

The Hopkins of Tregurnog

Bryan Hopkin

The Hopkin family - my family - lived at Tregurnog farm for just over 100 years.

When I first came to know Tregurnog, in the 1920s, it was a small mixed farm (72 acres) in the parish of St Fagans in the Vale of Glamorgan, about five miles from Cardiff. The Garth Mountain, an outlier of the South Wales mountain system, stands three miles to the north and the small river Ely flows two miles to the south. The farm land had once been the site of a battle, the civil war battle of St Fagans in 1648 in which a royalist army of 8000 was defeated by a smaller, but more professional, army of parliamentarians. In the kitchen at Tregurnog there was a cannon ball which had been dug up on one of the fields.

The Hopkins did not own the farmhouse or the farm land. They were tenants of the Earl of Plymouth, who had St Fagans Castle as one of his homes and who had extensive estates both in Glamorgan and elsewhere. The Plymouth estate were regarded by the family as good landlords and there were friendly social relations between the Plymouth family and their tenants: I remember that after the war my aunts were visited from time to time by the Countess of Plymouth.

My great great grandfather, John Hopkin, came to Tregurnog in the 1840s. He had previously farmed Old Beaupre, in St Hilary near Cowbridge, where the farmhouse, itself very old, adjoined the ruins of the 16th century manor house of Beaupre. These ruins, romantically sited in the valley of the river Thaw, contain some fairly intact early 17th-century Italianate architecture (a decorated gateway is a special feature) and are well worth a visit. I remember a family expedition to Beaupre in about 1932, led by my father.

John Hopkin died in 1855 and is buried in the churchyard of St Hilary. The gravestone has this inscription, clearly visible: 'In memory of Anne, wife of John Hopkin late of Beaupre, who died on April 21st MDCCCXLV aged 64 years. Also, the said John Hopkin who died February 27th MDCCCLV aged 79'.

John Hopkin had three children, John, Jenkin and Jane. John Hopkin Jr went to keep a pub, the Rummer Tavern, in Castle Street Cardiff (the pub still exists and when I was working in Cardiff I occasionally had lunch there). A rummer is a large drinking glass. The Tregurnog family owned one of these which had come from the Rummer Tavern; it is now on deposit with the National Museum of Wales in Cardiff. John Hopkin of the Rummer had five sons who all died young or youngish and left no children, so this line of the family died out.

Jane Hopkin married a man called David and went to live at a large but rather decayed 17th-century house near Gelligaer in east Glamorgan, called Llancaiach. (It has recently been restored by Welsh Historic Monuments and is well worth a visit) (Renee and I once met a Mr David, a descendant of Jane David, who was still living in that part). When John Hopkin died in 1855 he left the farm to his younger son Jenkin. Jenkin

Hopkin had a tragic end: in 1857, at the age of 43, he committed suicide. The farm was taken on by his widow, Mary Hopkin, who must have been a competent and determined character. Her eldest son, a third John Hopkin (my grandfather) was a child of eight at the time of his father's death. In 1881, according to the census return, Mary Hopkin was still the head of the family and the farmer. John Hopkin was by that time aged 31, married and the father of a baby son. They all lived together at Tregurnog.

In the early 1880s an event occurred which had a considerable impact on the physical framework of the farm. This was the coming of the Barry Railway. To provide for the rapidly growing exports of Welsh coal, a new dock was constructed at Barry on the Glamorgan coast and a railway was built from Pontypridd to carry the coal to Barry. The line of this railway passed within 20 yards of the farmhouse and in the 1920s long trains of wagons carrying the coal thundered past Tregurnog at frequent intervals. The farmlands were cut in two by the line, though of course there were bridges to enable the farm traffic to pass between the two parts. After the Second World War the railway was closed and dismantled, and around 1980 a large dual carriageway road was built to link the M4 at Capel Llanilterne to the A 48 at Culverhouse Cross and to the road to Barry. Now it is cars and lorries which thunder past 20 yards from Tregurnog. Early in the 1880s Mary Hopkin handed on the farm to her son, and she died in 1891.

John Hopkin had two sisters, Ann and Mary. Ann married Thomas Jones. The family lived in several different farms in the Vale, eventually settling at Newton House Farm near Cowbridge. Ann Jones was Enfys Brown's grandmother. Mary married Edward Watts and went to live at St-y-Nyll in St Brides. Mary Watts died in childbirth two years later; her baby daughter Rachael was taken in at Tregurnog but herself died at the age of two.

John Hopkin married (in 1878) Gwenllian Thomas, who came from Doghill farm in St Lythans (near Dyffryn Gardens). When I was young my family made several visits to Doghill, by then farmed by Gwenllian's brother Robert (my father's uncle). He was a tall friendly and humorous man whose wife Nellie was contrastedly short in stature. Their hospitality was much enjoyed. Doghill had an interesting feature, the remains of a moated grange - in our time the moat surrounded not a grange but Uncle Robert's orchard.

Gwenllian had three other brothers, Rhys, Richard and William, and a sister Mary. Mary became Mrs Dunn and lived at Tinkinswood between Dyffryn and St Nicholas. On this farm there is a very celebrated archaeological site, the Tinkinswood long barrow. This has been very thoroughly excavated and written up (it is one of the sites studied by my school fellow Glyn Daniel who became professor of Archaeology at Cambridge). Aunt Mary was a formidable, indeed forbidding character, a matriarch if ever there was one, and sharp as a needle. Her family generated a surprising amount of domestic drama in successive generations.

Brother Richard had a farm called Homri in the land between St Georges (where my family lived from 1923 to 1934) and St Nicholas, on a slope with a fine northward view towards the Garth Mountain. He had a number of children, whom I remember meeting on occasions when my father went with members of his family to visit Homri. I remember that they were bright and imbued with the teasing slightly malicious spirit which I think runs in our family (it came out in others of my uncles, aunts and cousins).

Brother Rhys went to live at a farm called Curnix, in the village of Penmark, not far from Penonn. I never knew this family, but one of them came to the funeral of my uncle Edward in 1944. I remember that he looked like something out of the 1850s.

Brother William lived on a farm high up in a fold of a mountain, the Mynydd Meio, on the eastern side of the Taff River near Pontypridd. My family were not in contact with this family. Though the farm is at 800 feet it is so placed as not to have a wide view (we once went in the car to have a look at it).

John Hopkin, my grandfather, had ten children, one of whom died as a baby. The other nine were Edward, William, James, Annie, Gwen, Winifred, John (also called Jack or Johnnie), Robert and Mary. Edward, Annie and Winifred did not marry and stayed on the farm. The second son, William, my father, married Lillian Cottell in 1913. She was from Somerset (Weston-super-Mare) and at the time of her marriage was a governess in the family of the Rector of St Brides-super-Ely, the nearest village to Tregurnog. In the next year, 1914, came the Great War and my father, who was a Territorial, was called up for service in the Glamorgan Yeomanry. He was eventually sent abroad to Egypt and Palestine, returning in 1918 with his regiment to fight in France in the last few months of the war. By the end of 1915 my parents already had three sons (John, Bryan and Robert); after the war they had a daughter Gwenora.

The third surviving son, my uncle James, left Tregurnog in 1900, at the age of 15, to be apprenticed in the railway workshops in Barry, and went to live there. He served in France during the war. After the war, in 1923, he married Evelyn Watts (of another Glamorgan farming family), from Castle Farm in St George's. Their daughter and only child, my cousin Mary, was born in 1925.

The second daughter, my Aunt Gwen, married Ted Griffiths. They lived at Tynycoed Farm between Bonvilston and Llancafán, and afterwards at Pwll-y-Min Farm in Peterston. They had three children, Noel, Joan, and Rhys.

The fourth son, my uncle Jack, married Lily Rees from Cross Leakey (just by the gate into Tregurnog on the west side) and emigrated to Canada where they had a son and two daughters. From time to time some of them have visited this country and I have occasionally met them on these visits (the parents, that is; hardly ever the children).

The youngest daughter, my Aunt Mary, married, rather late in life, Charles Trivett, a farmer in St Brides-super-Ely. They had no children. Charles Trivett was an immensely tall and thin man (some members of his family later took on a farm, Parc Coed Machen, just to the west of Tregurnog, and made it a centre of entertainment. I remember attending an extremely enjoyable concert there during one of the Vale of Glamorgan music festivals)

My grandfather appeared to me a firm though not frightening character, a little distant. In old age he became rather `difficult`. My grandmother died when I was three and I have no memory of her. By all accounts she was an energetic and successful wife and mother, full of fun. The great tragedy of her life was the death of her beloved son Robert in Flanders during the First World War.

I think that in the pre-war and war years up to 1918 the farm was a pretty successful unit. My grandfather was able to accumulate savings and had a fair sized volume of investments when he died. His children and even his grandchildren benefited from his prudence, as I myself can testify. The way of life on the farm did not respond very rapidly to all the changes in technology, tastes and habits which were taking place around it, and by the 1920s it was by some standards in many ways out of date.

I will try to give some impressions of the life of the farm in the period in which I was personally acquainted with it - roughly from 1920 to 1955. Of course there were changes during this period and I cannot pinpoint my memories at all precisely to dates.

To start with the farming itself. I never had any very exact notion of the economic dimensions of the farm, but my impression is that the main source of income was the sale of sheep and cattle. Wheat was grown, I remember it being stored in the upstairs granary, and some may have been sold; but I think most of it was used as feed for the chickens. And oats were grown for the horses. Root crops - turnips, swedes, mangolds - were certainly grown but I think the whole of this produce was consumed on the farm either by people or animals (when Aunt Annie served swedes on one occasion I remember my uncle Edward saying: `plenty of butter, Annie, and plenty of pepper - otherwise they're not worth eating`. I have always followed this precept with swedes).

During the 1920s the remaining men of the family left the farm except for uncle Edward, and this was inevitable: the farm could not possibly have supported them all, especially when they acquired families. My uncle Edward was a gentle, scholarly, bachelor interested in reading and not naturally very apt to the practical activities of a small farmer. He employed an agricultural labourer, Dick Woodley, who was in some ways his complement. He was no great scholar but he was very skilled in the arts of farming. My aunts shared out the various tasks normally performed by the womenfolk on a farm - feeding chickens and collecting eggs, making butter and cheese, cooking, caring for the kitchen garden, processing fruit and normal housekeeping duties. Aunt Annie was plump, warm and friendly. She was a splendid cook. Aunt Winifred looked after the fowls and the dairy. What Aunt Mary did (in the period while she still lived in Tregurnog) I cannot now remember.

After my grandfather died and my uncle Jack left, there was I think not merely no progress but even an actual decline in the standard of work on the farm; certainly the mechanical equipment (never very extensive) suffered in its maintenance from the departure of my Uncle Jack, who had much more skill than Uncle Edward in dealing with machinery

Let me say a little about the animals, which played a great part in the life of this sort of farm. First the horses. My early memories are of three enormous carthorses (Duke, Prince and Blossom) which pulled the ploughs and carts and wagons. They were large and gentle but still very impressive, even a little alarming, to small children both in my generation and in my children's. Then there was Betty, a much smaller horse which pulled the trap. (There was a closed carriage also, but in my time this never emerged from the coach house). During the 1920s - probably about 1927 - the family acquired a car, a Rover, and Aunt Annie learnt to drive it. She was never a confident driver and I think the car proved to be a white elephant. After some time it stayed in the garage and was eventually got rid of; no doubt the tax and insurance came to seem a waste of money

This is a digression. Returning to the animals, there were of course cows and sheep. The cows gave milk but I do not think milk was ever sold off the farm - this was of course very untypical of Welsh farms. The milk was for making butter and cheese (Caerphilly) which was sold, and must have made a very worthwhile contribution to the family income.

Among the sheep there was (normally) one of special importance - the pet lamb, a lamb which had had to be nurtured in the farm house. These lambs acquired confidence and even a certain amount of un-sheeplike aggressiveness. I remember one called Larry who was a bit of a terror to the unprepared visitor.

Then there were the dogs. There were always, of course, sheepdogs, a necessary aide to the farmer when marshalling the cows and sheep. There were also, I seem to remember, pet dogs who were kept simply for company. I remember best one of the sheepdogs, called Lad, who lived to a great age and acquired a position of authority. In his old age he became curmudgeonly and reacted badly to being teased. If you said "he has a broad back" (which he conspicuously had) he was displeased and would growl menacingly; it would not have been advisable to say it while standing close to him. There must also been cats but I do not think they were much regarded; and am sure they were not pampered.

Finally, there were the pigs, low down in the social scale (on account of their looks and uncleanliness) - but productive in an important way. The day on which the pig was killed was one of drama. Fitches of bacon hung in the farmhouse kitchen and contributed to meals throughout the year.

These meals were ample and on the whole delicious. There was excellent roast meat with vegetables. But I remember in particular the apple tarts and gooseberry tarts made by Aunt Annie. I have never eaten anything better in that line.

There were of course no mod cons at Tregurnog: no running water, no gas, no electricity, no central heating, no bathroom, no mains sewerage. All the arrangements were of the most primitive kind. Some of the inhabitants seemed hardly to be aware of this; the aunts, who had lived in their younger age in a degree of urban comfort, were somewhat defensive about it. Life at Tregurnog was much more comfortable in the summer than in the winter.

Nevertheless some visitors did come to stay (my own family did, on several occasions, and enjoyed themselves); there were many visitors who stayed for a few hours, normally sharing a meal. There was of course no telephone and the visitors were normally unannounced and not specifically expected. On the whole visitors were appreciated, if they were civilised and friendly as most of them were.

There were sometimes family parties, especially at Christmastime. These would include a sumptuous tea with jellies, trifles, tarts and cakes, as well as party games afterwards. There would be a lot of noise, some music and a lot of fun.

The Hopkins were by tradition Congregationalists and supporters of the Ebenezer chapel in St Brides (where my grandparents are buried). With time there was a decline in the religious faith of the Hopkins more or less parallel with that which was going on in

the population generally. I remember attending services in Ebenezer as a boy, and being terribly bored by the sermons. Members of the family differed in their attitude to religion; some gave up going to chapel while others continued to do so. I have a childhood memory of attending, and indeed competing in, the Eisteddfodau or competitive musical and literary evenings which in the days of my childhood were still taking place in the local chapels e.g. at Croes-y-Parc (Peterston) and Ebenezer itself. I remember reciting Byron's 'The Destruction of Sennacherib' at one of these occasions; it was not an entire success.

One of the rewards of Sunday school membership (for me, an early pagan, indeed the principal attraction) was a Sunday School outing in the summer to Barry Island or Southerndown in a coach - we called it a charabanc. There is an interesting photograph of a St Brides chapel group sitting on the sands at Southerndown, with three generations strategically disposed on the rocks and in the pools.

My uncle Edward died in 1944, and from then on Aunt Annie took over the direction of the farm. She was of course very dependent on help with the farm work and this was provided by Dick Woodley. Things ran on like this for over 10 years, but it was not an easy regime to sustain. When in 1955 Dick Woodley died it was clear that the aunts (both by then in their sixties) could not keep the farm going. They had a bungalow built as a retirement home in the nearby village of Peterston-super-Ely. However, just before they were due to move, Aunt Annie died. Aunt Winifred moved on her own to the bungalow and thus finally severed the connection of the Hopkins with Tregurnog. Soon after this move, Tregurnog ceased to be the working centre of a farm, and the land was divided up and attached to other farms. The farmhouse became a pure residence and has been much altered - it is now hardly recognisable to those who knew it in the time of uncle Edward.

August 2003

Memories of Tregurnog

Edward Hopkin

The house had a number of striking features for an urban child. The front door opened on to the front garden. Fair enough, but in front of the front garden there was a field, no road, nor any evidence that anyone would ever put a road in front. The road access was actually at the back, through a gate from a bridge over the railway.

At the left hand side of the front garden (viewed from the house) was the privy, accommodating two, I think, with a partition between and two access doors. Mostly it was a bit smelly (for an urbanite) but apparently clean. (My French grandmother in Lille had a toilet that was, as it were, half way between the privy and a flushing water closet. It was indoors. It had a pottery pan, but no U-bend, just a flap operated by a handle on the side that released the contents into a cesspit below. After using it the user was expected to rinse it with water from a large galvanized, or enamel jug. It smelled too, but less than the privy. In both cases the paper provided was old newspapers. Bedrooms were equipped with large chamber pots, though I suspect that, in Lille, this is what the old ladies had been used to in younger days. There was no real need, apart from the inconvenience of a steep flight of stairs.)

At the back of the house was a walled yard with a small gate to the road. It gave access to the dairy, where the cream separator and butter churn were located, and to the kitchen. The kitchen was equipped with a range that occupied one wall and had built-in ovens. There was a fire there all the time and a kettle permanently in place to be swung on to a hob and brought to the boil. Next to the range on each side there was a settle. The dogs, or the older of them, always slept under the settle, in the warm. Then there was a window on the outside wall with a long bench and the table, with another bench or chairs opposite. Across the kitchen from the window, up one step, was a door with a simple latch leading through the rarely used dining room into the front hall. This gave on to the parlour, with piano, also rarely used, and the stairs to the bedrooms on the upper floor.

The bedrooms upstairs were rooms of normal shape, at the front, but at the back they were tucked under the roof. To get into the back bedroom you went through a door from the landing and then down two steps. One of the steps was broken. At one of the gable ends of the house there was a sunken "area" about 6 foot (or maybe more) deep with stones set into the walls to allow you to climb down. The function of this area was a mystery to me if, indeed, it had one. It was only when I was older that I and my legs were long enough to be able to climb down. It felt like a great achievement at the time.

The road at the back led across the house and past the gated entrance of the farmyard which was formed by one end of the farmhouse, the cowshed (where milking was done, by hand) and two barns. Beyond the farmyard gate the road skirted one of the barns that formed a side of the farmyard and swung downhill to the left (northwards) to the stream a couple of hundred yards away that was the farm boundary. The rough cobbles stopped just beyond the farm buildings and the road became a 'green lane', hedged but not surfaced, and very muddy when it rained. It rained a lot! Opposite the same barn, beyond the cobbled surface was a permanently muddy spot that served as a midden, a

dump for equipment, furniture etc that needed to be thrown away. How long it had served, and what might be found there today, I have no idea. In summer it was surrounded by a mass of nettles which I enthusiastically attacked with a long stick.

At the western end (gable with "area") the railway ran very close by. Trains (steam in those days) went past. Mostly they were goods trains but I do remember a number of troop trains packed with soldiers, presumably returning from the war. When they stopped, though fascinated, I was too shy to talk to the men leaning out of the windows. There was also a grand chestnut tree between the house and the railway cutting. Good for climbing when I got old enough, though I was not encouraged to do so.

The boundary stream turned south further away from the house and in this southerly reach had a small island just a few yards long. I was amazed to find, when I went back to it after a year's absence that it was actually bigger than it had been the year before. I thought islands didn't do that kind of thing.

A few things struck me about life at the farm, other than what you have said. First, that when someone was ill, drinking water was fetched for them from a spring in the middle of the large field in front of the house. It was quite some distance away, and too much trouble for normal life. The usual water supply came from a cistern in which rainwater was collected from the roof. Mealtimes were lively affairs though the fare was generally simple, for example, bread with butter, but no jam. Aunt Winifred once reacted, when I summoned up my courage and asked for jam, "Is our butter not good enough?" At harvest time it was cacophony. The kitchen was so full you had to squeeze in to get a seat, not easy for a small boy among those great burly farm workers. Wheat was cut with a machine pulled by the horses or a tractor hired for the day, no doubt. It fell where it lay and was gathered up into sheaves by hand, and the sheaves stacked together in stooks for the grain to dry. As the machine got to the middle of the field, the rabbits, which had been retreating before it, panicked and ran out, some of them getting caught in the machine and leaving an upsetting red corpse in the middle of the field. Later the threshing machine, steam-operated, came. The stooks were dismantled and the sheaves loaded on to a cart to be taken to the thresher.

Sheets, after washing, were spread over the hedge to dry. The hand-operated cream separator had to be treated with great reverence. After use it had to be dismantled and carefully washed. The parts absolutely should not be dropped, because if dropped they would lose shape and, even if only a little misshapen, would not work so well. It was as if they were being carried about on velvet cushions. The machine being made in Sweden, spare parts were not to be had during the War. To get spares you needed a licence to make butter and this the aunts didn't have.

Of the animals, other than what you have mentioned, I recall the guinea fowl, which they called gleanies, though I don't suppose they did any more gleaning than the chickens and geese that were also released into the stubble on the wheat fields after the harvest.

July 2003

Memories of Tregurnog

Mary Michael

Tregurnog farm was entered at the five-barred gate by the St-y-Nyll road, and it bore the name TREGURNOG, on a board, which my father made and arranged for the name to be printed. The farm track skirted the first field and then went over and down the 'top field', and over the bridge. It was a track suitable for vehicles, but by no means a road. At the time that the bridge over the railway was built, circa 1890 or slightly earlier, there was also allowed room for the 'New Road', as it was always called, running along the house side above the railway bank, this was to allow for easier movement between fields on that side. This 'road' was just grass, and it was used for the newly hatched chicks; nothing else that I remember. It was bounded on the house side by the stone wall, near which, on the house side, were two hen houses, also the chestnut tree, which I was told, was planted by our grandmother, and it is still there (I used to play keeping `shop` under that tree, usually on my own).

Of course, throughout its existence, the railway was used for transporting coal to Barry Docks, and I believe the times of the trains were so regular that the kitchen clock could be set by them. Now, the wagons of coal had, on occasion, another use. Sometimes, a fowl would die, from disease or old age, and to dispose of such a bird, it was thrown over the parapet on to one of the open wagons travelling underneath! I wonder where in the world did those fowls end up?

I don't recall a spring in the field, but I do remember helping to carry buckets of water from a particular part of the brook, when the cistern was low in dry weather. I can still remember the good taste of the water from the pump (rainwater from the cistern) and I believe it never harmed anyone.

The Garth is, from the map, about 3 miles away, as the crow flies. Auntie Winnie and I walked there and climbed it, when I was about 8 (no M4 then of course) All the family were good walkers - and so I was too.

I should like to mention that the 1930s was the period when Uncle Edward was the tenant, managing the farm business and maintenance. Aunts Annie and Winifred were in their middle years, in good health, and were most certainly able to enjoy life, in spite of what we think were the hardships of living in Tregurnog - which I have touched on in my main account. Things got a lot harder after Edward died in 1944.

To explain about the sunken, concreted area by the pine end, this was excavated because of the great degree of damp in the fireplace wall of the dining-room, part of which had been below the level of the ground outside. I don't know when this was done, but it did seem quite new in the 1930s, and I suppose was paid for by the landlord. How fortunate that it wasn't there when my father fell out of the window above. The layout of the main house was as Edward describes. In my time the dining-room was certainly used for largish gatherings. There was a gramophone there, and "Ol' Man River" was a favourite record. Also the parlour was used, and Auntie Annie played the piano (she also played the organ at the chapel). Over those two rooms the main bedrooms were quite roomy. I understand that, formerly, the one on the right (later Auntie Winnie's) was

occupied by our grandparents; the one on the left of the stairs was the daughters' and I suppose great-grandmother's in her time. The boys, and uncle Edward throughout his life, slept in the back, a long room above the kitchen and dairy.

The kitchen was small for a farm kitchen (imagine it when all the family were growing!). The walled area just outside was called the 'bailey' - a very ancient name - with the pump and some slate shelves for clean buckets. Leading off the bailey was the wash-house, with a copper and a bath covered by a board. Down steep steps at the far end was the large coal house, very dark and such a long way to carry coal for the kitchen fire which was kept going, winter and summer. From the kitchen, at the opposite end to the fire, you went into the dairy, a very important room, where I was privileged sometimes to turn the churn, and where of course most food was kept (apart from the flitches of bacon hanging in the kitchen).

Household linen was, as Edward remembers, taken down the Graig to the hedge along the bottom. That was not an unusual way of drying, in old times, and was really quite effective, though it seems primitive.

As a child, I spent most of my summer holidays during the 1930s at Tregurnog, so I was always there at harvest time. I enjoyed riding up to the cornfield on either Prince or Blossom, the carthorses, with Dick leading one or the other. I remember watching the rabbits scurrying to the nearest hedge, as the corn was being cut and bound. I also remember the cider, provided for the extra menfolk at that time, though I wasn't allowed very much of that!

I believe they started with the guineafowl during the late 1940s - the eggs were small though very rich. The usual regular batch of fowls' eggs were fetched by the "egg girl" and taken to a regulated centre - this was in wartime conditions

The butter, which was of course outside regulations and unrationed, was delicious and I know that a great many folk were grateful for the chance to buy a small quantity.

They did make jam, mainly gooseberry I think. A large crop of kidney beans (runner beans) were always grown in August - September and Auntie Annie was a champion slicer -- Hugh had never seen anyone do this so fast!

As regards communication with the world outside, newspapers were left under the hedge inside the main gate to be collected. There was a wireless set, with accumulator, on the kitchen windowsill; and there was acute awareness of world affairs.

August 2003

The Hopkin Family Tree

1 The Hopkin family : the Nineteenth Century

The descendants of John Hopkin of Beaupre and Tregurnog (1776 – 1856) and his wife Ann (1791 - 1845) : their children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren -- four generations in all. I have aimed to show the names of members of the family and their spouses , with dates of birth and death and their main place of residence. Where there is no place of residence it will refer to children living with their parents.

2 Separate family trees on the same model for the descendants of the four children of John Hopkin of Tregurnog and his wife Gwenllian who had children :

William

James

Gwen

John.

3 Some notes on other families related to the family of John Hopkin of Tregurnog:

The family of Ann Jones, nee Hopkin

The first Thomas family

The second Thomas family.

Sir Bryan Hopkin

Economist who stuck to Keynesian principles and emerged as a determined critic of Margaret Thatcher

SIR BRYAN HOPKIN, who died on October 10 aged 94, was an economist who straddled the worlds of Whitehall and academia, ultimately as chief economic adviser to the Treasury under Denis Healey and Professor of Economics at Cardiff University; but he was most visible as a critic of Margaret Thatcher's economic policies.

Plucked from the Ministry of Health in 1941 to be one of Churchill's statistical team, Hopkin was a civil servant, alternating between senior economic posts in Whitehall and deliberately chosen spells outside or on its sidelines, until he left for academia in 1972 and a chair at Cardiff University.

In that year Hopkin had chaired an ad hoc committee on floating the pound, which led to the pound being floated later that year; this was a key step towards the future independence of UK monetary policy outside the European Exchange Rate System.

Two years later Healey, becoming Chancellor as Labour took office with inflation nearing 30 per cent and the global economy

reeling from a spike in oil prices, persuaded him to take leave of absence to become head of the Government Economic Service and chief economic adviser to the Treasury.

Hopkin's three years with Healey were probably the toughest the Treasury has faced in modern times. The Chancellor struggled to persuade the unions to moderate their claims after the miners' strike had destroyed Edward Heath's pay policy. The weakness of the public finances forced Britain in 1976 to go cap-in-hand to the International Monetary Fund, Healey having to turn back from the airport en route to an IMF meeting to implore his party conference not to set its face against spending cuts.

While Tony Benn was campaigning for a siege economy with import controls, Hopkin was at Healey's shoulder as the pay policy was made to stick and the IMF loan agreed; the cuts scraped through a divided Cabinet and turned out to have been more drastic than the situation required. In 1977, as relative calm set in,



Hopkin: Mrs Thatcher wore his criticism as a badge of honour

he returned to academia. Mrs Thatcher's ascent to power with unashamedly monetarist policies unnerved the Keynesian economic establishment, of which Hopkin was a respected member. When a recession set in that severely weakened Britain's industrial base, Hopkin emerged as one of her most determined academic critics.

By October 1980 he was

arguing that cutting rather than spending during a recession would only hit British industry harder. And the following March he was one of 364 economists to issue a statement challenging Mrs Thatcher's policies; she wore it as a badge of honour.

Hopkin persisted with his argument that the economy needed reflation, not deflation; that August, with fellow academics Brian

Reddaway and Marcus Miller, he called for £6.8 billion to be injected. Nigel Lawson, at the Treasury, retorted: "The remedies they have advocated have been put to the test over a long period and have resulted in a lack of economic success in general and steadily rising inflation in particular."

Giving up his chair in 1982, Hopkin continued criticising the use of monetary policy to bring down inflation, and pressing for "cautious stimuli".

William Aylsham Bryan Hopkin was born on December 7 1914 and educated at Barry grammar school, St John's College, Cambridge, where he was taught by Keynes and took a First in Economics, and Manchester University. In 1938 he joined the Ministry of Health, having come top in the civil service exams. (Keynes remarked: "Well done, Hopkin - I only came second!")

After the war he worked for the Royal Commission on Population, the economic secretariat at the Cabinet Office and the Central Statistical Office. For five

years from 1952 he was director of the National Institute of Social and Economic Research, before serving briefly as secretary of the Council on Prices, Productivity and Incomes.

In 1958 Hopkin rejoined the mainstream civil service as deputy director of the Treasury's economic section. But his career path was interrupted after James Callaghan's arrival as Chancellor, when he moved to Mauritius's economic planning unit before heading the economic planning directorate at the Ministry of Overseas Development.

A year followed as director-general at the fast-waning Department of Economic Affairs, before he returned to the Treasury as deputy chief economic adviser to Iain Macleod and, after Macleod's sudden death, to Anthony Barber. He left again in 1972 just as Heath abandoned free-market policies for price and income controls.

Bryan Hopkin was appointed CBE in 1961 and knighted in 1971.

He married, in 1938, Renée Ricour, who died in 2002. He is survived by their two sons.

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