BROUGHTON DISTRICT HISTORY GROUP
ORAL HISTORY TRANSCRIPTION

SUBJECT: Glyn Rogers
INTERVIEWERS: Russell Jones & Wendy Ashcroft
Interview recorded March 2026

TOPICS COVERED: Wartime air raid shelters, New Broughton Infant School, Victoria School, bombers over New Broughton, riding the footplate to Bidston, fishing trips to Llanrmon-yn-lal & Pentrefoelas, working at the abattoir, joining up for National Service & ceremonial duty, family butchers business in Lodge & Brynteg, remembering fellow servicemen, retirement trips escorting ex-POWs to the Far East.

GLYN: Born at 2, Pleasant Villas, Caego, 5th September 1934. I think Dr Stephens from the Lodge was the doctor then and a nurse from, it'd be … would it be Nurse Lloyd from Pentre Broughton, would it? I don't know. You know what it was like in them days.

RUSSELL: Yeh.

GLYN: And spent my early life next door. Had a wonderful life, wonderful mother and father. I could … you know, it was … I was spoilt, really. Only children spoilt really, you know. And I went to New Broughton School there, I suppose for … 'til I was eleven years of age, during the war of course. The war was on, the German bombers were coming over and, er, during my time in the school. In about 1939, when it all started, and the bombing started we used to go down the Old Lane, we called it, I think they called it the Devil's Lane. You know the old lane that comes out by the new school now?

RUSSELL: Yeh, I do know.

GLYN: You know the new school, there's a lane comes down there. Well, there was all hedges there and they had like … and we used to go in there from the bomb, before the air raid shelters were built in New Broughton School. And, 'course when the air raid shelters were built in New Broughton School we used to go, we used to have to go in the air raid shelters and I always remember the old song we used to have to sing, 'Ten Green Bottles Hanging on the Wall', and by the time you got to one green bottle that would accidentally fall, you'd got fed up, you know! And that's what we sang while, you know, while the raids were happening.

New Broughton School; Hafan Jones, the Headmaster. Hafan Jones, Headmaster; Mr Jones in the … in the Hut, was in his class. There was a Miss Hodges …

RUSSELL: Miss Hodges, yes.

GLYN: Miss Hodges … Mrs Williams, Mrs Roberts that lived in Southsea, by the Post Office and her husband was blind. And she was Headmistress then, that was the infant's school. Miss Annie Dodd from the Lodge taught me first in the … what we called the nursery class

then. We used to have to go, we'd go to bed every afternoon, we had beds in the school to go to bed, you see, for … aye, we did! It was fantastic. Aye. And then I thought … come eleven, and I thought, I wonder where I'll be going? It was either Brynteg or Penygelli, in them days. Well, I ended up in Victoria. Victoria School in Wrexham. But it was good, that was a good school. They taught us well because, during the war, the facilities, there was not a lot. There was no sports, there was … you know, we couldn't get stuff, you see. They couldn't get anything. But Victoria was good at just … the war had finished. But the war … when 1940 … I can remember the Americans used to send their bombers over from America to … They'd land in Ireland then they'd come to Anglesey. Then from Anglesey, Valley, they'd fly them down here to Burtonwood and that was the big holding centre where all … and then they'd supply them to the different air bases in East Anglia where most bases were. And I can remember we had an air raid shelter on, we called The Piece then, and we'd all be standing on the roof and all these things'd be coming over. Well, it was a fantastic time, you know. And they'd come over, twenty or thirty at a time. You can just imagine it, young lads, you know. Very happy times here.

Bonfires, after the war. Victoria School, Jarvis Jones, as Headmaster at Victoria and there was a footballer; Jackson, Ronnie Jackson. He played for Wrexham, and I was in his class. Aye, was in his class. And he was very strict, and he had a slipper, I'd say it was about size 12. And he had this slipper, and you know, mental arithmetic. And he'd be shouting out questions and you'd put your hand up, even though you didn't know the answer, 'cos you knew what you'd have; you'd have the old slipper! That was a good school, was a good school. We did gardening with Mr Fenner where the … Morrisons in now, we had gardens there, allotments. And of course there's allotments the other side of the road … I'm not boring you, am I?

RUSSELL: Not at all, not at all.

GLYN: I remember it so well, schooldays. And I got to be … how I got to be, I don't know. It'd be on a Friday night. LNER station used to be where Camp's garage used to be; the Central Station …

RUSSELL: Central …

GLYN: And I always wanted to have a ride on an engine, you know, on a steam engine. And there was a man used to come on a Sunday night to me Auntie Eda's, at the back here. And they were all ex-First World War veterans you know, and they use to talk, and I was fascinated. And he got me a ride on the engine, and I got … I used to go on a Friday night, work all night on the LNER, go to the Rhosddu engine sheds, get on the engine there and go and get the carriages from … and we'd go to Bidston. And I was a fireman, and I did that on the … that's what I did that, only on the weekend. Fantastic! I'd be thirteen? Fourteen? And they used to fry the bacon on the shovel, and we'd have a bacon sandwich in Bidston station, I thought it was grand! But what an experience for a young lad.

RUSSELL: Yeah, absolutely.

GLYN: You know, what an experience for a young lad. And then, of course, the fishing side of it where I used to go with your father and my father. Always remember we went to Llanarmon-yn-lal, on the back road to Llanarmon-yn-lal. And your Dad was in the Austin car, and he stopped in front and me father too, and there was a gate there and a field going down and there was the river and the farmhouse, Ffynnonwen Mill in Llanarmon-yn-lal. Mr Roberts, Mr Davy Roberts, lovely lad. Anyway, we thought, we opened the gate, and we drove down the field like that you see, and of course, there was no bridge then, we had to cross the river through the ford, and we went through this ford in the river, and the farmer come out, Mr Roberts came out. And he was very Welsh. So, we asked permission, could we fish? *Well yes, you can fish*, he said, *but don't come across the field.* He didn't like us coming across the field in the car. He said, *Come down the back lane.* Anyhow, we used to fish there and working there was two Italian prisoners of war. So, this'd be during the war. And they were there, and they'd got to build a bridge over the river. And I've often wondered to this day, and I go passed sometimes in the car and I have a look, and I think; is that bridge still there? And they built it, you know. And Mr Roberts, he was a nice chap, and he had like a little house at the side of his big farmhouse and all the buildings, and he got permission off the War Department for them to live there. And they lived there 'til the end of the war, it was fantastic.

RUSSELL: They were lucky, weren't they.

GLYN: And we used to go there, and we used to fish there. That was where, I can always remember your father going up to the … and I went up to the river and 'No, no, no, no, you'll frighten 'em!' And you could see the trout going, you see. And I always remember him going … and he had this rod, and he went … He'd stand about three foot away from the bank and the river below and he'd say, 'drop the worm', and out they'd come! I can always remember it. It was a wonderful time. And then we used to go up to … on the A5, on the way to Betws-y-Coed.

RUSSELL: Pentrefoelas?

GLYN: Pentrefoelas! And we spent the day there and take our sandwiches and Auntie Ethel would be there, your mother, and we'd have the day there, fishing. Get the licence from the Post Office across the road, I think it was two shillings and sixpence for the licence for a day.

RUSSELL: For one day.

GLYN: It was fantastic! Fantastic! And the trout we used to have! I can always remember your father, John Trevor, and he said 'Now' he said, 'the trout here will be a different colour to what they are in Llanarmon'. So, I said 'How d'you mean?' 'Well,' he said, 'they'll have the spots' he said, 'but the skin will be brownish because the peat'

RUSSELL: Ah, right.

GLYN: The peat coming … And when you caught 'em they were like, brownies, proper brown trout, you know. The peat. I always remember those days we had. Wonderful times. Victoria School … after school … fourteen, I went to work in the abattoir in Wrexham. So, me Dad said, 'If you want to be a butcher then you got to go work in the abattoir'. So off I went. And I went and there were some rum lads there were, been working there. I was very meek, mild, you know. Church … Berse Church, choir. Spoilt, you know! With all me … by God, they taught me. And I got into the job, I stayed there 'til I'd be … I'd be eighteen. And I always worked for me Dad as well when I left school, you see. Left school, I left school fourteen, I'd be fourteen. Went … aye, where am I by? Yeh.

Always remember in the abattoir, finished there when I was eighteen 'cos I got called up. Something come to … I had to go and register in the chapel in the Lodge. There was a chapel in the Lodge.

RUSSELL: Still there, it's a house now.

GLYN: Ah, is it?

WA: Is that a new one, or the one that's still there?

GLYN: And I went there and I registered, um, I'd be seventeen then when I registered. I remember I was eighteen on the 5th September and my birthday cards and my papers come. And I went for me medical; I've got to tell you this! I went for me medical down to Hill Street, where the Little Theatre is now. Well, that was where we used to go to have medicals and the doctors'd be there and all different … and 'Right-oh, lads. Get your clothes off'. You know, innocent, you know …

RUSSELL: Yeah, yeah, yeah.

GLYN: All young lads, you see. And we had these medicals and Dr Glynn, Sturgess Hall, you know. You remember Sturgess Hall? Dr Glynn, he was the doctor there; 'Well, you're all right'. Passed A1. And me Dad said to me 'Whatever you do, don't go in the Army, go in the RAF' he said to me, 'go in the RAF. On the ground staff, don't you fly'. I said 'Ah, Ok Dad'. Contrary to what my father said … I wanted to go in the air force, and I thought, no, they wanted; they wouldn't take National Servicemen in the air force at that time, they wanted three and four-year men so, I thought, better not do that. So anyway, there was a man by the desk, and he said to me, um 'Do you fancy the Welsh Guards?'. And he was sitting there, and he was all in his red tunic, you know. Sergeant Darlington, his name was, I never forgot him. 'Well,' I said, 'I had relations in the Welsh Guards in the war', 'What was his name?' he said. I said 'Whitslade; Dennis Whitslade, he was in the Welsh Guards in the war'. So, he said to me 'Well do you fancy joining?' 'Ah, go on.' I said, and I put me name down for the Welsh Guards. 'Now', he said 'your papers'll come' he said, 'and it'll say 'Guards'' he said, 'I can't guarantee

you will go in the Welsh; it'll be either Grenadiers, Coldstream, Irish, Scots or the Welsh' he said, 'because we're filling up'. Because of what was happening in the Middle East, they were. OK. Anyway, 5th of September come and me papers come too; go in the Welsh Guards and, like I say I got taken down to the station, on the train for Paddington. Mother had made sandwiches. And the carriage was packed; there was four sitting there and four sitting here, and a corridor … and I was here by the window. And I thought I'd better eat and it got going and; Paddington was five hours in them days; steam trains stopped at every station, you know, like they did. And Mother had made these sandwiches, and I opened the roll, and she'd cut the crusts off for me. Oh, you know. And all that changed. You can imagine, it all changed.

And I got to London; never been to London in me life. And there was an office there, if you go and ask in this office, they'll tell you where to go for the … And I went in there and I said to this chap, I said 'How do I get to Caterham Barracks in Surrey?', and he looked at me, said 'You joining the Guards?' I said 'Yeah'. 'Well,' he said, 'you poor …' something, you know. I said 'That's where I'm going' 'Waterloo' he said. So, he directed me, and I went, and I eventually got to Caterham Barracks where my life changed completely! Completely changed overnight. There was a Sergeant there, used to drive the buses for Hamners, Sid Griffiths. He was in the Welsh Guards for many, many years. And he was there. There was a lot … and I joined … these lads … I can remember going up to the guardroom and through the gates, into the guardroom and a young lad came out and the Sergeant said, 'Follow him'. And he was walking, and we were running at the back of him, and he was only, you know … Got to the centre where … and there were hundreds of lads there and you can just imagine it in them days, there was hundreds of lads there. And the Sergeant come to me, said 'Your number, rank and name. Your numbers on there', he said and give it me and gave me a fork, knife and a spoon and a big pint mug, you see. So, I had these things, and I had … he said, 'I'll come to you in a minute, I want to know your number' And I had a look, and it said, 'Rogers 23182136'. And he came back and he said, 'What's your number?' and I said '23182136' 'You got a good memory, lad' he said to me 'Where you from?' I said 'Wrexham'. 'Oh', he said. He wasn't impressed!

Anyway, I got squadded and I got put in the casuals first. They were big barrack blocks, three storeys high and we were in the top room. And I was looking down in a place called Edward Block and the bottom, and it'd be 11 o'clock at night and we'd made our beds, they'd showed is how to make a bed, you know, it had to be right. And I looked and I saw all these lads there, all in uniform and they're standing by their beds, packs on their backs and this Sergeant come, he was poking them with his stick! And, my God, and I said to this lad, 35 Jones, and he had a moustache, I never forgot him. I said '35, God,' I said, 'I wouldn't like to be down there!'. Next day, I was there! And Jones was there with me, you see. And we were in this squad; Sergeant Lewis's squad. I've never forgot him; I can remember him to this day. Remember

now, he'd got us on parade in … he was a big lad, big, tall lad. And he got us on parade on the square and all these Guardsmen, oh and they were smart, you know. They'd been in a while, you see. And he stood in front of us, and he looked at us and he said, 'My God', he said 'we're scraping the barrel'. He was absolutely disgusted with us, you know!

RUSSELL: Probably said the to them all!

GLYN: 'We're scraping the barrel', he said. And he got, he had a little pace stick and he threw it on the floor and he stamped his feet and he was swearing at us and he come to me and he got me by the cheek like that, and his face was *there*, literally *there*, and he said to me 'Who's a Mummy's boy, then?' That's right! They knew, you know. And I had twelve weeks there and I had twelve weeks in Pirbright. I had two weeks in Yorkshire, on the moors in January; snow, at a big battle training camp. I came back, I did another two weeks in Pirbright; had drilling and everything. And then off; we were off, we went to Egypt. And that was National Service; how quick! But the discipline in the Guards; fantastic! Fantastic regiment; I'd do it all again.

RUSSELL: Would you?

GLYN: Oh God, aye. Oh yes, do it all again. And that was my life then, really. And then I came back from Egypt to Shorncliffe; we got issued with our Home Service clothing, which you've got the photo there somewhere?

RUSSELL: Yeah, yeah.

GLYN: We got issued with that. Then I did … from Shorncliffe we went to Chelsea Barracks; I was in Support Company. Always remember; I was going to come home on leave for a weekend and, once again, we were up in the top and I come down the steps on a Friday night with me little bag and me leave pass, and a lad from; Medwyn Roberts from Pentre Broughton, at the bottom, he was the Company Sergeant Major's secretary. Storeman, secretary; he looked after him, you know. And the two were standing at the bottom of the stairs and I heard Medwyn say 'Here's Rogers coming now, Sir', he said to him. So, the Sergeant Major was there, and he looked at me 'Rogers', I said 'Yes, sir', stood up, you know, straight to him. He said, 'Where you going?', just like that. 'I'm going home for a weekend, sir', said to him. 'You got a pass?' he said. I said 'Yes, sir' 'Can I see it?' he said. I showed it him; ripped it up, threw it on the floor and he said 'Get you kit together' he said. And he said, 'You move all you kit to another block', he said 'you're on a drill course, you're a Lance Corporal'. I said, 'I don't want to be a Lance Corporal, sir' I said to him, and he looked at me, he said 'Well, you're ***something*** gonna be one!' he said to me, you know. It was just like you see on the pictures! And hence, after that I was a Lance Corporal. I had to write home and tell me mother; 'Lance Corporal Rogers, G; 23182136'. I can remember all these things; 'First Battalion, Welsh Guards; Support Company, Chelsea Barracks'. Then from Chelsea we moved

to …no I'm sorry, I did my first Buckingham Palace guard from Chelsea. And I was … I couldn't believe it; I was Escort for the Colour. And there was two Lance Corporals and an Officer in the middle with the Standard, and we were in the front of the Battalion marching to do Buckingham Palace guard. And I never forgot it, you know. Marching down Buckingham Palace Road; me on the left, the Officer on the right with the Standard, and Corporal Fields; Davie Fields on the left there. We used to call him 'Gracie', cos his name was 'Fields'! And we're marching down the road and old men standing behind … the band; you can just imagine it. Hairs on the back of you neck prickling, you know; so proud. And marching down and old men; they'd take their hat off as we went past. Oh, very moving experience. Yeah. And I did a few Buck House; Buck House, we called it. I did that. And then we moved to Wellington Barracks, which was across the Mall; I did a few Buck House's from there and then I did a St James's; St James's Palace. Tower of London, I did all that; look after the jewels … a bit of an experience with a ghost on the battlements at the Tower of London, one of the lads there; frightened him to death.

And what did I do after? Yeah, I came out; did a lot of exercises with the Welsh Guards at different parts of the country and then I had an interview, said I was coming out in the … I thought they forgot about me. And I looked on Orders and it said, 'Lance Corporal Rogers; proceed into civilian life'. On the 28th September 1957, it would be. And I had an interview with my Officer, who I'd been with from the beginning. He sent for me to go and see him. He said 'I hear you're leaving us', he said 'You're leaving me' he said to me. I said 'Yes, sir'. He said, 'You're going to leave me' he said, 'and you're going to go and flog mutton!'. Oh, and he was disgusted he was; he wanted me to stay in, you see. But I came home, worked for me Dad. And I worked for Dad and then we had the vans going round. I used to drive round with the van.

RUSSELL: House to house.

GLYN: House to house. Yeah, house to house. Selling the meat off the van in them days, as we did. You know, it was … wouldn't be allowed now you see. Out in all weathers; snow, rain, hail and the fine weather. Easter, everybody else was off at Easter; we'd be working, you know. But I enjoyed every minute, I'd do it all again for him, you know. A wonderful father, we got on like a house on fire. Yeah, it was grand. Never had a row with him; we always agreed, and he made me a partner in the business. We had the Lodge shop; and then the Brynteg shop came … became, what do you call it? Rented, and we had that; we ran that for eleven years. And then gradually me Dad said to me 'You want to pack this in lad,' he said to me. I said 'Why?' and he said, 'The supermarkets are coming.' And I could see it; not only the butchers but everybody was … and there'd be big queues to go to the supermarkets. Yeah; so that was it. And I finished with that; we finished 1972 and then I went to BICC, and I worked there for a while. And I earned … there was good money there. You had to work

shifts, you know, but I did it, I did it. And I went there for a few years and then I had a lad in the butchers; 'Come and work with me' he said, and I went, and I stayed there with him, and it was grand. I finished 1990.

RUSSELL: Where was this?

GLYN: In the market, in the butcher's stall in the market. And I went there.

RUSSELL: Before we move off the butcher's part of your life, can you think of some of the experiences you had in terms of what sort of things you sold; what meat products you sold? And maybe you have some recollections of some of the characters you came across in the shop, particularly locally? So, feel free; tell us a bit more about the meat trade. The costs of things, as well.

GLYN: Well, you could go to the market, my father, we used to go to the market; Welsh lambs, of course. And you'd buy a Welsh lamb; how can I say to you? A Welsh lamb dead weighs about twenty-six pound, right? And we always bought them so that when they were slaughtered, they would weigh about twenty-four, twenty-six pound. You'd buy them for £2.50 in them days, you see. And Dad would buy eighty lambs, you know, for … and we had them slaughtered, 'cos we used to have a slaughterhouse in Rossett; in Lavister, and I used to work there on a Monday; five o'clock in the morning 'til nine o'clock at night. And this is what we used to do. Then carry what you wanted in the van, home, into the fridge, into the Lodge, you know. It was a busy time.

Lots of people; I knew lots of people. It was … there was a camaraderie between the people in them days. Used to come in and you knew Mrs Jones was coming, Mrs Roberts was coming, and she had a dog or a cat; used to save a bone, a special bone for Mrs Jones's dog or something for the cat, you know. You knew what they wanted, you knew how much they wanted to spend. A leg of lamb; in them days, a pound you'd have a whole leg of lamb for a quid, you know. And then a shoulder of lamb, fifty pence; ten bob. Ten and six was dear; ooh! You know, that was too dear. Lamb chops, breast of lamb … I always remember my grandfather in the Lodge shop he used to; he was Welsh, you see. My job in the shop in the Lodge was to take tins of corned beef, big six-pound tins in them days and my job was to cut, 'cos everything was on the ration. And he had a little box for me, and I had a knife, and I cut so many ounces per person per week, in the war, you see. And … I shouldn't mention any names, but Mrs Etchells used to come down the road and she'd … she used to have a flat cap on, you know, and a big coarse apron, you see. She was a lovely lady, and she'd talk to my grandfather in Welsh, 'Bore da, Meredith' she'd say like that to him, you see, 'Bore da', he'd say 'Mrs Etchells'. And she said to him, I can always remember my taid and she said, 'How much are the breasts of lamb today, Meredith?' she said to him like, 'A shilling each', he said to her, 'Mrs Etchells'. 'They're only sixpence in Brymbo', she said to him 'Well,' he said, 'You bugger off to Brymbo and get one then!' he said. I can always remember him; that was Taid

Rogers, that was. And me Dad, he was good. Me Dad was a good … he was a grand lad. And a big churchman, a big churchman in Brymbo church; in the choir in Brymbo church. I remember going to Brymbo church as a little boy, and the choir, you now, and me Dad in the choir. I'd be … I was only a small lad. And then he came to Berse church when we come … it's a long time ago, lad. And then; I got to think now, when I am. Memory's not bad you know, is it?

RUSSELL: It's doing very well, very well indeed.

GLYN: It's fantastic what I do remember. We were in Brynteg, I had wonderful customers in Brynteg. It was a lovely time, wonderful customers in Brynteg. And I used to cook chickens on a spit; I had 'em going round on the spit. And of course, The Brynteg pub was open in them days, and me Dad'd say 'make sure you got some chickens, now' he'd say. 'They come out the pub, three o'clock; chuck 'em out three o'clock,' he said to me. And I'd have 'em; and the lad that was with me, Terry Edwards from Brymbo; he were a nice lad, he worked for me for years. I always remember seeing him in town, years and years later, and he said to me; he got hold of me by the hand and he said 'I'd do it all again for you' he said. I said, 'Would you, Terry?' 'Yes,' he said, 'I would, without a doubt'. 'Well, thank you, lad' I said.

RUSSELL: He wasn't from the Vron, was he?

GLYN: No.

RUSSELL: I knew a Terry Edwards from there

GLYN: Aye, I know Terry Edwards from there; I know who you're talking about. And this lad was from Brymbo.

RUSSELL: OK

GLYN: And he said to me 'How many've we got?' I said 'Err … Twenty-five chickens?'. He said 'Hmmm … I'm not coming to work tomorrow', he said 'if you haven't got twenty-five chickens 'cos' he said, 'they'll go'. And anyway, we cooked 'em. And they'd go. Out of the pub, they'd come in; fifty pence for a chicken. Fantastic, isn't it? Wasn't a big chicken but it was … they'd take it from the pub, you see. And they were good; they were cooked lovely. It was a fantastic time in … it was a busy time; busy time. And the old dog across the road; a big Alsatian. He'd come and he'd sit outside the shop, and he'd look at me. Rinty. Rinty; Alan Jones's Mum's dog. Alan's still alive, lives in New Broughton now. Rinty; and he'd sit outside the window like this, and he'd look, and I'd say 'What d'you want?' and his ears'd go 'What d'you want? A bone?' I said to him, like that, you know. And I'd give him a bone and off across the road he'd go. And he'd be back again in the afternoon and sit there again! They were lovely times. Ah, they were good times, they were indeed. The butchers, the people, the characters that used to come.

RUSSELL: Was it a six day a week opening or did you have a half-day closing?

GLYN: Never had half-day closing no. No, never had half-day closing. I'd close for me dinner, one 'til two, that's all. And then you'd get people knocking at the door, you know. Or even at night sometimes, specially Christmas. Christmas was a very busy time. It would be nothing; 150 turkeys.

RUSSELL: Do you remember the sort of provisions that you were involved in changing and meat products coming in for the first time which would have been new to you? Did you experience that at all? When you think about what a butchers sell today, like kebabs a good knows what.

GLYN: And everything! No, there were nothing like that.

RUSSELL: Nothing at all? Not in your time.

GLYN: Not in my time. I sold Oxo's. Oxo; I got photographs of Oxo's; Katie used to sell the Oxo's. I used to have a man coming round for Fray Bentos; his name was Mr Hand, and he lived in Newtown, and he used to come and supply the Oxo's and also, we were first, talking about extra food, Fray Bentos steak and kidney puddings …

RUSSELL: Yeah, in a tin

GLYN: In a tin; big, flat ones. They were two shillings and sixpence, in them days. And then you'd get somebody selling them two-and-three. It was competition! 'Cos there was a chemist, there was E.B Jones's at the very end. E.B. Jones's provisions; chemist. Next door to them was Edward Bloor. 23 Darby Road, the butchers. Next to me was Teddy Cash, the Fish and Chip shop. Mrs & Mrs Cash, got on with them very well, Mrs & Mrs Cash. Next to Mrs Cash was a hairdressers. The next block of shops up was Mr Phillips the sweet shop; we used to call him Curly 'cos he had no hair! Called him Curly! And the Mr Gilruth had the Mace shop, and he sold provisions; bacon and everything and that sort of thing. I remember it, yes it was good.

RUSSELL: During the war when, obviously meat products were harder to get generally, did you sell things brawn and trotters and tripe? Did you go into that market at all?

GLYN: I never ever went into the tripe, er, no. That was a different kettle of fish. They were specialists, really. It was a horrible job. One of my jobs when I first started to work was that; I won't tell you! That was one of my jobs when I first started to work in the abattoir in Wrexham; you started at the bottom, at the mucky end, you know, and then you worked yourself up, you see. I always remember, there was a lad there; Tony McCluskey, and he was a Commando in the Second World War, and he lost his leg at Normandy, on the beaches in Normandy. And I always remember; he taught me a lot, he were a hell of a nice chap; good worker, you know. I always remember, he stood on me toe one day and I went 'Hey! You're

on me toe!' 'Oh!' he said, 'Sorry, I can't feel anything'. It was his artificial leg; he couldn't feel it! Aye. I always remember, he taught me a lot. They were good, they were a good gang, a good gang. There were Tony, and his brother Walter; Walter McCluskey. But no, we only sold meats. We made brawn, I made … I did me own boiled ham; I did my own roast beef. Aye, we did … didn't sell much processed stuff, not like it is now. Too much of it sold now. Yeah, different kettle of fish. No, it was all home produced. And my mother would boil tongues; ox tongues here, and we'd slice that up on the slicer. Beef, Welsh lamb, beef, pork. Very little veal. Always had spring lambs at Easter; spring lamb at Easter. And we sold chicken, of course, and the odd pheasant or two. And if I got a salmon I would cut that up. I wouldn't sell it; I used to give it away to …

I had good customers … Oh, I had good customers. There was a lady across the road; she was a good, grand lady; Mrs Phoenix, I shouldn't mention names, but she was a lovely lady, Mrs Phoenix. Yes, indeed. And Mrs Barnes across the road; Mr and Mrs Austin Barnes

RUSSELL: Oh, I knew Austin; he was a Councillor.

GLYN: Yes, Austin Barnes. He was in the Welsh Guards in the Second World War. Tanks; he was in the tanks. You didn't know, did you?

RUSSELL: No!

GLYN: Every year …

RUSSELL: Wouldn't talk about it, would they?

GLYN: No, wouldn't talk about it. Every year at Remembrance time I always put a cross on his grave. And I talk to his daughter, Margaret. Mind, I haven't seen her for a while; she …

RUSSELL: I don't know his daughter.

GLYN: You don't know Margaret?

RUSSELL: What was her surname, when she married?

GLYN: Oh, I don't know.

RUSSELL: I may do but I don't know her as his daughter.

GLYN: You most probably do. I always put a cross on his grave and I say when you see one not there you know I'm not here. But I go … there's five graves in Broughton; there's Merrion Roberts, he was a Welsh Guardsman; Austin Barnes, he was a Welsh Guardsman. There's Glyn Thomas, he was in Air Force; and there's Dennis Wytcherley, he was a Welsh Guardsman and an old grave by the gate; a Davies. I always put one there. He lost his life in the First World War, but I imagine he would have been buried in France, had he list his life in France, but I think what happened, he was wounded, sent back home and he died of wounds, and they put him in Broughton church. And I believe his mother lived in Long Lane. Broughton

church, just as you go through the gate; you can't miss it, it's on your left there. I often wondered about his family, but I always put a cross there. I did one last year. I got up there last year and I got round all right; I was pretty good. And then I come back to walk up that … back up the, you know. There's a bit of a trek, back up there; got me a bit but I was OK. Then I go down to … across into the cemetery to Dennis Wycherley; my Uncle Den, as I called him, and I always put something there. But nobody ever puts anything; his family's gone, I think. Used to live in Marden House, Pentre Broughton.

RUSSELL: Oh, I knew Dennis; I knew his son, Howard.

GLYN: Howard; Howard's passed away.

RUSSELL: Yeah, a while ago.

GLYN: A while ago. You knew Howard? And Dennis?

RUSSELL: Yes, I did, very well. And he's got two adult children, obviously.

GLYN: I always remember, when he was in the Welsh Guards, you know, and a big Commanding Officer of London District came to inspect us. We were in Shorncliffe. Lieutenant-Colonel Windsor Lewis; see how I remember his name. And he come and he … Dennis was his driver in the Second World War, and he said, 'A braver man', he said, 'I never, ever saw in me life'.

RUSSELL: Really? You don't hear about this, do you? People don't know this, who knew him.

GLYN: And he said, 'He would stand' he said, 'I would drive the jeep for him and' he said, 'I was absolutely petrified.' he said. 'And he'd stand on the bonnet of the jeep' he said 'and he'd look through his binoculars, and the firing was going on' he said. He was fearless.

RUSSELL: Dear me.

GLYN: Can't believe it, can you?

RUSSELL: No.

GLYN: And I was in Shorncliffe, and he came to visit us. Very special; oh, and we were all on parade. Anyway, after the parade and everything I come back to the billets and a lad come in, said to me 'Eh,' he said, 'Lieutenant-Colonel wants you'. I said, 'Me?' 'Yes,' he said, 'You got to parade outside the Company Office now.' Well, I thought, what the hell have I done, you know? So, off I went to the Company Office. Stood outside. RSM come and he marched me in; 'LEFT, RIGHT, LEFT, RIGHT, LEFT, RIGHT'. Ooh hoo, you've no idea, lad! You've no idea. And stand to attention; 'HALT!' you know. 'Permission to speak, Sir?' You used to have to ask for permission to speak. 'Permission to speak, Sir?' 'Yes, you have my permission' he said. 'I believe' he said, and he was sitting there; hell of a nice chap, 'you know my driver' he said, Wytcherley?' I said 'Yes, Sir'. 'Is he still alive?' he said to me. 'Yes, Sir', I said. 'Have you got

his address?' 'Yes, Sir' I said. 'Could you write it down for me?' So, I wrote it down for him and he went to see him in Pentre Broughton. Aye, he went to see him in Pentre Broughton. 'Cos he was as telling me, the Commanding Officer, 'he was with me' he said, 'he came first to me at Barnard Castle', Barnard Castle in Yorkshire. Well, it seems the Guards tank battalion was stationed there, did a lot of training on the York moors and different places. Pickering, up there where I went. And yes, he said he went to see him in the end so, wasn't that nice?

RUSSELL: I bet he was very pleased with that too, Dennis.

GLYN: Oh, yes. But I was scared stiff; I thought, what have I done? And I hadn't done anything wrong, but he knew I was from Wrexham, you see, and related. How they find out these things, I don't know. Now, anything else you want to know? Come on, tell me.

RUSSELL: It's been fascinating. You've covered your life very eloquently. Just tell us, just briefly; now you don't no longer work, obviously, just tell us a little bit about how you have spent your time since your retirement. You've mentioned fishing; anything else … your garden looks …

GLYN: My garden … Joyce and I came to live here in the early Eighties, and she loved this place. There she is, there.

RUSSELL: Yes, I remember her.

GLYN: She was from the Ffrith. Her brother was a bomber pilot in the Second World War; there's his plane, there, coming home.

RUSSELL: Dear me, what a proud thing to have.

GLYN: Fantastic! I had his log book. I have got a copy of his log book somewhere and I'd like you to see it.

RH: Oh, we'd love to.

GLYN: I've got it here somewhere. I'll have a look for it for you.

RUSSELL: This is Joyce's brother?

GLYN: John Duffy. Squadron Leader.

RUSSELL: Who was also of the Ffrwd originally?

GLYN: Of the Ffrith. Ffrith family, the Duffy family; Plough Cottage in the Ffrith.

RUSSELL: Fantastic. Got a book on that!

GLYN: Yeah, aye. And it's fantastic. His war record; his forty-six missions? He died at the age of ninety-three. And his memory was a sharp …

RUSSELL: Where is he buried?

GLYN: He went to live in … he's not round here.

RUSSELL: Ah right, OK, That's all right.

GLYN: Blackpool way; he lived there. Aye, that's where he was cremated. I went to the funeral. Used to come here; now he was the man who could tell you some stories, you know.

Joyce and I, we came here, in the Eighties and she loved this place. Course, there was just a field here. And we'd go for walks all the way round. And by God, what a girl she was for me! It was wonderful. You must forgive me; I get a bit upset when I think about her. She was so good to me, you know. What a life we had! We travelled to the Far East; Singapore, Hong Kong, China. Went all round the Far East. Malaysia, went all round Malay. And then there came an opportunity; I saw an advert in the Leader about Far East prisoners of war and '*Would you like to come and join us? Are you ex-serviceman'*. So, I rung this telephone number and I asked who you are. And he said, 'What was you in?' and I said 'Welsh Guards'. 'Oh' he said 'Ideal' he said, 'Would you like to come and escort these old men?' 'Yeah, OK' I said. So, I went. I had to pay for the first one. And I went with the British Legion, and we went to Singapore and Thailand. And I travelled up the Thai-Burma railway.

RUSSELL: I've been up there as well.

GLYN: Have you?

RUSSELL: I have. What a moving place.

GLYN: Its fantastic. Nam Tak; Did you go to Nam Tak? Did you have a meal in Nam Tak?

RUSSELL: No.

GLYN: Didn't you have a meal in Nam Tak? Oh that's a never … you should've gone! My mate, George Holland; he was a doctor, I used to look after him. And we slept in the same room, you know, twin beds. And then I'd help 'em with the kit, 'cos they were old then, you see. Course, I'd be about sixty then, you see. I was quite able. Well, he said 'I know this lady that'll cook for us'. Ah yes, OK. So, we goes to this café and turns out she was sat by the door. Made a big fuss of George, you know. 'Can we have a meal?' 'Yes, I cook for you, I cook for you'. So, anyway, we go and we sit down. 'What you gonna have, Gynn?' I said 'Well, I'll have chicken.' 'Ok, yeah. Ok, chicken'. So, George says 'I'll have chicken'. He said 'Listen,' he said, 'if they bring salad' I don't know whether you can put … you know, edit this, 'if they bring salad' he said, 'don't eat the salad'. I said 'Why?' 'They wash it in the river' he said, 'and they're weeing in the river upstairs!'

RUSSELL: I've come across that in India.

GLYN: So, he said 'Don't eat the salad!'

RUSSELL: And peel the fruit.

GLYN: 'Rice; yes' he said, because it's boiled. Rice is OK. And we had chicken. And he said, 'Did you enjoy that?' he said to me. I said 'Aye'. He said 'Have you been to the toilet? He said to me. 'No' I said. 'Go' he says. So, I went and as I was going to the toilet, I saw this clothes line and there was four or five chickens hanging up on the clothes line, you see, drying!

RUSSELL: By the toilets!

GLYN: By the toilets, you know! And I'd had chicken!! Oh, but what an experience I had with them out there. Took me out there and he used to ring me up and I'd say to Joyce 'It's George' and she'd say 'Yes, you can go'. I went ten times.

RUSSELL: Did you?

GLYN: I went ten times up there. I went as far as … see Pagoda's Pass. Did you go to see Pagoda's? No?

RUSSELL: Hell Fire Pass.

GLYN: Hell Fire. Did you walk down Hell Fire?

RUSSELL: Yes, we walked down there.

GLYN: Oh, I'll show you something, I've gotta show you something. That's my Joyce.

RUSSELL: Oh, of course. I do remember Joyce. In the garden, in the back here?

GLYN: That's right. And that's the Welsh Guards infantry crossing the Pegasus Bridge.

RUSSELL: Oh right, yeah.

GLYN: Hell Fire Pass; there it is.

RUSSELL: What a place that was, dear me.

We've been talking to Glyn Rogers, 1 Pleasant Villas, Caego on the 5th March 2026

[ENDS]
