

Eryl Hughes – Parents were Trevor and Owlen Hughes.

Apart from a few years when I was married and lived on Princess Street, I have lived all my life on Pentredŵr Farm. We farmed cattle and sheep- but now only sheep. I do remember as a child walking the animals to Llangollen on market day, but this was soon superseded by the hiring of a wagon.

We used to have piped water, put in by Dad from a spring. In the early days we had no electricity. Some farms who had a stream with a good downhill flow, put in hydroelectricity - but we didn't have that sort of water supply.

The only pub in the village was the White Hart.

I remember when they killed a pig, the school headmaster used to warn me not to bring the tail into school (a fine way of teasing the girls). I remember the squeal of the pig.

Farming was so different then. We all helped each other. There would be a crowd of folk at hay-making time so many - we used a horse and cart then. Now you cut a field and there is nobody.

This year has been so bad that the hay is not even in yet. Before forestry became the main employer of the area, the main work was in the slate quarry.