



## THE LLANCARFAN SOCIETY

### Newsletter 112 June 2002

**Editorial** I noticed that a Llanccarfafan resident had written to the *Western Mail* recently, complaining of traffic congestion at Culverhouse Cross, caused by our obsession with out-of-town retailing. Those who live from or in the countryside need to be deeply concerned about the treatment of rural resources as disposable assets for urban advantage. We currently have a renewed threat of quarrying in the Vale, of continuation of aggregate dredging offshore and the planting of a forest of 300-foot wind turbines in the shallow waters off Porthcawl. We should all be making our views known in the press and to MPs and AMs. I can only urge you to enquire about these things and then, whatever your opinion, do something with it!

### People and places

**Sad news** Malcolm Davies, Vicar of Llanccarfafan, announced his retirement during the Sunday service on 19th May. He will remain with us during the summer and leave his post after services on 29th September. Malcolm has been with us for eight years, during which he has become an indispensable part of the village. His leaving will be a sad occasion

**Six Bells** The *South Wales Echo* of May 20<sup>th</sup> featured local author, Derek Brock, who has just finished writing his latest (and he says last) book, *Welsh Flannel*, a collection of humour based around a fantasy Welsh town. Derek was landlord of the *Six Bells*, Penmark, during 1965-69. Llanccarfafan residents, from what seems to many of us, another age, will remember him and we all wish him well with the book and hope he is wrong about its being the last.

**Yet more memories prompted by the Moulton Sunday School** Ralph Morgan, formerly of Walterston has sent us some notes and Phil Watts has added explanations of various relationships for us.

Mrs Harry (Melvin Morgan's sister, *The Green*, Llanccarfafan) worked in *Lydmore* for D. Thomas<sup>1</sup> and helped teach in the Sunday School around 1925. Mr Harry was the St Nicholas blacksmith. Later, John John walked from Barry and in the 1930's used a bike to get to Moulton and then Miss L. Thomas, Curnix, was teacher until 1939. She married Barton, *The Garn Farm*, Wenvoe.

Mrs T. Richards of *Moulton Court*<sup>2</sup> lit fires and did other work for the Sunday School. When Rhys Howell lived at *Broad Close*, the barn there was used for concert parties etc.<sup>3</sup>  
The Sunday School finally closed in 1939 but was used during the War for "Dad's Army".

[In relation to the notes about the Aberthaw hotels, Ralph also added that when Billy Jenkins, *The Hollies*, was a railway signalman at Pendoylan signal box, the people of Walterston could set their clocks by him as he passed on a motor cycle.]

1. David Thomas retired to *Penyrheol*, Bonvilston, in about 1940. Pupils at Cowbridge school cycled from Llanccarfafan and left their bikes in his garden, sometimes up to ten of them! Idris Lewis did this when he was studying at University College, Cardiff and Mavis Coles wrote about leaving bikes at *Penyrheol* when she was a student at commercial college in Cardiff (Newsletter 12, 1988).
2. Mr and Mrs Tom Richards, father and mother of Owen Richards who was the first husband of Kay Heath, formerly of Moulton.
3. Rhys Howell, later of Walterston and Deacon of Bethlehem Chapel.

**Feng Shui painter** Sports fans amongst you will know that a strange jinx has apparently prevented eleven successive football teams from winning after they used the southern end "changing-rooms-of-doom" at the *Millennium Stadium*.

A week or two ago an attempt was made to improve matters by resort to Feng Shui. The practitioner, who was an Arsenal supporter, was then unnecessarily worried that his magic might work. However, it didn't!

What has this to do with Llancarfan? The world's highest paid artist, Andrew Vicari, a former resident of the *Wesleyan Chapel* (now *Whitechapel*), was called in to decorate the offending rooms with his vivid, spirit-raising murals, hopefully also as a Feng Shui device.

It worked! The following weekend saw the defeat of Brentford by Stoke City despite the use of the "wrong" changing room. Well - whatever you think it makes a good story.

## **In memory of Professor William Beattie CBE**

Whist and bridge players will know that the Community Hall is now proud possessor of 10 new card tables, which were purchased from the Bridge Equipment Company in Kent. They are well used and appreciated by Whist and Bridge Clubs.

The tables were paid-for by a donation, kindly made by Jean Hunt of *Copperfield*, in memory of her father, Professor William Beattie, who was Librarian of the National Library of Scotland from 1953 to 1970.

William Beattie was born in Jedburgh in 1903, and after graduating from Edinburgh University, became Assistant Librarian there, before his move to the newly founded National Library of Scotland in 1931. His academic achievements were recognised by Honorary Doctorates from St Andrew's University and Trinity College, Dublin. His greatest administrative achievement was to exert successful pressure on the Treasury for increased funding, which has resulted in the National Library becoming one of the great libraries of the world. On his retirement, William Beattie became Director of the Institute of Advanced Studies in the Humanities at Edinburgh University.

An obituary written by his colleagues suggests that he was a slightly awesome figure and yet one who inspired great affection, spending much time looking to the interests of his staff. Those colleagues must have seen him a serious man, but with an actively dry sense of humour. At home with his family, much laughter and happiness often replaced that public reserve.

Near the end of his life Professor Beattie fell seriously ill and, after a period in hospital, spent his final year in Llancarfan with Jean and Tom. During that time he recovered enough to return to Edinburgh, and he attributed his remission to the tranquillity of Llancarfan, the kindness of people in the village and the quiet pints he had in the *Fox and Hounds*, once he was able to walk again.

INSERT PHOTO

Professor William Beattie at the <i>Fox and Hounds</i> ' healing-well
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Jean writes: -

- My father loved meeting people like Harry Hughes in the earlier days and then, when he became ill, talking to folk he met in the *Fox* - like the well known character who had been told by his doctor to give up beer but took to drinking large quantities of sherry instead! - or the "Onion Johnnie" from Brittany who came into the *Fox* and talked to my father about the Welsh and Breton languages. I was then entertained by these descriptions when I got home in the evenings!"
- My father would have been delighted to know that we could repay a little of the kindness to him with the card-tables for the Village Hall but he would have wanted no fuss about himself - just to say "Thank you".

## **Betty Martin's 90<sup>th</sup> Birthday Party** by Phil Watts

On Saturday March 16<sup>th</sup> a party was held in Penllyne Village Hall to celebrate the 90<sup>th</sup> birthday of Betty Martin née Harris late of the *Fox and Hounds* Llancarfan. The Harris and Martin families combined to provide a 5 course that

would best described as a banquet. With all Betty's experience of the catering trade the meal had to be good -and it was. David Harris son of Calvert Harris acted as M.C. introducing a number of speakers paying tribute to Betty.

Many humorous stories were told including one by Dilys Liscombe who related how Gwynne her late husband as a very young boy had slept with Betty. Gwynne liked to tell this story of how he had slept with this woman in the *Fox and Hounds*. Mrs. Evans, *Ford Cross*, had suddenly died in the *Woodlands* and it was necessary for Gwynne to be boarded out for the night, the nearest and best place was the Harris family at the *Fox and Hounds*. Betty was born in *Hillside*, Llancarfan, moved to the *Fox and Hounds* when Amelia and David Harris took over the pub from Amelia's father Daniel Gibbon in 1921, and left in 1945 or thereabouts after the death of David Harris to return to *Hillside* and live with her mother. Retirement was not attractive to Betty, she was used to a busy life running a pub, milking cows feeding calves and pigs; so she went to run the *Dunraven Arms* in Bridgend for many years until she married Griff Martin and returned to farming in Corntown. They now live in retirement in Cowbridge Road in Bridgend.

Betty is a talented pianist, singer and church organist. Singing in the *Fox and Hounds* was very popular. People used to come out from Barry on the local bus also the lads from R.A.F. St. Athan. Betty is still a very sprightly alert lady and we wish her and Griff many more years of happy retirement. At the party were cousins from many distant parts including Canada and America, relatives of Dolly the eldest of the family of six of Amelia and David Harris. It came to light amongst much chat that Catherine the daughter of Calvert Harris had met and married a man by the name of Martin Auld who had relatives in Llancarfan. They met while in college in Bath and when the two families got together they realised that they already knew one another. Mary Price of *Middle Cross Farm* married a policeman by the name of Auld in Llancarfan Church November 20<sup>th</sup> 1926, they had a daughter by the name of Maureen who is a member of the Society living in Cheshire. Strange how two members of old Llancarfan families should meet in Bath and marry. Maybe the world is not so big after all.

## The William Family of Upper House, No 4 Nelly's Hill, Walterston

### Part 3 of Two Old Ruins of Walterston by John M Cann

Part 1 gave mostly the information that could be gleaned by Howard Thomas from the ruins of Upper House. Part 2 looked at its history from documents from 1490 till 1666. During this period there were two dwellings on Nelly's Hill, one held by a Lewis William and the other (Upper House) by a Robert Thomas, the son of Thomas William! From before 1715 Upper House was held, and then owned, by a family of surname William. What a coincidence! Amongst the deeds of Walterstone House (*now Trewallter Fawr*) is the earliest deed of sale of Upper House.<sup>5</sup> This, from 1715, is for a "**Messuage or Tenement together with five parcells of arable meadow and pasture Lands thereto belonging containeing in the whole Ten acres (be the same more or less) in the Mannor of Walterstone**" (no name is used) formerly in the possession of Charles William and now Benjamin William, by Copy of Court Roll. It is the sale by Thomas Lord Viscount Windsor, Lord of the Manor of Walterston, to Benjamin William for £65 and a yearly reserved rent of 9s. Like most of the property on the Manor this was actually a "**lease forever**", except for "**Royalties of hawking hunting fishing and fowling**" which were reserved to the Lord. The 'reserved rent' was used as a means of reducing the capital requirement for the purchaser and retaining an income to the Manor - greater than that from the copy holding.

There are several Wills<sup>6</sup> that help to trace the history of Upper House further. In 1729 Benjamin William Snr left everything to his wife Mary and on her death in 1751 the land including "**the three principalls in the house**" to his elder son Benjamin Jnr. The Inventory of the possessions of Thomas, his brother, with his will proved in 1734 (*he died in 1728*), gives Thomas as "**of Walterston**" and his cattle and household goods seem to be there. So Thomas may have been living in Upper House, and using the land, or perhaps living in a "**Messuage Land etc. lying in Walterstown heretofore in the possession of Mr Robert Saviors for his life and now in the possession or occupation of Benjamin Williams**" which Lord Viscount Windsor did "**Devise Grant and to ffarm let**" to Benjamin in 1719 for £15pa, though I can't identify this property as yet.

Benjamin William Jnr died in 1755 and left Upper House to his wife Jane for her life, with the remainder (*i.e. what's left of the estate when she dies*) to Jane Evans his daughter. Benjamin Jnr's widow Jane, her daughter & son in law Jane & Evan Evans, borrowed £200 from William Alexander "**late of St Athan now Lancarvan**" against Upper House.<sup>7</sup> In 1783 they sold Upper House, then in the occupation of John Evans, Jane & Evan's son, to William Jenkins Snr. of Walterstone House for £200 (paid to William Alexander).<sup>7</sup> John Evans probably continued to occupy it as a tenant, as he is still a resident of the Manor in 1795 & a juror on the Court Leet until 1803.<sup>8</sup> It is likely that William

Jenkins Jnr used it later for his agricultural workers as he has a large number of servants all apparently living in Walterstone House in the 1841 Census returns, and no mention of Upper House. Nonetheless it is identified and owned in both the Tithe Apportionment Book and in the 'Map Book of Walterstone Estate, the property of William Jenkins, Esq. 1842'<sup>1</sup> where it is coloured as a house, not a farm building.

William Jenkins Esq. was, in the mid 1800s, one of the two wealthiest 'owner occupier' farmers in the Vale of Glamorgan. He is claimed, by some of his descendants, to have the right to a coat of arms. The inhabitants of Walterston that definitely did have the right to a Coat of Arms were the William family. The Wales Herald Extraordinary says that they were descended from Bleddyn ap Maenarch. So who were they? It is my view that all the holders and or owners of Upper House from 1540 to 1783, were members of the William family.<sup>9</sup> This includes William Thomas and William Robert, as the proliferation of apparently different names in the documents is probably down to the confusion between the Welsh 'Thomas ap William' tradition and the English speaking Clerk's '*surname*' tradition. So for over 200 years all those connected with Upper House from Thomas ap Llen' Du in 1540 to Jane William and John Evans in 1783 were part of the Williwn family. If Benjamin William was aware of this ancestry the ruin may once had this coat or arms<sup>10</sup> above the 18<sup>th</sup> century entrance.

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### **More of the two Ruins**

More of both ruins was to be seen earlier in the last century. It is fairly certain that Upper House was still a house in 1840. When this use stopped is not known, but Ralph Morgan remembers playing on the rickety upper floor in the 1930s, that the Howells kept pigs downstairs, and stored implements in one end during the winter. In the 1920s Agnes Jenkins, Ralph's sister, 'delivered' her first lamb in Upper House which she remembers as having two large ground floor rooms and a slate roof.

Ralph also remembers the extent of the Ty Du ruins in the 1960s, which are shown on the map compared with the 1878 OIS map and now. The curtelage walls were in good condition about 4' or more high. Where the far one joined the end of the road wall there was a pillar with a stone cap about a foot above the wall, on which Ralph and other children sat to watch the traffic on the road to Whitton Lodge. There was still a stile in the wall, next to the road, one assumes originally to get from the house to the walled enclosure, and a substantial farm gateway into the enclosure from the field, though without a gate.

INSERT PHOTO (THREE MAPS)

While Upper House can only be traced back to around 1550 and Ty Du perhaps somewhat earlier, Howard Thomas noticed that the Moulton Lane looked like a medieval road, and it now seems that there were five dwellings along the road to Moulton from the 12th to early 14th Centuries. Upper House was probably built on the ruins of one of the houses of Medieval Walterston (*hence No 4 Nelly's Hill*)." But that's a story for another Newsletter.

### **References**

- 1 Cardiff Central Library (CCL) M.S.4 12/3
- 5 Transcription by J M Cann of early Walterstone House deed & another original copy GRO CL Deeds II Bute 7022
- 6 NLW LL/1729/139; NLW LL/1734/44; GRO CL Deeds II Bute 7016
- 7 GRO CL Deeds II Bute 7003/04; CL Deeds II Bute 7005/06
- 8 NLW Bute M17/342 (List of Resiants 1795); M17/97-109 (Courts Leet 1788-1803)
- 9 'A History of Upper House, Walterstone' J.M.Cann Malthouse, May 2002
- 10 Based on Siddon, 'The Development of Welsh Heraldry' Vol II p32, Vol I pl.XVI(a)
- 11 Medieval Walterston, H.J.Thomas & J.M. Cann, Malthouse, June 2001

### **Llantrithyd Deer Park** by Adrienne Leijerstam

During a sunny day in April, last year's red calves that are wintered inside for the worst four months of the year, were given their freedom of the park.

We opened the doors from their winter accommodation to the greenness of the yard paddock, but it took a long time for them to venture out into the big, wide world.

After many hours of suspiciously eyeing the open doorway, sniffing and pawing, the bravest of the group finally broke free from the security and warmth of their winter home followed by an excited rabble of friends.

It did not take long for that magical taste of freedom to sink in as they dashed across the old lodge field. They made for a group of hinds who proceeded to tell them off for intruding into their space like a bunch of teenage hooligans. They backed off and crowded together in their own little gang, moving across the field spasmodically, generally led by the most adventurous in the clan.

Sod's law during the night - it emptied down and next morning the yearling calves looked a sad bedraggled bunch huddled in the corner of the stallion paddock for shelter. In spite of the wild weather and constant rebuffs from their seniors they settled in quickly to their new surroundings.

Gradually, they began to split into smaller groups, but they maintained their passion for following the mature hinds and stags at every opportunity like teenagers with their pop idols. This teenage interest was acceptable at a prescribed distance, but step over the line and they are hastily chased away.

The maternity wing on the west bank of the Park is bustling with activity in spite of an unseasonable welcome to the world with wind, rain and low temperatures. Early warning signs began about a fortnight ago, as hinds wandered off from the main herd, one by one, they could be seen pacing around on the bracken-covered slopes of the Park, hiding shyly behind the trees, watching my every move as I passed by.

Now it is the end of May and about a third of the calves have been born, or so we think! It is almost impossible to keep track since nature determines that calves are extremely well hidden by their mums. They lie tightly curled in the bracken, motionless except for their large round dark eyes and a twitch of the nose. Their bracken coloured coats are speckled with white spots all designed to provide perfect camouflage.

On horseback I can ride quietly through the maternity department. Respect for the hinds is paramount. While often they can be grazing quite a distance away from the curled up calf, at other times they pace impatiently close by until I have disappeared into the distance.

Only occasionally do we manage to catch sight of a calf on its feet. Then it can be seen sprinting like a jack-in-the-box, its spindly legs carrying it with exceptional speed as it follows its mother. The frequent heavy downpours have swelled the stream that runs through the Park. Sadly, one calf lost its life apparently trying to make it across the rushing water.

INSERT PHOTO

Can you see me?
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While the ladies get on with the business of reproducing, the boys are keeping a low profile in the old lodge field. The stags are already looking impressive with their antlers, now covered in velvet, growing at an alarming rate. The yearling stags are occasionally allowed to join the big boys, with their rather less impressive headgear, which sprouts with a certain juvenile irregularity.

There is no sign yet of any reproductive activity from the Fallow herd. A few of the yearling bucks have broken away, but the remainder stay intact as a group, moving through the more splintered red herd with their silvery coats gleaming against the greenness.

**May Walk 2000** The walk was popular, as ever, despite a rather grey morning. After the inner persons had been fortified with tea and biscuits at the Community Hall, Maddy Gray talked for a few minutes about the route from Kenson Bridge to *Fonmon Castle*, on to Fonmon pond with a return journey back down the river valley to the *Castle* and home to Kenson.

We decamped to Kenson and, after a slight car-parking hiatus caused by a missing gate key, set off down the river valley and then across country to Fonmon, approaching the Castle through the old orchard.

Many of the walkers had never visited this part of the Kenson valley before - it really is quite lovely and seems very remote despite the proximity of Cardiff International Airport, hidden by hills and woods.

One slightly worrying thing was the rather large number of unrestrained dogs. They all behaved quite well, but any landowner would be quite justified in being annoyed by this breach of the Country Code. Perhaps we can set a better example during future walks.

The return through the woodland below Fonmon duckpond was ablaze with white-flowered wild garlic and thirty or forty pairs of feet quickly made the plant more noticeable than a busy French kitchen!

As usual, a big thank you to all those who worked in the background to provide refreshments and to the robust scouts who had previously walked the course to ensure that we all had an unencumbered route.

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**May Walk 2002.** It was a bit grey and chilly, as evidenced by coats and woolly pullover, but the smiles say it all. Phil Watts (Membership Secretary), Barbara Milhuisen and Alan Taylor (Local Correspondent) outside *Fonmon Castle*. Barbara was our Secretary from 1987 to 1992 and now lives in France but I believe has not missed a May Walk since leaving us.

### **Why stags?** by John Etherington

The Llancarfan Society's emblem is a stag. It appears on the Newsletters as a copy of a medieval stained-glass original and our ties, scarves and other Society memorabilia carry a little silver and gold fellow. Somewhat inappropriately, the Society note-paper and web-site are ornamented with a very modern "clip-art" stag. In today's parlance, it is our company Logo and we share it with the whole village. The new weather vane of St Cadoc's Church is a handsome stag, gleaming against the sky in his gold-leaf coat and some say that the very name of Llancarfan preserves the legend of the stags which gave aid to St Cadoc's monks. It does seem most appropriate that Llantrithyd Park has become home to deer again, and that Adrienne Leijerstam is now writing regularly about them for the Newsletter.

Newsletter 111 made passing reference to *Beaupre Castle*, possessed for so long by the Basset family. Had there been space, I would have included the Basset crest in that note : -  
"a stag's head cabossed Argent attired Or, between the attires a cross formy fitchee at the foot of the second." The Bassets owned much of Llancarfan's land for many centuries.<sup>1</sup>

We also have the legend, telling of the stags, which helped Cadoc's monks to move timber during the reconstruction of the monastery after his sojourn in Ireland and return *via* Llanspyddid near Brecon. This has been suggested as the origin of the name, Llancarfan, which evolved from Nant Carvan, "stream (or valley) of the stags" [Welsh *carw* - a stag].

INSERT PHOTO - GROUP OF SIX PICS - or spread amongst relevant text?

A third local occurrence of the stag emblem is in the shield of *Jesus College*, Oxford, which owned so much land in the parish. The green shield bears three silver stags with golden antlers, archetypes of the animal on our ties and scarves.

Why stags? What is their significance? Deer have long been held in great regard by man - often as quarry but also for the sheer magnificence of a fully mature red-deer stag - the hart of heraldry and a subject for the artist, from late Palaeolithic times, to the present day.

We have little evidence of St Cadoc's time in Wales and have to be content with the word of mouth survival of a legend but we do know that the stag was important in art and ceremonial. Just half a century later, a spectacular sceptre, in the form of a whetstone, ornamented with a quite beautiful stag finial, was interred in the Sutton Hoo ship-burial in Suffolk. This was probably the tomb of the Anglo-Saxon king Raedwald of East Anglia (c.599-c625), a little later than Cadoc's time and the reconstruction of the sceptre a tribute to the capabilities of the British Museum.<sup>2</sup>

Richard II of England adopted the white hart as his badge, borrowing it from his mother, Joan Holland, Fair Maid of Kent. It occurs, famously, on the Wilton Diptych, a 14<sup>th</sup> century portable altarpiece. A seated hart fills the outside of one panel and more enigmatically, it appears on a badge, worn by each of a host of angels surrounding the Virgin Mary on the right-hand panel, facing the kneeling Richard on the left. This transference of the king's emblem to the immortal world might easily have been regarded as sacrilegious, given the former interpretation of the diptych as a bit of 14<sup>th</sup> century "spin" for crusading. A more recent interpretation of the diptych is that it portrays the over-pious Richard surrendering his kingdom to the Holy Virgin and receiving it back from her Son.<sup>3</sup>

In Christian illustration, the hart is the emblem of solitude and purity of life, a symbol of piety and religious aspiration. It was the attribute of St Hubert, the patron saint of huntsmen, who started life as a bad fellow, but reformed when a stag, bearing a crucifix, menaced him with eternal damnation. He experienced a Pauline revelation and spent the rest of his life as a cleric.<sup>4</sup> This is the explanation of the cross *between the attires* (antlers) of Basset's crest, and the three stags of *Jesus College* presumably reflect the holy connotation of the name.

Those of us who remain bad fellows probably best know the *White Hart* as a pub name. Indeed I passed one on the way to school every day of my teenage life, though being a "late-developer" have rarely darkened its doors! The name became so common that *White Hart* was a generic term for a pub, explaining its persistence into modern times, when most of us are not quite sure what a hart is.<sup>5</sup>

I am not aware of any early stags surviving from Cadoc's 6<sup>th</sup> century Welsh world but more knowledgeable members may disagree? The first that I know, is on the 9-10<sup>th</sup> century disc-headed Conbelin cross-slab, now in the Margam Abbey Museum. The stub of its broken Pennant Sandstone shaft bears carvings of the Blessed Virgin and St John and, on the reverse, a hunting scene includes a stag. Nash-Williams<sup>6</sup> comments that the hunt is one of the most common Celtic-Christian motifs and that the hunted stag may possibly represent the pre-Christian Celtic deity, Cernunnos, usually represented as human with an antlered head. Occasionally he is shown with stag beside him, possibly in reference to the magical shape-shifting ability, shared with the Irish Morrigan,<sup>7</sup> and perhaps allegorical of seasonal rebirth.

1 It is odd that this mention of the Basset family arose from the advertised sale of *Beaupre Castle*, and that I commented on its apparently enormous price (Newsletter 111). A new arrival on the market is *Bonvilston Cottage*, which was of Georgian origin, and belonged to the Bonvilston estate of the Basset family. It is priced at £795,000 against *Beaupre's* £499,000!

2 Carver, M. (1998) *Sutton Hoo - Burial Ground of Kings*. British Museum.

3 Nigel Saul (2002) *BBC History Magazine* 3(2), pp. 46-47.

4 *Brewer's Dictionary of Phrase and Fable*. Millennium Edition.

5 Dunkling & White. *Pub Names of Britain*.

6 Nash-Williams, V. E. (1950) *The Early Christian Monuments of Wales*. University of Wales.

7 Green, M. (1992) *Animals in Celtic Life and Myth*. Routledge. Readers of Alan Garner's novels will remember the Morrigan and shape-shifting.

**A letter** from William Griffiths, Wernersville, Pennsylvania, USA.

William wrote some months ago concerning his family, which originated from Bonvilston (Newsletter 108). He has now written again to point out that John Griffiths of *Cowlog (sic)*, Llancarfan 1867-1949, his wife Joan Griffiths, 1870-1935, son Tom and infants John and Gwilym, and grandmother, Joan are all buried at *Croes-y-Parc Chapel*, Peterston.

Tom was killed in a motorcycle accident in the 1920s and his photograph appeared in Newsletter 101. Further details of the family-history were also included in that Newsletter.

When I first read William's letter I wondered why John Griffiths attended *Parc-y-Croes Baptist Chapel*, as *Bethlehem*, Llancarfan, was closer. First thoughts jumped to the Dai and Ianto story, told below (I hope I may be forgiven). However, mature thought suggests that as John came originally from Bonvilston (*Redlands Farm*) and his family had long-supported *Parc-y-Croes*, this was sufficient explanation without resort to after-dinner stories.

**A moral tale** Cousins, Dai and Ianto grew up and went to school together and then served apprenticeships as wheelwright and blacksmith, each with his own father in a shared business. As the boys grew older, they married a pair of sisters and became as close a Welsh family as you might care to find.

The cloud on the horizon was coal and iron. One by one the farmers gave-up, and went to make their fortunes in the mines and forges. Soon the cousins realised that no one now wanted their horseshoes and waggon wheels, so the two families agreed to travel to the newly founded Welsh colony in Patagonia where horses and waggons were in great demand.

Somewhere on the wet and windy coast of South America they were shipwrecked, but the four of them survived to find themselves on a rocky, damp and uninhabited island.

Twenty years later one of Her Majesty's warships spotted the tiny quayside of an uncharted harbour, and the Captain was rowed ashore to investigate. Greeted by Dai and Ianto, he was amazed to be escorted uphill past a tidy row of thatched stone cottages and workshops, set in a terrace around a whitewashed pub, *Yr Efail Wen*.

Rounding a bend on the hill a great box-like building came into sight. Impressed on its pine-end wall was the single word "Zion". As the party climbed a little further, a second even larger, building could be seen, directly opposite the first, almost identical, but bearing the name "Bethel".

By now, the Captain could scarcely believe his eyes. "How could you have done all this in so few years?" he said, wonderingly, "--- and why are there two chapels?"

Ianto gestured dismissively across the road and replied: - "***That's*** the one ***they*** go to."

*PC or not, this is a deeply moral tale. JRE*