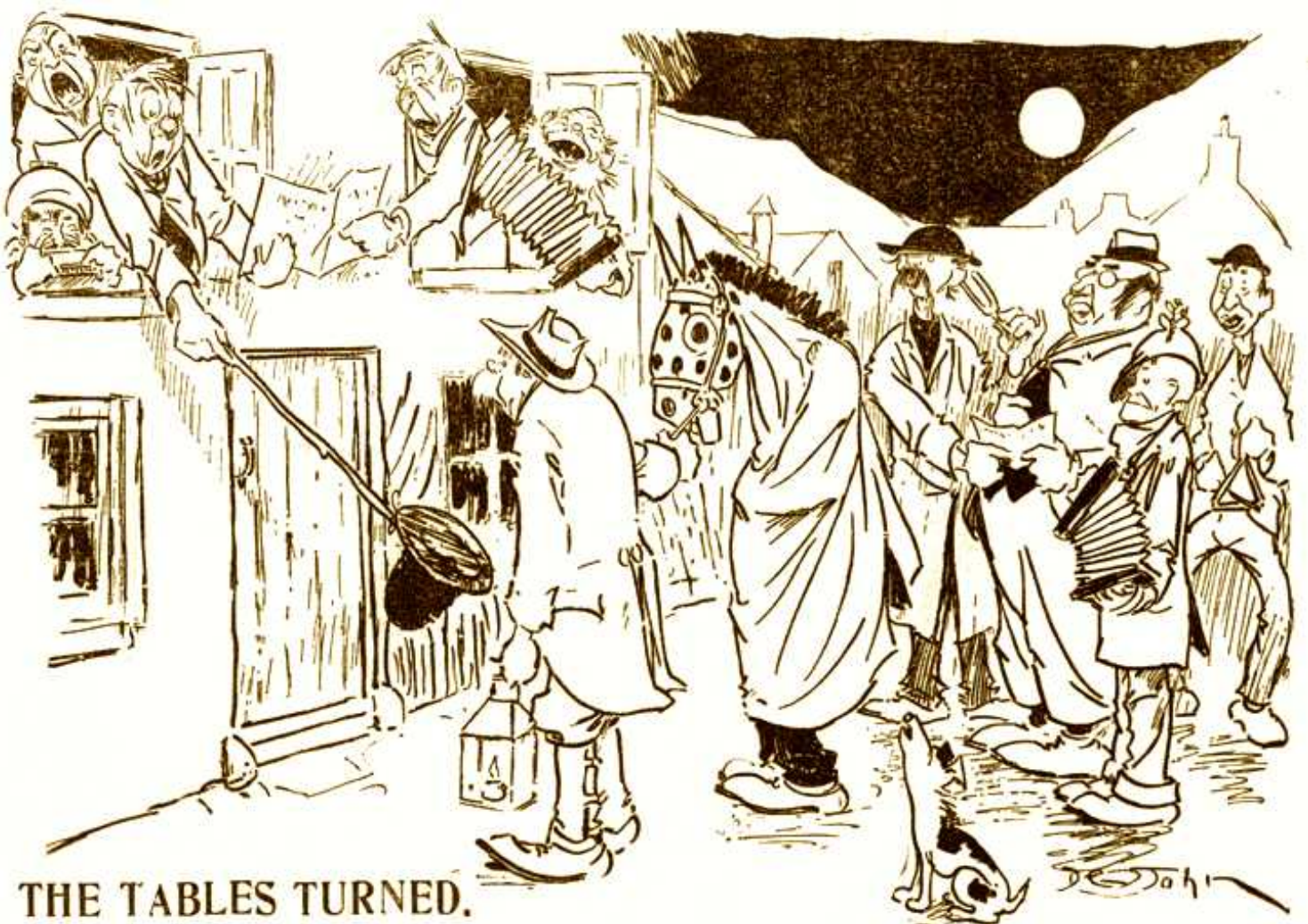
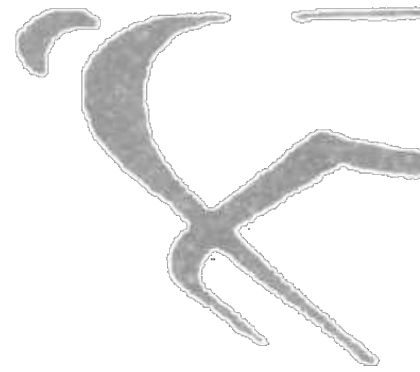




LLANCARFAN SOCIETY NEWSLETTER 164 DECEMBER 2015



THE TABLES TURNED.

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EDITORIAL

Hilary Mantel is among the many who describe our founding President, Sir Keith Thomas, as a genius. (Today's President, Barbara Milheusen, proudly recalls Sir Keith's upbringing at Pancross, not to mention her sitting on his knee as the youngsters travelled to be educated in Barry!) But now, thanks to the quirks of idle chat, I learn that Pancross could claim to have sown the seeds of yet another genius. The fact is, the man whose work graces our cover was himself described as a 'genius', albeit of the comic variety. He was David Gwilym John, born at Pancross in 1884. In the following article, poorly equipped though I am to deal with matters of sport and valleys' culture, I've tried to recover some unjustly fading memories of a brilliant & important recorder of our history (much of it cloaked in comedy & sporting comment).

Returning to Sir Keith, and at the risk of further suggestions of over-focusing on aspects of church history, I was privileged to have read his formative book *Religion and the Decline of Magic* back in the 1970s. This seminal work was recently elegantly re-published by the Folio Society. In the book's new introduction, Hilary Mantel recognizes Sir Keith's genius, then quotes him as saying 'much of what it has taken me a lifetime to build up by painful accumulation can now be achieved by a moderately diligent student in the course of a morning'. Sir Keith's self-effacing modesty – no 'balchder' here – still acknowledges the astonishing accessibility of the internet. The supreme skill must lie in shaping new understanding from this deluge of facts.

Unusually though, I could find no web avalanche of information about Dai Gwilym John. Which is why Llanccarfau should hope for a student of better diligence than me, one sufficiently informed to further explore & present the cultural and historical significance of Dai John, Pancross's earlier luminary.

DAVID GWILYM JOHN : COMIC GENIUS BEHIND ‘DAI LOSSIN’

The man who called our local born cartoonist & commentator ‘a comic genius’ was **Leslie Illingworth**. You might remember Illingworth (1902-1979) as a man of no mean talent himself. He was famous as a *Punch* cartoonist and leading political cartoonist for the *Daily Mail* during the Second World War.



Illingworth's plaque in Barry

The *Mail's* cartoonist was particularly well fitted to judge **Dai John's** ability, because although 18 years younger, Illingworth grew up in St. Athan. This was just at the time when Dai John's genius was at its peak and positively flowering – in the perhaps unlikely pages of Cardiff's *Football Echo*. In Stewart Williams' *Glamorgan Historian* (Vol 4, 1967) Illingworth recalled this hero of his childhood - 'Dai John from Fonmon . . . who originated "Dai Lossin" for the *Football Echo*.' Dai Lossin, said Illingworth, 'epitomised the deadpan ironical understatement of Vale wit'.

Leslie Illingworth would have thought of Dai John as of Fonmon, because Rock House, Fonmon was John's home, until 1935, and from at least 1911. (For instance, the 1911 census shows him living there with his father William, his mother Catherine, & brother Jenkin.) But Dai John's very beginnings were at Pancross – a record somewhat confused by details of another 'Gwilliam' John, aged 1 month, documented at Pancross in the 1881 census.

The fact is, this census diverts us from the tragic circumstances in the John family. Putting it briefly, in 1881 Catherine John and her husband William were living on the Pancross farm of Catherine's brother, Jenkin Bowen. The Johns then had three children – Mary (3), Margaret (2) and Gwilliam (1 month). Miserably, all three children died within two years of that census.

As for David Gwilym John, the future cartoonist, he was born early in 1884. His dead brother's memory seems to be preserved in Dai's middle name. A *second* Margaret too, aged 8, is also recorded in the 1891 census – as is the 4-year-old Jenkin. So Dai and his siblings succeeded three lost little ones.

By 1901 the John family had left Pancross and were here in the village, at Ty Mawr (present home of the Angells). The records then show that Dai (aged 16) was doing very well at the Barry County School, with certificates in English language, literature, history, arithmetic, mathematics, Latin, French,

chemistry, botany, & woodwork. (Funnily there is no record of his art – or Welsh!) Then in October 1902 he won an ‘exhibition’ valued at £11.1s. from University College South Wales for a ‘scholarship & exhibition examination’.

These were distinctive achievements for a boy from a not prosperous family (his dad was described in 1881 as a ‘railway hobbler’, then ‘farmer’, then ‘retired’ by 1911). Future research may reveal just how and when Dai John first professionally exploited his talent with the artist’s pen. For now one can only note that the 1911 ‘Rock House, Fonmon’, census (proudly?) records David John’s ‘Personal



Occupation’ as ‘Cartoonist’, and his ‘Industry’ as the ‘South Wales D News’. Unfortunately Cardiff Library’s *Football Echo* only survives (incomplete) from October 1919, so it is hard to locate his earliest comic output.

What still exists from *Football Echo*’s Dai John era is a talented trail of graphic journalism. It seems his last cartoon for the *Echo* might be about May 1933, while this picture survives from 1910 (copied from a 1919 reprint).



The Ideal Team :

Phil Watts says this picture long hung in the *Red Lion, Bonvilston*. Our *Newsletter 88* shared the belief that it featured caricatures of local Llancafán residents. Dai Lossin sits of course in the middle. And when did D.G. John’s signature change?

Memories have faded, but the archetypal characters became – well before World War One – great popular icons. They were not only sporting talismen, but even carnivals & fancy dress parades embraced the characters. So *The Aberdare Leader* (12.3.1910) reported that Mr. Gilbert Philips was Dai Lossin in a Grand Skating Carnival; Dai Lossin also led a St. David's College, Lampeter, parade of visiting Cardiff rugby men (*Cambrian News*, 6.3.1914); and then there was the *St. John's Ambulance Match* in Barry, 2 May 1914.

The *Barry Dock News* carried a long and funny account of this actual comic match between Dai Lossin's complete team (including the still famous 'lanto Full Pelt'), pitted against an upstart Dai Pepper's fifteen. (Read all about it via the *Welsh Newspapers Online*.) Please note that the great George Formby arrived from the *Cardiff Empire* to take the



kick off, and was then ordered off the pitch by P.C. Pint. This presumptuous officer later 'died on the field' following a militant invasion by the Suffragettes!

Back in the real world, Dai John followed the call to arms, joining the Norfolk Regiment in June 1916. Transferred to 'The Fighting Fifth', he was 'struck on the right arm by a piece of shrapnel while engaged on observation work'. Such was the fame of his character that the *Cambrian Daily Leader* (25.11.1916) carried the heading "DAI LOSSIN" WOUNDED. Meanwhile the man behind him was taken off to the Southern General Hospital, Edgbaston.

It is to our local genius's credit that, with his right arm permanently disabled, Dai John learnt in time to draw again with his other hand. The *South Wales Echo* of 15 November, 1919 headlined the news : 'DAI LOSSIN : Famous Welshman Returns from Active Service'. And, far from vaunting his own bravery, Dai John published a comic letter reporting Dai Lossin's own wartime service : 'I hav bin demobbed a long time now, but it hav took me a long time to grow mi hair proper again for the peoples to know me.'

So the cartoons started again, the so-called 'sporting' drawings regularly accompanied by letters in dialect from Dai Lossin himself. And what is truly intriguing is how, under the cloak of comedic sporting commentary, Dai John managed to get away with so many overt political observations. For instance, on 13 December 1919, the Lossin "Letter" began :

‘Dear Papur, - Shwd mai, thanku? Hav u herd in Kardiff that they are goin’ to hav a Welsh Parlerment? . . . ‘

Well, a hundred years on, funny he should mention that! The letter floats all sorts of places for a potential Welsh capital, even suggesting Shrewsbury as a parliamentary seat, because ‘Welshmen do agree famous outside Wales’.

My review here can digest but a fraction of Dai John’s work, written or drawn. Enough to understand that Dai Lossin’s comic persona, (perhaps a ‘false naive’ pre-cursor to Max Boyce), allows him often to advise David Lloyd George, stand as a Cardiganshire candidate, cure the aftermath of war – “the people who fought and won the war will kontinue to pay for it”, and most importantly, lead his ever-failing sporting team. Particularly trenchant are his asides on the 1920/1 mining lockout, and around the 1926 General Strike, reflecting the following months of despair in the mining communities. In May 1926 Lossin ‘spoke’ to the ‘*Cwmswt May Day Labor Demonshtashun*’ :

“The Cole-owners argewmense wont wash with the miners,” I did say. “Lloyd Jorge himself won’t wash with the miners. If he did the miners’ wives wood drown him insted of rubbing his back.”

David John died, we think, in late 1958, apparently then living in Llandogo on the Wye. Credit where it’s due, John Etherington gave us an introduction to Dai John in *Newsletters* 88, 90, 91 & 97. This included information from (the late) Tom Lougher of Coquitlam, British Columbia. Phil Watts too was taught by Dai John in the early 1940s. Tell us more, Phil. This present piece now updates those early narratives, prompted not least by a welcome visit with Australian Paul Johns (see last newsletter) to Miss Carol Dunn of Llanbethery. She revealed that ‘Dai Lossin was a first cousin to my grandfer’. I’ve since had a kind email from Mr. John Thomas (aged 88) of Canada’s *Calgary Welsh Society*. He it was who, with ‘fond memories of the cartoons’ in 2008, ‘resurrected memories’ by suggesting to Welsh members ‘ar wasgar’ that ‘Dai Lossin’ should be the new name for Rhoose Airport! We are most grateful to be reminded from afar of a remarkable hero under our very nose.

Finally, should you have wondered about the cover image, this is from the *Football Echo* of 18 December 1926, and is captioned “The Tables Turned”. The Mari Lwyd mummers arrive to sing for a Christmas bonus. But from the miners’ window, a begging hat pleads poverty. Happy Christmas, thanku.



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

ST. CADOC'S CHRISTMAS CALENDAR

- 11th December. 1445 Christingle & Crib Service – school & all welcome.
 20th December 1900 The Nine Lessons & Carols service.
 24th December 1130 Midnight Mass.
 25th December 1115 Christmas Morning Eucharist.
 6th January '16 1900 Joint Parishes Epiphany Service.

LLANCARFAN SOCIETY is more than grateful for the donation of £207 to society funds, raised by the screening of *The Second Best Exotic Marigold Hotel*. We're sure you will enjoy the forthcoming village hall showings :

LLANCARFAN COMMUNITY CINEMA

WILD TALES (15)

Thursday 10 December 2015

MINIONS (PG)

Saturday 12 December 2015. Doors at 3.00 pm

SUFFRAGETTE (12A)

STOP PRESS!

THE MARTIAN (12A)

SPRING DATES

SPECTRE (12A)

AND DETAILS

THE LADY IN THE VAN (12A)

TO BE CONFIRMED

Doors open 7.15 pm & performances start 7.30 pm (unless otherwise stated).
 To book call 01446 781144 or email llancarfanfine@gmail.com.

GET YOUR TALENTS OUT!

Friday 18th December – a star-studded **The Vale has Talent** show in the Village Hall from 7 o'clock! Anyone auditioning please contact Sheelagh Lewis 781002. In aid of children's charity *Latch & Llanccarfarn Primary School*.

AND YOUR HANDBELLS! In addition, anyone wishing to join a handbell group for Christmas please also contact Sheelagh. Handbells are easy to learn and you don't have to read music to take part!

CHRISTMAS PLAYS @ LLANCARFAN PRIMARY SCHOOL

Each year younger & older pupils present Christmas plays. The younger pupils' play, *'Sleepy Shepherd'*, follows a shepherd who gets very sleepy on his way to baby Jesus. Will he make it or not? And *'Stable Manners'* is about three animals who think too much of themselves. But in the end, they realize who is the real star of the show. If you would like to see either of the Christmas plays please ring the school for times and dates - 01446 781375.

NEXT EVENTS DEADLINE : 21 FEBRUARY 2016



The silver plate below was presented to Mr. & Mrs David Gwilym John on the occasion of their marriage, April 7th, 1925, by the Proprietors of the South Wales Football Echo. At the time of printing it was still available to buy on eBay for \$459.

AS PLAYED BEFORE DAI LOSSIN & OTHER CROWNED HEADS. 10,001½ MEDALS & DIPLOMAS

The Craig Miners Perfect Musicians' ironic tribute to Dai Lossin in 1926. With thanks to the Richard Burton Archives, Swansea University.



MORE POIGNANT REMINDERS OF THE MINERS' LIVES & THEIR SACRIFICE



"The Rescue"



Mick Mace



Llancarfan Society at the National Mining Memorial, Senghenydd

Gwyneth Plows brought a humbling aspect to this year's mystery outing. Gwyn took us to the Welsh National Mining Memorial in Senghenydd. Not one of us was unmoved by the litany of miners killed in the Welsh pits which once steamed & warmed the world.

The 1913 Senghenydd disaster took 439 tragic lives, to which numbers the memorial adds the names of hundreds of miners lost in 152 Welsh colliery disasters.

The homely meal afterwards in the Butchers Arms, Rhiwbina, was a fitting conclusion to our enlightening visit. Thanks, Gwyn.



WHERE THERE'S A WILL . . . THERE'S A WALK
Will Renwick, who took Derek Brockway on a tv Weatherman Walk to Tinkinswood, is now Digital Editor in London of *The Great Outdoors* magazine. See the next newsletter for a glimpse into the life of the youngest person ever to walk the whole perimeter of Wales.



SOME OF WHAT LLANCARFAN DID NEXT . . .



Sue Millard & offspring (seen here with Sue's Dad) treated villagers to her significant birthday party on 20 Nov '15, for which many thanks & congratulations!



Sam Smith, John Angell and Graham Levey sailed away for a week in Sept by island hopping in the Adriatic. This view misses out Graham, tho' he does pull silly faces on photos!



PAINTERS' PROGRESS . . . WITH SOME PUZZLES THROWN IN

Few can be happy that St. Cadoc's remains closed to visitors for some time yet, services excepted. The PCC aspires to some normality around Christmas, but hopes the church will be 'fully open and presentable' by February 1st.

You may know that ongoing present work encompasses restoration in the chancel, with the installation of carefully selected sympathetic new 'paving' stone, both there and in the church porch. Because of its historical importance, an archaeological watching brief accompanied the building work, finds being recorded, and a report produced. The finds proved to be 'limited', and consisted of 'co-mingled human bones in all contexts', and 'domestic and architectural artefacts dating from the late medieval period to the late 19th century'. As is normal, the bones will be appropriately re-buried. It is intriguing to know that, while the areas 'had been previously disturbed during the 19th century', 14th-15th century roof tile fragments were still there to be discovered.

Jane Rutherford, the remaining wall-painting conservator after fond farewells when Ann Ballantyne retired, continued her work until early November. Jane's report on the progress of conservation, and presumably on the Autumn training sessions carried out with conservation students, is promised for the year end.

The latest wall revelation, although conservation is still clearly in progress, is another 'Act of Mercy' – namely 'Clothing the Naked'. Meanwhile, interpretive questions remain concerning 'Visiting the Sick' and 'Burying the Dead'. Please take a look at the colour images of these printed in our last issue [163].

Puzzle one concerns the pilgrim's staff, seen in both those pictures. Is it a staff, or does it have a flame on top of it? Is it therefore doubling as a tall candle? Our benevolent adviser of long-standing, Professor Maddy Gray, has floated the possibility that this could be a case of 'measuring to the saint'. This reflects the practice of measuring a sick person, or indeed a corpse, and creating a candle of that person's length as a petition for saintly intercession.



A second matter to ponder is the sick person's commode, quite commonly used it appears as a token of 'the sickbed'. We now learn that in 1858 the pre-Raphaelite Burne-Jones created a window to venerate St Frideswide for Christchurch Cathedral, Oxford. This seems to have pictured a Victorian lavatory in the saint's deathbed scene [see the detail *Left*]. Is this too a somewhat tongue-in-cheek update of the symbolic commode? We're looking into it!

GRAHAM LEWIS JENKINS : 7 June 1928 to 27 September 2015

It is already two months since Llancarfan and the Vale gathered to mourn the death of Graham Jenkins – a service held in St. Cadoc's at 1200 on Saturday 3rd October, 2015. The memories of Graham were countless at his funeral, a service shaped as he requested it. It was also already sadly clear how many memories of our village had disappeared with Graham's sudden passing. Born here, he was both a fount and yardstick of knowledge, tradition & belief.

Yet again our sad condolences are offered to Audrey, Katherine, Caroline and the families whom Graham leaves behind. Gordon [Kemp], Graham's son-in-law, gave the address, paying due tribute to a man who had so many facets to his rich life. We were reminded of Graham's childhood in Cross Green, his family's acquisition of Flaxland, then of a first career change, from farmer to baker when Audrey's father died and the family's Savoy Bakery needed managing. Then again, aged 39, Graham fulfilled another potential, gaining a Sociology degree, ultimately serving as Senior Probation Officer in Barry. In retirement, community issues were still a constant cause, he having guided so many lives in his career. Many of us remain indebted to his advice.

Gordon's tribute told of Graham's cooking skills, his gardening precision, his battle with French under-done steaks, and of his being barred from St. Peter's, Rome, on account of his shorts. And a great sadness swept through the congregation as he 'came home' to Llancarfan, not least when women's voices achieved the Welsh hymn he scheduled - *Mae ffrydiau'n gorfoledd* – 'joy oozes from the glittering throne of heaven'. As Katherine reminds us, Graham spoke Welsh solidly until his maternal grandmother died, her Welsh language being yet another inheritance for a man at the heart of Llancarfan.

Steve Powell shares memories of 'a True Gentleman'

I first met Graham over 25 years ago when I was in Rotary in Barry, and our joint connection to Llancarfan cemented a lovely friendship. Graham was a true gentleman who was always interested to have a chat, and his lively personality was magnetic to anyone he met.

In his younger days Graham lived for a number of years in Cross Green, and his knowledge of this property and Llancarfan always prompted interesting stories. Cross Green's land originally came up to the side of our cottage *Ty Uchaf*, then a much smaller property. Georgina and I were fortunate enough to buy a large chunk of Cross Green's garden from Maggie Branch, as we wanted to extend our house. Our orchard was therefore originally part of Cross Green, and when Graham heard that it was now ours, he was keen to explain that he had personally planted the orchard and was able to tell me the name of each fruit tree and its position; what a memory! (Continues)

Graham's memories were even more of interest when eldest daughter Emma and Son-in-Law Simon bought Cross Green, as we learnt a lot about the property & its history in Llancarfan. So when I pick the fruit from the orchard, or when we drop in to see the grandchildren, Graham's stories all flood back. The memory of this very special Gentleman will remain with me always. God Bless You Graham.

Stephen Powell.



Graham researches his ancestors in the church records



Graham & Audrey in their Barry garden in May 2010



Becky & Emma

NATIVITY STORY ONE . . .

In November 1985, the village anxiously awaited a birth. Maggie & Graham Levey had been expecting twins – but suddenly only one little heartbeat could be detected. On Thursday 14th, just after 6pm, baby Emma was born. Eight minutes later, by breech birth, and squawking indignantly, Becky arrived, to amazement, jubilation, and a spell in intensive care. This November, the twins marked their 30th birthday with a *Top of the Pops* party. Llanvythin Mill rocked as Becky, aka Amy Winehouse, (now expecting her own second baby), and Emma (Kate Bush) celebrated in their own right.



'Amy' & 'Kate'

. . . AND TWO

To Grandpa Ian & Miss Granny-Penny Fell, a 1st grandson, Malachy Aneurin Fell, born 20 Sept 2015. And that's no laughing matter! Congratulations to Jen, Ben - & Malachy.



THREE WAYS OF BEING SPOOKY

It's a nice tradition each Christmas to draw the darkness around you and huddle together with a shared ghost tale. But cast your minds back to Hallowe'en tide, that creaking door between 31 October and 2 November. You will probably recall our village youngsters then, embodying more ghostly tales than ever seeped from the pen of Charles Dickens or M. R. James. So it might be amusing to consider just three ways of being spooky.

Spooky Mark One. Back in the 1940s & 50s, before the spectral hand of commerce thrust its claws into every seasonal ritual, Hallowe'en was a simple childhood affair. As kids, we enjoyed the scents of a scooped-out turnip (pumpkins seemed more exotic then) and of the fiery candle that flickered behind vegetable eyeholes. The rites we performed were a bit off the cuff, fogged as they were by tying door-knockers together on Mischief Night, and begging 'penny for the guy' coppers for flip-flaps & thunder flashes. But us kids knew that darkness had a special use.



We missed Hallowe'en this year in the White Chapel. Our apologies then to the usual spooky door-knocking families, the clusters of costumed youngsters (and their guardians) who frighten the treats out of us, and are a bit wrong-footed if we settle for a trick. We did though record Hallowe'en '*Strictly Come Dancing*', so we had a forceful reminder of the Americanisation of this once humble festival – now lavish costumes, grotesque faces, and a full Pandora's makeup box of horror.



Spooky Mark Two. Our excuse for missing Llancarfan's spookiness is because (pre the vile Paris massacre) we made a quick visit with our relatives to France. (We didn't quite miss *all* the UK spookiness, because we met a baggage-queue lady in skeleton tights who wisely decided not to put on her own gothic face-paint this side of *Passports*.) But our taste of spookiness lay in the place where we found ourselves on holiday this Hallowe'en.

It was an absolute coincidence that we'd booked a B&B at **Aigues Mortes** on **All Souls' Day – the Day of the Dead**, when as you know the membrane between Life and the Afterlife is at its thinnest. You may also know about Aigues Mortes, which is a strange little mediaeval walled town built to protect salt flats in the Camargue. **'Aigues Mortes' translates as 'Dead Waters'**.

'Bienvenue, welcome!', said our host Russ. 'It's the Day of the Dead! And the one site you must visit is the cemetery! C'est vraiment étonnante!' Russ, you see, is an Australian who, having run his French guest house for donkey's years, often forgot the language of the moment.

'Everyone,' he said, 'visits their ancestors on All Soul's Day, but only once a year. They feel so guilty, they have to take cart-loads of chrysanthemums. They'll be dead within the week.' We think he meant the chrysanthemums.

Well, while we hadn't expected such spooky cynicism, Russ wasn't wrong. As the p.13 snapshot shows, the vast flower shop alongside the cemetery at 'Dead Waters' was clearly thriving on its dying trade. What we saw certainly underlined the striking contrast between Britain's Hallowe'en cavorting and the hardly less commercial excesses of Aigues Mortes' 'Day of the Dead'.

Spooky Mark Three. This third reminiscence concerns a rather strange but somehow moving tradition established back in the 1920's at St. Hilary. This was not the Vale's St. Hilary, but an off-the-track little church at St. Hilary near Marazion in Cornwall. It was such a strange and touching tale that I made a film about it, which was broadcast on BBC2, way back in December 1977.

In 1924 Bernard Walke, the Vicar of St. Hilary, wrote a simple Nativity play to be performed by the people of his parish. Walke had artistic connections with the new-fangled BBC, and so it came to pass that a producer called Filson Young decided he could broadcast this Cornish nativity to the British nation. To quote from the *Radio Times*, 'his belief in the broadcasting possibilities of the sincerity and devotion of the St. Hilary Players . . . led him to bring them to the microphone'. The broadcast *did* charm many thousands of 'listeners in', and so the St. Hilary Nativity became a regular Christmas tradition. It proved the first of several dramatic transmissions.



St. Hilary rehearses a wireless broadcast

In November 1932, the innovative BBC ‘relayed’ another St. Hilary Players’ production : *The Eve of All Souls*. This poignant drama of ancestral tradition could not be in greater contrast to the sensationalistic spookathon of today’s Hallowe’en. Again it found an echo in the souls of Britain, and the play was still being broadcast to listeners in the wartime darkness of November 1941.

Somewhere I hope there still exists a crackly 78-rpm recording of the ‘All Souls’ transmission. I heard it in 1977, when too some of the faithful village players were still around. And to my mind the script remains poignant, not least in its evocation of pagan beliefs wrapped within Christian practices. As the play develops, newly-wed Mary Tregenza is feeling ‘wisht and queer’:

“I can’t help it, John . . . ‘Tis All Souls’ Eve, the night of the dead. I never gave it a thought when I fixed our wedding day. It must be the dead thinking of we that makes me think of they.”

As the broadcast moves to its final scene, and the church’s *requiem aeternam* is heard within the St. Hilary churchyard, the voices of blacksmith Sam Bray, and of Rose Tregurtha, revisit the village of their earthly lives. A full twenty years before Captain Cat talked to his dead dears in *Under Milk Wood*, the St. Hilary ghosts could broadcast to the nation :

Woman’s Voice. Sam Bray. You belong to know me, for we were neighbours before we were took away.

Man’s Voice. I know ‘e well, for you were one of they standing by when death came to me . . . It may be that is why we are here . . . to look back upon what we once were. The noise of the hammer and anvil were ever in my ears . . . Now it is fire and anvil and a beating into shape what is happening to me.

Woman’s Voice. There is a child come now. She were one of they who made your smithy their place of play.

Child’s Voice. ‘Tis some lovely place, I can tell’e, where we’m to; just like your forge, Mr. Bray, the sparks there d’fly ever so high . . .

Woman’s Voice. We measured time upon the earth by the passing of the years; spring-time, summer, autumn, and winter . . . but with us now, ‘tis love that is the measure of time, and when love’s work is done we shall be fair and fittie to look upon.

So there we are. Three ways of practising the rites of Hallowe’en. And you might feel that Bernard Walke’s St Hilary broadcasts display a dignity against which to measure the ways in which today we mark the Season of All Souls.

EASTER COMES EARLY

This year, the pupils of Llancarfan Primary school are helping with the Velindre chick knit appeal. The Velindre Cancer Centre is trying to raise £1 million pounds. Two volunteers called Mrs Entwistle and Mrs Davis came to Llancarfan Primary School on Monday 2nd November to start the pupils off with their knitting. Altogether there need to be 72,000 knitted chicks within two or three months. Daniel said, "knitting looks hard but once you get the hang of it, it's quite easy and it's all for good cause." Elizabeth said enthusiastically, "the chick knit is fun especially if you like knitting." Another pupil, Lydia, added, "Even if you can't knit, it's good to have a go." Some of the pupils are so enthusiastic that they are knitting the chicks throughout their lunch times, breaks and spare time.



WELCOME
BACK
SCHOOLS
PAGE!

CLASS 5 CAMPING NIGHT

This term class 5's topic is ... summer camp! And thanks to Mrs Lee Jones and Mr Smith we were able to camp for the first time ever on the school field! The year 5's went home at six o'clock after enjoying Mr Smith's professional BBQ skills, the year 6's got to stay the night. The year 6's roasted marshmallows and made s'mores, we sang songs around the campfire, and we only went to bed at midnight.

RAIN ON OUR PARADE

Llancarfan Primary School participates in Children in Need fundraiser every year. This year, instead of selling cakes, we decided to go for the healthy option, and had a ramble around the village. Everyone paid £1 for their own clothes and 50p to take part in the ramble. The older pupils walked with their buddies (the little ones that they look after.) The children set off on a bright day feeling happy and looking colourful in their own clothes. But it just had to rain on our parade! The menacing grey clouds approached quickly. But let's not focus on the bad side let's see what the pupils thought. Henry said that it was a nice walk, but it was spoiled a bit by the rain and hail. Lucy said that the day might have been soggy and wet but it was still nice. Charlie quoted he loved walking around the village and raising as much money as we could. Molly said she found it great. We got to go all around the village twice! In the end, we raised a whopping approximate of £130 with money still coming in. Who knows how much will be raised for Children in Need?

