

## How the 'Buses Came to Ystradgynlais.

Our Swansea neighbours have been making the sands their rendezvous during the past week or so, and some of the more venturesome have bravely paid a guinea for a flight on an "Avro" biplane, whilst many of the young bloods have recklessly added 5s. to the fee for the joys and thrills of a "loop." All this spells excitement, but it was as a mole hill compared with a pyramid in comparison with the excitement that prevailed at Ystradgynlais on Saturday morning when the big, green motor 'bus arrived on the Square and translated into fact the notice that had been given to the effect that the South Wales Transport Co. were extending their Ynisforgan-Ystalyfera 'bus service to Ystradgynlais.

It was rather early for Glanrhyd people, when the first 'bus passed by at something to nine o'clock, but when the vehicle ran along the riverside opposite Glantawe, things began to look up. Kiddies (and not a few adults) in their night attire, and some with just a little more on, ran up towards the Gough bridge to get a nearer view of the new means of transport that had come to give Ystradgynlais people a new interest, to create a dust, and to make it imperative that roads should be attended to in future. Some of the ladies of Glantawe and College-row, with their tresses floating in the morning breeze, waved nothing so insignificant as Union Jacks as a signal of welcome, but frantically semaphored with tablecloths, tea cloths, towels; in short, anything that would wave.

At the Cross there were just a few "night men" and persons reading the papers. These affected no more interest—beyond an exchanging a casual remark—than they will when the Archangel Gabriel appears over the Drym mountain—they just took it as a matter of course. After the arrival at the Cross, which we must now dignify by the title of Terminus, Inspector Davies with his genial and smiling countenance and portly figure, clothed in serge and braid that indicated his office, stepped down from the car with certainly more dignity than Alcock landed in Ireland. He of course, took a look round and was joined by the driver and conductor.

At 9.15, to be precise, with only one or two passengers aboard, the car started back. Church-road people were now on their doorsteps, and the College, Glantawe, and Glanrhyd folks showed even more excitement than on the up journey. As the day wore on and other 'buses traversed the route, excitement was not by any means diminished, and they were all well laden with people taking a "joy ride" down the Valley.

Ystradgynlais people, of course, have opinions of the new wonder. Tradesmen think they are a nuisance, and will only look kindly on the new service when it is extended to Abercrave—when the Abercrave tradesmen will begin to growl. Young people regard them as a boon, a quick and cheap means of transit to Ystalyfera, Pontardawe, and Swansea. Middle aged folks say "They're all right, but who is going to pay for the roads?" The old people simply say "Wel, wel, pwy feddylie!"—with recollections of old Mother Shipton's prophecy to the effect that carriages would travel without horses. The children regard the cars as excellent play grounds during the quarter of an hour's halt, and scoot like rabbits when

one, espying Inspector Davies in the distance, informs his playmates that "Y dyn sy pia'r 'bus" is coming. One old man, when questioned said, "Oh, well, aeroplanes next."

The majority however, are agreed that the 'buses are a convenience in view of the shamefully inadequate train service, and some go so far as to suggest a boycott of the railway by travelling on the cars. The cars are comfortable, roomy, and run with new and reliable engines that make the service one to be depended upon, and on the whole it can be said as of a particular brand of pens, "They come as a boon and a blessing to men."

—T.L.B.