



THE LLANCARFAN SOCIETY

Newsletter 109 February 2002

Editorial

After 14 years we have a lot of loose ends of family history and occupancy of property in the village to sort-out. I was really looking forward to the appearance of the 1901 Census, which was published on the Internet in early January. Sadly I have not been able to see it yet because so many people attempted to access it that the system was overloaded and died! So far, it is not available again. Judging from the number of individual journalists who had looked up the Queen Mother (then Elizabeth Bowes Lyon), and others who had casually sought their grandfathers, much of the overload was transient curiosity. Once it is accessible again we will indulge our own historical curiosity - perhaps next time?

Items from the past continue to surface, quite unexpectedly. This time we have an account of some childhood memories from the late Ruth Jenkins, née Lewis, who was born at the end of the 19th century. I had hoped to use the 1901 census to add a footnote to the article.

Events and announcements and local news

AGM The Annual General Meeting will be held on March 15 at 8.00 p.m. in the Village Hall.

2002 Programme is enclosed with this Newsletter.

Pottery collection Accompanying Newsletter 108, we circulated an advertising sheet for the Llancarfan Society pottery collection - a set of four plates at £10.00 (boxed £10.30) and a mug at £5.00 (boxed £5.30). Contact Alan Taylor soon, before we are sold-out (*Windrush*, Llancarfan, CF62 3AD)

Web address A new address has now been registered: - **www.llancarfan.com** see p. 2.

DARA St Athan In Newsletter 108 we commented on MOD's intention to base army personnel at St Athan. This was confirmed on January 23rd by the announcement that 600-700 Welsh Guards would be stationed there by next summer (*Gem* 24 January) and it is probably that DARA will also be allowed to build a multi-jet hangar on the site.

Who's Who surprise The *Western Mail* (February 1st) identified Andrew Vicari as the richest living British artist and wondered why he still has not found his way into *Who's Who*, alongside the all the Welsh entrepreneurs, pop singers and sports-people. Andrew lived at the *Wesleyan Chapel* (now *Whitechapel*) during the 1960s.

Web-searches

The great advantage of having the Newsletters on the Internet is that automatic "search engines" make it very easy for people to find abstruse information - it's the best and biggest index in the world. Since the last Newsletter I have had e-mails about the hydraulic ram which pumped water to Pancross, and from a family historian tracing his branch of the Liscombe family. The correspondence with Gareth Davies, formerly of Barry has also taken another step forward.

David Hawes e-mail: - As a hobby, I am collecting information about water-ram pumps, particularly older installations. Your index of the Llancarfan Society Newsletters came up in a search for 'hydram'.

In response the editor was able to supply copies of *The Llancarfan Ram* (5/87) and a letter of response from Tony Thomas (6/87), together with maps of location etc.

Robert Leiser, Glasgow, e-mail: - I found issue 99 of your excellent Newsletter through a web search for "Liscombe family history". I have ancestors of this name, and reading the article, I discovered that those described are descended from the same line I was researching in Somerset this summer. The information I collected then appears to provide further background to the story in the article, covering the ancestors of the Robert Liscombe and Sarah Howe who were the original immigrants to Wales from Somerset.

I wrote to Robert with the sad news of Gwynne Liscombe's death and also put him in contact with Dilys Liscombe and suggested contacting Phil Watts as another descendant of Robert and Sarah.

Both of these correspondents have said they will contact me again in due course so another instalment may arrive.

Gareth Davies, Vancouver Island In the last Newsletter, John Cann tentatively identified John Deere, of whom Gareth was seeking news. In later days John Deere became a Spanish teacher - for a short time at Barry Grammar. This has now been corroborated by an e-mail from a Vivian Kelly of the Llantwit Historical Society, which gives more definite identification: - "In 1961 I joined the staff of Barry Boys' Grammar school, and the next year Gwyn Thomas resigned (no connection). We were joined by a new Spanish supply teacher, John Deere, an old boy from the school.

The age would suggest this is the John Deer your correspondent is looking for. John was a branch of the Deeres of Llantwit Major but he lived in St. Athan, not Llancarfan.

He stayed in Barry for a year or so then moved to Wath on Derne Comprehensive, which I think is in Rotherham A few years later I heard that he had come back to the Vale and was working for South Glamorgan Education Authority, but not as a teacher."

Contributions for the Newsletter should be sent to the **Editor**, John Etherington, *Parc-y-Bont*, Llanhowell, Solva, Haverfordwest, Pembrokeshire, SA62 6XX or e-mail to:- eth.pbont@virgin.net We will also be pleased to print short announcements of village functions but they must be sent in writing, or given to Alan Taylor, Local Correspondent.

Contact addresses: Subscriptions and problems with mailing: to the **Membership Secretary**, Phil Watts, 23 Heol Sirhwi, Cwm Talwg, Barry, Vale of Glamorgan, CF62 7TG.

Local Correspondent. Alan Taylor, *Windrush*, Llancarfan, CF62 3AD or e-mail ajtaylor@cprop.demon.co.uk

Agenda items and correspondence for the Committee to the **Secretary**, Ann Ferris, *Fordings*, Llancarfan, CF62 3AD

Llancarfan Society administrative and web-site e-mail:-
llansoc@llancarfan.f9.co.uk

Web-site:- www.llancarfan.com
or www.llancarfan.f9.co.uk

Book announcement - Valeways has recently published the *Valeways Millennium Heritage Trail*. The complete footpath trail is 64 km long but is subdivided into relatively short walks. It may be ordered from Unit 7, Barry Community and Enterprise Centre, Skomer Road, Barry CF62 9DA cost £6.99 (or plus post and packing, £8.49) Cheque to Valeways. Phone 01446 749000. E-mail: valeways@btclick.com . Review in a future Newsletter.

An eggciting eggschange in the press

A few weeks ago a gentleman, who wished his name to be withheld, sent me a letter concerning the Boxing Day Duck Egg Race. The same letter then appeared anonymously in the *Gem* (January 4), to be followed-up with three more letters in further issues of the *Gem*! (It's good to see that our local newspapers are so well read.)

The first letter commenced: -

- This Boxing Day I visited Llanccarfan Village hoping to see a comic tug of war through the ford and the Duck Egg Race in the river Carfan. I was disappointed that I arrived too late for the tug of war. There had been a ladies tug of war, but the Duck Egg Race was non-existent.

The letter then paid tribute to the late Gwynne Liscombe, who had organised the race since 1987, hugely benefiting such charities as PHAB (Physically Handicapped and Able Bodied); *Maes- y-Coed School*, Barry; Lindens School Penarth and St Cadoc's Church, Llanccarfan.

The writer continued: -

- What has happened? We all know that all the originals have grown old or died - but where are the replacements? There is a huge gap - a vacuum has been formed. The *Fox and Hounds* is still there. The Carfan river is still there. What has happened to the replacements? There is an opportunity for a charity with Llanccarfan connections to continue this Fun Day. **SO COME OFF THE BENCH GET IN THE RIVER AND LETS HAVE SOME MORE BOXING DAY FUN.** Next Boxing Day my curiosity will again take me to Llanccarfan to see the TUG OF WAR and THE DUCK EGG RACE. SEE YOU THERE ON BOXING DAY.

Gem 17 January: Sam Smith, Llanbethery, replied, asking why the original letter was anonymous and pointed out that Gwynne Liscombe had not organised the Race since 1997. It is now held under the auspices of the Parochial Church Council but "last year no-one was available to take on the not inconsiderable organisation." Sam also said that the writer was not alone in being disappointed and that a committee was being formed to organise the event this year.

Gem 24 January: Phil Watts, Barry, wrote: -

- As one who helped Gwynne Liscombe to organise; sell eggs; make a contraption to save eggs from sailing down the river, and stand in very cold water to pick out the winners of the annual Duck Egg Race from 1987-1997, I would like to congratulate Sam Smith on organising a new committee to run the Duck Egg Race next Boxing Day.
- On the last occasion that Gwynne organised a Duck Egg Race, £861 was raised for four charities, including St Cadoc's Church Parochial Council and PHAB. Sam stood in the river (he didn't catch many eggs - that wasn't his fault - it was a bad day!) I look forward with many people to seeing him there again next Boxing Day.

In addition to Phil's letter, the *Gem* of 24th January carried another letter, from R.W.B. Douglas of Barry. This, in defence of the PCC, commented on the formation of the new committee and

suggested that the resurrected Duck Egg Race might be named to commemorate Gwynne and all the work he so tirelessly did for others.

It will be good if this storm in an egg-cup takes us back to those happy, profitable and wet Boxing Days. Gwynne and his helpers must have raised well over £5,000 and I'm sure local charities could use the continuing income.

Tug-of-war 1981. Do you remember how immensely popular it was? Just look at the crowd! Editor is 5th in line men's team! Photo: Sheena Etherington
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Llancarfan in the News

- There is no such thing as bad publicity [except your own obituary]. Brendan Behan.

Writing the note on the Duck Egg Race, it seems to the Editor that Llancarfan has attracted more than its fair share of correspondence in the *Gem* recently. It probably started with the slippery bottom of the ford, when the Rev. Dr David Hutton wrote last summer that he had fallen off his motor cycle (Newsletter 105). Then we had an outbreak of correspondence concerning the untidy state of the parish, triggered by a letter from former resident Peter Badcock on 13th September. I didn't comment on this in the *Newsletter* at the time - our constitution says we should generally avoid controversial issues and I have not forgotten the painful ear-bashing I received about a certain church pathway a year or two ago!

Pete's letter was accompanied by an article including photos of gardens in Llancarfan and ten interviews with Llancarfan folk defending the village. One, however, said "the grass in the churchyard is the highest I have ever seen it."

That last comment reminded me that the northern end of the churchyard was, in the past, often harvested for hay. Pete will remember this, as I remember he helped the late Dai Phillips to do the job on at least one occasion. Tidiness is subjective and a hayfield full of flowers, a thing of beauty - at least to me. I even took photos of plants in it to use as illustrations of traditional hay meadow flowers!

Peter wrote in a second letter: - "treading on a few corns might achieve some results." I agree. We all get much too prickly about criticism of our own corners of life. I certainly include my over-reactive self in this!

The latest venture onto the public platform is the three-week correspondence about the Duck Egg Race which has to be a good thing if it kick-starts a defunct fun-event which contributed greatly to local charities. If a few folk think it is undue criticism, isn't that a small price to pay for the general good?

Porlock by John Etherington, illustrated by David Evans

"And across the narrow sea is always that noble uplifted coast of North Devon and Somerset! A feature in fact inseparable from this South Glamorganshire, whose highways rising and falling over the wide open sweeps give abiding pictures of the most glorious coast of England, with the back-lying heights of Exmoor adding fuller stature and distinction to the high dark cliffs." Bradley 1929.
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"On the outside wall of that church is a Saxon face, chiselled from a single block of sandstone.... The mouth is lost but the eyes gaze out, all seeing, ever smiling.... It has smiled on Culbone for a thousand years." Simon Jenkins 1999.

Some time ago I watched a few minutes of *Call my Bluff* on BBC Wales whilst drinking a morning coffee. The word "Porlock" appeared and its true definition was almost too strange to be believable. It prompted the following reflections: -

From the high ground in Llancarfan parish, on a clear day there is a spectacular view across the Bristol Channel to the high ground of Exmoor and the coast near Porlock. It is amongst the things which I miss, and think of frequently. We saw it often from the fields of *Pen-y-lan* in the days when the late Dai Phillips, of happy memory, farmed them. We walked our dogs over every inch of those fields, picked blackberries and mushrooms or just idled on summer afternoons.

The definition of "Porlock" was given as "a person who appeared inconveniently - at an inopportune time and with ill-consequences". The derivation is odd and related to that view across the Channel.

In the late 1700s a patron gave Samuel Taylor Coleridge a cottage at Nether Stowey in Somerset. During 1797, having walked over Exmoor, Coleridge called at a farmhouse "a quarter of a mile from Culbone Church" between Porlock and Lynton. At the time he was taking opium for diarrhoea (though some writers suggest that he had an opium habit). Following a heavy dose he fell into a dreaming sleep during which he had the "most vivid confidence of composing several hundred lines of verse".

On awakening he began to write down the poem but he was interrupted by a "person on business from Porlock". When the visitor left, after an hour, Coleridge could recall no more than the few dozen lines, which became *Kubla Khan*.

What has all this to do with Llancarfan? My thoughts turned in that direction whilst reading an essay by the country-writer and critic, Geoffry Grigson. He searched for the farmhouse near Culbone Church and identified it as *Ash Farm*, Culbone, "in sight of Glamorganshire and Pembrokeshire" (also Carmarthenshire but Grigson did not say so).

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Dunkery Beacon from the Llantwit-St Athan-coastline

The painting is the work of David Evans, formerly of *Garnllwyd*. David maintains that our view across the Channel outshines that from England. The Exmoor hills, so close to the coast, add drama and an ever-changing light and shade to this great vista, which the view to Wales lacks (copyright D. Evans)

Many is the time whilst walking the dogs over Dai Phillip's fields, particularly on days when the north Somerset slopes were snow-covered, that we looked across to see every field boundary and farm, visible in crystalline clarity, over 15 miles away. Had I known this story and where to look, *Ash Farm* would have been amongst them and Coleridge would likewise have looked out to the high fields and lime-washed farms of our parish when he had "fallen asleep on that great view towards Wales".

Grigson speculated that the dream might have reflected the surrounding landscape of the Somerset coast: "--- where the sacred river ran/Through chasms measureless to man/Down to a sunless sea". "The quiet, smoke-coloured sea" between Culbone and Wales could well have been the "sunless sea" and the river at Culbone, to this day plunges into a dark, wooded cleft in the cliffs within which the church is set - a strange place. Was Grigson too fanciful when he suggested the phonetic similarity between *Kubla Khan* and Culbone?

Next time you drive back into Llancarfan on the *Caemaen* road, look across to the Somerset shore with new wonder. What would *Kubla Khan* have become, without that "person on business from Porlock"? Did Coleridge, two centuries away, look with curiosity upon the hedges and fields through which you are passing home, seeing them as a similar patchwork quilt to the one I remember?

Bradley, A. G. (1929) *The Romance of Wales*. Methuen
Grigson, G. (1984) *Country Writings*. Century
Jenkins, Simon (1999) *England's Thousand Best Churches*. Penguin.

Western Mail walks

The *Western Mail Magazine* (12 December 2001) featured a circular walk from Llancarfan to Flaxland, returning *via* Castle Ditches, Penmark and the road to Llancarfan.

Written by Laurence Main, it recorded a couple of snippets of our history, one of them the fact that Edward Williams, better known as the bard Iolo Morganwg, was born at Pen-onn. The other more doubtful suggestion was that "Cadoc, the saintly son of Gwynlliw and Gwladys, is the favourite contender as the original Arthurian Sir Galahad."

Galahad came late to Arthurian legend, first appearing in the *Quest of the San Graal*, which has been attributed to Walter Map (according to *Brewers Dictionary of Phrase and Fable*). Those who have attended to their Newsletters will know that Iolo Morganwg hijacked Walter Map in dubious ways, for example suggesting that Walterston was named after him (Newsletter 40/91). I wonder where Laurence Main found his Galahad information and whether it is remotely connected to our bard of Penonn? Does anyone know if it is another Iolo myth?

A fascination with words

- To make dictionaries is dull work. (Samuel Johnson 1787)

We have played with words before - agricultural and colloquial expressions from the Vale. More follow.

Rodney again In Newsletter 78, Letty Gardner described the last train to Aberthaw as "the Rodney". The last trains on both the Taff Vale Railway and the Great Western lines in the Rhymney Valley were also called "Rodneys" (*Memories Live Longer than Dream* by Ronald Alway. See Newsletter 78).

Responding to the Editor's curiosity, Robert Lougher suggested that the word was originally *rhodni*, a dialect word in Welsh which might well have been mis-heard as Rodney. Its means "a ne'er-do-well" and as the last train no doubt carried many an inebriated passenger who would have been looked-upon by fellow travelers as a ne'er-do-well, the word eventually became applied to the train itself (Newsletter 80).

Eric Partridge's *Dictionary of Slang* and John Edwards' *Talk Tidy* both reinforced Robert's suggestion. They define a "Rodney" as a disreputable person and also as the name applied to the last train up the valleys. This all appeared in Newsletter 80, which went on to ask: - "Which came first, Rodney or *rhodni*?"

Four years later, I have had further thoughts as a result of reading George Owen's *The Description of Wales* (1603) * which refers to the Rhondda Valley as Glyn Rhothny, one of the "*Chieffe Lordships*" of Glamorgan.

An editorial footnote to the list of *Chieffe Lordships* comments on Glyn Rhothny as follows: -

"The old spellings of this name seem to reduce themselves to two forms: - (1) *Rhoddni*, (2) *Rhoddneu*, *Rhoddnei*, or *Rhodne*. It is the second form which has regularly been made in the

modern dialect into *Rhondda*; the first looks suspiciously like the river name *Hoddni* [rendered with the article as "yr *Honddu*"]."

"*Rhodne*", spoken in Welsh, comes close to English "Rodney". Did this dialect word arrive *after* the railway connected Cardiff to the Rhondda (1863)? A person from *Glyn Rhodne*, almost certainly disreputable on his night-out, became a ***Rodney*** and so did the train carrying him.

* Transcript edited by Henry Owen and published by Hon. Soc. Cymmrodorion in 1936, after his death, as Volume IV of *The Description of Pembrokeshire* by George Owen.

Culm

- The coals here [Tenby] run into culm, which they work up with clay, and make it into balls; it is very good fuel. (1756 R. Pococke *Travels*.)

When we mentioned the word "culm" in Newsletter 108 it set the cogs of my brain turning. The miller at St Fagan's had used the word for the fuel used to kiln dry malted barley.

I knew that the word "culm" was used in south and west Wales for coal dust, made into balls with clay, which serve as a slow-burning fuel for a fire left in overnight. The nagging question was where had I come across this word - certainly not during my childhood in Kent. It must have been after I first came to Wales in 1956.

I also had an idea that the word had cropped up somewhere in my geological education but that memory seemed even more securely locked away. I wrote "locked" quite intentionally as the key turned quite unexpectedly one morning whilst I was mixing concrete for our latest DIY venture! Into my head popped the term "culm measures" (the geologists who described the coal-bearing rocks of Britain in the 18th-19th century, recorded strata by their depth - hence "measures").

I found "Culm measures" in the full *Oxford English Dictionary*, defined as "a name given by some geologists to a series of shales, sandstones, etc. containing, in places, thin beds of impure anthracite, which represent the Carboniferous series in North Devon.

Thinking that the Welsh usage was a local word I had not even thought of the *OED* but not only did it have the "Culm measures" but also other definitions and quotations.

The commonest usage is "the slack of anthracite or stone-coal, from the Welsh collieries, which was in common use for burning lime and drying malt."

One of the *OED* quotations is at the head of this note. George Owen's (1603) *The Description of Pembrokeshire* was also quoted: - "In this kill [kiln] first is made a fier of Coales or rather colme which is but the duste of the coales..... A smaler Ridle with which they drawe smale coales for the smythes from the colme which is in deede but verie dust, which serveth for lyme burninge." This is intriguing, as I had already used George Owen's note on heather as a fuel for malting to head the original article.

I still can't remember where I learned this word, but have a suspicion it was from the novels of Alexander Cordell or Richard Llewellyn - does anyone with a better memory for quotations than mine remember? It would have been in connection with banking up a fire for the night.

The notebook of Ruth Jenkins c. 1974 lent by Dilys Liscombe

- Dilys also provided the appended biographical details. The account of Ruth's early life might well have been written as a talk for the school or some other organisation. Someone may remember? In addition to the account of her young life the notebook had been used as a recipe book and for shopping lists, giving an insight to her domestic life at the time. Photo of *Broadhayes* lent by Dilys & Gwynne Liscombe.

I was born in the village nearly 78 years ago.

It was very different then, than it is now.

There were two chapels, a church, a school and a very old-fashioned pub, just a bar with several high-backed benches around, and a very few locals as customers. It had an old coach house, where travellers left their coaches and horses. There were no cars.

There was also a blacksmith shop, and a wheelwright's shop - these were supplementary to each other: a few scattered farmhouses. We ourselves had a smallholding of 6 acres and were practically self-supporting as far as food was concerned. We made our own butter and cheese and killed 2 pigs a year to provide our own bacon.

All work on farms was carried out by horses, not as now by tractors, of course it took much longer.

There was no water laid on in houses. Whereas you run to the tap for every drop you need, we had to carry it from the nearest well in pails, usually of tin. Families were larger in our day. We were a family of 12 and there were many such families around. All our leisure was centred around the chapels and the school. We used to put on 'concert' each year, when every pupil took a part. We would have choir practice in the night, which also provided for fun and games in the dark. We had a large cupboard in the school full of library books. Friday night was library night and we went to choose our books, and often had games in the playground since the light reflected through the windows. Of course there were only oil lamps in those days. Electricity was not thought of then. Candles were used for bedrooms. We had stone stairs, which curved round a landing. There were bedrooms in our house separated by match-boarding. A candle was placed on an old oak chair on the landing and the doors were left open and that one light sufficed for the three rooms. The candles were placed in candlesticks in order to carry them more easily to stop the grease from falling on anything else.

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Broadhayes - late 1960s

On Saturday mornings one of the girls had to clean all of the candle sticks and another used to have to clean the best shoes ready for Sunday. We used to have slabs of blacking for doing this. It was put on with one brush, and another brush was used for polishing. The everyday shoes were usually heavy leather and often had nails in the soles. The roads were not as well surfaced then as now, so heavier shoes were needed. The chapels used to hold [a] tea-party - the Baptist was on Xmas day. A tea was provided in the vestry by the ladies. There were usually long tables filled with all kinds of goodies. This was followed by a concert in the evening when the children took turns with solos, recitations, and harmonising and a good time was had by all. The Sunday schools had an outing in the summer when we usually went to the Leys in waggon and horses. The ladies brought bags [and] baskets of food, which we had in the long room of what was then the *Ship Hotel*,¹ which has now disappeared among the Aberthaw Power Station [buildings].

The two chapel Sunday schools usually went on the same day, the Baptist having the ground floor long room and the Wesleyan the one over it, upstairs.

Llancarfan never had a Lord of the Manor, the nearest one being at *Fonmon Castle*, which we used to call Squire Jones.² He had at one time owned much of the farmland at Llancarfan, but had sold much of it to the people round about, often for services rendered. The Baptists had a branch Sunday school at Moulton, and we had an entertainment there once a year.³ We went to practice there several Sunday afternoons before the entertainments, and were all entertained to tea, at the farmhouses near at hand. We used to love this. It was at least a change. We walked home in groups from the entertainment and were always supposed to hear the nightingale singing.⁴ This was in April or May.

We used to have a fair day once a year, when we had a band, the Oddfellows, and had stalls, which sold sweets and brandy snaps, and then there was a meal to be held in the long room upstairs in the pub.⁵

The wagon wheels were banded with iron, hence the round ring near the Baptist chapel. It was quite a business to put a new band on the wagon wheels.

The blacksmith shop was a meeting place for local men and was the place for strong arguments on any subject under the sun. Men used to bring the heavy horses that were used for ploughing to be shod.

Children used to love to go in to blow the bellows and see the sparks fly, a thing you never see now, a thing you never see now, although I think they are still there, should you have permission to see them.

We had everyday clothes and a best suit of clothes for Sunday.

The mills. [then left blank] ⁶

Farmers had a hard time. Hay was cut with a mowing machine, fell in rows, allowed to die for a day. The rows were then turned over, and shaken to dry

Biographical note: Ruth Jenkins née Lewis was born December 9th 1896 and died in July 1977. She was one of eight sisters and four brothers. The house with the stone staircase was *Broadhayes*. The staircase was where the front door and hallway are now. Just imagine what *Broadhayes* was like - a small three-bedroom house with 12 children as well as mother and father! Apparently they slept head to toe!

During most of her married life Ruth Jenkins lived with husband Billy, at the *Hollies*. When the editor arrived in Llancarfan (1967), everyone in the village seemed to call them Aunty Ruth and Uncle Billy!

Nearly all of the sisters taught at some time, and Ruth was at one time private tutor to Brooke Boothby and Richard Harbottle, of Fonmon, in their earlier days before going away to school. They were brought to the *Hollies* every morning and were probably well grounded in the 3Rs. When *Broadhayes* was modernised by Dilys and Gwynne Liscombe in the 1960s they hoped to incorporate the old stone staircase as a glass fronted feature with the steps as shelves but the planners would not allow it!

Ruth Jenkins was a staunch member of the Parish Council for many years. The photo shows her as Chairman, in 1957 (none of this nonsense about chairpersons!).

<p>Ruth Jenkins as Chairman of the Parish Council in 1957. Other members l. to r. standing - Vivian Thomas; George Gibbon; Dan Williams. Seated - Les Griffiths; David Morgan; Maurice Sweet; Ernie Badcock. (copyright to the executors of Stan Awbery MP, in whose <i>Llancarfan the Village of 1000 Saints</i>, this photo was reproduced)</p>

Footnotes: 1. The *Ship Hotel*? The only licensed house known to the editor in West Aberthaw was the *Limpert Inn*. However, *Kelly's Directory* (1914 & 1920) gives a *Temperance Hotel* run by Mrs Mary Ann Rooney - was this the *Ship*? Does anyone know? Ruth is unlikely to be wrong as her husband, Billy, was the golf professional at the Leys Golf Course. 2. "Squire Jones" was Oliver Henry Jones of *Fonmon Castle*, last of the line of Jones going back to Colonel Philip Jones, Oliver Cromwell's Controller of Household. Oliver died in 1917. He was the uncle of the late Lady Boothby. 3. For more on the Oddfellows and the long-room in the *Fox*, see the early newspaper report in Newsletter 100. 4. The Nightingale is now extinct as a breeding bird in the parish, but was relatively common at the end of the 19th century, including

breeding birds at Moulton (*Birds of Glamorgan* 1995). 5. Members of the Society have previously mentioned the chapel meetings at Moulton - where were they held? 6. It is sad that Ruth did not finish her intended note on the mills. She might have added to our rather sparse knowledge of *New Mill*.