

LLANCARFAN

SOCIETY



NEWSLETTER 129

JANUARY 2006

LEGEND HAS IT THAT
ST CADOC WAS AIDED BY
A DEER WHEN HE BUILT
HIS MONASTERY IN
LLANCARFAN

Contact addresses: page 2

Foreword: by Mike Crosta, OBE, Chairman

Members will be aware, not least from a recent Newsletter, that there has been some concern over the publication of the Llancarfan Society Book, to be produced by Dr John Etherington.

It has been over eight years since the Society authorised the book on its behalf, members contributed documents and information but the Committee was unable to provide any timing for publication.

In these circumstances it was felt that there was no point in continuing in that way and the Committee decided to cancel the Llancarfan Society Book.

Dr Etherington has been informed accordingly with gratitude for all the work he must have put into it so far and in fact has since confirmed withdrawal from the book.

Members who have contributed to the book, should contact the Secretary with details so that return can be arranged.

He has been a long vigorous contributor to the Society Newsletter and we are sure and hope that this will continue.

Birthdays, Anniversaries, Births and Deaths

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

Deaths:

Mavis Coles died on 30th November 2005

Thank you by Marjorie Hobbs

May I thank all my kind friends and neighbours who helped my family and me celebrate my 92nd birthday on January 2nd.

I am unable to personally thank everyone, but I enjoyed the day very much and would also like to thank everyone for his or her cards and gifts.

Co-ordinator – what a pity that your space has not been filled.

Contributions to the Newsletter should be sent to:
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Announce Announcements, Local Events,

Society: see attached programme

Also enclosed is a schedule of the village show which we intend to hold on 2 Sept 06, we would as many as possible of you to enter one or more of the classes.

Ladies Tuesday Club

Feb 21st Discussing Autism

Mar 21st AGM snacks and quizzes

Apr 8th Jumble Sale

--ooOoo--

Ruth and Phil Watts wish to thank members and friends for all the messages, cards, flowers and gifts that we have received since entering hospital on 23 September 2005.

It has been a long time to be in hospital, we would like to thank those that made visits to Llandough, Velindre and The Heath. Parking is not easy at any of them. Ruth has now moved to College Fields Nursing Home in Barry.

We are grateful for the inner strength that we have been able to muster for now and the future. 2005 was not good to us, we hope for a better 2006.

Please associate the rest of our family of Russell, Sue, Oliver, Sophie, Vivienne, Meurig, Rhodri and Rhys with this message.

Best wishes for the Coming year.

--ooOoo--

Newsletter by e-mail - if you should elect to receive the Newsletter by E-mail, this would provide you with coloured photos where applicable, e.g. the fox in the willows was lovely in colour and really stood out well – it lost its appeal in black and white. It will save the Society money and members of the committee the time and energy of preparing the newsletter for the post. All it will take is an email to Alan Taylor on a.j.taylor@btconnect.com or a phone call.

School Trip

The week before last classes 3, 4, and 5 went to Technquest in Cardiff. We went because they had a show all about the human body, which is our science topic for this half term.

When we were there had zapper things so we could vote on questions that came up on a big screen. The lady showed us a picture of a baby before it was born. We saw different skeletons and had to guess what animal they came from. After we went into the main arena. We did a test to see how many people were like us and we had to fill in a leaflet about the human body. We had a great day.

Elle and Lucy.

Harvest Service.

Last week was Harvest Festival. We had our harvest service in St Cadoc's church. This year was different as the Infants took the service instead of year 6.

We had to take fruit and vegetables to the church for the Huggard Center for homeless people. Father Edwin came and talked to us and showed us how to make a cross out of newspaper.

Every class learned a poem, our classes was "We Thank Thee For Thy Loving Gifts". We sang three hymns, our favourite was 'Harvest Calypso'.

Father Edwin taught us that we must remember that not everyone is as lucky as us.

Lucy and Julia

'We (really) Are The Champions'.

This week we went to 'We are The Champions' which is a competition run by the police. All the schools in the Vale of Glamorgan enter. You have to do three things. First there was a swimming relay race where you have to swim a length with a rubber ring around your waist, other people pull in back and then the next person goes. The second thing was a Tug of War. We won the whole tug of war and beat the other 4 schools. We won 2-0 in all out heats and 2-1 in the final. The last event was the obstacle race. You have to do 10 bench hops, 10 skips, throw a hoop over a cone then run round a char and back to the start. There were 24 people in the obstacle relay. Because we won we have to go back to the finals next Wednesday, the 19th of October.

Aiden and Sam.

The Christmas Tree by Kay Brain

The Llancarfan Christmas Tree is now in its 19th year, and again as in previous years, a painting competition was held at Llancarfan Primary School . This year the theme for the painting competition was “What Christmas means to me “ and was kindly judged by Ann Ferris and Audrey Baldwin. Winners are chosen from each year and the overall winner has the honour of switching the Christmas Tree lights on at the ford. They have had a difficult but enjoyable time making a choice. The standard this year has been wonderful, with inspired artwork by all the children. The winners received vouchers for Quills of Cowbridge for their efforts....well done to them all.

WINNERS FOR CHRISTMAS 2005

Reception	Holly Nicholls
Year 1	Amber Hardcastle
Year 2	Jay Munn
Year 3	Lilly Stevens
Year 4	James Potter
Year 5	Harri Thomas
Year 6	Bethan Stoodley

Ann and Audrey choose Amber Hardcastle as the overall winner and she switched the tree lights on Saturday 10th December. Well done to Amber .

Our thanks yet again to Sian and Martin at Meadowgate for kindly donating the tree, it is enjoyed so much by so many people. Much thanks must also go to John Angell, Graham Brain, Arwyn Rees, Edward Thomas and Alan Taylor for their help in erecting the tree.

It is a such a treat to see the tree lights reflecting on the water over the ford at night time, and marks the start of the Christmas season in the village.

--ooOoo--

Instructions on Bottle: ‘Put on food’ –
Product: Heinz Ketchup.

Mistletoe by Mike Crosta

My father knew the Llancarfan area well from when he was a young man exploring the countryside. I remember many picnics off the Walterston Road on the field that overlooks our north side of the village. The blackberries were abundant and we children used to eat more than we put into the bag.

He was a good gardener at his house on the Downs in St Nicholas, with his garden being given mostly to flowers and some soft fruits. He successfully fulfilled an ambition to grow mistletoe on an apple tree after many years of trying. In fact, each Christmas the mistletoe at our house in Llancarfan always came from his apple tree.

He always wanted to grow mistletoe in our apple tree as well, so every year he saved the berries from Christmas until they were ready and he would then put them on our tree. He wanted it to grow as it did naturally when the birds after eating the berries would wipe their beaks off on the bark of a tree and the seeds inside, which were quite sticky, would catch and stay. The odds against this happening were, of course enormous.

We lost him in October 2002 aged 89. Our daughter, Alex, who now lives in New York, said when he died that she was certain the mistletoe would catch that year.

It is a poor apple tree so I started to prune it heavily in the summer of 2003 with a view to cutting it down. It was lucky that I happened to spot a tiny sprig of green on one of the branches and Alex was right – one of my father’s berries in fact had caught at last. It has grown quite a bit since, although one still has to look carefully to see it. When we ‘phoned Alex to tell her, she was overjoyed and is convinced it is a sign of ‘Grandpa’s’ presence. In any case, that tree is now safe.

--ooOoo--

Travels with a Donkey by Jean Hunt

A young girl at an Edinburgh School, (or “Ladies’ College”) circa 1910, was so engrossed in reading Travels With A Donkey by Robert Louis Stevenson that she remained blissfully unaware of the teacher entering the room and calling the class to order.

“And who are you travelling with?” said the teacher to the dazed pupil who had failed to leap to attention at the entrance of this Victorian “dragon”!

I have just returned from three wonderful weeks in Tuscany. I travelled alone from Llancarfan to Siena (well, my husband did drive me to Cardiff – quite a feat as we left at 3 am!!), so that although I have far less sense of direction than any four-footed beast (always heading instinctively in the wrong direction) I was, in a way, my own donkey!!!

Months beforehand, I had read of a small language school in Siena. Greatly daring, I ‘phoned the school, having written down certain questions beforehand in my best Italian. To my amazement, a deep, seductive male voice of someone who introduced himself as Mauro, assured me that my stammered words were understood. When I confessed my advanced age and asked whether I was too ancient to be a student at his language school, I was assured, that in Italy: “one is never too old to learn! Studying and learning keep you forever young”!!!

No wonder that I was “hooked” more firmly than the salmon my husband caught recently! I decided to enrol for the school – La Scuola Julia – there and then. A year later, days before I was due to fly from Gatwick to Pisa, I wondered, incredulously, about my mad impulse, and shuddered with fear when friends and acquaintances exclaimed repeatedly: “Travelling alone, Jean”!! A few followed up with: “Well, I’m sure you will have an interesting time – (‘that is if you don’t get lost’!)

– maybe I imagined the unspoken words hanging in the air!

Friends in Llancarfan know that I have an unfortunate tendency to lose my way, my belongings and on one notable occasion, I even mislaid my husband, Tom. Perhaps, in the annals of Llancarfan, I shall be remembered as “the helicopter lady”!

At this point, I must firmly deny the grossly exaggerated account given to me (!) by a certain merry gentleman at a New Year’s Eve gathering at the Fox and Hounds! This friend and neighbour had the nerve to insist: “That some daft woman thought her husband had gone missing, and a police team with a search party came in a helicopter which landed in the middle of the village!” “Nonsense!” I said sharply, but my interruption was ignored as, with a dreamy, reminiscent smile my ‘friend’ “insisted that he knew what he was talking about, as he saw the helicopter landing with his own eyes!” I bit back the retort that perhaps he was confusing helicopters with Jumbo Jets and pink elephants! And anyway, I was also enjoying the wine and company on New Year’s Eve

But – to get back to our ‘muttons’ (as the French don’t say!) How – with my total lack of orienteering skills – would I get as far as Gatwick – far less cope with the flight to Pisa and then travel by train from Pisa to Siena via Empoli? (I found it difficult to find Empoli on a map! Well, I didn’t – it was too small to be marked on most of my maps of Italy!)

However, dear reader (congratulations if you have read this far!) – I coped, and am still alive to tell the tale. Actually, travelling in Italy was a ‘doddle’ compared with the journey by coach from Cardiff to Gatwick!

The three and a half agonising hours from Newport to Heathrow, being squashed by an enormously fat Egyptian Coptic priest, were, as Winner’s Dinners would say truly ‘hysterical’ (or do I mean ‘historic’?) The coach, which was less than half full when we left Cardiff reached Newport at about 5 a.m. and as I had politely

removed my bag from the seat beside me (unlike the vast majority of youngsters travelling with rucksacks piled firmly around them!!) the priest waddled forward and plumped down cosily beside me and on top of me (mostly on top!) “Dese seats are ver’ narrow!” the reverend Father said, then drew out a beautiful little prayer book written in what I guessed was Aramaic. “Excuse me Father, but is that written in Aramiac?” I asked. “No” the priest beamed: “Eet ees Coptic – ver’ like Aramaic, for zee Coptic Church is a ver’ old Christian Church”.

It is indeed, and I was moved when I was given a blessing. Later I was glad of the blessing, when the enormous metal crucifix dangling at waist level (mine) stuck painfully into my ribs (and I am fairly well cushioned there, but armour-plating would have been useful). On a serious note, he was a delightful man, but when he offered me some of his own pungently – smelling ‘brekfuss’, I hastily declined.

Fed and with a clean conscience (he had softly chanted prayers from his missal or book of psalms) he fell into a deep sleep, snoring on my shoulder like a very, very big baby (!) with an innocent smile on his face. To my relief, he left the bus at Heathrow, and after rubbing the numbness from my arm and shoulder I fell into an exhausted doze – but not until I had plonked my handbag and coat firmly beside me!

Minutes later I was rudely awakened by a mercifully slim American Professor who said in reproachful, but courteous tones: “Excuse me, ma’am, but is this seat taken? The coach is very full you know! (and surely you can’t want this seat for little old you!”: - was the implication!). I noticed however, that the piled rucksacks were all firmly in place – plus a few others belonging to ‘hippy’ types who had indeed, come – or rather pushed – on at Heathrow! My poor little bag and coat were no deterrent!

However, the American professor quickly melted my tired grumpiness by entertaining me with a vivid description of George Bush, Junior “You know, ma’am, he said in soft New

England tones: “He failed those poor African – Americans in Louisiana, because he reckons they don’t vote for him and they have neither money nor power. Also as a ‘devout’ Christian, Bush believes New Orleans is a present day “Sodom and Gemorrah” and that “those sinners” surely had the tornado coming to them!”

“How very enlightened and Christian of him!” I said and my new travelling companion nodded in wry amusement.

After this interesting but arduous journey (within the U.K.) – Siena, the language school – La Scuola Julia, the entire three weeks stay with a delightful Italian family (who spoke virtually no English) – was an ‘earthly paradise’.

Siena itself is a jewel of mediaeval architecture, painting, wonderful frescoes by Simone Martini (but if you prefer the drink – that is amply catered for in numerous café/bars – and as for the food!!) But most beautiful of all were the Siensese themselves (well, almost everyone, with the exception of a ‘stinker’ of an official at Siena station!) But the Siensese love of tradition (e.g. the Palio, or horserace, which has been held annually since the Middle Ages) is reflected in a sense of family, where there are no divisions between young and old, and crime is almost non-existent (except for the ‘immigranti’ – illegal immigrants) and, occasionally foreigners – the odd drunk Brit or German! Of course, the other side of the coin is that it can be virtually impossible for an ‘outsider’ – even an Italian – to be accepted as part of the Siensese ‘family’.



Siena – small as it is – is divided into districts or ‘contrade’: five hundred years ago, there were 42 ‘contrade’ in Siena - but now there are only fourteen. Until a century ago it was frowned upon to marry someone in another contrada – but to marry someone from outside Siena – Terrible! Each contrada or district competes against one another in the Palio and there was and still is!) bitter rivalry between districts/contrade. It would be a bit like ‘Llancarfanites’ refusing to speak to ‘those outsiders’ from Moulton or Llanbethery or Pancross!

My hostess lived near the centre of old Siena (which is still within its mediaeval city walls) and Luisa is very proud that she belongs to the region of ‘the owl’ – La Civetta – which is a female owl – for the male owl is Uglo. Then there is also the ‘tortoise’ the ‘giraffe’, the ‘she-wolf’, the ‘dragon’, the ‘caterpillar’, the ‘porcupine’ and so on.

But, would-be speakers of Italian – beware! When I said to my hostess, Luisa, in what I thought was ‘good Italian: “Tu sei una civetta!”’, I was told with a teasing smile: “You have just said that I’m a bad woman! You know ----“, said Luisa, pausing delicately. “Una puttana?” (whore) I said in embarrassment! “Si”!!!

Well, in every earthly paradise, there is always a worm – or rather Serpent (female, of course!)

Tuscany itself is beautiful. The school took us one afternoon to various small villages near Siena. Mauro (the head of the school and it’s founder) took us to his village. It was late afternoon, and as I wandered out of the tiny church, the evening was already drawing in but the sky was ablaze with the reds and gold of the setting sun. I got into conversation with three ‘old’ ladies (about my age, probably) enjoying the last rays of sunshine where they were sitting on the low churchyard wall.)

At that moment, Mauro approached, and the ladies beamed at me and said “Buona fortuna”. As we walked away to join the other students (a variety of ages – some older – some 18 or 19

and from all parts of the world). Mauro asked me: “Do you understand what ‘my’ villagers said to you?” “Of course”, I replied: “Good luck”. “More than that” said Mauro quietly: “The rest of the unsaid phrase, which only locals know is “Vai con Dio”; - (Go with God).

I was indeed blessed.



--ooOoo--

To Lose is to Learn by David Evans

It may be that living within the actual mainland of Europe, rather than upon an offshore island, provides one with the opportunity to look at history with an unjaundiced eye.

Patriots flourished within all Europe’s lands during the 19th century and were rightly regarded as heroes by their own countrymen.

Much is made of the heroism and tragedy of Trafalgar following the death of Norfolk’s

Viscount Nelson, killed at 47 on his flag ship HMS Victory, with his body preserved in a casket of French brandy. Yet the skill of the sailor who fired the musket which brought Nelson down is overlooked; in fact I can find no information about his life and roots.

The French writer Michel Eyquem de Montaigne (1553-92) wrote 'One should be ever booted and spurred and ready to depart'. Perhaps this was the poignancy of that October day off Cadiz and Gibraltar.

Professor David Fromkin, author of 'Europe's Last Summer' (Heinmann), outlines how miscommunication, misunderstanding and obfuscation ensnared long established stable countries into a conflict of immense proportions. It really is incredible that within a few hot summer weeks after decades of peace, our grandfathers were immersed in rat-filled wet trenches struggling to survive a violent mechanical endless war. Today in Iraq and elsewhere we are struggling with its legacy.

Two decades later in 1940 with bombs falling over Leipzig or Llancarfan the effect remains identical resulting in fear, stress and worse. Even today I too can smell the cordite that filled the air, when the parachuted land mines fell that star-filled night below Garnllwyd. One exploded with such force it shook the walls of the ancient house and left a deep fissure through the stones of the great corn barn, where in September we struggled to keep damp corn from over-heating with long, heavy wooden handled shovels. One mine fortuitously landed right in the centre of the brook below the long-roofed Bakehouse, home of the generous Durham family, and another higher on the hillside beneath the corrugated shed where Tom Shanklyn lived.

It must have given Tom a great fright, and Father who was possessed with a puckish sense of humour would tell us wide-eyed children that the pilots had seen Tom's open fire on the floor of his place. Smoke would curl up eventually through a sort of fanlight when perhaps his sticks and logs were damp, but it seems an

unlikely tale, and no doubt the boys who lived east of the Rhine were anxious to unload their wretched cargo, for they knew the stiff reception our fellows down below on the Vale defences would give them, if caught in the beam of their powerful searchlights.

It made a good story in the evening however, in the halcyon days before the appearance of television, and it lightened the awful consequence of what could have happened had those gently swaying mushrooms been any closer. Our father knew the danger and we, in turn, relied on his extraordinary ability to create confidence in the midst of adversity.

Towyn Williams brought back memories of those times with his description of the homeless 'gent' Fred Ashton. I always believed that Fred's roots lay in Somerset, and he may well have been educated in Taunton College. I recall talking with him one day when I think he was helping us with the harvest, and upon my casually enquiring as to his earlier days he responded 'David, when you fall off the pig's back, it's a hell of a job to get back on'. It was an honour to have known him and a salutary thought that such a charming man in his good faded clothes should have gone in the manner described by Towyn.

--ooOoo--

Obituary – Dilys Myfanwy Evans Caradoc Cottage, Llancarfan

Dilys passed away on January 20 2005 at the age of 98 having lived a full and mainly healthy life. A quotation from her funeral hymn sheet "Life is not a cup to be drained, but a measure to be filled". This sums up Dilys' attitude to life. She lived life to the full, and helped other to do the same. She devoted herself to many good causes; the greatest of these was the British Legion.

She will be missed greatly by her family and all who knew her. Happy memories will help to fill the gap left in the lives of those around her.

Llancarfan village had the pleasure of Dilys living at Caradoc Cottage since 1968. At that time she moved here with her husband David (known as Doctor Dai) to be near Blair at Ty to Maen.

It is now farewell to a lovely lady.

--ooOoo--

The Four Just Men by Jan Crosta

Not knowing anything about them, but following a recommendation by John Gardner, some 50 of us attended the Community Hall on Friday, 11 November 2005 for a musical evening with entertainment from the Four Just Men.

With just a guitar between them and a Synthesiser for back-up, these four talented gentlemen (one of whom is a head teacher by day) sang songs in Welsh and English, ranging from folk songs, ballads, Country & Western through to the popular songs from yesteryear. Amusing stories and jokes were told between songs, some of which were a little risqué, but judging from the laughter few people seemed to object.

During the interval, a substantial ploughman's supper was provided by the catering wing of the Llancarfan Society (well done ladies!) with a bar throughout the evening ably manned by Alan Taylor and John Gardner. The folks who regularly help on these occasions are to be congratulated on their efforts.

The Four Just Men also sold C.D.'s of their music for £10 each, with a generous donation of 50% of their takings to our Society, bringing in a superb sum of £60.00.

A fun evening was had by all. Let us have The Four Just Men back again soon.

--ooOoo--

Brown's Law: If the shoe fits its ugly.

Francis Roy Booker by Steve Booker

My father Francis Roy Booker was born at Llancadle on 14th March 1921, living at Pen-Y-Bryn. His RAF History is an attachment to save you typing and I have included a photograph from that period.



Following the war he returned to Llancadle where he became an electrician at Aberthaw Cement Works. He married my mother Mary Barnfield on the 8th November 1947 and they moved into Redholme Cottage, Llanbethery where they remained for the rest of their lives, I being the only offspring. My father later moved from the Cement Works to the Power Station where he remained until his retirement at the age of 65 years. He really loved working there and leaving left a large hole in his life, though he kept in touch by visiting pensioners on behalf of the Company, something he enjoyed doing. Two outstanding memories I have of him were when we went to Buckingham Palace when I received the Duke of Edinburgh's Gold Award and more recently when I took him to RAF St Athan on his birthday to see a refurbished Spitfire take off. He met the pilot, was treated as a VIP and had a wonderful day, (photo attached). As with my mother, Roy passed away on 3rd April 1996 at Redholme Cottage suddenly and peacefully.

Flying Officer - Francis Roy Booker

Extracts and information from Royal Air Force Pilots Flying Log Book.

Initial Training

U.S.A.C. Primary School 6th Nov. 1941
Carlstrom Field
Arcadia 9th Jan, 1942
Florida, USA
U.S.A.C. Basic School 10th Jan, 1942 to
Cochran Field 16th Mar, 1942
Macon
Georgia, USA
U.S.A.C. Advanced School 17th Mar, 1942 to
Craig Field 19th May, 1942
Selma
Alabama, USA

Postings and Squadrons

No.9 P.A.F.U. Hullavington 1st Jul, 1942 to
Wiltshire 20th Jul, 1942
Note: - 1st solo flight - 5th July, 1942 (25 mins.)
No. 53 O.T.U. Llandow 21st Jul, 1942 to
(Operational Training Unit) 22nd Sep, 1942
Note: - 26th Sept 1942 "Engine cut out over
Llancadle at 5,000ft. Made base (with luck)
and landed in one piece, wheels down. (more
luck). Later – trouble found out to be an air-
lock in petrol system"
No. 53 O.T.U. Rhoose 22nd Sep, 1942 to
13th Oct, 1942
616 Squadron, Tangmere 20th Oct, 1942 to
29th Oct 1942
616 Squadron, Westhampnett
29th Oct 1942 to
2nd Jan 1943

Notes: -

17th Nov, 1942 - First chase of Fokker Wolfe
190. Patrolling Selsey to Shoreham. "Chased
a FW190 – didn't catch him – bugger it."

2nd Dec, 1942 - First chase of ME 109.
patrolling Shoreham to Beach Head "Chased
ME 109 – Too far away to catch"

6th Dec, 1942. "Saw at least 50 FW190s
throughout sweep. Some accurate flak,
bounced twice, F.Lt. Gaze DFC had a squirt but
no claim."

616 Squadron, Ibsley 2nd Jan, 1943 to
28th Apr, 1943

Notes:-

7th Feb 1943 VIP Escort. "Winston Churchill
returning from Casablanca. Escorted his train

from Lyneham to Reading. (Couldn't quite see
him.)

16th Feb, 1943. Whilst rear cover to Fortresses
and Liberators - "Five very near bursts close to
my tail"

16th Apr, 1943. Sqn. Leader Lefure and Flt. Lt.
Maclochlan missing. Brought back 'lame duck'
who finally ditched. Gave mayday and orbited
spot. No survivors seen. 4 bombers missing."
(Met Sqn. Leader Lefure at Gibraltar a few
months later having escaped from France.)

Attached to 403 Squadron, Kenley

28th Apr, 1943 to
5th May, 1943
No 5 PDC Blackpool 5th May, 1943
Personnel Draft Centre 17th May, 1943
HMT Franconia (Transport ship)
17th May, 1943 to
27th May, 1943
APD BPD Nr Algiers 27th May, 1943
to 11th Jun, 1943

Practice Flight, Setif, North Africa.

11th Jun, 1943 to
30th Jun, 1943

Note:-

22nd June, 1943 "Two 'Spits' landing for
refuelling met head-on. Both went up in smoke –
plus the pilots."

Defence Flight Gibraltar 1st Jul, 1943 to
11th Aug, 1943

Note:-

3rd Aug, 1943. "A F.W. reported off Cape
St.Vincent just before our ETA. Poured on the
coal to get there but a Beaufighter shot it down
before we got there, the greedy buggers"

Aircrew Pool Algiers 11th Aug 1943 to
26th Sep, 1943

HMT Marnix Van Sin Aldegonde (Transport
ship) 27th Sept, 1943 to
8th Oct, 1943

No 2 TEU Balado Bridge (Kinross)
10th Dec, 1943 to
28th Jan, 1944

(Tactical Exercise Unit)
Grangemouth 28th Jan, 1944 to
4th Feb, 1944

No. 5 PDC Blackpool 14th Feb, 1944 to
21st Feb, 1944

HMT Queen Mary (Transport ship)

	21 st Feb, 1944 to 26 th Feb, 1944
Fort Hamilton New York 10 th Mar, 1944	26 th Feb, 1944 to 15 th Mar, 1944 to 27 th Mar, 1944
Fort McDowall, San Francisco	
USS Ambrose Bierce (Transport Ship)	27 th Mar 1944 to 23 rd Apr, 1944
No. 1 E.D. Melbourne, Australia	23 rd Apr, 1944 to 26 th Apr 1944
No. 2 O.T.U. Mildura, Australia	20 th May, 1944 to 31 st July, 1944
No. 4 P.D. Adelaide	2 nd Aug, 1944 to 21 st Aug, 1944
54 Squadron 'Livingston' Strip Darwin	23 rd Aug, 1944 to 23 rd Oct, 1944
54 Squadron 'Civil' Strip Darwin	23 rd Oct, 1944 to 1 st Nov, 1945

Spitfire I	Spitfire II
Spitfire IIb	Spitfire Vb
Spitfire Vc	Spitfire VI
Spitfire VIII	Spitfire IX
Wirraway	



Roy and his memories passed away on 3rd April 1996.

--ooOoo--

Notes:-

7th Feb, 1945 "Hit a gun post site with underside of kite, nearly wrote both of us off. Got back safely in one piece minus a few pints of sweat!!!"

3rd Jun, 1945 Cover to strafe on Cape Chater A/D Timor. "Cover to straffing aircraft.. Flew 2 miles outside target area to draw flak – we did – thick heavy and accurate. Back successful and nil losses. Led to and from target by B25. Longest trip ever in a Spit and did my backside know it!!" (Flight time – 4 hrs 30mins.)

Total flying hours: 709.

Medals Received

War Medal	Defence Medal
Italy Star	!939 – 45 Star
Pacific Star	Air Crew Europe Star

Aircraft Flown

Miles Magister	Tiger Moth.
Stearman	Vultee
Harvard	Master I, II and III
Hurricane I	Hurricane IIb

Light Up St Cadoc's.....A History by Kay Brain

When Ann Ferris asked me to write an article for the Llancarfan Society Christmas Newsletter, I firstly agreed and secondly wondered what on earth I would write about. It didn't take too long to decide on the subject of "Light up St Cadoc's". I thought it would be an ideal opportunity to document a tribute to a community whose efforts and determination enabled the project of illuminating St Cadoc's Church to reach fruition and where better to write about it, than our very own Llancarfan Society Newsletter.

It was for Christmas 1999 and the start of the new Millennium that temporary lighting was first placed around St Cadoc's Church. This proved to be a great success, with plenty of positive comments from those who viewed the lighted Church in all its glory.

In fact, a particular memory comes to mind when Steve Powell and my husband Graham had worked hard to install the temporary lamps around the Church, on the afternoon that the village Christmas tree lights were to be switched on. This was carried out without the knowledge of Father Malcolm Davies in order to try and surprise him. That evening when all had retired to the pub after the switch on ceremony of the village Christmas tree, I remember they grabbed him, covered his eyes and told him they had a "surprise". Goodness only knows what he thought! They took him to the churchyard gates and told him to uncover his eyes and there Malcolm saw a vision that he had long been wishing to see. It was an emotional moment and I think it was at that point a seed was placed in Graham's mind to make this sight a permanent feature of the church.

Two further Christmases passed, and by popular demand, temporary lighting was once again placed around the Church. It wasn't until January 2002 that the first steps were taken to commence the task of forming a committee and writing the very many letters necessary to initiate in such a project.

The first letters were sent to the PCC and the Community Council, laying out all the plans, and seeking approval in principal from them. These letters were accompanied by a petition of local residents that Alan Taylor, Steve Powell and Graham had organised to gauge the views. This turned out to show overwhelming support with 53 households signing the petition in support of the scheme.

A committee was set up to move the project forward and consisted of: John Angell, Graham Brain, Malcolm Davies, Sue Evans, Rob Gretton, Steve Powell, Nick Renwick, Alan Taylor, Steve Vink and lastly myself. The first meeting was held on March 18th 2002 and where a constitution was drawn up to underpin the future plans and decisions that would need to be made during the lifecycle of the project, which included planning permission, permission from the diocese fundraising, grants, finance and quotations for the scheme design, ground

works, electrical items and electrical installation.

I was voted Treasurer and opened our "Light Up St Cadoc's" bank account with NatWest in Cowbridge and our very first donation was from the Ladies Tuesday Club, a generous and supportive gesture which is typical of our treasured ladies.

Fundraising events followed and our very first one in April 2002 was a Monopoly evening in the village hall.

Next followed the Reynard Group Auction held in the Fox and Hounds with all the proceeds donated to our fund and in July 2002 we ran the bar at the Llancafarn Society annual Hog Roast.

This was followed in early September by our "Family Fun Day" which was held in the magnificent home of Mike and Barbara Camillieri in Walterson. I must make special mention of Mike and Barbara's generosity at this event, for not only did they open their house and gardens for us, but provided a hog roast, bouncy castle and arranged some fairground rides to be available to entertain the children.

Then our very first St Cadoc's Church Concert took place on September 20th 2002 and the Cardiff Arms Park Male Choir together with Ben & Rachael Patel, Alison Lazda, Anabell John and Lucy Brain all performing to the delight of one and all. Afterwards everyone retired to the Fox and Hounds where 81 suppers were professionally served and greatly enjoyed..

After such a hectic first year of enthusiastic efforts, we were of course a long way short of our required funds to commence works to install the scheme. I started to apply for grants and funding from various sources and despite my efforts nothing was forthcoming. The applications were often lengthy and in the initial stages showed promise, but in every case came the same response, "your project does not fall into this category of funding" and so naturally I became a little despondent.

Christmas 2002 was upon us and again the temporary lights were placed around St Cadoc's, reminding us that our efforts would eventually be not in vain. In the depths of January Graham gave a brief talk to the Tuesday Club on "Speed Cameras" a subject to fire the hearts of the most sedate audience, for which they gave us another donation.

Fund raising continued in February 2003 with a "Bric a Brac" sale in the Village Hall. Sue Evans and myself organised a most enjoyable event and we relied heavily on the Tuesday Club ladies experience in pricing etc.

John Angell arranged through his contacts to have a survey of the Church yard take place. This was needed to allow accurate plans to be drawn up in preparation for the scheme design. Next we commissioned R W Gregory consulting engineers to carry out the initial detailed design of the lighting scheme. They produced a working set of drawings which then gave us a sound basis for all our plans. We were now in a position to obtain quotations for the supply and installation of the scheme.

At this point we were working towards a Christmas 2003 switch on but it was not to be, we had underestimated the cost of the scheme and we just did not have enough money to commit to the overall cost of the project at that point. So yet again when Christmas came we installed temporary lighting around St Cadoc's Church, with the hope that the following Christmas would see the installation of permanent lighting.

Fund raising once again continued and our next event was an Irish night held in the Village Hall in conjunction with the LDCA, and as usual all had a great evening with delicious home made Irish Stew, Hot Toddies and Mary Neary's village troupe delighting all with their toe tapping skills. The Tricolour flags were flying and the spirits raised with "potien" tasting at the end of the evening.

Next came our splendid Italian Evening held in the Village Hall on June 12th. It was Pizza and

Pasta with lashings of Italian arias provided by Lucy Brain, Andrew Mathews, Luke Williams and Anna Page. It proved to be romantic and exciting evening.

This was followed by our second concert in the Church, where a most enjoyable but very cold evening was had by all who attended and delighted in the performances by young musicians from the Royal Welsh College of Music and Drama, Ben and Rachael Patel, Lucy Brain and Alison Lazda. After the concert around a blazing log fire in the village hall all enjoyed a wonderful buffet supper.

Around this time, the work of the Reynard Group was nearing an end and we were absolutely delighted to learn that they had had earmarked a large sum of money to the Light Up St Cadocs project

Christmas 2004 was upon us and yet again our project was unfortunately not quite there, delays meant that temporary lighting had to be put in place again. So near yet so far!

With the help of a donation from the Llancarfan Society and some other very generous personal donations we now had the required funds to enable the scheme to proceed.

Throughout the summer of 2005 Rob Gretton completed the scheme and finally a date was set to organise the "Switch On". We then had the task of finding someone to carry out the official switching on of the Lights of St Cadoc's and this was not an easy task. One person stood out in everyone's mind when this was discussed, it was the Reverend Malcolm Davies! After all, he had been the inspiration for the scheme and in the church during his years at St Cadoc's. We were delighted when he agreed to officially illuminate the Church on the big night.

Residual monies left over in the project fund were used to provide free entry to the switch on concert and buffet in the village hall afterwards. It was decided to set a date of September 17th and we organised our final "Light Up St Cadoc's" concert in the Church. The Cardiff

Male Choir supported by Ben & Rachael Patel and Lucy provided the entertainment. The Lights were officially switched on by Malcolm.



After Malcolm had switched on the Church and tower lights, we all made our way to the village hall for a buffet supper. On my way from the church to the village hall I looked back towards St Cadoc's Church and the illuminated tower looked splendid against the dark autumn sky. The lights accentuated the wonderful stone work of the church. I found it quite emotional, the Church, it looked so beautiful. It was a tribute to the efforts of a small Vale community come to fruition. It was something lasting and good, a labour of love with ups and downs, but most of all it was rewarding, enjoyable and something that the village can feel proud of.

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Co-ordinator: In Newsletter 25 – December 1989, Ruth Watts started a story of her life, with a promise to complete it – and now she, with the help of Phil is about to continue it – for those who did not see the original story or may have forgotten it – I repeat it here.

Llancarfan: Why I came and why I stayed. Part I – the Early Years by Ruth Watts.

I was born in Hendon, North London in 1929 and know nothing of my parents for I was abandoned in a telephone kiosk, and given the name of Ruth Groves, presumably after the name of the road, Elm Grove. For three years I lived in a Children's home attached to Edgware Hospital and had a lovely godmother, Miss

Ashford, who was a great help to me in later years. At three and a half years of age I was fostered to Mrs Marie Fry, a widow who always wanted to have a little girl. She already had three grown up sons and had reached the age of 51, so I was intended to fill a gap in her life. These sons became known to me as my brothers – Jim, the eldest, took on the father role. Brother Eric remained a bachelor and thought 'little girls should be seen and not heard'. Jack was nearer my age and was regarded on the lighter side, but tragically he was killed at Tobruk in 1042 during the 2nd World War. The boys were very strict with me and rules had to be obeyed! I remember the visiting lady from the Council coming to the home to find out how I was getting on and, probably, to check on my behaviour!

The Fry's moved around a lot in the North London area. Jim got married in 1938 and, in 1939 at the outbreak of war, Jack was called up immediately because he was attached to the Territorial Army. Eric joined the Merchant Navy. We were living in Stanmore then and the bombs came thick and fast. It was not until we became exhausted by the booming of the anti-aircraft fir from a nearby field that my foster mother and I moved out and made out home in Watford with brother Jim, a Fire Research Officer and his wife, Denise, who took on the family responsibilities. Life was not easy for anyone in those days, early in 1940, with service call-ups rationing, all-night raids on London, part-time schooling and air-raid sirens wailing away at any old time. Quite a lot of time was spent at the bottom of the garden in the Anderson air-raid shelter. In 1944 there were flying bombs and rockets (V1's and V2's) and I remember a rocket landing just around the corner from our house, fortunately on waste ground, and no casualties but many houses damaged.

My stay with the Fry's lasted until I was 16. I was not deprived, but looking back, living with a foster parent must have given me a feeling of insecurity. As a youngster I was very lively – perhaps too lively for my foster mother. There was encouragement to join the Brownies, Girl

Guides and Youth Clubs. I am still in contact with a number of former members so they must have been rewarding associations. I remember myself feeling equally at home with boys as with girls and still think that male company is better than female on many occasions.

I started work at Odham's Press which had a base in Watford, but my work took me to the big city of London. I soon found myself restless and a need to spread my wings came over me: this coincided with some differences at home. I am not sure whether it was to do with my birth certificate which, to this day, has unknown, unknown; unknown written across it or, just a need for independence.

So it was that I put up my age and joined the Women's Land Army, touring around the farms of Hertfordshire. My home was at Shenley Lodge, South Mimms Hostel for Land Army Girls. This turned out to be a great education for me because many of the girls came from all parts of the country and all walks of life. There was great camaraderie in the hostel; often we had to work side by side with German and Italian prisoners of war. The work was very hard, very long hours and dirty – on threshing machines, binders, tractors, mowing machines and so on.

At this time I became ill with appendicitis and was taken to Peterborough hospital. While there I learned about a country to the west of England known as Wales. Part of my recuperation took place in that country and, in 1947, it impressed me very much and, on my return to Hertfordshire, I put in for a transfer to Wales. This was granted and I came to work for Mr Harry Date at Ty Mawr, Llanbethery in 1948 until 1950.

I was very fortunate in coming to work for Mr and Mrs Date. There were three children, Eric, Alan and Ann who was born while I lived there. Mr Date had a printing business at the Docks in Cardiff. He was churchwarden and a much respected person in the area. It was during this time that I met my husband-to-be, Phil Watts, and Mr & Mrs Date attended our wedding in

1952. Unfortunately, Mr Date was a very sick man and was unable to leave his house again. He died shortly afterwards.

My work at Ty Mawr was to look after pigs, chickens and many ancillary jobs around the small holding. As an act of good neighbourliness, some of my time was spent helping the farm boys, David and Gwilym Thomas, with the haymaking. I recollect having some wonderful farmhouse teas – piles of Welsh cakes provided by Gwilym's wife, Winnie.

At this time the council houses were not built and the plot of land was known as 'the dump'. There were ruins, once the home of the Hughes children, Harry, Bob, Elwyn (Nobby) etc. Some of those former residents of Llanbethery are still living there. Olwyn and Gwyn lived at Windways with their brothers, Duncan, Geoffry and Leslie, sisters Betty and Kathleen and their Mother, Father David died while living at Penonn.

Hanna McCarthy, who used to frighten the life out of me, had come to the end of her life. Mr Stanley bought the old thatched cottage and set about renovating it with great enthusiasm, while carry on his business of painting and decorating. The Dunn family occupied two houses in the village, Margaret and Nancy at High Croft, having moved from Broad Close, Moulton, Jenkin and Carol lived with their parent at Fairfield, Mary and Muriel had moved away, Muriel to Rhoose and Mary to the North. I didn't know Mollie Ranger (nee Sweet) very well then, as she was away at college.

Nesta and Bob Hughes were living in The Vines with their children, Gerald, Colin and Christine. Around this time Millward and Elsie Harris moved away to Penllyn to farm with Calvert. Bob Hughes supplied the village with milk.

In the Mason's Arms (now Wild Goose), lived Mrs and Gacca Griffiths. The pub at that time consisted of one bar only; the room to the left of the front door was living accommodation. My Saturday nights out would be spent at the

Mason's playing darts with the locals. Sunday was non-opening day but locals collected their Sunday papers from the pub and it was natural for them to require liquid refreshment – at the back door!

In Redholm lived Colonel Ballantyne, a director of Moorwell Motors whose wife bred Bull Terriers. In Redholme Cottage, as now, lived Mary and Roy Booker.

Mathew Maisey lived on his own at ??? and Mr & Mrs Frank Lowe lived at Castle Cottage, after Mrs Francis (Mrs Date's mother), with their sons Peter and Francis. Cartref used to be the Schoolmaster's house (George Frank Davies) but at that time was occupied by Mr & Mrs Parker.

While living with the Date's I interested myself in all that was going on in Llancarfan. I joined the Church and the Guild. Lennard Payne was the Vicar and being the period just after the war there seemed to be quite a number of activities for leisure time organised by enthusiastic members of the village community. At this time I struck up a friendship with Dilys Lewis (Liscombe) and spent a lot of time at Penylan with Mr & Mrs Lewis; Auntie Ruth and Billy Jenkins, The Hollies and Auntie Lil, Broadhayes, all of which made me very appreciative of Welsh hospitality.

One of the things that I look back on with pleasure is the formation of the group of Wolf Cubs. Some names come to mind, such as Viv Price, Clive Jenkins, Brinley May, the Lee twins, the Griffiths boys, the Morgan boys etc. and Campbell Reed from Bridge Cottage who used to bowl right handed over the wicket, incessantly, outside the Church Hall. Activities I remember taking were a Wolf Cub group to light fires in Broomwell, eating burnt bacon, eggs and sausages and going on Church parade in Barry.

The Llancarfan Cricket Club was very much in evidence in those days under the chairmanship and captaincy of Len Rees, Cross Green. The cricket match was a great social occasion. The

team first commenced playing matches at Pancross in the field behind the Vicarage. The wicket and pavilion took up much of the time of members so that there was little left for nets and practice. The venue was changed to a field at Penonn at the invitation of Tom Morgan. To serve as a mobile pavilion, a double decker bus was obtained by Lionel Rees from the Western Welsh for the princely sum of £10! Here spectators and members alike were provided with tea and cakes by Alice Rees, Joan Harry, Nancy Wheeler and the girl friends of players. People in evidence were Gwynne Liscombe, Lionel Rees, Phil Watts, Tom Bryer, Bobby Gibbins, Les Harry, Cliff Morgan, Billy Bowen (Penmark), Wheatley brothers (Aberthaw) and anyone else who was around to make up the number. The lady friends were Dilys Lewis, Beatrice Griffiths, Dorothy Rees, wife of the skipper and, of course, myself.

The Cricket Club held dances in the Church Hall as well as at Bindles where the admission fee was 5/- (25p). It was as a result of these dances that I met my husband and set down roots in Llancarfan, though my wanderings were not over yet. The year was 1950 and coincided with my 21st birthday. The next instalment of this account will start with the story of that celebration in the Church Hall.

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A Poem on a Carrier Bag – submitted by Fran Winterbottom

If there is light in the soul,
There is beauty in the person,
If there is beauty in the person
There will be harmony in the house
There will be order in the nation
If there is order in the nation
There will be peace in the world

Anon

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Laws not taught at school

Workshop Law: Any tool, when dropped, will roll to the least accessible corner.

