

Y Lolfa

Dywedwch bod rhywun newydd adael coleg yng nghanol y chwedegau ac wedi penderfynu y byddai'n beth delfrydol iawn i ddechrau busnes cyhoeddi. (Yn anffodus neu yn hytrach yn ffodus i'n ffrind, roedd delfrydu'n haws yr adeg honno). Reit, y penderfyniad cyntaf fyddai ble i leoli'r busnes.

Y mae'n agor map o Gymru (un Saesneg, yr adeg honno – un o'r lluo o bethau nad oedd ar gael yn Gymraeg). Wel, y canol yw'r lle amlwg. Byddai modd teithio i unrhyw siop yng Nghymru, ac yn ôl, mewn un dydd. Ond nid yw canol daearyddol Cymru yn hollol ddefnyddol – ychydig o bobl sy'n teithio o'r gogledd i'r de trwy Raeadr neu'r Drenewydd neu Groesoswallt. Rhaid i'r lle fod yn y gorllewin. Aberystwyth fyddai'n berffaith. Ond wedyn, dyw e ddim mor hawdd i gael lle sydd ar y briffordd ac yn sicr nid lle rhad.

Beth am bentref cyfagos? I'r de mae gyda chi Blaenplwyf a Llan-non; i'r gogledd Tal-y-bont. Ie, Tal-y-bont! Dyna le poblogaidd i dorri'r daith rhwng de a gogledd – onid oes yno ddwy dafarn atyniadol? Y mae o fewn chwarter awr i'r Cyngor Llyfrau a'r Ganolfan Lyfrau yn Llanbadarn Fawr (er yn Aberystwyth yr adeg honno) sy'n dosbarthu i bob siop yng Nghymru bob dydd. Ac onid yw Tal-y-bont yn bentref pert, diwylliedig a Chymreig? Mae'n siwr bod yno ryw adeilad rhad, addas i ddechrau busnes...

Wel, dyna sut y gallaswn i fod wedi rhesymu y penderfyniad i sefydlu'r Lolfa yn Nhal-y-bont. Wedi ennill (a gwrthod) gradd ganolig iawn mewn Athroniaeth, y mae'n braf dychmygu y gallaswn fod wedi meddwl mewn ffordd mor glir.

Yn anffodus, y mae'r gwir yn hollol wahanol. Fel cymaint o bethau allweddol a thyngedfennol mewn bywyd, damwain pur oedd bod Enid, yr oeddwn wedi dyweddio â hi, yn dysgu yn Ysgol Tal-y-bont, a damwain arall oedd i Sarah Marged (yr oedd ganddi ferch yn nosbarth Enid) sôn wrth Enid, rai dyddiau cyn inni briodi, bod 'na dŷ bach teras ar rent yng ngwaelod y pentre, ger yr afon Leri.

Peth arall ffodus a phwysig oedd bod yna warws fawr, dri llawr, yn wag yng nghanol

Y Lolfa

Imagine that someone had just left college in the mid-sixties and had decided that the ideal thing would be to set up a publishing business. (Unfortunately or rather fortunately for our friend, it was easier to be idealistic at that time). Right, the first decision would be where to locate the business.

He opens a map of Wales (an English one, at that time – it was one of many things unavailable in Welsh). Well, the obvious place would be somewhere central. It would be possible to travel to any shop in Wales and back within a day. But the geographical centre of Wales is not entirely ideal – few people travel from north to south through Rhaeadr or Newtown or Oswestry. The location would have to be in the west. Aberystwyth would be perfect. But then it is not easy to obtain a location on the main road and certainly not a cheap place.

What about a nearby village? To the south lies Blaenplwyf and Llanon; to the north Tal-y-bont. Yes, Tal-y-bont! This is a popular place to break one's journey between north and south – are there not two attractive public houses there? It is within a quarter of an hour of the Welsh Books Council and the Books Centre at Llanbadarn Fawr (although it was in Aberystwyth at that time) which distributes books to all shops in Wales on a daily basis. And Tal-y-bont is a pretty, cultured and Welsh village, is it not? There must be some inexpensive building there, suitable for setting up a business...

Well, that is how I could have come to the decision to locate Y Lolfa in Tal-y-bont. After obtaining (and refusing) a very mediocre degree in Philosophy, it is good to imagine that I could have thought things out so rationally.

Unfortunately, the truth is quite different. As with many important and significant factors in life, it was purely by chance that Enid, my fiancée, was teaching at Tal-y-bont, and also by chance that Sarah Marged (she had a daughter in Enid's class) mentioned to Enid, a few days before our wedding, that there was a small terrace house to let at the bottom of the village, by the river Leri.

y pentre a Mrs Hilda Tebby yn barod i'w osod ar rent rhesymol iawn. Bu ar un adeg yn stordy i 'Emporium' – archfarchnad henffasiwn – y pentre. Wrth dwrio yng nghanol y llwch a'r baw (a chorff ambell aderyn) gwelais bentwr o bapur coch, llachar. Arno roedd enw 'John Jones' wedi ei addurno'n gain. Yn amlwg dyma'r papur a ddefnyddiai ar gyfer lapio blawd, siwgr, hadau, te ac yn y blaen.

Roedd yr adeilad yn ddelfrydol. Yn llygad fy meddwl gwelwn y peiriannau argraffu'n troi ar y llawr gwaelod ac ardal ddylunio ar y llawr cyntaf o dan y ffenestri golau, braf... Ond nid mor hawdd fyddai cael gwared â chynhyrsgaeth John Jones. Roedd ei blydi hadau i mewn rhwng pob trawst. Bob tro byddai rhywun yn curo ar y drws blaen byddai 'na gawod o hadau bach yn disgyn i mewn i'r inc ac ar y gwaith oedd yn mynd trwy'r wasg!

Yn gyfleus iawn roedd gan Mrs Hughes siop drydan drws nesa a Mrs Ellis siop baent drws nesa lan. Byddwn yn elwa'n drwm ar eu cymwynasgarwch. Mr Hughes a wnaeth yr holl waith trydanol ar gyfer y wasg ac â phaent Mrs Ellis y dechreuwyd mor frwd ar y gwaith o baentio'r waliau a'r drysau.

Roedd y darnau'n disgyn i'w lle – ac hefyd, y darnau ariannol, hollbwysig. Bum yn ffodus iawn i gael rhieni-yng-nghyfraith a oedd, ar seiliau digon simsan, yn barod i suddo arian i mewn i'r fenter ac roedd y Blaid Lafur yn cynnig Grantiau Datblygu Rhanbarthol o 45% tuag ar brynu offer cyfalafol. Roedd hyn yn dipyn mwy o help nag a gefais wedyn gan unrhyw un o'r asiantaethau sy'n honni eu bod nhw'n cefnogi busnesau.

Beth bynnag, yn weddol fuan, des i sylweddoli fod Tal-y-bont yn lle delfrydol mewn ystyron eraill. Fel deheuwr a faged yn Abertawe roedd 'da fi syniad y byddwn rhywbryd yn symud yn ôl i brydferthwch y Bae ond yn fuan fe'm hudwyd gan y pentref, gan ffrindiau newydd, gan gymdogion cynnes a chan y cymysgedd diddorol o bobl oedd yn cyd-fyw – a chyd-yfed – yma.

Yn aml ar nos Sadwrn nofiai sain nerthol emynau Cymraeg allan o ffenestri agored y Llew Gwyn ac ar draws y Patshyn Glas tuag at y tŷ. Roedd y Llew Du, hefyd, yn gyrchfan poblogaidd i giniawyr. Roedd bywiogrwydd tafarnau a'r gymdeithas

Another important piece of luck was that there was a large three-storey warehouse lying empty in the middle of the village and Mrs Hilda Tebby was willing to let it at a very reasonable rent. At one time it was the storehouse for the village 'Emporium'- old fashioned supermarket. Whilst rummaging in the dirt and dust (and the corpse of an occasional bird) I saw a pile of bright red paper. On it was ornately written the name 'John Jones'. This was obviously the paper used to wrap flour, sugar, seeds, tea and so on.

The building was ideal. In my mind I imagined the printing machines operating on the bottom floor and a design area on the first floor beneath the fine light windows... But it would not be so easy to be rid of John Jones' inheritance. His bloody seeds were in every rafter. Every time someone knocked at the front door a shower of small seeds fell into the ink and on the work that was going through the press!

It was most convenient that Mrs Hughes had an electrical shop next door and Mrs Ellis a paint shop one door further up. I would benefit greatly from their help. Mr Hughes did all the electrical work for the printing press and it was with Mrs Ellis' paint that we so enthusiastically commenced the work of painting the walls and doors.

Everything was falling into place – and also, the all-important finances. I was very fortunate in having parents-in-law who were willing, on a very insecure basis, to sink money into the venture and the Labour Government was offering Regional Development Grants of 45 per cent towards purchasing capital equipment. This was much more help than I received afterwards from any of the agencies which claim to support businesses.

However, I soon came to realise that Tal-y-bont was an ideal location in many other ways. As a South Walian, brought up in Swansea, I had the idea that I would at sometime return to the beauty of the Bay but I was soon enchanted by the village, by new friends, by warm hearted neighbours and by the interesting mix of people who lived – and drank -here.

Often on a Saturday night the sound of Welsh hymns drifted from the open windows of the White Lion across the village green towards the house. The Black

bentrefol ehangach yn agoriad llygad i rywun dinesig fel fi. Yn raddol dois i nabod rhai o'r cymeriadau hynotaf: Dic y Lein, Dai Bontgoch a chymeriadau iau fel John Cwmere, Dei Ritsh, Ralph y Comiwnydd ac Eurig, yr oedd ei ieir swnllyd a drewllyd yn cadw cwmni i ni trwy'r dydd. Des hefyd i nabod cymeriadau na fyddent yn mynychu'r tafarnau fel Johnny'r Efail a'i frawd Dei Preis a Kit y Post, wrth gwrs. Y peth hynod oedd bod pobl wahanol, o gefndir a swyddi, o'r tai cyngor a tai crach, i gyd yn cymysgu ac yn teimlo yn rhan o'r pentre.

Er gwell – neu yn nhyb Enid, er gwaeth – safai'r Llewod ar ganol y llwybr rhwng y gwaith a'r tŷ. Ar y llaw arall nid pawb sy'n cael y fraint o weithio o fewn canllath i'w gartref. Roedd hyn yn beth anhygoel i un cynhyrchydd ffilm o America a ddaeth draw i'm ffilmio yn cerdded, fesul cam, o'r tŷ i'r Lolfa.

Rai blynyddoedd wedyn chwaraewyd jôc ar John Cwmere, yr oedd ganddo dŷ gyferbyn â'r Patshyn Glas. Yn hwyr un noson, gyda chymorth can o diesel, creodd rhai o'i ffrindiau lwybr treuliedig ar draws gwyrddni'r 'green' at ddrws blaen y Llew Du. Roedd gen i lwybrau tebyg wrth gwrs. Heddiw maent yn cynnwys y 'Bloc', sef y ffordd gefn o gwmpas y pentre. Alla i ddim meddwl am fynd i'r gwaith heb gael y chwarter awr yna o awyr iach a heddwch.

Beth bynnag, er gwaethaf fy nghrwydriadau, a'm camsyniadau lu, fe ddechreuodd y busnes dyfu'n araf. Ron i wastad wedi ymddiddori mewn pethau gweledol. Yn y coleg ym Mangor byddwn yn treulio cryn amser yn creu posteri i wahanol gymdeithasau. Yno hefyd y cyhoeddodd Penri Jones a minnau y rhifyn cyntaf o'r cylchgrawn ysgafn, Lol. Yr oedd dysgu argraffu yn dilyn yn naturiol o hyn i gyd ond bum mor ffôl â chredu y gallwn wneud hynny heb hyfforddiant ac heb y profiad o weithio mewn argraffdy.

Gwnes ambell i gamsyniad drud. Un ohonynt oedd prynu gwasg ddiarhebol o wael, y Multilith 1850, yr oedd yn amhosib ei weithio gan un dyn. Os camel yw ceffyl a gynlluniwyd gan bwyllgor, yna hon oedd y wasg argraffu. Bum mor wan â chaniatâu i ryw rep, un Dick Winter, ddod lan o Gaerdydd i'r Lolfa ryw ddydd Sul yn llewys ei grys (os nad ei byjamas) ac ymbil arnaf, yn enw ein hir gyfeillgarwch mynwesol, i

Lion was also a popular meeting place for diners. The liveliness of the village and the wider village community was an eye opener for a city person like myself. Gradually I came to know some of the more colourful characters: Dic y Lein, Dai Bontgoch and younger characters such as John Cwmere, Dei Ritsh, Ralph the Communist and Eurig whose noisy and smelly hens kept us company throughout the day. I also came to know characters who did not frequent the pubs, such as Johnny the Smithy and his brother Dei Preis and Kit the Post, of course. The amazing thing was that people of different backgrounds and jobs, from council houses and from well-to-do houses, all mixed together and felt a part of the village.

For better – or for worse in Enid's opinion – the Lions stood half way between work and home. On the other hand not everyone has the privilege of working within a hundred yards of home. This was unbelievable to one American film producer who filmed me walking, step by step, from my house to Y Lolfa.

A few years later a joke was played on John Cwmere, who had a house opposite the village green. Late one night, assisted by a can of diesel, a few of his friends formed a worn path across the grass to the front door of the Black Lion. I had similar routes, of course. Today they include the 'Block', the back road around the village. I cannot contemplate going to work without having this quarter of an hour of peace and fresh air.

However, despite my wanderings and many misconceptions, the business slowly grew. I had always been interested in visual things. When in college in Bangor I spent a lot of time making posters for various societies. It was there that Penri Jones and I first published the magazine Lol. Learning to print followed naturally from this but I was unwise enough to believe that I could do so without training and without the experience of working in a printing establishment.

I made the occasional expensive mistake. One of them was the purchase of an extremely poor press, the Multilith 1850; it was impossible for one man to work it. If a camel is a horse designed by a committee then this was the printing press. I was weak-willed enough to allow a rep, named Dick Winter, to come from Cardiff to Y Lolfa one

brynu ei wasg – y cyntaf yng Nghymru, a'r olaf, rwy'n siŵr.

Ar y llaw arall, roeddwn yn rhydd i fentro'n fyrbwyll gan wneud sawl arbrawf cymysg ei lwyddiant gyda'r rhyddid newydd a gynigiai'r dechnoleg offset-litho – dull a oedd yn newydd i'r byd cyhoeddi Cymraeg. Roedd yna bleser mawr mewn ymdrybaeddu yn yr inc a'r oel, y platiau a'r negatifau, y Letraset a'r teipiadur trydan-plerer yr wyf yn hiraethu'n ddwys amdano heddiw yn fy ngwaith gweinyddol.

Beth bynnag, yn lled fuan, roedd yn rhaid dechrau meddwl am gyflogi staff a sylweddolais bod yna un fantais arall – y fwyaf oll, efallai – o fod wedi lleoli'r busnes yn Nhal-y-bont a'r ardal, sef presenoldeb pobl dalentog a deallus.

Elwyn Ioan ymunodd â fi gyntaf – bachgen o Benbont Rhydybeddau. Yn nhyb Hywel Harries, ei athro celf – ac artist gwych ei hun – Elwyn oedd ei ddisgybl disgleiriaf. Rhoddodd ei hiwmor a'i sdamp ei hun ar ein cyhoeddiadau cynnar a'n gwaith masnachol gan greu delwedd fywiog a hwyliog i'r wasg. Gallasai'n hawdd fod wedi cael gyrfa yn Llundain mewn asiantaeth hysbysebu. Cyhoeddwyd amryw o'i gartwnau yn *Private Eye*. Ond yn achos Elwyn, fel yn achos llawer iawn o weithwyr eraill y cwmni, mantais i'r Lolfa oedd ei ddiffyg uchelgais bydol a'i awydd i aros yn ei fro.

Wedyn ymunodd Geraint Jenkins o Lan-non â ni fel argraffydd – peiriannwr penigamp sy'n dal gyda ni – ac yna Rita Llwyd fel ein hysgrifenyddes a'n cysodydd cyntaf. Bu'r tri apwyntiad yn dyngedfennol o ffodus gan osod y cwmni ar seiliau cadarn. Dilynwyd Rita gan resiad o ferched eraill hardd a bywiog o'r pentre: Hilda, Aileen, Sheila, Ann, Enfys.

Ni wn a oedd presenoldeb Elwyn yn ffactor yn yr apwyntiadau hyn. Ond os oedd Elwyn yn hoff o ferched smart doedd yna ddim amheuaeth am ei chwaeth mewn ceir. Byddai'n eu parcio ar y Patshyn Glas ac rwy'n cofio un Ford Cortina GT gwyn, dau MGB pen meddal a'r uchafbwynt, un Triumph TR7 fflamgoch, na fyddai James Bond ei hun yn codi trwyn arno.

Y mae'n hawdd iawn rhamantu am y dyddiau cynnar o gyfnod crablyd canol oed ond yn sicr roedd yr hin economaidd yn wahanol yn niwedd y chwedegau a'r saithdegau cynnar. Roedd 'na fwy o amser i

Sunday in his shirt sleeves (if not in his pyjamas) and to implore me in the name of long standing friendship to purchase his printing press – the first in Wales and surely the last.

On the other hand, I was free to venture impulsively and experiment with varied success with the new freedom that the offset-litho technology offered – a new method for the Welsh publishing world. There was great pleasure in messing around with ink and oil, plates and negatives, the Letraset and the electric typewriter – a pleasure that I greatly miss today in my administrative work.

However, quite soon, I had to think about employing staff and I realised that there was another advantage – the greatest of all, perhaps – which resulted from locating the business in Tal-y-bont and district, namely the presence of talented and intelligent people.

The first to join me was Elwyn Ioan – from Penbont Rhydybeddau. According to Hywel Harries, his art teacher – and himself a splendid artist – Elwyn was his best pupil. He established his own humour and stamp on our early publications and commercial work, creating a lively and cheerful image for the press. He could easily have carved a career in an advertising agency in London. Many of his cartoons were published in *Private Eye*. But in Elwyn's case, as with many other workers employed by the company, his lack of worldly ambition and his desire to remain in his locality was an advantage for Y Lolfa.

Geraint Jenkins from Llanon then joined us as a printer, an excellent engineer who is still with us; then followed Rita Llwyd as secretary and first typesetter. The three appointments proved to be exceptionally fortunate, placing the company on firm foundations. Rita was followed by a series of other beautiful and lively girls from the village: Hilda, Aileen, Sheila, Ann, Enfys.

I do not know whether Elwyn's presence was a factor in these appointments. But if Elwyn was fond of good-looking girls there is no doubt about his taste in cars. He would park them by the village green and I recall a white Ford Cortina GT, two soft top MGBs and the highlight a red Triumph TR7, that James Bond himself would not be ashamed of.

It is easy to romanticise about the early days from crabbed, middle age but the

orffen gwaith, llai o bwysau ariannol, llai o gystadleuaeth a mwy o hwyl. Anaml y doi'r cais am amcangyfrif ymlaen llaw.

Byddem yn argraffu ambell beth ar golled, er mwyn tynnu coes. Rwy'n cofio un tro, a Gwilym Tudur, Siop y Pethe, wedi dod ar draws tomen o hen flodeugerddi diwerth yn llyfrgell preifat rhyw greadur oedd newydd farw. Penderfynodd archebu siacedi llwch newydd, sgleiniog ar eu cyfer – gyda phris newydd, sgleiniog ar y cefn. Bu Elwyn wrthi ryw bnawn yn dylunio patrwm cain mewn glas tywyll a melyn. Ond os craffech yn fanwl nid cenin pedr oedd y blodau ond dwsin neu ddau o gociau bach, pert – o ddefnyddio iaith y werin!

Roedd gennym dŷ bach eitha hynod. Sgriblwyd pob math o slogannau a dywediadau dros ei waliau. Roedd yna ambell wirionedd gan gymeriad lleol fel Dai Bontgoch: 'Wa'th ti enjoi leiff mo'r dam bit'. Gan Mrs Sylvia Johnson y cawsom: 'Waeth iti garreg na thwll'. Wedyn, o Glwb y BBC yng Nghaerdydd: 'Rwy'n meddwl, felly rwy'n bod – Descartes; Rwy'n bod , felly rwy'n yfed – Magwe'. Paentiais i un mwy uchelgeisiol gan neb llai na Confucius; yr oeddwn yn argyhoeddedig ei fod yn gytnaws â safbwynt y wasg: 'Chwilia rhai am hapusrwydd uwch na dyn, eraill am hapusrwydd is na dyn ond y mae hapusrwydd yr un faint â dyn'.

Bedyddiwyd y stafell bwysig hon yn Tŷ Lystan gan ddefnyddio llythrennau gludiog a argraffasom i Gymdeithas yr Iaith er mwyn 'cywiro' arwyddion ffyrdd Saesneg. Ond rhag i neb feddwl bod gwleidyddiaeth bleidiol yn ffactor, roedd llun mawr o Dafydd Elis Thomas (gyda'i dei blodau) yn hongian y tu mewn gyferbyn â'r orseddfainc. Fe argraffon ni'r llun fel poster etholiadol i'r Plaid. Ond pwy alwodd i bigo'r job i fyny ond Dafydd ei hun- a mynnu defnyddio'r cyfleusterau! Roedd tipyn llai ganddo i'w ddweud yn cerdded mas nag yn dod i mewn – ffenomen i'w drysori.

Daeth fy mrawd i fyny i Dal-y-bont un tro, o gwmpas y Nadolig, pan oeddwn i ffwrdd. Roedd yn hanner awr wedi tri y pnawn pan gurodd ar ddrws Y Lolfa. Roedd y lle fel mynwent. Yna sylwodd ar ddarn o bapur eglurhaol: 'Wedi mynd am ginio cynnar'. I'r Llew Gwyn, mae'n amlwg.

economic climate at the end of the sixties and early seventies was certainly different. There was more time to complete work, less financial pressure, less competition and more fun. There was rarely a request for an estimate beforehand.

We would publish some things at a loss, in order to pull someone's leg. I remember once, Gwilym Tudur, Siop y Pethe, coming across a heap of old worthless poetry in the private library of some poor deceased person. He decided to order shiny new covers for them – with a shiny new price on the back. Elwyn spent an afternoon creating an intricate pattern in dark blue and yellow. But if you looked carefully the flowers were not daffodils but a dozen or two pretty little cocks – in the language of the man in the street!

We had quite a remarkable lavatory. All kinds of slogans and sayings were scribbled on its walls. There were a few truths by local characters such as Dai Bontgoch: 'You might as well enjoy every damn bit of life'. Mrs Sylvia Johnson wrote: 'You might as well have a stone as a hole'. Then from the BBC Club in Cardiff: 'I think, therefore I am – Descartes; I am, therefore I drink – Magwe'. I painted one which was more ambitious by none other than Confucius; I was convinced that it was compatible with the viewpoint of the press: 'Some search for happiness greater than man, others for happiness less than man but happiness is the same size as man'.

This important room was christened Lystan's House using stick-on letters that we had printed for the Welsh Language Society for 'correcting' English road signs. But lest one is accused of partisan politics, there was a big picture of Dafydd Elis Thomas (complete with flowery tie) hanging opposite the throne. We had printed the picture as an electoral poster for Plaid Cymru. But who called to pick up the job but Dafydd himself – and he insisted on using the conveniences! He had less to say on the way out than he did on the way in – a phenomenon to be cherished.

When I was away, around one Christmas time, my brother came to Tal-y-bont. It was half past three in the afternoon when he knocked on Y Lolfa's door. The place was like a graveyard. He then noticed an explanatory piece of paper: 'Gone for an early lunch'; to the White Lion, no doubt.

Atgoffodd Rita fi'n ddiweddar o un ffaith hynod a braidd yn anhygoel, erbyn hyn. Byddwn weithiau'n gosod casgen o gwrw cartre i mewn yn y wasg fel sbarun ar gyfer gorffen gwaith undonog gan ei roi ar fainc solet iawn a gefais gan Mr Hugh Evans ('Huw Bwtsh') pan gauodd ei siop cigydd, drws nesa ond dau.

Rwy'n siŵr braidd mai ar gyfer ein gweithwyr rhan-amser y bwriadwyd y gasgen yn bennaf. Roeddem yn ffodus o gael cymeriadau lleol disglair a ffraeth i'n helpu yn y dyddiau cynnar: Sarah Marged, Mr Dafydd Edwards ('Defi John y Glo') a Mrs Sylvia Johnston. Tri gwahanol eu natur ond byrlymus gyda'i gilydd. Byddai Defi John yn hoff o adrodd straeon celwydd golau am ei fywyd yn America, ei lwyddiant mewn gwahanol etholiadau ac yn y blaen gan halltu ei sgwrs ag ambell ymadrodd Americanaidd fel 'Sure!'

Roedd y tri yn byw yn agos iawn i'r Emporium, fwy neu lai yr ochor draw i'r ffordd. Bydden ni hefyd yn cael cwmni Mr Edward Thomas, 'Chicago', hen foi oedd yn byw gyferbyn ac a fyddai'n taro mewn ambell noson ar yr esgus o ddefnyddio'r ffôn. Roedd Loti, hithau hefyd yn gymeriad, yn byw drws nesa iddo.

Rwy'n cofio un bore yn arbennig. Yn sydyn roedd 'na swn crash mawr y tu fas. Aethom i gyd i'r drws: carafan rhyw Sais wedi malu'n yfflon yn erbyn wal Defi John. Roedd Loti allan hefyd yn sefyll yn ei drws yn ei blwmers. Yn y man daeth yr heddlu ac wedyn gerbyd o'r garej i dowio'r carafan i ffwrdd a oedd bellach fel hen focs Corn Flakes wedi'i blygu.

Edrychodd Defi John ar y llanast gyferbyn. Bob haf, byddai carafanau'n swingio'n beryglus i fyny'r pentre gan greu niwed i'r wal. Wrth weld y Sais yn cael ei holi gan y plismyn, y cyfan y ddwedodd oedd: 'Sure, go ahead'.

Ond rhag i mi fod yn euog o baentio darlun rhy rosynnaidd o'r dyddiau yna, rhaid cydnabod bod yna annealltwriaeth ac ychydig bach o wrthwynebiad i'r wasg ymhlith rhai pentrefwyr yn y dechrau. Doedd hyn ddim yn syndod o gwbl o ystyried ein bod ni yn fwriadol yn cynhyrchu deunydd oedd yn newydd a mentrus yn Gymraeg. Bum mor ffôl, er enghraifft, â rhoi llun o galendr gyda llun o Miss Mary Millington (a dynnais fy hun) yn

Rita recently reminded me of what is, by now, an amazing and rather incredible fact. I would occasionally place a barrel of home brew, as a spur to complete monotonous work, on a very solid bench that was given to me by Mr Hugh Evans ('Huw Butch') when his butcher's shop, two doors away, closed.

I am sure that the barrel was intended mainly for the benefit of our part time workers. We were fortunate to have bright, witty local characters to assist us in the early days: Sarah Marged, Mr Dafydd Edwards ('Defi John y Glo') and Mrs Sylvia Johnston. The three were very different but lively when together. Defi John enjoyed relating tall stories about his life in America, his success in various elections and so on, peppering his conversation with an occasional Americanism such as 'Sure!'

The three lived very close to the Emporium, more or less on the opposite side of the road. We would also have the company of Mr Edward Thomas, 'Chicago', an old chap living opposite who would pop in, some evenings, on the pretence of using the telephone. Loti, who lived next door to him was also a character.

I remember one morning especially. Suddenly there was the sound of a big crash outside. We all went to the door: an Englishman's caravan had smashed in smithereens into Defi John's wall. Loti was outside also, standing at her door in her bloomers. The police soon arrived followed by a vehicle from the garage to tow away the caravan that now resembled an old crumpled up Corn Flakes box.

Defi John looked at the mess opposite. Every summer, caravans would sway dangerously through the village damaging the wall. Seeing the Englishman being questioned by the police, all he said was: 'Sure, go ahead'.

So that I am not guilty of painting too rosy a picture of those days, I must acknowledge that there was some misunderstanding and a little opposition to the press amongst some villagers at the outset. This was not surprising at all when one considers that we were deliberately producing material in Welsh that was new and daring. I was foolish enough, for example, to put up a picture from a calendar of Miss Mary Millington (which I had taken myself) in one of the windows. I was

un o'r ffenestri. Cefais gyngor cadarn i'w dynnu i lawr ac fe wnes.

Profiad trawmatig i rai oedd y cyngerdd y cytunais i'w drefnu i godi arian i gapel Tabernacl. Ymhlith yr artistiaid yr oedd Eirwyn Pontshân a'r Blew, y grwp roc trydanol Cymraeg cyntaf. Y noson hon fyddai eu perfformiad cyntaf erioed ar lwyfan cyhoeddus. Roedd eu sŵn yn fyddarol ac Eirwyn yn merwino clustiau mewn ffordd wahanol. Ond chwarae teg i'r pentre roedd y Neuadd Goffa dan sang a'r Parch. Roger Jones, y gweinidog, yn rhwbio'i fysedd wrth y blwch casglu arian.

Math gwahanol o wrthwynebiad a oedd gan un wraig, a'm hystyriai, mae'n debyg, fel Almaenwr. Yn amlwg, doedd hi ddim wedi dirnad bod fy mam a ffôdd rhag Hitler oherwydd ei gwaed Iddewig, o leia mor wrthwynebus iddo â hi. Ond does a wnelo rhesymeg fawr iawn â'r pethau hyn, wrth gwrs.

Yn fwy dealladwy efallai yr oedd y tensiynau ar adeg arwisgo y Tywysog Siarl ym 1969. Bu'r Lolfa yn brysur yn argraffu pob math o bosteri a glynion gwrth-arwisgo. Chwalwyd ffenestri'r wasg unwaith neu ddwywaith ac un tro ymyrrwyd â fy nghar. Ymateb y wraig uchod oedd rhoi pedwar poster yn ffenestr ei thŷ: un Rhyddfrydol, un Llafur, un dros y Toris – a llun o'r Prins!

Cyn symud ymlaen mae'n rhaid crybwyll un datblygiad pwysig a ddigwyddodd ym 1974, sef sefydlu *Papur Pawb* – ond wna i ddim manylu gan y bydd yna erthygl arall yn sôn am y papur yn y llyfr hwn. Digon yw dweud mai *Papur Pawb* oedd y 'papur bro' cymunedol cyntaf i'w gyhoeddi yng Nghymru. Byddai'n rhoi Tal-y-bont ar y map gan arwain at gyhoeddi dros ddeugain ohonynt trwy Gymru i gyd – a rhyw ddeg ohonynt yn cael eu hargraffu yn Y Lolfa.

Beth bynnag, erbyn dechrau'r wythdegau, roedden ni, yn syml iawn, wedi rhedeg mas o le. Bu'r Hen Ysgol ar werth ond doeddwn i ar y pryd ddim wedi meddwl y bydden ni am ehangu. Nid yw ehangu yn beth rwy'n ei groesawu o gwbl. Rwy'n hollol o ddifri pan rwy'n addo mai rhyw estyniad fydd yr un 'olaf'. Beth bynnag, y dewis ar y pryd oedd naill ai prynu'r Emporium i gyd (a oedd ar werth) neu fynd am Hen Swyddfa'r Heddlu.

Roedd Elwyn yn gryf o blaid adeilad yr heddlu ond cawsom beth trafferth i'w

advised, in no uncertain terms, to take it down, which I did.

A traumatic experience for some was the concert that I agreed to organise to raise money for the Tabernacle chapel. Among the artists were Eirwyn Pontshân and the 'Blew', the first Welsh electric guitar rock group. That evening was to be their first ever performance on a public stage. The noise was deafening and Eirwyn jarred on ears in a different way. But fair play to the village the Memorial Hall was full and the Reverend Roger Jones was rubbing his hands in glee by the collection box.

One woman was opposed to me for another reason; it seems she considered me to be a German. Obviously she had not realised that my mother, who had escaped from Hitler because of her Jewish blood, was at least as opposed to him as she was. But reasoning has little to do with such things, of course.

More understandable perhaps were the tensions at the time of Prince Charles' investiture in 1969. Y Lolfa was busy printing all kinds of anti investiture posters and stickers. Windows at the press were broken once or twice and on one occasion my car was tampered with. The response of the above woman was to put four posters in the window of her house: one Liberal, one Labour, one Tory and a picture of the Prince!

Before moving on I must mention one important development which occurred in 1974, namely the establishing of *Papur Pawb* – but I shall not go into details as there will be another article about the paper in this book. It is enough to say that *Papur Pawb* was the first community 'papur bro' to be published in Wales. It would put Tal-y-bont on the map and lead to the printing of more than another forty of them throughout Wales – ten of them being published at Y Lolfa.

However, by the beginning of the eighties we had, quite simply, run out of space. The Old School was on the market but at the time I did not think that we would be expanding. Expansion is not something that I welcome at all. I am quite serious when I promise that an extension will be the 'last'. However the choice at the time was to purchase the whole of the Emporium (which was for sale) or go for the Old Police Station.

Elwyn was very much in favour of the police station but we had some difficulty in

brynu – o ganlyniad i ymgyrchoedd Cymdeithas yr Iaith! Roedd gan yr heddlu reol newydd fod yn rhaid gwerthu eu tai fel cartrefi ‘cyntaf’ – ond fe lwyddwyd yn y diwedd.

Roedd yn adeilad cymhleth yn cynnwys Llys Ynadon, celloedd, ‘Magistrates’ Retiring Room’ yn ogystal â thŷr heddwes. Y deiliad olaf oedd Mr Robert Jones – ‘Kojak’. Roedd gan y wasg ddyddiol ddi-ddordeb yn y ffaith fod cyn brotestiwr ac un a fu o flaen yr ynadon lleol ei hun (ac nid bob amser ar sail egwyddor!) yn prynu lle fel hyn. Gwnaethom yn fawr o’r cyfle a threfnu parti mawr agoriadol. Gwisgodd Eirwyn Pontshân – awdur llyfr cynta’r wasg, Hyfryd Iawn – mewn dillad barnwr a chondemnio rhai o wleidyddion amlwg Cymru i gyfnodau maith o garchar yn y celloedd.

Roedd ‘Kojak’ ei hun yn frwd i ddod i’r parti ond cafodd orchymyn o rywle, ar y funud olaf, y byddai’n ddoethach iddo beidio â dod.

Roedd ganddo stafell wely braf a wnaeth stafell gysodi ddymunol iawn i ni. Trodd ei gegin i mewn i stafell dywyll. Roedd yna un atig a allai wneud swyddfa i fi. Pan ddechreuon ni glirio’r atig yma allan daethon ni ar draws tomen fawr o lyfrau cofnod yr heddwision a drosglwyddyd yn y man i Adran Archifau Llyfrgell y Sir.

Roedd y symudiad yn llwyddiant os efallai’n ddrutach yn y pendraw nag a ddychmygais. Prynwyd yr adeilad am bris rhesymol ond bu’n rhaid adeiladu pedwar neu bump estyniad wedyn, dros gyfnod o amser. Gwnaed y gwaith i gyd – i safon uchel iawn – gan adeiladwyr lleol: Cyril Jones, John Evans a Paul Fleming. Codwyd yr un diwethaf y llynedd er mwyn creu lle i wasg bedwar-lliw – anghenfil 20 troedfedd yn pwyso 12 tunnell.

Roedd y symudiad olaf yma’n bosibl gan i Mr Idris Jones, Llys Ynyr, gytuno i werthu’r cae sydd y tu cefn i ni, rhyngom a’r afon Ceulan. Wedi blwyddyn neu ddwy o drïo prynu capel Tabernacl, gyferbyn, rwy’n ddiolochgar iddo am ddod i’r adwy a hwyluso symudiad a oedd yn llawer gwell i’r busnes. Ar yr un pryd, rwy’n dal yn feirniadol o rôl negyddol iawn Cadw yn rhwystro unrhyw bosibilrwydd o ddatblygu capel Tabernacl.

Fel yr awgrymais, wrth edrych yn ôl dros yr holl wario a fu, byddai’n bosib dadlau (fel

purchasing it- as a result of the Welsh Language Society’s campaigns! The police had a new regulation that their houses had to be sold as ‘first’ homes – but we succeeded in the end.

It was a complicated building that included the Magistrates Court, cells, the Magistrates’ Retiring Room in addition to the police house. The last resident was Mr Robert Jones – ‘Kojak’. The daily press showed interest in the fact that a former protester and someone who had appeared before the local magistrates himself (and not always for a reason of principle!) was buying a place like this. We took advantage of the situation and organised a big, launching party. Eirwyn Pontshân – author of the Press’ first book, Hyfryd Iawn – dressed up in a judge’s outfit and condemned some of Wales’ most prominent politicians to long periods in prison.

‘Kojak’ himself was keen to attend the party but received, at the last moment, an order from somewhere that it would be wiser not to.

It had a fine bedroom that made a pleasant type-setting room for us. The kitchen became a dark room. There was one attic that could be turned into an office for me. When we began clearing out this attic we came across a large pile of police notebooks which were handed over, in due course, to the Archives Department of the County Library.

The move was a success although it proved to be more expensive in the end than I had imagined. The building was purchased for a reasonable price but over a period of time four or five extensions had to be built. All the work, which was of a very high standard, was done by local builders, Cyril Jones, John Evans and Paul Fleming. The last extension was added last year in order to make room for the four-colour press – a 20 feet monster weighing 12 tons.

This last expansion was possible as Mr Idris Jones, Llys Ynyr agreed to sell the field behind us, between us and the river Ceulan. After attempting, for a couple of years, to purchase Tabernacle chapel which is opposite, I am grateful to him for stepping into the breach and facilitating a move which was far better for the business. At the same time, I am still critical of Cadw’s very negative role in preventing any prospective development of Tabernacle chapel.

y gwnaeth ambell un) y buasai'n well i ni fod wedi cael prynu neu rhentu adeilad pwrpasol – dyweder ar stâd ddiwydiannol fel un Glanrafon yn Aberystwyth. Ond 'Y Lolfa, Aberystwyth?', 'Y Lolfa, Abertawe?' neu – Duw a'n gwaredo – 'Y Lolfa, Caerdydd?'

Na, hyd yn oed yn y meddwl, hyd yn oed i rywun â gradd wan mewn Athroniaeth, y mae'n amhosib datgysylltu'r Lolfa a Thal-y-bont.

Soniais yn barod am ein staff cynharaf a rhai o'n cynorthwywyr ac am adeiladwyr, trydanwyr a phaentwyr. Beth wedyn am awduron? Y mae hon yn ardal ddiwylliedig! Cawsom y pleser o gyhoeddi gwaith Eirwen Gwynn, Tegwyn Jones, Nerys Ann Jones, Sw Gerallt Jones, R. Gerallt Jones, Mihangel Morgan, Gwyn a Falyri Jenkins, Pryderi Llwyd Jones – i enwi dim ond y rhai cyntaf sy'n dod i'r meddwl. Ac artistiaid a dylunwyr fel Ruth Jên (a wnaeth y murlun – artist lleol arall athrylithgar), Marian Delyth, Margaret Jones ac Elwyn Ioan wrth gwrs. A golygyddion fel Eleri Huws a Rhiannon Ifans a hefyd Nansi Griffiths, Brynhyfryd a roddodd rai ar ben eu ffordd...

Doedd pob un o'r rhain ddim, wrth gwrs, yn byw yn Nhal-y-bont. Mae'n wir mai lleiafrif o'n gweithwyr sydd yn byw ym mhentref Tal-y-bont ei hun – er bod rhai o'n staff mwyaf allweddol yn byw yma o hyd. Ond y mae lleoliad Tal-y-bont yn golygu y gallwn ddenu staff o ardal mor eang â Phenegoes, Machynlleth, Aberhosan, Trawscoed, Ponterwyd, Trisant a Llan-non. Yn aml deuent o gefndir amaethyddol, llawer ohonynt yn ferched hyfryd, galluog a ddewisodd aros yn eu hardal yn hytrach na chael eu hallforio (a'u hunffurfio!) gan y Peiriant Academiaidd. Rydym hefyd, wrth gwrs, wedi llwyddo i ddenu pobl o rannau eraill o Gymru i ddod i fyw i'r ardal.

Ond y mae yna gysylltiad agosach na hynny, hefyd. Mae Tal-y-bont yn bentre Cymraeg ac y mae yma gymdeithas fyw. Nid yw'n bentre perffaith ac nid yw'r gymdeithas mor fywiog ag y gallai fod. Ond mae lleoliad Y Lolfa yn Nhal-y-bont wedi dod, dros amser, yn arwydd o beth y'n ni'n credu ynddo a hynny mewn cyfnod pan mae'r ffasiwn fel arall a phobl ifainc yn heidio i Gaerdydd ac i Loegr.

Yn anffodus, fel pentrefi eraill tebyg, mae Tal-y-bont wedi diodde oherwydd

As I suggested, when one looks back at all the cost, it could be argued (as some have done) that it would have been better for us to have rented or purchased a purpose built building – on an industrial estate such as Glanrafon in Aberystwyth, for example. But 'Y Lolfa, Aberystwyth?', 'Y Lolfa, Abertawe?', or God forbid – 'Y Lolfa, Caerdydd?'

No, even in the mind, and even for someone with a poor degree in Philosophy, it is impossible to disassociate Y Lolfa with Tal-y-bont.

I have already mentioned some of our earlier staff and some of our assistants and builders, electricians and painters. What about the authors? This is a cultured area! We had the pleasure of publishing the work of Eirwen Gwynn, Tegwyn Jones, Nerys Ann Jones, Sw Gerallt Jones, R. Gerallt Jones, Mihangel Morgan, Gwyn and Falyri Jenkins, Pryderi Llwyd Jones – to name only the first who come to mind. And artists and designers such as Ruth Jên (who was responsible for the mural – another talented local artist), Marian Delyth, Margaret Jones and Elwyn Ioan of course. And editors such as Eleri Huws and Rhiannon Ifans and also Nansi Griffiths, Brynhyfryd who pointed some in the right direction...

Not every one of these lived in Tal-y-bont, of course. It is true to say that it is a minority of our workers who live in the village of Tal-y-bont itself – although some of our key staff still live here. But Tal-y-bont's location means that we can attract staff from as far away as Penegoes, Machynlleth, Aberhosan, Trawscoed, Ponterwyd, Trisant and Llanon. They often came from an agricultural background, many of them lovely and able girls who chose to remain in their locality rather than be exported (and conditioned!) by the Academic Machine. We have also managed to attract people from other parts of Wales to come and live in the area.

But there is a closer connection than this as well. Tal-y-bont is a Welsh-speaking village and has a thriving community. It is not a perfect village and the community is not as active as it could be. But the location of Y Lolfa in Tal-y-bont has become, over a period, a symbol of what we believe in and that at a time when fashion dictates otherwise and young people flock to Cardiff and to England.

esgeulustod economaidd a chamlywodraeth. Roedd yna wyth neu naw siop yn y pentre pan ddaethom i fyw yma. Roedd yna ddau fanc, dau gigydd, efail y gof, siop crydd a thair neu bedair siop gyffredinol – yn ogystal â melin wlân. Roedd bariau'r tafarnau yn llawn gweision ffermydd a fyddai'n cadw chwedlau'r pentref yn fyw. Wrth gwrs, os ewch chi'n ôl ryw ganrif, roedd Tal-y-bont, fel Tre'r Ddôl a phentrefi eraill yn ganolfannau diwydiannol o bwys a channoedd yn cael eu cyflogi gan y diwydiannau gwlan a phlwm a mân ddiwydiannau cynhyrchu.

Nid canmoliaeth ond tristwch yw dweud mai'r Lolfa yw cyflogwr mwyaf y pentre heddiw. Gyda Garej Davmor dyna i chi rhyw ddeg ar hugain ar y mwyaf. A chyda llaw, diolch iddyn nhw am gadw ein 'Killer Volvos' ar yr hewl mor hir ac i'n hachub mewn sawl argyfwng.

Ond mae'r dirywiad a fu ym mywyd cymdeithasol y pentref yn y blynyddoedd diwethaf – i ble'r aeth y Gymdeithas Ddiwylliadol a hyd yn oed Clwb Nos Wener? – i'w briodoli yn bynnaf, yn fy marn i i'r lleihad mewn cyflogaeth leol. Yn yr un modd byddai creu swyddi newydd yn adfywio bywyd y pentref. Y mae trafndiaeth gyhoeddus yn warthus. Sgandal oedd cau'r rheilffordd o Aberystwyth i Gaerfyrddin. Y mae amodau eraill (fel y cymorth ariannol y soniais amdano yn y dechrau) yn ddiffygiol. Ond y mae yna rai pethau y gellir eu gwneud yn awr – er gwaethaf difaterwch yr asiantaethau sydd i fod yn gyfrifol am ddatblygiad economaidd.

Y prif beth yw ein bod fel cymuned yn manteisio ar arian Ewropeaidd Amcan Un i greu Parc Busnes Cymreig yn y pentref ar gyfer busnesau bychain newydd. Rhaid i ni beidio â cholli'r cyfle yma i droi'r llanw economaidd yn ôl.

Ond yn rhyfedd iawn, fel efallai y gwyddoch, fe ddaeth adnoddau argraffu a chyhoeddi eraill i mewn i'r pentre ryw dair blynedd yn ôl – sef eiddo Jim Hammonds, un o dîm golygyddol y llyfr hwn. Darparu gwasanaeth i grwpiau cymunedol oedd ei ddiddordeb ar ôl ymddeol. Fe gawsom y pleser o argraffu rhai llyfrau iddo fel y Lancashire Community Press, ac hefyd i'w fab, Owain sydd yntau yn ddylunydd profiadol ac yn gyhoeddwr. Yn ddiddorol iawn, roedd y wasg yma yn cyhoeddi

Unfortunately, as is the case with other similar villages, Tal-y-bont has suffered as a result of economic negligence and bad government. There were eight or nine shops in the village when we first came here to live. There were two banks, two butchers, a smithy, a cobbler and three or four general shops – as well as a woollen mill. The bars in the public houses were full of farm labourers who kept village folklore alive. Of course, if you go back about a century, Tal-y-bont, like Tre'rddôl and other villages were important industrial centres employing hundreds in the woollen and lead-mining industries as well as other smaller manufacturing industries.

I feel sad, rather than proud, to say that Y Lolfa is the biggest employer in the village today. Along with Davmor Garage it provides a maximum of about thirty jobs. And by the way, I would like to thank them for keeping our 'Killer Volvos' on the road for so long and for rescuing us during several crises.

But the deterioration in the cultural life of the village during recent years – what happened to the Cultural Society and even the Friday Evening Club? – is, in my opinion, the result of the decline in local employment. In the same way the creation of new jobs would revive the village. Public transport is atrocious. Closing the railway between Aberystwyth and Caerfyrddin was a scandal. There are other conditions (such as the financial assistance I referred to, earlier) which are lacking. But there are some things that can be done now, despite the indifference of agencies that are meant to be responsible for economic development.

The main thing is that we, as a community, take advantage of the European Objective One money to set up a Welsh Business Park for small new businesses. We must not lose this opportunity to turn back the economic tide.

But surprisingly, and as some of you might know, another printing and publishing resource arrived at the village some three years ago – the property of Jim Hammonds, a member of the editorial team of this book. His interest, after retiring, was in providing a service for community groups. We had the pleasure of printing some books for the Lancashire Community Press, and for Jim's son, Owain who is an experienced designer and publisher. Very

pethau o ddiddordeb i'r gymuned leol, a llyfrau am hanes sosialaeth a syniadaeth aden-chwith. Yn amlwg, roedd ganddi, fel Y Lolfa, ei diddordebau a'i safbwynt ei hun.

Es i i weld gwasg Jim yn ei gartref newydd yn Bryn-y-Wawr. Ar unwaith, ron i'n hollol gartrefol ac yn llawn diddordeb. Yna gwelais bennill bach Sineaidd ar ei wal. Y mae'r pennill yn crynhoi gwirionedd am Y Lolfa nad wyf am ei wynebu. Ydi mae'r Lolfa yn mynd o nerth i nerth ac wedi newid y tu hwnt i adnabyddiaeth, bron, oddiar y dyddiau cynnar. Mae popeth bellach yn ddigidol, a gwaith yn dod i mewn ar linellau ISDN. Y mae deunaw ar y staff amser llawn, yn cynnwys dau o'r meibion. Ond a oes gan lwyddiant ei bris? A phwy sydd i ddiffinio llwyddiant?

Gan imi ddyfynnu Confucius yn gynharach, mae'n addas i fi orffen gyda dyfyniad Sineaidd arall. Gan nad wyf yn medru'r iaith, bodlonaf i'w gofnodi fel y'i gwelais:

*I thought that I had far to go,
until I turned and saw
that I had passed my destination
many years before...*

Ie, pryd yn union oedd hynny, tybed? Yn y saithdegau hwyr, rwy'n amau! Neu ai fi sy'n mynd yn hen?

Robat Gruffudd

interestingly, this press published things that were of interest to the local community and books about the history of socialism and left wing ideology. Obviously, like Y Lolfa, it has its own interests and viewpoint.

I went to see Jim's printing press in its new home at Bryn-y-wawr. Immediately, I was quite at home and very interested. I then saw a short Chinese poem on the wall. The poem summarises a truth about Y Lolfa that I do not wish to acknowledge. Yes, Y Lolfa is going from strength to strength and has changed beyond recognition from the early days. Everything is digital now, and work comes in on ISDN lines. There are eighteen full time members of staff, which include two of my sons. But does success have its price? And who defines success?

As I quoted Confucius earlier on, it is appropriate to conclude with another Chinese quotation.

*I thought that I had far to go,
until I turned and saw
that I had passed my destination
many years before...*

Yes, when exactly was this, I wonder? During the late seventies, I suspect! Or is it me who is getting old?

Robat Gruffudd