

FREE

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Y Llychau

A NEWSLETTER FOR TALLEY & THE SURROUNDING AREA

**Issue 14
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**January 2009
Ionawr 2009**



These Newsletters have been produced to provide local residents with information about forthcoming activities in the area and to report on recent happenings. They aim to provide articles of general interest, such as historical items relevant to our community. Local organisations are invited to contribute to the contents to ensure widespread involvement in the project.

***Y Llychau* is produced by the Parochial Church Council of
St Michael & All Angels, Talley, for free distribution locally.**

A MESSAGE FROM THE NEWSLETTER TEAM

On behalf of the Newsletter Team, I would like to wish all our readers a very happy and prosperous 2009. I would also like to express the sincere gratitude of the Team to all those who have written or translated articles for *Y Llychau* over the past couple of years.

When the project was first started, the Newsletter Team was set up to produce a bi-monthly publication, partly bi-lingual, that could be provided free of charge to local residents. It has always been our aim to produce a Newsletter that will be of interest to the residents, young and old, past and present, of Talley, Cwmdu and the surrounding area.

We have only been able to attempt this with the generous help of our Contributors and Translators. Such loyal support really is greatly appreciated by the whole Newsletter Team.

As always, we would welcome suggestions and ideas as to how we can improve our little publication. If you have any thoughts about the type of article we should consider including, please let me know. (Contact details are on the back page).

Roger Pike
Newsletter Team Chairman

NEGES GAN TÎM CYLCHGRAWN Y LLYCHAU

Ar ran tîm y cylchlythyr, fe hoffwn i ddymino Flwyddyn Newydd Dda i phob un ohonoch. Fe hoffwn i hefyd ddiolch yn fawr iawn i bawb sydd wedi ysgrifennu a chyfieithu erthyglau ar gyfer *Y Llychau*.

Pan ddechreuodd y fenter, fe sefydlwyd y tîm i gynhyrchu cylchgrawn bob yn ail mis, yn rhannol ddwy-ieithiog, a oedd ar gael am rhad ac am ddim i drigolion ein hardal. Ein nôd yw i gynnig newyddion sydd o ddi-ddordeb i'n trigolion, boed yn hen neu'n ifanc, o'r gorffennol neu'r presennol, yn Nhalylychau, Cwmdu, a'r ardal cyfagos.

Rydym wedi sicrhau hyn gan dderbyn cymorth gan ein cyfrannwyr a chyfieithwyr ar gyfer *Y Llychau*. Mae'r gefnogaeth yma yn wirioneddol yn cael ei werthfawrogi gan yr holl tîm.

Fel ag yr arfer, byddem yn ddiolchgar iawn i dderbyn unrhyw syniadau ac awgrymiadau ar sut gallem ddatblygu ein menter. (Manylion cyswllt i'w cael ar y dudalen olaf).

Roger Pike
Cadeirydd Tîm Cylchgrawn *Y Llychau*
(kindly translated by Elfed Wood)

THE VICAR WRITES

Even though we all know January 1st is only a date on the calendar, it's surprising how it still manages to give us a little push in the direction of having another go at all those things we have been meaning to do, or to give up doing. January 1st really does feel like a fresh start, a time for new beginnings. At the back of our mind might be that niggling voice that tells us, we shall fail with these New Year's Resolutions just like we have failed in the past but if we have a resolution that we care about, that voice of doom doesn't usually put us off having a try.

Most of us are people of hope, most of the time. Hope is one of the most important human qualities to hold onto. Hope is that small but tenacious sense that however difficult today, however hard we find it to see a way through our sorrows or our difficulties, it is worth holding on for tomorrow. Hope is that slight but persistent knowledge that however much we have failed or let ourselves down, we have more to offer or achieve.

In terms of the Church's year, January and February are sandwiched between the two great Christian celebrations of Christmas and Easter, which are both, in different ways, celebrations of hope. Christmas shows us that God has hope in us: the culmination of God's striving to make the world once more a place of kindness, compassion and love is none other than the birth of Jesus – not a comic book super hero but God made man, someone like us.

Easter shows us that God's life and love and power give hope its reality. People's fear and hate did their worst to Jesus but after the violence of the Cross comes the resurrection of Jesus on Easter Sunday. Not even death can stop the life of God. And that is why we are right to have hope, to have hope in ourselves, to have hope in our ability to persevere through darkness, difficulty and failure, to have hope in our ability to create families and communities of forgiveness and love because the strength, resources and love of God are just one prayer away from any of us.

So, whether you have made resolutions or not, face this New Year with hope in the love and life of God that can be made real in and through you.

Revd Canon Joanna Penberthy,
Vicar of Talley

REMINISCENCES OF EARLY CHILDHOOD

As I am no Dylan Thomas, please bear with me!

I grew up in Talley the youngest of five children. As a child I did not appreciate its beauty. Now, of course, I think it is the most beautiful village in Wales.

Life was very simple in the 1920-30's. My life centred around the chapel-Esgairnant – which I attended three times every Sunday. I remember clearly having to go to the front to recite a verse from the Bible and be questioned on it by the minister. A new verse had to be learnt for every Sunday! We had to sit perfectly still during the sermon which could go on for an hour (it seemed to me like ten!).

The school had about 40 pupils. We had to sit still all day, with most of the time taken up with English and Arithmetic, with Welsh and Reading in-between. Each year, those capable were coached by “Mishtir” for the Scholarship (11plus today), but Trevor, (Alun Morgan’s brother) and I sat it when 10 years old.

On the day of the Scholarship we were taken in Mishtir’s car, clutching our brand new pencil, pen, rubber and ruler. There in the County School we sat in what to me seemed a massive hall and wrote essays in Welsh and English, as well as the Arithmetic paper. I remember so clearly how Mishtir

ATGOFION PLENTYNDOD CYNNAR

Gan nad wyf yn honni bod yn ‘Dylan Thomas’, a wnewch chi fy nioddef.

Fe’m magwyd yn Nhalylychau, yr ieuengaf o bump o blant. Ni fu i mi werthfawrogi’r prydferthwch. Erbyn hyn, credaf fod y pentref yr harddaf yng Nghymru.

Bywyd syml iawn oedd bywyd yn y cyfnod 1920-30 degau. Capel Esgairnant oedd canolbwynt fy mywyd a minnau yn mynychu deirgwaith bob Sul. Cofiaf yn dda, gorfod mynd ymlaen i’r ffrynt (o flaen y Set Fawr) i adrodd adnod o’r Beibl, a chael fy holi arni gan y Gweinidog. Rhaid oedd dysgu adnod newydd ar gyfer pob Sul. Eisteddwn yn berffaith lonydd drwy’r bregeth, a allasai fynd ymlaen am awr (dyna fy marn i ar y pryd!).

Roedd tua deugain o ddisgyblion yn yr ysgol a rhaid oedd cadw’n berffaith lonydd drwy’r dydd. Y rhan fwyaf o’r amser Saesneg a Rhifyddeg fyddent yn mynd a’n hamser gyda Chymraeg a Darllen yn cael sylw rhyngddynt. Bob blwyddyn fe fyddai’r rhai fwyaf abl yn cael eu hyfforddi gan “Mishtir” ar gyfer y “Scholarship” (yr ‘eleven plus’ heddiw) ond i Trefor, (brawd Alun Morgan) a minnau ,deg oed oeddem pan yn cynnig.

Ar ddiwrnod y “Scholarship” aethom gyda Mishtir, yn ei gar, a’r ddau ohonom yn cydio’n dyn yn y pensil, yr ysgrifbin, rwbwr a’r riwler newydd. Yn y “Cownti Scwl” eisteddasom mewn neuadd anferth i ysgrifennu traethodau yn Saesneg a Chymraeg yn ogystal a Rhifyddeg.

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would be pleased with me for getting the last problem correct. Not a bit of it! Why did I not spot the quick method!

The village hall was the Dance Hall – yes truly! A pianist thumped out the music and we shuffled around. The vicar’s daughters – all beautiful girls – would sometimes attend in their evening dresses, looking like film stars. They were considered a “cut above” we locals!

This life might sound very dull to young people today, but as we did not know what the big wide world had to offer we didn’t miss it.

However, eventually I became restless and frustrated and joined the WAAF as a “met girl” and enjoyed every minute of it, despite the horrors of war.

Betty Williams (née Thomas)

Cofiaf yn dda meddwl pa mor falch fyddai Mishtir fy mod wedi cael y broblem olaf yn iawn. Dim o gwbl! Pam na fyddwn wedi sylwi ar y drefn gyflym o ddatrys y broblem!

Y Neuadd Bentref oedd y Neuadd Ddawnsio – ie wir – gyda’r pianydd yn dyrnu nodau’r miwsig ar fysedd y piano a ninnau yn rhyw lusgo traed o amgylch. Roedd merched y ficer, merched pert i gyd, yn dod ambell waith yn eu ffrogiau min nos ac yn edrych fel sêr y ffilmiau. Cysidrwyd hwy yn ‘uwchradd’ i ni y pentrefwyr.

Mwy na thebyg byddai bywyd felly yn swnio’n ddiffas i bobl ifanc heddiw, ond am na wyddem beth oedd gan y byd mawr i’w gynnis, roedd y cyfan yn dderbyniol i ni.

Fodd bynnag, dechreuais deimlo’n aflonydd a rhwystredig ac fe ymunais a’r WAAF fel ‘met girl’ (merch y tywydd) ac fe wnes fwynhau bob munud er gwaethaf trychinebau rhyfel.

Betty Williams (gynt Thomas)
(kindly translated by Brenda James)

Betty was born at Glanyrafon Ddu Uchaf farm, but spent most of her time at Rhos y Gelli which was at one time a village pub called The Swan, so some knew her as ‘Betty Swan’. The house was sold to one of the ‘elders’ at Esgairnant, who changed the name to a more ‘respectable’ one. Betty went for Emergency Teachers training after leaving the WAAF and she taught at a school in High Wycombe for many years before retiring to Neath Abbey. She no longer writes in Welsh but still speaks the language fluently.

Brenda James, who has kindly translated the article into Welsh, was a school friend of Betty. She was a year younger than Betty and was able to buy her text books from her (children had to buy their own school books in those days) which saved Brenda having to search and bargain with other pupils!

How things have changed!

TRANSLATION PROBLEMS

Regular readers will be aware that the Newsletter Team, which was set up two and a bit years ago by the Parochial Church Council of St Michael & All Angels, Talley, was given the task of producing a local newsletter. At one of its early meetings, the Team agreed that, if possible, the newsletter should contain some bilingual articles. The method of achieving this was not defined, and it fell to me as “editor” to establish a Translating Group of volunteers to produce Welsh versions of some of the articles submitted in English.

As a non-Welsh-speaker, I have come to rely heavily on the members of the Translating Group. I supply them with pieces written in English and ask them to provide a translation (usually in an incredibly short timescale, to meet publication deadlines) and, so far, they have always done so. I am very grateful for this support, but am conscious of the fact that if more people able and willing to translate could be found, the work-load of each would be reduced. Without the local backing of the dedicated members of the Translating Group there would be no Welsh in the Newsletter.

Any problems that *Y Llychau* experiences with obtaining translations were put in perspective by the following story which was brought to my attention by one of our readers.

As you know, it is the policy of the Welsh Assembly that local authorities should erect bilingual road signs in English and Welsh. Apparently this is achieved by sending the English text to an in-house translator, who returns the Welsh words to add to the road sign. The English version is e-mailed to the translator and the Welsh translation is e-mailed back to those responsible for preparing the required sign.

When it was intended that lorries should be barred from using a road near a supermarket in Swansea, the English instruction “No entry for heavy goods vehicles. Residential site only” was duly e-mailed to the in-house translator. When the reply was received in Welsh, the words were added to the design and the sign was constructed and erected.

It was only after the work had been completed, that officials received comments from local Welsh-speakers. Apparently, the e-mail replay had in fact said “I am not in the office at the moment. Send any work to be translated”, but, not being able to speak Welsh, the road sign manufacturers believed it to be a translation of the English and simply arranged for the words to be added to the sign.

The sign was subsequently removed – presumably on the instruction of red-faced officials. A spokesman for Swansea Council said “We took it down as

soon as we were made aware of it and a correct sign will be reinstated as soon as possible.”



The blunder is not the only time Welsh has been translated incorrectly or put in the wrong place: Here are four examples from 2006.

- Cyclists between Cardiff and Penarth were left confused by a bilingual road sign telling them they had problems with an “inflamed bladder”.
- A sign for pedestrians in Cardiff reading ‘Look Right’ in English read ‘Look Left’ in Welsh.
- A shared-faith school in Wrexham removed a sign which translated the Welsh for staff as “wooden stave”.
- People living near an Aberdeen building site were mystified when a sign apologising for the inconvenience was written in Welsh as well as English. It should have gone to Merthyr Tydfil.

POETRY PAGE

THE HOLE IN THE ARK

One evening at dusk, Noah stood on his ark
Putting green oil in starboard side lamp.
His wife came along, saying "Something is wrong.
Our cabin is getting quite damp".

Noah said "Is that so?" Then he went down below
And found it was right what she'd said.
For there on the floor, quite a puddle he saw
It was slopping right up to the bed.

Said he, "There's a hole in the bottom somewhere.
We must find it before we retire."
Then he thought for a bit, and he said "Aye, that's it.
A bloodhound is what we require."

So he went to fetch bloodhound from place where it lay,
By the skunk and the polecat so fair,
And as things there below, were a trifle so-so,
It was glad of a breath of fresh air.

They followed the sound as it sniffed all round,
'Til at last they located the leak,
A small hole in the side, only two inches wide,
Where a swordfish had poked in its beak.

And by gum! How the wet squirted in through that hole.
Well, young Shem who at sums was expert,
Worked it out on his slate that it came at the rate,
Of a gallon, per second, per squirt.

The bloodhound tried hard to keep water in check,
By lapping it up with his tongue,
But it came in so fast through that hole, so at last,
He shoved in his nose for a bung.

The poor faithful hound, he was very near drowned,
They dragged him away none too soon,
For the stream as it rose, pushed its way up his nose,
And blew him up like a balloon.

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And then Mrs N put her hand on the hole,
And said, "Ah! it's stopped I believe,"
But they found very soon that she'd altered her tune,
For the water had got up her sleeve.

When she saw that her hand wasn't doing much good,
She said "Noah, I've got an idea,
You sit on the leak and by end of the week,
If we're lucky, the weather may clear."

Noah didn't think much to this notion, at all,
But reckoned he'd give it a try,
On the hole down he flopped, and the leaking all stopped,
And all except him, was quite dry.

They took him his breakfast and dinner and tea,
As day after day there he sat,
'Til the rain was all passed and they landed at last,
On top side of Mount Ararat.

And that is how Noah got them all safe ashore,
But ever since then, strange to tell,
All who helped save the Ark have all carried a mark,
Aye, and all their descendants as well.

That's why dogs have cold noses, and ladies cold hands,
And you'll find if you only enquire,
That's why a man takes his coat tails in hand,
And stands with his back to the fire.

Marriott Edgar (1880-1951)



THE REBECCA RIOTS

In the past, the Welsh people never took kindly to laws and rules that were made in England and then enforced in Wales. In the mid 19th century, opposition to one particular piece of English law led to what has become known as the Rebecca Riots. In 1839 an Act of Parliament was passed that allowed landowners who built roads across their land to levy charges, known legally as tolls, on all users of their roads. These were collected at toll-houses where a gate was put across the road and only opened on payment of the levy.

Because there were so many toll-gates on the roads in South Wales, the Toll-gate Laws imposed an additional and unacceptable financial burden on the poor farming community of the area. This was one piece of English legislation that the Welsh did not like at all and the people decided that 'enough was enough'. They determined to take the law into their own hands and gangs were formed to destroy the toll-gates. These gangs became known as the 'Rebecca Gangs'; taking their name from a passage in the Bible, (Genesis, chapter 24, verse 60 – 'And they blessed Rebekah and said unto her, Let your offspring possess the gates of their enemies'.)

Usually at night, men dressed as women would blacken their faces and attack the hated toll-gates to destroy them.

TERFYSGOEDD REBECCA

Yn y gorffennol, amharod oedd pobl Cymru i dderbyn cyfreithiau a rheolau wnaed yn Lloegr a'u gorfodi nhw yng Nghymru. Yng nghanol y bedwaredd ganrif ar bymtheg cafodd gwrthwynebiad un darn arbennig o Ddeddf Lloegr ei alw yn "Derfysgoedd Rebecca".

Ym 1839 cyflwynwyd Deddf gan y Senedd yn caniatáu tirfeddiannwyr a oeddent wedi adeiladu heolydd ar draws eu tiroedd i godi trethi, yn gyfreithlon, a alwyd yn doll neu dreth ar bawb a ddefnyddient yr heolydd. Casglwyd y tollau mewn tai toll-byrth ble'r oedd gatiâu wedi eu gosod ar draws yr heolydd ac ni ellid eu hagor nes y byddai'r doll wedi ei thalu.

Am fod cymaint o doll-byrth ar heolydd De Cymru golygai hyn y byddai Cyfreithiau'r Toll-byrth yn rhoi pwysau ychwanegol ac annerbyniol ar feichiau ariannol y tlodion yn y gymdeithas amaethyddol yn yr ardal. Roedd hyn yn ddarn o gyfreithiau Seisnig atgas gan y bobl ac fe benderfynasant mai "digon oedd ddigon". Cymerasant y gyfraith i'w dwylo eu hunain gan drefnu mintoedd i ddifetha'r toll-byrth. Cawsant yr enw Mintai Rebecca; enw a gymerwyd o'r Beibl, (Genesis Pennod 24 Adnod 60) "Ac a fendithiaist Rebeca, ac a ddywedasant wrthi, Ein chwaer wyt, bydd di fil fyrddiwn; ac etifedded dy had borth ei gaseion".

Fel arfer fin nos, byddai dynion wedi gwisgo fel merched, a'u hwynebâu

Picture from the Illustrated London News, 1843



A huge man, named Thomas Rees was the first 'Rebecca' and he destroyed the toll-gates at Yr Efail Wen in Carmarthenshire. Sometimes it would be an old blind woman who would stop at a toll-gate and say "My children, something is in my way", at which the Rebecca gang would appear and tear down the gates. Many gates were destroyed in this way and as soon as the authorities replaced them, a 'Rebecca' and his gang would tear them down again.

Eventually the authorities had to concede defeat and most of the hated toll-gates were legally removed in 1844.

These toll-gates never appeared in South Wales again!

Roger Pike

wedi eu parddu, yn ymosod ar y toll-byrth ac yn eu dinistrio.

Dyn mawr o gorff, o'r enw Thomas Rees, oedd y "Rebecca" cyntaf ac ef a ddinistriodd doll-byrth Yr Efail Wen yn Sir Gaerfyrddin. Ambell waith byddai hen wraig ddall yn aros ger toll-borth gan ddweud "Fy mhlant, mae rhywbeth yn fy ffordd", ac yn union deuai Mintai Rebecca i'r fan gan ddymchwel y toll-byrth. Dinistriwyd llawer o'r toll-byrth yn y ffordd yma a chyn gynted ag y byddai'r awdurdodau yn ail-osod y gathiau, byddai "Rebecca" a'i mintai yn eu dinistrio.

Yn y diwedd rhaid oedd i'r awdurdodau ildio a derbyn gorchfygiad ac erbyn 1844 roedd y rhan helaeth o'r toll-byrth atgas wedi eu dinistrio'n gyfreithlon. Nis gwelwyd y toll-byrth yma fyth eto yn Ne Cymru!

(kindly translated by Brenda James)

THANKS

Carol Bond would love to thank most sincerely all those who joined her on 3rd October for her 50th birthday, in the pink, and helped to raise £1025 for Breast Cancer Awareness.

Well Done, everyone.

CHILDREN'S COMPETITION

As reported in earlier editions of Y Llychau, because of the small number of entries received for the competitions on the Children's Page, the Newsletter Team has decided to discontinue this particular item on a regular basis. The competition in the last issue was, therefore, the final one. However, the Team are considering including an annual Christmas competition for children in the November issue each year.

LAST NOVEMBER'S MISSING NUMBERS SOLUTIONS

(a) **1 2 4 7 11 16** Each number is obtained by adding 1 then 2 then 3 then 4 etc to the previous number in the series.

(b) **0 2 2 4 6 10 16 26** Each number in the series is the sum of the preceding two numbers. (0+2=2, 2+2=4, 2+4=6, etc)

(c) **1 14 3 12 5 10 7 8 9 6** Alternate entries are odd numbers increasing, with even numbers decreasing between them.

The winner of the Missing Numbers was Carwen George, who receives the £5 prize. Congratulations, Carwen.

The Newsletter Team are keen to support the involvement of children in this publication, so would welcome any articles that our younger readers might like to contribute. Contributions can be of any length, on any subject that interests them and in either English or Welsh.

TALLEY WOODLANDS

The work of thinning the trees in Allt yr Arian is now complete and the footpaths in this area are open again. Work in Allt yr Plas is nearing completion, but access to the area is still restricted until the thinning is actually finished. Users of the Woodlands are reminded that dogs should be kept under control at all times and put on a lead when in the vicinity of the sheep.

The Talley Community Amenity Association, who are responsible for the woodlands, would like to thank you for your co-operation during the thinning work and hope that the temporary restrictions have not impaired your enjoyment of the area too much. When the work is finally completed, it is hoped to hold an event in the Woodlands to mark the occasion. Details will be announced later.



JOHN OUT ON LICENCE

They say that “The Sun Shines on the Righteous” and it was certainly a lovely day, when a contingent of Talley Folk ventured forth to St David’s Cathedral on 18th October. The reason that caused this mass exodus from our beloved village was a collective desire to attend a Service of Licensing of Lay Readers. Unusual, you may think, but there we were to witness our much respected John Walford gain his Licence as a Lay Reader in the Church. The service was held in the Choir area of the Cathedral, a part which many of us had not been in before.



Several Licensed Lay Readers were present to support the new Readers who were about to be licensed in the

JOHN YN DERBYN EI DRWYDDED

Dywedir bod yr haul yn tywynnu ar y cyfiawnwyr, ac fe roedd yn wir yn ddiwrnod dda, pan aeth grwp ohonom o Dalyllychau draw i Eglwys Gadeiriol Ty Ddewi ar Hydref 18fed. Prif reswm ar y daith yma oedd i fynychu Gwasanaeth Trwyddedu Darllenwyr Lleyg. Anarferol fe feddylwch, ond roeddem yno i fod yn dyst ar dderbyniad trwydded i John Walford. Fe gynhalwyd y wasanaeth yn rhan y Cor yn yr Eglwys Gadeiriol, rhan nad oedd llawer ohonom wedi bod ynddi o’r blaen.



Fe roedd sawl Ddarlennwr Lleyg yn bresennol, i gefnogi y Ddarlennwyr newydd a oedd yn cael eu derbyn.

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presence of a large number of their respective, faithful flocks, whose attendance caused a flurry of unseemly activity among the vergers as they rushed, with swishing gowns, to provide chairs for so many visitors. There was a hushed silence as we gazed at the beautiful painted ceilings, while we waited for the arrival of our somewhat nervous John; bedecked in his gowns of office – which I believe he was sorely in fear of tripping over or standing upon!

The organ played at the start of the service as the Archbishop of Wales and our own Vicar with many other clerics processed with John and the other Licence seekers. We all felt proud of John as he held his head high and accepted his new office. Most Readers are licensed by a Bishop, but John received his licence from the Archbishop. It was a just reward for all his hard work during the preceding months and we can now look forward to seeing him in his finery when he takes our Church service in Talley.

On leaving the Cathedral after the service, the Talley contingent gathered at a local hostelry to assuage their pangs of hunger and thirst, by kind invitation of our new ‘cleric’ and his very supportive wife. A fitting end to a very memorable day – thank you, John & Nansi.

Jacqueline Boyes

Bu hollol tawelwch tra buom yn edrych ar y nenfwd hyfryd, a thra'n aros am John i gyrraedd y blaen; yn ei wisg swyddogol – gwisg oedd yn peri ofid i John gan ei fod yn poeni os oedd yn mynd i sefyll neu sathru arno!

Fe chwaraeodd yr organ ar ddechrau'r wasanaeth tra fuodd Archesgob Cymru, ac ein Ficer, a llawer o glerigwyr yn cerdded gyda John a'r ymgeiswyr eraill. Teimlom i gyd yn falch dros John, wrth iddo dderbyn ei drwydded yn llawn balchder.

Mae'r rhan fwyaf o Ddarllenwyr yn cael eu derbyn gan yr Esgob, ond fe dderbyniodd John ei drwydded gan yr Archesgob. Fe roedd yn haeddianol o hyn, am ei waith caled ar hyd yr amser yn dilyn fyny at y wasanaeth. Rydym yn barod yn edrych ymlaen i'w weld wrth ei waith gan gymeryd y wasanaeth Eglwysig yn ôl yma yn Nhalylychau.

Wrth adael yr Egwlys Gadeiriol, fe gasgwylid y dorf o Dalylychau at ei gilydd i dderbyn lluniaeth, o dan wahoddiad ein cleric newydd a'i wraig gefnogol. Diwedd glo perffaith i ddiwrnod gofiadwy tu hwnt – diolch yn fawr iawn, John a Nansi.

Jacqueline Boyes

(kindly translated by Elfed Wood)

The following letter has been received by the Chairman of the Newsletter Team from Philadelphia, USA.

Its arrival was quite unexpected, particularly as it had clearly taken such a long time to arrive, having been written at the start of April.

LETTER FROM AMERICA

At my wife's prompting I'm writing to share a story with you. Why? Well, your Newsletter reaches us here and is a link with the place where Grandpa Emrys lived in the early part of the 1900's.

Grandpa was born in Cardiff and after some problems was sent away to work on a farm in Cwmdru in 1908. He left Wales in 1920 after the Great War and settled here where he lived as a respected member of the community. He was a great storyteller and I collected some of his stories for my High School projects, a long time ago, but the memories are still with me long after his death in 1972 while I was in the Army in Asia.

Like I said, Grandpa was sent to Cwmdru where work, chapel and kindness turned his life around in what he remembered as a beautiful country. About a year after he arrived in the village, he was sent to the blacksmith with a horse to shoe. The blacksmith, Mr Jones, was a scary figure, but the smithy, opposite the big chapel, was a wonderful place full of sounds,

LLYTHYR O'R AMERIG

Ar gais fy ngwraig, 'rwy'n ysgrifennu atoch i rannu'r stori hon gyda chi. Pam? Wel, rydym yn derbyn 'Y Llychau' yma ac y mae'n ddolen gyswllt gyda'r lle 'roedd fy nhad-cu Emrys yn byw ar ddechrau'r 1900au.

Ganwyd tad-cu yng Nghaerdydd ac ar ôl cael rhai problemau danfonwyd ef i weithio ar fferm yng Nghwm-du ym 1908. Gadawodd Gymru ym 1920 ar ôl y Rhyfel Mawr ac ymgartrefodd yma lle bu'n byw fel aelod parchus o'r gymuned. 'Roedd yn storiwr gwych a chasglais rai o'i storïau ar gyfer fy mhrosiectau yn yr Ysgol Uwchradd, amser maith yn ôl, ond mae'r atgofion gyda mi ymhell ar ôl ei farwolaeth ym 1972 pan oeddwn yn y Fyddin yn Asia.

Fel y soniais, dafnonwyd Tad-cu i Gwm-du lle newidiodd gwaith, y capel a charedigrwydd ei fywyd mewn gwlad hyfryd. Tua blwyddyn ar ôl iddo ddod i'r pentref, danfonwyd ef at y gof i bedoli ceffyl. 'Roedd y gof, Mr Jones, yn ddyn brawychus, ond 'roedd yr efail, gyferbyn â'r capel, yn lle a oedd yn llawn synau, aroglau a fflamau. Yn

smells and flames. While the shoeing was in progress he heard a strange sound and was surprised to see a motorcycle rushing down the hill making a lot of noise and with sparks and stones flying as the rider tried to slow the machine before it reached the ford. The horse started and Mr Jones was annoyed. He shouted out to the rider.

This strange event was followed, 10 minutes later, by another rider. More noise, sparks and flying stones and more shouting from Mr Jones. The two riders sat down outside the chapel. Time passed and then the noise started again as another machine rushed down the hill, only this time Mr Jones stepped from the smithy, stretched out his big arm and swept the rider from his machine. The rider landed in the road and his motorcycle carried on to splash down in the ford. What a commotion, which Grandpa watched in astonishment. People came from the shop and calmed the angry blacksmith while the riders gathered up their companion and his wet machine.

Then something strange. The three riders rushed past, running up the hill as fast as possible. Strange. Someone suggested that there was a fourth machine on the way which they had to stop before Mr Jones did! Sure enough, a little later the three riders came back, walking with another and his machine. To see was one motorcycle was rare; to

ystod y pedoli clywodd sŵn rhyfedd a synnodd i weld beic modur yn gyrru'n wyllt lawr y rhiw gan wneud sŵn mawr gyda gwreichion a cherrig yn hedfan i bobman wrth i'r gyrrwr geisio arafu'r peiriant, cyn cyrraedd y rhyd. Gwylltiodd y ceffyl ac roedd Mr Jones yn grac. Gwaeddodd ar y gyrrwr.

Digwyddodd rhywbeth rhyfedd, ddeng munud yn ddiweddarach, gyda gyrrwr arall. Rhagor o sŵn, gwreichion a cherrig ym mhobman a rhagor o weiddi gan Mr Jones. Eisteddodd y ddau yrrwr lawr y tu allan i'r capel. Ar ôl ychydig, dechreuodd y sŵn eto wrth i feic modur arall ruthro i lawr y rhiw, ond y tro hwn camodd Mr Jones allan o'r efail gan ddal ei fraich fawr allan a sgubo'r gyrrwr oddi ar ei beiriant. Glaniodd y gyrrwr ar yr heol ac aeth y beic modur ymlaen a disgyn i'r rhyd. Dyna beth oedd helynt a thad-cu yn edrych ar y cyfan mewn syndod. Daeth pobl allan o'r siop gan dawelu'r gof crac tra cododd y gyrrwyr eraill eu ffrind a'i beiriant gwlyb.

Yna digwyddodd rhywbeth rhyfedd. Rhuthrodd y tri gyrrwr, gan redeg i fyny'r rhiw cyn gynted â phosibl. Rhyfedd. Awgrymodd rhywun bod pedwerydd gyrrwr ar y ffordd ac roedd yn rhaid ei stopio cyn i Mr Jones wneud hynny. Ac yn wir, dychwelodd y tri gyrrwr gan gerdded gyda dyn arall a'i beiriant. Eithriad oedd gweld un beic modur, roedd gweld pedwar yn anghredadwy.

Y Llychau

see four was remarkable. The riders walked past Mr Jones, who stood, hammer in hand, glowering at them.

Grandpa had to take his horse back to the farm, excited by the tale he had to tell. The next day the farmer completed the story after a visit to the tavern, where the talk was all about “the English”. Seems like they were from London and staying at the Big House and had decided to race from the tavern in Talley to the tavern in Cwmdu. There was much laughter because none of the machines could make it back up the steep hill so they had to get a wagon, at a high price, to carry them back to the Big House.

As you might imagine, Grandpa Emrys told the story with lots of enthusiasm and much arm waving, especially when he got to the part when the blacksmith swept the rider from his machine! Although he has been gone 36 years, I can still hear his voice. I miss him.

It's taken a while to get around to writing to you but I hope you enjoy the story as much as I did when I first heard it all those years ago, sitting round at the Sunday family gathering.

Best wishes to you and your readers,

Emrys Griffiths Jnr.

Cerddodd y gyrrwyr heibio i Mr Jones a safodd gyda morthwyl yn ei law gan wgu arnyn nhw.

'Roedd yn rhaid i Tad-cu fynd â'r ceffyl nôl i'r fferm, yn llawn cyffro oherwydd y stori oedd ganddo i'w hadrodd. Drannoeth gorffennodd y ffermwr y stori yn y dafarn lle 'roedd pawb yn siarad am y 'Saeson'. Mae'n debyg eu bod o Lundain ac yn aros yn y Tŷ Mawr ac rodden nhw wedi penderfynu rasio o'r dafarn yn Nhalylychau i'r dafarn yng Nghwm-du. 'Roedd llawer o chwerthin achos nid oedd y beiciau modur yn gallu dringo'r rhiw serth ac 'roedd rhaid cael wagen, am grocbris i fynd â nhw i'r Tŷ Mawr.

Fel y gallwch ddychmygu, adroddodd Tad-cu Emrys y stori'n frwdfrydig iawn gan chwifio'i freichiau, yn enwedig pan ddeuai at y rhan lle chwipiodd y gof y gyrrwr o'i feic modur. Er ei fod wedi marw ers 36 o flynyddoedd gallaf glywed ei lais o hyd. 'Rwy'n gweld ei eisiau.

Cymerodd dipyn o amser i mi ysgrifennu atoch ond 'rwy'n gobeithio y mwynhewch y stori gymaint ag y gwnes i pan glywais i hi gyntaf yr holl flynyddoedd yn ôl, wrth i ni eistedd gyda'n gilydd fel teulu ar ddydd Sul.

Dymuniadau gorau i chi a'ch darllenwyr.

Emrys Griffiths (ieuaf)
(kindly translated by Janet James)

SOME WILD GARDEN BIRDS IN SOUTH WEST WALES part 2

ROBIN	<i>Erithacus rubecula</i>	 Juvenile
<p>The UK's favourite bird – its bright red breast it is familiar throughout the year, especially at Christmas! Males and females look identical; young birds have no red breast and are spotted with golden brown. Robins sing nearly all year round and despite their cute appearance, they are aggressively, territorial and are quick to drive away intruders. They will sing at night next to street lights.</p>		
Category	On GREEN list – a common bird.	 Adult
Max Lifespan	8 years	
Body length	13 cm (5 in)	
Breeding	Likes woodlands, parks and gardens with plenty of thick undergrowth.	
Wintering	Same as breeding habitats.	
Habitat	Woodland, hedgerows, parks and gardens.	
Food	Worms, seeds, fruits and insects.	
Seen	All year round.	
UK Population	About 15 – 20 million birds.	
Similar species	- - -	

DUNNOCK or HEDGE SPARROW	<i>Prunella modularis</i>	
<p>A small brown and grey bird. Quiet and unobtrusive, it is often seen on its own, creeping along the edge of a flower bed or near a bush, moving with a rather nervous, shuffling gait, often flicking its wings as it goes. When rival males come together they become animated with lots of wing-flicking and loud calling.</p>		
Category	On AMBER list – now a rare bird.	
Max Lifespan	9 years	
Body length	15 cm (6 in)	
Breeding	Areas with thick vegetation – thickets, brambles, hedges, woodland edges. Readily uses parks, gardens & churchyards.	
Wintering	Same as breeding habitats.	
Habitat	Keeps largely on the ground in well vegetated areas, often close to cover.	
Food	Insects, spiders, worms and seeds.	
Seen	All year round.	
UK Population	About 1 – 2 million birds.	
Similar species	House Sparrow, Tree Sparrow.	

HOUSE SPARROW	<i>Passer domesticus</i>	
Noisy and gregarious, these cheerful exploiters of man's rubbish and wastefulness have even managed to colonise most of the world. The ultimate opportunist perhaps, but now struggling to survive in the UK along with many other once common birds.		
Category	On RED list – endangered species.	
Max Lifespan	12 years	
Body length	15 cm (6 in)	
Breeding	Towns, villages, parks, gardens and industrial areas – usually nests on buildings in holes and crevices or in creepers.	
Wintering	In flocks in farmland fields. They gather in trees and hedgerows and often roost communally in ivy-covered walls.	
Habitat	It feeds and breeds near to people. Now rare in cities it is still found in smaller towns and villages.	
Food	Seeds and scraps; particularly likes bread & cake.	
Seen	All year round.	
UK Population	About 8 – 10 thousand birds.	
Similar species	Dunnock, Tree Sparrow.	

TREE SPARROW	<i>Passer montanus</i>	
Smaller than a house sparrow and more active, with its tail almost permanently cocked. It has a chestnut brown head and nape (rather than grey), and white cheeks and collar with a contrasting black cheek-spot. They are shyer than house sparrows in the UK and tend to keep away from people.		
Category	On RED list – endangered species.	
Max Lifespan	12 years	
Body length	14 cm (5½ in)	
Breeding	Open farmland with hedgerows and free-standing trees or small isolated woods. It also inhabits disused quarries, coastal cliffs with ivy, or large gardens.	
Wintering	In winter, local flocks may form where food is abundant, especially on agricultural land.	
Habitat	The main populations are now found across the Midlands, southern and eastern England. It is almost absent from the south west, Wales and the north west.	
Food	Seeds and insects.	
Seen	All year round.	
UK Population	About 90 – 100 thousand birds.	
Similar species	Dunnock, House Sparrow.	

GOLDFINCH	<i>Carduelis carduelis</i>	 <p>Juvenile</p>  <p>Adult</p>
<p>A highly coloured finch with a bright red face and yellow wing patch. Sociable, often breeding in loose colonies, they have a delightful liquid twittering song and call. Their long fine beaks allow them to extract otherwise inaccessible seeds from thistles and teasels. Increasingly they are visiting bird tables and feeders. Although less common now in winter, they tend to flock with other finches.</p>		
Category	On GREEN list – a common bird.	
Max Lifespan	8 years	
Body length	12 cm (5 in)	
Breeding	Trees and bushes with tall weeds nearby. Often in parks, gardens, nurseries, orchards and churchyards.	
Wintering	Similar to breeding habitat, but anywhere with plenty of thistles, burdock and teasels.	
Habitat	Rough ground with scattered bushes, trees, thistles and other seeding plants. Likes orchards, parks and gardens.	
Food	Seeds. Insects in summer.	
Seen	All year round, but increasingly less in winter.	
UK Population	About 2 – 5 million birds.	
Similar species	Greenfinch, Siskin.	

GREENFINCH	<i>Carduelis chloris</i>	 <p>Male</p>  <p>Female</p>
<p>Its twittering, wheezing song and the flash of yellow & green as it flies, make this finch a truly colourful character. It is a regular garden visitor now that intensive agriculture has deprived it of many weed seeds in the countryside. Although quite sociable, they may squabble among themselves or with other birds at the bird table.</p>		
Category	On GREEN list – a common bird.	
Max Lifespan	12 years	
Body length	15 cm (6 in)	
Breeding	Anywhere with tall, fairly dense trees and plenty of seeds and insects. Parks & gardens with evergreen shrubs are popular.	
Wintering	Similar to breeding habitat, but often feed in open fields.	
Habitat	Woods & hedges in farmland, parks and gardens.	
Food	Seeds and insects.	
Seen	All year round.	
UK Population	About 1 – 2 million birds.	
Similar species	Goldfinch, Siskin.	

SISKIN	<i>Carduelis spinus</i>	
<p>The siskin is a small, lively finch, smaller than a greenfinch. It has a distinctly forked tail and a long narrow bill. The male has a streaky yellow-green body and a black crown and bib with yellow patches in the wings and tail. It is mainly a resident breeder in the UK, being most numerous in Scotland and Wales. Many breeding birds are residents; but in winter other birds arrive here from other parts of Europe.</p>		
Category	On GREEN list – a common bird.	
Max Lifespan	10 years	
Body length	12 cm (4½ in)	
Breeding	Woodland, mainly coniferous, also birch and mixed woods.	
Wintering	Among alders and birches. Migrant birds are sometimes found in gardens	
Habitat	Near coniferous, birch and mixed woodland.	
Food	Seeds, especially of conifers, alders & birch and some insects. They are attracted to feeders with peanuts.	
Seen	All year round.	
UK Population	About 2 – 3 million birds.	
Similar species	Goldfinch, Greenfinch.	

MAGPIE	<i>Pica pica</i>	
<p>Magpies seem to be jacks of all trades – scavengers, predators & pest-destroyers. Their challenging, almost arrogant attitude has won them few friends. With its noisy chattering, black-&-white plumage and long tail, there is nothing else quite like the magpie in the UK. Up close its black plumage takes on a more colourful hue with a purplish-blue iridescent sheen to the wing feathers, and a green gloss to the tail.</p>		
Category	On GREEN list – a common bird.	
Max Lifespan	21 years	
Body length	43 – 45 cm (17 – 18 in)	
Breeding	Grassland with thick hedges or scattered trees.	
Wintering	Same as breeding habitat.	
Habitat	From lowland farms to upland moors.	
Food	Omnivore and scavenger.	
Seen	All year round.	
UK Population	About 3 – 5 million birds.	
Similar species	- - -	

Wildlife Willie (with help from RSPB)

THE TALLEY TREE

(continued)

Since writing about my Family Tree in *Y Llychau*, I have, as predicted, been back to Talley at Roger's invitation to attend the 'Wine and Nibbles' in the Church hall in September. It was a thoroughly enjoyable and interesting afternoon with plenty of food, wine and good company.

It was lovely to be re-united with Gilda and Jac and we had a fascinating conversation with Jac's Sister, Brenda, who described life in the valley as it used to be, in amazing detail and provided the answer to one of my questions.

My Great Grandfather, Peter Rees who left Talley and went to London, was a tailor and I had wondered where he learnt his trade, assuming that it would not have been in the village. However, Brenda informed me that there was indeed a tailor in Talley, a John Jones of 'Porthselu', so Peter could have learnt right there!

I also met Pat Edwards, the Archivist for the Talley History Group, who was again most interesting to talk to and who showed me some of the Group's old documents.

Following my last effort in print, I received a phone call from Wendy Williams who very kindly sent me a copy of an old postcard of a Village

COEDEN TALYLLYCHAU

(Parhad)

Ers i mi ysgrifennu am fy Nghoeden Deuluol yn "Y Llychau", rwyf wedi bod, fel y rhagfynegais, yn ôl yn Nhalyllychau i ymateb i wahoddiad Roger i fod yn bresennol yn y prynhawn Gwin a Brigbori "Wine and Nibbles" yn Neuadd yr Eglwys ym mis Medi. Bu'r prynhawn yn fwynhad a diddorol gyda digon o fwyd, gwin a chwmi diddan. Braf oedd ail-gyfarfod a Jac a Gilda a chael sgwrs hudol gyda chwaer Jac, Brenda, a hithau'n disgrifio bywyd yn y dyffryn fel ag yr oedd yn arfer bod, gyda manylder rhyfeddol, a roddodd ateb i un o'm cwestiynau.

Bu i'm hen ddad-cu Peter Rees adael Talyllychau am Lundain ac yr oeddwn wedi pendroni, gan ei fod yn deiliwr, ble y cafodd ei brentisio gan feddwl mai nid yn Nhalyllychau. Beth bynnag, mynegodd Brenda bod teiliwr wedi bod yn Nhalyllychau. Clywais mai gwr o'r enw John Jones "Porthselu", ydoedd ac felly mae'n bosibl mai ef oedd wedi dysgu'r grefft i Peter.

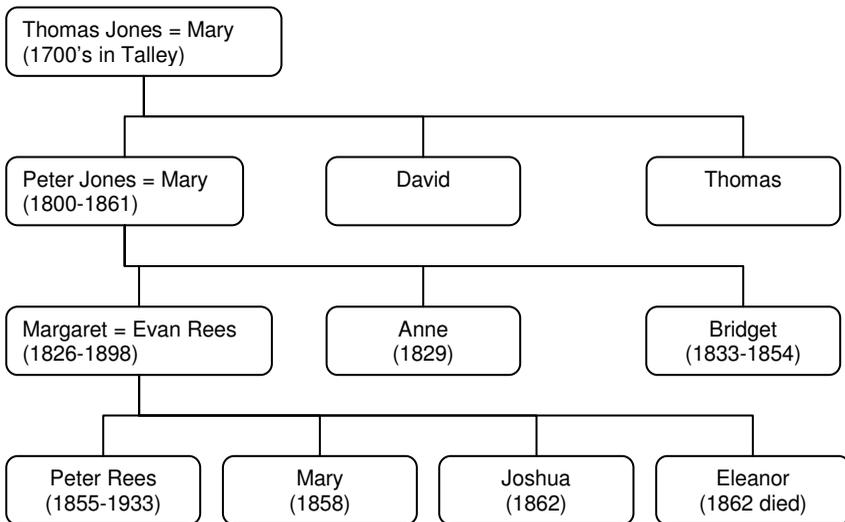
Cyfarfum hefyd a Pat Edwards, Archifydd Grŵp Hanes Talyllychau, hithau yn ddiddorol i sgwrsio a hi ac fe ddangosodd rhai hen ddogfennau imi.

Yn dilyn fy ymdrech ddiwethaf i ysgrifennu cefais ganiad ffôn oddiwrth Wendy Williams, a fu mor garedig a danfon imi gerdyn post yn dangos "Taith Gerdded yn Nhalyllychau". Ni chefais ychwaneg

Y Llychau

Walk in Talley. No other information was forthcoming, but now, after further investigation at Carmarthen Archives, I have discovered that most of my family in Talley were in fact named JONES and they go back much further than the Rees connection! So just in case it might jog someone's memory, here is the Jones branch of my Talley Tree:

o wybodaeth, ond erbyn hyn, wedi gwneud ymholiadau yn yr Archifau yng Nghaerfyrddin, darganfyddais bod y rhan fwyaf o'm teulu yn Nhalylychau a'u henwau yn Jones ac yn mynd ymhellach yn ôl na'r enw Rees. Felly, yn y gobaith y gwnaiff y wybodaeth yma ddeffro cof rhywun, dyma'r gangen Jones o Goeden Talylychau:



etc.

Peter Jones and his three daughters lived at the mysterious and still untraced address of Tir (Tyr) Shinkin (Jenkin) Powell Pointwr, and in fact Peter died there in 1861. His daughter Margaret and her family lived at Blaenywain Farm according to the census but her husband Evan Rees died at 32 so I wonder what happened to Margaret after being widowed with three young children?

Bu Peter Jones a'i dair merch fyw mewn cyfeiriad dirgel ac hyd yn hyn yn gyfeiriad heb ei olrhain, Tir Shincyn Powell Pointwr a bu i Peter farw yno ym 1861. Bu ei ferch Margaret fyw gyda'i theulu ym Mlaenwaun, yn ôl y Cyfrifiad, ond bu farw ei gŵr Evan Rees pan yn 32 oed, tybed beth ddigwyddodd i Margaret yn wraig weddw gyda thri o blant bychain.(bu i'r ieuengaf farw

Y Llychau

(Her youngest also died). I realise of course that Jones is not an uncommon name, but if the above does trigger any memories, please do not hesitate to contact me.

I wonder what Thomas Jones of Talley in 1800 would have thought of his Great Great Great Grandson marrying in a Cathedral in Hong Kong half way round the world or that he now has 12 Great Great Great Great Great Great Great Great Grandchildren in Australia and 10 the UK but none of them named JONES!

Finally may I send my best wishes to my growing band of friends in Talley and I will look forward to seeing you again.

Rita Buttler
01242 674220
mjbrab@tiscali.co.uk

THE POST OFFICE

Talley Post Office was an important 'emporium' in my life as a child. I was given a half-penny a week pocket money.

My second cousin lived In Langwn – and I was given another half-penny a week for calling for her and taking her to school. Imagine a whole penny to spend in the Post Office shop! This meant two visits per week. Two visits when I could make important and delightful purchases.

At the beginning of November, I

hefyd). Rwyn sylweddoli fod yr enw Jones ddim yn anghyffredin, ond os yw hyn yn dihuno cof rhywun, peidiwch ag oedi cyn cysylltu a mi.

Tybed beth fyddai Thomas Jones o Dalylychau yn feddwl am ei or-or-or wŷr yn priodi mewn Eglwys Gadeiriol yn Hong Kong, hanner ffordd o amgylch y byd a bod ganddo ddeuddeg or-or-or-or-or-or o wŷrion yn Awstralia a deg ym Mhrydain ond dim un yn dwyn yr enw Jones!

I ddiweddi, danfonaf ddymuniadau gorau i'r fintai cynnyddol yn Nhalylychau ac fe edrychaf ymlaen at eich gweld unwaith eto.

Rita Buttler
01242 674220
mjbrab@tiscali.co.uk

Y POST OFFICE

Roedd y 'Post Office' yn bwysig iawn i ni pan oeddwn yn blentyn. Fyddai neb yn dweud 'llythyrdy', doeddwn i erioed wedi clywed y gair!

Arferwn gael dime o arian poced bob wythnos, a dime arall gan Anty Sarah, Langwm am fynd a Doreen i'r ysgol. Meddyliwch, ceiniog gyfan i'w gwario! Golygai hyn alw ddwy waith yn y siop bob wythnos! Dau brofiad o wneud penderfyniadau pwysg!

Ddechrau Tachwedd, byddwn yn prynnu 5 'sparcler' Gyda llaw, doeddwn i erioed wedi clywed am

would buy 5 Sparklers with one of the treasured half-pennies. I can remember the mixed emotions as I held the sparklers in my outstretched hand. These were delight, mingled with a tinge of fear. After allowing the sparkler 'handle' to cool, I would feel the warmth of the charred end before discarding it. It was a thrilling experience – and all for a half-penny.

The other exciting purchase made regularly was a 'Lucky Packet'. This was a packet, about 4 inches by 5 inches, containing a variety of sweets, small toys and, possibly, a pen filled with a yellow or green liquid which would write in that colour. Choosing the 'Lucky Packet' was a difficult decision. Who was to know what delights were hidden inside? All the packets looked the same on the outside, all neatly piled into a basket which Mrs Jones Post Office displayed on the counter.

As we entered the front door, people who wished to purchase stamps etc turned to the left. I was not particularly interested in that side of the building. It was on turning right that one came to the groceries and, most important of all, the sweets.

Today's children will regard these childish pleasures as puny, but to me and my companions of pre-war days in Talley, the village Post Office was a veritable treasure trove.

Rachel Williams

"dan gwyllt". 'Fireworks' fyddem ni'n dweud bob amser. Cofiaf y wefr o ddal y sparcler led braich o'm hwyneb – a rhyfeddu wrth weld y ser bach a fflachiau o'r sparcler. Teimlwn arswyd hafyd – onid oedd yn dweud ar y pecyn bod yn rhaid dal y sparcler yn ofalus? Wedi'r llosgi, ac aros am funud i'r sparcler oeri ychudig, teimlwn y gwres yn y weiren cyn ei gollwng o'm llaw. Gwahanol emosiynnau – a'r cyfan am ddime!

Peth arall a'm denau oedd 'lucky packet', sef pecynau rhyw 4"x5" a chynhynion, pob un yn wahanol. Ymhlith y cynhynion roedd losins, teganau bach, ac, efallai, pin ysgrifennu gyda hylif gwyrdd neu felin – gellid ysgrifennu mewn gwyrdd neu felyn am ryw chwarter awr cyn i'r pin ysgrifennu sychu!

Rhaid oedd pwyso a mesur yn ofalus cyn dewis y pecyn. Ni chaewn gyffwrdd a'r pecynnau – rhaid oedd llygadu'n ofalus a dewis yn ddoeth o'r pentwr pecynau a osodid yn daclus mewn basged ar gownter y siop gan Mrs Jones y Post Office.

Wrth fynd i mewn drwy'r drws, byddai'r sawl oedd am ddefnyddio'r Swyddfa Bost yn troi i'r chwith. Doedd gen i ddim diddordeb yn yr adran yna. I'r dde y byddwn i'n troi – at y bwydydd, ac yn bwysicach – at y losin.

Tebyg y byddai plant heddiw yn dilorni'r fath ddwli, ond i mi a'm cyfoedion yn y tri-degau roedd siop y Post Office Talley yn llawn o drysorau.

Rachel Williams

TALLEY SCHOOL

Happy New Year

Everybody at Talley School would like to wish you all a very Happy and Prosperous New Year. This year will be a very busy and exciting year for us all at the school, as we will be celebrating the school's 135th anniversary. These celebrations will be the main focal point of our Fun Day this year, which will be held on Saturday July 11th 2009.

Children In Need

The children and staff of the school this year raised £100 towards the Children in Need event. Our fundraiser this year was based on a "Wacky Hairday" where we attended school with slightly different hairstyles and colours!

YSGOL TALYLLYCHAU

Blwyddyn Newydd Dda

Fe hoffem ni gyda yn yr ysgol ddymuno Flwyddyn Newydd Dda i chwi gyd ar gyfer y flwyddyn 2009. Fe fydd yn flwyddyn prysur a chyffrous iawn i ni yn yr ysgol, gan ein bod yn dathlu penblwydd 135fed yr ysgol eleni. Bydd y dathliadau yma yn brif ffocws ein Diwrnod Hwyl eleni, ar Ddydd Sadwrn Gorffennaf 11fed 2009.

Plant Mewn Angen

Codwyd £100 tuag at elusen Plant Mewn Angen eleni gan gynnal ddiwrnod "Gwalltiau Gwyllt." Daeth plant a'r staff i'r ysgol gyda gwalltiau o wahanol siapau a lliwiau.



Llanelli Scarlets Rugby Visit

Ymweliad i Gem Rygbi Scarlets Llanelli



We have already held very successful rugby trips to Llanelli Scarlets rugby matches, and these will continue to be organised. If you require any further information, please contact the school or, for details on our next trip, please see our weekly school letters on www.tallyllychau.org.uk.

Elfed Wood

Rydym yn barod wedi cynnal ymweliadau llwyddiannus tu hwnt i gemau rygbi Scarlets Llanelli, ac fe fyddem yn parhau i drefnu rhain. Os hoffech rhagor o wybodaeth, cysylltwch gyda ni yn yr ysgol, neu edrychwch allan am wybodaeth am yr ymweliad nesaf yn ein llythyr ysgol wythnosol ar www.tallyllychau.org.uk.

Elfed Wood

TALLEY COMMUNITY WEBSITE

If you have not yet discovered the Talley Community Website, please visit www.tallyllychau.org.uk (or www.talley.org.uk). Apart from the weekly School Letter mentioned above, there are lots of entries about local organisations and activities.

To comment on the content or to add an article to the website, just click on the 'CONTACT' button on the left hand side of the Home Page and let the Webmaster, Peter Knott, know. We are always looking for more items to include or ideas on how to improve the site.

Remember, this is your community website, so please use it.

TOADS IN TALLEY

Most people, I expect, can hardly remember when they didn't know what Frogspawn looks like. I doubt very much if Toadspawn has been so familiar.

A female frog will lay her eggs in almost any water she finds convenient – even a puddle just a few inches deep – with only half an eye we'll not miss it. The toad, though, will never do such a thing. Her eggs form a long, single strand; up to three feet long perhaps. Such a strand may tangle with a waterweed or may, more often in my experience, simply hang down vertically. So a good depth of water is essential.

How well I remember the first time I saw Taliaris Lake. There was much less vegetation around its banks almost fifty years ago. It looked beautiful. We had driven over from Tirpant and parked the car as soon as the lake had come in sight. It was close to a tree where ravens were nesting, we found. They hated the intrusion and kept scolding us until we were well away from them.

Our elder son dashed ahead to find a spot where he could peer easily into the depths. Our little Corgi bitch was, as always, right beside him. At once, in the clear water he saw those streams hanging down – dozens of them. He'd never seen toadspawn before, although being perhaps eight years old, he's seen it

LLYFFANTOD YN NHALYLLYCHAU

Mae'r rhan fwyaf o bobl, mi dybiaf, yn cofio beth yw llys broga ond mae'n amheus gennyf a ydynt yn gyfarwydd â llys llyffant.

Mae broga benywaidd yn dodwy ei hwyau mewn unrhyw ddŵr sy'n gyfleus – hyd yn oed mewn pwll yn ychydig o fodfeddi – a braidd y gallwn ei weld. Byddai'r llyffant byth yn gwneud y fath beth. Mae ei hwyau'n ffurfio llinyn hir sengl, tua thair troedfedd o hyd efallai. Efallai y byddai'r llinyn yn cymysgu gyda chwyn y dŵr neu efallai, yn fy mhrofiad i, byddai'n hongian lawr yn llinyn hir. Felly mae'n rhaid cael dŵr dwfn.

Cofiaf yn dda y tro cyntaf i mi weld llyn Taliaris. 'Roedd llawer llai o dyfiant o gwmpas ei lannau bron hanner canrif yn ôl. Edrychai'n hyfryd iawn. Roeddem wedi gyrru draw o Tirpant a pharcio'r car cyn gynted ag y gwelsom y llyn. 'Roedd ar bwys coeden ble roedd cigfran yn nythu. Doedden nhw ddim yn bles ein bod ni yno ac fe gadwon nhw sŵn â ni nes i ni fynd yn ddigon pell i ffwrdd.

Rhedodd ein mab hynaf o'n blaenau i ddod o hyd i fan lle gallai weld yn rhwydd i'r dyfnderoedd. 'Roedd ein corgi bach, fel arfer, wrth ei ochr. Ar unwaith, yn y dŵr clir, gallai weld llinynnau'n hongian lawr – dwsinau ohonyn nhw. Doedd e ddim wedi gweld llys llyffant o'r blaen er efallai

pictured. He was so overcome with excitement he pushed the poor little dog, who was looking hard into the water, right in. She could swim, of course, but with the bank being a sheer two feet or so, she was too small to climb out. Realising what he had done, he screamed in panic. He was too small to help her, but we weren't far away and I quickly fished her out. How wonderful, we thought, to have a son so overcome with excitement at anything so simple in nature as toadspawn.

Toads, like frogs of course, hibernate in winter but are drawn, somehow, to the water where they started life. They'll do the same every year they live; though this is rarely more than three or four years, I understand. On mild, damp nights in early spring they may come in stages from almost a mile away.

'Froglife', the organisation concerned with amphibians, have a record, in Talley parish they say, of toads seen crossing the B4302 – but they don't know exactly where. As many as eight thousand can converge on Llandrindod Lake so you can hardly be unaware of their crossing the road beside it. Other places aren't always so easy. The B4302 runs right through Talley, north-south. Whereabouts on the road did their reporter see them?

One can presume, of course, that they spawn in either of the Talley Lakes. Both would be suitable. If you have any knowledge of toads

ei fod wedi gweld llun ohono ac yntau'n wyth mlwydd oed. 'Roedd mor gyffrous nes iddo wthio'r ast druan, a oedd yn edrych ar y dŵr, i mewn. 'Roedd hi'n gallu nofio, wrth gwrs, ond gyda'r lan tua dwy droedfedd o ddyfnder, roedd hi'n rhy fach i ddringo allan. Wrth iddo sylweddoli beth oedd wedi'i wneud, sgrechodd mewn panig. 'Roedd e'n rhy fach i'w helpu hi, ond doedden ni ddim yn bell ac fe godais i hi allan. Dyna hyfryd, yn ein barn ni, oedd cael mab a oedd mor gyffrous wrth weld rhywbeth mor syml ym myd natur â llys llyffant.

Mae llyffantod, yr un fath â brogaod yn cysgu dros y gaeaf, ond cânt eu denu, rywsut, i'r dŵr lle dechreuasant eu bywyd. Byddant yn gwneud yr un peth bob blwyddyn trwy eu hoes, ond deallaf nad yw hynny fwy na thair neu bedair blynedd. Ar nosweithiau mwyn a llaith yn gynnar yn y gwanwyn gallant ddod o tua milltir i fwrdd.

Mae gan 'Froglife', cymdeithas sy'n ymwneud ag anffibiaid gofnod ym mhlwyf Talylychau o lyffantod yn croesi'r B4302 ond dy'n nhw ddim yn gwybod ble yn hollol. Gall cymaint ag wyth mil gasglu ar lyn Llandrindod felly rydych yn ymwybodol o'u presenoldeb wrth iddynt groesi'r heol. Nid yw lleoedd eraill mor rhwydd. Mae'r B4302 yn rhedeg trwy Dalylychau, o'r gogledd i'r de. Ble yn hollol ar yr heol y gwelodd eu gohebydd nhw?

Gallwn dybio, wrth gwrs, eu bod yn

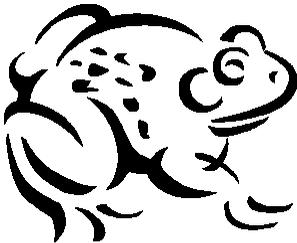
Y Llychau

breeding there or have seen them crossing that road – either going to spawn or returning from spawning later – I'd be glad to know. The County Council will erect signs warning drivers to avoid them, if possible, if 'Froglife' can register the site.

There may be frogs crossing as well, of course – though rarely many of them. Sometimes there are newts also. A toad is likely to be crawling along, not jumping. Picking one up to help it on its way is not unpleasant. Their skins are quite dry – not at all slimy – and you can feel the poisonous warts which help to protect them from predators.

Mind the traffic yourself, of course, and please let me know.

Denys Smith
01558 822152



bwrw sil yn un o lynnoedd Talyllychau. Byddai'r ddau yn addas. Os oes gennych unrhyw wybodaeth am lyffantod yn cenedlu yno neu os ydych wedi'u gweld yn croesi'r heol honno – naill ai'n mynd i fwrw sil neu'n dychwelyd i wneud hynny – byddwn yn falch o gael clywed. Bydd y Cyngor Sir yn gosod arwyddion i rybuddio gyrwyr i'w hosgoi nhw, os yw hynny'n bosibl, os gall 'Froglife' gofrestru'r safle.

Efallai y byddai brogaod yn croesi hefyd, wrth gwrs – er mai ychydig ohonyn nhw a fyddai yno. Weithiau bydd madfalltodd hefyd. Bydd llyffant yn cropian ymlaen, nid yn neidio. Nid yw codi un i fyny i'w helpu yn ei flaen yn annymunol. Mae eu crwyn yn eithaf sych – nid yn seimlyd – a gallwch deimlo'r defaid gwenwynig sy'n helpu i'w hamddiffyn rhag gelynon.

Gwyliwch y traffig eich hunan, wrth gwrs, a gadewch i mi wybod, os gwelwch yn dda.

Denys Smith
01558 822152

(kindly translated by Janet James)

A toad telephoned the Psychic Hot line and was told, "You are going to meet a beautiful, young woman who will want to know everything about you."

"That's great!" said the toad, "Will I meet her at a party?"

"No," said the psychic, "Next term – in her biology class."

CHILDREN IN NEED

Many thanks to everyone who sponsored us on the walk arranged by George Haines around Talley Woodlands on Friday 14th November. We raised £105 for the BBC Children In Need Appeal.



George Haines, Oliver Cleverly, Jack Cleverly & John Haines
(assisted by Alfie, Scampi & Jo!)

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TOY STORY

When I was very small, my parents bought me a dolls-house. I remember nothing of it beyond the fact that it possessed a highly ingenious and horribly complex lighting system; electronics being my father's pet preoccupation. It disappeared suddenly and without prior consultation and, although I didn't exactly miss it, the manner of its going rankled sufficiently to prompt a childish wish-list of items that I determined to acquire when I was grown-up.

Heading the list was (1) a replacement dolls house, followed by (2) a four-poster bed and (3) a garden swing. Over the years I have obtained or voluntarily abandoned my wish-list possessions – the grey fur gauntlets (7), as worn by the little robber-maid in Hans Andersen's 'Snow Queen', were purchased with my first pay-packet but, and most reluctantly, even I have been obliged to accept that I will never live in Badger's house (5) in the middle of The Wild Wood. However, I never quite gave up on number one.

It actually arrived about twenty-five years ago, courtesy of an Earls Court trade fair, transported in several large sections packed into stout cardboard boxes. In the boxes it remained for several years, all through the long and tedious process of moving house. Thereafter, it was shunted from room to room, always a delayed 'project'. Eventually it was assembled in all its considerable glory and set up in an inconvenient corner where, overly

STORI TEGANAU

Pan oeddwn yn blentyn bach, fe brynodd fy rhieni dy bach i ddoliau i mi. Nid ydyf yn cofio llawer amdano ond fod y drefn o oleuo'r tŷ yn frawychus o gymhleth - electroneg oedd diddordeb mawr fy nhad. Yn sydyn diflannodd o'r ty heb unrhyw ymgynghoriad a fi. Ond rhaid i mi gyfaddef nac oeddwn yn ei golli, y ffordd yr aeth oedd yn fy mlino i a gwnaeth i mi wneud rhestr obeithiol o eitemau yr oeddwn am gael pan oeddwn yn hynach.

Ar ben y rhestr oedd (1) tŷ doliau i gymryd lle'r hen un, dilynwyd gan (2) gwely pedair-poster a (3) si glen yn yr ardd. Dros y blynyddoedd yr wyf wedi cael neu wedi gadael yn wirfoddol rhai o bethau oedd ar y rhestr – menig llwyd (7), fel yr oedd y lladrones – forwyn yn "Snow Queen" Hans Andersen yn ei gwisgo a brynais hefo fy nghyflog cyntaf, ond yn llawer mwy amharod, rwyf wedi rhoi i fyny pob gobaith na wna byth fyw yn nhy'r mochyn-daeaf (5) ynghanol Y Coed Gwyllt. Ond, ni wnes roi gorau ar rif 1!

Cyrhaeddodd rhyw 25 o flynyddoedd yn hwyrach ar ôl cael ei brynu o Ffair Crefftiau Earl's Court. Gyrrwyd mewn blychau cardbord mawr. Bu yn y blychau am amser maith ac ar ôl symud tŷ, agorwyd o'r diwedd. Gosodwyd yn ei holl ogoniant. Ond cafodd ei osod mewn lle nac oedd yn addas ac yno y bu am amser yn codi llwch a bod yn y ffordd. Yn ddiweddar cafodd ei

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large and extremely ornate, it collected a great deal of dust and got dreadfully in the way. It has recently been relocated, opening up the possibility of a miniature garden. Tentatively sending for a section of dry-stone wall, intending to drape a climbing rose over it – a modest, affordable feature. I was so entirely charmed by it that, throwing caution to the wind, I sent for four more pieces of wall, some trees, railings, pots, plants, a gate, fountain and rose arch. Not for nothing had I cast acquisitive eyes on the enclosed delights of ‘The Secret Garden’ (8).

symud i le mwy addas ac yn agor y posibilrwydd o greu gardd fach o'i gwmpas. Gyda phetruswyd archebais ran o fyr cerrig-sych er mwyn tyfu rhosynnau dringo arni. Yr oedd yn llwyddiant ac fe archebais bedwar darn arall o fyr, nifer o goed, rheiliau, potiau planhigion, adwy, ffynhonnell ac arch-rhosunau. Dim am ddim yr oeddwn wedi rhoi golwg caffaelgar ar olwg hyfryd “The Secret Garden” (8).

Mewn arddull, fe ellir disgrifio'r tŷ fel “American Colonial.” Ella, gellir unrhyw un sydd yn gyfarwydd a



Isobel on the balcony

In style, the house might be termed ‘American Colonial’. Anyone familiar with ‘Little House on the Prairie’ will perhaps recall the Blind School on the hill above Walnut Grove and be able to picture it. Constructed from what I rather suspect is endangered rain

“Little House on the Prairie,” gofio'r ysgol i'r dall ar y bryn ger Walnut Grove. Mae wedi ei adeiladu a phren cyfoethog ei liw o goed sydd yn debyg o fod wedi dod o goedwig-glaw sydd o dan berygl. Mae'r pren yn gloywi yn dyner trwy'r llwch a

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forest, its rich and ruddy wood glows softly through the dust and every so often I am moved to spend an entire day extracting the hundreds of miniscule objects from within in order to clean them. Its size would seem to be in directly reverse proportion to the time expended upon its maintenance. For example, fitting the stair carpet took infinitely longer than laying the full-sized equivalent would and as for fashioning the curtains for the, yes, you've guessed it, four-poster bed, well....

Dolls-houses, by their very nature, are never quite finished. There is always just one more tiny treasure to be fitted in somewhere. They are, in short, an addiction. Dolls house emporiums are fraught with hazard. Take the kitchen, smallest of the eight rooms. It is as full as any kitchen can possibly be and yet I continue to squeeze in tiny things that I fancy the ladies who live there might require, from flat iron to salt box, coffee grinder to lemon squeezer. Just last week, in a moment of mental abstraction, I actually purchased a mangle, a handsome specimen, to be sure, and just like the one that used to live in my grandmother's back yard, but by no stretch of the imagination can it be termed small. I went in for a trug!

So, number one wish done and dusted. I am still waiting on numbers two (full-size, please) and three.

S Shawe

byddafyn aml yn glanhau o gwmpas y pren fel y bydd yn edrych yn dda. Yn wir, mae'n debyg fod yna cyfrannedd gwrthdro yn yr amser sydd yn cael ei dreulio yn y gynhaliaeth. Er enghraifft, mae ffitio carped ar y grisiau yn y tŷ'r ddol yn cymryd mwy o amser na fase'n cymryd i ffitio carpet mewn tŷ iawn ac am lunio llen i'r gwely pedwar poster, Wel...

Yn ôl ei natur, mae tai-doliau byth yn cael ei gorffen. Mae yna rywbeth hollol anghenheidriol yw ychwanegu. Yn fyr, mae tai doliau yn creu chwant sydd yn amhosibl diwallu. Mae marchnadoedd tai-doliau yn llefydd perygl dros ben. Er enghraifft, cymerwch y gegin, yr ystafellleiaf o wyth. Y mae mor lawn a unrhyw gegin, ond er hynny, yr wyfyn dal i brynu pethau yr wyfyn dychmygu y base'r merched sydd yn byw yno ei eisiau o haearn smwddio i botel halen, melin goffi i beiriant gwasgu lemon. Dim ond wythnos diweddf, mewn munud synfyfyrdod, fe brynais beiriant gwasgu dillad, enghraifft olygus, i fod yn sicr. Yr oedd un tebyg yn byw yn iard gefn fy mam-gu, ond ni ellir ei ddisgrifio fel un bach. Fe eis i mewn am gawell!

Felly, yr wyf wedi cael Rhif 1. Beth rŵan am Rif 2 (maint llawn, os gwelwch yn dda) a Rhif 3!

S Shawe
(kindly translated by Wyn Bowen)

A VIEW FROM THE HILL

Letter from Y Wladfa

Regular readers may recall our fond reminiscence of the pioneering role of a sturdy cocktail stick which, having taken a crucial part in the first Christingle service in the Tywi Valley, was later honourably retired as a telegraph pole on Councillor Prosser's model railway layout. Your correspondent recently received an interesting missive from Mrs Lowri Prosser of Dan y Folcano, Cwmdu Newydd, Patagonia. (Wales' only colony – but that for another day).

Mrs Prosser writes: "Your mention of the long-serving cocktail stick prompts me to inform you of the role which he played in my life. Not long after the inaugural Christingle I was invited to a Christmas Party at Ty Prosser where the stick had now returned to his original vocation of spearing cocktail sausages. A game of "Blind Man's Buff" was embarked upon and I was selected to wear the blindfold. A short way through the game I felt a sharp prick in the posterior! Ripping off the blindfold I beheld young Dewi Prosser with a satanic grin on his face and the cocktail stick in his hand. From that day onwards there was a special relationship between us which eventually blossomed into marriage. Dewi later assumed his father's role as council treasurer and, after the unfortunate misunderstanding concerning the entertainment allowance for the Merchyd Y Wawr trip to Las Vegas, we moved to Patagonia where he took up a post with Banc Coypu Ddu."

After further tales of their adventures in the new country Mrs Prosser ends with this affecting sentence: "I often think of the little stick and, to this day, I can never see a cocktail sausage without thinking of my dear Dewi".

A Clash of Wills

Well, it had to happen. Our lay reader has now made his appearance in full clerical kit and problems have already arisen. On the way to his pew, MD was passing by the sentry box which serves as a vestry when his attention was caught by muffled sounds of discord issuing from the device. Moments later our Vicar, stony-faced, exited the box to be followed by an equally grim-visaged Lay Reader. The cause of dispute was immediately apparent: the Vicar's stole was green & the Lay Reader's blue! Apparently our curious curate had refused to give way to his superior claiming that while he deferred to her absolutely in spiritual matters, he was the superior judge of what best suited his complexion! The congregation were thus forced to endure the sight of blue & green (which, as every well-bred person knows, should never be seen) for the rest of the service.

Cruisin' for a Bruisin'...

Having made a couple of guest appearances, the above mentioned Prima Donna took himself off for an extended holiday. Intelligence has reached us from foreign ports that a gentleman closely fitting his description is affecting a clerical collar above his mulberry smoking jacket and turquoise cummerbund. Apparently this character has wormed his way into the confidence (and perhaps the legacies) of several elderly dowagers and has already conducted at least one burial-at-sea...

A Punctual Pewster makes his Mark

Unbeknownst to regular attenders our usual organists were supplanted by a "Guest Artiste" on Remembrance Day. Unnerved by finding him in position prior to the service commencing, (rather than appearing sometime during the Creed as is usually the case in Talley), our Vicar was coerced into starting the service punctually according to Greenwich Mean Time. At that point the congregation was composed almost entirely of visitors who must have supposed that they had found themselves in an outpost of Eastern Orthodoxy as the equally surprised parishioners wandered in at around Talley time or Ten past Ten.

A Bout of Gout

Commiserations are due to our esteemed editor, Roger "Pass the Port" Rulebook, who has fallen victim to a painful ailment. (*It's just an allergy – ed.*) (*Exactly. An allergy to port – MD.*) We look forward to his return to full exactitude.

Mynydd Du

EDITORIAL NOTE

The "Editor" would like to point out that the views expressed in articles published in *Y Llychau* are those of the author of the particular article concerned. They do not necessarily reflect the views held by the editorial staff or the Newsletter Team.

Such articles are included out of gratitude to the authors for bothering to write and submit them. All contributions are gratefully received.

Ed.

SERVICES – ST MICHAEL & ALL ANGELS, TALLEY

Sundays

First Sunday in month	10.00 am 6.00 pm	Family Service Evensong
Second Sunday in month	10.00 am 6.00 pm	Holy Communion Evensong
Third Sunday in month	10.00 am 6.00 pm	As agreed by the Worship Group Evensong
Fourth Sunday in month	10.00 am 6.00 pm	Holy Communion Evensong
Fifth Sunday in month	10.30 am 6.00 pm	Joint service (held at Ciao, Llansawel or Talley, in rotation) Evensong

Weekdays

Thursday	10.00am	Holy Communion
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For details of these services, other occasional services or to arrange a home communion visit, please contact the Vicar, Revd Canon Joanna Penberthy on 01550 777343.

SERVICES – EBENEZER APOSTOLIC CHURCH, HALFWAY

Sundays

10.30 am	Morning Worship
6.00 pm	Gospel Service

Weekdays

Wednesday	6.30 pm	Explorers' Club
Thursday	7.00 pm	Bible Study & Prayer Meeting
Third Saturday	10.30 am – noon	Coffee Morning or Car Boot Sale

For more details of any of the above, please contact Pastor John Morgan on 01269 841584.

GWASANAETHAU – CAPEL PROVIDENCE, CWMDU

Details of Services were not available at the time of going to print.

For information about Service times, please contact Rev Mary Davies on 01558 822634.

GWASANAETHAU – CAPEL ESGAIRNANT, TALYLLYCHAU

Dyddiau Sul

4 Ionawr	2.00 yp	Mr Hywel Hughes (Oedfa Undebol)
11 Ionawr	2.00 yp	Oedfa Deuluol
18 Ionawr	10.30 yb	Mr Arwyn Pierce
25 Ionawr	10.30 yb	Parch Lynn Evans
1 Chwefror	10.30 yb	Mr Dorian Richards
8 Chwefror	10.30 yb	Mr Ian Sims
15 Chwefror	10.30 yb	Parch Lewis Wyn Daniel
22 Chwefror	2.00 yp	Parch Maldwyn John

THE NEWSLETTER

Y Llychau is available free of charge to any person living in the area who would like a copy. It is published by the Newsletter Team appointed by the Parochial Church Council of St Michael & All Angels, Talley, for the benefit of all local residents. Although sponsored by the PCC, the newsletter is intended to be of interest to the whole community and not just the church congregation.

We have tried to include articles covering a wide range of subjects, which we hope will be of interest to the majority of our readers. Although most of the offerings relate to Talley and Cwmdu, we have also included contributions of a more general nature, in the hope that they will appeal to some of you.

FRONT PAGE PICTURE

The Newsletter Team are very grateful to Vivien Bray for kindly allowing the use of one of her pictures on the front cover of this edition. Vivien is a keen painter, living in Talley. She is a regular reader and has contributed articles in the past to *Y Llychau*.

If other readers would like to submit a picture that they have produced, or a photograph that they have taken, for inclusion on the front cover of a future edition, the Newsletter Team would be pleased to hear from them.

Roger Pike
Newsletter Team Chairman
Bryn Heulog, Talley, Llandeilo, SA19 7YH
Tel: **01558 685741**
e-mail: **rbpike@btinternet.com**.

THE NEXT ISSUE

Intended Publication Date – **Monday 2nd March 2009**

Copy Dates – Please submit all items for inclusion in the next issue
before the dates below.

For contributions written in one language (either English or Welsh)
Saturday 24th January 2009 (to allow time for translation if
more people to translate can be found).

For contributions written in both languages (English **and** Welsh)
Saturday 31st January 2009.

HAPPY NEW YEAR
BLWYDDYN NEWYDD DDA