



Atgofion

Talacre

Memories



This booklet has been funded by the National Lottery Heritage Fund as part of the 'Talacre Then and Now' project. The booklet is based on personal memories gathered from local people and visitors and celebrates the special place that Talacre holds in the hearts of so many people.

Thanks to all who have contributed, coming along to our events, bringing photographs, helping with research and sharing their stories. Space has restricted what we could include but everyone's memories and stories have helped to set the scene and provide background material.

Special thanks must go to all the volunteers and the members of Talacre Community Centre committee who have been so supportive throughout the project.

If you would like to find out more about Talacre's history pick up a copy of the World War Two trail or download the digital trail on to your smart phone or tablet. (Search for North East Wales in the App Store or Google Play or scan the QR code below.)

Design Bill Smuts, script Lorna Jenner

Mae'r llyfryn hwn wedi'i ariannu gan Gronfa Treftadaeth y Loteri fel rhan o'r prosiect 'Talacre Ddoe a Heddiw'. Atgofion personol a gasglwyd gan drigolion lleol ac ymwelwyr yw sail y llyfryn ac mae'n clodfori'r man arbennig sydd gan Talacre yng nghalonau cymaint o bobl.

Diolch i bawb sydd wedi cyfrannu drwy fynychu'r digwyddiadau, dod â lluniau, helpu gyda'r ymchwil a rhannu eu hanesion. Mae prinder lle wedi cyfyngu ar yr hyn y gallwn ni ei gynnwys ond mae atgofion pawb a'u hanesion wedi'n helpu ni i osod yr olygfa a darparu'r wybodaeth gefndirol.

Diolch arbennig i'r holl wirfoddolwyr ac aelodau pwyllgor Canolfan Gymunedol Talacre sydd wedi bod mor gefnogol drwy gydol y prosiect.

Pe hoffech wybod mwy am hanes Talacre mynnwch gopi o Lwybr yr Ail Ryfel Byd neu lawrlwythwch y llwybr digidol ar eich ffôn neu dabled. (Chwiliwch am Gogledd Ddwyrain Cymru yn yr App Store neu Google Play neu sganiwch y côd QR hwn.)



Cynllun Bill Smuts, sgript Lorna Jenner



Photos courtesy of Susan Al-Khattat, Brian Atkinson, Freda Bevan, Gareth Calveley, Pam Evans, Marie Freeman, Sue Hale, Peter Hatton, Bob Hignett, Margaret Hodgkinson, Glyn and Linda Hughes, Loretta Fisher, Sandra and Barry Ijewsky, John Keegan, Jack Jones, Bryn Jones, Dave Jones, John and Margaret Lerner, Linda Long, Ruth Parker, Sharon Pritchard, Ken Owens, Angela Rogers, Ian Litherland, Geoff Parry, Rosanna Taylor, John Thompson, June Tynan, Violet Williams

Introduction

Talacre's coastal location at the mouth of the Dee Estuary and Liverpool Bay has shaped its history. Early traders and invaders came by sea and it became an important trading route. It was strategically important in World War Two and later, the dunes and long sandy beach drew holidaymakers.

The first holiday chalets were erected in The Warren in the early 1930s. During World War Two evacuee families came here from Liverpool, while the dunes were used as an aircraft firing range and beaches defended from the risk of enemy landings.

After the war some chalets became permanent homes but residents were joined by increasing numbers of holidaymakers. For generations, especially for children from towns and cities, it was a magical playground and many people have happy memories of their time there. It remains just as popular today for day trips and family holidays alike, whilst the dunes and coast are internationally important wildlife habitats supporting a rich flora and fauna. Many who came as children have moved here in later life and others enjoy bringing back their children and grandchildren.

Mae safle arfordirol Talacre ar geg Aber Afon Dyfrdwy a Bae Lerpwl wedi llywio ei hanes. Daeth masnachwyr a goresgynwyr cynnar ar hyd y môr a daeth yn llwybr masnachu pwysig. Roedd yn strategol bwysig yn ystod yr Ail Ryfel Byd ac, yn ddiweddarach, roedd y twyni a'r traeth tywodlyd maith yn denu ymwelwyr.

Fe godwyd y cabanau gwyliau cyntaf yn y Warren yn nechrau'r 1930au. Yn ystod yr Ail Ryfel Byd cafodd teuluoedd eu mudo yma o Lerpwl, a defnyddiwyd y twyni fel llain danio i awyrennau a'r traethau fel amdiffynfa rhag glaniad y gelyn.

Wedi'r rhyfel daeth rhai o'r cabanau yn gartrefi parhaol ond roedd mwy a mwy o ymwelwyr yn ymuno â'r trigolion. Am genedlaethau, yn enwedig i blant o drefi a dinasoedd, roedd yn faes chwarae hudolus ac mae gan lawer o bobl atgofion hapus am eu hamser yma. Mae yr un mor boblogaidd heddiw am dripiâu diwrnod neu wyliâu teulu, ac mae'r twyni a'r arfordir yn gynefinoedd bywyd gwyllt o bwysigrwydd rhyngwladol sy'n llawn planhigion ac anifeiliaid. Mae llawer o'r rhai ddaeth draw yn blant wedi symud yma yn ddiweddarach yn eu hoes ac mae eraill yn mwynhau dod yn ôl gyda'u plant a'u hwyron.



Talacre Timeline

Llinell Amser Talacre

Roman ships passing en route for Chester

1st century

Llongau Rhufeinig yn pasio ar eu ffordd i Gaer

Viking ships passing Point of Ayr on trading route to Dublin

10th century

Llongau Llychlynwyr yn pasio ar lwybr masnach i Ddilyn

Piers Mostyn aquired lands at Talacre

1539

Piers Mostyn yn berchen ar dir oedd Talacre



First lighthouse built at Talacre

1777

Codi'r goleudy cyntaf yn Nhalacre

Baronet Mostyn built Talacre Hall

1829

Adeiladwyd Plas Talacre gan Farwnig Mostyn



Talacre estate covered over 4000 acres

1870s

Roedd Stad Talacre yn ymestyn dros 4000 erw



Point of Ayr colliery opened

1890

Agor pwll glo'r Parlwr Du

Talacre Station opened

1903

Agor Gorsaf Talacre



Talacre Estate sold, Talacre Hall became a convent

1919

Gwerthwyd Stad Talacre, daeth Plas Talacre yn gwffaint

Viking grave found at Tan Lan

1920s

Darganfod bedd Llychlynnaidd yn Nhan Lan

The first chalets built on The Warren

1930s

Adeiladu'r cabanau cyntaf ar y Warren



World War Two

1939-45

Yr Ail Ryfel Byd



Postwar holidaymakers returned

1945 onwards

Ymwelwyr yn dychwelyd wedi'r rhyfel



Caravan parks developed

1960s

Datblygu parciau carafanau



Talacre Station closed

1966

Cau Gorsaf Talacre

Last chalets cleared from the dunes

1973

Clirio'r cabanau olaf o'r twyni

Point of Ayr Colliery closed but natural gas extraction began

1996

Cau glofa'r Parlwr Du ond dechrau echdynnu nwy naturiol



Talacre still popular today

Heddiw Today

Talacre dal yn boblogaidd heddiw



A grand estate

From Tudor times until the 1920s, Talacre was owned by the Mostyn family of Talacre Hall. Their large estate included Talacre Warren where, as its name suggests, wild rabbits were encouraged to breed. The poor sandy soil was ideal for rabbits but unsuitable for farming. It was managed as a shoot, providing plentiful rabbits and wildfowl for sport and the table. In 1778 Thomas Pennant wrote in 'A Tour in Wales', '... the vast and profitable 'Warren' was noted for the delicacy of the rabbits by reason of their feeding on maritime plants.'

After the deaths of the 9th and 10th Baronets in 1912 and 1917, the trustees were forced to sell the estate. Some of the tenants of the numerous farms and cottages bought their properties, Flintshire County Council bought some farms and Prestatyn Estates, owned by Lord Aberconwy, purchased The Warren itself. Talacre Hall became a convent for Benedictine nuns, known as Talacre Abbey, until it closed in 1988.



Stad fawr

O oes y Tuduriaid tan y 1920au roedd Talacre yn eiddo i deulu Mostyn o Blas Talacre. Rhan o'u stad fawr oedd Warren Talacre lle, fel mae'r enw'n awgrymu, roedd cwningod gwyllt yn cael eu gadael i fagu. Roedd y tir gwael tywodlyd yn ddelfrydol i gwningod ond yn anaddas i'w ffermio. Câi ei redeg fel tir hela, yn darparu digonedd o gwningod ac adar i'w hela ac i'r bwrdd bwyd. Yn 1778 ysgrifennodd Thomas Pennant yn 'A Tour in Wales', '...the vast and profitable 'Warren' was noted for the delicacy of the rabbits by reason of their feeding on maritime plants.'

Wedi marw'r 9fed a'r 10fed barwnig yn 1912 ac 1917, bu'n rhaid i'r ymddiriedolwyr werthu'r stad. Fe brynodd rai o denantiaid y myrdd ffermydd a bythynnod eu cartrefi, fe brynodd Cyngor Sir Y Fflint rai o'r ffermydd a phrynwyd y Warren ei hun gan Stadau Prestatyn, oedd yn eiddo i'r Arglwydd Aberconwy. Daeth Plas Talacre ei hun yn gwfaint, dan yr enw Abaty Talacre, i leianod Benedictiad tan iddo gau yn 1988.

"The sound of the bells of Talacre Abbey would carry down the hillside. The nuns would ring the bells every quarter and that enabled us to keep track of time, whether we were playing in Ty'n-y-Morfa Woods or dunes.

Sometimes we climbed over the wall to explore the Abbey grounds. We'd fish in the lake, scrump apples in the orchard, but had to take care not to be spotted and chased off by the nuns! I remember the excitement when we discovered the folly tower, lined inside with exotic shells, and the caves beneath it. I couldn't believe all the carvings."

Jim Taylor

"We'd walk up to the Abbey on Sunday morning for the service. I remember the beautiful sound of the nuns singing. We used to buy jam from them too."

Sheila Ijewsky



"Byddai sain clychau Abaty Talacre yn cario lawr ochr y bryn. Fe ganai'r lleianod y clychau bob chwarter ac roedd hynny'n ein galluogi ni i gadw golwg ar yr amser, os oedden ni'n chwarae yng nghoedwig Ty'n-y-Morfa neu'r twyni.

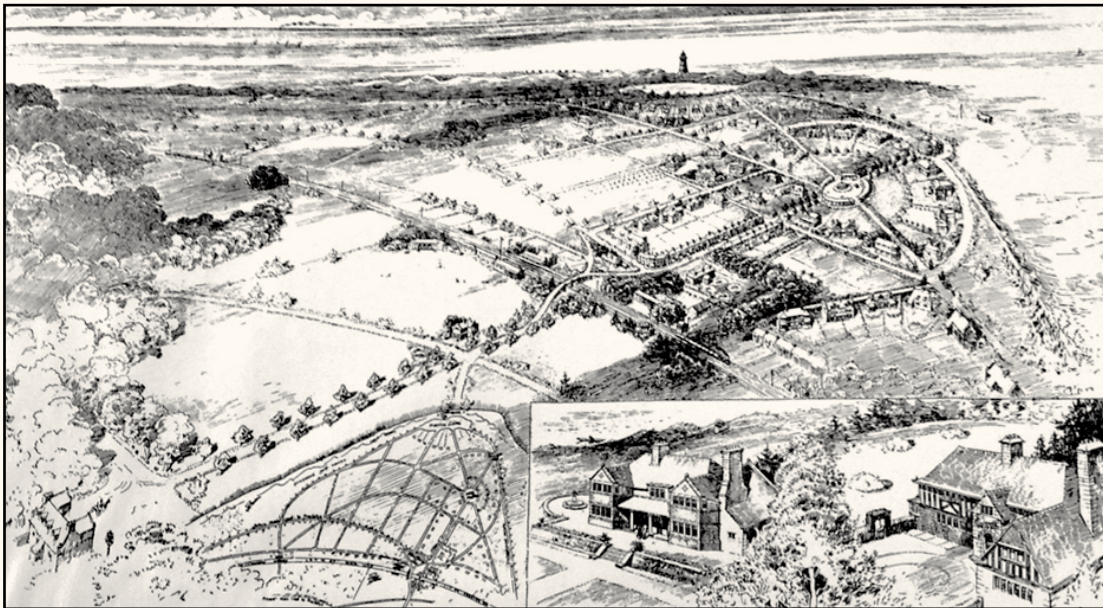
Weithiau bydden ni'n dringo dros y wal i grwydro tiroedd yr Abaty. Bydden ni'n pysgota yn y

llyn, dwyn afalau o'r berllan, ond roedd rhaid cymryd gofal rhag i'r lleianod ein gweld a'n herlid! Rwy'n cofio'r cynnwrf pan gawsom hyd i'r ffug-dŵr, wedi'i leinio y tu mewn gyda chregyn dieithr a'r ogofau oddi tano. Allwn i ddim credu'r holl gerfiadau."

Jim Taylor

"Bydden ni'n cerdded i fyny i'r Abaty ar fore Sul i'r gwasanaeth. Rwy'n cofio sain hyfryd y lleianod yn canu. Roedden ni'n prynu jam ganddyn nhw hefyd."

Sheila Ijewsky



1904 plan for Talacre estate pleasure grounds developed by Lady Mostyn (not implemented)

Cynllun gan Arglwyddes Mostyn o 1904 i greu parc difyrrwch Stad Talacre (nas cyflawnwyd)

“My mother’s family had lived on The Warren for generations. My great grandfather had moved to Talace around 1900 as Lord Mostyn’s gamekeeper and lived in Warren House, the only stone building on the Warren. I grew up nearby in one of the wooden chalets. We used to pay our weekly rent at the office of Aberconwy Estate in Prestatyn.

Jack Jones

“Roedd teulu mam wedi byw ar y Warren am genedlaethau. Roedd fy hen daid wedi symud i Dalacre tua 1900 fel cipar i’r Arglwydd Mostyn a thrigai yn Warren House, sef yr unig adeilad carreg ar y Warren. Fe barhaodd fy nheulu i fyw ar y Warren a chefais i fy magu yn un o’r cabanau pren. Roedd y teulu Mostyn wedi gwerthu’r Warren i Ystad Aberconwy ac roeddem yn talu ein rhent wythnosol yn eu swyddfa ym Mhrestatyn.”

Jack Jones

Shooting Party at Talacre

A shooting party of eight guns, comprising Sir Pyers Mostyn, Lord Mostyn, Sir William Tate, Hon. E. Mostyn, Mr Roderick, Mr Eaton, Mr Da Trafford, and Mr Tate had on Tuesday a splendid day’s sport, and succeeded in bagging a large quantity of game, including 510 rabbits, 45 hares, 24 partridges. etc., the total “bag” being 587 head. This averages 73 for each gun. The ground covered was part of the Talacre farm of Mr A. Whiteford, at whose house luncheon was partaken of during an interval.

The Prestatyn Weekly on 13th October 1906

“When we lived on The Warren my mum used to grow all her own veg but it was a fight between her and the rabbits as to who got them first!”

Anita Marsden

“Rabbits were everywhere, including under our chalet. My daughter was terrified by the noise they made below her bedroom. We told her it was a bunny factory and they were making Easter eggs and that we mustn’t disturb them. As a reward they left her a trail of eggs in the dunes on Easter morning!”

Ann Bolton

Criw hela yn Nhalacre

Cafodd criw o wyth saethwr, sef Syr Pyers Mostyn, yr Arglwydd Mostyn, Syr William Tate, yr Anrhydeddus E. Mostyn, Mr Roderick, Mr Eaton, Mr Da Trafford a Mr Tate ddiwrnod rhagorol o hela ddydd Mawrth, a llwyddwyd i ladd swm sylweddol o helfilod, gan gynnwys 510 o gwningod, 45 ysgyfarnog, 24 petris ac ati, cyfanswm o 587 pen. Mae hyn, ar gyfartaledd, yn 73 i bob gwn. Tir yr helfa oedd rhan o fferm Talacre o’r eiddo Mr A. Whiteford, a chafwyd cinio yn y tŷ yn ystod yr egwyl.

The Prestatyn Weekly Hydref 13eg 1906

“Pan oedden ni’n byw ar y Warren roedd mam yn arfer tyfu ei llysiau i gyd ond roedd hi’n frwydr rhyngddi hi a’r cwningod pwy fyddai’n eu cael nhw gyntaf!”

Anita Marsden

“Roedd cwningod ym mhobman, gan gynnwys o dan ein caban. Roedd y sŵn a wnaed ganddynt o dan lofft fy merch yn codi ofn mawr arni. Fe ddywedon ni mai ffatri fwnis oedd yna a’u bod nhw’n gwneud wyau Pasg ac na ddylem eu styrbio. Fel gwobr fe adawon nhw lwybr o wyau iddi yn y twyni ar fore’r Pasg!”

Ann Bolton

A danger for shipping

The Dee Estuary was an important shipping route from Roman times. By 1900 there were almost 2000 vessels at work on the Dee, transporting 160,000 tons of cargo a year, including coal from the collieries, copper from Greenfield, lead from Bagillt, chemicals from Flint and earthenware from Buckley.

The waters were treacherous to navigate due to the strong currents and ever-changing sandbanks. Many ships were wrecked and lives lost. The

original lighthouse was built in 1777 and worked for forty years but was undermined by the sea and eventually collapsed. The present lighthouse was built in 1844 and was in use until 1884. It remains an iconic landmark.

The first lifeboat was stationed at Gronant. The Anchorage pub was originally a pair of cottages built



for the lifeboat men. In 1894, the lifeboat station at Talacre opened. A new lifeboat house and two brick cottages to house some of the crew were built. If a flare from a distressed ship was seen, a rocket was fired from Lifeboat Cottage to trigger the launch of the lifeboat. Shire horses from the surrounding farms were galloped down to the beach to pull the boat into

the sea until it was deep enough to float off.

The station was closed in 1923 as shipping had dwindled and the lifeboat was rarely launched. The Lifeboat House was sold and used as a beach cafe. Later it was dismantled and parts used to build the popular Boathouse Café on Station Road.

Perygl i longau

Roedd Aber Afon Dyfrdwy yn llwybr pwysig i longau ers Oes y Rhufeiniaid. Erbyn 1900 roedd bron i 2000 o longau yn gweithio ar Afon Dyfrdwy, yn cludo 160,000 tonn o gargo y flwyddyn, gan gynnwys glo o'r pyllau glo, copr o Faesglas, plwm o Fagillt, cemegau o'r Fflint a chrochenwaith o Fwcle.

Roedd hwylio'r dyfroedd yn beryglus oherwydd y cerhyntau cryf a'r banciau tywod cyfnewidiol. Drylliwyd sawl llong a chollwyd eneidiau. Adeiladwyd y goleudy gwreiddiol yn 1776 a bu ar ddefnydd am ddeugain mlynedd tan i'r môr ei danseilio a'i ddmchwel yn y diwedd. Adeiladwyd yr un presennol yn 1844 a bu ar ddefnydd tan 1884. Mae'n dirmod eiconig o hyd.

Yng Ngronant roedd y bad achub cyntaf. Yn wreiddiol roedd tafarn yr Anchorage yn bâr o fythynnod a

adeiladwyd ar gyfer dynion y bad achub. Yn 1894, agorwyd gorsaf bad achub yn Nhalacre. Adeiladwyd tŷ newydd i'r bad achub a dau fwthyn o frics i gartrefu rhai o'r criw. Pe gwelwyd fflagl o long mewn argyfwng fe daniwyd roced o Fwthyn y Bad Achub i gychwyn lansiad y bad achub. Roedd ceffylau gwedd o ffermydd cyfagos yn carlamu lawr i'r traeth i dynnu'r cwch i'r môr tan oedd digon o ddyfnder iddo allu arnofio.

Fe gaewyd yr orsaf yn 1923 am fod llai o fordwyo ac anaml y lansiwyd y bad. Fe werthwyd Tŷ'r Bad Achub a daeth yn gaffi lan y môr. Wedyn fe gafodd ei dynnu'n ddarnau a defnyddiwyd peth ohono i godi Caffi'r Boathouse ar Ffordd yr Orsaf.



Talacre in World War Two

Following the outbreak of war, the huts on the Warren filled with evacuees fleeing the German bombers who were targeting the docks and shipyards of Merseyside. When bombing intensified in 1941, many more arrived, some erecting huts in haste, others living in old railway carriages and buses. Many were single mums, strong and determined to keep their children safe, no matter what happened.

There were dog fights overhead and occasional plane crashes but, for the youngsters at least, the dunes were a wonderful playground and they felt safe and sound, despite the war.

“I was born in Allerton but came to Talacre when I was seven as an evacuee during the May Blitz. We stayed with my auntie who owned Lloyd’s Caravans. I went to Mostyn school but didn’t have a clue at first as all the children spoke Welsh! They all took the mickey but I soon picked it up and joined in. We loved playing ‘Japs and Yanks’ on the beach and collecting the spent cases from the Spitfires.”

After the war I wasn’t tempted to go back to Liverpool, all flattened and smelly - no competition with the beaches and open space of Talacre!”

Rodney Davies

“We moved from Walton in Liverpool when I was two to escape the bombing. We lived in a wooden bungalow my dad built. You could hear the planes overhead at night as they came up the estuary towards Liverpool. It didn’t seem to affect us though as we were in a little cocoon of our own. I know it sounds daft as there was a war on but it was a wonderful life.”

I remember an early winter’s evening when my parents took us for a walk up onto the Cob. You could see straight across to Liverpool. My dad said, ‘Look love the Germans are at it again’. It was just a big glow in the sky. That was Liverpool being bombed.”

Anita Marsden



Talacre yn yr Ail Ryfel Byd

Wedi i’r rhyfel gychwyn, roedd y cabanau ar y Warren yn llawn o ifaciwís yn dianc rhag awyrennau bomio’r Almaen oedd yn targedu dociau a iardiau llongau Glannau Merswy. Pan gynyddodd y bomio yn 1941, cyrhaeddodd llawer mwy, rhai yn codi cytiau’n frysiog, eraill yn byw mewn hen gerbydau rheilffordd a bysiau.

Roedd y teuluoedd yn gweld ysgarmesoedd yn yr awyr rhwng awyrennau’r RAF a’r Almaen, ambell i awyren yn syrthio a bomiau heb ffrwydro ond, i’r plant beth bynnag, roedd y twyni yn faes chwarae bendigedig ac roeddynt yn teimlo’n glyd a diogel, serch y rhyfel.

“Fe’m ganwyd yn Allerton ond des i Dalacre pan oeddwn i’n 7 fel ifaciwî yn ystod Blits Mai. Arhoson ni efo fy modryb oedd biau carafanau Lloyds. Es i i Ysgol Mostyn ac ar y dechrau doedd dim clem gen i am fod y plant i gyd yn siarad Cymraeg! Roedd pawb yn fy herian ond mi ddysgais yn ddigon buan ac ymuno efo nhw. Roedden ni wrth ein boddau’n chwarae ‘Japs a Yanks’ ar y traeth a chasglu cetrîs gweigion o’r Spitfires.”

Wedi’r rhyfel ches i ddim fy nhemtio i fynd yn ôl i Lerpwl, yn gareded a drewlyd – dim cystadleuaeth i draethau a thiroedd agored Talacre!”

Rodney Davies



“Fe symudon ni o Walton yn Lerpwl pan oeddwn i’n ddwy oed i ddianc rhag y bomio. Roedden ni’n byw mewn byngalo pren a adeiladodd fy nhad. Yn y nos fe allech chi glywed yr awyrennau uwchben yn dod i fyny’r aber tuag at Lerpwl. Doedd o ddim fel petaen cael effaith arnom ni am ein bod ni yn ein byd bach ein hunain, yn hollol ddiogel ac eto roedd y rhyfel o’n cwmpas ym mhobman.”

Rydw i’n cofio un noson o aeaf pan aeth fy rhieni’n â ni am dro i fyny i’r Cob. Fe allech weld yn syth ar draws i Lerpwl. Fe ddywedodd fy nhad, ‘Drycha ‘mach i, mae’r Jyrmans wrthi eto’. Roedd yr awyr yn olau i gyd. Lerpwl yn cael ei bomio.”

Anita Marsden

“My mother-in law, Flo Mendell, moved from Liverpool to The Warren during the war. Her husband was in the Royal Signals and sent to a transit camp in Prestatyn prior to posting abroad. He wanted his wife and children to escape the bombing so rented them a chalet at Talacre. My future husband, Mannie, had just passed the scholarship so stayed in Liverpool with his granny but joined them in Talacre after his father was killed at El Alamein. Flo had a hard life, bringing up three children by herself, taking on two jobs to try and make ends meet. Mannie had to leave school at 16, although he had passed the school certificate, as he had to get a job to bring money in.”

Olga Mendell



© The Francis Frith Collection



“My mum, my brother and I lived in Garston at the outbreak of war. One day we came back from the air raid shelter to find everything had gone. Mum took us to Lime Street Station and explained to the ticket clerk that we’d been bombed out and wanted to get to Talacre in North Wales - she’d been there on a Sunday School trip and it was the only place

she could think of! She opened her purse and showed what she had and asked if it was enough to get there. He just said, ‘Put your money in your purse, love - off you go!’

At Talacre we came up the steps from the station with my brother in the pram. Mum was crying and exhausted. A local farmer, Mr Metcalfe, stopped on his tractor and asked if she was OK. He took us home and we slept in his barn for two weeks which was so kind. Then we got one of the shacks in the Warren and settled there. Life was hard for my Mum caring for us on her own with little money but we loved it here and never went back to Liverpool.”

John Keegan



© Sue Hale

“Fe symudodd fy mam-yng-nghyfraith, Flo Mendell, o Lerpwl i'r Warren yn ystod y rhyfel. Roedd ei gŵr yn y Royal Signals ac wedi'i anfon i wersyll tramwy ym Mhrestatyn cyn cael ei anfon dramor. Roedd o eisiau i'w wraig a'i blant ffoi'r bomio felly fe gymerodd gaban ar rent iddynt yn Nhalacre. Roedd fy narpar ŵr, Mannie, newydd basio ei ysgoloriaeth felly fe arhosodd yn Lerpwl efo'i nain ond daeth atyn nhw i Dalacre wedi i'w dad gael ei ladd yn El Alamein. Fe gafodd Flo fywyd caled yn magu tri o blant ar ei phen ei hun, yn cymryd dwy swydd i geisio cadw dau ben llinyn ynghyd. Roedd yn rhaid i Mannie adael ysgol yn 16, er iddo basio'i dystysgrif addysg, er mwyn cael gwaith i ddod ag arian i'r tŷ.”

Olga Mendell

“Roedd mam, fy mrawd a minnau'n byw yn Garston ar ddechrau'r rhyfel. Un diwrnod daethom yn ôl o'r lloches cyrch awyr ac roedd popeth wedi mynd. Aeth mam â ni i Orsaf Lime Street ac egluro i'r gwerthwr tocynnau i ni gael ein bomio a'n bod eisiau mynd i Dalacre yng Ngogledd Cymru - roedd hi wedi bod yno ar drip Ysgol Sul a dyna'r unig le y gallai hi feddwl amdano! Agorodd ei phwrs a dangos faint oedd ganddi a gofyn os oedd hynny'n ddigon i fynd yno. Dywedodd yntau, ‘Cadw dy bres yn dy bwrs, cariad - ffwrdd â chi!’

Yn Nhalacre fe ddaethom i fyni'r grisiau o'r orsaf a fy mrawd yn y pram. Roedd mam yn crio ac wedi ymlâdd. Fe stopiodd ffermwr lleol, Mr Metcalfe, ar ei dractor a gofyn os oedd hi'n iawn. Fe aeth â ni adre ac, yn garedig iawn, fe gawsom gysgu yn ei ysgubor am bythefnos. Wedyn fe gawsom un o'r cytiau yn y Warren ac ymgartrefu yno. Roedd bywyd yn galed ond roeddem wrth ein boddau ac aethon ni fyth yn ôl i Lerpwl.

John Keegan



Young RAF pilots trained over the dunes and sea too. It was used as a practice range almost daily, weather permitting, from 1942 – 1945.

Trainee pilots started with air to ground training, firing at 12ft square targets in the dunes. They progressed to air-to-air training, firing at either a flat length of canvas called a flag or a drogue that was like a large windsock. Both were the approximate size of an enemy bomber and were pulled by a Tug on a 1000ft length of cable, thought to be long enough to be safe for the pilot! The Tugs flew at over 1500ft so safely out of the air space of those firing at the targets below. Pilots were meant to fire from a distance of 150ft but it was not easy to judge the distance and angle all in a split second. After each session the drogue was dropped near the lighthouse to check the pilot's score.

The airspace was busy and there were accidents. Successful emergency 'belly landings' on the sandbanks and mudflats of the estuary saved the lives of some young pilots.

For the youngsters, all this was very exciting and many loved to collect the spent cartridges and bullets.



“As a young man I took a Spitfire II up there, not to hone my target skills, but simply to fire into the sands the half-dozen rounds of 20mm loaded in each cannon. The idea was to let us feel what it was like to do this (it was terrifying, as the noise and vibration bid fair to shake the Spit to pieces), so as it would not be too much of a shock the first time we tried it later.”

An airman's memory

“Us lads would sit under the huts and when they'd finish firing we used to run out and collect all the spent bullets – the brass cartridges and the metal clips. We'd put them all together and go home looking like Mexican bandits with these things draped over us - great fun!”

Geoff Parry



“One day my brother decided to hide behind the target to make sure he got more than his friends but, luckily for him, a crew member spotted him in time and possibly saved his life!”

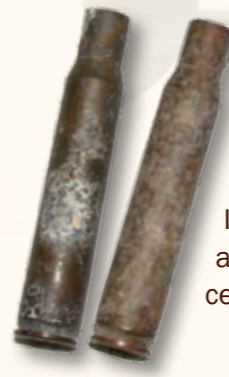
John Keegan



Roedd peilotiaid ifainc y RAF yn ymarfer dros y twyni a'r môr hefyd. Cafodd ei ddefnyddio bron bob dydd o 1942 – 1945, os oedd tywydd yn caniatáu. Roedd peilotiaid dan hyfforddiant yn dechrau gydag ymarfer o'r awyr i'r ddaear, gan saethu at dargedau 12tr sgwâr yn y twyni. Roeddynt yn symud ymlaen i hyfforddiant awyren i awyren, gan saethu at un ai hyd o ganfas fflat o'r enw baner neu ddrôg oedd fel hosan wynt fawr. Roedd y ddau tua'r un maint ag awyren fomio'r gelyn ac yn cael eu llusgo gan awyren dynnu ar gebl 1000tr o hyd a oedd, y tybid, yn ddigon hir i gadw'r peilot yn ddiogel! Hedfanai'r awyrennau tynnu uwchben 1500tr yn ddigon pell tu hwnt i ofod hedfan y rhai oedd yn saethu at y targedau oddi tanynt. Roedd peilotiaid i fod i danio o 150tr i ffwrdd ond doedd hi ddim yn hawdd mesur y pellter a'r ongl mewn chwinciad. Wedi pob sesiwn fe ollyngwyd y drôg ger y goleudy i wirio sgôr y peilot.

Roedd yr awyrlle yn brysur a bu damweiniau. Fe achubwyd bywyd sawl peilot ifanc gyda 'bol-laniad' brys llwyddiannus ar gefnenni tywod a fflatiau llaid yr aber.

I'r plant roedd hyn i gyd yn gyffrous iawn ac roedd llawer wrth eu boddau yn casglu cetris a bwledi gweigion.



“Yn ŵr ifanc mi es i â Spitfire II i fyny yna, nid i fireinio fy sgiliau anelu, ond i saethu i'r tywod rownd o hanner dwsin o 20mm a lwythwyd i bob canon. Y syniad oedd rhoi cyfle i ni deimlo sut beth oedd hynny (roedd yn frawychus, am fod y sŵn a'r dirgryniad fel petai'n ddigon i chwalu'r Spit yn ddarnau), fel na fyddai'n ormod o ddychryn y tro cyntaf i ni drïo wedyn.”

Atgof awyrennwr

“Roedden ni'r hogia yn arfer eistedd o dan y cytiau a phan oedden nhw wedi gorffen saethu roedden ni'n rhedeg allan a chasglu'r cetris gweigion – y cetris pres a'r clipiau metel. Bydden ni'n eu rhoi nhw at ei gilydd a mynd adre'n edrych fel bandits o Fecsico efo'r pethau hyn drosom ni – lot o hwyll!”

Geoff Parry

“Un diwrnod mi benderfynodd fy mrawd guddio tu ôl i'r targed i sicrhau ei fod yn cael mwy na'i ffrindiau ond, drwy lwc, fe welodd un o'r criw o mewn pryd ac achub ei fywyd o bosib!”

John Keegan

Britain's coastline took on a new role with the threat of invasion by Hitler's troops in 1940. Pillboxes were sited overlooking the beach, manned by the Home Guard who kept watch out to sea. Row upon row of larch posts were dug into the sand to prevent gliders and other aircraft using the beach as a landing strip at low tide while barbed wire and mines prevented access to land from the coast.

After the war, they became children's dens or were used as picnic spots. The eroded remains of two pillboxes can still be seen on either side of the lighthouse and a better-preserved one remains upended in the dunes near Presthaven.



"My father was a farmer so wasn't called up. He volunteered as a fire warden and joined the Local Defence Volunteers (later renamed the Home Guard). They received very little training and few proper weapons - my father told me he was only issued with a pick shaft handle to drill with, no uniform but just an LDV arm band! He was expected to keep a look out for any enemy action or espionage in his area. Apparently a spy who had been

living on the Warren was actually captured!"
Bryn Jones

Gan ofni ymosodiad gan luoedd Hitler, daeth rôl newydd i arfordir Prydain yn 1940. Gosodwyd gwylfeydd crwn, 'pillboxes', i edrych dros y traeth a'r Gwarchodlu Cartref ynddynt yn cadw golwg allan i'r môr. Claddwyd rhesi a rhesi o byst llarwydd i mewn i'r tywod i atal gleiderau ac awyrennau eraill rhag defnyddio'r traeth fel man glanio adeg llanw isel ac roedd weiren bigog a ffrwydrion yn atal mynediad i'r tir o'r arfordir.

Mae gweddillion treuliedig dau o'r 'pillboxes' i'w gweld bob ochr i'r goleudy ac mae trydydd un mewn gwell cyflwr ar ei ben yn y twyni ger Presthaven.



"I was born in Gronant and went to Gronant School. There were lots of evacuees living at Ty'n-y-Morfa on The Warren who walked up to school past The Bells, along Garden Lane and Abbey Drive. They had to open up the old school and also use the chapel vestry to make space for them.

A family evacuated from Guernsey stayed with us a while - I don't know where we all slept in our two bed bungalow! Later we had a Canadian RAF lad who was manning the radar on Prestatyn hillside."
Geoff Parry

"Roedd fy nhad yn ffermwr felly chafodd o mo'i alw i'r fyddin. Fe wirfoddolodd fel warden tân ac ymuno â'r Gwirfoddolwyr Amddiffyn Lleol (a ailenwyd y Gwarchodlu Cartref). Ychydig iawn o hyfforddiant gawson nhw na chwaith arfau go iawn – dywedodd fy nhad iddo gael coes caib i ddrilio, dim gwisg swyddogol dim ond band LDV ar ei fraich! Roedd disgwyl iddo gadw golwg allan am unrhyw weithgaredd gan y gelyn neu ysbïwyr yn ei ardal. Yn ôl pob sôn fe gafodd ysbïwr fu'n byw ar y Warren ei ddal!"

Bryn Jones

"Ces fy ngeni yng Ngronant ac es i Ysgol Gronant o 1939. Roedd llawer o ifaciwîs oedd yn byw yn Nhy'n y Morfa ar y Warren yn cerdded i'r ysgol heibio'r Bells, ar hyd Lôn yr Ardd a Rhodfa'r Abaty. Roedd yn rhaid iddynt agor yr hen ysgol ac hefyd defnyddio festri'r capel i wneud lle iddynt.

Arhosodd teulu a fudodd o Guernsey efo ni am ychydig – wn i ddim lle oedden ni i gyd yn cysgu yn ein byngalo dwy lofft! Wedyn mi gawson ni lanc RAF o Ganada oedd yn gweithio'r radar ar ochr bryn Prestatyn."
Geoff Parry

Living in The Warren

The Warren was home to a close knit community after the war. Everyone knew everyone and looked out for one another, residents and holiday makers alike.

The chalets were basic but cosy. There was no electricity or mains water, just paraffin lamps and stand pipes for drinking water, with long queues in the summer when the holidaymakers swelled the local population. People collected rainwater for washing, heating the water over a coal fire to fill a tin bath.

Children enjoyed the freedom to roam across the dunes and beach. So many people have special memories of the time spent in The Warren, whether coming for a short holiday or a longer stay. Everyone enjoyed the peace and natural beauty.

The community was broken up when The Warren was cleared and chalets demolished in 1973. Some residents were rehoused in council housing in nearby villages, others bought their own homes in Talacre. There were aspirations to develop it as a holiday park but this didn't happen. Around 1994 it was bought by Hamilton Oil who wanted to extract gas from the sea bed. Part of their planning consent was an agreement to manage The Warren for its biodiversity. It has been managed for wildlife ever since and remains a special place to walk and play.

Byw yn y Warren

Ar ôl y rhyfel, roedd y Warren yn gartref i gymuned glos. Roedd pawb yn adnabod pawb ac yn edrych ar ôl ei gilydd, yn drigolion ac ymwelwyr.

Roedd y cabanau yn sylfaenol ond clyd. Doedd dim trydan na dŵr pibell, dim ond lampau paraffin a phwmp dŵr i gael dŵr yfed, a chiwiau hir yn yr haf pan oedd yr ymwelwyr yn chwyddo'r boblogaeth. Roedd pobl yn casglu dŵr glaw i ymolchi ac yn cynhesu'r dŵr dros dân glo i lenwi twb ymolchi tun.

Roedd plant yn mwynhau'r rhyddid i grwydro ar hyd y twyni a'r traeth. Mae gan gymaint o bobl atgofion arbennig am eu hamser yn y Warren, boed hynny ar wyliau byr neu arhosiad hirach. Roedd pawb yn mwynhau'r harddwch naturiol a'r tawelwch.

Fe chwalwyd y gymuned pan gliriwyd y Warren a dymchwel y cabanau yn 1973. Cafodd rai eu hail-gartrefu mewn tai cyngor mewn pentrefi cyfagos, fe brynodd eraill eu cartrefi eu hunain yn Nhalacre. Roedd bwriad i'w ddatblygu yn barc gwyliau ond ddaeth dim o hynny. Tua 1994 cafodd ei brynu gan Olew Hamilton oedd eisiau echdynnu nwy o wely'r môr. Fel rhan o'u caniatâd cynllunio fe gytunon i reoli'r Warren er mwyn ei ffoamrywiaeth. Ers hynny cafodd ei reoli am y bywyd gwyllt ac mae'n parhau yn lle arbennig i gerdded a chwarae.



The Hidden Valley

“In 1952, I moved with my mother, father and two sisters from Salford to live in a wooden bungalow on The Warren. My dad grew vegetables but the rabbits used to eat a lot of them. We had to go to the garage to get paraffin for the lamps and the accumulators for the radio. I used to fish with my mum. She used to put a line out in the sea and next day we collected all the dabs. We also collected cockles.

My two sisters and I had a wonderful 8 years playing on the Sandhills. We thought it was paradise.”

Jean Hughes



“I was born in Stoke but the smog was affecting my health. My parents were told that, if they wanted me to see my 7th birthday, they needed to move out of the town so we moved to Gronant and I grew up there. When we married, my wife and I moved to a bungalow on The Warren. I loved it there and would go back tomorrow.

I remember when Lighthouse Cottage was buried under sand in the 1960s. Mr Massey who lived there heard a rumbling very early in the morning and saw that sand was blowing over the building. He rushed inside and got his wife and sons up. By the time they got outside it was almost engulfed!

John Larner

“We loved winter there. I was a bit of a writer and I felt it gave a sense of tranquility with the wind howling and swirling on the verandah.”

Ann Bolton

“To me it seemed like you started with a tiny little shack built with whatever materials you could find. As your family grew, you added on another room and your house just grew and grew. There wasn't any planning.”

Dave Jones



“Yn Stoke y ganwyd fi ond roedd y mwrlwch yn niweidio fy iechyd. Dywedwyd wrth fy rhieni os oedden nhw am i mi weld fy 7fed pen-blwydd roedd angen symud o'r dref felly fe symudon i Gronant ac yno y magwyd fi. Pan briodon ni, fe symudodd fy ngwraig a fi i fyngalo ar y Warren. Ro'n i wrth fy modd yno a baswn yn mynd yn ôl fory nesa.

Dwi'n cofio pan oedd Bwthyn y Goleudy wedi'i gladdu dan y tywod. Y teulu Massey oedd yn byw yna. Fe glywodd Mr Massey dwrw yn gynnar un bore a gweld bod tywod yn cael ei chwythu dros yr adeilad. Fe ruthrodd i mewn a chodi ei wraig a'i feibion. Erbyn iddyn nhw fynd allan roedd o bron o'r golwg!”

John Larner

“Yn 1952, fe symudais i efo fy mam a 'nhad a nwy chwaer o Salford i fyw mewn byngalo pren ar y Warren. Roedd fy nhad yn tyfu llysiau ond roedd y cwingod yn bwyta llawer ohonynt. Roedd yn rhaid i ni fynd i'r garej i gael paraffin i'r lampau a'r cronaduron i'r radio. Roeddwn i'n arfer pysgota efo mam. Roedd hi'n rhoi lein allan i'r môr a drannoeth roedden ni'n casglu'r llythod. Roedden ni hefyd yn hel cocos. Fe gafodd fy chwiorydd a finnau 8 mlynedd fendigedig yn chwarae ar y twyni tywod. Roedd hi fel paradwys i ni.”

Jean Hughes

“Roedd hi'n ymddangos i mi eich bod chi'n cychwyn efo cwt bychan wedi ei godi o ba bynnag ddefnydd oedd ar gael. Wrth i'ch teulu dyfu, roeddech chi'n ychwanegu ystafell arall ac roedd eich tŷ'n tyfu a thyfu. Doedd dim sôn am gynllunio.”

Dave Jones

“Roedden ni'n caru'r gaeaf yno. Roeddwn i'n dipyn o lenor ac roeddwn i'n teimlo ryw lonyddwch yno efo'r gwynt yn dolefain a chwirlio ar y feranda.”

Ann Bolton

“We lived on The Warren from 1963 - 1973 and brought up our three children there. No telephones, no electricity and no running water but I had a permanent tan and wore shorts all the time. We were glamping before anyone had ever used the word! At one time we lived in two railway carriages made into bedrooms and living area. They were quite nice with lovely curtains and proper beds. After that we moved into a wooden chalet built on a raised platform with a verandah along the front. There was such a strong community spirit - if you needed anything, your neighbours would provide. We missed that when we had to move to Gronant.”

Wilma Norton

“We collected water daily from pump at top of road. My sister and I took it in turns, one collected the water, the other swept away the sand from the doors - a constant battle, the sand always won!”

Pam Evans

“My dad found a plot of land in Talacre for sale, including a shack consisting of a couple of rooms. He built on the bedrooms, outside toilet and a porch and then, in 1951, the whole family moved from Liverpool when I was just a baby.”

John Thompson

“I was born in 1948 and brought up in a chalet on The Warren. My family stayed there until they were rehoused in Gronant in 1974. For my brother David and myself, the dunes, beach and Ty'n-y-Morfa woods were our playground. The Warren was peopled by a mixture of residents and summer visitors, who came from Liverpool, Manchester and The Potteries. We got to know many of the regular visitors and often played together. They learned about the countryside while we learned about the towns and cities.”

Jack Jones



“Roedden ni'n byw ar y Warren o 1963 - 1973 ac yno y magon ni ein tri phlentyn. Dim ffonau, dim trydan na dŵr tap ond roedd gen i liw haul parhaol ac yn gwisgo siorts drwy'r adeg. Roedden ni'n glampio cyn i neb ddechrau defnyddio'r gair! Ar un adeg roedden ni'n byw mewn dau gerbyd trên a wnaed yn ystafelloedd gwely ac ystafell fyw. Roedden nhw'n reit ddel efo llenni hardd a gwelyau go iawn. Wedi hynny fe symudon ni i gaban pren a godwyd ar blatfform uchel a feranda ar hyd y blaen. Roedd ysbryd cymdogol da yno – os oedd angen rhywbeth arnoch roedd ar gael gan eich cymdogion. Roedd chwith am hynny pan symudon ni i Gronant.”

Wilma Norton

“Daeth 'nhad o hyd i ddarn o dir ar werth yn Nhalacre, ac arno gaban dwy ystafell. Fe gododd ystafelloedd gwely, toilet a feranda atyn nhw ac yna, yn 1951, pan oeddwn i'n fabi, fe symudodd y teulu cyfan o Lerpwl.”

John Thompson



“Ganwyd fi yn 1948 a'm magu mewn caban ar y Warren. Arhosodd fy rheulu yno tan iddyn nhw gael eu hailgartrefu

yn Gronant yn 1974. I fi a fy mrawd, David, y twyni, y traeth a choedwig Ty'n-y-Morfa oedd ein maes chwarae. Yn y Warren roedd cymysgedd o drigolion ac ymwelwyr haf a ddeuai o Lerpwl, Manceinion ac Ardal y Crochendai. Roedden ni'n adnabod llawer o'r ymwelwyr cyson ac yn aml yn chwarae efo'n gilydd. Roedden nhw'n dysgu am y wlad tra roedden ninnau'n dysgu am y trefi a'r dinasoedd.”

Jack Jones

“Roedden ni'n nôl dŵr o'r pwmp ar ben y ffordd bob dydd. Roedd fy chwaer a fi'n cymryd ein tro, un yn nôl y dŵr a'r llall yn 'sgubo'r tywod o'r drysau – brwydr barhaol, y tywod enillai bob tro!”

Pam Evans



"My husband, our 18 month old son and I came from Widnes for a week's holiday to a chalet on the Warren in May 1966. We loved it so much that by August we had moved there! It was just so peaceful and quiet living in the dunes. We lived in a chalet for three years and before moving to Ffynnongroyw and then Penyffordd."

Ruth Parker

"A big gang of us 'Warrenites' used to walk all the way back from down Gronant School each day. We'd stop for a drink and then out to play on the sandhills - such freedom!"

Bill Hyland

"My father was from St Helens but used to visit Talacre as a child and decided to move here. We lived in the Hidden Valley until I was 10 years old. At first we were in a single decker bus, then he bought a shed and continued to build onto it until it was a house. He then built another next door to let out to holidaymakers."

I didn't want to leave The Warren. I loved the freedom, running around with no shoes on and going off for hours on end but my parents yearned for modern facilities. When we first had a flush toilet in Prestatyn, I was scared of the flush as it sounded like a train coming!"

Margaret Hyland



"Un o St Helens oedd 'nhad ac arferai ddod i Dalacre pan y blentyn a phenderfynodd symud yma. Roedden ni'n byw yn y 'Hidden Valley' tan oeddwn i'n 10 oed. I ddechrau roedden ni mewn bws unllawr, yna fe brynodd gwt a dal ati i adeiladu ato fo tan yr oedd yn dŷ. Yna fe gododd un arall drws nesa i'w osod i ymwelwyr."

Doeddwn i ddim esiau gadael y Warren. Roeddwn wrth fy modd efo'r rhyddid, rhedeg o gwmpas heb esgidiau a mynd ar grwydr am oriau ond crefai fy rhieni am gyfleusterau modern. Pan gawson ni doilet fflyshio am y tro cyntaf ym Mhrestatyn, roedd arna i ofn y fflyshio am ei fod fel sŵn trêrn yn dod!"

Margaret Hyland



© Sharon Pritchard

"Daeth fy ngŵr, ein mab 18 mis oed a fi o Widnes am wythnos o wyliau i gaban ar y Warren yn Mai 1966. Roedden ni wedi gwirioni cymaint efo'r lle fel ein bod ni wedi symud yno erbyn mis Awst! Roedd byw yn y twyni mor llonydd a thawel. Buom yn byw mewn caban am dair blynedd cyn symud i Ffynnongroyw ac yna Penyffordd."

Ruth Parker

"Arferai criw mawr ohonon ni'r 'Warreniaid' gerdded yr holl ffordd yn ôl o Ysgol Gronant bob diwrnod. Roedden ni'n galw am ddiod ac yna allan i chwarae ar y twyni tywod – am ryddid!"

Bill Hyland



© Ruth Parker

"I grew up in a chalet on Reids Camp by Ty'n-y-Morfa woods. I was a typical lad, always in the woods and getting mucky. I don't know how my mum put up with it as the tiny chalet just had one cold tap!"

Jim Taylor



"Ces i fy magu mewn caban ar Wersyll Reid ger coedwig Ty'n-y-Morfa. Roeddwn i'n rôl hogyn, bob amser yn y coed yn baeddu. Wn i ddim sut oedd mam yn dod i ben oherwydd dim ond un tap dŵr oer oedd yn y caban bach!"

Jim Taylor

"At night people used to take their bikes along 'the Cob' to the colliery and collect coal from the spoil heaps, then wheel the bikes back with the panniers loaded."

Fred Pickering



"Gyda'r nos roedd pobl yn mynd ar eu beiciau ar hyd y Cob i'r pwll glo a chasglu glo o'r tomenni, yna powlio'r beiciau yn ôl a'r cewyll yn llawn."

Fred Pickering

"Some people were a bit naughty. They'd go picking coal and then sell it to the holidaymakers. If there was any left when one lot went home, they'd pinch it back and sell it to the next lot!"

Ian Litherland



"Roedd rhai dipyn bach yn ddrwg. Fe fydden nhw'n mynd i hel glo ac yna ei werthu i'r ymwelwyr. Os oedd peth dros ben pan aethai un criw adre, fe fydden nhw'n ei ddwyn yn ôl a'i werthu eto i'r criw nesa!"

Ian Litherland

"The toilet was a wooden board with a hole in it above a bucket in a small shed outside the kitchen door. Everyday my dad took the bucket 'somewhere' to be emptied."

Pam Evans

"Bwrdd pren efo twll ynndo uwchben bwced mewn cwt bychan tu allan i ddrws y gegin oedd y toiled. Bob diwrnod byddai dad yn mynd â'r bwced i 'rywle' i'w gwagio."

Pam Evans

"We had nothing but we had everything. Everyone helped each other. My mam was a single parent and she really struggled. If I wanted anything I knew we couldn't afford it so I'd cadge bits and make things. I got really practical."

When I was seven an old chap called Joe took me fishing. I caught some fish and took them home for my mam. She was pleased to have the free food so I made my own rod and used to fish all the time in the school holidays. If I caught a lot, I sold extra to the holidaymakers."

Ian Litherland



"Doedd dim byd gennym ni ac eto bobeth. Roedd pawb yn helpu ei gilydd. Roedd mam yn riant sengl a bywyd yn galed. Os o'n i eisiau rhywbeth gwyddwn na allen ei fforddio felly ro'n i'n bachu darnau a gwneud pethau. Mi ddes i'n ymarferol iawn."

Pan oeddwn i'n saith oed aeth hen foi o'r enw Joe â fi i bysgota. Fe ddaliais ryw faint a mynd â nhw adre i mam. Roedd hi mor falch o gael bwyd am ddim felly mi wnes wialen i fi fy hun a mynd i bysgota o hyd yng ngwyliau'r ysgol. Os oeddwn i'n dal llawer, roeddwn yn gwerthu'r rhai dros ben i'r ymwelwyr."

Ian Litherland

"Mrs Borthwick ran a school in a single decker bus at the end of Dee Road. All the kids irrespective of age were in the same class. Mrs Borthwick was the epitome of an old-fashioned headmistress and we all lived in fear of her stare - it was all she ever needed to maintain discipline. Our individual sums, taking into account each child's age, would be passed down the bus written in chalk on old roof slates with our name at the top."

David Keegan

"Roedd Mrs Borthwick yn rhedeg ysgol mewn bws un llawr ar ben Ffordd Dyfrdwy. Roedd y plant i gyd, waeth beth eu hoedran, yn yr un dosbarth. Dyma ymgorfforiad o brifathrawes hen ffasiwn ac roeddem i gyd yn ofni ei rhythiad - dyna'r cwbl oedd hi ei angen i gadw disgyblaeth. Ysgrifennid ein symiau personol, gan ystyried oedran pob plentyn, mewn sialc ar hen lechi to â'n henwau ar y top a'u pasio lawr y bws."

David Keegan

"I'm from Manchester but moved to Talacre over 50 years ago. My aunt already lived there and my mum and dad moved there too. My husband was very ill and the doctors said they thought living at the seaside might help his health.



My parents found a bungalow next door to theirs and I moved with my son and twin baby girls. My husband joined us when he came out of hospital.

The children loved going on the beach. In the summer holidays we'd go every day, even in the rain, firstly into the sandhills and then the flat part, collecting seaweed, stones and shells."

Freda Bevan

"My parents met in Liverpool but my father began working at Courtaulds in Flint building a rayon factory to make parachutes. When they married in 1940, he brought her with all their belongings on the back of a motorcyle to a bungalow in Talacre he had found. She hadn't been to Talacre and couldn't believe it as it seemed so basic as she was used to all the mod cons in Liverpool. She cried for a week but ended up loving it and stayed in Talacre for the rest of her life until she passed away aged 98.

Dave Jones



"As a little girl I loved playing on the verandah, pretending that the rail was a horse."

Angela Rogers



"Fe gwrrdodd fy rhieni yn Lerpwl ond dechreuodd fy nhad weithio yn Courtaulds yn Y Fflint yn adeiladu ffatri reion i wneud parasiwtiau. Pan briodon nhw yn 1940 daeth â hi a'u heiddo i gyd ar gefn beic modur i fyngalo y cafodd hyd iddo yn Nhalacre. Fedrai hi ddim credu'r peth am ei fod mor sylfaenol a hithau

wedi arfer â'r holl 'mod cons' yn Lerpwl. Fe griodd am wythnos ond daeth i garu'r lle ac aros yn Nhalacre am weddill ei hoes tan iddi farw yn 98 oed.

Dave Jones

"Yn hogan fach roeddwn wrth fy modd yn chwarae ar y feranda, yn cogio bod y rheilen yn geffyl."

Angela Rogers



"Un o Fanceinion ydw i ond symudais i Dalacre dros 50 mlynedd yn ôl. Roedd fy modryb yn byw yno'n barod a symudodd mam a 'nhad yno hefyd. Roedd fy ngŵr yn wael iawn a dywedodd y doctoriaid efallai y byddai byw wrth lan y môr o les i'w iechyd. Cafodd fy rhieni hyd i fyngalo drws nesa iddyn nhw a symudais i efo fy mab a'r efeilliaid. Daeth fy ngŵr atom pan adawodd yr ysbyty.

Roedd y plant wrth eu boddau'n mynd i'r traeth. Dros wyliau'r haf byddem yn mynd bob dydd, hyd yn oed yn y glaw, yn gyntaf i'w twyni ac yna'r rhan gwastad, a chasglu gwymon, cerrig a chregyn."

Freda Bevan



A child's paradise

Talacre's sandhills and long beach have been a playground for generations of children who loved the freedom to roam. During the summer youngsters were often out from dawn to dusk, only returning to eat. Many share happy memories of sliding down the sand dunes, basking in the sun, playing on the beach, swimming and jumping in the waves, building sandcastles and dams, fishing, or hunting for spent bullets and sea shells.



© Angela Rogers

"We used to go to the beach on summer evenings as there was often phosphorescence in the sea and it glowed blue. We'd sit in the dark and then play in sea - you could see where you'd been in the glowing water! An incredible thing!"

Ian Litherland

"There were bikes everywhere - that's how you got about. In the winter when the dunes froze we even used to cycle down them!"

Dave Jones



© Sue Hale

Paradwys plentyn

Mae twyni tywod a thraeth hir Talacre wedi bod yn faes chwarae i genedlaethau o blant sy'n mwynhau'r rhyddid i grwydro. Yn ystod yr haf roedd plant yn aml allan o fore gwyn tan nos, ac yn dychwelyd dim ond i fwyta. Mae llawer yn rhannu atgofion hapus am lithro lawr y twyni, gorwedd yn yr haul, chwarae ar y traeth, nofio a neidio yn y tonnau, codi cestyll tywod ac argaeau, pysgota neu hela am getris gweigion neu gregyn.

"Roedden ni'n mynd i'r traeth ar nosweithiau o haf am fod ffosfforesgedd yn aml yn y môr ac roedd yn disgleirio'n las. Bydden ni'n eistedd yn y tywyllwch ac yna chwarae yn y môr – gallech weld eich llwybr yn y dŵr gloyw! Anhygoel!"

Ian Litherland

"Roedd beiciau ym mhobman – dyna sut oeddech chi'n mynd o gwmpas. Yn y gaeaf a'r twyni wedi rhewi roedden ni hyd yn oed yn beicio i lawr nhw!"

Dave Jones



"I loved playing with the other children, digging holes and tunnels in the sand but also liked going for walks and watching wildlife on my own. I still love walking there today."

Ken Owens

"On clear nights we would sit or lie down outside and look up into space. The night sky was amazing with so many stars. There were no street lights to spoil it."

Jim Taylor



© Margaret Lamer

"Ces i fy ngeni ar fferm yn Nhalacre yn 1943. Roedd gennym filltiroedd o draethau tywodlyd i droi'n beth bynnag a fynnom – anialwch Arizona, brwydr olaf Custer, llengoedd Rhufeinig, hyd yn oed rhyfel modern. Roedd yn lle cyffrous i dyfu i fyny er bod weiren bigog mewn mannau ac ambell i 'pillbox Norcon' a ddefnyddiwyd fel 'den' gennym, ond yng ngolwg plentyn roedd yn nefoedd!"

Bryn Jones

"Roeddwn wrth fy modd yn chwarae efo plant eraill, yn palu tyllau a thwneli yn y tywod ond hefyd mynd am dro ar ben fy hun a gwyllo'r bywyd gwylt. Rwy'n dal i fwynhau cerdded yno heddiw."

Ken Owens

"Ar nosweithiau clir fe eisteddem neu orwedd tu allan yn edrych i'r gofod. Roedd yr awyr yn rhyfeddol efo cymaint o sêr. Doedd dim lampau stryd i'w ddifetha."

Jim Taylor



© Ken Owens

“There was a big freeze in 1962/63 when the sea froze over. A group of us lads saw that part of a gully had frozen solid so broke off a huge piece of ice and paddled down the gully out towards the sea! When pieces of ice started to break off we realised it wasn’t a good idea so frantically had to paddle back to get to safety!”

Dave Jones



“We’d be out all day. By September I’d be as brown as a berry. My new gym teacher asked if I’d been abroad to get such a good tan. ‘No, Talacre, Miss!’, I replied!”

Violet Williams

“There were lots of lizards in the dunes. As kids, we used to catch a couple and put them in the water butt. Sometimes we’d get in too and play with them!”

Fred Pickering

“As young lads, we’d rent old aircraft inner tubes from Percy Rice’s shop. Two of us would get inside the tube and four or five would roll it along the beach. You felt so dizzy when you got out after spinning for half a mile! We couldn’t walk!”

Gareth (Gadge)

“There was one very big sandhill which we always used to make a beeline for on sunny days. On the top my parents would relax whilst my brother and I would play around the sandhill or go onto the beach. The sandhills were full of snails, marram grass, sea holly and the occasional lizard.”

Ann Bolton

“The smell of the sandhills brings back so many memories. The sounds too - crickets and the hissing of the wind in the marram grass with the sea in the background.”

Brian Atkinson

“Bu rhew mawr yn 1962/63 ac fe rewodd y môr. Gwelodd criw ohonom ni’r hogiau fod rhan o’r gwter wedi rhewi’n gorn felly fe dorron ni ddarn mawr o rew a phadlo lawr y gwter tua’r môr! Pan ddechreuodd ddarnau o rew dorri i ffwrdd fe sylweddoloni ni nad oedd o’n syniad da ac felly roedd yn rhaid padlo fel fflamiau yn ôl i le diogel!”

Dave Jones

“Roedden allan drwy’r dydd. Erbyn Medi ro’n i’n frown fel cneuen. Holodd fy athrawes gym newydd a fum i dramor i gael cystal lliw. ‘Naddo, Talacre, Miss!’, atebais!”

Violet Williams



“Roedd llawer o fadfallod gwyrdd yn y twyni. Roedden ni’n dal rhai a’u rhoi yn y gasgen ddŵr. Weithiau bydden ni’n mynd i mewn hefyd i chwarae efo nhw!”

Fred Pickering

“Roedd un o’r twyni yn fawr iawn a bydden ni’n mynd yn syth amdano ar ddyddiau braf. Byddai fy rhieni’n ymlacio ar y top tra roedd fy mrawd a fi’n chwarae o gwmpas

y bryn neu’n mynd lawr i’r traeth. Roedd y twyni’n llawn o falwod, moresg, celyn y môr ac ambell i fadfall.”

Ann Bolton

“Mae arogl y twyni’n dod â chymaint o atgofion yn ôl. Y sŵn hefyd – criciaid a sio’r gwynt drwy’r moresg a’r môr yn y cefndir.”

Brian Atkinson

“Yn llanciau, bydden ni’n llogi hen diwbiau gwynt awyren o siop Percy Rice. Roedd dau yn mynd i mewn i’r tiwb a phedwar neu bump yn ei rollo ar hyd y traeth. Ar ôl troelli am hanner milltir roeddech mor chwil wrth ddod allan! Allen ni ddim cerdded!”

Gareth (Gadge)



© Rosanna Taylor

Holidays

"I spent lots of time at Talacre when I was growing up. We lived in Ffynnongroyw but had lots of days out at Talacre. I was fascinated by all the different sorts of dwellings on The Warren and envious of the people who lived there. At home I even decked out the garden shed like a little one bed chalet!"

Sharon Pritchard



"In 1948 we came for our first family holiday postwar to a wooden chalet. The wind never stopped blowing. We had purchased a blue and white blow up beach ball. On our first visit to the beach the wind ripped it out of my hands and whoosh, it was past the lighthouse in seconds!"

Pam Evans

"We started going for holidays to Talacre in 1941 when I was six. My mother would save up all year for the holiday. We'd share a taxi from Widnes with another family and stay on The Warren in two caravans, Ian and Dunstan, that were opposite the bakery. We liked it so much that we came to live in Talacre in 1948/9 and I still live in the area."

Fred Pickering

"Some of my earliest memories are holidaying in Talacre in 1956/7 in a double decker bus. The driver's cab had been made into a kitchen, the rest of the ground floor was a living room and upstairs were three bedrooms."

Ian Millward

Gwyliau



"Daethom ar ein gwyliau teuluol cyntaf ar ôl y rhyfel yn 1948 i gaban pren. Pheidiodd y gwynt ddim o gwbl. Roeddem wedi prynu pêl lan môr glas a gwyn. Ar ein hymweliad cyntaf â'r traeth fe gipiodd y gwynt hi o'm dwylo a whoosh, roedd hi heibio'r goleudy mewn chwinciad!"

Pam Evans

"Dechreuom fynd ar wyliau i Dalacre yn 1941 pan oeddwn i'n chwech. Byddai mam yn cynilo drwy'r flwyddyn am y gwyliau. Byddem yn rhannu tacsï o Widnes efo teulu arall ac aros ar y Warren mewn dwy garafan, Ian a Dunstan, oedd gyferbyn â'r becws. Roedden ni'n hoffi'r lle cymaint fel y daethom i fyw i Dalacre yn 1948/9 ac rwy'n dal i fyw yn yr ardal."

Fred Pickering

"Fe dreuliais lawer o amser yn Nhalacre pan oeddwn i'n tyfu. Roedden ni'n byw yn Ffynnongroyw ond yn cael llawer diwrnod allan yn Nhalacre. Roeddwn i'n rhyfeddu at y gwahanol fath o anheddau ar y Warren ac yn genfigennus o'r bobl oedd yn byw yno. Fe wnes i hyd yn oed addurno sied yr ardd adre fel caban bach un llofft!"



Sharon Pritchard

"Rhai o fy atgofion cynharaf yw gwyliau yn Nhalacre yn 1956/7 mewn bws deulawr. Roedd cab y gyrrwr wedi ei droi'n gegin, gweddill y llawr yn ystafell fyw ac i fyny'r grisïau roedd tair ystafell wely."

Ian Millward



“Our first holiday was to our uncle’s caravan at Talacre. We used to come every year and absolutely loved it. It was a long drive from Manchester and seemed to take forever. As we got nearer, we’d have a competition to see who would be the first

to see the lighthouse. We’d park by the caravan and always have the same lunch - beans and a pie from the bakery - then the holiday had really started!

“As the tides go out there’s a lot of run off on the beach. We used to make little dams to stop the water. They got bigger and bigger and bigger! Every year we couldn’t wait to get back to build those dams.”

Brian and Colin Atkinson



“We spent many happy holidays in a bungalow in the 50s and 60s. My gran used to look after us and prepared meals for everone. I remember her shouting to us children to come in for lunch and we’d all run down from the sandhills.”

Susan Hale



“Just after the war people started going on holiday again. We lived on a council estate so to go on a week’s holiday was really special. It didn’t matter it was more like an old shed – we were going to a ‘chalet’. When we came back we were the envy of our neighbours – who else had a week’s holiday and had sand in their shoes? We seemed very posh!”

Ann Bolton

“Fe dreulion ni sawl gwyliau hapus mewn caban yn y 50au a’r 60au. Roedd nain yn arfer edrych ar ein holau a pharatoi bwyd i bawb. Rwy’n ei chofio hi’n galw arnon ni’r plant i ddod am ginio a byddem i gyd yn rhedeg lawr o’r twyni.”

Susan Hale



“Yn union wedi’r rhyfel dechreuodd pobl fynd ar wyliau eto. Roedden ni’n byw ar stad tai cyngor felly roedd mynd am wythnos o wyliau yn arbennig iawn. Dim ots mai dipyn o hen gwt oedd o – roedden ni’n mynd i ‘gaban’. Pan ddaethom yn ôl roedd y cymdogion i gyd yn genfigennus – pwy arall oedd yn cael wythnos o wyliau a thywod yn eu hesgidiau? Roedden ni’n ymddangos yn grand iawn!”

Ann Bolton

“Cawsom ein gwyliau cyntaf yng ngharafan f’ewythr yn Nhalacre. Arferem ddod bob blwyddyn ac roeddem wrth ein boddau. Roedd yn daith hir o



Fanceinion ac yn cymryd oes. Wrth i ni agoshau, bydden ni’n cael cystadleuaeth i weld pwy fyddai’r cyntaf i weld y goleudy. Roedden ni’n parcio wrth y garafan ac yn cael yr un cinio – pei a ffa o’r becws – wedyn roedd y gwyliau wedi cychwyn go iawn!

Wrth i’r llanw fynd allan mae llawer o ddŵr ffo ar y traeth. Roedden ni’n gwneud argaeau bychain i atal y dŵr. Roedden nhw’n mynd yn fwy ac yn fwy! Pob

blwyddyn allan ni ddim aros i gael dychwelyd i godi’r argaeau ‘na.’

Brian a Colin Atkinson





“My grandmother bought the bungalow in 1962 and we used to come every weekend from Wallasey until it was demolished in 1974. Everyone was so friendly

and it felt very safe. You could go to anyone if you were in trouble. My dad used to collect huge field mushrooms for breakfast from the colliery fields and there were skylarks everywhere.”

Sheila Ijewsky

“As a city man, I always enjoyed the walk from the coach down Station Rd to the caravan - that kind of peace you get. It was a slower way of life, especially good for my parents who’d lived through the Blitz.”

Tom Baxter

“My parents had two big ridge tents that they pitched at Morfa Farm. We came to stay in the school holidays from when I was about five into my teens.”

Olga Mendell

“We rented a hut at Talacre for years from when I was about three. Coming from Manchester, it was a treat to see the sand dunes as we lived in the smoggy, industrial part of the city. We still come back regularly for days out. We come at the quieter times of year now as enjoy seeing the wildlife. We see stonechats, wheatears, skylarks and meadow pipits that we don’t see at home in Cheshire, seals too.”

Peter Hatton

“I loved washing my hair with rain water from the butt as it made it so silky.”

Linda Long

“My family owned bungalows on The Warren and we used to come from Liverpool for holidays. My mum, gran and aunt used to stay for the whole of the summer holidays with me and my two brothers. Dad enjoyed doing the garden and even built a lily pond!”

Margaret Larner



“Roedden ni’n llogi cwt yn Nhalacre am flynyddoedd o pan oeddwn i tua tair. A ninnau’n dod o Fanceinion, roedd hi’n braf gweld y twyni tywod gan ein bod yn byw yn ardal ddiwydiannol llawn mwrllwch y ddinas. Rydym yn dal i ddod yn ôl am y dydd yn

rheolaidd. Down ar adegau tawelach o’r flwyddyn rwan i fwynhau’r bywyd gwyllt. Fe welwn glochdar y cerrig, tinwen y garn, ehedydd a chorhedydd y waun rhai na welwn ni mohonyn nhw adre yn Swydd Gaer, a morloi hefyd.”

Peter Hatton

“Fel dyn o’r ddinas roeddwn yn mwynhau cerdded o’r bws lawr Ffordd yr Orsaf i’r garafan – yr heddwch a gaed. Roedd hi’n ffordd o fyw arafach, yn arbennig o dda i fy rhieni oedd wedi byw drwy’r Blits.”

Tom Baxter

“Roedd fy nheulu yn berchen byngalos ar y Warren ac fe ddeuem o Lerpwl am wyliau. Roedd mam, nain a fy modryb yn aros drwy wyliau’r haf efo fi a fy nau frawd. Roedd dad yn mwynhau gwneud yr ardd ac fe wnaeth bwll bychan hyd yn oed!”

Margaret Larner



“Prynodd fy nain y byngalo yn 1962 ac arferem ddod bob penwythnos o Wallasey tan iddo gael ei ddymchwel yn 1974. Roedd pawb mor gyfeillgar a theimlai’n ddiogel iawn. Gallech fynd at rywun os oeddech mewn trafferth. Roedd dad yn arfer casglu madarch y maes anferthol i frecwast o gaeau’r pwll glo ac roedd ehedyddion ym mhobman.”

Sheila Ijewsky

“Hoffwn olchi fy ngwallt efo dŵr glaw o’r gasgen am ei fod yn ei wneud yn sidanaidd.”

Linda Long

“Roedd gan fy rhieni ddwy babelll fawr ac yn eu codi ar Fferm y Morfa. Roeddem yn dod i aros yn ystod gwyliau’r ysgol o pan oeddwn i’n bump tan fy ardegau.”

Olga Mendell

Village life

After World War Two, Talacre was a mix of Welsh speaking mining and farming families and the families from Merseyside who chose to stay on after the war. Everybody mixed, particularly the children who went to school together, and community spirit was strong.

The village carnivals were renowned. Religion played a big part in daily life too. The Welsh and English speaking families worked together to establish a bilingual Methodist chapel in the village.

Locals and visitors were well served with shops, ranging from the Post Office and Jock Price's store on Station Road to the numerous small shops and kiosks on The Warren itself. Other goods, from paraffin and calor gas to green groceries, were delivered.

Some of the shops were seasonal but others, like Tynan's bakery, were open all year round. Their freshly cooked meat pies are remembered fondly by locals and visitors alike. Later they moved to bigger premises on Station Road, now Clwyd Bakeries.

"Tynan's meat and potato pies were to die for! I used to order up to 40 pies for the miners at the pit who'd collect them from the lamproom at snap time."

John Larnar



"I made 100 apple pies every day – I had trays of 10 and a big prover. At same time I used to have to serve customers. The pie queue was notorious. It started at 12 and ended at 3!"

June Tynan

"You could buy almost anything at Percy Rice's and it was all mixed up together in the shop. The bacon used to be sliced beside the paraffin!"

Gareth (Gadge)

"We had a chip shop on Gamfa Wen and I used to deliver around The Warren on an old delivery bike."

Ian Macaulay

Bywyd y pentref

Wedi'r Ail Ryfel Byd, roedd Talacre yn gymysgedd o deuluoedd amaethyddol a glofaol a siaradai Gymraeg, a theuluoedd o Lannau Merswy ddewisodd aros ymlaen wedi'r rhyfel. Roedd pawb yn cymysgu, yn enwedig y plant oedd yn mynd i'r ysgol efo'i gilydd, ac roedd ysbryd cymdogol cryf.

Roedd carnifalau'r pentref yn enwog. Chwaraeai grefydd ran mawr ym mywyd dydd i dydd hefyd. Fe weithiodd y teuluoedd Cymraeg a Saesneg gyda'i gilydd i sefydlu capel Methodist dwyieithog i'r pentref.

Roedd digon o siopau i wasanaethu'r trigolion ac ymwelwyr, o'r Swyddfa Bost a siop Jock Price ar Ffordd yr Orsaf i nifer o siopau bychain a chiosgau ar y Warren ei hun. Danfonwyd nwyddau eraill o baraffin a nwy potel i lysiau a ffrwythau yno.

Roedd rhai o'r siopau yn rhai tymhorol ond roedd eraill, fel becws Tynan, ar agor drwy'r flwyddyn. Mae atgofion melyn gan y trigolion a'r ymwelwyr fel ei gilydd am eu peis cig ffres o'r popty. Yn ddiweddarach fe symudon i le mwy ar Ffordd yr Orsaf, Becws Clwyd heddiw.

"Gallech brynu bron unrhyw beth yn siop Percy Rice ac roedd popeth yn blith draphlith yno. Sleisiwyd y bacwn gerllaw'r paraffin!"

Gareth (Gadge)

"Ro'n i'n gwneud 100 tarten afal bob dydd – roedd gen i dun i 10 a phrofwr toes mawr. Ar yr un pryd ro'n i'n gorfod helpu'r cwsmeriaid hefyd. Roedd y ciw am beis yn enwog. Roedd yn cychwyn am 12 a gorffen am 3!"

June Tynan

"Roedd peis cig a thatws Tynan yn anfarwol! Roeddwn i'n archebu hyd at 40 pei i'r glowyr yn y pwll a fyddai'n eu casglu o'r sied lampau adeg snapyn."

John Larnar

"Roedd siop sglodion gynnon ni ar Gamfa Wen ac roeddwn i'n danfon y bwyd o gwmpas y Warren ar hen feic."

Ian Macaulay



Opening of the Methodist Chapel

Agor y Capel Methodist

“My parents had the Tuck Shop on The Warren from 1959. Their first shop burned down which wasn't surprising as the walls were painted corrugated cardboard! There was a long counter with cheese on a marble slab at the far end. There wasn't any electricity so the freezer was cooled by dry ice which was delivered. Calor gas was delivered in a pick up and I remember the deliveryman's distinctive cry, 'Calor Gas calling'.”

Violet Williams



“I lived in the post office at Mostyn and often helped my mum delivering telegrams to The Warren. The houses were rarely numbered – it was like looking for a needle in a haystack but worth it as we were often given sweets and fruit.”

Delyth Jackson



“In the summer season my aunt, Miss Avis, ran a little gift shop on Station Rd, alongside Percy Rice's. She had run a shop in Manchester but moved to Talacre in the 1950s to get out of the city. Visitors would point to what they wanted in her packed window and she'd get it from her neat stockroom.”

Freda Bevan

“My father, Evan Bevan, and his brother Bill had an ironmongers in Prestatyn. Once a week he sold paraffin, nails, screws etc from a shed at Talacre. When Mrs Taylor retired they took over the Boathouse with their brother-in-law, Jock Price. They had ironmongery at the far end end, groceries on one side, with the cafe and jukebox on the other.”

Margaret Salisbury

“Yn yr haf cadwai fy modryb, Miss Avis, siop roddion fechan ar Ffordd yr Orsaf, ger Percy Rice. Bu'n cadw siop yn Manceinion ond daeth i Dalacre yn y 1950au i ddianc o'r ddinas. Byddai ymwelwyr yn dangos yr hyn hoffent yn y ffenest lawn ac aethai i'w nôl o'i storfa daclus.”

Freda Bevan



“Roeddwn i'n byw yn y swyddfa bost yn Mostyn ac yn aml yn helpu mam i fynd â thelegramau i'r Warren. Prin bod rhifau ar y tai – roedd fel chwilio am nodwydd mewn tas wair ond yn werth mynd am ein bod yn aml yn cael fferins neu ffrwythau.”

Delyth Jackson



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“O 1959 cadwai fy rhieni'r Tuck Shop ar y Warren. Fe losgodd y siop gyntaf nad oedd yn syndod am mai cardfwrdd gwrymiog wedi'i beintio oedd y waliau! Roedd cownter hir a chaws ar lech farmor yn y pen. Doedd dim trydan felly rhew sych, a gâi ei ddanfôn, gadwai'r rhewgell yn oer. Câi nwy potel ei ddanfôn mewn lori pic-yp a rwy'n cofio cri arbennig y danfonwr, 'Calor Gas calling'.”

Violet Williams



“Roedd gan nhad, Evan Bevan, a'i frawd Bill siop haearn ym Mhrestatyn. Unwaith yr wythnos fe werthai baraffin, hoelion, sgrïws ac ati o sied yn Nhalacre. Pan roddodd Mrs Taylor y gorau iddi fe gymron y Boathouse efo'u brawd yng nghyfraith, Jock Price. Roedd nwyddau haearn yn un pen, bwydydd ar un ochr, a'r caffî a jiwcbocs yr ochr arall.”

Margaret Salisbury

Most locals looked forward to the lively summer season. Businesses that had lain dormant through the quiet winter months had a new lease of life as visitors flocked to the growing number of caravans, with bike hire, fair ground rides, ice-cream kiosks, chip shops, cafes, pubs and clubs.

Many people recall walking up to the Talacre Arms at Gwespyr to play darts or snooker, as well as the dances at village halls and live music at the Imperial and Cardwell's club. Bingo was a great attraction with people keen to win the big prizes such as televisions. It remains popular today and is held every week in the Community Centre.

“My dad’s business started with a few caravans he had built in Liverpool and towed out, which were rented out in the summer, cycle hire run from an old shed he had built, and an ice cream kiosk converted from an old army ambulance. My mum



would run these while my dad ran a Taxi business as well as working at Courtaulds as a painter during the week.”

John Thompson

“In the 1930s, my grandparents, Lydia and Edward Taylor, bought the old boathouse on the beach for £100 and opened it as a cafe. After it got damaged by a land mine, they moved to the village, where Kal’s is now. In season they opened at 7am and served through to 10pm. It was a family affair and everyone had a job to do. Gran’s sisters, nieces and nephews would come and stay to give a hand.”



Rosanna Taylor

“The family often walked up to the Talacre Arms – while Mum and dad were having a drink inside, we’d have to stay outside with pop and a packet of crisps.”

Colin Atkinson

“In the summer around 1989 I used to run a hot dog stand from 10pm – 2am selling sausage and chips for 50p”.

Linda Long

Roedd mwyafrif y bobl leol yn edrych ymlaen at dymor bywiog yr haf. Câi'r busnesau fu'n segur drwy fisoedd distaw y gaeaf adfywiad wrth i'r ymwelwyr heidio i fwy a mwy o garafanau, y llogi beiciau, reidiau ffair, ciosgau hufen iâ, siopau sglodion, caffis, tafarndai a chlybiau.

Mae llawer o bobl yn cofio cerdded i fyny i'r Talacre Arms yn Gwespyr i chwarae dartiau neu snwcer a'r dawnsfeydd yn neuaddau'r pentrefi a cherdoriaeth byw yn yr Imperial a Chlwb Cardwell. Roedd bingo yn atyniad mawr a phobl yn awchu i ennill gwobrau megis teledu. Mae'n boblogaidd hyd heddiw ac fe'i cynhelir bob wythnos yn y Ganolfan Gymuned.

“Yn y 1930au, prynodd nain a taid, Lydia ac Edward Taylor, yr hen gwt llongau ar y traeth am £100 a'i agor fel caffi. Wedi'r difrod gan ffrwydryn symudon i'r pentref, lle mae Kal's nawr. Yn y tymor agorwyd am 7yb a gweini tan 10yh. Busnes teuluol oedd o phawb â gwaith i'w wneud. Deuai chwirydd, neiaint a nithoedd nain i aros i roi help llaw.”

Rosanna Taylor

“Arferai'r teulu gerdded i fyny i'r Talacre Arms – tra roedd mam a dad yn cael diod y tu mewn, roedd yn rhaid i ni aros tu allan efo diod o bop a phaced o greision.”

Colin Atkinson

“Dechreuodd busnes dad efo ychydig o garafanau wnaed ganddo yn Lerpwl a'u llusgo draw, oedd yn cael



eu gosod dros yr haf, busnes llogi beics o hen sied a gododd, a chiosg hufen iâ a wnaed o hen ambiwlans y fyddin. Byddai mam yn rhedeg y



rhain tra roedd dad yn rhedeg busnes tacsî yn ogystal â gweithio yn Courtaulds fel peintiwr yn ystod yr wythnos.”

John Thompson





"Tom Jones, doorman, bingo caller and MC at the Imperial, was renowned for his fine tenor voice as well as fishing and poaching!"

David Keegan

"My husband and I, along with his best friend Jack, used to sing as a trio in the 1950s. We just did it for fun as our voices blended well. We used to get asked to sing at Cardwell's Club and the Imperial."

Olga Mendell

"I worked at the Imperial Club in the late 70s and 80s. It was a brilliant place for the community as everybody came in. People would queue to get in and you had to dress smartly. We had a resident compere and group plus guest artists."

Wilma Norton

"Roedd fy modryb, Rose Hughes, yn byw ar y Warren ac roedd hi'n gerddor. Roedd hi'n chwarae'r clybiau lleol ond hefyd yn teithio ar hyd ac ar led."

Margaret Hodgkinson

"Ro'n i'n gweithio yng Nghlwb yr Imperial diwedd y 70au a'r 80au. Roedd yn wych i'r gymuned am fod pawb yn galw yno. Roedd pobl yn ciwio i fynd mewn ac roedd yn rhaid gwisgo'n smart. Roedd yno arweinydd a grŵp parhaol ac artistiaid gwadd."

Wilma Norton

"Roedd Tom Jones, porthor, galwr bingo ac MC yn yr Imperial, yn enwog am ei lais tenor hyfryd ac hefyd am bysgota a photsio!"

David Keegan



Charlie Healey and staff, Talacre Social Club

Clwb Cymdeithasol Talacre



Talacre Carnival 1952

Carnifal Talacre 1952

"Roedd fy ngŵr a fi, a'i ffrind gorau Jack, yn canu fel triawd. Dim ond hwyl oedd o am fod ein lleisiau'n asio'n dda. Roedden ni'n cael gwahoddiad i ganu yng Nghlwb Cardwell a'r Imperial."

Olga Mendell



"My aunt, Rose Hughes, lived on The Warren and was a musician. She played at local clubs but also travelled far and wide."

Margaret Hodgkinson



"We took on Boathouse Bingo in 1984/85. It was a 77 seater and we played prize bingo. During the summer it was so busy that we'd start calling at 1pm and it'd be midnight before I was closing the doors! We'd change the caller every hour to keep the interest and it worked - we had to encourage people to go home sometimes!"

Maureen Thompson



"In 1969, I won £8 playing bingo at the Imperial Club. That was almost two weeks wages for me at the time - and it paid for my wedding outfit!"

Linda Long



"I loved calling the bingo, first for the Thompsons and then at the Sandancer. I still help to run bingo at the Community Centre."

Marie Freeman

"I loved dancing and used to go to Monday evening dances at the Catholic Church on West Road and, later, to dances in the Community Centre. In spring we'd hear the natterjack toads calling when we went outside for a break - the visitors didn't know what the noise was!"

Freda Bevan



© Rosanna Taylor



"Dechreuon ni redeg bingo'r Boathouse yn 1984/85. Roedd lle i 77 ac chwaraewyd bingo am wobrau. Yn ystod yr haf roedd hi mor brysur dechreuem alw am 1yp ac roedd hi'n hanner nos arna i'n cau'r drysau! Roeddem yn newid y galwr bob awr i gadw diddordeb ac fe weithiodd - roedd yn rhaid annog rhai i fynd adre weithiau!"

Maureen Thompson

"Yn 1969, fe enillais £8 yn chwarae bingo yng Nghlwb yr Imperial. Ar y pryd roedd hynny bron yn gyflog pythefnos i mi - ac fe dalodd am fy ngwisg briodas!"

Linda Long

"Roeddwn i wrth fy modd yn dawnsio ac yn arfer mynd i ddawnsfeydd ar nos Lun yn yr Eglwys Babyddol ar Ffordd y Gorllewin ac wedyn yn y Ganolfan Gymuned. Yn y gwanwyn byddem yn clywed llyffantod cefnfelyn yn galw pan aem allan am doriad - wyddai'r ymwelwyr ddim beth oedd y sŵn!"

Freda Bevan



"Ro'n i wrth fy modd yn galw'r bingo, yn gyntaf i'r Thompsons ac yna yn y Sandancer. Rwy'n dal i helpu rhedeg bingo yn y Ganolfan Gymuned."

Marie Freeman



Summer was a great time for the local youngsters too. They enjoyed the widened range of friends the summer brought. Lasting friendships were formed with some who came back annually.

Many earned pocket money transporting luggage for holidaymakers as it was a long walk from the train station or bus stop to the caravans. They used home-made trolleys adapted from old prams or whatever they could scrounge.

“On Saturdays we would wait at the bottom of Station Road for the X3 bus from Liverpool and also meet the 3pm train. Our cry was ‘Carry your cases mister’. If you were lucky you could get a short trip to Morfa Camp and then dash back and get another fare, who would be starting to struggle with their cases. The worst trip was to the Hidden Valley, as there and back could take an hour.”

John Thompson

“I first met my wife Margaret when I carried her family’s luggage from the railway station. Her father always gave me a pound, 10s to take everything down to The Warren and 10s in advance to take them back, as he was worried he’d spend it!”

John Larner



Sketch by Jim Taylor for Bryn Jones’ book

“We used to wait with our trolleys with great anticipation as the train pulled in and all the families tumbled out. Every week or month the accents changed as, back then, the factories in the industrial towns of the North West and Midlands had different weeks for their holidays. The first ones were always from the Potteries. Those accents heralded the start of our lucrative summer season carrying luggage!”

Bryn Jones

“I used to get so excited looking forward to seeing my ‘summer friends’ again.”

Violet Williams



“Ar ddyddiau Sadwrn byddem yn aros ar waelod Ffordd yr Orsaf am y bws X3 o Lerpwl ac hefyd cyfarfod y trên 3yp. Ein cri oedd ‘Cario’ch bagiau chi mistar’. Os oeddech yn lwcus gallech gael taith fer i Wersyll Morfa ac yna’n ôl reit sydyn a chael teithiwr arall oedd yn dechrau stryffagligo efo’r cesys. Y daith waethaf oedd i’r ‘Hidden Valley’, am fod yno ac yn ôl yn awr.”

John Thompson

“Fe gwrddais fy ngwraig Margaret gyntaf pan gariais fagiau ei theulu o’r orsaf drenau. Rhoddai ei thad bunt i mi bob tro, 10 swllt i fynd â phopeth i lawr i’r Warren a 10 swllt o flaen llaw i fynd â nhw yn ôl, am fod ganddo ofn y byddai’n ei wario!”

John Larner



Roedd yr haf yn adeg gwych i’r ieuencid lleol hefyd. Roedden nhw’n mwynhau’r ystod ehangach o ffrindiau a ddaeth efo’r haf. Ffurfiwyd cyfeillgarwch oes gyda rhai a ddeuai’n ôl yn flynyddol.

Roedd llawer yn ennill arian poced yn cario bagiau i’r ymwelwyr am fod taith go hir o’r orsaf drenau neu’r arhosfan bysiau i’r carafanau. Roedden nhw’n defnyddio trolïau cartref a wnaed o hen bramiau neu beth bynnag oedd ar gael.

“Roeddwn i ar bigau drain yn edrych ymlaen at weld fy ‘ffrindiau haf’ eto.”

Violet Williams

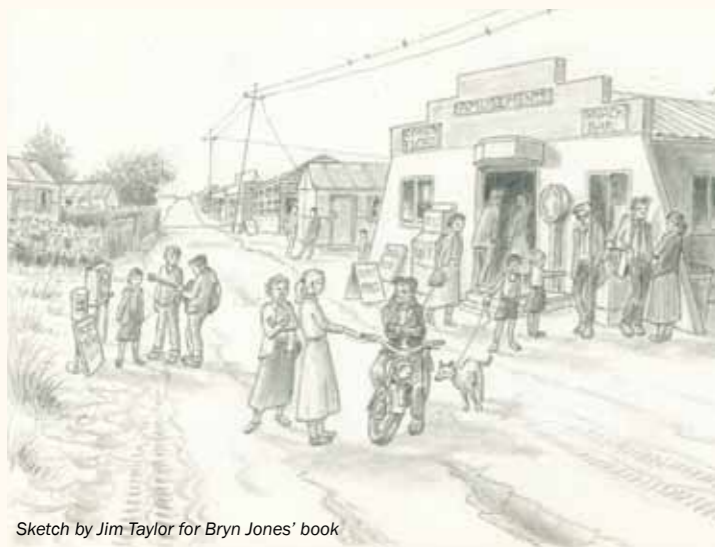


“Roedden ni’n arfer aros gyda’n trolïau yn ddisgwylgar wrth i’r trên gyrraedd a’r teuluoedd yn rholio allan. Pob wythnos neu fis newidiai’r acenion oherwydd yr adeg hynny roedd y ffatrioedd yn nhrefi diwydiannol y Gogledd Orllewin a’r Canolbarth yn cael wythnosau gwahanol i’w gwyliau. Y rhai cyntaf bob tro oedd Ardal y Crochendai. Cyhoeddai’r acenion hynny ddechrau ein tymor llewyrchus yn cario bagiau!”

Bryn Jones

Taylor's Boathouse Cafe was a magnet for teenagers, especially after they had installed a Wurlitzer jukebox. Some would make a bottle of coke last for hours so they could keep listening to the music, pushing the tables back to jive. Another big attraction was George Marsden's, 'Brookside Amusement Arcade' with its penny slot machines, bar skittles and wall mounted juke box.

Local teenagers were keen to impress the new arrivals who they met each week by hanging around the cafe and amusements. Some boys were renowned for having a different girl on their arm each week!



Sketch by Jim Taylor for Bryn Jones' book

"As a young teenager, I loved to go to the Boathouse to listen to the records the older boys put on. I'll never forget the day in May 1956, when I first heard 'Heartbreak Hotel' by Elvis Presley. It was so exciting and dramatic and hooked me and so many other teenagers on 'rock and roll'."

Bryn Jones



Bryn & Peter Bramwell

"I loved the Boathouse jukebox. We used to push the tables back and jive. I think 'Rocking through the Rye' was top of the hit parade."

Margaret Salisbury

"There was always a queue in Marsden's for the Russian bagatelle - us lads loved it. I was regularly thrown out as I used to shake the daylight out of the slot machines in the hope some coins would fall out!"

Gareth (Gadge)

"We'd place halfpennies on the railway line so the trains would squash them in the hope they'd work in the penny slot machines. They rarely did but if you put a bit of spit on them it helped!"

Jim Taylor

Roedd Caffi Boathouse y teulu Taylor yn fagned i bobl ifanc, yn enwedig ar ôl iddyn nhw gael jiwcbocs Wurlitzer. Roedd rhai yn gwneud i botel o coke bara am oriau er mwyn cael dal i wrando ar y gerddoriaeth a gwthio'r byrddau yn ôl i jeifio. Atyniad mawr arall oedd 'Brookside Amusement Arcade' George Marsden efo'i beiriannau ceiniogau, sgittls bar a jiwcbocs ar y wal.

Roedd y rhai ifanc lleol yn awyddus i greu argraff ar yr ymwelwyr newydd oedden nhw'n eu cwrdd bob wythnos drwy loetran o gwmpas y caffi a'r arcêd. Roedd ambell fachgen yn enwog am gael merch wahanol ar ei fraich bob wythnos!



Braslun gan Jim Taylor i lyfr Bryn Jones

"Roeddwn wedi mopio ar jiwcbocs y Boathouse. Roedden ni'n gwthio'r byrddau yn ôl i jeifio. Rwy'n meddwl mai 'Rocking through the Rye' oedd ar frig y siartiau."

Margaret Salisbury

"Roedden ni'n rhoi dimeiau ar y rheilffordd er mwyn i'r trenau eu gwasgu yn y gobaith y bydden nhw'n gweithio yn y peiriannau ceiniogau. Doedden nhw byth, ond roedd poeri arnyn nhw'n helpu!"

Jim Taylor

"Roedd ciw bob tro yn Marsden's am y bagatelle Rwsiaidd - roedden ni'n gwirioni efo fo. Ro'n i'n cael fy nhaflu allan o hyd am fy mod yn ysgwyd y peiriannau ceiniogau yn y gobaith byddai rhai'n disgyn allan!"

Gareth (Gadge)

"Fel llanc ifanc, roeddwn wrth fy modd yn mynd i'r Boathouse i wrando ar recordiau roedd y bechgyn hŷn yn eu chwarae. Whai i fyth anghofio'r diwrnod yn Mai 1956 pan glywais i 'Heartbreak Hotel' gan Elvis Presley am y tro cyntaf. Roedd o mor gyffrous a dramatig ac fe fachodd fi a llawer un arall ar 'roc a rol'."

Bryn Jones

Romance

Many romances blossomed at Talacre. Some were just holiday romances but others developed into lifetime relationships. Numerous young women from Liverpool and Manchester ended up marrying and settling here.

"I'm from Liverpool but met Glyn on a blind date when I agreed to make up a foursome with my friend whose family had a caravan at Gronant. We wrote to each other every day after that and took it in turns to go to Liverpool or Gronant. We got married in Liverpool in 1961 and have lived in Gronant ever since."

Linda Hughes



"As a young couple, David and I, used to come here a lot, staying in his family's chalet. It was all very proper - we never stayed on our own! We used to walk up to Bluebell Wood, Gronant, and it was there that David proposed to me."

Ann and David Bolton

"I met Mick when I was 15 on my first holiday with some girlfriends in 1968.

It was our last night but we continued dating back home in Merseyside and married a year later. Talacre always remained a special place for us - we spent our honeymoon here and lots of holidays, then moved here permanently in 1989."

Linda Long



"My family were from Liverpool and had holiday bungalows on The Warren. I had known John since I was a little girl as our bungalow was only 100 yards from where his family lived. I thought he was a bit of a nuisance then! It changed when I was 17 and met him out at the social club one Saturday evening. We started dating after that and married in 1969."

Margaret Larner

Rhamant

Blagurodd sawl carwriaeth yn Nhalacre. Roedd rhai yn ddim ond carwriaeth gwyliau ond fe ddatblygodd eraill yn berthynas oes. Fe briododd nifer o ferched ifanc o Lerpwl a Manceinion efo bechgyn lleol a setlo yma.



"Un o Lerpwl ydw i ond cwrddais â Glyn ar 'blind date' pan gytunais i wneud grŵp obedwar efo ffrind. Roedd gan ei theulu garafan yng Ngronant. Ysgrifennon at ein gilydd bob dydd ar ôl hynny a mynd yn ein tro i Lerpwl neu Gronant. Fe briodon yn Lerpwl yn 1961 a byw yng Ngronant fyth ers hynny."

Linda Hughes

"Fe gwrddais Mick pan oeddwn i'n 15 ar fy ngwyliau cyntaf efo ffrindiau yn 1968. Roedd hi ar ein noson olaf ond fe ddalion i ganlyn adre yng Nglannau Merswy a phriodi blwyddyn yn ddiweddarach. Mae Talacre'n lle arbennig i ni - fe ddaethom ar ein mis mêl yma ac ar sawl gwyliau, yna symud yma'n barhaol yn 1989."

Linda Long

"Roedd fy nheulu o Lerpwl a chanddynt fyngalo gwyliau ar y Warren. Roeddwn i'n adnabod John ers oeddwn i'n ferch fach am fod ein byngalo ni ond tua 100 llath o le roedd ei deulu'n byw. Roeddwn i'n meddwl ei fod yn dipyn o boen yr adeg hynny! Fe newidiodd hynny pan oeddwn i'n 17 a'i gyfarfod yn y clwb cymdeithasol un nos Sadwrn. Fe ddechreuon ganlyn a phriodi yn 1969."

Margaret Larner

"Fel cwpwl ifanc, roedd David a finna'n arfer dod yma'n aml ac aros yng nghaban ei deulu. Roedd bob dim yn weddus - wnaethon ni 'rioed aros ar ben ein hunain! Roedden ni'n arfer cerdded i Bluebell Wood, Gronant, a dyna lle ofynnodd David i mi ei briodi."

Ann a David Bolton

“We were allowed to go on holiday to the bungalow on The Warren, as long as my two grandmothers were there. On Saturday night we walked to The Talacre Arms, where Barry proposed, in August 1969. We were married in 1971 and are still regular visitors to Talacre.”

Sheila and Barry Ijewsky



“I’d been living on The Warren since I was five. Steve used to spend holidays here as his aunt owned Taylor’s caravan park. We courted on The Warren, walking the dog and talking endlessly, eventually marrying in 1979. We still hold hands when walking through the dunes today - there’s something special in the air there!”

Shirley Sidebotham

“On changeover nights there would be a number of young men, mainly miners, standing with carnations in their buttonholes outside Taylor’s Café waiting for the new arrivals!”

Fred Pickering

“At the pit, we used to call the summer ‘the mating season’. Lots of miners met their wives that way! There was Oldham week, Manchester week but Liverpool fortnight, from last week in July when the docks shut, that was our favourite!”

Glyn Hughes

“Mannie was a friend of Bert Morris, the farmer’s son where my family camped. We used to all go to dances as teenagers but we didn’t get together for many years. He proposed to me by Avis’ shop and we married when I was 23. We had 43 happy years together.

Olga Mendell

“I met my husband Glyn, who is from Prestatyn, at a dance in Gwespyr village hall. We’ve been married for 59 years now and still like going back to Ty’n-y-Morfa where I spent my childhood.

Jean Hughes



“Roedden ni’n cael mynd ar wyliau i’r byngalo ar y Warren cyn belled â bod y ddwy nain yno. Nos Sadwrn fe gerddon ni i’r Talacre Arms a dyna lle ofynnodd Barry i mi ei briodi, yn Awst 1969. Fe briodon ni yn 1971 ac rydym yn dal i ymweld â Thalacre.”

Sheila and Barry Ijewsky

“Bum yn byw ar y Warren ers yn bump oed. Arferai Steve dreulio’r gwyliau yma am mai ei fodryb oedd biau parc carafanau Taylors. Ar y Warren fuon ni’n canlyn, yn mynd â’r ci am dro a siarad yn ddi-baid, ac yna priodi yn 1979. Rydym yn dal i afael dwylo wrth gerdded drwy’r twyni heddiw – mae rhywbeth arbennig yn yr aer yna!”

Shirley Sidebotham

“Ar nosweithiau newid byddai llawer o wŷr ifainc, glowyr yn bennaf, yn sefyll efo carnasiwn yn eu tyllau botymau tu allan i Gaffi Taylors yn aros am yr ymwelwyr newydd!”

Fred Pickering

“Yn y pwll y ‘tymor paru’ oedd yr haf. Cwrddodd llawer o’r glowyr eu gwagedd fel yna! Roedd wythnos Oldham a Manceinion ond bythefnos Lerpwl o wythnos olaf Gorffennaf pan gaeai’r dociau, dyna’r un gorau!”

Glyn Hughes

“Ffrind Bert Morris, mab y fferm lle roedd fy nheulu’n gwersylla, oedd Mannie. Roedden ni i gyd yn mynd i ddawnsfeydd yn ein harddegau ond ddaethon ni ddim yn gwpl am sbel. Gofynnodd i mi ei briodi ger siop Avis ac fe briodon pan o’n i’n 23. Cawsom 43 o flynyddoedd hapus efo’n gilydd.”

Olga Mendell

“Fe gwrddais i fy ngŵr Glyn, sydd o Brestatyn, mewn dawn yn neuadd pentref Gwespyr. Rydym wedi bod yn briod am 59 o flynyddoedd ac yn dal i fwynhau mynd yn ôl i Dy’n-y-Morfa lle treuliais fy mhlentynod.”

Jean Hughes

"I come back quite a lot, sometimes just for a few minutes walking into the sandhills and looking at the lighthouse - that's enough to recharge my batteries."

Colin Atkinson

"We've travelled all round the world but still love coming to Talacre."

Rose Tonkinson

"My uncle built two bungalows on The Warren in 1955 and we used to come on holiday from Newcastle-under-Lyme. We love the area so much that we moved to Prestatyn in 2002 and now live in Dyserth."

Ray Clewlon

"My late husband and I had caravan in Thompson's field and spent many happy weekends here from the 1970s. When I was widowed I bought a chalet and made Talacre my permanent home in 1986. I didn't just buy a property though, I bought a way of life. I'm in my 90s now and still love the place."

Marie Freeman

"Rwy'n dod yn ôl yn go aml, weithiau dim ond i gerdded am sbel yn y twyni tywod ac edrych ar y goleudy - mae hynny'n ddigon i fagu nerth newydd."

Colin Atkinson

"Rydym wedi teithio o gwmpas y byd ond yn dal i fwynhau dod i Dalacre."

Rose Tonkinson

"Fe gododd f'ewythr ddau fyngalo ar y Warren yn 1955 ac arferem ddod ar wyliau o Newcastle-under-Lyme. Roeddem wedi dotio cymaint ar yr ardal fe symudon i Brestatyn yn 2002 a nawr yn byw yn Niserth."

Ray Clewlon

"Roedd gan fy niweddar ŵr a fi garafan ar gae Thompson a threulio sawl enwythnos hapus yma yn y 1970au. Pan ddes yn weddw fe brynais gaban a gwneud Talacre yn gartref parhaol yn 1986. Nid eiddo yn unig brynais i, ond ffordd o fyw. Rwyf yn fy 90au rwan ac yn dal i garu'r lle."

Marie Freeman



"Such a happy time between the lighthouse and The Warren. It'll never be forgotten."

Ian Macaulay



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