



GAIR
MEWN
GWLÂN

Words in Wool



Gair mewn Gwlân

Words in Wool

‘Train up a child in the way he should go;
even when he is old, he will not depart from it’:
the lessons conjured up by the knitting needles
will last long. Slow down the clacking, show the progression
from stitch to stitch, transferring the patience of craft. Recite
the names that have grown from the land on houses and streams,
lanes and valleys, turning into a babbling that will not be silenced.
Their mouths full of an entire peninsula, their heads full of
patches stitched into a map of belonging that will not be obliterated.
By leading young feet down the greener footpaths,
they will follow the way of their instinct, far from the noise of traffic.

By giving them their neighbourhood as a kingdom in yarn,
its hold on their imagination will not unravel.

Guto Dafydd



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as part of the LIVE project, partly funded
by the Ireland Wales Co-operation Programme
for the 2020-2023 period.

What is an Ecomuseum?

I am delighted to say a word at the beginning of this lovely little book that records several years of work and collaboration, as you'll see as you read on.

Esyllt and I decided to meet up for lunch at Caffi Largo, Pwllheli one day to have a catch-up and a chance to experience the food and atmosphere of a fantastic local cafe. Like everyone else, we hadn't seen each other for a long time due to lockdown – and the conversation quickly turned to what had been keeping us busy during that time.

Developing and promoting the Llŷn Ecomuseum had been my 'baby'. As I explained what the Ecomuseum was (a means of encouraging collaboration and shared celebration to reflect the place or area, its people and community) it became clear that Gweill Gobaith and the Gair mewn Gwlân project fit perfectly with the principles and ideals I was describing. The idea originally came from France and it was there, in 1971, that the term was coined. 'Eco' is an abbreviation of 'ecology', but it refers specifically to a new concept of interpreting cultural heritage in all its glory, rather than through words or historical periods as tends to happen in a traditional museum, and Esyllt was describing this in practice in everyday life.

This was the beginning of the budding idea that both of us could work together through the Llŷn Ecomuseum, supporting Esyllt's aspiration to have a book that would combine the elements of knitting, embroidery and poetry, and to give the people involved a platform to have their say on the experience. And what better time to do that than just in time for the National Eisteddfod 2023 in Boduan?

Gwenan, Digital Communities Officer at the Ecomuseum agreed, and she has been responsible for every practical aspect of publishing the book.

I am sure that anyone who browses this book will be amazed by its contents and will wish similar experiences involving celebrating the local language and heritage for their own children, and indeed for people of all ages in their communities.

PEN LLŶN, HOME AND DESTINATION

Oriel Plas Glyn y Weddw

Plas yn Rhiw

Porth y Swnt

Canolfan Felin Uchaf Centre

Amgueddfa Forwrol Llŷn Maritime Museum

Nant Gwrtheyrn

with:

Cyngor Gwynedd Council

Yr Ymddiriedolaeth Genedlaethol /

The National Trust

Prifysgol Bangor University

Gweill Gobaith is now a well-established major community group whose members come from Llŷn and beyond. We very much hope that this collaboration is only a first step in their relationship with the Ecomuseum.

It has been a privilege that the Llŷn Ecomuseum has been able to sponsor the publication of this unique work as part of the LIVE project, which has been partly funded by the Ireland Wales Co-operative Programme for the 2020-2023 period. Six heritage sites across the Llŷn Peninsula are collaborating and co-marketing each other as the 'Llŷn Ecomuseum', and although there is not enough space here to go into detail, there is plenty of information on our website. There is always a warm welcome to everyone at our sites.

Einir Young, Project Leader, Llŷn Ecomuseum, Bangor University

www.ecoamgueddfa.org

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ecoamgueddfa



From Tŷ Newydd...

It's a privilege to be able to say a few words in this book celebrating a very special community project – Gair mewn Gwlân – and it's been a great pleasure for us at Literature Wales to be involved too.

The title Gair mewn Gwlân captures the imagination straight away. The name suits the project perfectly, but the vision and the result of this project is so much more than wool and words too! The scheme has brought together different generations within the communities of Gwynedd to celebrate the unique names and heritage of our area. By stitching words and wool, the schools have created beautiful murals inspired by unique names in their area.

Similarly, the project's treasure trove of poems celebrates the vitality of today's villages and towns and the richness of their history. We are proudly guided by the children through their villages in many of the poems, and we get to experience spring through their eyes. Other poems reminisce and celebrate important industrial history, memorable characters and folk tales. The unique names belonging to each area are echoed throughout these poems and are now on record – in the murals and poems, and in the memory of our primary school children.

When planning Gair mewn Gwlân, we knew that writing poems with children can sometimes be a bit daunting for teachers, so we saw the project as an opportunity to offer training and to equip the teachers with the skills they needed. Poet Casia Wiliam delivered workshops at Tŷ Newydd Writing Centre on how to present poetry in classrooms and create simple yet impressive poems. They were great sessions with teachers learning new ways to motivate

the children and instil confidence whilst being reminded of different forms.

The workshops were a rare opportunity for teachers from different schools to come together and receive creative training. That – along with the homemade biscuits at Tŷ Newydd – was greatly appreciated. As the Curriculum for Wales develops, Literature Wales would like to offer more opportunities that are similar at the Tŷ Newydd Writing Centre. We love welcoming local schools to Llanystumdwy.

Literature Wales offered funding to the schools involved in this project to invite a poet to host a workshop with the children, and offering to pay 50% of their fee as well. Several local poets have helped the children in local schools to write the poems that you'll find in this book.

We want to say a big thank you to teachers and school staff that were involved in the project. They've worked hard to find names and to create beautiful backcloths and poems, which has given their pupils very valuable experiences. Primarily, our thanks go to the dedicated volunteers from the Literature Committee of the Llŷn and Eifionydd National Eisteddfod whose hard work has made this project possible – primarily Eysyllt Maelor for her vision, kindness and tireless work.

Mared Roberts,
Tŷ Newydd Writing Centre, Llanystumdwy

Gweill Gobaith



A nice surprise

Do you know what, this project has surprised me. But it's been a nice surprise. I have seen how one stitch (or a "fasga" as the people of Llŷn would say) can turn into a row on a chain on a hook, growing quickly into a square and developing into a backcloth. I have realised what one question in conversation among a small group of people who happen to meet on Wednesday mornings can achieve. 'What could we do to help the National Eisteddfod, bearing in mind that we are Gweill Gobaith?' is the question that what was asked.

I was in fits when emails started arriving from people all over the world; people responding to the plea for knitted or crocheted squares. Who knew one little message on social media could attract such a response! The squares arrived in boxes and in bags from all over the country, not to mention the ones that people had left on our gatepost, in the garage and in the porch. This was when I realised that we needed to arrange delivery and pick up points, and Yr Orsaf, Penygroes and Caernarfon Library came to the rescue. People were kind, helpful and willing to go the extra mile to help us.

There have been knitting groups that have contributed and created squares that are quite amazing, but there have also been people who have

been quietly busy creating at home. Blimey, what if the stitches could talk? Each stitch has its own story, no doubt.

People and communities donated the wool, and it was the schools that gave the words and the names. I hope you get the opportunity to see these names on the backcloths. They are there and they will ring in your ears. There are the names of gates and pools, caves and rocks, farms and wells, fields, rivers, heaps and quarry points. Pupils from the project's schools chose the names and then proceeded, with a little help of school friends, to embroider, sew and place them on the backcloths. There are hours of labour of love here. And I haven't mentioned the poems yet! They are here between the pages waiting for you to turn to them.

'Project' is a pretty useless word. It's commonly used and somehow has lost its meaning and has strategic and corporate connotations. No, Gair mewn Gwlân is not a project. It is much more than that. It's about co-creating, it's intergenerational, it's about sharing, showing and celebrating. We're preserving memories and yes, there's legacy here – all of which have come from one question and started with one stitch.

Esyllt Maelor, Morfa Nefyn



Finding delight in names

Wherever we go in the world, we're sure to come across place names. They are useful things, helping us find our way from one place to another and they tell us where we are, geographically and culturally.

Over recent years, protecting place names has become a matter of debate here in Wales. Like in the case of many aspects of our cultural heritage, the things that convey the relationship between humanity and the land over generations, there is no specific legislation in place to protect place names. Seeing the names being lost, disregarded and changed feels insulting, and over time the sense of belonging to place or community identity is eroded.

The richness of the place names of Llŷn and Eifionydd plays a part in the area's maps and folklore. There is a wealth of information about the history and stories of the area on record through our place names, including coastal, maritime, agricultural, mythical and industrial connections. In order to protect these names and raise awareness of them among the youngest generation, Gair mewn Gwlân was set up by the Gweill Gobaith crew, who meet regularly in Morfa Nefyn to knit and crochet for humanitarian causes. Having completed several projects for international causes, the crew turned their sights homewards to develop a creative project for the Llŷn and Eifionydd National Eisteddfod in 2023.

Big blankets of woolly squares were created to be delivered to local primary schools, inviting pupils to decorate them with place names from their communities. The finished works are wonderful treasures and include a variety of names and styles! Seeing the names recalls childhood memories and it's very encouraging to see the children learn about and find delight in the names of their local area. Make sure you get the chance to see and appreciate them at the National Eisteddfod – see you in Boduan!

Naomi Jones, Llannor





The women behind the wool

The Gweill Gobaith Crew, Morfa Nefyn

A chat, a cup of tea, kind company, sharing, hope.

- 'Who are we? Ann from Monaghan, Ireland, Fflur from Llanwrog, Eirian and Eysyllt from Abersoch, Myfanwy from Penrhyndeudraeth, Meinir, Rhian and Mai from Cwm Nantcol, Helen from Y Ffôr, Gwen from Cilan, Lis from Pwllheli, Mair and Jeanette from Nefyn, Laura Wyn from Llangwnnadr, Sian Fflur from Morfa, Naomi from Cricieth, Elen from Colan, Jane from Amlwch, Angela from Porth Tywyn, Ann from Llanelli and Janet from Bangor and Swansea. Although everyone now lives in different places we still carry these areas where we grew up with us, and we take everyone there to visit every now and then.'
- 'We've visited Liverpool because several of us have worked there. One worked as a trainee buyer in Lewis's Department Store, and some worked as nurses, including Myfanwy Humphreys who went straight from Barmouth Grammar School to nurse at Alder Hay Hospital, Liverpool for a salary of £5 per month. At the time, she was dating her now husband Robert who was a teacher at Chitroad School.'
- 'We get to know and share words with each other. We had a long chat one time about the Welsh

word 'trontol', which is the handle on a cup. It was a new word for some. 'Brochus' was also a topic of discussion, as well as 'tuddiad'.

- 'There are now lots of people who know about us. My friends don't call me on Wednesday mornings any more – they know I'm at Gweill Gobaith.'
- 'Mary is the banker. She has more than a bank counter in her pocket.'
- 'We'll go and see the nice people shall we,' – Meinir's words when she took her granddaughter to see the Gweill Gobaith crew.
- 'A warm welcome in difficult times.'
- 'A refreshing experience which benefits our mental health. There are a few who do not knit, but it doesn't matter, it's the company that counts. Two come from Anglesey and it's so nice to see them – they're also good with their welcome.'
- 'Bryn Noddfa (which translates to 'sanctuary hill') – a homely name, a suitable name. It was called Fairways for a while, but thankfully, it's now Bryn Noddfa once again. That is thanks to Huw and John, the new owners. They have opened the doors of Bryn Noddfa to the community.'



Proposition of Hope

You heard about the G7 Conference in Japan in Spring 2023, but did you hear about G.G? Well, G.G. is Gweill Gobaith – emphasis on the word ‘gobaith’ (*hope*) – something that everyone in all parts of the world needs during these turbulent times. Gweill Gobaith was originally formed under Merched y Wawr, Morfa Nefyn and then more joined from far and wide. The group now meets every two weeks at the Bryn Noddfa hotel in Morfa Nefyn, courtesy of the owners Huw and John.

But what is the meaning of ‘gweill’ (*knitting needles*) here, and how does ‘gobaith’ (*hope*) fit into the title? Well, in lovely company and in the midst of chatting, reminiscing, and introducing interesting phrases from different areas, we grab our knitting needles and we knit or crochet. There are a range of standards (I’m an expert on losing stitches!) but everyone is willing to help in a variety of ways – finding lost stitches, following a pattern, perhaps learning how to cross from scratch, or identifying an unusual stitch in a happy, busy environment with the smell of coffee! But for what purpose? Well, the group has created items that offer hope, to places like Ukraine and Afghanistan, creating blankets and clothing for babies and young children. And closer to home, we supported Baby Basics in north-east Wales, delivering boxes of goods to the centres. Many kind people donate bags of wool for us to use. It is nice to

know that there is hope for warmth and comfort in the various clothes and blankets.

Moving on to the National Eisteddfod – the aim of our work is to offer hope, so how were we going to go about it? Knitting flags? But what hope was there for flags if there was a storm?! Decorating trees? But what can beat the natural beauty of a tree? We had a joint discussion. And the outcome? We’d knit squares to sew into backcloths – backcloths for each school in the Eisteddfod catchment area. But why backcloths? Our children are our hope for the future – and why not hear and see the children’s voices on these backcloths. Field names, farm names, gateways and buildings were placed on the backcloths. The schools collaborated with poets and wrote poems about these names, and this was coupled with local history and stories and making a record of them. This was a lovely way to get children to respect their environment, to learn the significance of local names and to understand the importance of protecting names from being disrespected by foreigners to the area. The National Eisteddfod will be a platform to display the backcloths, to share children’s poems and to share the area’s rich history - an area increasingly threatened by the influx of people. Our children are our hope for the continuation of our language and culture.

Janet Hughes, Nefyn



A binding ball of wool

A ball of wool binds the old, the middle-aged and the young across communities.

A ball of wool that binds communities from Llŷn to Anglesey, and because the members have been born and raised across Wales, it is a means of bridging across many generations in terms of age, background, occupation and experience.

A group that has developed into discussing more than just knitting and crocheting patterns, sharing stitches and skills. It's an opportunity to share interesting stories about the areas our members come from. We get to know interesting characters from those areas and hear about different traditions. We discuss various historical practices, fun and serious things, whilst socialising nicely and kindly. There are slices of random conversations that are important to make a record of for future generations, such as little anecdotes from different areas.

But we've also completed very important projects – just in case you're wondering if we do anything else apart from talking! We created clothes and blankets for Ukrainian refugees and the Vale of Clwyd's 'Baby Basics' charity, and backcloths for schools in Llŷn, Eifionydd and Arfon which will be used to display names from these areas in order to keep the names alive for both current and future pupils.

The stitches and colours are as varied and colourful as the members who have a warm sanctuary at the Bryn Noddfa Hotel, Morfa Nefyn where the ball of wool will hopefully bind us for a long time.

Eirian Howells, Stâr, Gaerwen

From Llangefni to Bryn Noddfa

I am so pleased to say that I am a member of the busy Gweill Gobaith crew. I've received an incredible welcome and feel that I now have a bunch of new friends. There are masterpieces being created, and it's a pleasure to go to the table at Bryn Noddfa, Morfa Nefyn to see the clothing, the caps and the blankets that have been crocheted and knitted. The clothes have reached families in need in this country and in countries suffering extreme wars.

We meet every two weeks, and everyone looks forward to enjoying the companionship, the chats, the knitting and the crocheting. Recently, everyone has been busy preparing squares for a project which involves collaborating with schools in the area of the Llŷn and Eifionydd National Eisteddfod. It's such an interesting project and a way of recording names in our areas. It is nice to think that it is the squares that we and others have been knitting and crocheting that hold those names. It's a pleasure to see the backcloths – they're colourful and varied and all unique, just like the people behind the stitches. I was particularly interested in Ysgol Llandwrog's work, which is a school in the area where I grew up. It was nice to see familiar names, the area's farms and houses, on record. And I'm sure the children who took part in the stitching and the writing of the poem will remember the names for years to come.

Fflur Mai Hughes, Llangefni



Focusing on the important things

I look forward to going to Bryn Noddfa every other Wednesday. I retired in the middle of lockdown after years of working in the 'voluntary sector' or the 'community sector'. My work has shown me how many things are happening and are done voluntarily. The lockdown gave us the chance to realise that you don't need half as much money to live and we think. So now I enjoy spending my time doing things I enjoy doing.

I love gardening and doing all sorts of crafts – knitting, crocheting, sewing – so I jumped at the chance to join the Gweill Gobaith crew. We come together to make clothes and blankets for people in need. But it's the chats I enjoy the most. Hearing interesting stories from people like Gwen Cilia, and bickering with Myfanwy Tal about the Royal Family.

Today, we had a bit of misunderstanding –

'I was talking to his mother.'

'But his mother's dead, is she not?!'

'Whose mother?'

'The King's mother.'

'Not the King! Bryn Terfel's mother!'

Good company, and a chance to exchange stories. That is what makes a community. I feel that we are focusing on the important things of life here, socialising and making friends. Kind people.

I'm grateful to be a part of this small community.

Meinir Jones (Giatgoch) Ceidio

Talks at Bryn Noddfa

Mrs Ficscher, the spy from Llithfaen

Mrs Ficscher's story has fascinated the Bryn Noddfa crew. Gwen Jones Parry, who we call Gwen Riffli or Gwen Ciliau, and Myfanwy 'Tal' Jones tell us the story.

Myfanwy: She is said to have been from Maentwrog or from Sugyn Fawr, Beddgelert, and there are some stories that Hitler visited Maentwrog aren't there? And then she came to Carreg Llam. She was a talented woman who could play the violin, spin and draw. She would go out on walks by herself towards Yr Eifl with an easel to paint and to get the best views from the top. No one could interfere with her privacy, and she didn't do much with anyone. She had many dogs, which were large, and she would walk them to the shop in Llithfaen. There used to be 13 shops in Llithfaen.

Gwen: My husband Bob used to hunt rabbits for her to feed to the dogs, and he would leave them on the doorstep for her. She lived in a wooden bungalow called Fair Winds, and the fact that it was wooden is important to the story. Gwenda Ty'n Lôn would gather wool for her from the fields, and she would then use the wool to spin. Gwenda later got married, and went to live in Telford. Mrs Ficscher gave her some fabric to take with her. It was more than just a piece of material, it was a scarf made with wool from Ciliau, and now the scarf has made its way back to Llithfaen. Someone has suggested and asked if there is morse code in the pattern! Mrs Ficscher was top of the range in terms of brains. She was very brainy. Then she disappeared overnight. Her house caught fire, and do you know what? There were traces of dog debris there, but there was no human bone at the scene. And when you think about it, no matter how much fire there is, it's very difficult to get rid of every shred of a human body. Some say that Mrs Ficscher left and boarded a ship to Germany in the middle of the night. Who knows. There's a field in Ciliau called Mrs Ficscher's field.

Myfanwy: On the night the house caught fire, there was a crew loading a ship at Carreg Llam. The house was in tact when the crew passed around 1 the morning – they had to go with the tide. Anyway, between 2 and 3 in the morning, the Porthdinllaen Coast Guard noticed that there was smoke rising near Mynydd y Bwlch, Llithfaen and phoned to Mr Dean ask him. He was the supervisor at Carreg Llam Quarry. It was then reported that Fair Ways, Mrs Fischer's home, had burned to the ground. There is a story that she left in a submarine, but that's just a story. They say that she had a son in the German navy – they had seen his picture and he was apparently quite high up in the navy. And another story is that she was visited by Commander Goering when she lived in Beddgelert.

**Myfanwy Jones, Morfa Nefyn,
and Gwen Jones Parry, Llithfaen**





Mynydd Cilan (Cilan mountain) and its people

Gwen is a very gifted woman who sews all her own clothes. She can turn curtains from a second hand shop or even bathroom blinds into a beautiful garment. Gwen was brought up on the farm of Riffli, Cilan, and after she got married she went to live in Ciliau, Llithfaen. Her mother, Gwladys Williams, was a talented writer and was the author of the book 'Dest Rhyw Air'. Gwen has the same talent as her mother, and there is no doubt that she has a way with storytelling. These stories have been recorded exactly as Gwen shared them.

The Hens of Mynydd Cilan

An Englishman had intended on keeping Mynydd Cilan for himself. This was after the First World War, and he started to build hedgebanks on top of the mountain, but the people of Cilan came and destroyed them... and this happened every night. Eventually, they had to get the police involved.

Move you bugger or this spade will go through you.' That's what one Cilan resident, quite a noble lady called Lowri Lôn Las, told the policeman.

The same Englishman placed chicken huts everywhere – he wanted to take over the place for himself. Ifan Lôn Las was one of the people who wrecked the chicken huts. They threw them over the cliff into the sea. The huts were seen floating in the waves of Porth Neigwl, some with a hen perched on top.

Ifan Lôn Las, Plaid Cymru Branch, Cilan and Roy Glo

Ifan Lôn Las... he was a bit of a character. Ifan Lôn Las wanted to establish a Plaid Cymru Branch in Cilan, and so he arranged a meeting in the vestry at

Cilan Chapel to organise things. He arranged for a man to come there to speak. But only a few came to listen. And what did Ifan say?

'That's how these buggers are. They promise me they'll come, and then they don't show up.'

Many years later, I remember Roy Glo painting his lorry with R. E. Jones posters. I believe he was the first candidate for Plaid Cymru in this area, and someone asked him,

'Why are you doing such a silly thing? No one besides you and Gwladys Wiliams Riffli would vote for him.'

And this is what Roy said: 'It doesn't matter. Remember that Jesus Christ had only twelve pupils. A small crew can do great things.'

Ifan Castall's funeral

The next story still gets to me. I remember Ifan Castall's death. I have a picture of Ifan Castall with a shell on his eye. Anyway, he had a big funeral. Anyone could attend a big funeral – you had to be invited to a small funeral, and there were even funerals where only men were allowed to attend – very chauvinistic!

'Will you come?' asked Sera.

'I will,' I said.

Sera was about 15 years old and I was about 10.

And I remember her calling out 'remember to wear your Sunday best'.

And I went, and I remember seeing everyone standing in droves on the mountain around Castall, and the door of the cottage opening, it was only a small cottage, and Tomos Corn walking out holding his hat to his chest. After he walked through the gate, he started singing the hymn 'O fryniau Caersalem', and everyone joined in. It's an experience I'll never forget. They then carried the coffin somewhere not far from Castall. We headed home after that.

Verses

Remember that there were poor little smallholdings in Cilan, looking out at fertile lands, life was tough there and people had to work hard.

Whilst the sun shines bright and yellow
on the barn of Jâms Bryn Celyn,
whilst the cormorant has a tail
Laziness in Cilan will prevail.

Cleiriach* Cilan Uchaf
once said to his servant,
'Even if I could go to heaven,
I would prefer Neigwl Plas.'

**Cleiriach – a frail old man, that's the definition here,
but it can mean a sly and underhanded person too.*

War Times

During the Second World War, all correspondence was in English and the people of Cilan would come to Riffli in the evenings to chat, and then just before they left, you'd see them reach into their coat pocket and say, 'I have a form here...would you have a look at it?' Many didn't have a clue how many acres they had but they did know how many fields they had ploughed, and if they ploughed a certain amount, they would get some grants. Yes, leaving the most important thing until the very end, after talking about everything but that.

The Ghost of Lôn Groes

Everyone was afraid of going past Lôn Groes. It was said that a woman and her baby were travelling along the lane in a horse and cart, but a dog bolted in front of the horse. The woman and her baby lost their lives.

But there was also a lot of leg-pulling about ghosts, as the next verse demonstrates:
'I ripped up the blanket until it looked like a net
Who do you think was under it but Now Garreg Lwyd.'

And what do you make of this frightening warning that used to be said:

'Watch you don't walk near Pant Tanbryn at night, you'll hear a voice whispering two words.'

'What two words?' he asked repeatedly.

'You won't be told. But you'll find out one day when she's spoken to you.'

Professor Henn at Riffli

Professor Thomas Rice Henn and his children would come to stay at Riffli during the summer – they would come as evacuees during the War. Professor Henn stepped down as a Professor at Cambridge and joined the army. He was Anglo Irish and an authority on W.B. Yeats. Mrs Enid Henn was licensed to teach her children at home, and I would join them for PE lessons. I was about 5 or 6 years old, and I remember having lessons on top of the hill. They had a small pony called Topsy, and she was kept in the stable with our old shire-horse.

Mam used to go out with Mrs Henn in a pony trap towards Abersoch. Mrs Henn didn't know anyone, but Mam knew everyone and Mam would wave at Lisi May and everyone else, until Mrs Henn told her, 'Stop acting like royalty.'

Professor Henn would come on leave to Riffli, and at that time everyone had gas masks. Mrs Watkin-Edmunds would inspect the gas masks to see if they were in good condition. And she came to Riffli, and although Mam searched, she couldn't find them. We didn't use them.

Professor Henn heard her say, 'You peasants – you don't look after your things.' And he turned to Mrs Watkin-Edmunds and said, 'You now are speaking to Colonel Henn – there's the door.'

The Names of Cilan

There are many old names that link together in Cilan – Gadlys, Parc y Brenin and Castell. There are three castles there. I'm almost sure there's a hill fort there, and of course there's a dolmen.

Bwlchtocyn

The people of Bwlchtocyn were different. I remember coming home from school one day and having reached the coal hut. And the children of Bwlchtocyn approached us and shouted from the top of the hill, 'Go home you dirty buggers.' And because we're down at the bottom, we couldn't run up after them.

Gwen Parry Jones, Llithfaen





Siân Fflur's Stars

There's one big star in my life, and that's Bryn Terfel. He's related to me. I was about eight when I heard Westlife at Y Faenol, and I'm a big fan of theirs. It was Bryn Terfel who organised the Faenol.

Then at Ysgol Nefyn, I discovered Ioan Gruffydd – I haven't met him, but my cousin has. He was my hero as a teenager.

After Westlife, I went on to like Iona and Andy. I have met them. And then Elin Fflur in year 7. I first met her in Clebran, a Barnardo's Learning Disability group with Julie Mair. Since then, I have followed her and her concerts. When I went to one of her concerts, she dedicated a song to me. The song was 'Angel'. Then we became friends.

After Elin Fflur, I came to like Caryl Parry Jones. I have met her once. Caryl Parry Jones is my mum's old school friend from Ysgol Glan Clwyd.

I have to mention Dylan Morris. He's handsome and his songs are full of emotion. His songs helped me a lot during lockdown. Then I liked John and Alun. Alun is

related to me. John has painted my bedroom. John and Alun have a song about the Llŷn Peninsula. It's one of my favourite songs.

I've recently come to like Bronwen Lewis – I saw her at the Arts Centre in Aberystwyth. Oh yes, I have to mention Shân Cothi! Back in 2008 at the National Eisteddfod in Cardiff, I met Shân and I've been to many of her concerts. We've helped each other with grief, and I'm friends with her on Facebook, too.

Siân Fflur Roberts, Morfa Nefyn



The Tudweiliog and Llangwnadl crew

Many Birds, One Stone

Rhian is one of the most popular columnists of Llanw Llŷn, the local paper. She is also a very talented knitter. Rhian and the crew not only knitted and crocheted squares, but also stitched names on the material before sewing them on backcloths.

The crew meet at Tyddyn Isa, Tudweiliog and in the beautiful garden at Cae'n y Cefn, Llangwnadl. 'Well what a great idea,' I said to myself when Eysyllt told me about the idea of knitting and crossing 8 inch squares to create a cloth or blanket. All primary schools would, if they wished, receive a colourful pack of 64 squares that they could put the names of streets, roads, beaches, farms or fields within the school area on them.

These would then be displayed at the National Eisteddfod in Boduan, and after August, could be kept at the school or wherever they wished in their area. As a former teacher, my mind began to ramble and wonder how many birds this stone could kill... Initially, this was a project for our weekly crocheting group – something for us to aim towards. It was an opportunity to use spare wool after crocheting blankets for babies who needed them. Each week, we looked forward to seeing the squares appearing from bags. We completed enough squares to create three backcloths.

One was delivered to Ysgol Tudweiliog, one to Ysgol Edern and the third went to Eifionydd. Since then, I have been working with Ysgol Tudweiliog on the project – and this was the second bird.

I got to visit the school and remembered my children in their school uniforms getting the best education they could get from Mrs Carys Jones, the head teacher at the time. And judging by what I see today, the

tradition continues. Ysgol Tudweiliog is a colourful, active and vibrant school.

The next bird is the one that includes the families of the pupils and residents of the surrounding villages – everyone unwittingly joined together, digging into their stores of local information about the names of several gateways, lanes, fields, farms and areas in the community – collecting them together to put them on record on the blankets... protecting these lovely names and words from disappearing.

The next bird to hit is an artistic one. Stitching, stitching and more stitching. The selected names will be stitched in fabric, which in turn will be stitched onto the squares. It will, of course, be the children's job to stitch the names together, with the help of volunteers from the community to place them on the squares. The next bird will fly back to our group to stitch the squares together...a fascinating project over a cup of tea and a chat before returning the squares to Ysgol Tudweiliog in the form of a colourful blanket. I look forward to seeing the children's faces when they see the fruits of their labour.

And the final bird will be to imagine how many people will be given ownership of this blanket and get to say 'I made this'. What a brilliant idea, girls.

Rhian Williams, Llangwnadl



It is important that every child has the opportunity to learn how to stitch. This is a valuable skill they will have forever. It is also important that they have the opportunity to put these names on record, and it is very important that all children know these names in their area.

We hope that once the National Eisteddfod has been and gone, the work they have created will be displayed locally so that the whole community is valued and admired. This is a legacy of value.

It was a great pleasure to work with the children and experience their enthusiasm.

Janice Jones, Tudweiliog

Ffordd tarw a pen lôn giatws

'Nain [*Grandma*], do you know what the Welsh word for "short cut" is?' was the first thing Ifan asked me when he came home from School on the day that Mei Mac had held a session with them to discuss the myriad of place names we have, and the importance of recording of them so we don't lose them. My attempts at a translation were not half as good as the translation he gave me – "ffordd tarw" (*a bull road*) he said! This is certainly the name that will be used in our house from now on!

Recording and continuing to use the treasure of names we have is so important, isn't it? Many of the

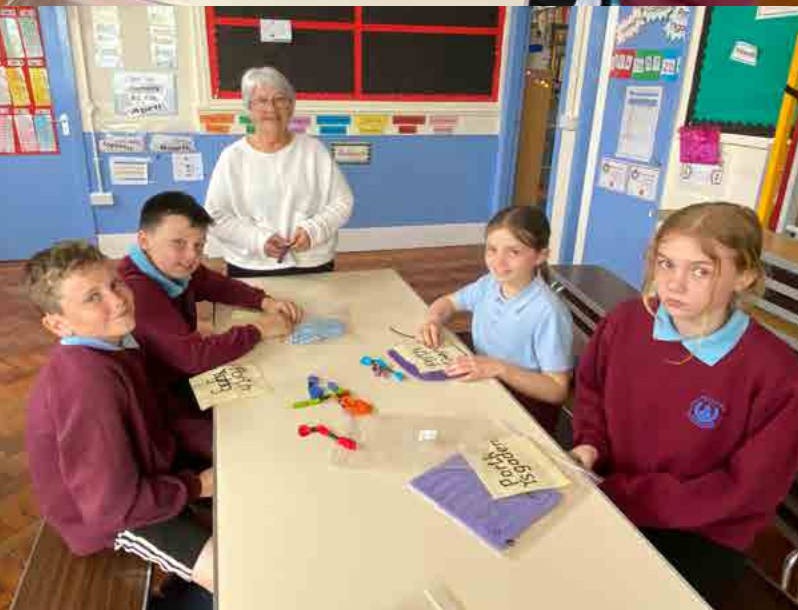
names tell us a story, such as 'Pen Lôn Giatws' in Tudweiliog, which is the road that leads down towards Plas Cefnamwlch. In the olden days, the gates by the lodge were opened and closed by those who lived at the lodge when the aristocrats would come and go from the Plas. This doesn't happen today, but the name it is going to remind us forever of the history.

Some names offer a perfect description of a setting, Ogof Cigfran, Pwll Du, Porth Cychod, Creigiau Delysg and others such as Carreg Ebol, with an interesting history attached to them. I was delighted to be part of this great project. The enthusiasm of the children and adults who came together to share and record these names was infectious. I am so pleased that the children of Llŷn have been involved in this project – a very special legacy for future generations.

Siwsan Griffith, Tudweiliog

Gwêl y Gorwel

It's been a great experience for us as a school to work on the Gair Mewn Gwlân project. The first step was to try to collate names – and reach out to some former parents, grandparents and friends of the school. We only needed to mention it once and names started flooding in from all directions. We had a fascinating afternoon with Geraint, Iona and Siwsan, and it was nice to see them and the children browsing the old maps, showing



different features and questioning and recording the wealth of valuable information they had. There was a great deal of laughter hearing some interesting stories about places across in area. We owe them a lot.

The tens of port names, caves, rocks, roads, streams, paths and fields were then recorded on the Gwynedd Council Local Names digital map. It was a special experience for the children to record the wealth of information they had and to realise the importance of keeping the names on record. Rhian then came to see us with a bag of treasures – 64 colourful squares skilfully knitted by members of the community. The children then got busy choosing their favourite names and the ones they felt deserved a place on the backcloth. Creating it has been a real pleasure for our pupils, and their enthusiasm has been infectious. We worked with Rhian, Janice and Rowena and all children in the 'Gwêl y Gorwel' class have stiched a name on a square in the blanket. It is a wonderful patchwork of colour, names, collaboration and creativity and we are extremely proud of it. We've already chosen where it will be proudly displayed when it comes back to us after the Eisteddfod!

I think the very best thing is hearing the children already using some of the missing names – Pen Lôn Giatws, Llwybr Gerddi, Creigiau Delysg. That proves the success of the project – the names are on record and are secure for the future.

Einir Davies, Ysgol Tudweiliog



Between two rivers

The Knitters of Eifionydd (Marian Lacey, Margaret Humphreys, Marian Jones, Kath Parry, Mabel Parry, Rhiannon Davies, Gloria Chalk, Wendy Haverfield, Manon Adams, Margaret Williams.)

Every two weeks at the Tremadog Memorial Institute, you'll hear the sound of knitting needles and chatting. It's the women of the 'Stitches' club who are busy stitching, knitting, crocheting and sewing. They raise money for charities by knitting toys and sewing bags, and four of them (Gloria, Wendy, Mabel and Kath) also knitted squares for Gair mewn Gwlân.

Kath Parry is a Porthmadog girl from head to toe. She chose a career in the army at an early age, and was sent to Lingfield and Wellington, but there, the continued derision of her Welsh accent was a bit taxing. Through tenacity and perseverance, Kath was able to change the attitudes of her fellow soldiers and educate them on Wales and the Welsh language. She smiles remembering them proudly singing 'Calon Lân' in the barracks!

Another person from Porthmadog, specifically the 'cyt' side, is Margaret Humphreys. If you head over towards Llanfrothen, before you cross the Glaslyn, you will see the home of the Glaslyn Ospreys. When RSPB's protection of these remarkable birds came to an end in 2013, a group of nature enthusiasts came together and decided to run the initiative at a local level, culminating in the new motto 'Bywyd Gwyllt Glaslyn Wildlife', or the BGGW. Margaret is one of these enthusiasts.

The lookout point is open every day of the week, and

you'll find Margaret guiding, chatting, teaching, and generating interest in nature and respect for it among the young and children of the many schools visiting the site. Her passion for nature is evident, and the story of Aran, his partner Elen and their two new-born chicks is a source of pride for her.

Mabel Parry used to keep the Post Office in the village of Garndolbenmaen for thirty years, providing an invaluable service to Garn, Cwm Pennant, Cwm Ystradllyn and the wider area.

There was a lot of buzz in Garn in those days, and Mabel loved being in the middle of it. Her father was the conductor of the Garn choir, and would compete regularly and sometimes be successful! And of course, she had to compete in the cooking, knitting and sewing competitions at the Garn show every year.

She enjoyed being a member of Megan Williams, Trefor's sewing class, and would wander as far as London with her friend Rhiannon, Tŷ Capel, to purchase materials to make new clothes! Knitting and sewing have always been her favourite things, and now in her nineties, her fingers are as agile as ever and she's busy knitting clothes for her great grandchildren and new babies in the area.

You'll see Mabel's name quite often in the community papers as a crossword champion! She has nimble fingers and a nimble mind.

Carys Lake, Porthmadog

Knitting at home

I have been given permission to remain anonymous, and I would like to thank you for respecting my wishes. I am a shy person and find comfort in knitting at home. I am delighted to have been able to contribute squares for this project. You said I could use any colour, and I warmed to that idea straight away. I have balls of wool all over the house – in cupboards, drawers and bags under the beds. They are balls of wool that were left over after knitting jumpers for my children, their husbands and my grandchildren. I was delighted to give them a new lease of life and a second chance at being used. As I knitted (I cannot crochet), the memories flowed and my children who are now adults were children once again. I know that I will not go to the Eisteddfod, it would be a hassle. I'll get it all on the television, but it's nice to be able to say that I have done my bit and done something small that I hope will be of value to others.



Cricieth Creadigol Creative Cricieth

'Cricieth Creadigol' was invited to stitch names on squares made by the children of the local schools for the 'Gair Mewn Gwlân' project.

The enthusiastic 'Cricieth Creadigol' group, which is part of Cricieth Town Council's community work, includes Welsh speakers, learners and residents who have just moved to the town. Creativity can spark great interest in community and culture and strengthen the link between people and the places around them in the square mile. There was a great deal of interest in the Welsh names on local fields and streets and the history behind them when taking part in the 'Gair Mewn Gwlân' project. During the creating period, we had fun trying to pronounce the remarkable names and translate them whilst chatting over a cup of tea and cake! Stitch by stitch, I was interested to learn more about the stories behind the names and to gain an understanding of the importance of retaining the Welshness of the area. In the Eifionydd backcloth, we had the opportunity to protect the beautiful old names such as Lôn Haearn Fach, Cae Amos, Carreg Samson, Ynys Carreg Aethnen, Nant Dŵr Oer and the myriad of pretty names in an area with such a remarkable and impressive landscape.

One of the crew members told me: 'As an English speaker taking part in the work of Cricieth Creadigol, and who is a newcomer, I have been fascinated to discover the lyric and colour of the ancient names of places in this area of Wales. My Welsh friends have introduced me to aspects of the National Eisteddfod which would otherwise have been unknown to me. The creative elements of our work have brought life to these old names.'

Dr Catrin Jones, Pentrefelin

Going back to school

Little hands

Put the names in our hands to hold,
the names of the beaches and chapels,
the names of all the farms and houses,
a familiar song; the boundaries of our world.

Put the names in our hands to hold,
the names of the fields and the quarries,
the name of the river, the name of the lane,
from harbour to harbour, boat and well.

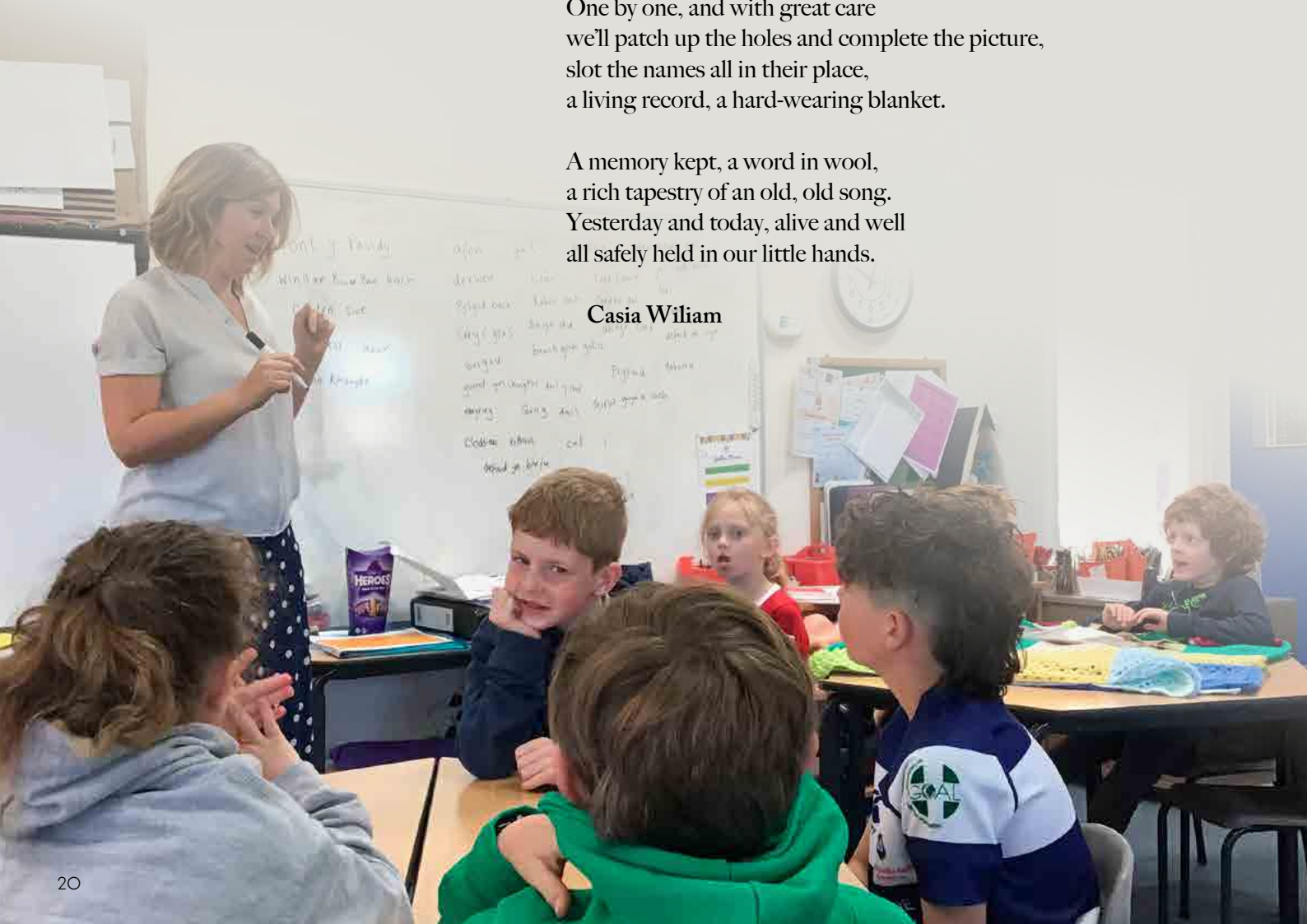
And with our tidy little hands
we'll set about so carefully
pushing the yarn through the eye of a needle,
drawing all of them together

stich by stich and word by word
between the sea and the hay meadows
between the sound and the ebbing tide
we'll repair all rips and tears.

One by one, and with great care
we'll patch up the holes and complete the picture,
slot the names all in their place,
a living record, a hard-wearing blanket.

A memory kept, a word in wool,
a rich tapestry of an old, old song.
Yesterday and today, alive and well
all safely held in our little hands.

Casia Wiliam





Ysgol Pentreuchaf

At the beginning of December last year, I spent an interesting hour or so in the company of a group of children at Ysgol Pentreuchaf, as they had received the squares I had crossed as part of the 'Gair mewn Gwlân' project. The reason that my squares went to this school was due to my connection to the school, which spans sixty years now!

Back in a cold March in 1963, I moved with my father, mother and sister from a farm above the village of Llanbedr, Meirionnydd to another farm in Rhosfawr, and that was the beginning of my connection with this school. It was a small, two-roomed school at that time, and my sister and I were educated there by the late Miss Catherine Jones, Morfa Nefyn or 'Miss Jos 'sgo' fawr' (*Miss Jones, big school*) as we called her to avoid confusion with the other teacher, 'Miss Jos 'sgo' fach' (*Miss Jones, little school*)!

Before starting my teaching course in Aberystwyth, I was required to spend two weeks observing at a school. Well, it was a no brainer wasn't it, and off I went to Ysgol Pentreuchaf and I really enjoyed myself!

Another connection with the school is Godre'r Eifl Young Farmers Club, as this was the club's meeting place - and still is to this day. Getting involved with the Young Farmers' activities was a very interesting time and this was the start of the Godre'r Eifl Choir with the late Mr Griffith Davies, Llithfaen - a talented musician.

Yes, Ysgol Pentreuchaf has been a prominent part of my life, and it was nice to give something back

in the form of these squares. The children were enthusiastic about the crocheting, and many were familiar with seeing family members hold the hook. It was nice to see them then get the freedom to place the squares on the floor as they wanted. Talk about working together! It was discussed how the squares could be arranged in the colours of the rainbow, or as a landscape with the green squares representing the grass, a strip of blue in the river, a yellow square in the sun and so on. It was lovely!

I'm really looking forward to seeing the children's final plan and what they'll have added to the backcloth. I'd like to thank the children and Mrs Humphreys for letting me come and join you to see your enthusiasm and interest, and best wishes to Ysgol Pentreuchaf.

Rhian Jones, Rhosfawr





'The history of your own area'

I remember a few years ago, when I led the children of Ysgol Pentreuchaf on a walk around the area, I was delighted to hear the response of one of the pupils. We had stopped briefly on the footbridge over Afon Penprys (*Penprys river*), near the ford at the bottom of Lôn Bach Tŷ Mawr, slightly lower down the river than the Mill, when I heard one of the boys turn to his friend and say 'it's nice to hear the history of your own area, isn't it?'

It was a circular walk, starting past Tŷ Corniog and Tŷ Corniog Bach, and seeing Llain Bunt stretching from the road down to the river. Then we arrived at the village and turned down Allt Pandy passing the fields of Wern, and the Pandy itself at the bottom of the hill. We then crossed the bridge and climbed Allt Tan y Ffordd past the ruins of the old cottage that gives its name to the hill. We then passed Mela and the old Surgery towards the Hendra crossroads, stopping at Pen Dryll Du by the Tir Gwyn turning. From the footbridge on Lôn Bach Tŷ Mawr, we returned to the school past the ruins of the old houses of Penprys, which once was one house dating back to 1594, before a new turnpike road passed the back of it in 1807. The 'np' in the middle of 'Penprys' is a pretty difficult combination of letters to pronounce, and

when the new council houses were built along side of the bridge, the pronunciation was 'Penprys' as well as official name of the new houses. After turning right at Croeslon Tan-fron, we were back at school.

An important part of the 'history of your own area' that boy referred to is all the interesting place names that exist, and it is good that this project encourages children today to take an interest in them in different ways, whether in a words or in wool.

Although the catchment area of Ysgol Pentreuchaf has widened since I was a pupil there, Castell, Rhosydd, Penprys, Mela, Plas and Carnguwch were part of it back then, and today's children are being able to extend their knowledge to a wider area and learn more interesting and community names. This is a legacy that will remain long after the Eisteddfod week.

John Dilwyn Williams, Penygroes



A Walk Around Garn

What a lovely experience it was to meet the children and staff of Ysgol Garndolbenmaen and get to walk old familiar routes.

Delivering the multi-coloured squares. We had knitted and crocheted an abundance of the colours of the rainbow; every square unique and beautiful, a piece of art and a celebration of the creativity of those who created them. They were similar to small squares that would have been knitted and crossed and stitched together to produce wool blankets at the old Bryncir Factory – not wasting the smallest bit of thread. Being prudent and careful. That's how people in the olden days used to cope during hard times. It is exactly how my mother, Myfanwy, was brought up and it is this same small school that she used to attend in the early 1930s. Kate Ellen, my grandmother; Elin my great grandmother and Catrin my great great grandmother also walked these paths from Glan Gors at the top down Lôn Seth to the school in Garn.

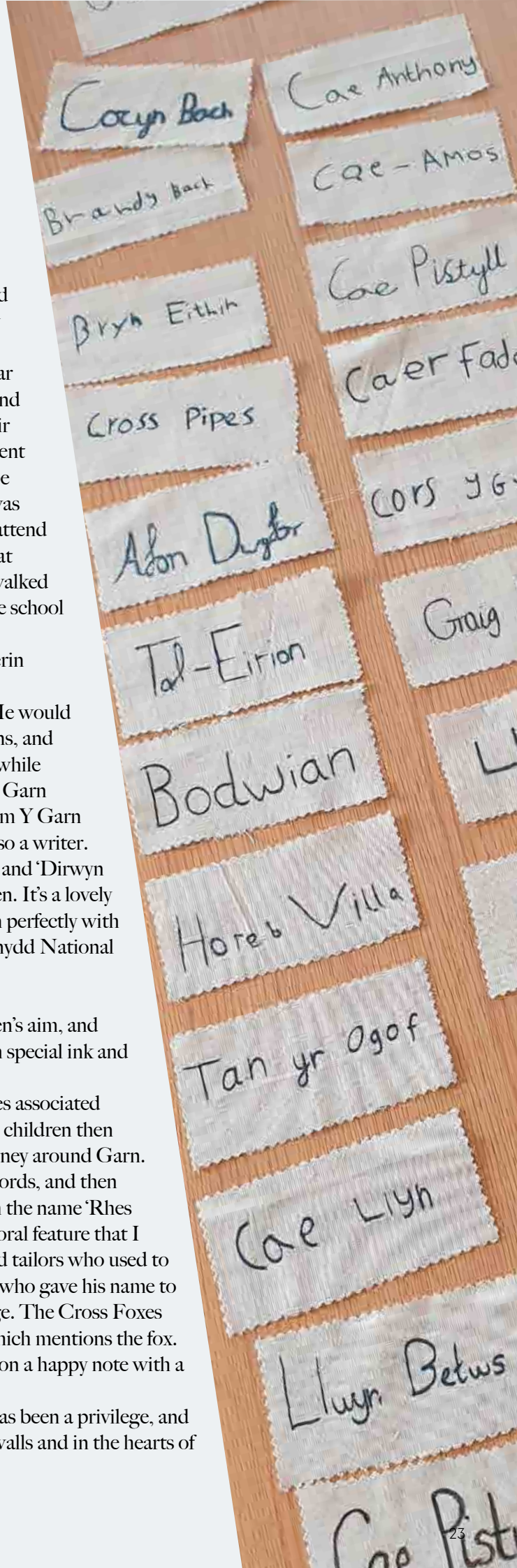
John Lloyd Williams, a founding member of Alawon Gwerin Cymru (*the Welsh Folk Song Society*), was the school's first headmaster in 1875, and he stayed there for eighteen years. He would walk the slopes of Moel Hebog nearby to search for rare ferns, and collected many well-known folk tunes such as 'Tra Bo Dau' while working here. His sister Elizabeth Williams joined him at Y Garn when she was 13 years old to housekeep. She would walk from Y Garn to Ysgol Cwm Pennant to teach the girls to sew. She was also a writer. She published the autobiographical books 'Brethyn Cartref' and 'Dirwyn Edafedd' about her history in Llanrwst and Garndolbenmaen. It's a lovely coincidence that the titles of Elizabeth Williams' books tie in perfectly with this year's Gair Mewn Gwlân project for the Llŷn and Eifionydd National Eisteddfod.

Searching for the names of houses, farms and buildings in Garndolbenmaen and the surrounding area were the children's aim, and those names were then written neatly by them on calico with special ink and sewed to the blanket created from the squares.

Many of these old names have magic and interesting stories associated with them. As the project came to an end, the work with the children then extended to writing a poem which takes the reader on a journey around Garn. The children experimented with the charm and sounds of words, and then created a short rhyme with the old names. The way in which the name 'Rhes Cambrian' is pronounced, with the emphasis on the 'i', is an oral feature that I believe is unique to Garn. It is said that it was hatmakers and tailors who used to live in these houses. We're told about the history of Gwgan, who gave his name to the farm of Dolwgan and the Bro Gwgan estate in the village. The Cross Foxes and its 'cwrw budur' (*sinful beer*) inspired the funny verse which mentions the fox. Then it lists names and ties them all together before ending on a happy note with a reference to 'Haul ar Fryn' (*the sun will shine again*).

Being with these original, colourful and unique children has been a privilege, and I had a sense that legacy and language is strong here in the walls and in the hearts of the children of Ysgol Garndolbenmaen.

Delyth Roberts, Rhos-lan





Names

The names of the seas. The names of the land. The names of fields. The names of roads. The names of the mountains. The names of experiences. The names of stories.

Where you live in Llŷn is a big part of your identity, of who you are. There is a difference between Abersoch and Sarn Bach. Between Botwnnog and Sarn Melltayrn. Between Aberdaron and Uwchmynydd. Between Uwchmynydd and Anelog.

'Do you come from Nefyn?'

'No, Morfa Nefyn.'

That mile between both villages is a long one.

We walk around our area, absorbing every inch of the place, getting to know it, sometimes loving it and sometimes hating it.

Different types of flowers grow in different types of environments. The same can be said about people! There are many different accents and vocabularies in Llŷn. I sometimes think that even the quality of voice is different.

In early spring 2023, I was lucky enough to spend time in every school in the Llŷn catchment area.

There are ten schools in the Botwnnog catchment area, and each school is unique in its own way. As the National Eisteddfod is in Boduan this year, the idea was to celebrate their own square mile by creating a collage of the special names in their areas using words from newspapers.

For some reason, children love using scissors. But more than that, they were thrilled to do something he didn't feel like 'work'.

'What, we get to do *this* all morning?'

Without realising that what they were doing was important. Seeing them get delight from these names warmed my heart, as well as the teachers'.

Most of Llŷn's primary schools are peppered along the coastline, which highlighted itself in their work. The names of beaches, ports, rocks and caves. The children at Ysgol Morfa loved the magic of Porth Poli. They didn't necessarily know exactly where Porth Poli was, but the name had grabbed their attention and had awoken something in them.

One that stands out and brings a smile to people's faces is the Weetbix House in Mynytho, which is called that because Weetabix boxes have been in the window for years. At Pont y Gof, it was the names of fields and land that were important to the children, and I was given a lesson in farming by pupils through their various stories. That's what makes these names important, the stories behind them, and the stories that come from them, that are on the tip of the children's tongues. Perhaps the word that encapsulates all these names, and one that was said more than once by the children... *Adra*.

Mared Llywelyn Williams, Morfa Nefyn

Every name has a story

In the midst of work demands and the hustle and bustle of school, I'm grateful for the unique Gair mewn Gwlân project which has forced the pupils and teachers of Llŷn to slow down and weave the past and present through beautiful names. This is a great initiative that forced tens of children to focus on the wealth of names that surround them, and are an integral part of their everyday lives. The preparation work and the creating proved that many names were familiar to us subconsciously, but that we needed a project like Gair mewn Gwlân to awaken the desire to claim them, to learn them, and to value them. Personally, the culmination of weeks of work collecting the names of houses, farms, lanes and paths was leading workshops with year 5 and 6 pupils composing two poems. One poem described Bryn Gŵydd beach, based on Meinir Pierce Jones' wonderful description of the beach in her novel 'Capten' and a poem in the form of a letter which demonstrated the children's pride in their area and the wealth of names that inspired them. It's a great project and a great way of getting children to enjoy poetry. I realised by being part of the research and creation process at Ysgol Edern that the names will not be forgotten and that the pupils in the area have had an opportunity, thanks to Gair mewn Gwlân, to embrace and treasure them.

It was sweet to follow the journey of the pupils of Ysgol Foel Gron, Mynytho, which has reminded me of some names that aren't used today, and brings back childhood memories of some of the characters who used to live in some of the houses. It is appropriate to start the poem with a store of names that immediately confirms the village's connection with ship captains who returned from the sea to Mynytho and built houses and named them after the exotic countries they had visited. There is one house called 'China', which is where my Nain (*grandmother*) used to live, and at that time the house was called 'Pendref', and thanks to the new

owners for restoring its original name. But in order to get to Nain's house, you had to walk along Lôn China (*China road*). Thank you for including the names of all the shops and the surprising fact at the end that only one shop has survived. My Aunt Laura used to keep Siop Bryngoleu and my father's family were the first owners of the Post Office, which still stands tall in the center of the village. Siop Ganol is part of the history of 'Bwgan Pant y Wennol', and I spent hours and hours sitting on the bench at Siop y Crydd, listening to the entertaining characters of Mynytho put the world to right. Through the medium of this beautiful poem, I realise that there is a wealth of names in Mynytho, and there's history attached to a large number of them. I was glad to see the hall getting some of the attention, which is the heart of the village immortalised by R. Williams Parry in his famous poem. What other village has seven wells, each name full of history! It was a surprise to realise that none of the chapels are open anymore.

The poem stimulates curiosity to learn more about the village and confirms what I already know - that Mynytho is full of impressive names which open the door to stories worth learning and historical events which are worth remembering. Each name has its own story! Thank you, Ysgol Foel Gron pupils, for encouraging me to go for a wander around Mynytho with renewed curiosity.

Bethan Dyer, Mynytho



This is just the beginning

We have enjoyed being part of the local names project very much. It has awakened a lively interest, an interest that has led to so many worthwhile experiences. Ensuring the correct use of local names has always been important to us at the school, with the classes being named after locations for the past few years. But this project has taken us a step further. We were surprised and amazed by the wealth of names in our square mile, each with its interesting history and wonderful location. In the midst of the hustle and bustle of life, it's nice to slow down, focus and appreciate what is at our feet.

Our enjoyment and the enthusiasm in discussing the local names led to a variety of crosscutting experiences and deep and positive engagement with the community. We learned about the historical background and geographical locations of the names with local historian Iwan Hughes. We had a taste of recording the names and presenting them in various forms using pastels, paint, textiles, wood and digital forms, imitating the work of local artist Morwen Brosschot. We collaborated with Mei Mac on recording more formal names on the Gwynedd Council local names website. We presented the names to the rest of the school and incorporated them into our school Eisteddfod e.g. reciting, rap and creative music and then to the wider community in a concert at the Plas Glyn y Weddw Amphitheater.

Now, the pearls of interesting local names, some well-known and other less well-known, are alive and part of the natural language and conversation of the Ysgol Llanbedrog community. These are names we own and are proud of their sound, history and locations. And this is just the beginning!

Manon Haf Owen, Ysgol Llanbedrog and pupils from Dosbarth Tir y Cwmwd, Llanbedrog





Sowing Seeds

Ysgol Sarn Bach

(Ronnie and Scott's poem can be seen on page 43)

'Porth Neigwl' by Ronnie

This is a poem that speaks. Immediately, I imagine myself walking down the sandy footpath. It has summarised everything – 'waves as wild as the wind' and the mountain whispering to the sea. It has combined the movement of the clouds like seagulls and the sheep's wool. It brings us back from our dream world to everyday life where people take their dogs for a walk on the beach, and to the seaweed under our feet before turning back to the sandy footpath. This is an excellent advert for Porth Neigwl.

'Porth Neigwl' by Scott

This poem is like a catalogue of the virtues of Porth Neigwl. It is full of things happening – 'the sun floating', 'sand dunes crying', 'waves smashing'. I can hear Porth Neigwl roaring. Scott succeeded in giving a mixture of great and beautiful things alongside unpleasant, frightening images such as the 'skeleton of a dolphin smells like manure and rocks as black as the devil's mouth.'

This reminds is how dangerous Porth Neigwl is. This young poet takes us from the happy to the sad in a couplet. Then, as for anyone who has been there, he takes a part of the beach home on his shoes and in his memory. Congratulations to you both.

Anna E Jones, Abersoch

Ysgol Pont y Gof

It was a privilege to be part of such a special project, one that has united the school and the community. There are so many local names that have been forgotten, and others have been changed over time, which is a shame. This project has given children an excellent opportunity to collaborate with members of the community, with poets and local people to look at maps and searching for the names of rivers and bridges before going on a local trip to find them. What makes this project unique is the fact that it hasn't finished, and it probably never will. A seed has been sown, a growing seed.

The children have used some of the names to name their classes:

Cofan Class after Afon Cofan (*Cofan river*)

Trewan Class after Pont Trewan (*Trewan bridge*)

Seithbont Class after Pont Seithbont
(*Seithbont bridge*)

Rhyd Goch Class after Pont Rhyd Goch
(*Rhyd Goch bridge*).

Bethan Prys Jones, Ysgol Pont y Gof, Botwnnog



On our own doorstep

As the head-teacher of Ysgol Bro Plenydd, I did not have to hesitate for one second before agreeing to take part in this valuable and timely project to celebrate the advent of our National Festival to Llŷn and Eifionydd.

In a period when the majority of incomers are often blind to our language and culture and without a scrap of interest; and in an age when the influence of social media means that our children and young people know more about what is happening across the Atlantic than what is on their own doorstep, it is more important than ever that we make efforts to keep alive the wealth of names, memories and legends of our community for this generation and future generations, before they are lost forever!

Last year, the children of Ysgol Bro Plenydd learnt about the history of the village of Y Ffôr and the surrounding area – starting with the ancient Cromlech and tracing the history and development of the village

by studying maps and documents, looking at old photographs and listening to the stories and memories of the elderly people of the area.

This year, therefore, to create this backcloth, they were more ready to call to mind the wealth of names that had been learnt – Rhyd y Gwystl, Weirglodd, Salem and Ebeneser Chapels, Pig Hotel and the Fourcrosses Inn to name but a few, and their associated stories.

It was lovely to see the children working with Gwyneth from Morfa Nefyn and Janet, Bryn Bachau, Chwilog, two friends and grandmothers to Hari and Isla, both being pupils in the school. Over time, we saw the story of Y Ffôr growing on the backcloth and there is no doubt that spending time in the company of the two ladies, learning to embroider and discussing how to represent the locations creatively has been an enriching and unforgettable experience for the children of Y Ffôr.

Carys Hughes, Ysgol Bro Plenydd

Pont y Merched

Pont y Merched is a wooden footbridge on the land of Coed Cae Gwyn farm, Llangybi (known as Coicia locally). It is a means of crossing the stream that has its source on Foel Bromiod, and flows down to the river Erch in the gap between Ffynnon Cybi and Hendre Garcyn bridge in Pencaenewydd.

Years ago, the local women went there to do their washing, and probably have a chat as well, and that's how the wooden footbridge became known as Pont y Merched (*Women's Bridge*). There is an ancient and tranquil atmosphere there. If it were possible to have a still photograph from the past, it would be good to see the women with their sleeves rolled up, washing together, and to be able to listen to their voices.

There is a reference to the wooden footbridge in the song 'Beti Wyn' by Mynediad am Ddim on their album 'Wa Mc Spredar'.

*We'll go my love
for a little walk.
Walk hand in hand through the village
down the slopes,
to the riverbank.
Sweet dreams.
Come my sweetheart to Pont y Merched
we can go there in harmony.
Come, my dear one to the footbridge
that joins two as one.
Beti Wyn, Beti Wyn, Beti Wyn ...*

Thank you for the chance to be a part of Gair mewn Gwlân. It was a wonderful opportunity to bridge the generation gap. After receiving a knitted blanket as a gift from Gwen Jones Parry, who is almost 90 years old, the school council immediately organised a May Day lunch for the older adults in the community. Over a meal and a chat, we obtained a rich collection of local names, which have now been sewn onto the blanket – a legacy for us after the Eisteddfod, with the old names recorded and remembered.

Elin Owen, Ysgol Llangybi

Not just a location, but a part of who we are

There is a special magic to Ffynnon Gybi. A magic that attracted people there in the past to heal their wounds, to feel better. Although the sick no longer congregate there, visitors come to have a taste of this special magic and to feel better having seen the single chimneyed ruin nestling in the shadow of Garn Bentyrch. People now come to be enchanted, to take a photo and leave, but to the children of Llangybi a visit to the Ffynnon has much greater significance.

It is an experience to go there, the experience of getting to know the old ruins again and to notice the details, giving all their senses over to that experience. That is why, in this poem, we get all kinds of feelings, from the sighing and the worrying to the leisurely walking and blinking. Having been there, the children have absorbed everything around them, have noticed what was different from last time, and have got to know the place. So, there is no need to take a photo before leaving, as the experience and the idea of knowing is much more vivid.

The Ffynnon is not just a location to the children of Llangybi, but a part of who we are, this is what shows the world that we are Llangybs children.

Bethan Mair Jones, Coleg Meirion Dwyfor



Through the eyes of Chwilog children

It is interesting to get a taste of somewhere through the eyes of children.

Firstly, to see is never enough, it is a sight full of senses and emotions, and what's important is given to us on a plate. Chwilog is their immediate locality and they know the area not only through its names, but also through using their senses. Here, we are referred to prominent locations such as Afonwen but we are also reminded of the Afon Ddu. We don't get the conventional picture of the Lôn Goed but the opportunity to tarry a while and to step under its woven roof and take note of the hazel trees and squirrels. We are engulfed by the sound of nature in the area and get to know exactly where we can hear the song of the cuckoo and the robin. One thing is certain, you won't starve in Chwilog as the smell and taste of food is prominent and leads us through the seasons from leek soup in March to hot dogs in November. We get a full year in the company of Chwilog Children, a year of knowing, remembering and noticing those things that make the area unique.

Bethan Mair Jones, Coleg Meirion Dwyfor

A favour

There are all kinds of interesting stories and legends associated with the Beddgelert area, with some of the most famous including the stories of Gelert, Rhita Gawr and the dragons of Dinas Emrys. There are local tales too, of course, that have been passed down from generation to generation, and these in turn have led to interesting and original names such as 'y gymwynas' (*the favour*) and 'stamps' – names that are not so familiar today, perhaps, especially to the younger generation.

As a parent, I am very glad indeed that the children of Ysgol Beddgelert have had the opportunity to research the interesting names that exist in their area, and to learn about the legends, the stories and the people associated with them. It is a very good thing that the children know about them. They'll remember the names forever, and make sure they are not forgotten.

Elen Mererid Jones, Nant Gwynant



Dinas Ddu

Fedw Bach

y Dydd

Craig Llan

Yr Aran

lwyn

Swastadanas

Dolfriog

Dinas Moch

Dol Lleian



reid

Thanks to the children of Ysgol Penisarwaun

Well, it's so good to see that you've been busy doing work on the quarry at school, and that you've been remembering and listing the names of the galleries that were so important to the workers and to the history of the quarry in general.

It is so important to keep these old names alive – both my grandfathers worked in the quarry – one in the quarry in Llanberis and the other in the Nantlle Valley. Although I was not lucky enough to meet either one of them, I heard many stories about them from my two grandmothers. I heard the two many times naming the galleries and relating interesting stories about the meetings in the zinc huts – the leg-pulling, the competitions, the eisteddfodau and the interesting discussions that used to take place there.

As someone who was born and brought up in Penisarwaun, I have many happy memories of playing there years ago. And indeed, there was no better place to wander, have an adventure, play and enjoy. I wonder whether some of you play in the same places today? Do you go to Stabla City on a lovely sunny day to fish in the river Seiont, or to bathe on its banks? Or perhaps you climb up Craig Fawr and then run to look for the fairy circle or caves on Graig Fach? And then there's Y Waun, where Ffynnon Cegin Arthur is somewhere to be found, let alone trying to build a den in Pen Dinas?

You're very lucky to be living in such a lovely area, which is full of history, legends and wonderful places.

Anwen Hughes, Carmel, Penygroes

The Mosaic of the Bro Llifon area

We live in an area that is rich in traditional Welsh names, but sadly many are rapidly disappearing, either due to the influence of incomers, or dwellings becoming ruins. It was therefore a privilege to recall for this generation and their descendants, the history of the names that were an integral part of the heritage of their forefathers, and which will be recorded and remembered for the future. Every name has its own significance, whether geographically or historically, ancient or modern.

It is the grandeur of Mynydd Mawr that protects the area, with drips from its trunk creating the river Llifon that winds its way reluctantly, irrigating the land of Caesarea, Carmel and the numerous smallholdings on the edges of Y Groeslon. Then, it spreads pompously to the territory of the noblemen of yesteryear in Plas Glynllifon, and reaches the sea in Caernarfon Bay: a journey of six miles.

The quarries immortalised in the stories of Dr Kate Roberts and which sustained the community: Penyrorsedd, Cilgwyn, and Tŵll Braich, and the chapels that were a sanctuary in Pisgah and Bryn Rhos. The names of the dwellings are rich in history and their interesting meanings: e.g. Grafog, Cefn Nen, Grugan Wen and Tyddyn Dafydd.

This year, Y Groeslon has been celebrating the centenary of the village hall. To celebrate their heritage by stitching on a sheet the tapestry of names of their local area, has been the privilege of the children of Bro Llifon. The mosaic of an entire area consigned to the nation's memory, knot by knot, loop by loop, stitch by stitch, to be remembered.

Eirian Pritchard, Caernarfon



Botwnnog catchment area schools

The Hidden Path

Sentences about to start,
and our shoes are clean and bright,
setting stones to the music of words
to get our song just right.
The river Daron gently flows
following the season from spring to summer.
We venture onto the hidden path,
blackthorns ready to prick,
ready to strike,
ready to hurt.
But magical flowers came to save us,
mushrooms
and dandelions.
Deer's tongue
and lichen like hairs.
Back towards the Sound
with our shoes untidy,
sitting on the rocks sipping our tea
and the otter's hidden paws
around the place.

Ysgol Crud y Werin, Aberdaron

Will you come?

Will you come on an adventure to Nefyn
With us, the gang of Penperyn?

Where the views are wonderful, blue
And the people are kind and faithful to you,
And a whole mouthful of names
On the tips of our tongues.

Y Groes is the centre point, the heart
And the local eyes are staring
At the busy high street.

Can you see the water as you stand on the Tower?
Can you see the green fields from the top of Garn Boduan?
Can you see Lôn Gam snaking its way down to the bay?

Can you hear the children jumping on the breakwater?
Screaming and splashing, full of noise!
Can you hear the noisy cars on the street
Where the water lies quietly in the Well?
Can you hear Nant y Felin gurgling?
And the comforting song in Cae Cywion?

We can hear the names on the breeze
as we walk up to the top of the hill.

Do you know there are countless stories
in our Nefyn?
This is where we belong.
This is where we're supposed to be.
What about it ... will you come with me?

Penperyn Class, Ysgol Nefyn





Nefyn our paradise

Nefyn is a paradise, do you know
Y Gwylwyr and Y Garn keep watch over all.

Yr Heliwr is full of chatting and talking
With happy people singing and dancing.

Pwll William and its calm tranquillity
Comforts the ducks, feathered and busy.

Shouting loudly at Carreg Lefain
We hear our message echoing back.

The salty blue-green sea licks our feet
On a beach of golden sand.

The old sailors and their heavy nets
And the mermaid under the waves.

There's magic in these names,
The names that are part of Nefyn.

Hobwrn Class, Ysgol Nefyn

Come for a walk!

A wide footpath and the pebbles clacking.
Pwll William is still and shining.
Happy ducks saying hello.
Coastal footpath, narrow and dangerous.
Waves breaking on the sand.
Busy fishermen's boats bobbing on the stormy sea.
Dragging sand up Lôn Bridin.
Fast cars dashing past the garage.
The busy Cae Coch cross-roads.
Our little Morfa is a beautiful Morfa.
We own Morfa and Morfa owns us.

Reception Year and Year 1, Ysgol Morfa Nefyn

Morfa Nefyn

Down Lôn Bridin to Porthdinllaen,
The Morfa gang are looking forward.
Lifeboat on the stormy seas,
Fishermen are busy now.
Everyone going to Tŷ Coch,
Playing on the beach with a friend.

Rap by Ysgol Morfa Nefyn and Ed Holden



Bryn Gwydd Beach

Poem inspired by Meinir Peirce Jones' novel, Capten

Reaching the beach full of sights and colours,
 Majestic cliffs claim the picture.
 Islands of rocks full of families of varied creatures.
 Dirty shells to clean the mud revealing the true colour.
 Powerful waves break on the rocks and whisper their secrets.
 It's an adventure jumping over the slippery blue-grey stepping stones.
 Ignoring a puny footbridge, like Rebecca's Daughters ignoring the toll rules,
 by using unique stepping stones.
 A nice, slow lazy tide coming towards us, shy and rhythmic, like a ticking clock.
 The remains of the Cyprian cargo ship to remind us of the past.
 A river splitting the '*child's play of a beach*' like a plant extending its roots.
 We notice golf balls snuggling among the wet seaweed.
 Rubbish polluting our perfect picture.
 Dirty and shrivelled flotsam and jetsam telling countless interesting tales.
 A cold, sharp breeze blows, touching our cherry-red cheeks.
 A salty smell reminds us of the unforgettable chips from Siop y Morfa.
 Comforting white foam, like hot milk on coffee,
 Going home from the '*narrow piece of beach*', turning our backs on the vivid images of our day.

Years 5 and 6, Ysgol Edern





Poem in the form of a Letter

Ysgol Edern,
Lôn Rhos,
Edern.

Dear Edern,

Productive green fields surround you. Unforgettable fields remind us of the pebbles on Aber Geirch beach. Flowers and trees relaxing in the breeze., Your faithful friend, Afon Geirch flows content and leisurely, like a beating heart. You are the centre of the countryside, like a nose on a face.

The remains of uneven stones remind us of yesterday's roads. It was a horse and cart that used to trot over the bridge; today endless, noisy cars disturb your tranquillity. Children having fun in your new park. A school nearby. A pleasant place to be with friends.

Are you sad to see your huge chapel locked? Are you over the moon that the doors of your church are open? Are you happy that the old school is home to a local family? Are you happy to know that the Woodlands Hotel is thriving?

But sometimes visitors cause disturbance. House prices rising. Traffic increasing. What's your answer: To rebuke? To sulk?

Hen Bost, Glanrhyd,
Llygad yr Haul, Ty'n Lôn,
Tyddyn Saith Swllt, Y Felin,
and Mount.

Craigia, Cwmistir,
Tŷ Athro, Elidir
and Rhosgor.

Cae Bustach, Cae Eithin,
Cae Crwn, Cae Glas,
Cae Dan Bont, Cae Bryn Marchog
and Cae Gorlan.

Thank you for treasuring the names and keeping their memory alive: Allt Goch, Bryn Gwydd, Ogorf Bebyll, Lôn Pwll Clai, Llwybr Cam, Tir Bedw, Banhadlog and Bae Carreg yr Afr.

Whether we wander or stay. We'll love you throughout our lives.
Warmest wishes,
Years 5 and 6.

Years 5 and 6, Ysgol Edern



Porth Ysgaden

A salty smell is in the air,
The mighty sea is wide and clear,
Now we jump into the water
The noisy seagulls all a-fluster.

Gruff and Jack, Ysgol Tudweiliog

Porth Cychod

The huts have stood for a very long time,
Anchored to the land
The waves lapping the beach
Leave their mark for a period.

Elis and Mat, Ysgol Tudweiliog

Porth Gwylan

The seagulls scream
Looking down for food
They dive swiftly to the water
A fish is their prize.

Elis and Mat, Ysgol Tudweiliog

Rhosgor

Seals swimming through the waves
Making noises with their noses
On the sea, the sun is shining
A choir of little birds are singing.

Near the cliff, a dark little cave opening
On a fine day in spring,
Jagged stones are very slippery
Dangerous to children on a tiring day.

Lwsi and Nan, Ysgol Tudweiliog

Our Neighbourhood

Porth Ysgaden, Porth Cychod, Porth Ysglaig,
Little harbours carved in the rock,
Porth Gwylan, Porth Tŷ Mawr, Porth Widlin,
On the northern side of the peninsula.

Pwll Garreg Goch, Stôl, Rhosgor,
Great places to catch marine life.
Penrhyn Copr, Creigiau Delysg, Carreg Ebol,
The waves all around encompass them.

Lôn Cefn Pentra, Lôn Giatws, Lôn Trigwm,
Centuries of steps are there as a pattern.
Coetan Arthur, Beudy Bigyn, Winllan Chwain,
Mynydd Cefn Amwlch defends them.

Fferm Penllech, Llain Fatw, Bryn Geinach,
Ancient homesteads now,
Tyn Ffynnon, Ffynnon Ddwyfad, Ffynnon Cwyfan,
Clean, fresh water under the slate.

Years 5 and 6, Ysgol Tudweiliog



Countless names

Pont y Gof, Coed Cofan
 Playing hide and seek, climbing trees.
 Throwing stones into Afon Soch,
 Running wild over Pont Rhodri Goch.
 Heavy tractor over Pont Trewan,
 Eating a picnic yn the hiding place.
 Over in Trygarn, a big noise,
 Herding the cows, the break of dawn.
 Afon Horon winding, winding,
 Sharing milk slowly, slowly.
 Riding a scooter down the hill
 Towards the big and salty sea.
 Gather the sheep in Llaniestyn,
 See the shape of a cat in a white cloud.
 The place is full of countless names,
 And the place is full of you and me.

Ysgol Pont y Gof

For a walk

We went for a walk
 To bridges of all kinds,
 Starting near Pont Cofan.

Onwards to Pont Rhodri Goch,
 Pont Trewan was really lovely
 And Seithbont was long.

We have to go further on again
 To see Pont Talsarn and Towyn,
 And to another direction to Pen y Bont Cellar.

We saw three rivers on our journey,
 Afon Horon and Afon Cofan
 Wending its way lightly to Afon Soch.

There were several streams around us too,
 Nant Rhiwdar, Llaniestyn and Caseg,
 And we walked happily through Nant yr Henllyn.

Aren't we lucky?
 Able to go for a walk through an amazing area,
 Without spending a single penny!

Ysgol Pont y Gof



A walk around Mynytho

Here, there's a store of history, and names that bring a smile,
We touch on several continents, memories of sailors gone by.
So let's go on an expedition around our area through and through,
To bring some information, and the enchantment of the place to you.

New York, Cornwall, China, Yr Aifft and Califfornia,
They can all be seen here, - Y Welings, Balaclava,
A memorial to remind us of those who went 'around the world'.

Pengreigwen, Pant y Wennol, Siop Uchaf and Siop Ganol,
Siop Ffrwd and Siop Angorfa, Siop y Crydd and Siop Bryngola,
Siop Foelas and Siop Grasi - only the Post now survives.

We have seven wells, these are mentioned in books:
Ffynnon Saethon, Ffynnon Fair, Ffynnon Rhos, those are three,
Ffynnon Arian, Ffynnon Fyw, Ffynnon Sarff and Ffynnon Loyw.

There were several chapels here, Horeb, Nant and Carmel,
Once there was Capel Dafydd, we all know of Capel Newydd.

House names in Mynytho are really worth remembering,
Tan Bwlch, Halfway and y Bragdy, Tŷ Bries, Ynys and the Sgoldy,
Pensgoits and Nant y Rhiwdar, Plas Ward, Rhedyn and the Village Hall
Immortalised by the poet in the volume *Cerddi'r Gaeaf*.

We enjoy walking the area's footpaths, and we always do
See sights that amaze us, and we'll list them for you,
Bluebells, yellow bunting, daisies and buttercups,
Cuckoo flower, mountain heather, and we hear the Curlew's cry
See the Llŷn Peninsula from the top of Foel Gron, this is a perfect area.

And there you are, there's our neighbourhood in the blink of an eye,
Hopefully, you'll all come yourselves for an expedition.

Ysgol Foel Gron, Mynytho





Porth Neigwl

Down long sandy footpaths,
the waves as wild as the wind,
the mountain whispering to the sea,
little clouds crying over the mountain,
sheep's wool spinning in the strong wind.
people walking with a dog.
Shining seaweed slumbering in the sun.
Back up the footpaths before nightfall.

Ronnie Overfield-Evans, Year 5,
Ysgol Sarn Bach

Porth Neigwl

A happy sun floating in the sky,
sand dunes crying like the rain,
strong waves smashing the world,
sunset at a quarter to nine.
Huge waves jumping to the shore,
soft, golden sand shining like the sun.
Dolphins jumping while the birds sing.
The bare skeleton of a dolphin smells like manure.
Rocks as black as the devil's mouth,
sparkling crystal sprinkled across the beach,
the beach is still in my shoes,
and the jetsam and flotsam still wet.

Scott Embury, Year 6, Ysgol Sarn Bach

Ein Milltir Sgwâr Ni

Cae Hwsni, Pen Cleigr, Lôn Pin, Allt y Llan,
Pig Bys Coch, Lôn Isa, Ben Cei and Y Winllan.
Cwt Powdwr, Cerrig Bychain, Gwaith Bach, Coffor Ddu.
Local names for us all to respect.

Ogof Wil Puw, Nant Iago, Cae'r Wrach, Lôn Penbryn
Trwy'r Nant, Gwaith Ifan and Clogwyn Melyn,
Pentra Llan, Twll Dan Grisau, Lôn Wen, Tan Mynydd,
Enchanting names that deserve to be used.

Pen Coron, Nant Barrug, Bwlch Coch, Ty'n Tywyn.
Nant Castell, Hen Dai, Y Ddelw and Gwaith Trwyn
Tro'r Refail, Lôn Twtil, Y Gorad, Rar Ucha'
Names that are alive on our lips.

Lôn Bribwll, Tŷ Du, Bwlch Coch, Tocyn Cerrig,
Llwybr Llymriaid, Gwaith Bach and Lôn Pencraig,
Parc Mawr, Tir Cwmwd, Pen Coron, Lôn Rabar,
The treasured names of our square mile.

Tir y Cwmwd Class, Ysgol Llanbedrog

A group of approximately 15 children in school uniforms are posing outdoors in front of a stone building. They are holding a large, hand-decorated banner. The banner features the word 'CROESO' in large red letters, followed by 'gan' in orange and 'ysgol Abererch' in blue. The banner is adorned with a colorful bunting border and numerous small drawings of buildings and landscapes, each labeled with a Welsh place name. The children are smiling and looking towards the camera.



Afon Erch

I am a piece of silken ribbon
I move like a snake day and night,
Through the fields, the village and down to the sea,
Twisting and turning, but each time the same way.

I'm noisy when it's stormy,
And flow smoothly in the summer,
I hear children laughing and traffic thundering over the bridge,
Birds singing sweetly, and the whistling of the wind.

I'm a habitat for some, a park to others,
Fish, birds, people, and a few sheep or cows
They gather close by me to slake their thirst!
To investigate, bathe, skim and have fun!

I'm the centrepiece of the village,
I'm here since times immemorial,
A community watches over me
And for now, here's where I'll be.

Years 3 to 6, Ysgol Abererch





PONT
LECHAN

CYMERAU

Y GARN

STR
LLYC

PENLLEINIAU

Ffarwell

Farewell to Meini Gwynion,
Farwell to Pen Copa,
Farewell to Pen Tennyn,
Farewell to Min y Môr.

Farewell to Caffi Largo,
Farewell to Heli Bach,
Farewell to Becws Islyn
Farewell to Ael y Don.

Farewell to Stryd Fawr y Groes,
Farewell to Stryd Penlan,
Farewell to Pentre Poeth,
Farewell to Stryd y Llygod.

Indi Mai Jones, Ysgol Cymerau, Pwllheli

Pwllheli is

Pwllheli is Sŵn y Môr, the Prom and the School
Pwllheli is boats, sailing and the harbour
Pwllheli is the seaside, golf and home
Pwllheli is shops, houses and streets
Pwllheli is boats, fish and sand
Pwllheli is green, blue and yellow
Pwllheli is Caffi Sol, Caffi Glasu and Caffi Largo
Pwllheli is home.

Awel Nansi Tudor, Ysgol Cymerau, Pwllheli





Collecting Names

Robert Lloyd Jones the Schoolmaster,
a hundred years ago
Went, copybook in hand, over hills and dales
To note the interesting names of old smallholdings;
And we, today, are better off, and so lucky
As he wove all the names into two handy verses:
Was Robert Lloyd Jones
not an amazing schoolmaster?

'Gwydir Mawr and Gwydir Bach,
Llwyn Aethnen and Cefn Berdda,
Gapas Lwyd, Nant Bach and Cwm,
Tir Du, Llwyd Brig, Cae Crofa,
'Sgubor Wen and Tan-y-Bwlch, Pen-lôn,
Cae'r Foty, Morfa.'

But keeping a smallholding pays no bills,
The old Gwydir cowshed became a holiday home,
So also Llwyn Aethnen,
where the leaves used to tremble ...
There's campsites in Gapas Lwyd and Sgubor Wen;
In the Morfa, Bert's Kitchen Garden
and its wooden huts;
But in Tir Du, the garden is thriving.

'Lleiniau Hirion, Parsal, Graig, Uwchfoty,
Tanycreigia',
Tyddyn Coch and Nant-y-cwm, Dau Derfyn
and Brynhudfa,
Elernion, Maes-neuadd, Tyn-y-gors, Tai N'wddion,
Bwlwyn, 'Rhendra.'
And none of the names has disappeared;
In the mouths of Trefor people they sing
Although new smallholders have come,
Ianto is still farming in Tŷ Coch
And the Welsh language has a very prominent voice
In Sea View Terrace and Eifl Road!

Ysgol Yr Eifl, Trefor and Twm Morys



Come for a walk

Come for a walk to our area.

Brown acorns and green leaves are on our badge.

Carnguwch church by the winding river,
and a few quiet rabbits hopping nearby.

Over in the Castle, there's a very docile red bull
and in Cae Tŷ Rytan the leaves blow from side to side like the Welsh flag.

There's Pistyll, the sea is glistening like yellow stars,
the slipway is blue like bilberries,
and the old white chapel is being turned into a house.
Nant Gwrtheyrn Quarry is as dark as night
Whilst yellow gorse bushes fill Lôn Rhosydd
and the busy ants drill under the oak-tree.

A poisonous camouflaged snake hides in Pemprys field,
and strong Charolais cattle cross Lôn Plas.
In the distance, we can see a large mountain and sheep like snow
whilst a ladybird has fun on a swing in Llanaelhaearn.
the Blue Tit says tweet tweet by Afon Geirch
And the remains of the water pump that flowed clear in Mela.

Year 3 and 4, Ysgol Pentreuchaf and Casia Wiliam



Llyn Countryside Names

What sort of place would this be without names?
houses, rivers, roads and fields?
Hendra Wen, Gwynus, Beudy Bach –
without them Wales would be so much poorer.

Pentre Bychan and Pont Pemprys,
Mela, Wern, Winllan Bryn Pys,
Throwing twigs into the river,
red campion and happy fish.

Pont Bodefail and Mownt Tŷ Newydd,
ancient names and new names,
Ffridd and Carnguwch, the treasures of Llŷn,
Let's use and keep every one of them.

Year 5 and 6, Ysgol Pentreuchaf and Casia Wiliam





Y Ffôr

Fourcrosses, like the area's
hot-cross bun,
Is a beating heart,
A meeting place
A road that leads
to our village patchwork,
People, stories, names.

The ancient cromlech
Here since time immemorial,
Standing steadfastly
Come sun or storm.

Who was shouting in the Pig Inn?
Drunken tongues chattering,
 sharing jokes
Warm beer flowing
Down the hatch!

The sound of water,
the lullaby of iron
And red-hot sparks
splashing like stars
At Lôn Tŷr Gof.

Quiet prayers fill
Salem and Ebeneser
And the ‘Is there Peace?’ echoing
In the Eisteddfod every April.

Wise and mischievous characters
 From Tŷn Lôn Bach,
 Ann Owen the Herbalist
 To Leusa Prys and Mary Chips
 On Lôn Caernarfon –
 The smell of fat filled one's nostrils
 and the taste of salt and vinegar
 on the lips.

Fresh bread and bottles of milk
In Siop Gwynfa
Colourful jars of sweets
treacle toffee, liquorice and
lollipops
And eyes of the friendly
shopkeeper smiling
Behind his thick-rimmed glasses.

Today, the children are playing
On Dolwar, the estate
of lego houses,
Riding bikes
And kicking balls like Gareth Bale.
Buying Haribos and Jolly ranchers
In Londis
And racing yellow plastic ducks
Under Rhydygwystl bridge.

In Bro Plennydd
The children grow and learn
With confidence to be heard
In their play and in their laughter.

In the early morning
The river Erch whispers.
Although the road is quiet
It's heart will continue beating
Until everyone is awake.

Year 3 and 4, Tre'r Ceiri Class, Ysgol Bro Plennydd

Ffynnon Cybi (*Cybi's well*)

At Ffynnon Cybi,
We alone are the ones who see
The water sighing
The sheep blinking
The blue flower worrying
The trees walking
The stone rolling
The rushes eating mud.

Walking home
We are the only ones who remember the stones.

Armon Class, Ysgol Llangybi, Sian Northey and Sion Aled

Chwilog through the seasons

Can you see the lambs prancing in Hafod y Rhos field?
Can you see the sun shining on the surface of Afonwen and Afon Ddu?
Can you see the grey squirrels eating hazelnuts on the Lôn Goed?
Can you see a glowing bonfire dancing in the cold at Parc Glasfryn?

Can you see the birds and the little chicks singing sweetly on the school roof?
Can you hear the cuckoo's song echoing in the wood at Ysgubor Hen?
Can you hear the shrivelled leaves crunching on Lôn Plas footpaths?
Can you hear the beautiful robin calling for food in Moneifion field?

Can you smell leek soup spluttering in the kitchen at Madryn?
Can you smell the salty sea and its beautiful waves?
Can you smell the sweet toffee apples in Chwilog Hall?
Can you smell Yorkshire Pudding full of lovely gravy in Povey's shop?

Can you taste crunchy hot cross buns in Pen Y Bryn?
Can you taste the fatty chips on the beach in Afonwen?
Can you taste the excellent hot dogs in Poveys?
Can you taste the luxurious mince pies in Minafon?

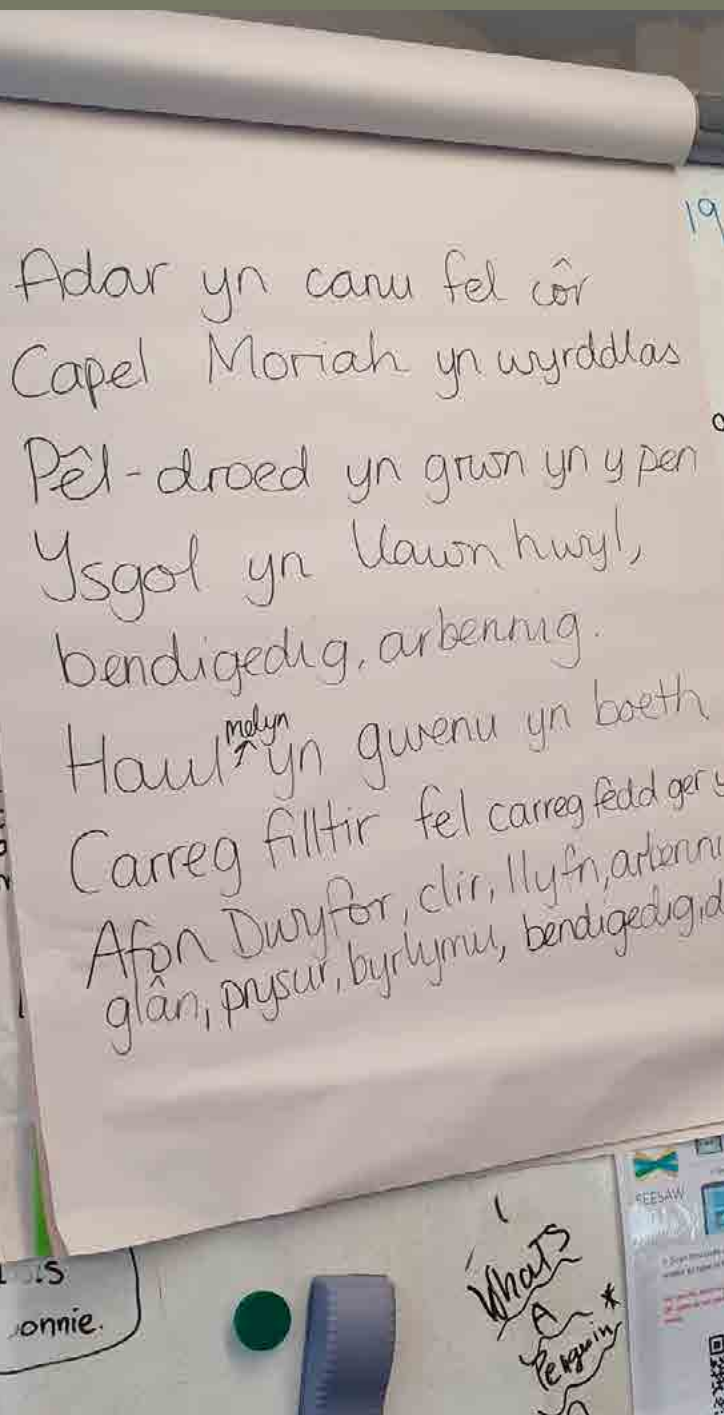
Can you feel the innocent lambs in Gwag y Noe field?
Can you feel the soft, golden sand in Pen Ychain?
Can you feel the sharp knife in your hand as you carve a pumpkin?
Can you feel the secret presents under the Christmas tree?

Ysgol Chwilog



Eifionydd

Catchment area schools



A Walk Around Garn

Maes Hyfryd, Capel Horeb,
Bod Iwan, Brandy bach,
Hen Siop and Tan yr Ogof,
Cae Llyn and Cocyn Bach.

Starting at the school,
Rhwingddwryd in the valley,
Bro Pedr and Cae'r Arba,
In the midst of children laughing.

Slipping to Cae Pistyll,
And feeling the fresh air,
Among the yellow gorse
And a little bird's harp.

Rolling to Caer Ffynnon
As swiftly as the wind,
Past the bubbling of Llystyn
Towards the windmill.

Bryn Eithin, Afon Dwyfor,
Glan Gors and Bryn Eifion,
Tŷn Dŵr, Pen y Bont, Cae Amos,
Llwyn Betws, Carreg Gron.

Slinking past the fox
That's hiding by the crossroads,
Drinking dirty beer
And standing on one leg.

Prowling through Bro Gwgan
The giant of our neighbourhood,
Who crossed the Afon Dwyfor
And stepped through its waters.

Rushing to Capel Isa
And over the white stile,
Arriving back at school,
And we're at the journey's end.

Ysgol Garndolbenmaen



Our Gorlan

Beneath our feet are Creigiau Dre
And the world is still and quiet
We can see everything from here
And hear the tiniest sound on the breeze.

A little prayer at Capel Peniel
And the brave climbers at Bwlch y Moch.
A cold shadow under the Nursery trees,
Jackdaw babies as clear as a bell.

Children walking along Lôn Haearn Fach
On their way to create memories.
Tan yr Allt is full of history,
Care in Alltwen is so kind and faithful.

Cwnmystradllyn and its amazing lake,
The Afon Clennau is in hiding,
The cuckoo's song can be heard in Golan,
White spots across the fields.

Busy people on the Square,
Tasty chips at the town's Chippy.
This is the very best area ever,
Our Gorlan, this is the place.

Year 4 and 5, Ysgol y Gorlan

Borth y Gest

Ysgol Borth y Gest is at the top of the hill,
Capel Bethel is on the same street,
The Golf Club is busy in the Summer,
the colourful houses are still standing.

Heol Ralff and Heol Eiddew,
Stryd y Pwmp and Tan y Foel,
Cefn y Gader and Garreg Goch –
these are our amazing streets.

A white and brown llama spits through the gate,
Noisy seagulls fly around us,
dirty pigs wallow in the mud.
We're between the mountains and the blue sea.

Bae Samson is where history lies,
strong currents flow in the sea,
little boats are anchored in the bay,
There are no longer any ships here.

The village of Cei Bach and its multi-coloured houses,
a haven for everyone in all seasons,
Ice cream and sand castles,
there's nowhere like Borth to lift the spirits.

Ysgol Borth y Gest





Beddgelert is...

Afon Glaslyn, Afon Colwyn, Llyn Llywelyn
Rhaeadr Watkin, Llyn Dinas, Llyn Cwellyn

Moel Hebog, Yr Wyddfa and the Aran
Cnicht, Moel Lefn, Craig Llan

Ochr Draw, Tŷ Isaf, Dinas Emrys
Chwarel Sygun, Castell, Cae Morys

Plas Oerddwr, Llyn Celyn, Glan Cymer
Cwm Cloch, Fedw Bach, nant Dŵr Oer

Cwm Bychan, Tanronnen and ice cream
the dog's grave, Aberglaslyn and home!

Ysgol Beddgelert



In Llanystumdwy...

In Llanystumdwy I see...

Afon Dwyfor dancing and laughing
under the beautiful old bridge.

Moriah Chapel, like a little piece of Portmeirion
in our village.

The school, the place to learn about the past
and the future.

Cwt y Plu colourfully painted by the village children.

Families smiling broadly in the Rabbit Farm.

Lloyd George's grave, the boy who had a dream.

In Llanystumdwy I smell...

Y Plu's lovely Pizzas.

Nature, and the healthy smell of the farm.

In Llanystumdwy I taste...

Apples from Lloyd George's tree.

Local produce in Siop y Plu.

Lovely school dinner.

Tasty biscuits in Tŷ Newydd.

In Llanystumdwy I hear...

The river bubbling enchantingly,
background music for the village.

Noisy farm animals.

The quietness of the church and its churchyard
with our history on every stone.

Jolly singing and chatting in Y Plu,

The happy laughter of children at school.

Leaves rustling in the wind.

In Llanystumdwy I feel...

The love in the buildings.

The smooth, cool milestone.

Fresh air in my lungs.

The yellow sun, warm on my face.

The natural world everywhere.

I feel the history in the air.

Llanystumdwy is where my heart is.

**Dwyfor Class, Years 3, 4, 5 and 6,
Ysgol Llanystumdwy**



Here in Tŷ Newydd

Here in Tŷ Newydd, we see Harlech over the sea,
and pretty pink and yellow flowers dancing happily
like a choir.

Here in Tŷ Newydd there's a huge chair,
standing motionless in the garden, tall as a giant.
Here in Tŷ Newydd I see books around the place,
growing over the walls, from the ground to the sky!
Here in Tŷ Newydd, I see a cool, shining light,
above my head, on the roof, like a flying saucer.

Here in Tŷ Newydd is the sound of fresh air,
the sound of squirrels climbing,
the tweet tweet of little birds.

Here in Tŷ Newydd, I feel the smooth,
hard wood of the table,
and hear the whooshing sound
of an aeroplane flying away.

Here in Tŷ Newydd, I hear a biro scratching,
and the sound of spiders breathing in the corners...
Here in Tŷ Newydd, I hear wind in the branches,
and I hear the noisy sound of the older children
downstairs.

Nursery, Reception, Year 1 and 2 Pupils,
Ysgol Llanystumdwy

An Adventure in Tŷ Newydd

Arrival at Tŷ Newydd.

Birds singing.

Breathing the fresh air and relaxing.

A new adventure.

I can see the squirrel and the cat racing up the tree
to get a view of the garden as springtime awakens.

I smell the grass outside, then I'm led by my nose
to the house by the smell of sweet biscuits.

There are colourful books around us
like garden flowers,

and a story and history all around us.

Here in Tŷ Newydd I feel a draught
through the round window,

And I feel the old stone walls, and the grey,
purple and green slates, and the house is cold.

But my love for the place makes me snug and warm.
Leaving Tŷ Newydd – after a new adventure.

Years 3, 4, 5 and 6, Ysgol Llanystumdwy



Cricieth

A lot of history comes from our special town,
From interesting buildings to numerous streets.
It was originally called Trefarthyr, did you know?
The history of St Catherine our Martyr and her town.

There are various fields, like Weirglodd Ganol,
Llain Hir, Llain Fawr and Llain Fach.
Cae Garreg, Cae Bach and Cae Calch,
Cae dan Ty, Cae'r Uchaf, Cae Canol.

Previously, our streets were marshy,
Willow trees grew on y Waen,
Opposite Waen Helyg comes Ty'n Rhos,
The cottage on land that was like a ditch.

Historic buildings everywhere,
From the George, the Lion and Caer Wylan hotels,
Bron Eifion, Parciau, Ty'r Felin,
are great locations in our neighbourhood.

The Cricieth emerged from the words 'crug caeth'.
The name for the jail in the castle near the beach.
But the question that perplexes time after time,
Are there two Cs in Cricieth?

Ysgol Trefarthyr, Cricieth



Come...

Craggy rocks, sunken sand,
Blue rocks and hidden beaches,
A fierce, threatening sea, and smooth, tickling waves.
There were twenty islands here.

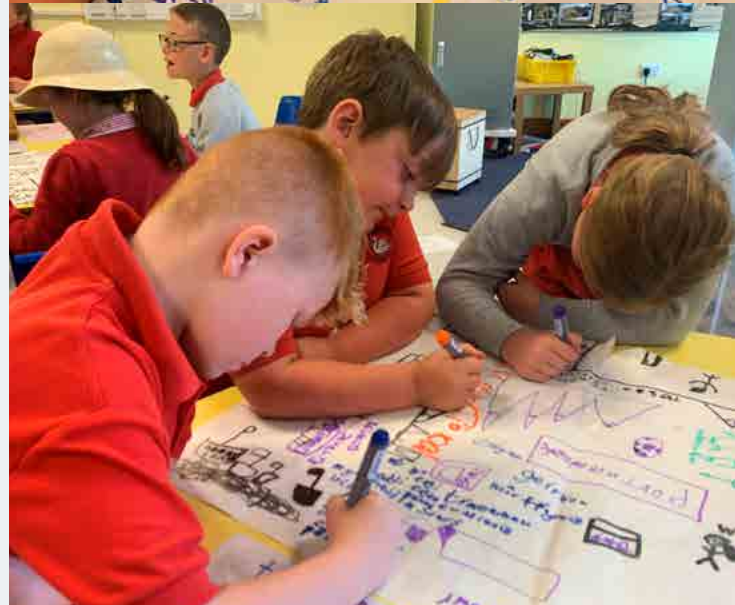
The vision of William Maddocks,
The hard work of the lowly peasants,
Shovelling, carrying, sweating and more...
Creating the Cob and its memorable toll.

A train carrying heavy slates,
Down from the quarries for export,
Maddocks' harbour in its heyday,
Thanks to the sea for its sacrifice.

Constructing luxurious ships,
Magnificent, ornate, excellent craftsmanship,
Voyaging to all corners of the earth,
But this is still home.

Amazing views, witty characters,
Come for a cuppa, come for a holiday,
Come to see nature at its best.
But remember...
There were twenty islands here.

Ysgol Eifion Wyn, Porthmadog



Meirionnydd Schools



Ein cynefin

Golden sand and blue, crystal waves,
I'm very happy in the sultry, soft summer.
Warm memories of playing in the sand dunes,
This is what makes Traeth Bach heaven for me.

Excitement, shouting and clapping,
Jubilant – and heartache,
Blue and white shirts dashing –
Penrhyn FC going for the cup!

An exciting tournament here every year
And an awards night full of fun and joy.
This is a big part of my happy life
Because this is my football club.

Green doors opening –
football cards, sweets and crisps;
This is the best place in Penrhyn,
Come to Siop Dewi for delicacies.

There's tasty Pizzas in Portmeirion,
A castle, a beach and a luxurious hotel,
Lovely, colourful Italian houses,
And the Gwyllt is an adventurous, wooded maze.

Christmas Show in the Memorial Hall,
Playing nimbly in the park and the 'Topia',
Minffordd, Adwy Ddu and Pant,
This is heaven for us children.
Pont Briwet, the Powder Works: sweet memories –
All these are our happy neighbourhood.

Ysgol Cefn Coch, Penrhyndeudraeth

Talsarnau

Talsarnau - it's great to come and visit our area,
And you won't be disappointed, that's for sure!
Lasynys Fawr, a very unique house,
Such was the home of Ellis Wynne.
Afon Dwyrdd flows contentedly
Right between Ynys Giffan and Traeth Bach.
No, we don't know who the little goblin is.
And I wonder will we see Saint Tecwyn,
his church and his two lakes?
Sh! Listen and look at a wonder.

Ysgol Talsarnau

Llanfrothen

Pen Tŵr stands on the hill,
The ospreys are fishing in the lake.

A slate path leads to the quarries,
A walk through the woods towards Y Gelli.

A busy school, children having fun,
We go to the Ring to celebrate a festival.

Plas Brondanw, beautiful gardens,
The Cnicht stands strong in its slumber.

Pant y Wrach, an immoral old legend,
Life in Llanfrothen really is interesting.

Ysgol y Garreg, Llanfrothen



Arfon Catchment Area Schools

Bangor

In Bangor, the river Adda
Flows under the road,
And the Menai and Britannia bridges
cross over to Anglesey.

In Bangor there's a long high street –
the longest one in Wales,
and Bangor Mountain is a pleasant place
to look out and stare.

In Bangor the city clock
rings out every hour,
and the historic university
is such a valuable place.

In Bangor is Ysbyty Gwynedd,
helping and caring.
Down the road in Penrhos,
Plas y Garnedd is smiling.

In Bangor there is a famous Cathedral,
standing on the street.
Bangor is quite a city,
the best in the world.

Year 5 and 6, Ysgol y Garnedd

Our little village

My little village.
Numerous mountains,
Grey quarries,
Old machinery from days gone by,
Uwch Gwyrfai Common,
Marshy, wet land.

My little village.
Fields full of stories,
Amazing names.
Who used to live in Cae'r Sais?
What are the ruins in Pantiau?
Am I treading where Kate Roberts once walked?

My little village.
A homely school,
Noisy Mountain Rangers,
The whirligig in the park spinning,
An empty chapel that was once buzzing,
Sheep wandering on the Lôn Wen.

My little village.
Wonderful views,
Caernarfon Castle,
A colourful sunset,
A sparkling sea.
Rhosgadfan.

Ysgol Rhosgadfan



Galleries and sinks of Dyffryn Peris

Dinorwig Quarry was split into a number of work areas. These areas were often called 'ponciau' (galleries) or sinks, usually. These had different names, some called after countries or areas, some after local farms that bordered the mining area, others after members of the owner's family and others after some of the quarrymen who used to work there. Many of these names have been recorded, but they are rapidly being lost as incomers and visitors come in and coin new English names that match their impression of the landscape, rather than the rich history and traditions that belong to the area. Here in Ysgol Gymuned Penisarwaun, we are keen to keep the original names of the galleries and sinks alive. As a result, we have been collecting the names of these galleries and have created poetry in order to promote the names.

Sink

Wembley, Ponc yr Aifft and Abyssinia,
New York, Aberdaron and California,
Hafod Owen, Marchlyn and Australia,
These are the names of some of the galleries.

Ponc Enid, Harriet, Alys and Matilda,
Vivian Quarry, Julien and Veronica,
Immortalising the privileged family
Who were the owners of Dinorwig quarry.

Ponc Robin Dre and Ponc Dafydd 'Rfail,
Ponc Edward Jones and Ponc Robin 'Rabar,
These were influential local characters
Who made an impression in the Quarry.

Twll y Mwg and Twll y Dwndwr,
Twll Clawdd and Ponc y Teiliwr,
Yr Allt Goch and Yr Allt Ddu,
The old names – that's what we choose!

It's a privilege to learn about the Quarry and its people,
And to respect the old names and pass them on safely
To a new generation of children
Who are proud to be learning about their area!

Ysgol Gymuned Penisarwaun

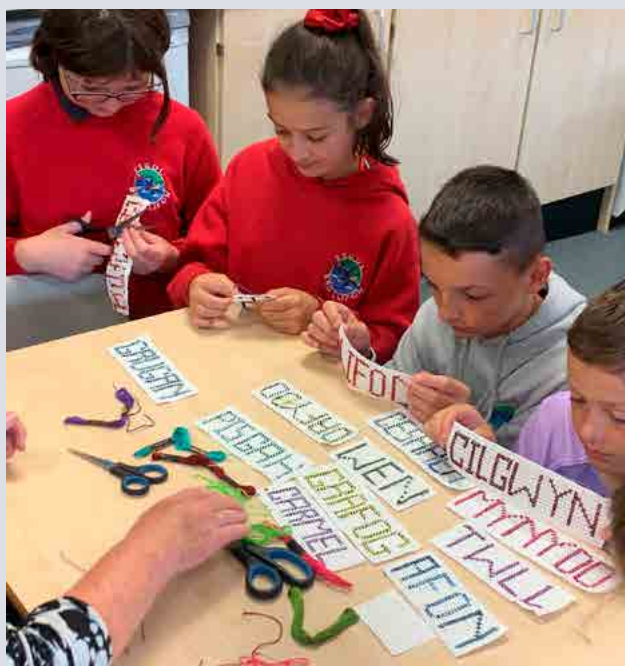


A Golden Thread

(with thanks to Hilma Lloyd Edwards)

The area's old names,
recorded and preserved,
the golden thread
between yesterday and today.

Ysgol Bontnewydd



The River Llifon

The river Llifon flows down
From the magnificent summit of Mynydd Mawr;
Through Fron, once called Caesarea,
Flowing and flowing like the four winds.

Past Penyrsedd and Twll Braich,
Where the quarrymen bore their worries and strife,
In the direction of Mynydd Cilgwyn,
The gorse, the heather and a few flowers.

To Carmel, the peaceful village,
Old Pysgah chapel, full of memories;
Past Tanyffordd and Tanybryn,
On to Llys Llifon, the old smallholding.

Down to the farms of Grafog and Cefn Nen,
Where there's a very beautiful village;
Grugan Wen, the first house,
And Tyddyn Dafydd Farm, one of the oldest.

To Groeslon, that's celebrating the centenary of its hall,
And the centrepiece of the area, our primary school;
Here the children are happy and full of fun,
Learning together in Ysgol Bro Llifon.

Year 5 and 6, Ysgol Bro Llifon



Rhostryfan

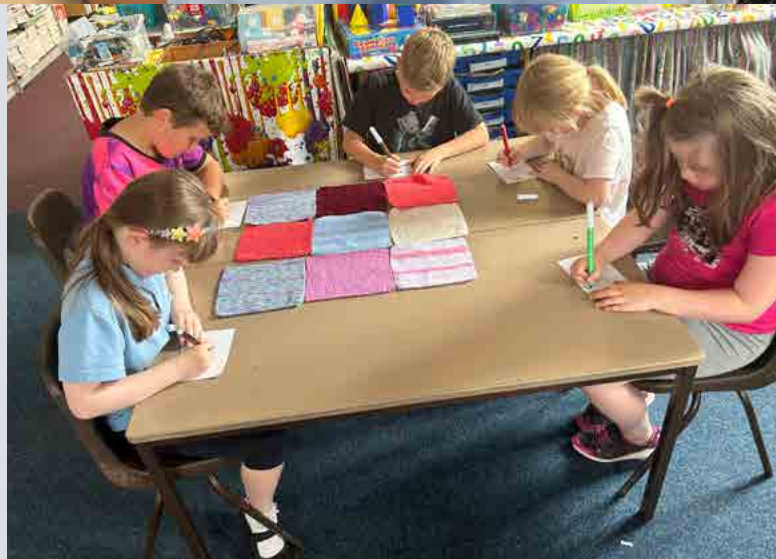
In the cosy shadow of Moel Tryfan
in the green Nantlle Valley;
full of beautiful nature,
dancing to musical notes,
a colourful place, as beautiful as the dawn
A little village with a big heart.

Over hills and dales and over the sea,
Rhostryfan village is the place for me,
Through mountainous Wales and a host of countries,
Rhostryfan village is the place for me.

From the top of Moel Tryfan,
Afon Llifon flows on its way,
From Fron Deg to Bro Gwyld,
the language has a healthy future.
When I go to the four corners of the earth
it will always be my companion.

From Wernlas Wen to Wernlas Ddu,
and the rich history that once was,
and Hafoty Geltaidd and its many remains,
Rhostryfan village is the place for me.

Ysgol Rhostryfan



Sparkling jewels – signs keeping names alive @darnbachodir Morwen

If you are one of the followers of @darnbachodir and @cofnod2023 or if you walk the footpaths around Llanbedrog, you will be familiar with Morwen's work. Her work is truly amazing.

'It's important to keep these old names isn't it?' someone said to me the other day. Well... yes, but they're not just 'old names'. They're names. Names that exist today. On the lips of a community, a village, a family, or individuals even. They are living names to the people that know them, and who use them. They're not fossils to be dragged feet first from the past. It must also be borne in mind that names change over time – some remain the same for generations, others change gradually over the years, others are lost and new names come in their place, for example when a farm changes hands. But it is a dagger through the heart to see Tannmynydd turning overnight into Forget me not Cottage, Bryn Ffynnon into Well Farm, or Hen Dai into Tide's Reach. This is different. But, despite the indifference and ignorance that come hand in hand with some incomers, our use of our indigenous names plays a large part in their survival.

In my opinion, names enrich an area and a landscape. They are sparkling jewels that reflect the lives, experiences, ideas, fears and humour of the people who once lived here. They demonstrate how much closer they were to the land and the sea than we are these days. Lifestyles change and names are lost. The meanings of some of them are often beyond our comprehension and imagination, but never mind, they add to the atmosphere and spirit of a place.

I love names. They enchant me. They fire up the imagination. They are words that not only label a place but also become part of it, and they enrich our

experience. Language has the power to shape our sense of place. Saying a name embeds it in our minds and in our hearts. The names that are not on a map, the names of work, names of experiences, descriptive names, are carried on the maps of the mind, the heart and the memory. Often, when I go for a walk, I catch myself reciting or chanting in my head, one name after another, creating some sort of 'songline' of my own to a piece of land. Yes, it's our responsibility to protect them, to use them. But it is also a pleasure to let them flow, to roll, to leap and to dance jubilantly over our tongues, and to enrich our lives today.

A while back, I started an instagram page – @darnbachodir – as some sort of visual record of the names of the Llanbedrog area where I was brought up. This year came the Cofnod2023 project by the Art Committee of the Llŷn ac Eifionydd National Eisteddfod in Boduan. A Facebook group and an Instagram page were set up – @cofnod2023. The idea is to create signs of local names and to take photos of them to share on the group, setting them up more permanently closer to the time of the Eisteddfod. The intention and the hope is to have a colourful celebration of the names of Llŷn and Eifionydd by the time of the Eisteddfod so that visitors can see them as they wander around the area. @cofnod2023 is on the signs so that they can go on the internet and find more of them.

Morwen Brosschot, Botwnnog.





The Flowers

In a volume like a garden
the names flower colourfully,
a border or verses.
But the gardener knows
that this is just a temporary taming,
as the flowers are, in essence, wild.
They want to be on hedges,
either side of the conversation.
They want to grow at whim
in a text message.
They want to bring to mind
in the aroma of memory.
They want to live
because their roots reach
beyond the little border
and the tidy garden.
These are the untidy flowers of our language,
let them grow wild.

Myrddin ap Dafydd

EISTEDDFOD

Llŷn ac Eifionydd

5-12 Awst 2023

A Legacy

This volume is an opportunity for us to step into the imagination of our children and to get a taste of a special and innovative project that was the brainchild of Eysyllt Maelor, Chair of the Literature Committee of the Llŷn ac Eifionydd National Eisteddfod.

Gair mewn Gwlân has succeeded in uniting communities and generations, giving people the opportunity to come together to learn more about their local heritage, at a time when the world is reopening following the difficult years of the pandemic.

The Eisteddfod is the pinnacle of a community project spanning a period of two years and more. The aim is to leave a legacy locally, whether it be a linguistic, cultural, social, voluntary or digital one. Gair mewn Gwlân reflects this perfectly in a way that places our schools at the heart of our communities, creating marvellous opportunities for people of all ages to use our language.

A heartfelt thanks to everyone who was part of the project, to those who created the wonderful blankets, to the schools that were so willing to support and welcome the community collaboration, and to Literature Wales for their tireless support. And special thanks to Eysyllt and her team of volunteers who have driven the project forward from the beginning, from the appeal for wool which reached the four corners of the earth, to the hours spent drawing everything together, and the happy collaboration with schools across the area. Enjoy the fruits of their labour and the community blankets.

Gwenllian Carr, Strategic Director,
National Eisteddfod of Wales

Thank you

To Delyth Roberts for the title, for reading the text, visiting schools, facilitating the project and for her wise words of advice.

To Rhian Williams, Carys Lake, Anwen Hughes, Gwenan Elis Jones for demonstrating that there are many ways of putting words in wool.

To Mared Roberts, Literature Wales, Tŷ Newydd, Llanystumdwy for all the liaison and organisation work, for editing the poems and for endless support.

To Literature Wales for sponsorship. A poetry workshop for teachers was held in Tŷ Newydd led by Casia Wiliam, and to Chief Poet Twm Morys and the dramatist Mared Llywelyn for visiting schools.

To Casia Wiliam for motivating and inspiring teachers and pupils.

To all the teachers who have been involved with the project when they had several other projects on the go.

To the pupils for their infectious enthusiasm and for sharing the poems and to everyone for sharing stories and experiences.

To everyone who has contributed to this book – many thanks.

To everyone, both far and near, who are too numerous to name individually, who took part in knitting, crocheting, sewing, embroidering and who gave hours of their time to demonstrate what's possible when we work together.

To the people of Llŷn and Eifionydd for extending an invitation to the National Eisteddfod and to the Eisteddfod staff for promoting Gair Mewn Gwlân. Special thanks to Gwenan Elis Jones for ensuring that the schools got an opportunity to present the history of the project on the Eisteddfod field. Thanks also to Gwynedd Council for paying for the pupils' admission tickets to the Eisteddfod field.

To Einir Young and Gwenan Griffith, Bangor University and the Llŷn Ecomuseum. How can we possibly thank you?! You've shown how important it is to record the stories and to keep them alive. Without the generous help and support of the Ecomuseum through the LIVE project, the words and poems would not have been preserved. Thank you.

Llwybr Ben Cei



Funded by
UK Government

Wedi ei ariannu gan
Llywodraeth y DU



WEDI'I YRRU GAN
**FFYNIANT
— BRO —**

POWERED BY
**LEVELLING
— UP —**