



E-NEWSLETTER DECEMBER 2025

ROATH LOCAL HISTORY SOCIETY

The Society was founded in 1978 by the late Alec Keir. Our focus is on the ancient parish of Roath - the modern-day suburbs of Adamsdown, Splott, Tremorfa, Pengam, Plasnewydd, Penylan, parts of Cathays and Cyncoed as well as Roath itself.

Our lively and interesting meetings are held at 7.30pm on the second Wednesday of the month from September through to May. See [Programme](#) for details. We meet at [St Edward's church](#), Westville Road, Pen-y-lan, Cardiff CF23 5DE. Annual membership is just £13 ([membership form](#)) and visitors are welcome to attend any meeting, in person or on Zoom for £3.

In May, June and July we undertake a series of trips to places of historic interest in Cardiff and the wider South Wales area.

Our Life President is Jeff Childs and our Life Members, appointed in recognition of the service they have given to the Society, are Dr Diane Brook, Gwyn Smith, Judith Hunt, Peter Gillard, Martin Sheldon and David Parry.

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EDITOR'S WELCOME

The December edition already – where has the year gone to? As Christmas is almost on us, I thought a bit of seasonal local history might be appropriate. This not very festive story dates from 122 years ago, when, according to the Western Mail, an “outrage” was perpetrated on Christmas Eve.

On 23 December 1903 a 33 year-old electrician, Frederick Parks, employed by the Cardiff Corporation at the Roath Power Station was dismissed from his post. This was not the power station with the massive cooling towers that some may recall, but a smaller incarnation, devoted to powering Cardiff's tram network, the depot for which was next door on Newport Road, opposite Rover Way. It appears that after consuming some consolatory drink, Mr Parks thought it a good idea to get his revenge on his ungrateful employer. On the morning of Christmas Eve, he gained entrance to the power station and disconnected two cables from a generator which powered the entire Cardiff tram network. Some 105 trams came to a standstill on one of the busiest days of the year, causing consternation and frustration for the travelling members of the public.

However, the miscreant failed to employ best practice of his trade, and for his trouble he received a 500-volt shock, which knocked him off the platform on which he was working. He was found 8 feet below the platform, unconscious with blood coming from his ears and nose. He was taken to the Cardiff Infirmary where he remained in a coma for three days, guarded by a police constable. Once recovered, he was sent up before “the beak” where he was handed a “shocking” sentence of 9 months’ imprisonment with hard labour. A not so Merry Christmas for him. Despite the scandalised reporting of the incident, it seems that the act of sabotage was somewhat ineffectual – the trams were stopped for only 20 minutes.

After our bonus talk “Heiptrw Hw! The Welsh Drovers” on 24 September 2025, there was a retiring collection in aid of the St Edward's Church Organ Restoration Fund. Our members and guests kindly donated £223.83, which an anonymous benefactor has generously agreed to match, making a total of £447.66. Thanks to everyone who contributed.

Don't forget the free Pop-Up Christmas Café which starts at 7pm before the talk on Wednesday 10 December – leave plenty of room for mince pies!

And if you have any used stamps, please bring them along on 10 December – Elizabeth Morgan will be collecting them for charity.

SOCIETY NEWS

Last month, two volunteers from Roath Local History Society took part in workshops held at Penylan Library, facilitated by Anna Hare from Cardiff Library Service and aided by Steffan Davies, the Welsh Language and Children's Librarian, to help Year 6 pupils from Roath Park Primary School learn about World War II.

Valerie Morgan on Tuesday 7 October and Jon Roberts on Thursday 9 October flew the flag for RLHS and were on hand to help explain the impact of WWII on Roath (not from first-hand experience, I should point out!). The library had arranged a session in two parts – firstly children went out onto Roath Rec where Anna had displayed information sheets on trees, goalposts and benches, requiring pupils to find key pieces of information from each sheet. In pairs or threes, the children were kept busy running from one sheet to the next answering questions on their trail sheet, enthusiastically keen on being the first mini-team to complete the quest. Once all the information had been collected the children were quizzed on their findings – the topics included the date of VE Day, how many children from Cardiff were evacuated, what barrage balloons used for, what happened when an air raid siren sounded and what jobs women had to do. Valerie discussed wartime food rationing with some of the pupils

The learning materials were based on information and photographs obtained from the RLHS website and from Cathays Heritage Library, including a picture of a barrage balloon over Roath Rec, with the spire of St Andrew's United Reform Church on Wellfield Road in the background. The children could see the spire clearly visible behind the library, providing a relatable feature.



The second part of the session took place in the library – Anna had done a great job in collating a wide variety of WWII era materials for the children to delve into. The kids tried on a gas mask from the war and clothes of the era, as well as trying out toys and games that children played with in the 1940s. Jon Roberts was able to tell the pupils about a 100 year-old lady, Gloria Lander, whom he had interviewed last year. As a child during the war, Gloria lived just a few doors away from Roath Park Primary School, on Penywain Road, and she recalled being outside when she heard a pitter-patter sound that she didn't recognize. Her dad knew what the sound was and quickly dragged her indoors, just as a German plane flew overhead, after strafing the street with machine gun fire. The noise Gloria heard was the sound of bullets hitting the slates on nearby

roofs. Later, when she was 16, she went to work in a shell factory on Curran Embankment – she was training as a hairdresser at the time, so quite a change of career.

The children were very well-behaved and a credit to the school. It was a great community event to be involved with, and we hope that the Society was able to contribute to its success.

THOSE WERE THE DAYS

I oft sit on the stoep (patio) here in Johannesburg, the once City of Gold, and thinks of those wonderful days growing up in Roath. A touch of hiraeth adds to the hwyl. During WWII and in the immediate years after the wireless played such an important part in our lives. In wartime Churchill boosted morale while *Workers' Playtime* took our minds off the war for a while. As did the likes of *Children's Hour*, *ITMA*, *Have a Go Joe* and *In Town Tonight* when the mighty roar of London's traffic was stopped for 30 minutes. After the war Ted Ray always raised a laugh supported by Kitty Bluett, Patricia Hayes, Peter Sellers and Kenneth Connor. Said to be one of the major hits of post-war comedy. From 1944 until 1954 that comedy *Much Binding in the Marsh* starring Kenneth Horne, Richard Murdoch, (pictured right) Sam Costa, Maurice Denham, Stanley Black and his Orchestra kept us amused. After the programme *Beyond our Ken* another, *Round the Horne*, with largely the same cast built up a regular audience of 15 million. The last radio show to reach so many listeners as television made its mark. The Shipping Forecast fascinated me wondering where Doggerland and Fair Isle were. There was also our own grown "Welsh Rarebit" with amongst many stars Stan Stennett and Dorothy Squires and Harry Secombe. The closing song always reminding us that there was always a welcome in the hillsides and the Vales. At its peak the programme attracted 12 million listeners and remains one of the most popular entertainment shows to have been produced from Wales.



Wilfred Pickles was always encouraging his wife, Mabel, to put the money on the table and then telling Barney to give 'him' it. Many 'hims' and 'hers' benefitted. *ITMA* broke away from the conventions of previous radio comedies using sound effects and a wide range of voices and accents in a novel manner. The bibulous Colonel Chinstrap and Mrs

Mopp had us laughing whilst Funf ("this is Funf speaking") made the German propaganda machine a source of public ridicule. Tommy Handley's untimely death was announced on air by the Director-General of the BBC, Sir William Haley, who insisted on making the announcement himself. The King and Queen sent a message of sympathy to Handley's widow and thousands of people lined the route of Handley's funeral procession. A man who gave so much for the war effort.



Tommy Handley

After school I would join Mam at 4.15 pm each weekday to learn what Mrs Dale had written in her diary. Husband, Jim, a doctor, often struck me as rather poorly. The Queen Mother reportedly said of the programme "*It is the only way of knowing what goes on in a middle-class family*". From 1950 we'd all be off to the countryside at 6.45pm to spend 15 minutes with *The Archers*. "An everyday story of country folk". We sat close to the wireless in our wellington boots and dungarees, eager to learn more of rural Britain. Phil Archer was something of a lad about Ambridge whilst I felt that daughter, Grace, had ideas above her station. We loved Walter Gabriel. Mam would have gladly invited that old pal, me old beauty, to join us for a meal on Christmas Day.

From 1946 at 6.15pm we were glued to the wireless, keen to learn what that Special Agent, Dick Barton, aided by "Snowy" White and "Jock" Anderson were up to fighting crime. That ex-commando a true hero. There was one problem from around 1948. On Tuesdays, Cub meetings at Croft Street School started at 6.30 which was when Dick and his companions departed for the evening. Turning up five minutes late, breathless, delaying the dyb, dyb, dybbing and dobbling did not please Arkela. Us miscreants were often sent to the school yard to practise our knots. I never got the hang of the bowline. Later in the evenings we keenly followed Paul Temple and his wife, Louise, always known as Steve in reference to her journalistic pen name "Steve Trent." Both solved so many whodunnit crimes. Paul always the gentleman, the strongest expletive he used was "by Timothy". Then we were off to bed. In the early 50's there was "*Journey Into Space*" with Lemmy and his pals. The opening music sent me hiding behind the settee. Only to find that those scary monsters from space had beaten me to it.

From 1951 until 1960 a different type of comedy kept us amused. The Goon Show with its very talented cast of Spike Milligan, Harry Secombe, Peter Sellers and Michael Bentine. It was created by Milligan. Then from 1954 till '61 Tony Hancock had us laughing uncontrollably supported by such stars as Sid James, Bill Kerr and at various

times Moira Lister, Andrée Melly, Hattie Jacques and Kenneth Williams. "*The Blood Donor*" from the television series, later remade for radio, remains one of the best-known situation comedy episodes ever broadcast in the United Kingdom.

Many wireless sets disappeared from our street sometime at the end of the 40's/early 50's to be replaced by Rediffusion. News and entertainment by wire and access to Radio Luxembourg. The arrival of the likes of Leslie Welch, the famous *Memory Man*, *Top Twenty*, *Perry Mason*, *Dan Dare*, *Double Your Money and Take Your Pick*. Then in 1964 another commercial radio station appeared, Radio Caroline, anchored less than four miles off the Essex coast. The Beeb had competition. We did not have a television until we moved to Ely in 1967. The Sломans next door had one and we'd all gather in front of it to watch *Friends and Neighbours*.

Not all of our entertainment centred around the wireless or television, however. There was the Rec, the Recreation Ground, with its stream a boy's delight for stickleback, tadpoles and frogs. A visit to Roath Park Lake always hugely enjoyed especially if there was a trip on the launch or in one of the rowing boats.

Further afield a day in the woods at Castell Coch, at the Wenallt or Cefn Onn or on the Garth a real adventure. Spending time with Billy the Seal, actually a female, was fun. Much nearer to home was the street. In summer our cricket ground with Dads often joining in. A lad would be posted to stand at the corner with City Road by the Victorian red pillar box and keep an eye out for the law. Playing ball games in the street not exactly a capital offence but deserving of a strict dressing down if caught with willow and leather. Well, not exactly willow or Gunn & Moores. Mr Jones at No.2 was renowned for crafting a fine bat from a piece of planking. One local bobby would join in games when patrolling alone, his helmet on the ground near the wicket, as wicket keepers these days keep their helmets.

On the subject of bylaws, our Mam was once read her rights for beating the doormat against the outside wall of the house after 8 am. She didn't remain silent and the young constable was instructed in Cyfarthfa Street common law. During the rugby season us lads would be playing in the street, our Cardiff Arms Park, in the hope of catching a selector's eye. The days of Bleddyn Williams, John Gwilliam, Rex Willis, Billy Cleaver and Cliff Morgan. Not for us a Gilbert ball. A rolled up, elastic band bound South Wales Echo served the purpose. The points mounted up on the imaginary



Street cricket still played in Roath

scoreboard. Triple Crowns littered the street. In winter snow kept us children very happy. The severe falls of 1946-7 saw many igloos in the streets as we ventured towards both the North and South Poles. Well, actually we were very fortunate if we made Albany Road. A photo of Dad appeared in The Western Mail delivering milk on foot in very heavy snow drifts. The milk cart and Beauty safely tethered to a lamp post in a street that had been cleared of as much snow as possible. Much salt was scattered on the roads and streets. The salt and vinegar man did a roaring trade as people stocked up on blocks of salt.

Marbles was another game that kept us occupied. A fine collection including blood alleys could fetch many copies of *The Eagle* in exchange. Our game was played in the gutters, always kept immaculately clean by the road sweeper. Conkers another favoured pastime. Rumour had it that a lad from Treharris Street baked his. A very serious offence. We never caught him. The fifth of November a highlight of the social calendar and the build up to celebrating Guido's failed Gunpowder Plot. Much effort went into constructing a Guy who reclining in a homemade cart would be placed on that corner with City Road with us lads pleading passers-by for a penny for the Guy. Also again keeping a lookout for the police. It was classified as begging. If caught not transported to some far distant part of the Empire but again given a severe telling off and the Guy often confiscated. Lyn Vaterlaws said that the police in the backyard of the station in Crwys Road had a huge bonfire in the evening of the 5th. We didn't believe him but we certainly had a far bigger bonfire than that in the middle block of the street. Under the control of the dads, of course, as were the letting off of the fireworks.

Mr Buttwell, the newsagent on City Road between Pearson and Talworth Streets, would only sell to those over 16 years of age. He was very strict about that. After much singing followed by potatoes baked in the bonfire we'd be off to bed leaving the parents to put the bonfire out. In the middle of the street between Nos 2 and 5 there was a permanent tarmac and gravel burnt out patch. VE, VJ and Coronation street-parties other highlights in the mid 40's and early 50's. Much jelly and blancmange consumed and the barrel rolled out as Mr Oram drove us kids around the streets in his lorry singing our heads off and taunting local children. That lady kept coming around the mountain in her silk pyjamas until she was exhausted. We never reached Tipperary. Each year us Cubs would be taken to Bristol Zoo, but we



Colin Buttwell's newsagents, pictured in 2005

never saw Picadilly or Leicester Square, let alone bid them farewell and goodbye.

The backyard, hardly a garden with the Anderson shelter taking up much space, another popular play area. The double zinc bath that hung on the high back wall that was used on Friday and Saturday bathtime evenings at other times with a plank or two of wood, a few bamboo sticks, an old bed sheet and much rope and string could be fashioned into a pirate galleon venturing the Seven Seas or a Tiger Moth taxiing down the runway at Pengam Moors airfield. That biplane required two planks of course. The men who ran the Corporation yard in Croft Street were very obliging in providing us lads with any material we required. Pram wheels often sought to make a bogie cart.



“We used to have to make our own fun”! With thanks to Albie and Tabbie

We were never short of what we needed or imagination. Dr Livingstone and I often shared a tent in the yard in the middle of Africa, not Roath, and Mam would very kindly bring two plates of salad for us. Oddly we never saw that Welshman Stanley. John Sloman would at times enter the tent exhausted after a day in the jungle, ready for a swig of Tizer.

Somewhat further afield we'd often go blackberry picking with our Mams. The hedges at Llanedeyrn a favoured spot. Why did the biggest berries grow just out of reach? A stick with a bent nail at one end brought them close and into the basket. We were never allowed to return home until all the baskets were full. After being soaked in salt water to remove maggots and then washed to remove the salt Mam would bottle most. Some kept back for a delicious blackberry and apple tart served with home-made custard. Further down the lane towards Llanedeyrn we'd collect bluebells in the woods. They never, however, lasted long in a flower vase. Mam, as a young girl in Maesteg, had learnt how to craft from grass and would make chicken's feet for us. I still fashion nosegays as she had taught me and give as gifts. I'd also like once more to make a kite from sticks, brown paper, flour paste and string as Dad used to. Again, The South Wales Echo was used, strips tied to string to fashion a tail. Collecting sticks was

one of my hobbies.

Visits to an Uncle and Aunt who lived in a post-war prefab in Walthamstow with Epping Forest nearby saw my collection grow. Soon converted into a bow with arrows or a sword or spear. I was always well armed, for that forest was full of footpads, highwaymen and ferocious Red Indians. I had many a lucky escape. Car journeys to London in our Ford Prefect to spend a summer holiday with my Mum's parents a real treat. Grandad was a true Cockney, born in Bow, a master plasterer, who went to South Wales to seek work at the beginning of the 20th century. He was a hitcher at the colliery in Maesteg and very quick to enlist at the outbreak of World War I, surviving the Somme to become Bandmaster of the 6th Battalion Welsh Regiment Territorial Army. Under the baton of WH Bartram they won the Junior Shield at Crystal Palace in 1924 and 25.

They were good days in the 40's, in spite of the war, and early 50's and it gives me much pleasure in recalling them. I hope readers will similarly enjoy and perhaps record their memories of days gone by.

Les Phillips at No. 6 Cyfarthfa Street from 1940 to 1967.

Affiliation and Bastardy Orders

By Jon Roberts

Yr Eneth gadd ei Gwrthod

Ar lan hen afon Ddyfrdwy ddofn
Eistedda glân forwynig
Gan ddistaw sisial wrthi'i hun
"Gadawyd fi yn unig
Heb gar na chyfaill yn y byd
Na chartref chwaith fynd iddo
Drws tŷ fy nhad sydd wedi'i gloi,
'Rwy'n wrthodedig heno.

Mae bys gwaradwydd ar fy ol
Yn nodi fy ngwendidau
A llanw 'mywyd wedi ei droi
A'i gladdu dan y tonnau.
Ar allor chwant aberthwyd fi,
Do, collais fy morwyndod
A dyna'r achos pam yr wyf
Fi heno wedi 'ngwrthod.

The Rejected Maiden

On the banks of the old river Dee
A pure maiden sits
Whispering quietly to herself
"I've been left lonely
Without a love or a friend in the world
Nor a home to go to,
the door of my father's house is locked
tonight I am rejected.

The finger of shame is after me
Highlighting my weaknesses
And the tide of my life has turned
And is buried under the waves.
On the alter of lust I was sacrificed,
Yes, I lost my virginity,
And that's the reason why
I'm rejected tonight.

Geiriau/Words - John Jones 'Llew o'r Wern' (1833-1909)

What was the plight of a young woman in 19th century Roath if she became pregnant, and the father was unwilling to marry her or support the child, and her family had not the means or inclination to do so?

In wealthy cities in England and Wales there had been a long history of charitable institutions, some with a religious basis, others being more generally aimed at assuaging the hardship of the poor. However, Cardiff grew from little more than a village in 1800, to a thriving, bustling and wealthy port town in just 50 years, which meant that there were few well-established and well-funded charitable institutions to offer help. In the 1830s a Government Commission found that there were nine charities in Cardiff in total. Two of these were educational, two had effectively lapsed, and of the five that were meant to help the poor, only two actually did so. Personal philanthropy saw a significant flow of money from wealthy individuals to good causes, but in Cardiff, few of these were for the benefit of the poor or unfortunate. Thus, any help for the abandoned mother of an illegitimate child had to come from the Parish.

Since 1601, Poor Laws provided that “the Parish”, i.e. the ratepayers of the Parish, had to make provision for relief of the poor – either indoor relief in the form of the workhouse, or outdoor relief in the form of dole and food. In 1777, in England alone, there were 90,000 paupers being cared for in workhouses, and the numbers rose thereafter.

Understandably, parishes tried to identify the father of illegitimate children to make him legally responsible for the child’s maintenance, to keep the child off the parish relief rolls. Documents within some parish records show not only how they sought to find the father in cases of bastardy, but also to make him pay for the child’s upkeep. Records fall into four categories, bastardy examinations, bastardy bonds, bastardy warrants and bastardy orders.

In **bastardy examinations** the mother of the illegitimate child is named as well as the reputed father. The mother may have gone voluntarily to the local Justice of the Peace, or she may have been summoned and required, under oath, to name the child’s father. These powers of investigation were established under the Bastardy Act of 1575.

The Poor Law Amendment Act, passed in 1844, gave the mother the right to apply to the justices at Petty Sessions for an order to the father to pay maintenance for the child. She was not entitled to ask for maintenance for herself. The application had to be made within twelve months of the child’s birth, unless the father had already given a sum of money towards his or her upkeep. If the justices decided that the man named by the mother was indeed the child’s father, then the order would be made.

The father of an illegitimate child would be encouraged by overseers and church wardens to enter into a **bastardy bond** to maintain the child, to ensure that the parish would not become responsible for the child. If he refused to do so, an affiliation order would be obtained from the Quarter Sessions, which would force the father to pay.

Following the Examination, the parish would then pursue the father. He would be compelled to attend court following the issue of a **bastardy warrant**. The father would then be expected either to marry the mother, in which case there was a legal duty to support both the mother and child, or pay either a weekly maintenance or a lump sum to support the child, a Bastardy Bond. There was usually a guarantor required to countersign the bond who would become liable if the father defaulted, often a relative with money or assets. However, it was not always the child’s father who entered into the bond; churchwardens, overseers, friends or other benefactors might have undertaken this responsibility. The maintenance usually lasted until the child was old enough to be apprenticed out, from the age of about 10 or 11.

It seems that some cases were undefended by the putative father, perhaps because he was willing to do the just and responsible thing, or perhaps to avoid unseemly publicity

that might result. Nowadays, local newspapers report few court cases, and family court proceedings, especially those involving children, are subject to strict limits on what may be reported. However, there were no such inhibitions during the Victorian era, and a news-hungry public meant that there were many local newspapers with lots of pages to fill, so court cases were a staple of their newsgathering.

Only a short mention was made in the Cardiff and Merthyr Guardian on 10 December 1859 about the affiliation order made against James Sherwood of Roath, on the oath of Louisa Mitchell, requiring him to pay 2s. 6d. a week for the upkeep of their child. In another case, involving Nellie Pottinger, the defendant, after receiving advice from his solicitor, admitted the paternity, and thus avoided a full account of his liaison being made public. The Bastardy Act 1875 gave a statutory basis for a father's maintenance of an illegitimate child until the age of 16, at the rate of 5 shillings a week.

In 1881, Edwin Crockford, a master butcher of 115 Broadway in Roath, clearly had no fear of adverse publicity for himself or his poor wife. He refused to take the advice of his solicitor, who withdrew from the case in court, fearing that his client would commit perjury in the witness box.



A maid in Mr Crockford's employ, Mary Louisa Crabb, alleged that when Mrs Crockford left for divine service at Roath Road Chapel, her husband followed her to a bedroom when "an improper intimacy took place between them", leading to the birth of an illegitimate child. Mr. Crockford seemed to take some responsibility for the unfortunate young woman, finding and paying for her lodgings and inventing stories to account for the circumstances. In court, however, he denied being the child's father. However, the Bench was not impressed, making against Mr Crockford the highest level of award possible, with the Chairman saying:

"I never heard a more disreputable defence in my life. Defendant, by going into the witness box, has put himself in a most disgraceful position".

The Cardiff Times reported that "The decision of the court was received with applause by a somewhat crowded court."

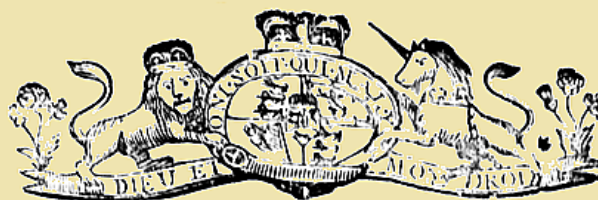
The number of bastardy or affiliation orders issued by the Cardiff courts applied only to a small proportion of illegitimate children. Taking two years at random, in 1893 there were 10 orders made and 31 orders in 1911. These were very small numbers compared to the number of illegitimate children born in Cardiff at the time – in 1910 there were 211 illegitimate births in the city. It can therefore be presumed that the majority of illegitimate children were supported by either the mother's or father's families (or both) and therefore there was no need to rely on relief from the Parish or to seek the court's involvement.

Interestingly, the ratio of illegitimate births to legitimate births in Cardiff more than halved during the second half of the 19th century. The reasons for the fall are complex and poorly understood, but some academic studies find a correlation with

YEAR	POPULATION	ILLEGITIMACY RATIO
1851	23085	5.51
1861	46954	3.93
1871	64972	3.4
1881	94123	2.69
1891	148497	2.38
1901	164333	2.54

economic prosperity, so that “accidents of courtship” were more likely to be resolved by marriage when there was sufficient money to enable it.

Overleaf is a reproduction of a summons in respect of an affiliation application made in 1872 by Catherine Shea against William Davies of 22 Bedford Street, Roath. What was the outcome of the case is not recorded, but as no order is shown in the records, and no newspaper report of the case exists, my guess is that a settlement was reached, no doubt the best outcome for all concerned.



City of Cardiff
IN THE
COUNTY OF GLAMORGAN
(to wit)

The Information and Application of *Catherine Shea*

Single woman, residing at

The said Borough of Cardiff, in the said County of Glamorgan, before Me, the undersigned, one of Her Majesty's Justices of the Peace acting For the said Borough in which she resides, this *second* day of *January* in the Year of Our Lord, One Thousand Eight Hundred and *seventy two* Who Saith, that she hath been delivered of a bastard child since the passing of the Act of the Eighth Year of the Reign of Her present Majesty, intituled "An Act for the further Amendment of the Laws relating to the Poor in England" and within Twelve Calendar Months before this Day, *to wit*, on the *seventh* Day of *June* in the Year of our Lord One Thousand Eight Hundred and *seventy one* and alleged that one *William Davies* of the said Borough, is the Father of such Child, and maketh Application to me for a Summons to be served on the said

William Davies to appear at the Petty Session to be holden for the said Borough in which I usually act, to answer such Complaint as she shall then and there make touching the Premises.

Her
Catherine X Shea
Mark

Exhibited before me the

Day and Year first

above written

2 Bedford St.,
Roath

FORTHCOMING EVENTS

Elizabeth Morgan, RLHS Programme and Events Organiser

ROATH LOCAL HISTORY SOCIETY

WEDNESDAY, 10th DECEMBER

*7.00 - 7.30 *free* 🎉 **Pop Up** 🎉 **Festive** ☕ **Café** ☕ *7.30 **Lecture**

The Roman Origins of our Christmas and its Customs

Dr. Mark Lewis

Senior Curator, National Roman Legion Museum, Caerleon

- will use artefacts from the collections of Amgueddfa Cymru to illustrate a surprising number of deep-rooted winter traditions that remain recognisable today.



Saturn. A Roman finger ring mount from Caerleon.
(c) Amgueddfa Cymru - National Museum Wales.

SAINT EDWARD'S MUSIC & ARTS CENTRE

Pop-up Christmas Café opens at 7.00pm.

Presentation begins at 7.30pm.

ALL WELCOME!

For live stream Zoom link, please apply to:

RLHSZoom@gmail.com

GUESTS *in-person*, or *online* £3.00

ANNUAL MEMBERSHIP £13.00

OTHER LOCAL HISTORY LINKS



Rumney and District Local History Society

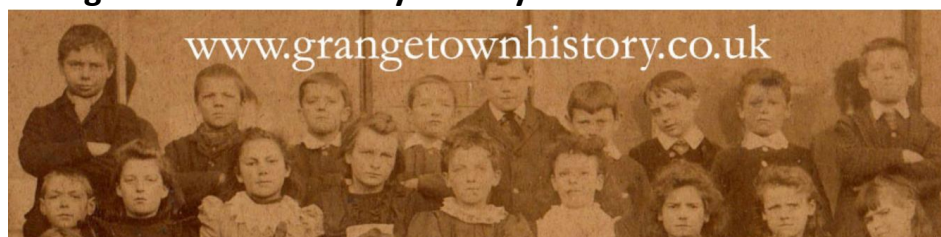
Their meetings are held at 7:30pm on the second Thursday of every month (excepting January and August) at Rumney Baptist Church Hall, Tyr-Y-Sarn Road, Rumney, CF3 3BD.

Their next meeting is on 11th December 2025, when the subject will be *Old Cardiff on Film – 1940s and 50s*.

The annual subscription is £20 and visitors can pay £3 per meeting.

Find the Rumney and District Local History Society on Facebook at <https://www.facebook.com/rumneyhistory>

Grangetown Local History Society



At the time of going to press, no details of their future talks were available, but have a look at their [website](http://www.grangetownhistory.co.uk).

British Association for Local History

The Roath Local History Society is a member of the British Association for Local History. Their website www.balh.org.uk/ offers a varied collection of local history stories, 10-minute videos and loads of helpful ways of researching local history. Some is of general relevance, but there are also pieces on very specialised subjects. Have a look at back issues of *The Local Historian* at <https://www.balh.org.uk/thelocalhistorian>. Members of the BALH are also entitled to a [discount on](#) courses. If you'd like the code to obtain the discount, please email me.



If you wish to be kept up to date on events held by BALH, please subscribe to their mailing list at <https://www.balh.org.uk/#subscribe>

Roath Local History Society on the web

There's also lots of Roath history on the [RLHS website](#), and in the excellent blog posts – do subscribe. There is also the re-energised [Facebook group](#) which has lots of interesting posts and comments. You need merely to answer 2 simple questions to join. And find us at [roath history](#) on Instagram.

Latest blog stories are:

- [Memories of a Steelworks Electrician](#)
- [Preswylfa School, 82 Pen-y-lan Road](#)
- [Confessions, Opinions and Autographs of my Friends: The Story of an Autograph Album owned by Alice Tovey](#)
- [Mary Traynor](#)

Louvain Rees | [hellohistoria](#)

Louvain Rees's [Hellohistoria](#) blogposts are well worth a follow. She is a BBC Award-winning social historian, specialising in Bridgend and her primary research interests are paupers, poor law, lunacy, and poverty between 1790 and 1921. She confesses to a taste for death and graveyards.

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