

**LLANCARFAN
SOCIETY
NEWSLETTER 186
JUNE 2021**



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We have all learned to be garden-livers and lovers in lockdown—and Fran Winterbottom’s at Brook Cottage (featured on our cover) is one of the loveliest around. She’ll leave a memorable footprint when she moves from the village this summer!

THE REVEREND MALCOLM DAVIES

It was with great sadness that we heard that Malcolm, our parish priest for eight years from 1994 to 2002, had passed on. Sam Smith looks back on his life:

Malcolm was born on 3rd September 1935 in Aberdare. He went to School at Aberdare Town National Church School and then Gadlys Secondary Modern.

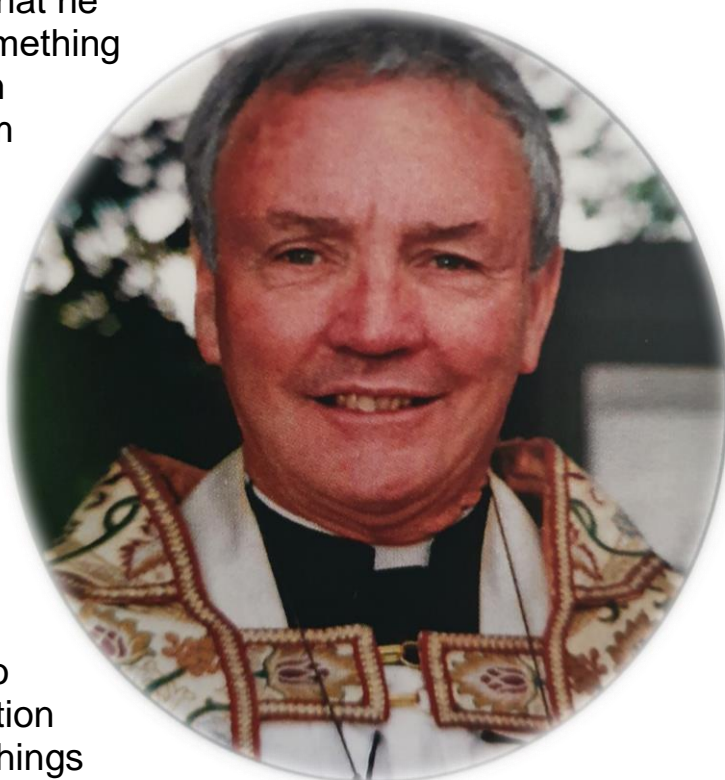
He attended church at St Elvan's and he always said that it was his experience there which eventually led him to take Holy Orders. One of his great loves as a youngster was the Air Training Corps (ATC) and he never lost his love of shooting and flying which he learnt; indeed, he became a Chaplain for the ATC in Barry.

When he was 16 he started an apprenticeship with Red and White Bus Company and his love of things mechanical never left him. In 1956 he completed his apprenticeship and started National Service in R.E.M.E (Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers).

Once again, he had an opportunity to enjoy his love of things mechanical and shooting, although only on the ranges as he was never called to go into battle as the Suez War ended before he was needed.

Interestingly he always attended church whilst in the army, and indeed the Padre of his unit suggested that he might consider 'Holy Orders', something he never forgot. In 1958 Malcolm became engaged to Jean, (whom he had met at the local Youth Club in 1956) and they were married at St Fagan's Church in Trecynon on 4th April 1959 and went to live in a house just 100 yards from where he was born.

In the early 1960s Malcolm was asked to form a swimming club, which he did much to the delight of his children, especially Suzanne, and his club went on to join the Surf Life Saving Association where he developed his love of things



Nautical, which never left him. In addition to his chaplaincy of the ATC he became the Chaplain to Sea Cadets, Barry; RNLI Barry; Merchant Navy, Barry and finally of the Institute of Marine Engineers at Cardiff University.

He went on to work for Sir Hugo Boothby at Fonmon Castle, where he did all sorts of jobs, in particular, looking after the fleet of farm vehicles. His stories about his time there were legion, a whole chapter on its own!

Malcolm then went to work for Whitbread for two years, which he much enjoyed, and indeed until recently he regularly met with his old colleagues for 'lunch'.

At 42 years of age he finally decided that the call to the Church was too great to ignore and with Jean's blessing he met the Bishop and was accepted for a two-year course at St Michael's College in Llandaff to train for the ministry.

He started at St Margaret's in Tremorfa, from there to 'The Cathedral of the Rhondda' as he always called it, St Peter's in Pentre, and then finally to what was then Llancarfan with Llantrithyd where he lived at the Rectory next to Pancross Farm. Malcolm was inducted into our Parish by Bishop Roy on 13th September 1994 and his final service was on 29th September 2002.

One of the great features of having Malcolm as our Parish Priest was that he was such a 'hands on' and innovative priest. Those of us fortunate enough to know him well will never forget the 'shed' he turned into the 'Double Diamond Club' in his garden or the red telephone box, and soon to be seen 'L'Escargot Rouge', also red of course: the Citroen 2CV which he dearly loved until it became beyond repair.

As our Parish Priest he was responsible for the replacement of the Church roofs and very instrumental in the replacement of the bells and tower repair for the Millennium, and as with everything he was involved with he was literally hands on helping right through both processes.

Even after retirement Malcolm often came to Llancarfan, taking a number of services and funerals, and was often seen with Kevin Barry and myself in the Fox or also at Cottrell Park Golf Club, another great favourite of ours.

Malcolm and Jean worshiped at All Saints in Barry after retirement and it was there that Jean's funeral was held and where he continued to take services for a number of years. It was also there that his funeral took place. Unfortunately, Malcolm started to suffer several illnesses and in

his final years had difficulty in walking, and then he lost his beloved Jean, which deeply affected him—indeed I don't think that he ever really recovered.

Malcolm's funeral, as with most things he did, was meticulously planned and his quotation from *The Pilgrim's Progress* was I believe most apt:

"Then said he, I am going to my Father's and though with great difficulty I am got hither, yet now I do not repent me of all the trouble I have been to arrive where I am. My word I give to him that shall succeed me in my pilgrimage and my courage and skill to him that can get it. My marks and scars I carry with me, to be a witness for me that I have fought His battles who will now be my rewarder"

The final line would sum up what Malcolm passionately believed:

"So he passed over and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side"

I bet heaven was very musical the day Malcolm died.

A FRIEND AND SPIRITUAL MENTOR

Kevin Barry shares his memories of Malcolm...

Soon after moving into Corner House, I attended a Sunday morning Eucharist in St Cadoc's. As the incumbent priest, Fr Derek, was unavailable the service was going to be taken by the Reverend Malcolm Davies. I was told by some of the regulars that I was in for a treat!

Malcolm started his sermon with more passion than I had ever seen in anyone delivering a sermon. My daughter Olivia was holding my arm very tightly (I think she was a little frightened!) but I could not take my eyes off him. Half way through he threw his notes down onto the lectern and said, "Actually, this is not what I want to talk about, what I really want to ask is ..." I was to learn it was not unusual for Malcolm to 'go off script'. Certainly, no-one fell asleep when he had something to say.

As time went on, Malcolm and I became close friends, and once a week on a Thursday afternoon, we would meet up for a sherry or two, with Sam Smith and Tony Lewis, and put the world to rights. Malcolm really looked forward to these quiet and thoughtful meetings; since Jean, his wife, had passed away in 2017 he found being on his own very difficult, so meeting up weekly was very important to him.

One day I asked Malcolm how he had recognised he had been called to God and to serve as a priest. With one of his captivating smiles, and a

glint in his eye, he replied, "I have always known." He then said, "You have also been called; you need to see Fr Derek to arrange to meet with the Diocesan Director of Ordinands."

For the next nine months we met regularly, I would ask him many questions, and he would phone me regularly to see how my meetings with the DDO were progressing. And, nearly four years later, I shall be ordained as Deacon on 26th June, at Llandaff Cathedral. It also happens to be my birthday on that day. Last year on the same date, Malcolm asked if I wanted to celebrate my birthday with him at his house. So, along with Olivia and Kim, we took some fish and chips round and were



looking forward to sitting in the garden with a nice cup of tea and having a chat. But no, when we arrived, he greeted us at the door wearing a very smart dickie bow, took us into the kitchen where the table was laid out with wine, port, beer, cheeses and

fruit. "Come on boy, we have some celebrating to do." Above is a photo of us both sitting in his summer house on that evening. This 26th June will be quite different, but I know he will be there in spirit.

I will miss our Thursday club, our Sunday lunches, and seeing him in church; I will miss the banter over the rugby matches. But these are just my selfish feelings. I know Malcolm is at peace now, happy to be with his wife, Jean, singing "Just one more step along the way we go."

We were deeply sad to hear that Claire Evans passed away on May 26th. The village sends its sympathy and thoughts to Martyn, Jack, Amy, Sam, James, Alice and Grace. Claire will be greatly missed as a valued friend and neighbour.

In the June 2020 edition of this newsletter, I wrote a partial history of Flaxland Fach. Since then I have come across a letter which John Cann wrote to my late father-in-law, Graham Jenkins, which states that in 1840 Flaxland Fach was owned by William Perkins and rented to Edward Thomas whom I mentioned in the article, but without any degree of certainty as to how he occupied the property. I am grateful to John Cann for filling in that gap.

I had hoped that I would be able to contribute a more detailed article to this newsletter, but I had forgotten that the 1921 Census will not be released until January 2022! Hence what follows is more of a chronological history of the property from what I can glean from the Deeds.

You may recall that just before Christmas 1910 Elizabeth Harris, the owner of Flaxland Fach died. She had appointed her brother-in-law as her Executor, but he renounced probate in favour of Ethel Harris, one of her daughters.

On 31st August 1912, Ethel Harris sold the property to Evan Sherrah, for £1,067 and 10s. The sale Deed attracted Stamp Duty of £11. It has proved difficult to obtain much information regarding Mr Sherrah. At the time of his purchase, he lived in The Bungalows, Coedely near Llantrisant. Census records for 1911 only disclose one Evan Sherrah in the area, employed as a superintendent in a colliery and living with his wife Margaret and children Stanley and Annie. The 1901 Census shows him as working in a colliery but living in Senghenydd. He was about 52 when he purchased Flaxland Fach. Had he retired?

Unfortunately, because the 1921 Census has not yet been released, it is difficult to obtain information regarding Mr Sherrah. He was still alive in 1925 when he sold the property to Evan Rowlands on the 28th May for £1,000.

In 1939, his widow Margaret Sherrah was living at St Cadoc, Llancafán with the Gibbins family - Alfred a heavy lorry driver, his wife Doris and their son Robert aged about 12. Mrs Sherrah was then aged 60 and as with so many women at the time, her occupation was given as 'unpaid domestic duties'. In 1939, Evan Rowlands is described as a 'dairy farmer'. Also at the property are Roy and Noreena Davies. Roy Davies is described as 'assisting his father-in-law', so presumably Noreena was Evan Rowlands' daughter.

In 1926, Evans Rowlands took out a mortgage with Midland Bank, not it appears for a lump sum, but in respect of future advances and banking facilities. In the deed, his address is given as Garn Llwyd, Llancarfan.

Evan Rowlands died on the 19th September 1946 having made his Will on the 13th October 1943 appointing Arthur John Rowlands and Eunice Rowlands to be his Executors. They sold the property by auction. I have attached a description of the property which was sold by Mr Herbert R Thomas at The Bear Hotel on 7th October 1946 for £3,150.

The purchasers were Katherine's grandparents, Arthur Evan Jenkins and Ivy Catherine Jenkins, who had until then lived in Cross Green. Also living with them was Katherine's father, Graham. Katherine's grandparents died within weeks of each other when she was 9, but she remembers the house as being very much as described in the auction particulars. In her view her grandparents appear to have done little to modernise the house. She remembers the outside loo, which was still in use, although shortly before their deaths, her grandparents installed a bathroom on the landing, sacrificing the back stairs in order to do so.

Arthur was a farmer in a small way. Katherine recalls that he had a few cows and pigs together with chickens and turkeys for Christmas.

Katherine's father inherited the property after his parents' deaths. He let it to the Price family, who lived here until 1982. The land continues to be farmed by Viv Price. We acquired the house in 1983. It is now very different from how Katherine remembers it as a child. Would Arthur and Ivy have been pleased with the changes? Katherine believes so.

PARTICULARS
OF THE
FREEHOLD HOLDING
known as
"Flaxland Fach"
situate close to the Village of Llancarfan
and extending to an area of
20 ACRES 1 ROOD 5 PERCHES
(or thereabouts)

MR. HERBERT R. THOMAS, F.A.I.

Has been instructed to SELL BY AUCTION at THE BEAR HOTEL, COWBRIDGE, on
Monday, 7th October, 1946
at 4 p.m.

Further Particulars may be obtained from the AUCTIONEER at his OFFICES, COWBRIDGE (Tel. 270)
or from Messrs. GABRIEL & WALKER, Solicitors, CARDIFF (Tel. 212).

THE VALUABLE FREEHOLD HOLDING
situate in the Parishes of Llancarfan, and known as
"FLAXLAND FACH"
20 ACRES 1 ROOD 5 PERCHES
(or thereabouts)
OF FERTILE PASTURE AND ARABLE LAND

As set out in the following Schedule—

NO. ON ORDINANCE SURVEY	DESCRIPTION	AREA
271	House, Buildings, Yard, etc.	0.449
272	Orchard	0.278
273	Pasture	1.361
274	Pasture	3.201
275	Pasture	3.240
276	Pasture	4.222
277	Arable	1.238
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The Haw Haws of Du Cane Court Mystery

Ian Fell

There will be few present-day *Newsletter* readers who still recall the pernicious outpourings of Nazi propaganda, broadcast to Britain in the Second World War. (Tell us if you do - all anecdotes welcome!) The name however of one 'Irish' man who told lies for Hitler, quite as poisonous as those to be found on Facebook or Twitter, can still be remembered – 'Lord Haw-Haw'. This was the satirical name adopted by listeners for a man eventually identified as 'William Joyce'. Joyce was ultimately captured, and on January 3rd, 1946, was the last man ever to be hanged for high treason by the British Crown.

However, (black humour being a defense mechanism during the anguish of war) 'Lord Haw-Haw' was listened to as a popular, if dubious, source of entertainment for British homes. The humorous name for the (then unidentified) German propagandist was invented by '*Express*' journalist Jonah Barrington in September 1939. He believed satire turned Joyce into 'a harmless comedian', thus ridiculing Joyce's 'Germany Calling!' broadcasts from the Third Reich. And it seems that by January 1940, six in ten Britons were tuning in to hear Lord Haw-Haw, guiltily describing him as "funny, controversial, and a good broadcaster".¹

The papers mounted endless 'tabloid' quests to unmask 'Lord Haw-Haw'. And, as it happens, Llancarfan's villagers had as good a chance as any of identifying the man behind the rasping voice. It wasn't until 9 February 1941 though that *The Sunday Pictorial* (fondly recalled from my 1950's Sunday paper round!) correctly exposed 'Lord Haw-Haw' as 'the traitor [William] Joyce, notorious liar of Bremen radio'. He, 'it is now generally known, is the former British Fascist . . . He works for Goebbels, the man with a mind as warped as his lame leg.' (There was limited political correctness about Goebbels' club foot in wartime propaganda.)

But the key phrase here is 'the former British Fascist'. The traitor who became known as 'Lord Haw-Haw' was in fact from 1934 to 1936 well known as the 'Propaganda Director' for Oswald Mosley, Leader of the *British Union of Fascists*. Mosley employed Joyce as a compelling speaker – and there is plenty of evidence that Joyce paid many

BLACKSHIRT MEETING
AT THE
KENNARD HALL,
RICHMOND ROAD, CARDIFF,
(ON)
Sunday, 24th May, 1936, at 8 p.m. (doors open at 7.15 p.m.).
Speaker: MR. WILLIAM JOYCE
(Director of Propaganda, B.U.F.)
ADMISSION FREE: Ticket for Reserved Seats at 1/- and 6d. Obtainable from:
BRITISH UNION OF FASCISTS, 14, CASTLE ARCADE BALCONY, CARDIFF.

BLACKSHIRT MEETING
AT THE
CENTRAL HALL, SWANSEA,
On FRIDAY, 6th MARCH, 1936, at 8.0 p.m.
(DOORS OPEN AT 7.15 p.m.)
Speaker: MR. WILLIAM JOYCE
(DIRECTOR OF PROPAGANDA, B.U.F.)
ADMISSION FREE.
TICKETS FOR RESERVED SEATS AT 1/- AND 6d. OBTAINABLE FROM:
B.U.F., 94, WALTER ROAD, SWANSEA.

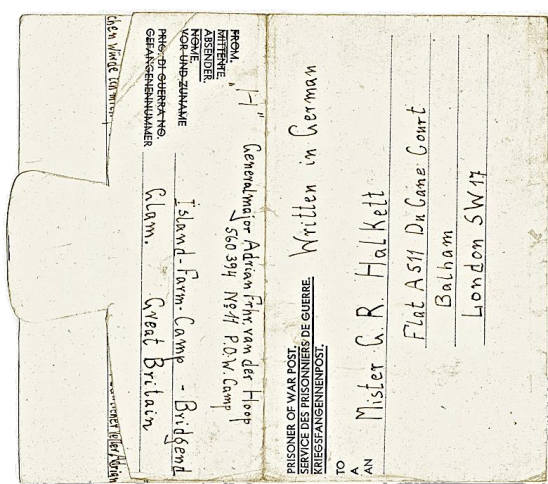
propagandist visits to our neck of the woods.

Surely though, by the time Lord Haw-Haw was broadcasting about the blitz of Cardiff & Swansea (January & February 1941), Britain's brave face of satire was painfully stretched? Even in rural Llanfarcfan, the fire glow of Cardiff's devastation could be seen burning above our eastern woods. And our villagers certainly heard the screams of the nine whistling bombs which fell – amazingly without exploding – near Pen'onn Farm on the 14th of August, 1940.

Such however was the spurious fame of Joyce's broadcasts that, after an exchange of prisoners of war in August, 1943, a returning POW, Stanley Elliott of Cardiff, was featured in the *Western Mail* as the man who had met 'Lord Haw-Haw' whilst imprisoned in Germany². William Joyce had it seems visited the POW camp, said Mr. Elliott, because Joyce was "trying to get us to broadcast to Britain a story of the 'good time' we were having." Joyce apparently chatted him up, saying "I have a lot of friends in Cardiff. Many is the drink I used to have at the Angel Hotel." But Stan Elliott informed Lord Haw-Haw that "we were not having anything to do with that sort of guff". He added that Haw-Haw would "find a lot more friends in Cardiff when the war is over; they'll all be after your throat."

But what, you ask, have these intriguing anecdotes to do with Llanfarcfan? Well, to be honest, my only justification for writing here about Lord Haw-Haw and the 'Du Cane Court' of the title of this piece is to be found in the voluminous contents of our White Chapel attic. You see (like so many of us?) searching in lockdown through stuff up there, I've re-discovered papers & tapes from over 40 years ago – some of

which I just must share. I hope this intrigues you! I might be emboldened to share them too with the residents of the 676 Art Deco flats known as 'Du Cane Court' - which flats are very much like a village in the air. But don't search for Du Cane Court in Llanfarcfan – it's in Balham – and when built in 1937 it 'was reckoned to be the largest private block of flats under one roof in Europe.'³



² *Western Mail & South Wales News*, Monday, August 2, 1943

³ *A History of Du Cane Court* : Gregory K. Vincent, 2013.

My starting point for the discoveries was actually triggered by this letter from the attic. Here you may see that it *does* confirm an intriguing connection between a general incarcerated in Bridgend's Island Farm during wartime, and occupants of Flat number A511 in distant Du Cane Court, Balham, London SW17.

I won't explain straight away **why** this letter from Generalmajor Adrian Frhr. Van der Hoop was written from Bridgend's Island Farm Prisoner of War Camp to the man who was *our* old German-born friend, 'Mister G.R.Halkett'. This is a cliff hanger! But a first duty must be to riddle a particular 'Lord Haw-Haw' mystery.

There are many superstitions and myths which have surrounded Du Cane Court, one being that that Hitler 'had his eye on a flat' there. A reason for this belief was the curious fact that those flats - surely a massive potential target for Luftwaffe bombing - were never hit by bombs. All around, Balham was devastated. The various explanations for Du Cane Court's resilience (apart from good luck) include still-repeated tales 'of German bombers using it as an aid to navigation; or of spies at Du Cane Court; or of the Fuhrer wanting to claim it for the officers of the Third Reich when he invaded.'⁴ **And a rumour still circulates that 'Lord Haw-Haw', the star of Goebbels' propaganda to Britain, lived there.'**⁵

Mr. Greg Vincent is the friendly and entertaining author of *A History of Du Cane Court*. He examined these intriguing rumours, but rejected them, showing that William Joyce was in fact born in New York, reared in Galway, and 'if he had an association with the block, then it must have been before 1940, as in 1939 he went to Germany . . .' It *does* seem pretty certain that no secret German broadcasts were beamed from short-wave transmitters hidden in those 676 flats!

However! What I've now been able to tell Mr. Vincent is *this* fact. Living in flat A511, from around 1943 to about 1948, was our friend René Halkett and his wife Hilde. My evidence rests in those attic papers & tapes, and is confirmed by the letter above. I've safely copied the cassettes, the first being dated 'April 1978'. It's one of many that I recorded with René, which he called 'a series of recordings of memories which are strictly confidential, and *only to be heard by Ian Fell*.'

René was in fact - before he changed his name - a German-born baron, Albrecht Georg Friedrich Freiherr von Fritsch, who in 1936 escaped to

⁴ *A History of Du Cane Court*.

⁵ Even the popular broadcaster Arthur Smith, who has lived in a 'maisonette' in the Du Cane flats since 1984, was told as a child that Hitler had 'designs on the place', and that 'Goebbels's sister used to visit a friend here for tea.'

England with his Jewish wife Hilde. Much later, in the early 1970s, the Halketts retired to Camelford in Cornwall, but René's 'strictly confidential' comment reflects that of course he'd signed the Official Secrets Act. His 'strictly confidential' caveat is of course René Halkett's conditioned caution before allowing himself to admit that **he was in fact, near as makes no difference, Britain's Lord Haw-Haw.**

Unlike William Joyce, René Halkett was part of a select team of people, fighting with words as well as armaments, for the defence of Britain. René had had to endure the experience of so many 'enemy aliens' who escaped here. Having taken 'the King's Shilling' in 1939, he was mainly 'kept on ice' in the asset-wasting '*Pioneer Corps*' (and also Dartington Hall) until May 1942. Not until 1942 were his talents properly adopted by Britain, and he became part of a secret group of people working for journalist Sefton Delmer, hidden in a base near Bletchley, writing & broadcasting highly skilled 'Black Propaganda' to Germany.

René soon became the leader writer of a subversive newspaper called *Nachrichten fur die Truppe* - 'News for the Troops' – which was dropped by air over the German forces. And he regularly broadcast 'in character', portraying a disillusioned officer in a subversive German 'pirate' radio station. In Delmer's words, René performed 'in the short staccato sentences of the typical Prussian Officer'; as in this (translated) broadcast he made after the Normandy landings :

"This is a report, an epitaph and a warning. An epitaph for the comrades of the Kremlin Division, who were cut off on the beaches of Ouistrehan and Arromanches, who were left in the lurch & hammered to death . . . Two-thirds of the Kremlin Division perished in three days of Atlantic Wall. The end of comrades who did not know they had been written off – written off from the very beginning."

It was, said Delmer, a brilliant performance.

So.....you are now probably some way ahead of me in solving the Du Cane Court mystery. **I conclude that the 'Haw-Haw' Du Cane Court myth sprang from half-informed gossip that psychological warfare broadcasters were secretly living in Du Cane Court.** In fact, as René confirmed to me, the flats hid **not just one warrior, but two** – yet another of Delmer's team, Frank Lynder, known as 'the Sergeant', also rented a flat in the same block. Neither Hilde Halkett or her neighbour, 'The Sergeant's Wife', knew (officially) what secret work their husbands did, but settled for the occasional furtive visits from their mysterious menfolk. Their tenancy surely fostered the 'Haw-Haw' mystery for over 70 years.

Dare I ask 'To Be Continued' later? For now, a true tale from René's recordings:

'Every Du Cane Court flat had a little knob an the wall, and a grill over it. If you turned to the left you got forces, BBC. If you turned it right you got the *Home Programme*. One evening I was on leave, and Hilde said "Forces are just on, they have nice music," and turned it on - **and out came my voice! In German, reading one of those comments!** She said 'This is very funny. It happens all the time lately, this bloody German comes into the *Home Programme*.'

René kept his cool. 'I said "Well, turn to the Forces!" I didn't tell her, I never told her. But I immediately put a phone call through to Delmer and said "Isn't it funny, I just heard my voice on the Home Service?" Something had got crossed!'

MAY DAY, MAY DAY

Penny Fell

This year, the Village's **May Day Walk** was short – to allow for participation from all ages – but triumphed in the face of coronavirus. Twenty nine people aged from one to 86 – and three dogs - followed a history trail around the village, a short distance in terms of footfall, but covering decades as participants shared memories of days gone by in various locations. Fascinating tales emerged.

As if by magic, that very day Covid rules were relaxed, allowing coffee in the Village Hall (thanks to Ann Ferris). Walkers set off towards **The Great House**, first stopping to hear how this was the site of an 'Even Older Post Office' (preceding the Old Post Office on the road to Pen-Onn), with a door leading onto the street alongside the current post box, at the foot of Pancross Hill.

Next came **Capel yr Efail** – named for the smithy sited on the corner here. All that is now left to show is the Binding Ring, used for work on cartwheels, set into the ground beside the gate. But Tony Thomas recalled bringing horses down to be shod when he was just seven or eight - and getting soundly told off by Jehoiada Lewis for failing to return old horseshoes, which cost a whole fifteen shillings (okay, 75p) to make. An early pioneer of recycling?

We stopped at **Woodlands**, where older residents remembered the shop tucked into the entrance, run by the *Fox* and operating in the middle of the last century - though its provisions were limited.

Llancarfan must have been deeply devout as there are barely 100 paces between its two chapels. **The White Chapel** started as a modest building but underwent three expansions in its lifetime. We heard that it started a new, deconsecrated life as a home when the artist Andrew Vicari set up a studio there in the 1960s. He became the highest-paid painter in the UK, employed as court artist for the Sultan of Brunei.

Llancarfan has just seen an explosion of house sales as city dwellers respond to the pandemic by seeking homes in the country. One desirable residence newly changing hands is **Brook Cottage**. Tony Thomas recalled an earlier period of history (round about 1952) when its would-be owner, Melvyn Morgan, borrowed the royal sum of £60 from a neighbour to enable him to buy not only the cottage but its extensive gardens, now the site of Underwood House.

The party looped across the Ford, stopping off at **The Old Mill** by the Green. Some of a certain age recalled the Ram here in their childhood—a thundering pump behind Old Mill which boomed day and night, forcing water up to Pancross, thence to Pen-onn and Middlecross, back in the days before piped supplies came to the village.

On this benign May morning here we heard only the chattering of robins and blackbirds. Our thanks to Barbara Milhuisen for suggesting the living history trail - and to Tony Thomas and Clive Jenkins for sharing their memories - and a special thank you to Arianne Barrett for the delightful map (below) designed specially to commemorate the occasion.



Barbara Milhuisen writes: *To my friends old and new...The weather was kind for our May Day Walk, as were so many people. We had families and their dogs from far and wide. My brother Clive (born in Llancafarn) joined us, brought from Biggin Hill by his son Paul with three grandsons. On the walk we had the most informative speaker possible: Tony Thomas, who has lived and worked in Llancafarn for over 80 years. Clive supplemented some of Tony's anecdotes until he was unable to continue walking – and then was helped by Sheelagh Lewis back to the Hall. Thanks to Ann Ferris, as always was ready in the Hall to provide refreshments; to Ian for designing the poster; and to Sue Taylor for her help in the background. And a special thank you to all those who gave money for my charity walking for Air Ambulance: over £200 was raised. Hopefully we will all meet again for our Annual Dinner in the Hall in the autumn. Please, Tony, will you be our guest speaker!*

THE SOUND OF LEATHER ON WILLOW.....

John Ford

Twelve men/women and one dog set off for the annual village cricket trip to play the Clytha Arms in Abergavenny. The day started with a big breakfast at the Fox and a very early pint of cider to kick the senses awake before the 40-mile drive to Clytha, chauffeured by Max "40mph" Evans. A short stop at McDonald's in Newport to pick up our secret



weapon Steve 'Smug' Curran & for an ideal spot for Nick Crane to crack open the gin bar. From there we headed to the ground, but not before another quick stop at the Cripple Creek Arms to check out where we were eating later in the day. One more stop at the Clytha Arms was necessary to drink something very cloudy and strong, and to relax the nerves before the big game. We managed to get to the ground only four hours after leaving the Fox but suitably relaxed. We were set a challenging total of 121 to win by the Clytha team & came up just a couple runs short but congrats to the team. Everyone played their part: Murf (skipper), Rhi, Tim, Nick, Steve, Pons, Hughesy, DVS, Marc, Maxy, Rich, Dixy, Paul Jenks & Fordy. The standout moment was Steve Smug finally taking a catch in the deep - a moment of magic that is still somewhat unbelievable. There was one casualty of the day, Rich W making his Village Cricket debut: he managed to snap his Achilles heel - goes to show that you have to warm up more than your elbow before playing top-class sports! Get well soon Rich.



Our Annual Dinner will be held on Friday 24th September, 7.30pm for 8pm in the Community Hall, Llancarfan. Please reserve your place by contacting Gwyneth Plows 01446 713533; gwyneth401@gmail.com Gwyneth will forward menu choices.

Barry Dock News October 19th 1894

LLANCARFAN.
COMPETITIVE MEETING.—On Wednesday evening, the 10th instant, a competitive meeting was held at the Baptist Chapel, Llancarfan, presided over by the Rev W. E. Evans, Carmel, Bonvilston. The musical part was under the adjudication of Mr W. Howe, Cadoxton, and the literary work by Mr T. Lewis, Cadoxton; Mr Rees John, Lydmoor, and Mr James McGill, Ford Farm, acting as secretary and treasurer. Singing by children under ten, prize divided between Alice Davies and Annetta Lewis. Recitation, Gladys Lewis. Singing, 1, Edith Davies; 2, William Griffiths. Recitation, 1, Catherine Jane Davies; 2, Mary Davies. Soprano singing, Miss G. Griffiths, Bramwell. Verses, "Advantages of the Parish Council," Mr J. Morgan (Ioan Trithyd), Englyn to the "Healing Waters of Breach Well," Llancarfan (Ioan Trithyd). Singing, J. Davies, Llanbethery. Recitation, Mr Rees John. Reading, 1, William Davies, Llancarfan; 2, E. Howard, Walterstone. Impromptu speech, J. Griffiths, Llancarfan. Impromptu dialogue, J. Griffiths and James James. Quartette, Mr R. Davies and party. Essay, best, "Macaulay." An edifying and enjoyable evening was spent.

WENVOE

Barry Dock News, October 27th 1893

LLANCARFAN.
WHOLESALE THEFT OF DUCKS.—Thomas Hood and James Williams, labourers, were brought up in custody at Penarth Police Court, on Monday last, charged with stealing fifteen ducks, value £2 5s, the property of Miss M. A. Jenkins, Cliff Farm, Llancarfan, on Friday night last.—John Ealing, shepherd in Miss Jenkins' employ, said he secured the ducks in the fat cattle shed on Friday night, but when he got up on Saturday morning he found the door open and fifteen ducks missing. The ducks produced were his employer's property.—Police-constable William Solomon, stationed at Penmark, said he traced the accused to Barry on Saturday, and arrested them in the afternoon, having a bag of ducks, with rabbits' nets, sticks, &c., in their possession.—Police-sergeant Weeks, Barry, gave evidence as to the accused admitting the offence, and they were sent to prison for a month's hard labour each.

Barry Dock News April 9th 1897

every sort of crime.

LLANCARFAN.
"LITTLE THINGS."—On Wednesday evening next the Rev W. Daniel, Barry Docks, will deliver a lecture at Llancarfan Wesleyan Chapel, entitled "Little Things," when the chair will be occupied by Mr T. Price, Llanbethery. The proceeds will be towards liquidating the debt on the chapel.

PENDOYLAN

Barry Dock News April 24th 1896

LLANCARFAN.
WHIT-MONDAY EISTEDDFOD.—For the benefit of male voice parties who intend competing on "Valiant Warriors" at the forthcoming eisteddfod at Llancarfan, and with a view to attracting more parties, the committee have decided to advance the prize offered to £4. The charge of admission to front seats will be 1s 6d. It may be mentioned that the prospects for a successful eisteddfod in every way are exceedingly bright.

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