

My name is David Malcolm Taylor

I was three years old when we moved to the old mill we called Felin Troserch in 1957 it all started in the spring of 57 My Mum caught a Rees & Williams bus to Llanelli to do some shopping and started a conversation with a Mrs. Frances who happened to own the old Mill on finding that my Mum was raising 8 children at the time Mrs. Frances suggested she have a look at the old Mill which she was selling,

My Mum & Dad had a look the next day and a price and a time payment plan was agreed on strangely even though I was only three I can still remember that day when we moved we did not own a car at the time and I think Dewy Evans from Brynhyffryd moved our furniture for us

The coal mine was still being worked at that time and the small trucks or lorries as you call them over their would pass by the house regularly and we would often have visits from members of the forestry commission when they came through to do their maintenance on the Troserch woods and as with Welsh Hospitality a hot cup of tea and a snack was always on offer we all had a great time and we soon stocked our place with all kinds of animals cats, dogs, chickens, geese, goats and for awhile some horses we looked after all kinds of injured wild animals Fox, Badgers, Weasels, Crows, Pigeon to name some,

We had no Electricity until 1965 so we relied on coal fires and old oil lamps for light we had Apples, Pears, Plums, Blackcurrants, Gooseberries and grew some Veggies and Trout from the river we had Natures Pantry right there around our House, And our neighbors were always very generous and kind especially the late Mr. & Mrs. Thomas of Tyreglois farm and Isloin Troserch who allowed the electricity to run through his land for free and the people of Llangennech were always friendly and helped our family out a lot their hospitality and kindness over the years really made a big difference the village was just like one big extended happy family

we had some bad winters when the river was frozen for a couple of months and snow two or three meters deep in some places the one I remember most was winter of 63 / 64 we made sleds and used them on the hill from Troserch road down to the river,

On the river between the bridge and the mill is a very large rock ledge that apparently was used to Baptize people in days long gone, and I can remember Isloin Troserch Herding his Sheep down to the river to wash before shearing

I have been asked many times what I miss most about Wales I answer the friendly people, Rain, Christmas, fish and chips, and the green, green grass of home I think that sums it up pretty well

I will enclose a couple of photos with this email and when I come across some more will pass them on to you keep up the good work and keep in touch.

Regards David M Taylor.

p.s. from what my older sister Mair tells me Mrs. Frances had the old mill for around ten or fifteen years she had one daughter Named Marion they apparently live in Llaneddi I don't know if Mrs. Frances is still alive but her Daughter would be around sixty years old she was in the same class as my oldest sister Mair I will try and get their address for you and it might be worth while having a talk with them as well.

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