



THE UNIVERSITY OF THE THIRD AGE



PRIFYSGOL Y TRYDYDD OED

Barmouth U3A Newsletter Autumn 2015

Welcome to the last Newsletter for 2015, our Autumn edition.

As well as the usual contributions from our Group Leaders we have a report from Evelyn on the North Wales U3A Network Theme Day.

Following on from the piece in the last Newsletter about the origins of the town's name I have reproduced another essay from E. Rosalie Jones's 1909 publication. I'm sure most of you will have heard versions of the Cantref Gwaelod story over the years but I think it is interesting to read how the story was told more than 100 years ago.

Is there a Tabernacle of Bakers in the Barmouth area? I ask because I received an email last week via the web site (therefore personally written) asking if Barmouth U3A could advertise the opportunity to take part in the 2016 Great British Bake Off. So, you secret bakers, look on page 5 if you want to try your skills.

The current Gwynedd Challenge exercise seems, at first sight, a great way to involve the public in the decision making process. However, is it only the cynic in me that fears that this is really a way for our representatives to absolve themselves of responsibility. When the decisions are finally made I fear that when questioned about the various cuts, the refrain we will hear will be "not me guv" and "the public decided to close this". Not sure that's why they were elected!

Alan Vincent

Film Group

In **September** the Film Group enjoyed a great film, **Chinatown** starring Jack Nicholson and Faye Dunaway.

This was followed in **October** by "From Here To Eternity"

Comedy will be the order of the day for the next two months, with **Airplane** flying in November and a **Marx Brothers** film for the Xmas period.

Come along and enjoy the pleasure of watching Classic Films in a comfortable cinema environment.

Alan Vincent



Book Group



Our **August** book 'Gone to Earth' (A hunting term for a fox going underground), by Mary Webb met with a mixed reception. Set in the Shropshire countryside, the local dialect was a stumbling block for some, whilst others found the frequent descriptive passages of nature and the landscape just a bit repetitive and OTT. One or two did enjoy it, although Mary Webb's style along with that of other authors writing in that genre was parodied in Stella Gibbons 'Cold Comfort Farm'.

The story is of Hazel, a naïve, child-like, beautiful 18 year old living in rustic simplicity with her coffin-maker father and her beloved Foxy, a rescued fox cub. It is her beauty and innocence which lead to marriage with a kind and sexually undemanding parson and to violation by his complete opposite, the local landowner. Towards the end of the book, as Edward struggles with his religious beliefs and his wife artlessly hopes that eventually things will be alright and they can live happily ever after, six sanctimonious worthies arrive to hound 'the adulteress' out of God's Little Acre. It is the day of the local hunt and the hounds pick up Foxy's scent. Hazel brought up on superstition and country lore and fearful of the mythical Death Pack, loves Foxy more than the humans who have failed her. In her anguish and desperation she runs to the quarry's edge and topples into the abyss with her unborn baby, and the fox cub that is her greatest love held in her arms. They have gone to earth.

The book was written in 1917 and is regarded as allegorical at a time when thousands of young men had gone to earth also, and people's faith and sacrifice were being tested to the limit. This is still a beautiful part of the Welsh Marches where Mary Webb lived for much of her life. She died in 1927, after which the Prime Minister, Stanley Baldwin, sang her praises and brought her work to a wider readership.

The people of the Much Wenlock area still recall the making of the 1949 Powell and Pressburger film there, with 300 locals recruited as extras. The author has a loyal following with a very active Mary Webb Society holding lectures, discussions and walks in the places described in the various novels.

NB: Word of the Month: DRODSOME: Answers on a post card please?

Sylvia Heyworth

September saw us reading "The Love Song of Miss Queenie Hennessy" by Rachel Joyce.

This is a companion to The Unlikely Pilgrimage of Harold Fry the tale of a man who, after hearing from an old friend Queenie Hennessy that she is dying of cancer, sets off to walk across England from his home in Devon to her hospice in Northumberland, reasoning that while he is walking she will not die.

Harold's long journey in yachting shoes is to thank Queenie Hennessy for a favour done many years ago. Along the way he brings a little hope to everyone he meets, wins back the love of his wife and faces up to the death of his son.

What he didn't know was that his decision to walk had caused Queenie both alarm and fear. Forced to confront the past, she realizes she must write again.

Trapped in her hospice bed, wandering only in her mind, her arduous pilgrimage consists of writing words. With great physical difficulty, blistering her fragile fingers as Harold is blistering his feet, setting pen to paper, Queenie makes a journey of her own, a journey that is even bigger than Harold's; she promises to confess long-buried truths and finally, the devastating secret she has kept from Harold for all

these years. This is a book full of love, sadness, fun, redemption and hope. A good read.

Jacqui Puddle

Our **October** book was "I Let You Go" by Clare Mackintosh. Quite simply the best psychological thriller I have read in ages. It has a great plot, brilliant writing, the perfect balance of describing characters, places and events. It took many unexpected twists and turns, and an ending that is very unsettling.

Jenna the main character is desperate to escape from her past after a tragic hit-and-run accident destroys her life. She is already attempting to escape a difficult relationship so she packs up, leaving her life behind her moving to an isolated cottage on the Welsh coast and attempts to pick up the pieces and start afresh.

She is haunted by her fear and grief. She slowly starts to build a new life, keeping her past secret from her new community, but just as she finds romance and happiness her past comes back to derail her new life.

Totally engrossing and thrilling, you will not want to put it down.

Jacqui Puddle

Lunch Group

This group is still valiantly Eating for Wales!!

Numbers have decreased and new members are always welcome.

The majority of the time the meals are taken at the Coleg Meirion Dwyfor in Dolgellau.

The Christmas booking for the group is on 10th December and is already full.

The take up of places at the college this year has been much less so the availability of dining and numbers has had to decrease.

It is still extremely good value, the students are nervous, but it is a pleasant couple of hours in nice surroundings. Try it.

Rhiannon Roberts

Singing For Fun

We continue to sing once a month and have a long list of songs which we have attempted. I always try to have a mix of old favourites and at least one new song each month and any we don't like very much is quickly shelved.

The next few sessions will be somewhat different as we will be choosing a selection of songs which we will sing with the audience at the December Jazz night. An exciting if somewhat daunting new venture for us. We continue to attract new members, sadly some of our older members now cannot come as mobility difficulties mean they can't manage the travelling. The group is nearly 8 years old, it is such a pleasure to see both established and new singers enjoying and benefitting from the songs. So keep singing !

Evelyn Richardson

North Wales Association of U3As Theme Day It's Good To Be Green. North Wales Renewable Energy Projects

I must confess that when I see articles or programmes on "going green" or "global warming" I tend to turn the page or switch off. I find the subject matter complex and seemingly hopeless. Then the siren voices of the "deniers" can easily lead one into thinking it probably isn't a problem and it's easy to stick ones head into the sand.

So it was more a sense of duty which found me in Llanrwst this morning along with 100 or so others ready to listen to speakers on this subject.

I am glad I did, we weren't bogged down with incomprehensible jargon but had a clear exposé of the global concerns around carbon dioxide emissions and how they were increasing and some measures undertaken in North Wales to address them on a local level.

The first lecture gave us insight to carbon emissions and what are deemed to be acceptable levels, which we, in Western industrial society, are the worst.

This was followed over the course of the day by examples of projects within North Wales of three different green energy projects.

The first was The Afon Community Hydro Project which is a small village of about 230 inhabitants who set up their electricity supply from a local river.

The next was a private enterprise concerned with harvesting Tidal Energy.

The last one was the Legacy Solar Farm set up by Wrexham Council.

All the projects required tenacity and lots of teamwork to overcome the many legal and financial hoops which had to be jumped through before starting, plus the actual commissioning, building and completion of the project.

That they made us laugh at some of these aspects which at times to me seemed petty and ridiculous helped lighten this serious topic. Four hours is a long time to listen and concentrate but for me it was more than worthwhile and I feel I have learned much about something which will affect probably not us but our children and grandchildren.

A well organised day and well worth the effort of getting there.

Evelyn Richardson

Walking Group

In **July** only two of us turned up for the four mile walk up to Foel Senigl the highest hill behind Harlech. The day was a bit damp at first but coming back it did get brighter. We are repeating this 4 mile trek, in November, as it has both the train and the number 39 bus as an alterative to cars.

September was a lot better as 8 people turned up for Cwm Dwynant with a start at Coed Farchynys.

There was great views of Mawddach estuary and the Bridleway made it an easy walk of some six miles.

We looked down on Caerdeon church built in 1862.

Coming back we passed some of the Gold mines north of Bontuddu.

Peter Leyden

Discussion Group

July was only a short meeting as only two turned up, The subject was Flags ,Nations, Causes and it could be a subject that may well be debated again.



September was a lot better turn out. Hero's Past and Present was the topic.

First up were those heroes who helped Jewish people escape from not only Hitler's Germany but those in Occupied Europe, they did not want anything in return and were true humanitarians.

James Connolly who lives on in the consciousness of the Working Class movement as a revolutionary opponent of capitalism and British colonial rule.

Next was the story of a women that fled her country and came to Britain to seek asylum and who after twenty years has made a new life in London.

Last comes Lee Miller who started out as a model and later became a Photographer and moved to Europe from New York. She became a photojournalist for Vogue and documented the Blitz, the liberation of Paris and the Nazi concentration camps. Kate Winslet is to play her in a biopic next year.

Peter Leyden

Make the world a little friendlier!

Charity **HOST** is seeking friendly people who could volunteer to offer an invitation to adult international students for a day, weekend, or four days at Christmas. Learn about other cultures, welcome a guest far from home, and make the world a little friendlier! To be put in touch with your local organiser, visit www.hostuk.org or call 020 7739 6292.



B A K E O F F ' S B A C K !

BBC baking contest The Great British Bake Off is returning in 2016 and the production team are currently looking for the next batch of great home bakers to take part. So who's the best baker you know? If you, or someone you know, can turn out a terrific tart, produce a perfect pie or serve up a

sublime sponge, then please get in touch now.

For more information or an application form, go to:

www.thegreatbritishbakeoff.co.uk

Strollers Group

July: Around the base of Moelfre.

The wet morning didn't discourage our Strollers from the July Strollers Walk around the base of Moelfre with fourteen Strollers and two dogs meeting at the View Point at Dyffryn.

Ian Hall led this walk which took us in a clockwise direction round the base of Moelfre, a 589 metre high hill on the western edge of the Snowdonia National Park, being three miles from Dyffryn Ardudwy village.

The rain stopped for the start of our walk which led us up a long gradient offering distant views of mountains with two lakes below. Finally the path met up with the Ardudwy Trail. Nowhere can you escape the traffic these days. We were most surprised when a "Welsh



Water" vehicle drove past us along the path. At the base of the hill to our right we passed the ruins of what was thought to have been a Coaching Inn, dating back to when the path was used as a drovers track.

Along the trail we found suitable stones to sit on while we had our lunch under the mist covered peak of Moelfre with views over the sea extending as far as the Llyn Peninsula. As we were ready to set off again, the mist cleared and the weather brightened up for the rest of the walk with only intermittent light rain showers. The "Welsh Water" vehicle passed us again on its return journey.

The sea remained in view for the remainder of the walk. We commented on the excellent view that we got of the St. Patricks Causeway which extends fourteen miles out to sea. The path finally brought us out onto a tarmac road where we stopped at "Ffynnon Enddwyn", a Well thought to have healing properties. A short uphill walk brought us back to our cars.

A good walk which from Roy's GPS was said to be about 5.5 miles.

September: A Train Ride, A Bus Ride and Two Hill Walks

For our first Strollers walk after the Summer break we planned a full day which included a bus ride, a train ride and two walks.

Our day started on the 8-25am T3 bus from Barmouth where we joined a bus full of well behaved school children as far as Dolgellau. From here on we had the top deck of the recently introduced double-decker bus to ourselves. Unfortunately from Bala onwards the mist came down and restricted the lovely views that we would have got as the bus followed the River Dee towards Corwen.

At Corwen we had our first walk of the day up the Pen-y-Pigyn Trail. By the time we got to the top, the mist had cleared allowing us to see the distant views. The monument at the top was built by the inhabitants of Corwen to commemorate the marriage of Edward VII, prince of Wales, in 1863. It was said to have been restored in 1911, but appears to have had much recent work carried out. After a short "drinks stop" we descended down the many steps coming out through an old turnstile gate



into the churchyard. The church, dedicated to St Mael and St Sulien, and graveyard proved most interesting.

The short walk across to Corwen Railway Station left us with plenty of time to buy our tickets. Here we had a pleasant surprise when we were offered a further pound off the price of our tickets as a "Group Discount". The steam pulled train travels alongside the River Dee with interesting views, passing "Barmouth South", the old signal box previously located next to the level crossing in Barmouth, and

now rebuilt on the Llangollen line. Our attempts to photograph the signal box failed as we were past so quickly. To save time on the next walk, we ate our packed lunches in the comfort of the train before we arrived at Llangollen.

For our second walk of the day we walked up to Castell Dinas Bran, a once magnificent stronghold built in the 1260's by the local Welsh ruler Prince Gruffudd ap Madoc on the site of a prehistoric hillfort. It had a very short active life being burnt by its Welsh defenders in 1277 in the face of a threatened English attack. In order to make the walk into a circular we walked up the road, crossing the canal then followed the road as it wound round the hillside. A steep footpath then took us up to the castle ruins. Here we met a group of youngsters who said they would race us to the top. They set off running while we plodded on and passed them while they were taking a rest before reaching the castle. Unfortunately the clouds came over and the distant views were left to our imagination, but we were content with exploring the castle ruins. After a drink we started the steep descent straight back into the town where we watched the kyaks passing through the rapids and under the river bridge. Since we had time to spare before catching the bus home we called in a café for a snack and drink. We also had time for a quick look around Llangollen Museum, where we saw a model of Castell Dinas Bran as it had been. We then caught our bus back to Barmouth, again a double-decker where we had the top deck to ourselves for most of the journey.

October: From Rhyd Ddu to Beddgelert.

Due to popular demand from our members who had missed our previous walk from Rhyd Ddu to Beddgelert (Lon Gwyrfa), we repeated the walk for October this year. As previously, we combined the walk with a trip on the Welsh Highland Railway. This time we were able to overcome the problem of parking our cars at Porthmadog Station by using the recently introduced number 39 bus service from Barmouth to Porthmadog. The weather couldn't have been better for our walk which started as we met on the bus from our different villages along the A496 coast road from Barmouth.



Arriving early at Porthmadog Station, we bought our tickets and still had time for a coffee in Spooner's Cafe at the station before catching the 10-45am train. Always an interesting journey as the train follows the river to Beddgelert followed by views of Snowdon. The on-train catering service came round offering "bacon butties" which were popular, the smell of which travelled throughout the carriage.



Arriving at Rhyd Ddu we started our 4.5 mile walk back to Beddgelert. The path starts through an ornate gate onto an excellent path. The lake immediately comes into view. We walked around the lake, past old slate mine workings until we found a suitable spot by the lakeside to stop for our lunch. While eating we had great clear views of Snowdon and were even able to see the Snowdon train coming down the mountainside

from the cafe at the peak.

The path continued with a varied landscape of distant mountains and wooded areas, crossing streams and passing the Oriel Hafod Ruffyd Gallery until we eventually came out at Beddgelert station. Since we had almost an hour to spare before our train was due, we wandered down into the town for a drink, then back to the station for the 3-40pm return journey to Porthmadog.

At Porthmadog, again we had a short break giving us time for shopping before catching the convenient number 39 bus back home.

Monthly Meetings

September

Our guest speaker in September was Bill Warrell, the area supervisor at Bodnant Garden, one of the most spectacular gardens in the UK. Illustrated with beautiful photographs, Bill took us through the past, present and future of the garden, how it all began, the renewal and revamping at present and the vision for the future.

The estate and the huge granite hall in the middle of the garden is still privately owned and occupied by the McLaren/Aberconway family, who developed the garden from the 1870s onwards and gave it to the National Trust in 1949. Bodnant Garden's creator Henry Pochin originally laid out the garden. He recommended mixing exotic and native plants suited to climate and terrain rather than to a particular horticultural style.

There are plants from all over the world grown from seed and cuttings collected over a century ago on plant-hunting expeditions around the world including China, North America, Japan and Europe. Even though the garden is owned by the National Trust, the family still maintains its influence over the garden under the leadership of Head Gardener John Rippin as it did in days gone by when three generations of the Puddle family were Head Gardeners. The famous Laburnum Arch is a must see in late May early June and attracts visitors from all over the world.

October

It's not very often that we are invited to get up and dance during our monthly gathering but that is just what happened during the October meeting. The brave ones amongst us joined Raj Verma, the speaker to indulge in dancing Indian style. Raj is a Bollywood actor, producer, director and television presenter. He made his acting debut at the age of eight which made him an overnight Bollywood star and one of the highest-paid child stars in Indian cinema. When Raj and his family made the decision to move to Wales He said, "I wanted to be in a place where I can enjoy life and at the same time satisfy my creative appetite. I think this gives that balance." His wife Noori is a qualified chef and so they decided to open a restaurant not in the most obvious place where thousands of tourists visit each year, but in Fairbourne. `Indiana` specialises in "authentic" Indian cooking and anyone who has had the good fortune to dine there has experienced amazing food and genuine Indian hospitality. Raj and his family love the people here, it's rich heritage and culture and the peace and quiet. "India may have given me the fame, the money and the experience, but Wales has given me a spiritual feeling of achievement. We've got it all here."

Jacqui Puddle

Group Co-Ordinators Report

This autumn has seen the resumption of the Bridge Improvers Group at the Bowling Club on Tuesday afternoons. Aply taught and coached by Brian and Christina we are now learning the millionth 'rule'. We meet from 2 – 4.30 with a cuppa to help the brain strain. The Wednesday evening Social Bridge group numbers are steady and we can usually manage three tables. Talking of which we have purchased three new tables which are easy to assemble and the surfaces are beautiful. No tugging at wayward pieces of cloth now. No cups on the tables!!

Table tennis and Badminton are still firm favourites and plenty of exercise is had by both groups.

Reading group and Discussion Group are all good 'fodder' for the brain cells.

We have trialled Short Net Tennis and it is now a regular feature. It is on a Monday lunch time from 1 – 2pm, cost £2 per person and is in the Leisure Centre. We have plenty of kit so come and have a go. (If you have any Technical questions ring Wendy Bramley)

Singing for fun is still popular and we are looking to augment our accompaniments to the singers. A fine repertoire has been achieved. A date for your diary: At Christmas an official booking at the Friday Night Jazz. Well done.

The two walking groups: Strollers and Walkers have covered most of Merioneth in the past few months. By train, bus, and on foot. These walks are well researched in advance and only a few problems have been encountered. This part of the world is so full of glorious countryside. Get them walking boots on.

The monthly film is slowly achieving larger audiences. All the films have been well received and we are always looking for suggestions for a screening. *Note to Editor:* **The 39 Steps** is not an option.

There is still a wonderful welcome at the Needlecraft afternoons, twice a month. Please note change of time to 2.30 start.

Thank you to all the group leaders for their time, expertise and at times extreme patience. You are appreciated by us all.

Again: Suggestions for new groups always welcome.

Geraldine Vincent

Cantref Gwaelod

This version of the story of the loss of Cantref Gwaelod was described in a book published in 1909, *The History of Barmouth and Vicinity*, written by E. Rosalie Jones.

At the time of the Roman occupation, modern Merionethshire was included in the Roman province of the Ordovices. These Ordovices were the roughest yet bravest people of the age, and their leader, Arlain - a man of marvellous valour and insight - dwelt on the Mawddach banks. When a great assembly of all the Britons met at Caer-Llyd (Leicester) to discuss the treatment of Boadicea and the massacre of the Druids, Arlain went thither with a powerful band of the ever-faithful Ordovices. His eloquent and stirring oration persuaded the Britons to avenge Boadicea and the Druids, and to die rather than live in subjugation to the Romans. The repetition of his question, "Shall our Queen and Prophets die unavenged?" was answered by a fierce "No!" uttered by a thousand burning throats from the depths of a thousand passionate hearts that were soon to be transfixed by the cruel lances of the stern Romans. Boadicea's sad fate is too well known to require comment here. The Ordovices, dejected and wretched, returned to their homes, and the progeny of Arlain's gallant little band dwelt in blissful peace upon the slopes of the Arduwy Mountains, by the gently flowing Mawddach, until one morning, early in the sixth century, each man called upon his neighbour to come and behold a great rolling sea where once all had been fertile plains and happy cities.

To understand this remarkable statement the reader must bear in mind that all that portion of Cardigan Bay which he can now see from Barmouth did not exist prior to the beginning of the sixth century. At that time Uther Pendragon held the nominal sovereignty of Britain over a number of petty kings, among whom Gwythno Garanhir was lord of Caredigion. The most valuable part of Gwythno's domain was the great plain of Gwaelod, which, stretching along that part of the sea-coast which now belongs to the shires of Merioneth and Cardigan, was an extensive tract of level land. This plain was populous and fertile, containing, we are told, sixteen fortified towns which still bore in their architecture, language and customs, vestiges of past intercourse with the Romans. There was not a city in the whole island equal to one of these, save Caer Lleon upon Usk; and the Port of Gwythno was one of the three privileged ports of the Isle of Britain.

A massive stone rampart guarded Cantref Gwaelod from the sea, which, prior to the rampart's erection, was said to have paid unwelcome, though brief visits to the inhabitants, and to have encroached considerably upon the land. It was to check the progress of these inconveniences, therefore, that the people of Gwaelod had constructed the embankment which, when Gwythno began his reign, had withstood the shock of the waves for ages. Watch-towers were erected along the rampart and watchmen were nominated to guard against the first signs of damage or decay. All these towers and their companies of guards were under the supervision of a central castle where dwelt the Lord High Commissioner of the Royal Embankment - the *Arglwyd Gorwarcheidwad yr Argae Breninawl*, as the dwellers in Gwaelod called him - whose name, Seithenyn ap Seithyn Saidi, we find celebrated in the "Triads" as one of the three immortal drunkards of the Isle of Britain. Such being the case, it is not the least surprising to find that the worthy Seithenyn passed his time in festal munificence, eating and drinking to his heart's content, and leaving the entire charge of the embankment to his deputies. But those were happy-go-lucky days in Gwaelod, and so the deputies left the care of the rampart to their assistants, who in

their turn left it to take care of itself.

The watch-tower guarding the embankment where it terminated at the point of Mochras, in the high-land of Arduwy, was in the charge of Teithrin ap Tathral, who kept his portion of the dam in exemplary condition. Daily he paced the rampart to the limits of his charge, but, one fateful day, tradition says that, by some accident, he strayed beyond his boundaries. Everywhere he observed signs of neglect that greatly dismayed him. At length his wanderings brought him round to the rampart's southern termination. He met with abundant hospitality at the hands of his fellow watchmen, who, believing him to be walking for amusement's sake, asked him no questions, and thus allowed him to complete his observations in silence. Then he hurried to seek out King Gwythno, only to find that that monarch was preparing for a feast and composing an ode, and could not, therefore, interview the zealous watchman. So Teithrin hastened in search of the King's son Elphin, whom, when he had found him, he instructed in the state of affairs. Elphin and Teithrin then went together to visit Prince Seithenyn, who, being as usual in a hopeless state of intoxication, remained incorrigible in his obdurate persistence that no danger was impending. Presently he fell to the floor in a fit of inebriety.

Not long afterwards the very catastrophe which he had refused to anticipate fell upon the wretched country without a moment's warning. That portion of Seithenyn's castle that had part of its foundation in the sea, had been gradually undermined by the waves; a fierce tempest had brought the operations to an untimely close, and the tower fell headlong into the sea, which, pouring its waters through the opening, rapidly engulfed the fields and abodes beyond. Teithrin and Elphin only narrowly escaped death, but after several hair-breadth adventures they arrived at Gwythno's palace, which stood on the rocky bank of the Mawddach, just above the point where it quitted its native mountains and entered Cantref Gwaelod. With them and his courtiers Gwythno held a conference. But the desolation and destruction of Gwaelod had now become irremediable, and the noble kingdom of Caredigion fell into ruin. The curious investigator may still see a part of the old embankment which stretches from Mochras far out into Cardigan Bay, and which is known by the appellation of *Sarn Badrig* or St. Patrick's Causeway. So, too, may still be heard on the coast of Merioneth the couplet to express the sense of an overwhelming calamity.

**"Ochenaïd Gwyddno Garanhir
Pan droes y don dros ei dir"**

("The sigh of Gwythno Garanhir when the breakers ploughed up his land.")

According to some authorities, that famous Welsh bard Taliesin was found by prince Elphin in the River Mawddach; the Mabinogion places the scene of the legend between Aberdyfi and Aberystwyth; while yet another authority claims that Taliesin was of adult age when the adventure occurred, and that he was tutor to another prince Elphin, son of King Urien-Rheged of Aberllychor. There is a proverb to be heard in the Mawddach district to this day - "*Mor drist ac Elphin gan pafod Taliesin*" (**As Rueful as Elphin when he found Taliesin**) – which would seem to favour the first supposition. It is well known that Elphin on finding, instead of food, only another mouth to feed, when he chanced upon Taliesin, was bitterly chagrined, and it was, therefore, the doleful expression of his countenance that gave rise to the distich mentioned.

Barmouth U3A 10th Anniversary



THE UNIVERSITY OF THE THIRD AGE

May 2017 is an important anniversary for Barmouth U3A.

It is our 10th birthday, or official birthday as some groups had started before that time. I am the only remaining member of the committee who got the whole thing off the ground. A fact of which I am proud. I feel that we should celebrate the occasion in some way and hopefully ideas will be forthcoming in the next months and preparations begun as time moves rather too quickly these days.

One idea I have had is to get members who are interested to research their home town and for us to mount a display around the time of the anniversary. Many of our members are incomers (for want of a better word) and if enough of you volunteer to do this we should have an interesting mix of the roots of our members.

I would like to call it "A History Group". I have no particular skills in this kind of research but as a group we can learn together.

I would like to speak in more detail at the November monthly meeting in more detail and hopefully get some interested people together so that we can organise days, times etc. I will be away for the January and February meetings so would like to have made some progress before the end of this year.

Evelyn Richardson

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The Winter newsletter will be published end of January.
Please submit your contributions by **10th January**