

**LLANCARFAN SOCIETY
NEWSLETTER 83**

**SEPTEMBER
1998**

The last Newsletter carried the first of five articles recounting the history of the *Fox and Hounds*, from early in the 19th Century. The second part appears in this number, bringing us to the World War II and into the memories of a few older members. It also leads me to pose a question to which I don't know the answer. When did Hancocks of Cardiff become the supplying brewery for the *Fox*? Many folk will remember their various advertising exploits - the picture reproduced here featured on bottle labels and on beer mats, after they became popular during the 50s. It is a fair bet that the *Fox* brewed its own beer in the early 1800s, but when did it change to cask beer from a local brewery? In the article below, Ron Thomas recollects Hancocks during the War years and Idris Lewis wrote of brewery steam-lorries visiting the village in the 1930's (Newsletter 53) - but he was unsure whether it was Hancocks, Ely or Brains brewery. The only firm date that I have, is 1887 when Hancocks came to Cardiff from the West Country.

Pic 1 c. here

Our attempts to whip-up enthusiasm for research toward the publication of *Llancarfan, a Vale Village* have proved more than successful. I have been deluged with letters, photographs and other goodies so that every week seems a bit like Christmas! As a result we have plenty of material for the Newsletter and have filled many gaps in our knowledge of the recent history of the village. Thank you all. Every contribution will be acknowledged - I know only too well how much work it all represents.

Photographs of Llancarfan: Graham Brain has been busy putting old photographs on computer disc - almost 80 so far. These will be available for members to see on screen at the Annual Dinner and other future occasions. Graham also plans to make a presentation of the photos. If you have any historic or more recent photos of Llancarfan - views or events - please contact Graham on 01446 781080 or Fax 01446 781115

Pic 2 c. here

In Newsletter 4, Les Griffiths wrote about the houses in Llancarfan which were under thatch when he was a young man. I was reminded of this recently, when looking through old photographs of the village. This one shows *Corner House* in the 1930s with Bill and Elizabeth Hartrey standing at the

door. It is unrecognisable from today's two-storey house but the end wall of *Great House* on the right is still much the same (Photo - Joan Evans).

A portable steam engine a record from Lyn Price, Newhouse Farm, Moulton

In 1911, Lyn's father, Llewellyn Price, was at *Lidmoor Farm* about a mile from Moulton. On August 11th of that year the Lincoln firm of Clayton and Shuttleworth dispatched a portable steam engine by rail, to be delivered at Barry station.

The specification of the engine was:- 7 horse-power single cylinder PORTABLE STEAM ENGINE No 44107 fitted with firebox for burning wood or coal; 2 safety valves, high speed governor, adjustable valve eccentric sheave, steam pressure gauge, signal whistle, glass water gauge, test cocks, improved feed-water heating apparatus, waterproof cover and the usual equipment of firing, tools etc. The Engine mounted on wrought iron travelling wheels and having a wrought iron forecarriage suitable for double shafts. Show finished.

Delivered Barry stn. £168 - -

Lyn tells us that the machine was bought to drive a threshing machine. Though various members have recalled steam engines being used in Llancarfan,, particularly for threshing machines, this is the first written evidence that has come to light. These portable engines were also used to operate the cable winch of "roundabout" ploughing tackle. Self-propelled Traction Engines were more commonly used for cable-drawn steam ploughing - confirmation that steam ploughing was used in the parish would be useful - does anyone know?

Pic 3 c. here

The photo above shows a Clayton and Shuttleworth portable engine of about the same date as the engine bought for *Lidmoor Farm*.. The governor and fold-down chimney-support can be seen behind the flywheel. The single cylinder runs along the top of the boiler casing. The swivelling front-carriage can be fitted with horse-shafts so that the machine can be moved.

More on Vagrants in Llancarfan a letter from Peggy Lunn (formerly Deere)

Peggy wrote to us in response to the two articles by Graham Jenkins and Dilys Liscombe which have appeared in the last two Newsletters

My father, the late Charles Deere of the *Red Lion*, Bonvilston,, compiled *Recollections of Charles Deere of Bonvilston*, encouraged by the late Canon Rees and Mrs Patricia Moore, then Glamorgan Archivist.

In it, he mentions "a number of characters who worked on farms and moved around the Vale of Glamorgan with no fixed abode. They just worked for their food with very little wages and slept in barns in the hay or straw. They were usually clad in corduroy trousers, waistcoats, grey Welsh flannel shirts with a red handkerchief with white spots worn around the neck, tied in front. They also wore a dark thick jacket and strong nailed boots. They had narrow leather straps around the trousers below the knee - these were called yorks. I asked one what they were for and was told "to keep the dust out of the eyes".

James Barrow was a character who lived in Bonvilston and, like Tom Shanks, had a hut in a gulley below *Village Farm*, which he called his "Hallelujah Cabin". When he died he had a proper burial and gravestone in Bonvilston Churchyard. - more about him is to be found in my father's book which is dedicated to the Bonvilston Civil Trust..

In the book he mentions "Swansea" and says:- "he never entered a serious conversation but mumbled to himself. He smoked a clay pipe, often with the bowl turned upside down. He never seemed to talk any sense but was very harmless."

Indeed, my late sister, Audrey and I, as children would wander into the hut and gaze with awe at any tramps who always seemed gentle with us. My father also mentioned Sam and Lucy who, with a handcart, came out from Cardiff to Llantrithyd gathering water-cress. They used to drink in the local hostelrys - there was one in Llantrithyd called *The Prince* - then they would sleep rough in the hedgerows!

My father helped Mrs Moore to produce a map of old Bonvilston as it was before old cottages were pulled down for the road widening. He was born in 1899 and completed his book when he was 87, not long before he died.. My maternal grandparents lived at *Cross Green* - Granny Lougher was the eldest of 11 children of Robert Lougher of *Garnllwyd*. She married another Lougher! I wish we could have recorded the tales she used to tell about Garnllwyd and Llancarfan. She used to mention Tom Shanks and I suspect he may have had many a free meal at *Cross Green*.

I refer to Campbell Reed's article in the last Newsletter - it was so descriptive of the old Llancarfan. I too recall the raucous noise of rooks in the wood above the churchyard but also "the solitude, silence and beauty." - shades of the unhurried life of our youth. It is good to see the Llancarfan Society relive those days in their Newsletters.

Contributions for the Newsletter should be sent to the Editor, John Etherington, *Parc-y-Bont*, Llanhowell, Solva, Haverfordwest, Pembrokeshire, SA62 6XX or e-mail to:-

eth.pbont@virgin.net

We will also be pleased to print short announcements of village functions but they must be sent in writing, at least 2 to 3 months in advance.

Contact addresses: Subscriptions and problems with mailing: to the Membership Secretary, Phil Watts, 23 Heol Sirhwi, Cwm Talwg, Barry, Vale of Glamorgan, CF62 7TG. Agenda items and correspondence for the Committee to the Secretary, Sheila Mace, *Pel-y-Dryn*, Llanbethery, Barry, Vale of Glamorgan, CF62 3AN. Arrangements for visits to sick members: Len Fairfax, *Summit View*, Aberthin, Cowbridge, Vale of Glam. (Cowbridge 772654).

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Obituary: Haydn Morgan

With great sadness we record the death of Haydn Morgan, after a long illness. Haydn and his wife Diane lived until recently at *Greendown* from which they moved to Siginstone. They were both well known and active members of the community. Haydn was at one time a community councillor, they both supported many local organisations and Diane is known to many Society members by her many research contributions to our Newsletters. Haydn will be greatly missed by many people. Our thoughts are with Diane and the family at this time.

The Fox & Hounds. Part II. From Grandma Price to mid-Century by Phil Watts, in conversation with Betty Martin (formerly Harris) April 27th 1998

In response to my request for further information about the *Fox & Hounds* and its occupants, I was invited to visit Betty and Griff at their home in Coychurch Road, Bridgend. I found a very sprightly lady, particularly sharp in mind and who had some definite memories of the years gone by, and was proud to say how she had kept in touch, and held a wide knowledge of the people of Llancarfan past and present. Unfortunately, Griff is suffering from leukaemia but is coping well with the help of some very good specialists in the local hospitals.

Betty remembers it being said that the *Fox & Hounds* had a seven day licence in the time of Mrs. Price and Mrs. Griffiths, the landladies prior to 1896. Those two ladies, because they had 21 children between them, found that they could not cope with being open seven days a week, so they closed and as a result lost the seven day licence (only to be regained by referendum in 1961). The *Fox & Hounds* has always held a licence to dispense spirits, beer, cider and tobacco but lesser public houses could only dispense beer and cider.

Betty hopes there is something in the deeds which prevents the name of the pub being changed. The *Fox & Hounds* will always be a star attraction *as the Fox & Hounds* and it would be a retrograde step to change the name as has happened elsewhere.

Daniel and Elizabeth Gibbon took on the *Fox & Hounds* in 1896, moving from the Post Office in Bonvilston. At this time Betty's mother, Amelia Minnie Gibbon, was about 15 or 16 years of age; she lived in the *Fox* until she married David Harris and moved to *Middle Hill*. Daniel and Elizabeth Gibbon bought *Middle Hill* for George and *Hillside* for Amelia. All of David and Amelia's children were born at *Hillside* - Milward, Betty, David, Dolly, Calvert and Elsie. They took on the *Fox & Hounds* from Daniel Gibbon in 1921 after the youngest Harris child, Elsie, was born. The Gibbons moved to *Hillside* at this time..

The room up the stairs from the public bar in the *Fox & Hounds*, now part of the restaurant, was known as the club room. Betty's recollection is of a piece of furniture at the far end of the room which had one prominent seat in the middle, flanked on either side by two smaller seats, above which was written ROYAL ANCIENT ORDER OF BUFFS, and underneath "Be faithful to Death". There was also a red and gold sash and a Gavel. It is not clear who used this piece of furniture - presumably it was members of the Order of Buffs - the suggestion is that it was the headquarters for a wider rural area. The club room was well stocked with silverware for use on the dining tables and the centre pieces were four piece cruet sets. The cost of duck dinner was 4/6d, ducks provided from the river Carfan - home stock. Ham and eggs could be provided for 2/6d!

The club room was also used as a games room: games played there were table skittles (Doolies), table tennis and Quoits as well as the usual darts. Mrs. Harris (Amelia) and Aunt Polly Legassit were both good table tennis players.

One of the duties of a publican was to provide a *bona fide* traveller with a meal. One day there was a problem: a man with a well-educated voice called who demanded a meal, saying that he was a genuine traveller. Mrs. Harris was ill in bed, and David was milking the cows. Betty consulted with her dad and she offered the gentleman egg and bacon for which he was very grateful. At this time Betty was a school girl - another crisis avoided at *Fox & Hounds!*

Betty remembers her father, David Harris, George Gibbon and Uncle Bert Legassit visiting Dublin and bringing back to Llancarfan a little girl by the name of Frances (Fanny) Boardman for a holiday. She liked it very much and was so distressed when she had to return to Dublin that Frances was brought back to the *Fox & Hounds* and was brought-up by the Harris family. She stayed to marry Alf Lougher of Cliff and later farmed in Heol-y-March, and has only quite recently died. She was the mother of Arthur, Horace and Haydn Lougher.

George Gibbon learnt his trade as a carpenter in Penarth. One of his tasks was to make a door for the pulpit in St. Cadoc's Church, Llancarfan. There was some alarm amongst the congregation because the vicar used to sway from side to side during the sermon and there was a fear that he would fall out on to the floor - the door is in the church to this day. This answers the frequent question "Why is there a door on the pulpit?"

In the late thirties, a number of the farms near Bonvilston suffered the dreaded cattle disease of Foot and Mouth, which meant that if one animal had the disease the whole herd would have to be destroyed. One day, Betty had cycled to *Sutton Farm* on a personal visit. She was informed by the local policeman that there had been another outbreak of foot and mouth. The *Fox & Hounds* cows were in the field under the wood by the middle footbridge (Picketts bridge). The *Fox & Hounds* cowshed was situated in the area where the car park is now, and cows were not allowed on the road in a foot and mouth disease area. The cows had to be milked in the field and later, they were brought a little nearer home by walking them through the orchards behind the *Wesleyan Chapel*, *Crynallt*, *Pembroke House* and the *Woodlands*, to a hastily constructed shelter in *Black Horse* by the Harris boys!.

David Harris was a stone mason and built many of the walls that are still standing in Llancarfan. In one of the great floods to strike Llancarfan, the wall alongside the road from the middle bridge to the Ivy Pool was destroyed and this was rebuilt by David Harris. Another wall built by David Harris was the wall that runs at right angles to school hill, half way down. It is said that he could have named any price he cared to quote, to get this wall done for Caines Contractors, Port Talbot.

Another lasting memorial to David Harris is the house opposite the *Fox & Hounds* known as the *Woodlands*. The house is built on high ground and the only way to deliver goods to the building site was on foot. The apprentice to David Harris at that time was Billy Goodway, who carried every brick that was used in the house in a hod on his back. Some achievement. Billy Goodway was grandfather to the present leader of the Cardiff City Council and the former South Glamorgan Council. The *Woodlands* was built for Mrs. Thomas of *The Post Office*, Penmark, but she never lived there. It was occupied for many years by Tudor and May Liscombe.

David Harris also built a retaining wall at the top of *Mill Hill* when the wood slipped at a date believed to be around 1910. David Harris' last apprentice was Harry Hughes. Harry told us that together they built the wall at *Whitewell* alongside the road

A number of the cottages in the village were owned by the Radcliffe Estate which owned many of the farms, including Ty-to-Main, in the area. The Radcliffes formerly ran a shipping company out of Cardiff. The estate was left in the hands of two sisters who were anxious from time to time to dispose of some of the property. David Harris was offered *Pembroke House*, *Brook Cottage*, *Caradoc Cottage* and *Fern Cottage* for £400. The thatched cottages *Fern* and *Brook* were cheaper than the slate ones - £90 and £110!

Operating in the area were some very skilled craftsmen by the names of David Griffiths, Tommy Griffiths and Billow Griffiths. Tommy lived in *Pembroke House*, David lived in *Fern Cottage*, Billow lived at *Broomwell*. Their sister lived in *Caradoc Cottage* married to Johnny Griffiths. They were very skilled at hedge laying, doing a lot of work in the area, also thatching and haymaking, when great reliance was placed on the skill of the man with the tools, rather than the efficiency of the machine!

Another Griffiths living in the area at this time was Dilwyn Griffiths, son of Edward living at the *Old Parsonage*, no relation to the Tommy Griffiths family. Dilwyn was a great mimic, he could imitate many birds and animals. He often woke all the cockerels in the village to the disgust of their owners.

Living in the area were a number of people who would be described today as homeless, living rough. One of these was Tom Shanklyn. He had a 1914 war injury, a piece of shrapnel in his right arm. Betty's mother said that he was born in the house that existed between *Bridge Cottage* and *Corner House*. He returned from the war and spent his gratuity money on high excitement with some girls in Cardiff. The money gone, he returned to Llancarfan, working when he could and drinking the proceeds. After a number of pints he would imitate a one man band in the *Fox & Hounds*. He often worked for David Harris, Joe Lewis and William Liscombe.

Another of the homeless people was Fred Ashton. Betty recalls him coming to the *Fox & Hounds* for a snack and eating a pound of sausages and a loaf of bread. Fred was found dead in distasteful circumstances in Walterston Lane.

There was also a number of people who used to cut watercress in some of the lucrative beds to be found in the Llancarfan area. They were often the butt of some teasing and chasing by the younger element. One of these watercress-pickers boarded the school bus for Rhoose school in search of the naughty boys or girls!

Calvert Harris was the first conscript from Llancarfan to the army when the nation entered World War II. While Calvert was growing up, George Pickett lived in *Brook Cottage*. George had a three wheeler bike which he used to travel to work at *Cliff Farm* and further afield at *Boverton*. Calvert was frequently in the company of George, helping him to take his bicycle up the steps after returning from work. They were great friends. George died on the day Calvert went to the Army. Some of his last words were - "I wonder where that boy is tonight!!". Mrs. Pickett maintained that the taking of Calvert away from Llancarfan, killed George. Mrs. Pickett can be remembered as the lady in black, washing clothes in the river by the side of the *Wesleyan* stable. She wore long black clothes, lace up boots and a pointed black hat.

David and Amelia kept the *Fox & Hounds* open during the war though many pubs closed because they were unable to get sufficient supplies of beer. David Harris had plenty of beer as his best customers had gone away to the war!

Ron Thomas of Portsmouth, husband of Mary Watts, *Abernant*, tells us how when he first came to Wales to meet Mr & Mrs Watts of *Abernant*, he found this wonderful pub in the country, with plenty of beautiful Hancocks home brewed beer, that was open all hours. Ron, a navy man, was used to coming into ports where the pubs would only open for an hour - just as long as the beer would last!

When it became obvious that David and Amelia Harris could no longer keep the *Fox & Hounds* going, because of ill health, they moved with Betty to *Hillside*. And that is where David died. It is said one death brings a birth, this happened in this case for Elizabeth Mair was born, a grand-daughter for Amelia and David.

A semi-retired life in *Hillside* was not to Betty's liking. She soon found a place to use her many skills. She became the manageress of the *Dunraven Arms* in Bridgend for a number of years and many a Llancarfan tale has been told over the bar at the *Dun* where Llancarfan folk used to seek Betty out.

A letter from Edith May (formerly Owen) to Phil Watts

What a lovely surprise I received last Friday. If you had given me a million guesses, I should never have thought of a class timetable almost fifty years old! It gave me a really funny feeling to see something from my past and brought back a flood of memories. Thank you very much for taking the trouble to send it to me.

What do I remember about Llancarfan? My first impression of Llancarfan, I remember, was not good. I was just twenty years old and Llancarfan was my first teaching post. I had never heard of the place but found out it was near Barry. That sounds OK I thought. I got in touch with a Miss Griffiths the Infant teacher at the school to ask if she could help me find digs. She wrote that a Mrs. Harris was willing to take me in and invited me down to meet her and see the school before term began in September. She sent me instructions on how to get there and off I went. I arrived in Barry near lunchtime in time to catch the Llancarfan bus from the Square. I was pleased to see it was almost full. However, by the time we reached the outskirts of Barry I was the only one left on it! I began to feel dismay as we passed field after field after field, eventually arriving at a tiny little village. There was Miss Griffiths waiting to greet me and to kindly give me dinner. After dinner she took me to see Mrs. Harris. She was dressed in black and looked very stern. I went up to the little school and left the village on the 7 o'clock bus. On the way home I thought - What have I done? I shall hate it there. I am in the back of the beyond.

I had come to an arrangement with Mr. Samuel that I travelled to Whitchurch where he would pick me up and take me into Llancarfan every Monday morning and every Friday after school he would take me to Whitchurch and I would carry on home by bus. I was distinctly nervous and ill at ease that first Monday morning. The day passed very quickly and then it was time to go "home" to Mrs. Harris. She had a nice tea ready for me but still seemed stern and aloof. After tea she asked "Do you smoke Miss Owen?". "Oh dear" I thought, she's going to tell me that I wasn't to smoke in her house. "Only now and again" I said. Then she said "Well you don't mind if I do I hope, only I've smoked since the war". "Not at all" says I and we puffed together. We relaxed, and from then on we got on like a house on fire. I realised she had been as nervous of me as I had of her. I soon met her family and they are lovely. We have kept in touch to this day. I was really lucky to have landed with Mrs. Harris. Through her I made many friends and entered into the community affairs thereby making my life there interesting and content. I have always said that I had more social life in Llancarfan than I have ever had since.

Mrs. Harris straight away involved me in the church. No matter that I protested I was a strong Congregationalist, I had to go to any mid-week service, all the weeks' activities, Harvest Festivals and the Whist drives. This last activity terrified me. In vain did I plead that I had never played the game and knew nothing about it. Go I had to. These people took their game seriously. I was convinced I would spoil things for my partners and at the end would be run out of town. At the end of a very tense evening guess who won first lady's prize; Yes - me! I received a cushion cover made by a Miss Watts (any relation?) which I used for years. I was invited to give some talks and I organised a Quiz. They were received kindly and I got to know more people - Mr. Liscombe - Mr. Watts - Mr. Badcock.

An Eisteddfod was held every year and I was expected to teach the children poems for the event. I can remember now the last lines of the poem I taught the Infants -

"I said it was a fairy/Mother said it was a mouse"!

The Eisteddfod showed me what a wealth of talent was to be found in the village.

One person I grew very fond of was Lil. I cannot remember her last name. She lived with her husband and sister Elsie and was always busy and always smiling. Sitting in the audience on Eisteddfod night a lady came in and sat behind me. She had a flashing smile and was all dressed up, "Good evening Miss Owen" she said. "Good evening" I replied in a hesitant tone not having a clue who she was. She burst into laughter and said "You don't know who I am do you?" I'm Lil. Lil!! I was amazed. No wonder I didn't recognise her as I had never seen her with her teeth in, or without wellies and aprons! I used to go to her house to get the milk and would stop for a chat with Elsie.

We now took up Canasta and a group of us would play in different houses. One of these was *The Hollies* with Mr. & Mrs. Jenkins. Mr. Jenkins was a smashing chap. Many's the time Mrs H and I would be walking home at midnight guided by a torch after mouth-watering meals (no wonder I was fat).

The first time I went to a Church evening I stepped out at the end ready for home and didn't know where I was. It was pitch dark - no street lights as I had been used to. Someone had to take me to my lodgings as I was completely disorientated!

What other people do I remember? So many but the names have gone. Mary who did the school dinners. She had three boys, Godfrey, John and Andrew. Her sister-in-law who lived opposite Mrs H. The caretaker of the school who lived on the corner. The lady who nursed Miss Griffiths till her death. She said she would teach me tatting. "I've taught many people" she said, "Ill teach you". Three weeks later she gave up and I still cannot tat.

Now the school. Mr. Samuel was the head. Miss Griffiths was a very brave and high principled lady and it was very sad for her brother, and her nephew Campbell, when she died. She brought the boy up and adored him. I wonder where he is now? The children were very well behaved and all got on well together. I used to take all the Juniors out for Nature Walks. (They knew more about Nature than I ever did). They would pull my leg by bringing old nests saying they were new, and taking me through farmyards which frightened me to death. I used to have nightmares about how would I save them if a dog attacked us or a bull got loose.

I remember vividly St. David's Day. The children would wear leeks a foot long and eat them throughout the morning. By the end of the morning the smell of the leeks filled the school enough to knock you out.

One thing I moaned and moaned about was that there was no late bus back to Llancarfan. Once in by 7 o'clock you were stuck there unless you had your own transport. Then happy day, they put on a late bus every Tuesday and do you know I hardly used it!!

Well Phil, these are some of my memories, a pretty village - lovely, lovely people and a very happy contented time in my life. If there are any there who remember me give them my sincere regards.

My thanks again to you. If that book comes out I'll certainly buy a copy.

Yours sincerely, Edith May.

Here is an amusing little postscript for you. In 1967 I was in St. David's Maternity Ward expecting my third child. In the next bed was a young woman having her baby and it turned out that she was Brian Morgan's wife. Now, he was in my class in Llancarfan and he was a smashing kid. I said to my husband if she tells him that Miss Owen as was, was in having a baby he'd say "Good God she must be ancient!" Unfortunately I never got to see him

News of members, friends and places

- *Aberthaw A Power Station* has been a feature of our southern horizon since the early 60s when it was the most advanced power station in the world, but during the past year much of the building has been demolished and Saturday, 25 July, saw the final act, with the demolition of the two chimneys. They were 425 feet tall, but so skilled was the placing of the explosive-charges that they crumbled vertically into heaps of rubble. The preparatory work had taken many weeks: the collapse lasted a matter of seconds accompanied by a spectacular cloud of dust. *Aberthaw A* last fed power to the grid in 1995.
- Vale of Glamorgan Show. In the last Newsletter Phil Watts noted that the general secretary of the Show is Pam Harris of Penllyn. She is married to David, grandson of David Harris who was landlord of the *Fox and Hounds* (see article above). Pam is retiring from the Show this year but the Llancarfan connection continues. Her replacement is to be Nicola Gibson (nee Thomas, of *Pancross*). Our best wishes to Nicola for the future - keep the Llancarfan flag flying.
- A few months ago one of our contributors used the term "Rodney" to describe the last train to Aberthaw. We speculated about the origin of the name and discovered that it originally described a last train from Cardiff to the mining valleys. As railwayman's slang it had then spread to other parts of Britain. Robert Lougher suggested that it was derived from the Welsh dialect word *rhodni*, meaning "a ne'er do well" - bad behaviour on the trains becoming eponymous (Newsletter 80).

A further clue has surfaced in a newly published book* which gives the origin of the name of the Rhondda valleys as *rhoddni*, meaning "noisy" or "babbling" and records a 16th century document rendering Rhondda Fawr as Rodeney Vawr. What more logical than "Rodney" to describe the last train from Cardiff, carrying noisy inebriates to far-flung Treherbert or Ferndale. In answer to John Etherington's question in Newsletter 80 it looks as if *rhoddni* came first, then the place name and finally the name of the trains and, probably also, the "ne'er do wells".

*Owen, H.W. (1998) *The Place Names of Wales*. University of Wales Press and *Western Mail* (Worth reading, by the way).