

WERN FARM, MOCHDRE



Wern Farm entrance, Mochdre

Following on from the farm article in the September 2007 issue of the Journal, Wern Farm, Mochdre, should be added to the information. The buildings no longer exist but are commemorated today in the name of Glan-y-Wern Road and by the entrance to the farm driveway which still exists as a break in the stone wall running along Conwy Road. During the 2nd World War the farm was leased to Mr. A. Levy of Manchester, but worked by Thomas Lloyd. Mr. & Mrs. Levy also owned what they called a summer-house in Rhos-on-Sea. It was called Seafield (now 109 Marine Drive); it is still called Seafield although the name is not now displayed and is situated just round the corner from Greenway, one of the last unmade and unadopted roads in Colwyn Bay. Mr. & Mrs. Levy's maid lived permanently in Seafield during the War and the Levy's son and daughter would also stay there. There are still plenty of bells in the house which would have summoned the hard working maid in days gone by. Mr. Levy's daughter had a pinto horse which was kept on the field next to the farm. The field is now concreted over and used by Roger Haydock Co.Ltd., Timber and D.I.Y. Supplies. On the farm they kept hens, horses and pigs. A married couple, Harold and Cathryn Jones, worked for and helped Mr. & Mrs. Levy; Harold worked on the farm and Cathryn helped their maid in Seafield. Councillor Glyn Jones can still recall accompanying his father, Harold, to the Gas Works, just down the road, where they would collect coke which was used on the farm to warm the pig feed.

GEORGE ESSEX

Mr Essex was a self-taught artisan and we should respect people like him who have practical skills. These are the people whose voices are lost to history. All we hear about are the politicians, the artists, the soldiers, but the practical people, such as Mr. Essex, are the folk who really changed the world. History is a powerful, living thing and what we see around us in Colwyn Bay is an indication as to how we live now. Mr. Essex built many of William John Bowen's designs (NB October Journal 2006); he built the house at 23 Marine Road, Penrhyn Bay which includes the wrap-around window with the stained-glass depiction of the Bay of Sorrento (NB March 2003 Journal)

Mr. Essex must have been a good friend of Mr Bowen because he commissioned him to build many of his designs including his own home in Ael-y-Bryn Road (No 6). Mr. Essex's was the most reasonable tender at £700, just £52 below that suggested by Lloyd Williams & Son, but £147 below Mr. R. H. Williams' tender; a huge difference in November 1935. He obviously learnt his lesson because his tender for the

house next door in the same year was £783 which was accepted. Mr. Essex completed the building of number 4 Ael-y-Bryn Road in April 1936. His handy-work remains as a fine example of the builder's art. He built a pair of semi-detached houses on Glyn Avenue, Colwyn Bay, and a detached house on Whitehall Road, Rhos-on-Sea.

History happens to the anonymous individual as well as to the great, and happens in idiosyncratic and unique ways. Mr. Essex is a prime example of this idea.

He built a detached house on Brompton Avenue, Pen-y-Binc Farm, Mochdre as well as several in Penrhyn Bay. Indeed Mr. Essex had his office in Trafford Park, Penrhyn Bay.

The past century and the century we have just entered may defy the rule that our history can be read through what we build. New technologies have freed architects from the constraints of brick and stone. Concrete and glass allied with the design skills of the computer allow shapes to be created that would have



George Essex

been unthinkable a generation ago. But of course Mr. Essex is of a previous generation and he is representative of those people who knew nothing about computers and who built traditionally in brick and stone and wood. Mr. Bowen

and others produced drawings distinguished by their own creative fancy but still anchored in a recognisable history leading back over the centuries. Mr. Essex built comfortable, homely homes; he was a craftsman.

As a builder he seemed particularly attracted to architects who designed to an Arts and Crafts agenda, such as John Bowen. He was very good at constructing twisty chimneys and letter box chimneys. (N.B. Journal, March 1996). There are two good examples of twisty chimneys on Number 18, Beach Drive, and Cherry Gate, 5 St Davids Road, Penrhyn Bay. There are letter box shaped chimneys on the roofs of Fairways, 36 Marine Road, Penrhyn Bay and 88 Tan-y-Bryn Road, Rhos-on-Sea. Evidently it was Mr. Essex who suggested to the architects that it would be a good idea to put these chimneys in the centre of the buildings rather than on the outside walls, as he felt that more heat was retained that way. On the other hand the owner of another of Mr. Essex's houses claims that if he puts a tennis ball on the floor by the lounge window it will roll across the floor to the other side of the room because he reckons that Mr. Essex never got the floor flat!

He built most of the houses on Beach Drive and all the houses in the St David's Close cul-de-sac. His name and occupation ("G.A. Essex, Builder, Rhos-on-Sea") are still inscribed on the man-hole covers of numbers 1,2 (Acacia), 4 (Penride) and 5 in St David's Close, and all have distinctive pillar box chimneys. The White House, number 47 Morfa Road still has his originally inscribed man-hole cover as have the three pairs of semi-detached houses (numbers 3,5,7,9,& 15) on Pendorlan Road. In the 1930s this was presumably a builders way of advertising.

In February 1931 he wrote to his mother, "I have just completed a pair of houses in Rhos which are the nicest I have done so far, about £1,000 each". They are still there on Abbey Road.



"The nicest I have done so far"

Mr. Essex enjoyed sailing and had a boat called the Mudlark. At the start of the 2nd World War, in 1939 he married Nancy with whom he honeymooned in Ireland. He had been to a public school in Dublin and had been there during 'The Troubles'. He was born in 1903 in Shardlow, a village south of Derby and Nottingham, and later his family moved further west, ending up in Gloucestershire. He had an older brother and a sister, but for some reason was farmed out to live with his childless aunt and uncle in North Wales. After his school days in Dublin he was accepted to read English at Cambridge. He decided not to go to University and instead became a carpenter, progressing into design and building.

His real aptitude was for design hence his close association with the architects with whom he worked. He was not really a businessman; he had shares in the quarry on the Little Orme where people now stroll with their dogs, and during the depression, when the quarry business was slack he bought out various other local builders who wanted to close it. He was desperate that the quarry should remain open and that the quarrymen's jobs should be made safe. It was a laudable

action, but he lost all his money and in the end, to avoid going bankrupt, he signed a bill of conveyance, which was the end of his building business. A sad outcome.

Mr. Essex's penchant for design is well illustrated by his love of flying and his aptitude for designing and building his own planes. He had trained at Speke Airport, Liverpool and had a pilot's licence. He joined the R.A.F. at the beginning of the War but was not allowed to fly because he was too old at 37. He had already built his own aeroplane on Dinerth Fields from a popular kit of the 1930's, the 'Flying Flea', designed by Henri Mignet. Unfortunately the Flying Flea had several design faults and was somewhat of a death trap. On his first flight it proved difficult to control and on landing he came down faster than expected just brushing the wheels through a hedge. Unluckily there was a shed on the other side of the hedge and it tipped the 'plane onto its nose. He escaped with a bump on the head.

The aeroplane ended up in bits in the cellar of Colwyn Bay Grammar School where it was used for instructional purposes by the A.T.C. Mr Essex is mentioned along with the Flying Flea in a book called "Wings Across the Border" (Vol 2) by Derrick Pratt and Mike Grant.

At the beginning of the war in a letter to his father, in which he tells his father of his impending marriage to Nancy ("It is to be next Wednesday at 2pm and we are keeping it quiet."), he also explains, "we'll get a house of our own when all this trouble has blown over and Messrs Hitler & Co are under lock and key." He also tells his father that " Nearly all materials for private work are not obtainable now. We have to write to Bristol before we buy



Mr Essex's twisty chimney

a bit of timber!" During the war he became a trainer, - mostly starting the youngsters off on the Ground Simulators and seeing them go off to battle where many were killed. He spent a lot of time designing a new type of aircraft wing at Farnborough. Sadly something happened to him during this time; he ran out of money and during his leave walked all the way back to North Wales from Hampshire discovering that he could survive adequately off the country. For a while he was sleeping rough in Pwllcrochan Woods. Happily in later years he went back to being a carpenter with one of the local builders with whom

he had much earlier been in partnership. To prove however that he was still no businessman, when retired, he left all the equipment and tools he had personally bought, with the builder. He is still remembered fondly at the Rhos-on-Sea Golf Club. One lady recalls approaching one of the greens and finding Mr. Essex curled up fast asleep in the bunker!

Mr. Essex's daughter, Janet, is now a community councillor and lives in Swansea. His grand-daughter, Claire, is in Oxford and a few years ago went on a trip up the River Amazon with David Bellamy. However here in Colwyn Bay and

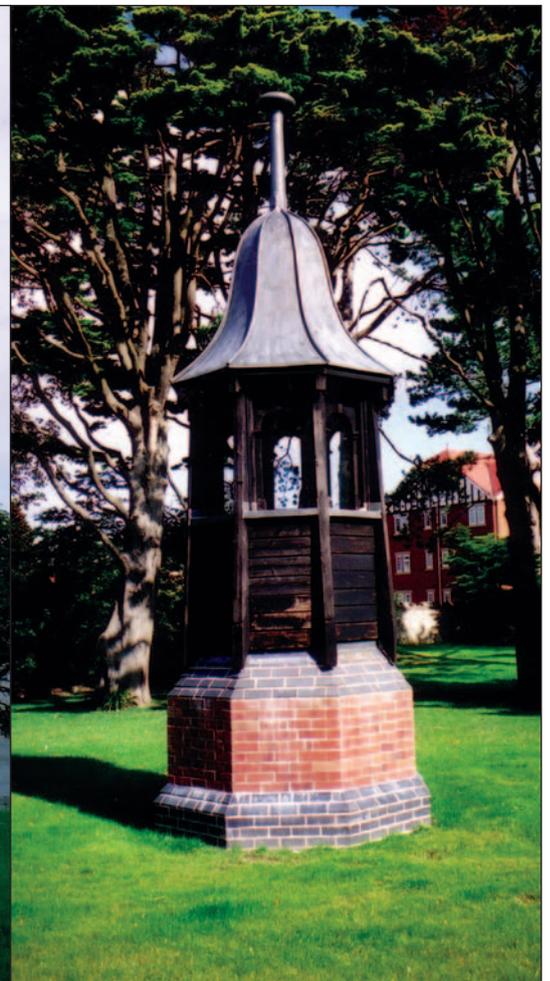
Penrhyn Bay as we swing round many a corner, there is delightful evidence that their father and grandfather lived here amongst us and built homes of permanence and delight. When it comes to the homes we live in, we remain deeply conservative, stuck in the style of the 19th and early 20th century; we want to live in Mr. Essex's houses. We are reluctant to sacrifice our idea of the cosy home for something more modern and arid. Efficient living spaces count for little if what is offered does not look and feel right. Mr. Essex had the knack of building homes which look good and make an ideal living space.

THE PENRHOS COLLEGE LEGACY

Penrhos School has now vanished and is a memory (NB March Journal 2000). In an effort to maintain a link with the school's past and Colwyn Bay, there is now a house called Ashcroft House on Chatsworth Close. The Close runs right through the estate from the old school entrance (off the Upper Promenade) to the end of the cul-de-sac. Ashcroft House was one of the girls boarding houses on Llannerch Road East and Chatsworth, Derbyshire, the home of the Duke of Devonshire, was where the school was evacuated during the 2nd World War, to make way for the arrival of the Ministry of Food into Colwyn Bay. The two tops or cupolas or quirky mini-spires which were perched on the roof of the school have been saved and incorporated into the new estate. The Compass, has been placed on a solid stone base and peers over the hedge across the Caley Promenade and West Promenade to the sea. The builders were obviously not very good at geography and their first try at fixing the compass letters on the base bore no connection to the true north, south, east or west. A passerby pointed out that the sun rose in the east, not in the north, the red faced builders re-fixed the iron work to indicate the correct compass points. The other cupola or Turret has been renovated and positioned on the lawn beside Wainwright Close off Llannerch Road East. Wainwright Close has been named after



The Compass off Chatsworth Close



The turret beside Wainwright Close

Miss Wainwright, the college Principal from 1928 to 1938; the other road on the estate, Beckett Close has been named after Mr. J. Beckett, the chairman of the Governors from 1895 to 1904. The large bulbous stone bearing the date 1897 which was over the main school door has now been embedded in the entrance wall to the estate beside the road sign and of

course Penrhos Road (leading from the West Promenade to the Upper Promenade) is still named as such. I am also happy to report that there is now work in progress to erect an historical board near to the walk-way through the estate informing people of the past associations of this area.

LEIGH CROFT

Charles Morton Bailey F.R.C.O., musc.Bac., was a music teacher and principal organist at St. Paul's Church. In the 1930s he lived at Leigh Croft on the corner of Riviere's Avenue and Woodland Park in Colwyn Bay. (No 13) When he had this property built he instructed the architect to design the house to include a large corner bay-window on the lounge & thus also on the bedroom above which would face directly across to St. Paul's Church. He placed his grand piano in this bay-window and played it while gazing across at the church. Such are the personal idiosyncrasies which determine the design of some of our homes. People hereabouts can still remember that it was only children from wealthy families who could afford to have lessons from Mr. Bailey. The house and bay window are still there, although the house has now been divided into flats and the grand piano has vanished.



Leigh Croft

FIELDS/CAEAU

When the Rev Griffith Williams' granddaughter, Annette Roberts went to school in Llanelian, seventy years ago, she and her friends were taught the basic rudimentary skills for life; the joy of reading, ability to add, subtract and multiply numbers in their heads, to paint, and very importantly, to appreciate and gain knowledge of their immediate surroundings. To this end the teacher set her pupils a little project of discovering the names of local fields.

Annette and Ena (who became Councillor Ena Wynne) and the other pupils were encouraged to compile a list of the names of the fields and their location in the villiage. To this day, Annette still has her school girl effort, and this writer still marvels daily over the wonderfully rich selection of the field names found all over Wales. The local Llanelian folk born and bred in this district (Ena; Derek Williams), still talk about the local pastures, using their ancient names as though they were

well loved neighbours, which in a sense they are.

In passing it is interesting to note that Annette mentions in the project that "there are two Post Offices, one in Llanelian and one in Dolwen. There is a telephone kiosk at each place." Many years later, after Annette's marriage to Carl Rowland Timms, they had their daughter, Carla, baptised in St.Elian's Parish Church. Mr. Rowland Timms brought back from Palestine, where he had been serving with the Palestine Police, a jar of water from the River Jordan, which was used in the baptismal service. Annette, now living far away to the South, is still able to picture the land she knew as a child and the friendly fields. Her childhood exercise book reminds her that fields are a great deal more than factory floors, they are about something that has been tried and tested since time began. Each name tells you something about the individual piece of land and differentiates one field from another. It is sad that this important part of our heritage could be lost if these names were to fall from usage, and be entirely replaced by the numbering scheme that farmers use for their official records and for returns to Government and E.U. Single Payments Scheme.



Rev.Griffith Williams, the vicar of Llanelian, (Annette's grandfather) in 1911 reading the Gorsedd Prayer at Corwen

In 1933 when Annette wrote her project for the teacher, she noted that on 25th January 1938 the Northern Lights were visible. "It was a most beautiful sight", she wrote. And on 8th January "there was a eclipse of the moon." She also speaks to us down the intervening years, "the supply of water is chiefly obtained from wells or springs. Most farms and houses are situated near a well or spring. There are about 34 wells or springs in the neighbourhood."

She had investigated seventeen farms. Derek Williams, the farmer from Bryn Elian still calls his fields by the same names that Annette discovered seventy years ago; Cae dan ty (Field below the house), Cae Ffrith Dafydd, (David's field), Groes Newydd Fawr (New big cross), Groes Newydd Fach (New small cross), Ffrith Wair (Hay field), Cae Ty'n Ffordd (field below the road), Ffrith garreg Lwyd (field

of the grey rock) and Cae Bont (field by the bridge). On the Twan uchaf Farm, amongst others, Annette has noted that there is a field called Cae Tlodion (Pauper's field); the eight year old Annette notes that "the rent for this field was at one time decided amongst the poor of the Parish." On Sarn Farm there is a field known as Cae Yr Ardd, (Garden Field); on Plas Llewelyn Farm a field known as Cae Ysgybor which means Barn Field; at Waen Farm there was a field known as Geufron which probably indicated that at one time Geufron Farm had once upon a time owned the field. While at Teyrdan Farm there was a field called Ffirth hoelbren which means Wood With a Nail In It!

In Annette's school days everyone in Llanelian knew to which field you were referring if you talked about Cae Pengam (Crooked field) everyone knew that it

was the oddly shaped field on Ty Newydd Farm, or that Cae ol ty (field behind the house) was on Gloddaeth Farm. This is no longer true, for over the intervening years there has been a trend among farmers to dispense with field names; it would be good perhaps if farmers were encouraged to have the names of old fields painted or carved on their gates. Many fields are brilliantly descriptive and tell us precisely the use to which the field was put in the past. It would be a good idea, would it not, for new houses and housing developments to refer in name to the field they replaced; just as the old upper Colwyn Bay Golf course is now covered in roads called Troon, Wentworth, St. Andrews, Birkdale, Sunningdale, as a reference to the land's former use. A rich Tapestry; A meaningful history.

JOHN RICHARD WATSON (8th September 1907 - 9th March, 1988)



John Richard Watson

It is not only architects and builders who shape our environment, but it is also those eminently useful people the Clerks of Works. Indeed without them the architect's vision and the builder's muscle would not be organised into the finished product. Such a man was John Richard Watson.

Mr. Watson (Jack) was one of the 'Fighting Watsons' of Mochdre, so named after their predilection for confrontation! He began his working life at Blackburns Games & Parry, a building firm in Old Colwyn. They had a tiny office with a tiny lady who sat permanently behind a tiny desk.

Eventually he became the Clerk of Works for Colwyn Bay Council. He had a certain reputation as a cantankerous so and so. This was really because he was fastidious, as straight as a die, as honest as the day is long. It would be true to say that he was a character; in fact he was a hell of a guy, if there was an MA of life, he would have a first class honours. He lived the unostentatious life of a working man. He was in charge of the building of the Fire Station, The Police Headquarters, the Technical College, the Crematorium and the new council housing estate at Dolgarrog. On one occasion, still remembered in Colwyn Bay, he took delivery of a load of concrete for one project, allowed it to be laid and then took a sample; the concrete was shuttered and levelled and hardened before the result of the analysis was returned and found to be wanting, below standard. Mr. Watson then called the

supplier back and told them to hack out and remove the concrete. He was not a popular man!

In December 1940, when Jack was still living with his mother at Hampton Bank, Wellington Road, Old Colwyn, his sister (Mrs. Hardy), brother-in-law and their baby were killed in a German air raid. They had two other children, Barbara and Pat, who were living with Mrs. Watson in Old Colwyn at the time. Mr. & Mrs. Hardy and the baby had taken shelter in

the Anderson air-raid shelter in a Midland town and theirs was the only shelter in a road of 214 houses to be hit. Mr. Hardy's watch was found and had stopped at 12.25am. The three bodies were brought back to Old Colwyn and after a service in the Methodist Church they were buried in Old Colwyn Cemetery. Jack, his brother and his mother were all at the funeral service.

The travails and tribulations of people who lived in Colwyn Bay through the war

years, like Jack Watson and Tom Ellis Davies (N.B. February Journal 2007: Convent of Mercy) who stuck steadfastly to their occupations and were loyal, in the main uncomplaining and hard working, were of a generation to whom we owe much. They were men and women for whom the present young people in Colwyn Bay, enjoying the fruits of Jack's generation's labours, must find it difficult to comprehend. Jack Watson and his like contributed a great deal to how we see our town today.

THE ANCIENT OPERATING EMPORIUM

In the early 1900s the large building on Rhos Road (no.37) between Mauldeth Road and Woodlands Avenue, was built as a private residence but never lived in as such. For what ever reason the original owner decided not to live there but to live instead in Old Colwyn. The property was then let to three doctors who converted it into a private surgery and miniature hospital where minor operations were performed.

Two of the doctors died very young (possibly during the 1st World War) leaving their partner Dr. David Macdonald Brown, M.B., Ch.B., M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P. (Physician and Surgeon) in sole control and he continued to rent the building until 1958 when he retired and went to live further up Rhos Road at Bragleen (No.91) beside the cross roads and traffic lights.

All of a sudden the daughter of the original owner had vacant possession of the old surgery and on a whim, she telephoned Mr. William Greenhalgh, the well respected osteopath, at his home in Colwyn Avenue, Rhos-on-Sea. He both lived and worked with his growing family from this address. Next door is Bethany Chapel and it was Mr. Greenhalgh who almost single handedly raised the funds and was the inspiration for the purchase of the land, the work on the plans and the overseer of the building work. On the other side lived Mr. Skinner, a dental technician who worked for Mr. Hampson, the dentist at Merlewood on the corner of Egerton Road and Conwy Road. Mr. Hampson would come twice a week from Manchester to attend to his country patients here in Colwyn Bay.

The Old Colwyn lady proposed to Mr. Greenhalgh that he may consider purchasing her property at 37 Rhos Road. She had heard about him and felt that he would be an ideal man to use the property properly. She sent him the key



The Ancient Operating Emporium

and suggested that he have a look around.

A week later the two met and she asked Mr. Greenhalgh whether he had had the property valued. He replied that his relative, Mr. Donald Ball, had valued it at £12,000.00. The owner was horrified at this figure feeling that it was not worth that amount and she said she would accept £10,000.00!

So it was, that Mr. Greenhalgh moved his family and his work to Rhos Road (re-christening the building 'The Sycamores') and Dr. Michael Midgley who had taken over Dr. Macdonald Brown's practice, moved the surgery to Mr. Greenhalgh's old home in Colwyn Avenue.

Mr. Lester Owen, the builder, set about the conversion and renovation of The Sycamores. They discovered that the nurses had lived in the attic and that their access to the roof area was up a wooden ladder which swung away when not in use

into a cavity in the landing wall across which was shut a door, rather like a cupboard. Also in the roof were old surgical instruments and glass slides of long forgotten specimens.

The operating room had been on the left hand side of the building, towards the rear (beside Mauldeth Road) on the first floor. The room had concave corners (not the normal right angles) and a cork floor.

Next door, at number 35, (Chaseley) lived the chiropodist Mr. Robert Brown M.I.S.ch. and further up Rhos Road at Number 91 (Bragleen) Miss G. M. Rutz, a masseuse plied her trade; that would raise a quizzical smile today! The Greenhalgh family and work prospered in The Sycamores until Mr. Greenhalgh's retirement. The building is now home to the Regional Office of the North West Wales Business Centre of the National Westminster Bank

THE BERRY HOUSES

We live in the age of the developer, and though the Council's planning department can and does control, modify and even veto the design ideas put forward by commercial organisations, it does not, by and large, dictate them. After the last World War they acted even less like dictators and the developers were less ambitious.

Colin Berry was a motor mechanic owning and running the family garage business (N.B February Journal 2005 "The garages have vanished"), located behind Whitehall and Everard Road; a business which is still thriving and now run by his son David. In the 1940's and 1950's after the 2nd World War, at a time when houses were sorely needed,



Barrowdale

Mr. Berry became a developer and the Council his benevolent controller. He felt he could help his family by entering the house building market. Over the ensuing years he bought three plots of land and built three houses on these plots. Each house is different and each is distinctive. His first house was on Rhos



Rangiora

Road, now called Hillgate and numbered 58A. The second was on Allanson Road and is now known as Rangiora and is number 16, while his last effort was on St. Georges Road, and is called Borrowdale (N.B. October Journal 2000 'What's in a name')

The Borrowdale house became his own home right up until the day he died. Mr. Berry used, as his architect, Charlie Byron who had his office in Somerset House, Princess Drive, Colwyn Bay; the same office from which William John Bowen (NB September Journal 2006) ran his architectural practice. Mr. Byron has incorporated into both Hillgate and Rangiora his signature round, port-hole windows, which are still very visible today.

The builder he used was Mr. Cubbon from Back Belgrave Road. (NB October Journal 2003: "Ezekiel"). Mr. Maldwyn Jones was a first rate joiner and this fact is perfectly evident in these three houses on which he worked with great diligence; Mr. Jones eventually became Clerk of works to the Town Council and is still commemorated (with his initials) by Mr. Cubbon's labourers in the concrete of the workhouse at Borrowdale!

The three houses are well built, durable and cosy. Hillgate on Rhos Road is distinctive in that there is a front facing, central brick tower effect; while the front elevation of the house has interesting angles incorporated in to the design. In its day the house must have stood out due to its innovative aspect. Rangiora in Allanson Road in contrast is a perfect square with the uniform roof rising to a symmetrically correct point above the exact centre of the building. Borrowdale in St. Georges Road is a bungalow; neat and snug with a lovely private rear garden; it is the perfect example of the ideal bungalow.

Good architecture depends on an enthusiastic clientele as well as an enlightened designer. Without this engagement both suffer. There is no evidence of any untoward suffering in these three houses because Mr. Berry was always enthusiastic in everything he did and fortunately he commissioned an up-to-date and open minded architect in Mr. Byron.



Hillgate

JOHN THE BUILDER FROM ROMAN BRIDGE

John Henry Roberts was born in 1878 in the hamlet of Roman Bridge in the Lledr Valley. Some how or other he arrived in Colwyn Bay at the turn of the century where he married a local girl called Mary. They lived at number 7, Kings Road in the West End of Colwyn Bay and called their home Llys Weunydd. Tal Weuydd is the name of the hill down which runs the road into Blaenau Ffestiniog. It is a route Mr. Roberts would have travelled many times as he negotiated the Crimea Pass and walked from Roman Bridge to the nearest town of any size, Blaenau Ffestiniog. Mr. Roberts built the large building on the corner of Conwy Road and Alexandra Road, Guys Cliff and many other houses round about. He was a Deacon at Hermon Chapel on Brompton Avenue (now demolished) and one of his sons, Herbert, became the organist at the chapel (playing the instrument that is now in Poland). Herbert became a butcher and ran his business from the shop opposite the tram sheds on Penrhyn Avenue, in Rhos-on-Sea. Mr. Roberts' other son, Bryn, became a dentist. As was often the case in the early days of the last century, the local builder or joiner was often the local undertaker as well, probably because it



Llys Weunydd

was he who would be asked to make the coffin. This was certainly the case with John Henry Roberts and his niece, who now lives in an Abbeyfield Home,

can still recall, when she was a young girl, helping her uncle with the coffins in the basement of Llys Weunydd in Kings Road.

REMEMBER REUBEN?

Reuben Leven was mentioned in the September 2006 edition of this Journal. He was the owner of Rhondda, Allanson Road, Rhos-on-Sea; but, what was not mentioned in that article was that he eventually left Rhondda and moved to 67 Brompton Avenue, Rhos-on-Sea. This house was known then and is still known by local people as Chevron

Gate. It is so called because into the iron work of the gates are worked shapes of several chevrons. These are the same symbols that can be seen on Service uniforms indicating rank or can be seen on some motor-way surfaces as a way of encouraging motorists to keep a certain safe distance between each car. The gates were erected when the

house was built and amazingly they are still there and can be seen as you motor passed on your way to the traffic lights cross roads at the top of Rhos Road. Reuben died on 12 October 1947 and is buried in Llandrillo-yn-Rhos Parish Church Yard; his wife Minnie died 21 years later.

WHAT'S IN A NAME

Number 17, St. George's Road in Rhos-on-Sea was, until fairly recently, called 'Donna Nook'. (The house is next-door but one to Inversnaid - NB. October Journal 2000). The name has now been erased from the front of the building. This is where, in the 1930's Mr. William

E. Lythgoe lived, and within the memory of many local residents was the home of Mrs. Pope. In fact Donna Nook is renowned as the only land-based colony of grey seals in Britain; it is possible to view the seals between November and January when they come ashore to give

birth. Donna Nook is near North Somercotes in Lincolnshire, and one can only wonder and speculate as to the reason why the original owners of Number 17 called their new home thus.