

Background History

Born Hizzie Perkins (Good mirror)
Mother married a widower Tom Perkins with four children. My grand mother Hizzie 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 Hizzie was 5 years Tom returned leaving mother to bring up the two children - 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 her £2 weekly to support the family

in view of the poverty. Instead of granting her the sum they said that she could bring Hizzie then age 12½ out of school to help with selling the milk and chores around the farm. (Hizzie was always said about being taken from school - she felt she had missed so much and enjoyed her education at there).

From that time she commenced with the mother on the farm selling milk and was called "Hizzie the milk".

When she married Jasper Holburns at the age of 18 years

of you require any more help please ring me also 0343 831111

My Village of Waunarwydd

by
Mrs. Kizzie 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

Fisteddfod 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 Fisteddfod 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, Alawfayd 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~~ 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 that 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 —

Dut down here in the Garwydd 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 Gynwafa Gawn with rehearsals at different chapels what I had always longed for back plus a few years ago — one being Wladislaw chapel in the village a wretched Gynwafa Gawn. I think everyone enjoyed themselves during that time. Our parents were very particular about Sunday Observance. There's some badgers down Gynwafa — some for the better, but not doing things, of an old

In my time the boys and girls were in different departments. Mr. Rowlands was the master of the Boys' School and ~~the~~ Miss Williams was our schoolmistress. She was very particular about department; 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 Wainarwydd produced some very clever men, who rose to high positions: most of them would say that they owed their success to the

~~the~~ teaching and forming of their characters by their beloved schoolmaster of those early days.

The school games of my days were: — Tops, steel hoops, marbles and kites for boys; hop-scratch, 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, Alas 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 badysmith 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 Gowerdon 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

a show for children on Saturday mornings for
two pence 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 ~~the~~
our ~~the~~ village. All the houses ~~had~~ 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 man
was equal to him. He said, "I
cannot see much except that it
has been rough on you, all the
"riding ships" on the paper is
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~~ 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
Kannur by
Lizzie Holborn

1
our Village
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performed on a Saturday evening which
 we all looked forward to very much.
 I can well remember some of the names
 Snow-White, The Royal of Ragafore, The
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Races and sports until it was getting dusk
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Miss in the Ring. Sometimes we went away by train, and there was always tea at end of the journey at some country which had been lent to us for the day. I well remember going to Bury Port. That day it rained the wettest ~~day~~ ^{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 diversion. So Nightingale came to sing, not in Berkeley Square, but down here in the garwydd. He 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 *gymnawf yaru* with rehearsals at different chapels, that I had always longed for took place a few years ago, our two Welsh chapels in the

village having a united gymnastic
game. 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 1

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

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some very clever men who rose to high positions, and most of them would say that they owed their success to the learning and forming of their character by their beloved school.

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 lovely chapel and church; at a
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 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.

of attending for worship, and
keeping them as they would have
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I am the way.
Footprints tracks in the untrodden
snow. Pathways for others. 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?"

L.H.