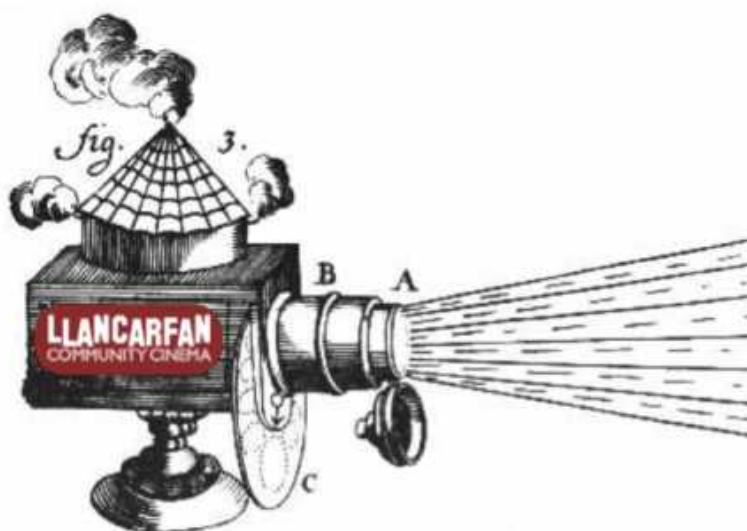


LLANCARFAN SOCIETY NEWSLETTER 152 DECEMBER 2012



1878.
"TO COITY
BY SOON AFTER 6.
SHOWED THE MAGIC
LANTERN TO A RATHER
LARGE AND VERY
ODIFEROUS AUDIENCE."

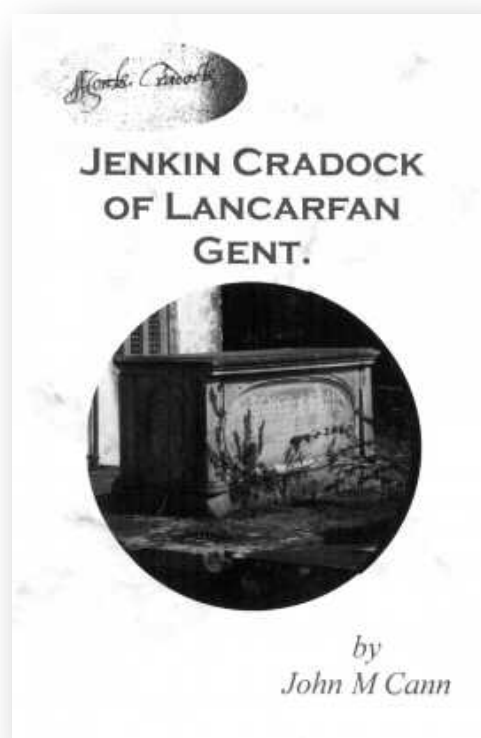
CONTENTS

3 - 4	HUSH! HUSH! HUSH! & LOOK BACK AT ANGER
5	THE LITTER ON THE LAND
6-7	WHAT'S OCCURIN'
8	ST. CADOC'S OPEN DAY 2012
9	THE SOCIETY 25 TH ANNIVERSARY DINNER
10-12	RECORDS AND RELICS
13	ONE WEDDING & A FILM SHOW
14-16	CHI TI CREDI DI ESSERE
16	END CREDITS

EDITORIAL

You will hardly have noticed that for the last three December newsletters I have tried to dig up something ghostly. Spooks around a log fire suit the season – and this time I'd been planning vampires. However, the timely arrival of an encouraging piece on *Records & Relics* from Peter Bowen, a welcome St. Cadoc's Open Day exhibitor, has put vampires on the back burner, and spookiness is now constrained to the bogeymen opposite. Space is now happily at a premium – though I do like to make good use of the 8 (out of 16) colour pages we are able to afford. But if these issues are too pictorial, do let me know.

Oh yes – and I am asked to underline what a rather good Mystery Trip was conjured up by Gwyneth Plows this year. The cunning navigators among us confirm that we went to the *King's Arms* at Pentyrch, where feasting, wine and ale were enjoyed by all. We might try it again this Christmas – for which, may your yule logs burn brightly and brotherly love flow free. Happy Christmas!



Above : One of John Cann's immaculately detailed books, as cited in Peter Bowen's article on page 10.

HUSH! HUSH! HUSH!

There must have been around forty young spooks who braved the rain and the terrors of the White Chapel's pathway to *Trick or Treat* us this Hallowe'en. The little horrors (and parents thereof) had been brilliantly inventive with their costumes, and our supply of monster-themed goodies was rapidly depleted by defensive measures against trickery. Doubtless those spectral knocks on village doors had more to do with American cavortings than the ghostly rituals of Samhain and All Soul's Eve, but well done, Llancarfan's bogeypersons!

Concerning which, a diminishing number of Llancarfan citizens might well remember the bandleader, Henry Hall, whose wireless broadcasts with the BBC Dance Orchestra provided a soundtrack to life from the 1930s to 1950s. *Here's To The Next Time* promised his signature tune - a promise not entirely welcomed by us youngsters searching the sound waves for Rock n' Roll!

However, in 1932, Henry Hall released his gramophone record of *Here Comes the Bogeyman* – which caught the imagination of the nation. In fact, even by the 1970s, when rearing our own kids, the tune still haunted us. Alongside *This Is The Way The Gentlemen Go*, it became a knee-dandling song for our little ones. Adapted to whatever baby we were bouncing, it went:

Hush, Hush, Hush, Here Comes the Bogey man -
Joshie¹ is a clever chap, he'll catch him if he can!

Henry Hall's lyrics in fact ran to nine verses, including a coy invitation to

Sing this tune you children one and all
Bogeyman will run away, he'll think it's Henry Hall.

Anyway, the song is an invaluable list of ways to banish bogeys. These methods include buzzing like wasps, pretending to be a crocodile, sticking the ghost with a pin, and asking your teddy bear to bark like a dog. If only we'd used them on Llancarfan's Trick-or-Treaters we'd have had sweets to spare!

But now the twist in the tail. The 1932 lyrics are credited to 'Tin Pan Alley' songsters called Lawton, Brown, Smith, Lang and Benson. They doubtless got royalties from this 'amorphous embodiment of terror'. But *I've* got a book suggesting their ghostly song rose from the tomb of a very much earlier one.

The book is called *Nister's Magic Lantern*, a compendium of original rhymes for children, published about 1889 by Edward Nister, a Victorian pioneer of wonderful coloured children's books. Over the page here (much reduced) is the rhyme and picture that helps us to see through Henry Hall's cunning plan.

¹ Or whoever!

The Bogie-Dog.

WHEN all is dark and drear and dim,
There isn't heard a sound,
The Bogie-Dog, so gruff and grim,
Upon the prowl comes round.

His eyes are gleaming in the dark,
His paw is in the air;
Oh dear, I fear he's going to bark,
I wish he wasn't there!



Then hush,
hush, hush!
And not
a murmur make,
The Bogie-Dog
will have us
If he sees
that we're awake!
Yes, hush,
hush, hush!
He never comes,
'tis said,
To kittens good,
who go to sleep
Directly they'e
in bed!

C. B.

Who then really warned us terrified youngsters to 'Hush hush hush'? None other than Bristol-born Graham Clifton Bingham, prolific author (said his 1913 obituary) of 1650 songs. His most famous lyric was 'Just a song at twilight' (1884), which will surely be on the lips of every pub singer for eternity. So be warned Trick-or-Treaters of Llancarfan! We're practising it even now. And as owners of a Bogie-Dog, next year we'll know *just* how to send you packing!

LOOK BACK AT ANGER

This is a first glimpse of the latest amazing work in progress on the St. Cadoc wall-paintings. Meet 'Ira' – 'Anger' in English, 'Dicter' in Welsh. Anger is the sixth Deadly Sin to be revealed & conserved. (Jim Barratt compares this to the Emperor Palpatine encouraging the deadly duel between Luke Skywalker & Darth Vader!) As it is, our conservators have reason for anger themselves. Can you believe some ignorant visitor has tested their lime infill by scratching into it? – happily not into the paintings themselves.





**OUR LLANCARFAN SCHOLARS
REHEARSE FOR THEIR HARVEST
FESTIVAL – BUT NATURE’S BOUNTY
COMES IN CURIOUS FORMS**

We plough the fields and scatter
The litter on the land,
Our harvests now come shrink-wrapped
Untouched by human hand.
The blister packs and cardboard,
The plastic and the foil,
Return to God’s good garden
As shops for profits toil . . .
All good gifts around us
Are sent from PLCs –
So say goodbye to fields and sky
With harvests such as these.

This notice in the porch of Llantrithyd Church, scene of an October 7th *Scarecrow Festival*, politely explained the difficulties of fresh harvest distribution. At Llantrithyd, the local village scarecrows enjoyed cakes, soft drinks, and a plant swap. Perhaps we should invite scarecrows to join us for Llancafarn’s *Seedy Saturday* – hopefully a bit less scary than this one in Fonmon Castle gardens!



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

LLANCARFAN SOCIETY CHRISTMAS GET-TOGETHER

All are welcome to an *Evening of Christmas Music* with Members of *The Vale Male Voice Choir*. **Friday 7th of December** in the Village Hall at **7.30 for 8.00 p.m.** Please bring your own drinks. Tickets, including light refreshments, are £5 from *Gwyneth Plows* 713533 or *Sue Taylor* 781453.

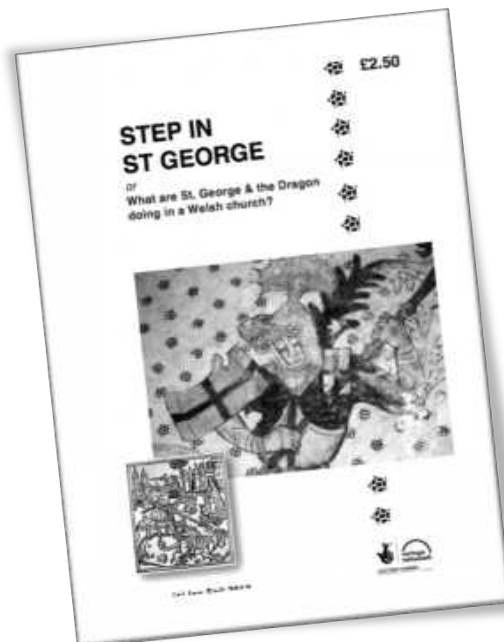
LLANCARFAN TUESDAY CLUB members meet in the Village Hall every 3rd Tuesday at 7.45pm. In 2012 they had interesting speakers, outings, & raised money for local charities. Plans for 2013 include "Lunch out", Demo with scarves, A.G.M., & an April Jumble Sale. Chairman : *Audrey Porter* 781328. Secretary : *Audrey Baldwin* 781416. Treasurer : *Ann Ferris* 781350.

LLANCARFAN BADMINTON GROUP

Sue Taylor reports that a small group meets at 11 a.m. every Friday at *Barry Leisure Centre*. New joiners please contact Sue 781337 or Jan 781227.

STEP IN ST GEORGE

Visitors asking for a token to take away from our village church have shown signs of being pleased with the first slim volume to come off our local presses. This little book, which explores what St. George might be doing on the walls of a Welsh church, has sold around 150 copies in its first two months on offer to the public. It won't overtake *Harry Potter* sales for a bit – but a number of people have bought several copies, spotting its potential for carrying novel village greetings into their friends' Christmas Stockings. All receipts go straight into the Conservation Funds. Your editor can oblige interested parties!



THANKS, PHIL

Our thanks to Phil Watts, who made an 'offer you can't refuse' distribution of extra copies of our 32-page anniversary newsletter, and raised £252.00 towards society funds – plus two new members! We think it's called 'chutzpah'! There is no truth in the report that he also got Obama re-elected.

TROUBLE ON THE TRAIL

Valeways, the local charity which encourages and supports the use of public

rights of way in the Vale, has expressed concern to the Vale Council about the poor condition of the routeway which passes the Biomass Digester on the hilltop above us. This is part of the *Millennium Heritage Trail*, a path walked by locals and visitors alike – not least as the church's wall paintings are becoming so well known. Apparently the Vale Council has sent a representative to check on these reports, and is monitoring the situation. There is no doubt that many field footways into and out of our village are in a dire state, and that we should be activating for support in improving matters.

FIRST AID

Twelve villagers from hereabouts spent the 24th of November in the village hall learning the rudiments of *First Aid*, c/o the enlightening Pat Chestney of St. John Ambulance. Liz Hunt kindly organised the training. Meanwhile Councillor Jeff James reports that the Rhoose St John Ambulance Division no longer meets, so Jeff is looking for a qualified person to restart things in Rhoose – and perhaps save a life. Please contact Councillor James.

SUPERFAST WIFI FOR SUPERSLOW LLANCARFAN?

November 1st saw a well-attended presentation on the possibility of a much faster Internet service for those who need it in our hidden village. Alan Taylor invited Simon Mawer of *Konek-T* to outline the benefits of his company's broadband link via the St. Hilary Transmission Tower above Cowbridge. Assembly funding is apparently available per household to kick-start demand, but a commitment of around 35 houses would be needed to make the project viable here. During discussions, several difficulties became clear, not least with any proposal to use the existing out-dated BT lines for the last neck of delivery. Direct 'line of sight' transmission to a repeater station sited on a village high spot could be a possibility. However, Mr. Mawer conceded that many issues remain to be addressed before Llancarfan subscribers could be guaranteed the 'benefits of city life in the heart of the countryside'.

CHRISTMAS AT ST CADOC'S

Wed 19 Dec	17.00	Nine Lessons & Carols
Mon 24 Dec	16.00	Christmas Eve Crib service plus Christingle
Mon 24 Dec	11.30	Midnight Mass
Tues 25 Dec	11.00	Christmas Family Eucharist
Sun 6 Jan	19.00	Joint Parishes Epiphany service, followed by drinks at the Rectory

The Ford Christmas Tree lights up at 18.00 Sun 9 Dec with soup & rolls in the *Fox* afterwards. And look out for the 'passada' crib travelling around village households and reaching St. Cadoc's for the Christmas Eve Crib service.



ST. CADOC'S OPEN DAY : 15 SEPTEMBER 2012

Billed as a **Sinalong**, reflecting the continuing revelation of our Deadly Sins, the Open Doors Day proved notably sin free. Emma Levey [2 & 8] inspired art, Sam Smith & Bill Thomas [3 & 4] & Ian Fell decoded the walls, while Peter Bowen [see Page 10] [5], Nigel Williams & Paul Fisher [6] shared their expertise on ancient wills, Vale history & its other churches. Visitors young and old peaked at about a hundred, including travellers from distant climes, such as New Zealand's Jeff & Pam Thomas, hosted by friends & Jean Vesey [7].



THE SOCIETY 25TH ANNIVERSARY DINNER

A full house in the village hall on Friday 14th September marked the praiseworthy survival of the Llancarfan Society into its 25th anniversary. The heart of the meal was a bountiful buffet provide by 'outside caterers' – who, after solving technical issues with the oven, said this was one of the finest kitchens in the Vale. Chairman Mike Crosta presided over an amiable, if uneventful, get together – attended not least by Jeff & Pam Thomas, over from Wellington, New Zealand, to retrace memories of a childhood in Llancarfan School. Guaranteed to erase all memory however was the most generous gift of Blanquette wine from President Barbara Milheusen for the banquet dinner. This proved a labour of love, because Barbara's niece brought the wine through the Channel Tunnel 'as a bed for the dog'. Barbara then flew from France to Leicester, drove to Kent to collect the Blanquette, and ultimately transported it to the village hall fridge. As so often, her kindness knew no bounds as again she visited her roots. These roots were confirmed, incidentally, on the previous day – the St. Cadoc's Open Day – when Barbara & brother Clive were able to find their baptismal entries in the church records.



Left :
Churchwarden
Jean Vesey
introduces
'Barbara Anne
Jenkins' to her
Christmas Day
St Cadoc's
Records of
Baptism . . .

RECORDS AND RELICS : LINKING GRAVES TO HISTORY

Peter Bowen explores an opportunity for our local involvement

In almost every locality, 100-year-old gravestones survive. Obviously, these can be linked to Census Records, covering 1841-1911. These records can at least fit the deceased into a family tree; but they often provide far richer detail.

In the Vale of Glamorgan, however, with so many ancient places of worship, numerous gravestones pre-date census records. Probate documents, held at the National Library of Wales, are available for every ancient Welsh parish. These cover the period c.1600 – 1857, and offer the possibility of rich linkage to our ancient tomb stones. For the parish of Llanccarfan, **298** probate documents are held at the National Library; for Bonvilston there are **112**; for Penmark **191**; for St. Athan **109**; Gileston has **28**, and Llantwit has **399**. Which is probably enough examples to start with!

For me, the proof of the immense importance of linking gravestone and document came when visiting Llanccarfan churchyard quite some years ago. I had made modern copies of a number of Llanccarfan probate documents – which are of course the documents executors gather together to try to prove the wishes of the person ‘gone before’. Amongst the Llanccarfan probates I discovered one written in 1753 for **James Petre of Walterston**, gentleman.

The Petre documents contained a lengthy and fascinating inventory detailing his possessions, over 80 different items. These proved to be worth over £109 - an immense amount for those days. He also had £500 lent out at interest.

As many of you will already know, the Petre tomb is to be found just to the right of St Cadoc’s front porch. From the south-facing text I learned for example that James Petre

SACRED
To the Memory of JAMES PETRE, Gent of Walterstone,
in this Parish, who died June 27th 1753 Aged 29 Years.
MARY his Wife daughter of George & Eleanor Jenkin of Tynewydd
in the Parish of *Coychurch* in this County, who died July
25th 1753 Aged 26 Years
MARY daughter of William & Mary Jenkins of Walterstone
Aforesaid Grand-daughter of the above named James & Mary
Petre who died May 21st 1772
Aged 5 Weeks

died at the age of just 29, and that within a month of his death, his wife, Mary, also died. She was 26. The names of their children, Mary and Jane, were recorded on the tomb, but I knew these already, as they were recorded on an administration bond accompanying the inventory. Also on the administration

bond was the name George Jenkins of the parish of Coychurch, grandfather of the children. He was given their guardianship. Mary eventually married into the Jenkins family, and the tomb information also relates to this union.

When next in Llancarfan churchyard look at the tomb for yourself. There are inscriptions on all four sides of the Petre tomb and on the capstone. The whole offers a wonderful journey into family history. The vertical panel facing away from the church – facing south – gives the detail recorded above, as well as the name of George Jenkins and Eleanor, his wife, the parents of Mary Petre deceased. The capstone and the north and east side panels tell of the Petre forbears and descendents – their names are all recorded. You can lay your hands on probate documents for (1) Mary Petre, for (2) James Petre's namesake and uncle, and perhaps the main source of his wealth, as he was the main legatee named in his uncle's will, and for (3) Elizabeth Cradock, grandmother of James [*illustrated overleaf*].

All these documents have been transcribed, and are available to anyone interested, preferably as email attachments. Should you however wish to discover the full wonders of the Petre / Cradock / Jenkins tomb you must seek out the publications of John Cann which link directly to this tomb. These contain notable research with the highest levels of historical richness.

The Petre Inventory is a small pearl in itself, but linked to the tomb data, the whole becomes a rare diamond. And this is what linking 'Records and Relics' is all about. You can be part of such work, for Llancarfan, or indeed for any other Vale parish. Because I was able to join the recent St. Cadoc's Church Open Day, almost all of the Census records for Llancarfan are available in hard copy. A start has also been made at putting them onto *Excel* spreadsheets, to be completed, one would hope, by willing volunteers.

Of the 298 Llancarfan probate documents, fifty plus have already been transcribed. Most 19th century documents are easy to read, as are most from the 18th century and many from the later 17th century. The originals can be accessed online from the National Library and then word processed.

What I hope is that amongst you there will those keen to be involved in this work. It is my firm belief that in every graveyard there is linkage between relic and record that touches the unforgettable. The relics are present locally : the records exist, but work has to be done to make them readily available locally.

Local involvement is key: only this way can a real sense of ownership & satisfaction be generated. I hope some of you feel you would like to be involved. If so contact your Editor, or me at petbow@hotmail.co.uk, or 02920 304909. Working as a team, the outcomes can be fantastic.

A TYPICAL INVENTORY

ELIZABETH CRADDOCK
of THE CRADDOCK TOMB



Underneath
Are deposited the remains of
Jenkin Craddock
of this Parish
who died Oct^r 23rd
1652 aged 72 Years

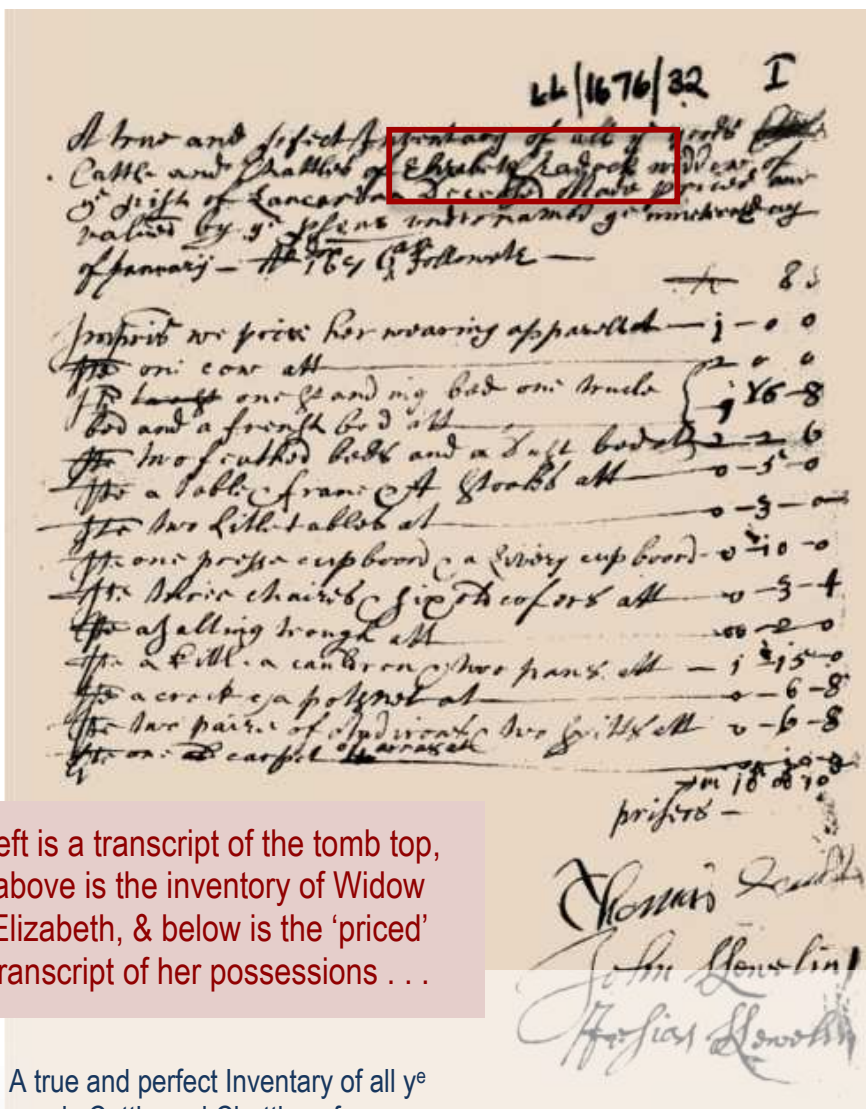
Also the remains of Elizabeth
his wife who died April 3rd 1672
Aged 73 Years

Also Elizabeth Petre their
Daughter who died July 31 1726
Aged 76 Years

Also James Petre Gent of this
Village and Paternal Uncle of
James Petre of Walterstone in this
Parish who died Nov^r 10th 1743
Aged 64 Years

And also of George Jenkins
second son of the said
William And Mary Jenkins
Chaplain to his Majesties Forces
who died on the 26th day of April
1821 aged 45 years
and was buried at Montreal
Canada N A

Here Also Lies the body of
Humphrey Jenkins Brother of the said
William Jenkins who died on
the 20th day of April 1821
Aged 57 Years



Left is a transcript of the tomb top,
above is the inventory of Widow
Elizabeth, & below is the 'priced'
transcript of her possessions . . .

A true and perfect Inventory of all ye
goods Cattle and Chattles of
Elizabeth Craddock widow of ye
parish of Lancaivan Deceased
Made priced and valued by ye p[er]sons undernamed
ye nineteenth day of January A^o d^m 1676 as followeth

Impr[im]is we price her wearing apparel att	1-0-0
Ite[m] one cow att	2-0-0
Ite[m] one standing bed one trucle bed and a french bed att	1-16-8
Ite[m] two feather beds and a dust bed at	2-2-6
Ite[m] a table & frame & 4 Stooles att	0-5-0
Ite[m] two Litle tables at	0-3-0
Ite[m] one presse cupboord & a Livery cupboard	0-10-0
Ite[m] three chaires & six old cofers att	0-3-4
Ite[m] a Salting trough att	0-2-0
Ite[m] a kittl a cauldron & two pans att	1-15-0
Ite[m] a crock & a potsnet at	0-6-8
Ite[m] two paire of Andirons & two spitts att	0-6-8
Ite[m] one old carpet or arras att	0-4-8
	10-8-10

Prisers
Thomas
John Llewelin
Josiah Llewelin



ANTICIPATION



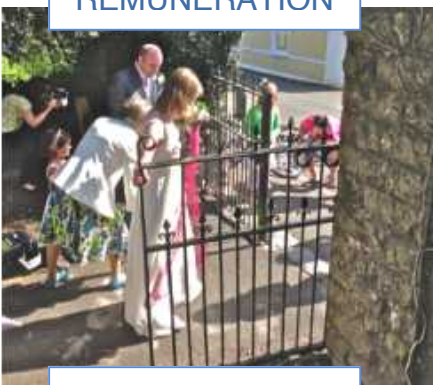
AMALGAMATION



NEGOTIATION



REMUNERATION



CAPITULATION

ONE WEDDING & A FILM SHOW

To your left, the 22nd September wedding of Christopher Angell & Anne Wilcock – which found the newly weds locked into the churchyard in time-honoured local tradition. Only Sarah Angell's purse freed the happy couple to enter married life beyond the gates!

To your right, the *Best Exotic Opening Night* of Llancafarn's new Film Society. The big movie was accompanied by a reminder of the 60th Jubilee 2012 – and Asian snacks whetted the appetite for the sell-out screening. *The Woman In Black* and *Moonrise Kingdom* were enjoyed in October & November, and there will be an afternoon showing on Saturday the 15th of December of the family friendly film *We Bought a Zoo*.



ADMISSION



COLLECTION



THE VISION



CONFECTION



PROJECTION

CHI TI CREDI DI ESSERE . . . WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE?

*It would be interesting to know which family names have owned, so to speak, Llancarfan through the decades and centuries that preceded the arrival of the many immigrants to this delightful village. In the meantime, **Mike Crosta** knows where he came from, and reports on his Italian – and Newport – roots:*

Domenico Crosta, born 1865 in Pianello del Lario on Lake Como, had seven siblings. The small town sits on the lake's western shore, its feet paddling in the lake's clear water. There is no promenade, the hills just slide into the water. The 15th century church is on the lake's edge just managing to keep its feet dry. The cemetery is on its shoulder. The pictures or photos on the gravestones give life to the dead – and most of them are Crostas. The small towns & villages around Lake Como know Pianello as the village of Crostas.

The town has been there since Roman times. It has changed little over the centuries, and certainly not since, seven years ago, we first went to meet those of our *cuginos* (cousins) whose forebears stayed put, while many others left for the USA or Argentina for 'una vita migliore' - 'a better life'.

In 1881, the better life for my great grandfather, Domenico Crosta, was in Newport. He was sixteen years of age – perhaps that explained it.

In July 2012 we returned to Pianello with cousin Judith [born Crosta] & her husband David. My *equivalent*, whose great-grandfather was Giovanni Crosta, Domenico's brother, is Giampiero Crosta. It was he and other Crostas that we met again.

We saw again the house where Domenico & his siblings were born and raised. It has changed little, clinging with its neighbours high up the mountain with breathtaking views steeply standing guard over half the length of the lake, the hills opposite, and even the pre-Alps. The houses hug each other so tightly that rooms, back yards, stairs, form a tangle of stone limbs, still un-rendered, mostly made of flat, hard stone. Some, built over rights of way, form dark tunnels beneath those living above. Where Giampiero was born and bred is but a further short climb, a Rubic's Cube of inbred constructions.

Very close to Pianello is Dongo with its houses squashed together, almost pushing its small piazza into the lake's waters. Mussolini was cornered here, and his 'courtiers' executed in the piazza. Another town further down the lake had the honour of executing Mussolini himself in *its* piazza.

Domenico came to Newport to a shop selling brushes of all shapes and sizes. The shop's 'Crosta' sign can be seen behind the employees legs in the

photograph on the back page. Domenico holds (nearly) the centre stage of the photograph. He married a local girl whose family never spoke to her again because he was Italian Catholic. They had seven children, one my grandfather, so they must have got along. My grandmother – who nearly divorced my grandfather when she discovered his Italian roots - bore five children, so they must have got along too.

Back in Italy, we had good times with our Crostas. Rosa, speaking reasonable English, exhausted herself each time. The rest of us waved our arms and said ‘Grazi, prego, bene e arrivederci’ quite a lot. We had a Coppola Godfather meal at a small ristorante balanced on the water’s edge. The owner – who had once lived in Talbot Street, Cathedral Road, Cardiff! - had been banished for the day by Giampiero, leaving only a lady with strict instructions that we were not allowed to pay the bill. We did try, honestly.

I don’t think that some at the table were in fact Crostas. They just joined in. Bruno from Dongo insisted that he used to smuggle cigarettes through the mountains! We learned sadly that another cousin, Livio, had burned to death in his house, probably while drunk, and had been banned from Germany for some unknown and un-admittable infamous deed. We had not been allowed to meet him seven years earlier. I thought he could have been more than a little interesting.

Grappa at lunchtime burns the ears, but it does oil the wheels when only speaking ‘Grazi, prego, bene, e arrivederci’. You may get the picture when you hear that, on two occasions, bottles of home made amaretto liqueur were delivered to our hotel. In fact, the donor was another *cugina*, and a Crosta we had not heard of before, Loredan-Gianmario Crosta.

Bianca was a Crosta married to Anselmo, the town butcher. Their house was built on many centuries of foundations. Its cellars housed a large wooden cask for treading home made wine, and stored home made cheese & salami, with old working tools of every kind. In fact it was a living working museum of bygone days. The house, though in the middle of the town, even had a barn attached for the two cows in the winter.

Our last *famiglia* party in Garibaldi Piazza, Menaggio - near to our hotel - was thunderstorm wet, and held under the umbrellas of Marco’s bar (Rosa’s son), to the background music of a splendidly jolly town band. We had to pay the bill when Giampiero was not looking. Bianca (86) and Gilberta (84) kept up with the rest of us. The grappa even seemed to stop the rain from wetting us.



WASH & BRUSH UP

Taken in Newport between 1890 & 1917, this is a rare image of the Crosta brush makers' shop on the corner of Albert St. & Commercial Rd. The Crostas were told that Daniel (Domenico) is on the photo, & they deduce (from another family photograph) that he is in the front row, 2nd left. Note the name 'Crosta' along the bottom front of the shop, words partly obscured by the workers, besoms & brooms.

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