Background History

Born Lizzie Perkins

Mother married a widower Tom Healy

with four children. My grandmother Lizzie was one of three children resulting from
their marriage (one brother older and one younger).

The mother ran a small holding consisting of 1 cow—several chickens
but when Lizzie was 5 years, Tom Healy

died leaving mother to bring up the

new family—although Tom's children by
the first marriage were growing up.

The parish council sat once a month
at a local chapel to discuss the
problems of the families in the village
community. The mother had to buy
the parish council to allow the £2
allowance per week to support the family

in view of the poverty. Instead
of granting her the sum they
said she could bring Lizzie
ten one days out of school to
help with selling the milk and
chores around the farm. (Lizzie was
always sad about being taken from
school, she felt she had missed so
much and enjoyed her education very
much).

From that time she continued with
her mother on the farm selling milk
and homeworked "Lizzie the Milker"
until she married Jasper Hollings
at the age of 18 years.
My Village of Waunarlwydd

by

Mrs. Hizzie Holborow

First of all I would like to tell you the truth about our village—perhaps not so amusing as I would like; but I will do my best and thank you very much for asking me.

I am able to go back nearly seventy years and the cultural and social life of that time centred around our places of worship. We had plenty of interests then and appreciated them all—singing school, Band of Hope and competitive meetings on Saturday evenings which we called Penny Readings. Then every chapel had its annual

Eisteddfod which were well supported: Sardis on Good Friday, with a celebrity concert in the evening; Zion on the following Saturday and on Easter Monday. Most of us trekked up to Three Crosses where another Eisteddfod was held and was again well supported.

Also, every Sunday School learned a Cantata to be performed on a Saturday evening to which we all looked forward very much. I can well remember some of the names:—Snow White, The Rajah of Rajapore, The Gipsy Queen, Chrysanthemum, Bundle of Sticks and many others. I remember many of the pretty choruses but, being no singer I have to leave it at that.
I remember attending a concert here at this chapel and a very pretty chorus went Nid Noddy with the choir swaying; it was very picturesque. There are some of you present here this evening that Niddy Nodded and I expect you remember it very well. Also there was a children's choir, conducted by the late D. Jones, A'Lawfa, which won the National in 1905.

In later years there was a very successful choir conducted by D.J. Gravelle and there was also a United Choir, conducted by different singers in our village; some of them have passed over but we remember their work and efforts for teaching us, with reverence and respect. Going to singing school for practice.

For the different performances were our outings and we enjoyed every minute. Then there was our Sunday School treat - tea-party as we called it then. If the weather was fine we went to play games on some fields which were lent to us for the day; there were races and sports until it was dusk and then the highlight of the day - Kiss in the Ring.

Sometimes we went away by train and there was always tea, at the end of the journey, at some vestry which had been lent to us for the day. I well remember going to Burry Port. That day it rained the wettest rain with which you could ever get wet. Our Sunday School teachers kept us
amused in the place that had been lent to us. Some of the local young people came to see us and the highlight of the day came when some of us had a boy-friend to send us to the station that evening. We have all been young so you well understand that the rainy day mattered very little then.

But those little love affairs did not last long; transport was difficult and a cycle ride all the way was too much.

About the time when we were attending these practices for these entertainments I have quoted, there was a little diversion: a nightingale came to sing—not in Berkeley Square—

But down here in the Gower did we went down after Singing School and tried to hear it, but the noise and bustle was too much and I expect the bird was frightened away.

Then there was the Glynfryn Farm with rehearsals at different chapels what I had always longed for took place a few years ago, one. Two Welsh chapels in the village being a united Glynfryn Farm. I think everyone enjoyed themselves during that time, but parents were very particular about Sunday Observance Things and I'm sure many things were done for the better, but not anything I am afraid...
In my time the boys and girls were in different departments. Mr. Rowlands was the master of the Boys’ School and Miss Williams was our schoolmistress. She was very particular about deportment; how to stand and hold our books etc.

When she said she was leaving I can remember us all crying; but we soon learned to love our new mistress—Miss Parry.

I left school in 1900, a short time after she came.

Our school at Waunarlwydd produced some very clever men, who rose to high positions; most of them would say that they owed their success to the teaching and forming of their characters by their beloved school master of those early days.

The school games of my days were—tops, steel hoops, marbles and kites for boys; hop-scotch, skipping and buttons for girls. The boys would start spinning a top outside the school and keep spinning it all the way home. Also they were quite as clever with their steel hoops. They had a steel hook, generally made from a bucket handle; and they could keep the hoop going for long distances. With the traffic on our roads today those pastimes would be impossible. The village swimming pool of those days was the Ystrad Pond. They went over there in droves during the summer holidays and
many of them became expert swimmers too, without any special tuition. A young visitor to our village—who had learned to swim in the Ystrad pond—paid a visit to our village a while ago—from Canada; and he went specially to see the creek, as he called it. Atlas there was no activity as he remembered it; the village boys have outgrown those pastimes now. The young people of today might think our life was monotonous; but we found everything interesting, in our way of life and thoroughly enjoyed ourselves.

Then there was a tin boiler band, by the children, for every special celebration. The relief of bawsmotch was one and every election time someone was to be hanged to the loud banging of the band. The seaside outing was walking over Banc Mawr to Sketty and the beach which was nearest; and a very happy day was generally spent. We trudged home in the evening, dead tired.

Then there was Gowerton Fair—twice a year—which none of us would fail to visit. It was there we saw the Movies First; living pictures we called them and thought they were wonderful. In later years Mr. Harry Thomas opened the Tivoli Cinema. It was very amusing as the pictures got such a hold on some of us; we felt the show and the characters were real; we would call a warning to the performers to run and escape as the enemy was catching up on them. Mr. Thomas gave
show for children on Saturday mornings for twopence and for any special occasion he gave a bag of sweets as well. All our village children thought the world of the late Mr. Thomas; "Harry" they affectionately called him.

Then our village had a Welsh Drama Society: each Welsh chapel had one at the beginning, but they were later united into one united society. Several plays were produced and gave much pleasure to audiences and performers alike.

Also I would like to remark on the thrift and the self-supporting life of our village. All the houses had large gardens - which were cultivated to supply all the vegetables; a pigsty where one or two pigs were fed and later killed and cured for home use. Also most housewives baked their own bread and a very tasty currant bun, which everyone enjoyed.

We had our very amusing and witty characters, who worked very hard but had a knack of getting out of any little problem. The story goes that two of our men had walked miles up through the Swansea Valley in search of some work on a farm or anything. They arrived at a farmhouse near the Beacons and having eaten their lunch, which they took with them, thought they would ask for a little bread and cheese before commencing the homeward trek. The farmer's wife, thinking they were beggars, replied that she could not be bothered. Not to be outdone, one of them went into a
field nearby, gathered a fistful of leaves, grass and earth and again approached her, asking if she would kindly sprinkle some salt on it. "Whatever for?" she asked. "To see if I can eat it," was the reply. "You cannot eat that," she answered. "You do not know what you can do when you are actually starving," he replied. "Oh dear!" she said, "Come inside!" and with a wink to each other, they went into the farm kitchen to a good dinner.

There was the wit that had ten shillings too much, once, in his pay packet. He did not say anything hoping, perhaps, it was due to him. During the next two weeks the mistake was discovered so the next time there was ten shillings too little in his pay packet. He marched to the pay office, quite indignant, and wanted to know what that meant. The pay clerk soon asked him if he had noticed the mistake made earlier, with ten shillings too much; and why he had not come to complain then. "Oh!" was the reply, "I thought like this; we all make mistakes sometimes but when I found two mistakes in two weeks I thought it was time to investigate."

The Ships that were upside down.

First we have to remember that our ancestors could not all read English. At one time there was a paper edited in Swansea called "Y Darian". As Swansea was a seaside town, across the top of the paper was a picture of sailing ships. The paper was delivered to the local one week, and one of those present noticed a friend holding the paper upside down. Thinking of taking a rise out of his
he asked, "What News?" The other men
were equal to him. He said, "I
cannot see much except what we
seen very rough on sea, all the
sailing ships on the paper are
upside down."
Nicknames.
The nicknames arose as so many of our people had the same surnames and something had to be done to distinguish them. A man obtained work at a local colliery and gave his name to the Foreman. "Oh!" was the reply, "we have a few with that name here already. Is there not a nickname I can know you by?" "No-one in my family has ever had a nickname," he replied. "Well you will have to have one here anyhow." "If I must have one," said the worker, "give me something substantial." "Right, Mr. Substantial, you start work on Monday morning," and he always went by that name.

Again I would like to end...by paying a tribute to our forefathers for their courage and initiative in building our lovely chapels and church, at a time when there was only a small community; and it needed a very special effort on their part. They left us this splendid heritage so let us be grateful and make the best use of their sacrifices for us by attending for worship, and keeping the houses of God as they would have wished us to do.
Then for a special occasion a brake was chartered and we set off in high glee.

It was nearly always, down to some of the Gower bays. When it came to the hill from Gowerton to Three Crosses, the younger ones had to get out and push. There we were, pushing it up the hill and, after helping the horses up, jumping into our seats quite exhausted— to carry on until we reached another hill.
my village of
Kinnerley did by
Lizzie Hobson.
Our Village

First of all, I would like to tell you the truth about our Village. Perhaps not so amusing as I would like, but I will do my best, and thank you all very much for asking me. I am able to go back nearly 70 years and the cultural and social life of that time centred around our places of worship. We had plenty of interests then, and appreciated them all.
Competitive meetings on a Saturday evening which we called Penny Readings. Then every chapel held its annual Bisteddfoel which were well supported. Services on Good Friday, with a celebrity concert in the evening. Zion on the following Saturday, and on Easter Monday, most of us tackled up to Three bridges. Where another Bisteddfoel was held, and again well supported. Also every Sunday School learned a cantata to be
Performed on a Saturday evening which we all looked forward to very much.

I can well remember some of the names now—'The Royal of Nagapoe,' 'The Persian Queen,' chrysanthemum, bundle of sticks, and many others. I remember many of the pretty chornows, but being an usher, I have to leave it at that.

I remember attending a concert here at this chapel, and a very purely Chorus concert. Did not Bailey, with the 'Four Wayers'...
very picturesque. There are some of you present here this evening that Freddy, nodded, and I expect you remember it very well. Also there was a children's choir conducted by the late J. Jones of Llangurig, which won the National in 1905.

In later years there was a very successful choir conducted by the late J. G. Creswell. There was also a united choir conducted by different singers in our village. Some of them have passed on, but
we remember their words and efforts for teaching us, with reverence and respect. Going to singing school for practice for the different performances were our outings, and we enjoyed every minute. Then our Sunday School Treat, Tea Party as we called it then. If the weather was fine we went to play games on some fields which were sent to us for the day. Races and sports until it was getting dark and then the highlight of the day.
Miss in the Ring. Sometimes we went away by train, and there was always tea at the end of the journey at some country which had been lent to us for the day. I well remember going to Barry Port. That day it rained the wettest rain you could ever get wet with. Our Sunday School teachers kept us amused in the place that had been lent us. Some of the local young people came in to see us.
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a little diversions to Nightingale came to sing, not in Berkeley Square, but down here in the garden. He went down after singing school, and tried to hear it, but the mouse and Bustle was too much, and I expect the poor soul was frightened away. Then there was the 'gymnafa ganu' with rehearsals at different chapels. What I had always longed for took place a few years ago, our two Welsh chapels in the
village having a united gymnastics gym. I think everyone enjoyed themselves during that time. Our parents were very particular about Sunday observance. Things and customs have changed, some for the better, but not everything I am afraid.
my school days.

In my time, the boys and girls were in different departments. Mr Rowlands was the Master of the Boys School, and Miss Williams was our school-mistress. She was very particular about deportment, how to stand, and hold our books etc. When she said she was leaving I can remember us all crying, but we soon learned to love our new Mistress Miss Parry.

I left school in 1900 a short time after she came. Our school at Ynysawddfa produced
some very clever men who rose to high positions, and most of them would say that they owed their success largely to the learning and training of their character by their beloved school. Master of those early days. The school games of my day were Tops, steel hoops, marbles, kite, for boys. Hopscotch, skidding, buttons for girls. The boys would start spinning a top outside the school, and beat
spinning it all the way home.
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monotonous, but we found everything interesting in our way of life, and thoroughly enjoyed ourselves. The seaside outing was walking over Barrow to Betty Beach which was the nearest, it was happy day was unusually short, and we trudged home in the evening dead tired. Then there was Gowerton Fair twice a year, which none of us would fail to visit. It was there we saw the movies for
Living pictures we called them, and thought they were wonderful. In later years opened the Tivoli Cinema. It was very amusing as the pictures got such a hold on some of us, feeling the show and the characters were real, and would call a warning to the performers to run or escape as the enemy was catching up on them. Mr. Thomas gave a show for the children on Saturday.
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pleasure to audiences and performers alike. Also, I would like to remark about the thrift and self-supporting life of our village. All the houses had large gardens which were cultivated to supply all the vegetables, and a pig's cot where one or two were fed and cured for home use. Also, most housewives baked their own bread, and a very tasty currant bun which everyone enjoyed.
9. Spelling out of any little problems, our very amusing and witty character who worked every hand but had it knocked off. The story goes that one of our men had walked miles up through the Swansea Valley in search of some work on a farm or anything. They arrived at a farmhouse near the Beacon, and having satisfied their hunger they talked with them, thought they would ask for a little bread and cheese before commencing the home word task. The farmer...
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replied that she could not be bothered.
Not to be outdone, one of them went
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by paying a tribute to our
forefathers for their courage
and initiative in building our
lovely church and church; at a
time when there was only a small
community, and it needed a very
special effort on their part.
They left us this splendid heritage
so let us be grateful and make
the best use of their sacrifices for us.
y attending for worship, and keeping them as they would have instructed us to do.
I am the way
footprints trod in the untrodden
snow. Pathways for others, we none
of us know—where we will be at the
end of the day—so follow the one
who said, "I am the way;"
follow the marks that he left on the
road— for all who were staggering
under a load.
follow the feet that were nailed to
the cross—through trouble, temptation
and failure and loss.
He on the untrodden snow of the
years, has marked out for us with the
blood and the tears— the path of
Salvation, for did he not say,—
"I am the Life and the Truth,
and the Way?"