

AN ANTHOLOGY OF PWLL PART 2

By

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A BÔNAU CABBAGE PATCH

SUPPLEMENT

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Let's take a nostalgic walk down the length of Pwll, beginning at the bridge over the stream. I never did know the official name of the stream, but we called it "Afon Bassett", but I am sure that wasn't its proper name. The wall of the bridge was a favourite meeting place for the people of "Erw Bach", both young and old, and the problems of the world were discussed and solved there, and many a Welsh team has been selected there, without the assistance of the Big Five. The young men used the wall as a point of vantage for their favourite occupation – watching all the girls go by. The bridge was also where Bessie, a legless lady, parked her invalid carriage, which was propelled by two levers that she manipulated with incredible speed. Now Bessie may have been legless but there was nothing wrong with her ears, for she knew every bit of scandal in the village. This she broadcasted with complete disregard for the laws of slander in a particularly rasping voice. Whenever I recall 'Bont y Yard' as the bridge was called, Bessie and her carriage are firmly imprinted on my mind.



(Bassett Terrace from Avon Dulais Bridge)

Opposite, on the right had side of the road was Specks nurseries. George Speck was the gardener in those days. He was a very

hard working man, and with the help of a lad, he worked the garden and tended half a dozen greenhouses. But what I remember most about George was that he was a chain smoker, and I never saw him

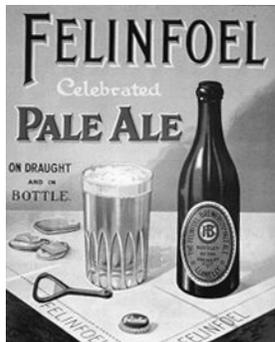


without a cigarette between his lips, which he never handled except to light up a new fag from the lighted stub. I used to watch the ash on the cigarette in his mouth grow

bigger and bigger before it fell off, usually on to the front of his jacket which George would then brush off, only succeeding to rub it in. He must have ruined all his clothes that way. George had the first motor van I had ever seen, which replaced the horse drawn van he used to transport his produce to market.

Back on the left hand side, a few yards further on, was Jacks shop and billiard hall. The billiard hall held fond memories for many a time I had been thrown out for misbehaving. Mind, you didn't need to do much more than fidget or talk loudly to be misbehaving in Jacks' eyes, and if you dared to object to being asked to leave, you were helped along by the scruff of your neck. Jack and his wife Florrie did great work as unpaid youth leaders, for, during the depression when we had no money to play billiards, he cleared out a spare room behind the shop and set it up as a games room where we played dominoes, draughts and table skittles – all free. He even installed a wireless set, which in those days was very rare. I remember we all assembled at Jacks place at 2:00am one morning in the thirties to listen to a commentary on the Tommy Farr, Joe Louis fight for the heavyweight championship of the world. Can you think of anyone else getting up at two in the morning to let in a gang of youngsters to listen to a boxing match? Many a person has been awarded an OBE for much less.

Crossing the road again and a dozen yards further on was the area pub – The Travellers Well. When I was a lad the landlady was Mrs Samuel. She was a dedicated churchgoer, and as she impressed on her customers, *“I may be a publican, but I am no sinner, and I will not stand for any bad language or drunkenness*



in my establishment”. So it was hardly the place to go for a wild night out. She did not give credit, as most pubs did in those days to make any sort of a trade, but to certain customers she

would lend money, no more than the price of two pints. A storey sprang from this practice and surely it must be a tall one. A certain regular successfully negotiated a loan, and upon receiving it started to make his way out to the door. *“And where are you going?”* asked a shocked Mrs Samuel. *“Down the Blue Anchor”* said he. *“But you have the money for your beer,”* she insisted. *“You are right,”* he replied, *“but if you won’t give me tick, I’m not spending my ready money here.”*

Crossing the road again and a few yard further on and you had a rare sight - a chance to gaze through the window and watch ‘Morris the Tailor’ at his work. As a boy I was fascinated at the sight of Mr Morris squatting cross-legged on the floor stitching away, and I could never pass by the window without staring in. I must have got on his nerves for after a few minutes he would wave wildly at me to go away, or he would get up and leave the room.

Next to Mr Morris’ tailor shop stood the little Chapel Salem, whose leaders did great work among children of all denominations. There was something going on in ‘Salem’

every night of the week and I have already described a temperance meeting held there. They also held drama rehearsals, Lantern lectures and prayer meetings. During the 1926 coal stoppage it was used as a ‘Soup Kitchen’ that tried to provide one good meal a day to miners children. Yes, you could say that Salem was the focal point or ‘Erw Bach’.

Next door again was ‘Shop Jack’ – grocers and chip shop. When I first remember it the grocers and chip shop were in the same room and Christmas, Jack’s son, was being groomed for stardom. In later years a new chip shop, with eating room was built on the end toward Salem, and by now Christmas was in charge. Christmas built up a flourishing business. He was spotlessly clean and his equipment was first class – the very first gas fired range in Llanelli. In the eating room you could sit down to a plateful of fish and chips, a few pieces of bread and butter, and a cup of tea for two shillings (that’s 10p today). He also did a roaring trade in take away meals, but in later years a bad investment forced him out of business and there has been no chip shop in Pwll ever since.



And so on our way. Next we come to ‘Manchester House’ – William Davies the drapers’ emporium. Now I didn’t know a lot about William except that he was deacon in Bethlehem Chapel and a very pious man indeed. William enjoyed poor health, and at a drop of a hat would give you a list of all his ailments. The story goes that two of our leading drinkers went along to wish William a happy New Year, a few minutes after the bells rang in the New Year. He was delighted and gave the boys a shilling each. Unfortunately they made the mistake of enquiring about his health to which he gave them a full account, which lasted 20

minutes. The interview came to an abrupt end when one of them advised him *“Why don’t you drink a few pints William bach. I’m sure it will do you good.”*

Next door again was Walter Hoskin’s, grocer shop, including his son-in- law’s ‘High Class Ladies and Gentlemen’s Hairdressers’. Walter was one of the village’s leading public figures, a councillor, School Manager, Chapel Deacon and also secretary of Pwll branch of ‘Rachabites’. Walter’s only drawback was his poor command of the English language. To be sure he was a fluent Welsh speaker and used the fashionable heavy sounding vowels ‘u’ and ‘i’ as in *gwir* or *ddur*, but his English was poor. That didn’t however deter him. I remember him on the same platform as Lady Howard Stepney, who was there to open the church fete. The idea was that Walter should introduce the good lady, and she, after a pretty speech would declare the fete open. But it was too much to expect Walter to be brief, and he hogged the platform for an hour, speaking in Welsh. It was only right at the end he broke graciously into English for the benefit of the Lady, and these were his famous words: *“There are only a few of us big bugs present today, me and Lady Howard”.* The rest of the speech was drowned out with laughter, and the poor Lady when it came to her turn could only blurt out, *“I declare this fete open”.*

Leaving Walter’s shop we come to the tram terminus waiting room. I have dealt with the waiting room in an earlier story. As I said it was mainly the lair of ‘Wil Celwydd Gole’ and Joseph Evan. Now all that remained of ‘Erw Bach’ were two lock up shops, one a cobbler’s shop and the other a greengrocers. ‘Twm y Cobbler’ was below average height and was as broad as he was long. So short was he that he used a wooden block that enabled him to work comfortably at his last. He wore pebble glasses that made him look very much like a Dickensian character. He



was a bachelor and was reputed to be a dedicated womaniser, but a man of few words. Joe and Wil were discussing Twm’s love life one night in the waiting room. *“I don’t understand it”,* said Joe, *“how a man with so little to say can be so successful with the ladies. After all, he has to chat them up”.* *“I think Twm is a firm believer in the old saying, action speak louder than words”,* replied Wil, *“and anyway, most women can talk enough for two. They tell me that he entertains the ladies in the shop after closing time when the shutters are up, and I’ve heard that he has an arrangement with Hector the lamplighter, to leave the lamp outside his shop unlit two nights a week.”* *“Does he now”,* said Joe, *“I always knew that wooden block had more uses than one. How can he be so quiet when he’s got so much going for him?”* *“Well”,* explained Wil, *“he’s been a cobbler for twenty years hasn’t he, and a man can’t do much talking with his mouth full of springs, so he must have out of habit”.*

William Thomas owned the lock-up shop at the foot of the hill, or William Bach as his mother used to call him. Heavens knows why, for he was almost six foot tall! I think that in this case the word bach was used as a term of endearment, so William Bach meant dear William. When I tell you that William’s mother was Marged Thomas, also the mother of Martin, the very same lady that sorted out the Headmaster you will understand. She dearly loved her boys. I remember William from schooldays. He

suffered dreadfully from epilepsy, which caused fits. He would know when a fit was coming on, and in the schoolyard one day he came rushing towards us with his eyes staring and his mouth frothing and we turned tail and fled. All the poor boy wanted was that we should hold him up to stop him falling, for he suffered many injuries by crashing to the ground. But William was resilient and survived all this in a cheerful way. He would even make a joke about his fits, which he called 'daisies'. I wish I could end this reference to William on a cheerful note, but alas, he met a very tragic end. He went blackberry picking one day alone and when he didn't return the search party found him dead, face downward, in a small pool.

Now we are leaving Erw Bach and entering the neutral zone. Half way up the hill stood Wil Celwydd Gole's cottage. He had a large well-kept garden and of course, Wil's garden produce was always bigger and better than anyone else's. Wil was fond of telling every one of the marvellous onions and cabbages he grew the year he fed them with elephant manure that he had obtained from 'Bastock and Wombells Menagerie'. *"They were so big,"* he would say, *"that it was impossible to cut them down with a knife. I had to use an axe and fell them like trees"*.

When you reached the top of the hill, which was above sea level, you had your first glimpse of the bay and the northern coast of the Gower Peninsular. The people living on the bank above the road had a grand view of the bay, but they were exposed to the prevailing wind from the West sou' west which reached gale force very often in the wintertime. There were no houses on the left hand side of the road, for the bank fell steeply down to the marshes. In an imposing looking house on the bank lived Mr David Brazell, former opera singer, who had retired to his native Pwll after a most distinguished career. He could be seen regularly standing facing the sea doing his



deep breathing exercises. He was of striking appearance in what was described in those days as the Bohemian fashion, popularised by Augustus John the Welsh painter: large hat, cravat, with green velvet jacket and corduroy trousers. When he went walking he carried a silver mounted walking stick and he spoke English with the peculiar twang of a Welshman who had resided in England determined to acquire a middle class accent.

Mr Brazell felt he had to put something back into the profession he had graced so well, and which had been so good to him, so he gave singing lessons to promising singers of the village. Among those who turned up for an audition were the brothers Ivor and Joe, whose public appearance had until now been confined to the Saturday night sing-songs at the Colliers Arms public house. Ivor was the first to be invited to show off his talents, but he didn't make the grade. As Mr Brazell explained later to a friend, *"My mother always said of singers she didn't like 'that one has got a voice like the sound of a cinder caught under the door', and now after all these years I suddenly realise what she meant"*. He persevered with Joe for a long time, for Joe had a very nice voice, but he eventually was also given his marching orders.

Joe, although possessing a very pleasant voice was cursed with poor diction. He used what was described in singing terms

as the intrusive "aitch". That is, he used to drop his aitches when he should have used them and tacked them onto words when he shouldn't have – as in one of his ballads, 'Bless this 'ouse h'o Lord we Pray'.



A short distance down the road was the Blue Anchor public house, where Mr Brazell held court a few nights a week in Mrs Hughes' private room with a few special friends. Now, Mr Brazell never sang in the pub – he was too much a professional for that – but he had travelled widely in this country and abroad, and he was a very articulate man indeed. But even he wasn't safe from people who saw fit to keep him in his place, and one old gent in particular would deflate him regularly. He would greet him with *"Why, hello Dai. I knew your father well. He worked in the colliery, the same as me."* Mr Brazell hated to be addressed as Dai, and to be reminded of his antecedents was adding insult to injury.

Just a few yards, the Erw Bach side of the Blue Anchor was Pwll School. In later years the former pupils would refer to it fondly as the Pwll Academy. It received this accolade from a former pupil, who after an accident in the pit decided to get out of it, so applied for a position as an agent for the 'Pearl Insurance Company'. He received an application form from their London Head Office, and wishing to impress his prospective employers, he entered 'The Pwll Academy' in the space that asked "Where Educated?" As he reasoned, *"How did they know different? I have to return the form to London"*. London seemed a very far away place in those days.

After passing the Blue Anchor we are now entering "Gwilod Pwll" which contained more characters, all of them nicknamed,

than any other area it's size in Wales. I have recalled a few in a previous story. One I left out was a lady named Mrs Ellerton. Now Mrs Ellerton was a close friend of my mother, and she spent a lot of time in our house. My brother and I would listen entranced to the conversation, during which she just about murdered the English language. She just loved her children, and most of her talk was about them. *"Our Felicia"*, she would boast, *"would make a lovely wife for someone. She washes clothes as white as crimson snow. And our Wilfred has cut himself playing that old football, so he has gone to the doctors with his head."* One day she was feeling depressed, and after sharing the troubles with Mam, declared, *"So, between it all, Nell fach, it's enough to make you go round the pond with your head."*

The gardens in this part of Pwll were outstanding. They specialised in growing vegetables, which were transformed to market loaded on a three-wheeled carriage called a 'carriage bach'. Many a three-penny piece I earned pushing a carriage to town on market day. Pwll people took up a row of stalls in the old market pavilion, and were noted for their fresh homegrown vegetables – which brings me nicely to John Evans.

In those days the highlights of the summer season were the district horticultural shows. Ours was held in the old school. Llanelli had several shows in different districts and almost every village in the area held their own event. Now this is where John comes in. John's success in the horticultural shows was phenomenal. He never failed to get three or even four firsts in each show, and the strange part was that he didn't specialise as most of his rivals did. Onions, leeks, carrots or cabbages, it was all the same to John. He has been known, at some time or another, to have won a first in every section. But what the judges didn't know was that John would tour all the gardens of Pwll, seeking his exhibits and when he found them he was usually

successful in wheedling them from the owners. It was in the British Legion Show, and John had been even more successful than usual, that one of the exhibitors approached Moses Davies, who was known as Moss. "Tell me Moss", he said, "you are from Pwll. That John Evans must have a wonderful garden. Is it very big?" "Big," said Moss, "why it's immense. It stretches from the tram terminus all the way to Tirwaun!" – a distance of a mile and a half. It wasn't long afterwards that John retired gracefully from competition, as he sportingly put it, "To give others a chance."

Down the hill from Mrs Ellerton's house and on passed the Brickworks – the company in whose mines I worked for many years – and there on the right, on the curve of the road, stood the old Colliers Arms, which has long been demolished for road widening. Of course there is a new Colliers Arms further along the road, but it was the old tavern that holds the memories.

The old Colliers was my regular Saturday night call for many years - a place full of



character, where such worthies as 'Billy Kit', 'Dan Ammanford' and Cyril would call. Why I single out Cyril in my memories of the old tavern will become plain as the story unfolds. Cyril as a quiet, soft spoken, inoffensive man, well loved by all, but he had a great weakness. On Saturdays, he would spend all his money drinking beer, get very drunk, and would not be seen

again until the following Saturday when he would do it all over again. He lived opposite our house in New Road, which was a stiff uphill climb from The Colliers and his long suffering wife made me promise that I would always see that Cyril got home safely. This I faithfully did for years, and it became an accepted fact that I would do so, with the result that Cyril would relax and fall asleep long before closing time. Billy Kit, who was the master of ceremonies at the Saturday night concert, would always, in his closing speech remind me of my duty. He would say, "and that gentlemen concludes our programme for the evening. And of course our worthy friend" – (that was me) – "will see to it that Cyril gets home safely."

Now this went on for years until one night I knocked on the door and Cyril's wife gave me an awful roaring as though it was my responsibility for his condition. So, the next Saturday, when he was even more incapable, I didn't have the courage to knock the door, and in a sudden inspiration, I guided him to the back of his house, opened the door, and sat him on his lavatory seat. He looked quite comfortable sitting there and he soon fell asleep, so I closed the door and left him. My wife and I had finished our supper when a knock came on the door. It was Cyril's wife looking very worried.

She looked at me accusingly and said, "Why didn't you bring Cyril home?" "But I did bring him home," I protested. "I left him asleep in the lavatory." In a flash her worried look cleared and now she wore a very cross face indeed. "In the lavatory is he," she snapped, "Well I'm not getting him out!" And so Cyril spent the night asleep on his throne, and his wife hit upon the brilliant idea of spreading the story around. It even got back to the Colliers where Cyril was ragged unmercifully! This was successful in bringing a partial cure at least, for thereafter I was able to leave him at his door with more confidence.

Now Cyril wasn't the only one who sometimes drank well, but not wisely. There was the night Stanley set them a problem when his legs refused to function at closing time. But Billy, who was equal to all emergencies, surmounted the hurdle when he borrowed the landlord's garden barrow and wheeled him home. Luckily he lived on the main road. This became a standing joke, for when anyone appeared to be getting under the influence, Billy would say, "If you don't steady up I can see you ending up on the wheelbarrow." Now, as you will have gathered, Billy was very much in charge on a Saturday night, and a better man for the job would be hard to find. He combined efficiency with kindness and a good humour, while his chairmanship of the concert was masterly - an object lesson in creating order out of chaos. The performers he referred to as 'my worthy friend Mr so and so', while their songs were always 'rendering' as were their recitations and monologues. He always addressed the audience as 'Gentlemen, one and all'.

Across the road from the Colliers Arms was



all that remained of the buildings of the Pwll Colliery, which I am told, closed long before the turn of the century. This was one of the meeting places for people of 'Gwilod Pwll'. They called it 'Banc-y-Colliers'. It was where Ben the Bookies runner picked up a lot of business in the days before the advent of betting shops. It was illegal in those days to bet unless you had an

account with the registered Bookmaker. Then you phoned in your bet and settled up at the end of the month. Silly wasn't it! I expect the powers that be meant well, for in that way they hoped to confine gambling to the people who could afford it. But this only resulted in the illegal passing of betting slips together with the stake money to the runner, and he would place the bets with his particular 'bookie'. I don't think they commission amounted to more than two shillings in the pound so the unscrupulous ones who thought that they were racing experts would scan the list for no-hopers and 'stick' the bets – that is they pocketed the stakes instead of placing the bet and I have even heard of near lynchings of runners who 'stuck' a bet that unexpectedly came in. To be fair, I have never heard anyone say that of Ben. He was eagerly awaited in every pub and meeting place in Pwll. One day, when he was late on his rounds he ran into Davies the Policeman who told him, "They are going crazy waiting for you on Banc-y-Colliers, so hurry along Ben bach." 'Davies the Bobby' knew everything that went on in Pwll. "I don't need to go outside the house," he would say. They bring me all the information, and what would be the point of nicking Ben? It would only cause resentment among most of the men of Pwll, and after all, I've got to live here." Yes, Ben could charm the back legs off a donkey and he used the gift to charm the money out of people's pockets.

So, on we go. Now there are houses on both sides of the road for we are back at sea level. On the left was a line of small cottages called Chapel Row. Ben the runner lived in one of them and his wife's sister, Martha, a spinster lady, lived next door. Martha usually took to her position behind the curtain where she kept a sharp look out on all passers by. It was said that she never missed a fly going by! One of the young lads courting a young lady from Burry Port often missed the last bus, and so, walking home passed by Martha's house late at night – but no too late for

Martha, who would part the curtains to peep. Whenever this young lad passed by late at night and didn't see the curtains move, he'd call out, "*Here I am Martha, on my way home so you can go to bed now.*"

Next to Chapel Row was of course Bethlehem Chapel – Mecca of Pwll Baptists. They had just persuaded Mr Bowen, formerly of Bootle in Lancashire, to answer their call. The new minister had more than come up to expectations so there seemed to be a touch of revivalism in the air. Mr Bowen, a man of cheerful disposition and ready wit, appeared to be happy in the service of the Lord. In contrast, his deacons were a very sombre lot, but there, perhaps deaconing is a very serious business.

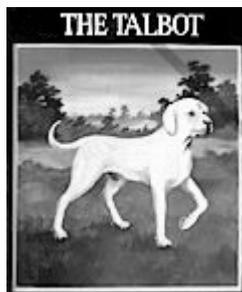
Further down the same side of the road was 'Davies the Weavers' small factory. The Davies brothers turned out beautiful woollen blankets and carthen. They also made Welsh flannel for the knee length draffers of those days. But after the death of one of the brothers, who was the master weaver and who ran the factory, it seemed to just fade away.



(Bethlehem Chapel from Talbot Inn)

Eventually, like so many other cottage industries, it became a casualty of mass production. Today with people more appreciative of quality and with more money to buy the goods, it would do well. But alas, the men and women who knew

how to transform the raw wool into material are with us no more.



Next door to the factory stood the 'Talbot Inn'. The 'Talbot' was the establishment of Mrs Davies, widow, and if ever there was a pub with a difference, this was it and it could never have been referred to as 'run of the mill'. To begin with, Mrs Davies had a poor opinion of her regulars that she didn't bother to hide. Then there was no bar with counter and pumps, but a serving hatch connected to the beer cellar, where the barrels were lined up on trestles and she served beer straight from the barrel into the glass. The serving hatch was closed by a sliding shutter, which the dear lady used to express her feelings. After serving your beer she would slam it down as though to say, "*and that's for you!*" But for all that the sessions were well attended, for I think the regulars had a grudging admiration for her. She kept a great pint and strangely enough she gave tick, but her money was quite safe, for nobody would dare to try and bilk her, for she would throw up the shutter when the place was crowded and ask in a loud voice, "*Has anyone seen that old so and so? He hasn't been here this week to pay his old account.*" Ben the runner was a caller here and he was usually to be found playing cards. He was an interesting character – combining his running job with part-time chimney sweeping, he had a never-ending fund of stories for all occasions.

It was he who foolishly complained about the state of the playing cards. "*We need some new cards, Mrs Davies. These are as thick as blankets.*" "*Well buy some!*" said she, "*You are the people whom use them. Not me!*" and slam! – Down came the



shutter. Thereafter Ben was one of her greatest admirers, for in his trade as a Bookies runner, he'd always thought that he was pretty good at the withering retort, and he could well appreciate Mrs Davies who was devastating. As he put it, "*You've got to admit boys, she's far too hot for us!*"

At the end of the session, instead of the customary, "*Time gentlemen please*", Mrs Davies would fling up the shutter and with a beaming smile proclaim, "*It's time you men went home*", and you wouldn't dare hang about too long or the shutter would be up again and she would ask sweetly, "*Haven't you got any homes to go to?*"

But we can't leave the Talbot without mentioning a visit by 'Texas Dan' who had been working away from home for a few months. After greeting the customers, who were delighted to see him, he strode purposely up to the serving hatch and gave it a good rap. Now, he knew full well that a hard knock would infuriate Mrs Davies, but Dan was no respecter of persons or reputations. When the shutter flew up and the good lady had reminded him in no uncertain terms that she wasn't deaf, Dan turned to the regulars and said in a loud voice, "*I see you've still got the old squaw here then.*"

Running parallel with the Talbot Inn was another small stream that marked the parish boundary, so actually the village ended there, but there were several houses the other side of the stream whose people would be very annoyed if you called them anything but Pwllites. The stream ran under the road the same way as the Avon Bassett of Erw Bach, and likewise the wall was a favourite meeting place for people in that part of Pwll. The assembly was usually made up of Talbot customers waiting for opening time, so there was not many there

when the Talbot was in session. If you were a frequenter of the wall you were referred to scathingly as one who is usually to be found sitting on 'Wal-y-Talbot'. On a Sunday evening, especially in summertime it would be full, for these were the best days before Sunday opening and the men were more or less at a loose end.



(Texas Dan)

I so believe they liked the self inflicted torture of gazing longingly across the road at the doors that were firmly locked against them. The wall didn't really fill up until after the Chapel goers had wended their way homeward, for most of the men were scared of their wives and their warning of, "*Now make sure that you are not seen sitting on 'Wal-y-Talbot.*"

But of course, there were always the few who didn't care, or, like Ben the runner, hadn't given it much thought. Ben would



pleasantly nod to the people leaving Chapel but his polite “good evenings” didn’t bring much response. Now this coldness didn’t seem to worry him

at all, but he was always upset by Rees, who had repented late in life and who made a point of walking by the wall slowly and gazing pityingly at Ben. “Did you see that Rees”, he said, “Since he has seen the light he wears such a smug expression. It’s as though he’s saying ‘well, I’m going to heaven, but I don’t know about you’. And it wasn’t so long ago he was one of my best customers.”

And so we come to the end of our walk, and also to the end of my collection of memories of Pwll in the twenties, thirties and even forties. Pwll and its people, in common with the rest of the country, have changed. The advent of the wireless and later television has made them sophisticated. No longer do they meet socially. Dramas, concerts and dances are considered old hat. Even the little chapel ‘Salem’ is gone. The old characters, the lifeblood of the village have all passed on and no fresh ones have taken their places for whoever heard of a sophisticated old character.

I would like to think that God, in his infinite wisdom has gathered them together in heaven, for after the serious business of the day in the company of his very good angels, such as Popes, Archbishops Cardinals, down the list to vicars, curates and deacons, he would need a little relaxation in the company of his more light hearted ones.

I can imagine Him after he has settled himself comfortably among them, saying to ‘Wil Celwydd Gole’, “Tell me Wil, about the giant onions and cabbages you grew the

year you fed them the elephant manure”. Or to Ben, “Tell me Ben, what really did happen to Lady Howard’s wagon of coal on the day that Wales played Scotland in 1928, when Llanelli supplied seven players to the Welsh team and everyone was indoors listening to the broadcast?” And I can imagine Ben begin his explanation,

“Well God bach, it was like this...”



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