



## THE LLANCARFAN SOCIETY

### Newsletter 88    May 1999

#### **Editorial**

I must have walked past the War Memorial many times, reading the names which face the road but, perhaps, choosing not to dwell upon their significance. How many have read and remember the names or fully realise what happened to those boys? Or dared the unanswerable "Why?". This Newsletter features the first of a series of articles on the First World War, the writing of which started by accident but has become a bit of an obsession.

Jean Hunt and Mary Gammon awakened my interest in World War I with the moving reference to Headmaster, Rees Davies', loss of two sons to the War (Newsletter 85). By chance Gwynne Liscombe wrote more generally, in the same Newsletter, when he witnessed the School's observance of the two-minute silence last year. It was Rees Davies' stoical acceptance that moved me most and compelled me to look into a past about which I knew little, other than family tales of my mother's brother returning from the trenches more dead than alive, nineteen years before I was born.

#### **1914-1918: Llancarfan at War - Introduction** by John Etherington

There are sixteen names on that grey granite, from the first war. We owe them an enormous and irredeemable debt. For some, the price was a key to our freedom and they might have been content with that. For others, there is a darker story and the world owes them their lives, which were sacrificed to no good purpose. We can give only our sorrow - for then, for now and for the inevitable future.

I have tried to discover what happened to each of these young men and to imagine what they may have experienced. In some cases a few personal documents have come to light and, in others, we have only the incomplete records of the Commonwealth War Graves Commission.

Attempting to add flesh to the bones of history has been a harrowing experience. At the time, the First World War was the worst that man could do to man. Not only the death of so many people in such horrific circumstances but the realisation that humans could in reality, create those gothic fantasies of medieval hell. Worse was to come in the Stalin years, the Holocaust, and perhaps the Pol Pot ideological genocide in Cambodia - perhaps it was the knowledge that these later crimes were committed, when we should have learned, that disturbed me so much. Too many long shadows are spreading over Europe.

Some names cannot be found in the records and some are difficult to find for a reason which is in itself horrific. So far, we have failed to trace Thomas Taylor for the simple reason that are 247 of him: Taylor, T., otherwise unidentifiable. At the Menin Gate Cemetery, Ypres, there are nearly 55,000 names of British soldiers who totally disappeared in the Ypres salient, blasted to pieces and submerged in the Flanders' mud between 1914 and 1917. Another 35,000, lost

during the remaining year, are commemorated at Tyne Cote, Passchendael. It was for nothing. This unimaginable sacrifice of life, repeated throughout the Western Front between the Channel coast and Switzerland, barely shifted the trench line in four years.

It has been a disturbing task. I have stopped several times, not wishing to go on, but now, in this Newsletter, the first of these tributes appears. In each case the commemoration starts with the inscription of the Commonwealth War Graves Commission gravestone or memorial slab. I hope they will be a fitting acknowledgement of these lost young men..

### **1914-1918: Llancarfan at War - Brothers - Thomas and Lewis Hartrey**

by John Etherington

**In Memor y of THOMAS HARTREY  
Rifl eman S/1028 8t h Bn., Rifle Brigade  
who died on Friday, 30t h July 1915. Age 21.**

Son of William and Elizabeth Hartrey, of Llancarfan, Cowbridge, Glam.  
Memorial: YPRES (MENIN GATE) MEMORIAL, Ieper, West-Vlaandere Belgium  
Grave Reference/Panel Number: Panel 46 - 48 and 50

Ypres (now Ieper) is a town in the Province of West Flanders. The Memorial is on the road to Menin and bears the names of men who were lost without trace during the defence of the Ypres Salient in the First World War.

**In Memor y of LEWIS HARTREY  
Pr ivate 32847 2nd Bn., South Lancashire Regiment  
who died on Wednesday, 10t h April 1918.**

Memorial: PLOEGSTEERT MEMORIAL, Comines-Warneton, Hainaut, Belgium  
Grave Reference/Panel Number: Panel 6 and 7

The Ploegsteert Memorial stands in Berks Cemetery Extension, which is located 12.5 kilometres south of Ieper town centre. The Memorial commemorates over 11,000 men who have no known grave. They fought throughout the War on Belgian soil beside French troops, and died in France or Belgium when the frontier was of little interest in this area in which trench warfare lasted longest..

The Battles of Ypres and Messines were to the north of this area and the Offensives of 1915 mainly to the south; the normal state of the area, during the greater part of the War was one of trench warfare.

Commonwealth War Graves Commission

The Ypres salient was a great C-shaped curve in the Western Front. The allies occupied the inside and could be shelled or shot-at from higher ground on three sides. At the time of Thomas' death the German army was using flame-throwers against B.E.F. troops and the 53<sup>rd</sup> Reserve Division of the 126<sup>th</sup> Infantry Regiment stormed the Menin Road, So vicious was the fighting that no-man's-land was reduced to 15 yards wide at its narrowest.

Lewis died at a time when nothing much was happening but, during the whole course of the War, about 7000 soldiers were lost daily to "wastage"- random shells, sniper fire or disease even when there were no major actions and it is quite likely that this fate befell Lewis.

Thomas and Lewis Hartrey were Llancarfan boys to the core, descended from Jehoiada Howells (1796?-1881) and, prior to that, from the Howells family in Llantrithyd. Bill and

Elizabeth Hartrey, who lived at *Corner House*, probably never discovered the circumstances of their only sons' deaths and would have had to come to terms with the fact that neither would have a known resting place.

### **Church Newsletter, May, 1999 - Wall paintings**

The Vicar, Malcom Davies made the exciting announcement that a medieval wall painting had been re-discovered on the wall of the south aisle. This painting was first recorded during restoration to St Cadoc's church carried out between 1877 - 1878:- "On the wall of the south aisle, just inside the south door, a large stencilled figure of the Virgin Mary was uncovered but was covered with whitewash because it was considered to be Roman Catholic." (Spencer, M. *Annals of South Glamorgan*, 1913). Marianne Spencer also wrote that "the colour-wash was removed from the inside of the church walls, when they were found to have been stencilled with stars".

Mr Phil Parkes, Archivist, University of Wales, Cardiff, has now investigated the survival of the painting, its size and condition. After much work, it has been found and, in fact, there are two paintings, one painted much later, on top of the original. The cost of separating the paintings will be considerable, but the Vicar believes that grant aid will be possible.

This seems to be both exciting and appropriate as our warrior-priest, St Cadoc, was of Catholic faith, good King Henry being far in the future!

### **Church Newsletter, May, 1999 - a worrying response**

David Evans' short article in Newsletter 87 was critical of some material aspects of the Church restoration. Our Vicar, Malcom Davies, writing in the Church magazine reveals that some parishioners have been upset and worried by David's comments. As editor of this Newsletter I am deeply sorry if this is the case. However, we all have every right to express an opinion and if any of you still feel upset, please write to tell us why you think David should not have been so critical. I am sure that no one is suggesting that I should have censored the item; at least, I hope not.

### **Church Path**

Several people have pointed out that the church path criticised by David Evans, last time, was not part of the Church restoration but was undertaken by the Community Council, financed by the Vale of Glamorgan Council. The opportunity was also taken to remove ugly overhead electricity cables and run them underground.

**Old Mill erratum** with thanks to Gwynne Liscombe, Graham Jenkins, Phil Watts and others!

The photograph, reproduced last time, at least proves that five or six people read the Newsletter! They have all slapped my wrists for a careless error on my part. The two adults in the photograph were William and Maria Price, *Penylan*, not William and Catherine Lewis. If anyone wants a correctly reprinted page I can send one, as they have already been printed for the Archive and Library copies (John Etherington 01348 837928). The corrected caption is as follows:-

The overshot waterwheel at *Old Mill*. The two adults are William and Maria Price. The three children in front of Maria are, left to right Evelyn Lougher, Winnie Price and Audry Lougher. To the right of the group, Annie Jane Price and Gwilym Price.

## **My Young Life in “*The Fox*” - by David Harris**

I started attending school in 1920 just before my fifth birthday. We were living then in *Middle Hill* which was situated about 2 ½ miles from the School, on the road to Walterston. There was a small crowd of kids from that area going to School together, and I enjoyed walking with the big boys, but after a couple of months I started getting severe pains in my left hip and leg. It got progressively worse until it became impossible to walk at all.

Our Doctor (Dr. Ervine) from Barry had diagnosed a T.B. hip joint. The treatment involved meant keeping the hip joint apart for a considerable length of time. Whilst all this was going on the Family were moving to the “*Fox*” and I was placed in the best bedroom in the house, the one above the living quarters. It was modern compared with the rest of the house, it had a large window with a view of the river, Lewis’s field, the School and the fields behind. I had many a cry watching the kids when they were out to play.

Treatment consisted of my lying on my back in bed, with my left leg supported on a piece of wood which extended down from the bedstead to the bed at an angle of approximately 45°. Attached to my foot was a rope which passed over a pulley on the top of the bedstead and continued down behind the bottom of the bed with a weight on the end, thus keeping the hip joint apart. I was in this position for about 18 months and during this period the District Nurse (Nurse Bevan) would come to examine and wash me about twice a week. She was a very kind lady and I used to look forward to her visits, but I dreaded the last part of her duties which was to rub my back with methylated spirit; I feel it now when I think back.

I had many visitors to see me. The School Teachers used to come in during their free time to give me some work to help me start reading, writing and drawing. They provided me with a little blackboard which was supported by a frame, the sides of which stood on the bed on either side of me. This enabled me to learn to write and draw which I enjoyed very much. A teacher - Miss Griffiths or a Miss Lewis - would come in every week to see how I was getting on and to give me some more homework. I can never thank them enough for the interest they implanted in me for drawing, and the basic subjects of reading and writing.

I mention drawing because later on in life I found drawing and painting gave me much pleasure, and a wonderful form of relaxation from the heavy responsibilities which came with management of the Aberthaw Cement Company. At least once a week I would have a painting session which I found would very quickly clear the mind, give one a good night’s sleep and a fresh start in the morning, very often with a solution to a problem.

Among the many visitors coming to see me were “the lads” from the village, Bob and Llew Griffiths, *Higher End*, and Dick Evans. I did not know them before, as they were a bit older than me. I noticed they were very interested in the weight at the foot of the bed; I could not see what they were doing, then someone told me what was going on. They had a Daisy Air Gun and the weight was made up of air-gun pellets, and they were taking a handful. I told them if they did not bring the gun so that I could have a go with it I would tell on them.

They smuggled the gun in, I tried shooting through the window but that did not go very well, so my best target was the ceiling, and I made my marks on that. The noise from all the fun upstairs must have alerted my mother and Betty to dash upstairs and we were caught red-handed. In no time the visitors and the gun were gone. I was left to face the music. Betty tells me that Mam was going to give me a slap on the arm and she fainted. I do not recall this; I expect I was crying at the time.

A couple of days after that the Doctor arrived. He checked the weight and found it to be very much lighter than it should be. He fitted a new container which was locked and all was well again. The visits of the village lads were few and far between after that. I remained in bed for about 18 months. Following that I was fitted with a "Thomas's splint" which consisted of an iron strip which fitted on my good leg side (the right) the top of which was just below my armpit and extended down to the bottom of my right foot, at which point there was a frame shaped like a foot about 2" deep on which I had to place my right foot. The splint was fastened to my body by a clamp around my chest, another around my thigh and one around my ankle. When the splint was fitted all my weight was on my right foot, that being 2" off the ground and meant that my left leg was hanging freely with no weight on it at all.

INSERT PIC

I was fitted out with a pair of crutches and after some practice I was allowed out on my own. This was wonderful for me, although I knew very few people in the village I soon found, out they were very kind to me. One of my earliest contacts was Aunty Lill of *Broad Hayes*. She always made a fuss of me and there would be a sweet or a Welsh cake. I got to know nearly everyone in the village including the tramps on the road.

I remember three of them well, Tom Shanks, Fred Ashdown and Harry Parr. Harry was my favourite. He used to call himself a "North Devon Savage from Exmoor and he lived up a tree". He was always very clean and tidy. I soon learnt that the centre of activity during the daytime was Mr. Joe Lewis's *Blacksmith Shop*. Joe was the Smith. He took me under his wing and he taught me a lot about shoeing horses. I well remember the first time I saw a red hot shoe being applied to a horse's hoof and the place filling with a whitish smoke with a distinctive but not unpleasant smell. I was very concerned about the poor horse but Joe explained that the hoof was like a finger nail and the horse would feel nothing. The important thing was that the shoe was fitting properly on the hoof. There was always something happening in the *Blacksmith Shop* with people coming in from surrounding farms with horses to shoe or some other jobs in metal work.

Also it must not be forgotten that the first petrol pump in the village was at the blacksmith's, a "Pratts" pump. The petrol was pumped up into a glass container (marked in gallons). You could see what you were getting in those days, it was then pumped into your tank @ 18d a gallon. Some years later the price was down to 12 to 13d per gallon R.O.P. Brand.

My life on crutches lasted about 12 months, during which I had many falls and scrapes. By far the worst was a slip whilst crossing the river bridge at *Higher End*, which in those days was constructed of two planks of wood with a handrail on one side only. My crutch slipped off the open side and I fell into the river. Fortunately no serious damage resulted from the fall, but my parents were very concerned and my perambulations around the village were heavily restricted from then on.

Not long after that I fell at home in the *Fox* I slipped and fell down the stone steps which led down from the living room to the dairy and fractured my right leg (the good one) in the thigh part. I was in Cardiff Infirmary for a week or more where I was fitted with a plaster cast which came up to my waist and down my both legs like a pair of pants, so it was to bed again, but after about 2 weeks the plaster became loose and the itching was unbearable, so it was back to the Infirmary. The inner layer of plaster had broken up which was causing the itching, and after a couple of weeks it happened again.

This time they fitted me with a plaster cast in halves and held together with straps. This did the trick. When the time came to have the plaster removed I was in the Infirmary, and at that age I did not know what was going to happen to me, but after a couple of days a small party of Doctors came to see me and gave me a thorough examination. They asked me to walk up and down the Ward several times. This I did, and after a short discussion amongst themselves they told me I could go home now, and if there were no further troubles to carry on walking. This I continued to do until this day. Thank God.

### **May Walk** by John Etherington

The May Walk was held on a day of the most perfect weather - no wind or rain and very warm. A crowd, perhaps 60 strong, listened to Dr Maddy Gray's introduction, in the Village Hall, and then set-off for Castle Ditches, our huge, Iron Age hill-fort and then on to Moulton where Maddy pointed-out remnants of the lost village. The overgrown road to the north led us to Walterston where John Cann is restoring the 17<sup>th</sup> century cottage attached to his home, the converted barn *Hen Dy Gwair*. The cottage was used for many years as a bull-pen. John has uncovered a beautiful arched fireplace with a couple of clay-lined bread ovens and the remains of a stone staircase which was destroyed when the cottage was converted to agricultural use.

From Walterston we took the newly way-marked footpath back across the fields to *Broomwell* (full marks to the Vale Council for the footpath improvement), then back to the Hall over the hill past the school. Being a bit of a stranger, now, I thought how well this part of the Vale was looking. Wonderfully lush spring vegetation, a lot of wildlife including Brimstone and Orange Tip butterflies, swallows and chiff-chaffs. The agricultural was looking good and co-existing better with the countryside than in many areas of Britain. I was reminded of Stan Awbery's sadly unfulfilled wish that the Vale should become a National Park.

### **Obituary - Bobby Gibbons** by Phil Watts

Doreen Everett, Bobby's sister, attended our latest Whist Drive on March 5th. She brought the good news that she had just celebrated her golden wedding, and the bad news that Bobby had just died at the age of 72. Bobby was a couple of years older than me, but we seemed to be in the same gang in the village and school. We played in the same village football team five or six a side or as many as we could get - we only played against Llanbethery.

Bobby left school to take up an army apprenticeship in motor transport. On his visits to the village in later years you never knew what he would arrive in. Sometimes a lorry, car, bike, and there was, on one occasion a Bren Gun carrier!! Bobby lived life to the full, later in civilian life he became Transport Manager for Bebb's Bus Company at Church Village where he still lived until his death. Bobby sent Ruth and me a good luck telegram from Korea, on the day of our wedding.

### **Griffiths, Pencarreg I** by David Evans, formerly of *Garnllwyd*

The note by Robert Lougher (Newsletter 87) interested me for I knew *Pencarreg Farm* well, and remember the burning down of the old and pretty thatched, longhouse-style, farmstead. It was early one morning before milking, when "Dill" Griffiths struck a match to find a power source and caused an explosion, with his wife escaping from the bedroom window. His son Barrie (farm-shop) would have the details. Possibly cylinder-gas heating for young fowls. Anyway he was always Dill Griffiths, *Pencarreg*, to us, and when he started cutting hay it was time to sharpen the knives for our fields further down the valley: After the fire he milked his

cows in a Hosier-style bale system. Poor chap .It must have been a traumatic experience. Dapper fellow, well dressed with a moustache, short of stature .I liked him. Why Robert?

## **Griffiths, Pencarreg II.** Notes from Society records and Phil Watts

Robert Griffiths was first recorded at *Pencarreg Farm*, part of the *Cotterell Estate*, in the electoral-register of 1910 and he remained until the late 1930s. The Church register records his death in 1941, aged 81. Robert was a son of David Griffiths, *Caemaen*, and grandson of Evan Griffiths, Blacksmith, who bought the *Blacksmith Shop* in 1828. Dilwyn, who is remembered by David Evans, was Robert's son (to add confusion, Dilwyn's second name was Robert!).

The fire at *Pencarreg* was indeed caused by a gas cylinder explosion in 1947 - it recently appeared as a "50-years ago" item in the *Barry and District News* (Newsletter 78). After the fire, Dilwyn moved to *Sheepcourt Farm*, Bonvilston, but continued to farm *Pencarreg*. Subsequently he moved to *Greendown* and then, in about 1957, moved on to *Lower Greenway* with his wife Mary, son Barrie and daughter

## **News of Members, friends and places**

- **Photo's:** We are still searching. Does anyone have a photo of the thatched *Pencarreg*, mentioned in this Newsletter?
- **Howells family:** Graham Jenkins has offered to send a family-tree to any descendants of Jehoiada Howells of Llancarfan (1796?-1881). Jehoiada lived in Llancarfan at the time of the Tithe Survey (1841) and his roots can be traced for four previous generations in Llantrithyd. Graham is Jehoiada's great-great grandson. Interestingly Dominic Fouracre, who was mentioned in the last Newsletter, as winner of the Christmas Tree competition, is Graham's grandson. I believe this is the longest line, continued to the present day in the village, that the Newsletter has published. Amongst our members it also includes the Lewis and Morgan (*The Green*) families. Also, sadly, the two Hartrey brothers, mentioned elsewhere in this Newsletter. Graham may be contacted at 01446 408528.
- **Irish Night:** this was organised by Graham and Kay Brain, on 24 April, with entertainment by group from Cardiff, to raise funds for the millennial celebrations. The event was greatly enjoyed with laughter unlimited.
- **Churchyard:** During the 1960s and 70s, the northern end of the churchyard was managed, more or less, as an old-fashioned hayfield and, at the height of summer it was alive with bees and butterflies. Not to mention glow-worms in the evenings and the slow-worms which inhabited every stone-pile and crevice. The hay crop was taken by the late Dai Phillips, *Pen-onn Farm*, with the assistance of Peter Badcock and one or two other local folk - probably the last time in my life that I shall see loose hay pitched onto a waggon. Did anyone ever think to photograph this survival from earlier times? If bigger, the churchyard might have been designated as an S.S.S.I.! This thought came to me when I discovered that Tower Hamlets Cemetery in East London, had been designated as a nature-reserve.
- **The *Garnllwyd* chimney.** "The icing on the cake of every great house." (Dan Cruickshank, speaking of 16<sup>th</sup> C chimneys, in the BBC2 *History Zone* 17<sup>th</sup> April 99). Until about 1930, *Garnllwyd* possessed a round Tudor chimney which is mentioned in the Royal Commission on Ancient Monuments tome. It was dismantled and taken to Essex, supposedly to be rebuilt on another house. Whether the owners, the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, committed the vandalism or whether it was an entrepreneurial tenant, again I don't know. There is a

photograph in Marianne Spencer's *Annals of South Glamorgan* and a drawing on Sid Perkins whimsical map. If anyone can tell us whether it still exists and where, or provide a good photo, I shall be grateful.

INSERT PIC

- The Editor has received a very kind letter from Gwynedd Pierce expressing interest in the item on the place-name *Gowlog* which was mainly based on an article in Welsh which Gwynedd wrote for the *Western Mail*. Good to see that the Newsletter travels widely. Whilst on this subject, members may be interested to know that a full set of indexed Newsletters has been deposited with Cardiff Central Library, at the Librarian's request. Quite a tome, now! There is also a set in the County Archive and Phil Watts has another which will eventually reside in the Community Hall.

### **Picketts' penny-farthing and other matters** from Graham Jenkins

Yes, George Pickett did graduate from a penny-farthing to a tricycle. I vaguely remember the former, housed in the part of *Brook Cottage* abutting the road - the part which used to be the shop.

George Pickett came from Wiltshire and found himself lodging with Jane Morgan and her father. Jane's brother Evan was my grandmother's father. George eventually married Jane and took her to Wiltshire to meet his family, by way of a honeymoon. He afterwards related that, on seeing the full moon in Wiltshire, Jane asked "George, is that the same moon we see in Lllancarfan?" She had never left home before that.

George never lost his Wiltshire accent and always spoke in his local Wiltshire dialect. He would often visit my aunts at *Broadhayes* and reminisce for long periods. Before he died, he gave Jane's corner-cupboard and some lustre jugs as well as some other Swansea (?) china to the family, and I now own these items.

As a child, my mother said she often looked after Jane's shop on a Saturday morning for Jane to go shopping. Her reward - a farthing!

George died in about 1941 and I remember attending his funeral, walking in a procession of Lewis' family members to Lllancarfan Church.. Claudia [second wife] did not attend - she had ulcerated legs and walking was difficult. George's grave is near the church tower doorway and he lies there, sandwiched between Jane and Claudia.

### **Letters between Tom Davies (formerly of *Pancross Cottage*) and Phil Watts**

**Tom to Phil 1:** Thank you for the Newsletters and my apologies for not replying sooner. Mr James worked *Pencoed Farm* - off the Pentyrch to Creigiau Road - until spring, 1919, when he took over *Pancross Farm* and we moved with him to live in *Pancross Cottage*. Thus began one of the happiest periods of my young life.

School was really enjoyable and we were given a sound grounding in the basic subjects of the time which later led me to pass examinations as an Education Instructor in the Royal Tank Corps. I found it quite moving to see a photo of Mr Rees Davies in the Newsletter. The other teachers at that time were Miss Griffiths, Miss Lougher and Miss Lewis. My stepbrothers Reg,



Frank and Henry House, also attended school there. Being six boys at home we were never short of company so seldom went into the village apart from attending school, Sunday school and Chapel.

On leaving school in 1922 I went to work for Mr Lougher on the farm adjoining *Pancross* on the Penmark side [*Cliff*], but soon decided farming was not for me so went to Mr Winter, the Grocer at Aberthaw, for 7/6d a week plus dinner and tea. After a few months he found he could not afford to keep me so I came to be with Mr Liscombe on his bread delivery. He and I got on extremely well. I had to get to the *Bakery* near the *New Mill* and start loading the Model-T Ford van, Mr Liscombe turned up a bit later on his Douglas motor cycle which he usually left at the *New Mill* as he always called there at the end of the day. It never struck me at the time but we never delivered bread in the village. Wages on this job were 12/6d a week.

My daughter and myself had a wonderful day in Llanccarfan thanks mainly to Miss Celia Smith's warm welcome and real interest. The *Fox and Hounds* provided a good meal too. My one regret was that I was not able to walk around as much of the village as I would have liked. Camelford, Cornwall.

**Phil to Tom:** Many thanks for your informative letter on your life in Llanccarfan, and your visit last year to the School and *Fox and Hounds*. You say you left school in 1922, presumably at the age of 14. Can you remember how long you worked for Mr Lougher at *Cliff Farm*, and Mr Winter at Aberthaw, and Mr Tudor Liscombe at *Llanvythin Mill*; where Mr William Liscombe lived and worked as a farmer, miller and baker. The bread was baked at the property about 100 yards from Llanvythin called the *Bakehouse*, and still called by that name. It had previously been converted from a flannel factory to a Bakery, by William Liscombe.

We would be interested to hear at what age you joined the Army, how long you served and what else you did. You mention four teachers, they were Miss Connie Griffiths, Miss Ivy Lewis and Miss Lougher (we will have to check the school records for the Christian name) as well as Mr Rees Davies, headmaster. You mention that you did not deliver bread to the village. The possibility is that the village would be delivered by a horse drawn van. There were shops in the village and other bakers delivering in the area from Barry. Perhaps you can remember some of the farms and names of the people you called on. You recall Mr James moving from Pentyrch and taking on *Pancross Farm*. His daughter was a member of the Llanccarfan Society a few years ago, I will make some enquiries if she is still alive. My father William Watts worked at *Pancross Farm* for the previous farmer to Mr James, Mr Hopkins, until he left for Canada, and the 1914-18 war from which he returned to marry William Liscombe's daughter Doris. Mable Watts, my father's sister, married Tudor Liscombe and so Tudor Liscombe was my uncle. Many thanks for taking the trouble to put your memories down on paper.

**Tom to Phil 2:** In response to your letter, I worked on *Cliff Farm* for about two months when one of my brothers caught Scarlet Fever. This guaranteed us all catching it, progressively, and it was roughly four months before we had the all-clear. How my mother coped I shall never know. The doctor who came out from Barry, did not put us in hospital as he considered we were sufficiently isolated. I never went back to *Cliff Farm* but had a temporary job with Mr Winters, Aberthaw, at 12/6d a week. Apart from helping in the shop, I did a grocery delivery once a week, but this only consisted of one call in Llanccadle, two in Llanbethery and to my mother, by pony and trap of course. One call in Llanbethery, I recall, was to the farm of Mr Thomas, who sadly committed suicide with a shotgun - this was before I left school. I was probably with Mr Winters about eight weeks.

I believe I started with, Mr Lipscombe about March, 1923, being his only employee apart from the baker. He lived on the outskirts of the village. on the Penmark road, where his twin sons

were born [see notes 1 & 2]. The *Bakehouse* was in the middle of a large field and incorporated the bakers house, I cannot remember the name of the baker, I know he always moaned at having to help me to push the Ford out in order to load up in the morning. Incidentally I see that the letter "p" has been dropped from the name over the years [see note 1]. Our route out each day was towards *New Mill* and then left up the hill. It must have been a very scattered round as I cannot recollect any populated area we visited. I do recall a delivery to a large house I knew as the Mackintosh Estate [see note 3].

You mention shops in the village but at this time the only one was a small sweet shop in a cottage facing the Baptist Chapel run by an elderly lady. There was a row of three or four cottages here, the top one being occupied by Joe Lewis, the Blacksmith, I believe. There was no transport anywhere around in those days, we walked everywhere. Two of the sons at *Cliff Farm* had cycles and the only other one I knew of was the one Ralph Thomas had. They rode daily to school in Cowbridge from the age of 14. I left when we moved to Castleton in May, 1923,. My pay with Mr Lipscombe was also 12/6d. a week.

Gwendoline and Willie James together with another sister were taken from *Pancross* to Aberthaw, daily, by pony & governess car to catch the train to school in Barry . Kathleen, the youngest girl was only about four. *Pancross* had the first tractor - a Fordson Major. There was a Mr Vincent who worked on *Cliff Farm* who lived in a row of three or four cottages which stood on the high ground opposite the *Fox and Hounds*, his elder son lost part of a leg in the 1st War [Note 4]..

I'm afraid memories become somewhat scattered over 75 years. Yours sincerely, fraternally,  
Tom

P.S. The younger sister of Connie Griffiths started work with the infants during my last year in school - she would have been about 18 or 20 then [Note 5]. Did I mention that Mr Rees Davies cycled out from Barry daily?

Notes. 1. "Lipscombe" is a quirk of memory as are the twin sons! Tom mentions this at the end. 2. Not Penmark, but Bonvilston road - at this time Tudor Liscombe lived in *Llanvythin Mill (New Mill)* 3. This would have been *Cotterell House*. 4. Alf Vincent of *Crynallt* (then *Orchard Cottage*). 5. This was Olga Griffiths who later taught at St Athan, which she reached on a motor cycle. 6. 12/6d a week was quite a pay packet in those days.

Editorial note. The final item in the postscript is most interesting. We knew that Rees Davies moved to Barry in his final years at the school and have speculated how he might have reached Llancafarn. He must have been making this cycle trip when he was in his 60s.

### **Memories of Rees Davies** Lyn Price in conversation with Jean Hunt

Another memory of Rees Davies, Hadmaster of the school until 1922, has been recalled by Lyn Price who remembers that on his day of retirement, Rees presented every child with a silver threepenny-bit. Lyn's elder brother presented a silver-headed cane to Rees.

### **Dai Lossin** (with thanks to Phil Watts and Tom Lougher, in Canada)

Phil Watts recalls that, for many years during the time of Charlie Deere, a framed cartoon hung in the bar of the *Red Lion*, Bonvilston, The cartoon depicted a football team and was credited to D. [David] G. John, whose mother and father, Catherine and William, lived, probably, in *Great House* Llancafarn. They moved to *Rock House*, Fonmon during WW1.

Dai John was wounded in the right arm during the War, preventing him from continuing as a cartoonist. He took up teaching and had the distinction of trying to teach Phil, at Cowbridge Grammar School, during the early 1940s.

It is believed that the cartoon (and others like it?) depicted characters who were modelled on local Llancafán people. This one is entitled: *Team of the Moment: Cwmiscwt R.F.C. 1910-11*. Dai Lossin was Captain and Manager whilst Ianto Full-Pelt, Vice Captain and Treasurer was “frequenting the *Fox and Hounds* much of late.” The cartoon was acknowledged to *South Wales Football Echo* which might be apocryphal. Anyone know more?

**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\*\*](mailto: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.

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