

LLANCARFAN SOCIETY



LEGEND HAS IT THAT
ST CADOC WAS AIDED BY A
DEER WHEN HE BUILT HIS
MONASTERY IN
LLANCARFAN

NEWSLETTER 123

July 2004

LLANCARFAN SCHOOL PAGE

Jade and Emily's Newsletter

The Adventure Trail

In our school on the field, we have had a new adventure trail, which was made three weeks ago. The trail is made of wood and has rubber tyres to dodge through, a bridge, two sets of stepping-stones, a tight rope, two balancing poles, a log traverse and a rope bridge.

It is perfectly safe with soft rubber mats on both sides and it is also suitable for all ages. Each class has a day of the week, which they are allowed to go on the trail for each playtime. We have a teacher supervising it every playtime and lunchtime. Lots of children have said that it was really fun and it gives them something to do during playtimes.

Our Class Wedding

On the 11th of June 04 Lucy Atkins and Jack Lott had a pretend marriage in St Cadoc's church for our class wedding role play, it was an RE lesson.

We had 4 bridesmaids, (of which I was one) 2 pageboys, a best man, the father of the bride, 2 photographers and of course a bride and groom, with approximately 16 guests.

First Betty Butler (the vicar) explained what it would be about and what we had to do.

Then we went onto the wedding vows then they exchanged rings and walked out grandly.

Then we came back to our classroom, where two kind parents had made a reception. We had cake and little goody bags made of netting with sweets in them. It was very enjoyable and I'd like to say Thank you to those that had arranged it and helped with it, it was great.

by Rose Stevens

Birthdays, Anniversaries, Births and Deaths



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Birthdays, Anniversaries, Births and Deaths
Announcements, Local Events, Reminders:

Society Dinner: 25 September 2004

**Venue: Duke of Wellington,
Cowbridge**

Time: 7.30pm for 8.00pm

Price: £15.00 per head

Wine: £7.00 per bottle

**A coach will be booked, charged at a small
extra cost, and will collect from: Barry,
Rhoose, Llancarfan, Llantrithyd, etc.**

Ladies Tuesday Club – Programme 2004

20 July **Christine Turner – China Painting**

21 Sept. **Take and Talk – bring your
favourite item**

19 Oct. **Sausage and Mash Supper**

16 Nov. **Wine Tasting by Rock Bottom.**

Recipe by Audrey Porter

Poulet à la Forestini (Serves 8)

3¾-4lb Chicken (jointed into 8 pieces).

16 Rashers Streaky Bacon – 2 per joint

½lb Mushrooms 4oz Butter 2oz Flour

**¼ pint White Wine – fairly dry) ¼ pint
Double Cream**

Top of the milk Seasoning

Can be served with Black Cherry Sauce

**De-rind back and stretch. Put chicken on
bacon, chop mushrooms on top of chicken – roll
up. Skewer each roll. Put in a fireproof dish,
dot butter on top, chop rest of the mushrooms –
sprinkle over top and cover dish with tinfoil.**

Cook 1 hour gas 4 or 5, 350°.

**When cooked removed chicken from dish and
keep warm in oven. Strain juices from dish.
Sift a little flour into the juices, stir in a little
cream, top of the milk plus wine.**

(1tbs flour to ½ pint of liquid). Season to taste.

May Day Walk 2004 - Old Port Aberthaw by Phil Watts.

May Day Walk commenced as usual at 10 am. with tea, coffee, and biscuits at the village hall in Llancarfan. We then proceeded to the Blue Anchor car park for an 11 o'clock start to walk around the newly created lagoon, old lime kilns, the old port of Aberthaw, the upper Vale Railway, the lower Thaw line situated in the area formerly known as Pleasant Harbour, the area now owned and managed by the Central Electricity Generating Board.

Our Chairman Graham Brain had gathered a set of historical notes, which he was able to distribute on a limited basis to the walkers. We are grateful to Tom Clemett for the use of his notes, brief notes from Stan Aubrey's book of St Athan and Aberthaw, also some additional information on the maintenance of the lagoon as well as a map.

Many thanks to John Gardner, Phil Watts and Alan Taylor for walking the course prior to the day. The weather was favourable, in spite of

an unfavourable forecast, over fifty members spent a pleasant and informative few hours.

What ideas have we got for next year? Perhaps we should investigate some of the newly installed stiles that have been placed on the Vale footpaths.

--ooOoo--

Rhose Music Festival

In May 2004, the Rhose Music Festival presented a Concert in our Village Hall in May. The programme was varied and well sung by Angharad Morgan – Soprano; Catrin Bevan and Laura Styler – Mezzo Sopranos and Lewis Roderick – Tenor. The accompanist was Jane Samuel.

Most surprisingly, there were only three people from Llancarfan; it is a great pity that they did not have better support.

The Glamorganshire Agricultural Society by John M Cann

The recent book on 'Henry Williams Lancarvan' (Cloutman & Linnard) is concerned mostly with Clock and Watch making, but nonetheless discusses his farming activity. There is a reference to 'Records of the Glamorganshire Agricultural Society ... 1772-1869', a small book written by John Garsed, a secretary of the Society and published in 1890. There is a copy in the Bridgend Reference Library. It makes fascinating reading for anyone with even a slight interest in agriculture.

The Society was founded in 1772 to encourage improvements and advances in farming in the County, and appears to have been both very active and successful in doing this. The main meetings were to be in Cowbridge in the spring and the autumn, the inaugural one certainly in the Bear, and later there were two additional 'regional' meetings in Cardiff and Swansea. An initial Vice-President in 1772

was Robert Jones Esq. (of Fonmon) who continued to be active in the Society. One of their first acts was to encourage the growing of the forage crop sainfoin. John Garsed comments (in 1890) on the importance of this decision as the crop sainfoin was "*so valuable*". Garsed also comments that "*turnip husbandry is the fountainhead of all good cultivation*". The Society encouraged the four course system (1st Turnip, 2nd Barley, 3rd Clover, 4th Wheat) by giving farmers premiums of £1 per acre for all the acres over ten that were being cultivated using the system, with a maximum of £100. There was also a premium given of 10/- an acre for the farmer who drained the most black, peaty or boggy land between 3 and 10 acres, and premiums for the best cart horses, and the best potato crop (5 guineas). These premiums or prizes were only available to those members who farmed (and/or owned) land of less £50 annual value. The more wealthy members, who had more land than this, while not eligible for the premiums could be awarded gold or silver medals.

The money came from membership fees and larger subscriptions from major landowners. Straight away in 1772 the Society bought farm implements up to a total value of £50 so that they could be inspected by members. This collection, housed in a warehouse in Cowbridge, initially included a '*Northampton plow*' worked with two horses. Later they even bought a stud stallion that farmers could bring their mares to. Unfortunately the stallion arrived late in the season, and they had to reduce the fees, members payed half the fee charged to non-members. The stallion did not turn out to be very popular and was sold. In September 1849 an exhibition of farm equipment was held at which one of the exhibitors was Yorath of Moulton.

On the 3rd May 1790 "*It was resolved to send for a Spinning Jenny, with a person to work it, and place the same in the middle of this County, to instruct those engaged in flannel and hose manufacture, in the hope that it may tend to the introduction of manufactories, and thus prevent the exportation of raw wool from*

the County" In 1791 "... A person to repair the spinning and carding machines and work them, should be obtained from Manchester." The result was a Woollen Factory in Bridgend, water powered, on the river Ogwr just upstream of the old bridge. It included all the processes from combing, spinning, weaving and dyeing to finishing. It was never financially viable and closed by 1820 when the buildings were sold to a tannery, and later became Stiles brewery. (*this information on the factory, was kindly supplied by Jeff Alden, Garsed did not include it.*)

The Society involved itself in politics in Jan 1836, when a petition was sent to parliament on the '*prevailing agricultural distress*'. But its major business was awarding the premiums and medals, which over the years were many. The following examples may have some interest.

- Aug 1778 - Messrs Evan Simmons, St. Hilary, a medal for best yearling bull at Cowbridge.
Jas Portrey, Picketstone, 3 guineas for yearling bull.
- Apr 1779 - Mr Thos Williams, Penmark, 5 guineas.
- Dec 1780 - Ed Samuel, Penmark. David Rees, Lancarvan, 1 guinea. John Mathews Lancadle, 5 guineas.
- Dec 1781 - Thomas Mansel Talbot Esq. '*gold medal for his spirited endeavours to introduce the English pheasant into this County*'.
- Oct 1782 - Mr Hy Williams, Lancarvan, best crop of turnips 10 guineas.
- Aug 1783 - Mr Hy. Williams, Lancarvan, 1st prize for best boar.
- Sept 1789 - Mr W Alexander, Penmark, rye grass 5 guineas
- Apr 1801 - Mr thomas William, Lancarvan, rye grass seed 5 guineas
- Nov 1804 - Mr Dd. Rees, Lancadle, red clover seed 3 guineas

John Garsed culled all this from the fairly sparse records of the Society. It makes a fascinating story.

--ooOoo--

Llancarfan School Pupils Claim the Vale's Annual Road Safety Crown From The GEM

Safety conscious pupils have been named the champions of the annual road safety competition. Sully-based Dow Chemical Company Limited sponsored the event.

Organised by the Vale Council's road safety team, and involving more than 30 teams, the sixth Vale of Glamorgan primary schools' road safety quiz aims to make pupils aware of their responsibilities as pedestrians, cyclists and vehicle passengers.

The event for 10 and 11 year olds was a closely fought affair, with Llancarfan (Lucy Williams, Rosanna Forte, Amy Evans and Nicole Collier) notching up 50 out of a possible 53 points pipping runners up Victoria (Penarth), Sophie Chatham, Laura Bates, Kirby Boswell and Elizabeth Elder – by one point.

However, the result sheet fails to portray the comprehensive nature of Llancarfan's domination of the competition. Another of the school teams finished on the same 49-point mark as Victoria, a third team picked up just one point less in finishing on the same third-placed mark as Colcot (Barry) and Llandough (Penarth), and the remaining team scored 46 points, to equal many of the best teams from the remaining schools.

Vale senior road safety officer Mike Dacey commented: "Congratulation must go to all the pupils and year-6 teachers and quiz coach Andrew Thome who is understandably very proud of his class and their record-breaking achievements."



Winners of the annual Vale primary schools' road safety quiz, Llangarfan pupils – Lucy Williams, Rosanna Forte, Amy Evans and Nicole Collier – are pictured with Dow Chemical's (Barry site) representatives Louis Oostvogels (site manager, right) and Kelly Horne (centre), Vale Council senior road safety officer Mike Dacey (left), headteacher Sarah Morgan and teacher Andrew Thorne.

--ooOoo--

The Trout

Llangarfan has always been a delight and I enjoyed so much of the visit for the first time in August-September and seeing all the apples and blackberries and autumn colourings. Upon arrival, however, when I enquired about the trout in the stream at "The Trout Pool", I was saddened to learn that the trout were no longer there and that the mink and the herons had got them.

Happily staying with my sister Audrey at 'Broadhayes' enabled me to explore Llangarfan each morning before breakfast and before long I was out and down past Fordings and over the bridge and along the wall heading towards Llanvythin and the Trout Pool. I literally crept from across the road and peered over the wall slowly when I got there and suddenly 'Nowt', wrong! Something did zip – or did it?

In days to come, I was rewarded, and saw the same beautiful trout on station in the same position facing the ripples from upstream and he would not move unless I carelessly moved with my camera. He had a mate that I was able to photograph too, rather smaller, which I

was glad to see.

I never thought of trying to fish for or catch the trout for my breakfast, hungry though I was, but the idea of tickling one intrigued me. Though on second thoughts, not over that wall dangling my head down, supported maybe by Sarah by the ankles assisted by an infant or two and Sue waving overhead, and me with me nose touching the ripples!

Seriously, though I must say that each time I left Trout Pool on my walks I had the melody of Schubert's song "The Trout" rippling through my mind - **The gayest little Troutlet that ever you did see!!!** Benny Earnshaw taught it to me in my youngest of days at Ilkley Grammar School, and Audrey's husband, Ian, would have been taught it there too.

Altogether, the Trout is just one of many topics that are with me now, and I must say how nice it was to see my trout photograph in your excellent calendar. (September 2004)

My love and thanks to everyone in Llangarfan.
Ken Wilkinson

(Co-coordinator – and I can confirm that they are still there, having seen one large trout and three fry about three inches long.)

The Cause of World War II by Jean

Recently, I was reminded of the confusing years when a child of three believed that she had caused World War II. I was that child, and I was sure, then, that I was the most wicked person in the world, and that the long separation from my father could only be punishment from God. Some weeks ago I read Bagheria by Dacia Maraini, where she describes her experience as a child, and that of her family, of two years in a concentration camp before returning home to Palermo. While bombs fell all around them in a Japanese camp, the Maraini family suffered appalling hardship and the authoress writes movingly of "the ferocity of those who think only of survival which day after day hangs by a thread".

How very different was my experience. While bombs were falling over Europe and in Japan my family of three small children, my mother and my grandmother was safe and sound in the home of Uncle Alex and his American wife, Aunt Mary, in Dallas, Texas. When war broke out, my father persuaded my mother to go to her brother in the United States with the children. "It will only be for a year", she was assured. But one year became almost four years. According to my uncle, I arrived in the United States, clutching a balloon, with tears running down my face and howling loudly. According to my mother I cried a great deal and when I wasn't crying I was "into mischief". On the one hand, then, I was terribly naughty while on the other hand, my two sisters were angelic. My younger sister Alice, was a dear little six months - old baby, and my older sister, Anne who was seven, always behaved impeccably and everyone thought she was very pretty. At seven, Anne could understand very well adult conversation about the War, and her teacher had talked a great deal about Hitler and later on about Hirohito. But for me, the war was a complete mystery. Why hadn't my father come with us to Texas? The very first night, in Dallas, I decided to go in search of my father. Although it was as black as pitch, I crawled on hands and knees throughout the house and even into the bedroom of Uncle Alex and Aunt Mary. But my father was nowhere to be found. Uncle Alex and Aunt Mary woke up - then Uncle Alex roared with laughter and I burst out crying. Shortly afterwards I decided that God must be punishing me for my wickedness. My granny, a formidable woman with great dark flashing eyes, knew everything and talked to God a lot. I could only suppose that my grandmother and God had decided to separate my dear father from his wicked child, Jean. So, a war was needed for this. Certainly I had heard about Hitler and Hirohito. On the radio there was a song advertising "Tasty" bread. The song also mentioned Hitler and Hirohito: -

"We don't like that ole Hitler guy

We don't like Hirohito
It won't be very long before
We kick them on the seat - o!
Oh me! Oh my!
Tasty is the bread to buy".

So I always thought of Hitler and Hirohito as "funny" men or clowns. However, although I was a wicked and ugly girl, perhaps it would be possible for me to become angelic and pretty? My mother had made me a very plain dress, but I had longed for a dress with lace on it. Perhaps it would be possible to make lace on my dress with scissors? My friend Judy had a beautiful dress with lace and frills, and everyone thought that Judy was beautiful. My aunt had cut out a beautiful pattern for me with paper and had shown me how to fold and cut the paper to make "lace". I took my very blunt scissors, but unfortunately I made a terrible mess and the dress was ruined. I was in disgrace and World War II continued..... I was very angry that God hadn't helped me with the dress and that He had made me ugly. I was also very angry with Jesus because when I cried my mother would sing that stupid hymn "Jesus wants me for a sunbeam". I wasn't a sunbeam but a little girl who wanted her father. And so I howled "fortissimo" and everyone called me "that awful child". However, my mother, too, longed for her husband and her own country with all her heart. Before war had ended we crossed the Atlantic on an escorted ship. Like the Maraini family, who also crossed the Atlantic on their way home, we had lifeboat drill on deck every day, life jackets around our waists, in order to be able to jump into the sea should our ship meet a mine. I still remember this, and that I was sometimes rather frightened, but the ship was big and I found it very exciting. We shared a cabin with an elderly Irish lady - so we were three children and three adults - my mother, my grandmother and Mrs. Chard (the Irish lady) all crammed in together. I remember that I liked Mrs. Chard very much and found her interesting in that she used forbidden and fascinating words like "Hell" and "Damn"! When a rather pretentious woman began making a "collection for the

captain” Mrs. Chard exclaimed “To Hell with the Captain! What about the crew?” Mrs. Chard was very kind to us children, and often took us to the saloon and treated us to a glass of lemonade. One day, unfortunately, her nose dripped into her glass and from that time on I never drank lemonade. But despite this, I was very fond of the Irish lady.

I still remember when the ship reached Liverpool. It was raining and very cold. The sky was black, the buildings dirty and the crowd of people on the quay was almost obliterated by the general gloom. The atmosphere was depressing and everyone looked grim or seemed to be in a bad mood. Then suddenly a man with blue twinkling eyes and a beaming smile came towards us. For me, the war had ended; I had, at last, found my father.

--ooOoo--

Andrew Vicari – Artist by Phil Watts

Who is Andrew Vicari? Currently he is an artist based in Monaco working in the Middle East having commissions for the Royal Saudi family. According to the Daily Telegraph, he has homes in Paris, Riyadh and London, as well as Monaco. It is not mentioned that he once had a home in Llancafán. He bought the Wesleyan chapel and converted it into a studio in the 1950’s.

Also from the Telegraph we learn that he has just been engaged to paint a giant family portrait measuring 100ft long and 30ft high – it will be called The Parable of Majesty and expected to take about a year to complete. Vicari is keeping the identity of his latest patron a secret, except to say that the painting will be put on show in Abu Dhabi in the United Arab Emirates.

Vicari’s sitters have been Sophia Loren, Mao Tse-tung and Prince Rainer. While he lived in Llancafán he often visited the Fox and Hounds and has been known to make some

sketches of local people. Where could those sketches be now? Wouldn’t it be nice if some still exist and could to be displayed locally?

We know that Harry Hughes built a cesspool and did other jobs for Andrew Vicari. What would it be worth to find a painting of Harry Hughes and his cesspool by Andrew Vicari?

Vicari’s latest commission is to cost £25m, and take 12 months to complete. It is to be the largest portrait in the world. A portrait of Harry would look good along side! Visitors would flock to Llancafán. Where would they park?



Joke:

The alarm clock is a device that is used to wake up people who don’t have small children

--ooOoo--

Home Guard Llancafán 1940-45 by Phil Watts.

The other day I was going through the photographs that were considered for the Llancafán Book ‘A Century of Pictures’, when I came across a photograph of a group of the Llancafán Home Guard. On closer inspection of the photo, I realised that most of the people on the photograph were no longer alive. Then I spotted two that I had recently

spoken to - Towyn Williams formerly of Ford Farm, now of Wenvoe and Stan Mortimer, born in Llancadle, lived in Llanbethery, now of Rhoose. This has prompted me to find out from them what they remember of those dark days.

It will be recalled that when the British government put out an appeal for volunteers to form a Home Defence Force it was decided to call them Local Defence Volunteers (L.D.V.). The first part of their uniform was an arm band with L.D.V. on it. They were later given a full uniform with Army boots and real rifles.

One of the first to volunteer for this force in Llancarfan was Tudor Liscombe. He had a commission in the Machine Gun Corps holding the rank of Second Lieutenant or Lieutenant in the 1914-18 war; on the strength of this, he became the Captain Mainwaring of Llancarfan.

The composition of the Llancarfan Platoon as we remember it was: Platoon Commander Lieutenant Tudor Liscombe; Second in Command Second Lieutenant Idris Lewis. Sergeants were Alf Vizard, Alf Gibbins and Edward Williams of Crosston. Corporals: Edward Williams, Ford Farm. Gwilym Thomas and John Hughes, Llanvythin Mill. Quartermaster in charge of the stores: Jenkin Dunn. We estimate that the total force would be about 50 to 60 men.

The church hall was used as the armoury and guardroom. Two men slept here every night on guard! Towyn remembers having to go home to milk. No chance to sleep on. They slept on three pieces of mattress called 'biscuits' placed on the floor along side the Remington rifles and ammunition that was stored there. We were safe in their hands. For drill purposes broom handles were used before the arrival of the rifles. I thought that this was a joke but Towyn confirms it to be true.

Pancross Barn (now the home of Nicola and Keith Gibson) was used as a meeting and

training centre. It is where the attached photograph was taken. Towyn recalls that the guards were issued with one bullet, which they handed in after duty. Rifles, they were allowed to keep at home. Towyn was not allowed a bullet he was too young - born in 1926 he was 15 or 16 at the time.

There was a practice shooting range at Porthkerry where the platoon were often taken to practice their shooting skills. Lyn Williams, Towan's brother was an expert shot and was not amused when Lieutenant Liscombe offered advice. 'Push off Tudor' was the returned advice from Lyn. These were testing times of discipline in the platoon. On another occasion, a hot Sunday morning, Lyn and Towyn turned up at Pancross Barn for duty without a tunic. When they reported to Tudor they were immediately dispatched home as being improperly dressed. Tudor's day job was a baker to the locality - he was not made welcome the following day when he delivered the bread to Ford Farm. Business relations became strained because Tudor bought milk from Ford Farm!

Patrols were carried out from Pancross Barn to Penmark and Treguff, meeting up with their counterparts from Rhoose and Cowbridge. There is a story that one night on patrol one of the guards, shown on the photograph, challenged an unknown person approaching. The drill was to say 'Halt who goes there - Friend or Foe? - advance and be recognised'. Unfortunately our extra keen guard was very deaf and did not hear the reply 'You know who I am, I spoke to you when we last made this rendezvous, you silly person!' The result of this was that our guard used his one bullet - fortunately he missed. It was difficult to explain the missing bullet at the end of the tour of duty.

Orders from headquarters were that a state of alert should be kept at all times at premises used by the home guard. It became known through local intelligence that the Rhoose Platoon had become rather lax with their guard duties around their headquarters. Llancarfan

Platoon decided to surprise them one night, by capturing their headquarters and taking prisoners. This did not improve relations between Llancarfan and Rhoose, (this is one of the reasons we allow the Rhoose people to win prizes at our whist drives). Peace at all costs.

Home guard duties were originally voluntary, but later on in the war as man power became short it became compulsory, a bit like the speed limit today, o.k. if you can get away with it. It wasn't easy to combine harvesting with home guard duties, lack of attendance at parades had to be accounted for. The free issue of boots were a welcome addition to the clothing allowance in the times of rationing; dirty boots on parade were not unknown. It was noticeable too that some boots were more shiny than other! It would not be right to say that home guards boots were used on the farm. But how can you cross a muddy yard without spoiling the shine or if a cow is calving at an inappropriate time!

My father, Bill Watts, was in the home guard. I remember him dressing for parades and manoeuvres. He was always well turned out and took his duties seriously. He carried his rifle on his bike - strapped to the bar under the seat. His brother in law Tudor Liscombe offered him corporal stripes but he turned them down, preferring life in the ranks. He had many amusing stories of being on manoeuvres with his good pal Mog Jones; they were considered the reliable 'old sweats'.

Bill Watts was also an Air Raid Warden - not quite sure what the duties were. I remember seeing a book on poisonous gases and having to test him on the identification and treatment for mustard gas from a book called Air Raid Precautions, so that he could become qualified as an Air Raid Warden. At this time, 'Wills Cigarettes' put a card in every packet of ten with the title Air Raid Precautions; they were numbered 1 to 50 you were encouraged to save them and place them in an album obtainable from the tobacconist's.

Home guards and air raid wardens were

entitled to apply for the Victory Medal 1939-45. Ruth is the keeper of her father in law's World War I and II medals until they are passed on to our son.

There must be more similar stories to tell. Ann will be glad to receive them at The Fordings, Llancarfan. We thought we would get this one in now because time is going on!!

Towyn and Audrey Williams ..Notes taken by Phil Watts.

When I called to see Towyn and Audrey about home guard days there was snow on the ground and I jokingly asked if they were o.k. for bread and milk. Before the days of home freezers, these items were always a problem if there was a fall of snow.

Audrey recalls when she lived at Leige Castle walking to Liscombes Bakery at the Bake house near Llanvythin Mill. This involved a walk of some two or three miles across the fields via Whitewell, Greendown shortlands, following the river past Abernant to Llanvythin Mill then to the Bakehouse in the hope of obtaining some bread, then the long trudge home, maybe a delivery to the other houses en route. They would probably want a loaf or two in Whitewell. Mr. and Mrs. Moffatt had eight children.

The mention of the word 'shortlands' reminded Towyn that this is where he saw his first tractor ploughing. He doesn't remember the year, probably during the war years of 1939-45. Before this time ploughing was done with horses. The other thing is, to whom did the tractor belong? The shortlands was farmed by William Evans, Garnllwyd. Was it his tractor? Did it belong to the 'War Agriculture Executive Committee'?. (W.A.E.C.) was an 'ad hoc' body set up by the

government to help the farmers to provide food for the war effort, and they had machinery and men to hire out to the farmers. A tractor ploughing was such a big event that Towyn accompanied by Colin Gibbon of Middle Hill walked from Llancarfan to satisfy their curiosity and to improve their farming knowledge.

During the war years farmers were told what crops to grow and what acreage to produce. Even a small farm like Abernant of 30 acres grew one five-acre field of wheat and a small field of oats.

Carpenter's Shop - Towyn remembers as a boy watching David Griffiths at work in the carpenter's shop making ladders, gates, cartwheels and other necessities for local farmers. We have heard in previous editions of the newsletter what a keen crossword competitor and of the prizes that 'Dai the Carpenter' had won. We also know that in his young days he was a very good sprinter, competing in a wide area. But Towyn remembers Dai for another competition. David Griffiths won a competition for producing the longest 'wood shave'. This the first time I had heard of such a competition. No doubt this 'shave' would have been produced by one of those magnificent planes that lay idle for so many years after his death in the 'Carpenter's Shop' while in the custody of Harry Hughes until his death in 1975. Harry was not a carpenter, he was a stonemason.

Towyn Williams is a very interesting person to talk to; he has farmed in Llancarfan, both sides of Wenvoe and Canada; Balas Farm as a dairy farmer and Whitehall Farm as a fruit farmer. He has also farmed on the Atlantic! He has been in charge of Friesen cattle while in transit between Canada and the U.K. Perhaps he will tell us the full story one day. Or some of it! He has crossed the Atlantic 32 times. He was also known as the 'Flying Farmer'.

--ooOoo--

Aberthaw – from notes for the walk

The Blue Anchor Inn, which is one of the most attractive buildings in the Vale, has walls of considerable thickness ranging from 2ft to 8ft. and is reputed to have been built in the 14th century. In 1927 it was very fortunate in not suffering the same fate as that of two adjoining cottages, which were completely gutted when their thatched roofs caught fire.

Opposite the Blue Anchor the Withers family owned a small shop, which was closed in early 1980's. It was demolished on the widening of the road. Mr. Henry Withers worked for William James, Fonmon for 44 years. His wife Janet, the sister of the licensee of the Blue Anchor, was born in Aberthaw village and lived for over 70 years in a cottage only yards from where she was born.

Further up the road is East Aberthaw with Well Road and its row of cottages, Marsh House, the largest, was built in the 18th century partially replacing the tobacco warehouse built by Thomas Spencer in the 17th century; other cottages are Marsh Tyle House, The Haven and Cape Horn. The first cottage on right near the road was once the village Post Office. Next door is Rose Cottage. Prior to the advent of the 19th century, letters posted to Cardiff were addressed as Cardiff, Nr. Aberthaw.

Railway Cottages are near the bridge over the railway line and the path leading to Pleasant Harbour, which was a favourite place for a day out for people in Cardiff. The old Aberthaw Lime Works is close by; at high water small vessels could be loaded at the Lime Kiln Wharf outside the works. A small tram-way passing Andrew's Pant was built to carry limestone to the works for burning. In the immediate area is a small covered reservoir built to give a supply of water to houses in the vicinity.

Aberthaw Harbour, which opened in the early 1800's, was built to allow vessels to enter and load at all states of the tide. Prior to its construction small vessels were moored at

Gileston and other beaches in the area. At low tide crew members would disembark from their vessels and place poles in an upright position near the banks of pebbles, as the tide arose, their ship would sail in and using the poles as a guide, moor between them and be pulled against the banks of pebbles. Loading was then carried out by either running boards from the ship to the shore and wheeling the pebbles on board or by members of the crew and locals throwing them in to the hold by hand. If the weather suddenly changed ships moored in this way were in danger of being blown ashore. The harbour gave shelter whilst loading these pebbles which were in great demand by the farming community across the channel and by the growing industries of west Glamorgan; pebbles were brought from the beaches by carts and sometimes small barges. The last ship to be recorded arriving at Aberthaw beach to load pebbles for Somerset was in the 1920's.

On the building of the power station the River Thaw, which ran past Pleasant Harbour, was diverted and straightened, its mouth is now about 600 yards from its previous exit into the sea. Ships entering could sail up the river and berth near Lime kiln Wharf for their cargoes of burnt lime.

The inns on the Leys, were the "Limpert" and "Ocean House," which was owned by Mr. Thomas who also owned five small vessels named after his daughters, "Honour", "Fanny", "Mary", "Elizabeth" and "Anne2. These vessels were used to bring farm workers from the West Country to Glamorgan at harvest times. Another inn was the Ship, used by the Barry Golf Club as its clubhouse. On the building of power station the club was closed and all the properties on the site were demolished. These included "Fairways" owned by Tom White of Barry, "Channel View" by Mr. Price and "The Elms" by the Hopkins family.

Ocean House like Pleasant Harbour was another popular stop-off for Cardiff visitors; it had a skittle alley, tea rooms and a number of

small chalets, which were let to visitors, and some owned and used by local families as holiday homes.

A path to Watch House bay and the coastguard tower lead to the Twts, a small hillock of sand near the sea wall. Further along in front of the wall is Broad Sands that in "Silurania" is referred to as Garland Acre later as Gallant Acre, described as a field used for May Day celebrations. Also in this book is reference to Aberthaw Castle, which it says, stood in about the same area?

Step of Faith at St Cadoc's by Sam Smith – Lay Chairman

It is now over ten years since the Reverend Bill Field retired and a Village meeting was held at the hall to endeavour to persuade the Church in Wales to give us a new Vicar and not close St Cadoc's.

At the meeting, which was standing room only, the people were given a fairly bleak choice, improve finances and church attendance or the Church will close.

The rest as they say is history. We were fortunate to welcome the Reverend Malcolm Davies and five years later we had a new roof and in 2000 a re-furbished tower and a new peal of bells.

At the Annual Vestry meeting on 31 March this year we hear in the Parish Report, which was delivered by the Vicar's Warden, Mrs Jean Versey, that unless attendances at Church improved and our collections through the 'plate' increased, St Cadoc's would again be in danger of closure. Edward Knott, the Treasurer, then informed us that for the first time in many years, our general fund was heading for deficit. So the question 'What can we do' was posed.

The Archbishop visited us last year and told us in no uncertain terms that we would not be

able to have a full time Vicar (neither indeed will any other parish in a similar situation in the Church of Wales for the foreseeable future) because of the desperate shortage of priests and the financial constraints facing the Church.

The answer was that WE should be more responsible for OUR Church and the way in which it is run.

We have survived a great turmoil following the retirement of Malcolm Davies and the setting up of the new 'East Vale Group' of parishes has in most respects been beneficial. We still have a regular Sunday Sung Eucharist at 11.00 am and our weekday Wednesday Holy Communion at 9.30 am and only on a few occasions have we had to provide our own cover. We are getting to know our clergy team and many of you will have met Rev Betty Butler, who is the East Vale Group Deacon and the person most closely associated with us, together with Canon Roger Young from Peterston; Rev. Edwin Counsell from Pendoylan and Rev Edward Wilson from St Nicholas. Betty is in charge of the confirmation of eight children from the parish (a record) who will be confirmed by the Archbishop in Llancafán on 19 May.

It is to this generation of churchgoers that we must look to ensure the survival of regular Christian worship in Llancafán. In Church on Sundays, it is obvious that it is the younger people, both parents and children, who are missing. It is for this reason that we are planning a series of monthly family services. We would be very grateful for your suggestions as to the form and time for these.

My pleas to you, therefore, is please do come and support St Cadoc's and ensure that we move forward in strength and that after Phase Three of the restoration, our **newly heated, YES, HEATED** and decorated Church will have bigger congregations and an assured future.

As the newly elected Lay Chairman of the

Parochial Church council, I have the responsibility with the two Church Wardens to make this plan work. Please contact either myself, Jean Versey or Nick Renwick with your comments or suggestions.

We intend to restart the Parish Newsletters so that everybody, whether regular churchgoer or not knows what is going on.

--ooOoo--

Joke: The alarm clock is a device that is used to wake up people who don't have small children.

Ladies Tuesday Club by Audrey Porter

The Ladies of the Tuesday Club thank all those who helped make our recent Jumble Sale so successful. The help before and after the sale made life much easier for us. The men who gave up their time to transport goods and put up tables were a god-send.

Our total was over £500.00 including our pre-sale goods. We have already spent £60.00 on new bed linen for Women's Aid (formerly the Battered Wives), and are now going through our list of charities to decide who else will benefit. As it is probably known we prefer give goods rather than cash to the charities.

We always welcome new members of any age and have a varied programme through the year (see page two for programme)

Tuesday Club has been in existence for over 30 years and we would like to continue our charity work for many more years. So please join us – our meetings are on the third Tuesday of the month - and help us help other less fortunate.

--ooOoo--

NEW VIRUS

Just got this in from a reliable source. It seems there is a virus called the "Senile Virus"

that even the most advanced programs of Norton and McAfee cannot take care of it. So be warned. The virus appears to affect those of us who were born before 1960!

Symptoms of the Senile Virus:

1. Causes you to send the same e-mail twice.
2. Causes you to send blank e-mail.
3. Causes you to send e-mail to the wrong person.
4. Causes you to send e-mail back to the person who sent it to you.
5. Causes you to forget to attach attachments.
6. Causes you to hit "SEND" before you've finished the e-mail.

I don't remember if I sent this one out.....

I don't think I did...or did you send it to me ??

Funny, I don't remember being absent minded...

God grant me the senility to forget the people I never liked anyway, the good fortune to run into the ones I do, and the eyesight to tell the difference.

Now that I'm 'older' (but refuse to grow up), here's what I've discovered:

1. I started out with nothing, and I still have most of it.
2. My wild oats have turned into prunes and All Bran.
3. I finally got my head together; now my body is falling apart.
4. Funny, I don't remember being absent minded...
5. Funny, I don't remember being absent minded...
6. All reports are in; life is now officially unfair.
7. If all is not lost, where is it?
8. It is easier to get older than it is to get wiser.
9. I wish the buck stopped here; I sure could use a few...
10. Kids in the back seat cause accidents.
11. Accidents in the back seat cause kids.
12. Funny, I don't remember being absent minded...
13. It's hard to make a come back when you haven't been anywhere.

14. The only time the world beats a path to your door is when you're in the bathroom.
15. If God wanted me to touch my toes, he would have put them on my knees.
16. When I'm finally holding all the cards, why does everyone decide to play chess?
17. It's not hard to meet expenses... they're everywhere.
18. The only difference between a rut and a grave is the depth.
19. These days, I spend a lot of time thinking about the hereafter. .. I go somewhere to get something and then wonder what I'm here after.
20. Funny, I don't remember being absent minded...

Teas at Llanvithyn (and incidentally, tours of the garden) by Lawrie Williams

On Sunday 23 May, we opened the gardens at Llanvithyn for the National Gardens Scheme (for about the seventeenth year since the gardens became worthy of opening). The weather was perfect and thanks to the lovely spring, the gardens looked at their very best.

We had a wonderful response this year, with somewhere near 250 people coming and paying their entrance fees, and buying virtually all the plants we had potted up in the spring to sell, as well as most of the plants brought by Norman and Claire Jenkins from Bordervale Plants at Ystradowen. Everyone was most polite and admired the gardens, without pointing out the occasional weed which we had missed pulling out on the day before! The Handkerchief Tree (*Davidia involucrata*) gave its best display since we planted it about 20 years ago, and probably had well over a thousand handkerchiefs on it to be admired.

However, the main attraction was not the garden but the wonderful teas laid on by Gwyneth Plows and her team of helpers in the Cottage yard. The gardens opened at 2 o'clock, and by 2.15, Gwyn and her aides were serving cakes and tea faster than they could re-boil the kettles. It seemed to Eleanor and me

that we hardly need bother with the garden at all, since many of those who came would have been equally happy just to enjoy the tea-party and gossip!

The total raised by entry fees, sale of plants and teas came to just over £900, which is quite near a record for us. We were very well supported by lots of you from the village, and we are very grateful indeed for the support and especially to all those who helped in many different ways.

Every penny from the day goes to the National Garden Scheme, which supports several excellent good causes, including Macmillan Cancer Relief, Marie Curie Cancer Care, Help the Hospices, Crossroads Caring-for-Carers, and various others. Thank you all for coming, and see you all again next year.

--ooOoo--

An Italian Evening

A wonderful evening of Italian music, wine and delicious food was held in the village hall on 12 June in aid of 'Light-Up St Cadoc's'. Our genial host, Graham Brain, and his wife Kay are to be congratulated, along with many willing helpers and talented chefs, for all their hard work in organization of the evening. The setting for the occasion was perfect, for this summer Llancarfan seem particularly beautiful with luxuriant blossom and the varied greens of lush vegetation and trees. The hall was attractively decorated with Italian colours and posters and Graham Brain's splendid Italian slide-show provided an authentic Italian touch. However, it was the brilliant performances of the musicians, which made the evening truly memorable. The first three young singers Anna Page, Luke Williams and Lucy Brain were introduced and accompanied by their teacher Guy Harbottle from the Royal Welsh College of Music and Drama. The concert concluded with the very fine tenor voice of Andrew Matthews accompanied by the pianist Jayne Hannah Thomas. It was a great

privilege to have an evening of such professional and beautiful singing from very gifted young musicians. Many, many thanks to everyone who made this evening such a success, including the generous donation from Valentino's of Cowbridge, and also donations from Tesco and Morrison stores. The Italian Evening certainly 'lit up' Llancarfan and was a very happy friendly and relaxed "village family" event. May we have many more!

--ooOoo--

It would be lovely if someone reading this has a joke, recipe, or story to tell, and sends it to me. This is your Newsletter.