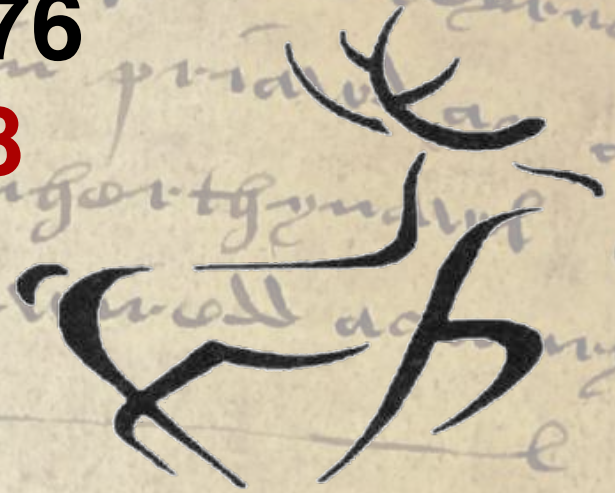


LLANCARFAN SOCIETY NEWSLETTER 176 DECEMBER 2018



*Llyma botg o basim yn hanghwyll m
Jesŷ gwis a gyny mowen rywls Kongres*

*torrog aŷ siarad a gwerndorog
am yŷ ladd mawr mallaŷog
ŷan a jeyant yn yŷ ŷeyll
o gwano gwylld a welaŷog*

*ŷodaf draotyr yn llawen
gwentgoŷll Jesŷ heb angen
m trwyŷogion pona yn tŷ
m wŷ orŷed ar gyŷon*



WORKS LATELY PUBLISHED
BY W. REES, LLANDOVERY; H. HUGHES, LONDON; AND
MAY BE HAD OF ALL BOOKSELLERS.

Theatrical Amusements.

AN ADDRESS to his Parishioners on the Pernicious Effects of Theatrical Amusements. By the Rev. J. W. PUGH, Vicar of Llandilo. Price Two Pence, or Ten Shillings per 100.

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EDITORIAL

I will inevitably get into trouble for not sharing with readers rather more than this damp squib notice of our latest 24 Nov. charabanc outing to Bath. Thanks to the organisational skills of Shelagh Hughes, about forty Society members braved their way into the city's vibrant Christmas Markets. It's fair to say that it proved a memorable visit, wrangling with phalanxes of visitors, resisting craft trinkets, and joining Austenians (or maybe Romans?) in the Bath's Pump Room for an elegant string-accompanied tea & crumpets. All jolly good fun.

But then, this editorial note ends for me some ten years of getting into trouble. It goes with the job. I got told off once for calling one Newsletter 'Churchgoers' Edition', which was interpreted as exclusivist, rather than being a droll encouragement for all our community to re-own St. Cadoc's as a remarkable repository of centuries of our ancestors' craft, culture & belief. I also got told off once for apparently showing my views on Brexit, somewhat frustrated by the occasional parochialism of this secluded village. In the end, I see no point in recording as 'history' a rose-tinted image of lives in which honest debate & disagreement is only allowed to mutate into charming eccentricity if it happened fifty years earlier! Our village society *must* argue & fight now to cherish & protect, and then to record, the heritage we all value.

As other editors move now into this privileged editorship (see my inadequate introduction to them on Page 15), I thank all my committee colleagues and the tolerant Newsletter readers for letting me shape your articles and contributions, and increase our collective learning. Particular thanks are due to those members and writers from afar, distilling memories of their village of the past, and encouraging this society to produce our ongoing 'Domesday' of this rather special, endlessly evolving, community that is today's Llancarfan.

JOHN ETHERINGTON, B.Sc., Ph.D., D.I.C.

‘**This newsletter** is the first indication that we are actually doing something!
A short account of the first of two inaugural dinners is followed by recollections
of life in the village, almost 80 years ago . . .’

These were among the opening words of *Newsletter 4* (Sept 1987), written by this journal’s first & most prolific editor, Dr. John Etherington, whose death this October we now sadly record. As he himself said when, after 120 issues, he left the editor’s chair, he was ending (apart from an occasional welcome historical jewel) ‘15 years of very happy association with the Newsletter’. We celebrated his 100th issue back in Autumn 2000, and Dr. John regretted then that, for some nine years, fate dictated that he traced the life of Llancafarn from a ‘voluntary exile in West Wales’. Well, exiled he might have been physically, but much of his soul stayed with this village.

Dr. Etherington’s editorial tenure was remarkable. Leaving aside his linking of other people’s contributions, he personally produced at least 275 authoritatively researched pieces. Just try sampling an alphabetical sorting of his writings : you’ll find he wrote about Aberthaw, Bees, Church, Dinosaurs, Ewes, Fire Lizards, Gowlog, Hares, Irish, Joneses, Kingfishers, Lichfield, Morganwg, Nancy Dobbie, Oil, Pennyfarthings, Ragwells, St. Cadoc, Treguff, Vandal Robins and even Wasps. Plus all topics in between. Working closely with Phil Watts, our next most prolific contributor, John Etherington has created a priceless treasury of Llancafarn history.

As a full-time academic, he did have other things to do. (For a while, you’ll remember, he co-edited the respected ‘*Journal of Ecology*’ alongside the dramas of the Llancafarn *Newsletter*!) He in fact retired in 1990 from his role as Reader in Ecology with the University of Wales, Cardiff, where he researched and lectured on plant ecology ‘in the field of environmental chemistry and physics’. Others will find enlightenment in his papers on, e.g., the *Epilobium Hirsutum* and *Chamerion Angustifolium* – apparently the Latin for ‘hairy’ and ‘rosebay’ willowherb. His academic papers clearly reflected his Llancafarn research, while his knowledgeable newsletters stored invaluable accounts of village history, flora, fauna, and seasons.

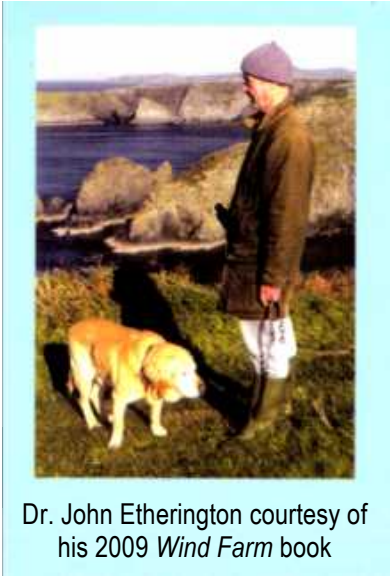
Dr. Etherington was symbiotic with this village, relishing all its creatures (even many of the humans). In May 1990 he wrote :

‘At the beginning of the warm weather at the end of April we found a couple of dead adders run-over near Burton Bridge just outside the parish and . . . a similarly squashed, very large slow-worm by Old Parsonage. Those who don’t like snakes and legless lizards will probably not mourn their passing, but it is sad that wild things are so vulnerable to cars.’

Dr. John then went on to quote part of a poem which he greatly liked (and which will surely appeal to our hedgehog rescuer, Jackie Hartery, up in Llanbethery). These verses originally appeared in *Punch* on 22 October 1924, and are copied in full on the next page. So many of his entries in the *Newsletter* underline the fact that his concern for nature transcended his academic interest. Even back in 1975, in his

earlier years of academia, he produced a book called *Environment & Plant Ecology*. Later he was able to reflect that, back then in the 1970s, this book had ‘in passing’ possessed the vision to assess and predict ‘. . . the impact of human activity on carbon dioxide emission and *greenhouse warming*’.

His work in ecology subsequently reached much further – out into politics. He was able to submit evidence to Welsh, Westminster and Scottish governments on ‘renewable generation to the power industry with particular attention to wind power’. His 2009 book, *The Wind Farm Scam*, has subsequently provided statistics which are distressing to those of us who had high hopes for wind-power generation. The value of land-based wind farms is challenged by Dr. Etherington’s research.



Dr. John Etherington courtesy of his 2009 *Wind Farm* book

Happily though, throughout his life and ‘exile’, he cherished Llancafán. It is poignant now that in his last newsletter he wrote of his ‘. . . sadness but also a privilege to include the funeral eulogy to “Lil” Parsons, who many of you will remember from her many years at the *Fox and Hounds*. Lil was such a delight to us all that I am pleased to devote space to her memory.’

We send our deepest sympathy to Sheena. Others will have known Dr. John and his wife so much better than I did, and it is hoped that villagers might in time share their own more intimate memories. But today, as another editor now leaving his post, I have the sad privilege of recording the man who first chronicled in this Newsletter our village memories.

HEDGEHOG.

WHERE wild October winds have
strowed
The red leaves as they fell,
I meet the Things that Cross the
Road
When dusk is in the dell—
The little things that stoop and run
And hop and creep and glide,
That walk behind the setting sun
And use the dark to hide.

The weasels and the stoats that go
On strange and secret quests
And in the magic moonlight show
The white shirts on their breasts;
The moving things that may be
mice
That flick and dart across;
The long ears—vanished in a trice—
Of furred things in the moss.

But best of all the Folk-with-Fears
That walk when dusk is down
I love the little Bunch-o'-Spears,
So businesslike and brown,
That pads along the trodden track
Alert yet undismayed,
With all his armour on his back
And every point displayed.

When he and I walk side by side
Beneath the shadows' screen
He leaves, as levelly we stride,
A courteous space between;
And as the cars dash past unslowed
The thought occurs to me
That there are hogs upon the road
Less likeable than he. W. H. O.

ALL THE WALL'S A STAGE *or* LET'S STOP THE SHOW RIGHT HERE

The British church has for centuries used all the creative media to empower and embellish its traditions and practices. Art, music, craft, sculpture, architecture, literature – the outcome of all these talents has been determinedly, doubtless enthusiastically, dedicated to the church's purpose. Except perhaps for *one* important art form. The fact is, the use of theatrical **drama in church has met with significant opposition** over many centuries. 'Stop the show right here!' they cried. They didn't want this potent art, and not least in Wales. You have to wonder why?



Now you would think, of course, that no-one would wish to ban such charming expressions of community celebration as, for instance, our Llancarfan school's nativity play. But had this nativity been offered for performance in some churches, and not in a school hall, one might be surprised to know that at times in the past & recent history, eyebrows (sometimes even fists) would have been raised against it.

After Britain's Reformation, you may remember, even the *celebration* of Christmas was described by radical puritans as 'Popish dregs'. In 1583, for instance, the Glasgow Kirk ordered **excommunication** for anyone celebrating Christmas. Extreme puritan views do offer *one* reason to explain why the use of drama in religious celebration met with opposition. However, the chequered relationship between the church & drama began much earlier than Britain's break with Rome.¹

¹ Well yes, we all know that most of the gifts of artistic expression were 'whitewashed out' for centuries by the purist surge of Reformation. Henry VIII played into the hands of the reformers by having powerful financial and marital reasons for extracting Britain from the dominance of Roman Catholicism. In fact personally he continued to like to embellish his country's religious practices with all the arts and ritual. However his

I've doubtless noted before that I studied mediaeval drama at university. Recently though, fifty years on, I've had the chance to catch up with the evolving interpretation of what we learnt back then. This renewed interest was certainly prompted by our dramatic church wall-paintings. You can find **over 50 characters depicted on our walls**, many of whose cast list – Deadly Sins, Pride, Lust, George, Death - have been entertaining & educating as leading players in dramas throughout the history of performance. But to my knowledge they've hardly ever appeared in dramatic form in a Welsh church.

So for instance, not even in St. Cadoc's has anyone performed Mary Debenham's 1906 play *The Coming of The Dawn : Scenes from Anglican Church History*. You will recall (*Newsletter 173*) that this drama's first scene features Llancarfan & Saint Cadoc. (Chwarae teg, it's a poor play, so you'd hardly want to perform it anyway!)

Nevertheless, a significant number of productions of 'The Coming of The Dawn' **did raise funds for many a church roof** – and against intrusive damp - across Britain.

Now ironically, back in the 1960s we were taught that the wider spread of public drama almost certainly evolved from the performance of church ritual. The evidence for this theory usually started with an Eastertide enrichment of worship known as '*The Quem Quaeritis Trope*'. This 'enactment' or church rite, approved as early as 973, consisted of a short exchange between the angel guarding the tomb of Jesus after the crucifixion, and the 'three Maries' :

Angel : *Quem quaeritis in sepulchro, o Christicolae?*

Maries : *Jesum Nazarenum crucifixum, o caelicolae.*

Angel : *Non est hic, surrexit . . ."*

Even back in 973 it was conceded that augmenting the Latin exchanges with visual performance would greatly benefit and engage those who (ourselves among them!) probably didn't understand too much Latin. After all, our pre-television ancestors had no subtitles to provide the following translation! :

Angel : What are you seeking in the sepulchre, O Christians?"

Maries : Jesus of Nazareth the crucified, O heavenly one."

Angel : He isn't here, he is risen . . ."

Instructions for this church-approved fore-runner of full-blown drama (the *Regularis Concordia* of St. Ethelwold) even took the trouble to give stage directions :

' . . . *Let four brothers costume themselves.*'

After this, one monk was instructed to

' . . . *proceed secretly to the place of the sepulchre, & there let him sit quietly holding a palm in his hand . . . Let the other three advance, all indeed clad in copes, holding*

puritanically indoctrinated son, the 'boy king' Edward, was persuaded by his minders to throw the baby out with the Rome-scented bathwater. And that (give or take some disastrously-divisive cultural resurgences) whited out any enrichment of Protestant ritual and belief for many centuries. 'So that,' said Edward. 'there remain no memory of the same.'

thuribles with incense in their hands, step by step in likeness of persons seeking, to the place of the sepulchre. These things are done in imitation of the angel sitting at the monument and of the women coming with spices to anoint the body of Jesus.'

The point is, of course, that here we have a tiny drama which was meant to be performed in church as a tool of reverence and learning. And yet, very soon drama came to be rejected as a suitable way of engaging its congregations.

I can't yet find an example from early Wales, but back in the 1400s the Welsh Marches towns of Hereford, Ludlow and Shrewsbury barely qualified as English. [Discuss!] And so in 1348 - while the epic 'Mystery' cycles were becoming popular in England - we find John Trilleck, Bishop of Hereford, issuing the following ban :

*'Whereas stage-plays used to be acted in the churches, which should rather be, as Christ saith, a house of prayer . . . he commanded and enjoined that forthwith all playes and interludes be forborn in the churches of his diocese, on pain of cursing and excommunication.'*²

No room to elaborate on those remarkable 'Mystery' dramas which from 1311 onwards spilled from the churches onto the pageant wagons of England and the 'plen an gwar' of Cornwall. These were epic Biblical soap operas, produced mainly by medieval trade guilds in places like York, Lincoln, Wakefield, Coventry and (most accessible to Wales) in Chester. Also in 'Celtic' Cornwall. But few signs survive of such dramatic religious storytelling in Wales, whether in street or church.

Well, nearly no signs. And this leads us to another Llancarfan connection. The Welsh manuscript page featured on the cover of this edition was identified, courtesy of our local rascal Edward Williams, who as you know was born in Pen'Onn, and is better known as Iolo Morganwg. A 1901 *Introduction to a Report on manuscripts in the Welsh language* quotes a Iolo letter to Owain Myfyr of May 28th 1799, in which he identified a manuscript which is now happily conserved in Cardiff Library's archives³. This 'treasure' included a nearly complete Welsh 'Passion play', found by Iolo whilst 'engaged in travelling all over Wales in search of Welsh manuscripts' :

*'Hafod Ychtryd near Aberystwyth, Cardiganshire, May 28th '99.
Dear Sir], I arrived here last Thursday, after having been detained . . .
partly by rain and partly by a violent cramp in my breast . . . Here at Havod
I find invaluable treasures . . . [and] . . . a religious drama, or mystery⁴ . . .'*

You can perhaps make out from our cover page extract the words on the first line :

*'Llyma beth o Bassiwn yn harglwydd ni Jesi Grist . . .',⁵
roughly translated 'This is somewhat of the Passion of Jesus Christ.'*

CONTINUED ON PAGE 10 /

² The ancient diocese of Hereford included nearly all of Herefordshire, part of Shropshire, and parishes in the counties of Worcester, Monmouth, Montgomery and Radnor.

³ See *A Descriptive catalogue of Welsh MSS once in the Havod Collection*, MS. 22. Item 686.

⁴ Iolo Morganwg's *Correspondence* : c.1803. NLW 21286E, No. 1032 and BL Add. 15030, ff. 7 & 8.

⁵ Gwenan Jones's *Three Welsh Religious plays* has another version of this script - she did not view the Cardiff copy.

CLIPPINGS from a WAR



Lance-corporal G. Gibbon, R.E., only son of Mr. and Mrs. Gibbon, Fox and Hounds, Llancarfan, now on leave after fifteen months' service. The vicar, on behalf of the members of Llancarfan Church, has presented the lance-corporal with a silver match-box.



Pte. Charles Vincent, London Scottish, wounded, left leg amputated. Son of Mr. and Mrs. Vincent, Llancarfan.



Pte. Lewis Hartrey and Pte. Tom Hartrey, both missing. Sons of Mr. and Mrs. Hartrey, Llancarfan.



Lee-cpl. J. A. Buckley, Canadian Railway Troops, wounded. Son of Mr. and Mrs. Buckley, the Post-office, Llancarfan.

WANTED. Boy, 15 to 17, Help to work on farm; live in.—Apply Williams, Upper House, Crickhowell. c8516

WANTED. Two Farm Hands: ineligible; to live in; good ploughman: £1 per week.—Apply T. Griffiths, Pannon Farm, Llancarfan, near Coedbridge. 9733z23

WANTED. Cowman and Milkmaid: single; ineligible for Army; references.—Jones, Sychpant, Cwmalf, Cafa-Cafa. 9579z23

RECRUITS' DEMONSTRATION AT PRESTON.

"No Food, No Money, No Clothes, No Shelter."

Carrying a piece of cardboard on which was inscribed "No food, no money, no clothes, no shelter," a company of about 300 recruits from Fulwood Barracks paraded throughout the streets of Preston yesterday afternoon, and marched to the Central Station. In the evening they were ordered to be sent to the Central Station. In the evening they were ordered to be sent to the Central Station. In the evening they were ordered to be sent to the Central Station.

GLAMORGAN TO RELEASE 450 MEN IMMEDIATELY

Towards the quota of 30,000 agriculturalists who are to be summoned to the colours by the middle of June, in accordance with an agreement entered into between the

Practical Patriotism.

A volunteer band of haymakers, chiefly professional men of Cardiff, who reside at Peterston-super-Ely, has been organised to assist the local farmers during the harvest. On Saturday a team motored, through the kindness of Mr. Ed. Horley, solicitor, Cardiff, to Pancross Farm, Llancarfan, and assisted with the carrying of clover hay from 2.30 till 8.30. The wages earned by the haymakers will be used for the carrying of clover hay. The wages earned by the haymakers will be used for the carrying of clover hay. The wages earned by the haymakers will be used for the carrying of clover hay.



Western Mail & Preston Herald
British Newspaper Library

Seventy-four old boys of Llancafarn Council School have served in the war. This is very creditable for such a sparsely populated parish. Of the number eleven have made the supreme sacrifice, two being the headmaster's own sons.



Will you strive for all that makes for peace?
We will.
Will you seek to heal the wounds of war?
We will.

Those of us who grew up with World War One veterans as uncles & aunts knew only of the silence that shrouded their memories. Now the media yields endless documentation to throw light on the insanities of that war, one which mended no differences & fed a second conflict. Today's older generations have been blessed with the peace won throughout Europe during their lifetimes. The unity of nations was the inheritance of that peace. This is no time to waste the future for which our ancestors fought.

ABOVE
Llancafarn joins the world in remembrance.

BELOW
Revisit Newsletter 159 to remember the lives and tributes to the men of Llancafarn who made the ultimate sacrifice.



LEST WE FORGET

LLANCAFARN SOCIETY NEWSLETTER 159

SEPTEMBER 2014

Thomas Hartley
Llancafarn

David Rhys Davies
Llancafarn

David Lewis
Llancafarn

Lewis Hartley
Llancafarn

Tutor Davies
Llancafarn

Ragge Lewis
Llancafarn

Owen Evans
Llancafarn

Enrys Morgan Evans
Llancafarn

Gwynn Lougher
Llancafarn

William Howells
Llancafarn

Thomas Matthews
Llancafarn

Henry C. Gwynn
Old Post

Ivor W. Thomas
Curns

Thomas Taylor
Llwyd Castle

Edward John
Farrant

D. Stanley Thomas
Farrant

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7 / ALL THE WALL'S A STAGE

The script then tells us to stop our chatter, pin back our ears, and concentrate! . .

*Tewch ach siarad a gwrandewch
Am ych dadl mawr meddyliwch*

*Silence your talk and listen hard
And think about something important*

This drama (other complete copies have survived) is one of very few discovered plays in Welsh from those mediaeval days. These do however include a Nativity play, intriguingly named *The Three Kings of Cologne* after the Three Wise Men, for reasons I won't go into here. This 'nativity', having the spare form of church ritual, features Herod's '*Massacre of the Innocents*', infants seen as 'the first Christian martyrs'. But the survival of performance scripts apart, and ignoring political & Puritan issues, we stay puzzled by the Welsh church's distrust of the art of drama.⁶

Funnily enough, it seems to me a part answer lies in a protest that arose in another stronghold of Celtic languages, Cornwall. In 1549 The West Country's 'Prayer Book Rebellion' was brutally suppressed (by forces led, amongst others, by 'our' Earl of Pembroke). This uprising was ostensibly a revolt against Edward VI's imposition on the Cornish of the English language *Book of Common Prayer*. Their protests sought restoration of the old practices, and were widely circulated in various versions. Demands included having 'the masse in latin, as was before', with 'images to be set up againe in euey churche, and all othyer auncient old ceremonies, vsed heretofore'. Demand Number 8's relevance to church drama is particularly intriguing:

Item, we will not receiue the new seruyce because it is but lyke a Christmas game but we will haue our olde seruice of Mattens, masse, euensong and procession in latten as it was beefore. And so we the Cornish men (wherof certen of vs vnderstande no Englishe⁷) vtterly refuse thys newe Englyshe.

At least one English language version of the 'requests' uses the phrase 'like a Christmas play' rather than 'a Christmas game'. It is not certain that the word 'play' unarguably referred to 'dramatic performance'. Whether the petition originated in English, or was translated from the Cornish, Welsh speakers may confirm that Welsh 'chware', like Cornish 'Gwary', had a similar ambiguity. Certainly in an early Welsh language version of the Cornish 'Requests' (also to be found in Cardiff Library's archive) someone seems to have struggled with translation. Strangely he seems to have augmented its content, whilst transliterating the English as 'gristmas gam' :

*Hefyd Ni vynwn Ni ddim or gwyssaneth Saesson **newydd nar hware barrs nei gristmas gam** y maen hwy Achos nyni a wyddom Na bydd abl yboludd y kristynogion y ymdaro ar Yddewon.*

Leaving aside the curious final addition about the 'Christians contending with the Jews', the above passage refers to the rejected English Prayer Book as being 'like a Christmas game/play', and the Welsh translator has then added 'hware barrs'.

⁶ One wonders why the Welsh made no similar protest? Thiis, says Maddy Gray, is a big questions of Welsh history.

'Barrs' puzzled me for some time until I realised this was surely an added reference to 'bear baiting'. In Tudor times, theatre productions & animal shows very often fell under the same management. Even the 'Globe' managers Henslowe and Alleyne, colleagues of Shakespeare, had a professional interest in bear-baiting, notably when they were *Masters of the Royal Games*. Then, for example, in the records of the cost of civic entertainments in the Bailiff's accounts for Shrewsbury in 1579/80, there is an almost automatically-coupled entry re payments 'ffor Players & berwardes'. (On this occasion neither players nor 'bear-wards' received anything!)

But there are next to no records of bear-baiting in Wales. So - in short - whichever Welsh person translated & modified the Cornish Prayer Book Rebellion's demands, that particular Welsh reporter automatically bracketed together both the evil pursuits of bear-baiting and dramatic performance.

What then were those dreaded 'Gristmas games'? Well, I believe the Cornish protesters were suggesting that by translating church practices out of the reverent Latin, this dispelled their ritual mystery. Consequently, the enactment of sacred service was turned into a common charade, a cheapened performance like the shows of the Yuletide mummers, or the gallivanting under a New Year's *Lord of Misrule*. In a world where sacred texts tolerated subversive marginalia, & where 'the people' let off steam by satirizing even the *Quem quaeritis* trope quoted earlier, the Cornish still protested that a translation of the Prayer Book pricked the bubble of sanctity. It is ironic that not only traditionalist Catholic Cornish rebels, but also the puritanical Nonconformists, *and* the reformed anti-Romanist established church, all agreed there was something iffy about drama. It was deemed unsuited to church teaching, in that performance debased the mystical enactment of church ritual.

In Llancarfan it seems that not until the 20th century did ecclesiastic establishments dip many toes into dramatic water. Even then drama appears to have avoided St. Cadoc's. Others were a little more adventurous. *The Barry Dock News* reported (June 11th, 1903) an 'Annual Eisteddfod' bringing music & recitations to the village's Baptist Chapel. The programme was 'augmented by solos and gramophone [*sic*] selections'. And clearly you can't get much more decadent than the gramophone!

There is more to be explored, and perhaps your new editor might even indulge me! But hopefully he will be flooded with corrective reports when you tell us of dramas mounted in the village, and its church, over the last hundred or more years. Just for now though, consider this positive spin on the Welsh ecclesiastical resistance to drama, from the *Prestatyn Weekly*, 1st June 1907. When Dr. Gwenogvryn Evans lectured on Welsh literature in Manchester he was applauded for observing that

*"The Welsh muse has at no period been dramatic, because the Welsh pulpit has enlisted in its services **all the dramatic power produced in Wales.** The Welsh sermon is often built on the lines of drama, and no country has ever bred better exponents of the dramatic art . . . I have tried the theatre . . . and I prefer the Sassiwn; it is more dramatic, and has, at its best, far better matter than the modern drama."*

Hwyl fawr then – wishing a calm (but dramatic) Christmas to all our readers!



**MOST JUNIOR POINTS
PHOEBE LATHAM**



After an absence of some four years our Show took place on the 1st September – attracting a great many enthusiastic entrants. Here in the Village Hall we held the cookery & craft exhibits, and St Cadoc's was full of flowers, vegetables and the children's exhibits, all of which made for a very colourful display. Under the marquee were more stalls providing Society information & many other items. The committee wishes to thank our Judges for their time and expertise. Thanks also to helpers, the many of whom will remain un-named, including those who raised & dismantled the marquee, the stewards who assisted the Judges, afternoon stewards, the label writers, raffle ticket sellers and our local M.P. Alun Cairns. He kindly presented the Cups & Trophies to the winners and drew the raffle prizes. Finally, not least, we thank the entrants, without whose hard work and entries there would be no show.

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

LLANCARFAN SOCIETY DATES FOR YOUR DIARY



As regularly updated on the above website : llancarfan@icloud.com

CHRISTMAS SOCIAL

This year's Society Christmas Social will be held in St. Cadoc's Church on Friday 7th December from 7.30 p.m. Winners of the Christmas tree decorating competition will be announced and a prize presented. There will be mulled wine, mince pies and carols. Father Christmas & his helpers will arrive at 8.15 p.m. It's a free welcome for all, but an email to Katherine Kemp (gordon.katherine@icloud.com) saying how many children you plan to bring would help Santa to prepare.



OPEN GARDEN DAY

Thinking ahead, the Society plans an Open Garden Day on the 15th June 2019. We hope as many residents as possible are prepared to open their gardens to visitors. Your garden can be any size – big, small or even patio containers – provided there's some interest for visitors to admire. The small entrance fee proceeds go to Wales Air Ambulance. Can interested owners tell Melinda Thomas (melindathomas338@btinternet.com) or Katherine Kemp (gordon.katherine@icloud.com)? Melinda will happily have a preliminary chat.

CHURCH NEWS For Christmas services &c please see the church handout.

WE SADLY REPORT the death of Mrs. 'Biddy' Renwick of Ty Mawr, Llanbethery, mother of three, including Priscilla (also of Ty Mawr), & Nick (of Ty Cattwg). Mrs. Renwick has died at the age of 93¾, and lovingly remembered by Nick in a fine funeral tribute (to which this short mention can do no justice). Biddy lived, with her husband Allie, in Llanbethery from 1961, taking a proactive interest in rural pursuits (which included horses, fishing and hens). A trained architect, she also studied at the Ruskin School of Art. She shared how she 'pulled herself together' in travelling, & reverting to judging farm buildings for the Country Landowners. Ultimately she could enjoy six grandchildren. With all condolences to her family, one hopes more memories of this potent lady remain to be recorded.

THE SOCIETY'S CONDOLENCES are further extended to Graham Brain, our former Chairman, and to Kay & the family, following the death of Graham's mother Margaret on the 1st of November. She was 90 years old. The interment of Mrs. Brain's ashes, which join those of her husband Johnny,

was in St. Cadoc's churchyard on the 23rd of November. The previous day's funeral service proved a sad commemoration for family and villagers. Mrs. Brain, born Margaret Turner in Lytham St. Anne's, had eleven syblings. She & Johnny moved to Rhoose in 2001, continuing 57 years of marriage before Johnny's death in 2006. Margaret - working in a munitions factory at age 14 - clearly learnt as a Lancastrian to take no prisoners. In her funeral tribute, Kay recalled a family trip to France. They pulled in to unload bags, but were told by an elderly Frenchman not park as it was reserved for residents. Margaret instantly spoke from the back seat – "You didn't mind our parking our ruddy tanks here during the war, did you?!" Humour can soften sadness.

A THIN INTRODUCTION

Clearly it is only polite for a retiring editor to introduce his very prestigious successors. In this case I am sheepishly stepping aside for the **Special Assignments Editor** of *The Economist*, who will collude with a former **writer & editor** for *Condé Nast*, *The BBC*, & *National Museum of Wales*. We do not deserve their services, but you will know them as devoted Llancarfanites.

Matthew Valencia (says his CV) joined *The Economist* in 1995 as banking correspondent, and in 1998 moved to Frankfurt to cover German business and finance. He returned to London in 2000 to edit the newspaper's business pages. In 2003 he took over the running of *Global Agenda*, the daily news and analysis section of *The Economist* online. He covered US finance from New York from 2006 to 2012. As Senior Editor his 'current beat is features, investigations and other special assignments'. That he finds time to support & investigate the doings of this little village deserves our incredulous thanks!

Penny Fell will be working with Matthew. She is not unknown to your exiting editor. She has edited nearly as many books as she's cooked Full Welsh Breakfasts, & written *Radio Times* articles about more celebrities than ever graced the end credits of a *Royal Command Performance*. She worked with Sir Huw Weldon, has interviewed Basil Brush, & recorded the Black & White Minstrels in their underpants. [*They* were wearing them, not Penny, you understand.) In my view, both Matthew & Penny **should** interview each other in the next Newsletter. But such a scoop will not be mine to commission!

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KEEPING A SCHOOL ALIVE! Hazel class children had a fantastic opportunity to visit the Houses of Parliament in October, which was amazing! Year 6 children and a Year 5 School Council representative witnessed history unfolding as they sat in the public gallery of the House of Commons to watch Teresa May, Jeremy Corbyn and a full house of MPs debate Brexit. Highlights included a visit to the House of Lords, a workshop on creating our laws, & Qs & As with their supportive local MP Alun Cairns!



As always, Children at Llancarfan School were thoughtful and caring of the wider community during the autumn term. With the support of parents, staff & the children we held some wonderful fundraising events. On 28th September parents donated an abundance of cakes, some home-made & stunningly decorated. Staff, children and parents together raised a fantastic £105.00 for our Macmillan Coffee morning. and together for the charity. Our Harvest Festival raised enough for the Vale Food Bank to feed 6 people for 3 days, & a 'wear PJ's to school' for *Children in Need*, plus more cakes, raised a whopping £125.00. Thanks to parents for their wonderful support!



Cakes apart (!) you will be aware of current concerns about physical inactivity and childhood obesity. Many 10-year-olds lack basic fitness. So we've adopted & adapted *The Daily Mile* initiative. Just before the afternoon session, children walk a circuit of the village, culminating in an an an uphill jog. It's physical activity in a social setting, improving all-round health. It helps concentration in class, and is really enjoyed! Meanwhile, in our recent cross-country venture at Cogan Leisure Centre with years 5 & 6 pupils, all children achieved fantastic race times. We had a number of high placed finishers so we *do* hope to represent the school at the finals.





In the lead up to the centenary of Remembrance Day, Mrs Evans of Llancarfan Village kindly provided the

school with a tray of poppies and an array of memorabilia for the School Council to sell. The children had a range of items to choose from, and sales raised £73.04 for the British Legion & armed forces.

On Friday the 9th of November members of our School Council visited the cenotaph at St Cadoc's Church to lay a wreath, hold their own service, & pay tribute to the war heroes & veterans. Ahead of the commemoration services, children were reminded about the significance of wearing the poppy, and of Remembrance Day.

They recited the poems 'For the Fallen' by Robert Binyon and 'In Flanders Field' by Major John McRae. Their own remembrance was marked with dedicated poppies & a two-minute silence.



THE SCHOOL'S REMEMBRANCE. . . THEN SUNDAY WITH THE VILLAGERS

