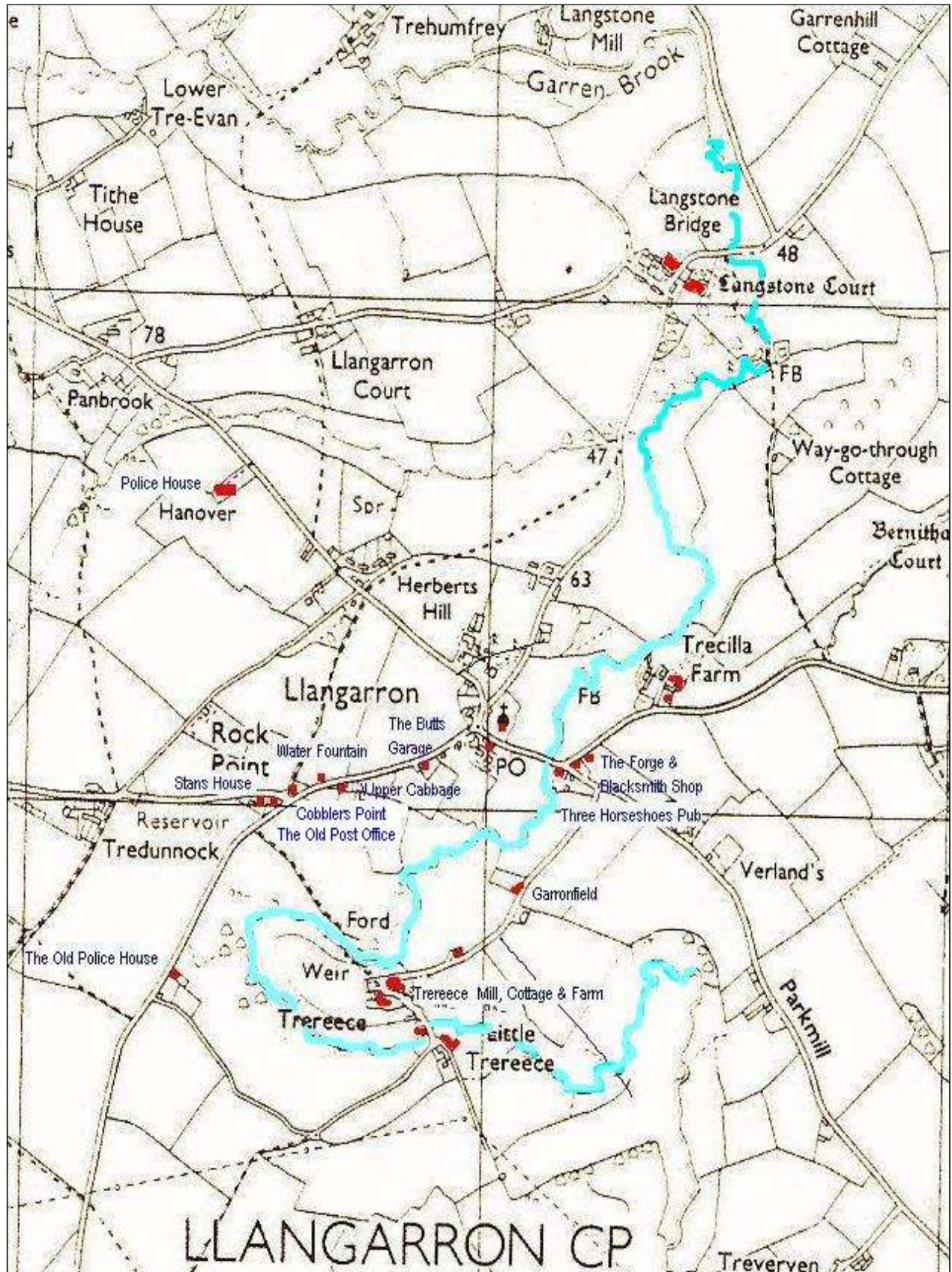


**Life
in
Llangarron**

**During the 1900's
as seen through
the eyes of
Stan Fryer**

Map of Llangarron

Highlighting the location of places mentioned in the following pages.



This is the history of Llangarron as remembered by Stan and Mary Fryer. Stan, born in 1927, has lived in the village all his life and seen many changes over the last 80+ years. We have tried to record some of the village's development for the interest of future residents. Below (left) are Stan and Mary outside their cottage (Rock Cottage), where they have lived since 1953.



Stan and his wife outside their cottage (Rock Cottage)



*Across the junction from Rock Cottage is Cobblers Point
- This was Stan's childhood home*



The Village Post Office



Now a cottage known as 'The Old Post Office'

The left hand picture shows the original Llangarron Post Office. Stan was born at Treribble Cottage and then moved to Pear Tree Cottage, before moving into the Cobblers Point in 1934 when he was seven years old, (pictured top right) which is situated opposite the Old Post Office at this road junction. As a child Stan doesn't remember the post office being across the road as by the time he was living at Cobblers Point, the post office had already been moved down into the village opposite the church, where it remained as a post office and Village Shop until it closed in 1995.

Cobblers Point was lived in by Jim Campbell, who was Mary's brother in law, until unfortunately Jim died in a fire in the cottage in 2003. During 2009 the cottage was completely renovated.



The Water Fountain - Llangarron

Left is one of the village water fountains, this one is about 100 yards down towards the village centre from Rock Cottage. Villagers had to fetch all their water from one of these before mains water was brought into the village. There were other fountains near The Butts Garage, the school and on the Herbert's Hill Road.

The picture below left, shows the house, now known as Hanover, which was the original Police Station. Stan remembers a PC Greenway being the resident constable here.

In the 1930's a new police station was built, now known as The Old Police House (pictured right), and Stan remembers the first policeman to be posted here was a PC Morgan.



This was the original Police Station. (Hanover)



*The Old Police House
- next door to Dovecote Nursing Home.*

PC Morgan used to have a Morgan car (a three wheeler with the engine in the front) and as a boy Stan remembers thinking that perhaps important people could have their chosen model of car named after them.

The Old Police Station has been extended several times since it was originally built. Next door used to be an apple orchard, with a small wooden bungalow. The Orchard has since been developed and is now the site of a nursing home known as Dovecote.

There was a working police house in the village until the 1970's. During trips to Hereford Stan still bumps into the policeman who used to be stationed there. He's now retired, needless to say.

There was only one policeman posted in the village, but he knew every villager by name and Stan remembers him as a nice chap. The last policeman stationed in the village was PC Morrissey who Stan taught to drive, however, PC Morrissey still used his pushbike for work – the car was just for pleasure!



Above is the weir and sluice gate to hold back the stream to drive the water wheel for use by the mill.

Opposite Rock Cottage, down across the field, there used to be a water wheel which needed to be checked daily by a man from Llangrove to ensure the water pump was working properly. He used to park his car on the side of the road near Stan's Cottage and Stan remembers one day as Mary (Stan's wife) was coming home, walking down the road, when she saw two men trying to get into the car. Mary shouted at them and they ran off but the policeman, alerted by Mary's shouts, chased after them and eventually caught them at Symonds Yat.

The house below was previously the Carpenter's Shop known as the Cabbage. Mr. Probert was Llangarron's resident carpenter and among other things he was responsible for making coffins when necessary. The last coffin Mr. Probert made was for Stan's father when he died in 1961.



*Originally the Carpenters Shop - the Cabbage,
now a cottage known as Upper Cabbage*

Mr. Probert also used to make the wooden wheels for the horse drawn wagons, as did his father before him. During the 1920's Mr. Probert's father used to make furniture - Stan believes he made furniture for Jacky Jones at Treworgan, the big farm in the next village (Llangrove). The Stone section on the right was a big shed which used to have a lot of machinery in it such as lathes etc. for making the furniture. Stan used to park his van in there but this was after the carpenters shop had closed down.



Now known as the Butts Garage – home and business of Ted Lane, MOT & Car Servicing

The Butts Garage (above) was once a bakery with the cottage next door. Stan remembers the village once had two bakeries. One of these businesses was run by the Reynolds brother's (Fred and Arthur) who were based at the Butts. They used to bake the bread here and in the early days they would deliver it with a horse and trap. They baked and delivered every day. As motorised vehicles became more affordable they bought two vans for delivering and as a lad Stan used to go with them on their rounds. Stan remembers the loaves used to have four corners on them when they left the bakery; however, they were often missing a couple before they were delivered as Stan used to break them off and eat them whilst doing the rounds!

What is was last a vehicle workshop next to the cottage was the bakery. Ted Lane, who has been at the Butts for many years, converted the bake house into a workshop and also built the newer garage and pit for his vehicle repairs and MOT business.

Stan remembers at the end of the war Major Maunsell, who lived at Little Tredunnoch, ran a fruit farm at Treessey, growing apples, blackcurrants and strawberries. He employed many of the women in the village to help at harvest time, including Stan's wife Mary.

The main road through the village does not have a name, but Stan says it was always referred by the villagers as the Llangrove Road.

Below are pictures of what was the local village school, at the heart of the village opposite the church. This is where Stan and the other village children went to school. A house called Church View has been built on what used to be the school playing field. Stan remembers playing football on the field as a youngster.



Llangarron School. It's now a private house known as 'The School House'.

The Village Post Office and Shop



This was the local shop and Post Office up until 1995. This is now two private dwellings known as Llangarron House and Garron Cottage



This view shows the shop entrance and beyond was storage for coal & the petrol pump

The top picture shows Llangarron House with what was the local shop and post office up until 1995. The shop was the single story behind the house and along the roadside, situated opposite the Church

The entrance to the post office and shop was up the steps, pictured below, through a door which has now been blocked off, but remains as a window, when the shop was converted into a granny annex. The shopkeeper used to live in Llangarron house.

In Stan's younger days the shop was the General Stores and sold everything you might need for day to day living, including coal and petrol. The village was fairly self-sufficient in those days, with bakers, carpenter, blacksmith and a pub and bus depot.

The stores coal shed was accessed via the driveway at the back of the shop. This photograph is of the front where customers would access the shop. There was a petrol pump just in front of the black wooden doorway. Stan's remembers the pump being very slow and you had to pump the handle, not just pull a trigger like today.

The Village School was just to the right behind the signpost at the back of the picture, on the bend of the road

Going back to 1873 it seems Llangarron house was sold by J. Pope to Rev. H. Potts which implies that perhaps this was once the Vicarage which seems logical with its proximity to the church. The Reverend sold the house December 1903 to a Mrs. Banton and from this time it was in private hands. From 1957 it is believed the shop was leased to various tenant shopkeepers until 1964 when it was bought by Mr. Briggs (see newspaper article – page 29) who did a substantial amount of renovation. The Tatlow's were the last shopkeepers in Llangarron having bought the premises in 1981 and they sold the property in 2004.

The Church and Village Hall

Where the car park is now, there used to be a cottage known as Church Cottage where a couple by the name of Mr & Mrs Farmer lived. When they moved the cottage was knocked down and the site made into the church car park.

Stan's father came from Gloucestershire and his mother came from Sellack. Both are buried here, together with Stan's sister. He had just the one sister, Jean who died when she was only six years old in 1936. Stan's mother also died when Stan was just 10 years old - she was part of a family of 11 siblings, which consisted of 9 girls and 2 boys.



Llangarron's Church, St Deinst, is in the centre of the village opposite the old Village Shop

Currently there are plans to convert the North Isle of the church to serve as a community centre, replacing the existing Village Hall. Stan's father was one of those involved in building the current Village Hall (below) and Stan feels a little sad about the proposal to move away from the Village Hall to a new Community Centre in the church; the old hall holds lots of memories for him.



Llangarron Village Hall

Below shows a plaque that resides in the Llangarron Church, which was commissioned by Mrs. Watts whose boyfriend was the navigator on the Mosquito plane which crashed in Llangarron in 1944. Stan was 16 when the plane came down, and having heard the crash rushed round to Llangstone Court to investigate as did several other villagers. Mary and her friend had cycled over to see what had happened and it was at this site that Stan first set eyes on Mary. Seven years later they married at St. Weonards Church and in July 2010 they celebrated their Diamond Wedding.

The plaque just says 'Killed at Llangarron' but it didn't provide any story of what actually happened which Stan felt was a shame as this was a big event in Llangarron at the time. Stan did some research and found a copy of the story from the Ross Gazette archive which is now in the church near the plaque. He wanted to put a copy of it on the wall, but wasn't allowed to do so.



Plaque at the Church



The Memorial Service



This is the site of the 1944 Air Crash

It was many years after the crash that the navigator's family decided to try to trace where his plane came down.

Ted Richardson, the Hon Secretary of Royal Australian Air Force wrote to Chris Jones who currently lives at Llangstone Court where the crash happened to ask if he had any information about the crash. Chris had only been in the village 12 years, but passed the letter on to Stan. Stan replied to Ted with the story as he remembered it from his boyhood. A week later Stan received a letter from Mrs. Watts who was the Navigators girlfriend at the time of the crash – she had always thought he had been lost over France.

In the meantime, the Pilots daughter had been trying to piece her father's story together, and in following the trail which took her via Goodrich and Llangrove, she was again redirected to Stan, who was able to give her the details she was searching for.

Although Stan had found out about the navigator's family he didn't know anything about the pilot's family until very recently. The pilot's daughter wanted to find out what had happened to her father but only knew his plane had come down in Herefordshire. She started her search around Goodrich and was directed to Llangrove. The vicar there sent her on to meet Stan as he knew Stan had already done some research about the crash for the navigator's girlfriend. Stan remembers Mary answering the door and shouting to him that there was a lady to see him and to his complete surprise it was the pilot's daughter. He was now able to relate the events of that day to her and her family, completing the story for the family as well as for Stan and Mary. When the family came to visit the site they took Stan and Mary out to lunch and still remain in touch.

Also in the church is a book listing the local men that were killed in the Second World War and where they were buried. Stan actually knew many of them. It was published by a man from the village

Mrs. Watts also wrote two books called 'Tales of a Bomber Command WRAF and her Horse' and a second book – 'More Tales of Bomber Command WRAF and her Horse'. The proceeds (about £3000) went to the RAF benevolent fund and Stan helped to sell over 100 of these books.

(See newspaper articles for more information about the crash and subsequent visits of the pilot and navigators relatives)



**BILL
TANNER
RECALLS A
WARTIME TALE**

bill.tanner
@midlands.
newsquest.co.uk

● Romance grew from tragedy

When 16-year-old Stan Fryer witnessed a wartime air crash near his home in Llangarron, he would hardly have expected that, more than 50 years later, he and the pretty girl who caught his eye on that fateful day, would feature in a book describing the events which cost an Australian airman his life.

Shower of molten metal fell from burning plane

FIRST it was a 'roar' through the sky, seconds later a 'flaming ball' and a loud explosion. Then the images get personal - sheets of molten metal scattered like 'spring petals'... a wheel 'thump-thumping' down a slope... an unopened parachute plummeting into a field...

Stan Fryer is one of those who remember. Fate drew him to the scene at 16. What he saw at Langstone Court, Llangarron, in January 1944 would stay with him forever.

There, a pretty girl called Mary caught his eye. And out of tragedy arose a remarkable testament to love and friendship as lives linked by the loss of one young pilot connected more than half a century later.

Stan and Mary married after a seven-year courtship and though they never forget what had brought them together, fate was to twist again.

That twist came in 1995 when the couple read an open letter to the Llangarron area sent by Sylvia Watts of Lincoln. She wanted to hear from anyone with information on the crash that killed her close friend Flying Officer Walter Langworthy.

Australian volunteer

To the teenage WAAF of 50 years ago FO Langworthy was 'Roo', an Australian volunteer flying with the Royal Air Force.

All she had of 'Roo' was a memorial listing at St Clement Danes - the central church of the RAF - a name on a roll of honour at Ely Cathedral and a letter she had written to him marked 'missing - return to sender' unopened to this day.

Details of the air crash stayed secret, as was wartime custom. Sylvia, who had always assumed 'Roo' shot down, now wanted to know the truth behind her friend's death.

What Stan and Mary told Sylvia set her on the trail to that truth.

Her letter sent Stan's thoughts back to the 'loud explosion' that shook his childhood home. He knew an aircraft had come down and, heading out to Langstone Court, found one of its engines. The rest was smouldering in a field nearby, with parts scattered wide.

An hour earlier those parts made up a twin-seater Mosquito that had taken off from RAF Markham, Norfolk. FO Langworthy was navigator and Flight Lieutenant Jolly the pilot.

A friend found Sylvia a copy of the acci-



▲ Mary and Stan Fryer with their friend Sylvia Pickering's book.

Photograph by RAY LLOYD ~ 031620-1

dent report. In this cold, official account were the answers she had sought for so long. The Mosquito had exploded in mid air. Sylvia read an outline of those last moments: 'Flame trap set screw trapped in valve - hot gases burned valve seating - backfiring - blew out supercharger. No fault of crew'.

With its pilot 'blown out', the burning aircraft lost control and disintegrated.

'Roo', badly injured, managed to free himself from the flames. His was the torn, unopened parachute seen 'plummeting to earth'. He died soon after impact.

Sylvia saw a Distinguished Flying Cross and ribbon among a last list of his effects sent over from Australia. The medal's citation spoke of 'courage and skill beyond praise' in completing 'many successful sorties' against 'heavily-defended targets'. The story of Sylvia and 'Roo' permeates

'Tales of a Bomber Command WAAF (and her horse)'; a memoir of the war years that Sylvia has just had published as Sylvia Pickering.

Her new friends Stan and Mary feature, too. They have kept up by correspondence since that initial contact.

Stan served with the RAF himself before becoming a successful salesman, while Mary worked as a waitress at Hereford's Queen's Arms Hotel and picked fruit for the nurseries at Llangrove.

'Roo' is buried at the RAF cemetery, Haycombe, Bath. A memorial stone and display dedicated to him and Flt Lt Jolly is planned for Llangarron.

● Sylvia Pickering's *Tales of a Bomber Command WAAF (and her horse)* is published in paperback by Woodfield Publishing, Babsham Lane, Bognor Regis, Sussex, PO21 5EL. Price £9.95.



ROYAL AUSTRALIAN AIRFORCE

467-463 LANCASTER SQUADRONS ASSOCIATION

UNITED KINGDOM

10 NEWGATE CROSS CARLTON NORTHAMPTON NG4 1BA
Telephone 6600-876976.

15th February 1995

The Occupier(s).
Langstone Court
Ross-on-Wye
Herefordshire
HR9 6NR

Dear Sir (or Madam),

I am trying to make contact with anyone who remembers the crashing of a Mosquito aircraft at Langstone Court on the 7th January, 1944.

I enclose two several sheets (copies) concerning this loss, which I have marked in the top right hand corner A and B.

On 'A' you will see the place given as 'Langstone Court, Llangarvan'. Does this describe your address?

The pilot, F/Lt H.F. Jolly, a New Zealander, is buried at St. Albans and the Observer, F/O W. D. Langworthy, D.F.C. is buried at Gatch.

On 'B' there is shown the cause of the loss of the aircraft.

Is there anyone at your address who can remember this crash, please? If not, could you please make enquiries of your neighbours to see if any

(2)
of them can remember it?

I enclose a franked envelope for the courtesy of your reply.

Thank you in anticipation of your help.

Yours faithfully

Ted Richardson

NOT SECRETARY

467 and 463 Royal Australian Air Force
Squadrons Association - U.K.

Australian airman in wartime tragedy

A FATAL accident which took place at Llangarron in 1944 resulted in a remarkable story of love and friendship, much of which occurred as a result of the tragedy.

On January 7th, 1944, a Mosquito Mark IV twin-seater aeroplane, DZ 356, exploded in mid-air over Langstone Court, Llangarron, killing both crew members.

The pilot on that fateful day was Flight Lieutenant Jolly, who had a great deal of experience, clocking up 2170 solo hours on nine different types of aircraft prior to the accident.

His observer/navigator was an Australian, 408157 Flying Officer WD Langworthy DFC, (Roo) who had completed 32 operations against heavily defended targets in Germany and Italy with 97 Squadron. It was based at RAF Woodhall Spa in Lincolnshire when he carried out his first 'op' on August 3rd/4th 1942. He then did six months instructional duties at RAF Upper Heyford.

Roo was posted to 1655 Mosquito Training Unit on December 7th, 1943. He was killed on a training flight from RAF Marham in Norfolk, just one month later, on January 7th 1944. He was probably destined for duties with the Pathfinder Force, whose job it was to put down accurate markers at the site of the target prior to the arrival of the main bomber force.

As it was still wartime when the accident happened, and even though the aircraft was not downed by enemy action, such crashes, whatever the cause, would be kept secret, and only the RAF and the local residents would have been aware of what had happened.

It is only comparatively recently that certain facts have been released relating to this crash, as at the time nothing was mentioned in any of the local newspapers.

Stan Fryer was sixteen at the time. He walked out from his home at Llangarron to the site of the

crash sometime after it had happened.

The tragedy made a big impression on the young man - but he was not to know how involved in the story he would become.

Stan had other things on his mind at the time, because he met a pretty girl called Mary, who had cycled out with her friend to the scene of the crash. Mary later became Stan's wife.

In 1995 Mrs Sylvia Watts of Welton, Lincoln wrote a letter asking if anyone knew anything about the crash at Langstone Court.



She said that she had been in the WAAF over fifty years ago and a very good friend at the time was an Australian navigator who volunteered to serve in the Royal Australian Air Force. She nicknamed him Roo. She said he flew Lancaster bombers before being transferred to the Mosquitos.

She had assumed that Roo had died in a raid. She said that it was only recently that she had heard that his Mosquito blew up in the air at Langstone Court, Llangarron.

She asked for anyone with any knowledge of the crash to get in touch as she was anxious to learn more about the tragedy.

This was the beginning of a correspondence between Mrs Watts and Mr and Mrs Fryer which has resulted in a warm friendship.

Tantalising and poignant facts about Roo have come to light as a result of this association.

Details of the crash were starkly

stated on the Accident Report Sheet;

Explosion in mid-air after a loss of control. Aircraft disintegrated. Pilot blown out without parachute. Navigator baled out.

Aircraft on fire after explosion.

Flame trap set screw trapped in valve - hot gases burned valve seating - backfire - blew out supercharger.

Aircraft disintegrated in stress of loss of control plus engine fire.

Additional evidence by the investigative board ruled that the accident was no fault of the flight crew.

The report said: "The pilot, Flight Lieutenant Jolly was blown out of the aircraft without his parachute which came down and opened separately. The observer, Flying Officer Langworthy (Roo), used his parachute, although injured, but the canopy was torn and Langworthy died soon after impact."

Flight Lieutenant Jolly was buried at St Albans while Flying Officer Langworthy was buried at the RAF cemetery at Haycombe, Bath.

Mrs Watts wrote to Stan and Mary about her memories of Roo. As he was an Australian, she took him to see an English Horse Show and Gymkhana in a truly 'olde English' setting, as well as to a circus.

She said Roo adopted a little stray dog he called "Jackass", which he took back to camp with him.

Among the sad list of clothes and personal belongings, including his DFC, listed after the accident, were "1 rubber dog bone and 1 dog collar".

It was ironic that two heroes who had survived so many sorties against the enemy should perish because of faulty mechanism.

Chris Robertson and Mike Greenway

How romance blossomed from wartime tragedy

by Mary Pike

Another chapter in a remarkable story of tragedy and romance will be played out on Sunday, October 12th, at 11am when a commemorative plaque is unveiled at Llangarron Church.

The plaque commemorates two aircrew whose Mosquito Mark IV twin seater aeroplane exploded in mid air over Langstone Court, Llangarron, on January 7th, 1944.

Amongst the attendees will be Llangarron pensioners Stan and Mary Fryer, who first met at the scene of the crash.

Stan was 16 when the crash occurred. "I heard a loud explosion and thought it was an aircraft that had blown up. I made my way to Langstone Court. In a lane close by was one of the engines and the main part of the plane had come down in a field close by. When I got there it was burnt out but still smouldering but there were parts scattered over several fields. I was told that

two people in the plane were killed."

As he surveyed the scene Stan's eye was caught by a pretty girl called Mary who had cycled over with her friend.

Seven years later Mary was to become his wife.

The memory of their first meeting was brought sharply into focus in 1995 when the couple read an open letter from Sylvia Watts to the residents of Llangarron.

Sylvia, a former WAAF, was appealing for information on the crash, in her quest to find out what had happened to the Australian navigator whom she had nicknamed Roo.

She had always assumed that he had died in a raid until learning that his Mosquito had blown up in the air at Langstone Court.

Stan immediately got in touch with Mrs Watts, forwarding photographs which he and Mary had taken of the crash site.

Letters passed back and

fore, phone calls made, the three met up and a warm friendship has blossomed over the years.

Details from the accident report sheet, together with additional evidence from the investigating board revealed that the accident was no fault of the flight crew.

The pilot, a New Zealander, Flight Lieutenant Jolly was "blown out of the aircraft without his parachute which came down and opened separately. The observer officer Langworthy (Roo) used his parachute and managed to free himself from the flames but died soon after the impact.

Flt Lt Jolly was buried at St Albans and Flying Officer Langworthy, who was awarded a Distinguished Flying Cross and ribbon, at the RAF cemetery at Haycombe, near Bath.

Sylvia has written a moving account of her life

as a young WAAF at war, including letters in which she describes such diverse off duty pursuits as learning to dance the tango and horse-riding on her beloved mare Bridget who accompanied her wherever she went during the war.

Her romance with Roo is obviously at the forefront and she also writes of her friendship with Stan and Mary.

Sylvia, who lives in Lincolnshire, has paid for a memorial to be placed in the church at Llangarron.

Her fascinating book "Tales of a bomber Command WAAF (and her horse)" by Sylvia Pickering is published in paperback by Woodfield Publishing, price £9.95. Anyone who would like to obtain a copy can do so direct from Sylvia, 8, Musgrove Orchard, Welton, Lincoln, LN2 3NP (tel 01673861835). All proceeds from the sale of her books go to the RAF Benevolent Fund.



Stan and Mary meet up with Sylvia Pickering and her husband.

Sister and aunt lay poppies for their brave airman

THE SISTER and daughter of Flight Lieutenant, Ken Jolly, who was killed in a plane crash at Llangarron 53 years ago visited his memorial at St Deinst church at Llangarron, to see the memorial to him. Hazel Attwood and her Aunt, Kay Milton, laid poppies in remembrance.

Hazel always knew that the man who brought her up was her step father but she had a wonderful childhood and never felt the need to find out about their real father until 1999 when her mother had to go into a retirement home.

Going through the Christmas card list in her mother's address book she found a name and address for a Mr and Mrs Milton in the Isle of Wight.

When Kay received a letter she phoned Hazel who only knew that she was a friend of her mother. Kay explained that she was not just a friend but Hazel's aunt. Three days later they met for the first time and Hazel began to find out more about her father and his family.

She discovered that Ken Jolly died in a plane crash in the Ross area and decided to find out more. Hazel, and her husband Ron, decided to visit the area from their home in Somerset. They visited the Heritage Centre and Sue directed her to Stan and Mary Fryer who investigated the crash in Llangarron and organised a memorial to the two air men killed, Flying Officer W D Lang-

worthy, who was called Roo and Flight Lieutenant Jolly. As Flying Officer Langworthy was Australian it was assumed that Jolly was too. Stan had witnessed the crash on January 7th, 1944, and later helped piece the events of that night together.

After an article was published in *The Ross Gazette* asking for information about the crash Stan and Sylvia, a friend of Roo's, began to correspond. And on October 12th, 2003, an engraved plaque was dedicated to the two young men. Sylvia and Roo's story is also recorded in the church and Stan has added some details about the other young man who gave his life to try and win peace for Britain.

The daughter and sister of Ken Jolly spent an emotional day in Ross last Wednesday, visiting the church, the Heritage Centre and the *Ross Gazette*.

Kay said: "It is a dreadful American expression but I feel we have had some closure now and I have fulfilled my father's wishes."

Dear Kath

Many thanks for your letter. I have not written before as I expected you to be getting all the news from Mum and also Eileen told me that she'd written to you some days ago telling you about the cot and our own urgent needs. I do hope you get one without any trouble. You should, I still see quite a few adverts in the local rag.

Many thanks for the New Year Greetings which are heartily reciprocated. I was home for few days at Xmas, and according to what you write had about the same sort of time as you had - quiet by the fire, though the days aren't so quiet with young Hazel. She went through the seat of a pair of dungarees within two hours so Eileen is reinforcing them.

I've lost my acting rank for the moment, but hope to get it back during the next few weeks.

As you know I have changed my job and am now on operational flying, or shall be in a week or so: we are not allowed to live off the camp, so Eileen will be going home within the next few weeks.

My 'crew' one, F/O Langworthy, is a Tasmanian. He's not a black man but is in the Australian Air Force. He calls me Joe and to try and break him of the habit I call him Joe and now it has got into a habit that I can't get out of, either. Conversation in the air is something like this. "Alter course to starboard, Joe" "Ok Joe." "Climb a bit, Joe." "Ok Joe, how's that?" and so on. All the ground crew think we are mad.

Well Kath, I'm always glad to hear from you, so put me on your mailing list and let me know when the happy event is to take place etc. All the best

Your loving brother, Ken

• A letter, Kay had kept from her brother, which mentioned his flying companion WD Langworthy, is pictured above. The letter was sent just four days before his fatal flight. Left, a treasured family picture of Flight Lieutenant Jolly. Pictured below are, from left to right, Ron Attwood, Mary Fryer, Hazel Attwood, Stan Fryer and Mr and Mrs Milton



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All the best
Your loving father
Ken

ROYAL AIR FORCE
MARHAM,
KING'S LYNN, NORFOLK.
Tel: Netherburgh 201.

Monday, 3/1/44.

Dear Kath,

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I've had my sitting room for the moment, but hope to get it back during the

10 NEWGATE CLOSE CALLTON NOTTINGHAM Notts BA
A 21/3/95

Squadron Prints

Dear Stan & May, Postcard

I thank you for taking the time to write to me regarding the Mosquito aircraft which crashed at Harrogate on the 7th/Jan, 1944. I enclose copies of the report covering the loss. F/lt Jolly the pilot was a New Zealander and was based at St. Albans. The Navigator, F/O Walter Dinnelhorst LANGWORTHY, held the D.F.C., and is buried at the MAYCOMBE CEMETERY, ENGLISHTON COMBE BRTH. He was an Australian, aged 35 and had completed a tour of ops. I believe on Lancasters, while based in Lincolnshire. Mon Watts was a WAAF and a great friend of W. D. Langworthy. She still has an old alarm clock with his name & service number scratched on its base. How strange that you should have met at the crash site. Belated greetings to you both for your 45th Anniversary! Now see 467/463 RAAF Squads. Ted Hutchinson

BADGES OF THE ROYAL AIR FORCE
No. 5 ROYAL AIR FORCE STATION WADDINGTON

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Completing the tale of the two airmen who died at Llangarron

STAN and Mary Fryer were thrilled recently when a couple arrived at their door who were able to complete the story of the two airmen who died when their plane crashed at Llangarron during the second World War.

The tragic deaths of Flight Lieutenant Jolly, and Flying Officer W D Langworthy are commemorated by a memorial plaque in the parish church, St Deinst, thanks to Stan and a former WAAF, Sylvia Pickering, a friend of W D Langworthy, who she called Roo.

As Flying Officer Langworthy was Australian it was assumed that Flight Lieutenant Jolly was too. However when Hazel



• Ron Jolly on his wedding day to Hazel's mother.

• Hazel Attwood with Stan and Mary Fryer who were able to give her some information about her father.

Attwood decided to research her family tree she discovered that not only had she been adopted but the man she thought was her father was her mother's second husband and her real father was called Ken Jolly.

She discovered that she had an aunt who knew Ken had been killed in an air crash near Ross and Hazel, and her husband Ron, decided to visit the area from their home in Somerset to see if she could find out any more about her father.

Ron and Hazel visited Goodrich Castle to see the memorial window there and were directed to Langarron Church where the Vicar suggested she should talk to Stan and Mary Fryer. Stan had witnessed the crash on January 7th, 1944, and later helped piece the events of that night together.

A young WAAF, called Sylvia Pickering met a young man from the Royal Australian Air Force on a crowded bus in 1941. Sylvia quickly became close friends with the young man. Unfortunately they lost touch in 1943 and it was not until 1995 that she learned of the crash which took the lives of Roo and his friend Flight Lieutenant Jolly.

After an article was published in *The Ross Gazette* asking for information about the crash Stan and Sylvia began to correspond. And on October 12th, 2003, an engraved plaque was dedicated to the two young men. Sylvia and Roo's story is also recorded in the church and now Stan is delighted that he will be able to add some details about the other young man who gave his life to try and win peace for Britain.

Llangstone Court – the Site of the Plane Crash

Llangstone Court



Llangstone Court Barn Conversions

These pictures show Llangstone Court as it is today. The Mosquito Plane came down in the fields close by.



Llangstone Court

During the war Stan remembers Evacuees coming to the village. He says... I nearly married one – I was only 12. Her name was Betty Woods. She went back home in 1942. I was very sweet on her.

In 1982, I got home one night and Mary said get yourself ready, there's someone to see you, and this girl from London had come to see me after nearly 40 years. Sadly six months later she died of cancer.



(see newspaper clip 'Too Close for Comfort' for other evacuees story about the plane crash - page 19)

Too close for comfort

WAR-TIME EVACUEE Sylvia Mandeville, *née* Bee Abraham contacted *The Ross Gazette* after reading the account of the aircraft which crashed with devastating consequences for the pilot and crew in Llangarron in 1944.

Sylvia, and her sister Diana, were playing in the very field that the plane came down in and have clear memories of that day.

Sylvia hopes that her memories of that fateful day, January 7th, 1944, will be of interest to our readers.

There were only a few days left of the winter holidays. It was a clear day with blue skies so my sister Diana and Jill Webb the farmer's daughter and I ran out to play in the field below Garron Hill Farm. After a while my sister ran back to climb a pear tree in the garden.

Jill and I remained playing beneath an old elm tree. We knew we were doing wrong. We had been warned many times of the danger of elm trees and how they will drop a branch with no warning. But we played on, alert for any creaking in the branches above us.

It was then tense, disobedient, every nerve stretched and anticipating danger that we heard the sound.

The noise roared through the sky seconds before we saw the cause of it, a flaming ball bellowing through the sky, scattering sheets of metal like petals in spring.

A parachute, unopened, plummeted to the ten acre field beyond.

Grabbing our toys we ran. We ran from the tree as the plane twisted and contorted itself above us. We could see its number.

"It's coming down here", I cried.

Fear ran us over the field to the gate. In a



Pictured outside Garron Hill Farm in 1942 or 1943 are, from left to right, Bee Abraham, Diana Abraham and their mother

frozen moment the molten metal crashed into the grass beneath the elm. A heavy wheel from the plane went thump-thumping down the slope on its own.

Then we were through the gate, crying and screaming to be comforted.

People, cars, soldiers, police all appeared as if a button had been pressed.

Mr Webb called out: "I'll get the door of the chicken hutch!" Later we saw a blanketed body being taken away on that makeshift stretcher.

For some time the farm was the centre of attention.

Soldiers camped in the field guarding the wreckage. Important people came and went. We children calmed down a little. School began and life returned to normal. On the face of it everything was alright. But for many years, whenever I heard the drone of a plane overhead, I would pause and wait, tense and anxious, for the engine to stall and I would wait to hear the heavy wheel to go on its thudding journey once again.

Sylvia Mandeville

-a lifetime with transport



•Stan Fryer and Joan Davis, have spent a lifetime together as close friends with a mutual love of Llangarron and transport.

Stan's sister had died and his mother was in hospital. Stan was just 10 years old when Percy offered Stan a Saturday job helping passengers with the doors and parcels.

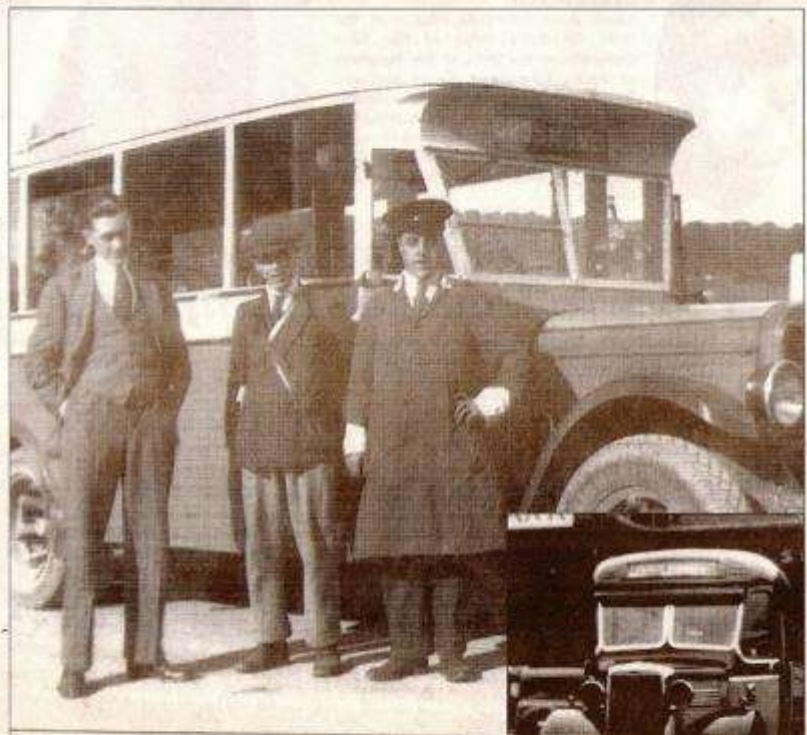
In 1939 Stan became a conductor and then a driver. Percy owned 12 dif-

ferent buses and Stan drove 10 of them. Stan and Joan remember the Sunday School trips where they drove for four to five hours to take groups as far away as Barry Island or Portlucawl. The outings organised by the Horse and Jockey were famous and went to Ascot the Blackpool

Festival of Britain.

One of the mainstays of the business was the regular cinema run on a Saturday night. They would take people from the villages into Ross and collect them after the last show. There was no set time, the coach waited for the customers.

This was also true of the usual service.



•Percy Tumney proud owner of the Llangrove Coach Service with two members of staff and inset the blackouts which had to be used on vehicles during the war, which made driving at night around the villages very difficult.



•A party of regulars from the Horse and Jockey with their families ready for one of their memorable day trips on a Tumney coach.

If you wanted to catch a bus rather than wait at the stop you could leave your shopping bag by the wall and then the coach would stop for you.

In between the journeys taking people to and from the cinema 'Mystery Trips' were organised. These usually included a journey into the Forest and a stop at a pub.

As well as the coaches Percy Tumney ran a taxi service and had cars for hire.

One of the main things both Stan and Joan remember about working for Percy was what a stickler he was for a clean and safe coach.

The busses were always spotless, always had to clean the coach after a trip no matter what time you got back. The windows had to be spotless. Spare parts were always carried and checks were carried out regularly so it was very rare for anything to

go wrong but if it did the drivers could usually sort it out.

Stan said: "I would have had a very different life if it had not been for Percy, he was such a kind and gentleman."

Joan was married to her first husband, David's father, when Percy had to give up the business. She later met Colin Davies at the Border Counties Vintage Club and their love of transport brought them together.

Joan retains very strong connections with Llangarron, the village where she was born and brought up. Her uncles and other members of the family lived in the local pub, the Three Horseshoes or ran local farms.

The family attended the local church regularly and were members of the bell ringers, Sunday School and the church choir.

Jo Scriven

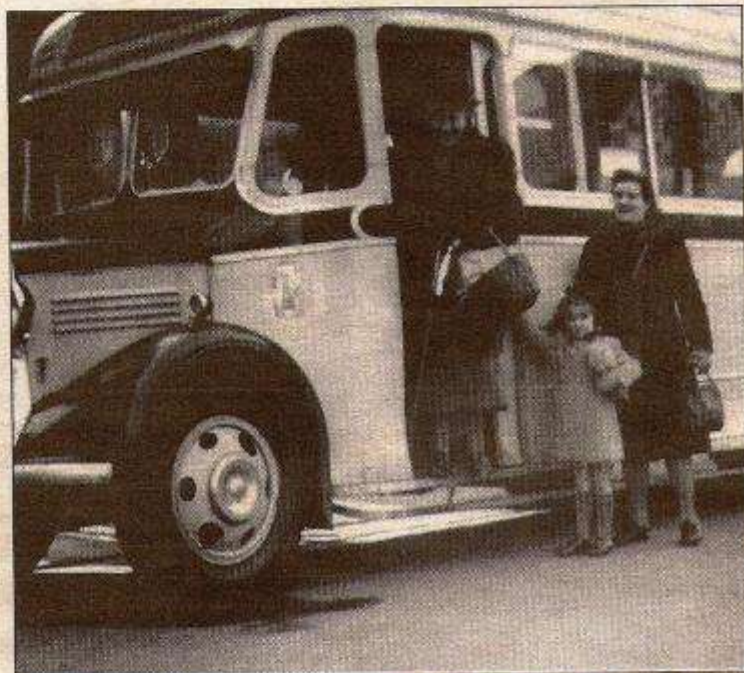
Cars, buses and lorries

FOUR generations of the Tummy family have lived and worked in this area and in the transport business. In 1933 Percy Tummy bought a £50 share in a bus company from H W Matthew and before that his father had worked with steam engines. The bus company was started in March 1919 by Mr H W Matthew with a Ford T and Mr Tummy joined in January 1934. The Llangrove Coach Service was registered in 1938.

The whole family worked on the buses, Percy's wife was conductress and his only daughter, Joan was a driver. And in a nostalgic gesture to his family's past when grandson David Gundy started his own transport company working in removals he named two of his lorries after his grandfather's traction engines.

The first two lorries were called the traction engines from the Lily of the Valley and Pride of the national society, and Garrison. Joan who is passionately interested in her family history, and has spent many hours researching and discovering information about the whole family, has been able to track down all the

information about the traction engines from the national society. Joan said it was one of the best moments of her life when David drove the removal wag-hons home and she saw their names and the maroon and cream livery. This matched the original colours of



•Joan, when she was a young girl, with her mother, the conductress, helping a passenger alight from one of her father's buses.



J. H. W. Matthews
agree to sell equal share of
Bus stage service to
Mr P. Tummy for the
Sum of £50 Fifty Pounds
Received of
Five Pounds
J. H. W. Matthews

•The original document showing that Percy Tummy purchased an equal share of HW Matthews business in December 1933 prior to taking over in January 1934.

•David Gundy, below, with his removal wagon named Lily of the Valley after his grandfather's traction engines.

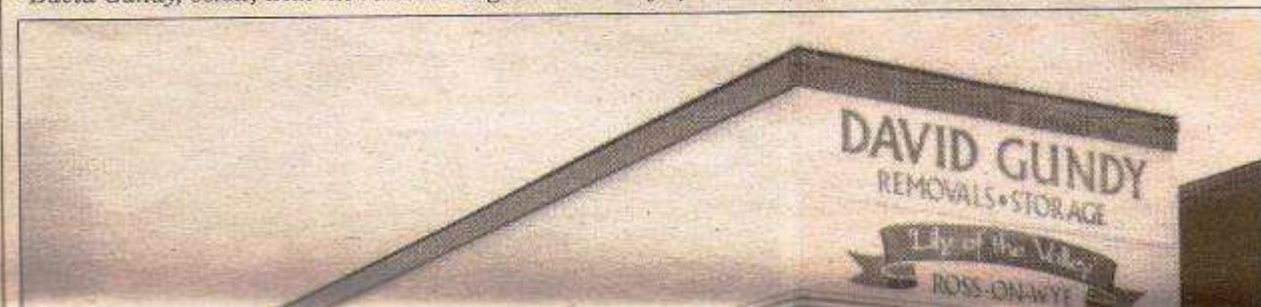
the buses her wanted to do.” Tummeys as strong father owned. It was unusual as blood although

It was entirely those days to be a woman bus driver. Stan Fryer has known Joan all her life, in fact he gave Joan her bottle when she was a baby. He is as close to her as any family member could be.

She took three tests, one in a car, one for a minibus and one for a coach. She said: “I learnt to drive at my Daddy's knees and it was all I ever

believe it when he told her he was going to test a woman. There is another member of the family who has ties to Llangarron and the

Stan Fryer first met Percy Tummy in 1936.



On The Busses with Stan

This yard is situated at the bottom end of the village by the hump backed bridge and is behind what used to be the village pub (The Three Horseshoes). The shed pictured below, which still remains, was in Stan's working days the local bus company depot.



This was the Llangarron bus depot where Stan worked as driver, as it is today.

Stan started working on the buses, in charge of the doors, when he was just 10 years old. Later at 12 years old he became the conductor and was given time off school to perform these duties. There was great demand for the buses during the war years as even those few with cars would take the bus because of the petrol rationing at this time. Stan started taxi driving in 1944 when he was 17 years old driving a Buick and a Studebaker. At this time it was not necessary to sit a driving test to be able to drive cars; however, you did need to sit a test to become a bus driver.



Stan with his Bus



Stan aged 12, with Mr. Tummey

In 1946 Stan joined the Air Force for his two years National Service. On his return he took his bus drivers test and became one of the village bus drivers.

Of his bus driving days Stan remembers... We ran a regular service into Ross from Llangrove - on a Saturday there would be seven runs back and forth. We also used to do trips down to Barry, Porthcawl, up to Blackpool for the lights and various other trips.





Coaches parked in the yard at Llangarron behind the Three Horseshoes pub.

There used to be 3 or 4 drivers at any one time who worked for Percy Tummey the owner of the bus company. He used to have fleet of 3 to 4 buses at any one time, but over the time Stan worked for him, he can remember driving about a dozen different buses in total. Percy started out working as a driver for H. W. Matthews and then he bought his own bus just before the war, which was the start of his own business in Llangarron called Llangrove Coach Service.

a service from Llangarron to the factory three times a day for those working at the factory, plus a service for the schools, so it was quite busy – few people had cars so most relied on the buses.

Stan finished on the buses in 1951. After this he went to work for Singleton and Cole who were wholesale tobacconists. Stan started working in the shop – learning the trade. In 1952 he became one of the van drivers, delivering for the company, covering all of South Wales. In 1957 he became a sales rep for the company and did this for the next 33 years.

An event which stands out in Stan's memory from the early days on the buses was his discovery of a dead body in the brook behind the bus shed.



Stan with his original ticket machine

Stan remembers.... 'There was no mains water in the early days so we had to collect water from one of the village stand pipes. However, there was the brook running along the side of the coach yard so the drivers would go down to the brook with a bucket and bring the water back up to the yard to wash the busses. I used to walk along the stream behind the bus shed as a kid to get wood for the fire. I was about 12 or 13 and went down to the brook for some water one day and discovered a dead man in the brook. It turned out his name was Bill Cole. It was estimated he'd been there about 3 weeks before I found him, and assumed he had come out of the pub, perhaps having one too many bottles of cider, and fallen in the brook as he had still got his bottle of cider and his watch on him. Some railings have been put up since then, but before that there was nothing to stop you walking into the stream. Stan remembers being given two shillings (10p. in today's money!) for attending the inquest'.

Below left is a picture of what used to be the Llangarron village pub known as The Three Horseshoes which ceased trading in 1970.



The local pub – the Three Horseshoes



This View shows the coach yard entrance behind the pub with the Blacksmiths house on the left of the picture

The previous occupant was Mr. Ravenscroft who died a couple years ago. He ran a scrap yard, but it seems he was often reluctant to sell many items except at a fairly high price so his relatives had a lot of tidying up to do after his death and the yard was crammed full of stuff. Stan could remember a Propeller that used to stand against the wall which Mr. Ravenscroft would never sell. The house is currently in the process of being renovated.

When Stan was a young boy, he can remember coming down to the pub with his dad. His Dad would go into the pub and Stan would have to sit outside and wait for him.

Across the junction by the Three Horse Shoes is what used to be the Blacksmith's shop. Below is the Blacksmiths house (Bridge House - right) and the Blacksmith's shop was next to it at The Forge (left). Burt Stevens owned The Forge then and his son John Stevens was one of the Llangarron men killed during the war

The property is still known as The Forge but now belongs to Mr. John Payne who, together with his son, runs a family business servicing the agricultural vehicles which have replaced the horses.



'The Forge'



Bridge House once the blacksmiths house

The Llangarron Bakeries

For a while the village had two Bakeries. Although they must have competed against one another, Stan doesn't remember there ever being any squabbling between the two businesses, so assumes they must have come to some agreement about baking on different days, or each having specific rounds they served or perhaps there was more demand than one baker could supply, after all there was little mechanisation in those days.



Garronfield – Once a second bakery in Llangarron

Garronfield, which is on the road a couple of hundred yards before the mill, used to be the premises of the one of the two Bakeries in Llangarron. Firstly it was owned by the Beards and later sold to Smiths.



Treerece Mill Llangarron

To the South of Llangarron, in the Garron River valley is Treerece Mill. This stone built mill and mill house are now used as a dwelling and store sheds but the mill wheel still exists. Described as newly erected in 1842, the weir remains in the river with its lead being about 600 yards long on the inside of the horseshoe bend in the river. It ceased operating c1900.



Treerece Cottage, Llangarron

Treerece Cottage, just past The Mill is where the Reynolds brothers originally started their bakery business. Later they moved the business to the centre of the village at the Butts, which now belongs to Ted Lane and is a garage and MOT centre

Originally, Treerece was the farm that was the residence of the main landowner in Llangarron, Mr. Frank Scudamore.



Treerece Farm, Llangarron



Treerece Barn



Treerece Barn - View from the back

Fred Carpenter has converted and renovated this old barn and up until recently also ran his business from Treerece Barn which was a cycle hire business called Pedalaway. He has recently sold the business which has now been relocated to Ross-on-Wye.

Another recent renovation is the big barn below known as Upper Treeree which is owned by Mr. Pearson. Stan was invited to house-warming at the barn and took some of the books he was selling books for the RAF Benevolent Fund. There were only about a dozen people there but he managed to sell five of the books, once a salesman – always a salesman.



Mr. Pearson converted this barn now known as Upper Treeree



Little Treeree Farm

Behind the barn at Little Treeree Farm is a local business - Phillips Windows providing double glazed doors and windows



The site of the 'Sheep Dip'

On the left is a picture of a part of the Garron Brook which used to be dammed up to create a sheep dip, to treat the sheep.

Stan remembers that there was always a policeman to oversee this operation to ensure that they dipped the sheep properly. Stan is not sure if any chemicals were use or just the river water. They used to drive the sheep down the main road to be dipped.



Trecilla Farm

Trecilla was one of the bigger farms and like many of the farms around, used to make their own cider. This provided work for the villagers at harvest time and the women would bring big baskets of sandwiches and cakes for the men to eat, for their tea. Stan used to go round the farms to see which was offering the best fare! They also used to make cider at the pub. Stan recollects it was fairly potent stuff; you could only needed two pints to feel very merry.

'Happy marriage' enjoyed by these two communities

LANGROVE and Llangarron are two villages that enjoy a happy "marriage." Such is the compatibility of the two districts that there is no question of the union being of a shotgun nature.

Circumstances have led to Llangrove being the bigger of the two villages. Its population has steadily increased while Llangarron's has remained virtually static.

There is good reason for this state of affairs. Llangarron is situated in a green belt and as a result little or no building takes place there. Planning regulations are not as

stringent where Llangrove is concerned.

This does not mean that Llangarron is the "poor relation." Such a suggestion is deprecated by inhabitants of both villages.

In fact, because of the stunted growth in the number of properties, Llangarron is a beautiful and peaceful village. Not that progress has spoilt its partner — Llangrove can

boast the same natural qualities.

Tangible evidence of the contented co-existence between the parishes is the school their children share. Llangrove Voluntary Aided School is a fine building.

Extensions and improvements at the school were officially opened and dedicated in November last year by the Bishop of Hereford, the Rt Rev M. A. Hodson.

The £20,000 scheme provided two new classrooms, toilets and cloakroom facilities. What was previously a classroom was converted into a fine up-to-date kitchen to provide



The ancient church at Llangarron.

REGULARS AT THE LOCAL

PICTURED below at the Royal Arms, Llangrove, talking about old times are Mr Bert Edwards (left) and Mr John Winney.

A retired groom and coachman, Mr Edwards is a sprightly and jovial 84-year-old. He enjoyed his first drink in the Llangrove 'local' about 75 years ago. His father, Mr Cornelius Edwards, who lived in

Llangarron, used to take the young Albert on his trips to the Arms. Mr Edwards' maternal grandmother, Mrs Morzine, used to live opposite Llangrove Church.

Mr Winney, who farms a 50-acre smallholding in the parish of Marston, has been a regular at the Arms since 1936. He rates it as being "one of the best pubs in Herefordshire."

meals for the 60 children at the school.

The improvement of the school not only shows the strength of the partnership between the county education department and the church, but also proves that the people of Llangrove and Llangarron are united.

Said Mr H. V. Loseby, correspondent to the school managers, at the official ceremony: "We in Llangrove appreciate the way that the transfer of pupils from Llangarron has been effected so amicably. I know the children are happy and I hope the parents are equally as happy."

Each village has its own church, but they share an incumbent, the Rev J. Woodger, who is also chairman of the school managers.

The villagers also have to share a pub. The Three Horse Shoes at Llangarron was closed several months ago, but the Royal Arms at Llangrove is a strong and popular institution where visitors can be sure of a cheerful reception from Mr and Mrs Woolly Palmer.

Story by
NIGEL HEINS
Photos:
STEPHEN SIMPKINS



THEY RUN VILLAGE STORES

STORES

WHY did Mr and Mrs Francis Briggs, who run the village post office and stores, choose to move to Llangarron?

"It is such a lovely, unspoiled spot and the people in the district are so charming and friendly," was the swift reply.

Mr Briggs, who was previously in the textile business, working in Leicester and London, and his wife Ethel came to live in Llangarron just over six years ago.

The couple have a son, Christopher, aged 17, who is headboy at Ross-on-Wye's County Secondary School. Mr Briggs is pictured above showing the latest issue of postage stamps to Miss Diane Davies who lives in Llangarron and works in a Ross-on-Wye tobacconist.



Mrs Ethel Briggs is seen slicing bacon for a customer at Llangarron Village Stores.

Distinguished service career

COLONEL J. W. LUCAS, of Friesleigh, Llangrove, has experienced a long and distinguished career in the army.

He served overseas as a captain in the Royal Artillery during the First World War and then left the Army in 1932 to become a reserve officer.

He was recalled in 1938, promoted to the rank of major a year later and again served overseas during part of the last war.

From 1943-54 — under the rank of colonel — he was staff officer at the War Office.

In 1950, Col Lucas was awarded the OBE in recognition of the part he played in the disposal of vast quantities of surplus chemical weapons and ammunition — a task which took three years to carry out.

On his retirement from the army, he farmed for about eight years at Swanbridge, Clomorgan. He moved to Llangrove about five years ago.



*Thanks to all those who have
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