



THE LLANCARFAN SOCIETY

Newsletter 114 September 2002

Editorial As each month goes by I wonder whether we shall fill another eight pages, but members always turn up trumps, and articles appear as if by magic. This time Campbell Reed recollects some more of those cricketing days that Phil Watts wrote about last time and Graham Jenkins has given us something very different, a delightful account of the modern day French-connection with Llanccarfán, I won't explain further - just read the article! We also have a sad goodbye to Malcolm Davies, as vicar of Llanccarfán and Llantrithyd. Not really a goodbye as I suspect we shall still see him in the village. Keep reading the Newsletters Malcolm.

I'm grateful to you all but please keep writing as we are only one or two issues ahead of ourselves in contributions.

People and places

DEFRA 2000 jobs are safe at St Athan as the result of announcement of investment of £70M in a new 50-aircraft hangar at St Athan for the Defence Aviation Repair Agency. It will be used for both military and civil maintenance and be one of Europe's largest service facilities. The other side of the coin, for local people, is the worry that the runway may be lengthened and that there will be substantially more aircraft movement in the area.

A Vale Consul The *Barry and Vale News* tells us that Llanbethery member, Sam Smith is now the Honorary Consul in Wales for Norway, Holland and Tunisia. Sam's voluntary role is mainly related to documentation problems - passports and visas.

A Pancross honour Congratulations to Tony Thomas of *Pancross Farm*, who has recently been made an Associate of the Royal Agricultural Society. The award honours his contribution to the growth of the farm in the service of present day needs. Since Tony's father, Vivienne, came to *Pancross* in 1935 the acreage farmed has risen from 250 to 3000 of which 2200 is now owned by the farm (Sourced from the *Gem*).

Pancross Farm again: *Pancross* took the award for the best exhibit in the sheep class of the Vale of Glamorgan Show and also swept the board with the Victor Ludorum Trophy for most points. Editor could not help being amused to see Llanccarfán described in the *Western Mail Country and Farming Supplement*, as "near Llanharan"! In the following week's *Barry and District News* was a photo of Edward Thomas with the magnificent Texel ram which took the champion sheep award. It seems no time at all since these magnificent "bodybuilder" sheep were first seen in this country - now they're winning awards.

Correspondence

Kay Feltham by e-mail

I am researching my family name of Willgoose. It is my understanding that Sir John Wildgoose (or Wildigos) b.1562 was given the manor of Carnllwyd in the hamlet of Llanccarfán. Sir John probably never lived in Carnllwyd, but I wonder if any of your readers can verify this connection? John's mother was one Elizabeth Colepper.

Whether or not the above is true, I have enjoyed reading your newsletters on line and hope to visit your village one day.

Editor returned Kay's e-mail with the following paragraph attached, copied from Volume 2 Part 2 of the Royal Commission on Ancient Monuments account of Glamorgan Medieval Secular Monuments p.164: -

- ◆ In 1558 Sir Thomas Raglan had mortgaged the properties [Garn-llwyd] for £700 to George Keynsham of London. Various proceedings relating to this mortgage, a moiety of which had been conveyed to John Wildgose, were brought before the Court of the Exchequer from 1572 to 1580.6 After the death of Sir Thomas ca. 1581 the complaints against the mortgagee were continued by his third son Egremont, both in the Court of the Exchequer and in the Star Chamber. For the duration of these disputes the Raglan family retained the tenancy of Garn-llwyd, but by the beginning of the 17th century they had been dispossessed and the house was in the hands of Sir John Wildgose of Eridge, Sussex, the son of John Wildgose. About 1620 Sir John sold all of the Llancarfan properties to Sir Edward Lewis of Y Fan [Caerffili]

Kay replied: Thank you so much, John. I really appreciate your sending me the [copy]. Unscrupulous lot in those days, weren't they? Almost as bad as today!

It is generally believed that everyone with the surname Willgoose or one of its many variants shares a common ancestor. A group of us is trying to prove this and so far eleven of us have linked back to Raffe Wilgoose who was born about 1580 in Darley, Derbyshire. Again, many thanks and best wishes to you and your readers.

Does anyone have further information on the Wildgose family, either in Llancarfan (unlikely?) or in Sussex where they were later recorded? Does anyone know whether Elizabeth Colepepper might be of the same family as Nicolas Cullpeper author of the Complete Herbal (mid-17thc.)? It's a relatively uncommon name. If so please write to me or e-mail and I will send it on to Kay Feltham who lives in Beccles, Suffolk (though the family is from Derbyshire).

Isabel Harris by e-mail

I have only just found your article on the Aberthaw Cement Works by David Harris and wonder if anyone has the name/names of the first Managers there. The reason for the enquiry is that my Husband's Grandfather was supposed to have been manager there after moving to Barry around the early 1900's. Any information will be greatly appreciated as we are trying to compile a family tree.

Editor forwarded this enquiry to David Harris who replied: -

David Harris by letter

I find a message from you is good for me as I have to reach into the old grey matter which is very rewarding at times.

I started at Aberthaw in 1931. The management list at that time contained a Mr Harris (manager of the Electricity Generation Station at the Rhoose plant).

The station started in 1921. Mr Harris was the manager then and he could well have been employed during the early years of the century at Aberthaw during the construction of that works which began about 1907/08 and involved a Power Station which would have been the first part of the factory to be commissioned.

Mr Harris retired in 1937 or '38. The family lived in Rhoose very near the works. I knew his son Kenneth Harris who was about four years older than me and, I think, trained as an Electrical Engineer. He was a good rugby player and a member of the Penarth team. The last I can remember of Kenneth is that he had emigrated to Canada.

During the 1935/36 period I got to know Mr Harris very well as I did many jobs, both in the Machine Shop and on the plant in the Power Station. He was a first class engineer and a specialist on electricity generation; I learned a lot from him.

His week's holiday every year was spent at the Cheltenham Music Festival. I mention this as I thought it might help Mrs Harris. I do hope these few memories will be of help to her.

The Revd. Malcolm Davies by M. J. Mace

The congregations at services in St.Cadoc's Church, Llancarfan, and St.Iltyd's in Llantrithyd, were shocked in July of this year to hear the announcements by their Parish Priest that he had given notice to the Bishop of his intention to retire from his ministry in the two parishes in the autumn. In fact, his last eucharistic services before retirement were planned for Sunday, the 29th of September.

Despite the many protests that he looks much too young to retire, Malcolm felt that his health in recent months had made him decide that the time had come to hand over his pastoral care to another younger and thus, perhaps, more able successor and this although he has many regrets at feeling unable to continue until the final conclusion of the restoration-plans for St.Cadoc's and future improvements at St.Iltyd's.

The photograph shows the Revd. Malcolm as he turned the key to the main door of St.Cadoc's Church in Llancarfan, at his induction as the new vicar in September of 1994, when he was welcomed by the then churchwardens, Mr. Paul Gray and Mr. Malcolm Mace.

INSERT PIC

New life was breathed into the ancient Vale Church with the induction of the new vicar. St.Cadoc's had been hit by a major cash crisis in recent years and there had been a serious question mark over whether the former vicar, the Revd. William Feild, would be replaced by the appointment of a new vicar for Llancarfan and rector for Llantrithyd, or whether other arrangements for the two parishes might be implemented.

However, a massive fund raising campaign in the next years saved the situation and proved that the appointments were the correct way forward to secure the future of the churches for many years to come. This, without doubt, was the happy result of Malcolm's able leadership and popularity with his flock.

The then Bishop of Llandaff, the Right Revd Roy Davies and the Archdeacon of Llandaff, the Venerable David Lee, led the induction service and the 13th century church was packed with people from many parishes across the Vale of Glamorgan, as well as from the Revd. Davies's former parish, St.Peter's at Pentre, Rhondda, where he had ministered for nearly seven years.

Malcolm was born in Aberdare and moved to the Vale when he went to work for Sir Hugo Boothby of Fonmon Castle, at the Fontygary Caravan Park in 1971. Later he worked for Whitbread's Brewery, before attending St.Michael's College, Llandaff, in 1982. His first post in the Church in Wales was as curate at St.Margaret's Church in the parish of Roath in Cardiff and then at St.Phillip's in Tremorfa.

Now as he joins the ranks of the retired, his many friends, old and new in Llancarfan and Llantrithyd praise him for his ability to get on with everyone, whether they be church attenders or not and for his leadership which encouraged everyone to support and work hard for his two churches. No-one is ever permitted to be a stranger for long who enters either church or *The Fox and Hounds Inn*

We wish him well in a happy and healthy retirement and since he intends to reside in nearby Rhoose, we know that he will not lose all contact with us. I am sure that there will be occasions shortly when there will be ample and appropriate opportunity for his parishioners and friends to thank Malcolm for his dedication to duty and service to God and assure him that his time to relax is well deserved because of a "Job well done".

Memories of Cricket at Llancarfan and beyond by Campbell Reed

I was imbued with a love of cricket from 1948 or thereabouts. Come to think of it, it must have been 1948, because that was the year Glamorgan won their first Championship Title, under the leadership of the late Wilfred Wooller.

Therefore it has been of great interest to me to have read Phil Watts' excellent article on Llancarfan Cricket in the latest Newsletter 113.

I suppose it was my uncle (Morris Griffiths) who introduced me to this wonderful game. During his holidays, he and a certain Sir Keith Thomas would drive into Cardiff and watch the said Glamorgan team do battle at the old *Arms Park* ground. He would arrive home describing the heroics of the late "Johnny" Clay and Wilfred Wooller *et al*. This enthusiasm soon began to eat into my bones, and my first sight of a first class match was in 1949 when, at Cardiff, over Whitsun, Glamorgan played New Zealand, who were on tour here, captained by the late Walter ("Wally") Hadlee, father of the famous Sir Richard! I have never looked back since.

But Llancarfan cricket it was that gave me the "grounding" for my own attempted playing efforts later on. The names Phil produced were a few years ahead of my generation in Llancarfan, although we boys soon gravitated to the cricket field at Pancross, then Penonn then back to Pancross again. I cannot remember the precise years, but they would have been the early fifties, I suppose when we started playing as opposed to watching or throwing the balls back if they had been dispatched to the *Vicarage* lawn!

Some of the names Phil mentioned, Mog Kensholl, Len Rees, Lionel Rees, Tom Bryer, Phil himself, Gwynne Liscombe, Billy Bowen, Ted and Bernard Weekley and Keith Thomas were our boyhood heroes. So it was a great thrill to be chosen, as boys, to play our first games for the Senior or Junior sides. I remember many names of hopeful young cricketers then, inching their way into those teams. I suspect some of those mentioned are members of the Society today. There were the Price brothers, David was the rock, Viv the hitter, Clive Jenkins always trying something, Berwick Rees, an useful wicket-keeper, the Lee twins, Roger and Geoff, dependable and gritty, Derek Bryer, the all rounder, Brian ("Tinribs") Morgan, fast bowler, the late Brinley May, a reliable number eleven, Godfrey Griffiths, a left hander who we relied upon to keep an end up when we were in trouble, in which we seemed to be with monotonous regularity, Brian Roberts, seam up and Des Hutchings, a guest fast bowler, to mention but a few.

The highlight of each season in those days was an all day match, usually on a Whit Monday when Llancarfan played Garden Suburb from Barry, with great competitiveness and guile. For those of us who attended the Barry Grammar School at the time, there was an opportunity to see another side of our two teachers, the late Trevor Davies, medium fast bowler and Teifion Phillips, behind the stumps who would frighten the opposition out if all else failed! They were regulars for the "Suburb." The Seniors would then retire gracefully, if exhausted to the *Fox and Hounds* at close of play for refreshment. But they were marvellous days.

I can still smell the newly mown grass at the beginning of the season. I can vividly recall the cows chewing the cud and the "ticking" of the electric fence situated around that hallowed square to ward off would be intruders - human and animal!

But in that era was a new captain too, Carol Whitehead of *The Talbots* who was such a cricket fanatic that he neglected his crop gathering on a Saturday to play cricket for Llancarfan. It was Carol who taught Yours truly how to execute a square cut. He also mowed the pitch and marked it, helped select the team, carried team members around in his van and pinned the names of the Saturday team late on a Friday evening on the door of the blacksmith's shop.

Not to be outdone, we youngsters got our own Llancarfan team together, Llancarfan Juniors, and played some of our school counterparts who would cycle from Barry - pads and bats strapped to handlebars and do battle with us. Some of those boys were Alston Davis, Roger Davies, Terry Howells and Robert Tear. We were fortunate because we made sure the late Edgar John was our umpire because he was always sympathetic to our cause! We were the "country boys," they were the "town boys." However, friendly rivalry remained with no blows being struck!

I began this piece with the word " memories." Some of my cricketing memories from Llancarfan consist of my " batting" with a home made bat and tennis ball, imagining myself being a Len Hutton or a Gilbert Parkhouse and hammering the ball on to the brick-work of the then Church Hall. Good practice! However, I sometimes missed the brickwork with a false shot and pierced the windows, much to the disgust of my uncle and chagrin of one or two of the neighbours. I was lucky that the late Harry Hughes was always on hand, since I often inveigled him to replace the glass at the expense of my pocket money, sometimes without even the Incumbent knowing what had occurred!

Then there were those fabulous trips by The White Funnel paddle steamers from Barry or Penarth across the Bristol Channel to Weston (*Clarence Park*) to see Glamorgan play Somerset. This was an adventure in itself. Glamorgan didn't win every time - but the rain did! Cricketing giants were in evidence on both sides, including Messrs Clay, Wooller and Parkhouse, already mentioned, together with Walker, Shepherd, Watkins and Muncer for Glamorgan and Messrs. Gimblett, Buse, Tremlett, Hazell and Lawrence for Somerset. What memories!

Llancarfan: the French connection by Graham Jenkins

Dramatis personae in strictly alphabetical order: -

Linda and Wayne Davies. Linda is the daughter of Glenys Evans, formerly of *Ford Cross* (now *Pennant Farm*). She and Wayne live permanently in the Charente.

David Evans (formerly of *Garnllwyd*) and his wife, Caroline.

Philip and Mary Gammon, *Glan-yr-Afon* and Fanjeaux. Philip is Chairman of the Llancarfan Society.

Clive and Brenda Jenkins, Westerham, Kent and near Mirepoix. Barbara Millhuisen's brother and sister-in-law. Brenda (née Smith) was formerly of *Woodlands*, Broadclose Lane, Moulton. Barbara Millhuisen (née Jenkins and formerly of *Ty Uchaf* and the *Post Office*). First Secretary of the Llancarfan Society. Now lives at Senesse de Sennabugue near Mirepoix.

Centuries ago, so French history books tell us, St Malo sailed from his native Brittany to study at Llancarfan, at what was then one of the most prestigious colleges of its time*. We do not know whether the connection continued over the intervening years, however, today there are many people with Llancarfan connections either resident or part resident in that country.

During July/August we spent some time at our holiday home at Bèzenac in the Dordogne. Within days of arriving we had made contact with Caroline and David Evans who live at St Amand de Belvès which is about ten miles away. We enjoyed their hospitality and company on two occasions, spending time reminiscing over past times in Llancarfan. It was nice to meet up with David's daughter, Sara, who was visiting at the time.

Some weeks later we took a three-hour or so trip to the Ariège to spend a day or two with Barbara Millhuisen. On arrival Barbara warned us that we were to expect a hectic weekend as her brother Clive, and family, had just moved into their new home just one and a half miles away.

On the Friday evening, eleven of us went to *El Caballero de Paris*, a 'tapas' bar in the village of Naylis, run by Lazarus a hybrid Cuban/Mexican and his Dutch wife Elizabeth. A most convivial evening ensued with much wine and delicious 'tapas' being consumed. Clive Jenkins, and his wife Brenda, had his daughter Debbie and her husband Peter with them, together with grandchildren Paul and Rebecca. Also staying with Barbara were Linda and Wayne Davies who joined in the merriment. She and Wayne, who were married at Llancarfan Church, now live permanently in the Charente.

After a very late evening on Friday when we all returned to Clive and Brenda's home for a "digestive", Barbara informed us that there would be a party for 60 or so guests the following evening. Most of Saturday morning was spent in the kitchen preparing the evening buffet. Linda, Wayne, Audrey and I helped to prepare a variety of delicious food while Clive and Peter

cut the grass under the many trees in Barbara's orchard so that guests could wander and enjoy the yellow plums which hung in profusion.

In the afternoon Clive returned to set up the bar and to fill all the refrigerators with beer and white wine. He also made a knockout punch, the recipe of which I'm sure he made up as he went along! I know it contained red wine, rum, whiskey and Monsieur Gouze's home made eau de vie but there could have been other ingredients - certainly it was better than taking 'happy' pills. At seven p.m. on a hot summer's evening the guests began to arrive and it was a very good mix of French and British. The liberal libation of wine helped with introductions and before long people were enjoying animated conversation with others - many of whom they had not met before. Included in the guest list were Mary and Philip Gammon and their grandson Matthew who had driven over from their home in Fanjeaux. Under a clear starry sky, in which satellites were visible, the 'Bonhomie' went on until well after midnight. Everyone had enjoyed a good evening.

It did not take long on Sunday morning to clear away tables and chairs from the night before. What took longer was trying to identify various articles of clothing, which had been left behind. As it was our wedding anniversary, some of us went to Mirepoix for lunch and on our return people started to call to pick up their 'lost' items from the evening before, thus we were able to see Mary and Philip again. The evening went on with neighbours dropping in for this and that, and as darkness set-in Barbara produced a bottle of Champagne for a toast under the stars.

Monday saw the end of an unforgettable 'weekend', and we drove back to Bèzenac in excessive heat to continue our holiday.

Gazetteer

Bèzenac in the Dordogne (inland from Bordeaux) and near Sarlat.

Charente (north of the Dordogne).

Mirepoix in the Ariège, about 20 m. SW of Carcassone.

Fanjeaux in the Arde, between Carcassone and Mirepoix.

St Amand de Belvès, near Belvès, in the Dordogne.

* Read about the Brittany connection with Llancarfan, St Malo, Cadoc and other Celtic Saints in Newsletters 14/88, 42/91, 43/91 and 55/93.

Fox and Hounds Shop by Alan Taylor

- A Society member recently wrote to the editor: - "the village store at the *Fox* is a real asset." who thought that not many villages these days **OPEN** a village shop and this deserves mention in the Newsletter. "When did it open and what does it sell?" (e-mail to Alan Taylor from the editor).

The shop opened four weeks ago [about mid-July] and has its own external door.

It sells groceries, meat and fish (the latter two in tow with the Restaurant's Suppliers), daily and Sunday papers & magazines, some fruit and vegetables and in fact, as long as you make a reasonable request, they will supply most other items, i.e. washing material, shampoo etc. They are open for business 08.30 until late evening, seven days a week!

The *Fox* is really doing well now, with a new outside patio, downstairs meals are excellent, upstairs needs an a la carte menu in my opinion, but a new Chef started last week, so things should happen on that front soon.

Llantrithyd Deer Park

by Adrienne Lieijerstam

While the end of summer always conjures up a feeling of emptiness, this Autumn in the Park is particularly exciting as it is the only season of the year we are yet to experience in our new surroundings.

By mid August the vigorous growth of the bracken on the valleys banks has mellowed and as the fast growing youngsters tear through it with their constant games and chases the jungle-like appearance fades and well trodden areas appear where the deer have laid down to rest.

It is increasingly difficult to recognise calves from yearlings, at least at a distance as the calves have grown so well. The yearling stags have an amazing variety of heads (antlers) and they spend a lot of time rubbing them against the trees or the ground to rid themselves of the velvet that hangs like wet washing. In tatters is a very apt description for their untidy appearance at this time of year

With John Volrath's guidance we have selected a particularly striking yearling stag to keep on. He already has an impressive number of points for his age and the wide spread of his antlers is another very promising sign. His contemporaries are not so fortunate.

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Faces in the window on a sunny September morning

September 2 was the decided date for the Autumn cull - a sad but necessary task in which all the yearling males are taken out before the rutting season begins with a vengeance in late September early October.

The day dawned bright and clear with a gentle breeze. Alan our expert marksman and butcher arrived with his colleagues for a hearty breakfast at eight-o'clock. Over the past few days we had been separating and separating again the stock, so that the one yearling we wanted to keep was in a small group with two others and easily identifiable. The Red stags and Fallow bucks were carefully tucked away in the valley and the remainder of the herd was grazing in the old lodge field.

Alan took up a front seat position in our vehicle with the window open so that he could rest his gun on the wing mirror. Anders sat beside him driving steadily across the field until he came in full view of the herd. One or two moved on, but most of them were grazing quietly. Alan waited patiently until the selected yearling was in the right position for a quick, clean kill.

And that was just how it was. As the shot rang out the yearling dropped to the ground and lay motionless. Surprisingly, his contemporaries seemed little disturbed by the incident, with only one or two of them shooting forward, while the others continued to graze as if nothing had happened. What a wonderful way to go.

Shortly after midday the cull was over. A sense of loss affected our human emotions much more than the remainder of the herd who expressed great delight in their steps as they were let into the rest of the Park.

They were as playful as ever and showed no sign of distress. The only animal who did seem a little unsure of his new social group was our yearling stag aptly named John. He has spent the past few weeks trying to decide whether he belongs with the mature Red stags, the Fallow bucks or the hinds and their calves. For the moment he has struck up a friendship with the Fallow bucks.

The herd spends a large part of the late evening, night and early morning in the Lodge field where we have a first class view of their activities. The early mornings provide a spectacular

display of games usually the young calves, nipping and head butting each other, sometimes standing up on their back legs as the dual reaches its climax.

The mature stags look amazingly strong and muscular, their necks have thickened dramatically and they spend a lot of time dashing their antlers on the ground - a sure sign that the rut is fast approaching

“Light up St Cadoc’s - stop press On Friday 20th September, the Cardiff Arms Park Choir performed in concert with the Llancarfan Primary School Choir and several local young performers. More next time.

The blue glass of Dinas Powis

by John Etherington

Cattwg, our St Cadoc, dates from that time which schoolmasters taught to me call the 'Dark Ages', the period between the withdrawal of Rome and the arrival of the Norman. Apparently this is no longer historically respectable, but why not, I wonder? It really is the darkest of dark times, with no surviving documents, precious few artefacts or stratigraphic evidence, and barely a verifiable date.

Cattwg is assumed to have lived through the first half of the sixth century AD but anything we know about him was passed down by half a millennium of 'Chinese whispers' before it became written history.

Wales in the 6th century comprised a patchwork of kingdoms, which might better be called warlordships. The Vale was central to the kingdom of Glywysing, which was flanked to east and west by Gwent/Ergyng and Dyfed, and bordered to the north by Brecheiniog (modern Breconshire). England was similarly divided, with Wessex a mere twenty miles away across the Bristol Channel, and Mercia to the east Wales.

The foundation of all these kingdoms, as indicated by a first named ruler, must have been within a few decades of Cadoc's time. During the period AD 400-800 the eastern Brythonic territories were gradually overwhelmed by the "English". This drawn out process had started early in the Roman occupation with the recruitment of Germanic soldiery and continued by sporadic invasion or migration from the low-countries.

Cadoc may even have been the secular ruler of Glywysing which some accounts say he inherited from his father, Gwynllyw, "The Warrior", who is still familiar to us in the place name "Wentloog". Cadoc's mother, Gwladys was daughter of the ruler of Brychan, ruler of Brecheiniog.

The reference to Sutton Hoo in the article **Why stags?** (Newsletter 112) set me thinking that, during Cadoc's time, there may have been trade routes linking East Anglia with the Vale of Glamorgan. Not quite like a quick whizz up the M4 with a suitcase in the boot, though. Perhaps a bit more like a selling trip to Northern Iraq in 2002 - on foot or with a packhorse? By the end of the century in which Cadoc died, there is certainly evidence of trading or social contact with eastern England, fragmentary as it is - no pun intended on the rest of the story. During the excavations of the hill fortification at Dinas Powis (noted briefly in Newsletter 72), fragments of blue glass were found and identified as parts of squat jars ornamented by a trailing-pattern in a rhomboidal lattice (Campbell, 1989). Though the fortification was probably much older in origin, it was reoccupied after the Roman withdrawal and proved to be one of the richest "dark age" sites ever investigated in South Wales.

These blue lattice-trail jars are particularly rare in archaeological excavations, only five graves containing them, of which three at Sutton Hoo, are exceptionally rich and presumably of aristocratic status. It is possible that the distribution of the jars was deliberately restricted. They are considered to be of Kentish origin - one occurrence of blue jars (though not lattice type) was of eight, together, at Faversham where it is suggested they were manufactured (Campbell, 1989).

The Dinas Powis fragments exactly match vessels from Mound 2 at Sutton Hoo and date from the 6th to 7th century. They were probably carried to Dinas Powis *via* the Upper Thames Valley/Wessex - either directly or through an intermediate contact - perhaps our "M4" trader? Another possibility is that they were exported to the Continent and returned with some of the rich glass and pottery artefacts found at Dinas Powis?

Glass fragments originate from vessels broken *in situ*, or nearby, but they may also be cullet, the stock in trade of the glass-maker, deliberately recycled through a medieval "bottle bank". Campbell thinks this is unlikely as too many of the blue fragments can be reconstructed, jigsaw style, into recognisable parts of jars but Alcock (1971) had previously assumed that most, or all, of the glass found at Dinas Powis was indeed cullet.

Leslie Alcock (1963) viewed Dinas Powis as the residence of a medieval ruler. These fragmentary pieces of forensic archaeological evidence suggest social contact across southern Britain and reinforce Alcock's interpretation that the fortification was of high status.

Sources: E. Campbell. (1989) A Blue Glass Squat Jar from Dinas Powis, South Wales. *Bulletin Board of Celtic Studies*. **36**, 239-45; Leslie Alcock (1963) *Dinas Powys, an Iron Age, Dark Age and early medieval settlement in Glamorgan*. Cardiff; Leslie Alcock (1971) *Arthur's Britain*. Lane/Penguin.

Footnote: Ancestors of round pigsties Leslie Alcock inferred that the buildings of the Dark Age fortified enclosure at Dinas Powis were built of dry-stone walling, with thatched roofs (Alcock, 1971 above). The circumstantial evidence was re-used stone in later buildings on the site. All that remained of the Dark Age structures was the foundation trenches, which show that the walls were bowed and the end walls rounded. This tradition of rounding-off corners and building curved walls persisted in some later Vale vernacular buildings - and perhaps more widely in southern Wales. * Was this, perhaps, ancestral to the circular corbelled walls of pigsties and dovecotes we have mentioned before (Newsletters 92 & 113)?

* Within the last year we have watched the restoration of a roadside farmhouse near Haverfordwest, Pembrokeshire. One of its stone barns has a lovely curved corner, which was originally built to give more clearance for carts and wagons to turn into the farmyard. Such curved walls were common in this area, probably overhung by thatch, when built but now with cleverly slated roofs.