

HANES



HANES

Newsletter of the Cynon Valley History Society Cylchlythyr Cymdeithas Hanes Cwm Cynon.

Issue Number 24 Summer 2003

ABERDARE LEADER, OCTOBER 31ST. 1908



Twas in the golden age of cash
Long ago in Mountain Ash
Some giants floated for a lark
A huge concern they called "The Ark"

Today the Ark comes to its own
For here is drawn from every realm

Rare beasts and birds. Ah' what a splash
The Ark now makes at Mountain Ash

Where once the warring tribes of song
Oft hymns and chants fought loud and long
Now hens have a grim set to
Now is not this a brilliant zoo?

LEADER 21.11.1908
MOUNTAIN ASH ZOO-NEXT WEEKS
PROGRAMME, EVERY EVENING AT 7:30PM.

CAPTAIN MILLER'S WONDERFUL
PERFORMING ELEPHANTS.

MADAM PAULINE AND THE ROOSEVELT
PANTHERS, THE LADY IN THE DEN OF THE
MOST TRECHEROUS OF THE FELINE ORIDE.

DON PEDRO THE HUMAN SPIDER.

LATEST LONDON BIOSCOPE WITH THE VERY
LATEST SUBJECTS.

MOUNTAIN ASH PRIZE BAND IN
ATTENDANCE

THE MOUNTAIN ASH ZOO.

SHOULD IT BE OPENED ON THE SABBATH?

Several of the religious bodies of Mountain Ash have approached the management of the Zoo to see if it is not possible to do away with the Sunday opening. A deputation comprised of representatives of every denomination waited upon the manager on Tuesday morning. The deputation met Mr Cormack, manager of the Zoo, and the Revs. B. Bockerlegge, Owen Jones and E.V. Tidman spoke. The reply they received was to the effect that he would place the matter in front of the Directors of the Show. In the meantime he would promise that the Pavilion would not be opened before 8 o'clock on Sunday evening, thus doing away with the afternoon opening. The matter rests in abeyance pending the reply of the directors.

FROM: ABERDARE LEADER, NOVEMBER 7TH. 1908.

What it may come to in Cwmbach.



SUFFRAGETTE MOVEMENT ADVANCING.

SUBSTANTIAL PROGRESS MADE AT CWMBACH

Those of our readers who are in sympathy with the extension of the franchise to women will deeply deplore the latter's apparent failure to impress Cabinet ministers as to the importance of their movement. Although their cause may be said to be at a standstill in a national or imperial sense, we are glad to encourage the propagators by stating that they are succeeding beyond all expectations at Cwmbach.

The law of affinity, which shows such unmistakable evidences of its existence in the natural world, is also prevalent to a great degree in the social world. Hence the origin of the Welsh proverb, "Adar o'r un lliw a hedant i'r un lle." This law has been practically exemplified of late at Cwmbach, by the removal into the same street of a large number of women who are practically unanimous upon the question of Women's Suffrage. Now the result of this close association of people of similar sympathies has been to bring them into a closer bond of union by the formation of an assembly to discuss their plans and their future work. They have given up all hope of entering the legislative assembly of Britain, and are consequently determined to enter other spheres of activity where their oratorical powers will be moiré justly appreciated. They are already proceeding on the right lines as may be judged from the fact that their street has already been re-named "Parliament Row". Whether this is the natural outcome of their desire to emulate the chief talking shop of the world I cannot say, but it is probable that the public of Cwmbach have noticed their propensity for talking more than is absolutely necessary for their benefit.

There has been a furious war of words at Parliament Row lately on the question of women's propriety in dress as the M.P.'s are not agreed on this issue. Some will argue that the fashions are overdone even when a young lady considers herself just neat and tidy, and thus there is a great need for setting an aesthetic standard from which all can judge equally well. Many of the young ladies of Cwmbach are in a state of perplexity at present, because they are commended by some and condemned by others, and they are so ultra-sensitive that they cannot pass by without heeding the remarks of their social and sartorial critics on the doorsteps.

The duties of the local Parliament are by no means confined to the judging of tastes in fashion because the telling of each other's secrets occupies a prominent place in their programme. Owing to my fear of going through the grim experience of stopping out all night, I cannot say whether they have an all-night sitting or not. All I know is that they have commenced their business every morning before I go to work, and in the evening the house is still sitting - or standing, rather. In all cases of special interest, such as the recent fire at the P.D. washery, etc., their meetings are continued until the wee small hours of the morning, so that the words of the poet: "Woman's work is never done," become very apt in this connection. I may as well add that these late discussions are not without their advantages, because all items of news (and rumours as well) are bound to come under the notice of one or other of the M.P.'s in skirts.

One of the special features of the discussion which often come on the tapis is that of "courting." These feminine chatter-boxes are not content with the recalling of their own experiences in the realms of bliss, but are unduly anxious to know the affairs of every courting couple in the place. It is not the fault of the young people that there are no convenient places at Cwmbach where they may "whisper words of love" without being overheard, but it would be honourable on the part of the innocent eaves-dropper to close their ears against all the idealisms which are uttered by the youths and maidens when in this ecstatic state. It seems so much like "hitting below the belt" to recall to any person's mind the words he has uttered at such moments - words which he would never have spoken outside the dreamland of courtship. But no matter who the parties may be, or how secluded they may take their walks, these state matters must reach the ears of Parliament Row politicians. The latter would very soon delineate the history of both sides and set forth the adaptability or otherwise of the young couple to one another.

My article would not be complete without some references to the outward characteristics of the people of Parliament Row. They may be seen with apron and sweeping-brush, on the doorstep at any time of the day. This does not mean that they all come out at the same time, mind you, but a strict system of rotation exists after the introductory greetings in the morning. Thus the inhabitants of Nos. 1.2.3.4.5. and 6. may be out at first, and then they will retire so as to give Nos. 7.8.9.10.11. and 12. a chance, and so on until the news is conveyed to everyone in the street. The actual use made of the brush and bucket, etc., is not very great, but it gives them a semblance of workishness which creates a false impression on the passers-by.

I must ask your cartoonist to accompany me through the "Row" on some Saturday afternoon, but we must take care to leave our top hats and frock coats at home, or else our figures will be criticised from top to bottom. Until he comes I shall continue to pass by in the old familiar guise of "Onlooker".

However, I cannot help taking an occasional prophetic peep into the future. When indulging in one of these peeps my Muse broke out as follows:-

*Who knows but that in old Cwmbach the dawn Of woman's day will gild the rubbish Tip.
That freedom's flower, born to blush unseen, Will cast its fragrance o'er canal and Ship.*

*Some mute, inglorious Portia may arise, In tongue and talent a fair Christable.
Some Gawthorpe, guiltless of her name- sake's screams, Some Miss Malony with more tuneful
bell. Perhaps some lady Minister of War, Some skirted Cromwell of enormous might,
From Cwmbach's Parliament will yet emerge, Her sister's saviour and Westminster's fright.*

*Advance, Cwmbach! The vanguard o Reform. Cradle of Freedom's daughters, not of slaves.
The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world, Cwmbach's Britannias, they will rule the waves.*

TRIBUTE TO EDWIN GREENING 1910 - 2003

Edwin Greening was born in 1910, in Glamorgan Street, Aberaman, the 5th of 8 children. For the next 93 years he was to live life to the full.

He was a great reader from an early age, beginning with his uncle's library, the Aberdare library and, of course, the Aberaman Workman's Hall library. His education was cut short when he began work in 1924 at Aberaman colliery.

Periods of unemployment and the great lockout of 1926 had a great impact on his political development. He joined the I.L.P. Guild of Youth when he was 18 and in 1933 became a member of the Communist Party.

Early in 1937 he volunteered to serve with the International Brigade to resist the rise of fascism in Spain. He survived and whilst, in later life, political activism was not of the intensity of the past Edwin remained a faithful supporter of all progressive causes.

After fighting in the British Army during the war, he resumed his studies in 1945 and qualified as a teacher in 1948. Most of his working life was then spent teaching and he encouraged many young people to improve their lives through education.

He joined the Labour Party and was a prominent District Councillor from 1960-68. He also took a keen interest in family and local history, being a member of this society for many years and a "life member" for the past few years and a regular contributor to our publications.

Miner, teacher socialist and International Brigader. Edwin Greening was all of these things, but he was also a husband, father and grandfather. Married with two children his family was the main focus of his life. His niece recalls, "Edwin was always around, always jovial, never miserable."

Sadly he is "around" no more, but he made a significant contribution to a proud history, and will remain an inspiration to all who knew him.