

THE HISTORY OF THE WILLIAMS FAMILY OF HENDRERWYDD, IN THE PARISH OF LLANGYNHAFAL, DYFFRYN CLWYD, DENBIGHSHIRE

My name is Elizabeth Buddug Pritchard (nee Williams), always known as Buddug. I was born in Denbigh Infirmary in 1937, 2nd daughter of Daniel and Violet Williams of Tirionfa, Hendrerwydd. Mary Grace arrived 16 months later. We had an older sister Anna Gillian who sadly died in 2006 and an older brother who died aged 2 weeks. Our mother's family from Llandyrnog were members of the Church in Wales and attended Llandyrnog Parish Church whereas our father's family were Calvinistic Methodists and were members of Gellifor Chapel. Hence Anna was baptised in Llandyrnog Church, I was baptised in Gellifor Chapel and Mary was baptised in Llangynhafal Church. During our childhood we spent each Sunday walking to and from services, Sunday School and the Band of Hope at Llangynhafal Church and Gellifor Chapel. All three of us attended Gellifor Council School (as it was known then) and Mary and I passed the scholarship to Brynhyfryd Grammar School, Ruthin at the age of 10. At the age of 7 Anna was transferred to Fairholme School on Vale St, Denbigh, a small private school with very progressive ideas on education, then when it moved elsewhere (St Asaph I think) she was transferred to St Brigid's Convent, Denbigh where she happily completed her education.

I have lived in different parts of England from the age of 18 when I left to go to the University of London to study mathematics and 5 years ago I came back to Hendrerwydd to live just across the field from my sister Mary and next door to my youngest daughter Ceri and her family. Over the years, friends and acquaintances have asked me where I come from and I've told them about Hendrerwydd and the beautiful Vale of Clwyd, which was often completely unknown to most of my English friends – the usual response was “Is it anywhere near Cardiff?”

I've then usually added that I come from a long line of Joneses and Williamses who never went very far, until one day my 3rd daughter Rhian rang to say that a friend of hers who was a genealogist in his spare time had traced our family tree and discovered that my great-great-grandmother on my father's side was called Belmira Viera de Melo Da Costa and she married Owen Williams, a brewer, in Liverpool, but born in Denbighshire in 1769. Clearly she had a Portuguese name but how was this possible! I can only speculate, although this much is known. Her father was Emmanuel de Melo Da Costa a sailor from Portugal who married an Englishwoman, Catherine, born in Liverpool where they met and married. His father was from Brazil, a Portuguese colony then. Owen Williams returned with Belmira to Wales, to Llandyrnog, where their daughter, my great-grandmother Margaret, was born in 1805.

Our maternal family history was more predictable. My mother, Violet Ann Jones was born in 1896 in Charfan, Llandyrnog. Her family were farmers who subsequently farmed at Speddyd then Llawog. She was a trained singer with a beautiful contralto voice and was well known locally, winning many eisteddfod competitions and taking lead roles in various musical productions. Her singing teacher, Madame Louis James wanted her to go to London for further training but her family couldn't afford for her to go. In 1916/1917 local farmers including Mr Salt of Plas Ashpool, Llandyrnog and Colonel Vosper of Plas Coch Llanychan had started a cheese-making business at Green Farm, Llandyrnog, where our mother learnt her skills as a dairy maid. Later it became a farmers' co-operative on the site of the present creamery in Llandyrnog, now closed. Our mother would often proudly announce that she was the first trained dairy maid in Dyffryn Clwyd afterwards going on to work on the Crowe family farm in Cheshire. She attended Llandyrnog National School until she reached the then school leaving age. She remembered the "Welsh not" being used to prevent the pupils from speaking Welsh, their mother tongue. The inspector would come to examine the pupils on the bible in English. They couldn't answer him because they didn't understand him. Hence it was considered a failing school and the

headmaster's salary was cut! He had to do something, so a piece of wood with the words 'Welsh not' on it was made. Any child caught speaking Welsh had this hung around his/her neck, furthermore that child could put it round another child's neck if that child was heard speaking Welsh. The child wearing it at the end of the day was caned! This happened in many schools in Wales at the time. Then there were the infamous Blue Books published in 1847, the result of a Commission of Enquiry into the state of education in Wales carried out by 3 Englishmen who spoke no Welsh! It was particularly scathing about nonconformity and the morality of the Welsh people in general. A powerful response was written by the poet Robert Jones Derfel entitled 'Brad y Llyfrau Gleision' – 'The Treachery of the Blue Books'. The Blue Books are considered important historical documents about the state of Wales, its education and its language at the time although heavily prejudiced. They are kept at the National Library of Wales, Aberystwyth.

My father, Daniel, was born in 1896 too, the youngest of the 8 children of Jane and Daniel Williams of Groesffordd, Hendrerwydd and was always known as Danw, presumably to distinguish him from his father. A brother born before him was also called Daniel but died at 15 months and is buried in Llangynhafal churchyard where his parents Jane and Daniel were buried afterwards.

My father and all his siblings attended Gellifor School in the late 19th and early 20th centuries. Unlike his older brothers and sisters who left Gellifor school when they reached the school leaving age, his sisters going into service, one of his brothers into farming and the other becoming a butcher, my father passed the scholarship to Denbigh Grammar School for Boys, so his tuition fees were paid, but one can only guess that his older working brothers and sisters must have helped pay for his uniform, books etc. He would recall running down to Llanrhaeadr Station to catch the train to school, often late, but knowing that if he was by Llawog and heard the train whistling as it left Rhewl Station then he would be sure to catch it at Llanrhaeadr. He was the lucky one, stayed on at the grammar school up to the 6th form, years 12 and 13 now. In 1914 aged 17, soon to be 18, he

became a student at Bangor Normal College, now part of Bangor University, to train as a teacher studying French and English. This of course coincided with the outbreak of the 1st world war, and he and his best friend at College, William Pritchard from Penygroes Caernarfon joined up in 1915, trained at Kinmel Camp, Bodelwyddan and by June 1916 they were both fighting in the first battle of the Somme in France where William Pritchard was killed at Delville Wood. My father acted as a French interpreter for his unit but in August 1916 he was badly injured and sent home to recover at the Southern General Hospital Bristol, now known as Southmead Hospital. My husband Tony and I eventually found William Pritchard's grave in Delville Wood and my 4 daughters and I went back in June 2016, 100 years after the battle, to Delville Wood and Thiepval and to see the Welsh dragon memorial at Mametz Wood. Both Mary and I have a copy of a letter our father sent home after the Battle of Delville Wood, writing what a hell on earth it was. Mary subsequently sent the letter to the Daily Post where it was printed. She was then contacted by William Pritchard's sister from Penygroes and was able to let her know later that Tony and I had found his grave. He was aged only 20 when he was killed. She also told Mary that she had found William's autograph book with our father's signature in it.

Auntie Sally (Sarah), one of my father's sisters, mother of Dilys and Freda of Buarth Mawr, then Dylfre (built in 1934) and later of Gernant always said that on both grand-parents' side we were one of the oldest if not the oldest family which continued to live in this part of Dyffryn Clwyd. On my grandfather Daniel Williams' side, his mother Margaret was a daughter of Owen Williams and Belmira as previously written about and Daniel was only a year old when his father, John Dutton Williams, died leaving his mother Margaret with 9 young children, 6 boys and 3 girls. On the 1851 census she was described as a pauper! Later in the 1861 census she was described as an almswoman, so she was living on charity. She wasn't able to sign her name on either census, just a cross. Her son Daniel, my grandfather was then aged 15 and described as a farm servant.

Margaret had to work hard all her life and died in 1889. One of Daniel's sisters, Betsy, lived at Pen Rhos, Llanychan and 3 of her sons emigrated to America, one of them farmed in Nebraska apparently. Two of his brother Robert's sons also emigrated, to Utica USA. So we have all these distant relatives living in the USA, unknown to Mary and me. This was the early 19th century and times must have been hard in Wales, as they were elsewhere. My great-grandmother Margaret lived in Ty Cerrig all her married life and through her widowhood, now known as Arosfa, Gellifor - the original cottage having been built by my great-grandfather John Dutton Williams. A brother of his built Ty Twyrch, now known as Bryn Teg, where John Lloyd Roberts lived, he therefore must be my 3rd cousin. Both those cottages were known as "Ty dros nos" I believe, because if they could be erected overnight with smoke coming out of the chimney by morning the builders could claim squatters' rights, whoever owned the land.

My other paternal great-grandmother Ann was also an inhabitant of Dyffryn Clwyd although she was born in Holywell. Her mother was a daughter of Mill Farm Llandyrnog where the family had resided for many generations, and when she married she went to live in Holywell. Ann was her eldest child and when her second child was born her mother from Mill Farm went across the mountain and all the way to see her on a mare's back. As she was going back, she said to her daughter, "Taro Ann yn fy nghesail, mi gymera hi'n ol efo fi tan fydda ti'n gryfach!" ("Put Ann in my lap, I'll take her back with me until you're stronger"). Ann never went back and she stayed with her grandparents in Mill Farm until she got married to John Jones of Groesfawr, Llangwyfan. I have an account of their diamond wedding in 1903. It says she became engaged to be married to John when she was still in her teens, but persistently refused to become a wife until she had completed her 20th year. It adds, "This resolve she faithfully adhered to in spite of all inducements to the contrary, but on the morrow after her 20th birthday she resigned herself to her fate and on the 12th May became the wife of John Jones! The union of these young people has had a most marvellous result and possibly

unparalleled throughout Wales. Their issue being 10 children, 40 grand children and 15 great-grandchildren!" Perhaps Ann knew what lay ahead when she refused to get married too early! She sounds quite a character.

Ann was the daughter of Mary Ffoulks and John Jones. Aunty Sally remembers lawyers coming to speak to her father Daniel in Groesffordd wanting him to make a claim for the 'Ffoulks millions'. Apparently a 'Ffoulks uncle' (presumably Ann's) had emigrated to America, made his fortune there, owned a lot of land in Manhattan, but had no close heirs and presumably died intestate. My grandfather did not follow this up on behalf of his wife Jane, maybe because he couldn't afford to and had a large family of his own to raise, otherwise Mary and I could have been wealthy heiresses by now!

Ann and John lived in Carneddau Cottage opposite the Golden Lion, Llangynhafal in the early years of their marriage. John was a school master for a while at the Church School in Llangynhafal, the only education in the parish before Llanychan Church School was built in 1866 and Gellifor School in 1868. My father used to recall that there would be fights on Plas Coch fields between the boys of Llanychan and Gellifor Schools, often because the boys of Gellifor School were jealous of the grand uniforms of Llanychan School, which consisted of red cloaks over their school uniform! John, my great grandfather had to go to Bala Bangor College in Caernarfon for 6 weeks in the summer for a course of teaching. He was also appointed postmaster at the first Post Office in Llangynhafal. He carried out these services for 25 years and then undertook the duties of income tax collector for the district as well as those of parish clerk. According to the 1871 census he was also a tailor and a farmer of 12 acres – a man of many parts! He was a faithful member of Llangynhafal Church and made the first musical instrument to be played there – Aunty Sally said it was a mandolin and she could remember it hanging on the wall in Ty Nant where they lived after Carneddau Cottage. It's quite moving to realise that both Mary and I, his great grand-daughters, played the

organ and sang in the choir at the church together with our elder sister Anna.

Ann and John our great grand-parents lived for most of their married life in Ty Nant. They had 8 daughters and 2 sons, one son died as a baby. All the daughters had to turn out to service, but only with what their father considered good families. The 8th daughter was called Octavia, the second Sarah, and she was on the staff of the Duke and Duchess of Teck at St James Palace, London, parents of the future Queen Mary wife of George V. When they got married in Westminster Abbey, all the staff were assembled in a hall and each given an envelope with 3 Guineas in it.

When John died in 1904, his widow Ann came to live in Ty Talcen, Hendrerwydd near her 5th daughter Jane, my grandmother, who lived in Groesffordd. My father remembered as a boy being very naughty, knocking on her door and running away, She would shout after him 'Bydd Boney yn dod ar dy ol di' ('Boney will come after you')! Napoleon Bonaparte of course was still alive in her lifetime.

So Jane Jones, 5th daughter of Ty Nant married Daniel Williams, youngest son of the widow Margaret Williams of Ty Cerrig, Gellifor. In the 1881 census they lived in Carneddau Cottage with their 3 small children, John aged 4, Margaret aged 2 and Anne aged 11 months. I don't know when Groesffordd came into the family but by the 1891 census they were living there with the above children and also Sarah (Auntie Sally), David and Elizabeth and by the 1901 census they also had my father Daniel/Danw then aged 4. By then only David, Lizzie and Danw were living at home. My grandfather Daniel was described as a butcher but eventually he acquired land and became a farmer as well. We have certain artefacts from that time including 3 watercolour paintings – Egyptian scenes by A.O. Lamplough, A.R.C.A. He was an impecunious artist at the time renting a room in Plas Gwyn. He couldn't pay his meat bill, so in lieu of cash presented my grandfather with these 3 watercolours. My father's sister Annie became a house servant to a wealthy Liverpool family of silk merchants called McFadden. Jane Platt of Gellifor and Emily Jones of Ty Coch worked there too and they all went with the

family to live in New York for 3 years. They sailed on the Carpathia, a Cunard liner with an interesting history, sailing out of Liverpool. In April 1912 she answered the SOS from the Titanic, braved icebergs herself and arrived 2 hrs after Titanic sank, rescuing 750 passengers but over 1500 died. She herself was sunk by a German U boat in 1918 off the southern coast of Ireland. President McKinley used to visit the McFadden house in New York quite frequently and each time Annie had to cook Welsh cakes for him at his request. She was clearly a very good cook. All this from Auntie Sally's memoir. Auntie Sally also recounts that her last job on a Saturday was to scrub the back kitchen floor in Groesffordd then go outside to get certain leaves to make designs on each tile. It was thought that they kept the devil out! On Saturday nights each child in turn had to carry water in from the pump. No water was to be carried on a Sunday! Their one outing of the year was to Rhyl for the day. This was the 'carrot' for collecting stones from the fields ready for ploughing!

Of her brothers and sisters Auntie Sally writes that John became a butcher and lived and worked in Abergele and had 1 son Herbert, Maggie married Harry Roberts of Drws y Buddel, Saron and had 2 sons William Herbert and John Henry. Harry died when the boys were young and Maggie came back to Hendrerwydd and ran the village shop, now part of the White Horse public house. Annie married Johnny the eldest son of Lletty Farm. They started farming at Gales Farm then at Bodeugan Farm, Rhualt. They had 3 children, Harold, David and Eirwen. Sarah (Sally) married David Jones of Commins who became a policeman in Rhos on Sea. They had 2 daughters Freda and Dilys. David lived in Groesffordd, married Ginny and had one son Glyn. Elizabeth Jane married Robert Davies, Bee Farm, and had no children. Danw married Violet Ann Jones of Llawog and Anna, Buddug and Mary were born in 1934, 1937 and 1938, the first born, a son who died at 2 weeks, as already written, is buried in Llandyrnog churchyard

We three had a very happy childhood in Tirionfa, despite having no electricity, no gas, no bathroom, no 'mod cons' at all and also despite the 2nd World War, which made very little impact on us. Except

when, in 1940 aged 3, I was taken to the Eye Hospital in Myrtle St. Liverpool for an eye operation. The German bombs were dropping on Liverpool and I can remember being carried to the cellars each night to shelter. My parents could bear it no longer, the skies over Moel Famau were red with Liverpool burning, and they brought me home before a 2nd operation could be carried out.

My father was in the Home Guard and as my cousin Dilys recounted, it seemed to be a Dad's Army kind of outfit. They would go on manoeuvres every weekend, loading a lorry with crates of beer and dart boards, leaving, as she said, the women and children in the village defenceless! Nevertheless their mantra was always, "Not if Jerry lands, but when Jerry lands" and they were ready for him.

Tirionfa may have had a 'Ty dros nos' history as well. The house was made up of two distinct parts, an older rough stone built one, made up of one up and one down, known by us in our childhood as 'Gegin y back a Llofft y back' then a later brick built addition, but we've never explored its history.

I became a pupil of Gellifor School in 1941 and recall happy days in the Infants' Class with kindly Mrs Baker of Plas Isaf Cottages. Welsh was our mother tongue and the language of our school, but we had English reading on Wednesday afternoons. I remember that singing and sport played very important parts in our lives, throughout school and church and chapel. In the infants we sang Welsh nursery rhymes, 'Gee ceffyl bach' and 'Dacw mam yn dwad ar ben y gamfa wen', learnt to knit and plait. We also learnt to read music in chapel at the Band of Hope classes, as well as in school through tonic solfa. I remember a big, black stove in the corner of the classroom and in winter our frozen bottles of milk would be brought in early to be thawed out. I was a precocious child and was moved up early to Class 2 taught by the formidable Miss Margaret Ann Jones, Ty'n y Caeau. A different regime reigned here. Miss Jones, tall, severe and dressed in black, ruled with a rod of iron or at least a very long ruler. We recited our multiplication tables every day after dinner time (never called lunch!). Woe betide us if we got any wrong when tested. Later I learnt to appreciate her genuine love of children and her

determination to help each pupil achieve to the best of his or her ability. We were put to sit in different rows depending on our standard and if you improved you were moved up a standard or even allowed to skip a standard. Although slates were still in use then, written work was mostly done in small exercise books containing lined pages of rough grey-coloured recycled paper – well done we would say nowadays , but presumably forced on the authorities then due to war-time shortages – not easy to write on though when trying to master the intricacies of joined-up hand-writing using pen and ink with ink from the ink wells in each desk – blotting paper always at the ready.

Rainy dinner times (never called lunch) were no problem I recall. Teacher supervision was unnecessary as pupils from the top class put on a dramatic presentation in the porch. All of us younger ones squeezed in and it was riveting stuff! It only needed a few moments to decide on a plot organise the parts, props etc. Costumes were the coats and hats hanging in the porch, and dialogue was improvised on the spot. Such talent!

Play times were usually spent in the yard, girls in the front yard outside the top class, boys in the back yard outside Class 2 playing football. Favourite games of the time amongst the girls were skipping, hop-scotch, spinning tops and ball games against the wall. Much kudos was attached to skipping cross-handed and dancing in and out of the continuously rotating rope. Decorating one's spinning top with coloured chalk was a much worked at skill. For those who didn't have their own spinning top and whip, improvisation was the answer – a bottle screw top, a stick of appropriate length cut from the hedge and string would do although never quite as effective as the real thing. Bowling large hoops around the playground was another favourite pastime.

Then the evacuees came in the early 40s, initially resented because they were different and spoke no Welsh. We children had no idea what the word 'evacuee' meant – a girl with lovely golden plaits named Anna was put to sit next to me. I decided I disliked her because she was different, so pulled her hair, pinched her – anything

to make her cry. To this day I remember my dreadful behaviour and feel deep shame – a lesson there for all of us I think, still sadly relevant in this day and age. Eventually the evacuees integrated happily and many left for their homes in Liverpool and surrounding areas, some speaking fluent Welsh. Apart from this, I don't think the war made much of an impression on us, although I do remember many of us rushed up the road after school one day to peer at what we thought was a German enemy plane which had crashed in a field above Gellifor Farm. It was actually a Spitfire which had a Canadian pilot who was killed we later learnt. VE Day was celebrated with a gala and sports organised by the Home Guard I think in a field opposite the school. Another school memory – the annual autumn give-away of an apple for each pupil from the orchard at Briarlea, a gift from Mrs Clough. Soon after, the new school canteen was built. Desks were cleared at noon so that hot dinners could be served on them instead of the usual packed lunches we brought from home. Those dinners were certainly something special despite rationing. The first cook was Mrs Platt of Smithy Cottage, Llangynhafal, mother of Gwyneth and Noel.

I remember the harsh winter of 1947, the snow and ice lasted for many months and we had to walk to school on top of the large drifts of snow most of it accumulated from the feet of snow cleared by local farmers from the roads.

Eventually, I moved through the partition from Miss Jones' class to Mr Hughes, the headmaster's class. He was a temporary head from Saron I think and replaced Mr Jackson who was promoted to be head of a bigger school in Minera near Wrexham. Eventually another Mr Hughes was appointed as permanent head and lived with his family in the schoolhouse attached to the school as did Mr Jackson, his wife and daughters Moira and Eluned previously. Under Mr Hughes' headship a school choir was formed which competed in many local eisteddfodau, with much success I remember. We usually travelled to different venues sitting on bales of straw in the back of a lorry. An athletics team was established which also gained much success at the annual Vale of Clwyd athletics competition. We were also taught

cricket by Mr Hughes who was a keen cricketer himself. Mr Hughes was also a founding member of the village tennis club, established on the clay court at Clwyd Hall which by now was a nursing home. It had a flourishing membership of adults and children including my sister Mary and me. CONFESSION! We and others were caught scrumping apples from the orchard there one late summer and nearly lost our membership! Another sporting memory from that time – supporting Llangynhafal Football team in the Vale of Clwyd summer league – it's so pleasing to know that it still exists with my grandsons playing for Llangynhafal.

In 1947 I left Gellifor School, having passed the scholarship to Ruthin County Grammar School as it was known then, now Brynhyfryd School, together with Gwenda Lloyd Plas Dolben, Bethan Williams Ty Newydd, Mair Williams Grove Cottage, Merfyn James The Smithy, Cecil Hughes Bryn Coch, Nesta Lewis The Swan, Gwenda Evans, Stryd Fawr, who also passed the entrance exam to Howell's School Denbigh. The scholarship covered the cost of everything except our uniform, and writing materials, the result of the R. A. Butler education act of 1944

Throughout our childhood, music, particularly singing, played a huge part in our lives. We also learnt to play the piano through the estimable efforts of Miss Pownall Jones from Llanfair, church organist there. She would cycle the length and breadth of the Vale teaching piano to many children. Gellifor chapel was the cradle for much musical development, the standard of singing being incredibly high with whole families achieving much musical success – the Jones family of Ty'n y Coed, the Lewis family of The Swan, Llangynhafal and the Lloyd family of Plas Dolben amongst others - Gwilym Lloyd (a wonderful bass voice) achieved great success with national opera companies in London. Mention here must be made of the production of the pantomime Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs. This was produced in the late 40s by the Rev. and Mrs G. T. Hughes, then the newly appointed rector of Llangynhafal Church and his wife. All the children in the parish took part and the production was a great success performing in villages the length and breadth of the Vale and

in Ruthin and Denbigh town halls. The rector also formed an entertainment group from parishoners called the Cynhafal Cantors, again travelling far and wide through the Vale and beyond, entertaining audiences with a mixture of Welsh and English folk songs, music hall songs and a range of comedy routines. Well before this Llangynhafal Church School had closed and was used as a social centre for church members. Llanychan Church School had also closed and was used similarly – the children of the area performing in nativity plays each Christmas produced by my father's cousin Ada Jones. The old schoolroom was also used regularly on Saturday nights for ballroom dances attracting people from all over the Vale and beyond. Ada was also organist at Llanychan Church, playing expertly on the large pipe organ there donated by its benefactor Sir Crosland Graham of Clwyd Hall. Later Ada spent many an afternoon playing the piano to accompany pupils of Gellifor School for their Christmas plays and entertainments.

My father was a member of Llangynhafal/ Llanychan Parish Council and its chairman for many years. I recall that a constant source of debate for a long time was Hwylfa Llwyn – 'should it be designated a bridle path' was one issue that never seemed to be resolved until more recent times. He also successfully battled to bring street lighting to the parish but his efforts to bring main drains to Hendrerwydd failed – a pumping station would have been needed which proved to be far too expensive. My sister Mary followed in his footsteps, serving on the Parish Council for many years and became its chair eventually.

Mary, husband Terry and sons David and Michael moved from Rhydymwyn near Mold to Tirionfa, Hendrerwydd in 1975 whilst my parents Danw and Violet and my sister Anna moved to Bryn Clwyd, Hendrerwydd.

By now we have come full circle. Michael and family live in Tirionfa, Mary and Terry lived in Groesffordd now at Crud yr Awel, all in Hendrerwydd. David and family live in Rhewl, my youngest daughter Ceri and her family live in Buarth Mawr, having moved there from London 8 years ago. Then 5 years ago, I left my life in England and

moved into the new Gernant where I have settled happily - back to my roots, the 'hiraeth' for Dyffryn Clwyd grew as I got older.

It doesn't stop there, the connection of the Williams/Jones family with Dyffryn Clwyd continues. Michael and Ceryl's son Cai attended Gellifor School then Brynhyfryd School and is now studying Mechanical Engineering at John Moore's University, Liverpool. My grandsons Evan and Danw together with Mary's granddaughter Gracie from Rhewl also attended Brynhyfryd School. Gracie is studying Nursing at Swansea University, whilst Evan and Danw will go to Newcastle University next autumn to study Economics and Business Studies.

Tracing our family back as far as my great-great-grandparents and further has been an interesting and often fascinating task. My daughter Rhian, through her genealogist friend has details of our family tree stretching back to the 17th century and beyond. It includes the Rev. Peter Ffoulkes born in Llechryd, Llanefydd in 1676, a king's scholar at Westminster School in 1690 and a student at Christ Church, Oxford, sub-dean of Christ Church, precentor of Exeter Cathedral where he was buried after his death in 1747. He went far!

As written January 2022 – March 2023

by

Elizabeth Buddug Pritchard (nee Williams).

Gernant

Hendrerwydd

Denbigh