LLANGWM

ESSAYS AND SKETCHES

W.G.THOMAS

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" Never forget the bush you dried your clothes on."
(Old Llangwm saying)

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FOREWORD

The oft deplored lack of a published text of the history of the parish and village virtually dictated that 'Llangwm Through The Ages' (Part One) should be presented in a rather academic textbook form. But it was appreciated at the time that there was also a place for a volume of a different kind - one which would set forth, in enticing detail, a selection of memorable personalities and dramatic events of more recent times in a more reader-friendly style. This little book, which is just as grounded in original research as the other, represents an attempt to do just that. It will hardly achieve Macaulay's famous objective of replacing the latest popular romantic novel on the dressing tables of young ladies! Nevertheless, if it further stimulates the interest of the mildly curious, and makes some impression on the hitherto indifferent, it will have fulfilled the modest ambition which has motivated its publication. It is in reponse to several requests that the essay on the old dialect has been included.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

No-one can write even a minor historical work without incurring many debts. I would like, therefore, to express my gratitude to the following:- Roland Thorne, M.A., London; Dr B.G. Charles, Aberystwyth; Mr Clive Hughes and his staff at Haverfordwest Record Office; Herbert Dickman, M.B.E., Westbury-on-Trym; Miss Iris Morgan and Mr Glyn Morgan, Wellhead, Llangwm; Mr Morris Howell, Milton Farm, Penffordd; Mr R.Glyn Davies and Mr N.Paul Hughes, Headmaster and Deputy Headmaster of Llangwm School; Mrs Jean Christensen, Bromley, Kent (especially for the Arla George paintings and sketches); Mrs Auriel Harries, Gail Rise, Llangwm; Mrs Julia Golding, The Gail, Llangwm; Mrs Evelyn Davies, Rose Cottage, Llangwm; Mr Richie Thomas, Woodlands, Hook; Ex-Chief Inspector Winston Jones, Fishguard; Miss Nan and Mr Keith Peters, Knapp Farm. I would also like to thank my wife for spending so many uncomplaining hours at the typewriter.

This book has been published with some assistance from the Dyfed Cultural Services Committee.

W.Grenville Thomas. *25, Romilly Crescent, Hakin, Milford Haven.*

THE AUTHOR

A native of the hamlet of Guildford, Grenville Thomas was educated at Llangwm School (1938/45), Haverfordwest Boys' Grammar School (1945/52), and at the University College of South Wales and Monmouthshire, Cardiff (1952/56). For almost his entire career, he taught at Milford Haven Grammar School, where he was Head of History for 27 years (1961/88). He is best known as a Nonconformist preacher, and since 1969, he has been the lay minister of Thornton Baptist Chapel. His wife Gloria, another native of the village, is a former Infant teacher, and they have a daughter, who is a post graduate M.A. student at the University of Bath.

During recent years, Grenville Thomas has published 'The People of the Covenant' (1988), and 'Llangwm Through The Ages' (1991), and he has written numerous articles for 'The Western Telegraph' on aspects of the history of Llangwm, and of Milford Haven, where he has lived for over thirty years.

On the outside cover is a sketch of Edward's Pill by the late, and fondly remembered, Arla George (1924 - 1945).

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Produced and printed by Elidaprint, Haverfordwest.

ISBN No. 0 9515113 2 7
Ist Impression 1992.

A very rare photograph of the Kilns Farmhouse taken by Mr Josiah James before 1952. At the time, it had been struck by lightning, and was occupied by Mr William Palmer, and his daughter Mrs Beattie John, and her husband, Ernie.

The radically renovated Kilns Farmhouse which is now The New Rectory.

I THE WOMAN THEY COULD NOT IGNORE

Unlike the urban, which have invariably imposed masking anonymity upon the scurrying multitudes, rural environments have frequently hosted communities in which individual personality has flourished. During the second half of the nineteenth century, the village of Llangwm was very much a case in point. Among its fortuitous assortment of farmers and labourers, fishermen and fisherwomen, with a leavening of Dockyard workers, were several who, by sheer force of character, stood out in sharp relief from among their fellow villagers. One of these was the intriguing MRS MARIA SHRUBSALL, who resided at the Kilns, in the house recently renamed 'Knowle Cottage', and occupied for most of this century by the well-remembered Payne family. Very much captivated by her, the late Miss Elizabeth Morgans, the Infant Teacher (1903 - 1933) at Llangwm National School, included a vignette of the lady in her invaluable manuscript - 'Langum Scrapbook' (1953). Miss Morgans communicated her vivid recollections of the engaging Maria to the Headmaster (1919-1955), the late Mr Thomas A. Harries, who made an extended reference to Mrs Shrubsall in the digest of local history he set out, in September 1946, in the School log book. Thus it was during their lessons on the Gail Hill that generations of Llangwm children first learned of the woman, the mere mention of whose name can still provoke an immediate response among the older inhabitants.

Contrary to the impression often conveyed by her married name, Maria Shrubsall was very much a Llangwm woman. Her father James Thomas, a native of St. Twynnells, near Pembroke, and her Cosheston-born mother, Elizabeth, had lived for a time in the parish of Burton. They already had three children - George (1815), Ann (1819), and Sophie (1820) - before they took over the tenancy of the Kilns Farm, on the road junction at the top of the village. Maria was born at the Kilns farmhouse (later Four Winds, and now the Rectory), and was baptised at the parish church on November 5th, 1824, over three years before the baptism of her younger brother, James Thomas, jnr. The Kilns Farm, for which the annual rent in 1840 was £4.50, was only just over 36 acres, and Maria's father was not in the same financial and social league as several of the other tenant farmers in the district - as Thomas Bowen of Hook with his 228 acres, David George of Great Nash with his 216, Benjamin Skone of Llangwm Farm with his 212, or even as John Allen of North Nash with his 126 acres, or George Whittow of Hook with his 124. However, spurred on by the obligation to provide for a wife and five children, James Thomas augmented his holding by renting additional fields, until, by 1851, the farm amounted to 74 acres, and the family were substantial enough to employ Bristol-born Sara Nicholas as a domestic servant. In several of the legal documents of the period, the farm is designated 'Healthy Lays' or

'The Lays', names which now might well be greeted with puzzled incomprehension. The explanation is that originally 'lays' was an Old or Middle English word for land which, having not been ploughed or cultivated, was devoted to pasture. Literate, and according to Miss Morgans, exceptionally articulate, Maria Thomas of 'The Lays' obviously received some measure of education in a village in which neither the National nor the British and Foreign Societies had yet established a public school. But at 'Llangwm House', Main Street, a certain Miss Mary Wilkins, who died at 48 years of age in December 1848, conducted a private school which would have been conveniently near for Maria to have been a pupil.

Personable though she undoubtedly was, the third daughter of James and Elizabeth Thomas was a late starter in the marriage stakes. At 27, in 1851, she was living at home, at the Kilns farmhouse, with her parents, elder sister Ann, her 23 year-old brother, James, and her 5 year-old nephew, Charles Thomas of Burton. Ten years later, she was still at the farmhouse, with the same companions, except for Ann, who presumably had married. Virtually settling for a spinster's life, she was very aware that the demise of her aged parents could leave her without a home and a regular income. Either just before, or very soon after, the death of her 80 year-old mother in December 1864, she made her bid for independence by setting up, first as a grocer, at nearby Knowle Cottage. Almost immediately, the venture had completely unforeseen consequences. In her 41st year, well into middle age by nineteenth century reckoning, Maria could not resist the temptation to snatch at one last chance of connubial bliss. She succumbed to the blandishments of a 'foreigner' in the form of 28 year-old William James Shrubsall of Margate, Kent, who was the travelling agent for an oyster company, and was one of her periodic lodgers. Overlooking the considerable disparity in age, the relationship escalated into a passionate romance, which

The grave of Maria Shrubsall's brother, James Thomas of Llangwm Farm, in the top left-hand corner of Llangwm Cemetery.

abruptly plunged into traumatic tragedy. On July 10th, 1865, with her brother James and John Barrah of Tallyhoo as witnesses, the pregnant Maria and her English beau were married by special licence by rector Thomas Williams. Barely a month later, her husband died, and on August 6th, was buried in Llangwm churchyard, a poignant three of four weeks before the birth of a son, who was christened with his father's name of James. The infant was delicate, and on October 21st, he died at the tender age of one month. The agonies of life are only tolerable when they are mercifully spead, and the effect upon Maria of this sequence of disasters, telescoped into a few excruciating months, could have been devastating. But displaying admirable resilience, she addressed herself to the imperative task of making a living in a society in which widowhood was almost synonymous with destitution. By 1871, she was an 'innkeeper and grocer' at 'The Black Horse' - the name by which Knowle Cottage was to be known until the mid 1920s - and her income was sufficient to permit her to engage a 17 year-old Llangwm girl, Ann Williams, as a domestic servant. Inspite of her scarring experience, Maria continued to take lodgers. At that particular time, the married 38 year-old Thomas Jefferies, an oyster merchant from Colchester, Essex, was staying at 'The Black Horse'.

The years after 1864 also witnessed changes in Maria's old home and birthplace, the 'Healthy Lays' farmhouse. Her brother James married, took over the tenancy of Llangwm Farm, and had a daughter, Elizabeth. Following the death of Maria's mother, her niece and nephew, Cecilia and George Prout, moved into the farmhouse to live with the old man. The latter died on 20th May, 1872, at 78 years of age, and in his will, signed with a cross, he left £10 to his widowed daughter, Maria Shrubsall, £5 each to his grandson Charles Thomas, and to his grandchildren James, William, Elizabeth and Sarah, the children of William Prout of Thurston, Burton; and to his son James Thomas of Llangwm Farm, his sole executor and residual legatee, he bequeathed 'all personal estate and effects whatsoever absolutely'. Probably, Cecilia and George Prout, the other grandchildren, were not beneficiaries because they continued to occupy 'Healthy Lays' Farm. They only did so for the next 5/6 years. Before 1878, Thomas and Annie Griffiths, with their three daughters, moved from Haverfordwest to take over the tenancy from the Lawrenny estate. During the next six years, they had four more children - William (1878), Florence (1879), John (1881) and Frederick (1884). By 1891, their eldest daughter, 20 year-old Laura, was a pupil teacher, and her 18 year-old sister, Martha, was a dressmaker. Their neighbour Mrs Shrubsall was not living alone. She had as her companion her 17 year-old nephew, another James Thomas, who was a taylor's apprentice.

It was during the last decade or so of the nineteenth century that Maria became a very controversial, even vilified, figure in the parish. The

crusading Temperance movement hi-jacked the two ascendant chapels, each attended by a few hundred, and galvanised them into launching a sustained campaign against the public houses in the village. Maria was certainly not the only female publican in the parish. In 1881, there were at least two more - 48 year-old Jane Young at Trooper's Inn, and 66 year-old Sarah Edwards of Main Street, significantly both widows. It was perhaps because of the exceptional popularity of her hostelry, or, more likely, because of her attitude of disdainful defiance that Mrs Shrubsall was most frequently the subject of derogatory comment. After 1889, the militancy of the campaigners made increasing impact upon a pious population - especially with the establishment of Bands of Hope in both chapels, and with the adherence of West Hook Congregational and Sardis Baptist chapels in the creation of the Llangwm and Burton Temperance Association. When these advocates of total abstinence resorted to door-to-door canvassing, they were so effective that the tide of respectable public opinion, especially among women, turned against Maria and her kind. There is no doubt that the evangelical campaigners were largely inspired by worthy motives. By reason of their occupation, fishermen were liable to seasonal fluctuations in employment, and even when they were engaged, they frequently lingered waiting for the appropriate tide. Time and money spent in 'The Black Horse' could play havoc with domestic routines and finances, and add to the strains placed on families in a working-class community by the perpetual struggle to make the proverbial ends meet. Moreover, there were at least a few occasions on which the rowdy behaviour of young men returning home from the public houses had given considerable offence to householders. Worse than that, in October 1883, there had actually been a case, at the Roose Special Petty Sessions at Haverfordwest, in which a certain John Palmer of Llangwm had accused James Powell, the landlord of 'The Three Horse Shoes' in the village of inflicting a two inch long wound on his left arm in an altercation over payment for a glass of whisky!

However, it must not be assumed either that Maria Shrubsall was a morally disreputable woman, or that her public house was a raucous and disruptive den of iniquity. Again according to the admiring Miss Morgan, Maria was an animated and fluent conversationalist, who was invariably well attired, usually in a boned bodice with a full fine skirt. A woman of a very considerable and commanding presence, she was transparently capable of asserting herself when the situation required it, and would not tolerate drunken loutish behaviour in her establishment. She was, in fact, a practising Anglican - and Anglicans were much more permissive in their attitude to strong drink than were Nonconformists, many of whose chapels in South Pembrokeshire expressly banned publicans from their pews. Even though it might have been more concerned with providing bed-and-breakfast facilities than with dispensing drink, in 1861, there had

been a Church Inn at the Rectory in Parsonage Lane, with one of the servants, Tom Williams, doubling up as publican. Maria Shrubsall certainly saw no incompatability between active membership of the parish church and deriving a living from the sale of drink in a well-run 'house'. After the church had cleared the debt remaining from the extensive renovations of 1879-1882, the next rector, James Palmour, mounted a project for the purchase and installation of a Norman, Hill & Beard pipe organ. The surviving balance, sheet of 21st April, 1892, reveals that the total cost was £78.5.1, much too large an amount to be met out of existing resources, and that Mrs Maria Shrubsall, Mrs Amelia Simlett of School House, the Headmaster's wife and mother of four children, and Mrs Sarah Towl of Llangwm Mill, the wife of a Dockyard engineer and the mother of six grown-up children, were issued with collecting cards. Very evidently, the Kilns publican, who raised 11 shillings in this instance, was not incongruously placed in such eminently respectable company. Strategically situated near the junction of the Nash and Hook roads, and accessible by footpath from Burton via Ashdale, 'The Black Horse' was well patronised, particularly on Saturday evenings, by very satisfied customers. Since it stood in virtual isolation, with only the Griffiths family as near neighbours, and with no houses on either side of the road between it and Llangwm Farm, it could hardly be fairly denounced as a public nuisance.

Maria's widowed brother James Thomas relinquished the tenancy of Llangwm Farm before 1891, when it was occupied by a young family - 27 year-old George Mathias, a native of Yerbeston, his 25 year-old wife Henrietta, and their 4 year-old son Bertie, who had been born in Llangwm. James' precise whereabouts for around a decade are a matter of some conjecture. It is possible that his daughter married, that he made his home with her, and that either she died or there was an irreconcilable breach between them. But it is certain that before his last illness, he went to live with his publican sister at the Kilns. He died, in his 74th year at 'The Black Horse' on February 12th, 1898, and was buried in a grave near the top left hand corner of Llangwm Cemetery (Coronation Avenue). In his will, witnessed three years previously by rector J.D. Timothy and his first wife, Harriet, he, for some reason, bequeathed the leasehold of Trindall House on 'Llangwm Back', together with £19, to Mrs Emma Trindall, the Haverfordwest-born photographer's widow who occupied it. He left 'all other estates and effects' to his only sister Mrs Maria Shrubsall, whom he also appointed his sole executrix. Unfortunately, there is no way of discovering the extent of Maria's legacy, but James Thomas had been a very substantial tenant farmer, with five servants, including farm labourers, and one jockey on his payroll. Curiosity about the inheritance is largely prompted by evidence, only very recently unearthed, of the nature of Maria's late history. At the end of her life, she

suffered what her village contemporaries universally dreaded as the fate worse than death - commitment to the Union workhouse at Haverfordwest.

Tradition has sometimes more than hinted that she was the main casualty of the Temperance campaign, and that she was mercilessly hustled into penury by the loss of her regular source of income. The truth is probably more prosaic. It might well have been that increasing age and accompanying enfeeblement made Maria incapable not only of managing a public house, but even of looking after herself. She once related a story to Miss Morgans which has often been uncritically accepted as proof of her remarkable strength of character, but which could, just as easily, be interpreted as evidence of a crumbling mind, fitfully indulging in fantasy. An ardent royalist, she was so elated by the news that the Duke of Edinburgh, the sailor son of Queen Victoria, and the Admiral of the Fleet, was visiting Milford Haven that she personally wrote to him, offering to present him with a beautiful black cat which would bring exceptional luck both to him and the fleet he commanded. Much to her delight, she received a prompt and favourable reply; and on a specified day, a pinnace arrived at Black Tar, and took her to Milford, where she was entertained on board by the Admiral and his daughter, the Princess Maria. Not long afterwards, the princess and her two daughters visited the humble cottage hostelry at the Kilns, where they took tea with Mrs Shrubsall, who 'told their fortune from the tea leaves'. There certainly was an Alfred (1844-1900), Duke of Edinburgh, who became Admiral of the Fleet in 1893, just before he succeeded to the Dukedom of Saxe-Coburg, Germany. Even if he did take a flotilla to Milford Haven in 1893 - and he could only have done so in that year - the events narrated by Mrs Shrubsall are surely highly improbable, to say the least. Apparently, she often claimed special knowledge of the supernatural, as well as a distant kinship with royalty! The most credible conclusion is that, sad to relate, Maria eventually reached a mental state in which the real and the imagined were no longer distinct. In the absence of appropriate caring agencies, it was sometimes as much personal incompetence as material destitution which obliged the unfortunate reluctantly to enter the nearest Poor Law institution.

What is not a matter of speculation is that 82 year-old Maria Shrubsall died at the Haverfordwest workhouse in December 1906, and was interred in Llangwm cemetery by rector Henry Evans. The controversy over the public houses had aroused unusually strong community passions, and there were those in the partisan village who regarded the circumstances of her death as deserved divine retribution. There was more than a trace of schadenfreude in a report in the April 9th, 1912 edition of 'The Haverfordwest and Milford Haven Telegraph', which, in the course of extrolling Llangwm as a teetotalling Arcadia,

pointedly observed that the last licence-holder 'having fallen on evil days, died in the workhouse'. Present inhabitants are much more disposed to view the sad nature of Maria's end as one of those calamities, viciously concocted by a Fate perversely indifferent to considerations of human merit.

Now Knowle Cottage, this was Maria Shrubsall's 'Black Horse' hostelry. After the 1950s, it was renovated several times by the late Miss Elizabeth Payne.

II THE FISHERWOMAN AND "THE PAPERS"

The indomitable fisherwomen of nineteenth and early twentieth century Llangwm made such an impression upon their contemporaries especially upon visitors and outsiders, that they are the most readily recalled of all figures from the village's fascinating past. Occasionally painted, but more often photographed, they appear, invariably in their colourful costumes, in several of the Llangwm postcards nestling in private and professional collections. Their posthumous fame spread so widely that there have been reliable reports of sightings of pictures of them not only in other parts of Britain, but, incredible as it might seem, in the U.S.A. and Japan. In the academic jargon of the social sciences, the fisherwomen were a phenomenon, created by the interplay of peculiar socio-economic circumstances at a particular time in the evolution of a South Pembrokeshire riverside community. But they were also distinctive individuals, whose personal histories are of considerable interest to many more than to those who are their lineal descendants. Among this rugged breed, there was one, who, during the latter part of a long and arduous life, achieved the rare distinction of featuring in both the local and national press within less than twelve months.

The pioneering sociologist Seebohm Rowntree (1899) discovered that the Victorian working classes were very vulnerable to acute hardship at three stages of their lives - in childhood as members of large families; in early married life as the number of children multiplied; and in declining old age for which there was no welfare provision. MARY JENKINS - or 'Jinkins' as the villagers invariably pronounced the surname - was one of the many in the Llangwm parish whose main preoccupation for most of their lives was the struggle to resist those forces which threatened to sweep them into that dreaded proverty cycle. Born in 1833, she was one of the seven children of John and Jane (née Lloyd) who were married at Llangwm parish church on April 2nd, 1822, by rector John Morris. There were three older children - Elizabeth (1823), William (1825), and John (1828), and three younger - Thomas (1835), Ann (1840) and James (1842); and at a time when more than two children made fierce demands on limited and inelastic resources, fisherman John Jenkins and his fisherwomen wife were fully extended in the rearing of their clamouring brood. David and Letitia Harries of Llangwm Mill had nine children, but they were prosperous enough to engage a few servants - a solution the Jenkins family could not even contemplate in their wildest dreams. It hardly requires saying that, by twentieth century standards, Mary did not have a recognisable childhood. There was no village school until 1871, and though she may have been taught to read in Sunday School, and even that is doubtful, she was incapable in her late teens of satisfying the minimum criterion of literacy by signing her name in the marriage

register. Though child labour was severely restricted by law, Mary often assisted her parents in their fishing tasks, and as soon as she was eleven or twelve years of age, she joined the ranks of the village's fisher girls. According to a later report, Llangwm courtships were not protracted exercises in romantic dalliance, with regular clandestine assignations, and frequent furtive walks over Ashdale Bottoms and along Knapp Lane. Apparently, when a nubile woman 'clapped eyes' on a personable member of the opposite sex, she immodestly took the initiative in proposing that he became 'her man'. Obviously, Mary's courtship style cannot be discovered, but it is a matter of historical record that at the parish church on October 30th, 1852, she married twenty year-old John Palmer of Guildford, the son of waterman Thomas. There was no honeymoon, and a meal for family and close friends at the Jenkins' home would have been the only form of celebration.

Without the protection of a cheap and readily available means of birth control, nineteenth century married women of child-bearing age lived in constant dread of further pregnancies, which would unleash domestic crisis by wrecking the precarious budget, and by devouring scarce living space. Inspite of the risk of chronic impoverishment, Mary and John Palmer dutifully obeyed the biblical injunction to be fruitful and to multiply. They had nine children - Jane (1853), Mary (1855),

Mary Palmer outside her house, in the same edition of 'The Daily Mirror'.

The photograph of Mary Palmer, which appeared in 'The Daily Mirror', January 30th, 1913.

Anne (1857), and Thomas (1860), during the first eight years of their marriage, and John (1862), Elizabeth (1864), James (1867), Sarah (1870) and William (1872) during the next eleven. The strain placed on Mary's small frame by such repeated procreation did not crush her spirit or diminish her natural vigour. With that resilience which marked women of her kind, she discharged the often competing rôles of mother and working wife with a stoic's acceptance of her toilsome lot. Equipped by a life-time's practice with skills in boat management that rivalled those of most men, she often accompanied her husband on his dredging and fishing expeditions. After the fish had been caught or collected, she regularly, in all kinds of weather, tramped the roads or tracks of South Pembrokeshire selling her wares. Quite often, she rowed from Llangwm Ferry to 'the other side', to Coedcenlas, and walked to the markets at Tenby and Pembroke, where Llangwm fisherwomen were familiar figures. Remarkably, there were occasions when, with a hundredweight on her back, she walked to Carmarthen, a distance of 38 miles. Arriving there in the evening of a particular day, she disposed of her oysters for as little as 4d. a hundred, and after staying the night, she trudged back home the next day.

John Palmer could not have had a more equal partner. In the building of their home, Elm Cottage, Main Street, almost opposite John James' smithy (now a shop and Post Office), Mary certainly played an active part. In defiance of the conventional doctrine that sustained physical labour was the proper office of menfolk, she was involved in the digging of the foundations, the mixing of the mortar, the carrying of stones to the cramped site, and after the actual building had been completed by hired masons and joiners, she whitewashed the ceilings and walls. Even allowing for the partial resort to cost-cutting direct labour strategies, it is little short of amazing that the couple managed to build a home, which was completed by 1861, and to raise a family which increased from four (1861) to nine (1872) children. Practising feminists without realising it, nineteenth century Llangwm women were almost invariably the chancellors of their households, and it was a tribute to Mary's business acumen that she accomplished what was quite beyond the reach of the overwhelming majority of her class. There could have been no appreciable improvement in her income during the following years. In 1871, there were eight children at home, and the three eldest - eighteen year-old Jane, sixteen year-old Mary and thirteen year-old Anne - could only have made modest contributions as fisher girls. It was 1880 before her nineteen year-old son, John, secured a much coveted steady job as a Dockyard labourer, only for him to marry within a few years. In one respect, as least, Mary seems to have been fortunate. She was mercifully spared the special anguish experienced by many of her peers in the loss of several children in infancy. But Dame Fortune is constitutionally fickle,

and on the 3rd of April, 1888, she was cast into bleak widowhood with the death of her 57 year-old husband. As the children, one by one, married and fled the homely nest, Mary was left to live alone in the cottage which was a monument to her brand of the Victorian philosophy of self-help. The length of her life ensured that she was one of the beneficiaries of that striking series of Liberal reforms (1906-1914) which did so much to lay the foundations of the modern welfare state. The receipt of the Lloyd George Old Age Pension (1909) - 5 shillings a week for those over seventy - made her last twelve years less stressful than they would otherwise have been. It was a bonus convenience that she only had to stroll, admittedly up a steep incline, a few yards to Rock House (now the Cottage Inn), where Alfred J. Anstee, grocer, draper and baker, also ran the village Post Office, to collect her weekly dues.

In a village in which church attendance was virtually a popular addiction, Mary was a committed Baptist. She had married at the parish church for the simple reason that until 1914, Galilee Chapel was not registered for the solemnisation of marriages. With her son John and daughter Mary, she was baptised in the stream at Guildford Bridge - 'The Lake' - by the Rev. David Hussey during a dynamic ministry (1877-1880) which doubled the formal membership of the Guildford cause to over 70. A challenging mystery surrounds the burial of Mary's husband in Llangwm Cemetery. There is no doubt that he was interred in the top left-hand corner of the graveyard, an event attested by a headstone and its inscription, but, strangely, the burial was not recorded in the register of the parish church. Where it should have been entered, between the entries for 17 year-old Henry Brock on March 31st, 1888, and 92 year-old Richard Lewis on July 10th, there is a blank. It was the undeviating policy of Rector James Palmour not to permit Nonconformist ministers to conduct services in the cemetery, and it is more than likely that, confronted with a Mary who intransigently refused to allow him to perform the final rite, the rector retaliated by refusing formally to register the interment!! The attachment of Mary and her family to Galilee was by no means limited to attendance at Sunday Services - it extended to active participation in the mid-week activities of the lively chapel. 'The Haverfordwest and Milford Haven Telegraph' reported a concert by the Band of Hope on Wednesday, May 21st, 1890, in which recitations were given by her sons, John and Thomas, both in their early thirties, and her grandson, Thomas junior. Nonconformist public worship was not always the sedate, rather passive affair it has latterly become. In Mary's day, the services were often conducted with evangelical fervour, and sermons of the 'hwyl' type frequently provoked spontaneous ejaculations of 'Amen' from the occupants of the news. Especially during the latter part of her life, Mary was more forthcoming with her unscripted responses than most. As the minister, Rev. D.M. Pryse eloquently depicted the

sufferings of Christ, rocking in her seat near the front of the new chapel, she would mutter quite audibly "O, the Blessed Saviour". When he chastised the members of the congregation for their sinful shortcomings, much to the embarrassment of her many relatives, Mary very audibly concurred with with "Give it to 'um"!

Had she died in her mid seventies, this fisherwoman would have missed the press attention that was very rarely accorded to a person of her humble station. In her eightieth year, she was the reluctant subject of a report in 'the papers' of a case at the Roose Sessions at Haverfordwest. It was not that she had committed an act of glaring and culpable criminality. Rather in the manner of the poll tax protesters of recent years, she was one of the several in the parish who refused, on principle, to pay the controversial special water rate, levied by the parish council to cover the cost of providing a supplementary water supply for the village. They contended that the previous supply had been quite adequate for normal purposes, and that the additional measure of installing a pump at the reservoir had been undertaken for the benefit of a few favoured households. The formal issue of a summons scared most of the defaulters, who included several local farmers, into paying, but Mary and Mrs Absalom James of Hook were adamant. So far from being overawed by the forbidding environment of the court room, these two intrepid women instinctively employed their natural talent for pathos and abrasive comicality to reduce the proceedings to the level of Music Hall farce. Mrs James, who was representing her husband, had already nonplussed the bench into opting for adjournment before Mary's turn came.

The grave of John and Mary Palmer in the top left-hand corner of Llangwm Cemetery.

What followed is best conveyed by the columns of the 'Haverfordwest and Milford Haven Telegraph' in its edition of April 17th, 1912.

WANTED A CARRIAGE

Mary Palmer, reputed to be the first woman in Llangwm to draw her Old Age Pension, and who afterwards invited the county member to tea, an invitation which was duly accepted by Mr Roch, was the next defaulter called.

"Adjourn this as well" said the Chairman as Mrs Palmer, with the aid of a stick, hobbled down the court steps. She was dressed in orthodox Llangwm fashion, and wore under her hat, a white cap with elaborate frills infront, and on either side. When she knew the case was adjourned, Mrs Palmer turned indignantly to 'Joe' (Mr Joseph Davies, the assistant overseer), and waving her stick, cried out "You will have to get a carriage to drive me home. (Laughter) I cannot stand, much less walk". Mrs Palmer enquired of the bench what had been done with her case, and being told that it was adjourned, she again turned to the assistant overseer, and said "You ought to feel ashamed to bring me here, Joe. How am I going home, gentlemen. I have been on the road since the dawning of day because I could not rest. You to bring me here, an old woman of 82 years of age, and been a widow for 24 years, and nursed a heavy family, gentlemen. Yes, to bring me here, you ought to be ashamed of yourself, Joe. I never paid a rate in my life."

Suddenly, Mrs Palmer recognised the Chief Constable, and jumped up and shook hands with him heartily. She expressed pleasure that Mr Summers was looking so well.

Then, she turned and walked slowly out of court, exclaiming that it was a shame to bring her to court, and telling "Joe" that he would have to provide a carriage and drive her home. "Go and get the carriage to bring me home, Joe" were the last words that could be heard as she disappeared through the corridor.

The inimitable nature of Mary's courtroom performance was not forgotten by some Haverfordwest newsmen with contacts with the outside world of journalism. Very early in the next year, she was visited by a reporter and photographer of the national 'Daily Mirror' which, even then, had a circulation of one and a half million. Never particularly sturdy, Mary was showing telltale signs of her age. Her forehead was

deeply furrowed, her carriage was much less upright than of yore, and she really needed the assistance of a walking-stick. Even so, the reporter was so impressed with her personality that he described her as one of the most remarkable women I have ever met'. With chuckling good humour, the octogenarian fisherwoman consented to be photographed, once in the doorway of Elm Cottage, and once out-of-doors; and she responded to the reporter's interest by telling him of the vicissitudes of her life, the part she had played in the building of her home, and of the lot of women like her in the local community. 'Yes, I have fished in Milford Haven ever since I was a little thing. We women here manage the boats as well as the men, and although we go out in all weathers, I have never known a life lost or a boat wrecked.' Not surprisingly, 'The Special Correspondent' was unable to distinguish between the Palmer fisherwomen in the village. His remark that Mary had been 'a beauty in her day', and that her photograph had been 'published all over the world', demonstrated that, like many other outsiders, he had confused her with the legendary DOROTHY Palmer, 'Dolly the Bridge' of Guildford. On page 5 of its edition of January 30th, 1913, the 'Daily Mirror' carried a one column feature article under the heading:-

WELSH FISHERS TAKE FLEET TO SEA AND BUILD COTTAGES

AGED WIDOW'S PLUCK

On page 8 and 9 there were six photographs, two of Mary and four of the Llangwm fisherwomen at their tasks. Mary herself may not have seen the article, but on February 12th, the 'Haverfordwest and Milford Haven Telegraph' virtually reproduced the substance of it, without the photographs, and under a different heading:-

LLANGWM SEEN THROUGH LONDON SPECTACLES

WOMAN WHO HELPED TO BUILD HER OWN COTTAGE

For good measure, it provided a few more details. When asked if she was the first woman in the village to receive the Old Age Pension, Mary saucily replied that she was, but that she deserved much more than five shillings a week! She recounted that her namesake daughter, Mrs Mary Palmer junior, had been so crippled by a fall while carrying one and a half hundred weight of fish on her back to Pembroke that her husband was obliged to perform the household chores.

Old Llangwm was a community with a collective propensity for nick-naming, and for the perpetuation of the maiden surnames of married

women. Very few of the villagers were generally known by their registered full names, and Mary was definitely not one of them. Mischievously dubbed 'Mary Hush', she was often referred to by that pseudonym, except by those who, up to her death at 89 years of age, on November 30th, 1921, persisted with 'Mary Jinkins'. In her own eyes, this fisherwoman was a very ordinary member of an unprivileged class, condemned by forces beyond her control to endure an unremarkable life, largely spent in ill-rewarded humdrum labour. She was genuinely surprised, and not a little amused, by the prying interest of visiting 'foreigners', with their portentous notebooks and whirring cameras, in her person, home and native heath. And now, over seventy years after her passing, the incorrigible, and sometimes irascible, Mary Palmer is in print yet again.

Elm Cottage, Main Street, the house that Mary Palmer helped to build.

III 'HOME IS THE SAILOR.....'

On the evening of Thursday, March 22nd, 1928, a funereal hush descended on the normally animated village of Langwm. Shortly after 7o'clock, the Commerce House hearse from Market Street, Haverfordwest, accompanied by a few cars, reduced speed as it reached the Kilns, and passed the farm of William George and Nora Palmer, and the homes of Nicholas and Sophie Skyrme, and of Leonard and Ann Payne. It accelerated slightly in the direction of Campbell James' Llangwm Farm, but checked again as it reached the foot of the Gail Hill. During its restrained and solemn progress down Main Street, several villagers stood reverently in their forecourts, with their heads partly bowed and their half-averted eyes swivelling to catch a glimpse of the contents of the vehicle. The bell of the parish church dolefully tolled as the cortège crossed Llangwm Back, over which several men were distributed

Edward's Pill Cottage, the Llangwm home of Captain Morgans. It was substantially renovated in the 1950s

in rather self-conscious groups. Veering to the left half way down Holloway Hill, the hearse gathered speed as it moved along Parsonage Lane, (Rectory Road), until just beyond the Morris family home, it came to a halt, its way barred by the highest spring tide for 4 to 5 years. There was not the slightest hint of panic. Having anticipated such a situation, a few waiting river-wise friends of the deceased carefully removed the coffin, gently placed it in a floating Llangwm fishing-boat, and quietly rowed it the short distance to Edward's Pill cottage. Almost twelve months after his much lamented death in a far away land, the master mariner was home, at last, from the sea.

Captain George Morgans had been the second son of Edward of the Bridge House, Guildford, and Jane, (née Skyrme), of Edward's Pill, who had been married at the parish church on November 10th, 1867, by rector Thomas Wiliams. Edward had been a sailor at the time of the marriage, but soon afterwards, on his entry into the H.M. Coastguard Service, the couple had migrated to the north of the county. The fourth of their eight children, George had been born, on 29th, April, 1877, at St. Dogmaels. With his family background, it had not been surprising that, following his elementary education at the 'British' schools at Aberporth and Llangrannog, he had opted for a career in the foreign-going ships of the Merchant Service. For the first few years (1894/1898), he had successively served as a boy, an apprentice, and an able-bodied seaman on the square-rigged 'Kelburn', sailing out of Greenock, Scotland. His progress had been such that, at Cardiff on December 3rd, 1898, he had been awarded his Second Mate's Certificate of Competency. By that time, a major change had taken place in his family circumstances. Retiring from the Coastguard Service in his mid-fifties, his father Edward had decided to return, with his wife and family to his native village, and to supplement his income with the proceeds of fishing. After demolishing the cottage which had originally occupied the site, and in which his wife had been born, he had built 'Edward's Pill Cottage'. Very remarkably for the age, Edward had dispatched two of his daughters, Mary Jane and Elizabeth (Lizzie) to Swansea College to train for the teaching profession.

Unaffected by the transfer of his base, George Morgans had continued his career with increasing conviction. After serving for seventeen months on the steamship 'James Groves' operating out of West Hartlepool, he had been awarded his First Mate's Certificate, on 11th, August 1900, at Cardiff. No doubt such uninterrupted career development had awakened even greater legitimate ambitions in a modest man. For seventeen months, he had continued to service on the same ship, but, in a deliberate attempt to broaden his already considerable experience, he had, within a period of 2/3 years, occupied a similar position on six different steamships - 'Moness' of West Hartlepool, 'Dilmar' of London, 'St. Ninian' of Glasgow, 'Tockwith' of West

Captain Morgans from a photograph at Wellhead

Hartlepool, 'Durham' of Sunderland, and 'Trevaylor' of St. Ives. If George Morgans had entertained a career stategy, it had been emphatically achieved for, on November 30th, 1903, again at Cardiff, he had been awarded his Masters Certificate. Without the benefit of an advanced education, in nine short years, he had risen from the humble rank of a mere ship's boy to that of an accomplished 26 year-old Master Mariner. His devoted family in Llangwm had every reason to be proud of him.

During these, and following years, several members of the family had taken leave of Edward's Pill Cottage to make their own homes and to expand their own lives. Captain Morgans' 31 year-old sister, Mary Jane, a teacher in Barry, had briefly returned for her marriage at the parish church on August 4th, 1901, to fellow school teacher (later Headmaster) Harry Peach of Cadoxton. Very soon afterwards, his eldest sister, Maria, had forged a link with the local agricultural community with her marriage to Robert (Bob) Peters, the 36 year-old son of John and Ann Peters of Knapp Farm. On the very wet morning of March 2nd, 1903, his other sister, Lizzie, previously a teacher at Cadoxton Girls' School, Barry, had joined the staff of Llangwm National School as assistant mistress, with special responsibility for the Infants Department. A fluent Welsh speaker with a lovely contralto singing voice, the auburn-haired 'Miss Morgans', had quickly established herself as a gifted teacher, several times highly commended by H.M. Inspectors, and the firmest of disciplinarians. An enterprising woman, with a keen business sense, she had hired contractor Elsegoods to build her own home, 'Ingleburn', the first of the red-brick houses in Edward's Pill, for £250. On September 23rd, 1905, Captain

Morgans' 26 year-old Dockyard shipwright brother, Edward (Ned), had married a local woman Winifred Jane, one of the daughters of Nicholas and Sophie Skyrme, and set up home at Wellhead Farm. His eldest brother William, (Billy), had initially intended to make the sea his career. But after securing his first mate's certificate, he had served his apprenticeship as a shipwright at Pembroke dockyard, and had continued to live with his parents. In the twelve years leading up to the First World War, Captain Morgans' family had been augmented by the arrival of at least nine nieces and nephews - PATRICIA (later Mrs J. Lewis, of North Nash) and JOHN PETERS of Knapp Farm, SKYRME (later a very distinguished mining engineer) and WYSTAN (later a respected dental surgeon), PEACH of Barry; and IRIS, SELWYN, ALICE, (later Mrs R. May of Neyland), WILFRED and GLYN MORGAN, Wellhead. The Captain had developed a genuine affection for Llangwm, and the expansion of his family in the village had given him a greater emotional stake in the community.

In 1912, the 'Fitzclarence', the ship in which George Morgans had been serving in the Far East, had been sold to the Levant American Company, and renamed 'River Avaxes'. He had been serving on that vessel when the First World War had broken out in Europe, but soon afterwards he had transferred to 'River Orontes' at Smyrna, Asia Minor. It was on the latter ship that Captain Morgans had had one of the most heart-stopping experiences of his eventful life. Anticipating the imminent declaration of war between Turkey and the Allies, several of the consuls and diplomatic staff had secretly boarded 'River Orontes' at Alexandria, Egypt. Slipping its moorings under cover of darkness, the ship had made a dash for Cyprus, hotly pursued for most of the way by a Turkish patrol boat. The relieved stowaways had very much owed their escape to Captain Morgans' navigational skill and his composure in a tense situation. During the latter part of the First World War, he had been ordered to Calcutta to command 'Saltmarsh', and afterwards, he had spent several years as captain of the steamship 'Katherine Park' trading between New York and India. Companionable and unassuming, without a trace of domineering brusqueness, George Morgans had made many friends during his furloughs in the village. There was no public house in Llangwm, and sometimes, accompanied by some of those friends, he had walked to the hostelry at Hook Quay in search of liquid refreshment. After a few diverting hours in convivial company, they had cheerfully trudged back to Llangwm in a well-lubricated or - 'spidrick'-state! In 1923, his sister, Elizabeth, had sold 'Ingleburn' to Mr and Mrs Tom Jones, and had gone to live near her niece, Mrs Patricia Lewis at North Nash Farm.

Five foot six inches tall and rather slight in build, George Morgans had never been conspicuously robust, and exposure to testing climates and changing conditions had hardly improved his constitution. Out of

sheer concern for his welfare, his family had attempted to dissuade him from continuing with his life at sea, but his love of his chosen profession had frustrated their efforts. While sailing in the Mediterranean, he had been suddenly seized with a severe illness, either peritonitis or an erupting stomach malignancy. He had been put ashore at Algiers, taken to the British Hospital, where he had died at 5 pm on Saturday, June 11th, 1927. Two days afterwards, his body, encased in a lead shell inside an oak coffin, had been buried in the British quarter of the Boulevard Vue Cemetery, in a service conducted by the British chaplain, Rev. Wilkes. Only four weeks before, his 85 year-old father, Edward, had been laid to rest in Llangwm Cemetery,

The life's odyssey of Captain Morgans might well have ended in North Africa. But his Llangwm relatives, unable to tolerate the prospect of a beloved brother and fond uncle permanently interred in a foreign land, had made representations through the British Diplomatic Service for the exhumation of the body and its removal to West Wales. The expense of the operation was to be borne by the substantial estate, which had included property in New York. As soon as the French Prefect had granted the exhumation order, the raised coffin had been further encased in tongued-and-grooved oak boards until it weighed over 8 cwts. It had been shipped over the Mediterranean to Marseille, transported across France to the Channel port of Le Havre, from whence it had shipped to Southampton. It eventually reached Haverfordwest on the 6.30 train on the Thursday evening in question. During his exceptionally varied life, Captain Morgans had undertaken many protracted journeys to remote places. His last

Captain Morgans' impressive headstone in Llangwm Cemetery. (Coronation Avenue)

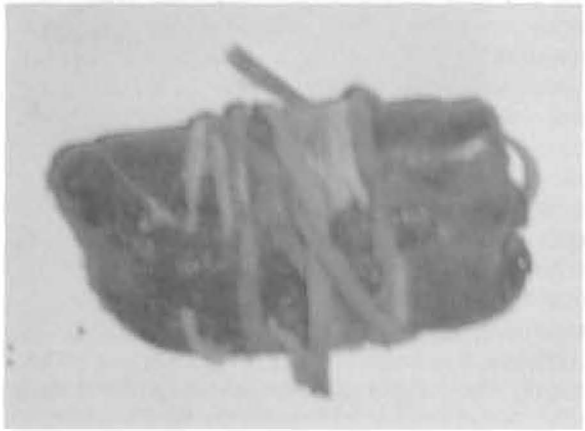
journey, from Algiers in North Africa to Llangwm in South Pembrokeshire, had perhaps been the most remarkable of them all.

The second funeral, at Llangwm on Sunday, March 25th, provided a moving demonstration of the affectionate esteem in which the late Captain and his family were locally held. According to the prevailing custom, there was a short service at the house, where the hymn 'Jesu, lover of my soul' was sung by neighbours and friends assembled outside. In the absence of Mrs Mary Jane Bryant who had left the village for Portsmouth, Mr Kenworthy presided at the organ for the public service at the parish church. After the singing of the rousing Easter Hymn 'Jesus lives, no longer death', and the chanting of appropriate passages from the Psalms, the kindly rector Wilfred Griffiths delivered a striking address, in which he extrolled Captain Morgans' many worthy qualities and eloquently referred to the unique circumstances surrounding the occasion. At the thronged cemetery, the hymn 'Rock of Ages' was sung before Captain Morgans' coffin was lowered into a grave adjacent to that of his father. Unknown to several in his family, the master mariner had been a Freemason, and at the funeral, the mourners were joined by the Worshipful Master and three past Masters of the Neyland Lodge. Having endured the anguish of the loss of a son and husband within a month, Mrs Jane Morgans passed away a month after the Llangwm funeral, on April 29th, 1928. Almost a year later, Havard, the Haverfordwest stonemason, erected on Captain Morgans' grave that majestic black marble rounded obelisk, which has presided like a sentinel over the top half of the cemetery for over sixty years.

Captain Morgans had often returned from his voyages with artefacts and objects d'art which he had frequently given to relatives and close friends. In February 1928, his sister, Miss Elizabeth Morgans, presented a collection of these, displayed in an oak glass-fronted museum cupboard, to Llangwm School. Miss Morgans herself retired on March 31st, 1933, but until her retirement on April 30th, 1948, a former colleague, Miss Mary Ann Brown of Guilford Steps, regularly allowed the younger children to view the objects on Friday afternoons as a reward for good work and exemplary behaviour. (Since that time, the objects have been dispersed, and the cupboard has been converted into a library unit). On the occasion of his enlistment in the Royal Navy in September 1940, his aunt, the same Miss Elizabeth Morgans, presented teacher Glyn Morgan of Wellhead, with a leather purse containing a five dollar American gold coin, which had been on his uncle's person when, earlier in his career, he had been washed overboard by one wave, and miraculously returned to ship by another. At midnight on Sunday December 14th, 1941, the Llangwm rating's ship 'Galatea' was torpedoed by a German submarine off Cyrenaica and practically the full complement of six hundred men were lost. As with the assistance of floating wreckage, the Wellhead sailor

kept himself afloat for four and a half hours in the heavily oiled water, he repeatedly fingered the purse in his back pocket and fervently prayed that it would effect for him a deliverance similar to that bestowed upon his uncle. It did - as thousands of grateful former pupils of Milford Central School will gladly confirm.

The oak cabinet which formerly contained exotic artefacts and which was presented to Llangwm School by Miss Elizabeth Morgans.



The leather purse, containing the American dollar piece, which brought good fortune both to Captain Morgans, and to his nephew, Mr Glyn Morgan.

IV THE LLANGWM DOUBLE TRAGEDY

THE LLANGWM TRAGEDY.

INQUEST ON AGED COUPLE.

Overwhelmed by Tide.

BODY FOUND UPRIGHT IN MUD.

The Coroner for South Pembrokeshire (Mr. H. J. E. Price), sitting without a jury, held an enquiry on Wednesday evening of last week into the circumstances surrounding the deaths of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel John, of Mill Street, Llangwm, who, as reported in the "Guardian" last week, lost their lives in Carew reach on the previous Monday evening. The court was held in the humble home of the unfortunate couple. P.C. Bevan acted as Coroner's officer, and there was nobody present beyond the officials, the witnesses and three newspaper reporters.

William John, a Dockyard and Naval pensioner, residing at Cemetery Row, Llangwm, gave evidence of identification. He said Samuel John was his brother and Mary John his sister-in-law, their respective ages being 73 and 65. His brother was an old age pensioner and a fisherman. Witness last saw him alive on Sunday evening in the Wesleyan Chapel. He suffered from rheumatism very badly, and had lost the sight of one eye. Being born and bred a fisherman, he was used to handling a boat. Mrs. John was equally experienced in the handling of boats. Deceased had been to Carew reach many times; it was not strange ground to him.

'The Pembrokeshire and West Wales Guardian' - August 8th, 1930

Around 10 o'clock on July 28th, 1930, the Cleddau morning tide, seemingly reluctant to obey the compulsions of its pre-ordained nature, was quietly ebbing from Guildford Pill in the riverside village of Llangwm. On this 'Washday' Monday, as on any other, the women folk were too busily engaged in their major weekly chore to linger for long out of doors. The low murmur of subdued conversation occasionally emanated from Johnny Bryant's cobbler's shop at Jubilee Cottage, in which a few of the unemployed and retired men were wont to gather. The only slight threat to the pervasive tranquillity of the scene was unwittingly raised by a homespun pair of pensioners, 73 year-old Sam John and his 66 year-old wife, Mary, of Mill Street, who were nonchalantly 'dapping' their way out of the inlet in their tarred car-built fishing boat. They were casually noticed by at least one villager from his vantage point in Cemetery Road, but there was no reason for surprise, still less for alarm. Though noticeably lame and partially sighted, Sam was a veteran fisherman who had spent an informing working life-time on the Cleddau River. His buxom wife appeared more than capable, especially under his supervision, of coping with any situation likely to arise. Moreover, it was not the couple's intention to embark upon some hazardous venture, but as they had often done before, to row down to Carew Lake, collect shell-fish, and then to return on the making tide between four and five o'clock in the late afternoon.

For the majority of the inhabitants of the village, the next seven to eight hours passed in that serene uneventfulness which, at least in retrospect, often seems to precede hideous calamity. When, by early evening, Sam and Mary had failed to return, uneasiness spread among relatives, neighbours and friends. As if summoned by a communal telegraph, a sizeable crowd of anxious villagers gathered in conversing clusters on Guildford shore and along the sea-wall opposite. Just after 8 pm, as the prospect of further waiting became unbearable, 35 year-old John Warlow, the Guildford shipwright, and his 60 year-old father, Joseph, set out for the Carew Reach of the river. Accomplished oarsmen, they reached it at 9.30 pm on the high tide, and they quickly located Sam's boat, which was floating, with the anchor overboard, near the middle of the river. Inside the boat, they discovered Mary's mud-splattered clog and boot, and her jacket and hat. There was no sign of the missing couple, and enquiries at the very few houses in the vicinity were fruitless. The nonplussed pair arrived back at Llangwm at midnight, with the ominous news of the empty boat and the missing occupants. There was no alternative but to inform the authorities of the apparent disappearance of the hapless Sam and Mary.

Early on Tuesday morning, six quickly organised search parties, under the general direction of P.C. Bevan of Houghton, purposefully set off down river. For several hours, they unavailingly dragged the river and

carefully scoured the banks and foreshores. At 12.30, another boat, manned by 47 year-old Cemetery Road shipwright John Jones, and 45 year-old James John J.P. of Chapel Row, left Black Tar for Carew. By this time, the tide had been in and out twice since Sam and Mary had left Guildford Pill and the prospects of finding them alive had greatly diminished. Around 2.30 pm, the attention of the two was arrested by 'something unusual' on a mud-bank some 300/400 yards from where the empty boat had been found. Upon closer inspection, they identified Sam's body, which was half submerged in the treacherous mud, with the top half protruding. His two arms, with fingertips touching, were lifted to the level of the chin of his drooping head, and the tails of his saturated coat were hoisted almost to the back of his neck. Repeated and strenuous efforts to dislodge and recover the body failed. At one stage, the two men approached near enough to grab Sam's belt, but it snapped when they forcefully tugged on it. At great personal risk, the nimble and adventurous Mr Jones daringly squirmed across the mud in an attempt to attach a rope to the body. When the cloying mud threatened to engulf him, he had to scramble back to safety. Eventually, after the two were joined by Mr John Warlow, they succeeded in pulling and dragging the body into their boat. At 3 pm, the news of the recovery of Sam's body was telephoned to the waiting village of Llangwm. A solemn convoy, formed by the boats which had conveyed the search parties, made for Edward's Pill, which was entered at 5 pm. Dr G.J. Bowen, summoned from Haverfordwest, promptly examined the corpse, before it was dolefully transported on a horse-drawn trap to the empty cottage in Mill Street.

Sam's and Mary's Grave

At 7.30 that same Tuesday evening, 24 year-old Leonard Rogers of the Post Office, Milton, was walking with his uncle, Mr Thomas George

Picton, in the vicinity of the Carew River. After glimpsing a prostrate form from a distance, he discovered Mary's body on the mud at Ratford Pill, about 1½ miles from the accident spot. Very aware of the search in the area, he immediately informed P.C. Griffiths of Carew, who arranged for Mary's corpse to be take to Llangwm by motor boat. The coroner, Mr H.J.E. Price, assisted by P.C. Bevan, conducted the inquest which was held in the dining room of the two-roomed Mill Street cottage after 6.15 on the Wednesday evening. Evidence of identification was given by Sam's 76 year old brother, William John of Cemetery Road, a retired naval dockyard rigger, who had last seen Sam at the services at the Wesley Chapel on the previous Sunday. He confirmed that his brother had suffered from arthritis and had lost the sight of one eye, and that he had been a seasoned fisherman with an intimate knowledge of the river. The precise evidence of Mr John Jones and Mr John Warlow enabled the coroner carefully to reconstruct a credible outline of the relevant events of the fateful Monday. Dr Bowen explained that without a full-scale, meticulous post-mortem, it was not possible to stipulate the exact cause of Sam's death with total certainty. It was very likely to have been by drowning, but his known physical condition and the horrendous circumstances of his last hours could have induced death by shock or heart failure. There was no shred of doubt that Mary had drowned. The coroner was not obliged by his terms of reference either to pronounce upon which of the two had died first, or to determine just how Mary had come to be in the water. The only appropriate verdict was that of 'Accidental Death'.

The double funeral on the Saturday was one of the largest and most impressive even the village of Llangwm, which almost specialised in hugely attended obsequies, had ever witnessed. Sam and Mary had been affectionately regarded, and their gruesome fate had deeply affected many in the symbiotic community. With his limping gait and inevitable flat black cap, Sam had long been a familiar figure as he strolled the village Green and lanes, and gathered firewood in the nearby Ashdale fields. A most congenial and original 'character', he had possessed a droll sense of humour, and the fisherman's proverbial talent for the telling of a diverting tale. Though not formally members, he and Mary had been regularly in attendance at the services of the thriving Wesley Chapel. Sam, in particular, had been a shrewd critic of preachers, a discerning connoisseur of sermons, and an avid reader of 'The Methodist Times'. His devotion to the latter had been such that to prevent its precious pages from being lost or misplaced, he had instructed Mary to stitch them together! The funeral services were conducted by the very literate Rev. Robert A. Ellis, who was assisted by Ald. Richard Sinnett of Haverfordwest. At the house, 'Rock of Ages' was imploringly sung, and in the spacious and thronged chapel, the two coffins, strewn with wreaths, were laid on trestles, one each side of the pulpit. Miss L. Rogers (later Mrs W. Roach) presided at

the organ for the poignant singing of two hymns, 'Thee we adore, Eternal Name' and 'Jesu, lover of my soul', and for the spine-chilling 'Dead March'. At the Cemetery Road graveyard, Sam and Mary were interred - Sam first - in a grave whose weathered headstone still bears their decipherable names.

The presence of three reporters at the inquest virtually guaranteed that the village tragedy would receive exceptional treatment in the local press. The July 31st edition of 'The Pembrokeshire Telegraph' mounted a four-decker headline in a 'Telegraph Special'-

PERISHED IN A MUD-BANK

DOUBLE LLANGWM TRAGEDY

OLD FISHERMAN AND WIFE THE VICTIMS

A VILLAGE IN MOURNING

The next edition (August 7th) was similarly explicit.

THE LLANGWM TRAGEDY

GRAPHIC INQUEST IN A COTTAGE

ENGULFED IN A MUD-BANK

ACCIDENTALLY DROWNED VERDICT

'The Pembrokeshire and West Wales Guardian' (August 1st) reported in similar vein -

MYSTERIOUS LLANGWM FATALITY

AGED FISHERFOLK DROWNED WHEN ON MUSSEL EXPEDITION

BOAT FOUND ON MUD-BANK

Natives of the village have seldom been tentative in the expression of their opinions, and well-versed as many of them were in the peculiarities of the river and the eccentricities of the tide, they were quite certain they knew exactly what had happened to Sam and Mary. After making leisurely progress down the Cleddau, they had arrived at Carew Lake an hour or two before low water. They had dropped anchor, but before they had realised it, the retreating tide had grounded their boat on a mud-bank. Probably impulsively, Sam had stepped over the side with the intention of pushing the boat into a deeper channel. He had succeeded in doing that, but thereafter he had failed to extricate himself from the glutinous mud. Alarmed by his predicament, his frantic wife, having hurriedly changed some of her footwear and removed her jacket and hat, committed herself to the rescue. For three or four hours, Mary had either struggled desperately to reach him, or having reached him, to wrench him

View of Carew Reach from the site of Lawrenny Castle

free - until the rising tide had covered them both, and had caused the boat to carry its anchor away from the mud-bank. Since the couple had been almost half a mile from the nearest house at Upton, their cries for assistance would not have been heard. There was an unconfirmed report that some cockle pickers had heard strident shouts, but that they had assumed that they were made by men and women calling to each other while collecting shellfish. Given the topography of the heavily sedimented river, the mounting of a successful rescue operation would have been difficult, even impossible. There was one feature of the grisly business which puzzled Dr Bowen at the inquest. Because of Sam's increasing infirmity, it had long been the practice for the much more active Mary to ground the boat on dry land before Sam disembarked. On this occasion, they seemed to have departed from this routine with disastrous consequences.

The distressing end of this estimable couple was such a uniquely traumatic experience for their fellow villagers that the latter never forgot it for the rest of their lives. The episode was not just a sad and regrettable occurrence - it immediately became 'The Llangwm Tragedy'. For the next 25/30 years, whenever the carefree and euphoric young ventured out on the river, their elders seldom failed gravely to admonish them - 'Remember Sam and Mary'. A decade or so ago, four Llangwm natives were pleasantly cruising along the Carew River on a Saturday evening tide. When they reached a certain spot, the much older of the two men quietly remarked 'This is where it happened to Sam and Mary'. No-one else spoke. Comment was unnecessary.

V THE UNLIKELY INVADERS

At 11 o'clock on Sunday, September 3rd, 1939, practically the entire population of Llangwm tensely sat in their living rooms, intently listening to a much trailed wireless broadcast by the Prime Minister. Neville Chamberlain's solemn pronouncement that a state of war existed between Britain and Nazi Germany confirmed their worst fears. But few of them could have appreciated the difference the ensuing conflict would make to their lives. Those with clear recollections of the First World War instantly perceived that all their able-bodied young men would be recruited into the Armed Services. Others soon predicted that war would inevitably bring hardship and several kinds of deprivation, and that it would certainly disrupt the settled routines of their community life. Those of a lugubrious disposition anxiously contemplated the unnerving prospect of military defeat, even of occupation. None of them anticipated that, in the next few years, their village in relatively remote South West Wales would itself be invaded, not by armed, alien soldiers, but by successive waves of children from distant towns 'up the line'.

An Arla George pencil sketch of the top of The Dark Lane. On the right is the bungalow, with its conspicuous chimney, where the Gardner family stayed

This unforeseen development was an indirect consequence of the military campaigns. After the so-called 'Phoney War', in which there were no major engagements for 6/7 months, in May, 1940, Adolf Hitler launched sustained blitzkrieg offensives, in which German forces swept through Holland and Belgium and seized control of France within 7/8 weeks. During the Battle of Britain, the famous contest from August 15th

to September 15th for air supremacy between the Luftwaffe and R.A.F., Hitler suddenly changed his strategy in favour of 'The Blitz' against the densely populated industrial cities. The intention was not only to inflict physical damage, but to undermine the will to resist by spreading demoralisation among the civilian population, Immediately appreciating the vulnerablility of children to the relentless raids, the Churchill coalition government ordered their large-scale evacuation to the more sparsely populated parts of Britain. Llangwm could hardly fail to attract the attention of those in Pembrokeshire entrusted with the responsibility for the allocation of evacuee children to temporary homes. Inspite of its reputation, not entirely deserved, for clannishness and hostility to outsiders, it was a sizeable rural community, situated in a congenial riverside environment and surrounded by spacious fields. Its people, though straight-laced by sophisticated standards, were hard-working, socially responsible, and unreservedly patriotic. Moreover, there was unused capacity at the village school. A building which, at the beginning of the century had accommodated over 240 children, was in 1939/40 attended by little more than a quarter of that number. It is true that it had been placed on the Department of Education's list of defective buildings in 1924, but since that time, it had been substantially re-furbished. During October/November 1935, four large new windows had been installed in the road-facing side, the floor and ceiling of the Main Room had been replaced and three of the walls replastered, and the two lobbies had been reconstructed and fitted with new windows and wash basins. With the installation of electric light, during the Christmas holiday of 1937/38, the school had symbolically entered a new era. Any shortfalls in staffing or equipment could quite easily be remedied as the need became urgent.

On the afternoon of 13th November, 1940, the school was closed to its local pupils, and converted into an Evacuation Centre for 104 children and women, who arrived by train from London, and by bus from Haverfordwest, for billeting in the districts of Llangwm, Burton and Hook. When the village pupils presented themselves on the following morning, they discovered that since 14 evacuees were still on the premises, they were not required for lessons, and the school did not formally re-open until the next day. On 18th November, 15 evacuees were officially admitted in the morning, with the expectation that six more would join them during the remainder of the week. The following list, extracted from the school register and elucidated by other research, contains the names and ages of the London evacuees and the names of the schools from which they came, and, in most cases, identifies the places where they stayed.

DENNIS MARSHALL (10 yrs) from Ballamore Road School, Bromley, Kent, his brother GERALD (5 yrs), and their mother, Millicent, at Guildford Bridge, with Mr and Mrs Howard Rees.

ALLAN RAY (10 yrs) from Burnt Ash School, Bromley, and his mother, Doris, at No.10 Main Street, with Mr and Mrs F. Bevan.

JOHN LEONARD (8 yrs), from St. Saviour's School, Lewisham, with Mr and Mrs Albert John, Belmont, The Gail.

JAMES (9 yrs), IRIS (7) and MAUREEN (6) MALEED, from Nottingham Road School, Bromley, and their mother, Florence, with Mr and Mrs J. Brock, Sycamore House, 16, Main Street.

DORIS (15), JEAN (9), JOSEPHINE (7) and EDWARD (5) GARDNER from Pendragon School, Downham, Bromley, with their mother, Alice, rented 'The Shack' at the top of Vinegar Hill, Black Tar.

ARTHUR ROGERS (6 yrs) from St. Stephen's School, Lewisham, his sister, EILEEN (5), and their mother, Lilian, rented 4 Edward's Pill, from Mr and Mrs Arthur Thomas.

JEAN (9 yrs) and MOLLY (6) COCKAYNE from Alfrida School, Bellingham, with Mr and Mrs Tom Jones, 2 Edward's Pill.

DENIS COCKAYNE (11 yrs) from Alfrida School, Bellingham, in Main Street.

PAUL COCKAYNE (5 yrs) at Great Nash Farm.

DOREEN CHARLES (6 yrs), from Alfrida School, Bellingham, and later, her brother RAYMOND (5), at Great Nash Farm.

JULIA ROSE ELLIS (5 yrs), and her sister, SHIRLEY (3), and their mother Matilda, from Lewisham, with Mr W. Palmer at the Kilns.

RONALD (5½ yrs) and FREDERICK (4) FRANKLIN (no previous school) with Mr and Mrs Sam England, Guildford Bridge.

During the first few months of 1941, a few other evacuees arrived from other parts of England and Wales. DOREEN VIOLET (8 yrs) and JEAN IVY (6) FERNANDEL from Bristol, with their mother took rooms at Knapp Farm. Two months later, the Peters family also extended the hospitality of their home to ROYSTON WARING from St. Simon's School, Bristol. UNA PALMER (10 yrs) and her mother, Elvie, from Cwmbwrla, Swansea, were accepted by Mr and Mrs Albert John, Belmont, The Gail.

The staff of the village school were excessively experienced. Mr Thomas A. Harries, an unrepentent Burton man, had been Headmaster since September 1919, and the other two teachers, Miss Elizabeth Skyrme of Park House, The Kilns, and Miss Mary Ann Brown of Guildford Steps, had been assistants since 1902. But their skills in classroom control had been refined in the management of local children, whose general

An Arla George painting of the two cottages in the Fold, Lower Black Tar. They were demolished in the late 1950s, to make way for 'The Chase'.

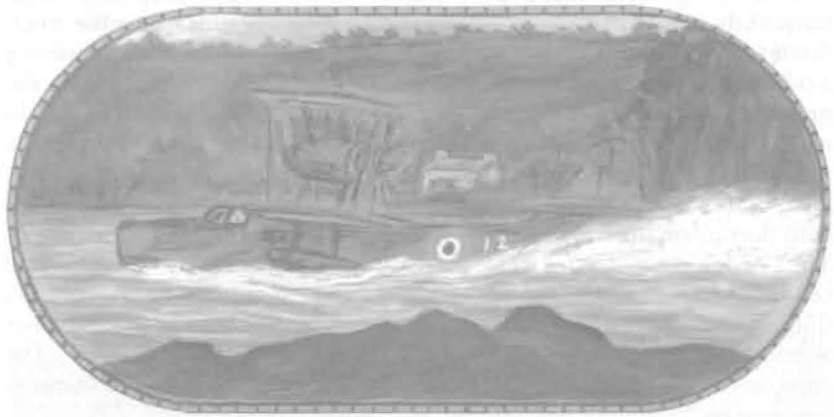
inclination was towards deference and obedience. They may well have doubted their capacity to contend with more socially precocious children from urban backgrounds, perhaps rebelliously resentful of their enforced transfer to a rural backwater. The London children must have experienced a profound culture shock during their first few days in the village. Through the main public electricity supplies had been erected in 1935, there was no street-lighting (until 1964/65), and many of the houses were still illuminated by oil-filled brass table lamps. Since the Rural District Council had only just begun the three year task of laying the water mains, the villagers depended for their supplies on public taps - 'screws' - and roadside pumps. There was no public sewage system (until 1954), and in the majority of households the relief of nature necessitated a visit to the 'closet', and outside zinc privy, usually at the bottom of the garden! The evacuees daily encountered adults and children whose accents were unfamiliar, and whose vocabulary often consisted of words and phrases only they seemed to understand. Strangely, there were no public houses, and on Sundays, as the church bell tolled, the locals, in their hundreds, and dressed in their best clothes, made their way to services at the parish church and at the two large chapels. It was a village ethos and life-style of which the newcomers had no previous inkling.

However, forebodings of a time of exasperating difficulty and mounting tension were not fulfilled. On 4th, December, 1940, the staff of the school were heartened by the arrival of Mr J.H. HUDSPITH, a certificated assistant from Laxon Street School, Borough South East, London. Tall and slight, this euphonious gentleman quickly demonstrated his professional competence. Unfailingly good-humoured and quietly persuasive, he established a ready rapport with both evacuee and local children. If it was necessary to deny a pupil his or her playtime for a blundering attempt at an arithmetic exercise, he would sit patiently alongside, making helpful suggestions, and he would then reward the relieved pupil with three-pence or sixpence on the completion of the exercise. Lodging with Mr and Mrs W. Morgans at Edward's Pill Cottage, Mr Hudspith was a soccer enthusiast, eager to spread the gospel of Association football. He regularly and actively played the game with the older boys in the playground at the rear of the school, and there was more than one ocassion, when he had to be assisted back to his classroom, having sustained a sprained ankle or leg abrasions in the course of a boisterous game! Invariably attired in a fawn mackintosh and dark trilby, he became a familiar and warmly regarded figure in the village. His popularity and sympathetic disposition made him the ideal person to act as the liaison officer between the evacuees and the local community.

For a time, there was a degree of mutual distancing, prompted more by embarrassment than antagonism, between the evacuees and the villagers. Some well-meaning official attempts were made to assist the former in overcoming any acute home-sickness they might have felt at festive times. Mrs Harcourt Roberts, of Little Milford, the evacuee area leader, took the initiative in organising a Christmas Social Gathering for all evacuees in the Llangwm, Hook, Freystrop, Sardis and Johnston area. Attending the event at Llangwm School on December 24th, 1940, the children were treated to a tea and presented with gifts from a Christmas Tree during the afternoon, and in the evening, they were entertained by a concert party. Obviously, there were problems of adjustment. The records reveal that a few of the evacuees remained in the village for a significantly brief time - the Maleed children and Raymond Charles for barely a month, and Doreen Charles for only two months. In some instances, the initial accommodation was either too cramped, or too lacking in necessary facilities, for reasonable comfort. Having stayed in London during the final illness of one of his daughters at Great Ormond Street Hospital, Mr George Ellis joined his wife and their two daughters at the Kilns. He struck up a friendship with the late Gwyn Morgan, and within a few months, in the early part of 1941, the Ellis family moved into rooms at Brynhyfryd, 7 Butter Hill. After spending four months in Guildford, the Franklin brothers transferred to Hook, but four months later returned to Llangwm, to spend the remaining four months at Lower

Black Tar, probably in one of the Fold cottages (The Chase).

However, often revelling in the freedom of a rural environment, the majority of the evacuees happily integrated with the indigenous population for the 10/12 months of their exile in Llangwm. Young Auriel Thomas of Edward's Pill found congenial playmates in Eileen Rogers, the Cockayne sisters, and especially in Jean Gardner. Coming from a showpiece mod.con. large estate in the Downham area of Bromley, the latter's family managed the transition to the rustic simplicities of life in Black Tar by-the-river with admirable equanimity. Their resourceful and self-sacrificing mother, Alice, quickly transformed the cabin-like structure, built at the top of 'The Dark Lane' with stones, timber and zinc, into the homeliest of dwellings. Starting with that home, the second of the Gardner girls, now Mrs Jean Christensen of Bromley, has vivid recollections of an idyllic ten months spent on the banks of the Cleddau in Anglicised West Wales.



An Arla George painting of a seaplane landing on the Cleddau at Black Tar. In the background, on the other side, is Eynon's Cottage.

"Mother cooked all the meals on an open range which had to be kept going even in Summer. Our water was drawn from a well at the bottom of the hill just beyond the wooden bridge (and behind the present garage) at Edward's Pill. We children would take an enamel jug, fill it in the well, and struggle back up the steep hill (Vinegar Hill) to our little shack. The water was for drinking and cooking - all our other needs were served by a large

water butt. Bath nights had to be staggered as we could not all bath on the same night, especially if there had not been much rain, and we often had to share baths. Our 'loo', at the end of the garden, consisted of a wooden seat with a hole in it, under which was a bucket which had to be regularly emptied and the contents buried in the garden. Food was scarce as most items were rationed, but our Mother managed, by careful planning, to stretch our rations to feed us all. Along our lane was a villager (the late Mr Edwin John Palmer) who trapped rabbits, and to supplement the meagre meat allocation of 8 ounces per week per person, Mother would send us along to his stone cottage, (later demolished and replaced by a fine continental-style house) to enquire whether he had a spare rabbit we could buy. The rabbit would be prepared in such a way by my Mother that the meal amounted to a banquet in such frugal times. She would clean it out, stuff it with herbs, and bake it, with potatoes and vegetables from the garden, in our open range oven. It was absolutely delicious, and to this day, I have never tasted the like."

Outside, there was much to engage the interest of town children - "From our garden, there were pastures, on which sheep and cattle frequently grazed, and which sloped down to the beach and to the river. Sometimes when the animals escaped from the field onto the shore, we would go out and coax them back, lest unwarily, they foundered on the nearby mud-banks. At the lower end of the field was a trough which we would keep replenished with water for the cows. When Spring came, we would get up in the morning to discover, much to our amazement as town kids, that some of the sheep had given birth to lambs during the night. The wild flowers on the beach were prolific, and we were thrilled to see them. The hedge-rows, too, were covered with primroses, violets and celendines, and our two-mile walk to school (through the Pill Parks) was filled with enjoyment. Occasionally, one of the patrolling sea-planes would land at the bottom of the field near the beach at Black Tar. The crew never left the plane, but the very landing caused great excitement amongst us."

The imperturbable Gardner children seem to have approached any obstacles and difficulties in a spirit of adventure. During the severe wintry conditions of the second half of January, 1941, the streams which often flowed down the unsurfaced and deeply rutted Vinegar Hill were so solidly frozen as to give the incline several of the properties of an Alpine piste. Climbing the hill on the way back to 'The Shack' from the well, the children cheerfully stumbled and slithered, unable to avoid spilling much of the water in the process. Edward's Pill was periodically liable to flooding, and when a high Spring tide barred their way to school, they enjoyed the experience of rowing across from the foot of Vinegar Hill to the steps leading to the Pill Parks on the other side. In those days of full employment, fishing had ceased to be a means of livelihood for the

villagers. But the Gardners were intrigued by a number of the older menfolk who, in early Spring, set out from Black Tar in their tarred boats to fish for herrings further down river. They were among the village children who, hopefully greeting them on their return, were delighted by the gift of a few very edible fish for their tea. They could not but notice the manner in which the locals threaded the fish through their eyes on a long stick, which they carried on their shoulders on the walk back home.

The Gardner family mingled freely with the four George brothers who lived further down the Dark Lane, in one of the semi-detached cottages a few yards from the beach. Over some Summer weekends, they would join them, their parents, and other relatives, on a trip up river in the family boat. Given the recreational habits of the time, natives will not be surprised to learn that such outings invariably involved a landing at Landshipping, where the adults slaked their thirst at the hospitable 'Stanley Arms'! Though they were always concerned about the safety of their father, obliged by the essential nature of his occupation to remain in the capital, the Gardners developed a real affection for the community into which they had been thrust by the imperatives of war. For a time, there was some prospect that Mr Gardner would secure a job on Milford Docks, and the family briefly entertained the hope of moving from Black Tar either to Rose Cottage in Main Street, or to Fern Cottage on the Gail Hill. Circumstances dictated otherwise, but it was with some reluctance that they departed for Bromley. During their stay in Llangwm, they had

The Gardners photographed with their visiting father in the garden at Black Tar.
Left to right - Doris, Edward, Mother and Father.
Front row - Jean and Josephine.

become particularly fond of Arla George, an engagingly friendly young man with marked artistic talents. After they returned to the London area, and he had joined the R.A.F., to become a rear gunner on the Wellington bombers, he visited their home several times, before, in February 1945, he was tragically killed over Abbeville, France.

For the first part of 1941, Llangwm school was preoccupied with adjusting to the new intake and with responding to the usual distractions of winter. The problem of adequate and suitable seating was solved by the delivery during the Christmas holidays of 1940/41, of eleven dual desks from the London County Council. On January 20th, severe weather conditions reduced attendance from 93 to 53 in the morning, and to 46 in the afternoon. If some of the evacuees had assumed that their removal to West Wales would absolve them from all the obligations of peace-time, they were mistaken. On 13th March, two boys and one girl from Llangwm, with others from Burton and Freystrop, sat the Examination for L.C.C. Junior Scholarship. (Eleven Plus). When the school re-opened on 22nd April, after the Easter holiday, no fewer than 35 cases of measles were reported. The Schools' Medical Officer promptly visited the premises, and to the delight of those not already affected, ordered the closure of the school until 5th May. It was only a fortnight later, on the evening of May 22nd, 1941, that the building was again pressed into service as an Evacuation Centre with the arrival of 40 children from St. Helen's Council School, Swansea.

Formally registered on 26th, May, they were billeted with the following householders:-

ALEC CURTIS (10 yrs), GLENVILLE LANGDEN (10), and DOUGLAS BEVAN (9) with Mr and Mrs Colin Cale at 7 Main Street.

WILLIAM EVANS (11 yrs) with Mr and Mrs Tom Lewis, 21 Main Street.

JACK JOHN (11 yrs), EDWARD FROST (12), and ALBERT KIDWELL (13) with Mr and Mrs F. Bevan, 10 Main Street.

BETTY (9 yrs) and GEORGE FUDGE (12) with Mr and Mrs Ernie John, The Kilns.

DAVID (12 yrs) and RONALD (9) GIBBINS with Mr and Mrs Dick Jones, 16 Rectory Road.

LEONARD HAYES (11 yrs) and JOHN McCARTHY (10) with Miss Sarah Davies, 17 Main Street.

PETER HAYES (12 yrs) with Mr and Mrs Arthur Thomas, Edward's Pill.

ALBERT JAMES (11 yrs) and EDWIN (10), with Mr and Mrs Watkin Childs, Laburnums, The Kilns.

BRIAN KIFT (8 yrs) with Mr and Mrs Albert John, Belmont, The Gail.

DAVID QUINN (8 yrs) with Mr and Mrs W. Wilcox, The Cottage, 19 Main Street.

TERENCE STOTE (11 yrs) with Mr and Mrs Basil Allen, Myn-yr-avon, Guildford.

JOHN WILLIAMS (13 yrs) with Mr and Mrs Reg. Stephens, Holloway House.

IVY EVANS (9 yrs) with Mr and Mrs Ted. Brock, Primrose Cottage, Coronation Avenue.

JOAN HAYES (7 yrs) with Mr and Mrs Wilfred Phillips, School House.

ANN (7 yrs) and BETTY (9) JOHN with Mrs Rosie Jones, Cartref, Mill Street.

ELAINE KIDWELL (12 yrs) with Mr and Mrs J. Brock, Trindall House, The Green.

BERNARD BOTCHER (12 yrs), JOHN COLLINS (9) and ROBERT CUDE (12) with Mrs Annie Davies, Vinegar Hill.

KENNETH FOWLER (12 yrs) with Mr and Mrs Ted. Hutchings, Sunnymead, 12 Main Street.

BYRON DAVIES (7 yrs) with Mrs S. Owens, Muriel House, Guildford.

GRAHAM DAVIES (9 yrs) with Mr and Mrs W. Stokes, Court House, 18 Main Street.

PETER (11 yrs) and BRIAN (9) JONES with Rev. and Mrs T.M. Jones,The Manse, Butter Hill.

ROY KIFT (10 yrs) with Mr and Mrs Gwyn Skyrme, Wellhead Cottage.

IVOR PRITCHARD (11 yrs) with Mr and Mrs Sam England, Guildford Bridge.

FRANK REED (13 yrs) with Mr and Mrs Pearson, 7 The Green.

GRAHAM TREW (9 yrs) with Mrs Lena Palmer, 5 Chapel Row.

GORDON (10 yrs) and KENNETH (9) WATKINS with Miss B. Skyrme, Park House, The Kilns.

A week after the arrival of these evacuees, two Swansea teachers - the tall ascetic-looking MR BOYLE, and the stocky MR BEYNON - joined the staff of the school. Mr Beynon's stay was rather brief - on July 2nd, he was transfered to Roch to take the place of a teacher called to the Colours. In October of the year, two other evacuees - PHYLLIS (11 yrs) and JOHN (7) HARDY and their mother Kathleen, arrived from Hellidon Village School, Daventry, and were billeted with Mr and Mrs J. Thomas, Park Villa, Coronation Avenue.

It was also during this year that staggered Summer holidays - 15th August - 8th September; 22nd September - 3rd October - were introduced. By the end of the year, the majority of the English evacuees

had left - the Gardners and their cousins, the Marshalls, in September, and the Rogers and the Fernandels in December. Mr Hudspith was absent for a week in mid November, attending the funeral of his mother in Newcastle. On 9th January, 1942, the school was closed for normal purposes to enable a special function to be held. The local children and the evacuees from Llangwm and Burton attended a belated Christmas Party, which the Rural District Council subsidised to the tune of £3:3:6d. The County Council donated packets of sweets, the American Red Cross sent presents, and at the end, the surplus of £1:0:2d was distributed among the evacuees. During the following few months, the Blitz abated as Nazi Germany concentrated on preparations for Operation Barbarossa against U.S.S.R. On February 6th, Mr Boyle was recalled to Swansea, and two months later, Mr Hudspith was switched first to Wiston, to Treffgarne, and then to Newport, Pembs. By 27th May, 1942, there were only six London, two Swansea and two unofficial evacuees in attendance. The two Swansea boys - George Fudge and Kenneth Fowler - lingered in the village for several months, the former operating a newspaper round, and the latter delivering bread with the late Emrys John, the local Main Street baker.

It was during the last year of the Second World War that the final influx of evacuees, again from London, took place. In May, 1944, Betty (11 yrs), Ruth (10) and ANN (8) BEYNON, with their mother, Winifred, and their young brother, Peter, came to live in the inner of the two cottages at the Fold, Lower Black Tar. The girls had previously attended Rudbaxton School, and their time of over twelve months in Llangwm included the V.E. celebrations of the 8th and 9th May 1945. In July 1944, FREDERICK SELLECK (10 yrs) and his young sister, with his father, a naval officer at Kete, and mother, and his cousin, IRIS NOKE (9 yrs), took rooms with Miss Clara Bryant at 2 Orchard Row, Guildford. Frederick senior was the owner of a prestigious four-speed dropped handlebar bicycle, which he used, almost nightly, to visit 'The Jolly Sailor' at Burton. There were times when returning in the dark, he experienced some difficulty in

Rear Gunner
Arla George

negotiating the sharp left turn into the Row, and made glancing contact with a large stone situated outside the forecourt of Number 1! Freddie jnr, who had attended the Coronation School, Pembroke Dock, before coming to Llangwm, was a bright, intelligent boy, and an accomplished sportsman. Particularly adept at mental arithmetic and well primed in matters of general knowledge, he passed the Scholarship Examination to Haverfordwest Grammar School at Grade One level. The local Guilford children used to watch in awe as this outstanding swimmer performed spectacular aquatic feats from the boats moored in the Pill. When he left, in July 1945, for 76a, Oaklands Grove, Shepherd's Bush, London, he had every intention of pursuing a career in the Royal Navy.

Only one of the evacuee families stayed long enough for three of its members to put down permanent roots in the Llangwm community. During 1943/44, the Ellis family moved to the bungalow previously occupied by the Gardners at the top of the Dark Lane, Black Tar. With the completion, in 1950, of the second phase of the council houses at Rectory Road, they transferred to Glan Hafan, where Ronnie was born. After her marriage, in 1953, to Mr David Golding, the older of the two daughters, Julia, lived for five years in Llanelli, and a further eight in the Windsor area. In February 1968, the Goldings returned to Llangwm, where for the next five years, Julia and Dave were the genial stewards of the Rugby and Cricket Social Club. During 1979/86, many of the inhabitants regularly encounted Julia in her role as village Postmistress at Mill Street. The father, Mr George Ellis, died in January 1960, but the modest and quietly worthy Mrs Matilda Ellis, 83 next January, still resides in the village, now at Lake Villas. For her, the evacuee phenomenon is not just history - it was an experience which profoundly altered the course of her life.

An Arla George painting of the family boat
in which the Gardners made several trips.

VI THE DEERLAND DYNASTY

By reason of their genealogical complexity, prolific families confront the questing parish historian with a daunting challenge. But because such families have variously influenced the life of a locality, and especially because they invariably reflect the vicissitudes of a community's history, the challenge deserves to be taken up. That has certainly been a most revealing course in the instance of the Thomas family of Deerland, who for over a hundred years, have prominently figured in the multifarious activities of the Llangwm/Hook district.

Twentieth century feminists will surely be disarmed by the discovery that the founder of this veritable dynasty was not a man, but a tall, slight, twice-married woman. Though it may come as a surprise, even to some members of the family, SARAH LEWIS, born in the second quarter of 1847, was a native of the parish of Rudbaxton. The fourth daughter of Levi and Martha of Maenclochog Road, in 1872, she married Roch-born GEORGE TUDOR, who had been posted to Hakin on joining the County Police Force on 29th, January, 1870. Some twelve months after the marriage, in May 1873, for the impeccable performance of his duties, George was awarded the right to wear a distinctive star on the right arm of his uniform. The two Tudor daughters - SARAH ANN (1873) and MARY ELIZABETH (1875) - were born in Hubberston; and they were christened with a combination of the mother's Christian name and that of one her sisters in one case, and a combination of the two names of the mother's other sisters in the second case. On 3rd, February, 1880, P.C.21 George Tudor was transferred to Llangwm to become the third in the series of parish policemen since 1874. The family took up residence at Deerland, but George's patrolling area extended beyond the villages of Llangwm and Hook to include Burton, Freystrop and the hamlet of St. Issells (Merlin's Bridge). His professionalism continued to win the approval of his superiors. A month after his arrival in the Llangwm area, George Tudor was raised to the ranks of a Merit Class Constable; and on 16th, October, 1883, with the introduction of a new pay scale, he was promoted to Police Constable First Class, with a weekly wage of 25/8d. However, the promising career of this exemplary policeman was cruelly terminated by his sudden death, on June 23rd, 1885, at 46 years of age.

The Deerland Farmhouse which became vacant on the death of Miss Eileen Thomas, and which was sold in the Spring of 1988.

A month before the death of her first husband, Sarah Tudor took a step which was to have lasting consequences. With a flash of that entrepreneurial flair which was to be a conspicuous trait of several of her descendants, on May 18th, 1885, she launched a butchery business by killing a few lambs and selling the meat in the locality. No doubt to supplement her limited income, she also took as a lodger her husband's successor, PC.48 JOHN THOMAS, a native of Redberth, and a man sixteen years her junior. As is not infrequently the case, domestic proximity nourished romance; and after her second marriage, in the autumn of 1887, forty-one year-old Sarah Thomas entered her second child-bearing phase with arrival of a son, STANLEY (September 1888), and a daughter, JANE (1890). The responsibility for the rearing of four children provided a powerful incentive for Mr and Mrs John Thomas to pursue their livelihood with vigour. In January 1888, John Thomas resigned from the police force to assist his wife in the running of the 28 acre Deerland smallholding and the butchery business. Not content merely with door-to-door delivery, in 1893, they set up a butcher's shop right in the heart of the Llangwm community at Main Street,

The building in Main Street, Llangwm, now a private garage, which was Thomas' butcher's shop from 1893-1922

immediately opposite the entrance to the first Wesleyan chapel. Delivery continued to enjoy priority, and on her rounds, driven by her husband, Sarah often sat at the rear of a flat-bottomed cart, with her legs dangling over the side, and with a large basket filled with meat balanced on her lap. When she progressed to a lighter trap, from the canopy of which weighing scales were suspended, she regularly ventured as far as the county town, where she numbered among her customers Dr Brigstocke of Goat Street, Messrs Harries and Morris, the Market Street drapery firm, and the family of Mr Tom Davies, the County Clothier in High Street. Since the slaughter of animals was not rigidly regulated by law, John Thomas carried it out in the building at Catsmoor, a field away from Llangwm Hill on the main Llangwm/Hook road.

While the butchery business was gathering momentum, the two Tudor daughters left Deerland for the best of reasons. On February 23rd, 1894, nineteen year-old Mary Elizabeth (Auntie Lily) married twenty-four year-old PC.50 WILLIAM MILES, who had been the Llangwm policeman for the previous three years, at Llangwm parish church. Twenty months later, on October 12th, 1895, twenty-two year-old Sarah Anne (Auntie Anne) married WILLIAM THOMAS, a twenty-six year-old carpenter of Hook. Their departure was significant in that it created the Thomas family of Deerland as a distinct entity.

If the enterprising Sarah was the founder of the dynasty and the business, there is no doubt that the person who forcefully expanded both was her dynamic son, STANLEY. The promptings of destiny are not always peremptory. As a young man, Stanley Thomas made several exploratory attempts to discover a fulfilling occupation. After his primary education, under Headmaster Herbert Simlett, at Llangwm National School, he moved to the Intermediate School at Pembroke Dock, where he lodged with his half-sister, Mrs Lily Miles, and her policeman husband. Upon leaving school, he briefly tried his hand at carpentry before taking up an apprenticeship first with Harries & Morris, the Haverfordwest drapers, and then with Bon Marché, Abertillery, Mon. However, a working life spent indoors did not easily accord with his lively spirit, and just before the outbreak of The First World War, he served for fifteen months in the Metropolitan Police. It was a profession he was physically well equipped to follow. But London was a long way from Deerland, and Sarah and John Thomas had a farm and a business to run. It was probably his mother's influence which was decisive in persuading her only son to return home and to take charge of the butchery business.

Very soon afterwards, in April 1914, the Deerland Thomases formed an alliance with a very established and esteemed Hook family, with the marriage of Mr Stanley Thomas to ABIGAIL (Abe) ELLEN, the sixth of the seven children of James and Sarah HAVARD of West Hook. The Havards also kept one of the village shops, and because other

accommodation was not readily available, the young couple lived for several months at the shop farmhouse. Their first son RONALD (Ronnie) was born during this period, before they moved to the cottage at Hook Bridge, which, during recent years, has been transformed into Hunter's Lodge. The four years spent in this location were memorable in that they witnessed the birth of two more sons - HUBERT (March 1917) and LEVI (March 1919). During 1919/20, the growing Thomas family switched from Hook Bridge to Havard House, West Hook, which was to be their home for the next fourteen years. It was at this juncture that Mr Stanley Thomas purchased from Llangwm Church, in the throes of Disestablishment, twenty-eight acres of former glebe land which included the two Pill Parks, the Morris field and the Fog Field (The Rectory Field was rented from the Church). With the death of seventy-five year-old Mrs Sarah Thomas on April 19th, 1922, the butcher's shop at Llangwm was closed. It was during the extended occupation of Havard House that the family was further increased by the arrival of five more children - RICHARD (Richie) (December 1920), EILEEN (September 1922), ARTHUR (October 1925), BASIL (September 1929), and Vera (April 1931).

Mr and Mrs Stanley Thomas at the wedding reception in September, 1964, of their grandson, Edmund. (By courtesy of Mr Ronnie Thomas).

Life in the mining village of Hook during the 1920s had a rugged quality which those who have only known the present rather up-market village, with its resplendent bungalows and tastefully refurbished houses, can hardly envisage. But for the growing Thomas children and their peers, there were many compensations. Unlike their Hook forbears, they did not have to undertake the daily trek, in all kinds of weather, to Llangwm National School. The indefatigable efforts of local parish councillor Mr Joseph Davies, had ensured that, after 1914, Hook had a purpose-built School of its own. After a problematical first few years, high standards of academic achievement and discipline were emphatically established during the headmastership (1920-43) of the stern but dedicated Mr Emrys Williams. Hubert, Levi, Richie and Arthur benefited so much from this that they continued their education at Haverfordwest Boys' Grammar School. The religious life of a pious community had been enlivened by the opening of The Gospel Mission (1919), the congregation of which was, until 1966, to occupy a converted First World War army hut. Under lay leadership, the Mission confidently sustained a range of activities to cater for the spectrum of ages. The Thomas children regularly attended Sunday School, took part in those Anniversaries which were the nurseries of local talent, and eagerly participated in Annual Outings which were the social highlights of those Spartan days. On those trips to Tenby, the villagers travelled in a coal lorry, hired from Mr. T.P. Cousins of Freystrop, which had been crudely converted into a bus by the fixing of steel sides. The vehicle, which had a step running along its full length, was fitted with a canvas hood secured by fastenings to a framework. In the event of rain the canvas could be unrolled. But this involved a prolonged stop and considerable dexterity!

Only a short distance from Havard House, and running under the New Road - officially opened in February 1922 - near the Poplars was an endless-rope narrow gauge railroad which, since 1888, had hauled the drams the 770 yards from the pits near Southdown to Hook Quay and back again. With that disregard for danger which is the prerogative of the young in every generation, the Thomas boys often jumped on the passing drams and rode to the Quay, which was a hive of activity as ships of around five hundred tons arrived loaded with timber and pit props, and departed with coal. During holiday time, they would often play on the Quay and on board 'Foamville' and 'The Elizabeth Drew', two ships which regularly berthed at Hook. Sometimes, they would linger in the vicinity to watch 'Spillers and Bakers' ship sail passed on its weekly visit to Haverfordwest to discharge its cargo of flour. There was entertainment of a novel kind at home. In 1929, the Thomas family of Havard House had their first radio, which was powered by twelve wet batteries stored in a wooden crate, and to which was attached an accumulator which required weekly charging at Hook Colliery for 2½d. Especially after the advent of

the Talkies (1929), the older boys would occasionally travel to Haverfordwest, either by bus or on the bicycles, to attend 'Daddy' White's Cinema De Luxe in St. Mary's Street.

In October, 1933, with Mr. Stanley Thomas' decision to purchase the Deerland smallholding from his father, the family migrated to the outskirts of Llangwm village. The farmhouse was too small comfortably to accommodate the mother and father, and the eight children whose number was augmented by the arrival of SIDNEY (May 1936) and RALPH (May 1938). There were two bedrooms and a large landing upstairs, and downstairs, there were a dining room with a floor of large blue slates, a middle room with a sloping floor, a dairy room, which contained a churn, separator and butter-worker, and a lean-to shed for the meat trap. Outside was a seven-tie cowshed with a loft, a lean-to shed, two pig sties, and one hens' cot. For a time, Ronnie and Hubert slept in a cupboard bed at neighbouring Deerland Cottage, the home of Mr. & Mrs. William Phillips. The stock consisted of five cows of Shorthorn breed, and a horse named 'Darling', which was used on weekends to draw the meat trap to Llangwm, Foxhall, Sardis, Hill Mountain and Hook.

The decade after the transfer to Deerland formed a period in which the older Thomas boys, somewhat pragmatically, assumed responsibilities which were to define their future rôles. Almost immediately, nineteen year-old Ronnie took over the butchery business, while his father retained responsibility for the purchase of the animals. Most of the latter were bought at Haverfordwest Mart, but there were occasions when animals were walked to Deerland from as far afield as Maenclochog. At first, Ronnie was obliged to use a horse-trap for delivery, but in 1937, the family acquired, for £60, its first motor vehicle in the form of a second hand green Ford van - GDE 558 - which was delivered on a Saturday afternoon by Green's Motors. This sturdy conveyance gave reliable service for the next 15 years, until it was replaced by a more sophisticated model. In 1935, after the setting up of the Milk Marketing Board, the haulage contractors Messrs. Jack & Teddy Blight began their daily round of collecting churns of milk from the farms and taking them to the factory at Whitland. It was Richie's task to ensure that the Deerland churns were placed on their roadside stand at the Kilns by 10 a.m. each day. In 1936, Levi, having decided to pursue a career outside farming, joined the R.A.F. successively to train at St. Athan, Cranham and Abingdon, as a wireless operator.

It was in the same year that the Thomas family took over the Hook milk delivery round from Mr. Jack Henry Davies, The Gail. Until he secured a Fordson van in 1938, the cheerfully industrious Hubert operated the round in a governess' trap, with a large milk churn, fitted with a tap, attached to it. With the release of the tap, the milk poured into a two gallon can, from which it was scooped with a dipper,

and emptied into the outstretched jugs. Because they skimmed off the top of the milk to make butter, several of Hubert's customers bought no fewer than twelve pints in a single day! In 1938, Mr. Stanley Thomas, who already rented the land of Hill and North Hill Farms (between the Kilns and Hook Bridge, on the left hand side of the Llangwm/Hook road), also rented the Kilns farmland from the Lawrenny estate. Mr. William G. Palmer continued to live in the farmhouse, but Ronnie and Ritchie were deputed by their father to manage the stock, which originally consisted of four ancient cows and seventy laying hens. Hard though it might have been, life was not quite all work. After the opening of the palatial 1200 seat County Theatre, in February 1935, there were regular Saturday evening visits to Haverfordwest to see the latest film.

The Second World War inflicted several unwonted experiences upon the Deerland household. Very promptly, rationing was introduced, and it was explicitly laid down that all animals were to be slaughtered, and all meat prepared at the Haverfordwest Abattoir. The Thomas brothers retaliated by making sausages, and no inspector possessed sufficient knowledge of local geography to detect Catsmoor! For most of the war, the entire family were distracted by a particular kind of anguish. On May 12th, 1940, they received the dreaded official telegram which informed them that Levi was missing. It was eleven agonising weeks before they were reassured by a letter from Levi himself that he was alive, and that he was a prisoner of the Germans in Stalag Luft III. Ronnie, Hubert and Ritchie joined the Local Defence Volunteers, which developed into the Home Guard. Armed with shotguns and cartridges - and later with rifles - they did many duty stints, from 1 a.m. to 6 a.m., in a large field, with panoramic views, at Great Nash. On some Sunday mornings, they were involved in mock battles, with smoke bombs and blank cartridges at Rosemarket. There was further anxiety when, upon enlisting in the army during the latter part of the war, Arthur was posted to the Middle East. To the immense relief of his relatives and friends Levi was released on May 8th, 1945. Two days later, at 5 p.m., he was met at Haverfordwest station by Mr. Jack Roch of the New Road, Freystrop, the local hackney proprietor. When they reached Freystrop Cross, the car was almost overwhelmed by jubilant well-wishers, who forced the embarrassed Levi to sit on top of it. Accompanied by Hook Band, these same well-wishers hauled the Austin 16 car all the esctatic way to Llangwm Green, and back to Deerland. A week later, Levi and Douglas Jones, a Hook man who had been a prisoner of the Japanese, were entertained to a Welcome Home supper in the Welfare Hall.

Inspite of the deprivation and the many kinds of stress, the war years, and the few that followed them, were constructive and forward-looking in a number of respects. Much of Deerland was placed under the plough, and Ronnie and his father travelled to Southampton, in 1940, to buy a

Fordson tractor. With their marriages to MISS IVY MORGAN of Hook Quay, (October 1940) and MISS JOAN THOMAS (June 1941), of Gordon House, Guilford respectively, Hubert and Ronnie left Deerland to make their homes, within a few years, at Llangwm Hill and Pill Road respectively. During 1942, when the dairy herd had increased to 24, another cowshed was built to accommodate 14 more cows. In April 1941, eleven year-old Basil and nine year-old Vera switched to Llangwm School, at which they were joined by Sidney a month later, and Ralph two years later. The latter two departed in August 1946 for Barn Street en route for Haverfordwest Grammar School. It was during 1946/47 that the farmhouse was considerably extended with the addition of a wing, consisting of two rooms, one up and one down, and a bathroom, on the Llangwm side. Less than a year after his return, in March 1946, Levi married MISS GLENYS JONES, the daughter of the colliery electrician at Hook, and left the district, first for Whitchurch, Cardiff, and then for the Tiverton area of Devon. Three months later, in June 1946, Richie married MISS GRACE THOMAS, the second daughter of Mr. & Mrs. David Thomas of Gwynfi Cottage, and transferred to Hook. When the 85 year-old John Thomas, the second husband of Sarah, died on January 15th, 1948, he was buried in his wife's grave in Llangwm Cemetery. With his marriage in August 1949, to MISS LILIAN SUTTON, the urbane Arthur moved to Freystrop, where, within a few years, he built 'Abigail', the immaculate bungalow on the Targate Road.

The grave of John and Sarah Thomas near the top middle of Llangwm Cemetery.

After this period of upheaval, Mr. Stanley Thomas entered a stage in his life in which, in response to unforeseen circumstances, he was obliged to make adjustments, which eventually re-shaped Deerland Farm into a more compact unit. In 1947, the Rectory Field in Rectory Road, Llangwm, previously rented from the Church, was surrendered to the Rural District Council for the building of the first phase of six of the Glan Hafan council houses. The remainder of the field was similarly relinquished during the next five years to allow for the construction of the other two phases of eight each, including a Nurse's House and a Police House. There was heightened public interest when, in 1951, the Llangwm Parish Council applied for a compulsory purchase order on the Upper and Lower Pill Parks, with a view to providing a much needed Recreation Ground. In a Public Enquiry Meeting at Llangwm Institute, which deeply impressed itself on the communal psyche, two accomplished barristers and parliamentarians, Roderick Bowen and Hopkin Morris, learnedly contested the issue before an audience of suitable overawed villagers. The final judgement granted the application in respect not of the two Pill Parks, but of seven acres, and awarded to the Deerland farmer guaranteed right of access to his remaining Llangwm land. The Parish Council thereafter leased the granted land to the Llangwm Rugby Club, who have been the tenants for the last forty years. Responding to this development, Mr. Thomas exchanged his land - the Morris Field, the Fog Field and the Lower Pill Parks - with Mr. Selwyn Morgan of Llangwm Farm for seven acres of land opposite the farmhouse at Deerland. The difference in value was settled by a cash payment by Mr. Morgan. Mr. Stanley Thomas completed the consolidation of his farm with the outright purchase in December 1952 of the lands he had rented for 15 or 20 years - North Hill Farm, Hill Farm and the Kilns Farm - a total acreage of 68.787. It was no small achievement to have expanded Deerland from a mere smallholding into a viable farm of around a hundred acres.

By this time, the family in occupation of the Deerland farmhouse was reduced to Mr. & Mrs. Thomas, Eileen, Basil, Vera, Sidney and Ralph. A talented pianist, Eileen frequently assisted Miss Iris Morgan who ran the P.T. Class and staged concerts at Llangwm School. Sidney and Ralph were both gifted sportsmen. The former was a very mobile forward in the uniquely successful Llangwm Rugby team which won the League Championship in 1956/57, and both the League and Knock-out Cups in the consecutive seasons of 1958/59 and 1959/60. The latter was a cultured opening batsman, and more-than-useful spin bowler, in that Llangwm cricket team which permanently rooted the sport in the village. After his marriage in March 1960, to MISS BERYL THOMAS of Tiers Cross, Sidney pursued a career in Insurance, which took him to Carmarthen, Gorseinon, Pembroke Dock, and back to Haverfordwest. When Ralph married MISS JEAN REYNOLDS in May 1964, he went to live in her

native parish of Hayscastle, where he still resides. Initially a member of the staff of Basil Jones, the Haverfordwest auctioneer, he later followed Sidney into the Insurance world.

With the retirement in the 1960s of several milk vendors in the district, Hubert's milk round expanded beyond Freystrop, Llangwm and Hook to include Burton and even Rosemarket. Until his retirement in January 1981, he was greatly assisted by his very supportive wife, Ivy, and by his sister, Vera. The death of 79 year-old Mr. Stanley Thomas, on April 25th, 1968, snatched a strong personality and a caring father and grandfather from the midst of the family. With Vera's removal to Hook on her marriage (March 1969) to MR. DAVID PRICE of Letterston, and Basil's, for a time, to the Merlin's Bridge, with his marriage to MISS PAULINE WOOLCOCK (September 1972), the occupants of the Deerland farmhouse were reduced to Mrs. Abigail Thomas and Miss Eileen Thomas. The death of the former at 85 years of age, in January 1975, left Eileen to remain at Deerland for the rest of her life. Through these changeful years, the farm was competently and conscientiously managed by the very compatible Richie and Basil. In the early part of 1982, after prolonged deliberation, they made a joint decision to retire. Apart from 24 acres which were retained and rented to other farmers, the farmland at Deerland was put up for public auction at Hammer & Gavel on May 26th. It was bought by Mr. Terry John who assimilated it into the neighbouring Sprinkle Farm. The sale signified the end of the farming era in the history of the Thomas dynasty.

During the last decade, that family has endured those sorrows and losses which are an inalienable part of the human condition. The visiting Levi collapsed at a family reunion, and on January 5th, 1982, died at Withybush Hospital. Since that time the Thomases have been greatly saddened by the successive passing of Eileen (September 1987), Hubert (October 1988) and Arthur (August 1989). Several of the nineteen grandchildren, six of whom reside in England, are achieving different kinds of distinction in their various trades and professions. Locally, the business strain has continued to find outlet in the person of Ronnie's son, the evocatively named Tudor. Purchasing the Newtown Stores in Hook in 1976, he has expanded it into an exceptionally resourced mini-market, which is the envy of most villages. With the nominal retirement of his father in 1979, Tudor integrated the mobile butchery business with the mini-market. More recently, in May 1988, he has set up a shop on Llangwm Green, which is most capably managed by Richie's elder daughter, Mrs. Christine Phillips.

The members of the Deerland dynasty have always been knit together by ties stronger than those of mere consanguinity. After the death of Mr. Stanley Thomas, they spontaneously decided to defeat the distances which separate them by holding an annual reunion on the first

Monday in January. Needless to say, the event is invariably enhanced by that amiable sociability which is another family trait. On such congenial occasions, the spirit of Sarah Thomas hovers overhead, and smiles - as only a spirit can smile - in affectionate benediction.

Taken after the funeral of Mr Stanley Thomas in April 1968, this is probably the only photograph of all the Thomas offspring. Back row - Richie, Arthur, Ralph, Sidney, Levi. Front row - Eileen, Basil, Vera, Ronnie and Hubert. (By courtesy of Mr Ronnie Thomas)

VII THE WAY WE USED TO SPEAK

Those of us who were favoured by a partial Providence to be born and reared in the neighbouring villages of Llangwm and Hook realised, at quite an early age, that our speech was one of our most distinguishing features. It was not only the accent, a curious combination of West Country burr, shortened and raised vowel sounds and, perhaps, lilting Welsh rhythms. It was, even more, the actual vocabulary we employed. At home and at play, we habitually resorted to words which were strangely absent from the few dictionaries accessible to us, and which we never heard in the Reithian B.B.C. programmes on the wireless. At school well-meaning teachers continually toiled to cure us of our addiction to the vernacular, and we had the distinct impression that unless we improved our mastery of 'proper English', our career prospects would be irreparably damaged, and that, worse than that, we would become proverbial figures of fun. In fact, during our childhood and youth, we spoke two languages, or, to be precise, one language and one dialect. Over the intervening years, such influences as expanding secondary and further education, accelerating emigration and immigration and the intrusive mass media have virtually obliterated the native patois, until it is now only intelligible to a diminishing number of senior citizens. Though we had no alternative but to co-operate with these progressive forces, we cannot resist a certain sadness that, in the course of a life-time, we have irretrievably lost part of our identity - the well-stocked word bank on which our ancestors intuitively drew for over seven hundred years.

As explained in Part One of "Llangwm Through The Ages", the parish lingo was part of the South Pembrokeshire dialect which derived from the South Western group of English dialects, which originated in the region of the West Saxons of ancient Wessex. It was brought into Pembrokeshire during the latter part of the Middle Ages by those English settlers whose arrival turned the southern part of the county into 'Little England Beyond Wales'. The following glossary contains around 200 of the words and phrases of the dialect, together with their meaning and probable source.

WORDS AND PHRASES

A, *pronoun,* 'he, it'. 'A's a miserable concerns'. Old and Middle English (i.e. before 1450)

A, prefix form of past participle. 'I've a - sed all I'm gwain to saay'. Southern Western group of dialects.

Abroad, *adverb,* 'lying scattered and in pieces'. 'A fell abroad'. Middle English.

Afeared, *adjective,* 'afraid or frightened'. Old and Middle English.

Afore, *adverb,* 'before'. Old and Middle English.
Aforefoot, 'hasty or over eager'. South Pembrokeshire dialect.
Aim, *verb,* 'to try or to make an effort'. 'A' don't aim to learn'. Middle English.
All-a-both, *adverb,* 'both, two together'. South Pembrokeshire dialect.
All-be-leisures (leezhurs), *adverbial phrase,* 'in a gentle or leisurely manner'. Middle English.
All aclush, *adverbial phrase,* 'all to pieces'. South Pembrokeshire dialect.
All my eye and Betty Martin, *adjectival phrase,* 'a very improbably story'. South Pembrokeshire dialect.
Angalus, *adjective,* 'unattractive, or ugly'. 'There's an angalus creature for thee'. South Pembrokeshire dialect.
Arroy, *adjective,* 'disorder or confusion, or poor health'. Middle English-French.
Back, *noun,* 'a hill'. (e.g. Llangwm Back). Old and Middle English.
Bad, *adjective,* 'sick, ill'. 'A's very bad todaay!' Middle English.
Bald-tots, *noun,* 'unfledged birds'. Middle English.
Balls, *noun plural,* 'small oval lumps of culm mixed with clay, or slime, and kneaded by hand for use as fuel'. Middle English.
Batch, *noun,* 'a small flat loaf of bread'. Middle English.
Bawk, (balk), *verb,* 'to belch'. South Pembrokeshire dialect.
Bessy, *noun,* 'a man who performs a woman's tasks'. Gloucestershire, Herefordshire and Warwickshire.
Bigotty, *adjective,* 'conceited or bumptious'. Modern English from the French 'bigot'.
Biskey, *noun,* 'a biscuit'. Devon and Cornwall.
Bleaze, *noun,* 'a pig's bladder'. South Pembrokeshire and the Gower.
Blow, *noun,* 'a rest or breathing space'. Middle English.
Blower, used figuratively of a 'boaster' in English dialects and in the U.S.A.
Bottom, *noun,* 'a dell or hollow'. (e.g. Ashdale Bottoms). Old and Middle English.
Bring, *verb,* 'to take'. 'Bring thee sister with thee'. South Pembrokeshire.
Brock, *noun,* 'a badger'. Middle and Old English.
Broth, *noun,* 'a thin soup made with meat, leeks and other vegetables'. Old English.
Burgage, *noun,* 'a cluster of bushes in the corner of a field'. Middle English.
Cadge (kedge), *verb,* 'to beg, or to sponge'. 'A's always cadging'. Middle English.
Caffle, *verb,* 'to entangle, confuse or bewilder'. Herefordshire, Lancashire, Lincolnshire, Worcestershire and Yorkshire.
Car, *verb,* 'to carry'. 'The bag of taters was too heavy to car home'. Middle English.

Cardidwin, *noun,* 'the youngest pig of a litter, anything very small'. Welsh.
Chance-time, *adverb,* 'occasionally'. 'A' drops in chance-time'. Cumberland, Durham, Dorset, Wiltshire and Westmorland.
Check, *verb,* 'to reproach or, figuratively speaking, to throw in someone's face'. Middle English.
Chimes, *noun,* 'the shoots of potatoes kept in the dark'. Middle English.
Chitlings, *noun plural,* 'pig's intestines'. Yorkshire, Lancashire, East Anglia & Somerset.
Clanch, *verb,* 'to give a thrashing or beating'. Scotland and North Country.
Clap, *verb,* 'to gossip or tell tales'. Middle English.
Clegger, *noun,* 'a fairly large rock or boulder, sometimes built into a wall'. Welsh.
Clom, *noun,* 'originally a mixture of mud or clay and straw used in the building of walls and houses'. Middle English.
Closset, *noun,* 'an outside toilet (no water), usually at the bottom of the garden'. Middle English from Old French.
Cluck, *adjective,* 'the sound of a brooding hen, or of a hoarse voice'. Old English.
Coffin, *noun,* 'surface mining excavations'. (e.g. Coffin Barn, Hook). Cornwall.
Condrim, *noun,* 'a state of doubt, uncertainty, deep thought'. Modern English (after 1450).
Cootch, *noun,* 'rough grass with a rapidly spreading white tangled root.' South Pembrokeshire.
Coppit, *adjective,* 'proud, conceited, saucy'. Middle English.
Creath, *noun,* 'a scar left by a wound'. Welsh.
Croglins, *noun plural,* 'very small potatoes or apples'. Middle English.
Cruncheons, *noun plural,* 'edible lumps of boiled-down fat from the pig'. 'Scratchings' or 'cratchings' in parts of England. Probably from 'crunch' in South Pembrokeshire.
Crut, *noun,* 'a boy or girl stunted in growth'. Either English dialect or Pembs. Welsh.
Culm, *noun,* 'slack of anthracite made into a fuel by mixing with clay or slime'. Middle English.
Cunigar, *noun,* 'a rabbit warren'. (e.g. Black Tar Cunigar). From Middle English and French.
Cutch, *noun & verb,* 'a small space under the stairs, to cuddle up closely'. Pembrokeshire Welsh.
Devilskin, *noun,* 'a young reprobate, or imp'. South Pembrokeshire, Lancs. & Yorks.
Disle, *noun,* 'a thistle'. Middle and Old English.

Drang, *noun,* 'a narrow passage between walls or hedges'. South West England.
Droppel, *noun,* 'threshold of a door'. Probably Flemish. Sometimes 'Troppel'.
Dryth, *noun,* 'drought, or dry with thirst'. Modern English.
Dull, *adjective,* 'half-witted, silly or idiotic'. Middle English.
Evil, *noun,* 'a pronged garden fork'. Old English.
Fault, *noun,* 'blame'. 'Don't put the fault on me'. English dialect word.
Flabbergast, *verb,* 'to amaze or bewilder'. Modern English (after 1450).
Flummax, *verb,* 'to confuse or bewilder'. Modern English.
Force-put, *noun,* 'a matter of compulsion or necessity'. Scotland, Cornwall, Devon, etc.
Frit, *noun,* 'a small person or thing'. Modern English.
Fugares, *noun plural,* 'brightly coloured dresses, sometimes with flying ribbons'. South Pembrokeshire.
Fugle, *verb,* 'to make faces or signals'. Modern English.
Furrable, *adjective,* 'cheeky or forward'. South Pembrokeshire.
Gail, *noun,* 'a narrow lane, and sometimes the fields to which it leads'. Old Norse 'geil' (The Gail, Llangwm).
Gallus, *adjective,* adverb, 'very great'. 'A's a gallus fool'. The English 'gallows'.
Gammeting, *noun, verb,* 'excursions undertaken entirely for pleasure'. Welsh 'gammet'.
Ganzey, *noun,* 'a thick-knitted sweater, usually made of blue wool, and often worn by boatmen'. After the island of Guernsey. Cf Jersey.
Giblets, *noun,* 'the liver, gizzard, pinions and feet of the goose flavoured with onions and herbs, and stewed'. Middle English from the French 'gibelet'.
Gillies, *noun,* 'the wallflower'. Abbreviation of the English dialect word 'gilly-flower'.
Graplin, *noun,* 'a small anchor with several claws set around the shank, and used for anchoring small boats'. Middle English from the French.
Great gawk, *noun,* 'an awkward person, a fool'. English dialect word.
Greet, *adjective,* 'friendly, on good terms'. 'I aren't greet with thee'. Old and Middle English.
Grin, *noun,* 'a snare, usually for catching rabbits'. Old & Middle English.
Grip, *noun,* 'a ditch, especially one by the side of a road'. Middle English.
Gun, *verb,* 'to watch closely, or to look carefully for'. Cornwall 'gunny'.
Gut, *noun,* 'a wide ditch, a narrow channel or a stream'. (e.g. Pennar Gut). Middle English.
Gwain, *present participle of 'go', 'going'.* 'A was gwain across Llangwm Back'.
Haggard, *noun,* 'a rick-yard'. Old Norse 'heygardr', hay enclosure.
Handkercher, *noun,* 'a handkerchief'. Several English counties.

Haslets, *noun plural,* 'pig's liver and lights, and sometimes a person's ears'. Middle English.
Heave, *verb,* 'to lift, or to raise'. 'A' hove his hand to me'. General dialect word.
Heck, *verb,* 'to limp, or to hop on one leg'. The Welsh 'herc'.
Heck-shell, *noun,* 'a variant of the game hop-scotch'. The same as 'heck'.
Higgin, *noun,* 'a child's nightdress'. The Welsh 'hugan'.
Highty, *adjective,* used of a spot commanding a good view. The English 'height'.
Hisht, *interjection,* 'hush, be quiet'. South Pembrokeshire dialect.
Hore-weed, *noun,* 'sea-weed'. Old and Middle English.
How, *adverb,* 'why'. 'How didn't ya tell'n I would cum'. Cornwall, Lancashire & Scotland.
Hum, *noun,* 'a damp musty smell'. South Pembrokeshire & Cornwall.
Hurts, *noun,* 'wortleberries'. 'There's any 'mount of hurts in Benton wood'. Cornwall, Devon, Modern English.
Idle-pack, *noun,* 'a loose man or woman, a worthless person'. Lincolnshire & South Pembrokeshire.
Illashift, *adjective,* 'without motivation, shiftless, lazy'. 'There's a illashift fella for thee'. South Pembrokeshire dialect.
In-double-deed, adverbial phrase used in confirming a statement. South Pembrokeshire.
Into, *preposition,* 'all but, except'. 'The boys is all here, into one'. Devon and Gloucestershire.
Jiffy, *noun,* 'a short space of time'. English dialect word.
Jolly, *adjective,* 'in good condition, fat, jovial'. North country and several English counties.
Jomb, *noun,* 'the jamb of a door or gate'. Middle English.
Jonnack, *adjective,* 'fair, honest, straight forward'. English dialect word.
Just, *adjective,* 'almost, nearly'. 'Johnny is just dead'. Devon, and the Gower.
Kennin, *noun,* 'an ulcer on the eye, or a white spot on the cornea'. Devon and Cornwall.
Kiddle, *noun,* 'an iron saucepan for boiling, a kettle'. Middle English.
Kift, *adjective,* 'awkward, clumsy'. 'A's too kift for anything'. West Country.
Kleers, *noun,* 'the glands'. Scottish or Middle Dutch.
Knowledge, *noun,* 'a small quantity, or a short distance'. South Pembrokeshire.
Lab, *verb,* 'to gossip, to tell tales, to blab'. Middle English and Pembrokeshire Welsh.
Labbigan, *noun,* 'a gossip, a tale-bearer, a busybody'. Flemish or Pembrokeshire Welsh.
Ladle, *noun,* 'a large wooden spoon'. Old and Middle English.

Lake, *noun,* 'a stream, brook'. (e.g. Guildford lake). Old and Middle English.
Lambaste, *verb,* 'to beat'. English dialect word.
Landsker, *noun,* 'a boundary, especially the ethnic and linguist boundary between North and South Pembrokeshire'. Old English.
Lathy, *adjective,* 'strong, healthy'. Hereford and South Pembrokeshire.
Lear, *adjective,* 'hungry, empty, half-starved'. 'I've got a lear stomach today'. Middle English.
Leave, *verb,* 'to let, allow'. 'Leave'n alone'. Old and Middle English.
Lief, *adverb,* 'gladly, willingly'. 'I'd as lief be here as anywhere'. Old and Middle English.
Loft, *noun,* 'the upper floor of a house or outbuildings'. Old and Middle English.
Lonker, *verb,* 'to tie up or to fasten'. Origin obscure, but also found in the North Country and Isle of Man.
Loshins, *noun plural,* 'lozenges, sweets'. Middle English.
Mad, *adjective,* 'angry, cross'. 'Thee Mammy is mad with thee'. Middle English.
Maddock, *noun,* 'a mattock, a garden digging tool with a head like that of a pick at one end, and a blade at the other'. Old and Middle English.
Maid, *noun,* 'a young girl'. 'There's a coppit'll maid'. Middle English.
Main, *adverb,* 'very, greatly, or much'. 'I'm main glad to see thee'. English dialect word.
Mandrel, *noun,* 'a small pick-axe, often used by a miner'. Modern English.
Maw, *verb,* 'to have an appetite, or inclination for food'. 'I had no maw for me breakfast'. Yorkshire.
Middling, *adjective,* 'moderate, fairly well, in a reasonable state of health'. Middle English.
Miskin, *noun,* 'a heap of ashes, a compost heap'. Old and Middle English.
Moil, *verb,* 'to draw potatoes with the hand from under the stalk'. Middle English.
Murfles, *noun,* 'freckles'. Middle English.
Na, *negative,* 'not'. 'I can na believe 'n'. 'This wonna do'. South Pembrokeshire.
Nabs, *noun,* in the expression 'my nabs', 'my fine fellow'. Modern English.
Nesh, *adjective,* 'tender, delicate, susceptible to cold'. Old English.
Nuddack, *noun,* 'the back of the neck, the nape, or the head'. Middle English.
Noble, *adjective,* 'big or fine'. 'There's a noble pair of legs'. Middle English, Cornwall.
Norra one, *phrase,* 'never a one'. South Pembrokeshire dialect.
Now just, 'just now, a little while ago'. South Pembrokeshire dialect.

Nur, *noun,* 'a strutting, self-confident little person'. Middle English.
Old-boy, *noun,* 'a bachelor, even if not very old'. South Pembrokeshire.
On times, 'at times, now and then, sometimes'. South Pembrokeshire.
Orra One, *phrase,* 'ever a one, anyone'. South Pembrokeshire.
Pap, *noun,* 'semi-liquid food fed to infants, but sometimes used figuratively in reference to a person's upbringing'. English dialect word.
Penny-sow, *noun,* 'woodlouse'. South Pembrokeshire.
Penny-wedding, *noun,* 'a wedding at which all the guests contributed to the cost'. Scotland and South Pembrokeshire.
Pigscot, *noun,* 'a pigs-sty'. Gloucester, Worcestershire and South Pembrokeshire.
Pikelet, *noun,* 'a batter mixture baked on a plank'. North Country, Midlands & West Country.
Pile, *verb,* 'to throw, especially stones'. Middle English.
Pilk, *verb,* 'to butt, to gore, to walk with the head aggressively forward'. (e.g. pilking drunk). Devon.
Pill, *noun,* 'a tidal creek'. Old and Middle English.
Pine-end, *noun,* 'the gable end of a house'. Middle English from Old French.
Pinzell, *noun,* 'a boil or pimple'. Middle English.
Piskin-led, *adjective,* 'unable to find the way in the dark, led away by the fairies, bewildered'. Cornwall and Devon.
Plank (plank-bread), *noun,* 'a bakestone, a girdle' (flat loaf cooked on bakestone). South Pembrokeshire.
Plim, *adjective,* 'full to overflowing'. Devon and Gloucestershire.
Ploppy, *adjective,* 'soft, flabby fat'. South Pembrokeshire.
Popple, pobble, *noun,* 'a pebble, a cobble'. Cornwall and Devon. Old English.
Preen, *noun,* 'a knitting-needle, a hairpin'. Old and Middle English.
Proud, *adjective,* 'vain, conceited'. Old English.
Puddings, *noun,* 'intestines, entrails'. Middle English.
Pewit, *noun,* 'the lapwing'. Modern English.
Pyat, *noun,* 'the magpie'. Middle English.
Quieu-pee, cew-pe, q p, *noun,* 'a long forelock of hair combed back into a wave'. Possibly a corruption of 'toupee'. Old French.
Rab, *noun,* 'stony, rough soil, or shale'. Cornwall.
Rammas, *noun,* 'a long, tedious story', 'A' towld us a great rammas a sight'. Lancashire. Perhaps Danish.
Rare, *adjective,* 'under-done' (e.g. meat) Old and Middle English.
Rathe, *adjective,* 'early, especially flowers and fruits which blossom or ripen early in the year'. Old and Middle English.
Rollocks, *noun plural,* 'a device for holding the oars in place when rowing'. Modern English.
Rottle-dull, *adjective,* 'empty-headed, stupid, lunatic'. Middle English.

Rumpus, *noun,* 'an uproar, a disturbance, a rumbling noise'. Modern English.
Runt, *noun,* 'undernourished, undergrown animals in a litter'. Modern English.
Scadly, *adjective,* 'greedy, grabbing at food'. North Country and several southern English Counties.
Scad(d)ly-pluck, *noun,* 'a scramble for sweets, nuts or money thrown into a crowd of children'. South Pembrokeshire.
Scandalous, *adjective,* 'disgraceful, and sometimes shabby or dirty'. Gloucestershire and Somerset.
Scrimmigan, *adjective,* 'despicable, rootless'. West Country and Yorkshire.
Scull, *verb,* 'to paddle a boat with one oar at the stern'. Middle English.
Seine, seine net, *noun,* 'a fishing net designed to hang vertically in the water'. Old English.
Send, *verb,* 'to accompany a person part of the way'. Shropshire and South Pembrokeshire.
Shebbans (jibbons), *noun,* 'shallots or spring onions'. Middle English.
Shed, *verb,* 'to spill'. 'I've shed water all over the floor'. Middle English.
Shig-ma-shale, *verb,* 'to walk in a meandering and lackadaisical manner'. The Welsh 'shale', to shamble.
Shonk, *adjective,* 'healthy, active, nimble'. The Welsh 'sionk'.
Shuffler, *noun,* 'a person who does something in an haphazard or shirking way, or by rough-and ready means'. The Welsh 'shwfflo'.
Skarmag, scarmage, *verb,* 'to hawk goods'. (e.g. to go skarmagin). South Pembrokeshire.
Skew, *noun,* 'a settle with a high back which often extended to the ground. Usually found in the kitchens'. Middle English, probably from Old French.
Skew-whiff, *adjective and adverb,* 'crooked, aslant'. 'Thee hat is all skew-whiff'. Modern English from Middle English.
Skillet, *noun,* 'a cooking-pot or saucepan'. Pembrokeshire Welsh 'sgilet'.
Skull, *verb,* 'to strip the crust off the loaf'. South Pembrokeshire.
Slime, *noun,* 'soft, glutinous mud'. Old and Middle English.
Slip, *noun,* 'a young girl, not yet a mature woman'. Middle English.
Slop, *noun,* 'a gap or temporary opening in a hedge'. Late Middle English.
Smithereens, *noun,* 'small fragments, pieces'. Modern English.
Snob, *noun,* 'mucus from the nose'. Cornwall and Somerset.
Sog, *noun,* 'a drowsy or semi-comatose condition brought about by illness or drink'. Cornwall and Devon.
Sorry, *adjective,* 'ill, ailing, sickly'. 'There's sorry a's looking'. South Pembrokeshire.

Soul, sowl, *verb,* 'to use sparingly, to save'. South Pembrokeshire.
Spanish, *noun,* 'liquorice'. From the Spanish 'liquorice'.
Spell, *noun,* 'a turn of work to relieve another person'. Welsh dialect and Modern English.
Spiddack, *noun,* 'a long wooden peg, usually pointed at one end and forked at the other'. Perhaps North Country.
Spidrick, *adjective,* 'drunk, or deranged, generally used in the phrase 'to go spidrick'. South Pembrokeshire.
Squile, *noun,* 'a number, a crowd, a flock'. 'Poor Mary's got a squile of kids'. South Pembrokeshire.
Stivvle, starvel, *verb,* 'to starve, or to be benumbed with cold'. West Country.
Stook, *noun,* 'a shock of corn of four or six sheaves'. Late Middle English.
Stound, *noun,* 'the benumbing pain caused by a blow'. Old and Middle English.
Strop, *noun,* 'a piece of twine or rope'. Cornwall, Old and Middle English.
Stropless, *adjective,* 'uncontrollable, without restraint'. Corruption of obstreperous.
Stuggy, *adjective,* 'short and thick set, sturdy'. Cornwall and Devon.
Stum, *verb,* 'to bank up the fire at night with culm, to smother'. South Pembrokeshire.
Stupid, *adjective,* 'obstinate, stubborn'. Devon and North country.
Sweeping brush, *noun,* 'a hair or carpet-broom'. South Pembrokeshire.
Swelth, *noun,* 'a tumour, a swelling'. 'There's a tremendous swelth on thee wrist'. Cornwall and Worcester.
Tack, *noun,* 'a person, or fellow' as in the phrase 'a wonderful tack' or 'a queer old tack!' The Welsh 'tacle'.
Tammat, *noun,* 'a small load'. The Welsh 'tamaid'.
Tamping, *verb and adjective,* 'exceedingly annoyed'. The Welsh 'tampo'.
Taters, *noun,* 'potatoes'. The singular 'tatie' is common in English dialects. Welsh 'tato'.
Tereckly, *adverb,* 'presently'. Corruption of 'directly'.
Tetter, *noun,* 'a small pimple'. Several English Counties. Old English.
Thee, *personal pronoun,* the objective case thou, but also used for thy, the possessive adjective as in 'Hold thee tongue'.
Tidy, *adjective,* 'respectable in character, or considerable in size or number'. 'A's a tidy fella'. 'A was left a tidy bit of money'. Cornwall and Devon. Middle English.
Tish, *noun,* as in the phrase 'all tish, all nonsense'. South Pembrokeshire.
Traipse, *verb,* 'to tramp, to plod along'. Modern English (after 1450).
Trippet, *noun,* 'a small three-legged stool'. Pembrokeshire Welsh, 'tribe'.
Trolly, *noun,* 'a small round suet dumpling'. Pembrokeshire Welsh.

Tump, *noun,* 'a heap of hay ready for carting'. Worcester and Modern English.
Trinna, 'it will not'. South Pembrokeshire.
Unkid, *adjective,* 'lonely or dreary as applied to a place, or lonely or miserable, if applied to a person'. Middle English.
Vonk, *noun,* 'a spark'. Middle English, probably from Middle Dutch.
Voor, *noun,* 'a furrow'. Old and Middle English.
Wherrit, wirrit, *noun,* 'a knock or thump'. Scottish and Modern English.
Wicked, *adjective,* 'mischievous and naughty rather than evil'. Cornwall, Worcester and Scotland.
Wilk, *noun,* 'a dwarf'. 'There's a wilk of a boy'. South Pembrokeshire.
Wisht, *adjective,* 'weak, delicate, or dismal or lonely'. Cornwall and Devon.
Withy, *noun,* 'a willow twig'. Old English.
Wopple, *noun,* 'a lather of sweat, in a harassed state'. Pembrokeshire Welsh 'waplin'.
Wroth, *adjective,* 'angry'. 'A's main wroth about it'. Old and Middle English.
Yam, *verb,* 'to crave or to long for'. 'A's yamming for 'is dinner'. North Country.
Zawny, sawny, *noun,* 'a silly fool'. English dialect word.
Zounds, *interjection, an oath.* English dialect abbreviation of 'By God's wounds'.

The third Headmaster of Milford Haven County School, Mr. F.L. Lowther, spent much of his leisure time scouring the county, investigating the landscape, flora, historic buildings, and folk culture. In his 'Beauties of Pembrokeshire', (1926), he devoted a short chapter, 'A Peculiar People', to the village of Llangwm, which is of particular interest because he made a very deliberate, even if somewhat contrived, attempt to reproduce a number of dialect words in his text.

'Such a lane will take you to the old world village where signs of active gardening operations are going on; the taters have long since been chimed; and soon moiling will begin for the rathe ones; the boats bring up on the tide copious supplies of seaweed (glusters of hore-weed) for garden dressing, to be mixed with the brick-red ashes of culm, when the fires have been stummed for the night'.

After drawing on Law's 'History of Little England Beyond Wales' (1888), to re-iterate the Norse myth, Mr. Lowther described what else he found in the village. 'The donkeys are everywhere, with home-made harnesses of rope or rough leather when at work, or tethered by a rope when idle, or wandering aimlessly around those delightful lanes, when they tire of monotony and break bounds, trespassing in the gardens of the cottage-proud householder who wages relentless war on them like her

proto-type Betsy Copperfield "Ach upon thee" she cries "thou little nur, wiss away with thee" as he attempts to cross the dropple of the door. A young slip of a maid is sent to put his lonkers on; and Ned is led away in disgrace through the slop in the bank. A peep behind the scenes will show the trippet before the fire, and the skillet ready for boiling shell-fish. The old lady knitting before the fire never wanders far from the skew now for she is starveling even in May, but her caustic tongue will lab at great length at the idle-pack of haughty young women who depart every year more and more from the stern simplicities of village life. Physical strength is remarkable among stuggy men and women, who have long passed the age allotted to those living in less primitive surroundings'.

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