

Y Llychau

A NEWSLETTER FOR TALLEY & THE SURROUNDING AREA

www.talley.org.uk/y-llychau

Issue 66
Rhifyn 66

September 2017
Medi 2017



CWMDU REUNITED DAY – SEPTEMBER 2010

These Newsletters hope to provide information about the Talley and Cwmdu area and to report on recent happenings. They also aim to provide articles of general interest as well as historical items relevant to our community.

**Y Llychau is produced on behalf of St Michael & All Angels, Talley,
for distribution locally.**

THE FRONT PAGE

This photograph on the front cover was taken outside the Cwmdu Inn at the Opening Ceremony of the Cwmdu Reunited Day held in September 2010. The event was arranged to celebrate both the opening of Cwmdu School in 1910 and the formation of Cymdeithas Cwmdu in 2000. Visitors were able to view photographs of past pupils, visit the school and enjoy a cup of tea with a slice of celebration cake.

THE EDITOR WRITES

Welcome to the September issue of *Y Llychau*.

As editor of the Newsletter I would like to thank Hywel Jones, Linda Tame and Sharon Baker for the articles that they submitted for this edition. Theirs were the only three pieces received for publication this time, so there was nothing for it but for me to sit down in front of my computer and write a few things myself.

So, if this edition of *Y Llychau* is not as interesting or informative as usual, you only have yourselves to blame. As I have said so often in the past, if readers do not submit articles, the pages will have to be filled with my efforts and I am fast running out of ideas about what to write, as you will see from my articles on the pages of this issue.

I am absolutely convinced that the Newsletter would be much more interesting if it included many more contributions from its readers. This edition is a good example of what I mean.

Please take pity on your fellow readers and send me something that you have written yourself. This will not only improve the Newsletter, it will reduce what I have to write and make me a lot happier!

Roger Pike

Newsletter Editor

Bryn Heulog, Talley, Llandeilo, SA19 7YH

Tel: 01558 685741

e-mail: rogerbpik@outlook.com.

WHAT'S IN THIS ISSUE

Title	Author	Page
Afternoon Tea	Roger Pike	21
Bartholomew Roberts	Roger Pike	30
Breeds of Welsh Dogs (part 1)	Roger Pike	17
Changes in the National Assembly of Wales	Roger Pike	6
Cross-word Solution	-----	8
Ian and Linda go to Ilininda (part 1)	Linda Tame	28
Last Invasion of Britain	Roger Pike	24
Life in New Zealand Dairy Farming Township	Sharon Baker	22
Michaelmas Day	Roger Pike	4
On the Lighter Side	-----	26
Origin of Some Phrases	-----	10
Poetry Page	Roger Pike	13
Presentation	Hywel Jones	9
Sea Around Wales	Roger Pike	14
Which Emergency Number to Call	Roger Pike	35

MICHAELMAS DAY

Michaelmas is the Feast Day of St Michael and All Angels and is celebrated on 29th September. Also known as Martinmas, it is a Quarter Day when landlords and tenants used to fix and pay their rent for the coming three months. Quarter Days were also when farm labourers went to a 'hiring fair' in search of work.

These September fairs are still held in some places. Tavistock and Nottingham are particularly well known for them, but perhaps the quaintest custom is the one-day fair still held each year in Abingdon (formally in Berkshire, but now in Oxfordshire) where a second fair is held exactly one week later.

This second fair, known as the 'Run Away Fair', was where those farm labourers hired at the first fair who found their new employment not to be to their liking could 'run away' and offer themselves to an alternative employer.

These Michaelmas Fairs were often know as Goose Fairs, because it was also the occasion when farmers would drive their geese to market to sell them. The birds would be at their prime at this time of year, plump and tender, after being let loose in the fields when the harvest had all been gathered in to feed on the stubble.

The days following the feast day thus provided the ideal excuse for roasting one of these birds.

It is also worth remembering the old superstition that blackberries should never be picked after Michaelmas Day as the Devil was supposed to have spat on the fruit to spite his rival.

Since it was traditional to serve a fruit sauce with roast duck, and with blackberries being 'unavailable', apple sauce became the preferred alternative. Although it is quite a sharp sauce it suits the richness of the goose.

Red cabbage was also often used as an accompaniment for goose as the flavours complement each other so well. It is difficult to overcook red cabbage and many people maintain that it tastes even better when made the day before and then reheated.

The following two traditional recipes were often used to go with roast goose, particularly in the Middle Ages.

Apple Sauce

- Ingredients**
- 1 lb (450g) cooking apples, peeled, cored and quartered
 - 1 oz (30g) sugar
 - 1 clove
 - grated zest of 1 orange
 - grated zest of 1 lemon
 - 2½ tablespoons (40ml) water
 - 1 oz (30g) butter

- Method**
- 1 Place all ingredients except the butter in a pan
 - 2 Simmer until the mixture has reduced to a purée
 3. Remove the clove and beat in the butter
 4. Season with salt and pepper to taste

Red Cabbage

- Ingredients**
- 1½ tablespoons (20ml) vegetable oil or goose fat
 - 2 medium onions, finely sliced
 - 1 large red cabbage, shredded
 - juice and grated zest of 1 orange
 - large pinch of ground cinnamon
 - 2 oz (55g) brown sugar
 - 4 fl oz (100ml) white wine vinegar

- Method**
- 1 In a large saucepan heat the oil and sauté the onions until soft
 - 2 Add the cabbage, orange juice and zest, cinnamon, brown sugar and white wine vinegar
 - 3 Stir thoroughly and season with salt and pepper to taste
 - 4 Cover the pan tightly and simmer for about 90 mins or until the cabbage is soft, adding a little more water if it becomes too dry

Roger Pike

CHANGES IN THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY OF WALES

The Wales Bill, which rewrites the devolution settlement, has become law. The House of Commons speaker, John Bercow, told MPs that the Queen had given Royal Assent to what is now the Wales Act 2017.

The new Act devolves to Wales extra powers over transport, energy, electoral arrangements and an element of control over income tax levels. It also defines what will be under the control of Westminster, with everything else assumed to rest with the Welsh Assembly – known as the “reserved powers” model. (The current system specifies what is under Assembly control, with everything else assumed to lie with Westminster).

The UK government has said the new law “brings clarity to the settlement and accountability for Welsh Government”, but critics, including some Welsh ministers, feel that it imposes too many restrictions. First Minister Carwyn Jones thought the legislation could be better, but added “it takes Wales forward”.

The Wales Act 2017 also gives the Assembly the power to rename itself if it so wishes. Last July, Assembly Members had unanimously backed the idea of a name change and it was put out to public consultation. Sixty-one percent of over 3,000 responses agreed to a change of name, with nearly three-quarters of them backing ‘Welsh Parliament’ as the best option. The majority of those responding also felt that the role of the current Assembly was not well understood.

The Assembly’s Presiding Officer, Elin Jones, said “We are a parliament in all but name. Our new role will be that of a full parliamentary body, with the power to pass laws and agree taxes, and we must continue to work hard to inspire the confidence, trust and pride in the people we serve. The ‘Welsh Parliament’ name will reflect directly the will of the people of Wales in giving us the mandate to have the powers to create legislation on their behalf.” She hoped people would now “more fully understand the powers of the assembly and the role it plays in their lives”.

However, Heledd Gwyn Daf, chair of the Welsh language campaign group *Cymdeithas yr Iaith Gymraeg*, said the assembly had missed “an opportunity to normalise the use of Welsh” by not choosing “Senedd” as its new name.

The date when many of the act’s provisions, including the reserved powers system, has not yet been decided, but legislation on the assembly reforms – including the change of name – will be published by the Assembly Commission in 2018. It will include rules on disqualification of assembly members and the

redesign of the current committee system. The commission further proposes that assembly members will in future be known as Welsh Parliament Members (WPMs), in keeping with the current title of Assembly Members (AMs). The law is expected to pass before the 2021 Welsh Elections.

Concern has been expressed over the potential costs of the reforms. These are variously estimated to range from between £40,000 to £150,000.

The two Government of Wales Acts of 1998 and 2006 established the National Assembly of Wales. The Wales Act 2017 gives it powers to enact legislation in the following areas.

- agriculture and fisheries,
- forestry and rural development
- ancient monuments and historic buildings
- culture
- economic development
- education and training
- environment
- fire and rescue services and the promotion of fire safety
- food
- health and health services
- highways and transport
- housing
- local government
- public administration
- social welfare
- sport and recreation
- tourism
- town and country planning
- water and flood defences
- the use of the Welsh language

Roger Pike

CROSS-WORD SOLUTION

Here is the solution to the Cross-word in the last edition.

1	S	U	2	B	T	3	R	A	4	C	T		5	C	6	O	L	7	D
	A		I		I				H					D				R	
8	N	A	V	E	L				9	O	U	10	T	L	I	N	E		
	T		O		E				I			A		U			A		
11	A	S	U	N	D	E	R					12	N	A	M	E	D		
			A					S				G					E		
13	S	I	C	I	14	L	Y		15	D	O	D	16	G	E	D			
	U				U				17	B			R						
18	C	A	19	P	E	R			20	A	M	21	A	Z	I	N	22	G	
	C		O		E				R			S		M			U		
23	E	C	U	A	D	O	R					24	K	N	A	V	E		
	E		N					E				E		C			S		
25	D	O	D	O			26	F	L	A	W	L	E	S	S				

If you enjoy doing cross-words, so possibly do others. If you would like to compose one for inclusion in a future edition of *Y Llychau*, please do so and send it (with the solution) to the editor. Contact details are on page 2.

PRESENTATION

A presentation event was held at the Cwmdu Inn recently.

A frame containing photographs of Gwyn y Gof (Gwyn the Blacksmith) and an example of his craftsmanship was presented to the Talley History Group in May. The Group was represented at the presentation by Wyn and Pat Edwards.

As well as the blacksmith, the frame included a photograph taken in the 1800s of Evan Davies, a former miller at the Cwmdu Mill (now in ruins). The presentation was made possible by David Thomas, grandson of Evan Davies, who visited Gwyn y Gof and his family on a regular basis in his younger days and Hywel Jones of Cwmdu, son of Gwyn y Gof.

The framed photograph can be viewed on the wall in the bar of the Cwmdu Inn amongst other prominent village characters of the past.



The picture shows, left to right, David Thomas (the miller's grandson), Hywel Jones (the blacksmith's son) and Hugh Thomas (David's brother).

Hywel Jones

THE ORIGIN OF SOME PHRASES

RAINING CATS AND DOGS

The expression “It’s raining cats and dogs” means that heavy rain is falling. It has been used since the 17th century, but its origin is obscure. There is some doubt as to who said it first and the reason for describing violent rain fall in such a way is also difficult to understand.

Clearly, there are some explanations that can be discounted. While small creatures, the size of frogs or fish, do occasionally get carried skywards in freak weather conditions to descend later with rain, it is plainly implausible that cats or dogs are involved in this way. It is also unlikely to be related to the well-known antipathy between these animals, which is exemplified in the phrase ‘to fight like cats and dogs’. Nor is the phrase in any sense literal, so there must be some other explanation for its use.

One supposed origin is that the phrase derives from mythology. Dogs (and wolves) were attendants to Odin, the god of storms, and sailors did associate them with rain. Witches, who often took the form of their familiars, cats, are supposed to have ridden the wind and strong wings often accompany heavy rain, but there is little support for combining cats and dogs with storms.

It has also been suggested that cats and dogs were washed from roofs during heavy weather. Old houses had a thatched roof of thick straw, piled high, with no wood underneath. It was the only place for the little animals to get warm, so pets (dogs, cats and other small animals) lived in the roof. When it rained it became slippery so sometimes the animals would slip and fall off the roof, hence the saying, “it’s raining cats and dogs”. Even accepting that bizarre idea, for dogs and cats to have slipped off when it rained they would have needed to be sitting on the outside of the thatch – hardly the place an animal would head for as shelter in bad weather.

Yet another suggestion is that the phrase comes from a version of the French word ‘catadoupe’, meaning waterfall. Again, there is no evidence for this. If the phrase were just ‘raining cats’, it might have some credence. The much more probable source of ‘raining cats and dogs’ is the prosaic fact that, in the filthy streets of 17th century England, heavy rain would occasionally carry along dead animals and other debris. The animals didn’t fall from the sky, but the sight of dead cats and dogs floating in the streets after storms could well have caused the coining of this colourful phrase.

The first appearance of the currently used version of the expression is in Jonathan Swift's *A Complete Collection of Polite and Ingenious Conversation* published in 1738, in which is included the example "I know Sir John will go, though he is sure it would rain cats and dogs". The fact that Swift had alluded to heavy rain storms causing the streets to flow with dead cats and dogs some years earlier and he used 'rain cats and dogs' in his book is good evidence that poor sanitation is probably the source of the phrase that we now use.

BRING HOME THE BACON

The expression "to bring home the bacon" is used to mean to earn money, particularly for one's family or to be successful, especially in financial terms.

The origin of the phrase 'bring home the bacon' is sometimes suggested to be the story of the Dunmow Flitch. This tradition, which still continues every four years in Great Dunmow, Essex, is based on the story of a local couple who, in 1104, so impressed the Prior of Little Dunmow Abbey with their marital devotion that he awarded them a flitch [a side] of bacon. The continuing ritual of couples showing their devotion and winning the prize, to considerable acclamation by the local populace, is certainly old and well authenticated. Geoffrey Chaucer mentions it in *The Wife of Bath's Tale* and Prologue, circa 1395.

The derivation of the phrase is also muddled by association with other 'bacon' expressions, for example 'save one's bacon', 'cold shoulder', 'chew the fat' etc. Actually, the link between them is limited to the fact that 'bacon' is a rustic slang term for one's body (and by extension one's livelihood or income) that has been in use since the 17th century. Of course, the source of that 'body' meaning is that bacon comes from the body of a pig or, more accurately, from a pig's back and sides.

One field of endeavour in which one's body, that is, bacon, is the key to one's fortune is boxing and it is in that activity that the expression first became widely used. In America, Joe Gans and 'Battling' Oliver Nelson fought for the widely reported world lightweight championship in September 1906. Before the fight, Gans received a telegram from his mother, stating "Joe, the eyes of the world are on you. Everybody says you ought to win. Peter Jackson will tell me about the fight, but you just bring home the bacon". Gans won the fight, and *The New York Times* printed a story saying that he had replied to the telegram by telegraph that he "had not only the bacon, but the gravy", and that he later sent his mother a cheque for \$6,000.

A month later, in October 1906, The *Oakland Tribune* reported a boxing correspondent predicting the result of the impending Al Kaufmann / Sam Berger fight in California like this: “Kaufmann will bring home the bacon”. The prediction proved to be accurate.

There are no newspaper reports, or any other printed records, of ‘bring home the bacon’ from before September 1906, but there are many, most of them boxing-related, from soon afterwards. That’s not exactly proof that the expression was coined by the good Mrs Gans, but at least she was the one who brought it into the public arena.

THUMBS UP

These days a sign of acceptance, approval or encouragement is made with closed fingers and the thumb extended upwards. But where did this come from? It is widely accepted that this gesture originates from the gladiatorial contests of ancient Rome, in which the fate of a losing fighter was decided by gestures from the crowd or from the Emperor. As so often with etymology, it isn’t quite that simple.

The belief that the ‘thumbs-up’ and ‘thumbs-down’ gestures indicated approval and disapproval respectively entered the public consciousness with Jean-Léon Gérôme’s 1872 painting ‘Pollice Verso’. The ‘thumbs down’ gestures of the crowd in the picture were interpreted by the 19th century public as signs of disapproval, although the artist probably never intended that, as ‘pollice verso’ just means ‘turned thumb’. Earlier references in print do not support that interpretation either. Pliny’s *Natural Historie*, translated into English in 1601, states that “To bend or bow downe the thumbes mean wee give assent unto a thing, or doe favour any person”.

There is now some debate amongst scholars as to the meaning of the thumb gesture in Roman amphitheatres. The meaning of the original Latin texts is unclear. Some say that Pliny’s work was mistranslated and the text should have been ‘to press the thumbs’ rather than ‘bend the thumbs’. This leads to two possibilities – either the modern interpretation of the meaning of having thumbs pointing up or down is the wrong way round or that approval was indicated by a closed fist and disapproval indicated by showing the thumb (either up or down). Either way, the modern sign of approval with the thumb extended upwards from the closed fist is now so well established that it would be difficult, if not impossible, to change it.

POETRY PAGE

Saturday 10th June 2017

The early part of June each year is filled with busy days,
With jobs to do and things to plan, there's little time to laze.
Once May is over all my thoughts turn to the joys of Spring.
I formulate activities to which I hope to cling.

While some ideas need little thought, and prove easy to plan,
Larger events take much more time and test the nerve of man.
The Talley Open Gardens Day falls in this latter group.
It takes time to persuade some folk to join the faithful troop.

When all arrangements have been made and tickets printed out,
All that we need is one fine day – of that there is no doubt.
But this year rain and more rain fell on Open Gardens Day.
Because we never saw the sun, most people stayed away.

Those few brave souls who ventured out, the ten gardens to view
Said that they had enjoyed themselves. It's just what gardeners do!
Just as the last garden had closed, the rain stopped – right on cue.
'Cos in the early evening, another thing to do.

A concert was held in the church with wine, music and song.
The performers from Berkshire came, to entertain the throng.
The presentation that they gave – perfect in every way –
Was just the thing we needed, to end a busy day.

Although in all the things above, I played a little part
My thanks go out to all of you, who joined in from the start.
To those who opened up their grounds; to those who came along;
And those who came from far afield, to pleasure us with song.

Roger Pike

THE SEA AROUND WALES

Among other things, Wales is a land of legend and folk tales. There is either a legend or a folk story about almost every aspect of Welsh life and culture. Many of these feature the *Bendith y Mamau* (the Blessing of the Mothers) or the *Tylwyth Teg* (fairies) to provide an explanation of their content.

It is a widely held believe that the sea around the north and west coasts of the Principality is more salty than most of the world's oceans and is home to a wide range of fascinating creatures. Needless to say, there is a legend to support this conviction.

Many years ago, when the sea was still fresh water, there were three brothers who lived in a yellow-washed house near the coast in the northern part of Wales. The older brother worked on the family farm, the middle brother made his living by sailing to far away countries to collect various cargoes to sell and the younger brother spent all his time at home, resting and living on the income of the other two. When the younger brother eventually got married and left home, he and his wife would often return to the yellow-washed house in the hope of receiving some form of gift from the oldest brother to enable them to live without having to go out to work.

After a while, the oldest brother got fed up with having to support the young couple and devised a plan to get them to stop. On their next visit he said "Little brother, I will give you a young pig of your own to do with as you wish, provided you ask nothing more of me in the future".

After some thought, the youngest brother accepted the pig, but tried to negotiate different terms for the gift. He was not over keen on having to promise never to ask for anything else in the future. Following a heated discussion, the older man shouted "The terms of the gift remain unchanged. Now leave immediately and go to Blazes".

The youngest brother left, leading the pig on a string behind him. Not being the brightest of individuals, he thought he should do as he had been instructed and look for Blazes so that he could go there. He walked around for most of the day until he eventually came upon a cottage. Working in the garden there was an old man with a long white beard, so he approached him.

"Good evening" he said politely, "Would you by any change be Blazes?"

“I am not”, the old man replied, “but there is a Mr Blazes who lives in the house at the bottom of the valley. He likes nothing more than roast pork and I can’t help thinking that when he sees your little pig he will be all over you to buy it, but if you take my advice don’t part with it for anything less than the handmill that he keeps behind his kitchen door. It is a special mill that will grind out whatever you ask of it and if you pass this way on your return I will be pleased to tell you how it works”.

After thanking the old man, the young brother made his way down the valley until he reached the big house at the bottom. He knocked on the door and it was immediately opened by Mr Blazes, who invited him inside. There he was greeted by friends and servants of the convivial Mr Blazes, all of whom tried to get hold of the little pig.

“I will give you the chance to live to be a hundred if you give me the pig” said Mr Blazes.

“Thank you for the offer” he replied “but my wife and I intend to keep the animal and eat it for our Christmas lunch. However, I can see that you would really like to have my pig, so I would be prepared to give it up in exchange for the handmill that you keep behind your kitchen door”.

For a long while, Mr Blazes would not hear of it. Instead he offered the young brother a range of other gifts – a seat in the government, strong poison for his less popular relations, a lotion to restore his thinning hair or, as a last resort, money. When he saw that there was only one way he was going to get the pig, Mr Blazes agreed to part with his handmill.

Clutching the handmill under his arm, the young brother returned to the old man’s cottage, where he was told how to operate the mill. It was explained to him exactly how to start it and, more importantly, how to stop it.

He thanked the old man and rushed back home to his wife. He could hardly wait to try his new acquisition. First he asked the mill to grind out a new, bigger house for them to live in and then for a stock of candles to light it. His wife wanted a new table, chairs and a comfortable bed, so the mill was put to work again. The next day, the mill provided them with chickens and a cockerel and every day it was used to produce a tasty meal.

After they had asked the mill to grind out a horse and carriage, they decided to visit the yellow-washed house to invite the oldest brother to visit their new home

for a meal. He accepted the invitation and was very impressed with the way his little brother was now living. “Little brother” he begged “tell me, where in Blazes did you get all this wealth?”

“From behind the kitchen door” was the only reply he got.

The older brother then plied his younger sibling with drink until he learnt how to start the handmill, but the younger man fell down drunk before he could explain how to stop it. Seizing his opportunity, the oldest brother grabbed the mill and hurried off with it to the yellow-washed house.

Once there, the mill was immediately put to work. “I feel like having a feast” the new owner said to the mill “grind me out pretty maids to serve it and wine to drink with it. Make the maids suitable for living with the wine”. He didn’t want to be embarrassed by having drunken maids. The mill did as it had been instructed and soon the house was full of pretty serving maids (with fish-like tails for living with the wine). Alcohol also began to fill the house until it burst out off the door and carried the maids and the brother, who was unable to stop the mill, down into the sea. The brother drowned but the maids, with their tails just swam around.

The younger brother, hearing the rumpus, looked out of his house and knew straight away who had stolen his mill. He rushed to the yellow-washed house, stopped the mill and took it home again with him.

The following week, the middle brother returned home and was delighted to find the sea smelling of wine and with mermaids swimming in it. He soon learned what had happened and visited his younger brother to tell him that he had returned with a ship filled with a cargo of salt. The young brother was pleased to see him and told him about the handmill. “Will it grind out salt?” he was asked “because I wouldn’t then have to sail half way round the world for it in future”.

“Of course, it will, if asked” was the reply. The middle brother saw a way of making more money, so that night he stole the mill and took it to his ship. There he told the mill to make salt and soon the whole vessel was covered with the white stuff, but he didn’t know how to stop it. As more and more salt was made the weight caused the ship to sink, taking the mill with it to the bottom.

Once in the sea, the mill continued to grind out salt and it is still doing so to this day. Thus, the sea around Wales is saltier than other seas.

Roger Pike

BREEDS OF WELSH DOGS (Part 1)

The Welsh Corgi

Corgi is Welsh for 'dwarf dog'. It is a small type of herding dog that originated in Wales. Two separate breeds are now recognised: the Pembroke Welsh Corgi and the Cardigan Welsh Corgi. Historically, the Pembroke has been attributed to the influx of dogs brought in by Flemish weavers in the 10th century, while the Cardigan is attributed to the dogs brought with Norse settlers some 3,000 years ago. Today the Pembroke Welsh Corgi is the more



popular breed of dog, with the Cardigan Welsh Corgi appearing on the Kennel Club's list of 'Vulnerable Native Breeds'. There are several physical differences between the two types: the Cardigan being larger overall, both in weight and height, but both breeds live on average between 12 and 14 years. Traditionally, the tails were of different shapes, but docking had previously been used, so they are now similar.

The Cardigan Welsh Corgi is one of the oldest breeds of the British Isles. The breed is often affectionately known as the Cardigan or Cardi and is known to be an extremely loyal dog. A versatile breed and a wonderful companion, they are able to live in a variety of settings. However, they benefit from regular physical and mental stimulation. Originally used only as a farm guardian, they soon became highly valued for their cattle herding, working and guarding skills. Cardigan Welsh Corgis were bred long and low to make sure that any kicks by cattle would travel safely over the dogs' heads without touching them.

Cardigans, which are double coated, come in a variety of colours but are usually white on the neck, chest, legs, muzzle, underneath, tip of the tail and as a blaze on the head. They are highly intelligent, active, athletic dogs that make excellent watchdogs, as they are highly alert to the approach of strangers to their territory and will be very vocal until they and their owner are assured that the stranger poses no threat. They tend to be wary of people they do not know and reserve their affection for a select few with whom they are familiar.



The Pembroke Welsh Corgi is one of the smallest dogs in the Herding Group. Known simply as the Pembroke or Pem, they have firm, erect ears which are proportional to the equilateral triangle shape of their head. They have a “fairy saddle”, somewhat lighter markings on each side of the withers caused by changes in the thickness, length, and direction of hair growth. Pembrokes moult

mostly in the spring and autumn, with intact females shedding during heat. Besides herding, they also function as watchdogs due to their alertness and tendency to bark only as needed. Most Pembrokes will seek the attention of everyone they meet and behave well around children and other pets, but due to their herding instinct, they love to chase anything that moves.

The breed is very affectionate, loves to be involved in a family, and tends to follow wherever their owners go. They have a great desire to please, thus making them eager to learn and easy to train. Pembroke Welsh Corgis are famed for being the preferred breed of Queen Elizabeth II, who has owned more than 30 during her reign. In fact, these dogs have been favoured by British royalty for more than eighty years, although there has recently been a decline in terms of popularity and demand by the British public.

Pembrokes and Cardigans first appeared together in dog shows in 1926 after the Corgi Club was founded in December 1925 in Carmarthen. It is reported that most local members preferred the Pembroke breed, so a club for Cardigan enthusiasts was founded a year later, in October 1926. In 1928, the Kennel Club recognised the Pembroke and Cardigan breeds, but lumped them together as ‘Welsh Corgis’. However, in 1934, the two breeds were recognised individually and are now shown separately.

Although Welsh Corgis have been used in the past to herd sheep, geese, ducks and horses, it for their control of cattle that they are most prized. They acquired the nickname “heelers” because of their habit of snapping at the heels of the cattle to keep the herd moving in the required direction.

The Welsh Terrier

The Welsh Terrier, as the name suggests, originated in Wales and was originally bred for hunting fox, rodents and badgers. It has been claimed to be the oldest existing dog breed in the UK and is widely known as the Welshie.



Now used mainly as a show dog, the Welsh Terrier is coloured tan on the head, legs and underbelly while having a black saddle across its back. The body shape is rectangular, with an elongated, “brick-like” face with distinctive whiskers and beard. The hair contains two layers, an undercoat that insulates and an abrasive fur on top that protects against dirt, rain, and wind. This breed does not moult, but the long fur requires regular maintenance, including brushing and hand stripping of old loose hairs.

Welsh Terriers can make marvellous family pets, but require lots of regular exercise. If trained when a puppy they can live happily with children and other animals, such as cats or birds. Several well-know people are known to have kept a Welsh Terrier as a pet, including King Edward VIII, Clement Attlee and John F. Kennedy.

Originally there were two distinct breeds of Welsh Terrier: the Black and Tan Terrier and the Sealyham Terrier.

In the early 1880s, a group of English Kennel Club breeders asserted that the brown and black working terriers of the North of England were “the root stock” of all terriers in the British Isles, and they were to be called the “Old English Broken-Haired Black and Tan.” The Welsh were outraged to have the English claim that a few of “their” dogs were an “Old English” anything. These were Welsh dogs, and the Welshmen moved rapidly to establish that fact, naming them “Welsh Black and Tan Terriers”. They got organized quickly, and in 1884

held the first dog show just for Welsh Terriers in Pwllheli, North Wales with 90 dogs in attendance—a rather impressive opening shot in what was to be a brief, but furious, “terrier war.” The Welsh refused to allow their Black and Tan terriers to mate with any other (particularly English) terrier, which has led to the breed becoming virtually extinct.



The Sealyham Terrier is a rare Welsh breed of small to medium-sized terriers.

The breed was developed between 1850 and 1891 by Captain John D Edwardes, at Sealyham House in Pembrokeshire. Originally the breed was used for pest control; to hunt small game and to eliminate vermin, particularly squirrels, rats and badgers.

Edwardes did not keep records, but tried cross-breeding various breeds of terrier until he achieved a small white dog with a strong jaw, and a wiry coat. The white coat was particularly prized, as it meant that the hunter in the field could distinguish the dogs from the quarry. However, the white double coat requires regular brushing with a wire comb in order to prevent matting. It has a dense undercoat, while the outer coat is wiry and weather resistant.

Although happy in the company of others, Sealyham Terriers are fine if left alone. They can be stubborn, vocal and boisterous but also full of personality. While they make loyal family companions, they can also be trained to be working dogs, making them excellent mousers or ratters.

(To be continued)

Researched by Roger Pike

AFTERNOON TEA

Perhaps the most quintessential of English customs is that of 'Afternoon Tea'. Although the custom of drinking tea dates back to the third millennium BC in China and despite the fact that King Charles II and his wife, Catherine de Braganza, enjoying drinking tea during the 1660s, it was not until the mid-19th century that the concept of 'afternoon tea' first appeared in Britain.

It is generally believed that the practice was introduced into England by the seventh Duchess of Bedford in 1840. The Duchess would become hungry around four o'clock in the afternoon. The evening meal in her household was not served until eight o'clock, which left a long period of time between lunch and dinner.

The Duchess would ask for a pot of tea, together with cake and slices of bread and butter, to be brought to her room during the late afternoon. This became a habit of hers and she even began inviting friends to join her. This pause for tea soon became a fashionable social event.

During the 1880's upper-class, society women would even change into long gowns, gloves and hats for their afternoon tea which was usually served in the drawing room between four and five o'clock.

The traditional British afternoon tea usually consisted of a selection of dainty sandwiches (particularly thinly sliced cucumber sandwiches) and scones, served with clotted cream and preserves. Cakes and pastries are also regularly provided. The tea, from India or Ceylon, was poured from silver tea pots into delicate bone china cups and, to show how well-off the host was, sugar was added.

It wasn't long before London's finest hotels and quaint West Country tearooms started to offer Afternoon Teas.

The Devonshire Cream Tea is famous world-wide and consists of scones, strawberry jam and that vital ingredient, Devon clotted cream, as well as cups of hot sweet tea served in china teacups. Other counties in the West Country, particularly Dorset, Cornwall and Somerset, also claim to produce the best cream teas.

Nowadays however, in the average suburban home, afternoon tea is likely to consist of just a biscuit or small cake and a mug of tea, usually produced using a teabag. Sacrilege!

Henry James, the famous American-born English writer of novels about European lifestyles said “There are few hours in life more agreeable than the hour dedicated in the UK to the ceremony known as Afternoon Tea.”

Roger Pike

LIFE IN A NEW ZEALAND DAIRY FARMING TOWNSHIP IN THE 1950s

We lived in the township of Okato; population of 400. Although the population was small, it served a wide dairy farming region in west Taranaki. It boasted a full range of shops, post office, garage, three churches, a pub, primary and secondary schools and a large hall where everything from indoor bowls to dances and film nights to school concerts took place. It also had a large sports domain including outdoor swimming pools. The township’s main employer was the Okato Co-operative Dairy Company where my Dad worked as the cheese packer and in the 1950s was also the alternate driver of the cream truck.

In the early dairy farming history of New Zealand, farmers banded together to start co-operative dairy companies to process their milk into butter and cheese to supply the more populated towns and cities, and export to customers in the UK. The Okato factory was known as “The Main”. In Taranaki at that time there were small dairy factories every few miles and on almost every road.

The branch factories took in the whole milk delivered to the “stage” (the front deck or stage) by the farmers in 40 gallon milk cans, mainly by tractor and trailer but also by horse and cart (even in the 50s) and a few farm trucks. There it was poured into vats on scales, weighed, sampled and tested, then drained into vats inside the factory and separated into cream and whey.

The whey was a waste product and was pumped into a raised tank out at the front of the factory and most of the farmers filled their empty milk cans with the whey for the return trip back to the farm where it was fed to the pigs. The cream was put into big cans and picked up by Dad or one of the other drivers the next morning and taken to the “Main” at Okato to be mixed with the cream from all the factories and processed into cheese.

The cheese was made into big rounds, about 18 inches in diameter and about 18 inches high. Dad made the cheese crates and put two cheeses into each crate with a divider between. The crate battens were nailed around the cheeses and then rolled to the cooler and stood up and stacked awaiting truck transport to New Plymouth port to be exported. Dad initially made all the crates by hand from pre-cut slats, but later they installed a nailing machine and a jig which sped up the process considerably.

When I was little, before I started school, I would go with Dad on the cream-run in the mornings. I would ride with him in the cab of the old Thames cream truck and we would rocket around the back roads to the branch factories picking up the cream cans. I remember it was always noisy and hot and smelled of stale milk. Dad always brought the milk home from the factory every morning in a Billy can and when he drove the truck the Billy sat on the floor of the cab, often spilling a bit before he dropped it off at home when he picked me up for the ride. I loved those rides in the truck and trips around the back roads and the factories in the early morning – stinky milk truck and all.

In those days we all drank milk by the gallon because it was free, it tasted good and there was an unlimited supply of the stuff. Our milk came straight from the cow, totally unpasteurised, un-homogenised and unadulterated in any way. Dad just filled his Billy can directly from the weighing vat as the milk was poured from the milk cans which came directly from the milking sheds. He brought home one Billy full at breakfast time and another at lunchtime. The fresh milk was a world away from the tasteless watery stuff you buy today in the supermarket.

Soon after I started school at the age of 5, the old cream truck was replaced by a shiny new tanker which, during the hot summer months, came to be our saviour, bringing water when the water tank ran dry.

The Dairy Factory grew in size over the following years and Okato cheese became a major NZ export along with Anchor butter.

Sharon Baker

THE LAST INVASION OF BRITAIN

Most people think of Hastings as the location of the last invasion of Britain by the Norman forces of William the Conqueror in 1066 because it was successful. However, little is reported about the French invasion of Fishguard, which took place in southwest Wales in 1797, nor of the brave resistance offered by Jemima Nicholas, also known as “Jemima Fawr” (Jemima the Great), who single-handedly captured twelve of the invading soldiers.

In 1797, Napoleon Bonaparte was busy conquering central Europe. In his absence, the newly formed French revolutionary government, the Directory, devised a plan that involved the poor country folk of Britain rallying to the support of their French liberators. Obviously the Directory had recently taken delivery of some newly liberated Brandy!

The French invasion force, comprising some 1400 troops, set sail from Camaret on 18th February 1797. The man entrusted to implement the plan was an Irish-American septuagenarian, Colonel William Tate. As Napoleon had apparently reserved the cream of the Republican army for duties elsewhere in Europe, Colonel Tate's force comprised a motley collection of soldiers, including many newly released from prison. Tate's orders were to land near Bristol, then the second largest city in England, and destroy it before crossing over into Wales and marching north to Chester and Liverpool. From the outset however all did not proceed well. Wind conditions made it impossible for the French warships to land anywhere near Bristol, so Tate set a course for Cardigan Bay in southwest Wales.

On Wednesday 22nd February, the French fleet sailed into Fishguard Bay to be greeted by canon fire from the local fort. Unbeknown to the French, the cannon was just being fired as an alarm to warn the local townsfolk. Rapidly the ships withdrew and sailed on until they reached a small sandy beach near the village of Llanwnda. Men, arms and gunpowder were unloaded and by the morning of Thursday 23rd February the last invasion of Britain was completed. The ships returned to France with a special despatch being sent to the Directory in Paris informing them of the successful landing.

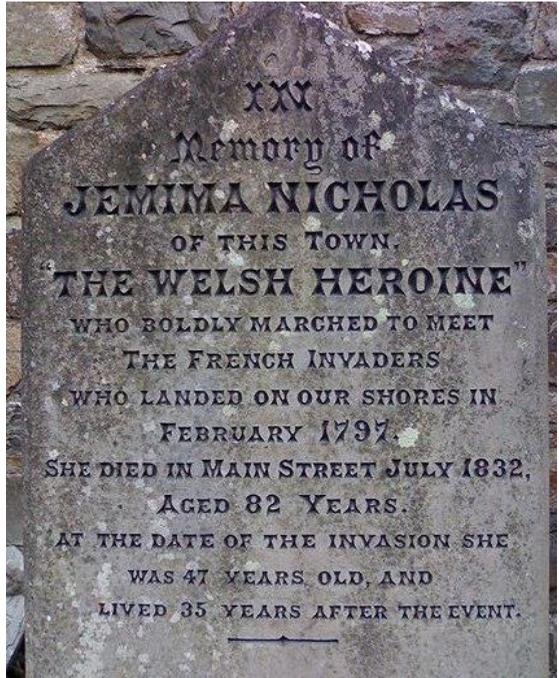
Once ashore, the French invasion force appear to have run out of enthusiasm for their task. Perhaps as a result of years of prison rations, they seem to have been more interested in the rich food and wine the locals had recently removed from a grounded Portuguese ship. After a looting spree, many of the invaders were too drunk to fight and within two days, the invasion had collapsed: Tate's

force formally surrendered to the local militia force led by Lord Cawdor on 25th February 1797.

It is strange to note that the surrender agreement drawn up by Tate's officers referred to the British coming at them "with troops of the line to the number of several thousand." No such troops were anywhere near Fishguard at the time. However hundreds of local Welsh women, dressed in their traditional National Costume of scarlet tunics and tall black felt hats, had come to witness any fighting between the French and the local men of the militia and it is possible that, at a distance and after a glass or two of looted wine, the French invaders could have mistaken those women for British army Redcoats.

During their two days on British soil the French soldiers must have shaken in their boots at the mention of the name of "Jemima Fawr" (Jemima the Great). The 47 year old Jemima Nicholas was the wife of a Fishguard cobbler. When she heard of the invasion, she marched out to Llanwnda, pitchfork in hand, and rounded up a dozen drunk Frenchmen. She 'persuaded' them to accompany her back into town, where she locked them inside St Mary's Church and promptly left to look for some more!

Thirty five years later, Jemima Nicholas died at the age of 82 and there is a tomb stone in Fishguard dedicated to her memory.



Roger Pike

ON THE LIGHTER SIDE

A young married couple got along together pretty well, but there was one thing that really upset the wife above everything else. It was when her husband was not home from work on time for dinner. No matter how many times she told him how important it was to her that he was on time for the meal, he never was.

It was after one such failure that he got down on his knees and said “Darling, I promise I am turning over a new leaf. From now on I will be home on time for dinner!”

The next day, promptly at 5 o’clock, the husband locked up his shop and headed out of the door to his parked car. Suddenly out of nowhere another car raced along the street and hit him, knocking him to the ground. People standing nearby, called an ambulance and the stunned husband was rushed to hospital.

After a long wait in the casualty department he was given a full examination in which the doctor determined he was not seriously injured and discharged him. He walked home and at 8 o’clock he reached his house. His wife was livid!

“Wait. I can explain” pleaded the husband, “I got run over by a car!”

“REALLY?” screamed the wife, “IT TOOK YOU 3 HOURS TO GET RUN OVER BY A CAR?”

o O O o

A young man was not feeling well and visited his doctor’s surgery.

“I hate to have to tell you this”, said the Doctor in a sad compassionate voice, “but unfortunately you have contracted a highly contagious disease. We will have to quarantine you and you’ll only be fed pizza.”

“That’s terrible!” said the distraught young man, quickly sitting down before he fell over. “I don’t know if I could handle being in quarantine. What’s this about a pizza diet anyway? I’ve never heard of such a diet before!”

“It’s not exactly a diet”, responded the Doctor in a matter-of-fact way, “it’s just the only food that will fit under the door!”

o O O o

A blonde went to the doctor for a routine physical check-up. "Take this", said the nurse, handing the blonde a urine specimen container. "The lavatory is over there on your right. The doctor will be with you in a few minutes."

A moment or two later, the blonde came out of the lavatory with the empty container and a relieved look on her face. "Thanks! But they had a toilet in there, so I didn't need this after all!"



A man went to the doctor for his annual medical check-up. "Everything is fine", said the doctor, "You're doing OK for your age."

"For my age?" questioned the man, "I'm only 75. Do you think I'll make it to 80?"

"Well" said the doctor, "do you drink or smoke?"

"No" the man replied.

"Do you eat fatty meat or sweets?" the doctor enquired.

"No" said the man "I am very careful about what I eat."

"How about your activities? Do you engage in any hazardous pursuits, like speeding or skiing?"

"No" the man retorted, taken aback, "I would never take part in any dangerous activities."

"Well then" said the doctor, "why in the world would you want to live to be 80?"



While visiting a cemetery, a lady couldn't help noticing a man kneeling in front of a gravestone, clasping his hands, muttering to himself and sobbing. She went a bit closer to hear what the man was saying. "Why did you have to die?" he moaned repeatedly, "Why did you have to die?"

Feeling she ought to do something to alleviate the man's obvious distress, the lady laid her hand on the man's shoulder, saying gently, "Was it someone you loved very much?"

The man looked up at her and said, "No, I never met him. He was my wife's first husband."

IAN AND LINDA GO TO ILININDA, TANZANIA

**..... without their luggage and almost without passports!
(Part 1)**

In August 2016 we set off from Talley for a 3 week trip to Ilininda, a village in a remote part of South West Tanzania. Flying from Heathrow to Abu Dhabi then on to Dar es Salaam on the North East coast of Tanzania. I love flying into Dar 'international' airport with its departures and arrivals all happening in a 2 storey block building smaller than a large hotel (see picture). The one luggage conveyer, dating back to the start of international flight, carries luggage in vast amounts; but the longer we wait the more obvious it becomes that our luggage is not arriving. (Others who were on the connecting flight from UK are also standing bemused and luggage-less!).



So now comes our first encounter with African bureaucracy (colonial, so we are

to blame!) ... complete a form (in triplicate) to say your luggage hasn't arrived and how to identify it when it does ... including saying what colour trousers your case contains and how many pairs of knickers!

'Oh yes, of course, no problem, your luggage will arrive on tomorrow's flight' ... Hmm, now that is an issue ... the flight arrives tomorrow pm ... we leave on an internal flight tomorrow at 7.00 **AM!**

We leave the airport an hour later ... no one to meet us ... so where is Johnson? (Johnson is our friend that we met when we visited Tanzania in 2010 ... a notable trip as that is when Ian and I met!!)

Ok, so hail a cab and negotiate a price to get us to the hotel where we will spend the night. Tapping into Facebook via the hotel wireless network, I discover a message from Johnson ... he will meet us off tomorrow's flight.

A few messages later and Johnson has a 'guy' who will collect our luggage and send it on. (Glad I remembered that luggage never gets to Dar with you and so had packed some extra stuff in our hand luggage!)

At 6.00 am next morning we ride in the hotel taxi to the airport, which takes about 10 mins at this time of day, but took over an hour in the rush hour yesterday. Arriving at 'booking in' ... horror ... I realise I've not got passports or tickets ... have I dropped them or left them in the taxi?

Panic ... race back to carpark but taxi has gone ... looking panic stricken (and foreign) another taxi driver spots an earner.

"Can I help you?" ... Quick explanation and he is soon on his phone to the hotel ... who are then on phone to their taxi driver (remember at this point we are supposed to be on a plane taking off at 7.00 am ... it is now after 6.30 am).

What happened next would have made a good action, suspense scene in a movie.

(To be continued)

Linda Tame

BARTHOLOMEW ROBERTS

Between Fishguard and Haverfordwest in Pembrokeshire lies the little village of Casnewydd-Bach. It was in this village that John Roberts was born on 17 May 1682. In 1695, at the age of 13 he went to sea and served on several merchant ships, preparing for a marine life. By 1718 he had become a mate of a sloop trading around Barbados. The following year he signed on as third mate of the London-owned slave ship *Princess*, which took slaves from Africa to the New World.

Roberts' first trip on the *Princess* was to the Gold Coast (present day Ghana). In February 1719, while anchored off the coast of Africa, *Princess* was captured by two pirate vessels, *Royal Rover* and *Royal James*, both captained by Howell Davis. Roberts and several others of the crew of the *Princess* were forced to join the pirates. Davis, like Roberts, was a Welshman, originally from Milford Haven. Davis quickly discovered Roberts' abilities as a navigator and took to consulting him when plotting a course. He was also able to confide information to Roberts in Welsh, thereby keeping it hidden from the rest of the crew. Roberts is said to have been reluctant to become a pirate at first, but soon came to see the advantages of this new lifestyle.

Roberts was described as a tall, attractive man, who loved expensive clothes and jewellery. He often wore a crimson waistcoat and an expensive hat which had a unique red feather. Even in battles he was well-dressed, putting around his neck a heavy gold chain with a diamond cross hanging from it. He quickly became Davis' favourite.

After a few weeks cruising, *Royal James* had to be abandoned due to worm damage. Steering for the Isle of Princes, Davis entered the harbour flying British colours. While repairing the ship, Davis began planning to capture the Portuguese governor. He invited the governor to dine aboard *Royal Rover*, and Davis was in turn asked to the fort for a drink prior to the meal. Having discovered Davis' true identity, the Portuguese planned an ambush. As Davis' boat neared, they opened fire killing the pirate captain. Fleeing the harbour, the crew of *Royal Rover* was forced to elect a new captain. Though he had only been aboard for six weeks, Roberts was selected by the men to take command. For some unknown reason he then changed his name to Bartholomew Roberts and began his pirate career in earnest.

To revenge the death of Davis, Roberts and his men returned to the Isle of Princes after dark, where they destroyed the harbour, looted the town and killed

the majority of the male population. Although he had initially been an unwilling pirate, Roberts eagerly accepted his new role as captain feeling that it was “Better being a commander than a common man.”

After capturing two ships, *Royal Rover* put into port for provisions. While in port, Roberts allowed his crew to vote on the destination of their next voyage. They selected Brazil, so they crossed the Atlantic and anchored at Ferdinando, a small uninhabited island off the coast of Brazil, to refit the ship. With this work completed, they spent nine fruitless weeks searching for shipping to rob.

Shortly before abandoning the hunt and moving north to the West Indies, Roberts located a fleet of 42 Portuguese merchant ships. Roberts captured one of the ships and, confronting its captain, he forced the man to point out the richest ship in the merchant fleet. Moving swiftly, Roberts’ men swarmed aboard the indicated vessel and seized over 40,000 gold coins as well as jewellery and other valuables. Leaving the bay, they sailed north to Devil’s Island to enjoy their loot.

Several weeks later, Robert captured a sloop off the River Surinam and shortly afterwards a brigantine was sighted. Eager for more plunder, Roberts and 40 of his men took the sloop to pursue it. While they were gone, Roberts’ subordinate, Walter Kennedy, with the rest of the crew sailed away with *Royal Rover* and the treasure taken off Brazil.irate, Roberts’ drew up new, strict articles to govern his crew and made the men swear to them on a Bible. (See below).

He renamed the sloop *Fortune* and proceeded to use it to attack shipping around Barbados. In response to his actions, the merchants on the island fitted out two ships to seek and capture the pirates. On 26 February, 1720, they found and engaged Roberts and a pirate sloop captained by Montigny la Palisse. While Roberts turned to fight, la Palisse fled. In the ensuing battle, *Fortune* was badly damaged and 20 of Roberts’ men were killed. Just able to escape, he sailed for Dominica for repairs, evading pirate hunters from Martinique on the way.

Swearing vengeance on both islands (Barbados and Martinique), Roberts turned north and sailed to Newfoundland. After raiding the port of Ferryland, he entered the harbour of Trepassy and captured 22 ships, 21 of which he burnt. Roberts commandeered the best vessel, a large brig, to replace his sloop. He armed it with 16 guns and renamed it *Fortune*. Departing in June 1720, he quickly captured ten French ships and took one of them for his fleet. Naming it *Good Fortune* he armed it with 26 guns.

Roberts seemed to be a calm person. However, on the contrary, he was a cold-blooded pirate who didn't hesitate to do some cruel deeds. Once, he captured a slaver with 80 slaves on board. He burned the ship with all the slaves on it, saying he wouldn't waste time or effort to unshackle the unfortunate people.

Roberts soon assembled an entire fleet around him and his reputation had grown immensely. In the summer of 1720, the mighty pirates continued to sail along the American coastline where even more ships were captured. His attempt to sail to Africa failed because of the poor winds, so the Pirates were forced to go back to the Caribbean.

Once there, Roberts put into one of the islands to work on *Good Fortune* to improve her performance. When this was completed he renamed it yet again as *Royal Fortune* and moved to attack St. Kitts, where he quickly captured all of the shipping in the harbour. After a brief stay, Roberts' fleet began attacking shipping off St. Lucia and took 15 ships in three days. Among the prisoners was James Skyrme who became one of Roberts' captains. Through the spring of 1721, Roberts' and his men effectively stopped all trade in the Windward Islands.

The fleet continued to plunder even more ships. Among many other people, they captured the governor of Martinique. The Pirates took his warship and hanged him as he was Roberts' archenemy. Soon after, another "*Royal Fortune*" was added to the fleet. It was a French warship equipped with 52 guns. In 1721, they finally took the postponed trip to Africa and more victims were plundered in Nigeria and Liberia. Finally, the Royal Africa Company's ship, *Onslow*, was the last big prize capture as his judgment day was approaching. In early February 1722, Captain Challoner Ogle of *HMS Swallow* was dispatched by the British Government to find and capture Roberts.

Following several months of successful plundering, Roberts had moved to Cape Lopez to repair his ships. While there, the pirates were spotted by *HMS Swallow*. Believing *Swallow* to be a merchant ship, Roberts sent James Skyrme and *Ranger* in pursuit. Leading the pirate vessel out of sight of Cape Lopez, Ogle turned his ship round and opened fire. After sinking *Ranger*, Ogle sailed back to Cape Lopez.

Seeing the ship approach on 10 February 1721, Roberts believed it to be *Ranger* returning from the hunt. Rallying his men, many of whom were drunk after capturing a ship the day before, Roberts sailed out in *Royal Fortune* to meet it. When he realised it was Ogle's ship, Roberts plan was to pass *Swallow*

and then fight in open water where escape would be easier. However, as the ships passed, the British ship unleashed a broadside. At that moment, Roberts was struck in the neck by grape shot and killed. His men managed to bury him at sea (as had been his wish in case of his demise) before being forced to surrender. Without their captain, the pirates could resist no longer. Captain Ogle also captured all Roberts's small vessels from his fleet and found an enormous amount of gold on them.

Robert's pirates were taken to the Cape Coast Castle for trial. It was the biggest pirate trial in history. After being convicted of piracy, all were executed. At their trial, of the captured pirates who admitted their place of birth, 42% were from Cornwall, Devon or Somerset and 19% from London. There were smaller numbers from northern England and from Wales, and another quarter from a variety of countries including Ireland, Scotland, the West Indies, the Netherlands, and Greece. Roberts had experienced problems with mutinous Irishmen early in his pirate career and was known generally to avoid recruiting Irishmen, to the extent that captured merchant sailors would sometimes affect an Irish accent to discourage Roberts from forcing them into his pirate crew.

Captain Chaloner Ogle was rewarded with a knighthood, the only British naval officer to be honoured specifically for his actions against pirates. He also profited financially, taking gold from Roberts' cabin. He eventually became an admiral.

Believed to have captured over 470 ships, Bartholomew Roberts was one of the most successful pirates of all time. His death helped bring a close to the "Golden Age of Piracy." After his death he acquired the nickname of "Black Bart".

Most pirates enjoyed only a short career because of their precarious way of life. Roberts was no exception. He was forced into piracy in 1719 and killed in action just three years later. Initially he adopted a flag showing a white man (representing Roberts himself) and a skeleton holding an hour glass between them. This was a warning to captured sailors that they only had a short time left to live. Later he changed it to display a pirate standing on two skulls. One was labelled ABH (a Barbadian Head) and the other AMH (a Martiniquian Head) to show his contempt for the two islands, Barbados and Martinique.



The Articles of Bartholomew Roberts

- I. Every man shall have a vote in affairs of moment and have equal title to fresh provisions and strong liquors seized. He may use them at pleasure, unless a scarcity makes it necessary, for the good of all, to vote a retrenchment.
- II. Every man to be called fairly in turn to receive his share of any prizes, including clothing, captured, but if they steal more than their share, marooning will be their punishment. If the robbery is only betwixt one another, they shall content themselves with slitting the ears and nose of him that was guilty, and setting him on shore, not in an uninhabited place, but somewhere where he is sure to encounter hardships.
- III. No person to game at cards or dice for money.
- IV. The lights and candles to be put out at eight o'clock at night: if any of the crew, after that hour still remain inclined for drinking, they shall do it on the open deck.
- V. All must keep their piece, pistols, and cutlass clean and fit for service.
- VI. No boy or woman to be allowed amongst the men. If any man be found seducing any of the latter sex, and carrying her to sea, disguised, he will suffer death.
- VII. To desert the ship or their quarters in battle, will be punished with death or marooning.
- VIII. There shall be no striking one another on board, but every man's quarrels to be ended on shore, with sword or pistol.
- IX. No man to talk of breaking up their way of living, till each has shared one thousand pounds. If in order to this, any man should lose a limb, or become a cripple in their service, he will have eight hundred gold coins, out of the public stock, and for lesser hurts, proportionately.
- X. The Captain and Quartermaster to receive two shares of a prize: the master, boatswain and gunner, one share and a half, and other officers one and quarter.
- XI. The musicians to have rest on the Sabbath Day, but the other six days and nights, none without special permission.



The memorial stone in
Casnewydd-Bach in
Pembrokeshire.

Researched by Roger Pike

DO YOU KNOW WHICH EMERGENCY NUMBER TO CALL?

There are three emergency numbers in use in Carmarthenshire. These are briefly described below.

999

This is the emergency number for police, ambulance, fire brigade, coastguard, cliff rescue, mountain rescue, cave rescue, etc. Note the important word 'EMERGENCY'. This number should be used only when urgent attendance by the emergency services is required – for example someone is seriously ill or injured, a crime is in progress or a building is on fire. 999 calls are free at all times and can even be dialled from a locked mobile phone.

101

This is the number to use to contact the police if the emergency is NOT life threatening. It should be used to report crime and other concerns that do not require an emergency response. For example, if your car has been stolen, your property has been damaged or if you suspect drug use or dealing in your neighbourhood. You can also use 101 to give the police information about crime in your area or if you have a general enquiry about police matters. When you call 101, the system will determine your location and connect you to the police force covering that area. Calls to 101 (from both landlines and mobile networks) cost 15p per call, no matter what time of day it is or how long the call lasts.

111

Patients registered with a GP in Carmarthenshire can contact the 'Out-of-hours' medical service or NHS Direct by calling 111. After answering a few simple questions the medical emergency will be categorised and appropriate help offered. This could be connecting the caller to the emergency ambulance service, arranging for their doctor (or nurse) to call them back, making an appointment at a local primary care centre or giving immediate treatment advice over the telephone. Calls to 111 are free of charge (but currently are only available in Carmarthenshire).

Roger Pike

HARVEST

This year's Harvest celebrations at St Michael's will be as follows.

Saturday, 7th October **Harvest Supper**
7.00 pm in the Church Hall
(Tickets £6 available from Roger Pike or Alan Bray)

Sunday, 8th October **Harvest Thanksgiving service**
11.00 am in Church.

Everyone is invited to attend any (or all) of the above events

THE NEXT ISSUE

Intended Publication Date – **Wednesday 1st November 2017**

Copy Dates – Please submit all items for the next issue
as soon as possible & BEFORE the dates below

For contributions written in English or Welsh that require translating
Friday 15th September 2017 (to allow time for translation)

For contributions written in either language (English **and/or** Welsh)
that do not need to be translated

Saturday 23rd September 2017