

Y Llychau

A NEWSLETTER FOR TALLEY & THE SURROUNDING AREA

www.talley.org.uk/y-llychau

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MERRY CHRISTMAS – NADOLIG LLAWEN



These Newsletters hope to provide information about the Talley and Cwmdru area and to report on recent happenings. They also aim to include 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

There's plenty to sing about at the moment. Not only is the Christmas festive season fast approaching, but, from the New Year, *Y Llychau* will have a new editor to succeed the aging holder of the post for the past twelve years. The new man's details are on page 35. Please give him your support as he embarks on his new task by submitting lots of articles for inclusion in the Newsletter.

THE VICAR WRITES

Today I have enjoyed a leisurely stroll along the lanes of a beautiful corner of sunny South West France, in the Lot et Garonne region where Paul and I are spending our holiday. Usually we visit this region early summer when the fields are ablaze with thousands of yellow sunflowers, their jaunty little faces looking on mass towards the sun. However it's now the final few days of September and the once bright yellow heads have drooped, the leaves have dried up and the centres are black, they look shrivelled, sad and most unappealing. Having lost their appeal the flowers are now ready to harvest. I had previously admired these flowers from a distance, taken several photos but today I wanted a closer look and to investigate these once splendid flowers, and the treasure they contain. Where were the sunflower seeds? At first glance they were nowhere to be seen. Finally I removed the fluffy cloud of white fronds which seemed to be shielding the tightly packed hundreds of black seeds.

Feeling some disappointment and sadness on behalf of the flowers I was reminded of Jesus' words in the Gospel of John, chapter 12 and beginning at verse 23 where he tells his friends that he would soon die and rise again - "The hour has come for the Son of man to be glorified. Very truly I tell you unless a kernel of wheat falls to the ground and dies, it remains only a single seed. But if it dies, it produces many seeds". Just as Jesus had to die for us, He goes on to say that only those who are willing to give up their worldly desires and sacrifice their lives for Him will draw others to the treasures of God's love and mercy. Just like the sunflower we need to keep our face towards God's light, enrich ourselves with His goodness and be prepared to die to ourselves before we see the fruits of our labours.

It's amazing how God is all around gently reminding us of His ultimate provision for us. The next time you take a stroll look around you, it's amazing what you might discover. You might even find yourself singing the second verse of a well-known hymn:-

Y Llychau

When through the woods and forest glades I wander
And hear the birds sing sweetly in the trees,
When I look down from lofty mountain grandeur,
And hear the brook and feel the gentle breeze:
*Then sings my soul, my Saviour God, to thee;
How great thou art, how great thou art!*

Delyth Wilson

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MY FAVOURITE ARTICLE

When I announced that I was going to have to relinquish the post of editor of this Newsletter, several people asked me “What was your favourite article in all the issues that you edited?” I found this a difficult question to answer. There have been so many contributions that I have enjoyed, but having looked through all the back copies of *Y Llychau*, I found one piece that still raises a smile when I read it, so I have decided to reproduce it here. It is something I found on the internet. It’s by an American who apparently preferred to remain anonymous.

Roger Pike

In the 1970s I worked as a gardener in the grounds of a tiny college in Wales. The head gardener, Old George, was a veteran of World War II. He had risen to the rank of private by the end of the conflict. If the army was looking for men to start at the bottom and stay there, then George could fit the bill perfectly. But the military experience was not lost on him. George had gained a sense of time. He insisted his crew of four gardeners showed up for work at precisely 8.00 am, by which time George had the kettle boiling for our first cup of tea of the day. Being late for your tea was a court-martial offence in George’s view.

The Welsh climate can be inclement. Rain is always a danger for gardeners. Each day, our first task (after tea) was to assess the weather situation. We would all bend our minds to the problem with alacrity. Tea is perfect for enhancing the brainpower of those, like us, whose job it was to make important decisions. If it were raining, which it often was, we would need to decide what to do next. Another cup of tea at this point is usually the prudent course of action and prudence is a qualification necessary for this technical line of work. Tea enlivens the brain.

The wise decision was to wait in the hut to see if the rain would stop. On these occasions, George would roll an enormous cigarette, the size of a cigar, and attempt to hide in a cloud of blue smoke behind his tabloid newspaper. Occasionally he would grunt or blurt out a muffled sentence. It was at these times that George would demonstrate his skill with the malapropism. He would utter such gems as

“Them volcanoes is always corruptin’.” Or “I wouldn’t want to be one of them computers going up to London on the train every day.”

It took me a good while to understand what George was saying. It wasn’t just the accent, incomprehensible though that was. When he talked he kept his enormous roll-up in his mouth.

Frank, the longest serving member of our team, was a veteran gardener and a true master of inertia. He spent most of his rainy-day time wistfully staring out of the window. In an energetic mood he'd sip his tea thoughtfully, but when Frank had an excess of energy he would recount, in mind-boggling detail, exactly what he had for his supper the night before. Frank was by then in his sixties and newly married after a life of bachelorhood. He never ceased to be impressed by how well his new wife could serve frozen peas, open cans of vegetables or cook the perfect potato.

Our other teammate was Ben. Ben had recently graduated from the local art school. He didn't want to have to go to Cardiff to take up a full-time textile design job. Ben had a sense of history. He couldn't bear to leave the old-world pubs he loved so much, despite how often he was thrown out of them. Ben was gifted at rolling up his own cigarettes single handed, although they were much smaller than George's. Ben knew his place.

George would eventually calm down from the outrages he read about in the Daily Mirror and come to a leadership decision. The rain was either "set in for the day" or "something of nothing." If George's pronouncement was of the set-in-for-the-day kind, joy would fill our hearts. We would know that life is worth living and has profound meaning. If in a generous mood, George would tell us to "slide off home." George was a true gentleman on these occasions and a credit to working-class solidarity.

When George was in a bad mood, however, it meant toil. We'd have to stay in the shed and clean the gardening tools – or worse yet, if his decision was that the rain was of the something-of-nothing category (drizzle, he called it) it meant he would send our crew into the depths of despair. It meant we had to go outside and work.

In winter, the work was a never-ending task of raking leaves, although there were bonfires which were fun. Standing about poking a bonfire is one of the slow joys of life in the open air. In summer, we mowed grass, clipped hedges, and watered just about anything that was green. I was never sure whether the application form I'd filled in for the job actually said no work between meals, but the drier days were relaxing enough with plenty of time for reading.

When we had to put in a full day's work it went like this.

With military precision, at 8.00 am sharp we would arrive at the hut and have tea. Not fifteen minutes later, we would burst into action by stepping outside.

After some professional conferring as to choice of tools, we would load our three-wheel vehicle (top speed 15 mph) and work continuously for an hour and fifteen minutes. At this critical point, someone was sent back to the hut to put the kettle on.

By 10.00 am we'd all be back in the hut for a quick thirty-minute tea break. After discussing any possible conflicts between our ability to work and the weather, we would again venture forth and continue with our raking or mowing, until noon. We would then disappear for our well-earned lunch break. I lived about a fifteen-minute walk away, so it made sense for me to start timing my lunch hour when I got home (George's idea – he did the same). About an hour-and-a-half later we would return to be refreshed by more tea.

Now this is where we put in some concentrated effort. We would work, without stop, well, without stopping very much, for an hour and three quarters. Again someone would be sent back to the hut to put the kettle on. This journey could take about four minutes if we were at the far end of the campus and if we rushed – but we gardeners were too wise to rush. It just wasn't the done thing.

By 3.00 pm we would all have a nice sit down and a leisurely cup of tea. If the weather was fine and George had finished his newspaper we would have to "get mobile" again, a term derived from George's military training.

Even on some of the most gruelling of long days we would have packed up by 4.45 pm, knowing that we had done our bit and had to leave at 5.00 pm. This exhausting life is not for everyone, and without sufficient supplies of tea I don't see how this level of output could be achieved.

I soon learnt that in time of war or peace the Welsh have always relied on a nice cup of tea and a sit down to restore their spirits. So make yourself a cup of tea, sit down and do some vacant staring out of the window. It'll make all the difference, you'll see.

On my return to the States, it took some time for me to adapt to drinking coffee again. It doesn't have the same effect as tea and it certainly hasn't got the ability to stir memories of my time across the pond.

I'll have to go back to Wales someday.

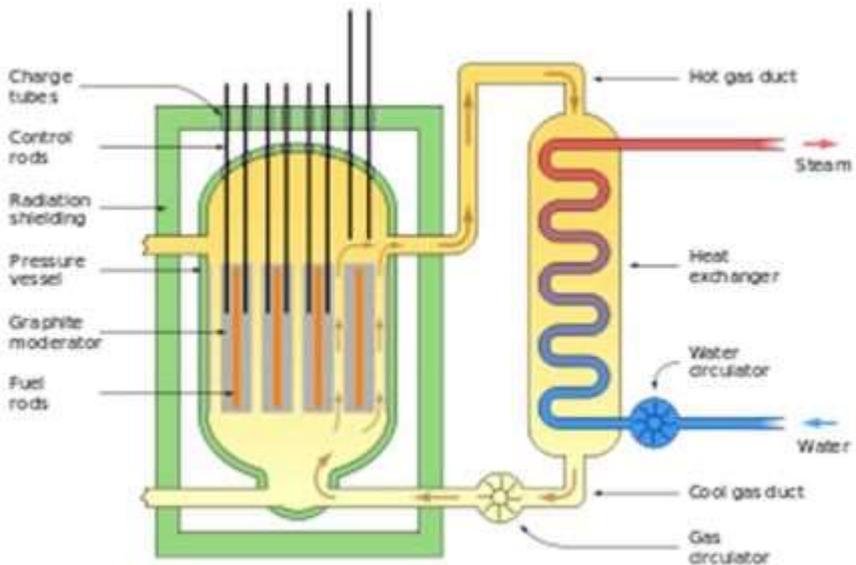
(First published in *Y Llychau* in July 2017)

WELSH NUCLEAR POWER PLANTS

Wales has so far had two nuclear power stations generating electricity. Both were of the British Magnox Reactor design.

Magnox nuclear reactors were planned to run using natural uranium, with graphite as the moderator and carbon dioxide gas as the heat exchange coolant. They belonged to the wider class of gas cooled reactors.

The name Magnox comes from the magnesium-aluminium non-oxidising alloy used to clad the fuel rods inside the reactor. Like most other “First Generation nuclear reactors”, the Magnox was designed with the dual purpose of producing electrical power and plutonium-239 for the emerging nuclear weapons programme in Britain. The name technically refers specifically to the United Kingdom design but is sometimes erroneously used to refer to any similar reactors.



Schematic diagram of a Magnox nuclear reactor showing the gas flow. The reactor core is housed in a cylindrical, steel, pressure vessel and the heat exchanger is outside the concrete radiation shielding.

Like all plutonium-producing reactors, conserving neutrons is a key element of the design. In Magnox, the neutrons are moderated in large blocks of graphite. It is the efficiency of graphite as a moderator that allows the Magnox to run using natural uranium fuel, in contrast with the more common commercial light-water reactor which requires enriched uranium. Since graphite oxidises readily in air, the core is cooled using carbon dioxide, which is then pumped into a heat exchanger to generate steam to drive conventional turbine equipment for electrical power production. Because the core was open on one end, fuel elements could be added or removed while the reactor was still running. Control of the reaction rate was provided by a number of boron-steel control rods which could be raised and lowered as required in vertical channels.

The first Welsh nuclear reactor was the Trawsfynydd nuclear power station, situated in the Snowdonia National Park in North Wales. The plant was the only nuclear power station in the UK that was not built on the coast. The water used to produce the steam in the heat exchanger was taken from a nearby man-made reservoir, Llyn Trawsfynydd. (Other reactors in the UK, being on the coast, used sea water.) Construction of the two reactors on the site began in 1959 and both became operational in 1965. By 1968 the power station was generating over 470 megawatts. Trawsfynydd was shut down in 1991 and the Nuclear Decommissioning Authority was given the responsibility of decommissioning the site. By 2083 the area is expected to have been restored to its pre-nuclear state; 124 years after construction started and 92 years after the power station was closed. The design life of the power station was 20 years, but it produced electricity for 6 years longer than that.

The other Welsh nuclear plant was the Wylfa nuclear power station at Cemaes Bay on the island of Anglesey. Just like Trawsfynydd, there were two reactors on the Wylfa nuclear power station site. Each one was designed to produce 490 megawatts – more than the combined output of the earlier pair. Construction of the two nuclear reactors began in 1963 and they became operational in 1971. Wylfa was located on the coast because seawater was used in the heat exchanger. One of the reactors was shut down in 2012 and the other was switched off three years later, so ending 44 years of operation at the site, 14 years longer than the originally planned 30 years.

Wylfa Newydd (literally New Wylfa) is a proposed new nuclear station on a site adjacent to the old plant. An application to build two advanced boiling water reactors was submitted in 2017.

Roger Pike

Y LLYCHAU – A BRIEF HISTORY

In February 2006, the Parochial Church Council (PCC) of St Michael & All Angels, Talley, set up a Working Party to investigate the feasibility of producing a Magazine or Newsletter for the parish. The Working Party produced a report of its deliberations and a list of recommendations, which it submitted to the PCC in April 2006. In essence, the Working Party recommended that a bi-monthly Newsletter, funded by the PCC, be produced for free distribution to residents of Talley and Cwmdru, whether members of the church congregation or not. The Report and Recommendations were accepted by the PCC and a “Newsletter Team” was duly appointed to be responsible for all aspects of production and distribution of the publication. This Team accordingly set about the task of determining the type and quantity of articles to be included in the Newsletter, the logistics of compilation, the method of reproduction and the practicalities of distribution. Their efforts resulted in the first issue being launched in November 2006.



The First Issue

The Newsletter was generally very well received by local residents, many of whom were kind enough to make quite complimentary remarks on the content and quality of reproduction. However, there were some sceptical recipients who assured us that there had been attempts to publish a local Newsletter in the past and all had failed. They predicted that this new publication would be unlikely to survive more than a couple of issues and it would certainly fold within a year. Despite their opinions, the Newsletter Team was determined to “give it a go” and expected that its readers would be prepared to write pieces to be included in its pages.

A competition in the first issue enabled a name to be adopted for the Newsletter and from issue 2 it became known as “Y Llychau”. Its popularity continued to spread and by issue 5 not only had production numbers doubled but requests for copies to be sent to ex-residents by post had been received. The Newsletter Team was very grateful for the confidence that was shown in the project by the local community. The initial Newsletter had contained just 12 pages, but by Issue 3 sufficient articles were being received to enable many of the future publications to contain 40 pages.

Initially, the Chairman of the Newsletter Team was just to be responsible for receiving articles for inclusion in the Newsletter and for acting as its Editor. Other members of the Team would take on other responsibilities, such as providing the articles for inclusion, arranging for the Newsletter to be printed, deciding on methods of distribution and formulating a policy for what would be included. However, very quickly the brief of the Chairman was extended to encompass persuading people to actually write the articles for publication, pestering them to produce their efforts on time, recruiting a Group of Translators so that the Newsletter could become a bilingual publication in English and Welsh, retyping the submitted contributions and compiling them into a format suitable for printing as well as organising house to house deliveries to compliment the original three identified distribution points.

With issues only being published every other month, the production task was not considered to be too onerous if articles for publication were submitted in good time. However, without the support of contributors (particularly the regular ones), the dedication of the 'Translating Group', the generous offer of free printing by a local firm and the financial backing of the Parochial Church Council, the Newsletter Team would have found the undertaking impossible.

At the end of the first year of production, it was decided to issue an ambitious 60 page "First Anniversary Bumper Edition" to celebrate the Newsletter's success and to show those earlier cynics that their scepticism had been misplaced. Thus issue 7, published in November 2007, was the largest copy of *Y Llychau* ever produced.

It must be remembered however that *Y Llychau* was produced by a group of enthusiastic amateurs, so readers could not expect too high a standard. Hopefully, their efforts met with the approval of most of the readers. The Newsletter Team was heartened by the quantity and quality of the articles submitted for inclusion. So encouraged were they by the support they were receiving from the readers that the decision was taken to disband the Team and leave all aspects of production and distribution to the Editor. As Chairman of the original Newsletter Team, I had acted as the Newsletter Editor but now found myself in sole charge of the project.

I regularly expressed concern that without articles written by its readers, the Newsletter would not be able to continue to flourish. Initially, these pleas for contributions had the desired effect and pieces were received from a wide range of local residents.

Right from the outset, it was decided that the Newsletter would not carry any commercial advertising, should try to include articles of current or historical relevance to Talley or Cwmdru, would contain a few coloured pictures and incorporate as many articles written by its readers as possible. Clearly, this last requirement would rely heavily on readers being prepared to write something. As time went on, it became more and more difficult to persuade people to submit items, so many of the later editions contained articles that I had to write myself to try to maintain a Newsletter of 40 pages.

Over the past twelve years there have been several people associated with the production of *Y Llychau*. Many of these are no longer with us. Either they have died or moved away from the area. However, there are still a few left deserving of my thanks. My first expression of gratitude must go to the members of the original Newsletter Team, without their support and dedication the Newsletter would never have become a reality. I also owe a great debt of gratitude and appreciation to all those readers who have submitted articles for inclusion in these pages, particularly those who wrote more than one piece and especially those who provided a series of articles. I am also very appreciative of the work of the original Translating Group for providing the Welsh version of some of the pieces. Janet James is the only remaining member of the Group and I offer her my sincere thanks for all she has done for *Y Llychau*.

I must also thank everyone who has made a financial contribution towards the production costs of the Newsletter over the years. Your support has been very much appreciated, as have the contributions received from those readers who have had their copies posted to them.

A special “thank you” goes to Mark Fewster who has printed nearly 200 copies of each of the 73 editions of *Y Llychau*, I am sure that the high quality of his printing, especially the coloured photographs, did much to enhance the appearance of the Newsletter and enable so many readers to enjoy reading it.

May I remind you that every single copy of *Y Llychau* is available for you to read on the Talley website (www.Talley.org.uk/y-llychau).

I have taken great pleasure from acting as your Newsletter Editor and am delighted to tell you that negotiations to find my successor have finally produced a satisfactory result. Details of the new editor can be found on page 35.

Roger Pike

TALLEY PARISH HISTORY GROUP

I am delighted to tell you that the Talley Archive can now be viewed on the People's Collection Website using the following link:-
<https://www.peoplescollection.wales/users/29936>.

There are over 800 photographs comprising events that took place in the Parish from the late 1800's to more recently. It has taken years to get to this point and a great many people have contributed their precious photographs, so that we can see how the parish has developed over the years and my special thanks go to them. Also, my heartfelt thanks go to Celia Parsons, now a resident at Blaenos' nursing home, and Kate Arblaster, both who have donated many hours to adding photographs to the archive. In particular, Kate, who also spent time, checking and correcting every submission. My thanks also to my husband Wyn, Peter Knott and Andrew Hill, who were instrumental in getting the archive published and to the Peoples' Collection team, who were very helpful.

The History group was formed in 2003 by Joanna Penberthy, now the Bishop of St Davids, and I have been involved since then as Secretary, Archivist and Treasurer. Unfortunately, over the years, we have lost all of the existing members and now I am the sole representative of the group. As no-one else has expressed an interest in the group over the last few years, I have now, regretfully, decided to disband it at the end of December and pass all of the material that has been collected to the new Carmarthen Archive, now being built behind the library. Any money, remaining in the Building Society, will be split equally between Talley School and Cwmdeithas Cwmdu. After December, I will still be available to respond to internet queries but will no longer hold any exhibitions or hold my usual monthly sessions on the first Saturday of the month in Cwmdu pub. The last exhibition to be held will be based on World War 1 and 2 to commemorate the centenary of Armistice Day and will be available for viewing in Cwmdu Inn at the beginning of November.

Thank you to all of the people, who have supported the group over the years, they are too many to mention, but they and I know who they are.

Pat Edwards

CHRISTMAS STOLLEN

Nothing says Christmas like Stollen. It's easy to make, although it does take some time – think of it as a weekend project with the children.

Ingredients

- 100g (3½ oz) mixed dried fruit (with or without peel)
- 180 ml (6 fluid oz) apple juice
- 7g (¼ oz) dried yeast
- 250g (9 oz) plain flour, plus a little extra for dusting
- 28g (1 oz) blanched whole almonds
- 2.5 ml (½ tsp) ground cinnamon
- 2.5 ml (½ tsp) allspice
- 2.5 ml (½ tsp) ground cloves
- 75g (2½ oz) cold marzipan, cut into small pieces
- 14g (½ oz) butter, melted
- 15 ml (1 tbsp) icing sugar

Method

Soak the dried fruit in 100 ml (¼ pint) of hot water. Gently warm the apple juice for a few mins in a pan, then add the yeast and leave to activate for 10-15 mins (it will start to bubble).

Put the flour in a bowl. Stir in the yeast and apple juice mixture to form a smooth dough, then cover and leave to prove somewhere warm until roughly doubled in size, about 90 mins. (or put the dough in the fridge to rise slowly overnight).

Drain the fruit and add to the dough along with the nuts, spices and marzipan. Squish everything together, then turn the dough out onto a lightly floured work surface and knead until the fruit stays in the dough.

Shape the dough into a sausage shape and put it on a baking tray lined with baking parchment. Cover with a clean tea towel and leave to prove somewhere warm for 45 mins until it has risen by about a quarter.

Heat oven to 180C/160C fan/gas 4. Bake the Stollen for 20 mins, then reduce oven to 150C/130C fan/gas 2 and bake for a further 25-30 mins until golden brown and firm to the touch.

Remove the Stollen from the oven and brush all over with the melted butter. Dust with the icing sugar and leave to cool completely before slicing. (Store any remaining Stollen, well wrapped, in an airtight container).

ON THE LIGHTER SIDE

The Sale

In the week before Christmas, the local newspaper carried an advertisement for the local family store. For one day only there was to be a 10% discount on all alcoholic drinks, a 20% discount on all Christmas party decorations and a 50% discount on all children's toys. On the day of the big pre-Christmas Sale, a long queue of people formed up outside the shop half an hour before it was due to open.

A small man pushed his way to the front of the line, only to be pushed back, amid loud and bawdy curses. On the man's second attempt, he was bodily picked up and forced to the back of the crowd. Determine to get to the front of the queue, he pushed his way forward again but was punched on the nose, knocked to the ground and thrown back to the end of the line.

From the rear of the throng, he shouted to the assembled people "That does it! If you stop me one more time, I won't open the store!"

o o O o o

Visit to Father Christmas

As usual, the town's department store had a Christmas Grotto with Father Christmas as its central attraction. One by one, the row of little children were invited to sit on Santa's lap and tell him what they wanted for Christmas before being given a small present. At last it was the turn of a little girl to visit the great man. As she sat on his lap, he asked "What is your name?"

"Sarah Jane Thomas", she replied confidently "from Bryn Farm".

"And what do you want for Christmas, Sarah?" Father Christmas enquired.

With a look of astonishment and utter disappointment on her face, the little girl retorted "What? Didn't you get my e-mail?"

o o O o o

Christmas Kiss

Boy : What would it take to make you kiss me under the mistletoe?

Girl : An anaesthetic.

THE CATHEDRALS OF WALES



There are six Anglican Dioceses in Wales, each with a cathedral.

Bangor Cathedral

Around 520 AD, a nobleman named Deiniol settled in the area, establishing a simple cell. He was granted land for his cell by the local lord, the ruler of Gwynedd. Deiniol enclosed his cell within a fence made from upright poles, with branches woven between them. The local language called this type of structure a 'bangor', and the name stuck.

Deiniol gathered followers, who dwelt



with him and went out to preach throughout the area and collected new converts to Christianity. In time these converts settled around Deiniol's cell, forming a Celtic monastery. In 525 they decided to build a cathedral (only the second in Britain at the time) in a low-lying and unobtrusive site, probably to avoid attracting attention of Viking raiders sailing along the coast. If that is true, it was a strategy that was not totally successful.

Deilion died around 572, but the cathedral continued to flourish and grow throughout the pre-Norman period. However, in 1073 a marauding band of Vikings sacked and burned the cathedral, but it was rebuilt in the reign of Gruffudd ap Cynan, around 1100. The king was buried by the high altar when he died in 1137. His son Owain Gwynedd is also buried here, along with his brother Cadwaladr.

In 1211 King John's soldiers once more sacked the cathedral, but building resumed in about 1250. By 1275 the beautiful south transept was finished, followed by the rest of the building around 1290, only to be destroyed by King Edward I during his conquest of Wales. Bishop Anian began rebuilding it in 1291, but again little remains of his work, for it was burned again during Owain Glyndwr's rebellion in 1402. It was not until 1480 that rebuilding work truly began. It was finished in 1532, giving us the lovely and spacious building we see today.

Brecon Cathedral

Brecon is one of the newest cathedrals in Britain, being a medieval church that was raised to cathedral status in 1923. The church survived the Dissolution virtually unaltered, and became the parish church of Brecon. Little now remains of that early Norman church; much of the present building dates from the 13th and 14th centuries.



The cathedral began as the church of a Benedictine priory dedicated to St John. In 1093 the Norman, Bernard of Neufmarche, half-brother of William the Conqueror, invited monks from Battle Abbey in Sussex to found a Benedictine priory at Brecon. The priory operated as a daughter house of Battle Abbey. Prior to the Dissolution of the Monasteries the church was divided into two parts by a large screen separating the nave,

used by the townsfolk, from the chancel, used by the monks. The chancel is the oldest part of the church and features beautiful fan vaulting.

One of the treasures of Brecon Cathedral is the 12th century font, an extraordinarily beautiful bowl, now set on a Victorian base. The bowl is wonderfully carved with birds, beasts, and geometric designs, interspersed with several representations of the pagan 'Green Man' symbol. Very close to the font is a large cresset stone. This stone, the largest left intact in Wales, is a slab dimpled with large depressions intended to hold oil for lighting.

In a chapel off the north aisle is a lovely carved wooden screen created by Thompson of Kilburn, the 'mouse man' carver. His trademark carved mouse designs can still be clearly seen, especially on the panel near the chapel door. The Harvard chapel acts as the Regimental Chapel of the South Wales Borderers, and houses an impressive display of their regimental colours.

The cathedral sits in an attractive close, with other historic buildings surrounding it. The 16th century tithe barn now acts as a Heritage Centre with displays concerned with Brecon Cathedral, its history and architecture.

Llandaff Cathedral

The cathedral, with some of the finest medieval architecture in Wales, was founded by Bishop Urban in 1107 on the site of a 6th century monastic church established by St Dyfrig.

Llandaff Cathedral glories in one of the longest dedications of any British church. Its full dedication is "The Cathedral & Parish Church of SS Peter & Paul, Dyfrig, Teilo & Euddogwy".

The last 3 Welsh saints tell a lot about the cathedral's roots in the mists of time. Dyfrig was a 6th century Christian who founded a monastic community near a ford across the River Taff, on an old Roman road. When Dyfrig died the community was ruled by Teilo, and then by Teilo's nephew, Euddogwy. The three saints are commemorated by the three mitres on the cathedral's badge.

In 1107 Bishop Urban rebuilt the Celtic church in grand style, creating the



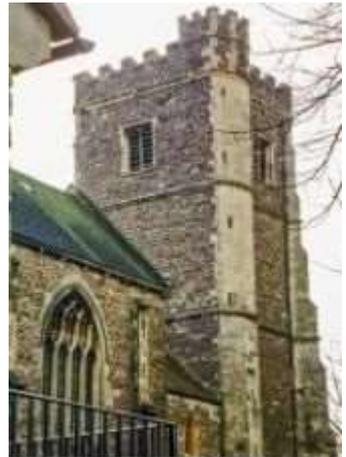
impressive west front. Urban also had Dyfrig's remains brought to Llandaff from Bardsey Island. The church was extended in the 13th century, when the Lady Chapel and chapter house were built. In the 15th century Jasper Tudor built a north-west tower to replace the earlier Bell Tower. The cathedral was badly damaged during Owain Glyndwr's rebellion in 1400, when the Bishop's Palace was destroyed.

Throughout the Middle Ages the church was largely financed by revenue from pilgrims coming to the shrine of St Teilo. The stream of pilgrims dried up after the Reformation and as a result, the church fell into decay. In 1722 the 12th century tower collapsed, and was not replaced until the late Victorian period. The cathedral was partially restored in 1734 by John Wood. A comprehensive restoration took place in the late 19th century and another major rebuilding took place after bomb damage in World War Two, giving us the cathedral church as it is today.

Newport, St Woolos Cathedral

St Woolos is a medieval parish church raised to temporary cathedral status in 1930. But who was Woolos? According to legend, Gwynllwy (the original Welsh form of the English 'Woolos') was a 5th century feared warlord. Having failed to woo the Christian daughter of Brychan, he kidnapped her and made her his wife. Her piety, and that of her son Cadog, convinced him to convert to Christianity. A dream instructed him to build a church where he found a white ox with a black spot on its forehead. This he did in around 500.

The church was attacked and rebuilt repeatedly over the centuries. The earliest existing feature is a Galilee, or separate entrance chapel (dedicated to St Mary), built before the Norman Conquest of 1066. When the Normans conquered this area of southern Wales they built a new church east of the chapel. Both church and chapel had separate entrances, with no link between the two buildings. The Galilee chapel is a feature known in only two other British sites; Durham Cathedral and Glastonbury Abbey. [Interestingly, Durham also has a foundation story with a white ox, similar to the tale of St Woolos' foundation].



During the medieval period the church was owned by Gloucester Abbey, and the connection with Gloucester continued until 1882. The church was damaged during Owain Glyndwr's rebellion of 1405, after which it was restored by Jasper Tudor, Henry VII's uncle. There was ongoing restoration throughout the 19th and 20th centuries, so that today St Woolos is a combination of medieval and modern. In the early 20th century Canons' Stalls were added in the chancel by the famous woodworking firm, Thompsons of Kilburn, Yorkshire, well-known for their mouse trademark. Several carved mice can be found decorating these stalls. The church was raised to full Cathedral status in 1949.

St Asaph Cathedral

In the 6th century the Scottish missionary Kentigern settled briefly in a ridge between the rivers Elwy and Clwyd. Kentigern eventually returned to Scotland (where he is known as St Mungo), but he left behind a follower named Asaph, who gave his name to the village and, eventually, to the cathedral church.



Nothing now remains of Asaph's pre-Norman monastery, nor indeed of the 12th century Norman church that replaced it. That church was burned to the ground by the Earl of Warwick's men during Edward I's campaign to subdue the native Welsh in 1282. The then Bishop of St Asaph was livid, for he had supported Edward's campaign, and in retaliation he became the only bishop not to excommunicate Edward's Welsh foes. Eventually the king and bishop were reconciled, though only after the bishop paid 500 marks into the royal treasury. The bishop then embarked on a campaign to rebuild his damaged cathedral by cleverly sending a well-known manuscript of the Gospels on tour through Hereford, Lichfield and Wales to solicit donations.

Around 1391 the large central tower was erected, but no sooner had it been completed than St Asaph's suffered another burning; this time at the hands of Owain Glyndwr in 1402. The tower had to be rebuilt again in 1714 after the top was damaged in a storm. William Morgan, bishop of St Asaph's from 1601-04, translated the Bible into Welsh for the first time. He is buried in the cathedral, but an even more obvious memorial stands in the churchyard. This memorial, known as 'The Translator's Monument', is in the shape of a preaching cross.

If the word 'cathedral' conjures up images of an imposing, larger-than-life building, then St Asaph's will come as quite a shock. In size it is on the same scale as a large town church. Indeed the only external feature that might give away its importance is the impressive west front with its wonderful west doorway. Inside, the nave is deceptively simple, a testament to the very plain style adopted by its bishops.

St David's Cathedral

The cathedral at St Davids is considered to be the most sacred site in Wales. St David, patron saint of Wales, founded a 6th century monastery here and trained missionaries (including St Patrick) to spread Christianity to Ireland. Over the next four centuries the monastery was sacked by Norse raiders at least ten times. David served as Bishop of Menevia (south-west Wales) from the late 6th century until his death in 601.



The present cathedral was built in 1180 and its shrine to St David was a popular pilgrimage site in the Middle Ages; two trips here were worth one trip to Rome! The cathedral lies low on a terrace of land beneath the crest of a hill on which the surrounding city is built (it seems absurd to call the lovely, picturesque village a city, but since it has a cathedral technically St Davids **is** a city). From the centre of St Davids the cathedral seems to appear from below ground, its tower poking up like a flower stalk above the earth. The original tower of the 1180 building fell down in the 13th century, damaging the choir and transepts. The current tower is 14th century at the lowest stage, but was raised to its current height in the early 15th century. To prevent it collapsing again, the bells were mounted in a separate structure on the edge of the cathedral grounds.

The modern cathedral is thought to be the fourth to stand on the site of David's original monastery. The Norman architects had trouble with the swampy ground, and even today you can see the nave pillars leaning at an alarming degree both outwards and at an angle. Immediately beside the cathedral are the sizeable remains of the 14th century Bishop's Palace, built around 1340 and one of the most impressive examples of a medieval ecclesiastical palace in Britain.

Y Llychau



There are three Roman Catholic Dioceses in Wales with cathedrals.

Cardiff Cathedral

The Metropolitan Cathedral Church of St David in Cardiff is the centre of the Roman Catholic Archdiocese of Cardiff and remains the focal point for Catholic life in Wales. It is one of only three Roman Catholic Cathedrals in the UK which is associated with a choir school.

The original church was built in 1842, after fundraising in Wales and Ireland and a donation by Lady Catherine Eyre of Bath. The church was dedicated to the patron saint of Wales at the request of Lady Eyre. The current building was constructed between 1884 and 1887 and became the seat of the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Cardiff in 1916. In 1920 it was declared the Cathedral Church of the new Archdiocese of Cardiff.



The Cathedral was destroyed by World War II bombing in March 1941 when incendiary bombs pierced the roof. During the 1950s it was restored and rebuilt, re-opening in March 1959.

Wrexham Cathedral

The Cathedral Church of Our Lady of Sorrows (also known as St Mary's Cathedral Wrexham) is the seat of the Bishop of Wrexham, and mother church of the Roman Catholic Diocese of Wrexham.

The cathedral was originally built as a parish church in 1857. The church replaced an earlier chapel which, by the 1850s, was deemed insufficient for the growing congregation. Further additions to satisfy a still growing congregation were made in the mid-20th century, in the form of the cloister and side chapel.

The church was designated a Pro-cathedral in 1898 upon the establishment of the Roman Catholic Diocese of Menevia. In 1987, when the new diocese of Wrexham was formed, the church was proclaimed a full cathedral.



Swansea Cathedral

The Cathedral Church of Saint Joseph (also known as Menevia Cathedral) in Swansea is the seat of the Bishop of Menevia and mother church of the Roman Catholic Diocese of Menevia.

It was originally built as a parish church in 1885 and was officially opened in 1888 while still under construction. It was converted to a cathedral in 1987 for the redefined Diocese of Menevia and was designated a Grade II listed building in the same year.



Researched by Roger Pike

CHIVES (ALLIUM SCHOENOPRASUM)

Chives are suitable for both the vegetable garden and the flower garden.

They are easy to grow as they do not take up much room and every part of the plant is edible. The bulb does not have a strong flavour and it may be used in pickles; the leaves add flavour to a variety of dishes and flowers will add a splash of colour to salads. The purple flowers give a lovely colour to a border.

There are two kinds of chives, the ordinary kind and the Chinese kind (Garlic allium tuberosum).

Chives may be grown in any type of well-tilled soil which is not too dry and should be placed in a south facing position. Organic compost should be added, including two handfuls of bone meal for every square metre. This will be sufficient for nine months' growth.

Chives are similar to onions as they consist of a bulb and a stem and they increase in number, allowing them to be transplanted singly. This task should be completed during March or October ensuring that the top of the bulb is level with the soil. By using this method of increasing the crop, the original bulb is given air space. Chives may be grown from

CENNIN SYFI (CHIVES) ALLIUM SCHOENOPRASUM

Mae yna groeso i gennin syfi yn yr ardd lysieuol yn ogystal a'r ardd flodau. Llysieuyn digon syml i'w dyfu, gan nad yw yn cymryd llawer o le, ac ar ben hynny gellir ei fwyta o'i ddail hyd at ei flodau. Blas gweddol feddal sydd ar y bwlb a gellir ei fwyta fel picls, tra bod y dail yn rhoi blas ar amrywiaeth o fwyd, a'r blodau i ychwanegu sbas o liw ar salad. Gall y blodau porffor ychwanegu lliw pert mewn border. Mae dau fath o gennin syfi ar gael, sef yr un cyffredin a'r math Tsieineaidd (Garlic allium tuberosum).

Mae'n bosib tyfu cennin syfi mewn unrhyw bridd, yn wynebu'r de, heb fod yn rhy sych, wedi ei balu'n dda, gan ychwanegu digonedd o gompost organig a dau ddyrnaid o ludw esgyrn am bob mydr sgwar. Fe rydd hwn ddigon ar gyfer naw mis o dyfiant. Mae cennin syfi yn debyg i'r wniwn, yn gymaint a bod ganddynt bwlb a chenhenen a thros, y blynyddoedd mae bylbiau yn cynyddu, a gellir dorri'r rhain, a'u trawsblannu yn sengl. Rhaid cyflawni'r gwaith yma fis Mawrth neu fis Hydref, gan sicrhau fod blaen (top) y bwlb yn lefel ar wyneb y pridd. Wrth ddefnyddio'r dull yma o ledaeni, mae'r fam fwlb/planhygin yn cael ysgafnder. Gellir tyfu cennin syfi o had, trwy blannu mewn pot 20cm

seed by planting them in a pot of 20cm in diameter filled with compost in a polytunnel at the beginning of March. Seed may be planted in the soil at the end of April and thinned out when they begin to sprout in mid-May. They do not require a lot of attention except that the soil should remain damp. They should not be planted near onions in order to avoid onion fly infestation. The leaves should be cut about 5cm from the soil, using a sharp pair of scissors, starting from the outside and moving to the centre. The leaves grow back very quickly, thereby ensuring fresh growth throughout the year. Chives grown from seed should not be cut for fifteen months. They can withstand frost, but if the winter is particularly cold the leaves may turn yellow. Despite this, the plant is perfectly healthy and will sprout again in the Spring.

There should be plenty of flowers at the end of Spring and at times in July. If they are grown for the table, they should be cut as they develop.

One idea would be to plant them in different areas in the garden; one area for the flowers which will be eaten or used for decoration. When the leaves lose their colour the plant should be cut to 5cm from the soil in order to ensure growth and fresh flowers.

diamydr yn llawn compost ddechrau mis Mawrth mewn polytwnel. Dylai egin ddangos mewn 8-10 diwrnod, yna trawsblannu allan tua dechrau Ebrill gan ollwng 10cm rhyngddynt. Mae'n bosib plannu had yn uniongyrchol i'r pridd ddiwedd mis Ebrill, a'u teneuo allan pan wedi egin canol mis Mai. Nid oes llawer o waith cynnal a chadw, ond dylid cadw'r safle yn llaith. Ni ddylid plannu yn agos i wely wniwn, er ceisio osgoi ymosodiad gan y chwilen wniwn (onion fly). Gwell torri'r dail tua 5cm o'r ddaear a ddefnyddio siswrn siarp, gan ddechrau o'r tu allan a gweithio i'r canol. Mae'r dail yn tyfu'n nol yn gyflym, ac gan sicrhau torriad ffres drwy gydol y flwyddyn. Os bydd cennin syfu wedi tyfu o had ni ddylid ei dorri am bymtheg mis. Gall wrthsefyll rhew, ond os fydd yn aeaf eithriadol o oer, efallai y bydd lliw y dail yn troi yn felyn. Na ofidwch, fe fydd y bwlb yn hollol iach ac yn ail egin o yn y Gwanwyn.

Dylid cael digonedd o flodau ddiwedd y Gwanwyn, ac ar adegai yn mis Gorffennaf. Os am eu defnyddio ar gyfer bwyta'n unig, dylid eu torri ymaith fel y maent yn datblygu. Un syniad fyddai plannu mewn gwahanol fannau yn yr ardd, un ar gyfer defnyddio'u blodau i'w bwyta neu fel addurn, a llecyn arall ar gyfer dail i'w bwyta. Pan fydd y blodau yn colli eu lliw, dylid torri'r planhigyn yn

Y Llychau

Chives may be grown in a large pot but they should be fed e.g. with Phostrogen and watered regularly; if the winter is particularly cold they should be moved to a shaded area.

Chives should not be cooked as they will lose their flavour. The flowers can add colour to the salad dish, scattered on new potatoes with some butter, added to a casserole or a baked fish dish.

Hywel Jones

(kindly translated by Janet James)

gyfan gwbl i tua 5cm o wyneb y ddaear, er mwyn sicrhau tyfiant yn ddiweddarach ac hefyd blodau ffres.

Gellir tyfu cennin syfi mewn pot mawr, ond dylid cofio eu bwydo e.e. Phostrogen a'i ddyfrhau yn rheolaidd, os bydd yn aeaf eithriadol o oer, yna dylid symud i mewn i gysgod.

Ni ddylid coginio cennin syfi, neu fe fyddant yn colli eu blas. Mae lliw y blodau yn medru rhoi lliw hyfryd yn y fowlen salad ar wyneb tatws newydd, gyda sblas o fennyn, hefyd mewn caserol ac ar bysgod wedi eu pobi. (baked fish).

Hywel Jones



DECEMBER

December is the twelfth and final month of the year in both the Julian and Gregorian Calendars. It got its name from the Latin word *decem* (meaning ten) because it was originally the tenth month of the year in the Roman calendar, which began in March. The winter days following December were not included as part of any month. Later, the months of January and February were created out of the month-less period of days and added to the beginning of the calendar, but December retained its name.

In the Northern Hemisphere, December contains the winter solstice, the day with the fewest daylight hours. The day of the solstice is traditionally regarded as the beginning of the astronomical winter. In Christian tradition, December is the Month of the Advent of Christ, culminating in the celebration of the nativity on Christmas Day (25th December). The month also contains several Saint's Days, among them St Nicholas on the 6th and St Stephen on the 26th.

St Nicholas' feast day is celebrated as a Christian festival with particular regard to his reputation as a bringer of gifts and protector of children. In parts of Germany and Poland, boys dress up as bishops begging alms for the poor. In the Ukraine, children wait for St. Nicholas to leave them a present under their pillows provided that they have been good during the year. Children who behaved badly could expect to find a twig or a piece of coal under their pillows. In the Netherlands, Dutch children put out a clog filled with hay and a carrot for Saint Nicholas' horse. In the United States, one custom associated with Saint Nicholas Day is children leaving their shoes in the hallway in hope that the saint would place some coins in them.

In some areas of France, a little donkey carries baskets filled with children's gifts, biscuits and sweets. The whole family gets ready for the saint's arrival, with grandparents telling stories of the saint. The most popular one (also the subject of a popular French children's song) is of three children who wandered away and got lost. Cold and hungry, a wicked butcher lured them into his shop where he killed them and salted them away in a large tub. However, through St. Nicolas' help the boys were revived and returned to their families, earning him the reputation as protector of children. The evil butcher followed St. Nicolas in penance ever since as Père Fouettard. In France, statues and paintings often portray this event, showing the saint with children in a barrel.

Even in those countries where children receive gifts on St Nicholas Day, they still expect more on Christmas morning.

As well as being the feast of St Stephen, Boxing Day is a Bank Holiday celebrated on the day after Christmas Day. It originated in the United Kingdom, and it is still celebrated in most of the countries that previously formed part of the British Empire.

Opinion is divided as to the origin of the term “Boxing Day”.

The Oxford English Dictionary states that from the 1830s in Britain the first week-day after Christmas Day was observed as a holiday on which post-men, errand-boys, and servants of various kinds expect to receive a Christmas-box.

The term “Christmas-box” dates back to the 17th century and meant: “A present or gratuity given at Christmas in Great Britain, usually confined to those who are supposed to have a vague claim upon the donor for services rendered”. It was a custom for tradesmen to collect “Christmas boxes” of money or presents on the first weekday after Christmas as thanks for good service throughout the year. This is mentioned in a 1663 entry in Samuel Pepys’ diary.

In South Africa (a former British colony) as recently as the 1980s, milkmen and refuse collectors, who normally had little if any interaction with those they served, were accustomed to knock on their doors asking for a “Christmas box”, usually a small cash donation, in the week after Christmas.

Another theory for the term “Boxing Day” is the custom linked to an older British tradition. Because domestic servants would have to prepare and serve the meal for their masters and his guests on Christmas Day, the servants of the wealthy were not allowed to visit their families until the following day. The employers would give each servant a box to take home containing gifts, cash bonuses, and sometimes leftover food.

Yet another possible explanation is that families spent Christmas Day attending church before feasting and playing parlour games, thus leaving no time for the children to open their boxes of presents. This they did on the following day, which became known as Boxing Day.

December’s birth flower is the narcissus and the month’s birthstones are the turquoise, zircon, and tanzanite.

Roger Pike

THE EVOLUTION OF DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE AT TIPI VALLEY

1. TIPIS

The first occupants of what is now known as the Tipi Valley Community lived in caravans, benders [hazel rod frames covered in tarpaulins] and even a red double decker bus. In 1976 the first tipis were pitched. They fulfilled the need for a simple, inexpensive portable home, which was also elegant, and proved ideal for a lifestyle close to nature. On our communally owned land they became the required standard, and the 30 plus tipis in the winter circle in the bottom of the valley was an awesome sight to behold. However, local weather conditions are far from ideal at times. Tipis can be smokey, damp and dark, especially in winter. To counter this, some people put 'hats' above the crown of tipi poles to stop drips and stoves replaced open fires to alleviate smoke. Wet wood prompted some to begin using bottled gas for cooking.



The Big Lodge communal tipi



The first African style thatched hut (1985)

2. THATCHED HUTS

In 1985 I returned from traveling in East Africa and had been impressed by the homes made in Ethiopia and Kenya constructed entirely from local resources, which were very beautiful. I made a prototype at Tipi Valley using rushes for thatching, tying them with used sisal baler twine. The timber frame and roof lathes were sourced within the valley and the walls were screens made of vegetation, a technique I had seen in Nepal. The only bought materials were a

few pounds of nails. The only tools used were bow saw, hammer, sickle, axe and spade. It was a beautiful home. The smoke from the central fire went through the thatch and the rain ran off perfectly. It was a lot of work to construct but over 20 were built subsequently, of which 7 were sectional and therefore movable. The last ones were recently dismantled or converted to a turf roofed roundhouse.



Dismantled moveable hut



Thatched moveable hut

3. YURTS

Around 1995 the first Mongolian style yurts, introduced by Steve Mills, were built at Tipi Valley. They required a stove for heating and provided a clean, bright, spacious home as an alternative to the tipi. They became popular and many were made using local timber for the lattice frame, which had to be steamed into shape. It was a specialist skill and the cost of labour and canvas made them relatively expensive. There are a few yurts still in use in the valley.



Yurt and Tipis



The first Turf Roof Straw-Bale Hut

4. TURF ROOFED STRAW-BALE HUTS / ROUNDHOUSES

I visited Brithdir Mawr Community in Pembrokeshire around the time of the Millennium and was impressed by the turf roofed straw-bale huts /roundhouses which they were building. I decided to build one to replace a thatched hut that had burnt down. We moved in and found it to be extremely well insulated, durable and inexpensive to build. Since then they have become the dominant style of home in the valley.

Most of the construction materials can be sourced locally and they are largely biodegradable and have a low visual impact. The timber frame is load bearing and the water seal is a vinyl pond liner sheet below the turf. Solar electric provides the off-grid power supply. There have been more than 25 built over the years. There is still a mix of building styles in the valley, including tipis and yurts.

During his visit to the area, Prince Charles, well known for his strong views on architecture, made thatch his preferred choice of building style for Tipi Valley.



Thatched Roundhouse



Prince Charles with Peter Gardner

Peter Gardner

NATIONAL ANTHEMS

It has become traditional to sing the National Anthem at the end of all major performances and productions. Since it is not possible to mark the end of my time as “editor” of *Y Llychau* in this way, it seems fitting that a brief history of the anthems used in each country where our Newsletter is read might be an appropriate alternative.

WALES

The Welsh National Anthem *Hen Wlad Fy Nhadau* (Land of my Fathers) was written by Evan James and his son James James, two modest tradesmen living at Pontypridd in the mid nineteenth century. Evan James was born in 1809 in Caerphilly before his parents moved to live in an inn near Argoed. Evan became a weaver and installed his own loom next to the inn, spending the early years of his married life as both landlord and weaver.

He moved his own family to Pontypridd in 1847 to run a woollen factory on the banks of the river Rhondda. He remained there until his death in 1878. His son James James left Pontypridd for Mountain Ash after his father’s death and later moved to Aberdare, where he died in 1902.

While at Pontypridd, Evan James spent many hours reading and composing simple poetry. It is said that even whilst working he always kept a slate beside him should he feel the need to write his thoughts down. From an early age James James showed a natural gift for music, so father and son would happily spend long evenings together, the one composing verses and the other setting them to music.

There seems to be general agreement that the tune for the anthem was composed by James James in 1856. The circumstances of the anthem’s words however are somewhat uncertain. A mystery remains to this day as to whether it was the poem or the music that came first. With no reliable records, several theories exist. One of these states that the words of *Hen Wlad Fy Nhadau* were written as Evan James’ response to his brother’s invitation to join him in America. He then gave the words to James to set to music. Another suggestion is that James composed a tune whilst walking alongside the river Rhondda and asked his father to write words to fit it. Whatever the truth, the father and son appropriately named the tune *Glan Rhondda*, as it was composed on the banks of that river.

Although not officially nor legally recognised as the Welsh National Anthem, *Hen Wlad Fy Nhadau* was considered as such by Welsh people well before the end of the nineteenth century. Unlike many anthems it had not been commissioned to mark a particular occasion or event, but had gradually gained acceptance each time it was played. A 16 year old girl from Pontypridd named Elizabeth John first publicly performed the song in the Vestry of Tabor Methodist Chapel (now a Workingman's Club) in Maesteg in 1857 and James James sang the song himself at the Pontypridd Eisteddfod in the same year.

It became more widely known following the 1858 Llangollen National Eisteddfod in which a competition was held for unpublished Welsh airs. *Glan Rhondda* shared first prize. The song made such an impression on John Owen, the competition adjudicator, that he included it in his book of Welsh Melodies published in 1860 under the title *Hen Wlad Fy Nhadau*. John Owen sang it at numerous concerts all over North Wales and by 1880 it had become universally accepted as the Welsh national anthem.

The anthem's standing received a further boost at the National Eisteddfod held at London's Albert Hall in 1887. Having succeeded on a number of occasions to excuse himself from visiting any eisteddfodau, Prince Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, could hardly avoid attending this one in London. At the end of the proceedings, Eos Morlais rose to sing *Hen Wlad Fy Nhadau*. Prince Albert and his family got up too and stood while the anthem was sung. The reason for their standing up is not known, but royalty, even the monarch, have all stood for the Welsh National Anthem ever since.

ENGLAND

The origins of "God Save the Queen" are lost in obscurity, but there is no doubt whatever that the words and the tune, as we know them today, suddenly became widely popular in September 1745. In that month, demonstrations of loyalty to the reigning family of England were in special demand. Charles Edward, the Young Pretender, was about to invade and London was preparing to defend itself and its Hanoverian rulers. An example of popular feeling was given on 28th September when the entire male cast of Drury Lane theatre announced their intention of forming a special unit of the Volunteer Defence Force. That evening they gave a performance of Jonson's *The Alchemist*. At its conclusion there was an additional item. Three of the leading singers of the day stepped forward and began a special anthem: "God bless our Noble King, God

Save great George our King". Other theatres were quick to follow and soon the anthem was being sung as far afield as Bath.

Neither words nor music were new. They had been published in 1744, based on a 1680 song 'God Save Great James Our King', believed to have been written and composed for the Catholic Chapel of James II. The words contained such an obvious expression of loyalty that it is impossible to give any precise date for their origin. The phrase "God Save the King" occurs in several places in the earliest English translations of the Bible and an 'Order of the Fleet' at Portsmouth in 1544, laid down the watchword for the day as "God Save King Henry" to which sailors replied "Long to Reign Over Us". From the Accession of Queen Elizabeth I, Royal Proclamations ended with "God Save the Queen."

Although not yet designated as the National Anthem, from 1745 it was being played and sung whenever Royalty appeared in public. Oddly enough, although it was loyal, it was not regarded as sacred music, so was not used when Royalty attended functions in church.

The anthem was being sung on a May night in the Theatre Royal in 1800 when Hadfield made his unsuccessful attempt on the life of George III. Sheridan improvised a special additional verse on the spur of the moment, expressive of the people's gratitude for the benign intervention of Providence. But neither under the Regency nor under George IV was "God Save the King" regarded as a sacred melody. It was sung for the first time at a Coronation for the crowning of George IV, though a part of the congregation in the Abbey pointedly sang "God Save the Queen" to show where their sympathies lay in the question of the Royal Divorce.

After the accession of Queen Victoria it was regularly referred to as the National Anthem, though the Queen seems to have regarded it as a family anthem as well, for special verses were produced for royal births and marriages. Although there are now just two verses in the approved version of the anthem, normally only the first is used.

FRANCE

The French National Anthem was written in Strasbourg (not in Marseille as its name implies).

After France declared war on Austria in 1792, the mayor of Strasbourg expressed the need for a marching song for the French troops to use. In

Strasbourg, on 24th April 1792, in just one evening, Claude Rouget de Lisle, a young engineering captain in the army, composed such a song. He named it '*Chant de Guerre de l'Armée du Rhin*' (War Song of the Rhine Army). It was apparently performed for the first time by the Mayor of Strasbourg in his own house. (This building still stands and is now home to the *Banque de France*). The spirited and majestic song made an intense impression whenever it was sung at Revolutionary public occasions.

It began to be sung at banquets and throughout France after copies had been widely distributed. The revolutionary forces from Marseilles sang it when they marched into Paris and thereafter it became known as "*La Marseillaise*".

The National Convention accepted it as the French national anthem in a decree passed on 14th July, 1795. "*La Marseillaise*" was banned by Napoleon during the Empire and again by Louis XVIII on the Second Restoration (in 1815) because of its Revolutionary associations. Authorised for use after the July Revolution of 1830, it was again banned by Napoleon III and not finally reinstated until 1879.

The original text of "*La Marseillaise*" had six verses, with a seventh and eighth verse (not written by Rouget de Lisle) being added later. Now, only the first and sixth verses of the anthem are customarily used at public occasions.

USA

During the War of 1812 – 1815 between the United States and Great Britain, battles took place throughout the East Coast of the United States. After the British had attacked Washington, D.C., burning the Capitol, the Treasury and the President's house, they turned their attention to Baltimore, which was guarded by Fort McHenry at the entrance to Baltimore harbour. The fort's commander wanted a flag that would identify his position, making it visible to the enemy from a distance. Mary Young and her thirteen-year-old daughter Caroline were called on to make a 'United States' flag for the purpose. Their design included 15 stars with eight red and seven white stripes.

Following the fall of Washington, Francis Scott Key, a 35-year-old American lawyer, boarded the flagship of the British fleet in Chesapeake Bay in the hope of persuading the British to release his friend who had recently been arrested. Key's tactics were successful, but because he and his companions had gained knowledge of the impending attack on Baltimore, the British did not let them go

Immediately. They allowed the Americans to return to their own vessel but continued guarding them. Under their scrutiny, Key watched on 13th September 1814 as the barrage of Fort McHenry began eight miles away. After 25 hours of bombardment the English decided Baltimore was too costly a prize and retreated.

When Key saw the flag was still flying over Fort McHenry, he wrote a poem on the defence of the Fort. Within a few days the poem was set to the music of an old English folk song. Both the new song and the flag became known as "*The Star-Spangled Banner*." Although the song was immediately popular, it remained just one of several patriotic airs until it was officially named the USA national anthem by Congress in 1931.

Roger Pike

OUR NEW EDITOR

I am pleased to be able to announce that negotiations to secure a new editor for *Y Llychau* have been successful. From the January 2019 issue, the Newsletter will be edited by my successor.

The new editor's details are as follows

Name **Andrew Hill**
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Telephone **01558 685076**

All future correspondence concerned with *Y Llychau*, including the submission of articles for publication, should be addressed to Andrew.

I offer him my sincere thanks for taking over from me and trust readers will support him by regularly sending pieces to be included in *Y Llychau*.

Roger Pike
departing editor

THE NEWSLETTER

As this is my last edition of *Y Llychau* as editor, I would like to thank all the readers of the Newsletter for the support they have shown me over the past 73 issues. I ask that you show the same encouragement to my successor. The easiest way to do this is by writing articles for publication and sending them to him in good time to be included in a future issue.

I wish you all the very best for the future and trust that with your support Talley will have a Newsletter for many year to come.

Good Bye and Good Luck.

Roger Pike
departing editor

THE NEXT ISSUE

Intended to be published in – **January 2019**

Copy Date – Please submit all items for the next issue
on or before 1st December 2018

Please send all articles for the next issue to the new editor

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Merry Christmas and a prosperous New Year
Nadolig Llawn a Blwyddyn Newydd ffyniannus