left his bike and caught the train to Cymmer Colliery at Porth. In 1922, he was badly injured in an accident, driving a horse and tram, and was brought home by ambulance. Dr Thomas came to see him and sent him to Cardiff Royal Infirmary, where he died that night. I was eight years old. (*Nesta Chapman*)

My father was employed at the Melin Griffith Tinsplate Works. There were no canteen facilities at the Works, so I would take a hot meal to my father during the school dinner period, munching my own sandwiches. (*Edgar Lewis*)

Another local employer was the Ty Nant Quarry:

It was at the side of the road just beyond Tynant House. Tom Edwards had it. They crushed the stone for gravel. There was a bridge over the road and the trucks used to carry the gravel over the bridge and tip it into waggons on the Pentyrch-Melin Griffith line. The line ended at the quarry in my day. It was a full-width line, not a narrow gauge one. There used to be big explosions, which shook the houses. It's a wonder they didn't fall down. (*Bert Walters*)

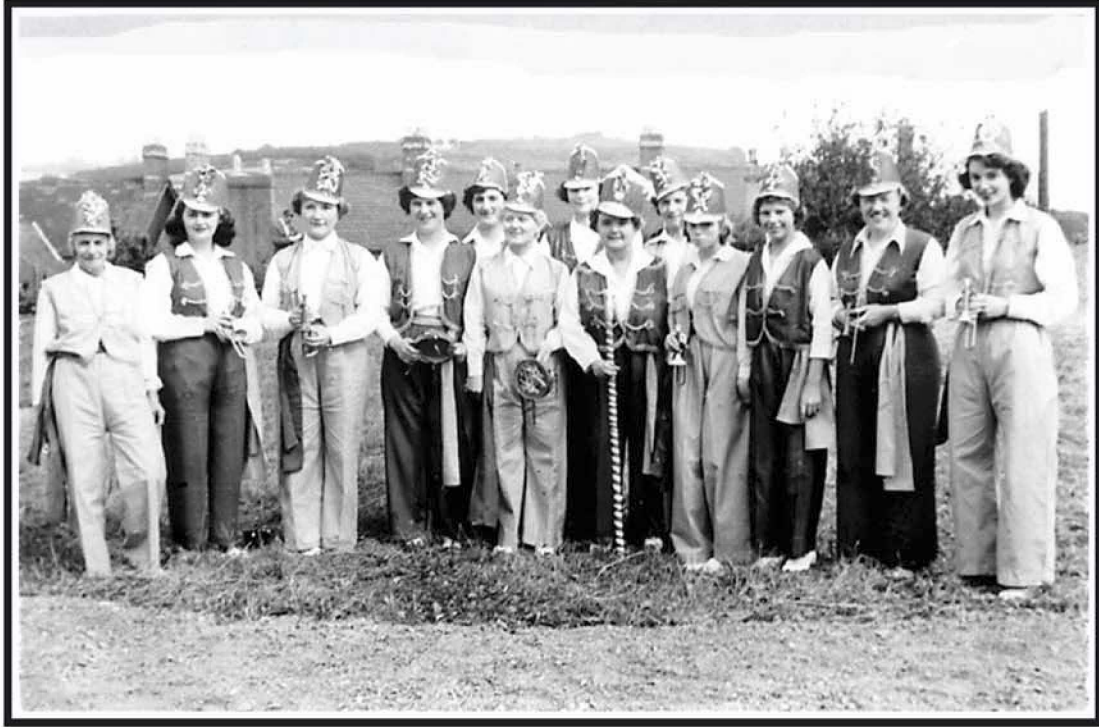
This line went to the Melin Griffith works, across the iron bridge:

I remember the train crossing the iron bridge. I was so frightened, I used to run and hide. (*Helen Stephens*)

Apart from the Garth Cricket Club, there were no organised sporting or social facilities in Morganstown until the 1950s:

I remember some of the lads in the village used to go to Ned Watkins' coal yard to lift the weights. You had to make your own amusements then, (*Bert Walters*)
When I was a boy we used to swim in the river at a place we called 'the big dig' - you couldn't measure the depth. A boy from Morganstown was drowned there. When we got out of the river, we were covered in coal dust. We got out on our side and the Ton. boys got out on their side and then we threw stones at each other! (*Jack Ray*)

When I was at school, we used to be sent to dig the headmaster's garden in



*Morganstown Ladies' Jazz Band at the opening of the Village Hall
August 1958*



*Some young entrants in the Carnival on the same occasion.
The costumes were judged by
Mrs W.S.Pontin, Mrs L.C.Davies and Mr C. Lawrence.*

Taffs Well. We used to swim in the canal behind his house. We used to swim in the river, too, although it was black as soot. I nearly jumped on top of a dead pig once. *(Bert Walters)*

Sometimes, 'boys would be boys', incurring not only parental wrath but also the attentions of the village policeman. The local Police Station was in a house on the main road and the policeman was P.C. Tom Davies:

One Sunday I had been to church in Radyr with two boys from Morganstown. On our way home, we went to Ty Mynydd to pinch apples. **P.C.** Tom Davies had been watching us with his field-glasses. He came to see my father and my father said, 'Davies, put him in irons!' I wasn't allowed to go on the Chapel outing. I can remember standing watching the charabancs leaving. *(Jack Ray)*

Although new houses were built in Morganstown after the Second World War, the village remained essentially rural in character:

In the early 1950s, Cardiff children were brought to Morganstown by lorry for the annual Whitsun treat. Swings were erected for them in the Graig Field, where the motorway crosses now but, as they did not arrive until 2 p.m., the workmen who erected the swings would allow the local children to use them. We country children thought that it was lovely! *(Jean and Christine Newman)* In my teens, I had to go to Tongwynlais Village Hall for the cinema and dances.

You walked down to Bale's and over the iron bridge, even in the dark. There was nothing going on in Radyr unless you were a member of the Tennis Club. *(Jean Newman)*

From 1947, the people of Morganstown were engaged in raising money to build the Village Hall. There were fancy dress parades and whist drives in the long room behind the Tynant Inn. The hall was opened in 1958 by the Rev. W. S. Pontin. The carnival procession was led by the Morganstown Ladies' Jazz Band: I was in the Jazz Band. There were about eighteen of us, all from Morganstown. We used to do our practising up at the Garth Cottages. (Mrs Margaret Ray)

At the same time that Morganstown people were raising funds for the Village Hall, Radyr Parish Council was campaigning for sports facilities to be provided on the Tynant Field. The Cardiff Rural District Council had proposed that playing-field facilities should be made available for Morganstown residents at Tongwynlais. This was strongly resisted by the Parish Council and eventually agreement was reached on the siting of the playing field, which was officially opened on August 18th, 1962.

Houses

In the early twentieth century, the parish boasted several large houses standing in extensive grounds: Tynant House in Morganstown, Ty Mynydd, Danybryn and Frondeg in Radyr and Radyr Chain at Waterhall Road. The most imposing was undoubtedly Ty Mynydd.

The grounds extended from the lodge house (the gate posts can still be seen) right down to where the motorway crosses the main road. In the wall between Maes-yr-Awel and Min-y-Coed a gateway has been blocked up. This was the servants' entry to the big house. From the lodge there was long drive which passed through very pretty gardens filled with spring bulbs. The house itself was large and Gothic in appearance. There were lawns and terraces all around it. A special feature was a water garden fed from the pond that existed where the play area on Castle View is now. There was also a wooden summer house, with lovely carvings and a wood block floor. *(Mary Hewart Jones)*

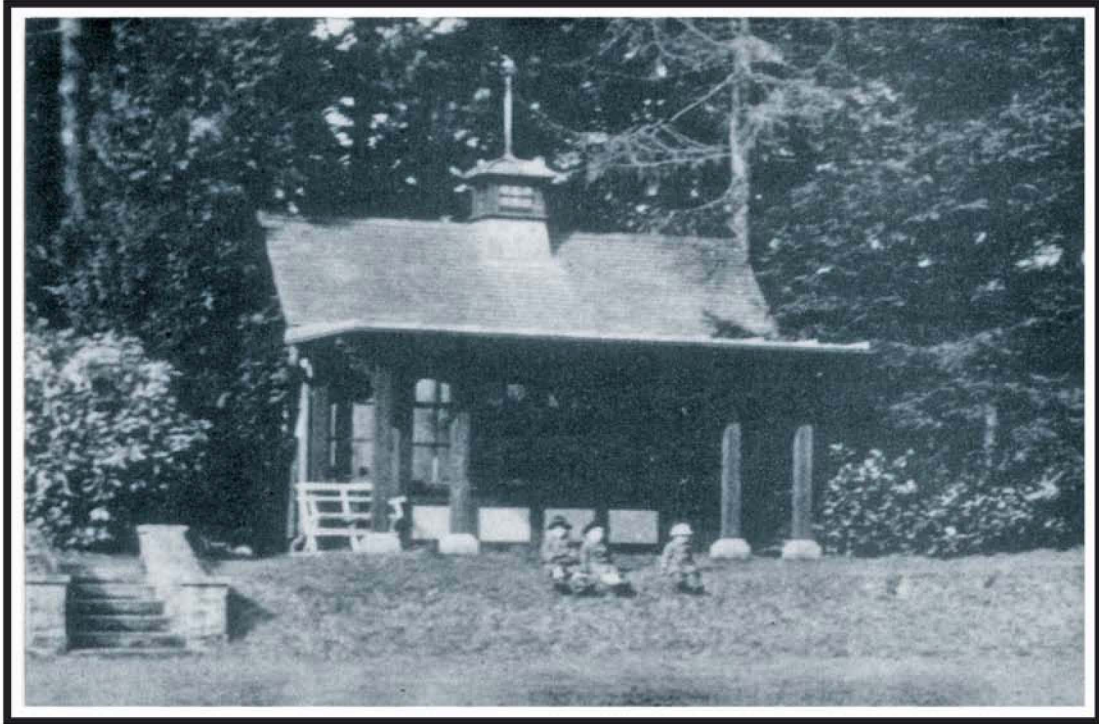
A large staff of maids, cooks and a butler was maintained at the house. The coachman, Mr Canton, lived in the lodge house at the bottom of what is now Maes-yr-Awel, in those days known as 'Fisher's Hill'. On Heol Isaf, between Maes-yr-Awel and Min-y-Coed, you can see a recess in the stone retaining wall. This was the servants' entrance to Ty Mynydd. The parlour maids used to meet their boyfriends there and at one time it was called 'Lovers' Gate'. There were two cottages not far from Ty Mynydd. One was a laundry for the house and the other was occupied by Mr Busby, Colonel Fisher's gamekeeper. *(Edgar Lewis)* Colonel Fisher at Ty Mynydd was the first person to have electricity in Radyr. I remember taking the horse to Ninian Park with a special tank to get paraffin oil to drive the generator.

When the G.W.R. took over the Taff Vale Railway, they found that they were one engine short. Colonel Fisher, who had been a director of the T.V.R., was using it as a threshing machine. He lifted off the boiler and fire box and put it on cart wheels, two small ones in the front with two big ones at the back. It was pulled around by a horse. It was kept at Bale's place but went up to Cwm Farm and even to St. Fagans. *(Bert Walters)*

The arrival of the Dahl family at the "imposing country mansion" surrounded by acres of farm and woodland, with cottages for the staff, is described by Roald Dahl in "Boy". As a small child at the time, he was clearly awed by the size of the house and the extent of the land surrounding it.

The Dahls were succeeded at Ty Mynydd by Sir Beddoe Rees, M.P., and his family. They were Baptists and therefore attended Bethel Chapel.

Sir Beddoe Rees converted the Graig Field into a small six-hole golf course and he allowed the boys of Morganstown to use it. *(Albert Williams)*



*Two views of Ty Mynydd.
Roald Dahl can be seen with his sisters outside the Summer House.*



We played golf on Sir Beddoe Rees's nine-hole course on the Graig Field. It was properly set out with greens. I never saw Sir Beddoe Rees himself but I remember once when he tried to get the bailiff to close the footpath that went through the Graig to the Laundry by blocking it off. The big boys went up there and knocked it all down, so the path was kept open. *(Jack Ray)*

In 1950, we came to live at Ty Mynydd lodge-house. Gas lighting was still being used until electricity was installed in 1956. Our sitting room at the back of the house had the original black-leaded grate. There was a beautiful bed of arum lilies at the front of the house. *(Joan Thorley)*

Danybryn is now a Cheshire Home, with two wings added to provide suitable accommodation for the residents. The house originally belonged to Mr E. Franklin Thomas, who was a church-warden of Christ Church. The next occupant was Mr Lewis Lougher, M.P., who later became Sir Lewis Lougher. In its heyday there was a croquet lawn and extensive gardens. Danybryn also had its own electricity generator. *(Mary Hewart Jones)*

Frondeg was originally called St Radigund's. It was then re-named by its second owner, Trevor Stanley Jones (J. P.): It was a large pleasant-looking house, built halfway up the hill with a view over the valley. The gardens were landscaped in front of the house, with a tennis court at the lower level. The back of the house was approached from halfway up Drysgol Road, roughly where The Uplands is now. Through the gates there were garages, stables and a gardener's/chauffeur's cottage. *(Mary Hewart Jones)*

The history of many houses in Radyr is confused by the fact that their owners moved from house to house taking the name with them. Sir Lewis Lougher first lived at Northlands in Windsor Road, then at Danybryn and finally at a second Northlands on the corner of Windsor and Drysgol Road. Mr and Mrs Rupert Phillips also had three houses named The Greenway. The first is now 25 Drysgol Road (Revelstoke). The second, which was built for them in 1923, is now Whitehall:

Where the judges live now was where Rupert Phillips lived. On the roof there used to be a white stone cat chasing a bird. Mr. Rupert Phillips was a prominent docksman. The house was called The Greenway. When they moved into the village (to where Harlech House is now) Mr Phillips called that house The Greenway too. Leaside in Windsor Road was built by J. C. Gould, the shipowner. Later, it was the home of a Jewish family, the Bogods. They had a gardener and servants. There was a full-sized billiard table in the attic. Their son, Philip, was killed in the war. After the Bogods, Sir Robert Me Alpine's son lived at Leaside. *(Edgar Jenkins)*

When I was a child, in the late 1950s, I used to play at Uplands (formerly Frondeg) when it was the home of the Morgan family. There were numerous outhouses, large lawns and a bamboo plantation. I also used to play at The Greenway, on the opposite side of Heol Isaf, then the home of the Livesey

family. There was an air raid shelter in the garden and they kept chickens. Brynteg, the home of the Mathias family, was another big house I knew. Sometimes, my brother and I used to collect acorns to feed the pigs that were kept there. I also remember going to the auction of Northlands after the death of Sir Lewis Lougher and being told by the local policeman that my brother and I could have the goldfish from the pond. (*Geraint Morgans*)

Aldersyde on Heol Isaf has an interesting history: Mr Parry Williams was the original owner. He had an ironmonger's shop in Pontypridd. In the First World War, Aldersyde was turned into a hospital for the wounded. There was a hut in the garden of the house where a lot of patients slept. Miss Wilson's school was at Aldersyde before it moved to the house next door. (*Dot Jenkins*) Aldersyde also played its part during another emergency. In 1909 it was commandeered as a temporary club house for Radyr Golf Club, following a fire which destroyed the original wooden building. (*Bill Clarke*)

One house in Radyr excited more interest, however, than any other in the 1920s: Lonsdale in Kings Road, built by John Harry, the builder of many of the large houses in Radyr.

I went to work for John Harry, the builder, as an apprentice mason. My father was working there too. I worked on the house called Lonsdale. One day, I was wheeling a load of bricks from a bank at the back of the house in through the bedroom window when I saw this man laughing at me. 'I'll plonk one on him', I thought. Lucky I didn't! It was Jimmy Wilde, the boxer. I got to spar with him after that and his wife let me wear the Lonsdale belt after which the house is named. (*Bert Walters*)

Jimmy Wilde, the flyweight champion of the world, settled in Radyr. He named his house Lonsdale. He used to run up Golf Hill for training. (*Harry Jordan*) When we were married in 1937, we bought Rhewl, originally 4 Cardiff Road. It was built by John Jenkins in 1909 and two former occupiers were John Harry, who was also a Radyr builder, and Jimmy Wilde, the boxer, who lived here before he had Lonsdale built. (*Mary Leaves*)

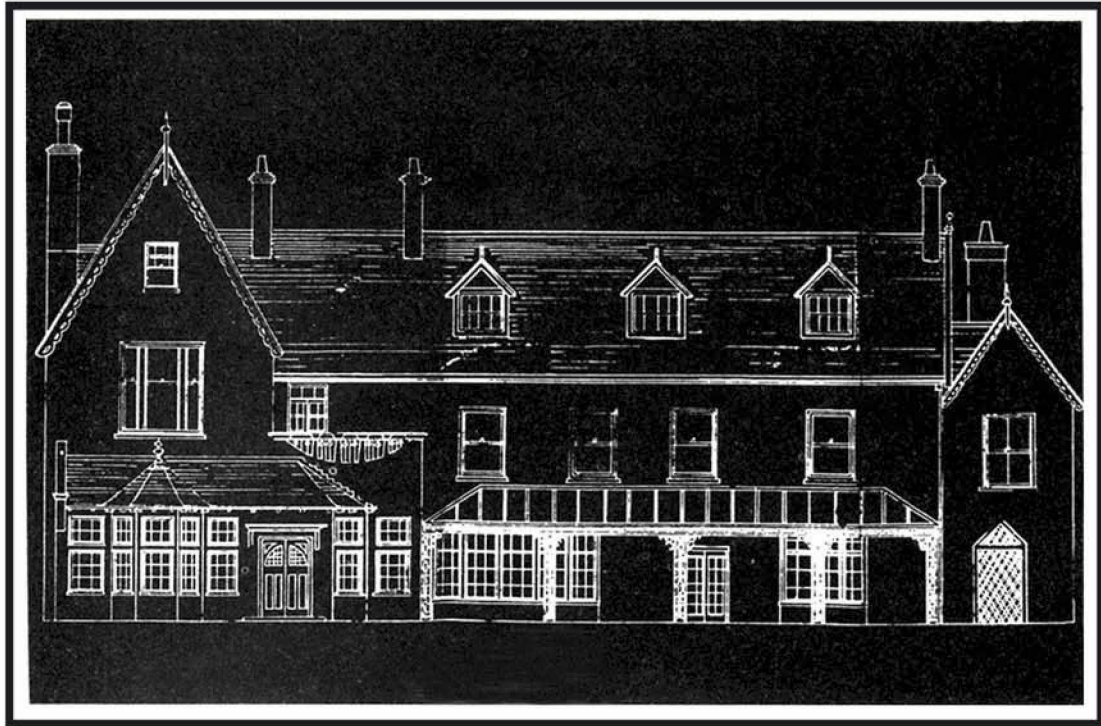
Three names are connected with the building of houses in Radyr and Morganstown: John Jenkins, John (Jack) Harry and Fred Cardy.

While I was working for John Harry, we built the shops in Radyr. (*Bert Walters*)

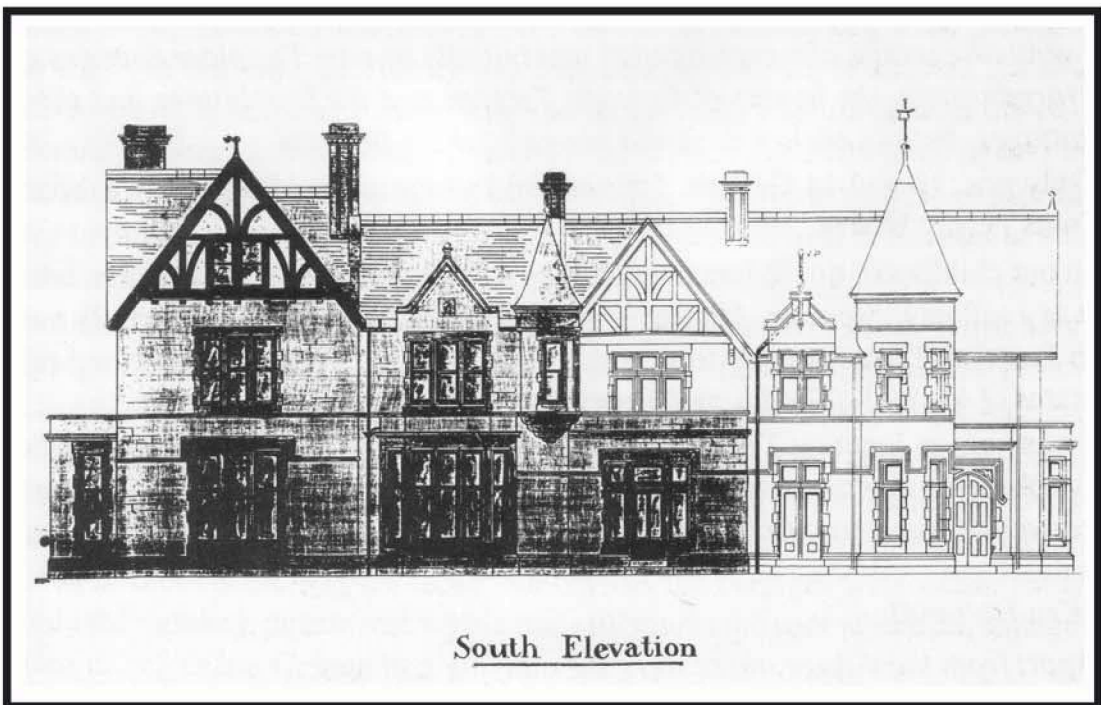
These were the four shops on the southern side of Station Road, built in 1923.

Jack Harry built Gelynis Terrace and later, Gelynis Terrace North. When I was fourteen years of age (in 1926), on the August holidays my father said to me, 'I've got a job for you, boiling tea.' He brought me down to a shed where Gelynis Terrace North is now. It was for Jack Harry, who was starting to build the houses. (*Jack Ray*)

The 'new' houses of Radyr had most of the modern conveniences of the early twentieth century, although lighting was initially by gas. The older cottages of Morganstown, the houses of Junction Terrace and the farmhouses and their cottages, built in earlier days, did not enjoy these luxuries.



*Two architects' drawings - of Danybryn c.1904 (above)
and Ty Nant House c.1906.*



South Elevation

Only nos. 13 and 14 Gelynis Terrace had bathrooms in Morganstown, apart from Tynant House. *(Bert Walters)*

In our childhood, no. 12 Junction Terrace was occupied by a Mr Beedon, who was a railway inspector. He was given that house because it was the only one in Junction Terrace at that time with a bathroom. This amenity reflected the status of his job! *(Gladys and Peggy Leaves)*

I was born in Junction Terrace in 1931 and can remember that there used to be fireplaces in every room, even the bedrooms, and gas lights. These were converted to electricity in 1952 and we changed to gas fires in 1973, when natural gas from the North Sea replaced town gas. Until then, we used coal. *(Ken Holland)*

Apart from the village, there were the outlying cottages:

Four generations of our family have lived at 1 Pantawel Cottages. One of my jobs when I stayed with my grandfather was to fetch water in galvanised cans from the well on the Pentyrch side of the Barry line. I was also allowed to clean the glass chimneys of the oil lamps and to fill them with oil, but I was not allowed to light them. It was a skilled job not to let them get smoky. The cottage did not have water until the 1960s and electricity until the 1970s. *(Ron Tickner)*

Goetre Fawr farmhouse was inhabited until the last war. It had three bedrooms, each with its own staircase, two wooden ones and one stone one. I remember a window like a church window. There was a tradition in the family that Goetre was once a monastery. *(Malvina Chamberlain)*

I remember that the cattle shed was under the kitchen floor. It was a very old house, thought to be 600 years old. There were several other dwellings in the area. One stood right in the middle of where the motorway is now, another in the woods behind Pantawel Lane and a third a little way west of the Guide Centre. In the middle of the last century there was a maid at the house in the wood. She was mistreated and used to go over to Goetre for comfort and kindness. Her ghost still goes over to Goetre, even though the motorway has been built, so if you meet a lady dressed in the style of the 1860s crossing the motorway bridge in Pantawel Lane, be kind to her. There are several witnesses to her appearances! *(Ron Tickner)*

We moved into Mardy Cottages on the golf course in 1936. The other cottage was occupied by my husband's brother, Cecil, and his wife. Cecil used to keep pigs in the pigsties. There was also a wash-house and an outdoor privy. Water came from a well and lighting was by oil lamps. Water was laid on when Cardiff Rural District Council built the reservoir on the eastern side of golf course road, by the 17th fairway. Electricity was installed on October 11th, 1960. I know the exact date, because I wrote it on the recipe book I received with my new electric cooker. Before that, I cooked on an oil stove or in an oven heated by the kitchen fire, which also heated water drawn from a tap at the side of the fire.

We bathed in a tin bath. In the summertime we put the bath in the porch! We used old golf balls as fuel for the boiler.

The original rent for the cottage was 4s 6d and it increased to 7s 6d. While I was living at Mardy Cottage, I saw the group of three houses being built in Ffordd Las and the first houses in 'the new road', which is now Dan-y-Bryn Avenue. It was a lonely life, but it was a lovely place to live. I often used to walk over the golf course on Sunday evenings. My husband died in 1969 and I stayed on at the cottage for another two years. The postwar greenkeepers wouldn't live there because there was no access for cars so the cottages were demolished. Only the monkey-puzzle tree we planted still marks the spot where the cottages used to be. (*Elsie Coles*)

In the 1960s and '70s, many of the old cottages and farmhouses were demolished. The oldest house in the parish, Gelynis (Cilynys), which is Elizabethan in origin, still stands.

THE STAFF

Until the Second World War, even comparatively modest households in Radyr had a maid living in, while the 'grand' houses, such as Ty Mynydd and Tynant House, had a large staff of domestic servants: My mother, Miriam, worked for Colonel Fisher at Ty Mynydd, first as a maid and then as a cook. When I left school in 1924, she and my elder sister, Eunice, were working for Mr Jones at Meadowcroft in Drysgol Road. (*Nesta Chapman*)

Before she was married, my mother had been the ladies' maid for the Lowries in Drysgol Road. So, on Saturdays, she sent me to their house to scrub the floors before I went caddying at the golf club. (*Jack Ray*)

Some young people also came to work in Radyr from further afield:

I was born in Ystrad Mynach and came to work at Cwm Farm in 1931, when I was fifteen years old. I stayed at Cwm Farm for eighteen months and then went to work for Mrs Budgen at Twynbell until 1936. Then I went as cook to Mr and Mrs Bogod at Leaside in Windsor Road. Haydn was already working for them as their chauffeur/gardener and they also had a housekeeper and parlourmaid. I lived in and was paid 12s 6d a week, plus my keep. That was a good wage then. The Bogods were Jewish and the family ate kosher food, of course. On Fridays, Mrs Bogod and her daughter, Babs, who were both wonderful cooks, did all the cooking for the Sabbath. (*Mary Leaves*)

It was not only the private houses that had live in maids: I came to work at the Clubhouse of Radyr Golf Club in 1919, living in with two other young girls. It was very hard work. The hours were 7 a.m. until 11 p.m., with one half day per week and a half day on Sunday every three weeks. I got ten shillings a week, plus tips and my keep. The most generous tippers were the actors and actresses at the New Theatre who used to come to Radyr to play golf. It was a very popular

social centre in the 1920s. There would be about fifty for lunch on Saturday and in the evenings members played cards until the bar closed at 10 p.m. (The Clubhouse was the only social centre in Radyr to have a licence at this time). We waited at table in the diningroom and washed up in the bar after closing time, as well as cleaning the changing-rooms and the public rooms. Our work was supervised by the steward, Mr Randall, and the club Secretary, Mr Streeten. My husband, Reg, also worked at the Club. His father was head greenkeeper and both Reg and his brother, Cecil, became assistant greenkeepers when they left school. Their cousin, Charlie Gooding, also worked there. The greenkeepers worked hard, getting up at 4.30 a.m. to cut the greens on match days. The only public holidays they had were Christmas Day and Good Friday, when there was no play. *(Elsie Coles)*

Many of the young women who came to Radyr in domestic service married local men: My wife, who was from Port Talbot, was nursemaid to Dr Greenwood Wilson, who lived at the top of golf hill. We were married in Radyr church by special licence. I told her to be at the church at 3 p.m. She turned up with the Wilson baby in the pram and a little one! I turned up with two witnesses. After the ceremony, my wife went back to work. *(Bert Walters)*

It was while I was delivering eggs from Cwm Farm to Husband's, the grocer's in Station Road, that I first met Haydn, who was working for Mr Reg Davies at Mayfield Dairy in Kings Road. We met at dances at the Hut in Windsor Road. *(Mary Leaves)*

It was the gentry built the Radyr Hut for the maids. They came from the Valleys, Birmingham and as far away as Scotland. It was looked after by Mrs Lowrie and another lady. At first they wouldn't let the boys in, and when we were let in I was given a needle and thread and told to do sewing. After that, we were allowed to dance, at first to a gramophone and then we had bands. They used to go on until two in the morning. During the Depression, some of the boys from the village and some of the maids went around the houses singing to raise money for the unemployed. One lady came out next door to where we were singing and, when we explained what we were doing, she gave us half a crown and said that she'd rather we didn't sing! *(Bert Walters)*

The Hut, sited next to the Methodist Church in Windsor Road, became a venue for many social events, although it was primarily intended as a centre where young women in domestic service could spend their off-duty hours. After it was removed to make way for housing, dances were held in the Church Rooms. In the 1930s, most of the big houses had maidservants living in and Mother soon realised that there was very little for those girls to do in Radyr, and they were lonely, so she started an evening sewing class at the Methodist Church, where they and others could meet. These weekly meetings were very well attended and the girls produced some lovely work. The class became a very happy meeting place. By the time we left Radyr in 1940 the war had started and many of the girls had moved to wartime jobs. *(Elizabeth Kernick)*

The war put an end to most domestic service in Radyr, but not quite all:

There was a maid and a chauffeur at The Rise when it belonged to Mr Thorpe, the manager of Howell's, and a maid at Llangrove in Windsor Road. I remember her as a little old lady in black and white. When we were delivering bread to Radyr in the 1950s, we were expected to go to the tradesmen's entrance at some houses. (*Jean Newman*)

Farming

Farming was a major activity in the parish until after the Second World War, when the pressure of urbanisation led to the loss of farming land in the area. The farming in Radyr was mixed, mainly livestock, dairying, with quite a lot of arable on Radyr Farm, Maesllech and Radyr Court. During the war, there was a lot more arable. *(Dewi Watkin Powell)*

RADYR FARM

Radyr Farm was a real farm then (1906) with the milk coming with horse and cart and in the snow by sleigh in milk chums and cans. (Dome Spinks) Regular callers at the farm included 'Cookie', the coal-merchant of Pant-awel Lane, and his mule; the chimney sweep, also called Cook, who came from Pentyrch on his bicycle; 'Charlie the muckspreader', who came once a year to spread the manure on the fields and was paid by the heap; and, of course, the threshing teams. The threshing machine was kept in the big bam. In addition, there were three cowsheds and a bull yard. *(Laura Loveluck)*

Dai Thomas, known to his fellow farmworkers as 'Dai Radyr', worked at Radyr Farm from 1934:

We supplied Radyr with milk in ½ pint, 1½ pint and quart bottles, delivered by horse and cart. The herd, about 35 Friesians and short-horns, was handmilked until 1943 and we did all the bottling by hand as well. Bottles were sealed with cardboard discs, pressed in by thumb, and each disc had a central weak section which could be poked in so that the disc could be levered off. Milk output was about 80 gallons a day. *(David Thomas)*

Radyr Farm was not the only supplier of milk:

Milk, of course, was delivered from various farms by cart. Our original milkman was Mr Reg Davies of Mayfield. He had some hens and he also farmed Danybryn. In school we sometimes went in to see him milking the cows opposite. He had a very substantial dairy farm and a horse and cart. Then, a Mr Payne used to run a milk round from Goetre Fach and, in addition, there were the Palmers, who used to sell milk by the billycan. That was marvelous! You could see Willy Palmer milking and you could have hot milk from the cow, I'm not sure that would be approved of now, nor the way it was served in a billycan, but the taste was magnificent! *(Dewi Watkin Powell)*

RADYR COURT

Earlier this century, Glamorgan County Council leased Radyr Court from the Plymouth Estate and sub-let it into various smallholdings and small farms. The



Stooking Corn at Radyr farm c.1940. Seen in the Photograph are Mr Watkin Richards and his son Billy, with Dai Thomas and Edgar Jenkins.

Below, haymaking at Cwm Farm. In the background is the Barry railway line, known locally as the "Barry Batter". c.1910.



smallholdings consisted of a few acres and the small farms were between forty and fifty acres: The farm that I knew well was Radyr Lodge Farm. This was situated at the far end of Junction Terrace and covered forty-five acres. Part of the farm was where Radyr Comprehensive School and playing fields now stand. The farmhouse consisted of two converted farm labourers' cottages, giving the farmhouse four bedrooms, two living-rooms, kitchen and bathroom. The original toilets were outside, situated over a stream which flowed down into the Taff. Effluent went into the stream, which was most unhygienic. This was prior to 1939, as the toilets were later converted into coal-houses. The kitchen had a large oven and cast iron boiler. The oven was brick built with an iron door. In order to bake one had to fill the oven with dry wood, which would be fired and when completely burned the ash would then be brushed out and the oven made ready for baking. I remember this method being tried most successfully. Heat in the oven remained for about twelve hours. The drinking and washing water came from the wood below Taff Terrace. A brick box was built over a stream. The water was then drawn through lead pipes to the farmhouse. The overflow from the box formed the stream which ran past the farmhouse for about three hundred yards. The farm buildings consisted of a stone hay barn, cowsheds for twelve cows, loose box for two horses and two pig pens.

Nearly all the fields on these holdings contained public footpaths. The upkeep of the stiles was the responsibility of the tenants. These paths all led to Llandaff Cathedral, one being via Woodfield Terrace and Radyr Court Road and the other via Radyr Court and the iron bridge over the railway. *(Steve Edwards)*

At Radyr Uchaf, a smallholding where the Comprehensive School is now sited, they used to grow brassicas. The old house had been pulled down and two cottages built in its place. One was farmed by Mr Saunders and the other by Mr Palmer - I wouldn't have thought more than 20 acres each. Mr Saunders worked at the Melin Griffith Works and he ran his smallholding as a side line, something very common in Wales. He was a very hardworking man. *(Dewi WatkinPowell)*

Another smallholding on land formerly part of Radyr Court was Ty Pare: Mrs Brown leased Ty Pare as a smallholding from Glamorgan County Council. In the garden at the back of the house there was a large bed where she used to cultivate many hundreds of arum lilies. Some were regularly sent to the Rector for the decoration of the altars at the parish church and Christ Church. That was her Easter offering. The rest were sold to a Mr Hughes and a Mr Horton, who regularly visited from the Rhondda Valley to collect them. The lily beds were always covered with ashes from the fires at Ty Pare farm to protect the bulbs from frost. The farm was demolished by Wimpey's to build Danescourt in the 1970s. *(Ronald Jermine)*

CWM FARM

Before the First World War, Cwm Farm was managed by a bailiff, Mr David Watkins, on behalf of Col. H. Oakden Fisher of Ty Mynydd.



Goetre Fawr farm in the 1960s.



*Cutting corn at Radyr Farm c.1940.
Heol Isaf and Whitchurch Hospital (top left) are in the background.*

Before going to school, I would get up at 5 a.m. to help milk the cows on Cwm Farm. I then used to take the milk in pans, using a yoke across the shoulders with the pans balanced on either side, to supply the household at Ty Mynydd.
(Edgar Lewis)

When I was mitching from school, I used to help on Cwm Farm. It was kept by Mr Watkins, who was bailiff to Colonel Fisher. He bought it after Colonel Fisher's day. The farm used to stretch from Pentyrch to the golf links. They grew potatoes there and had about thirty cows, mostly Friesians and a few Jerseys. They also kept bulls. They had five horses; I remember the names of four of them, Dick, Rattler, Norman and Flower. They used to milk by hand but they didn't sell milk around the village. They also used to make a lot of butter.
(Bert Walters)

Bale's Farm (Gelynys): During this same period, Gelynys Farm had become a market garden run by Tom Bale and known as 'Bale's' to everyone in the locality. Many Morganstown men worked there, either in Tom Bale's time or for his son, Ray Bale.

Jack Ray worked at Bale's for twelve or thirteen years until he was called up at the outbreak of the Second World War: Bale's was a big local employer. There were five men from Morganstown working there and some from Tongwynlais. Most of the glasshouses were built when I was there. They stretched from just the other side of the railway line right back to the house. There were four cucumber houses and four for tomatoes and chrysanthemums. There was also a big plough field where they grew vegetables. Their main outlet was Pontypridd Market, where they had stalls and a big shop. The daughters, Margaret and Eileen, ran the shop. On Palm Sunday, Albert Williams and I went to Caerphilly to sell hyacinths and tulips in pots for Bale's. They would grow hundreds of hyacinths for Palm Sunday and pots of three tulips. Margaret Bale also kept three or four hundred chickens. One night, a fox got in by climbing over the big signboard and killed about two hundred chickens. The boys went into the wood and dug the foxes out. Mr Bale had them stuffed!

Jack Ray's cousin, George Ray, also worked at Bale's, starting there in 1921, when he was sixteen: I earned £1 a week, increased to £2 after many years, with a deduction of 6½d. for National Insurance. Work started at 6 a.m. and finished at 5 p.m. There was a half hour break for breakfast and an hour for lunch.

Some families have memories of farming practice in the late nineteenth century:

My grandfather, William Chamberlain, was a shepherd at Radyr Farm. He told me about a caravan he had in the field where he used to sleep when he was lambing. I also remember him taking a pig to the slaughter house in Canton, which was where the Fairwater Police Station now stands, with a rope tied around its hind leg. Every cottage had its own pigsty in those days. My grandfather was a member of the Guild of Shepherds, Llandaff branch. We still have the sheep bell he used to hang around the neck of the lead sheep and a sash with embroidered silver lambs' tails, which he wore as a member of the Guild.

I also remember my mother going to the headquarters of the Guild in Radnor Road either to pay dues or to collect money. *(Malvina Chamberlain)*

Many households kept pigs and chickens, as well as growing vegetables:

In my boyhood, we had a big garden at the side of our house at 1 Teamans Row where we had pigscots and chicken sheds. We used to kill four porker pigs at a time and they were hung in our house for about one day. We only had one big room, so when they were hanging there was no room for us to sit! Then the butcher from Gwaelod would come to cut them up and we would go round selling the meat to regular customers. My mother used to make faggots and chitterlings and home-cured lard. The only thing we had for breakfast when I was a boy was toast and home-cured lard. *(Jack Ray)*

When a pig was slaughtered, my mother and the other women of Morganstown would wash portions of the animal in a spring of fresh water which ran under the houses in Chapel Road before coming out on the slope running down to Gelynis Farm. *(Edgar Lewis)*

Keeping animals and growing vegetables was the norm even in the more suburban surroundings of the houses in Radyr:

At the time of my birth, there were still fields opposite our house on Heol Isaf. My father used to keep horses there and when I was born he also got a cow, because he didn't trust shop milk for feeding me. *(Margery Jermine)*

When we came to 26 Heol Isaf in 1937, there were fields stretching up to Windsor Road where cows used to graze. During the war, I kept chickens and we always grew our own vegetables. *(Mary Leaves)*

These fields on the western side of Heol Isaf were formerly part of Heol Isaf Farm, a mainly dairy farm that existed until the late nineteenth century.

Shops And Shopping

RADYR SHOPS

Radyr was such a small community at the turn of the century that it could sustain only one shop, where Lewis David was both shopkeeper and postmaster. A few years later, however, there was a separate Post Office on the opposite side of Station Road.

A Post Office in Station Road was kept by a Mrs Hughes and there was only one shop. There were several owners before Mr Woods, who came along in 1910. (Doris Spinks)

Bill Woods was born 'over the shop' in the year that his father, Richard, took over. He recalled the early days:

Four shop assistants and two errand boys were employed in the shop. Orders were taken, made up, and delivered by horse and cart to customers in Radyr, Pentyrch, Creigiau and Groes Faen. The stable was at the rear of the shop, as was the bakery. Bread and seed-cake were baked on the premises. All grocery items were sold, mostly made up from bulk, including 'loose' treacle. Woods also acted as agents for chemist's requirements. A weekly visit to Ducks Chemists in Cardiff was made to collect orders for pills and potions.

Eventually, four members of the Woods family were to join their father in the business. Bill, Dick and Nell all started work in the late 1920s. Bill and Dick were called up at the start of the war, along with shop assistants Ernest Blackmore and Donald Marchant, so Mr Woods and Nell were joined in the shop by Marjorie:

The major problem of the war years was, of course, the shortage of basic foodstuffs. Very soon after the war started everyone was issued with a ration book (buff-coloured for adults, green for young children). It was then necessary to register with your grocer and butcher, who would supply you with your weekly ration and mark off your book. Basic foods that were rationed were butter, margarine, cooking fats, cheese, bacon, tea, sugar and eggs (one each per person per month!) Also rationed were oranges, bananas, onions and sweets. Nearly everything was in short supply.

There was also a system of 'Points' for items that were not actually rationed but which were very scarce, such as tins of fruit, meat and sausages, jams and marmalades, and condensed milk. Everyone had so many 'Points' per month (A, B and C coupons) which could be exchanged for these rare treats. At the end of the month the grocer had to count up the coupons and send a return to the Food Ministry to obtain an authorisation to order more items from the wholesalers. Some goods were scarce but not rationed - cigarettes, for example. These were often 'under the counter' for regular customers only, who were then told to keep quiet about it!



The Post Office was located at Bryn Melyn when Mr W.G.Davies was the Postmaster in 1935-44. His wife, who ran an haberdashery on the same premises, is seen in front of the shop.



Station Road in Radyr, in the mid 1950s.

The Stores (as the shop was called) was on the telephone (Radyr 37) and many customers liked to phone in their weekly order. Deliveries were undertaken by Nell with the van, making the best use of the weekly ration of two gallons of petrol. It made good sense to free-wheel down the hill back to the garage of the shop to save petrol! Bills were settled monthly by cheque - no credit cards and no credit. *(Nell & Marjorie Woods)*

When the war ended in 1945 things slowly returned to normal, although food rationing continued well into the 1950s. Bill returned from the Air Force and Dick from the Army and together with Mr Woods, Nell and Marjorie helped run the family business until it was eventually sold in 1977. Post-war shopping habits were initially very similar to pre-war: opening hours were from 8.30 a.m. - 6p.m. from Monday to Thursday. Half-day was Tuesday. On Friday, the shop stayed open until 7p.m. and until 8p.m. on Saturday. It was closed all day on Sunday. Shopping habits began to change in the 1960s with the advent of the supermarkets and self-service. Woods changed to self-service about 1970. Before that, however, shopping at Woods was made easy for the customer:

We always had an order book, which we would take to the shop, where we would sit on wooden seats while the order was taken. The bacon slicer was on the counter at the back of the shop and we always chose the bacon we wanted and the width of slice. The order was delivered later by a boy on a bike, or by the van driver. If we were to be out, the back door would be left unlocked for the order to be left in the kitchen! *(Isabel Brown)*

Woods was pre-eminent among the shops in Radyr but it had a rival in Husbands Bros., a grocer's that opened when the fields opposite Woods on Station Road became the site of four shops built by John Harry in 1923. In 1926, Kelly's Directory lists the two grocers; a butcher, A. E. Smith; a confectioner, William Pugh; a boot repairer, Eli Pike; and Mrs Mary Hughes, shopkeeper and postmistress. Woods, Husbands, and Smith, the butcher, remained constant for years but the other businesses changed hands - and locations - fairly frequently.

The Post Office in Station Road was run by Edie Hughes and her mother, who used to wear a long grey dress down to her ankles. (This was in the late 1920s). Every Saturday morning her shop was a port of call for me with my penny a week pocket money, for she kept a wonderful selection of boiled sweets in large glass bottles on her shelves. *(Peter Stuart)*

Where Forbuoys is now is where the Post Office used to be. Mrs Hughes was the postmistress. She lived on the premises with her son, Ralph, and her daughter. Of course, the shops were all separate then, not joined up as they are now, but the Post Office was joined to the chemist's next door. Mr Pym was the chemist. He was about 6'5" and always wore a bowler hat. *(Edgar Jenkins)*

There was no chemist in the village until the 1930s, when Mr E. H. Pym opened his shop where Lakeside Chemists is now. Mr Pym was always immaculately dressed in a good suit, wing collar and bow tie, and his shop boasted a beautiful



Mr R.C.Woods outside his shop in Station Road



Mr Welch of Llandaff North, a well-known figure in the village selling fruit vegetables and the occasional rabbit, from a cart.

highly-polished wooden counter with all the drugs, etc., stored in large glass bottles, clearly marked, on numerous shelves. Prior to Mr Pym opening his business, the local doctors used to do their own dispensing. *(Peter Stuart)*

The chemist's shop always fascinated me as a child. It was very small then, with the counter directly in front of you as you opened the shop door. Behind the counter I remember these very large glass bottles with long names on them, all stacked neatly on the shelves. *(Hazel Williams)*

One of the great characters of Radyr was the shoe repairer, Mr Bert Chapman. He came to Radyr in 1931. His shop was where the small cake shop is now. It was a very dreary workplace, typical of a cobbler's place, but it became the hub of the village for local children, who came daily to see Bert to tell him all their problems and joys. There was a workbench which must have had a million sprigs knocked in by the children, who always went for the hammer when they came in each day. Those who left the village always made a point of returning to see Bert. *(Edgar Jenkins)*

Operating next door to Woods was Bert Chapman, the village boot and shoe repairer. No matter when one called for shoes, he would always say, 'I've just got to polish them off and start up his lathe. Early in the 1930s Bert experienced competition from Johnny the Boot Boy, based in a shed at the beginning of Junction Terrace. The competition, while it lasted, was cut-throat and Bert and Johnny could barely tolerate one another. Johnny was young and handsome, which made him popular with many village girls. *(Peter Stuart)*

The owner of the paper shop also used to cut hair at the back of the shop. I only went there once. I was on my way to catch the 5.18 train. He was on his own in the shop with the baby. He was so slow I missed my train. He told me that he was going to work on the "Mauretania" as a barber. I thought they'd be over in America before he finished cutting their hair! *(Bert Walters)*

There was a sweet shop and lending library at Fair View on Heol Isaf, run by Mr Joshua Williams. You could borrow books for tuppence (2d). *(MaryLeaves)*

In the late 1930s, a new shopping parade opened in Park Road, as part of the Danybryn Park Estate developed by Sir Lewis Lougher:

Across the road from the school was a shop run by a Mr Lougher. The shop sold a great variety of things, from string and garden implements to sweets, which were, of course, the attraction when we all came out of school. The lady serving in the shop was Miss Phillips, who helped you to decide on which sweets to buy. She was a great favourite. As rationing was in force then, sweet coupons were precious. With an E coupon you could purchase a quarter and a D coupon gave you 2oz. *(Hazel Williams)*

Sir Lewis Lougher had a hardware shop in Park Road which has become a ladies' hairdresser. The other shop was Sir Lewis's office, where he and his nephew collected the ground rents. Further down Park Road on the same side was a sort of market garden run by a Mr Williams where fruit and vegetables were obtainable. *(David Rose)*

George Williams, the greengrocer, came to Radyr in 1920 to work as a gardener for Mr and Mrs Franklin Thomas at Danybryn. The subsequent owner of the house. Sir Lewis Lougher, eventually gave him a shop on the site now occupied by the Library. He grew vegetables on the land adjacent to his cottage in Park Road and, assisted by his wife until she died in 1960, sold them in the shop. When the Library was built in 1973, George set up his stall in a shed in his garden, where he continued to sell vegetables.

By the 1950s, there were some new names:

We bought sweets at the Tuck Shop in Park Road run by Mrs Foulkes and Doris Williams, or at the Post Office in Station Road run by Mr and Mrs Brown. We bought our comics at a newsagent's run by Ken and Joyce Williams in Station Road. I can also remember an ironmongery in Park Road and Mr George Williams's greengrocery. The two grocery shops in Station Road were run by the Woods and the Ablett families. Mr Smith was the butcher and the chemist was W. J. Spillane. The bank was then the National Provincial Bank. Bert Chapman plied his trade as a cobbler in his Station Road shop. (*Geraint Morgans*)

Bert Chapman's shop closed in 1979, but before he left Radyr he told the readers of "Radyr Chain" his story: When I came to my workshop in November, 1922, the only lighting was by candlelight. Gas came later and then electricity, so I was able to install my lathe for grinding and polishing. Thirty years it went with no maintenance at all, only a drop of oil. In the past, everything was good quality leather and it was all hand sewn. Nowadays you have these new-fangled stick-on things and half of them don't stick. You have to have the temperature right and the right time to stick them.

Alfred and Mary Brown ran the Post Office in Radyr from 1951 to 1981. When they took over, their responsibilities included the sorting and delivery of all mail, staffing the telephone exchange and providing a Post Office counter service. The mail was sorted by five postmen in a building at the end of the garden behind the shop. Mr Brown used to rise at 4 a.m. each morning to receive the registered mail from Cardiff and then proceed to make up the newspaper round, ready for delivery. With the departure of Mr and Mrs Brown in 1981 and of Mr John Smith, the butcher, in 1980, following that of the Woods family in 1977, Station Road lost some of its longest-serving shopkeepers.

A significant change in the character of Radyr took place on October 31 st, 1983, when the Park Road greengrocery business of Mr George Williams ended. No longer were folk able to pop along to the 'green door' or the 'hole in the wall', as the establishment was affectionately known, for fruit, vegetables and a natter. (*Connie Griffiths*)

MORGANSTOWN SHOPS

At the end of the twentieth century, there is only a Post Office/general store in Morganstown. In the 1920s, however, there was a proliferation of small shops:

Mrs Edith Ray was the village baker and she also ran a general store on the site



Selwyn Newman and his wife Lily in their bakery in Springfield Gardens.



Bert Chapman repairing shoes in his workshop (now the Patisserie).

which is now the Post Office. Mrs Lydia Newman baked and provided a general store in the end house on the left of Springfield Gardens. Philip Rees was a greengrocer whose shop was on the left-hand corner of Chapel Road and the main road, either part of, or adjacent to Jasmine Cottage. Mrs Ethel Thomas ran a sweet and tobacco shop from a room in Bangor House. Rhys Griffiths ran a confectioner's and sweet shop from an outhouse to a cottage at the left-hand side of Chapel Road, on the site now occupied by the flats. Mrs Rowland had a fish-and-chip shop in a small building erected between the last two houses on the left at the bottom of Springfield Gardens. I am reliably informed that the chips were truly excellent, cooked as they were in dripping. For a penny, there was to be had a goodly helping of chips and another penny purchased a bottle of well-flavoured 'pop'. From the beginning of the century until the Great War, a butcher's business flourished in Morganstown. It accounts for the bay window in 14 Gelynis Terrace. *(Ronald J ermine)*

When I was a boy, Mrs Chivers used to sell home-made ice-cream from her cottage in Chapel Road. It was two or three houses higher than Bethel Chapel. Her husband was the chimney-sweep in Morganstown for many years but he had previously been a blacksmith. My younger brother, Harry, used to deliver bread with Uncle Henry to Morganstown and Tongwynlais. The bread was baked by Auntie Ede (Mrs Edith Ray) in the bakery attached to the Post Office and shop at the end of Old Post Office Row. *(Jack Ray)*

We bought Tizer from a shed at Y Wem run by Frank Owen. *(Albert Williams)* During the war, we used to take our sweet coupons to Mrs Watts' shop in Chapel Road for our 'rations'. Mr Watts used to light the gas lamps after the war and he ran the local taxi service. He was very much in demand! *(Margaret Ray)*

THE POST OFFICE

The first postmaster in Morganstown was probably Evan Morgan, although the 1891 census records that he was also a signalman. After 'Joey' Morgan came Mrs Edith Ray, known to all as 'Auntie Ede'. In the mid-1920s, she was succeeded as postmistress by Mrs Ellen Beeson, whose daughter, Mrs Grace Ray, took over from her at 12 Gelynis Terrace.

The Post Office salary was £4 10s 0d a month, plus a small bonus every three years. The store was open all day. Grace managed both the shop and the house, so if a customer called when Grace was busy in the house, the customer rang a bell. There was no pilfering and certainly no robbery. We could all leave our doors unlocked and unbolted. Graffiti and vandalism were not words in common use and neither did we suffer from them. *(George Ray)*

Mr Selwyn Newman's bakery, which closed when he retired in August, 1983, was part of a family tradition going back before the First World War. The family story is told by his two daughters, Jean and Christine:

It was Dad's mother who was the original baker. Our grandmother, Lydia, was the daughter of Mrs Kindness Llewellyn. All her family spoke only Welsh so when Lydia met Albert Newman, a Londoner who came to work at Ty Mynydd

for Colonel Fisher, she didn't speak English and he didn't speak Welsh. Albert and Lydia had a shop in Chapel Road before starting the bakery in Springfield Gardens just before the First World War. Albert died in 1915 but our grandmother carried on the bakery, even although she had five children, from nine to only six months. She was helped by her sisters and the people of Morganstown.

Dad did not come to work in the bakery until 1934. Our Mother, Lily, took over the running of the shop and we worked in the shop as soon as we could add up. In the 1950s, there was another shop in Chapel Road, run by Mrs Marjorie Stephens, as well as the Post Office. Some dealt with us, some with them, and there was also a section that dealt with Woods in Radyr. The shop supplied all the needs of the local people. If someone in Morganstown needed a tea-set, it would be obtained for them from the warehouse. There was a freezer in the shop and, as people didn't have fridges in their homes then, we kept frozen fish for our customers on Good Friday. The storeroom at the back was called 'the dairy' because, many years before. Uncle Austin Newman had had a milk round.

Dad was a baker, not a confectioner, although he sold undecorated cakes at Christmas. He made yeast cakes, currant loaves and buns, as well as bread, and on Mondays he cooked faggots for John Smith, the butcher in Radyr. He rose early and worked long hours, sometimes delivering bread until 10 o'clock at night. He never took a holiday until 1966 and he probably wouldn't have taken time off then if our mother had not been recuperating after a long illness. (So unusual was his absence that it was even reported in the local press!) There were long queues outside the shop that same year because of a strike by the nationwide bakeries; Dad, as a self-employed baker, was able to go on turning out loaves, but I remember the unpleasant atmosphere during the bread strike, with customers arguing and complaining. Public holidays meant even longer hours but on Christmas Day the bakehouse oven was made available, free of charge, to all who wanted to use it for cooking their poultry. Dad was very generous. He was very loyal to his loyal customers, although he could be blunt to somebody he thought was making use of him. *(Christine Newman)*

On leaving school in 1963, Christine worked in the shop full-time and both daughters helped their father to deliver bread in Morganstown on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, and to Radyr on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. (The Morganstown round included Pant-tawel Cottages and the five houses in Ffordd Las). Jean had a job but was enticed into helping with the delivery round when she was 17 because of the opportunity it gave her of learning to drive her father's van. I used to help Christine to deliver bread until 6.30 on Saturdays and then catch the 6.40 p.m. bus into Cardiff. Christine was still too young to drive, so Mr Sadler at the Victoria Garage made her an aluminium trolley for her bread deliveries. (JeanNewman)

Deliveries stopped in 1962 and the shop closed on Christmas Eve, 1976. The bakery continued until August, 1983, when the "South Wales Echo" reported

that Selwyn had hung up his apron at the age of 76, after supplying a South Wales village with their daily bread for almost half a century. In retrospect, it was one of those events that marked the end of an era in the way of life in Morganstown and Radyr.

ITINERANT TRADERS

As well as the shop-keepers, there were a number of people who came round the two villages selling from horse-drawn carts:

Mrs Welch used to deliver fruit and vegetables from Llandaff North using a beautiful horse-drawn cart painted bright red. *(Peter Stuart)*

Mrs Welch from Llandaff North used to come around with a horse and cart. As well as greengrocery, she used to sell rabbits, which hung from a little rail at the back of the cart. *(Dot Jenkins)*

I remember Mrs Welch complaining that someone in Radyr, well enough off to keep a maid, had asked for half a rabbit. *(Bert Walters)*

Vegetables were sold from carts by Mrs Welch, who came from Llandaff North, and Mrs Calcutt from Ty Gwyn. Mrs Calcutt was Welsh-speaking, Mrs Welch wasn't, both lovely women, very genial. Bread used to be delivered by Woods & Seig, 'Woods' being R. C. Woods of Radyr. I remember them having two vans, one after the other, horse-drawn, painted in brown with gold lettering. They had the most magnificent sugar buns, which you could have for a penny each. They were a treat! Coal, from the Park Coal Company, used to be brought up from Cardiff in little electric wagons, chugging up. *(Dewi Watkin Powell)*

Mr Povey of Ty Gwyn farm was a well-known personality who used to come around every week with a horse and cart, selling greengrocery. His horse was called Cocoa and, after his visit, someone's garden would probably benefit by way of a quick dash into the road with a bucket and shovel! *(Hazel Williams)*
I remember the excitement of seeing a Wall's 'stop-me-and-buy-one' tricycle coming up the hill - a rare occurrence! *(Beryl Price)*

Milk was generally delivered from the local/arms and smallholdings, usually by horse and cart hut sometimes in less conventional ways:

Mr Saunders used to bring milk around in a large box on wheels. *(Peggy Woods)*

Alfred Gigg of Goetre Fach farm used to deliver milk to some houses on a motor-bike with sidecar. *(Mary Leaves)*

Jones the Fishmonger of Broadway, Cardiff, came round with his horse and cart, as did two fruiterers: 'Monkey' Morgan from Gwaelod-y-Garth (so called because he sold monkey-nuts) and Sid Russell of Tongwynlais. Ossie Marsh, the one-armed rag-and bone man, came round with a donkey and cart. Since

all heating was by coal several coalmen served the area. One was Rudolph Cook of Pant-awel, Watts and Phillips in Radyr. Mr Parry of Morganstown, Ned Watkins, and Lewis of Taffs Well. Railwaymen had concessionary coal, which was delivered to where the car park is now at Radyr station. A ten ton truck was used to deliver coal to be divided among ten people at 29s 6d per ton delivered. *(Albert Williams)*

The big flour lorry and the lorry that delivered coal and coke for the bakery (Parry's of Taffs Well) had to come up Chapel Road and through the lane into Springfield Gardens. which stopped at The Manse, blocked off from Main Road by the cottages in Post Office Row. I learnt to drive by moving Dad's van for him when the lorries came. *(Jean Newman)*

Newspapers were also delivered by local youngsters:

When I left school in 1915 at the age of fourteen, I started work as an assistant at the local grocery shop at a wage of five shillings a week. This was not a great deal, so I took a part-time evening job, collecting the evening papers from Radyr station and delivering them to the houses in Morganstown. The cost of the papers, the "South Wales Echo" and the "Express", was a half-penny. The wage for this job was threepence a week The population of Morganstown in 1915 was 500 - I used to count them. *(Eunice Rowland)*

During my schooldays. I used to go down to Radyr station to collect copies of the Football "Echo" on Saturdays, to sell locally. It was the heyday of Cardiff City Football Club, when they were in the First Division. In those days, the loco sheds were at the station. I sold about three dozen copies to the railwaymen there. Then I delivered copies at Morganstown. My last call was the Tynant Inn at ten o'clock, just before closing time. I wasn't allowed in much further than the door but I knew all the men, they were all locals. The money I earned was my pocket-money, which I spent on buying pigeons and rabbits. *(Jack Ray)*

Cyril Newman used to deliver the "South Wales Echo", first to Ty Mynydd and the top cottages on the estate. Then he would have his tea and deliver the papers to the houses in Morganstown. *(Albert Williams)*

Schooldays

The Primary School in Park Road was built in 1896. Formerly a Board School, it became a Public Elementary School, educating children up to the school-leaving age. It was generally known as 'the Council School' and the first headmaster was Mr Bleddyn Mathew, known to the children as Mr Matthews.

Eunice Rowland was born in Morganstown in 1901 and started school at the age of 3½. The Headmaster was a Mr Matthews - he was a nice man. There was a Mr Bickel, Miss Elinor Matthews - she used to cycle from St Fagans. General Assembly was not held, but the Lord's Prayer was recited, in Welsh, in each classroom before lessons began. Radyr School was then an Elementary School taking pupils up to the school-leaving age of 14. The fifth, sixth and seventh classes were housed in what is now the Assembly Hall and the 'top class' was where the kitchens are today.

Eunice's sister, Nesta, born in 1913 also attended the school: I loved school and never missed a day. In those days there was a 'whipper-in' who checked up on absentees, but he never had to check up on me! We had good teachers, who were always very kind, but the Headmaster, Mr Matthews, really was a headmaster! When I first went to school we had to walk, but when I was about eleven, a bus service started from Y Wern. One day, the bus never turned up, so we were all late for school. It wasn't our fault but we all got the cane! In the 1920s there were separate playgrounds for the boys and girls. Girls who passed the scholarship went to the Grammar School at Treforest, while the boys went to Pontypridd.

Bert Walters recalls the Headmaster with somewhat mixed feelings: Mr Matthews had been an international rugby player and he taught us to tackle around the legs. Radyr School used to beat all the others. He lived in Taffs Well and I used to be sent with some of the boys to dig his garden. It was only a small garden, but it used to take us a week. We used to swim in the canal behind his house. I was the first to be given the D.C.M. in Radyr School. One day, Mr Matthews was away, so we played in the girls' yard, which we weren't allowed to do. A boy called Parsons, Billy Palmer and I - we chased the girls into the girls' lavatory and locked them in by putting a piece of wood through the handle. Then the bell went, so we went back to school. The teacher couldn't understand where the girls had gone. No one said anything - you didn't split on anybody in those days. Then one of the girls went to the lavatory and the story came out! By then Mr Matthews had arrived with his wife and baby in the pram. He said to me, 'Will you have your beating now or in the morning, Bert? I'll be stronger in the morning.' He sent me to push the pram back to Taffs Well. I was fourteen by then and due to leave at the end of term. Next day I was late at school as usual, 77 times late and the rest absent. So Mr Matthews said to me, 'Late again, Bert. You can leave if you like. Don't come Monday (D.C.M.)' The other two boys, who were younger, had to face their beating.



Two classes at Radyr School, c 1920, and below c.1950.



Albert Williams of Morganstown, who was born in 1914, also attended the village school in Radyr. Park Road was just a rough lane in those days. There were fields where Windsor Avenue is now and this was where Henry Davies, the milkman, kept his cows. In the cottages on the left-hand side of the land were Mr Bird, the chauffeur to Sir Lewis Lougher, and Mr Williams, the gardener. On the right-hand side, next to the school, there were two sheds: one was used by the Water Board and the other, which was red, housed the fire engine. When I was at the school, there were about 170 children, including Jimmy Wilde's two sons. The Rector, the Rev. David Phillips, used to visit the school once a month to mark the register. The children would be given a half day on Friday if the attendance had been good, as it invariably was. Nevertheless, my friends and I had a habit of nipping over the school wall to follow the hounds whenever the Pentyrch Hunt met at Rhydlafar and came over the hill above the school, going towards Garth Wood. Next day, we each received three strokes of the cane on each hand, administered by Mr Matthews!

Gabrielle Ray also had the cane for being late for school: My mother was very ill when I was about 12. Every morning I had to go to Bale's for milk. Mr Matthews would see me from the train and he knew why I was walking up from Bale's to Springfield Gardens, where we lived. Even so, that was no excuse. I suppose he thought I should have got up earlier to go for the milk!

Marian Ray, Gabrielle's cousin, also attended the school at this time: We used to go in a coal lorry from Radyr to Tongwynlais School for cookery lessons. It was owned by Mr Thomas, the coalman from Ironbridge Road, Tongwynlais. We used to sit on benches on the back of the lorry; he would put a bit of canvas over the lorry if it rained. I remember we made Christmas cakes one week and they were still hot when it was time to leave. The teacher told us to leave the cakes until next week, but my friend Mary from Junction Terrace said that she had had strict instructions from her mother to take hers home. As the lorry crossed the Ynys bridge, it turned sharply and we all ended up in a heap. Poor old Mary's cake was crushed and she had an awful row from her mother!

When the girls did cookery, the boys did carpentry. They, too, had to go to Tongwynlais for these classes. Jack Ray remembers walking across the iron bridge to get there: One of our problems was that we used to stop to help at the locks on the canal and that made us late for our class.

Dewi Watkin Powell, however, has a different memory. At the age of 11, he 'passed the scholarship', and left Radyr School for Penarth County School. I was bitterly disappointed because, after the age of 11, the boys could go in an old Model T Ford to Tongwynlais for carpentry and I wasn't able to go in the Model T, I had to go to Penarth.

Radyr School was much more Welsh than most primary schools in the district. Welsh was not taught systematically, but we were given Welsh lessons, and we were taught Welsh songs and a certain amount of Welsh history. I must say that I



*Radyr School football team 1901.
Mr Mathew the headmaster is in the back row on the right.*



The Baseball team, Radyr School 1923.

owe the school a great debt, because it was from that school that I was first taken to the Castle at Cardiff and to the City Hall to see the Heroes of Wales:

Owain Glyndwr, Llywellyn, Dafydd ap Gwilym, Dewi Sant. I think it was the first time that I felt distinctly Welsh. It was very rare in those days for teachers to take children to museums, to the City Hall and the Castle.

Every Friday, with the headmaster's consent we were allowed to read just what we wanted from the school library in the afternoon. The girls always seemed to have "The Water Babies", although I never thought it was much cop. I used to read Dickens. I loved Dickens and Walter Scott.

We also had a garden at the school, or allotments. Every pupil had part of an allotment, but somehow or other my carrots never grew. The allotments were adjacent to the girls' yard. There are now huts on what used to be a field, part of which used to be the allotments, part was the place where we played football, cricket and rounders. Rounders is very popular in Cardiff schools generally, although we were not in Cardiff. We never celebrated Empire Day because we were in Glamorgan, whereas in Cardiff they had a day off for Empire Day. I regarded them as extremely right wing.

Radyr Elementary School was basically working class and in the General Strike of 1926 we and the children at St Winifred's, the private school in Radyr, engaged in something near a war, because we used to throw stones at each other. The only time when the private school children and the council school children came together was at the Christmas party held in the Church Rooms. Even then, we never played with each other. We tended to regard ourselves as tougher than they were and our manners at table were deliberately a little more rough and grabby than theirs. We all paid to come to the Christmas Party, because the proceeds were in aid of Dr Bamardo's Homes.

Having passed the scholarship exam and gained a place at the then County School, Penarth (later Penarth Grammar School and now Stanwell Comprehensive School) Dewi Watkin Powell had to travel there by train from Radyr:

We had to catch the 8.20, which arrived in Penarth at about 8.50 a.m. In the afternoon, we caught the 4.06 back from Dingle Road. In the afternoon the train was a push and pull thing, a two-carriage thing, which took us to Queen Street, where we changed. In the morning, however, there were five carriages, the first two for girls, the rear two for boys, and the middle one was for the general public. The school was divided into train kids and town kids, the train kids travelling from Rhiwbina and Whitchurch, as well as Radyr and St Fagans. On the whole, those of us from Radyr were more at home with Rhiwbina boys. The Whitchurch boys regarded themselves as slightly superior to the country bumpkins from Radyr and the nouveau riche from Rhiwbina!

At the beginning of the war Hazel Williams started school at 4 ½ years of age:



*The Radyr School cookery class at Tongwynlais c.1914
Eunice Rowland is fifth from the left.*



*St Winifred's School c.1913
Dorrie Spinks is in the centre row, fifth from the right.*

At that time the infants were accommodated in the Church Rooms. This may have been due to the expected influx of evacuees. The teacher was a Miss Morgan, who always seemed to be very strict, but was a very good teacher for all that. Eventually we were moved up into the school itself. I recall the first room I went into: it had a coal fire, which was very welcome on a snowy day. There was a large rocking horse in the corner. A ride on this was a treat for reading well or getting your sums right.

Because of the war, the school was crammed with evacuees from London, so there was less emphasis on Welsh than there had been when my father and his sister were at the school. Later, a young teacher from North Wales, Mr Coris Jones, did teach some Welsh. To us girls, he seemed to epitomise what was known in Hollywood as a 'glamour boy'! There were no school trips in my day - because of the war - but I remember being taken on nature rambles.

Jean and Christine Newman also remember their schooldays with affection:

The bus fare from Morganstown to Park Road was a penny. There were coal fires in each of the four classrooms and Eunice Watkins, the caretaker, used to carry flaming coals from one room to another on a shovel! Milk was warmed in the hearth. Dinners were served in the Church Rooms next to the school, with the food brought in from Tongwynlais in steel containers. (*Jean and Christine, who were post-war schoolchildren, are the first to mention milk and dinners in their recollections of their schooldays.*)

In the 1950s a new teacher came to the school and immediately became a favourite. Mr Ken Innes taught some Welsh and set up a choir. To Christine, "He was like a ray of sunshine". To Mrs Margery J ermine, whose children attended the school in his time, "He was a wonderful teacher".

After 1944, secondary education was available to all, but with selection at 11 still in force, some pupils went on to Whitchurch Grammar School, while others attended Whitchurch Secondary Modern School. (This division came to an end when Radyr Comprehensive School opened in 1972.) In the early 1960s the considerable expansion of housing in Radyr and Morganstown led to a 'population explosion in the school. The school roll was 135 when Mr Douglas Jones took over in 1964. By the mid-1970s it had increased to 485. The old building was quite inadequate for such a large number and had to be enlarged by adding a prefabricated structure to the 1896 building, which then became the school hall.

David and Connie Griffiths were newcomers to [Radyr](#) in 1965. Their children attended the Primary School and they joined the P.T.A.. Under the chairmanship of Ron McMurray, we raised £2,300 to build an indoor swimming-pool, which was opened on November 12th, 1969. (It was probably the first swimming-pool to be built in any state school in Wales.) At the same time, the state of the old outdoor toilets became a matter of considerable concern to the parents, who put pressure on the local authority to provide new indoor toilets.

Despite the extension, begun in 1967 and completed in 1969, the school could not

contain all the children living in the villages by the mid-1970s. A new primary school was built at Ca' er Graig to serve the Castle View and Lougher Estates. Bryn Deri County Primary School opened in January 1977 with Mr Brian Thomas as headmaster. His eventual successor was none other than Mr Ken Innes, who had been a young teacher at Radyr Primary School.

There is an intriguing footnote to these reminiscences of schooldays in Radyr. The first paragraph of Chapter Five of "Wide-Eyed in Babylon" by Ray Milland begins by saying that he attended a small school in the TaffVale called Radyr, which he enjoyed thoroughly because he seemed to learn more quickly there. Ray Milland was a Hollywood 'film star', who won an Oscar for his part in "Lost Weekend". He was, in fact, a Welshman, whose real name was Reginald Truscott-Jones and he was born in Cymla. His parents separated when he was 13 and he came to live with his maternal grandparents in Taffs Well in about 1920. Since the headmaster, Mr Bleddyn Mathew, also lived in Taffs Well it seems probable that he allowed the boy to attend his school.

THE PRIVATE SCHOOLS

The more prosperous residents of Radyr, with a few exceptions, chose not to send their children to the Council School. Three private schools have existed in Radyr this century:

St Winifred's School was primarily a day school, but with some boarders. It was run by Miss Bertha Wilson and seems to have been located in a number of different houses in Radyr, but mainly at 42 Heol Isaf. Children were educated therefrom the ages of five to sixteen. Most of the twenty or so pupils were girls, but a few boys attended before going to Preparatory Schools. St Winifred's closed in 1930. Its place was taken by Mrs Stanford's School at Deneholm, 64 Heol Isaf.

Mrs Stanford's School educated boys from the age of five to eight, when they went on to the Cathedral School, and girls from five to eleven or twelve, when they went to Howell's School.

Mrs Stanford was the widow of R. V. Stanford, M.Sc., Ph.D. and had lived in Radyr for some time. She was a well-known figure in the village, always dressed in a blazer, beret and sandals. A very good tennis player, she coached the Juniors at Radyr Lawn Tennis Club. (*Lorna Clarke*)

My first school was run by Mrs Helen L. Stanford, usually referred to as Nellie Stanford. The widow of Dr Bob Stanford, she started the school following his death. Discipline was strict but the tuition was excellent. (*Peter Stuart*)

I went to Mrs Stanford's School until I was (en years old. All her pupils had to be members of the Tennis Club, because we held our Sports Day at the club, on land alongside the courts. Mrs Stanford took us to Penarth for swimming lessons at the Baths there. She would reserve two compartments on the train for our exclusive use. She would travel with one group going to Penarth and with the other group going back. The group she was with had to speak French for the duration of the journey. Whether you liked or loathed Mrs Stanford depended on whether you were good at maths. She was herself a scientist and favoured those who could do maths. (*Isobel Brown*)

Mrs Stanford taught the oldest pupils herself. Occasionally she would become exasperated that no-one in her class knew the answer to some question she thought simple. She would then proceed to ask someone from the lowest class the question and, when it was answered correctly, as it quite often was, she would send the unfortunate, and often terrified pupil up to her classroom to inform her pupils of the correct answer. *(Geraint Morgan)*

St Maur College was a girls' boarding school established at Ty Mynydd in 1931: For a few years, Ty Mynydd became St Maur College, a small private boarding school with a very attractive striped blazer for uniform. As far as I can remember, it was run by a mother and daughter. When they moved, rumour had it that the local tradesmen were left with bad debts. *(Elizabeth Kernick)*

The girls from St Maur College attended Christ Church every Sunday. *(Edgar Jenkins)*

Church And Chapel

Religious observance was a factor in uniting, and sometimes dividing, the community.

CHRIST CHURCH

Our little old parish church was a true country church in the old days, with a duck pond in front. A service was held once a month and, unless the snow was too bad, we always went. Of course, we had to walk, there was no other way. When we came to Radyr in 1906, only the nave of Christ Church existed. One of my

earliest memories was of seeing the Earl of Plymouth laying the foundation stone for the chancel and tower. Colonel Fisher of Ty Mynydd gave the peal of eight bells, each of which is engraved with the name of one of his family. When I was young, I used to chime them twice on Sundays. *(Dorrie Spinks)*

My mother could remember taking pennies to the Sunday School in the Church Rooms to contribute towards the building of Christ Church and she was one of the first to be confirmed at Christ Church. *(Marian Ray)*

The Rector, the Rev. David Phillips, was a man held in considerable awe by his parishioners, despite his nickname of 'DaiHat': When the Rev. David Phillips died, all Radyr followed the horse-drawn hearse on foot to the parish church. *(Harry Jordan)*

Reverend Phillips used to wear one of those flat hats, and he had a beard, if I remember rightly. He was followed by another Welsh-speaker, the Rev. Arthur Edwards, who was here for many years. He tended to be a little more high church than his predecessor. One of the things in the parish life that was interesting was the first Sunday of the month when the crowds used to come down from Morganstown, through Radyr, walking in the middle of the road, down to the parish church of St John. It's something I shall never forget. There they were, families going in droves, with choir boys in their stiff collars. I was rather envious. *(Dewi Watkin Powell)*

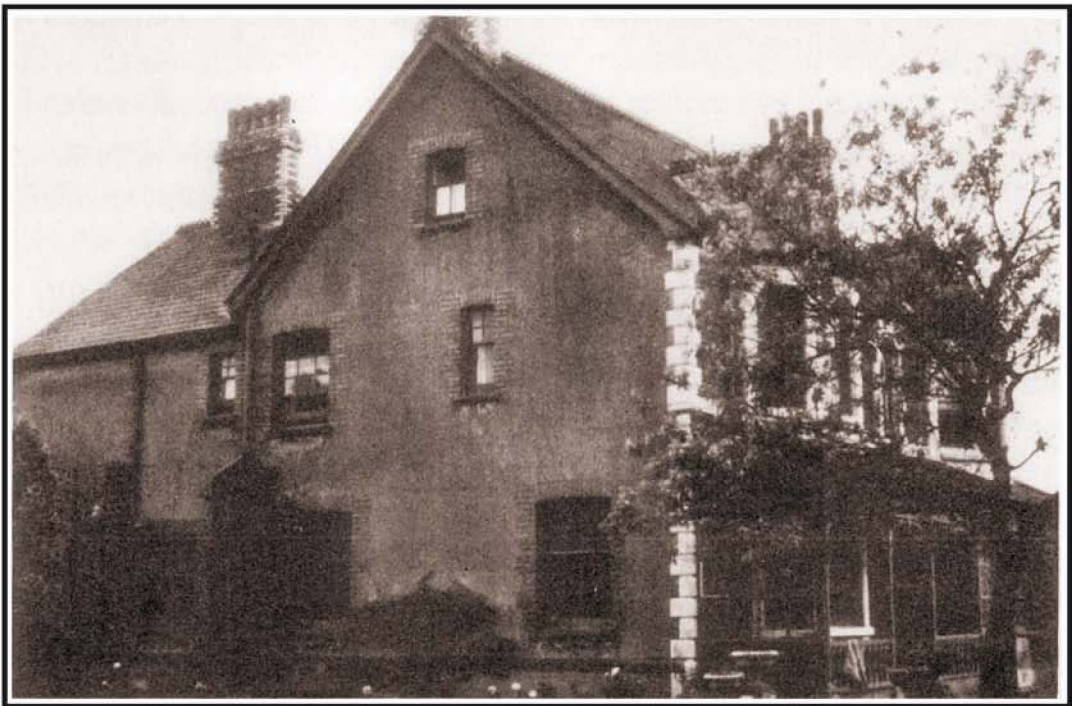
I remember Whit Walks from the Church Room to Christ Church, led by the Tongwynlais Silver Band, then the choir, followed by children carrying flowers. I also remember the longer walk to the parish church that took place once a month. *(Marian Ray)*

I was in Christ Church choir when I was a boy. The choirmaster and organist was Mr Tom Ellis Lewis. I joined when I was about eight or nine and I was there until I was fourteen. There were sixteen boys and a dozen men, six basses and six tenors. Mr Ellis Lewis was choirmaster until after the war. He collared me one day when I was coming home from work in the early 1950s. 'Jenkins, come here! I want you to rejoin the choir.' I said, 'Well, I can't sing now, Mr Lewis.' He said, 'I will make you sing. Don't worry about that.' He died a short time after that, so I never went back to the choir. *(Edgar Jenkins)*

When I was at Sunday School, we used to go to Mrs Mathias's house, Brynteg, because she used to put on our Christmas nativity plays. We had our Sunday School parties there. *(Margaret Ray)*



*Construction of Christ Church tower c.1910.
the nave had been completed in 1904.*



Brynteg, once a doctor's house and surgery, now the Radyr arms.

RADYR METHODIST CHURCH

I knew Granny and Grandpa Lear, as they were affectionately known in the village. They were founders of the Methodist Church. *(Harry Jordan)*

The story of Alfred and Alice Lear has been told in "Twixt Chain and Gorge".

A charming letter to Mrs Dahl, dated September 19th, 1920, from "Radyr Chapel Sunday School" gives a glimpse of a Methodist 'treat' that year:

We want to thank you VERY much indeed for the pleasure you gave twenty seven of us, three times three times three, that makes our twenty seven, and our three cheers for Mrs Dahl, and for the wagon and flags, and for the driver and the horse. We all thank you most sincerely. Yours gratefully, Lila Messenger (plus 26 other signatures, including that of Florence E. Wood, Secretary)

Records still exist of the Sunday School during the 1920s, when the two highlights of the year were clearly the Whitsuntide outing and the Christmas party. Funds were accumulated during the year and were used to provide transport and to pay for special treats. In 1925, there was an outing to Sully for 27 adults and 33 children, the respective fares being 1s 5d and 8½d for each adult and child. Bread and cakes were supplied from Woods and sweets and nuts from Mrs Hughes at the Post Office.

Morgan Roberts of the Evan Roberts store in Cardiff used to attend the Methodist Chapel. He had been brought up a Calvinistic Methodist near Pontardulais (hence the name of his house, Llandremor, which was the name of the farm where he was brought up). The rest of the congregation were, on the whole, West Country people. It was very English in attitude. I remember going there to Sunday School once and being told that St Augustine came over and converted us. Well, I rebelled at this and I never went to Sunday School afterwards. *(Dewi Watkin Powell)*

We regularly attended the Methodist Church and frequently entertained the Lay Preachers to Sunday dinner. Each year a bazaar was held to raise money to buy things for the church, such as a very nice altar table and two lovely silver flower vases. *(Elizabeth Kernick)*

BETHEL CHAPEL

Bethel Calvinistic Methodist Chapel was Welsh in the morning until about 1926/7. There were some people in Radyr who used to attend because it was Welsh-speaking. Then it changed over to being monoglot English. All the families connected with it were very faithful to it. *(Dewi Watkin Powell)*

Nevertheless, members of the congregation had to be married at Christ Church: I was married in 1941, in Christ Church, because there was no licence for marriages in Bethel Chapel. (Nesta Chapman)

There were also a lot of people who were not religious at all. They tended to go to the Golf Club for a game of golf on a Sunday morning. One interesting sidelight is that there were no licensed premises in Radyr, except for the Golf Club and Tynant. Moves were afoot in the 1920s to have a public house in Radyr itself. Opposition to that was led by Mr



Heol Isaf - then called Cardiff Road - c. 1916.



*The Methodist Church as built in 1901.
The windows and the course of yellow bricks
on the left can be seen incorporated in the present building.*

Roberts of Llandremor and the battle was decided in favour of abstinence. (*Dewi Watkin Powell*)

THE PARISH BURIAL GROUNDS

On April 1st, 1967, 300 acres of the parish of Radyr were taken over by Cardiff City for development of housing at Danescourt. Those 300 acres at the southern end of the parish included the ancient parish church and the burial ground attached to it. The Parish Council lost the right to administer the Burial Ground and parishioners lost the right to be buried there.

In 1967, at the time of the handover, the fees for purchase of a burial plot was £3 and for cremation £1 10s Od. All parishioners who wished could avail themselves of the right to reserve a plot. Certain Councillors canvassed door-to-door, asking? 'Do you want to buy a plot?' (*Bill Clarke*)

My grandfather, Arthur Gearing, was a platelayer on the Taff Vale Railway and lived at 15 Junction Terrace. When he died in 1915, relays of railwaymen CARRIED his coffin to the burial ground at the old parish church. He was the last man in Radyr to have such a funeral. (*Harry Jordan*)

My grandparents and baby sister are buried in the churchyard in Radyr. As a child I used to have to walk up to the churchyard with my parents, across the fields where the Comprehensive School is now, to scrub the stone and cut the grass. I used to get a little tired of this, being under strict instructions not to run around and make a noise, so I would wander off and look over a low wall at a large pig in a pigsty near the churchyard. (*Hazel Williams*)

I remember when my father was buried in August 1965, in the parish church-yard, it was a beautiful day. Looking out from where he was buried, you could see nothing but fields. The church was right in the middle of a completely rural area. (*Dewi Watkin Powell*)

Railways

The opening of the Taff Vale Railway in 1841 transformed the way of life in a rural parish. The T. V.R. and its successor, the Great Western Railway, became a major employer in the area.

Junction Terrace was built by the T.V.R. to house its workers. It was, in effect, the first 'street' in the village of Radyr. It was also a close-knit community where everyone knew everyone. The Leaves family lived at 8 Junction Terrace:

As children, we often went into Mr and Mrs Lear's house at no. 6 for a chat. They kept a shop in the front room of the house and sold boxes of sweets. The 'Chapel' they ran at one time was in a small hut on the right-hand side of Junction Terrace, where the garages are now. When it eventually became too small for all the worshippers and the Methodists built the Chapel in Windsor Road in 1901, the hut was moved across the road, just inside the entrance to the railway yard now, on the left-hand side, where it was used as a canteen for firemen off the railway. (Gladys Harris & Peggy Sampson)

My father was a railwayman. He worked all over the Great Western Railway area with the civil engineers and came to Radyr from West Bromwich in about 1921. I can remember the engine sheds at the quarry end of Radyr Yard. They were tank engines and there were maintenance pits, but no turntable, because the triangle formed by Penarth Junction was used for turning the engines around. There were engine sheds at the north end too, but I do not remember them. There were a number of garages sited at the north end of Junction Terrace, where there are now three prefabricated garages and two island gardens. The coalman, Mr Alf Watts, ran his business from a large garage sited where the larger 'island' is now. He kept his lorry there. The old buildings at the station were demolished some time at the end of the 1960s or early '70s. There had been very little on the up platform, and what there was was rather basic, but on the down platform there was a Ladies Waiting Room, Ladies and Gents toilets, and a large General Waiting Room with a fireplace. It had a Bible which had been placed there originally by the TaffVale Railway. I wonder what became of it? (Ken Holland)

Not all the railwaymen and their families could be accommodated in the twenty houses of Junction Terrace. Others lived in scattered rural cottages or in Morganstown. Beside the railway line stood Old Station House, so called because this had been 'Pentyrch Station' until it was closed in 1863. In 1906, Philip Ray, his wife and eight children moved to Old Station House. George Ray was then a year old: My father was a platelayer working for the T.V.R. And his basic weekly wage was £116s 0d. The rent was 2s 6d. a week His hours of work were from 7 a.m. until 5 p.m. on Monday to Friday and 7 a.m. until 1p.m. on Saturday. Sundays were days of rest, unless there was overtime.

Edgar Jenkins is the son of a railwayman born in Tongwynlais in 1880:

When my father left school his first job was as a page-boy, running messages around Ty Mynydd, taking all his orders from Mrs Fisher. He was there until he was old enough to work on the old Taff Vale Railway. He was a driver, in the old days of steam, of course, based at Radyr. Being an engine driver was a good job. I can remember my father bringing home his money in the '30s in a small gun-metal tub with a screw top and his number in red stamped on it and out of that he would pull a big white £5 note. That was a lot of money in those days of the Depression!

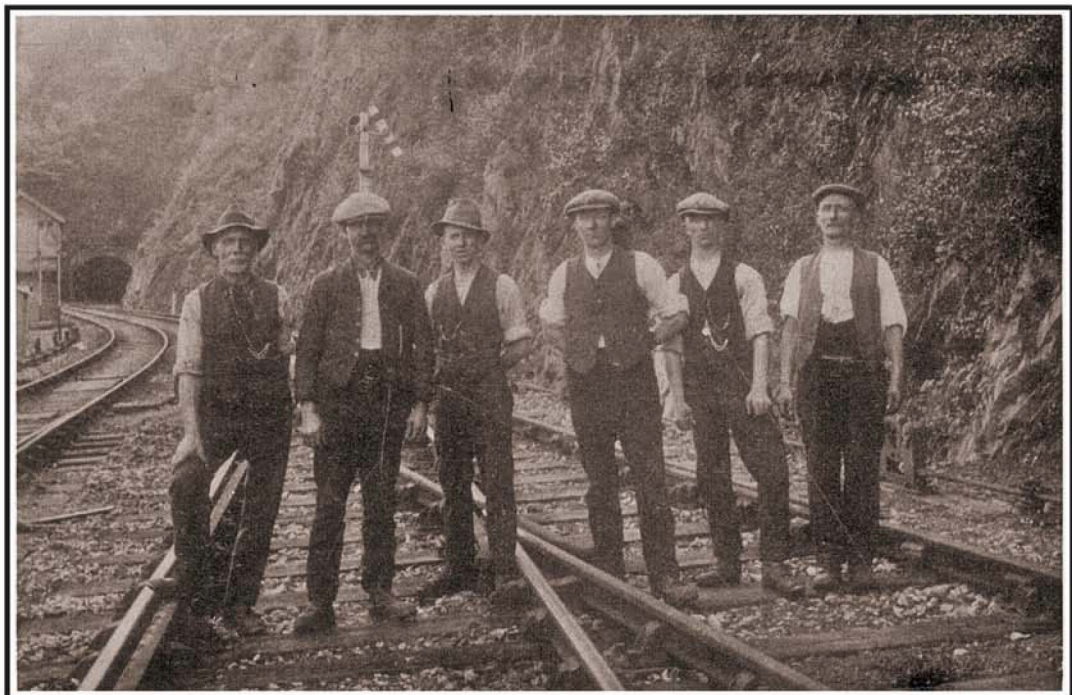


Engine Sheds at Radyr Yard 1931





Pentyrch Signal box Pantawel c.1918. The signal man is Charlie Buffett.



Gangers on the Barry Line c. 1920. (l to r) Bill Manning, Fred Deryman, Idwal Lewis, Dai Ray, George Chamberlain and Bill Flyn. In the background is the entrance to the Walnut Tree tunnel.

Bert Walters lived with his grandparents, Samuel and Agnes Powell, at Vine Cottage in Morganstown: When I left school, I started work on the railway, cleaning the locomotives. We used to work two shifts, 6 a.m. to 6 p.m. and then 6 p.m. to 6 a.m., days one week, nights the next. When you were on nights you had supper at 10.30 and then the foreman would send you off as a 'knocker-up' any time after midnight. The drivers and firemen used to take a piece of metal, about the size of a half crown, home with them. This piece of brass carried the driver's or fireman's number. When the boy knocked them up, they threw the piece of metal out of the window to prove that they had been knocked up. The company supplied the boy with a bike and I can remember half dozing on my bike, leaning against the railings around the Cathedral, waiting for the clock to strike and set me off to my next house of call.

On the railway, I started as a cleaner. Only the engines were cleaned at Radyr Yard, never the rolling stock. Sometimes they had a 'day in' when the boilers were washed out. We used to take a pride in our engines. The engine shed could take up to a dozen engines. There was no entrance to Radyr Yard from Junction Terrace. The entrance was an archway (still in existence) under the main line reached by the cinder path which started at Radyr station and ran alongside the line at the back of the signal box. I also remember the pickling of sleepers. After being cut to size, the raw sleepers were loaded on to open trucks and went through a tunnel approximately fifty feet long, where the preservative was forced into them under pressure. I went on to become a fireman and then an engine driver. My promotion to fireman meant that I left Radyr to work at Ross-on-Wye. *(Jack Chamberlain)*

***The Barry Line** was built in competition with the Toff Vale Railway in the 1890s. It crossed the valley at the Walnut Tree Viaduct, and went down the back of Morganstown to Rhydlafar. Jack Chamberlain's grandfather, William, lived at I Pantawel Cottages, beside the Barry line. In the next generation of the family to live there was Charlie Bujfett, a signalman on the Barry line. His story is told by Ron Tickner, the fourth generation of the same family to have lived at the cottage: Charlie worked the signalbox a few hundred yards from the cottage, beneath the bridge in Pantawel Lane. There were four signalboxes along this section of track: one at Ty'n y Caeau (Rhydlafar), where the Creigiau branch line left, operated by Fred Hall; another between the Walnut Tree Tunnel and the viaduct; and a fourth the other side of the viaduct at Penrhos, operated by Trevor Buffett, Charlie's brother. When the line was running at full strength there would be a train every five to ten minutes and it was manned on three shifts, twenty-four hours a day. As the line declined, trains became fewer and Charlie operated both the Pentyrch box and the next box along. Although it was essentially a mineral line, it was used for some passenger traffic, such as special trains taking children on day trips to Barry Island and the like. As the trains passed the cottage, you could hear them screaming and laughing.*

Charlie retired in the 1960s and the Barry line closed with him. He bought his signalbox for £5.

Working on the railway has not been an exclusively male preserve. Eunice Edwards did her bit for the war effort when she went to work on the railway:

My job was to clear all the sand and grit from the points at Radyr Junction – all 32 of them - and give them plenty of oil so that they operated smoothly. It was very cold in winter but it was not a lonely job, as a man with a red flag kept me company to make

sure that I had plenty of warning when the trains came!

When the war was over and the men returned from the forces, she had to leave the railway and start work at the Victoria Laundry in Llandaff North.

Radyr Yard, once a scene of intense activity, closed in 1993.

Road Transport

Before the bus service was instituted, travelling away from the village was no easy matter: I think it was in the autumn of 1914 that my sister and I started at Howell's School and transport was a great worry. Father could drive us only occasionally so he hired a cab to take us to school. We had a closed 'growler' in the winter driven by a coachman, Joe, complete with silk top hat and cockade and a whip he loved to flourish. In the summer we had an open Victoria with no doors. Satchels and boots used to slip out at the side and Joe had to stop while we retrieved them. Later, we graduated to a taxi. I well remember the gas-bag era for cars, because overhanging branches would puncture the gas bag and we would have to walk to school. (Mary Hewart Jones)

The first cars appeared in the villages shortly before the First World War. They belonged to men like the colliery proprietor, Henry Lewis of Tynant House, and were driven by chauffeurs, who lived either on premises formerly occupied by coachmen or in 'Chauffeurs' Row' four houses at the top of Taff Terrace. (One such was Arthur Harborne, who started the Victoria Garage in the lane behind Station Road.) My father had a car and employed a chauffeur. There was an inspection pit in the garage of our house so that the chauffeur could do the servicing. He was sent to the Daimler Works for training. (Margery Jermine)

The Westward Ho Garage on Llantris ant Road was started by Tom Davies, the Police Constable in charge of Morganstown Police Station, in 1927: He hoped that his son in the Welsh Guards would eventually take over but, sadly, he was killed in the Second World War. The garage was then run by Mr Fred Jarvis, who gave it its name. I took over in 1952. In the 1960s, we received an irate letter from the proprietor of a garage in Westward Ho! objecting to our use of the name of HIS garage. My wife wrote him a placatory letter and we heard nothing more, so the name has remained. It was hard work running the garage. In the days before self-service petrol pumps, customers expected you to run out immediately to serve them with petrol. If we didn't, they would drive off and then give us a ticking-off the next time! (Ronald Jermine)

BUSES

Not long after the First World War, Cardiff Corporation Transport Department began to run buses to St Fagans and Llandaff. Later, the service was extended to Radyr and the old service 33 came into being. The first buses were open-topped charabancs with canvas roofs, superseded by closed-in vehicles, all single deckers at this time. Radyr Chain was the stopping place for the bus services to Cardiff. The advent of the bus made a big impact on the farm people, who were immediately less remote from 'civilisation'. (Tony Rieple)

The commencement of the bus service to Cardiff was an event of note. This was operated by a single-decker Dennis, I think, with solid wooden seats. It was possible to stand at the top of the stairs at our house. The Rise, until the bus

reached The White House in Heol Isaf and then stroll leisurely to our front gate in plenty of time to catch the bus. I remember that the bus was so draughty that it tended to blow the ladies' skirts up. *(Peter Stuart)*

The bus conductors and drivers changed every fortnight but it was the same two-man team each time and they stayed with us for five or six years. They knew where everybody lived and they stopped at your house. If they didn't like you, they carried you on two or three hundred yards. Until about 1927/8, Sunday in Radyr was very quiet. There were buses in the afternoon but not in the morning. They ran every hour and the last one on a Sunday night ran at a quarter-past eight from town. *(Dewi Watkin Powell)*

I remember when the double-decker bus started, about 1928. I went to Howell's School by bus, coming home for lunch and then returning to school. The bus was yellow, so we called it 'the canary'. *(Margery Jermine)*

I travelled on the no. 33 bus to Howell's School. It cost 4d. return until at some later date a school season ticket was introduced. This did not please me, because I could no longer walk to the next bus stop to save a halfpenny to spend on sweets! *(Elizabeth Kernick)*

The bus service, which started at Y Wern in Morganstown, was also a boon to children attending Radyr School: When I was about eleven, a bus service started from Y Wern. We used to pay a penny for the bus but the headmaster realised that we were being overcharged. The rate was a penny a mile. He got us to measure the distance from Y Wern to the school with a chain and found that the distance was exactly half a mile. He wrote to the bus company, who agreed to let us have the return journey for our penny fare. (Nesta Chapman)

Nesta was eleven in 1924. The bus fare changed very little in the ensuing years. On Sundays in the 1930s, many charabancs came through Radyr on the way to Barry Island from the Valleys. They were almost nose to tail. (Edgar Jenkins)

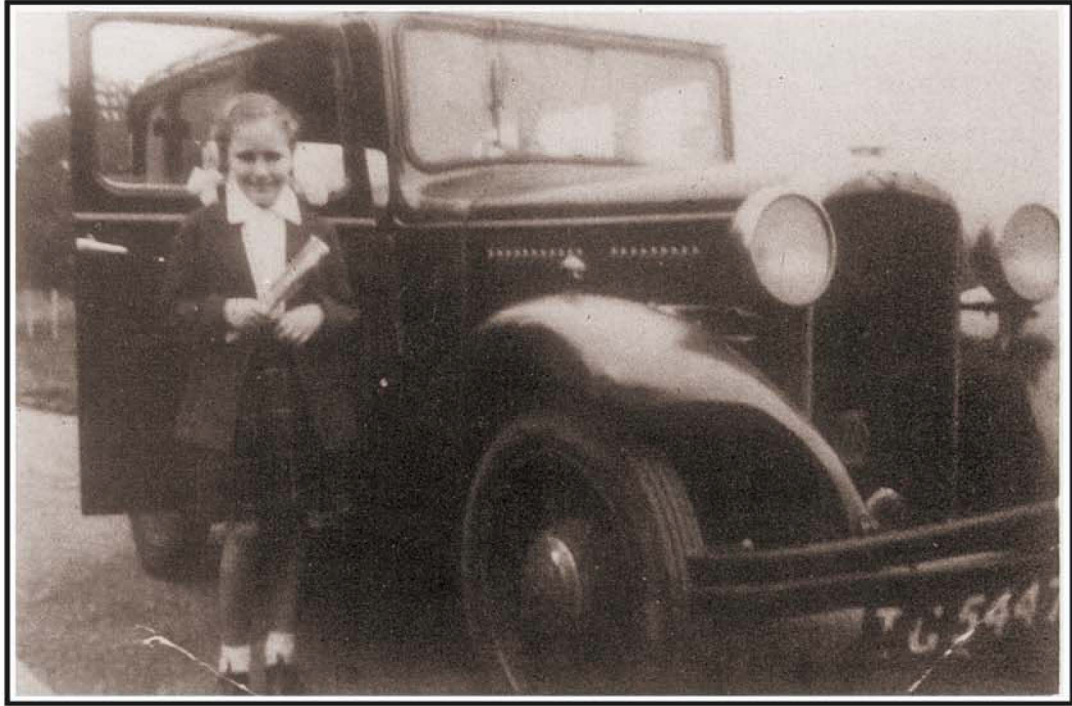
ROADS

The main road through the two villages has undergone many changes in the twentieth century, to accommodate the ever-increasing volume of traffic:

In 1906 the road to Cardiff was up a steep hill with high banks and a row of eight lovely Scotch fir trees. They cut them down when they widened the road. *(Dome Spinks)*

My father was a mason and in those days the road from Morganstown to Radyr was very narrow and covered by the trees in the summer. My father widened the road and built the stone wall there. *(Bert Walters)*

The biggest single factor affecting the volume of traffic going through Radyr was the sharp S-bend at Tynant, which heavy lorries could not negotiate. Mr John Powell, who was Engineer and Surveyor to Glamorgan County Council, resisted pressure from



Margaret Ray standing next to Mr Watts' taxi, Morganstown c.1948.



*Sir Lewis Lougher (standing right of picture)
with his brothers in the garden of 35 Windsor Road.*

people outside the village to straighten out the bend, correctly predicting that it would result in an increase in the traffic cutting through Radyr. (*Ronald J ermine*)

STREET LIGHTING

There was no street lighting in Radyr until the 1930s. The idea was that we should all have outside lights on and that would be sufficient, which it was. However, when it was decided that we should have street lighting. Sir Lewis Lougher said that as the streets of the City of Westminster were lit by gas, that was good enough for Radyr. (*Dewi Watkin Powell*)

About forty gas lamps were installed from the bus stop in Morganstown along the main road to St John's Church, via Radyr Chain. The lamplighter had to cycle along the route carrying a long pole with a lighted flame on top of it and had to ignite each lamp individually. Later, about midnight, he had to reverse the process to put each lamp out. The night the lamps were first lit the whole village seemed to go for a walk going from one pool of soft yellow light to the next. (*Peter Stuart*)

The gas street lighting was converted to electricity in 1952. (*Ken Holland*)

When electricity replaced gas after the war, we were able to buy one of the gas standards for thirty shillings and it stands in our back garden. (*Mary Leaves*)

Public Service

THE POLICE

There was a policeman stationed in Morganstown in the 1920s. He was Tom Davies and the police house was the one on the main road that has steps up to the door from the road. *(Albert Williams)*

Then the policeman moved down to Radyr, first of all in Taff Terrace, and later on he moved to a house on Heol Isaf, no. 30. Ours were Glamorgan police; we weren't policed by Cardiff City Police. *(Dewi Watkin Powell)*

P.C. Dan Davies was the local policeman. He was 6'3" and weighed 18 stone. He rode a bicycle with 28" wheels. He had the saddle of a motor-bike fitted on to it to suit his proportions. The Police Station was at no. 7 Taff Terrace, which had the words 'County Police' on a metal plate above the door. P.C. Dan Davies was a disciplinarian who meted out instant justice when necessary. He frequently stood on the corner of Station Road and Heol Isaf with his belt. If I saw him there, I would divert along Kings Road and the very rough stony track that later became Kings Avenue, even when I had done no wrong. He caught me pinching apples from Ty Mynydd orchard once and immediately clipped me over the ears. *(Edgar Jenkins)*

The policeman had to patrol from Ynys Bridge to Radyr Chain and then to Rhydlafar crossroads, where he exchanged a token with the policeman from St Fagans as proof of having done their beats. *(Margery J ermine)*

Percy Jones, the village constable, came to the school once when we kids had been 'groping' apples at Cwm Farm. *{Jean Newman}*

THE FIRE BRIGADE

In my childhood, the fire engine in the village was kept outside the village school. We children loved to look at it. The brass on it was always shining. My grandfather was one of the firemen who used to pull it along, generally at a running pace, when there was a fire. *(Gladys Leaves)*

Park Road was just a rough lane when I was at school. On the right-hand side, next to the school, there were two sheds: one was used by the water board and the other, which was red, housed the fire engine. In Morganstown there was also a little red shed used by the fire brigade for storing equipment next to the three cottages which stood where the green is now. *(Albert Williams)*

It was run by Ned Watkins, the coalman in Morganstown. One day there was a fire. They all dashed down there but Ned had forgotten his keys to the fire station and had to dash back for them! *(Bert Walters)*

The fire engine was kept in a shed beside the coal-shed belonging to Ned Watkins, the coalman. They used to pull it by hand. *(Jack Ray)*



Radyr had its own fire brigade in Park Road until about 1923.



*Radyr Constabulary 1942.
P.C. Percy Jones is on the right of the back row.
The others were all special constables.*

This local fire brigade seems to have been disbanded some time c1923.

POSTMEN

We had a wonderful postman, Mr Marchant. Although he had one leg shorter than the other, which made him lame, he walked everywhere. That's how the parish paths were kept open. He used to deliver our mail twice a day. There was a sorting office in Radyr in those days and there was another postman, a Mr David, who did the northern part of Radyr. He lived in Morganstown and I think he did Morganstown as well. Mr Marchant used to go over the bank to Maesllech and then down, I think, as far as Radyr Court over the fields. *(Dewi Watkin Powell)*

I can remember hearing Jimmy Marchant going down to collect the post from Radyr station early in the morning. *(Mary Leaves)*

The postman in Radyr was Mr David, who lived in Heol Isaf, near the old telephone exchange. Every Boxing Day he used to come round with book and pencil to collect his yearly tip. A Mr Marchant from Morganstown also delivered the post. *(Peggy Woods)*

THE TELEPHONE EXCHANGE

The telephone exchange was in no. 51 Heol Isaf, Ty Clyd. In charge was a Miss Brown, who lived there and manually operated the switchboard. *(Edgar Jenkins)*

Miss Joan Brown was the Radyr switchboard operator. All calls had to go through her. When I came home in the evening, I used to telephone Miss Brown, who would give me the names of all my callers during the day and proffer advice on which calls were worth returning! *(Mary Hewart Jones)*

We held the telephone number Radyr 74 and my grandparents Radyr 30, which gives some idea of the size of the exchange. *(Peter Stuart)*

THE DUSTMAN

Rudolph Cook, who lived at 2 Pantawel Cottages, was the local dustman. He had a horse and cart for the job. He also used to collect what was politely called 'night soil' from the cottages without mains drains. He used to dump his rubbish on what they called the 'Scavvy' field, roughly where the open piece of land is in Hazel Tree Close. *(Malvina Chamberlain)*

Medical Matters

In 1890, a terrible accident took place at Radyr Quarry when some dynamite was accidentally ignited in the blacksmith's shop. The injured men had to be taken to Llandaff North for medical treatment, since there was no doctor in Radyr at the time. The first doctor to set up practice in Radyr was Dr Robert

Mathias at Brynteg, now the Radyr Arms: The surgery was in the room with the window

on the side of the house facing down to Station Road. His partners were Dr Thomas and Dr Perrott. *(Gladys Harris)*

After the death of Dr Mathias, his partners set up practice at Taffs Well:

Dr Thomas used to come up when we were ill as children. In the early days he had a horse and my mother used to go out to wipe the saddle for him. I remember when Tom Price came up to the Golf Club when we were caddying there with his face swollen right out. Dr Perrott took his teeth out at the old surgery in Taffs Well with no anaesthetic! In those days we belonged to the 'Sons of Temperance'. My parents paid so much a week for medical care. I had rheumatic fever as a child, as well as the usual childhood illnesses. *(Jack Ray)*

Dr Thomas was known as 'Poultice', because that was his favourite remedy for most ailments! He lived at The Manse in Morganstown and was a well-known figure in the district. At first, he had a motor-bike, which he kept in a building next to Anne the Well's cottage on the eastern side of the main road. The local children had to push start it while he sat on it. Then he had a bicycle, which he used to ride with his umbrella up when it rained! I sometimes had to wheel his bicycle back to Morganstown from his surgery in Taffs Well when he took the bus up to Pentyrch. *(Albert Williams)*

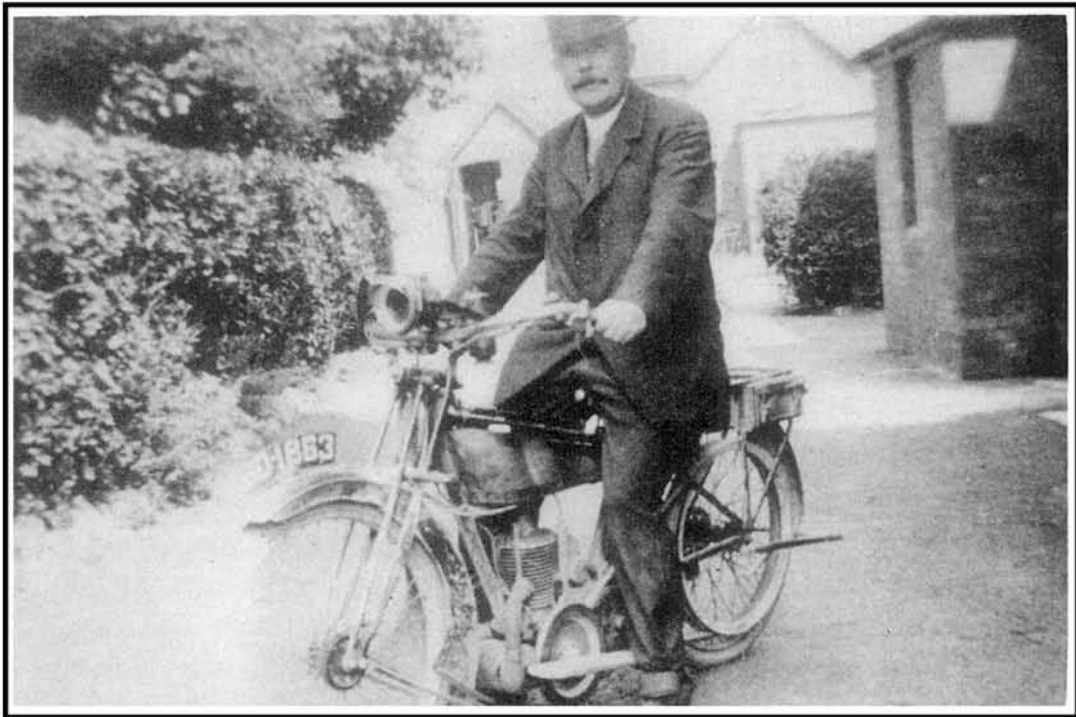
Dr Thomas was an excellent doctor, who saved my brother's life on two occasions. When my brother developed an abscess on his spine after swimming in the river Taff, he had an operation at the Infirmary and then Dr Thomas looked after him for eighteen months, calling in four or five times a day to see to the poultice on his abscess. One Sunday he said to my mother, 'Mrs Beeson, put your hat and coat on and go to chapel. I'll look after the boy'. *(Ken Beeson)*

Dr Thomas had a surgery at Taffs Well. Patients either walked there or went by train, but an occasional surgery was held at Rose Villa on Heol Isaf, (where Dr Perrott lived). At the Taffs Well surgery, people waited in a large room while Dr Thomas dealt with a patient in a small cubicle. Every word of the consultation could be heard by those waiting for treatment! *(Ronald J ermine)*

Dr Thomas always went into town on the half-past two bus on Saturday. He would always like you to sit by him if he took a liking to you. When a local person got on the bus, he would say, 'Best-looking girl in Radyr! I delivered her.' If a stranger got on, he would say, 'Who's that? Who's their mother, who's their father?' He was a real character! *(Pat Jenkins)*

Dr Dan was regarded with universal affection and respect by all who were his patients. So, too, was Nurse Annie Williams of 12 Springfield Gardens. She was the local midwife and later, the district nurse, who worked in conjunction with Dr Thomas: One day, when I was out in the garden, she called out to me, 'Nesta, are you all right? I haven't heard you for a few days.' My husband was in the services at the time and Mrs Williams let me use her phone to keep in touch with him. (Nesta Chapman)

She was the first person in Morganstown to have television. We used to go to her house to watch 'Cafe Continental' on Saturday evenings. She was a lovely person. *(Margaret Ray)*



*Dr Daniel Rees Thomas, affectionately known as "Dr. Paultice",
photographed on his motor-bike,
although he is better remembered for riding a bicycle.*



*Mrs Annie Williams of Springfield Gardens was the local midwife
and district nurse. She assisted in many home deliveries of babies in
Morganstown and Radyr.*

Most of Dr Thomas's patients lived in Morganstown. After Dr Mathias, another Radyr doctor was Morgan Jenkins, who lived in the house next to the Methodist Church on Heol Isaf: We lived next door to Dr Jenkins when we came to live in Radyr in 1917. He used to do his own dispensing in the conservatory attached to his house. He was a kind man and a good doctor. (Peggy Gibbon)

Other doctors set up practice in Radyr in the '20s and '30s:

The doctors in Radyr were Dr Kyffin, then Dr Burns, followed by Dr Sessions and then by Dr Fraser. They all practised in the same house. The Gables in Windsor Road. (Edgar Jenkins)

Our family doctor was Dr Jackson in Kings Road. When the N.H.S. came into being, he did not transfer to it, so we then went to a Dr Sessions, who had his surgery in Windsor Road, where Dr Fraser eventually practised until he retired. Then the Health Centre came into being. (Hazel Williams)

Dr Tom Fraser of Windsor Road was our family doctor and in those days a monthly account was sent to patients for treatment they had received. People don't know how lucky they are with the Health Service! (Mary Leaves)

Dr Tom Fraser first came to Radyr as the assistant to Dr Sessions. He had previously been a ship's engineer before qualifying as a doctor. Surgery was from 9-10 a.m. There would be a couple of businessmen waiting to see the doctor first thing. Then, at 9.45, there would be a rush of mothers with children! The waiting-room was also the dining-room of The Gables. There were eight chairs around the dining-table and a window seat. Usually, there was enough seating for patients waiting to see the doctor. Prescriptions were often left on a cork board in the porch for patients to collect if no-one was in. Dr Fraser played golf at Radyr and sometimes the bell at the first tee had to be rung to summon him off the course. As his locum, I had to visit the farms on the Llantrisant Road as far as Rhydlafer Farm. (Isobel Brown)

There have been two temporary hospitals in Radyr! The first was the Isolation Hospital established in a corrugated iron building on land belonging to Radyr Court Farm in 1900. In 1907, the Ely Isolation Hospital was opened and the Radyr Isolation Hospital, sometimes known as the 'fever hospital', was closed. The red corrugated iron building became known as Plymouth Cottages.

The second hospital in Radyr was the VA D. Hospital established at Aldersyde, 40 Heol Isaf, in the First World War: Mr Parry Williams of Pontypridd offered the use of the house rent-free. By March 1917 it had been completely renovated and distempered in accordance with the latest ideas prevailing in hospitals. The ground at the back of the house was covered with 'a substantial thickness of concrete' on which was erected a large hut. On May 12th, 1917, the hospital was opened by Mr J. Herbert Cory, M.P. for Cardiff. The R.A.M.C. sent about 30 patients, who were cared for by both men and women V.A.D. workers under the Commandant, Mrs Franklin Thomas of Danybryn. (Bill Clarke)

Appropriately, Danybryn is now a Cheshire Home.

Leisure

MEMORIES OF CHILDHOOD

What is now the Lougher Estate was known as 'the doctor's land', I never found out why. There was a large pond and it was a favourite picnic place. My brother used to camp there with the 1st Radyr Scouts about 1910. There used to be a very large pond at Maesllech Farm which seemed to freeze most winters. I remember I had my first pair of skates when I was eight. We also seemed to get more snow years ago. We all had sleighs and used the field at the back of my house. The boys made a proper slide from the top of the field, treading the snow hard. It was fun! *{Dome Spinks}*

On Waterhall Farm the field abutting Waterhall Road was a favoured toboggan run in snowy winters. When the weather was right, it was a popular spot for winter sports and people used to come out from Llandaff, Ely and Canton to join in the fun. *(Tony Rieple)*

On the rare occasions that we had a good fall of snow, we would toboggan down the field behind the tennis club, a popular place for all the village youngsters. Some had very expensive toboggans, others had home-made ones and even tin trays were produced, and fun was had by all. Only on one occasion do I remember the various ponds freezing over safe enough for us to slide on (or skate on if you were lucky enough to own skates). The three ponds were one on Templeton's farm near the Radyr turning on the Llantrisant road and the others were in the fields behind Ty Mynydd. *(Elizabeth Kernick)*

On Waterhall Farm, there was a comparatively large clay pit, said to be about 30' deep in places, which had been excavated to provide clay for brickmaking. It was filled with water from the brook but, although the brook was clear and relatively fast-flowing, the brick pond was largely stagnant, with thick reed growth in many places. Nevertheless, my friends and I learnt to swim in the pond, disregarding the fact that the area where we swam was over 10' deep. There were a few rudd and roach in the pond, so fishing was another activity, as was boating in a flat-bottomed craft made of canvas covering a light wooden frame. *(Tony Rieple)*

In the '30s, boys like Cyril Radford, who lived in Junction Terrace and who was a good swimmer, used to swim in the Radyr quarry pool, which was deep. They were teeming with wild life. Then they were commandeered as a Council tip and filled up, so that the area became the mess that it is today. We used to play cricket over here, by the tennis courts. I didn't belong to the Cricket Club in those days but I played once for them. They were short of men and asked me to make the numbers up. I think I fielded and that was about it. I did join the Cricket Club after the war. *(Edgar Jenkins)*

In the summer, my friends and I would play 'Kick the Can', play tennis or go roller skating. We skated in the old school yard until we were seen by the caretaker! Then we found that Windsor A venue, which was just being built, had a lovely new road and a good slope for roller skating too. One day, Sir Lewis Lougher came out and said that, if we came the next day, he would give a bar of chocolate for the winner of a race to the gate at the end of the road, which then led into the field by the lower pond, and he kept his word. We used to walk miles too. The Little Garth was a popular spot and the walk

across the golf links to the woods bordering the Llantrisant road. One day we built a lovely 'house' in those woods near the stream where we used to pick anemones, primroses, celandines and sometimes early purple orchis. The place I was frightened of was the boggy area between Driscoll lane and Morganstown. I always had visions of sinking into the bog and not being able to get out. *(Elizabeth Kernick)*

In the field behind our house in Park Road was an electricity supply line, the line of which was 'touch' when I practised touch kicking, the pole being one of the rugby goal posts when place kicking! Not far into the fields over the back fence was a smelly pond with plenty of tadpoles and frogs. *(David Rose)*

My younger brother and I would play on the golf course or in the Maerdy or Radyr woods. In 1963, we rode horses, which were kept at a stable next to a cottage (roughly opposite Tynant House) which belonged to Tom Watkins. On one occasion I was riding in Little Garth woods the day after a body had been found on a ledge in an old pit. The police were searching the wood for clues, but the murderer was never caught.

There was a pond at what was then the end of Windsor Avenue which contained all three British species of newts. Another pond nearby (just about where the park in Pentwyn is) was a good place for frogspawn and toadspawn. (Geraint Morgans)

Some boys were too adventurous: I remember playing 'knock, knock' in Station Road. Having knocked on this house door, I promptly disappeared down a drain, having lifted the cover. Unfortunately, one of the few cars about at the time was then parked on top of the drain and it was after midnight when I got out! There was a hue and cry for me but none of the children let on where I was hiding. *(Jack Chamberlain)*

One Saturday evening we were told that a boy had fallen down one of the mineshafts on the Garth. He was the son of the Halewoods, the shoe people, who lived in Radyr. Bill Atwill and I went down on ropes to look for him but he wasn't there. He had managed to get out and had gone home. *(Jack Ray)*

ORGANISED ACTIVITIES

The 1st Radyr Scout Troop was formed in 1910 but may have been disbanded during the First World War and re-started shortly afterwards:

I am fairly certain that the Scouts must have started in 1924 or '25. I joined either as a founder member or within a month or two of its inauguration. I remember attending several Scout camps: one was in a field on the left of the road between Rhydylafar and Pentyrch; another in a field to the right of the Pantawel lane, some distance beyond the bridge over the old Barry railway line;

also one in a field close to what I know as Templeton's farm. There was at least one camp at Ogmere Vale and another at Fontygary. Our headquarters was the Church Rooms. Our first Scoutmaster was, I think, 'Curly' Lewis and I think there was an assistant scout master called Roy Edwards. *(Jack Price)*

The Scout Hall on Heol Isaf was opened on May 6th, 1970. The Scout Leader was Graham Cooksey, who had been Leader since 1962.

I joined the Girl Guides in 1930. They were run by Miss Winnie Davies and Canon Edwards's daughter, Margaret. In 1937, to celebrate the coronation of King George VI, we lit a beacon on the Garth Mountain. *(Margery Jermine)*

One year the Guides held their District rally in the grounds of Ty Mynydd and one of the competitions was for each Company to build a shelter in the woods alongside the main road. The rally ended with a singsong around a campfire. The Guide Company had a monthly parade, complete with colours, at Christ Church. One year we won the District Standard, which was quite heavy to carry. (I know, I had to carry it one Sunday in a high wind!) On several occasions the Company was invited to a service at the Methodist Church. *(Elizabeth Kernick)*

The Radyr Guide Company closed in 1939 when their leaders joined the Services.

Those of us who were keen Guides used to cycle to Llandaff, where Margaret Edwards was the Captain and 'Bickie' Blower was the Lieutenant. Both these young women were in the A.T.S. at Maindy Barracks. They used to arrive in their army uniforms and change into their guide uniforms. Margaret was a Sergeant-Major in the A.T.S. and would drill us with military precision. The Llandaff Guides used to meet in the Primary School in Llandaff and we held our parades in the street, since there was no traffic. We also took part in village concerts at the Church Room to raise money for the war effort, doing sketches and singing camp-fire songs. Margaret Edwards was a very talented producer. Guide camps were held at Coedarhydyglyn, thanks to Lady Traheme, the Guide Commissioner for Cardiff and East Glamorgan. We cycled there but our tents, kitbags, etc., were transported on a lorry lent by Mr Beeson. When Nancy Birch of Kings Avenue took over as Guide Captain, I became her Lieutenant. We met in a large room, which was the shell of two of the Drysgol Cottages knocked into one. It was owned by the Russell family at The Greenway, who had three daughters and were very keen on Guiding. There was no heat or light in the cottages, so Nancy and I each bought Tilley incandescent lamps, which we carried up the hill already lit. They gave a very good light on winter evenings. Afterwards, we would each escort a group of the girls to their homes, carrying the Tilley lamps to light our way. *(Isobel Brown)*

I was in the St John's Ambulance. We used to attend classes in the school run by Nurse Pat Smith, sister of John Smith, the butcher. *(Christine Newman)*

SPECIAL OCCASIONS

There were many festivities for children arranged by the church and the chapels - Whitsun Treats, the annual Christmas tree treat before the First World War, nativity plays, fetes and so on. Nationwide occasions were also celebrated, usually by giving the children a commemorative mug to mark the occasion:

I have a Coronation mug, from the coronation of King George VI, with 'The Parish of Radyr' on it. *(Beryl Price)*

For the Coronation in 1937 I can remember a fancy dress parade, which started at the Church Room and marched down to the cricket field down by the river. We were given a Coronation tin containing a large bar of Cadbury's milk chocolate and Coronation mugs. *(Elizabeth Kernick)*

V.E. Day and the Queen's coronation in 1953 were celebrated with street parties in Taff Terrace and Windsor Crescent. A committee to celebrate the Investiture of the Prince of Wales in 1969 was set up with Harold Peacock, grandson of the founder of Peacock's shops, as my Vice-Chairman. He was a great philanthropist: the Methodist Church extension owed much to his generosity and he paid for every child in Radyr and Morganstown to have an Investiture mug out of his own pocket. We celebrated the occasion with a Sports Day on the recreation ground at Morganstown. (David Griffiths)

LEISURE ACTIVITIES FOR ADULTS

The Women's Institute: The initiative for founding a Women's Institute locally came from Mrs Ernlyn Stephens. An informal meeting was held at my house, 13 Windsor Avenue, with Mrs G. M. Jones and Mrs T. J. Morgan also present. The four of us resolved to broach the possibility of starting up a W.I. in Radyr, although we feared that it would not go. *(Glenys Williams)*

Mrs Tester put a picture frame on the gate of 23 Heol Isaf. It contained a poster asking anybody who was interested in the formation of a Women's Institute to go to a meeting at the school. *(Mary Leaves)*

Thirty-eight women attended the formation meeting at the Primary School on Monday, September 9th, 1957. Mrs G. M. Jones was elected President, with Miss Lilian Lewis, who was the Clerk of the Parish Council, as Secretary. Meetings were held in the Church Rooms from June 2nd, 1958, until the new Methodist Hall opened in 1973.

SPORT

At the beginning of this century there was an annual Ladies v. Gents cricket match. According to the Parish Magazine, the rules for the match held in July 1907 were that the Gents were to bat left-handed with broomsticks, to field left-handed and to bowl underhand. The Ladies won 57 - 41! At this time, cricket was played on the Rectory field. In 1908 the riverside cricket ground was inaugurated as reported by the "Western Mail" on June 9th:

Whit-Monday Opening of the new ground and pavilion Shortly after mid-day Miss Peggy Grover, a pretty little girl, opened the pavilion with a silver key presented to her by the builder, Mr. J. Harry. An excellent lunch was provided by Mr. Grover in a large marquee on the ground. Colonel Fisher, presiding, thanked the Earl of Plymouth for what he had done for Radyr and for the interest he and his sons had always taken in sport. *This riverside site also had space for a bowling green and tennis court:*

The bowling green, which was on the banks of the river near Radyr station, was maintained by the local postman. Billy David. The old Earl of Plymouth used to play there when the family was still resident in St Pagans but most of the members were railway people. The Chairman, Mr Newman, was a railwayman. There was no pub in Radyr then - the Rector, the Rev. David Phillips would not allow it - so the members used to take the train to Llandaff North, where a room was reserved for them at the Railway Hotel. Each member had his own silver tankard at the pub. *(Haydn Leaves)*

I was a keen member of the Radyr Cricket Club. It was 'Trumper' Lowrie who persuaded

Trevor Leaves and some others, including myself, to revive the club after the (Second World) war. The pitch had reverted to green fields through disuse. The first wicket was cut by men on their hands and knees using hand shears! The bowling green adjacent to the cricket field was ruined by lack of watering in a drought year while the members argued over whether to install a pump. The pavilion was then sold to Pentyrch Rugby Club. (Ronald J ermine)

Mr Marjoram was the Professional at Radyr Golf Club in the '30s. He lived in the corner house in Station Road, where the accountants are now. He was the Professional until the war and had numerous assistants, including one of the Whitcomb brothers. Mr Marjoram had lathes to turn the wood to fashion the shafts and he forged the heads as well. It was a trade. I have clubs made by Mr Marjoram. Before the war, you bought your clubs from the local professional and all the members supported him, almost as their duty. They wouldn't dream of going anywhere else. They would order a set of clubs, and the clubs had names - niblick, spoon, mashie, brassie. I started swinging a golf club when I was about ten years of age. I wasn't a member of Radyr Golf Club. Golf, in those days, was very exclusive, particularly in Radyr, where a lot of influential people were members. A lot of local men supplemented their incomes by caddying at the Golf Club. They used to sit on the bench outside the Professional's shop, taking their turn to carry the clubs of the shopkeepers and professional men who played at the club. The professional's shop then was a single-storey building on your right as you entered the car park I believe it is used as a bungalow now. (Edgar Jenkins)

I used to caddy at the Golf Club. I caddied for George Robey when he played the Empire in Cardiff, and also for Carl Brisson. At first we used to get a shilling and then it went up to half a crown. The caddies were allowed to play golf but we had to be off by 9 a.m. I often got up at 6 a.m. to get a round in. We used to have caddies' suppers. (Bert Walters)

My brothers played in the Radyr hockey team before the war. The pitch was in the field behind the Rectory (where the houses in Plymouth Drive are now). My brother, Paul, and I also joined the Table Tennis Club in the Church Room. (Elizabeth Kernick)

The meeting to inaugurate the Radyr Lawn Tennis Club was held at the Ty Mynydd Institute on March 31st, 1914. This 'Institute' is marked on the 1920 O.S. map but no others before or after. It would have been forgotten but for this recollection: Colonel Fisher had a hut on the 'batter' above the railway (behind Weir House). It held fifty or sixty people and we had village concerts there, singing and reciting. It was removed to Tongwynlais Church after his death. (Bert Walters)

THE HUT

Colonel Fisher died in 1915. Soon afterwards, another large hut in Radyr became a popular venue for dances, whist drives and so on. Built by Fred

Cardy, 'The Hut' was administered as the 'Radyr Assembly Rooms Girls' Club Society Ltd' by a committee of ladies, led by Mrs Lowrie of Lynwood in Drysgol Road. It was adjacent to the Methodist Chapel in Windsor Road and, although primarily envisaged as a meeting-place for young girls employed in domestic service, was used by many organisations.

There was an old army hut next to the Methodist chapel where we had dances and concerts and where we went to hear the first radio. After waiting a long time and listening to weird noises, which they said was 'Storm at Sea', we at last heard Mrs Mackenzie Thomas singing. *{Dome Spinks}*

We used to call it 'the hut'. It was a wooden building next door to the Methodist Church in Windsor Road. In 1920, as a young girl of sixteen, I used to attend subscription dances there, always with my sister and certainly always with my mother - nice girls did not attend these dances alone. If a young man wished to dance with us, he had first to ask our mother. If he appeared respectable and presentable, permission was granted. The dances started at 7.30 and ended at 11. We always went home with Mother. Dress for the men was a lounge suit - dark - and the girls wore long frocks. No band - just a pianist and an old upright. Whist drives were held there too, mostly in the afternoons. *(Mary Hewart Jones)*

The hut was pulled down in 1932 and after that dances, whist drives and dramatic performances were held at what was virtually the village hall, the church Room.

Fund-raising has always been a feature of local life: The Labour and Conservative parties used to hold fund-raising events. Billy David, a porter at Radyr station, used to fund raise for the Labour party. One time we raised £100 for the Cardiff Royal Infirmary. In August, we used to hold the Carnival. All the people used to dress up and walk from Morganstown to John Harry's house (Brynawel) in Radyr and back to Tynant field, where we had a marquee. There were no lorries or floats, everybody walked. That was on the Saturday. On the Sunday night we'd have a choir concert. *(Bert Walters)*

MUSIC

We had a very good music teacher, Mr Ellis Lewis, who was from Pontypridd. I'm afraid that I let him down because I only practised for about five minutes before he used to come. He ran the Pontypridd Operatic Society and I remember one production, I think it was "The Mikado". The fourteen-year-old girls from the Elementary School were in it. I thought they were very old and very mature, beautifully dressed. It was held in the Church Room. How they did it, tiny stage, the piano going, but it was a marvellous production! There was a lot of that sort of thing at the Church Room, whist drives too. *(Dewi Watkin Powell)*

In the 1930s there was a production of "The Messiah" in Christ Church every Easter. Stan Saunders and Mr Calcutt played the piano and the violin for these productions. *(Harry Jordan)*

I sang in Christ Church choir and with the first Radyr Choral Society. We used to meet every Thursday evening in the Church Rooms. We did a performance of the "St Luke Passion" at Christ Church on Maundy Thursday evening, April 8th, 1961. *(Mary Leaves)*

When the W.I. formed a small choir to perform in a national competition, I was asked to be their conductor. Rehearsals were held in the front room of our house. After the performance, a number of members of the choir felt that they wanted to go on singing for pleasure, so they met at our house to make music. Realising that there might be enough support for a Choral Society, I put a notice in some of the local shops. Thirteen people

came to a meeting at the Primary School on September 10th, 1969, and, when they left, practically every one of those ladies and gentlemen was a committee member of the new Radyr and District Choral Society. The membership increased steadily over successive weeks and it was clear that there was a strong desire locally to make music together, particularly choral music. At the Radyr Festival of 1971, a concert was held in a marquee in the grounds of the Methodist Church, featuring the Richard Williams Singers, Welsh clog dancers, the Radyr Choral Society and the Ely Salvation Army Band, whose conductor, Arthur Steady, lived in Tymynydd Close. During the concert, a dog ran into the marquee, snatched a piece of music and shot out with the bandsmen in hot pursuit, but neither dog nor music could be found! The lights also fused but Nye Watkins sorted that out. The Festival was proposed by Harold Peacock, who paid for the marquee. *(David Griffiths)*

The official histories of the Cricket Club, the Golf Club and the Tennis Club have been written by their own members.

War

In the Great War of 1914-18, 167 men of the parish served, of whom 20 died.

After the 1914-18 War, Radyr Parish Council wished to acquire a War Memorial. My mother, Mrs Mabel Hewart Jones, was most anxious that Radyr should not just have one of a hundred stereo-typed memorials, but as individual a one as they could afford. Through her portrait-painting brother-in-law she was put in contact with a young sculptor called Turner who had been commissioned to design a memorial for Northampton. The Radyr Parish Council was able to buy the prototype of this memorial for, I believe, £500 and even at that time it was considered more than a bargain. *(Mary Hewart Jones)*

The triangle of turf where the Cenotaph stands was cleared of its trees in October 1920 and the foundations were prepared on which the memorial was to be erected. The stone and the bronze figure were delivered to Canton Sidings and the job of fixing was completed and the area re-turfed in January, 1921. The work was carried out by the firm of W. Clarke, Llandaff. The cost of the memorial was £500 and fixing £185 8s 7d. *(Bill Clarke)*

All too soon, Europe was again at war and this time, the civilian population was more directly affected.

RADYR HOME GUARD

The Radyr Home Guard had its Guardroom in what became the bar of the Radyr Golf Club after the war. At that time, the unit was under the command of Lieutenant 'Tich' Evans, with Sergeant Jefferies as his second-in-Command. Both worked for Spillers, so in a way it was not unlike "Dad's Army". I was 17 years old at the time, as was another volunteer, Willie Smale, and as we were the youngest and considered to be the fittest, we always had to carry out any demonstrations necessary, such as crawling on our bellies through soaking wet grass to demonstrate the value of dead ground.

When first formed, the Radyr Home Guard used to man a road block at the Westward Ho Garage but, as nothing of importance seemed to appear other than the early morning milk lorry, it was eventually decided to drop that particular operation. However, the Guard Room was manned every night and patrols were sent out during the night to make contact with the Pentyrch Home Guard at the railway bridge at Pantawel. That could be a lonely trip in the dark. It was decided that Mr Evans would lead us over the golf course one moonlit night to acquaint ourselves thoroughly with the terrain but, on returning to the Guard Room, we found Mr Evans missing, so had to return to the golf course to find him. Another night a practice callout was arranged, unbeknown to us, so I threw on my uniform, grabbed my bicycle and rifle, allocated rifles having to be kept at home, and dashed to the Golf Club, where I was duly rebuked for not having

brought my razor! I did, however, have my five rounds of ammunition.

The high spot of my time with the Home Guard was undoubtedly the combined exercise with the Civil Defence, Wardens, etc., held in 1942. The 'Germans', in the shape of the Free Belgian Army, were supposed to have landed in the Swansea area and to be advancing down the Llantrisant Road to capture Cardiff. Our job was to stop them! We took up concealed positions behind the hedge opposite the Westward Ho Garage and duly opened fire when the Belgians appeared. In the view of the umpires we knocked out one vehicle but the Belgians eventually managed to reach our position. Teddy Wallace had taken up what he thought was an excellent position in the Garage but the Belgians hurled in about six thunder flashes, which exploded with tremendous force. Teddy reeled out of the garage, holding his head in his hands, and engaged in some pretty close combat with the enemy, from which he had to be restrained with some difficulty.

Our Despatch Rider, (Don R.) Paul Hatcher, was deemed to have been killed by the enemy in the Golf Club Lane just off Llantrisant Road. Instructions were that if one was considered killed one had to remain in that spot until released by the umpires. Paul duly lay in the hedge beside his machine for an hour and a half until he became thoroughly fed up, so he left a message in the hedge: 'Bled to death, gone home!' Mrs Stanford, who was a Warden, did not have a capital W on her helmet but felt that for this important exercise she should carry this form of identification. Being resourceful, she duly painted a large W in whitewash on her helmet. Later in the day it started to rain and I will never forget the sight of her face and hair streaked with whitewash.

Whenever the air raid sirens sounded it was our duty to put on our steel helmets and patrol the road outside our houses. I was doing this one night in Windsor Road when a German bomber was picked out by the cones of the searchlights. The German pilot promptly dived to escape and machine-gunned Heol Isaf from about the War Memorial to Christ Church. In those days, Radyr possessed the largest railway marshalling yard west of Swindon but luckily it was never hit. The closest call was probably in January 1941, when the roof of Llandaff Cathedral was destroyed. On that night the railway bridge at the bottom of Rhydlafer Hill on the Llantrisant Road was hit, resulting in the deaths of two men sheltering under the bridge. (*Peter Stuart*)

We also had a mounted section, known as Henderson's Horse or Loveluck's Lancers, consisting of local farmers clad in World War I breeches, puttees, jackets and leather bandoliers. There was an outpost near the Lewis Arms in Pentyrch. Each night one of our mounted section was despatched, via Pantawel Lane, to find out from the solitary sentry there whether German parachutists had landed in the vicinity. I never discovered what action we would have taken if the report had been positive! Initially, we had no means of communication other than our horse-back warriors but duly acquired army telephones and some miles of cable. We collected hundreds of empty cotton reels to act as insulators

and eventually linked up Radyr, Pentyrch, the Melin Griffith Works and H.Q. at Whitchurch. An electrician in our platoon took a strong dislike to one of our number. Consequently, whenever this individual manned the field telephone, he found himself receiving not vital information but the B.B.C. Light Programme! At the final Victory Parade in Cardiff, someone decided that the Radyr mounted section should lead, followed by the Radyr platoon. Unfortunately, the farm horses were not parade trained, much to the consternation of the soldiers marching behind them. What would have happened, I wonder, if Hitler had been able to infiltrate our civilian defences? (*Hubert Jackson*)

DIG FOR VICTORY

At Rhydlafr Farm land girls came to do the threshing and university students picked potatoes. Then the Americans arrived! What is now the orthopaedic hospital was built on part of our land to treat American servicemen wounded in the D-Day landings. They were very nice people, especially the doctors and nurses. Many of them came from mid-West farming families and enjoyed visiting us at our farmhouse. After the war, an association of ex-patients was formed and many of the servicemen and medical staff kept in touch with us. (*Laura Loveluck*)

The seventeenth fairway of the golf course was ploughed up for food production. My chickens used to eat the newly-sown corn. (*Elsie Coles*)

Farming during the war was very hard. There were virtually no tractors, only horses. During the summer months, at Radyr Lodge Farm planting and harvesting was helped out by the local people. Quite a number of the railway employees were exempt from military service and these men and their wives were a marvellous source of labour during their spare time. Young labourers on the holdings were recruited from the House of Trees, which was a Salvation Army hostel in the Rhondda. These boys, who received 7s 6d a week plus their keep, were either exempt from military service or called up at the age of eighteen. (*Steve Edwards*)

AIR RAIDS

The air raids I remember quite well. The air raid warning would go and my mother would come and wake me up to go into the air raid shelter opposite our house in Taff Terrace. I hated this, it was always so dark and cold. My mother was expecting another baby at this time and my father dreaded the thought of having to get to Morganstown to fetch the midwife. Nurse Williams, in the middle of an air raid in the black-out. All was well, as my brother arrived, very conveniently, on a Sunday afternoon! (*Hazel Williams*)

Eight incendiary bombs fell on our own farm, Rhydlafr, during the war and in 1940 or '41 a Spitfire landed in a field at the farm but the Australian pilot was

not hurt. *(Laura Loveluck)*

Several incendiary bombs were dropped on Radyr golf course. Although the cottage next to ours had a stone staircase, ours had a wooden one, which we used as an air raid shelter. If one of the bombs had fallen on Mardy Cottages, the wooden staircase wouldn't have done much to protect us! *(Elsie Coles)*

I was working on the railway again by the time the war broke out. I was an auxiliary fireman, based at Whitchurch. I remember the first bomb to fall on Cardiff docks. The bulbs at Radyr Yard were painted blue and there were blinds at the windows. I heard this noise overhead but the other lads said that it was only an engine filling up with water. I pulled back the blind and saw a flash over the docks. *(Bert Walters)*

We used to sit in the Graig field and watch the German planes come up to the Gorge, turn round and dive-bomb back to Cardiff. *(Helen Stephens)*

When I was working at Marshall's at the beginning of the war the air raid warning went off one day just as I was about to leave to catch the Morganstown bus. We all trooped down to the air raid shelter in the basement until the 'All clear' was given. When I got to the New Theatre my bus had gone, so I decided to go on the Pontypridd bus and walk across the iron bridge to Morganstown. When we got to Maindy bridge, the whole of Llandaff fields were lit up. It was the night that the Cathedral was bombed.

I got married at the beginning of the war and there was an air raid as we waited on Cardiff Station to go on our honeymoon. My husband was working at the Melin Griffith Works at the time but was moved to a steel works in Sheffield as part of the war effort. At first I lived with my mother-in-law in Tongwynlais but moved home to Morganstown when my husband moved to Sheffield. I tried for a job at Danybryn (then the Meat Marketing Board) as part of the war effort, rather than being directed somewhere I didn't want to go. There were forty or fifty of us working at Danybryn, mostly girls, with men as bosses. We had to firewatch at night, four of us at a time. There were two old steel beds there for us to sleep on. We should have been paid 1s 6d a night but I never remember being paid for it. At Danybryn we looked after the meat supplies, returns from slaughter houses, imports of corned beef, condemned meat, etc. *(Marian Ray)*

Mr Leslie Ford, the Chief Docks' Manager, had his office in Ty Mynydd during the war. He was in charge of the docks at Newport, Cardiff, Penarth and Barry. *(Edgar Jenkins)*

In the last war the Church Room was turned into a First Aid and Ambulance Depot. I was a full-time volunteer in First Aid and Ambulance Attendant until we were closed down. We worked very hard at our training and we did very well in our examinations. *(Dorrie Spinks)*

The Tennis Club pavilion was also pressed into service by many different

organisations, such as the W.V.S., the Police, the Cardiff Rural District Food Control Committee and the Red Cross, while air raid shelters were erected in the drive and vacant land around the courts used as allotments.

EVACUEES

I remember the evacuees coming to Radyr. They were from inner London and enjoyed a regular visit to the pub. Radyr was 'dry' so they ventured forth to the Tynant but, on returning to Radyr after a convivial evening, they were so worded about the steep drop down towards the Taff that they decided against going again! *(Marjorie Woods)*

Most of the evacuees came from Greenford, Middlesex. Sylvia Prentice was one of five sisters evacuated to Morganstown from there and I struck up a lasting friendship with her. She came to Morganstown on holiday many times (she's in the photograph of the Morganstown Ladies' Jazz Band in 1958) but she now lives in Australia. Two evacuees, the Rowe twins, became famous as table tennis champions. *(Marian Ray)*

I was very friendly with an evacuee called Patricia Armstrong. One day we went to Bale's for milk. On our way back, she had already crossed the stile but I was still on the farm side of it. Two trains were passing and one of them dragged Patricia down the line. I ran to get help but she was already dead. Later, I had to give evidence at the inquest, which was held at Bethel Chapel. I often think of Patricia, who is buried in Radyr parish churchyard. She came to Morganstown to escape the bombing in London and was killed here. *(Nanette Ray)*

We used to get on well with the evacuees. They used to tell us all about London. To us, living in the country, it was a completely different way of life. For instance, they would go out with their mother and father on a Saturday night. They would watch their mother dancing at the Palais! *(Margaret Ray)*

A lot of the evacuee families were housed in a few houses in Radyr, which they took over completely. One of these was Heol Isaf on the main road, opposite the entrance to Windsor Crescent. *(Hazel Williams)*

After the war, another thirteen names had to be added to the war memorial. Billy Samuel of Y Wem won a D.F.M. in the war. When he returned home, the village gave him a party at the Tynant. Sadly, he was killed in his first bombing raid after his return, which was the 1,000th such bombing raid. He was flying in Hampden bombers. *(Marian Ray)*



The School Board



The Fisher family and staff c.1898. Miriam Rowland (nee Llewelyn) is on the back row (right). Colonel Fisher is seated in the centre.

People

DAHL, Harald (1864-1920) of Aadnesen and Dahl, shipbrokers. He was a Norwegian who built up a successful business in Cardiff docks. He bought Ty Mynydd in 1918, but died in 1920; the family left Radyr soon afterwards. His son, Roald, recorded his memories of Ty Mynydd in "Boy".

FISHER, George (1809-91) progressed from being General Superintendent and Engineer to the Taff Vale Railway, to Deputy Chairman and Resident Director. He was also a magistrate, a Cardiff Town Councillor, and Chairman of the Radyr School Board. He purchased the Ty Mynydd farm, which made him the second largest landowner in the parish, and built a residence there in about 1883.

FISHER, Col. H. Oakden (1846-1915) inherited Ty Mynydd on the death of his father. He resigned from the T.V.R. about the same time. Although he was Chairman of the Cardiff Gaslight and Coke Co.. (Ltd.) his chief interest was in the Glamorgan Volunteer Artillery, of which he was a Lieutenant Colonel.

JONES, Trevor Stanley (1867-1939) of Frondeg was Chairman of Cardiff Shipowners' Association and Cardiff Chamber of Commerce. From 1915-16 he was High Sheriff of Glamorgan.

LEWIS, Henry (1850-1916) of Tynant House, was one of the pioneers of South Wales coal industry, beginning his apprenticeship in Aberdare under Lord Merthyr. In 1898 he became Chairman of the South Wales Coalowners' Association. After developing pits at Ynyshir and Cilfynydd, he helped to develop the Welsh Navigation Steam Coal Company in the Ely Valley.

LOUGHER, Sir Lewis (1871-1955) founded the shipowning company of Lewis Lougher and Co. Ltd. He was M.P. for Cardiff East 1922-23 and for Cardiff Central 1924-29. In February 1927 he was responsible for the introduction of the Road Transport Lighting bill, which resulted in all vehicles using the public highway having to carry a white light in front and a red one at the rear. He was knighted in 1929 and Heol Syr Lewis in Morganstown is named after him. He lived in Danybryn from 1924 but, after developing the Danybryn Estate, he moved to Northlands in Drysgol Road.

PHILLIPS, David Rupert (1869-1952) son of the Rev. David Phillips of Radyr and son-in-law of Edward Franklin Thomas of Danybryn. He carried on the firm of Franklin Thomas and Co. (Ltd.) after his father-in-law's retirement in 1924. The Greenway in Drysgol Road (now Whitehall, the Judges' Residence) was built for him in 1923.

REES, Sir Beddoe (1877-1931) was an architect who designed several well-known chapels in Wales. He was knighted in 1917 for his work in organising

canteens and social welfare schemes. After the war he expanded his interests into shipping and coal. By the early 1920s he was a very rich man and bought Ty Mynydd from the Dahls. From 1922-29 he was an M.P. for Bristol South, and he was a supporter of all Welsh National Movements. His purchase of six anthracite pits in 1926 for one million pounds probably led to his bankruptcy.

THOMAS, Edward Franklin (1855-1929) was the founder of the coal exporting, pitwood importing, and shipbroking firm that bore his name. He was a member of the Rural District Council for 22 years, a member of the Radyr School Board, and a Churchwarden when Christ Church was built. Danybryn was built for him and his wife Amy Isabel. Mrs. Franklin Thomas was the Commandant of the V.A.D. hospital at Aldersyde in 1917.

WILDE, Jimmy (d. 1969) was a former miner who became the World Flyweight Champion from 1916-23. The "Mighty Atom", "The Ghost with the Hammer in his Hand" or "The Tylorstown Terror", had a house built in King's Road which he named after his Lonsdale belt.

WINDSOR, Robert Windsor-Clive (1857-1923) became the fourteenth Baron Windsor in 1869, when he was twelve years old. He inherited not only the title but also three large houses in England and Wales and 37,000 acres of land, including 900 acres in the parish of Radyr. In 1885, he owned Radyr Court Farm, Maesyllech Farm, Radyr Farm, Waterhall Farm and Heol Isaf Farm (together with cottages attached to the farms); Radyr Quarry and outlying lands at Rhydlafer and Maerdy. Later, he extended his ownership to Cwm, Garth and Bryn Melin, together with land 'near Drysgol Road' and the Tynant Inn.

Lord Windsor played an important part in the development of Radyr. In 1878, he promised the Rev. H. J. Humphreys a site and £300 for the building of the National School (now the Old Church Rooms). In 1881, he surrendered the rectorial tithes which his family had held since 1736. Also in 1881, he reached an agreement with the Taff Vale Railway that led to the opening of the passenger station at Radyr on June 1, 1883. His interest in sport contributed to the establishment of the Golf Club on land at Radyr Farm in 1902, the opening of the cricket field in 1908 and the provision of sites for the Tennis Club. In recognition of his support he was the first President of the Golf Club from 1902-1923 and of the Tennis Club.

Lord Windsor also played an active part in public life in South Wales. He was Mayor of Cardiff in 1896 and Lord-Lieutenant of Glamorgan. He held government office, including the post of First Commissioner of Works. As a result, he was created Earl of Plymouth in 1905, the first Earl of the second creation in the Windsor family (the previous earldom having become extinct in 1843).

Contributors

BEESON, Ken: son of Mrs. Eileen Beeson, a war widow, who came to Morganstown with her family in 1920. She took over Morganstown Post Office from Mrs. Edith Ray.

BROWN, Dr. Isobel (nee Young): born 1926. Wembdon in Drysgol Road has been the family home since 1920. She is married to Professor Kenneth Brown, OBE.

CHAMBERLAIN, Jack and Malvina: first cousins and man and wife. Malvina and her twin sister were born in 1 Pantawel Cottages in 1922. Jack was born at Post Office Row, Morganstown. Their grandfather, William Chamberlain, a shepherd from Devon, was living at 1 Radyr Lodge Cottages in 1891.

CHAPMAN, Nesta (nee Rowland): born 1913, Springfield Gardens, Morganstown, where she lived until her death in 1993. Her grandmother, Mrs. Kindness Llewelyn, who was living at 6 Teamans Row in 1891, was born in the parish in 1840.

CLARKE, Lorna: born Pontypridd, 1921, came to Aldersyde, Heol Isaf, in 1922. Her father, G. B. Williams, was a churchwarden and President of the Tennis Club. She was the Radyr member of the Rural District Council, 1970-74, and of Cardiff City Council, 1974-91.

CLARKE, W. R. P. (Bill): is a member of the Llandaff building firm founded by his great-grandfather in 1854. He has served as a Parish and Community Councillor for 40 years and as a County Councillor from 1977-1985.

COLES, Elsie (nee White): born Grangetown, 1904, but grew up in Llandaff North. She came to work at Radyr Golf Club at the age of fifteen.

EDWARDS, Steve: lived at Radyr Lodge Farm in the war years. His mother was the last occupant of the farmhouse, demolished c. 1970.

GIBBON, Peggy: born Bridgend, 1910, came to Radyr in 1917. She married Bill Woods in 1940. They took over the Woods family home on Heol Isaf in 1959.

GRIFFITHS, David and Connie: David served on the Community Council, 1974-79, and formed the Radyr and District Choral Society in 1968, serving as the conductor until 1991.

Connie, a District Nurse, was a founder member of 'the Chain Gang', the group that produced the "Radyr Chain" from 1979.

HARRIS, Gladys (nee Leaves): born Teamans Row, Morganstown, 1906, but grew up at 8 Junction Terrace. Her paternal grandfather, William Leaves, a railwayman from Somerset, was living at the Old Station House, Morganstown, in 1891.

HOLLAND, Ken: a railwayman who has lived at 2 Junction Terrace for most of his life.

JACKSON, Hubert: came to Radyr in 1942 after being bombed out in Cardiff. His garden at Dumgoyne, Heol Isaf, has frequently been opened to the public.

JENKINS, Dot (nee Williams): born Pontypridd, 1905, came to Aldersyde, Heol Isaf, in 1922. (See CLARKE, Lorna)

JENKINS, Edgar: born 1923. His maternal grandfather, John Jones, was the publican at the Tynant Inn, where Edgar lived until 1928.

JENKINS, Pat (nee Donohue): came to Radyr from Porthcawl in 1954. She worked for Plasterers Ltd., who took over John Harry's yard in Taff Terrace.

JERMINE, Margery (nee Grover): born Radyr, 1920. Her father, Henry Grover, was a benefactor of Christ Church and a keen cricketer who did much to establish the game locally.

JERMINE, Ronald: was the proprietor of the Westward Ho Garage on Llantrisant Road from 1952 until his retirement in 1979.

JONES, Dr. Mary Hewart: born 1904, came to Radyr in 1911, when her father was appointed one of the first H.M.I.s in Wales. Her mother was the first woman to serve on Radyr Parish Council. Dr. Mary was Lady President of Radyr Golf Club.

JORDAN, Harry: was the grandson of Arthur Gearing, a railwayman with the T.V.R.

KERNICK, Elizabeth (Mrs. Jones): lived at Glascoed, Heol Isaf, from 1932-1940.

LEAVES, Haydn: son of Morgan Leaves of 8 Junction Terrace. (See HARRIS above)

LEAVES, Mary (nee Davies), born Ystrad Mynach, 1916, and came to Morganstown in 1931. She married Haydn Leaves in 1937.

LEWIS, Edgar: born Whitchurch, 1904, but grew up in Morganstown and now lives in Radyr. He has served as a chorister at Christ Church since 1911.

LOVELUCK, Laura (nee Richards): born 1904, came to Radyr in 1926 when her father, Watkin Richards, took over the tenancy of Radyr Farm. She married James Loveluck of Rhydlafr Farm and now runs a guesthouse there.

MORGAN, Enid: born Morganstown, 1908, daughter of John and Sarah Morgan, the first couple married at Christ Church. Her mother was on the staff of Ty Mynydd in 1891. Like many of her mother's family, the Llewelyns, she has been an organist at Bethel Chapel.

MORGANS, Geraint: lived at Llysydolau, Drysgol Road, from 1950-1971 and returned to Radyr in 1983.

NEWMAN, Jean (Mrs. Gardner) and Christine (Mrs. Cockwill): daughters of

Selwyn and Lily Newman, who kept the shop and bakery in Springfield Gardens started by their grandparents, Albert and Lydia Newman. Their great-grandmother, Mrs. Kindness Llewelyn, was living at 6 Teamans Row in 1891.

POWELL, His Honour Judge Dewi Watkin Powell: born Aberdare, 1920, came to Radyr in 1925. He remained a resident of Heol Isaf, though not at the same house, until his retirement in 1993.

PRICE, Beryl (Mrs. Meurig Jones): has lived in Radyr since 1927, when her parents moved into a new house on Heol Isaf, which they named Penkrige (now Pengarth).

PRICE, Jack: came to live at 75 Heol Isaf in 1923. He now lives in Dorset.

RAY: The Ray family of Morganstown are descended from John and Mary Ray, who came from Somerset in the 1870s. Three of their sons, William, Henry and David, married the three Tiley sisters, Nell, Edith and Rose, from Berkeley, Glos., who came to work for their aunt Mary (Mrs. Evan Morgan) at the Morganstown Post Office.

RAY, George: born Llantrisant, 1905, son of Philip Ray, eldest son of John and Mary Ray. Philip and his family lived at the Old Station House, Morganstown.

RAY, Gabrielle (Mrs. Stephens): born 1913, daughter of Edwin Ray, second son of John and Mary Ray.

RAY, Jack (John): born at the Old Station House, 1912, and brought up in Teamans Row, is the son of William and Nell (nee Tiley). His wife, Margaret, was born in Gwaelod-y-Garth. Their two daughters, Nanette (Mrs. Russell) and Margaret (Mrs. Smith) are also contributors to the book.

RAY, Marian (Mrs. Bowden): born Morganstown, daughter of David and Rose (nee Tiley).

RIEPLÉ, Tony: born Llandaff, 1905. His maternal grandmother, Polly Bassett, was the tenant of Waterhall Farm after the death of her husband in 1908.

ROSE, David: came to Park Road, Radyr, in 1938. He is related to Mrs. Betty Fraser, widow of Dr. Tom Fraser.

ROWLAND, Eunice (Mrs. Edwards): born Llwynypia Cottages, Morganstown, 1901, elder daughter of Henry Rowland and his wife, Miriam, elder sister of Nesta Chapman.

SAMPSON, Peggy (nee Leaves): born 8 Junction Terrace, 1917, sister of Gladys Harris and Haydn Leaves.

SPINKS, Doris (Dome): born Swansea, 1904, came to Radyr in 1906. She was

educated at St. Winifred's School and lived at Hilton, 54 Heol Isaf, all her life.

STEPHENS, Helen (nee Walters): younger sister of Ben Walters (see below).

STUART, Peter: born Radyr, 1924. His maternal grandparents, Matthew and Beatrice Warren, lived at St. Elmo, Heol Isaf, and were founder members of Radyr Golf Club. Matthew Warren, MBE, was Clerk to the Rural District Council from 1894-1946.

TICKNER, Ron: is the great-grandson of William Chamberlain (see above) and the fourth generation of his family to live at 1 Pantawel Cottages.

THORLEY, Joan: came to Radyr in 1950 and now lives in Morganstown.

WALTERS, Bert: born 1905 and brought up in Morganstown by his grandmother, Mrs Agnes Powell, at Vine Cottage. His father was a peripatetic stonemason.

WATKINS, Tom: born near Brecon, 1902, came to Morganstown at the age of five. His father David Watkins, was bailiff to Col. Fisher at Cwm Farm. His wife, Violet, was the daughter of Albert and Lydia Newman (see NEWMAN above).

WILLIAMS, Albert: born Springfield Gardens, 1914. His father, Alfred, was Chief Clerk to Taff Vale Railway and served on Radyr Parish Council from 1922-27.

WILLIAMS, Hazel (Mrs. Pinch): born at 4 Taff Terrace, 1936. Her grandparents, William and Thurza Williams, were living at 17 Junction Terrace in 1891. Her aunt, Dorothy Williams, was a teacher at Radyr School until her marriage.

WILLIAMS, Glenys: born Llandeilo, 1904. She is the widow of Dr. D. G. Williams of Taffs Wells and came to Radyr in 1956.

WOODS, William (Bill), Nell and Marjorie: are three of the six children of R. C. Woods, who took over the only shop in Station Road in 1910, the year that his eldest son Bill was born. At that time, the family lived 'over the shop' but they subsequently lived at The Cottage on the corner of Station Road and Heol Isaf. The family business closed in 1977.

Note: On the whole, when the reminiscences are of childhood days, a woman's maiden name is used unless it is thought that she would be better known by her married name. Occasional discrepancies have arisen but we hope that this index will make things clear.

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