

Hopkin Morgan born 29 Oct 1854

(one of 7 children, 5 of whom died at 4 or under)
delicate as a child — doctor was Dr. Price of
Llantrisant (who cremated his son on the hill top)
Dr. Price said to Hopkin's mother "Where were you born?"
"Cowbridge," she said. "Well then, Hopkin must
go and live in Cowbridge." — so he went to school
in Cowbridge, and lodged with "some old dame".

Left school about 15 or sixteen. His parents had
a grocer's shop on the Graig, in Pontypridd. (No. 23 High St.)
A neighbor was ill and Mrs. Morgan baked some
bread for her. She liked the bread very much, and
various other people began to like it too, so she sold it.
Then the demand got so great that Hopkin & his
father built a little brick oven in the garden at the
back and made more. Gradually it became too
much for the brick oven, so they built a bakery
a couple of sheets away, with a little right of way
from their garden... and eventually there came the
horse & cart "which was the pride & joy of Father's
life". Then he said to his father one day: "You
know, the future doesn't really lie in Pontypridd,
it lies up the Rhonda Valley." (This was around 1880
or so). He was absolutely right. "But my
grandfather wouldn't listen." "No," he said, "We've
got plenty of business, we don't want to extend it."
But Father, with all the enthusiasm of youth,
was very keen on going up the valley, so he said to
my grandfather: "Let me take the horse & cart up the
valley after I'd done my round in Pontypridd," and very
reluctantly my grandfather allowed him to have
six dozen loaves for himself, and he could go up the
valley as far as he thought the horse could take him.
And my father was rash enough to say: "If in six

weeks I haven't established a connection up the valley
'I'll eat these six dozen loaves myself'.

Well, he tried this, and he had no luck at all, because he found all the valley grocers were very much in the hands of another baker. Night after night he returned with his six dozen loaves, and became very disheartened, until it was practically the end of the six weeks.

And he told me: "Oh, I can remember getting out of the cart, and standing and leaning against some railings, and looking at the river, and looking at six dozen loaves, and thinking 'I'll have to eat all those loaves.' And lost in a sort of day-dream I became aware that a little girl was standing two yards away looking at me and not saying anything. So I looked at her, and I smiled (she was a pretty little thing) and she said: 'You selling bread?' so I said yes. 'Well,' she said, 'Mr. Pritchard in the shop up the road hasn't got any bread cos he's quarrelled with Mr. Perkins (or whoever the big baker was). And my mam hasn't got any bread either.'"

So father led the horse round and he sold his six dozen. And that was the beginning of his business.

Hopken Morgan family 8 (+ one still born)
All but Phyllis born before 1900.

Harry - died young
Tom - " "

ed in
Mill Road, Llandaff
her husband
baker.

Ethel - married in 1900 to Tom Evans, whose
father was a Baker in Llandaff (not West site)
Cyril } went to school in Taunton 1903
Trevor } and then all three boys to Mill Hill
Clifford }
Peggy } both went to Roedean
Phyllis } born 1903, when her mother was 45.

Mother died in 1932 (having had Parkinson for many years)
Father died in 1935. in Welsh, of course

Mother a Baptist, Father a Methodist. Grandfather
was a founder member of Peniel, where Father went
first. But then he founded St. David's, an English speaking
Methodist chapel. In 1912 or 13 he gave 8 bells to
the Parish Church. Phyllis came out of school "and
there were a lot of people about and there was this
tremendous clangor going on, and I said to somebody;
"What's happening?" and they turned to me in
astonishment and said: "Don't you know? Your father's
just given this peal of bells."

Travel

Father very sparing in spending money on himself -
had no ^{personal} possessions when he died - but as he got older he
enjoyed travelling very much. Mother ill by then but had
two nurses - Ethel usually came home. Phyllis - her father,
usually with Trevor - perhaps Peggy - & Lynn. "Book at the
best hotel".

"It was with him I first stayed at the Savoy."
"Indeaning trick." "When we went to the centre of the town -
I can remember him doing this in Paris, more or less in the
centre of the Bois de Boulogne - I can remember him in Barcelona, and
I can remember him at that lovely quay in front of the
Palace at Stockholm, and a similar situation in Oslo -
and he'd stand still and he'd tip his hat back just a
little bit, and he'd take a jolly good look round, and then

say perfectly seriously: "How does this compare with Pontypridd?" I may say that none of them came up to scratch

"He spoke no foreign language whatsoever, and if he failed to make himself understood in French or Swedish or whatever language we were at he would say perfectly seriously: "I'll try them in Welsh". That would add to the confusion.

Recollections of trip to Brantz in 1923. Edward VII had made Brantz very popular, and the palace of the Empress Eugenie had been turned into the Palace Hotel and was considered to be the best hotel in Europe. "So father decided to stay there." Huge dining room, late hours. Didn't suit father at all. He liked his dinner about 8 o'clock. So often we would be the only people dining! ... First night after dinner father turned to waiter & said "And what time is breakfast?" Waiter astonished, family embarrassed and said humbly "Nobody comes down to breakfast. Breakfast will be served in your room." "I do," said father. "I come down to breakfast at 9 o'clock." "And do you know, during the whole time we were there, he came down to breakfast, quite unembarrassed - I dressed one morning and went down and had a peep at him - and there he was, he might have been sitting in the breakfast room at home - all the waiters had to put in an appearance. He was utterly unperturbed." ...