

# LLANCARFAN SOCIETY NEWSLETTER 139

OCTOBER 2009



*Trois choses don't on ne devrait  
pas se mêler : un chien étranger,  
une inondation subite, et l'homme  
qui se considère sage.*

Les Dicts du druide Cadoc

*Three things with which  
one mustn't meddle –  
a strange dog, a sudden flood,  
& a man who thinks himself wise.*

The Sayings of druid Cadoc

***UNHAND ME, GREY-BEARD LOON!***

There has been a most encouraging response to pleas for stimulating and enlightening content for your time-honoured newsletter – as to be seen on the web, for instance, at <http://www.llancarfansociety.org.uk>. Our grateful thanks for this, draconian though we may at times appear when it comes to the editing & balancing process.

It seems to us that there are delicate choices to be made between reflecting & recording the fascination of village history, mirroring the concerns of the present - and trying not to be Ancient Mariners, battering passing ears with one's particular obsession. But until we hear 'unhand me!' we trust the contents prove of interest & value.

3 - 4                      **EVAN WILLIAMS : NOT MILKING THE COWS**

5                              **THE MECHANICAL MYSTERY TOUR**

6                              **FOLLOW THE MUDDY WET ROAD**

7 – 10 & 16                      **EVENTUALITIES & DISPATCHES**

11                              **LE RENARD ET LES CHIENS DE CHASSE**

12-13                              **SHOWING THE VILLAGE**

14-15                              **THE MAN IN THE WOOLLY CAP**

***THE THOUGHTS OF DRUID CADOC***

Given schoolboy groundings in French more suited to translating obscure mediaeval observations than to buying a loaf of bread, forgive the indulgence of quoting from Lllancarfan's saint-in-residence on the front cover. These rules of thumb for a saintly life come from *Les Dicts du druide Cadoc*, a slim volume published in Brittany several years ago.

Cadoc goes down big in Brittany (as presumably does Bordeaux wine – see Page 11 of this bibulous Francophone edition). However, we've yet to understand where the St. Cadoc's sayings came from originally. Were they in Welsh? Were they handy aphorisms attributed to our saint to increase their market value? Did lolo Morgannwg have a hand in matters? Like our church bells, we think we should be tolled.

## EVAN WILLIAMS : NOT MILKING THE COWS

*37-year-old Evan Williams was born on Aberogwrn Farm, which stands where the road to Treguff peels off the top road to Cardiff. Since 1997, Evan has had astonishing success in training horses – with Aintree, Hennessy & Cheltenham winners, he ranks among the top ten National Hunt trainers in Britain. To date in fact, over 300 winners have trained on the galloping slopes of Aberogwrn. Evan is an unassuming & charming man, who loves Llancarfan – and told us all about it:*



**EVAN :** My grandparents, they played a massive part in everything I've ever done - because I was brought up with them, since about ten or eleven. And I spent a lot of time, going to market with my grandfather. Then when my grandfather died, I took over the farm, and I started buying cattle myself. But I really just got to the stage where I couldn't make a living on a small family farm, so I had to do something else.

Well, my family was always interested in horses a bit, and I rode as an amateur, fair bit of success. So because I was riding I got the chance to train a few. But I didn't start training horses to make money or a big splash in the racing world - I started training horses so I could keep the family farm going. Then I sold the cows in 1997, just to train point-to-pointers. And I had the trainer's license by the 2003/4 season.

**Q :** Apart from you being the **Champion Point-to-Point rider of Great Britain (!)**, what other skills did you bring to the job?

**EVAN :** Like a lot of farmer's sons, I'd done a lot of work with animals since I was young. So I suppose I just looked at things from an agricultural side, a stockman's side. It never feels like a big deal to go and buy a horse, buy a cow, buy a sheep. But though with farming, I loved it, I never felt I could quite master it. Riding though, I always found riding horses easy, so I suppose I found training them easy too.

**Q :** **And you developed your own approach to training?**

**EVAN :** I was quite thick at school - but I've always found it easy with animals. If I saw a horse I'd trained in a field of a hundred horses, I'm sure I would know his pedigree & his handicap marks, and say 'that's so & so'. They're like kids in school – the more time you spend with them, the more they develop. And the lay of the land here, we can get horses very fit here. You go down to our gallop at Treguff, it's very

steep. It puts stamina into them. Our hill makes fast horses slow, but it makes them fit and resolute. So a lot of our horses are very tough.

**Q :** But you *are* training over a hundred horses?

**EVAN :** You can't win a war unless you've got an army. I find it easy to deal with a lot of horses, because, like I say, I think horses are like children. If you've got a bunch of kids, and get them in the right batch, they blossom. In the right batches, they pal up, they team up, the best bring the slowest along. In the wrong batch, when they're dragged along too much, they drop back. So, if you've got a big army, you've got little sergeants, and you put somebody in charge of that group, then you get all the groups working for you. You've got your lads in charge, then you pick out the best of them, and you say 'that's ready to run'.

**Q :** As for your own and Cath's kids – William, Isabel & Ellie – would you encourage them to come into the business?

**EVAN :** I don't know. People think it's a glamorous job, think you go to races and quaff champagne in the bar all day. But it's not a nice business. It's long hours, bad weather; the hours we work, from half past seven to three o'clock, it's a long day riding. And because I think horses have to be tough, people working there have to be tough too. So, unless they're very keen, I'd encourage them to do something else.

**Q :** Almost uniquely in horse racing, you're known as 'Evan Williams, the *Llancarfan* trainer'.

**EVAN :** Well, when I got my license they said "You've got to put Barry, Cardiff or Cowbridge." But I said, "I train in Llancarfan, and everyone knows me as 'Evan'. So I want to be 'Evan Williams, Llancarfan'." And in the end they gave up!

**Q :** Any idea what would your grandparents would think of you?

**EVAN :** I don't know. Really and truth, that's my biggest regret – that they never saw anything. I hope they'd think I'd done the right thing, anyway. Though I'd probably get a row for not milking cows anymore!



## **ROBERT HUTCHINGS CELEBRATES A SUCCESSFUL MYSTERY TRIP**

**Time: 6.30pm. Date: Friday 18 July 2009. Forty years after Neil Armstrong's epic voyage, we were primed for the wonderful Gwyn's annual mystery trip. Voyagers were securely strapped aboard our executive coach outside the village hall, appetites whetted. You could hear the quiet predictions as to where we might be heading. Quiet, one notes, except for those from our very own on board village travel agent!**

**The first clue would come of course when we turned left or right at Great House. But at 7pm that clue hadn't happened. The executive coach was still at the village hall. Its driver assured us the engine was fine & purring when it arrived. But then, inexplicably, it had died. Knowledgeable members tried all manner of ways to get it going, but neither prayer nor WD40 could achieve it. Was it similar in Apollo 11?**

**By 7.15pm a replacement 29-seater had arrived. Its mechanic soon admitted defeat, and so we (nearly) all piled into the replacement coach. Unfortunately the defunct original coach had held 32. So three of the party were up-graded to a luxury car, while those in the charabanc completed the countdown - and our trip was duly launched.**

**Each restaurant or pub passed would as ever be greeted with 'I thought it would be there' or 'thank goodness, I never liked that place'. Then Malcolm Davies was heard to bet, first his shirt, then another more intimate article of clothing, on a small village pub he vaguely recalled. But no! It was ever onwards to the sea front at Porthcawl and into the Atlantic Hotel. Fortunately, I don't think anyone called in Malcolm's bet!**

**The meal & welcome were good, very good. The wine flowed freely, the atmosphere was excellent, and it was over all too soon. Then we learnt that our return landing craft was the 'deceased' coach, brought back to life. Would it survive the return trip? It did – and treated us to a bonus mystery detour into a Bridgend industrial estate, retrieving the best hat & coat of our esteemed Chairman, which he'd left on the other coach!**

**There remained the perennial problem; getting to sleep on the return coach, while Sam insisted on rendering various songs in keys never envisaged by their composers! But relief came as, at 11.30pm, we made contact with base camp. The Eagle had landed! Though, with Apollo 13 in mind, could we hope Gwyn might book a different coach next year!**

## FOLLOW THE MUDDY WET ROAD

*A Cri de Coeur in the last Newsletter concerned our impassable village Valeways, routes that can hardly delight our citizens or our visitors. There have been responses. Councillor Kemp has kindly offered his advice and guidance. And meanwhile, our respected neighbour Graham Jenkins has chosen to get to the historical bottom of things. He writes . . .*

Reading the article on the 'muddy footpath' along from the Old Mill Wheel, caused me to think why this should be so. There has always been a 'damp' area there. I can recall as a child that it was only possible to walk unimpeded by 'bog' in the very dry summer periods.

This footpath is surrounded by natural springs. In my youth there was an open well immediately behind *Cross Green House*. This has now been filled in.

There was also a well in the *Hollies* garden, which until mains water was piped into Llancarfan, was the sole source of drinking water for all those who resided in that part of the village.

Although the wells no longer 'function', the springs are of course still there, and have to drain somewhere. My theory is that the drain line from the springs finds its outlet near to the point where the footpath becomes difficult to negotiate.

Perhaps if some volunteers, with the aid of a mechanical digger, were able to excavate a deep trench across the walkway, and then fill it with hardcore, the problem might be resolved?

Incidentally, newer residents of the village may not be aware that the narrow field along which the footpath to Garnllwyd passes, was always known as 'The Conjunction'. Legend has it that beneath this field runs a tunnel, used by the monks of Garnllwyd, to travel secretly to the Church or the Culvery.



*'Newer residents' of course include your present editors, who are aware of several informative 'Wells' articles in earlier Llancarfan newsletters. The invaluable web-based Index points to Newsletters 7 & 96.*

## WHAT'S OCCURIN'? OR MAYBE EVEN OCCUR'D!

### CHURCH NEWS

#### **STOP PRESS**

**The Heritage Lottery Fund Wales has announced a grant of over £73,000 for St. Cadoc's Church, which matches the sum applied for. It will be used to make the church fabric waterproof, inside & out, & create a stable climate in which the wall-paintings are restored.**

Meanwhile - the church's own newsletter is establishing itself as a most welcome new channel of communication around the area. There is too a pleasing call for more involvement in the services at St. Cadoc's, with parishioners invited to read lessons and lead prayers & intercessions.

#### *A reminder of Church Service times :*

Morning Eucharist each Wednesday at 09.30.

Service each Sunday at 1100.

*Family services* : 1 November – to include a baptism – and 6 December.

#### *Other Diary Dates :*

Harvest Evensong : Sunday 4 Oct at 19.00.

Llantrithyd Harvest Evensong : 8 Oct at 19.00 at St. Illtyd's Church.

Remembrance Sunday : 8 November at 10.45.

First Sunday in Advent : 29 November.

School Christingle (School only) : Friday 18 Dec at 10.30.

Lessons & Carols : Sunday 20 Dec at 19.30 (with refreshments)

Crib Service & Church Christingle : Thurs 24 Dec at 15.00.

Midnight Mass : Thurs 24 Dec at 11.30.

Christmas Day Eucharist : Fri 25 Dec at 11.00.

#### *The joys & sorrows of village life continue.*

On Saturday September 12<sup>th</sup>, Gemma Uppington and Richard Pavey were married here. After their honeymoon in Alaska, they will return to live at 2, Maes yr Afon, Llancarfan. We wish them every happiness.

The funeral took place here on September 4<sup>th</sup> of Dorothy Price, aged 87, of Highfield Farm. Please see *In Memory* on Page 10. And Sadly we hear that Barbara Manchester of Lime Kiln Cottage, Llanbethery, died after a short illness on September 15<sup>th</sup>. The funeral was on Thursday 24<sup>th</sup> September at St. Cadoc's.

### **SCHOLASTIC FANTASTIC**

Our hearty congratulations to the youngsters of the village, who have done themselves and us proud again with their school results.

Success and achievement is not always reflected in academic gongs, but among those who excelled are

Amy Evans : 2 A stars, 5 A's, 4 B's in GCSE.

Harry Gibson : 2 B's, 1 C at AS-Level.

Chris Hannaly : 3 A's at A-Level & 1 A at AS-Level.

Emily Renwick : 6 A stars, 4 A's, and 1 B in GCSE.

George Teesdale : 3 C's at AS-level.

### **LLANCARFAN LAWN TENNIS CLUB**

The last couple of years verged on washouts, *writes David Stevens*, so it was a joy that this year's Llancarfan Mixed Doubles Tournament took place on one of the loveliest Saturdays of the year. The participants, competing for the Marjorie Hobbs Trophy, were split into younger players on the village court, and slightly less young players at Garnllwyd. The winners from each court met in the final – with last year's winners, Claire & Steve Parry, well matched with Annabel John & Richard Williams. Annabel & Richard ultimately won through, 6-4.

### **TUESDAY CLUB**

This meets every 3<sup>rd</sup> Tuesday of the month, in the Village Hall, at 19.45. On September 15th a coach trip took us to see the Abergavenny Millennium Tapestry, to visit the Priory Church, and enjoy coffee, lunch, the shops & the market. All agreed it was a most enjoyable day.

#### ***Future Sessions :***

20 October : An interesting open meeting with Mr. R. Sellick.

17 November : Memorabilia Evening : Wartime & the 1940s.

Jo Williams will play piano tunes from the period.

Please bring its memorabilia for viewing, discussion & chat. We do hope gentlemen will join us too.

15 December : Our Christmas Party : We meet, eat and have fun (plus a wee Christmas gift in the Lucky Dip).

### **HARVEST SUPPER**

A Harvest Supper will be safely gathered in – to attending stomachs – in the Village Hall on Saturday 3 October at 19.00. Tickets from Ray Evans on 781221, and Sue Taylor on 781543.



## **LLANCARFAN CRICKET CLUB**

### **Fixtures & Results**

6 <sup>th</sup> May	Edmond's Arms	Away	Rained Off
19 <sup>th</sup> May	Mitres	Away	Rained Off
7 <sup>th</sup> June	Colwinston	Away	Won
21 <sup>st</sup> June	Colwinston	Home	Lost
30 <sup>th</sup> June	Mitres	Home	Lost
20 <sup>th</sup> August	Barry West End	Away	Won
26 <sup>th</sup> August	Chartered Trust	Home	Lost
6 <sup>th</sup> September	Colwinston	Away	Lost

A thoroughly enjoyable season kicked off with about 50 players and supporters at the pre-season curry night in the *Fox & Hounds*. Our many thanks to Sue & John, and to the kind donors of raffle prizes. A players' end of season bash is due to take place in October.

Our victory against Barry West End was particularly notable for all round performance. Steady batting from Rich Williams & Freddie John, followed by accurate bowling and sharp fielding, resulted in a good win. Beating Colwinston is always an achievement and a fine 117 by Freddie John, again followed by a great effort in the field, paved the way for a convincing win. Unfortunately Colwinston exacted their revenge later! On another day, narrow defeats against the Mitres & Chartered Trust might have gone our way. Our many thanks go to St. Fagans CC for the use of their superb facilities - and to Paul Heffron's friendly face, who stood as our umpire throughout! Over twenty local people represented the village this season; and the team appears to be getting younger. Next season we'd welcome new players for an expanded fixture list - contact Rob John on 07889 107795 or [janejohn1@btinternet.com](mailto:janejohn1@btinternet.com).

### **WINE TASTING**

What is becoming the annual challenge returns to the Village Hall on Friday 20 November, when those who can tell the difference between Chateau Neuf du Pape and Sarson's Vinegar are welcome to enter and prove (or refine) their skills. This year, not only do we get paté and cheeses to excite our tastebuds but there will also be a musical accompaniment. Look out for further news of tickets, prices and times.

### **PISTE AGAIN**

The Edmond's Arms, winner of this year's Ruth Watts Petanque Challenge Cup, called for a return match on August 23<sup>rd</sup>, and brought along four teams of three – plus several crates of beer. Despite only

managing to enter two teams into the ‘round robin’ competition, Llancarfan did provide the winners, with Alan Taylor, Tom Hunt (now aged 80), and Ann Ferris coming up trumps. A return, return match is planned when, hopefully, more competitors from the village will enter.

### ***DINNER IS SERVED***

The Llancarfan Society’s Annual Dinner took place on September 26<sup>th</sup>, and those who can remember said it was very good!

### ***FLOWERING TALENTS***

Last time we mentioned the Whist Drives on October 27<sup>th</sup>, November 24<sup>th</sup>, and December 29<sup>th</sup>, and the Badminton Club, every Friday, at the Calcot Leisure Centre, Barry. Now there are plans afoot to start Flower Arranging Classes in the Village (a.k.a. Community) Hall. Any one interested in attending should contact Mary Grey on 781936.

### ***IN MEMORY***

When people die, apart from the family pain, softened a little perhaps by the celebration of a life, it invariably feels that a fragment of living history has gone too. Hopefully this *Newsletter* will not too often have the chance to make such sad reports. But people need remembering.

We were saddened therefore to have missed reporting, several months ago, the death of a community nonagenarian. Ceinwen Elizabeth Martin, known as ‘Betty’, was 96 when she died on January the 31<sup>st</sup>, 2009. She was one of six children born to David & Amelia Harris, who from 1921 ran the *Fox & Hounds*. Betty’s career, first in hotel management, then as a farmer’s wife, is part of Llancarfan’s history.

This month too our *Church News* has sadly reported the funeral of Dorothy Rose Price of Highfield Farm, Moulton. She was born on the 12<sup>th</sup> of December, 1921; her dad was a gamekeeper on the Porthkerry estate. Her history adds unexpectedly to the hostelry-centred theme of this note – because her parents, William & Rose Singleton, moved with their brood of four youngsters to become publicans at the *Three Horse Shoes* in Moulton. From these beginnings, Dorothy became a nurse.

In 1947, Dorothy married Dillwyn Price. They ultimately settled in Highfield Farm, farming and running a contracting business with son Maurice. Dillwyn died in 1991, while Dorothy outlived her husband by some 18 years, ‘never suffering an ache or a pain in her life’.

## **LE RENARD ET LES CHIENS DE CHASSE**

***It is with some diffidence that we continue the bibulous tendency of this Newsletter. Some readers may find a crumb of comfort in knowing that the White Chapel deeds forbid the brewing of alcoholic beverages for sale from the premises. Others may wring a droplet of delight from this report on forthcoming activities in an adjacent hostelry:***

**What's this? - another high class venue for the village? Well actually no, it's the *Fox & Hounds*, announcing a very interesting event scheduled for this November.**



Nicola & Sean's  
Snifter at the Chateau

**Some readers will remember Bob & Sue Watts, who came to Llancafán in 1967. They built a house called**

***Timbers*, next to Blair and Ray Evans. Bob was a chartered surveyor, and having qualified at the Bar, he practiced law for 7 years in Cardiff.**

**However, Bob's passion was wine. So in 1979, he & Sue left for the caves of France, to start up a winery. And the fruits of these labours can be discovered today at the Chateau du Seuil at Cérons, near Bordeaux - some of which fruits are about to drip back on Llancafán.**

**Today, their French vineyard is run by Bob & Sue's daughter Nicola (a former pupil at Llancafán Primary School), making hand-crafted wines with her husband Sean. (All this presumably some years before the school held SATS in Viticulture?)**

**Well, in November Nicola will be back in the village. Here, in conjunction with John & Sue at the *Fox & Hounds*, they are arranging an evening of wining & dining. Nicola will naturally talk about, and answer questions on, fine wine making. She will also of course provide the opportunity to sample a selection from the Chateau de Seuil caves, whilst John & Sue will delight us with a vintage supper.**

**The date, unlike the wine, is as yet unsettled. It depends on the busy schedule of a successful vineyard and its owner. But it definitely promises to be a very informative, enjoyable and different evening. So – 'à bientôt' – as we say in the French quarter of this Welsh village.**

## SHOWING THE VILLAGE : 22 AUGUST 2009 : ANN FERRIS

**6.30 a.m.** At last the day has arrived. After months of plotting, weeks of finding time to fit everything in, days of final planning and pure hard work, the day of the Village Show has arrived. A peek through the curtains, it's fine but some high cloud, no rain in sight, thank goodness.

All we have to do now is to be at the hall at 8.30am and make sure that everything is ready for the final exhibits to arrive. At 8.45am the Stewards are here to ensure that everything goes in the correct sections, and that none of the exhibits already in place are damaged.

By nine o'clock we're waiting nervously for the first of those who bring their entries for display. We're juggling between two halls – the Community Hall and the School Hall – but we're as ready as we can be. At first there's a trickle and then it seems a flood of people, all wanting to mount their displays. The stewards are busy, finding space, moving previous classes to make more room, the hall now brimful of people, busily fine-tuning their exhibits before the cut-off time.

As 10.00 a.m. approaches the crowds thin, and the first of the Judges appears. By 10.15 a.m. the hall is empty except for the Judges and their Stewards. But wait - we seem to be one Judge short! What can have happened, has she forgotten? What will we do? But at last she arrives, having taken the wrong turning. Then all is quiet while the Judges consider, study, test, taste and make their choices.



There is a break for lunch, after checking that all is ready for 2 o'clock when the doors open. Then the public will be here, to view the show and to see if they've won. It starts again with a trickle, and then a steady flow of people. Soon the hall is crowded as more and more children and adults arrive. Now the contestants exclaim with pleasure if they've won. Now the visitors juggle with their cups and saucers and plates, as teas and cakes are served at a furious rate.

Now the visitors juggle with their cups and saucers and plates, as teas and cakes are served at a furious rate.



**A discreet ear around both the halls confirms that people are enjoying themselves. All seem to agree that it is wonderful to see all parts of the village taking part, and the surrounding villages, Barry, even Tondy.**

**Where has the afternoon gone? Time for Gordon Kemp, our local councillor, to present the RHS Banksian Medal, the cups and trophies. Then, as the prize money is collected, the niggles are noted. We steel ourselves to deal with the usual phrase, “I don’t want to complain - but the schedule did say!!!...”**

**As the day ends, people arrive to clear their exhibits from the gradually emptying halls. Only the faithful few remain, hoping to make the halls shipshape and Bristol fashion. But the organisers are hugely delighted; it has been a great success – even better than the previous shows – more entries, more people and everyone enjoying themselves.**

**Did we manage to thank them all? Those who helped? Those who wrote the cards on Friday evening (for there were far more entries than expected)? Did we thank the stewards who supervised placing the exhibits, those who helped the judges, the ladies who spent all the afternoon making teas, the raffle ticket seller, and all those behind the scenes who set up & took down tables, or who contacted the advertisers? Did we thank the patrons - who *will* be listed in next year’s schedule? Well we hope so. Because we really do appreciate all your support and efforts, as without you - there couldn’t be a Show.**



***On behalf of Llancarfan, we especially thank Ann Ferris, author of the above contribution – who is of course an incredibly hard-working organiser of this very successful traditional Village Show.***

## THE MAN IN THE WOOLLY CAP

*As the Heritage Lottery Fund awards over £73,000 for the next stage of the St. Cadoc's 'paintings' project, Ian Fell puzzles over the smallest of discoveries. He may be tiny alongside the prestigious St. George, but our man in the woolly cap could yet prove the most Welsh of icons.*

As the wonderful Heritage Lottery Award confirms, academics share our pride and delight in St. Cadoc's emerging artistry. One such is Dr. Mark Redknap, the Mediaevalist with the National Museum of Wales. He visited us quite recently, and gave much valued guidance. But it was Dr. Redknap's comments on the gentleman pictured to your right that was the cue for a labyrinthine thread of exploration.



'Oh!' said Mark. 'He's wearing a Monmouth Cap.'

Now though I'm a long-time advocate of the warm dome, I was pitifully ignorant as to the proper name for those knitted tea-cosies. 'A Monmouth Cap?' The sleeve of history was waiting to be unravelled.

Can you believe that, in wearing the woolly cap, our man was obeying an Elizabethan law? Back in 1571, an Elizabethan statute required that (with a few aristocratic exceptions) all over six years' old 'shall wear upon the Sabbath and Holydays, one cap of wool knit, thicked and dressed in England, upon forfeiture of 3s 4d.'

This however is to jump ahead. If our Woolly Cap Man (hereafter WCM) proves contemporary with St. George, who was probably painted about 1480, then our WCM was a century ahead of the statute. So was our WCM a pioneer of legislative fashion?

Maybe not. By the 1480s, of course, Llancafarn had already set up its own woollen mill – but by then too the cap-makers, or 'cappers', of Monmouth were well established, and are recorded as early as 1449.

Whether locally knitted, or 'mass-produced' from Monmouth, our WCM's headgear came accessorised with a mass of regulations.

From Edward IV right through to Elizabeth I, it was ruled that, to support the use of manual labour, caps had to be thickened by foot – ‘half footed at least upon the foot-stock’. Which explains why a common name for a fulling mill or pandy is a ‘walk mill’.

Henry VIII (more of a crown man himself) certainly put his foot down too about ‘outlandish’ [*sic*] imports. He banned the import of finished caps or hats – and when this proved ineffective, it was ruled that if alien headgear got into Britain, it should be sold ‘at such low prices’ as to be an unprofitable trade.

Well, whatever the source of *our* man’s cap – let us assume his Mum knitted it for him – there are some intriguing clues from history which could just indicate his trade.

Firstly, you might recall that Captain Fluellen, Shakespeare’s Welshman, thought the high spot of the battle of Agincourt was that fellow soldiers sported leeks in their Monmouth caps. Similarly, in 1609, Thomas Heywood sang that



The Welsh his Munmouth loves to weare  
And of the same will brag too . . .

Then again, in 1656, still another  
*Song of The Cap* describes how

The soldiers that the *Monmouth* wear,  
On castles’ tops their ensigns rear.

You will detect the common theme. All the cap-wearers are soldiers. And proper, non-poetic proof of this appears (among other places) in the official Privy Council records of November 1627. The royal Council placed an order for ‘six thousand suites complete for land soldiers’. Their fighting force was to be kitted out with ‘cassocks, hose, shoes, stockings, shirts, bands and *Monmouth caps*’.

None of these instances proves, of course, that our man in the cap is a soldier. He’s probably been wearing his tea-cosy since 1480. And surely if he *were* a soldier, a woolly cap would bring little protection in the heat of battle – even with a leek in it. In short, we await the experts to unravel this puzzle - and we’ll certainly doff our caps to them.

**Hold the back page! This last minute dispatch to the Newsletter's International HQ is filed by the ace reporters from Llancarfan school :**

## Llancarfan Primary School

### Sports

Lunch time clubs have already started up in Llancarfan Primary School. Hockey, rugby and football have all begun. One of the most popular clubs is rugby.



By Michael and Dewi

### SHELTER BOX.

The shelter box scheme started in 2008. We have bought 2 shelter boxes so far. You have everything that you need including cookery sleeping bags and lots more.

By Lizzie And Molly B



### New term, new class room.

Class 4 has been refurbished! We now have a nice dry Class 4, and a very happy Mrs. Freeman!

Class 4 has 2 brand new toilets, a new cloak room, and a new sink unit!

We hope Class 4 enjoys it!

By Tom Davis and Jay H

### Choir performance

On Saturday the 19th September 2009

Llancarfan Primary School choir will be singing at the Penmark Festival. They will be singing : Moon river, I can show you the world, Rhythm of life and Beauty and the beast.

By Cerys and Chloe



### School Council

This year we've got new school councillors who are Y6: Madison, Tom, Dewi, Jay H. Y2 Griffy, Joe M. Y3: Alice Elliot. Y4: Freya, Rebecca., Y5: Mali, Penny. Madison is Chair, Mali is Secretary and Penny is Treasurer. We will be doing wear it pink this year and many other activities. We are still doing toast and this year the fruit is sliced and packed

By Madison and Molly P



### Buddies

Class five have been given buddies to look after. Buddies

are reception children that are new to the school. Our buddies are called Jack and

Morgan. Jack has blonde white hair with lots of curls and is settling in well. Morgan has blonde hair with a great personality. At playtimes we usually visit them and play catch or tag.

**APPROVED**

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Edited by Ian Fell & Rhodi Grey

Society President Phil Watts

Society Chairman Mike Crosta

Secretary Gwyneth Plows

Subscriptions & Membership to

Audrey Porter, Mill Race Cottage, Llancarfan, CF62 3AD

Mailing Enquiries to Alan Taylor, Windrush, Llancarfan CF62 3AD

a.j.taylor@btconnect.com