

LLANCARFAN



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

SOCIETY

NEWSLETTER 136

February 2008

Announcements, Local Events

Society:

- | | |
|---------|---|
| 24 Mar | Whist Drive |
| 25 Apr | Annual General Meeting |
| 5 May | May Day Walk - proposed Duffryn Gardens |
| 22 June | Ruth Watts Petanque |
| 26 July | Village Show |

Ladies Tuesday Club

- | | |
|---------|--------------|
| 19 Feb. | Annual Lunch |
| 18 Mar. | A.G.M |
| 19 Apr. | Jumble Sale |

Llantrithyd Church - Summer Lunch 15.06.08 at Rose Revived (tickets available from Jo Williams on 781381, Joyce Fairfax on 781216 and for Llanancarfan Gwyneth Plows on 713533)

Births, Deaths, Weddings, etc.

Births: A daughter Manon Rose to Lucy and Ralph, granddaughter for Sarah and John Angell, Sue Evans and Geoff Evans.

Engagement: Congratulations to Jaime Powell, Llanancarfan and Edward Davies of Goetre, Nr. Abergavenny, whose engagement has been announced. Wedding date is set for 27 September 2008 in Llanancarfan

Congratulations to Dilys Liscombe on her 8th birthday on the 4 February.

Deaths: John Cliff Morgan of Rhoose, previously of Llanancarfan and Llanbethery, who died on 16 January 2008 at the age of 93.

Contributions to the Newsletter to: Ann Ferris, Fordings, Llanancarfan CF62 3AD by post or to Alan Taylor by email, as below.

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Secretary: Gwyneth Plows, 3 Showle Acre, Rhoose, Tel. 01446 713533

Llanancarfan Society Administrative and Web-site:

e-mail: llansoc@llancarfan.f9.co.uk

Web-site: www.llancarfansociety.org.uk

Llancarfan Primary School page

Braces Bread

Before Christmas, Braces Bread came to talk to us about how they make their bread. They gave a slide show presentation to show the different stages involved in making the bread.

We made a loaf of bread and they gave us some work sheets. They also brought about 100 loaves of bread and gave us a loaf each.

By Rory Vizard



The Christmas play

The juniors Christmas play was called "Rock the baby". This year it was a traditional nativity with Sam Paynter as Joseph and Emma Atkins as Mary. The three wise men were Adam Dix, James Potter and William Mathews. The play had all the juniors involved. In the play year 5 girls were angels and year 5 boys, shepherds. It was a great night and a big thank you to the parents for the brilliant costumes.



Chess Tournament

Every year a chess tournament takes place in Cardiff. The school enters some pupils for the competition and this year, Harry Jackson, Adam Jackson and Jack Parry are taking part. We wish them the best of luck.



Sport

Spring has been a good season for sport at Llancarfan, with the rugby squad (A's and B's) attending a festival at Wick. The B's won all their matches and the A's stayed undefeated. Meanwhile the Hockey team had a "stick crashing" match at Romilly's sports barn, winning 5-1 with a good all round performance. The netball team have had 2 games recently winning both of them comfortably and the football team have an upcoming 4-a-side match at Colwinston, so we wish them luck.

by Marcus and Josh



Christmas Pantomime

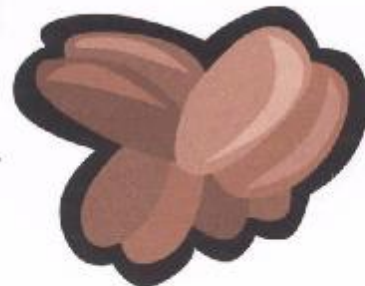
Last year at Christmas, the school hired a pantomime company who performed "Jack and the Beanstalk". The pantomime thoroughly entertained the children, and believe it or not the staff enjoyed it too! The children were booing, and singing along to the songs. Some of class five girls were enjoying it so much there were dancing, even though it was an infant story! It was a perfect end to the school term.



By Clare D & Emma A

Fair Trade

Fair Trade fortnight will be celebrated in the last week of February, and the first week of March. The school intend to create a display which will identify foods from around the world. Pupils have to bring in wrappers from Fair Trade products to enable to create an interesting and fun display. They must also bring in photos of themselves enjoying a Fair Trade product.



Road Safety Quiz

On the fifth of February a road safety quiz was held for year six. It was testing them on how to stay safe on the roads. First was Hannah's team with 35 points, second was Will's team with 34 points and third was Josh's team with 31 points. Hannah's team might go to the final against three other teams and if they win they get some book vouchers.



Biodiversity

In School we have received a grant to improve our school grounds: to make them rich in biodiversity. The reason for this is to attract all kinds of mini beasts and birds, we have a few pigeons already, which is great news for everyone!!



By Sophie Thomas and Luke John

New Year Visits to Friends of Llancarfan by Phil Watts

In the first week of the New Year I fulfilled a promise to pay a social visit to some old friends. So accompanied by John Gardner as my driver I set out for West Wales. Fellow readers of the newsletter will be pleased to hear that John and Jenny Morris formerly of Glan yr Afon, Llancarfan and The Rectory, Llantrithyd, are well and enjoying their retirement in Rhyd y fro, Pontadawe; that is when they are not visiting their children in London, Paris and Tasmania.

As is usual with their way of life, they are very much involved in their local community. Their latest local project is, with other locals the purchase from the Church in Wales of a church, which could no longer be maintained by churchgoers. One of the conditions of the purchase is that in the future the building is not used for worship. The intention is that the building is used for meetings, parties, etc. They have already had a New Years party. We have been promised a guided tour on our next visit.

We talked of the time Llancarfan won the Best Kept Village Competition in 1963. John and Jenny were part of the committee that coordinated the events that led up to the day of judging. Part of their duties was to speak to householders whose property was in need of a tidy up. A delicate job.

John remembers one incident when he called on one householder to encourage him to give his wall a coat of paint. Then when he left he found that while he was inside the working party had completed the clean up. Another incident Jenny recalls was how the freshly ironed choir gowns she was carrying became covered in green paint from the bridge railings that had been freshly painted. She had only stopped to admire the newly acquired water lilies to be seen in the river. John and Jenny made a casual enquiry of when is the village going to enter the competition again?

While in the area, we called on Menna Davies, sister of Morfydd (Maimie) Watts née Thomas, in Brynammon. We found her in good health except for the inconvenience of old age. She told us that she was now 84 years of age and how she missed her visits to Llancarfan, Llanbethery and Rhoose to visit her schoolteacher sister Miss Thomas.

She recalled her first visit in 1930 when her sister began teaching when Mr John was the Headmaster. She remembers staying with Mrs Maggie Sweet and Mrs Jenny Weight at New House and Chapel House respectively, Morfydd's lodging place in Llancarfan. It is worth noting that Morfydd stayed in the area a further 60 years.

Menna remembers she stayed long enough in Llancarfan on one occasion to attend the school. Some of the pupils she remembers were Dot Booker (recently deceased), Mary Cannon, Tom Taylor, Olive and Sybil Weight, Kath Watts and Eunice Llewellyn. She enjoys having the newsletters and keeps them all.

My travelling companion and driver John Gardner often visits West Wales. He asked me to accompany him on one of his trips. We took the opportunity to meet with our previous editor, Dr John Etherington. We found him in good health and as busy as usual. Unfortunately, Sheena is in constant pain with a long-standing knee condition. She has been promised an early operation in the New Year.

Another of my visits was to Davis Harris, formerly of the Fox and Hounds and Manager of Aberthaw Cement Works. David is now 93 years of age. He says he has just stopped driving and playing golf. He looks in pretty good shape. He told me his sister Betty Martin is now 96 years of age and living in a nursing home in Bridgend.



Llancarfan Society Web Page by Alan Taylor

The Society Web page has been re-established and can be found on the web using:-

www.llancarfansociety.org.uk

Pages include our Homepage, Events Calendar, Past Events, Newsletters 121-132 and a Notice Board.

We hope to be able to include earlier Newsletters shortly.

Any non Society Notices may be placed on this Web page by contacting me using the bottom line of the Web page selection list, e.g. events, articles for sale and matters of local interest.

Please feel free to utilize this facility, particularly in an attempt to avoid the clashing of local events.

Any local business advertising would be charged a nominal fee of £10 per year.



Annual Subscriptions – Sue Taylor Treasurer

If you would like to pay your subscription electronically the Society's bank details are as follows:

Bank:	Lloyds Bank
Branch:	140b Holton Road, Barry, CF63 4TZ
Sort Code:	30-90-52
Account Name:	Llancarfan Society
Account Number:	0243426
Reference:	<i>Surname and initials</i>

The amount payable is unchanged at £7.00 per family or £3.50 for a single person, due on the 1st April each year.

Please do not forget to include your initials (or forenames) and your surname as the reference so we know who has paid.



Reminiscences of Childhood – In Praise of County Schools by Charlotte Jenkins nee Thomas (tale told in Sept. 1987)

Introduction followed by the Story:

Once upon a time – all good stories - begin with “Once upon a time” – I lived on a farm in the little village of Llanbethery. I attended the small school in the pretty little village of Llancarfan - 1½ miles away. The school is situated on the hillside overlooking the valley. Here is a brief description of the village as it was 70 years ago.

The Village

Llancarfan, as I remember, it had about 23 houses, and of course the valley was surrounded by a number of prosperous farms. You must remember that there was very little transport in those days – the only means of travelling was by bicycle or on foot – or if you were lucky enough to own some land and a stable you might have a pony and trap. These were owned mostly by Farmers (one or two cars had appeared on the roads – and their chug chugging along the narrow lanes had caused great excitement.)

Because of the lack of transport people were obliged to live near their work – consequently Llancarfan was inhabited mainly by labourers and craftsmen.

To my mind it was the ideal country village. It had a beautiful old church – built, we are told, on the site of a 6th century monastery - two chapels – The Baptist and Wesleyan, a Public house, and a village hall where villagers gathered for Bible readings, Debates, Needlework classes, frequent concerts by local

performers and Poultry classes for women (almost every house had its own chickens).

There were ducks, too, swimming on the little stream (my childhood conception of the Congo and The Mississippi) and I never did discover how those ducks found their way back to their rightful owners.

Then there was the little shop where we went to spend our precious penny – and where for that penny we could buy two gob-stoppers, aniseed balls, or long sticks of liquorice. I preferred to wait until I had two pennies and then I would buy a packet of Sen-sens – tiny black sweets – to make my breath ‘scenty’.

Opposite the shop lived Mr Buckley, the cobbler. Now the Buckley’s shop had a stable-type door and he seemed to be always leaning over the lower half of the door, with his hooked pipe resting on his white flowing beard. He, poor man, had an invalid wife. She was one of those women who enjoy bad health. There she sat before a large open fire – wearing a man’s peaked cap – rocking her life away. We took our shoes to Mr Buckley to be “tapped”. Our shoes were not soled in those days – they were “tapped”. I have not heard the word since.

Opposite the church was the Blacksmith’s shop; the Blacksmith was Mr Joe Lewis and he seemed to be always standing in the very large doorway wearing a leather apron and a very big smile. On a cold day he would often invite us in to the Smithy to warm our hands before the huge furnace. What a pleasure it was to watch him brighten up the fire with his great bellows, and to see him mould the horseshoes on his anvil. As we sat quietly doing our lessons in school the clang of that anvil could be heard echoing through the valley. That sound rings in my ears still. Farmers from miles around brought huge carthorses to be shod by Mr Lewis. and he never objected to us watching him nailing the shoes on those great docile animals.

The journey to School

School started at 9.30 so we had to leave home about 8.45. I have no recollection of ever seeing a parent taking a child to school. There was always an older brother or sister or friend in the village who would look after the newcomers, and of course, 14 was the leaving age so there were ‘big’ children in charge.

Before we left for school there was always a visitor to our house – in the form of Mr Penny, the postman. Mr Penny walked all the way from Cowbridge – about six miles – calling at all the farms on the way. He called six days a week; because we had the Western Mail delivered by post, and he always had breakfast at our house. I can see my mother now cutting a large slice of ham from the home-cured ham, which hung from the hook in the kitchen ceiling, and cooking it in a Dutch oven before an open fire.

Mr Penny was of particular interest because he had an artificial hand. Projecting from his left sleeve was a metal hook and we were intrigued to see how deftly he could manipulate the letters with his good hand and that hook.

On our way to school – there were normally about a dozen children from our village and we left in small groups.

A frequent encounter was “The Tinker”. He was dressed in a ragged black suit and wore a bowler hat. On his back he carried a large sack filled with tools for repairing saucepans, umbrellas and various farm implements. He was a man of no fixed abode and when in our area he always slept on the hay in one of our sheds.

A short distance from the village was a piece of wasteland where frequently there stood a gipsy caravan. The same family seemed to come there regularly, and always there were children playing around in bare feet while a horse was tethered nearby and a few dogs kept guard. The father was usually sitting on a log

busily chipping wood to make into clothes pegs, which his wife sold around the villages.

The brown-faced mother seemed always to be sitting on the steps of the caravan feeding her baby. How we loved to peer in through the door and see the gleaming dishes and the shining brass arranged on the shelves.

In fine weather we were able to take a short cut through the woods and we would arrive at school with armfuls of bluebells, primroses, cowslips, sticky-buds, etc., and take great pleasure in arranging them in jam jars on the classroom windowsills.

The School

The school was built in the 1870s. It had only three class rooms – one for the Infants, the “middle-room” for standards 1, 2 and 3 and the “Big Room” for Standards 4, 5, 6 and 7 – leaving age was 14 in those days. There were only three teachers to teach all those classes – although the numbers were small it was a difficult task teaching such a large age-range. Little wonder that so few reached the County School. The only “coaching” the “Scholarship children” – and there were only 3 or 4 each year – had was the marking of their special home-work each morning.

The infants wrote on slates with slate pencils, which made a horrible screech as they wrote. There were sand-trays, too, and letters were formed in the sand with fingers, clay-modelling was popular in those days and word-building was recited in chorus from the blackboard.

The boys from standard 4 upwards had their own little gardens where they grew a large selection of vegetables. These were harvested and weighed and proved an excellent exercise in practical arithmetic.

While the boys did their gardening the girls had Needlework lessons – and oh! How we hated drafting patterns – especially that popular one of outsize knickers. But we did

some excellent knitting and I remember at the age of 10 knitting a frock for myself.

The Head Teacher in my days was a Mr Idris Davies and with my present knowledge I realise that he was a very forward-looking teacher. His two enthusiasms were Nature Study and Penillion Singing. He realised that Nature Study was not reams of uninteresting notes and dull diagrams; instead we were taken out to see the living world. We studied the changing seasons, we collected and learnt to identify the wild flowers, we listened to the song of the birds and studied the local trees.

Then, too, we were taken out to see “the pattern made by 1,000 years of local hands and feet” and interesting historical remains. Local History came to life. We were taken to see the remains of the old monastery; we saw the fortress of the Ancient Britons, known as ‘Castle Ditches’ – where the Britons, so we are told, protected their wives and children from the invading Romans whom they could see coming up the channel.

Penillion Singing was a strong feature though there was not a single Welsh speaker in the school. We were so well drilled in Welsh pronunciation that soon we knew a large selection of Welsh verses. So well known did we become among Welsh educationists that we had many visitors to hear us, and we were actually invited to sing for The Cymradonian Society in Penuel in The Big City of Barry. That indeed was a red letter day. We were taken in a few cars, and for the first time I saw lamps in the streets.

We seldom ventured out in the dark. When we did our only guiding lights were the moon, the stars and the milky way – and the thousands of glow-worms in the hedge-rows. (Sadly they have now disappeared). And we were impressed with the gas lamps in the chapel – we had only oil-lamps in our houses and churches. The warmth of the reception at Penuel remains a very happy memory.

As the age of 12 I was one of three from the school to “pass the Scholarship”. I nearly broke my heart at leaving that happy, friendly little community – and so I joined the “City Slikkers” of Barry County School and became one the train girls who came up from the uncivilised “Wilds of the Vale”.

I shall now end my tale with an extract from a recent article in “The Sunday Times”. You may remember that just before the last election the government proposed to close a large number of county schools. In the face of fierce opposition this plan had to be abolished and the small schools were reprieved.

The author of the article – Ronald Blythe, by name, wrote:

“Most of our village schools are as near to an ideal Primary education as can be had. Just these six years of walking and talking along the road to school establishes in a child an image of belonging, which will last for life. The average village school is a place crammed with reality and imagination, shadows and brightness and a small one with a true teacher is about as good a start as anywhere for a country child”.

And now it’s time to stop so I shall end my story as was customary in our family, when telling stories to our two children and even now when telling stories to my three grandchildren. The same phrase ‘and that is the end of the story’.

A final quote from Gordon Le-Stiere, President of Country Landowners Association.

“We risk seeing more and more village commitments gradually transformed into little more than urban dormitories”.

The following are extracts from David Jenkins’ letter enclosing the above item, which in themselves are very interesting. (*I feel.*)

“The essay above was written by my mother in April 1999 when she was aged 86, as part of

the activities organised by an excellent WRVS club for the elderly, run at St Nicholas Hall in Barry.

On the following page is a scanned photograph, which I think is of Mr Idris Davis and his penillion singers. My mother is in the front row, second from the right. The second girl from the left in the back row is her older sister Dilys, who was born in January 1911 and died in November 2003. I think the photograph would have been taken in about 1923? It might be interesting to see whether local memory in the village could identify the others. A cousin of my mother, now in her late 90s, lives not far from me in Dorset, and I shall see whether she can help.

Mr Idris Davis had a lifelong influence on my mother. She retained a strong interest in singing and in nature study throughout her life. She passed these on not only to her children and grandchildren, but to many generations of her own pupils; she was a teacher in Wenvoe, then in Wolverhampton, and later at Romilly Infants School, Barry, until her retirement in 1973.



The photo above was taken on her 90th birthday in 2003 – still happy and still surrounded by flowers.

Finally, going back to the previous generation, I attach a copy of a school attendance certificate, signed by the then Master, R Davies, presented to my Father’s mother,

Minnie Helen Edwards, of Broad Close Farm, in April 1889. But that's another story."

(Which I hope you will be able to tell us)



Obituaries

**John Clifford Morgan– 01.04.1915 16.01.2008
by Robin Emptage**

Cliff was one of eleven children (8 boys and 3 girls). Although they lived at Walterston Farm, Cliff was born at Heol y March, better known as Hendrewenol.

At the age of 4 he lost his right thumb by sticking it in the corn grinder to see how it worked.

Cliff went to school in Llancafarn and Barry Grammar School for Boys. He served his apprenticeship as a Carpenter/Joiner in Canton, Cardiff and used to cycle back and froth each day.

He married Eva Durham on 23 January 1943 (and they would have been married 65 years this January). They had five boys and a girl – Brian, Raymond, Haydn, Charles, Trevor and Patricia (she gave him great joy).

Cliff was a strict disciplinarian and ruled with the strap. When he was on the warpath everyone disappeared. I can remember Colin Hughes and I sat on the wall outside No. 6 Pant-y-Coed, when round the corner at a rate of knots came Raymond, he hurdled the wall like a budding Colin Jackson. Right behind him was Cliff. Colin and I laughed – mistake because Cliff changed his attention to us, we ran in different directions and I can still see Cliff chasing Colin through Llanbethery.

Cliff was a fit man and whether it was in the three legged race at Gymkhana at Bonvilston, I think his partner was his brother Wyndham, helping on the farm or changing engines in one of his many cars he gave it his all.

Cliff and Eva moved from Llanbethery to Rhoose. They had 13 grandchildren and 5 great grandchildren.

Cliff loved his beer (and was always up for a pint anywhere), horse racing, point to point and studied the daily paper searching for illusive winners.

There were two tragedies in Cliff's life, one was when Brian died in June 2000 and then in 2004 when Eva died. He missed them both greatly.

Peter Charles Newton, Llantrithyd (13.05.34 – 26.10.07) by Mrs Rose Newton

Peter was born in Cardiff, moved to Bonvilston and in the 1950's to Llantrithyd. He went to Llancafarn School and told many tales of putting glue in the headmasters hat, hiding under the river bridge to avoid lessons, a book in the trousers to soften the blow from the cane and so on. He went to Rhoose School afterwards and left at 14 to become a farm worker.

As a youngster Peter and Rocky, his pony, were well known competitors around the shows. In later years he was always to be seen with his daughters, Julia and Helen, at shows and gymkhana – where Helen competed. His love of horses continued throughout his lifetime.

In the 1980's he became a sheep farmer – he loved every moment he spent with his sheep, and shared his wealth of knowledge with vet students at lambing time, when they would come to the farm as part of their course. Peter spent weeks getting the 'Texels' (special lean sheep originally from Holland) ready for shows, the highlight of his year being the week spent at the Royal Welsh Show with Julia and family. He was never seen walking in the village without his dogs and crook.

Peter adored Christmas, especially dressing as Santa on Christmas Eve and going to visit all the young children in the village. The excitement and joy that this brought to the little ones, just made his Christmas.

During his latter years his main interest was his garden, growing many vegetables, which he loved to pass on to neighbours and friends. He planted up numerous hanging baskets, which were admired all summer.

Peter was a kind, gentle man; he adored his family and will be missed by all.

The following copy of a card was sent to Mrs Newton by her cousin who when she comes to

stay feel the need to “breathe in” when coming down the lanes.



I don't do reverse...



Lilly can't you - there's a passing place just behind you!



You'll have to back up...

(Most appropriate I think with some of the drivers on our roads today.)



The History of Northern Llancafarn by Mike Crosta

I often look at houses or villages and wonder how and when they came into being. The older they are the harder it is to know or to find out. Where we live at the northern exit of the village, there are 4 houses approaching 40 years old so their beginnings are certainly starting to recede into the past.

The fact that there are 4 in a row is of some interest and we found out the reason when we bought our plot in 1968. The seller revealed to us that back in the 1940's there had been planning permission for 4 agricultural workers houses similar to Cattwg Cottages at Pancross but they had not been built and the planning permission lapsed. The seller discovered this, bought the land and argued successfully that if

planning had been appropriate once, it was logical it should be again. He was a builder by profession and initially built what is now Graham and Kay's Brain's house. This was called 'Witches Barn' and sold, completed, to Geoff and Valerie Cottingham, our first excellent neighbours there. The builder advertised our plot for sale, apparently because of a need for ready cash, so we were able to choose our own design and type of house. The main restriction was that they all would have the same building line at the front. We designed and built, by sub-contractor, our bungalow, doing a lot of the donkeywork ourselves with the help of relatives and friends. It was not without drama. Geoff Cottingham was cross when a cement lorry demolished his dividing wall but pleased when I got him suitable compensation and he did the work himself! We have vivid memories of the roofers leaving the roof trusses half finished with a storm due to find predictably the next day they had all blown down and smashed.

Our son, Andrew, was born in July 1969 and we moved with him into the house with only his and our bedroom completed. The rest was a building site. We got to know Dai Phillips, the farmer from Pennon, well and when I came to seed the lawns he lent me an old seed fiddle. The seed was put into a bag and when played like a fiddle, the seed spread very efficiently over the garden. I wonder if it is still in existence?

The Cottinghams moved away and Fred and Heather Adams moved in during October 1973. As Heather did not wish to be called a witch they changed the house name to Ynysdawl. They were very good neighbours, Heather is now living in Derbyshire, but still in touch with the village. I remember one winter when we were badly snowed in and nobody could get out, Fred, as Director of Education for South Glamorgan, was able to get the snow ploughs in early to cut a route out of the village. This spoiled our fun, as we would have had a further week off work playing in the snow. The adults were worse

than the children for tobogganing down school hill and the steep hills around the village. A dear old friend, Tony Davies, and I often reminisced about calling on each other to go out to play in the snow. Now the house has more good neighbours, Graham and Kay Brain, who moved in in 1985 and who are very involved in village life.

The builder next built the house to the south of ours to sell complete and our first neighbours and in 1970 our first neighbours were George and Lou Whitman from Nuremberg, Germany, with their 2 children, Evi and Bertie. George was manager at the Staedler factor at Pontyclun and a hard worker. Later, when we were installing mains drainage, I was pleased that he was impressed enough to visit me every evening to inspect the drains and manholes that I was building myself as they got deeper and deeper into solid rock. Lou was lovely, enjoyed cooking but often prepared too much for her family so would be seen scurrying over to us with a pot of something hot, steaming and tasty. The family went back to Germany, George passed away some years later and Lou often would return for a visit, arriving on our doorstep for emotional bugs and kisses. She, too, has passed on but both remain in our memories.

The next owners were a childless couple that really kept to themselves but passed the house on in the summer of 1997 to a super couple, Neil and Jane Johns from Maesteg. Neil became very ill soon after they moved in and they both battled courageously to deal with his illness. Jane couldn't have done more but eventually they had to return to Maesteg where Neil very sadly died, far too young. But theirs was a happy house in spite of their problems and the house is still happy since March 2005 we now have Matthew and Claire Williams with young Evie and Libby and they have proved already to be good neighbours.

The history of the fourth house is slightly different in that the plot was sold not to the builder but directly to Bob and Sue Watts who had the striking modern house built. They

moved away to live in France and Richard and Angela Powell moved in with their 3 children in 1979. As families, we soon became firm friends and we look forward to their return to the village from their temporary home in Cowbridge.

Well, touch wood; we are still here after 38 years because we refused to move for work or other reasons. Where else would we get such a pleasant position to live and in such a nice village?



Good Pub Food Winners

Congratulations to Sue and John Millard owners of the Fox and Hounds, who have won the Echo Good Pub Food Award.



John and Sue Millard.

John said “To win is excellent, we just serve good local, fresh food. We source everything ourselves – we change our menus to suit the ingredients we’ve got which is fabulous”.



Statistically Speaking

Height of the CN Tower in Toronto, Canada (world’s tallest freestanding structure): about 1,815 feet.

Christmas Quiz for LDCA by Audrey Porter

(The questions were written by and the results checked by Audrey Porter).

Thank you to all who bought the Christmas Quiz.

We made £335 for the hall renovations. Thanks also go to Alan and Sue Taylor for all their work printing the forms.

The Winners were:

Jan Farebrother of Basingstoke
Penni Porter of Llantwit Fardre.

Do hope that you will support the quiz next year.



Easter Services

St Cadoc’s, Llanccarfan

Holy Week

Wednesday	Holy Eucharist	9.30am
Maundy Thursday	Holy Eucharist and Watch of The Passion	7.30pm
Good Friday	Liturgy of the Day	2.00pm
Holy Saturday	Easter Vigil and Eucharist	8.00pm
Easter Day	Holy Eucharist	11.00am

St Illytyd’s Llantrithyd

Good Friday	Devotions	12.00 noon
Easter Sunday	Holy Communion	9.15am

Penmark – St Mary’s

Maundy Thursday	Holy Eucharist and Watch of the Passion	7.00pm
Good Friday	Devotions	2.00- 3.00pm
Easter Day	Holy Eucharist	9.00am

