



THE LLANCARFAN SOCIETY

Newsletter 91 August 1999

Editorial Since the last Newsletter, we have had the excitement of a total solar eclipse - at least if you were in Cornwall or Devon. This reminded Gwynne Liscombe that he owned a photo taken in 1927, during the last total eclipse. Very kindly, Gwynne has allowed us to reproduce the photo in this Newsletter. We also managed to persuade the *Barry and District News* to publish it but, sadly, they edited-out a reference to the Llanccarfafan Society.

Graham Brain's Llanccarfafan Web-site on the Internet goes from strength to strength. You can now look at some of the old photographs which various people have lent for copying. The last few Newsletters are also on the site, with the great advantage that you can see the photo's and illustrations in colour. There is also a content's-index of all our Newsletters, back to 1987. If you are not a user of the Internet, get someone to show you - it seems that a lot of young people take great pleasure in showing-off their computer-skills so there shouldn't be much trouble in getting a guided tour.

The Penmark Bells

In Newsletter 90 we saw that Sir Thomas Lewis of Penmark Place had the 37 ½ inch bell cast for Llanccarfafan church, in 1664. His brother, Nicholas was the greater property owner in Llanccarfafan but it was Thomas who paid for the bell. Did he provide bells for Penmark as well?

Graham Jenkins has kindly sent us a short extract from Maureen Bullows' *Penmark Past* (1994) which answers the question. Maureen listed the inscriptions of the Penmark bells as:-

Treble. God save the Church and King A.R. 1721

No. 2. OLIVER ST JOHN. Restored 1899 in memory of John Alexander. Restored by Charles Carr Ltd Smethwick.

No. 3. ABR Rudhall Cast us. ALL 1721

No. 4. Mr RICH'D GREGORY Vicar A.R. 1721 Restored in memory 1899 Mary Alexander Charles Carr Ltd Smethwick.

No. 5. Peace and good Neighbourhood A.R. 1721

Tenor. THO LOVE; THO JAY (Churchwardens) 1721 Restored 1899 in memory Margaret Alexander Charles Carr Ltd Smethwick.

The No 2 bell carries the name of Oliver St John, Fonmon, but none are attributed to Sir Thomas Lewis, or any others of the family. However, the family did contribute to St Mary's as the church chalice and flagon are inscribed "The gift of Mrs Ann Lewis to the Parish of Penmark. 1709" and engraved with the arms of the Lewis family, *The Van* (Stewart Williams, 1960)

The St John family of Fonmon (and early owners of Barry manor) acquired half the manor of Penmark by marriage to the Umfrevilles of Penmark Castle (time Edward III) and latterly obtained the other half giving them both Castles and the whole manor (Stewart Williams, 1960)

Mary and John Alexander, *The Mount*, Penmark, were parents of A.T. Alexander, author of *Glamorgan Reminiscences*, who recast the bells in their memory. Margaret was his sister ((*Penmark Past* and Stewart Williams, 1960)

The bells were founded by Abraham Rudhall in 1721 - incidentally the family foundry was the first to introduce mechanical bell-tuning in Britain during the 1780s (Jennings, 1988).

The inscriptions apparently give the lie to that old tale that Llancafarn lacked two bells of a full ring because the men of Penmark stole them! By the way, does anyone know if this myth appears in writing anywhere?

Additional information from: Stewart Williams (1960). *Vale of Glamorgan Series*. Vol 2. and Jennings, T. B. (1988). *Bellfounding*. Shire.

JRE

Some more Hare by John Etherington

David Evans and John Etherington have written at some length about hares and the superstitions surrounding them (Newsletters 84, 85, & 87). An account of the excavation of the Llantrithyd Ringwork (Cardiff Archaeological Society, 1977) contains a section on the analysis of animal bones found on the site, and shows that very few hare bones were found; all from one individual. Compared with other game species at Llantrithyd, this was a small amount. Barbara Noddle, of University College, Cardiff, commented:- "Perhaps this reflected local taste or superstition, as hare were plentiful in Mediaeval Bristol" (suggesting it would have been so here in the Vale, a similar landscape).

The Ringwork was occupied during the first quarter of the 12th century, as evidenced by the Henry I silver coins referred to in the last Newsletter. If our Celtic language can survive for 2500 years in Wales (or even 4000 as some believe), it would not be surprising if the 12th century inhabitants shared superstitions with their descendants of 700 years later?

Not known at this address. During the 1870s the woollen factory located in Llancafarn was engaged in renewing a number of the machines. In 1876 a new condenser was installed with a new 'tucker' and an additional new condenser was installed during the course of the following year. Between 1877 and 1887 other installations were carried out at the mill, but the account was left unpaid on 10 March 1887 and was marked 'David Thomas, Llancafarn Factory near Cowbridge - Gone to Patagonia.'

I am indebted to John Cann, Walterston, for finding this story which shows that little has changed in the world! It is an extract from the *Glamorgan (County Series)*, Volume VI, Glamorgan Society. Does anyone know if David Thomas did go to Patagonia?!

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, or given to Alan Taylor, Local Correspondent.

Contact addresses: Subscriptions and problems with mailing: to the **Membership Secretary**, Phil Watts, 23 Heol Sirhwi, Cwm Talwg, Barry, Vale of Glamorgan, CF62 7TG.

Local Correspondent. Alan Taylor, *Windrush*, Llancafarn, CF62 3AD or e-mail ajtaylor@cprop.demon.co.uk

Agenda items and correspondence for the Committee to the **Secretary**, Ann Ferris, *Fordings*, Llanccarfan, CF62 3AD

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Eclipse fever hits Llanccarfan

a photo from Gwynne Liscombe's collection

The village stirred early on the Sunday morning of 29th June, 1927. Disappointment was soon in the air, for the sky was grey and rain falling, but an ever hopeful crowd of villagers trooped-out to a nearby field where Tudor Liscombe, the village baker, had rigged a makeshift hazel-branch tripod for a telescope. It looks like winter, except for the leafy hedge in the background.

They hoped to see a solar eclipse, the first of only two total eclipses which would be visible from mainland Britain in the 20th century. We don't know if they had any luck but Wales was mostly cloudy, so it is unlikely. At least they did not damage their eyes! A party from the Royal Observatory Greenwich which had gone to Giggleswick in Yorkshire was more fortunate and some photographs were taken there.

The eclipse began at dawn in the North Atlantic. The track of totality passed up the Irish Sea between Ireland and England and first met land in Wales at the tip of the Llyn Peninsula. Towns lying in the path of totality included Caernarfon, Bangor, Colwyn Bay and Rhyl. It then moved across northern England, just clipping Liverpool, and finally left the land near Middlesborough. Because the Moon was slightly further from the Earth than usual, the track of totality was very narrow and the total eclipse was forecast to last only 23 seconds. Despite this, the Llanccarfan villagers thought it worth getting up early on a wet June morning.

There will be only one total solar eclipse visible from mainland Britain in the 21st Century, in 2090.

Eclipse 1927: Tudor Liscombe stands beside a hazel-branch tripod, supporting a telescope and one of the crowd wears dark-glasses. Idris Lewis, Dilys Liscombe's brother is centre-front, age c.8, with Calvert Harris to his right. Two of the young women right of the tripod are Connie and Olga Griffiths (*Bridge House*), sisters of Maurice, featured in this Newsletter. Between Calvert and Idris is Nora Bryan and Gwynne believes some of the people on the right are of the Lewis family.

A correspondence with David Evans

These are extracts from a series of letters written to the editor during the past six months. Replies and notes are in small print.

6th March Your collection of names for *Llanvithyn* is impressive. My only contribution would be *Llantmeuthen* (Spencer p.85). I had not known of the Charles Shepherd collection of Bonvilston names. The local gentry always called it Bosun, I believe. Do you know the origin of this very Anglo sounding name? Suffered since the war with terrible road traffic. Lot of characters there including Charlie Farmer the grocer and the garage owner before 'Evans'. I cannot at present recall the latter's name, but he had an assistant who came into the business about 1952.

The list of *Llanvithyn* names appeared in Newsletter 87. The nearest rendering to "Bosun", in Charles Shepherd's list, is "Bolston". With a bit of "cut-glass" in pronunciation, this could be the origin? (Shepherd, 1961. Vale of Glamorgan Series vol 3). Before Evans, the garage owner's name was Shepherd.

Mrs. Williams from *Bonvilston House* shot a corncrake in the *Garnllwyd* fields in 1953. She gave it to me and I had it stuffed by Ansaldo the taxidermist in Kings Road, Cardiff. It watches me as I write to you. The Welsh name is *Rhegen yr Yd* but I have no derivation. Its Pembrokeshire name was bean-cracker and bean-crake (Jackson, *Bird Names*, 1968.p.38). Imagine this inscrutable bird calling in the churchyard at Llancarfan. It would have done in earlier days. Some three pairs bred in Wales in 1996. Caernarfon, Montgomery and Radnor. I do not have more recent data. Has anyone done any work on the air quality at Llancarfan? The overall pollution appears to me to be extremely high. The night sky is pink towards the Bristol Channel.

The editor heard a corncrake in fields between *Pancross* and *Middlecross* on a very hot summer evening in the early 1970s - the only one I have ever heard in Wales. *Birds of Glamorgan* (1995) says the last one heard in Glamorgan was at Cadoxton Ponds in 1980. All crakes (rails) are called *Rhegen* in Welsh - the origin is "to swear" and *Yd* means "corn". All three names, *Rhegen*, crake or rail, refer to the bird's call

Prior to his next letter, David had upset one or two folk with his forthright comments on renovations to the churchyard path.

17th May It was my intention only to point out that there must be alternative routes for church funding of repairs. The powerful commercial operators in the Vale could so easily make provision for these expenses, and if approached in the right manner might well consider the suggestion as an excellent public relations exercise. It seems the old adage is true: "one old dog barks and twenty bark at him".

Did I mention that I saw the *Fox and Hounds* sign had been removed from the wall. Have we a record of that familiar notice from the earliest times? I wonder who the artists have been over the years? During the war it was packed with service men often flying out on bombing missions, never to return. The colourful board must have meant a lot to those brave boys of yesteryear.

The painted sign was removed during the tenure of the late Joyce Andrews - I'm not sure what happened to it. I think there may be one or two photographs, which include the sign, in the collection made by Graham Brain.

24th June *Garnllwyd* chimney:- Looking with a glass at the photograph in *Spencer's Annals of South Glamorgan*, one can actually see that it could be octagonal, for a shadow appears at the leading perpendicular edge. I should have seen that point earlier. Interesting. It must be a beautiful chimney.

Garnllwyd Oak chairs:- There were a set of six plain chairs in the dining room which were acquired by my father at auction during the early 1930's probably locally made. Square-backed with four reeded inserts and strongly constructed.. One had the initials AT carved on the under-seat, supporting the theory that they could have been constructed by possibly a Vale carpenter. Richard Bebb's *Welsh Country Furniture* (Shire 1994) provides a basic guide to the difficulties and pleasures of trying to identify these surviving important links with our past. The complete set had an aura of restrained style and originality. Who, one wonders created them and where was the workshop that produced such handsome material.

Gravestones and guesswork

by John Etherington

Gwynne Liscombe's article on gravestones in Newsletter 89 mentioned the discovery of a broken gravestone in the garden of *Ceffyl Du* whilst he and I were stone-walling in 1969.

Fortuitous things happen during these historical searches. In this case, I found an Internet site which mentioned the Evans family of Llancadle: thatchers, and innkeepers of the *Green Dragon*.

This caused a memory flashback to the gravestones which builder, Russel Grant, found in Paul Schmit's *Brook Cottage* garden many years ago. They had been used as paving slabs to make a path. Paul suggested they had been brought there by George Pickett who lived at *Brook Cottage* (then *Picketts Cottage*) and also looked after the churchyard.

Why should the Evans' family remind me of the gravestones? You have to look back to 1990 and Newsletters 28, 30 & 31, to discover this. One of the stones which Russel lifted commemorated a Martha Lougher who died in 1851. Martha's husband William Lougher was a shoemaker, and, when she died in childbirth, William subsequently married her younger sister, Ann.

One of Ann's children was Martha Lydia Lougher who married William Evans, thatcher, of Llanbethery. The family then emigrated, to the USA in 1862. We know this because William Evan's grand-daughter, a Mrs Johnson of Montana, contacted the Society in 1989-90 whilst tracing her family-history.

What about the *Green Dragon*? Since the original articles, the 1891 census has become available. At the *Green Dragon*, Llancadle were:-

Evans, Richard 44 Thatcher (b. Llancarfan)

Evans, Ellen Jane Wife 41 (b. Burton)

Children:- Hester 14 Thomas 13 Charles 11 David 8 Richard 8 months (All children b. Llancarfan)

Trynhanx (?), Mary Huish 19 (servant)

Prior to this, we know from the 1859 electoral register that a Thomas Evans was landlord of the *Green Dragon*. He was Richard's father and William, who married our Martha Lougher, was Richard's nephew. I am grateful to Bob Sanders and his Web-site for this last link in the chain. Bob also believes Thomas Evans' father was yet another Thomas!

Names of houses: Cowcliffe

The name *Cowcliff*, appeared in Graham Jenkin's collection of Fonmon abstracts in Newsletter 90. According to Gwynedd Pierce's *Place Names of the Dinas Powys Hundred*, *Cowcliff* is a former name for *Cuckoo Mill*, south of *Curnix* (Mavis Coles in Newsletter 34, 1990). This corresponds with Graham's records, one of which is of *Cuckoo Mill* and another, *Cowcliff Mill*. So far as I know there is no record of a mill below *Cliff Farm* where it would be difficult to gain sufficient head of water to drive a water-wheel. (*Newmill* had this problem).

Confusingly *Cowcliff* has also been a name given to *Cliff Farm* on the road to Penmark. The 1881 census records the sequence Llancadle, *Cowcliff*, *Kenson Cottages* and then *Middlecross*. This must be *Cowcliff*, used for *Cliff*. The 1891 census gives the modern name -

the returning officer having walked a different route, and the list goes from *Kenson (Cottages)* to *Cliff* and on to *Crosston*.

Can anyone throw any light on this confusion?

JRE

Dai Lossin III a phone call
from Diane Morgan

After reading Newsletter 90, Diane Morgan phoned to point-out that Dai Lossin, David Gwilym John appears as a one month old baby on the 1881 census for *Pancross* (name given as Gwilliam John - probably D. Gwilym?). *Pancross* was farmed by Jenkin Bowen whose sister Catherine was living at the farm with her husband, William John. So that sorts out the origin of Dai Lossin! - but we have not heard any more about the cartoons.

1914-1918: Llancarfan at War - Maurice Griffiths by John Etherington

A year or two before the outbreak of World War I, Vicar Alfred Hughes made his last great gift to Llancarfan:- the Church Hall. It served the village for 70 years now, phoenix-like, takes us into the new millennium as the Community Hall.

When the building was approaching completion the ridge-board was hoisted into position. Later that day a young lad furtively scrambled up, sat on the ridge and carefully edged forward until he reached the opposite pine-end. He told this tale to many people over the next 60 years or so.

The lad was Maurice Griffiths. He could never have imagined then that the excitement and fear of his rooftop journey would be matched a thousand-fold in real-life during the next six or seven years. Maurice belonged to a family which can be traced back to the beginning of the nineteenth century. His great-grandfather, Evan, a blacksmith, bought the *Blacksmith Shop* in 1828 together with other property in the village. During Maurice's boyhood, the Griffiths' family still owned much of this property, including the forge, and they controlled the wheelwright's business of the area.

Maurice enlisted, shortly after the outbreak of war, in The 2nd Battalion, The Rifle Brigade, and was sent to Flanders after training. We can assume this because his army number was almost consecutive with that of his boyhood friend, David Rhys Davies. David enlisted with him and was killed near Armentières at the time of the Battle of Loos, in October, 1915. In later life, Maurice told his nephew, Campbell Reed, that he was beside "David Rhys" when he died. David was the son of Rees Davies the headmaster of Llancarfan School. His story was told in Newsletter 90.

It is likely that Maurice remained in the Flanders' trenches until late that year, or the beginning of 1916. We know that he was moved south to the valley of the Somme where July 1st became "the worst fiasco in British military history". The Battle of the Somme raged on until mid-November. We have no direct evidence of his involvement, but Maurice told Campbell Reed that he had fought in the Battle of the Somme and, later, at Passchendaele (Third Battle of Ypres, 31 July to 10 November 1917). This gives us some idea of his movements during the War.

One of Maurice' undated letters to his mother has survived and tells her of his coming "out of the trenches". It could well have been written at some time in late 1917 or early 1918 when the

southern part of the Western Front was quiet and British and French troops were sent into this area for recuperation. It was an unhealthy calm before a violent storm.

Compared with the nightmare conditions which Maurice had already survived, the Aisne valley must have seemed very quiet, though scarred by a disastrous French action during April 1917. Running for several miles along the high ground overlooking the Aisne, the roadway of the *Chemin des Dames* had been built by Louis XV in the 18th century so that his daughters could visit a local noblewoman, riding unshaken in their carriage. It commands distant views of the spires of Reims and Laon cathedrals. The land falls steeply into the Aisne valley, cliff-like in places and forms an unassailable redoubt, or a launching-point for downhill attack

By the end of April 1918, the Allies had struggled to check German assaults in Flanders and on the Somme and trench warfare was over at last. In late May, French soldiers were moved north from the “sanatorium” sector of the Front, in the mistaken belief that the enemy would mount an attack near Amiens. However, German troops were secretly massed to the north of the *Chemin des Dames*. At 1 a.m. on May 27th 1918 an artillery barrage of unprecedented ferocity was unleashed on the four British and four French Divisions holding this section of the Allied line.

After the barrage, German troops made the biggest single-day’s advance of the War in a section between Berry-au-Bac and Anizy-le-Château. They more or less annihilated the opposition as they entered the Aisne valley. The four British Divisions were reduced in strength to the equivalent of one:- three in four men captured, killed or wounded.

At some time during this advance, Maurice Griffiths was captured at Berry-au-bac. We know this from the card which he sent to his mother after arriving at a prisoner-of-war camp in Germany. It baldly stated, on a *pro forma* card: “I have been taken prisoner at Berry-au-Bac (27th May) ...P. o. W’s camp in Germany. I am quite well. Signature. Griffiths, Maurice, 1034, Cpl. Battalion. 2nd Battalion Rifle Brigade. Date 1/7/18 Camp Dulmen, Group 3, Germany.

Campbell Reed wrote of his uncle’s card: “I’ve tried to imagine a mother’s feelings when a letter like that lands through the door. It’s so stark.”

Before following the next few months of Maurice’s life, it is worth relating what subsequently happened to that German breakthrough. It could have been a crucial turning point for the Kaiser’s forces after the terrible years of *impasse* in the trenches. Success followed success and, by the morning of 29th May the German army had reached Soissons and advanced rapidly toward the Marne. The French government fled Paris, for Bordeaux.

However, fate stepped-in. Early in the previous year, the U.S. had declared war on Germany following submarine attacks on U.S. vessels. It took a long time for men to be mobilised and agreement reached on command-structure. Over a year later, the first action involving U.S. Divisions was during the retreat from the *Chemin des Dames*. The 2nd and 3rd Divisions were put at the disposal of the French, and the motorised machine gun battalion of the 3rd arrived at Château Thierry on 31st May whilst the Germans were occupying its northern suburbs. The line remained more or less static for over a month until an attempted German offensive was halted on the 17th July. The tide then turned, and by the 21st July, the Germans had abandoned Château Thierry and the Allied pursuit to the east could begin.

The next news from Maurice was a letter to his mother, dated October 2nd from No.1 Camp Cottbus, Germany, assuring her that he was “alright and feeling quite happy...” A postmark on the letter suggests that it did not arrive in Llancafán until 3rd December. By this time Mrs

Griffiths would have received a letter from The Rifle Brigade Prisoner of War Help Fund, dated 18th November, a week after the Armistice. It told her that no further parcels were being sent as "Prisoners of War are to be immediately released." and expressed hope "that you will, before very long have your Son back with you again and that he will soon be none the worse for the hardships he has had to endure."

And so Maurice came home. He left several of his friends in the Flanders mud and I imagine his life was never quite the same again.

His nephew, Cambell puts it kindly and with understanding:- "He didn't really know what to say to anyone after being at the Front... the War contributed to his being rather austere at times. I can understand why he never suffered fools gladly and can also appreciate why he had certain attitudes.

St Cadoc in Cornwall

by John Etherington

During the past 12 years St Cadoc has featured largely in these Newsletters. I thought we had written about most of the legend and fact, but I have not come across the following story before.

There is a tradition that, in the early 6th century, St Michael's Mount was visited by St Cadoc. Once, after travelling from St Michael's Mount to his chapel near Padstow, he and his companions were very thirsty, and therefore he struck his staff into the parched rock and procured water for himself and those who were with him.

St Cadoc was nephew of another Welsh saint, St Keyne. She was reputed to be the daughter of a British prince of Breconshire. In a medieval Life of St Keyne it is stated that "after many years had elapsed when the fame of the holy virgin had been widely known and she had been visited by many at the oratory, St Cadoc, visiting St Michael's Mount found his mother's sister there and was filled with great joy, and when he would have led her back to his own land he was not allowed to do so by the people of the place."

Notes St Keyne's oratory and well are near Liskeard in east Cornwall. St Cain, after whom Llangeinor is named, was daughter of Brychan Brycheiniog, King of Breconshire, who had several wives and numerous children, of whom many were saints. Another of his children was Gwladys who married Gwynllyw and bore Cadog, founder of the Llancarfan monastery.

The story was derived from John St Aubyn's *Guide to St Michael's Mount*. I am grateful to Maddy Gray who advised on the reference to St Keyne (St Cain).

Bees and Beekeepers

by John Etherington

Almost all villages have their beekeepers. My father was a most enthusiastic apiarist and, for a year or two I had a single hive of bees at the top of the garden of *Ceffyl Du*. This was at the same time that there was a colony of feral bees in the church tower.

In the 1930s Johnny Jones, *Great House*, was a beekeeper of renown. He even played this rôle in an earlier Newsletter, mixing his Sunday School teaching with bee-keeping.. Gwenda James wrote in Newsletter 15:- "One Sunday Mr Pickett's bees swarmed in an apple tree in his

garden (now *Brook Cottage*) so instead of Sunday School we sat on a wall and had a lesson on beekeeping.

Llewellyn Griffiths wrote:-“Mr John Jones who lived at *Great House* kept bees. We all knew when the bees were swarming by the noise he created, beating metal objects to attract the bees back to their hives (Newsletter 13, 1989)

Peter Badcock, who grew-up in *Great House* once told me that Johnnie Jones had become convinced that the yew tree which grew in the garden of the cottage between *Corner House* and *Bridge House* (now *Bridge Cottage*) was harming his bees. Johnnie cut-down the tree and poisoned the stump which is why *Yew Tree Cottage* lost its yew. Then a little later the cottage was demolished.

I think the fireplace of the cottage may still be visible in the adjacent wall - it was until a few years ago. John Jones coal lorry was, at one time, parked there.

There is nothing much new under the sun - at least for beekeepers - so I was not surprised to find that Virgil had written:- “Let no yew be found too near the hive” (*Georgics* Bk. 4. c.30 B.C.). Perhaps Johnny Jones knew this?

We know that there is a long history of beekeeping in this part of the Vale. During the May Walk at Llantrithyd a few years ago, Len Mortimer pointed out the “bee boles” in the wall of the kitchen garden at *Llantrithyd Place*, dating probably from the 1600s. The boles are recesses in which straw beehives called skeps are placed, sheltered from wind and rain and warmed by any sun on a south-facing wall.

I am grateful to Val Cram, John Jones grand-daughter who donated the the photographs.

Beekeeper extraordinary - John Jones

Left: the bees, with *Great House* in the background. Right: adding “supers”. As the bees fill comb with honey, the hive is extended upwards by adding lifts. Judging from this enormous stack, Llancafarn used to be a good place for beekeeping.
Date c. 1930-40.

Local news

Committee member, Simon Heselton is marrying Emma Powell (Steve's eldest) on Saturday, September 18, at 1400 in Llancafarn Church.

Marjorie Hobbs, Sue Taylor's mum, has recently had a pace-maker fitted. We wish her a speedy recovery and hope we shall all be able to keep up with her now!

Audrey & Derek Porter celebrate their golden wedding anniversary on September 5th.

An Editorial thank-you. During the last few months I have been collecting and cross-checking all sorts of historical information. I'm really grateful to all those who have patiently written in response to my stream of question- filled letters. Your answers have helped so much.

Reynard news.

The second Newsletter is enclosed. It is hardly surprising that the vendor of the *Fox and Hounds* is waiting to hear the result of his planning application before finalising any sale.

Presumably the value of a development site would be much greater than the existing pub and car-park.

We may have to be patient even further if an appeal is lodged after the Planning Committee decision on 23rd September.

The good news is that villagers have already pledged over £120,00 toward the project, and the sum is still growing.

We all need to keep our fingers crossed now.

Reynard news. The second Newsletter is enclosed. It tells us that the vendor of the *Fox and Hounds* is waiting to hear the result of his planning application before finalising any sale. The good news is that villagers have already pledged over £120,00 toward the project. We can but keep our fingers crossed until the Planning Committee meeting on 23rd September.

Annual Dinner: this is on Saturday, September 25th. Because of the problems with the *Fox and Hounds* the dinner will be held at the *Duke of Wellington*, Cowbridge. £12.50 per head. 7.30 for 8.00 pm..