

LLANCARFAN SOCIETY



newsletter 126

Foreword: Campbell Reed

I was recently in the Cathedral Bookshop at Lichfield, and noticed a book entitled, "The Changing Countryside", with an 'after word' by Rowan Williams, the current Archbishop of Canterbury. Such a title set me thinking before embarking on this forward. I haven't read the book yet, but I guess important issues affecting the countryside are dwelt upon.

Change is inevitable, of course, and we cannot stop it. Much of it can be for the common good. But we need to take stock of the past in order to progress in the future. Indeed, these days, it seems, we are constantly being badgered by the media, friends, advisers and even politicians to 'move on' and 'to draw lines' under the past, and so on.

It would be easy for me (and I am sorely tempted) to regale some personal memories of my early life in Llancarfan. However, much to the relief of my daughters, I'm sure, I am going to resist that temptation and ponder some of the massive changes that have occurred, generally in the Parish, which I suspect would find common ground in many villages throughout the country.

I am very reliably informed that not too many years ago, there were approximately forty farms/smallholdings in the Parish that were milk producing. Now there are just three and farming is more problematical.

For many years, Llancarfan had its own resident incumbent who lived in the Vicarage. That is not now the case and the village has to share clergy with other places. There were three services per Sunday in the Parish Church; now I believe there is just one. At harvest time, there were always major services in all three places of worship in the village, and each denomination supported the other, thus adding to the richness of village life. The two chapels, as places of worship, have vanished.

In the fifties and sixties, the village was well blessed with public transport, with daily services except Sundays, to Barry and Cardiff. People had four chances daily to travel to Barry.

Dutch Elm disease has altered the feel and shape of Pancross Wood, and the masses of wild flowers in fields and hedgerow seem to be less.

/continued...page 2...

Foreword: /continued from front page...

The inhabitants of yesteryear who left to find employment elsewhere and who now may wish to return to their roots, often find village house prices beyond them.

Formerly, villagers once established in their homes, tended not to move. Indeed, some people would remain in the same house for most or all of their lives. This is not the case, seemingly, today, since there is much more mobility.

All of this should not be regarded as looking back to some kind of golden age, but rather to think about the impact change can have on any community. After all, it is how we cope with change, and what we do with it that will really count.

--ooOoo--

Contributions to the Newsletter should be sent to: Ann Ferris, Fordings, Llanarfarn, Vale of Glamorgan, CF62 3AD, or e-mail to: newsletter@llanarfarn.com

Historical Archivist: Dr J E Etherington, Parc-y-Bont, Llanowell, Solva, Haverfordwest, SA62 6XX, or e-mail: eth.pbont@virgin.net.

Local Correspondent: Alan Taylor, Windrush, Llanarfarn, CF62 3AD or e-mail a.j.taylor@btconnect.com

Subscriptions/Membership Secretary and Mailing Enquiries: John Gardner, The Willows, Fonmon, CF62 3BJ. Tel. 01446 710054

Secretary: Sheila Mace, Pelydryn, Llanbethery, Barry, CF62 3AN. Tel. 01446 750691.

Llanarfarn Society Administrative and Web-site:

e-mail: llansoc@llanarfarn.f9co.uk

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

Birthdays, Anniversaries, Births and Deaths:

(Please contact Ann Ferris if you wish any event to be included on this page).

Golden Wedding Anniversaries:

Frank and Heather Lowe (nee Morgan) on 19th February.

Brian and Betty Pullen on 26th March

Births:

Margaret Evans on the birth of her Grandson, Benjamin.

Deaths:

Dilys Myfanwy Evans (Blair's mother) on 20th January at the age of 98.

--ooOoo--

Announcements, Local Events:

Llanarfarn Society:

2nd May May Day Walk – Aberthaw Power Station – similar to last year but turning right. We will be meeting at the Blue Anchor for coffee. If you require lunch after the walk, please advise Blue Anchor Staff whilst having coffee.

19th June Local Petanque – Ruth Watts Cup at the petanque piste below the tennis court.

I am asked by John Gardener to remind those of you who have not yet paid – subs are now well overdue.

To date we have not received any names for the motor pool for taking people to the airport/station. Neither have we had a second co-ordinator.

/Announcements, Local Events continued..

Ladies Tuesday Club:

- 16th April:** Jumble Sale
- 19th April:** AGM
- 17th May:** Mr John Turner 'Helping Us to Draw'.
- 29th June:** Outing to Tewksbury with a trip on the river.
- 19th July:** Summer Supper

New member always welcome.

--ooOoo—

In aid of St Illyd's Church, Llantrithyd

A summer lunch will be held on Sunday, 26th June at Llanvithyn House, by kind permission of Lawrie and Eleanor Williams.

Tickets will be available from members of St Illyd's and Gwyn Plows, Llancarfan (781431), and will be priced at approximately £12.50.

Please support this event.

--ooOoo--

It is regretted that we have not received a page from Llancarfan School for this issue.

--ooOoo—

Following the Annual General Meeting on the 18 March 2005, I give below details of your new Committee – some new faces and many who have been stalwarts over the years.

President: Mike Mace
Chairman: Mike Crosta
Vice Chairman: Alan Taylor
Secretary: Sheila Mace
Treasurer: Sue Taylor
Membership Sec. John Gardener
Newsletter Team: Ann Ferris, Phil Watts, Graham Jenkins, Jean Hunt and Jackie Chugg.

Committee: Gwyneth Plows, Joy Rees, Tony Rees, Phillip Gammon, Graham Brain, Anne Radcliffe.

Auditor: Robert Hutchings.

--ooOoo--

PUZZLE

Find the Total

All the answers are in £ s. d.

£ s. d.

Boy's Name:

Girl's Name:

A Singer:

Monarch's Head Gear:

Old fashioned Bike:

Type of pig:

A stone in weight:

Mon, Sun, Mars:

A leather worker:

An unwell sea creature:

TOTAL:

The answers will be given in the next Newsletter.

--ooOoo--

The Dictionary of National Biography - a Llancarfan link by John Etherington

For many years the *Dictionary of National Biography* has been my first resort when I needed to write about a prominent, or even less than prominent, historical figure. The original edition of *DNB* was published during the 1880s, under the founding editorship of Leslie Stephen (for interest, Virginia Woolfe's father).

Recently we noticed that our local reference library had acquired a set of the new edition of *DNB* but, if my wife, Sheena, had not pointed out that it had been reviewed by Stefan Collini in *London Review of Books* (20.01.05), I would never have found the following 'Llancarfan link'.

Sir Keith Thomas - formerly of *Pancross Farm*, and one of the most distinguished historians of our time, has now further ensured his own place in history by acting as chairman of the supervisory committee of this new *Oxford Dictionary of National Biography*.*

Collini pays warm tribute to Sir Keith: - "who at the time of the projects inception was president elect of the British Academy and chairman of OUP's finance committee (as well as its delegate for history), deserves much of the credit for persuading the projects three participant institutions, the Academy, the University and the Press, to collaborate on it. The financial commitment alone would surely have frightened off most publishers."

It seems quite likely that, as happened with the first *DNB*, the new edition will still be useful in 100 years time. Interestingly Collini observes that this may be "the last work of reference on this scale that will be published in what the jargon of the computer age forces us to call 'hard copy'."

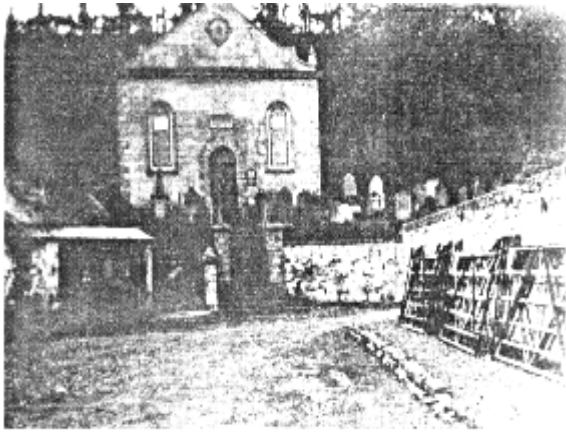
Should one be short of the necessary £7500, it is indeed possible to have internet access to the new *DNB* for £195 per year - a better bargain for the private subscriber - but I heave a sigh of relief for the existence of reference libraries! How long such libraries will themselves survive in 'hard copy' is another matter of concern.

**Oxford Dictionary of National Biography*, H.G.C. Matthew & Brian Harrison (eds), Oxford U.P. (2004), 60 vols, £7500.

--ooOoo—

Bethlehem Chapel, Llancarfan by Tom Clement, Barry Advertiser

The following is a photograph of the Blacksmith's Shop and the Chapel.



The gates are leaning against the churchyard wall probably brought from the carpenter's shop to have hinges fixed. Any other suggestions?

The photograph is prior to 1920 – part of the church wall has been removed to place the War Memorial. Pancross wood behind the chapel does not show a lot of growth – possibly recently cut down.

--ooOoo--

Adult: A person who has stopped growing at both ends and is now growing in the middle.

--ooOoo--

Douglas and Glenys Morgan by Mrs Glenys Church

Mrs Church when enclosing her subscription for this year enclosed the following memories of her brother.

My brother Douglas Morgan passed away on 11 November 2004. Years ago he was a resident of Walterston Fach as it was in those days. Douglas was transferred to Birmingham in the 1930's to work (1935??) with I.C.I. (no social security in those days – there was a job in Birmingham and you must accept it). The same happened to me, and Edgar my older brother. I was sent to Maidenhead.

Douglas never let go his Welsh roots his accent was the same until his death, he followed Cardiff City Football and was always pleased to have news of his home. The Llancarfan Society gave him a lot of pleasure, as it does me. Keep up the good work. Being 100's of miles from those you love makes sometimes a very lonely life. The phone helps, but it is not the same. Lots of memories of Llancarfan up to 1943.

I recently had a surprise family party, I'll say no more except to say it was a wonderful reunion and I realise how much of the family life in Wales I'd missed. We used to live in the Lodge of Fonmon Castle only for a short time but the memories are still with us.

--ooOoo--

The School Bus by Jeff Thomas, New Zealand

I was very impressed by John Gardner's memory and the detailed account of the daily bus trip – it seems the only thing he has missed is the registration number of the bus. Many of the names he reels off with apparent ease I had long forgotten.

Yes John; Vern and I were picked up at the entrance to Gowlog – that is on the mornings that we were there on time. Quite often we would see the bus pass as we were on our way across the two fields between the farmhouse and the road. On those mornings we were taken to Llancarfan by mother in the Vauxhall 10 (CTX 331).

I have more vivid memories of the homeward journey - particularly the activities while waiting outside the church hall for the bus to arrive. Buying a sixpenny batch from Tudor Liscombe and eating it while still warm – oh those lovely crusts! Or doing imitations of Mister X when jumping from the river bridge to the bank below.

One afternoon, while running down the school hill for the bus, I turned to check where Vern was and knocked out his two front teeth with my elbow.

Happy days! Thanks for the memories John.

--ooOoo—

Newsletters – by David Evans

Within the last Newsletters, there seemed to be an editorial departure from regarding it as an Archival paper, devoted to the history and biographical accounts of its people and their times in early days. Recently there were E Mail asides of a tasteless nature, together with several rather immature comments perhaps pertaining as jokes? Are they part of a new policy, which changes the nature of the paper to one of a local 'chat' form, which I believe Llancarfan already possesses.

--ooOoo--

Teamwork

There are four people named *Everybody*, *Somebody*, *Anybody* and *Nobody*.
There was an important job to be done.
And *Everybody* was asked to do it.
Anybody could have done it, but *Nobody* did.
Somebody got angry about that,
Because it was *Everybody's* job.
Everybody thought that *Anybody* could do it.
But *Nobody* realised that *Everybody* wouldn't do it.
It ended up that *Everybody* blamed *Somebody* when *Nobody* did
What *Anybody* could have done.

--ooOoo—

A Llancarfan Village Lad by Towyn Williams

Towyn Williams was born on 2nd April 1926 at Ford Farm, Llancarfan. His parents were Tom and Olive Williams (nee Thomas) who married in 1913. He was the youngest of five children.

Tom had originally farmed in the Pontypridd area. Olive had family connections with the Rowland family of Walterston Fawr.

In 1906 Tom Williams was given £10.0s.0d. by his father when he left the Hendre Farm, Pontypridd, to go to Canada. He went to Bristol and bought his boat ticket, no passport was required. On arrival in Montreal, he took a train to Moose Jaw in a goods wagon with a wood-burning stove in the corner, on which all the travellers cooked their food. When he arrived in Moose Jaw he still had £4.0s.0d left.

Tom Williams was one of the first Homesteader's in Canada in 1906. After four years he owned 340 acres at Readling, Saskatchewan in the middle of the prairie. There is something significant about 340 acres, it was half a section, which equalled half a square mile.

He ploughed by oxen and the grain that he grew he took by cart to Moose Jaw, a distance of sixty miles, which was a week's journey. During the journey he would sleep at night under the cart. The monies from the sale of grain paid for groceries and seed for the following year to take back home.

Tom returned to Wales in 1913 to marry Olive, after which they returned to Canada.

Towyn's eldest brother, Byrn, was born in 1915 in a 'sod shack' (a building constructed of turf) on the prairie. Bryn served in the Cardiff City Police Force, for about five year in the late 1930's. During the 1939-45 war he served in the Royal Canadian Air Force as a bomber pilot and was killed when his plane crashed in 1942. His name is on the Llancarfan War Memorial.

Brother Edward was also born on the Canadian prairie in 1916. He farmed Tynewydd Farm, near Cwm Ciddy, Port Road, Barry in the 1950's and had a milk round in Barry. He later farmed at Home Farm, Michleston-le-Pit. At this time he was member of Llancarfan Young Farmers Club. Because he was considered to be a good judge of cattle while he was on the farm with his father he was awarded a trip to Australia. Having been chosen by The Young Farmers Club to represent Wales in 1938, he sailed on S.S. Malogia.

Sister Margaret was born in Canada on the prairie in 1919 and died in Llancarfan in 1925 aged 6. She was buried in Llancarfan Churchyard.

In 1921 the family return to Ford Farm, Llancarfan.

Brother Lyn was born in 1922 at Ford Farm, Llancarfan and farmed there until 1971 when he moved to an excellent farm at Basseleg near Newport, so that he could expand his milking to three times a day.

Olive, Towyn's mother, died at Ford Farm in 1951, whilst Tom, his father, died while on holiday on a cruise ship on the St Lawrence river, Canada in 1964. Both are buried in Llancarfan Churchyard.

Towyn attended Llancarfan School from 1931 to 1937. The teachers were Miss Connie Griffiths (infants) who lived at Bridge House (now called Bridge Cottage). She had a habit of stamping her foot whenever she wanted the class to come to order (including Towyn!). Miss Morfydd Thomas from Brynammon, Nr Swansea taught middle class eight and nine year olds. She lodged with Mrs Margaret Sweet, New House, and later with Mrs Weight at Chapel House. She married Sid Watts and lived at Chapel Cottage, Llancarfan and Dalemead, Llanbethery. George Davies was the Headmaster and taught the senior class (scholarship class for secondary education). He was a very strict teacher and had a cane in the cupboard behind his desk but very rarely used it. He lived at Cartref in Llanbethery while he taught in Llancarfan. He moved to Maesteg in 1940.

In Towyn's class were Rolly Watts, Pancross and Watts' Buses fame; Margaret Taylor, Leach Castle) later to become Towyn's sister in law; Evan Lougher, Treguff; Wyndam Morgan, Walterston; Olwen Vizard, Pancross Cottages; Brenda Rees, Gileston; Marjorie Singleton, Moulton; Glyn Elward, Llantrithyd; Raymond Marsh, Moulton; Gwyn Richards, Whitton Rosser; Jean Davies, Llanbethery (Headmaster's daughter).

Unannounced visitors to the school would be the health visitor and school dentist, a slightly frightening experience for young children in those days, not used to being 'looked at'. Examinations would be carried out in Miss Griffiths' infant's room. Over the piano in 'Gaffer' Davies' room hung a framed Roll of Honour of those local people who were killed in the 1914-18 war.

For several years while Towyn was in Llancarfan School his father was supplying milk to the school for the children, half pints for the oldest children and a third of a pint for the younger ones. Children had free milk in those days, paid for by the education authority. Towyn had the job of transporting the milk from Ford Farm to school and taking the empties home! He used a 'home made' cart with bicycle wheels that he left at the bottom of the school hill as it was too heavy to push up and had no brakes for coming down, the milk being carried up by the older children. No school dinners then, sandwiches in the classroom.

Towyn was unsuccessful in the 11+ examinations, the first time he tried, and with others he transferred to Rhoose School. This was a most uneventful part of his education, except that he joined the school choir and they competed in an Eisteddfod in Cardiff, coming second. After twelve months in Rhoose School, Towyn retook the 11+ examinations and moved to the Grammar school in Barry. This period was not endowed with unlimited success, the biggest reward was to leave when he became fourteen, Towyn says he did not so much leave; he just stopped going. This day could be described as the happiest day in his life.

For the next few years Towyn worked at Ford Farm for his father. During this time he became interested in bell ringing at Llancarfan Church. There were four bells, David Lewis – Little Flaxland) on number one; Jim Bryer of the Fox and Hounds on number two; Towyn on number 3 and Colin Gibbon of Middle Hill on number four. The bell ringers became less keen when the vicar suggested they came to church as well!! Informal records of weddings and other major ringing occasions were kept by writing on the wooden partition between the church and tower in pencil. Many of these records were lost when cement blocks replaced the wooden partition in the

1970-80's. The records that were recovered before the wood was destroyed were published in a previous Newsletter, and in a bellringers book at present in the possession of Phil Watts.

In June 1946 Towyn saw an advertisement in a London paper inviting farm workers to work on the land in Canada. Encouraged by stories of his parents, and with Jim Bryer who was the son of the Landlord of the Fox and Hounds and worked for Tom Morgan at Pennon Farm, he applied and on 10th September 1946 they set out for Canada. They travelled from Llancarfan to Northolt, in Middlesex (just north of London) by train, which cost 25/-d. From Northolt they flew to Shannon in Ireland, from Ireland to Gander in Newfoundland and then on to Toronto. The speed of the plane was about 200 miles per hour. No food or drink supplied. No Air Hostesses. It was a long tedious journey made worse by the fact that they stopped for six hours in Gander for an engine change.

Towyn and Jim worked on a dairy farm near Lynsey, Ontario before moving on to a lumber camp. We worked with all nationalities including native Indians. Work on the lumber camp was hard, we had to walk three miles through three foot of snow, cut down 60 trees using a cross cut saw. A cross cut saw is about five to six feet long with a handle at each end, with two people taking it in turns to draw the saw across the diameter of the tree until it was nearly through, then with great delight shout "Timber"!

That Christmas Jim and Towyn had dinner on a farm about 80 miles from the lumber camp. To return to the lumber camp they caught a bus to Whittin, 15 miles from the camp. They then decided to start walking hoping to get a lift from a passing motorist. They were out of luck, when they were within a mile of the camp they heard and saw a pack of wolves behind them. Later the older men at the camp told them that if they had stopped to rest, it would have been the 'end of them' as the wolves would have attacked. They were so tired and frightened it took them a week to recover.

Jim continued to work at the lumber camp until he came home in 1947 to work on a farm near Swindon belonging to the Singer Sewing Machine Company.

The following spring Towyn left Ontario to work on the Prairies, in Saskatchewan. He worked on the Homestead that his father left 25 years before. The Homestead now belonged to another family. Everything was big. The petrol driven tractors were bigger than anything that had seen before – 60 horsepower. A field would be a mile long - difficult to keep awake while disking and planting the corn as the work was so tedious. Not a lot of 'headlands here'! (Co-ordinator: not knowing what headlands were, I asked and was told: 'they surround the straight up and down parts of a ploughed field').

Here Towyn met a cousin, Gwyn McGill, who he had not met before. Gwyn's father, James McGill, according to the 1901 census, lived at Ford Farm with his wife Mary and son Emrys. James died on 12th May 1920 aged 61, Mary his wife died 20th September 1923 aged 56. Emrys died 4th December 1923 aged 25. Rowland who was Emrys and Gwyn's elder brother died in 1944.

Gwyn McGill had moved to Canada in 1919 and died in 1980 aged 78 and was buried on the Prairies after a successful career in farming. Gwyn's son Emrys visited Llancarfan a few years ago and still has 3,000 acres on the Prairies.

In 1947 Towyn had the chance of a trip home on a cattle boat, which he boarded in Montreal with passage to Manchester. The ship was S.S. Manchester Progress. Living conditions aboard were primitive. His quarters were at the stern of the ship. It was quite peaceful when the propeller stopped. Thankfully, it didn't stop! There were 250 cattle on board, heifers in calf. They were to be placed on farms all over Britain. Towyn believes this was the start of the 'Holstein Friesen' herds in this country.



Tom Price – Hedge laying

In September 1950 Towyn married Audrey Taylor, second daughter of Miles Taylor of Leach Castle Farm, which is near Carmel Chapel. The vicar Rev. Lenard Payne conducted the service. The bell ringers were Tudor Liscombe (No.1), Tom Bryer (No. 2), Jim Bryer (No. 3), Colin Gibbon (No. 4). The reception was in the Church Hall and Mrs Bryer did the catering. Towyn and Audrey lived in the wooden bungalow just up the road from Ford Farm while he continued to work for his father.

In 1953 Towyn was offer Ballas Farm, Wenvoe, where he says they had 30 glorious years bringing up four children, three girls and a boy, Gareth born on 5th July 1960, Janet born on 2nd November 1951, Helen born on 8th April 1954 and died on the 30th June 1985, and Anne born on the 14th November 1956. Towyn used Ballas Farm as a dairy farm and by 1978 had built his herd to 120 milking cows. At this stage Towyn thought the regular call of the milking 120 cows no longer filled him with enthusiasm, so he decided to make a change. He sold the herd, and bought Whitehall Farm near St. Lythans, the other side of Wenvoe from Ballas Farm.

Whitehall farm brought a new venture that of 'pick your own'. The farm was planted with tayberries, raspberries, strawberries, red and black currants and gooseberries with a back up of potatoes and broad beans. This is what Towyn and Audrey did for the next 20 years, until they started to run the 'engine' down.

Now they stable and feed approximately 15 ponies. At 78 Towyn is still the 'hands on' farmer and very attached to his tractor, which is nearly as old as him.

For relaxation whilst farming, Towyn belong to the 'Glamorgan Flying Club'. He has flown nine different types of single engine aircraft since obtaining his pilot's licence 1960 - the first aircraft he flew being Tiger Moth. The cost when he started flying was £3.00 per hour, then inflation took over and it went up considerably - memory fails - probably £20.00 per hour in the 1970's. This was not good with the price of milk falling.

In the late 1970's Towyn's brother, Edward, was exporting all types of horses (ponies, cobs, racers) to New Zealand and asked Towyn to help to look after 50 horses on a cargo plane. This Towyn agreed to do; it gave him a chance to meet up with Gareth, his son, who was working out there at the time. The flight took him via Anchorage in Hawaii to Auckland in New Zealand.

Towyn has flown the Atlantic 39 times as a passenger. Visited many countries, Canada, U.S.A., Norway, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, France, Germany, Spain, Portugal, Poland (farm visit), *Ireland*, and New Zealand. He doesn't mention England and Scotland - too near to home. Yes he does because he had been to Land's End and John o'Groats. He has sat in Concorde, been up in a balloon, and flown a helicopter with an instructor.

He says he has had a rewarding and happy life, much of it due to being brought up in Llancarfan and marrying a Llancarfan girl!

--ooOoo--

Fox in the Willows – by Mary Neary

A fox that appears to be saying “don't look at me in that tone of voice”!

A cheeky fox in Margaret Evans' garden – no respecter of persons, look at him – “whose garden is it anyway”?



Photo taken by Mary Neary.

Llancarfan Winters - Mike Crosta

We were looking through our older photo albums and came across some photos that reminded us how much snow we have had from time to time. Then in the Newsletter124 we read Heather Adams' letter about the same thing. Of course Heather & Fred were our next-door neighbours for some time and their photos show our drive. We built our Bungalow in 1968/9 and in fact work was held up substantially when there was too much snow for us to get through the lanes to Llancarfan.

Our photos seem to concentrate on 1981/2, but our memories we are sure cover more than one winter.

They certainly show that snow was up to the hedges and we remember on the top road at Pancross walking on the snow across the hedge tops. There was a lot of snow immediately after Wales beat Scotland at the Arms Park one year, Bob & Sue Watts

were next door but one to us and we remember that Bob went to the Match, but only just made it back, having to leave his car sideways and half way into his drive. A few of us had to push it into his garage next morning.

There was a time when we had to use our snow sledges to take bales of hay to the horses (one belonging to Nicola Watts?). They were a sorry sight with clumps of frozen snow clinging to their hair. A Prosecuting Solicitor colleague of mine was trapped for several days at Cowbridge Magistrates Court and had to sleep in a cell at the Police station next door!

We remember, as Heather does, that helicopters were used and we also Fred & Heather being brought back to the village on a tractor, probably by Geoff Evans.

We were blocked into the village once for up to a week, which I thoroughly enjoyed as an enforced but welcome break. Unfortunately Fred Adams persuaded the Authorities to free us sooner than I personally would have liked. No doubt it was important to others as well. We did not go to the pub for some reason, but we learned that Tony Thomas was having to dispose of his milk and was therefore giving it away, because the tankers could not get through.

A photo we particularly like is of our back garden and patio doors with a large snow drift right outside. Another one reminds us of how much fun the children and adults had in the snow. Tony Davies and myself often reminisce about the mad sledge rides we had down the hills and the lane above the school.



On one occasion the hill to Pennon was so thick with snow that our children carved out a snow cave big enough for four. One photo of Andrew Crosta and Max Evans shows that it really was that big!



Our other next door neighbours were a German couple, George & Lou Witman. He was manager of the Pontyclun Steadler Factory. The snow there was too deep for even locally living employees to get to work. But Germans of management level living quite a long way away did get there by skiing across country. George & Lou went back to Germany, but have since passed away. We still think of what nice neighbours they were.

--ooOoo--

Gwyneth White (mother was Margaret John) formerly of Great House, Llancarfan – Phil Watts

On Sunday, 7th November 2004, Margaret Twynham of Penarth visited St Cadoc's Church. She had hoped to bring Gwyneth White, unfortunately Gwyneth was not well enough to travel, she had recently had a fall. Gwyneth celebrated her 94th birthday on Friday, 12th November. It was arranged that Rae Evans would send her a card of best birthday wishes and also some note cards showing St Cadoc's Church from the worshippers of St Cadoc's. Due to poor health Gwyneth was not able to come, and is now in a Nursing Home in Penarth.

Margaret Twynham brought with her a plaque with the inscription "Presented by the Congregation of Llancarfan Church to M. John for services to the Church by playing the organ". The plaque had been attached to a silver and glass oil lamp (a photograph is shown below).



For some time now Gwyneth has been anxious to trace some more facts relating to her roots and those of here family. With the aid of Tom Lougher, Vancouver, and a peep at the 1891 and 1901 Census, I have been able to put together some facts surrounding the John family of Great House (Ty Mawr) in Llancarfan.

The 1901 census shows that William and Catherine John were living at Ty Mawr (Great House) with their children Margaret (18), David (17), and Jenkin (14). The family later moved to Rock House, Fonmon. In 1935 Tom Lougher senior bought Rock House from David John.



David John, William John, Catherine John, Margaret White (nee John), Gwyneth White
1915/16

Records of Bethel Chapel, Llancarfan, show that William John, Fonmon died on the 10th November 1919 aged 73 – Catherine John died on the 14th October 1923. The records also show three children Margaret, Gwilym and Mary died in infancy.

David Gwilym John's wife was Edith. David was cartoonist (Dai Lossin) for the South Wales Echo in 1913. One of his cartoons hung for many years in the Red Lion, Bonvilston showing some of the well-known characters of Llancarfan in a comic rugby team. In 1943 he was teaching in Cowbridge Grammar School, and later in Monmouth. He and his wife are buried in Llandogo Churchyard. They had two sons Philip and Godfrey. Godfrey emigrated to Canada and died last year. No further knowledge of Philip except that at some time he was living in Llandogo. Margaret John married Tom White and they lived in Penarth. They had two children Gwyneth and Gwilym. Margaret died when Gwyneth was nine years old. Tom brought up the family with the aid of another relative. They often walked from Penarth to Llancarfan and Fonmon to see their relatives.

No knowledge of Jenkin except that he worked for the Consul Service and used to travel by train from Aberthaw to Swansea.

The above information I have gathered from Tom Lougher, Vancouver, and Margaret Twynham, Penarth.

Gwyneth was an enthusiastic traveller on the Bristol Channel paddle steamers. She made her first trip before World War One, her last trip on 17th October 2004 on the Balmoral. She kept a diary of all her voyages. She was so popular with the management of the paddle steamers they gave her a ticket for life. She often visited Lundy Island during the summer months, she was "first off the ship" onto the newly commissioned pier at Lundy. Her last trip to Lundy was on a day out from hospital on 15th August.

Sadly, since the above article was written Gwyneth has died. She passed away on 8th January 2005. She will be remembered in the Penarth area as one of their best-known characters. She kept war-time records as well as her paddle steamer diaries; she was an active member of several Societies. She will be missed by all who knew her. Unfortunately, we came in on year 95 of this long life. We are indebted to Margaret Twynham for introducing us to this incredible lady.

--ooOoo--

Winter in Llancarfan by Jackie Chugg

October yields forth the small green berries on the Pyracantha bushes that grow all over the fences around our bungalow. By late October and early November they have turned into a profusion of lush red berries. These bushes are a haven for the birds that hide in the prickly mass of leaves from their predators. It reminds me of the games we used to have in the comics when you had to spot all the hidden birds in a bush. I never could find the last one.

When I was a young child and lived in Cornwall, my Grandmother used to say that when there were a lot of berries on the holly trees that it was a sign of it being a very harsh winter. I used to wonder "why"? I understand now that it was nature's way of supplying our little feathered friends with some extra food.

Our garden plays host to many species of birds. We have loads of sparrows despite the fact they are supposed to be in decline. The old Song Thrush moves in for the winter feed of berries, along with the beautiful Mistle Thrush which is much larger and eats much more. They stay until the last berry has been eaten and we don't see them again until the following year.

One morning when I looked out of our window - it was miserable - drizzling and everything looked damp and dank - and then I noticed three gentlemen pheasants walking up the road. Out for a morning stroll, or maybe returning home after a late night out! They looked so comical, they probably felt like a change of surroundings or maybe they were looking for some females to add to their 'harem'. Which reminds me that last week I saw that the heron is back, so watch out for the fish in your ponds. The heron is a sight to behold when in flight.

--ooOoo--

Village of Llancadle 1939-1963 by John Gardner

I moved to Llancadle in September 1939 from Pancross Cottages. Yes, Pancross consisted of the late Vivian Thomas' Farm House and two cottages, I believe, rented from the Church in Wales. No Council Houses, no Barn Conversion, no other houses except for Croston and the Vicarage occupied by Rev. Evans, I believe. It was a hard winter in 1939, if anyone remembers!

Starting at the northern end of the village we begin with Cuba Cottage. There lived my Grandmother, Mrs Elizabeth Ann Bealing, her daughter Cassie (Catherine) and my three cousins Henry, Bessie, and Bobbie. My mother's sister, Maud had died and my Grandfather, John Bealing (Sam) said he would bring up the children.

Next was the Green Dragon - the pub always famous for its Darts Team. Mr. Evans and his sister Mrs Morris lived there; she was an invalid and I only remember her as being bed ridden. My Gran, and Nurse Johnson the District Nurse who lived at Rhoose, looked after her and called regularly. Who remembers Nurse Johnson?

I worked with her husband George who was a Storekeeper at Aberthaw Cement Works. He was one of the few people who ran a car. Nelly Morris took over as Landlady at the Green Dragon. Prior to this she was a teacher at a private school in Somerset. Nelly eventually became Mrs Jenkins when she married John, an ex Army Officer, who was a Bailiff with the then Glamorgan River Board. I am sure that John Board, Penmark and my Uncle Bill could enlighten us on the River Board situation. There are quite a few tales to tell about John Jenkins a character of the Vale. Moving on a few years Gethyn Lloyd and his wife took over the Green Dragon. They came from the Leys Golf Club because it was being taken over by the Generating Board to build Aberthaw Power Station. Gethyn was the Professional at the Golf Club.

Moving on to Lower Llancadle Farm, where Kempster Harbottle and his wife farmed. (related to Harbottles at Fonmon). A big man was Kempster always wore a straw hat in summer and flannel shirt. He taught me how to get on a wagon safely (foot in a forward facing wooden spoke) and also how to climb a five bar gate, always on the hinge side. He would always let me ride on the wagons with Treble Down. His saying was "stop the hosses leave John the Gardner get on". Of course in those days' wagons at Harvest Time were two in hand. A few years later on, Lower Llancadle Farm became the home of Frances and Betty Harbottle after they were married. I worked during my school holidays and during the school time, assisting Rhys Mortimer with cows and calves and rising at 6.30 to bring in the cows. How lovely it was to walk the meadow with dew still on the grass and that smell of cows in the cowshed with calves suckling. It was from this work I bought my first brand new bicycle. How proud I was of that bike - £14.10s 0d. from Whitby's in Barry.

A little further on past the cowshed (now a garage for a house) was Penybryn the home of Frank Booker and his wife, their children Ken, Mary, Dot and Roy. It was Frank who was the A.R.P. Warden in the village plus he had something to do with National Savings Stamps. Remember those booklets of stamps? When the book was full, a National Savings Certificate was issued. Do any of you have Certificates from that era? Come to think of it, what did A.R.P. stand for? Was it Air Raid Patrol, or Air Raid Police? A.R.P. was painted in white on a Black Helmet. Frank had laid up his car during the war.

Frank was the instigator of a water bowser being brought to the village, as there was no "mains" water in Llancadle. This was placed on the verge opposite the cowshed - not very successful as it was made of thick steel plate and in the summer the water evaporated. A good place to hide when playing mob (hide and seek) as it had a hinged cover. The idea was that if incendiary bombs were dropped in the village this supply of water would be used to put them out. A.R.P. stood for Air Raid Precautions. As they became eligible for war service Ken went into the Navy, Roy into the Air Force, and Dot worked in the munitions factory at Bridgend. I don't know where Mary worked. Roy, I know was in Tudor Liscombe's Home Guard.

Next door to Penybryn is the Manse. Nice to see that houses have not changed. Now here lived the Morgan family. Phil Morgan and his wife had four children, a son (I cannot remember his name, Graham I think) daughters Ida, Winifred and Margaret. The son left the village early - I think I am correct. Phil Morgan was electrical foreman at Aberthaw Cement Works and was very deaf with one of those huge hearing aids, leather case with shoulder strap to carry battery and black microphone placed on the chest. What would Phil think of the modern ones of today? If he did

not hear you he would tap the microphone with his finger and say, "speak into this". I think Phil may have been linked with the missing round of ammo (see previous newsletter).

Up the lane (past the council houses - these were built quite recently,) to Llandcle Farm. In the farm lived Stan Thomas and his wife and three children. Griff, Sheila and Catherine. Stan was a brother to Vivian Thomas of Pancross, also the farm labourer, Eurfyl from Bridgend way. I do not know his surname. The farmhouse was split into two. A Mr. Manley lived there and he worked for Air Ministry at St Athan. Stan and his wife and children moved down to farm in Carmarthen and Ted Williams moved in when Mr. Manley moved out. I believe Noel Thomas and his wife moved in, and Hayden (the decorators) father and mother. Noel worked for Sir Hugo Boothby. I remember. Stan had Land girls and Italian prisoners of war working for him. They were dropped off in a little pick up of Standard make.

Stan had the Army in the barn field behind the cowshed. They had a search light and what we called an ACKACK gun. I have a photograph of myself and two of the soldiers. The soldiers were housed in wooden huts in the same field. I expect they were part of St. Athans Aerodrome Defence, as was the gun site at Boverton.

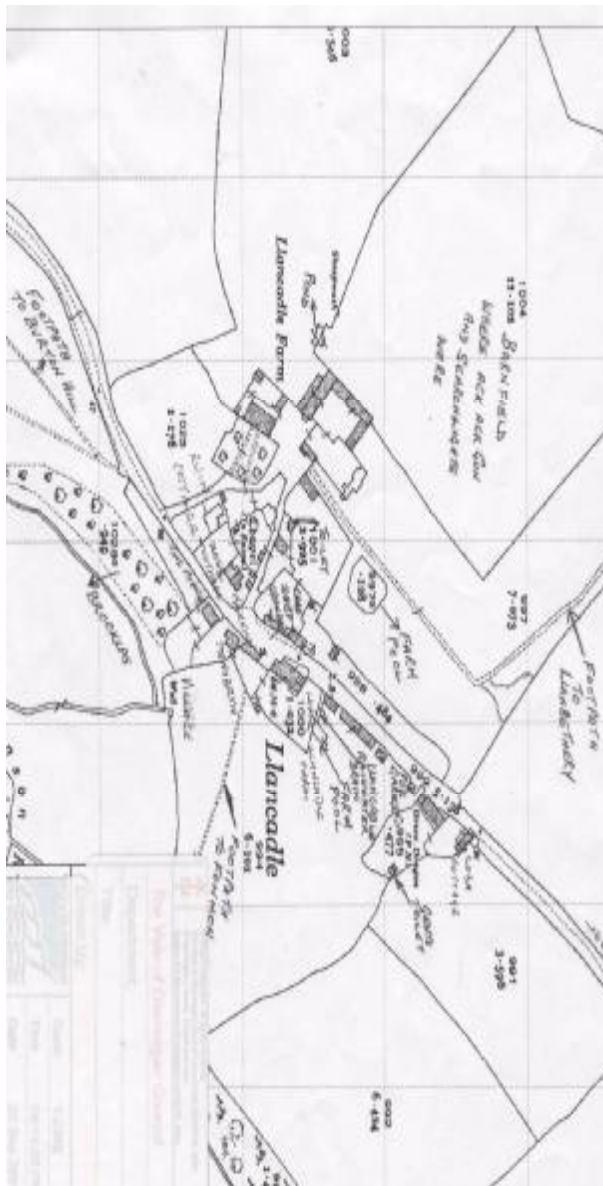
On now down the other lane to Rose Dene, where wooden Jane, Alice Reece, and daughter Corina lived with Corina's daughter, Queenie. Alice and Corina smoked clay pipes. Corina always had a good vegetable garden, back and front of the house. I always remember kicking a ball over the wall and it landed in amongst the potato crop. Boy did I get a telling off and a clip across the ear.

A little further down the lane on the opposite side are two cottages, "Fairview" and "Rose Cottage". Mr. & Mrs. Mortimer lived in Rose Cottage with sons, Horace, Victor, Leonard, Stanley and I believe two daughters, May and ? (does anyone know the name). Mr. Mike Mortimer worked at the farm for Stan Thomas. Mike Mortimer was a quiet unassuming man; it was he who taught me how to plant potatoes in drills, made with a hack, as I was small. He even cut the handle down to suit my height.

You might wonder at this, but my father was in the army and I never saw him for four years. So Mr Mortimer taught me about vegetable growing, "Thank you, Mr. Mortimer". Looking back where did they all sleep with only two bedrooms? Stan can explain perhaps. Stan went into the Navy. This is a run down on village inhabitants over the years. Many incidents happened during those years like threshing corn with steam engine then Dil Price with his Field Marshall tractor, the arrival of mains water, and the day after it was switched on the water from the well, which we had used for years was declared unfit for drinking. Numerous incidents. A close community, Happy Days.

Next to Rose Cottage was Fairview, my home until I was 15 years of age. My home consisted of my Mother, Father, myself and Bryan my brother. My father Charlie spent most of the war years, like many others, away from home. So it meant my brother and I had to learn to repair punctures, chop sticks, help mother with the garden, cut the lawn and various other jobs at an early age, even to lighting the fire, pumping water from the cistern (at least 4 bucket full, more on a wash day), fetching water from the well in summer.

In 1950 we moved to the Manse as Mr. Morgan retired and moved to be close to Ida. Ollie Richard and his wife (who used to keep St. Athan Post Office) purchased Fairview and the adjoining land. Ollie was Road Foreman. I left Llancadle in 1963 to my present address in Fonmon.



--ooOoo--

Inflation: Cutting money in half without damaging the paper.

December Diary by Kay Brain

3rd I was preparing St Cadoc's Church with flowers for my eldest daughters Jo's wedding for the following day. My very good friends Veronica Hall, Fran Winterbottom, Margaret Helchin and Sue Evans were in charge and making sure I did nothing ridiculous with the flowers. It took all of us nearly six hours to complete in very cold conditions – but the end result was perfect. My thanks and admiration to them. The wedding was wonderful and Jo and John loved the flowers.

11th It made a change for the weather to be dry for erecting the Christmas Tree by

the ford, a very pleasant change for Graham along with his much needed assistants of Alan Taylor, Edward Knott, David Evans and Mike Crosta. The tree was donated by Sian Rees and Martin Patterson of Meadowgate.

As usual the electricity came from Ann Ferris's home and Graham commented as to how he missed Dick's friendly "Do you want a cup of tea?"

The painting competition was judged by Dough and Jackie Chugg and Jackie's Mum, Olive Sampson. They choose Sky Marie Field as overall winner, and she was there to switch on the lights after the normal countdown. Carols were sung around the tree. This is the 18th year.

27th It is always exciting to walk down to the ford on Boxing Day, to see the great sense of fun that is achieved by the famous 'tug' across the ford. Teams were ready and eager ... and the thick rope draped across the water seemed to focus peoples attention on the strength it takes to 'pull' and win. Grunts and groans, cheers and laughter were heard, as well as the odd slide into the cold water of the Carfan. Sam Smith expertly controlled the eager teams and David Stevens was a splendid anchor man for the team of Mike Higgs, Ralph Evans, Max Evans and Sharon, Karen, Nia, Lucy Angel, etc. etc.

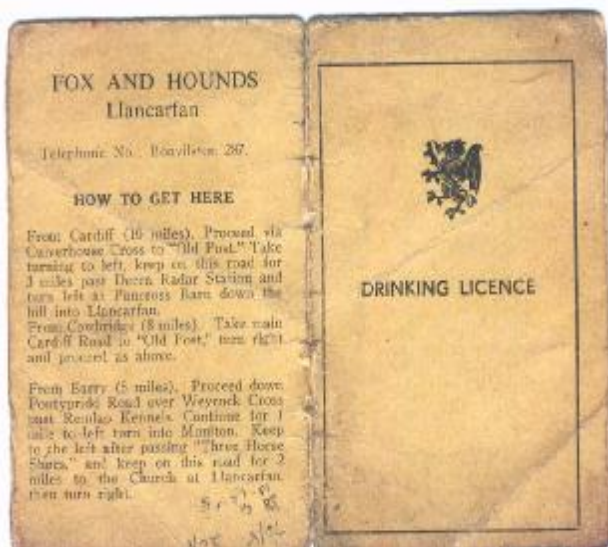
Afterwards John Angel and Sam Smith organised the Duck Egg race and much to their credit a whopping £300 was raised for the Church Restoration Fund.

Another wonderful village day to remember.

--ooOoo--

A Licence to Drink

We have received this copy licence from Mrs Anne Holdham – it belong to her Father, Wm John Sayzeland who was a policeman stationed at Cadoxton and Barry circa 1941.



Maybe Llancarfan came under Barry's jurisdiction in those days. Was it confiscated from someone who was drinking after hours? Or maybe it was a bolt hole for after hours drinking for Wm John Sayzeland?

Please let us know if you have seen one these before.



--ooOoo--

Committee: A body that keeps minutes and wastes hours.

Secret: Something you tell one person at a time.

LLANCARFAN SOCIETY



newsletter 126

April 2005

Foreword: Campbell Reed

I was recently in the Cathedral Bookshop at Lichfield, and noticed a book entitled, "The Changing Countryside", with an 'after word' by Rowan Williams, the current Archbishop of Canterbury. Such a title set me thinking before embarking on this forward. I haven't read the book yet, but I guess important issues affecting the countryside are dwelt upon.

Change is inevitable, of course, and we cannot stop it. Much of it can be for the common good. But we need to take stock of the past in order to progress in the future. Indeed, these days, it seems, we are constantly being badgered by the media, friends, advisers and even politicians to 'move on' and 'to draw lines' under the past, and so on.

It would be easy for me (and I am sorely tempted) to regale some personal memories of my early life in Llancarfan. However, much to the relief of my daughters, I'm sure, I am going to resist that temptation and ponder some of the massive changes that have occurred, generally in the Parish, which I suspect would find common ground in many villages throughout the country.

I am very reliably informed that not too many years ago, there were approximately forty farms/smallholdings in the Parish that were milk producing. Now there are just three and farming is more problematical.

For many years, Llancarfan had its own resident incumbent who lived in the Vicarage. That is not now the case and the village has to share clergy with other places. There were three services per Sunday in the Parish Church; now I believe there is just one. At harvest time, there were always major services in all three places of worship in the village, and each denomination supported the other, thus adding to the richness of village life. The two chapels, as places of worship, have vanished.

In the fifties and sixties, the village was well blessed with public transport, with daily services except Sundays, to Barry and Cardiff. People had four chances daily to travel to Barry.

Dutch Elm disease has altered the feel and shape of Pancross Wood, and the masses of wild flowers in fields and hedgerow seem to be less.

/continued...page 2...

Foreword: /continued from front page...

The inhabitants of yesteryear who left to find employment elsewhere and who now may wish to return to their roots, often find village house prices beyond them.

Formerly, villagers once established in their homes, tended not to move. Indeed, some people would remain in the same house for most or all of their lives. This is not the case, seemingly, today, since there is much more mobility.

All of this should not be regarded as looking back to some kind of golden age, but rather to think about the impact change can have on any community. After all, it is how we cope with change, and what we do with it that will really count.

--ooOoo--

Contributions to the Newsletter should be sent to: Ann Ferris, Fordings, Llanarfafan, Vale of Glamorgan, CF62 3AD, or e-mail to:

newsletter@llanarfafan.com

Historical Archivist: Dr J E Etherington, Parc-y-Bont, Llanowell, Solva, Haverfordwest, SA62 6XX, or e-mail: eth.pbont@virgin.net.

Local Correspondent: Alan Taylor, Windrush, Llanarfafan, CF62 3AD or e-mail a.j.taylor@btconnect.com

Subscriptions/Membership Secretary and Mailing Enquiries: John Gardner, The Willows, Fonmon, CF62 3BJ. Tel. 01446 710054

Secretary: Sheila Mace, Pelydryn, Llanbethery, Barry, CF62 3AN. Tel. 01446 750691.

Llanarfafan Society Administrative and Web-site:

e-mail: llansoc@llanarfafan.f9co.uk

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

Birthdays, Anniversaries, Births and Deaths:

(Please contact Ann Ferris if you wish any event to be included on this page).

Golden Wedding Anniversaries:

Frank and Heather Lowe (nee Morgan) on 19th February.

Brian and Betty Pullen on 26th March

Births:

Margaret Evans on the birth of her Grandson, Benjamin.

Deaths:

Dilys Myfanwy Evans (Blair's mother) on 20th January at the age of 98.

--ooOoo--

Announcements, Local Events:

Llanarfafan Society:

2nd May May Day Walk – Aberthaw Power Station – similar to last year but turning right. We will be meeting at the Blue Anchor for coffee. If you require lunch after the walk, please advise Blue Anchor Staff whilst having coffee.

19th June Local Petanque – Ruth Watts Cup
at the petanque piste below the tennis court.

I am asked by John Gardener to remind those of you who have not yet paid – subs are now well overdue.

To date we have not received any names for the motor pool for taking people to the airport/station. Neither have we had a second co-ordinator.

/Announcements, Local Events continued..

Ladies Tuesday Club:

16th April: Jumble Sale
19th April: AGM
17th May: Mr John Turner 'Helping Us to Draw'.
29th June: Outing to Tewksbury with a trip on the river.
19th July: Summer Supper

New member always welcome.

--ooOoo—

In aid of St Illyd's Church, Llantrithyd

A summer lunch will be held on Sunday, 26th June at Llanvithyn House, by kind permission of Lawrie and Eleanor Williams.

Tickets will be available from members of St Illyd's and Gwyn Plows, Llancarfan (781431), and will be priced at approximately £12.50.

Please support this event.

--ooOoo--

It is regretted that we have not received a page from Llancarfan School for this issue.

--ooOoo—

Following the Annual General Meeting on the 18 March 2005, I give below details of your new Committee – some new faces and many who have been stalwarts over the years.

President: Mike Mace
Chairman: Mike Crosta
Vice Chairman: Alan Taylor
Secretary: Sheila Mace
Treasurer: Sue Taylor
Membership Sec. John Gardener
Newsletter Team: Ann Ferris, Phil Watts, Graham Jenkins, Jean Hunt and Jackie Chugg.

Committee: Gwyneth Plows, Joy Rees, Tony Rees, Phillip Gammon, Graham Brain, Anne Radcliffe.

Auditor: Robert Hutchings.

--ooOoo--

PUZZLE

Find the Total

All the answers are in £ s. d.

£ s. d.

Boy's Name:

Girl's Name:

A Singer:

Monarch's Head Gear:

Old fashioned Bike:

Type of pig:

A stone in weight:

Mon, Sun, Mars:

A leather worker:

An unwell sea creature:

TOTAL:

The answers will be given in the next Newsletter.

--ooOoo--

The Dictionary of National Biography - a Llancarfan link by John Etherington

For many years the *Dictionary of National Biography* has been my first resort when I needed to write about a prominent, or even less than prominent, historical figure. The original edition of *DNB* was published during the 1880s, under the founding editorship of Leslie Stephen (for interest, Virginia Woolfe's father).

Recently we noticed that our local reference library had acquired a set of the new edition of *DNB* but, if my wife, Sheena, had not pointed out that it had been reviewed by Stefan Collini in *London Review of Books* (20.01.05), I would never have found the following 'Llancarfan link'.

Sir Keith Thomas - formerly of *Pancross Farm*, and one of the most distinguished historians of our time, has now further ensured his own place in history by acting as chairman of the supervisory committee of this new *Oxford Dictionary of National Biography*.*

Collini pays warm tribute to Sir Keith: - "who at the time of the projects inception was president elect of the British Academy and chairman of OUP's finance committee (as well as its delegate for history), deserves much of the credit for persuading the projects three participant institutions, the Academy, the University and the Press, to collaborate on it. The financial commitment alone would surely have frightened off most publishers."

It seems quite likely that, as happened with the first *DNB*, the new edition will still be useful in 100 years time. Interestingly Collini observes that this may be "the last work of reference on this scale that will be published in what the jargon of the computer age forces us to call 'hard copy'."

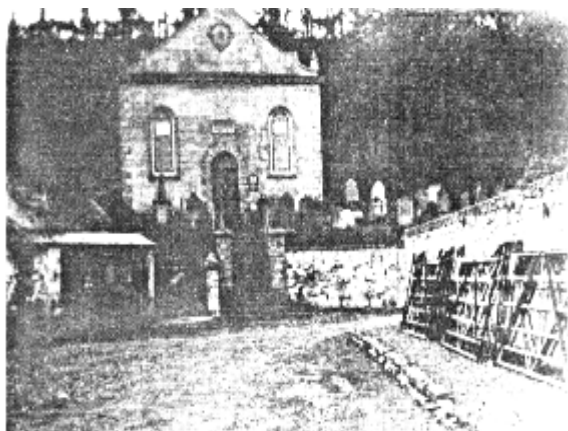
Should one be short of the necessary £7500, it is indeed possible to have internet access to the new *DNB* for £195 per year - a better bargain for the private subscriber - but I heave a sigh of relief for the existence of reference libraries! How long such libraries will themselves survive in 'hard copy' is another matter of concern.

**Oxford Dictionary of National Biography*, H.G.C. Matthew & Brian Harrison (eds), Oxford U.P. (2004), 60 vols, £7500.

--ooOoo--

Bethlehem Chapel, Llancarfan by Tom Clement, Barry Advertiser

The following is a photograph of the Blacksmith's Shop and the Chapel.



The gates are leaning against the churchyard wall probably brought from the carpenter's shop to have hinges fixed. Any other suggestions?

The photograph is prior to 1920 – part of the church wall has been removed to place the War Memorial. Pancross wood behind the chapel does not show a lot of growth – possibly recently cut down.

--ooOoo--

Adult: A person who has stopped growing at both ends and is now growing in the middle.

--ooOoo--

Douglas and Glenys Morgan by Mrs Glenys Church

Mrs Church when enclosing her subscription for this year enclosed the following memories of her brother.

My brother Douglas Morgan passed away on 11 November 2004. Years ago he was a resident of Walterston Fach as it was in those days. Douglas was transferred to Birmingham in the 1930's to work (1935??) with I.C.I. (no social security in those days – there was a job in Birmingham and you must accept it). The same happened to me, and Edgar my older brother. I was sent to Maidenhead.

Douglas never let go his Welsh roots his accent was the same until his death, he followed Cardiff City Football and was always pleased to have news of his home. The Llancarfan Society gave him a lot of pleasure, as it does me. Keep up the good work. Being 100's of miles from those you love makes sometimes a very lonely life. The phone helps, but it is not the same. Lots of memories of Llancarfan up to 1943.

I recently had a surprise family party, I'll say no more except to say it was a wonderful reunion and I realise how much of the family life in Wales I'd missed. We

used to live in the Lodge of Fonmon Castle only for a short time but the memories are still with us.

--ooOoo--

The School Bus by Jeff Thomas, New Zealand

I was very impressed by John Gardner's memory and the detailed account of the daily bus trip – it seems the only thing he has missed is the registration number of the bus. Many of the names he reels off with apparent ease I had long forgotten.

Yes John; Vern and I were picked up at the entrance to Gowlog – that is on the mornings that we were there on time. Quite often we would see the bus pass as we were on our way across the two fields between the farmhouse and the road. On those mornings we were taken to Llancarfan by mother in the Vauxhall 10 (CTX 331).

I have more vivid memories of the homeward journey - particularly the activities while waiting outside the church hall for the bus to arrive. Buying a sixpenny batch from Tudor Liscombe and eating it while still warm – oh those lovely crusts! Or doing imitations of Mister X when jumping from the river bridge to the bank below.

One afternoon, while running down the school hill for the bus, I turned to check where Vern was and knocked out his two front teeth with my elbow.

Happy days! Thanks for the memories John.

--ooOoo--

Newsletters – by David Evans

Within the last Newsletters, there seemed to be an editorial departure from regarding it as an Archival paper, devoted to the history and biographical accounts of its people and their times in early days. Recently there were E Mail asides of a tasteless nature, together with several rather immature comments perhaps pertaining as jokes? Are they part of a new policy, which changes the nature of the paper to one of a local 'chat' form, which I believe Llancarfan already possesses.

--ooOoo--

Teamwork

There are four people named *Everybody*, *Somebody*, *Anybody* and *Nobody*.
There was an important job to be done.
And *Everybody* was asked to do it.
Anybody could have done it, but *Nobody* did.
Somebody got angry about that,
Because it was *Everybody's* job.
Everybody thought that *Anybody* could do it.
But *Nobody* realised that *Everybody* wouldn't do it.
It ended up that *Everybody* blamed *Somebody* when *Nobody* did
What *Anybody* could have done.

A Llancarfan Village Lad by Towyn Williams

Towyn Williams was born on 2nd April 1926 at Ford Farm, Llancarfan. His parents were Tom and Olive Williams (nee Thomas) who married in 1913. He was the youngest of five children.

Tom had originally farmed in the Pontypridd area. Olive had family connections with the Rowland family of Walterston Fawr.

In 1906 Tom Williams was given £10.0s.0d. by his father when he left the Hendre Farm, Pontypridd, to go to Canada. He went to Bristol and bought his boat ticket, no passport was required. On arrival in Montreal, he took a train to Moose Jaw in a goods wagon with a wood-burning stove in the corner, on which all the travellers cooked their food. When he arrived in Moose Jaw he still had £4.0s.0d left.

Tom Williams was one of the first Homesteader's in Canada in 1906. After four years he owned 340 acres at Readling, Saskatchewan in the middle of the prairie. There is something significant about 340 acres, it was half a section, which equalled half a square mile.

He ploughed by oxen and the grain that he grew he took by cart to Moose Jaw, a distance of sixty miles, which was a week's journey. During the journey he would sleep at night under the cart. The monies from the sale of grain paid for groceries and seed for the following year to take back home.

Tom returned to Wales in 1913 to marry Olive, after which they returned to Canada.

Towyn's eldest brother, Byrn, was born in 1915 in a 'sod shack' (a building constructed of turf) on the prairie. Bryn served in the Cardiff City Police Force, for about five year in the late 1930's. During the 1939-45 war he served in the Royal Canadian Air Force as a bomber pilot and was killed when his plane crashed in 1942. His name is on the Llancarfan War Memorial.

Brother Edward was also born on the Canadian prairie in 1916. He farmed Tynwydd Farm, near Cwm Ciddy, Port Road, Barry in the 1950's and had a milk round in Barry. He later farmed at Home Farm, Michleston-le-Pit. At this time he was member of Llancarfan Young Farmers Club. Because he was considered to be a good judge of cattle while he was on the farm with his father he was awarded a trip to Australia. Having been chosen by The Young Farmers Club to represent Wales in 1938, he sailed on S.S. Malogia.

Sister Margaret was born in Canada on the prairie in 1919 and died in Llancarfan in 1925 aged 6. She was buried in Llancarfan Churchyard.

In 1921 the family return to Ford Farm, Llancarfan.

Brother Lyn was born in 1922 at Ford Farm, Llancarfan and farmed there until 1971 when he moved to an excellent farm at Basseleg near Newport, so that he could expand his milking to three times a day.

Olive, Towyn's mother, died at Ford Farm in 1951, whilst Tom, his father, died while on holiday on a cruise ship on the St Lawrence river, Canada in 1964. Both are buried in Llancarfan Churchyard.

Towyn attended Llancarfan School from 1931 to 1937. The teachers were Miss Connie Griffiths (infants) who lived at Bridge House (now called Bridge Cottage). She had a habit of stamping her foot whenever she wanted the class to come to order (including Towyn!). Miss Morfydd Thomas from Brynammon, Nr Swansea taught middle class eight and nine year olds. She lodged with Mrs Margaret Sweet, New House, and later with Mrs Weight at Chapel House. She married Sid Watts and lived at Chapel Cottage, Llancarfan and Dalemead, Llanbethery. George Davies was the Headmaster and taught the senior class (scholarship class for secondary education). He was a very strict teacher and had a cane in the cupboard behind his desk but very rarely used it. He lived at Cartref in Llanbethery while he taught in Llancarfan. He moved to Maesteg in 1940.

In Towyn's class were Rolly Watts, Pancross and Watts' Buses fame; Margaret Taylor, Leach Castle) later to become Towyn's sister in law; Evan Lougher, Treguff; Wyndam Morgan, Walterston; Olwen Vizard, Pancross Cottages; Brenda Rees, Gileston; Marjorie Singleton, Moulton; Glyn Elward, Llantrithyd; Raymond Marsh, Moulton; Gwyn Richards, Whitton Rosser; Jean Davies, Llanbethery (Headmaster's daughter).

Unannounced visitors to the school would be the health visitor and school dentist, a slightly frightening experience for young children in those days, not used to being 'looked at'. Examinations would be carried out in Miss Griffiths' infant's room. Over the piano in 'Gaffer' Davies' room hung a framed Roll of Honour of those local people who were killed in the 1914-18 war.

For several years while Towyn was in Llancarfan School his father was supplying milk to the school for the children, half pints for the oldest children and a third of a pint for the younger ones. Children had free milk in those days, paid for by the education authority. Towyn had the job of transporting the milk from Ford Farm to school and taking the empties home! He used a 'home made' cart with bicycle wheels that he left at the bottom of the school hill as it was too heavy to push up and had no brakes for coming down, the milk being carried up by the older children. No school dinners then, sandwiches in the classroom.

Towyn was unsuccessful in the 11+ examinations, the first time he tried, and with others he transferred to Rhoose School. This was a most uneventful part of his education, except that he joined the school choir and they competed in an Eisteddfod in Cardiff, coming second. After twelve months in Rhoose School, Towyn retook the 11+ examinations and moved to the Grammar school in Barry. This period was not endowed with unlimited success, the biggest reward was to leave when he became fourteen, Towyn says he did not so much leave; he just stopped going. This day could be described as the happiest day in his life.

For the next few years Towyn worked at Ford Farm for his father. During this time he became interested in bell ringing at Llancarfan Church. There were four bells, David Lewis – Little Flaxland) on number one; Jim Bryer of the Fox and Hounds on number two; Towyn on number 3 and Colin Gibbon of Middle Hill on number four. The bell ringers became less keen when the vicar suggested they came to church as well!! Informal records of weddings and other major ringing occasions were kept by writing on the wooden partition between the church and tower in pencil. Many of these records were lost when cement blocks replaced the wooden partition in the 1970-80's. The records that were recovered before the wood was destroyed were published in a previous Newsletter, and in a bellringers book at present in the possession of Phil Watts.

In June 1946 Towyn saw an advertisement in a London paper inviting farm workers to work on the land in Canada. Encouraged by stories of his parents, and with Jim Bryer who was the son of the Landlord of the Fox and Hounds and worked for Tom Morgan at Pennon Farm, he applied and on 10th September 1946 they set out for Canada. They travelled from Llancarfan to Northolt, in Middlesex (just north of London) by train, which cost 25/-d. From Northolt they flew to Shannon in Ireland, from Ireland to Gander in Newfoundland and then on to Toronto. The speed of the plane was about 200 miles per hour. No food or drink supplied. No Air Hostesses. It was a long tedious journey made worse by the fact that they stopped for six hours in Gander for an engine change.

Towyn and Jim worked on a dairy farm near Lynsey, Ontario before moving on to a lumber camp. We worked with all nationalities including native Indians. Work on the lumber camp was hard, we had to walk three miles through three foot of snow, cut down 60 trees using a cross cut saw. A cross cut saw is about five to six feet long with a handle at each end, with two people taking it in turns to draw the saw across the diameter of the tree until it was nearly through, then with great delight shout "Timber"!

That Christmas Jim and Towyn had dinner on a farm about 80 miles from the lumber camp. To return to the lumber camp they caught a bus to Whittin, 15 miles from the camp. They then decided to start walking hoping to get a lift from a passing motorist. They were out of luck, when they were within a mile of the camp they heard and saw a pack of wolves behind them. Later the older men at the camp told them that if they had stopped to rest, it would have been the 'end of them' as the wolves would have attacked. They were so tired and frightened it took them a week to recover.

Jim continued to work at the lumber camp until he came home in 1947 to work on a farm near Swindon belonging to the Singer Sewing Machine Company.

The following spring Towyn left Ontario to work on the Prairies, in Saskatchewan. He worked on the Homestead that his father left 25 years before. The Homestead now belonged to another family. Everything was big. The petrol driven tractors were bigger than anything that had been seen before – 60 horsepower. A field would be a mile long - difficult to keep awake while disking and planting the corn as the work was so tedious. Not a lot of 'headlands here'! (Co-ordinator: not knowing what headlands were, I asked and was told: 'they surround the straight up and down parts of a ploughed field').

Here Towyn met a cousin, Gwyn McGill, who he had not met before. Gwyn's father, James McGill, according to the 1901 census, lived at Ford Farm with his wife Mary and son Emrys. James died on 12th May 1920 aged 61, Mary his wife died 20th September 1923 aged 56. Emrys died 4th December 1923 aged 25. Rowland who was Emrys and Gwyn's elder brother died in 1944.

Gwyn McGill had moved to Canada in 1919 and died in 1980 aged 78 and was buried on the Prairies after a successful career in farming. Gwyn's son Emrys visited Lllancarfan a few years ago and still has 3,000 acres on the Prairies.

In 1947 Towyn had the chance of a trip home on a cattle boat, which he boarded in Montreal with passage to Manchester. The ship was S.S. Manchester Progress. Living conditions aboard were primitive. His quarters were at the stern of the ship. It was quite peaceful when the propeller stopped. Thankfully, it didn't stop! There were 250 cattle on board, heifers in calf. They were to be placed on farms all over Britain. Towyn believes this was the start of the 'Holstein Friesen' herds in this country.



Tom Price – Hedge laying

In September 1950 Towyn married Audrey Taylor, second daughter of Miles Taylor of Leach Castle Farm, which is near Carmel Chapel. The vicar Rev. Lenard Payne conducted the service. The bell ringers were Tudor Liscombe (No.1), Tom Bryer (No. 2), Jim Bryer (No. 3), Colin Gibbon (No. 4). The reception was in the Church Hall and Mrs Bryer did the catering. Towyn and Audrey lived in the wooden bungalow just up the road from Ford Farm while he continued to work for his father.

In 1953 Towyn was offered Ballas Farm, Wenvoe, where he says they had 30 glorious years bringing up four children, three girls and a boy, Gareth born on 5th July 1960, Janet born on 2nd November 1951, Helen born on 8th April 1954 and died on the 30th June 1985, and Anne born on the 14th November 1956. Towyn used Ballas Farm as a dairy farm and by 1978 had built his herd to 120 milking cows. At this stage Towyn thought the regular call of the milking 120 cows no longer filled him with enthusiasm, so he decided to make a change. He sold the herd, and bought Whitehall Farm near St. Lythans, the other side of Wenvoe from Ballas Farm.

Whitehall farm brought a new venture that of 'pick your own'. The farm was planted with tayberries, raspberries, strawberries, red and black currants and gooseberries with a back up of potatoes and broad beans. This is what Towyn and Audrey did for the next 20 years, until they started to run the 'engine' down.

Now they stable and feed approximately 15 ponies. At 78 Towyn is still the 'hands on' farmer and very attached to his tractor, which is nearly as old as him.

For relaxation whilst farming, Towyn belong to the 'Glamorgan Flying Club'. He has flown nine different types of single engine aircraft since obtaining his pilot's licence 1960 - the first aircraft he flew being Tiger Moth. The cost when he started flying was £3.00 per hour, then inflation took over and it went up considerably - memory fails - probably £20.00 per hour in the 1970's. This was not good with the price of milk falling.

In the late 1970's Towyn's brother, Edward, was exporting all types of horses (ponies, cobs, racers) to New Zealand and asked Towyn to help to look after 50 horses on a cargo plane. This Towyn agreed to do; it gave him a chance to meet up with Gareth, his son, who was working out there at the time. The flight took him via Anchorage in Hawaii to Auckland in New Zealand.

Towyn has flown the Atlantic 39 times as a passenger. Visited many countries, Canada, U.S.A., Norway, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, France, Germany, Spain, Portugal, Poland (farm visit), *Ireland*, and New Zealand. He doesn't mention England and Scotland - too near to home. Yes he does because he had been to Land's End and John o'Groats. He has sat in Concorde, been up in a balloon, and flown a helicopter with an instructor.

He says he has had a rewarding and happy life, much of it due to being brought up in Llancarfan and marrying a Llancarfan girl!

--ooOoo--

Fox in the Willows – by Mary Neary

A fox that appears to be saying "don't look at me in that tone of voice"!

A cheeky fox in Margaret Evans' garden – no respecter of persons, look at him – "whose garden is it anyway"?



Photo taken by Mary Neary.

Llancarfan Winters - Mike Crosta

We were looking through our older photo albums and came across some photos that reminded us how much snow we have had from time to time. Then in the Newsletter124 we read Heather Adams' letter about the same thing. Of course Heather & Fred were our next-door neighbours for some time and their photos show

our drive. We built our Bungalow in 1968/9 and in fact work was held up substantially when there was too much snow for us to get through the lanes to Llancarfan.

Our photos seem to concentrate on 1981/2, but our memories we are sure cover more than one winter.

They certainly show that snow was up to the hedges and we remember on the top road at Pancross walking on the snow across the hedge tops. There was a lot of snow immediately after Wales beat Scotland at the Arms Park one year, Bob & Sue Watts were next door but one to us and we remember that Bob went to the Match, but only just made it back, having to leave his car sideways and half way into his drive. A few of us had to push it into his garage next morning.

There was a time when we had to use our snow sledges to take bales of hay to the horses (one belonging to Nicola Watts?). They were a sorry sight with clumps of frozen snow clinging to their hair. A Prosecuting Solicitor colleague of mine was trapped for several days at Cowbridge Magistrates Court and had to sleep in a cell at the Police station next door!

We remember, as Heather does, that helicopters were used and we also Fred & Heather being brought back to the village on a tractor, probably by Geoff Evans.

We were blocked into the village once for up to a week, which I thoroughly enjoyed as an enforced but welcome break. Unfortunately Fred Adams persuaded the Authorities to free us sooner than I personally would have liked. No doubt it was important to others as well. We did not go to the pub for some reason, but we learned that Tony Thomas was having to dispose of his milk and was therefore giving it away, because the tankers could not get through.

A photo we particularly like is of our back garden and patio doors with a large snow drift right outside. Another one reminds us of how much fun the children and adults had in the snow. Tony Davies and myself often reminisce about the mad sledge rides we had down the hills and the lane above the school.



On one
snow
and



occasion the hill to Pennon was so thick with that our children carved out a snow cave big enough for four. One photo of Andrew Crosta Max Evans shows that it really was that big!

Our other next door neighbours were a German couple, George & Lou Witman. He was manager of the Pontyclun Steadler Factory. The snow there was too deep for even locally living employees to get to work. But Germans of management level living quite a long way away did get there by skiing across country. George & Lou went back to Germany, but have since passed away. We still think of what nice neighbours they were.

--ooOoo--

Gwyneth White (mother was Margaret John) formerly of Great House, Llancafán – Phil Watts

On Sunday, 7th November 2004, Margaret Twynham of Penarth visited St Cadoc's Church. She had hoped to bring Gwyneth White, unfortunately Gwyneth was not well enough to travel, she had recently had a fall. Gwyneth celebrated her 94th birthday on Friday, 12th November. It was arranged that Rae Evans would send her a card of best birthday wishes and also some note cards showing St Cadoc's Church from the worshippers of St Cadoc's. Due to poor health Gwyneth was not able to come, and is now in a Nursing Home in Penarth.

Margaret Twynham brought with her a plaque with the inscription "Presented by the Congregation of Llancafán Church to M. John for services to the Church by playing the organ". The plaque had been attached to a silver and glass oil lamp (a photograph is shown below).



For some time now Gwyneth has been anxious to trace some more facts relating to her roots and those of here family. With the aid of Tom Lougher, Vancouver, and a peep at the 1891 and 1901 Census, I have been able to put together some facts surrounding the John family of Great House (Ty Mawr) in Llancafán.

The 1901 census shows that William and Catherine John were living at Ty Mawr (Great House) with their children Margaret (18), David (17), and Jenkin (14). The family later moved to Rock House, Fonmon. In 1935 Tom Lougher senior bought Rock House from David John.



David John, William John, Catherine John, Margaret White (nee John), Gwyneth White
1915/16

Records of Bethel Chapel, Llancarfan, show that William John, Fonmon died on the 10th November 1919 aged 73 – Catherine John died on the 14th October 1923. The records also show three children Margaret, Gwilym and Mary died in infancy.

David Gwilym John's wife was Edith. David was cartoonist (Dai Lossin) for the South Wales Echo in 1913. One of his cartoons hung for many years in the Red Lion, Bonvilston showing some of the well-known characters of Llancarfan in a comic rugby team. In 1943 he was teaching in Cowbridge Grammar School, and later in Monmouth. He and his wife are buried in Llandogo Churchyard. They had two sons Philip and Godfrey. Godfrey emigrated to Canada and died last year. No further knowledge of Philip except that at some time he was living in Llandogo. Margaret John married Tom White and they lived in Penarth. They had two children Gwyneth and Gwilym. Margaret died when Gwyneth was nine years old. Tom brought up the family with the aid of another relative. They often walked from Penarth to Llancarfan and Fonmon to see their relatives.

No knowledge of Jenkin except that he worked for the Consul Service and used to travel by train from Aberthaw to Swansea.

The above information I have gathered from Tom Lougher, Vancouver, and Margaret Twynham, Penarth.

Gwyneth was an enthusiastic traveller on the Bristol Channel paddle steamers. She made her first trip before World War One, her last trip on 17th October 2004 on the Balmoral. She kept a diary of all her voyages. She was so popular with the management of the paddle steamers they gave her a ticket for life. She often visited Lundy Island during the summer months, she was "first off the ship" onto the newly commissioned pier at Lundy. Her last trip to Lundy was on a day out from hospital on 15th August.

Sadly, since the above article was written Gwyneth has died. She passed away on 8th January 2005. She will be remembered in the Penarth area as one of their best-known characters. She kept war-time records as well as her paddle steamer diaries; she was an active member of several Societies. She will be missed by all who knew her. Unfortunately, we came in on year 95 of this long life. We are indebted to Margaret Twynham for introducing us to this incredible lady.

--ooOoo--

Winter in Llancarfan by Jackie Chugg

October yields forth the small green berries on the Pyracantha bushes that grow all over the fences around our bungalow. By late October and early November they have turned into a profusion of lush red berries. These bushes are a haven for the birds that hide in the prickly mass of leaves from their predators. It reminds me of the games we used to have in the comics when you had to spot all the hidden birds in a bush. I never could find the last one.

When I was a young child and lived in Cornwall, my Grandmother used to say that when there were a lot of berries on the holly trees that it was a sign of it being a very harsh winter. I used to wonder "why"? I understand now that it was nature's way of supplying our little feathered friends with some extra food.

Our garden plays host to many species of birds. We have loads of sparrows despite the fact they are supposed to be in decline. The old Song Thrush moves in for the winter feed of berries, along with the beautiful Mistle Thrush which is much larger and eats much more. They stay until the last berry has been eaten and we don't see them again until the following year.

One morning when I looked out of our window - it was miserable - drizzling and everything looked damp and dank - and then I noticed three gentlemen pheasants walking up the road. Out for a morning stroll, or maybe returning home after a late night out! They looked so comical, they probably felt like a change of surroundings or maybe they were looking for some females to add to their 'harem'. Which reminds me that last week I saw that the heron is back, so watch out for the fish in your ponds. The heron is a sight to behold when in flight.

--ooOoo--

Village of Llancadle 1939-1963 by John Gardner

I moved to Llancadle in September 1939 from Pancross Cottages. Yes, Pancross consisted of the late Vivian Thomas' Farm House and two cottages, I believe, rented from the Church in Wales. No Council Houses, no Barn Conversion, no other houses except for Croston and the Vicarage occupied by Rev. Evans, I believe. It was a hard winter in 1939, if anyone remembers!

Starting at the northern end of the village we begin with Cuba Cottage. There lived my Grandmother, Mrs Elizabeth Ann Bealing, her daughter Cassie (Catherine) and my three cousins Henry, Bessie, and Bobbie. My mother's sister, Maud had died and

my Grandfather, John Bealing (Sam) said he would bring up the children.

Next was the Green Dragon - the pub always famous for its Darts Team. Mr. Evans and his sister Mrs Morris lived there; she was an invalid and I only remember her as being bed ridden. My Gran, and Nurse Johnson the District Nurse who lived at Rhoose, looked after her and called regularly. Who remembers Nurse Johnson?

I worked with her husband George who was a Storekeeper at Aberthaw Cement Works. He was one of the few people who ran a car. Nelly Morris took over as Landlady at the Green Dragon. Prior to this she was a teacher at a private school in Somerset. Nelly eventually became Mrs Jenkins when she married John, an ex Army Officer, who was a Bailiff with the then Glamorgan River Board. I am sure that John Board, Penmark and my Uncle Bill could enlighten us on the River Board situation. There are quite a few tales to tell about John Jenkins a character of the Vale. Moving on a few years Gethyn Lloyd and his wife took over the Green Dragon. They came from the Leys Golf Club because it was being taken over by the Generating Board to build Aberthaw Power Station. Gethin was the Professional at the Golf Club.

Moving on to Lower Llancadle Farm, where Kempster Harbottle and his wife farmed. (related to Harbottles at Fonmon). A big man was Kempster always wore a straw hat in summer and flannel shirt. He taught me how to get on a wagon safely (foot in a forward facing wooden spoke) and also how to climb a five bar gate, always on the hinge side. He would always let me ride on the wagons with Treble Down. His saying was "stop the hosses leave John the Gardner get on". Of course in those days' wagons at Harvest Time were two in hand. A few years later on, Lower Llancadle Farm became the home of Frances and Betty Harbottle after they were married. I worked during my school holidays and during the school time, assisting Rhys Mortimer with cows and calves and rising at 6.30 to bring in the cows. How lovely it was to walk the meadow with dew still on the grass and that smell of cows in the cowshed with calves suckling. It was from this work I bought my first brand new bicycle. How proud I was of that bike - £14.10s 0d. from Whitby's in Barry.

A little further on past the cowshed (now a garage for a house) was Penybryn the home of Frank Booker and his wife, their children Ken, Mary, Dot and Roy. It was Frank who was the A.R.P. Warden in the village plus he had something to do with National Savings Stamps. Remember those booklets of stamps? When the book was full, a National Savings Certificate was issued. Do any of you have Certificates from that era? Come to think of it, what did A.R.P. stand for? Was it Air Raid Patrol, or Air Raid Police? A.R.P. was painted in white on a Black Helmet. Frank had laid up his car during the war.

Frank was the instigator of a water bowser being brought to the village, as there was no "mains" water in Llancadle. This was placed on the verge opposite the cowshed - not very successful as it was made of thick steel plate and in the summer the water evaporated. A good place to hide when playing mob (hide and seek) as it had a hinged cover. The idea was that if incendiary bombs were dropped in the village this supply of water would be used to put them out. A.R.P. stood for Air Raid Precautions. As they became eligible for war service Ken went into the Navy, Roy into the Air Force, and Dot worked in the munitions factory at Bridgend. I don't know where Mary worked. Roy, I know was in Tudor Liscombe's Home Guard.

Next door to Penybryn is the Manse. Nice to see that houses have not changed. Now here lived the Morgan family. Phil Morgan and his wife had four children, a son (I cannot remember his name, Graham I think) daughters Ida, Winifred and Margaret. The son left the village early - I think I am correct. Phil Morgan was electrical foreman at Aberthaw Cement Works and was very deaf with one of those huge hearing aids, leather case with shoulder strap to carry battery and black microphone placed on the chest. What would Phil think of the modern ones of today? If he did not hear you he would tap the microphone with his finger and say, "speak into this". I think Phil may have been linked with the missing round of ammo (see previous newsletter).

Up the lane (past the council houses - these were built quite recently,) to Lllancadle Farm. In the farm lived Stan Thomas and his wife and three children. Griff, Sheila and Catherine. Stan was a brother to Vivian Thomas of Pancross, also the farm labourer, Eurfyl from Bridgend way. I do not know his surname. The farmhouse was split into two. A Mr. Manley lived there and he worked for Air Ministry at St Athan. Stan and his wife and children moved down to farm in Carmarthen and Ted Williams moved in when Mr. Manley moved out. I believe Noel Thomas and his wife moved in, and Hayden (the decorators) father and mother. Noel worked for Sir Hugo Boothby. I remember. Stan had Land girls and Italian prisoners of war working for him. They were dropped off in a little pick up of Standard make.

Stan had the Army in the barn field behind the cowshed. They had a search light and what we called an ACKACK gun. I have a photograph of myself and two of the soldiers. The soldiers were housed in wooden huts in the same field. I expect they were part of St. Athans Aerodrome Defence, as was the gun site at Boverton.

On now down the other lane to Rose Dene, where wooden Jane, Alice Reece, and daughter Corina lived with Corina's daughter, Queenie. Alice and Corina smoked clay pipes. Corina always had a good vegetable garden, back and front of the house. I always remember kicking a ball over the wall and it landed in amongst the potato crop. Boy did I get a telling off and a clip across the ear.

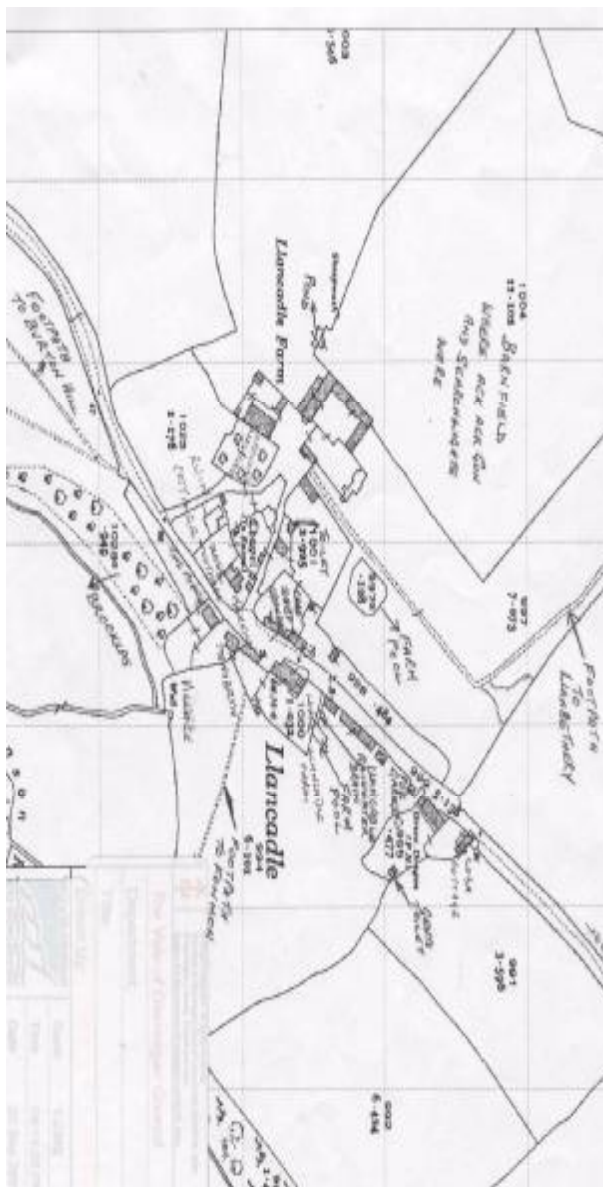
A little further down the lane on the opposite side are two cottages, "Fairview" and "Rose Cottage". Mr. & Mrs. Mortimer lived in Rose Cottage with sons, Horace, Victor, Leonard, Stanley and I believe two daughters, May and ? (does anyone know the name). Mr. Mike Mortimer worked at the farm for Stan Thomas. Mike Mortimer was a quiet unassuming man; it was he who taught me how to plant potatoes in drills, made with a hack, as I was small. He even cut the handle down to suit my height.

You might wonder at this, but my father was in the army and I never saw him for four years. So Mr Mortimer taught me about vegetable growing, "Thank you, Mr. Mortimer". Looking back where did they all sleep with only two bedrooms? Stan can explain perhaps. Stan went into the Navy. This is a run down on village inhabitants over the years. Many incidents happened during those years like threshing corn with steam engine then Dil Price with his Field Marshall tractor, the arrival of mains water, and the day after it was switched on the water from the well, which we had used for years was declared unfit for drinking. Numerous incidents. A close community, Happy Days.

Next to Rose Cottage was Fairview, my home until I was 15 years of age. My home

consisted of my Mother, Father, myself and Bryan my brother. My father Charlie spent most of the war years, like many others, away from home. So it meant my brother and I had to learn to repair punctures, chop sticks, help mother with the garden, cut the lawn and various other jobs at an early age, even to lighting the fire, pumping water from the cistern (at least 4 bucket full, more on a wash day), fetching water from the well in summer.

In 1950 we moved to the Manse as Mr. Morgan retired and moved to be close to Ida. Ollie Richard and his wife (who used to keep St. Athan Post Office) purchased Fairview and the adjoining land. Ollie was Road Foreman. I left Llancadle in 1963 to my present address in Fonmon.



--ooOoo--

Inflation: Cutting money in half without damaging the paper.

December Diary by Kay Brain

3rd I was preparing St Cadoc's Church with flowers for my eldest daughters Jo's

wedding for the following day. My very good friends Veronica Hall, Fran Winterbottom, Margaret Helchin and Sue Evans were in charge and making sure I did nothing ridiculous with the flowers. It took all of us nearly six hours to complete in very cold conditions – but the end result was perfect. My thanks and admiration to them. The wedding was wonderful and Jo and John loved the flowers.

11th It made a change for the weather to be dry for erecting the Christmas Tree by the ford, a very pleasant change for Graham along with his much needed assistants of Alan Taylor, Edward Knott, David Evans and Mike Crosta. The tree was donated by Sian Rees and Martin Patterson of Meadowgate.

As usual the electricity came from Ann Ferris's home and Graham commented as to how he missed Dick's friendly "Do you want a cup of tea?"

The painting competition was judged by Dough and Jackie Chugg and Jackie's Mum, Olive Sampson. They choose Sky Marie Field as overall winner, and she was there to switch on the lights after the normal countdown. Carols were sung around the tree. This is the 18th year.

27th It is always exciting to walk down to the ford on Boxing Day, to see the great sense of fun that is achieved by the famous 'tug' across the ford. Teams were ready and eager ... and the thick rope draped across the water seemed to focus peoples attention on the strength it takes to 'pull' and win. Grunts and groans, cheers and laughter were heard, as well as the odd slide into the cold water of the Carfan. Sam Smith expertly controlled the eager teams and David Stevens was a splendid anchor man for the team of Mike Higgs, Ralph Evans, Max Evans and Sharon, Karen, Nia, Lucy Angel, etc. etc.

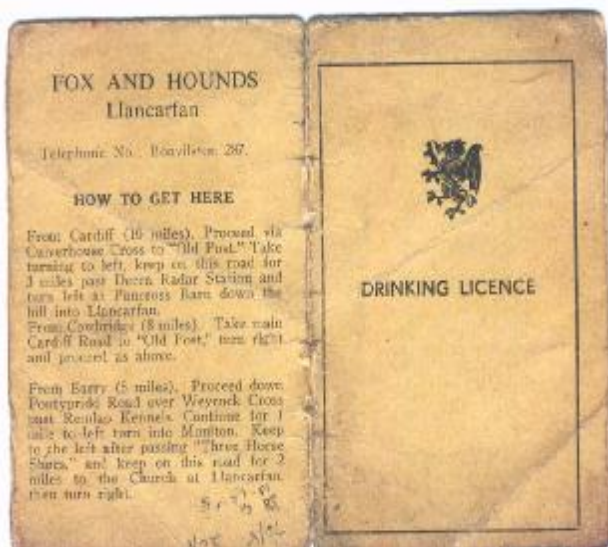
Afterwards John Angel and Sam Smith organised the Duck Egg race and much to their credit a whopping £300 was raised for the Church Restoration Fund.

Another wonderful village day to remember.

--ooOoo--

A Licence to Drink

We have received this copy licence from Mrs Anne Holdham – it belong to her Father, Wm John Sayzeland who was a policeman stationed at Cadoxton and Barry circa 1941.



Maybe Llancarfau came under Barry's jurisdiction in those days. Was it confiscated from someone who was drinking after hours? Or maybe it was a bolt hole for after hours drinking for Wm John Sayzeland?

Please let us know if you have seen one these before.



--ooOoo--

Committee: A body that keeps minutes and wastes hours.

Secret: Something you tell one person at a time.

LLANCARFAN SOCIETY



newsletter 126

April 2005

Foreword: Campbell Reed

I was recently in the Cathedral Bookshop at Lichfield, and noticed a book entitled, "The Changing Countryside", with an 'after word' by Rowan Williams, the current Archbishop of Canterbury. Such a title set me thinking before embarking on this forward. I haven't read the book yet, but I guess important issues affecting the countryside are dwelt upon.

Change is inevitable, of course, and we cannot stop it. Much of it can be for the common good. But we need to take stock of the past in order to progress in the future. Indeed, these days, it seems, we are constantly being badgered by the media, friends, advisers and even politicians to 'move on' and 'to draw lines' under the past, and so on.

It would be easy for me (and I am sorely tempted) to regale some personal memories of my early life in Llancarfan. However, much to the relief of my daughters, I'm sure, I am going to resist that temptation and ponder some of the massive changes that have occurred, generally in the Parish, which I suspect would find common ground in many villages throughout the country.

I am very reliably informed that not too many years ago, there were approximately forty farms/smallholdings in the Parish that were milk producing. Now there are just three and farming is more problematical.

For many years, Llancarfan had its own resident incumbent who lived in the Vicarage. That is not now the case and the village has to share clergy with other places. There were three services per Sunday in the Parish Church; now I believe there is just one. At harvest time, there were always major services in all three places of worship in the village, and each denomination supported the other, thus adding to the richness of village life. The two chapels, as places of worship, have vanished.

In the fifties and sixties, the village was well blessed with public transport, with daily services except Sundays, to Barry and Cardiff. People had four chances daily to travel to Barry.

Dutch Elm disease has altered the feel and shape of Pancross Wood, and the masses of wild flowers in fields and hedgerow seem to be less.

/continued...page 2...

Foreword: /continued from front page...

The inhabitants of yesteryear who left to find employment elsewhere and who now may wish to return to their roots, often find village house prices beyond them.

Formerly, villagers once established in their homes, tended not to move. Indeed, some people would remain in the same house for most or all of their lives. This is not the case, seemingly, today, since there is much more mobility.

All of this should not be regarded as looking back to some kind of golden age, but rather to think about the impact change can have on any community. After all, it is how we cope with change, and what we do with it that will really count.

--ooOoo--

Contributions to the Newsletter should be sent to: Ann Ferris, Fordings, Llanarfafan, Vale of Glamorgan, CF62 3AD, or e-mail to:

newsletter@llanarfafan.com

Historical Archivist: Dr J E Etherington, Parc-y-Bont, Llanowell, Solva, Haverfordwest, SA62 6XX, or e-mail: eth.pbont@virgin.net.

Local Correspondent: Alan Taylor, Windrush, Llanarfafan, CF62 3AD or e-mail a.j.taylor@btconnect.com

Subscriptions/Membership Secretary and Mailing Enquiries: John Gardner, The Willows, Fonmon, CF62 3BJ. Tel. 01446 710054

Secretary: Sheila Mace, Pelydryn, Llanbethery, Barry, CF62 3AN. Tel. 01446 750691.

Llanarfafan Society Administrative and Web-site:

e-mail: llansoc@llanarfafan.f9co.uk

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

Birthdays, Anniversaries, Births and Deaths:

(Please contact Ann Ferris if you wish any event to be included on this page).

Golden Wedding Anniversaries:

Frank and Heather Lowe (nee Morgan) on 19th February.

Brian and Betty Pullen on 26th March

Births:

Margaret Evans on the birth of her Grandson, Benjamin.

Deaths:

Dilys Myfanwy Evans (Blair's mother) on 20th January at the age of 98.

--ooOoo--

Announcements, Local Events:

Llanarfafan Society:

2nd May May Day Walk – Aberthaw Power Station – similar to last year but turning right. We will be meeting at the Blue Anchor for coffee. If you require lunch after the walk, please advise Blue Anchor Staff whilst having coffee.

19th June Local Petanque – Ruth Watts Cup
at the petanque piste below the tennis court.

I am asked by John Gardener to remind those of you who have not yet paid – subs are now well overdue.

To date we have not received any names for the motor pool for taking people to the airport/station. Neither have we had a second co-ordinator.

/Announcements, Local Events continued..

Ladies Tuesday Club:

16th April: Jumble Sale
19th April: AGM
17th May: Mr John Turner 'Helping Us to Draw'.
29th June: Outing to Tewksbury with a trip on the river.
19th July: Summer Supper

New member always welcome.

--ooOoo—

In aid of St Illyd's Church, Llantrithyd

A summer lunch will be held on Sunday, 26th June at Llanvithyn House, by kind permission of Lawrie and Eleanor Williams.

Tickets will be available from members of St Illyd's and Gwyn Plows, Llancarfan (781431), and will be priced at approximately £12.50.

Please support this event.

--ooOoo--

It is regretted that we have not received a page from Llancarfan School for this issue.

--ooOoo—

Following the Annual General Meeting on the 18 March 2005, I give below details of your new Committee – some new faces and many who have been stalwarts over the years.

President: Mike Mace
Chairman: Mike Crosta
Vice Chairman: Alan Taylor
Secretary: Sheila Mace
Treasurer: Sue Taylor
Membership Sec. John Gardener
Newsletter Team: Ann Ferris, Phil Watts, Graham Jenkins, Jean Hunt and Jackie Chugg.

Committee: Gwyneth Plows, Joy Rees, Tony Rees, Phillip Gammon, Graham Brain, Anne Radcliffe.

Auditor: Robert Hutchings.

--ooOoo--

PUZZLE

Find the Total

All the answers are in £ s. d.

£ s. d.

Boy's Name:

Girl's Name:

A Singer:

Monarch's Head Gear:

Old fashioned Bike:

Type of pig:

A stone in weight:

Mon, Sun, Mars:

A leather worker:

An unwell sea creature:

TOTAL:

The answers will be given in the next Newsletter.

--ooOoo--

The Dictionary of National Biography - a Llancarfan link by John Etherington

For many years the *Dictionary of National Biography* has been my first resort when I needed to write about a prominent, or even less than prominent, historical figure. The original edition of *DNB* was published during the 1880s, under the founding editorship of Leslie Stephen (for interest, Virginia Woolfe's father).

Recently we noticed that our local reference library had acquired a set of the new edition of *DNB* but, if my wife, Sheena, had not pointed out that it had been reviewed by Stefan Collini in *London Review of Books* (20.01.05), I would never have found the following 'Llancarfan link'.

Sir Keith Thomas - formerly of *Pancross Farm*, and one of the most distinguished historians of our time, has now further ensured his own place in history by acting as chairman of the supervisory committee of this new *Oxford Dictionary of National Biography*.*

Collini pays warm tribute to Sir Keith: - "who at the time of the projects inception was president elect of the British Academy and chairman of OUP's finance committee (as well as its delegate for history), deserves much of the credit for persuading the projects three participant institutions, the Academy, the University and the Press, to collaborate on it. The financial commitment alone would surely have frightened off most publishers."

It seems quite likely that, as happened with the first *DNB*, the new edition will still be useful in 100 years time. Interestingly Collini observes that this may be "the last work of reference on this scale that will be published in what the jargon of the computer age forces us to call 'hard copy'."

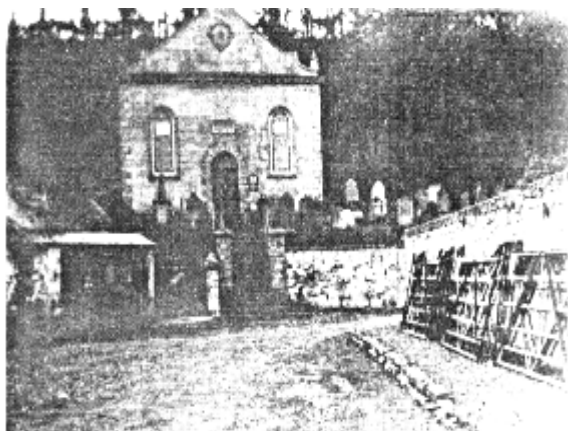
Should one be short of the necessary £7500, it is indeed possible to have internet access to the new *DNB* for £195 per year - a better bargain for the private subscriber - but I heave a sigh of relief for the existence of reference libraries! How long such libraries will themselves survive in 'hard copy' is another matter of concern.

**Oxford Dictionary of National Biography*, H.G.C. Matthew & Brian Harrison (eds), Oxford U.P. (2004), 60 vols, £7500.

--ooOoo--

Bethlehem Chapel, Llancafán by Tom Clement, Barry Advertiser

The following is a photograph of the Blacksmith's Shop and the Chapel.



The gates are leaning against the churchyard wall probably brought from the carpenter's shop to have hinges fixed. Any other suggestions?

The photograph is prior to 1920 – part of the church wall has been removed to place the War Memorial. Pancross wood behind the chapel does not show a lot of growth – possibly recently cut down.

--ooOoo--

Adult: A person who has stopped growing at both ends and is now growing in the middle.

--ooOoo--

Douglas and Glenys Morgan by Mrs Glenys Church

Mrs Church when enclosing her subscription for this year enclosed the following memories of her brother.

My brother Douglas Morgan passed away on 11 November 2004. Years ago he was a resident of Walterston Fach as it was in those days. Douglas was transferred to Birmingham in the 1930's to work (1935??) with I.C.I. (no social security in those days – there was a job in Birmingham and you must accept it). The same happened to me, and Edgar my older brother. I was sent to Maidenhead.

Douglas never let go his Welsh roots his accent was the same until his death, he followed Cardiff City Football and was always pleased to have news of his home. The Llancafán Society gave him a lot of pleasure, as it does me. Keep up the good work. Being 100's of miles from those you love makes sometimes a very lonely life. The phone helps, but it is not the same. Lots of memories of Llancafán up to 1943.

I recently had a surprise family party, I'll say no more except to say it was a wonderful reunion and I realise how much of the family life in Wales I'd missed. We

used to live in the Lodge of Fonmon Castle only for a short time but the memories are still with us.

--ooOoo--

The School Bus by Jeff Thomas, New Zealand

I was very impressed by John Gardner's memory and the detailed account of the daily bus trip – it seems the only thing he has missed is the registration number of the bus. Many of the names he reels off with apparent ease I had long forgotten.

Yes John; Vern and I were picked up at the entrance to Gowlog – that is on the mornings that we were there on time. Quite often we would see the bus pass as we were on our way across the two fields between the farmhouse and the road. On those mornings we were taken to Llancarfan by mother in the Vauxhall 10 (CTX 331).

I have more vivid memories of the homeward journey - particularly the activities while waiting outside the church hall for the bus to arrive. Buying a sixpenny batch from Tudor Liscombe and eating it while still warm – oh those lovely crusts! Or doing imitations of Mister X when jumping from the river bridge to the bank below.

One afternoon, while running down the school hill for the bus, I turned to check where Vern was and knocked out his two front teeth with my elbow.

Happy days! Thanks for the memories John.

--ooOoo--

Newsletters – by David Evans

Within the last Newsletters, there seemed to be an editorial departure from regarding it as an Archival paper, devoted to the history and biographical accounts of its people and their times in early days. Recently there were E Mail asides of a tasteless nature, together with several rather immature comments perhaps pertaining as jokes? Are they part of a new policy, which changes the nature of the paper to one of a local 'chat' form, which I believe Llancarfan already possesses.

--ooOoo--

Teamwork

There are four people named *Everybody*, *Somebody*, *Anybody* and *Nobody*.
There was an important job to be done.
And *Everybody* was asked to do it.
Anybody could have done it, but *Nobody* did.
Somebody got angry about that,
Because it was *Everybody's* job.
Everybody thought that *Anybody* could do it.
But *Nobody* realised that *Everybody* wouldn't do it.
It ended up that *Everybody* blamed *Somebody* when *Nobody* did
What *Anybody* could have done.

A Llancarfan Village Lad by Towyn Williams

Towyn Williams was born on 2nd April 1926 at Ford Farm, Llancarfan. His parents were Tom and Olive Williams (nee Thomas) who married in 1913. He was the youngest of five children.

Tom had originally farmed in the Pontypridd area. Olive had family connections with the Rowland family of Walterston Fawr.

In 1906 Tom Williams was given £10.0s.0d. by his father when he left the Hendre Farm, Pontypridd, to go to Canada. He went to Bristol and bought his boat ticket, no passport was required. On arrival in Montreal, he took a train to Moose Jaw in a goods wagon with a wood-burning stove in the corner, on which all the travellers cooked their food. When he arrived in Moose Jaw he still had £4.0s.0d left.

Tom Williams was one of the first Homesteader's in Canada in 1906. After four years he owned 340 acres at Readling, Saskatchewan in the middle of the prairie. There is something significant about 340 acres, it was half a section, which equalled half a square mile.

He ploughed by oxen and the grain that he grew he took by cart to Moose Jaw, a distance of sixty miles, which was a week's journey. During the journey he would sleep at night under the cart. The monies from the sale of grain paid for groceries and seed for the following year to take back home.

Tom returned to Wales in 1913 to marry Olive, after which they returned to Canada.

Towyn's eldest brother, Byrn, was born in 1915 in a 'sod shack' (a building constructed of turf) on the prairie. Bryn served in the Cardiff City Police Force, for about five year in the late 1930's. During the 1939-45 war he served in the Royal Canadian Air Force as a bomber pilot and was killed when his plane crashed in 1942. His name is on the Llancarfan War Memorial.

Brother Edward was also born on the Canadian prairie in 1916. He farmed Tynwydd Farm, near Cwm Ciddy, Port Road, Barry in the 1950's and had a milk round in Barry. He later farmed at Home Farm, Michleston-le-Pit. At this time he was member of Llancarfan Young Farmers Club. Because he was considered to be a good judge of cattle while he was on the farm with his father he was awarded a trip to Australia. Having been chosen by The Young Farmers Club to represent Wales in 1938, he sailed on S.S. Malogia.

Sister Margaret was born in Canada on the prairie in 1919 and died in Llancarfan in 1925 aged 6. She was buried in Llancarfan Churchyard.

In 1921 the family return to Ford Farm, Llancarfan.

Brother Lyn was born in 1922 at Ford Farm, Llancarfan and farmed there until 1971 when he moved to an excellent farm at Basseleg near Newport, so that he could expand his milking to three times a day.

Olive, Towyn's mother, died at Ford Farm in 1951, whilst Tom, his father, died while on holiday on a cruise ship on the St Lawrence river, Canada in 1964. Both are buried in Llancarfan Churchyard.

Towyn attended Llancarfan School from 1931 to 1937. The teachers were Miss Connie Griffiths (infants) who lived at Bridge House (now called Bridge Cottage). She had a habit of stamping her foot whenever she wanted the class to come to order (including Towyn!). Miss Morfydd Thomas from Brynammon, Nr Swansea taught middle class eight and nine year olds. She lodged with Mrs Margaret Sweet, New House, and later with Mrs Weight at Chapel House. She married Sid Watts and lived at Chapel Cottage, Llancarfan and Dalemead, Llanbethery. George Davies was the Headmaster and taught the senior class (scholarship class for secondary education). He was a very strict teacher and had a cane in the cupboard behind his desk but very rarely used it. He lived at Cartref in Llanbethery while he taught in Llancarfan. He moved to Maesteg in 1940.

In Towyn's class were Rolly Watts, Pancross and Watts' Buses fame; Margaret Taylor, Leach Castle) later to become Towyn's sister in law; Evan Lougher, Treguff; Wyndam Morgan, Walterston; Olwen Vizard, Pancross Cottages; Brenda Rees, Gileston; Marjorie Singleton, Moulton; Glyn Elward, Llantrithyd; Raymond Marsh, Moulton; Gwyn Richards, Whitton Rosser; Jean Davies, Llanbethery (Headmaster's daughter).

Unannounced visitors to the school would be the health visitor and school dentist, a slightly frightening experience for young children in those days, not used to being 'looked at'. Examinations would be carried out in Miss Griffiths' infant's room. Over the piano in 'Gaffer' Davies' room hung a framed Roll of Honour of those local people who were killed in the 1914-18 war.

For several years while Towyn was in Llancarfan School his father was supplying milk to the school for the children, half pints for the oldest children and a third of a pint for the younger ones. Children had free milk in those days, paid for by the education authority. Towyn had the job of transporting the milk from Ford Farm to school and taking the empties home! He used a 'home made' cart with bicycle wheels that he left at the bottom of the school hill as it was too heavy to push up and had no brakes for coming down, the milk being carried up by the older children. No school dinners then, sandwiches in the classroom.

Towyn was unsuccessful in the 11+ examinations, the first time he tried, and with others he transferred to Rhoose School. This was a most uneventful part of his education, except that he joined the school choir and they competed in an Eisteddfod in Cardiff, coming second. After twelve months in Rhoose School, Towyn retook the 11+ examinations and moved to the Grammar school in Barry. This period was not endowed with unlimited success, the biggest reward was to leave when he became fourteen, Towyn says he did not so much leave; he just stopped going. This day could be described as the happiest day in his life.

For the next few years Towyn worked at Ford Farm for his father. During this time he became interested in bell ringing at Llancarfan Church. There were four bells, David Lewis – Little Flaxland) on number one; Jim Bryer of the Fox and Hounds on number two; Towyn on number 3 and Colin Gibbon of Middle Hill on number four. The bell ringers became less keen when the vicar suggested they came to church as well!! Informal records of weddings and other major ringing occasions were kept by writing on the wooden partition between the church and tower in pencil. Many of these records were lost when cement blocks replaced the wooden partition in the 1970-80's. The records that were recovered before the wood was destroyed were published in a previous Newsletter, and in a bellringers book at present in the possession of Phil Watts.

In June 1946 Towyn saw an advertisement in a London paper inviting farm workers to work on the land in Canada. Encouraged by stories of his parents, and with Jim Bryer who was the son of the Landlord of the Fox and Hounds and worked for Tom Morgan at Pennon Farm, he applied and on 10th September 1946 they set out for Canada. They travelled from Llancarfan to Northolt, in Middlesex (just north of London) by train, which cost 25/-d. From Northolt they flew to Shannon in Ireland, from Ireland to Gander in Newfoundland and then on to Toronto. The speed of the plane was about 200 miles per hour. No food or drink supplied. No Air Hostesses. It was a long tedious journey made worse by the fact that they stopped for six hours in Gander for an engine change.

Towyn and Jim worked on a dairy farm near Lynsey, Ontario before moving on to a lumber camp. We worked with all nationalities including native Indians. Work on the lumber camp was hard, we had to walk three miles through three foot of snow, cut down 60 trees using a cross cut saw. A cross cut saw is about five to six feet long with a handle at each end, with two people taking it in turns to draw the saw across the diameter of the tree until it was nearly through, then with great delight shout "Timber"!

That Christmas Jim and Towyn had dinner on a farm about 80 miles from the lumber camp. To return to the lumber camp they caught a bus to Whittin, 15 miles from the camp. They then decided to start walking hoping to get a lift from a passing motorist. They were out of luck, when they were within a mile of the camp they heard and saw a pack of wolves behind them. Later the older men at the camp told them that if they had stopped to rest, it would have been the 'end of them' as the wolves would have attacked. They were so tired and frightened it took them a week to recover.

Jim continued to work at the lumber camp until he came home in 1947 to work on a farm near Swindon belonging to the Singer Sewing Machine Company.

The following spring Towyn left Ontario to work on the Prairies, in Saskatchewan. He worked on the Homestead that his father left 25 years before. The Homestead now belonged to another family. Everything was big. The petrol driven tractors were bigger than anything that had been seen before – 60 horsepower. A field would be a mile long - difficult to keep awake while disking and planting the corn as the work was so tedious. Not a lot of 'headlands here'! (Co-ordinator: not knowing what headlands were, I asked and was told: 'they surround the straight up and down parts of a ploughed field').

Here Towyn met a cousin, Gwyn McGill, who he had not met before. Gwyn's father, James McGill, according to the 1901 census, lived at Ford Farm with his wife Mary and son Emrys. James died on 12th May 1920 aged 61, Mary his wife died 20th September 1923 aged 56. Emrys died 4th December 1923 aged 25. Rowland who was Emrys and Gwyn's elder brother died in 1944.

Gwyn McGill had moved to Canada in 1919 and died in 1980 aged 78 and was buried on the Prairies after a successful career in farming. Gwyn's son Emrys visited Lllancarfan a few years ago and still has 3,000 acres on the Prairies.

In 1947 Towyn had the chance of a trip home on a cattle boat, which he boarded in Montreal with passage to Manchester. The ship was S.S. Manchester Progress. Living conditions aboard were primitive. His quarters were at the stern of the ship. It was quite peaceful when the propeller stopped. Thankfully, it didn't stop! There were 250 cattle on board, heifers in calf. They were to be placed on farms all over Britain. Towyn believes this was the start of the 'Holstein Friesen' herds in this country.



Tom Price – Hedge laying

In September 1950 Towyn married Audrey Taylor, second daughter of Miles Taylor of Leach Castle Farm, which is near Carmel Chapel. The vicar Rev. Lenard Payne conducted the service. The bell ringers were Tudor Liscombe (No.1), Tom Bryer (No. 2), Jim Bryer (No. 3), Colin Gibbon (No. 4). The reception was in the Church Hall and Mrs Bryer did the catering. Towyn and Audrey lived in the wooden bungalow just up the road from Ford Farm while he continued to work for his father.

In 1953 Towyn was offered Ballas Farm, Wenvoe, where he says they had 30 glorious years bringing up four children, three girls and a boy, Gareth born on 5th July 1960, Janet born on 2nd November 1951, Helen born on 8th April 1954 and died on the 30th June 1985, and Anne born on the 14th November 1956. Towyn used Ballas Farm as a dairy farm and by 1978 had built his herd to 120 milking cows. At this stage Towyn thought the regular call of the milking 120 cows no longer filled him with enthusiasm, so he decided to make a change. He sold the herd, and bought Whitehall Farm near St. Lythans, the other side of Wenvoe from Ballas Farm.

Whitehall farm brought a new venture that of 'pick your own'. The farm was planted with tayberries, raspberries, strawberries, red and black currants and gooseberries with a back up of potatoes and broad beans. This is what Towyn and Audrey did for the next 20 years, until they started to run the 'engine' down.

Now they stable and feed approximately 15 ponies. At 78 Towyn is still the 'hands on' farmer and very attached to his tractor, which is nearly as old as him.

For relaxation whilst farming, Towyn belong to the 'Glamorgan Flying Club'. He has flown nine different types of single engine aircraft since obtaining his pilot's licence 1960 - the first aircraft he flew being Tiger Moth. The cost when he started flying was £3.00 per hour, then inflation took over and it went up considerably - memory fails - probably £20.00 per hour in the 1970's. This was not good with the price of milk falling.

In the late 1970's Towyn's brother, Edward, was exporting all types of horses (ponies, cobs, racers) to New Zealand and asked Towyn to help to look after 50 horses on a cargo plane. This Towyn agreed to do; it gave him a chance to meet up with Gareth, his son, who was working out there at the time. The flight took him via Anchorage in Hawaii to Auckland in New Zealand.

Towyn has flown the Atlantic 39 times as a passenger. Visited many countries, Canada, U.S.A., Norway, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, France, Germany, Spain, Portugal, Poland (farm visit), *Ireland*, and New Zealand. He doesn't mention England and Scotland - too near to home. Yes he does because he had been to Land's End and John o'Groats. He has sat in Concorde, been up in a balloon, and flown a helicopter with an instructor.

He says he has had a rewarding and happy life, much of it due to being brought up in Llancarfan and marrying a Llancarfan girl!

--ooOoo--

Fox in the Willows – by Mary Neary

A fox that appears to be saying “don't look at me in that tone of voice”!

A cheeky fox in Margaret Evans' garden – no respecter of persons, look at him – “whose garden is it anyway”?



Photo taken by Mary Neary.

Llancarfan Winters - Mike Crosta

We were looking through our older photo albums and came across some photos that reminded us how much snow we have had from time to time. Then in the Newsletter124 we read Heather Adams' letter about the same thing. Of course Heather & Fred were our next-door neighbours for some time and their photos show

our drive. We built our Bungalow in 1968/9 and in fact work was held up substantially when there was too much snow for us to get through the lanes to Llancarfan.

Our photos seem to concentrate on 1981/2, but our memories we are sure cover more than one winter.

They certainly show that snow was up to the hedges and we remember on the top road at Pancross walking on the snow across the hedge tops. There was a lot of snow immediately after Wales beat Scotland at the Arms Park one year, Bob & Sue Watts were next door but one to us and we remember that Bob went to the Match, but only just made it back, having to leave his car sideways and half way into his drive. A few of us had to push it into his garage next morning.

There was a time when we had to use our snow sledges to take bales of hay to the horses (one belonging to Nicola Watts?). They were a sorry sight with clumps of frozen snow clinging to their hair. A Prosecuting Solicitor colleague of mine was trapped for several days at Cowbridge Magistrates Court and had to sleep in a cell at the Police station next door!

We remember, as Heather does, that helicopters were used and we also Fred & Heather being brought back to the village on a tractor, probably by Geoff Evans.

We were blocked into the village once for up to a week, which I thoroughly enjoyed as an enforced but welcome break. Unfortunately Fred Adams persuaded the Authorities to free us sooner than I personally would have liked. No doubt it was important to others as well. We did not go to the pub for some reason, but we learned that Tony Thomas was having to dispose of his milk and was therefore giving it away, because the tankers could not get through.

A photo we particularly like is of our back garden and patio doors with a large snow drift right outside. Another one reminds us of how much fun the children and adults had in the snow. Tony Davies and myself often reminisce about the mad sledge rides we had down the hills and the lane above the school.



On one
snow
and



occasion the hill to Pennon was so thick with that our children carved out a snow cave big enough for four. One photo of Andrew Crosta Max Evans shows that it really was that big!

Our other next door neighbours were a German couple, George & Lou Witman. He was manager of the Pontyclun Steadler Factory. The snow there was too deep for even locally living employees to get to work. But Germans of management level living quite a long way away did get there by skiing across country. George & Lou went back to Germany, but have since passed away. We still think of what nice neighbours they were.

--ooOoo--

Gwyneth White (mother was Margaret John) formerly of Great House, Llanarfán – Phil Watts

On Sunday, 7th November 2004, Margaret Twynham of Penarth visited St Cadoc's Church. She had hoped to bring Gwyneth White, unfortunately Gwyneth was not well enough to travel, she had recently had a fall. Gwyneth celebrated her 94th birthday on Friday, 12th November. It was arranged that Rae Evans would send her a card of best birthday wishes and also some note cards showing St Cadoc's Church from the worshippers of St Cadoc's. Due to poor health Gwyneth was not able to come, and is now in a Nursing Home in Penarth.

Margaret Twynham brought with her a plaque with the inscription "Presented by the Congregation of Llanarfán Church to M. John for services to the Church by playing the organ". The plaque had been attached to a silver and glass oil lamp (a photograph is shown below).



For some time now Gwyneth has been anxious to trace some more facts relating to her roots and those of here family. With the aid of Tom Lougher, Vancouver, and a peep at the 1891 and 1901 Census, I have been able to put together some facts surrounding the John family of Great House (Ty Mawr) in Llanarfán.

The 1901 census shows that William and Catherine John were living at Ty Mawr (Great House) with their children Margaret (18), David (17), and Jenkin (14). The family later moved to Rock House, Fonmon. In 1935 Tom Lougher senior bought Rock House from David John.



David John, William John, Catherine John, Margaret White (nee John), Gwyneth White
1915/16

Records of Bethel Chapel, Llancarfan, show that William John, Fonmon died on the 10th November 1919 aged 73 – Catherine John died on the 14th October 1923. The records also show three children Margaret, Gwilym and Mary died in infancy.

David Gwilym John's wife was Edith. David was cartoonist (Dai Lossin) for the South Wales Echo in 1913. One of his cartoons hung for many years in the Red Lion, Bonvilston showing some of the well-known characters of Llancarfan in a comic rugby team. In 1943 he was teaching in Cowbridge Grammar School, and later in Monmouth. He and his wife are buried in Llandogo Churchyard. They had two sons Philip and Godfrey. Godfrey emigrated to Canada and died last year. No further knowledge of Philip except that at some time he was living in Llandogo. Margaret John married Tom White and they lived in Penarth. They had two children Gwyneth and Gwilym. Margaret died when Gwyneth was nine years old. Tom brought up the family with the aid of another relative. They often walked from Penarth to Llancarfan and Fonmon to see their relatives.

No knowledge of Jenkin except that he worked for the Consul Service and used to travel by train from Aberthaw to Swansea.

The above information I have gathered from Tom Lougher, Vancouver, and Margaret Twynham, Penarth.

Gwyneth was an enthusiastic traveller on the Bristol Channel paddle steamers. She made her first trip before World War One, her last trip on 17th October 2004 on the Balmoral. She kept a diary of all her voyages. She was so popular with the management of the paddle steamers they gave her a ticket for life. She often visited Lundy Island during the summer months, she was "first off the ship" onto the newly commissioned pier at Lundy. Her last trip to Lundy was on a day out from hospital on 15th August.

Sadly, since the above article was written Gwyneth has died. She passed away on 8th January 2005. She will be remembered in the Penarth area as one of their best-known characters. She kept war-time records as well as her paddle steamer diaries; she was an active member of several Societies. She will be missed by all who knew her. Unfortunately, we came in on year 95 of this long life. We are indebted to Margaret Twynham for introducing us to this incredible lady.

--ooOoo--

Winter in Llancarfan by Jackie Chugg

October yields forth the small green berries on the Pyracantha bushes that grow all over the fences around our bungalow. By late October and early November they have turned into a profusion of lush red berries. These bushes are a haven for the birds that hide in the prickly mass of leaves from their predators. It reminds me of the games we used to have in the comics when you had to spot all the hidden birds in a bush. I never could find the last one.

When I was a young child and lived in Cornwall, my Grandmother used to say that when there were a lot of berries on the holly trees that it was a sign of it being a very harsh winter. I used to wonder "why"? I understand now that it was nature's way of supplying our little feathered friends with some extra food.

Our garden plays host to many species of birds. We have loads of sparrows despite the fact they are supposed to be in decline. The old Song Thrush moves in for the winter feed of berries, along with the beautiful Mistle Thrush which is much larger and eats much more. They stay until the last berry has been eaten and we don't see them again until the following year.

One morning when I looked out of our window - it was miserable - drizzling and everything looked damp and dank - and then I noticed three gentlemen pheasants walking up the road. Out for a morning stroll, or maybe returning home after a late night out! They looked so comical, they probably felt like a change of surroundings or maybe they were looking for some females to add to their 'harem'. Which reminds me that last week I saw that the heron is back, so watch out for the fish in your ponds. The heron is a sight to behold when in flight.

--ooOoo--

Village of Llancadle 1939-1963 by John Gardner

I moved to Llancadle in September 1939 from Pancross Cottages. Yes, Pancross consisted of the late Vivian Thomas' Farm House and two cottages, I believe, rented from the Church in Wales. No Council Houses, no Barn Conversion, no other houses except for Croston and the Vicarage occupied by Rev. Evans, I believe. It was a hard winter in 1939, if anyone remembers!

Starting at the northern end of the village we begin with Cuba Cottage. There lived my Grandmother, Mrs Elizabeth Ann Bealing, her daughter Cassie (Catherine) and my three cousins Henry, Bessie, and Bobbie. My mother's sister, Maud had died and

my Grandfather, John Bealing (Sam) said he would bring up the children.

Next was the Green Dragon - the pub always famous for its Darts Team. Mr. Evans and his sister Mrs Morris lived there; she was an invalid and I only remember her as being bed ridden. My Gran, and Nurse Johnson the District Nurse who lived at Rhoose, looked after her and called regularly. Who remembers Nurse Johnson?

I worked with her husband George who was a Storekeeper at Aberthaw Cement Works. He was one of the few people who ran a car. Nelly Morris took over as Landlady at the Green Dragon. Prior to this she was a teacher at a private school in Somerset. Nelly eventually became Mrs Jenkins when she married John, an ex Army Officer, who was a Bailiff with the then Glamorgan River Board. I am sure that John Board, Penmark and my Uncle Bill could enlighten us on the River Board situation. There are quite a few tales to tell about John Jenkins a character of the Vale. Moving on a few years Gethyn Lloyd and his wife took over the Green Dragon. They came from the Leys Golf Club because it was being taken over by the Generating Board to build Aberthaw Power Station. Gethin was the Professional at the Golf Club.

Moving on to Lower Llancadle Farm, where Kempster Harbottle and his wife farmed. (related to Harbottles at Fonmon). A big man was Kempster always wore a straw hat in summer and flannel shirt. He taught me how to get on a wagon safely (foot in a forward facing wooden spoke) and also how to climb a five bar gate, always on the hinge side. He would always let me ride on the wagons with Treble Down. His saying was "stop the hosses leave John the Gardner get on". Of course in those days' wagons at Harvest Time were two in hand. A few years later on, Lower Llancadle Farm became the home of Frances and Betty Harbottle after they were married. I worked during my school holidays and during the school time, assisting Rhys Mortimer with cows and calves and rising at 6.30 to bring in the cows. How lovely it was to walk the meadow with dew still on the grass and that smell of cows in the cowshed with calves suckling. It was from this work I bought my first brand new bicycle. How proud I was of that bike - £14.10s 0d. from Whitby's in Barry.

A little further on past the cowshed (now a garage for a house) was Penybryn the home of Frank Booker and his wife, their children Ken, Mary, Dot and Roy. It was Frank who was the A.R.P. Warden in the village plus he had something to do with National Savings Stamps. Remember those booklets of stamps? When the book was full, a National Savings Certificate was issued. Do any of you have Certificates from that era? Come to think of it, what did A.R.P. stand for? Was it Air Raid Patrol, or Air Raid Police? A.R.P. was painted in white on a Black Helmet. Frank had laid up his car during the war.

Frank was the instigator of a water bowser being brought to the village, as there was no "mains" water in Llancadle. This was placed on the verge opposite the cowshed - not very successful as it was made of thick steel plate and in the summer the water evaporated. A good place to hide when playing mob (hide and seek) as it had a hinged cover. The idea was that if incendiary bombs were dropped in the village this supply of water would be used to put them out. A.R.P. stood for Air Raid Precautions. As they became eligible for war service Ken went into the Navy, Roy into the Air Force, and Dot worked in the munitions factory at Bridgend. I don't know where Mary worked. Roy, I know was in Tudor Liscombe's Home Guard.

Next door to Penybryn is the Manse. Nice to see that houses have not changed. Now here lived the Morgan family. Phil Morgan and his wife had four children, a son (I cannot remember his name, Graham I think) daughters Ida, Winifred and Margaret. The son left the village early - I think I am correct. Phil Morgan was electrical foreman at Aberthaw Cement Works and was very deaf with one of those huge hearing aids, leather case with shoulder strap to carry battery and black microphone placed on the chest. What would Phil think of the modern ones of today? If he did not hear you he would tap the microphone with his finger and say, "speak into this". I think Phil may have been linked with the missing round of ammo (see previous newsletter).

Up the lane (past the council houses - these were built quite recently,) to Llanddle Farm. In the farm lived Stan Thomas and his wife and three children. Griff, Sheila and Catherine. Stan was a brother to Vivian Thomas of Pancross, also the farm labourer, Eurfyl from Bridgend way. I do not know his surname. The farmhouse was split into two. A Mr. Manley lived there and he worked for Air Ministry at St Athan. Stan and his wife and children moved down to farm in Carmarthen and Ted Williams moved in when Mr. Manley moved out. I believe Noel Thomas and his wife moved in, and Hayden (the decorators) father and mother. Noel worked for Sir Hugo Boothby. I remember. Stan had Land girls and Italian prisoners of war working for him. They were dropped off in a little pick up of Standard make.

Stan had the Army in the barn field behind the cowshed. They had a search light and what we called an ACKACK gun. I have a photograph of myself and two of the soldiers. The soldiers were housed in wooden huts in the same field. I expect they were part of St. Athans Aerodrome Defence, as was the gun site at Boverton.

On now down the other lane to Rose Dene, where wooden Jane, Alice Reece, and daughter Corina lived with Corina's daughter, Queenie. Alice and Corina smoked clay pipes. Corina always had a good vegetable garden, back and front of the house. I always remember kicking a ball over the wall and it landed in amongst the potato crop. Boy did I get a telling off and a clip across the ear.

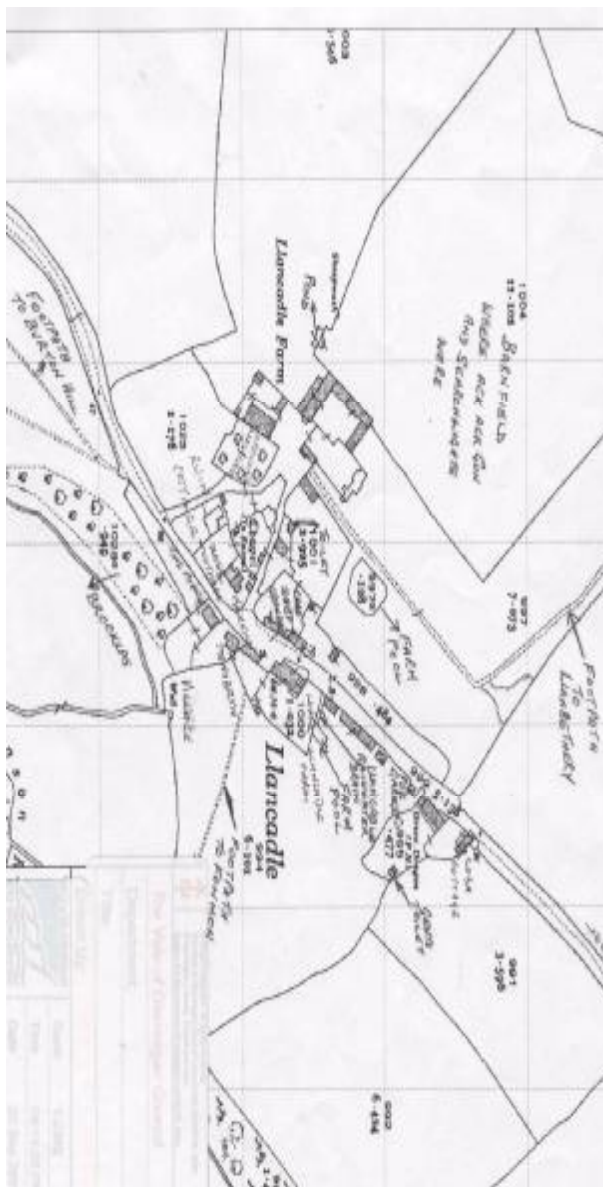
A little further down the lane on the opposite side are two cottages, "Fairview" and "Rose Cottage". Mr. & Mrs. Mortimer lived in Rose Cottage with sons, Horace, Victor, Leonard, Stanley and I believe two daughters, May and ? (does anyone know the name). Mr. Mike Mortimer worked at the farm for Stan Thomas. Mike Mortimer was a quiet unassuming man; it was he who taught me how to plant potatoes in drills, made with a hack, as I was small. He even cut the handle down to suit my height.

You might wonder at this, but my father was in the army and I never saw him for four years. So Mr Mortimer taught me about vegetable growing, "Thank you, Mr. Mortimer". Looking back where did they all sleep with only two bedrooms? Stan can explain perhaps. Stan went into the Navy. This is a run down on village inhabitants over the years. Many incidents happened during those years like threshing corn with steam engine then Dil Price with his Field Marshall tractor, the arrival of mains water, and the day after it was switched on the water from the well, which we had used for years was declared unfit for drinking. Numerous incidents. A close community, Happy Days.

Next to Rose Cottage was Fairview, my home until I was 15 years of age. My home

consisted of my Mother, Father, myself and Bryan my brother. My father Charlie spent most of the war years, like many others, away from home. So it meant my brother and I had to learn to repair punctures, chop sticks, help mother with the garden, cut the lawn and various other jobs at an early age, even to lighting the fire, pumping water from the cistern (at least 4 bucket full, more on a wash day), fetching water from the well in summer.

In 1950 we moved to the Manse as Mr. Morgan retired and moved to be close to Ida. Ollie Richard and his wife (who used to keep St. Athan Post Office) purchased Fairview and the adjoining land. Ollie was Road Foreman. I left Llancadle in 1963 to my present address in Fonmon.



--ooOoo--

Inflation: Cutting money in half without damaging the paper.

December Diary by Kay Brain

3rd I was preparing St Cadoc's Church with flowers for my eldest daughters Jo's

wedding for the following day. My very good friends Veronica Hall, Fran Winterbottom, Margaret Helchin and Sue Evans were in charge and making sure I did nothing ridiculous with the flowers. It took all of us nearly six hours to complete in very cold conditions – but the end result was perfect. My thanks and admiration to them. The wedding was wonderful and Jo and John loved the flowers.

11th It made a change for the weather to be dry for erecting the Christmas Tree by the ford, a very pleasant change for Graham along with his much needed assistants of Alan Taylor, Edward Knott, David Evans and Mike Crosta. The tree was donated by Sian Rees and Martin Patterson of Meadowgate.

As usual the electricity came from Ann Ferris's home and Graham commented as to how he missed Dick's friendly "Do you want a cup of tea?"

The painting competition was judged by Dough and Jackie Chugg and Jackie's Mum, Olive Sampson. They choose Sky Marie Field as overall winner, and she was there to switch on the lights after the normal countdown. Carols were sung around the tree. This is the 18th year.

27th It is always exciting to walk down to the ford on Boxing Day, to see the great sense of fun that is achieved by the famous 'tug' across the ford. Teams were ready and eager ... and the thick rope draped across the water seemed to focus peoples attention on the strength it takes to 'pull' and win. Grunts and groans, cheers and laughter were heard, as well as the odd slide into the cold water of the Carfan. Sam Smith expertly controlled the eager teams and David Stevens was a splendid anchor man for the team of Mike Higgs, Ralph Evans, Max Evans and Sharon, Karen, Nia, Lucy Angel, etc. etc.

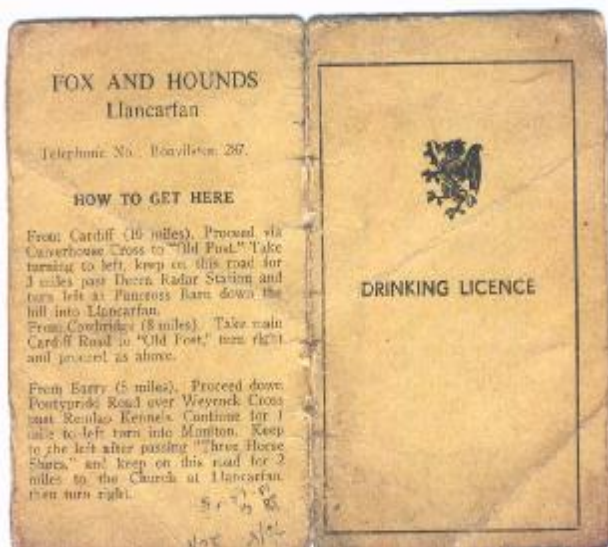
Afterwards John Angel and Sam Smith organised the Duck Egg race and much to their credit a whopping £300 was raised for the Church Restoration Fund.

Another wonderful village day to remember.

--ooOoo--

A Licence to Drink

We have received this copy licence from Mrs Anne Holdham – it belong to her Father, Wm John Sayzeland who was a policeman stationed at Cadoxton and Barry circa 1941.



Maybe Llancarfau came under Barry's jurisdiction in those days. Was it confiscated from someone who was drinking after hours? Or maybe it was a bolt hole for after hours drinking for Wm John Sayzeland?

Please let us know if you have seen one these before.



--ooOoo--

Committee: A body that keeps minutes and wastes hours.

Secret: Something you tell one person at a time.