

TT No.44: Keith Aslan - Sat 13th December 2014; **Cwm Welfare** v Cardiff Corinthians; Welsh League Division 3; Kick-Off: 13.59; Result: 2-0; Admission & Programme: £3; Attendance: 40 (38 home; 1 away & 1 neutral).

A look at a map of Wales will show dozens of places called Cwm and Cwm Welfare FC don't play in any of them. If you're as linguistically dexterous as I am you will know Cwm is Welsh for valley and there's plenty of those round these parts.

The newcomers to the Welsh League play in the village of Beddau. Treforrest is the "gorsaf" for this one, five trains an hour from Cardiff, and the 100 bus goes from the "Safle Aysiau" outside the station every 20 minutes. It's a 15-minute ride and among other places of interest it passes is the ground of former Welsh League denizens LLantwit Fadre.

The secretary is rightly proud of the work that's been done to the ground to bring it up to Welsh League standard, with new fencing around much of the ground and a covered stand. The changing rooms are outside the ground on a slightly lower level, and the most important building is in the corner, a small hut selling hot drinks and sweeties.

In the distance you can see the coal mine, now shut of course, and the ground backs on to the rugby stadium, which like many in South Wales, is massive with two stands and a bank of covered terracing which would comfortably hold the entire population of Beddau. The football team use the rugby social club for their post-match hospitality.

The village has very little to commend it, the centre appeared to comprise of a news agent's, a Chinese takeaway, a tea shop and a café. Presumably there are so many eateries as there's nowhere to actually buy any food. I wouldn't recommend the café, nothing wrong with the food but the service is staggeringly slow. The locals seem to be used to it and bring along newspapers to read.

The match was a cracker, tons of goalmouth action with only both goalkeepers, being on top form, keeping the score down. Let's praise the referee, an Anthony Eden lookalike who got the whole thing over with by 3.44, and there wasn't any of those ludicrous handshaking rituals either.

The club was formed the same year as me, 1954, and this is the highest level they have ever played at. With a dedicated band of helpers and a fair old team on the pitch, things are looking good for this friendly club. May they prosper.