

# CYNON VALLEY HISTORY SOCIETY

CYMDEITHAS HANES CWM CYNON.

PRESIDENT: THE LORD ABERDARE

VICE PRESIDENTS: TOM EVANS AND JOHN F MEAR

## WOMAN'S OWN HANES

*'AN ENTERTAINING COMPANION FOR THE FAIR SEX, APPROPRIATED SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT'*

NEWSLETTER OF THE CYNON VALLEY HISTORY SOCIETY  
CYLCHLYTHYR CYMDEITHAS HANES CWM CYNON

ISSUE No.44

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### Welcome to the first, but hopefully not the last, 'Woman's Own' Hanes.

One of the few criticisms of the Society's admirable '**CYNON COAL**' appeared in 'Morgannwg'. The Journal stated "the exclusion of the role of women and gender generally in the book is something to be regretted"

This journal, by virtue of its size, can only contain snapshots of the history of the women of Aberdare. Even snapshots however, serve to show that women's issues are just as important and interesting as any other facet of history, and that there are many avenues to be explored.

This extended edition contains six essays which we hope will generate further interest in this subject, stimulate thought and result in a response from our readers.

It is hoped that the "cymbal-clash" of the following quotations and the other contents of this issue will encourage readers, both male and female, to bring together more facts about women of the past, and publish their research.

Women and Argument in History.

#### **On....the Character...of Females.**

".....Promiscuous intercourse is most common, is thought of as nothing, and the women do not lose caste by it". (The Revd. John Griffith, Vicar of Aberdare to the Commissioners of Inquiry into the State of Education in Wales, published in their Reports in 1847, ('The Blue Books').

A statement vehemently disputed by the Revd. Dr. Thomas Price, Baptist Minister, Calfaria, Aberdare.

\* \* \* \* \*

".....There is much waiting (for water) at the spouts. Three or four hours for a turn... There is much immorality at the spouts, from people waiting there, and having nothing to do."

(Given in evidence in 1852 by the same Dr. Thomas Price to Thomas Webster Rammell at the Preliminary Inquiry into ...the sanitary condition of the inhabitants., of Aberdare).

**COME ON DOCTOR PRICE YOU CAN'T HAVE IT BOTH WAYS!**

# WOMEN BIDDERS AND CHARITABLE NEIGHBOURS

Marriage, death, widowhood, the loss of an animal, inability to pay the rent, long illnesses, incapacity, accidents or having to maintain a child born out of wedlock were events which could affect a family at any time.

Caring Welsh communities in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries rose to these occasions in support of their unfortunate neighbours. There were several customary ways of alleviating a neighbour's distress. Here are three examples, *Cyfarfod Cymorth* (Assistance Meetings), common in the Llanwonno area in the form of ploughing help, *Cwrw bach* or bid ale where the community would brew ale and sell it for the benefit of the charitable case, and *Y Pastai*, (Pasty).

Our focus in this issue will be on the *Pastai* as there are records which show that regular *Pastais* were held in Ynys-y-bwl, at the Llanwonno Inn (Brynffynon), and at Tafarn-Isaf, Mountain Ash. Prior to the event women, known as Bidders, went around the houses inviting people to attend the forthcoming *Pastai*. They would recite a traditional form of Bidding: "*Mr and Mrs So and So of the (name) Tavern invite you to a Pastai to be held on (date). A harper will be in attendance. One shilling a head*". This formula was sometimes supplemented with the information, "*The beginning of the week, old people, middle of the week, the middle aged, and the rest of the week for the young people (Dechrau'r wythnos henoed; canol wythnos canol oed; a gweddill yr wythnos i'r ieuainc)*". The bidder would sometimes also solicit ingredients such as a little bacon, oatmeal or a portion of salted beef.

Those attending would be given a slice of *Pastai* or Pie in exchange for their shilling; the profit would come from the sale of beer. Nearly everyone attended these events; if persons were unable to be present they sent along a dish containing a shilling piece in return for a slice of pie.

This and other customs mentioned were recorded by Iolo Morgannwg (1747-1826).

*Source - Trefor M. Owen: The Customs and Traditions of Wales (A Pocket Guide) [Cardiff, University of Wales Press 1991]*

## MAKE YOUR OWN PASTAI.

Our Researchers have come up with recipes for delicious *Pastai* Gwningen (Rabbit Pie), *Pastai Brain Bach* (Rook Pie), or for Vegetarians, such as your Editor, *Pastai Bwmpen*.

As there would have been a plentiful supply of rook in the area we set out below the recipe of *Pastai Brain Bach*.

Only the meat from the breasts of the birds was used, and this was put in a pie dish lined with short pastry. Chopped bacon, chives, and thyme were added, the meat seasoned, and a little stock added. The pie was covered with pastry and baked in a moderate oven. (Oven Control, Mark 6).

Note. Rook was plentiful, and it was usual to have a rook shoot in May, when farmers shot many young rooks.

*(Source - Croeso Cymreig: Recipes for Some Traditional Welsh Dishes. Bwrdd Nwy Cymru 1963).*

## PLANNING A CWRW BACH?

Boil together for half an hour 10 pints water, 3 doz. dandelions, 3 doz. nettles, 6 sticks ginger pounded, 3 sticks rhubarb, some currant tops, 2 large handfuls hops.

Strain and add 1 lb. Demerara sugar; stir, add 6 pints cold water; when lukewarm sprinkle over surface 1 oz. yeast. Leave overnight, skim and bottle. Country people add a sprig of wormwood, which is considered to be a good tonic. (Or you could just visit Wetherspoon's!)

# WOMEN OF IMPORTANCE.

It is sad that we know little of the lives of some of the Grandes Dames of Aberdare. The most formidable of these would have been the "Aberaman Wives". We refer of course to the successive Mrs. Mathews of Aberaman House. They were all daughters of wealthy and powerful Vale of Glamorgan landowners who arrived with fine marriage settlements.

There was Mary, the daughter of Edward Pritchard of Llanhaich, who was married to William Mathew I, Elizabeth, the wife of James Mathew, daughter of William Bassett of Miskin; another, Elizabeth, the wife of James Mathew whose father was Edward Van of Marcross. Catherine Mathew, the wife of Edward, and daughter of Sir Richard Bassett of Beaupre. William Mathew II had as his wife, Eleanor daughter of Gabriel Lewis of Llanishen. Mary a daughter and co-heir of Lewis Gunter of Gileston, was married to Edward Mathew II. Another Edward married his first cousin Grace Carne of Nash, and finally Edward III married a daughter of Robert Popkin of Swansea. All these ladies lived, for some period, in the locality.

After the last Edward's days the bulk of the Aberaman estate passed to his daughter Eleanor, and other properties and royalties to his other children Rebecca and Maria Eleonora. (Genealogy from G.T. Clark's *Limbus Patrum*)

These women would have been at the head of such female society that existed in Aberdare during their time. Educated and independent they would have kept an eye on the vast Aberaman estate whilst their husbands were away on County business as Sheriffs, Grand Jurors, at Assizes and Quarter Sessions.

What we do know of them suggests they were formidable and charitable women. We know that in 1724 Eleanor, the wife of William Mathew II, of Aberaman, at her own expense, set up a small row of Almshouses for pauper women in the village. These consisted of four separate dwellings located at 21-22 High Street and No.1 Greenfach.

In 1745 the same Eleanor rode to Brecon to procure a new Parish Register returning, we are told, that very day.

A later Mrs. Mathew, (probably Eleanor), when she visited her father at Llanishen, used to be carried in a sort of palanquin (a crude sedan chair) carried by two horses between two long poles, called Elor Feirch — a horse bier.

## A WOMAN INDUSTRIALIST

A notable female in the industrial history of Aberdare is Agnes Scale, who came here in 1798 from Handsworth, in Staffordshire, with her sons John and George. The family arrived with capital of £100,000 which they used to set up the Llwydcoed Ironworks. This opened in 1801 and its first furnace was named **Agnes** after this remarkable woman. Agnes was the widow of John Scale, a book-keeper in 1773, who was later to become the partner of the celebrated Mathew Boulton, trading as Boulton and Scale, Button Manufacturers of Soho, Birmingham.

John Lloyd wrote in his **The Early History of the Old South Wales Iron Works. (London, 1906),**

*"Agnes Scale, widowed mother of John, Henry and George Scale sharing the risks of the Aberdare and Abernant Iron works. Fortes Creantur Fortibus. I have a great admiration and reverence for brave women."*

Agnes died at Aberdare House, Llwydcoed (later called Llwydcoed House) in 1815. She is buried in the large Scale family vault in St. John's churchyard.

WEBSITE. The Society's Website is under construction and it is hoped that it will be up and running by the date of our AGM in September.
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**Summer Journey is the second of two evocative accounts of social life in the late thirties as experienced by Mrs. Denise Jones, and read by her at the Christmas Meeting in 2007.**

## **SUMMER JOURNEY**

A day to look forward to. A Saturday in July. The Church outing to Barry. Our one precious day of a summer holiday that would last us till next year. It had arrived at last. The train would be leaving the station at 9.00 am exactly, would we dare to be late? Would we?

Here we were then, walking (dancing!) up the road to the station. My two sisters and I way out in front of our mother, who carried our baby brother and the straw frail, which was provided by the fishmonger and which contained our sustenance for the day. “Hurry up Mammy! The train will go without us!”

We joined the rest of the trippers in the musty dusty waiting room. Tickets were given out for the train fare and the rides in the fair — all free! Standing, waiting in our best summer frocks, new ankle socks from Pugh’s and canvass shoes, bleached with “whiting”, we could hardly contain our excitement.

Onto the platform — our train is in. Let’s find an empty carriage. Old worn moquette seats. Fishing net racks above to hold our luggage if you meant to go on to London. Four long black and white photographs over the seats proclaiming the glory of Weymouth Bay, Torquay, Swansea and Llandudno, and there were the windows that miraculously opened when you pulled hard on a leather strap.

Open the door! Here’s Mrs Power and Kathleen. They want to join us. Mrs Power’s ample frame squeezed through the door and plumped down on a seat. “Oh, there’s a rush! Kathleen forgot her costume and we had to go back for it.”

Then, that magic sound — the whistle. Looking out of the window there was the guard waving his green flag. A hoot, a shudder, the whoosh of escaping steam, the grinding of iron wheels on iron rails and, slowly, we were pulling out of the station. “Get ready to wave to Granny”, her garden practically backed onto the railway line. “Can you see her? Did she see us?” By now, the train was picking up speed and we were off. One stop in Aberaman and then straight through to Barry. Would we ever get there? Who’d be the first to see the sea?

“Weren’t we lucky to get a nice day after all that rain yesterday?” said Mrs. Power. “What would we have done if it rained?” “Oh, it’s never been raining on our day out, not in all the years we’ve been going. Somebody up there loves us”, said Mam “and, of course, it’s the Church trip. With all those Hail Mary’s that have gone up and our priest coming with us. HE up there wouldn’t dare send the rain” — and they both chuckled

Diddly dee, diddly da. Diddly dee, diddly da, came the song of the wheels as we raced along. The journey seemed endless, but our excitement overcame our impatience. We’re nearly there. Get the things down from the rack — oh, at last! One bucket and spade between us, but somehow we’d managed to have a swimming costume each — half yellow and half navy blue and droopy when wet!

A short walk to the beach with the fairground towering over us. Down the concrete ramps onto the sand. “Here will do”, said a breathless Mrs. Power, “I can’t walk any further. Let’s get some deck chairs; they’re only tuppence for the day”. Putting them up was another matter! Mam had put the baby down on a shawl and had fixed hers, when there was a shriek. Mrs Power had the chair hanging from her thumb and was in great distress. Sheila started giggling and Kathleen, in tears, wailed, “Don’t laugh Sheila, that’s my mother!” We managed somehow to separate the thumb from the criss-crossing of the chair and eventually got the victim to sit in it. She must have been in considerable pain, but managed to laugh about it.

We couldn’t wait to strip off and run down to the sea. We squealed with delight as the freezing waves lapped our toes. That was enough for me. Paddling only. Sheila and Kathleen were already way out up to their waists. Sheila was never scared of the water and went down into it without any fear.

“Let’s go to find some shells and we can put them on a sand castle. Mam said if you find a big one and put it to your ear you can hear the sea. Come on Gerry, see how many we can find”.

Ambling along in our bare feet, keeping our eyes down, we made our way back. Now where were those two deck chairs? Two ladies in black dresses and a baby — one lady wearing a black hat with cherries on it. Please let us find them! We did — after heart stopping moments of panic, when all those deck chairs looked the same. “Let’s start on the castle then. I’ll dig and you can get more shells”. The wonderful feel of the sand, the way it trickled through your fingers and covered your toes — even the two mothers had taken off their shoes and stockings. “When can we go to the fair Mam?” “Wait till Sheila and Kathleen come back and they’ll take you. They can have the tickets”

When the two swimmers returned with hair plastered down and costumes clinging, they quickly dried off and dressed. Up we ran to the fairground. We could go on any ride we fancied with our free passes.

I could have stayed on the mat slide forever. You took the mat up inside the tower, climbing the stairs and whooshed down the slide, spiralling round and round, falling with a bump at the bottom. Another favourite was the cake walk, a moving runway that wobbled forward and backwards, moving you along as you held the rails at the side. The chairoplanes were thrilling, swirling you out far into the air, much further than any of the swings at home. The swinging boats were fun too — pulling with your partner on plush covered ropes. The dodgems I avoided — too many bumps, and far too rough, but the galloping horses — oh! That was different. Those beautifully painted steeds with their flaring nostrils and glassy eyes. You felt like a fairytale princess holding on to the barley sugar twisted brass pole as they gently rose and fell, round and round. The ghost train never held any attraction after the tales Sheila told of the darkness, cobwebs and other horrors!

We stopped and gazed at the stalls with roll-a-penny, knock down a coconut, and aim a ball to win a prize. Buying candy floss! It was pure magic to watch that lovely pink sugar whipping round the stick and being presented to you as a big ball of pink fluff you could never buy in a sweet shop — and only a penny.

So many lovely things to buy. Balls in silver foil covered with coloured net with a long piece of elastic attached that you could bounce up and down. Rubber beach slippers, multi-coloured beach balls, beautifully painted Japanese paper parasols. All these cost more than the pennies we had — but how we longed to buy them. The fair was enchanting and we were carried away with its music and lights and magical atmosphere, but we were realising that we were hungry now.

Back down to the beach where the two mothers had enjoyed a few hours of peace and sunshine. Mam said the baby had been as good as gold. The sandwiches of salmon and shrimp paste, or squashy tomato were delicious. The boiled eggs soon disappeared together with slices of Parry’s Butterful Cake. Those dining at the Ritz today would have envied us our lunch and the fizz of Corona Pop was far superior to the best Champaign!

“Mam, can I have my photo taken? It’s only a penny in the slot.” Sheila begged. “And me, and me,” I whined. “I’ve only got a penny left,” said Mammy, “Sheila’s the eldest, you can have one next time”. I unwillingly yielded. She went off and came back later with a lovely photo of herself — she was so pretty, her hair still damp from the sea.

That day in 1937, I shall never forget. Such simple things that gave so much joy. We boarded the train in the evening. Sand in our shoes and taking home the sun on our cheeks and arms. Too tired to notice much about the homeward journey and glad to see Dad meeting us at the Station. What a wonderful day — our annual holiday!

I was always glad after that. Mam let Sheila have her photo taken that day. By the following year she had tragically and suddenly died of rheumatic fever. All these years later that old photo is one of my most treasured possessions, reminding me always of that lovely day in Barry!

**DENISE JONES**

**Local Hero and Summer Journey © Mrs. Denise Jones 2008.**

**ERRATUM:** corrections to the *print editions* of HANES Nos. 42 and 43. Please note that Issue 42 was the Spring Edition and not Summer as printed. In Issue 43 the word Tarr in the footnotes to the essay “Home Brew” on page one should read TAI’R. This error occurred during the scanning process.



## WOMAN'S RELISH.

**1847** "Nothing can be lower; I would say more degrading, than the character in which the women stand relative to the men. The men and the women, married as well as single, live in the same house and sleep in the same room. The men do not hesitate to wash themselves naked before the women; on the other hand, the women do not hesitate to change their under-garments before the men. Promiscuous intercourse is most common, is thought of as nothing, and the women do not lose caste by it"

**The Vicar of Aberdare (John Griffith) to the Commissioner of Enquiry into the State of Education in Wales, 1847**

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**1877** (13<sup>th</sup> December) an evening Concert at the Temperance Hall (Palladium) held in aid of Church Funds featured a number of professional artists, assisted by The Hon. Miss Bruce, Soprano, and The Honbles, Nora & Caroline Bruce, Pianoforte.

**The Aberdare Times December 1877**

\* \* \* \* \*

**1878** The Cemetery has witnessed some strange scenes from very early times. In November of that year, the body of a man from Cymmer, Rhondda was brought over by train for burial at Aberdare. It appears that the deceased had left TWO wives to mourn their loss. Both ladies followed the funeral procession. One insisted on walking immediately behind the bier; the other followed more decorously in a cab at the rear of the procession. The two wives stood at either end of the grave during the funeral service. "This evoked much sympathy from all those present".

**From Notes made by R.I. Parry.**

\* \* \* \* \*

**1879. Mrs. McIntosh** (late Miss M. Phillips.) **BEGS** to inform her late patrons and customers that she has resumed business at the old address.

The kind favours shown her in the past she hopes to return in the future.

Straw hats cleaned and altered to the newest fashions. Feathers cleaned, dyed any colour and curled.

32, Cardiff Street, Aberdare.

**THE ABERDARE TIMES, APRIL, 1879.**

\* \* \* \* \*

**1881.** House keeper **wanted** for a Gentleman. A Lady, with an income, and inclined for matrimony. Enclose photograph and particulars. This is GENUINE. Address, Mr. Bloomfield c/o Mr. James, Arcade, Bristol.

**The Aberdare Times, Advert, February 1881.**

\* \* \* \* \*

**1903. WANTED-** Young lady, smart and intelligent, for Aberdare to inspect and report on shop windows &c. Cyclist preferred. No calling, canvassing, or selling. Part time only. C.I.P. Box One, Haddon's Advertising Offices, 165 Salisbury Square, E.C.

**The Aberdare Leader, 4th April, 1903.**

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### NOTICE OF REMOVAL

From 8 to 7 Glancynon Terrace

Aberaman

(Opposite the Station)

### MADAM SHEELAH

Irish Palmist and Facial Character Reader

Begs to inform her numerous friends and patrons that she can be consulted daily from 10.30

till 1 o'clock and from 3 until 8 o'clock.

**The Aberdare Leader, September, 1914.**

\* \* \* \* \*

**We are not asking for superiority for we have always had that; all we ask is equality.  
(Lady Astor, first female member of the British House of Commons).**



## ABERDARE WOMEN AND POLITICS

It is well known that women were only granted the right to vote in 1918, and then only if they were over the age of thirty, were occupiers of property in their own right, or married to men entitled to a local government vote. It was not until 1928 that women were granted voting rights equal to men.

However, there was a strange anomaly as the **Qualification for Women (County and Borough Councils) Act of 1907** enabled women ratepayers to become Councillors. So there you have it, women could not vote but could run a Council!

Women had in fact been allowed to stand in local government elections in 1898 but there was legal uncertainty and challenges on this issue, so the 1907 Act was passed to clarify the situation.

Women's voting rights came after a long struggle spearheaded by the **Women's Social and Political Union (WSPU)**, or Suffrage Movement. In the 1890's various groups of women in Aberdare banded together to fight for the right to vote. A leading figure in the Aberdare movement was Mrs. Ann Jones the wife of the Revd. R.J. Jones the Unitarian minister at Hen Dŷ Cwrdd. She was the daughter of Evan Griffiths of 'The Poplars', High Street, Aberdare, a well known architect who designed many of the town's buildings.

In 1908 there was a large militant branch at Cwmbach whose entire membership took up residence in the same street!

Aberdare has some claim to the leading Welsh suffragette Margaret Haigh Mackworth, a successful business woman and journalist. Not only a suffragette, she was an activist and blew up a Royal Mail post box in Risca Road, Newport. She was sentenced to a month's imprisonment for the offence but was released early when she refused to eat. Margaret was the daughter of David Alfred Thomas (Lord Rhondda) of Ysguborwen House, and was subsequently allowed to assume the title Viscountess Rhondda. An interesting personality, she jumped onto the running board of H.H. Asquith's car to promote women's suffrage, and, with her father, survived the sinking of the 'Lusitania'.

No woman took advantage of the 1907 Act in Aberdare until 1914, when Maria Richards of Wenallt, Abernant stood in Aberdare's Town Ward. She was not elected but polled a respectable 569 Votes. She was the wife of D.M. Richards the journalist.

Elections were suspended from 1915 as result of the First World War, and did not resume until 1919.

That year Ann Nora Jenkins of Station Place, Trecynon was returned by the voters of the Llwydcoed Ward at the April election with 1501 votes\*. At the same resumed elections **Florence Rose Davies** of Dean Street put up in the Town Ward. She polled 569 votes but was not elected. She stood again in 1920 and was turned by voters in the Gadlys Ward. She was second out of four candidates.

Sadly, the importance of Rose Davies has been overlooked locally. Alderman Florence Rose Davies CBE., JP was born in 1882 and died in 1958. She was born in Aberdare and lived here throughout her life. She was the daughter of William Henry Rees, a sorter at the Gadlys Tinplate works. Her mother, Fanny, was the eldest daughter of J. Lendon Berry. Florence Rose Davies became a schoolteacher and was a friend of Keir Hardie. After her election to the Aberdare UDC she became Chairman of its local Education Committee. She stood successfully as a candidate for the Glamorgan County Council in 1925, and was to become both its first female Chairman and Alderman. She contested the Parliamentary seat of Honiton for Labour in 1929, being the first Socialist to stand there, but did not win. She was appointed a Justice of the Peace in 1920 and was awarded a CBE in 1952. (Her photograph, taken by her grandfather appears in Vol. Two of the Society's *Pictures from the Past*, Plate 135.)

### **Aberdare Liberal Women's Association.**

President: Mrs. D.A. Thomas. Chairwoman of Committees: Miss Griffiths, The Poplars. Treasurer: Mrs. R.J. Jones, Bron Iestyn House. Secretary: Miss Bella Lloyd. **(Source, Aberdare Almanack, 1896).**

\*Ann Jenkins was returned in 1920 with 1097 votes and again in 1922. In that latter year she was unopposed. She lost the seat in 1934.

## WOMEN IN SOCIETY

There is much to be discovered about the roll of women in the formative years of the history of this valley.

### **BUSINESS WOMEN 1835-1865.**

In 1835 there were four females with their own businesses — all kept licensed premises.

Margaret Morgan, *Bell*, Tavern and Public House Keeper.

Jane Williams, *Crawshay's Arms*, Mill Street.

Mary Williams, *Cross Keys*, Mill Street.

Mary Morgan, *The Green Dragon*, Aberdare.

It is not of course known if these ladies were there as a result of their own enterprise, or if they were widows who had taken over premises formerly kept by their husbands.

In 1840 the number had dropped to two:-

Mary Morgan, a Grocer and Draper (Could she be the same Mary Morgan who kept the *Green Dragon* in 1835?) and Margaret Williams at *The Swan*.

By 1844 the town (with Hirwaun) had two women grocers, a female butcher, a woollen cloth manufacturer and six female beer retailers.

In 1852 many more women had their own businesses. That year there were six female beer retailers, two who kept Berlin Repositories\*, (women had a monopoly in this trade); two butchers, six Grocer/Tea dealers (one of whom, busy lady, was also a baker, and confectioner), six Inn and Public house keepers, a linen and woollen draper, three milliners and dressmakers, four who kept schools, two straw and hat makers (sic), one woollen cloth manufacturer (Margaret David), a china, glass and earthenware dealer, and a head teacher of a girls section of a school (The National School). That year a woman appears amongst the ranks of the great and the good - *THE GENTRY*. She was Mrs. Janet Roberts, the widow of Lewis Roberts, surgeon and mother of James Lewis Roberts, also a surgeon. She was the daughter of Richard Richards of Ty Mawr, and granddaughter of Theophilus Richards, "Eminent Drover". She owned considerable landed property.

By 1865 sixty six women in the valley had a variety of business interests.

Throughout this period many other women were employed as teachers, shop assistants, seamstresses, domestic servants, and manually in the iron, coal and tinsplate industries. We do not know if these facts are of particular value other than showing that women were enterprising and prepared to risk capital, and to compete with men in a prosperous male dominated industrial town.

\*Repository = warehouse. Berlin is a fine dyed wool used for tapestry making, knitting etc.

### IN MEMORIAM

**Antony Arthur Pook (Tony) 1928-2008. Former Chairman, Cynon Valley History Society.**

### CHAPELS OF THE CYNON VALLEY - CORRIGENDUM

Page 339

#### Notable Hymn Writers and Composers connected with the Cynon Valley

The text attributes the composition of *Tydi a Roddaist* to Prof. E.T. Davies. The work was of course written by Arwel Hughes OBE (1909-1988), Head of Music at BBC Wales from 1965 until his retirement in 1971, and a distinguished composer and conductor. The error is much regretted and the Society apologises for the error to all concerned.

*INVITATION: Members are invited to submit articles for publication on 'Famous Women of Aberdare', or on female members of their own family who might qualify as an eminent woman of Aberdare. (Editor).*

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Edited by Geoffrey Evans, 5 Plasdraw Place, Aberdare CF44 ONS (01685 871840)

Epost / Email: Gmorgannwg@aol.com

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