

# LLANCARFAN SOCIETY NEWSLETTER 143

OCTOBER 2010



“In South Glamorgan,  
Llancarfan had the  
reputation of being  
haunted by winged  
serpents and other reptiles”

*Folk-lore and  
folk-stories of Wales :*  
Marie Trevelyan : 1909



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Owing to a last minute rush of lengthy contributions this newsletter has expanded, but therefore goes out later than we might have hoped. We apologise too that our usual kind support with colour photocopying has been hit by 'the cuts' (we're blaming them anyway!), but are more than grateful for the generous silent help that we've received over a several recent issues.

## EDITORIAL

There are some 'light-hearted' pieces in this latest Newsletter. They are there, we suppose, in the spirit of 'life must go on'. But we, like the village, are unable to feel anything but heartbreak in response to this Summer's death of Cerys, a dear village child.

During the last weeks our village has been a place of tragedy. It is certainly not the business of this Newsletter to copy the intrusion of sensational newspapers into the lives and sorrow of our friends and fellow villagers. But in recording our own deep sadness, we know we reflect the caring spirit of Llancarfan. Any help that any of us can give is here for the asking.

## OF MACE & MEN : PENNY FELL MEETS MICK & SHIELA MACE

It is an odd thing about Llancafán, but it resolutely resists the temptation to become a satellite of Cardiff. Llancafán is definitely its own place. And perhaps one reason is that the village gets its energy, not only from its population of some 400 or so souls, but also because it enjoys the companionship (and maybe rivalry) of the folk in a necklace of smaller, surrounding communities, like Llanbethery, Llancadle and Walterston.

One such welcome invader is Mick Mace (not to mention Sheila his wife). Resident of Llanbethery, for nearly 30 years, Mick has nevertheless been a loyal churchgoer at St Cadocs, past chair of the Parochial Church Council, and an equally fervent supporter of the *Fox & Hounds*.



SHEILA & MICK AT THE PAKISTAN FLOOD APPEAL TEA GATHERING

Mick would probably blush a bit to be described thus, but he comes over as a quiet, old-fashioned-style gentleman, modest in demeanour.

However, he is also Mick Mace, OBE, Commander of the Order of St John, and holder of the Freedom of Bletchley Park. And it's not too fanciful to say that his modest exterior betrays a touch of derring-do, not surprising when you delve into his history.



**Malcolm Mace was born** in Cardiff in the year of the General Strike, 1926, child of a railwayman. A late arrival, with two much older sisters, he says “I expect I was a great blow to my father, out of work with an unexpectedly pregnant wife at forty-one!” He was, he admits spoilt rotten by the females in his family, but he grew up no milksop. At fifteen, he lied about his age and joined the Cardiff Fire Service as part time volunteer – it being wartime.

“Everyone wanted to do their bit, and you got to carry a respirator & have a tin hat.” Every boy’s dream. But Mick wasn’t every boy, and by the age of sixteen, he was mobilising officer for half of Cardiff, working 24 hours on / 24 hours off. And when the bombers approached and everyone went down the shelter, he jumped on his bike for the nearest fire station.

**Mick’s school was bombed and burnt out** within weeks of his signing up. He remembers trundling down with the Austin towing vehicle, climbing through the windows & knocking the lock off his desk to rescue his school books. “Well, you had to pay for them in those days – my mother had bought all these books and I wanted them back . . .”

The route from volunteer to a lifetime’s career in the Fire Service was a natural one. “It was all I ever wanted to do...in those days you lived on the station and it was like a wonderful club.”

He is brisk about the traumatic memories; homes in the docks gutted, an entire family perishing in a night. “Firemen are very human creatures and they get very upset. Nowadays they’re asked - do you need counselling? I always thought the answer was to kick them up the backside when they got back to the fire station and say get all this hosed off, you’ve got to have this machine ready to get out in ten minutes. Because the next call might be the same again . . .”

Mick delivers the above advice pragmatically and entirely without brutality. Ask him if he has a legacy of nightmares, and he shakes his head. “Oh, no”. But beside him, Sheila, Mick’s wife of nearly sixty years, murmurs “I used to have the nightmares.”



**Mick was in the Fire Service for 45 years.** He lived and breathed his job. At the beginning, the couple lived in on the station with a bell in their bedroom. If that bell rang he says, he moved . . . and if Sheila had been shifting the furniture around, sometimes he ran straight into the wardrobe instead of out through the door. They’re falling about with laughter as they tell this tale.

As a Station Officer in Cardiff, Mick decided that if he wanted to climb the fireman’s pole, he had to be ready to travel to get promotion. Their first move was to Tynemouth, Northumberland. (Sheila misheard, thought he was setting his sights on Teignmouth in Devon, and was packing her swimsuit,

when she discovered the error.) They both agree they have been extremely lucky and settled with wonderful neighbours wherever they went. Mind you, arriving in Northumberland, Sheila had initially to rely on Mick's Geordie translation skills. "Mick, what's this child saying?" In all, says Mick, they (and their two sons) moved 19 times. ("21 times," corrects Sheila, with feeling.)

Their penultimate move took them to Builth Wells, where Mick was Chief Fire Officer for the huge patch of mid Wales. Here, he says, they became countrified. They loved the pace of life, the friendliness, so when Mick finally landed his dream job of Chief Fire Officer for South Glamorgan, they turned to the Vale & a homecoming in Llanbethery.



**Mick was awarded an OBE** for his work in the Fire Service in 1986. A long time worker too for the St John's Ambulance, he was also awarded Commander of the Order of St John in 1998. Furthermore, he holds the Freedom of Bletchley Park. (This is because he spent several years in the Signals in wartime, working in enemy intercept, and reaching a cracking 29 w.p.m. in Morse code. His signals would support Bletchley, the secret home of wartime code-cracking, and Mick is intensely proud of this recognition.)

On a lighter note, he also boasts a T-shirt bearing the slogan "I was banned from the Fox & Hounds, Llancarfan", a distinction earned many years ago. Sadly, he won't decode why in public!

Never mind The Big Society – without political slogans, Mick Mace has been living a life of community service for seventy years. For him, it's just what you do. And now he loves the communal sense of the rural life to which he retired all of 25 years ago.



Next year, Sheila and he will celebrate their Diamond Wedding (though they're reticent about revealing the date). But without a doubt, Mick will then add to his honours the official title of Diamond Geezer. All good wishes to them both.

## YOU'LL KNOW WHERE WE ARE WHEN WE GET THERE

### *Mike Crosta Reports*

There are many mysteries involved with The Mystery Trip - starting with how does Gwyneth find these places that never disappoint? How much research and how many lunches/dinners must she enjoy before she decides on a suitable venue? And how many duff menus must she have suffered on our behalf?



There is always the pleasure of seeing our local lanes and countryside, the good, the bad, and the ugly, in the comfort of someone else driving. There are always the totally wrong guesses we get through, before getting somewhere that nobody thought of and enjoying a good meal in pleasant company.

On a warm summer evening, passers-by would have been amused by the high level of noise and laughter, the chink of glasses and bottles, emanating from the open doors and windows. Yes, and yet another mystery was why we didn't have any gate-crashers to the party. Or perhaps we didn't notice them?

To be honest, a sort of mystery this year was our having a coach that started, which was very comfortable, and which afforded higher views over the hedgerows, enabling us to see what was on the other side.

For the historical record, on the 9<sup>th</sup> of September this year, the longest convoluted route possible got us to a road I knew well, and eventually to *The Nicholls Arms* on the outskirts of Maesteg, appropriately close to Caswell Clinic, a psychiatric hospital.

It was an interesting, atmospheric pub with good food in gut-busting proportions - that might have accounted for the curious lack of singing on the return journey. Fortunately too, we didn't have to drop any one off at the Caswell Clinic.

The final mystery is how Brian and Betty Pullen managed to get there under their own steam – they must have winkled out the secret from someone. Anyway - good company, good food – roll on next year.



**CHANGES**  
 This photo of Cross Green is already ancient history, as the house grows daily behind its original facade. Meanwhile, Rob Gretton paves in the sunshine beneath the period framework of *The Fox's* new solar extension. And a web of scaffolding surrounds the Village Hall developments - which await a roof before an official opening next Easter.



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

### **CHURCH NEWS**

Work on improving the fabric of the church has now begun, and will continue through until the end of November.

The recent decision of the Parochial Church Council to keep the doors of the church open during daylight hours has been very well received. However, it is unfortunate that during the present building work opening will not be possible. The church though *will be open as usual* for services.

The 'Open Doors' arrangement will be re-introduced in December, when visitors will (we trust) have the additional chance to see the *George & the Dragon* painting in its restored glory. The conservation work began again on October 4<sup>th</sup>, with signs already of more remarkable revelations. There is every hope that by Christmas many of the paintings will have been safely conserved for future generations. However, Jane & Ann will also be back in the Spring and again next Summer to explore other wall paintings within the south aisle, and to pursue the Seven Deadly Sins around the western window.

Formal grant applications are now in progress for the final conservation / presentation of the so-called 'wall-finishes', conservation of the reredos, a re-ordering of the chancel, a new vestry / tower screen, and public interpretation. The church is our heritage, and the work taking place will restore not just the church itself, but will enable the history of our village life to re-surface.

Fortune has granted us, in the early twenty-first century, the opportunity to discover and restore these past wonders for the future. It is an opportunity we should not walk away from. '*Fortune*' and '*granted*' are appropriate words. The work is very expensive, and the grants being sought will not come near to covering all of the costs. In fact, the shortfall – or to put it another way, the amount of financial commitment that the parish still has to meet amounts to about £100K.

This then is the sum we need to raise by our fund-raising activities over the next two years. A challenge – yes. But as a community we have faced up to and conquered such challenges in the past. We can do so again, not least because the reward on this occasion is so great.

A formal announcement of the church's plans will come in the near future. But



as we have mentioned before, your ideas are greatly needed and will be welcomed in facing this challenge to *all* of us.

**Church activities of course continue.** The church was full to welcome the baptism of Evan Samuel Howard Fletcher, son of James and Sophie, and on a sad yet joyous occasion, to mark the funeral of Molly Vincent [see Sheelagh Lewis's tribute below].

The Remembrance Sunday service will commence by the memorial on Sunday 14<sup>th</sup> November at 10.45 a.m. Blair Evans and helpers will be encouraging us to buy poppies again in support of the armed forces. Please give generously.

In December, the weddings of Julian Drummond and Jayne Hall, and that of Howard Kynaston and Amanda Jones will take place. (Our apologies to Howard for spelling your name wrong in the last issue.)

### **TUESDAY CLUB**

On September 21<sup>st</sup> Mrs. Ann Rogers gave a most interesting talk on the life of George Thomas MP. Future dates for the diary include October 19<sup>th</sup>, when Mr. David Bray's talk is entitled *The Knight of the Black Bag*. On November 16<sup>th</sup> Mrs. Molly Ranger will advise the members, and welcoming non-members, on how to prepare Home Produce for the Village Show! Then on December 14<sup>th</sup> it's the Christmas Party.

*Chair* Audrey Porter  
781328

*Sect* Audrey Baldwin  
781416

*Treasurer* Ann Ferris  
781350

### **GREAT GRAND DAUGHTER FOR AUDREY PORTER**

We join in celebrating the arrival of Erin Sián Bailey, born 8<sup>th</sup> August to Matt & Lynsey Bailey of Llanblethian, which has turned Audrey into a great granny!

### **NEIGHBOURHOOD WATCH**

New impetus has been added to the Llancafarn Neighbourhood Watch Scheme by Tony Lewis – our latest co-ordinator. When a number of newer residents signed up to the scheme, it was felt appropriate to call a meeting of all interested residents to remind and update us on what the scheme provides, and to highlight our individual responsibilities.

At the meeting on August 24<sup>th</sup>, our guest speaker was Mr. Ray Behrens. He explained the expanded role of the Neighbourhood Watch Support Team, told us how we can contact our local police officer for general enquiries, that we

should dial 101 (not 999) for immediate response, and what we could do to make our homes more safe. He issued signs for us to place around the village, and also listed the various alarms that we could obtain from him at significantly discounted prices. Meetings will now continue on a regular basis, and information can be obtained from Tony Lewis on 01446 781002.

### **FOX & HOUNDS NEWS**

The superb new covered area at the back is now in place, trapping the Autumn sunshine. It now awaits the new furniture, the curtains – and (says John Millard) the first train from Pancross Halt!

The MacMillan Coffee Morning was again a tribute to village generosity, raising over £1,250. Thanks are due for the efforts of Sue and her troupe of helpers, and for Steve's toothsome sponge cakes.



Just as the first leaves start falling from the trees, it is time to start booking for Christmas Dinners. This year John has come up with yet another wonderful menu at a price that you can't ignore. Book early to avoid disappointment – as someone once said – was it *Ryanair*?

### **PETANQUE**

The re-scheduled Pentanque Tournament saw the highest number of entrants ever. Competition was boosted by the much-welcome team from the Edmunds Arms in Cowbridge. They joined us with their team of mobile caterers for what turned out to be a very competitive and enjoyable event, stretching through a sunny afternoon into the early evening.



The standard of *boules* was very high, and any one of the teams could have won. But when push came to shove (or *roll* came to *bomb*) it was your editors, together with the effervescent Mr. S. S\*\*\*h, who were proud to accept the trophy from Phil and Russell Watts. The champions will remain anonymous in their triumph.

### **LLANCARFAN SOCIETY ANNUAL DINNER**

On the 25<sup>th</sup> of September, writes Susan Taylor, Society Members filled every available table in the *Fox & Hounds* Restaurant, to celebrate the 23rd. Annual Dinner. As usual members attended from far and near. Barbara Milhuisen

honoured us with her regular return visit from her French home.

Over the years we have been to many different venues, but everyone agreed it is always best at home in 'The Fox', where we were made most welcome. This year we felt the new restaurant offered a more interactive atmosphere.

The dinner is always informal, and after grace by the Ven. Peggy Jackson, Chairman Mike Crosta welcomed all, & expressed our thanks to Gwyneth Plowes for again organising the event, her annual triumph. Gwyneth achieves no mean feat with members from so many different localities.

### **LLANCARFAN LAWN TENNIS CLUB - SUSPENDED ANIMATION**

**There is a tide in the affairs of clubs**, writes David Stevens. In the case of the Llancarfan Lawn Tennis Club that tide's rather more ebbing than flowing. Long-serving committee members, veterans of many a court-side strawberries and *Spumante* social, countless committee meetings and hard-fought village tournaments, have, with two honourable exceptions, downed rackets and collapsed exhausted into relative torpor.

The honourable exceptions are the irrepressibly energetic and organised Jane White, who for the nth year running arranged a summer term of coaching for lots of the members' children, and Gary Dunsford, a recent recruit to the committee, who as well as handily shoring up the tennis "shed", has also volunteered to function as an acting chair to help keep the show on the road.



Members shouldn't merely console themselves with the thought that their subs are ensuring the continuing maintenance of the court and establishing a fund for any future major works. No, indeed. They should instead be outraged at the relative inactivity of the has-beens and time-servers on the committee. They should rise up and demand their wholesale replacement by a new generation with the vigour and vision to breathe fresh life into the LLTC and take it forward into the 21st century. Please.

Offers of help to Gary on 754378 or [gary.dunsford@googlemail.com](mailto:gary.dunsford@googlemail.com)

### **AFTERNOON TEA**

Some 80 villagers & visitors found the temptation of chocolate cakes and crisp cucumber sandwiches too great to resist on 2 October. The Llancarfan Book Club members parked their bookmarks that afternoon, and created a

voluptuous 1950s Afternoon Teatime in aid of UNICEF's Pakistan Flood Appeal. Not since the end of rationing did the village hall sport so many cardigans and pearls. A grateful £560.75 is now on its way to the Appeal.

## **ANYONE FOR CRICKET? Rob John Reports**

### **Fixtures & Results**

2 <sup>nd</sup> June	Mitres	Away	Won
13 <sup>th</sup> June	Colwinston	Away	Won
2 <sup>nd</sup> July	Mitres	Home	Lost
6 <sup>th</sup> July	Chartered Trust	Home	Lost
18 <sup>th</sup> July	Colwinston	Away	Lost
10 <sup>th</sup> August	Barry West End	Away	Won
15 <sup>th</sup> August	St. Fagans 6-a-side		
17 <sup>th</sup> August	Chartered Trust	Away	Won
22 <sup>nd</sup> August	Colwinston	Away	Lost

The season started with "nets" at the *Fox & Hounds*. A hugely successful curry night enjoyed by a record turnout raised approximately £500 to help with the Club's running costs & purchase some new kit. Many thanks to John, Sue & the staff at the Fox along with everyone who supported the evening.

Llancarfan CC had a reasonably successful season, the highlight of which was a rare victory over the Mitres. A record undefeated 1<sup>st</sup> wicket partnership between Freddie John (96) & Mark Haines (42) set us on course. Some tight bowling & crisp fielding saw us home by 10 runs.

Victory at Colwinston is always pleasing. Again good bowling restricted Colwinston to 122. Mark Haines continued his good form, scoring 25. Captain Rich Williams (40) & David Stevens (27) got us within sight of the target when Max "the Goose" Evans arrived at the crease. Needing six runs off 5 balls Max sensibly let the first ball go . . . he claimed it was a "sighter"! With the spectators on the edge of their seats Max took guard facing the Colwinston skipper charging up the slope. Max proceeded to smash the ball onto the tennis court for a glorious 6 to win the game – fantastic! Played 2, won 2.

Next up was the Mitres, hungry for revenge. We went down by a fair margin against a strong side. Defeat to Chartered Trust & Colwinston followed. The gloom of defeat at Colwinston was lifted by a great innings from Max who scored his maiden 50.

In mid August we travelled "over the Island" to play Barry West End. This is

always an enjoyable fixture against old friends & we managed to end our run of defeats. Again steady bowling paved the way for the batsmen. Freddie top scored with 97 supported by Paul Trotman (16) & the skipper (12).

This year we entered the St. Fagans Sixes knockout competition. The team comprised Rich Williams, Max Evans, Paul Trotman, Allan & Will Renwick and Tom Hunt. Although we didn't progress beyond the pool stage everyone had great fun & we didn't disgrace ourselves.

The Chartered Trust return game brought another victory. Solid bowling & fielding restricted CT to 135 off 20 overs, with Jamie Gibson, Max & Freddie taking 2 wickets apiece. We then set about the CT attack with gusto. Rob "Buttons" Bilney (28), Freddie (27) and Will Renwick (19) did most of the damage and we won by 6 wickets.

Unfortunately we were well beaten by Colwinston in the final game of the season. Despite Rob Bilney (16), Freddie (24) & Will (17) we just couldn't post a good enough total.

It was an extremely enjoyable season with great team spirit. Rich Williams always leads from the front and 25 local people represented the village with our youth policy starting to bear fruit.... Will Haines, aged 13, being our youngest player. Thanks go to St. Fagans CC for the use of their marvellous facilities, Paul Heffron for umpiring and also to Rob Bilney. Rob, with infectious enthusiasm, went to great lengths to arrange net practice at St. Athan and it clearly paid off. We look forward to next season with anticipation, and new players are always welcome. Please contact Rob John on 07889 107795.



### ***HARVEST FESTIVAL***

Just in the nick of time before the conservators set to work, the last event in the church calendar for a while (other than the regular services) took place on Monday morning, the 4<sup>th</sup> of October. Celebrating nature's bounty at the end of summer, our Primary School held their harvest festival.

## **EXAMINATION TRIUMPHS**

Former alumni (we think that means people who went there) of Llancarfan Primary School have pulled out the stops, and are to be congratulated on their excellent recent exam results. This (in no particular order) is what they got:

<b>GCSE</b>	Jack Evans	1½ A, 4B, 4C	
<b>AS LEVEL</b>	Emily Renwick	AACC	
	Lucy Williams	ACCC	
	Nicole Collier	ABC	
	Amy Evans	ABB	
<b>A LEVEL</b>	Harry Gibson	A*AB	Oxford Brookes University
	George Teesdale		Off to University of Plymouth
	Ashley Thomas		Passed 1 <sup>st</sup> Year Accountancy

## **MOLLY VINCENT**

On July 23<sup>rd</sup> the village turned out for the funeral of the much-loved Molly Vincent. The Rev. Malcolm Davies led the service in his usual caring way, with a wonderful eulogy from Molly's son, Humphrey, which had us wiping away tears of laughter & sorrow at the same time.

Molly wanted us to mark her burial in the churchyard with joyful memories, brought to mind by her favourite songs, sounding out from loudspeakers in the graveyard – and at the 'party' she treated us to in the *Fox* afterwards.

**Sheelagh Lewis** recalls Molly's life : 'Molly was born on January 31<sup>st</sup> in 1924 at St. Athan. Her parents died before she was 5, so grandparents brought up Molly and her sister Audrey. Later they both worked in the RAF St Athan post office. Molly began playing the church organ aged 16 (where husband Ken proposed to her one Sunday after the service). Molly continued to play the organ in Llancarfan until recently.'

'I (Sheelagh) met her first in 1997, Molly by this time living in Corner House, following the sad death of her husband Ken, and her daughter Claire. She quickly became a close friend, and if Tony or I were under the weather, Molly would be knocking on the kitchen door with a crème brulée or a treacle tart.'

'Molly had a marvelous 80<sup>th</sup> birthday party in the *Fox & Hounds*, her heavily pregnant daughter-in-law Michelle on the verge of giving birth to a much-wanted grandson Harry. Harry (and her family) brought her much happiness.'

'Memories will remain, not least when we pass 'Molly's Holly', planted in gratitude for all the years she played the organ in St. Cadoc's.'

## REFLECTIONS IN THE RAINDROPS : THE VILLAGE SHOW 2010

The streaming rain that welcomed Saturday morning, 21 August, also produced a stream of people, arriving at the village & school halls with their finest exhibits. The halls looked stimulating as all the exhibits were displayed.

With over 120 Exhibitors (surely a record?) displaying 400 entries, the Judges were very busy. But by 1.00 pm. all the Judges had finished their tasting, debating and admiring. Their comments were most favourable, praising the excellent standards, very finely worked crafts and outstanding overall quality of exhibits.



At 2 o'clock people flocked to the halls to see if their entries had won, with bright exclamations of delight if they had been successful. Then it was up to the marquee for cream teas, whilst live background music played and the tombola, raffle and craft stalls tempted us to

spend what remained of our hard-won prize monies!!

Our thanks as ever must go to our Judges who have given their time unstintingly, to the Exhibitors, without whom there would be no show, the Stewards and Helpers on the day, and to the Committee for their hard work in the months before the show opened its welcoming doors.



As the halls emptied of exhibits the self-effacing organisers allowed themselves a little self-congratulation – the show had been a success, with more entries and more people visiting than in previous years.



This was our fifth show - and despite the very wet weather, once again it has gained in stature. People have been generous in saying 'what a good day' – and we are already planning for next year's event. Must have a word with our onions!

**Alan Taylor**

## THE DIARIES OF ERNEST BADCOCK

*September 3<sup>rd</sup> 1939. War declared by England on Germany.  
Ed and Dilys here to tea.*

Ernie Badcock was just short of his 37<sup>th</sup> birthday when he committed to his diary news of the event that would define the rest of the 20<sup>th</sup> century. And we don't mean Ed and Dilys coming to tea.

However, it is just such simple juxtapositions of the earth-shaking and the everyday that makes this latest work from Phil Watts and his editorial team so invaluable. Ernest Epton Badcock - farm hand, groundsman, nurseryman, Llancarfan PCC secretary, Clerk to the Parish Council – wrote his diaries from 1926 to 1987. He and his wife Blodwen lived twice in Llancarfan, and from March 1949 they moved into Great House. They are buried in our churchyard.

Although it's nearly a quarter century since Ernie's death in April 1987, time has not dulled this fascinating record of a virtually vanished world. The diaries are, in their way, as important as any in Humphrey Jennings' famous *Mass-Observation* archive, set up in 1937. Like the diarists who wrote for *Mass-Observation*, Ernie Badcock's diaries are an 'anthropology of ourselves'.

Ernie's record began in telling times. An early entry for May 1926 reads:

*Monday 3<sup>rd</sup> General Strike commenced . . . ploughing swede ground . . . commenced rolling oats . . . kicked by Blossom.*

Time and again, these glimpses of Ernie's personal life remind us that history is about small things, not just the grandiose tales of the March of Time.

True, many of us will choose to graze this book's 339 pages, revisit it, rather than devour it whole. Some of us will relish the timeless detail of farming life – 'Oats in the barn overheating' . . . 'Lecture on manure'. Others will peep into Ernie's long-term courtship, from the moment he spotted Blodwen Jones of Llancarfan – 'she looked very nice tonight' – to the romantic event recorded shortly after Cardiff's first wartime air-raid – 'Took Blod to Cardiff bought ring.'

Then too there are the forgotten, surprising facts – thirty children, noted Ernie, were evacuated to Llancarfan. And too there are asides that trigger our own memories, like Ernie's post-war use of his new ball-point pen. Biro's, just like penicillin & the National Health, were a novelty in post-war Wales.



## VISITORS WELCOME - ACTUAL, VIRTUAL & HIEROLOGICAL!

The Heritage Lottery Fund & Cadw have come up trumps, says **Ian Fell**. As noted above, significant funds have now been awarded to allow the next stage of St. Cadoc's restoration to go ahead this October & November.

Now the community is being encouraged to prove that it deserves these grants. For instance, our latest stab at showing the funders that we care took the form of the sponsored activities for our youngsters during the Churches' Open Day campaign on the 18<sup>th</sup> of September.

The idea was blindingly obvious – and thank goodness our benevolent fellow villager Steve Powell agreed with us! *Dragon Rescue Limited* would sponsor a *Dragon Rescue!* And so it was that, thanks to the talent and ingenuity of Emma Levey, now an award-winning illustrator, young folk clustered into the church to depict their version of St. Cadoc's hidden dragon.



The October & November restoration might well reveal to us what our dragon is really like. But as the pictures on the next page show, the youthful paintings have given us a jolly good foretaste of how a proper dragon ought to look!



The ever-growing interest in 'Church Tourism' is clearly a development that we have to be part of. And I've been surprised to learn that it was as early as 1843 that a clergyman called John Neale coined 'Church Tourism', and published a narrative of his companionable tour of Britain's churches.

The book's title - '*Hierologus*' – would hardly make it fly off the shelves at Waterstones. 'Hierology' means 'a discourse on sacred things'. The sub-title though is '*The Church Tourists*' - and the book takes the form of a quaint dialogue between two men of the church, '*Catholicus*' and '*Palaeophilus*'. Thanks to the enthusiasm of these two young clerics (men later to be very

influential in Victorian church restoration) their church tourism proves to be much more entertaining than you might expect:

**Palaeophilus.-** *The church visitor, with his knapsack on his back, his sketch-book, and note-book, and foot-rule, and measuring-tape in his pocket, his good oak stick in his hand, with fair weather, and a fine tract of churches before him, is the happiest, and . . . the freest of human beings.*  
**Catholicus.-** *Assuredly, it is a glorious study.*

If their knapsacked hierological studies had brought them as far as Llancarfan, the development & restoration of our church might well have been very different. The Society they established changed several churches hereabouts. But that's another story. As it happened, the Welsh wanderings of these young clerics were confined to other parts of Wales :

**Catholicus.-** *Look! we are in the region of churches – for yonder is another tower. This man coming from the lychgate is probably the clerk. – Will you tell me where the keys of the church are?*

**Clerk.-** *Dim Sassenach.*

**Catholicus.-** *What does he say?*

**Palaeophilus.-** *'No Saxon.' He can't speak English. I will make him understand. Pa lê y mae agoriad y Eglwys? – See! He has them!*

**Back in the present**, today's church tourists will rarely face the difficulties of the Rev. Neale's wonky Welsh. In Llancarfan, we won't say '*Dim Saesneg*' or – more to the point – '*Dim Cymraeg*'. Where possible (see our friendly new website at <http://www.stcadocs.org.uk>) you can choose either English or Welsh language pages.

(By the way, is there please a volunteer to help with little Welsh updates from time to time? Os gwelwch yn dda?)

And who (we hear you ask) are all those flocks of pilgrims pounding their way to St. Cadoc's door? Well, the *Open Churches* visitors apart, recent pilgrims have included the AM Jane Hutt, Commodore Anthony King RM from St. Athans, and four talented 'William Morris Craft Fellows' from the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings. (The last four slept here overnight in their tents, courtesy of Shelagh & Tony Lewis's garden & full Welsh breakfast!)

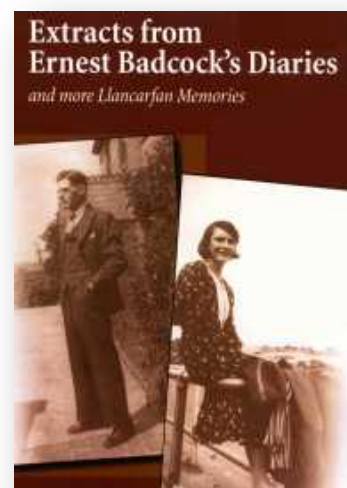
Finally, we've had two pilgrimages from *Valeways*' walkers, one or two of the stalwarts leaning, just like the Hierologists, on suitably 'good oak sticks'!



*Dragon Rescuers from the Bettley family join Steve Powell's grandchildren & others to paint their dragons – led by Emma Levey of Little Mill Cattery fame.*

### ***The Diaries of Ernest Badcock***

Churches Open Day visitors had a sneak preview of our late veteran Ernie's village reminiscences, traced in his diaries from 1926 to 1987. These are now extracted from & published by Gwyneth Whitworth, Peter Badcock and Phil Watts, with Open Day sales in aid of St Cadoc's Church restoration. Copies to be had from Phil Watts on 01446 411249, or via [philwatts42@ntlworld.com](mailto:philwatts42@ntlworld.com).



## Llancarfan PS page

### Eco Friendly

This year the school are going to try to gain the green flag award. For that we need to recycle various things, have a good outdoor working space and keep the outdoor environment clean and tidy. If we gain it for our school it would be a great achievement and therefore our school would be a more eco friendly place to be. We are also collecting the yellow pages this year we will try our best to win the competition, like we did 2 years ago and also last year we came second, which was a good achievement. If you have any unwanted Yellow Pages, please would you help us by bringing them in for us to recycle.

by NA, AH, NL, OA.

### New Staff.

We have a new teacher in Class 1 called Miss Lane. The year ones and reception are enjoying her company and having a great start to their first year of school.

### Classes

The school have swapped some teachers round the classes. Mrs Lee Jones and Mrs Christofides are sharing Class 3 and Mrs Williams and Mrs Birkin are sharing Class 2.

We are really enjoying the new start of the year whilst working hard and having fun.



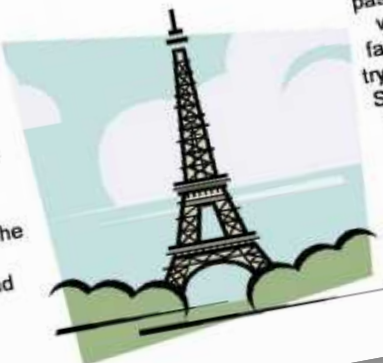
### House Captains

The new house captains and vice captains of Cadoc, Baruc and Dyfan are Penny Weir (Cadoc), Mali Ford (Dyfan) and Max Cunningham (Baruc) and the vice captains are Nicole Lawson (Cadoc), Jack Parry (Dyfan) and Alex Griffiths (Baruc). The house captains collect the house points every week and represent their house at sports day. At the end of the year they add up all of the house points and the house with the most points wins.

### European Day Of Languages

On the European day of languages we went round 5 different classes, which were different countries-Spain, Wales, Russia, France and Netherlands. We all had passports to get to different classes and

every time we passed a class, we wrote the main facts of that country. Mrs Watkins did Spanish Mrs Freeman was French Mr Lewis Welsh, Mrs Lee-Jones Dutch and Mrs Birkin Russian!!!



THE SCHOOL HAS YET AGAIN SENT US THEIR MOST WELCOME CONTRIBUTION. THEY SAY IT'S AN ECO-FRIENDLY ONE BECAUSE THEIR SHEET DOESN'T HAVE A COLOURED BACKGROUND.

FAIR PLAY!  
EVERY LITTLE ELFS!



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