

Story Savers

tell your story, make history!



Noreg / Norge, Česká Republika, Cymru (UK), Deisceart Éireann, Elláda, Polska, France
Norway, Czech Republic, Wales (UK), Ireland, Greece, Poland, France

StorySavers. A Grundtvig Lifelong Learning Project.

Practical learning for adults



Launched in 2000, Grundtvig aims to provide adults with more ways to improve their knowledge and skills, facilitate their personal development and boost their employment prospects. It also helps to tackle problems associated with Europe's ageing population.

It covers not only teachers, trainers, staff and organisations working in the sector, but also learners in adult education. These include relevant associations, counselling organisations, information services, policy-making bodies and others such as NGOs, enterprises, voluntary groups and research centres.

The programme funds a range of activities, including particularly those supporting adult learning staff to travel abroad for learning experiences, through exchanges and various other professional experiences. Other larger scale initiatives involve, for instance, networking and partnerships between organisations in different countries.

The specific aims of the Grundtvig programme are to:

- increase the number of people in adult education to 25 000 by 2013, and improve the quality of their experience, whether at home or abroad
- improve conditions for mobility so that at least 7000 people per year by 2013 can benefit from adult education abroad
- improve the quality and amount of co-operation between adult education organisations
- develop innovative adult education and management practices, and encourage widespread implementation
- ensure that people on the margins of society have access to adult education, especially older people and those who left education without basic qualifications
- support innovative ICT-based educational content, services and practices

StorySavers 2012-2014.



A Grundtvig Lifelong Learning Partnership

The Grundtvig programme is part of the European Union's Lifelong Learning Program.

It supports individuals and organisations involved in non-vocational, adult education to participate in European training activities and projects.

Our project gathered and shared stories from several different and contrasting areas of Europe in a wide ranging partnership from rural West-Wales with its ancient Celtic history, to cities in Poland and the Czech Republic with living memories of a communist past, the contrasts of declining industry in the most beautiful fjords of Norway, and France with its cosmopolitan cities, to Greece as the crucible of western culture.

The pan-European dimension of our project served to promote the purposes of the project and added value by developing a greater understanding between our peoples and cultures. It helped to develop a sense of the unique culture of the participating countries, whilst demonstrating that many of our stories, histories and issues are shared by many across Europe.

By disseminating our project in this way we hope others can enjoy our stories, share in our success and benefit from our experience.

Ric Foot – Project Coordinator



Oranges in the air, people in the project

*Photo taken during 2nd meeting in Aigio, Greece, February 2013
by Norbert D bkowski*

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Partners:



Competence West Limited



Pedagogical Centre for Polish Minority Schools



Learn with... Cyf



Craobhin Community Enterprise Centre



The Historical and Folklore Association of Egialia



Dom Kultury Doro karnia



MJC Duchère



This project has been funded with support from the European Commission. This publication [communication] reflects the views only of the author, and the Commission cannot be held responsible for any use which may be made of the information contained therein.

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Introduction



Norway, Project Coordinator - Øivind H. Solheim

Our starting point with the Story Savers project are our roots connecting us to Odda, a small industrial town in western parts of Norway whose industrial history goes back to 1906.

The society of Odda has during the last decades undergone big changes, the most dramatic one being the closure in 2003 of the main industrial work place, the factory Odda Smelteverk AS.

With our project, Story Savers - tell your story, make history we found an opportunity to contribute to the project's aim of making local people tell stories from the recent history of Odda, and then collect and preserve such stories for the future.



Czech Republic, Project Coordinator - Marta Kmet'

Our aim is to preserve the local peoples' stories of their lifetimes, how they were influenced by the industry in the area and its collapse in particular. The message we wish to convey is that in spite of obstacles, drawbacks or adversities, one can accomplish extraordinary things. Things that can benefit us, those around us or humanity in general. We may tell such stories with word, sound or image.



Wales, Project Coordinator - Ric Foot

Our starting point with the Story Savers project is how our very rural area is coping with the huge changes brought about by our technological world in general and the effects of the recent financial crash in particular.

In many ways little has changed here since the Middle Ages, but in others ways change has been profound. With our project, Story Savers - tell your story, make history - we found an opportunity to collect our stories from the recent history of the valley and by working with our colleagues in the project, compare and contrast them across Europe.

Ireland, Project Coordinator - Mary Mc Grenra

The Story Savers story began for Craoibhín with one of its committee members Fred Gallagher learning about projects throughout Ireland through Léargas funding. It was then decided that this was something that we at Craoibhín were interested in, so the journey began....

We travelled to Belgium in December 2011 to a contact seminar where we met with representatives from 19 other European countries from organisations like Craoibhín and adult education providers.

Here we partnered with 6 other European countries (Norway, Greece, Czech Republic, United Kingdom, Poland and France) to design a project under - A lifelong Learning Strategy "Story Savers". The aim of the project is to gather stories from each of our local areas and produce an e-book.



Greece, Project Coordinator - Vana Bentevi

This project started for the Historical and Folklore Association of Egialias (ILEA), when our President Vana Bentevi and Sandy Vamvaka were talking about the European Dimension that ILEA Association wanted to have via a European project. So, our volunteer Fotini Maggaki, representing us, on 30/11/2011 participated in a contact seminar in Alden Biesen, Belgium for finding partners. We were there, promoting our Historical and Folklore Association of Aigialia and our country. We started knowing each other with the assistance of the organizer, being in the group of partners with Ric, Maria, Oivind and Martha.

Then the team with the partners had all being a partnership, with Ric as the coordinator. We shared duties, started writing the application form and our project "Story Savers tell a story... make history" started.



Poland, Project Coordinator - Maryna Czapliska

THE ROOTS OF SIEKIERKI- a history written through family stories
This history and art project has been running since 2007. We have succeeded in telling the history of Siekierki through memories, souvenirs and stories of the families living here. For each meeting with the inhabitants we brought a big, folded, handmade Siekierki map from 1944. Every participant marked his family home and the places important to the community that they could remember or had heard about. The next step consisted of creating a website, a play, films and photo exhibitions. The project "Roots of Siekierki" has been a source of inspiration to many other cultural organizers and community activists in Poland.



In 2012, we started an international project “StorySavers”. We invited the Ku Wi le Group to work with us. We want to get to know the stories of those people that are not indigenous inhabitants of Siekierki: Why they have decided to settle here? What are their stories? How has Siekierki changed in their opinion? We hope that the memories we uncover will be translated into many interesting actions.



France

The Story Savers project is important because stories are a great way to transmit culture, leading to opportunities to meet people from other European countries and experience their culture. The aim of MJC Duchere is to “Tell your story and make history” in order to help make our city more attractive. We encourage the whole community to engage in the project and hope to use their skills and knowledge. We endeavour to share issues, problems, difficulties, perspectives, wisdom, humour and triumphs in a way that helps to build a lasting understanding between all individual contributors and encourages lifelong learning thus enabling participants to develop ownership of the project.

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Bio. We are....



Norway



KOMPETANSE VEST
LIMITED

Kompetanse Vest Limited (Competence West Limited) is a private company based in Bergen (Norway) which has many years of teaching experience in upper secondary school and adult education management.

Kompetanse Vest Limited has during the last decade been a partner in several Grundtvig and Leonardo learning partnerships and in centralized and multilateral life long learning EU projects with focus on identification, recognition and validation of informal and non formal learning.

Our main aim is to provide competence development and education for adult learners adapted to the individual's situation, wishes and needs.

Further aims are

- promote adult learning in the perspective of life long learning
- support learners of all ages and facilitate inter-generational learning
- encourage innovative use of technology to support teaching and learning
- work internationally to promote life long learning
- collaborate with other institutions and organisations in Norway and in Europe to exchange best practices in life long learning and to promote innovative solutions for life long learning.

Kompetanse Vest Limited has roots connecting us to an old industrial society, Odda, small industrial town in western part of Norway with industry history going back to 1906, and we are there connected to local institutions and individuals who are relevant to the topic of our Story Savers project.



Czech Republic

The Pedagogical Centre for Polish Minority Schools in Český Těšín was founded by the Ministry of Education, Youth and Sports with the goal to ensure the needs of the schools with Polish as the teaching language in the Czech Republic in addition pursuing the further improvement of the pedagogical employees in these facilities. The PC is an institution which is active in fields of education, life-long learning and active European cooperation, open to innovations and at the same time sourcing from identity and specifics of the Těšínské Slezsko - I sk Cieszyński Euroregion.

ACTIVITY

- In-service teacher training
- Support of minority schooling
- Publishing methodical aids - Jutrzenka and Ogniwo
- Contests for pupils and students
- Life-long education
- Cross-border cooperation
- European cooperation
- Pedagogical library



Picture: Łukasz Niewiara



Wales

Learn with ...

Learn with... Cyf is a small not-for-profit voluntary organisation run by retired teachers and based in West-Wales that contributes to inter-generational learning and understanding.

Our aims are:

- 1 To encourage a lifelong love of learning
- 2 Encourage respect between the generations.
- 3 Encourage the teaching of technology skills to older generations.
- 4 Create local & internet support networks, for inter-generational collaboration
- 5 Work with organisations in other countries to promote our aims internationally.

In StorySavers we hope to explore how communities in each partner country are adapting to the digital revolution and explore the common ground between us. We also hope that this project will help us bridge the generational divide and explore how storytelling can be adapted to suit local needs in each partnership country. The project will also help us to instruct the senior members of our communities in the use of technology and demonstrate several of its many positive uses in the preservation of local history through storytelling.



Ireland

Comhlacht Forbairtaha an Tearmainn is the local rural development group covering the parishes of Termon, Garten, Kilmacrennan and surrounding areas in northwest Co. Donegal. It covers 3000 people approx in a scattered rural area of some 100 square kilometres.

It is based in a rural enterprise centre known as the Craoibhín. The role of the Craoibhín is a rural centre or hub where information, services and opportunities are provided for the benefit of the whole community.

When developing our project around 2005 we carried out research which identified the needs of our community. These included Childcare facilities, Enterprise units, Education and Training opportunities, Health and Social facilities etc. The main finding however was the need for a Hub or Centre with volunteers and development workers who would examine and exploit the opportunities available that would make the area a better and more sustainable place to live. Thus the Craoibhín was established.

We provide childcare services and sport and leisure facilities. Our centre also runs a range of adult education classes from First Aid, Child Protection, literacy classes for Dyslexic students, Irish Language Classes, Nutrition Information classes and Fitness and Well-being courses.

Our work here involves working with groups of different ages from within our local community. We work on a weekly basis with a group of people who live in a housing development in a local village. Each person in the development has a learning disability. We provide coaching, life skills, computer skills and friendship to the group as well as a great platform for them to be integrated into society.

We also work with older groups in our society. We hold seniors days on a regular basis where senior citizens attend our organisation and meet with other senior citizens in the area. We provide a day made up of social and physical activities such as bingo, bowling, dancing, exercise, music and storytelling. A hot meal and tea and coffee facilities are also provided. We feel that many senior learners are extremely knowledgeable about customs and traditions in their own

countries. This knowledge was extremely transferable during the Story Savers project and we were able to source many of our stories about the local area from our senior learners. We also feel that participating in the project this has enabled us to promote understanding and respect for different cultures.

The Childcare facility is operated quite distinctly from the Community Centre side of the building. We have full day care service for preschool children as well as specialized - before and after school clubs. We have approx 80 registered users, a different number of users each day. The families in our area are mainly from small agricultural backgrounds, their level is mostly middle and low class and most receive financial assistance from the government for our service.

Our childcare facility has assisted people to live in this rural area even though they may have to travel to work outside. There is a high level of unemployment in the area within the last few years and the provision of this Childcare facility also has had the advantage of providing some good quality jobs in this rural setting.

We are now proceeding to look at the possibility of providing certified Childcare training at our centre so that our local young people may avail of it close to home. This will make full use of the skills and resources we have available, a by-product of setting up a childcare facility.



Our aim is:

“To make Craoibhín a focal point for the language, cultural, economic and social development and care of our local area and wider community that is a sustainable, debt free and vibrant asset for future generations.”

Self help and self-responsibility are key driving components of the rural hubs concept. In olden times in rural Ireland this was known by the term 'Meitheal', it is where people come together to share skills and resources for the improvement and indeed survival of the community as a whole. When this 'Meitheal' type of approach is used in the modern era it develops and encourages attributes such as Entrepreneurship and Innovation which are vital drivers in ensuring the prosperity of the rural environment. This allows other unique ways of using the available local resources to be harnessed and developed, creating numerous opportunities.

We want our Craoibhín centre to be a centre of best practice and innovation, where people can come together to learn through projects and courses available here. Learning will be possible through personal experience and sharing the experiences of others both in a local and international level by sharing innovation and ideas with other communities in Europe.



Therefore, we see centres like the Craoibhín as a catalyst for the survival of rural communities as they allow local volunteers and staff to develop skills that are transferable to many jobs or roles in society. This also allows for a sense of pride and ownership in developing both infrastructure and services in your local area.



Greece

ΙΣΤΟΡΙΚΗ - ΛΑΟΓΡΑΦΙΚΗ
ΕΤΑΙΡΕΙΑ ΑΙΓΙΑΛΕΙΑΣ
(Ι.Λ.Ε.Α)

The Historical and Folklore Association of Egialias –ILEA- (Istoriki kai Laografiki Etairia Egialias) is situated in the small town of Aigio, the second largest town in Achaia, after Patras, in the Municipality of Aigialia.

Egion is the capital of Agialia province of Achaia prefecture, with about 22.000 population, a city by the sea of the Corinthian gulf, west of Greece. It is located 175 km from Athens, about 140 Km. from Ancient Olympia and 40 km from Patras, nearest big city. The city is built on a stony hill altitude about 50m from sea.

The Historical and Folklore Association –ILEA-was founded in 1997 and opened for the public in September 1998. It is situated in a two – storey traditional stone building, which is linked to Andreas Londos' historic family. The Folklore Museum is placed on the ground floor and the Historical Museum is on the first floor. The exhibits are exclusive offers from the residents of Egion (family relics). The folklore material is various and remarkable, classified into units in four rooms and includes:

- household utensils
- furniture
- costumes
- agricultural tools
- machinery used for household purposes
- items from rural and bucolic life
- hand woven materials
- tools of textile industry



Our Historical and Folklore Association –ILEA is offering seminars of our local history to our local citizens. We try to reserve the local history, the traditions, the myths, the songs, the history of our region and our community traditions that are losing ground from generation to generation.

We attract and motivate seniors to enjoy storytelling, because seniors are most valued for in traditional societies. Their stories transfer the wisdom of their lifetimes and culture. That's never been needed anywhere or anytime more than it is today, because of the economic crisis. We help seniors to express themselves, to connect with others, as storytelling is against social exclusion. Therefore we organise activities, presentation, celebrations, local fiestas, reserving our local history and our local tradition. The ILEA is created by Vana Bentevi, who is also the president.

Target group: senior citizens, old pension population and young people as well, building communication bridges and inter generation relationship among them different cultures.

We -ILEA-, are very interested for the theme of this project “storytelling as a tool for adult learning and integration”, as it is connected directly with our aims.





Doro karnia Children and Youth Culture Center is one of the most active institutions in Warsaw, which promotes children and youth amateur artistic activity. Its main objective is to create a suitable place and atmosphere in order to enable young people from all around Warsaw, especially from Lower Mokotów area, to present their achievements, realize their dreams and aspirations, develop their talents and acquaint themselves better with the world of art. Child and youth artists not only attend regular weekly classes, but also take active part in cyclic workshops and weekend stage presentations. There are a few dozens of various workshops and artistic groups at the Center, including several theatre and dance groups. While implementing its educational and cultural program, Doro karnia organizes and participates in many significant cultural events not only of local, but also of national and international character.



Doro karnia is a center of artistic and educational activity, which is located in a special place – in the Warsaw district of Siekierki, that is a region which – until recently – was considered socially backward and civilizationally underdeveloped. The location connotes the character and mission of our Center, although it does not define it unequivocally. Our daily activity takes into account the needs of the local community. However, we also carry out municipal, voivodship and all-Poland projects. Like all cultural centers in the city, we welcome children and youth from all around Warsaw and it is



especially with them in mind that we organize fine arts and ceramics classes, vocal studio, film workshops, theatre groups and other specialist forms of artistic activity. However, we also implement projects addressed to children and youth from Siekierki district – we are trying to help them with their specific problems, educate and entertain them, as well as motivate them towards creative work.





The MJC Duchère aims to foster personal autonomy and development through education and culture to aid a more united society. It is committed to the practice and active understanding of democracy and provides a forum to discuss ideas, creativity, innovation, experimentation and encourages active citizen participation. It respects the rights of the individual to follow the philosophy of their choice in today's multi-cultural societies and to help create and maintain positive social bonds. The fundamental values of equality and non-discrimination are also incorporated into many debates and actions.

There are several MJC in Lyon, almost in each district of the city. They sometimes work together and form a network. Each of them has its specificities, linked with the local population of the district. Many MJC in France are also affiliated to the National Federation of MJC, and share the same values? the values of popular education.



MJC Duchère is in the district of la Duchère. This is an area that has undergone major upheavals. The population is multicultural and cosmopolitan : about 40 several languages are spoken in this district ! Many low-income families live there, and face with unemployment and economical issues.

MJC's mission is to develop the local community, to develop democracy and propose activities accessible to all.



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Myths and Legends



The time of miracles is not over in Røldal

*Text: Susanne Urban
Photos: S. Urban, O.B. Eidnes, Ovragerd,
P. Gangeskar, S. Rabbe, Lund+Slaatto Arkitekter.*



In the mid 13th century one of Norway's 800 stave churches was to be built – but: Oh miracle! in the course of a dark night the whole construction timber pile moved to a site on the other side of the river. The church was erected there, and on New Year's day sunrays reach the golden cross on the church spire.

The miraculous crucifix: An old blind man and a little boy fish up something heavy and unmanageable from Korsfjorden. When the man wipes the sweat that stings his eyes, a miracle happens, he can see again! But the crucifix can only be heaved into the boat when the fisherman promises to give it to no other than the Stavechurch in Røldal - where it hangs to this day.



Røldal church with the famous, miraculous crucifix was one of the most important pilgrimage centres in Norway, after Nidaros (Trondheim).
“It was a strange herd that crowded together on their way to church. ...
If you could just strike your wounds with some of the sweat that the Holy Cross secreted at midsummer-service healing would follow for sure.”



“Pilgrimage prohibited!” during the Reformation: in 1722, the church was auctioned off with every thing inside. “Two heavily loaded horses were needed to remove all silver from it”. The whole load of votive gifts disappearing without a trace is maybe not a miracle. Still the “popish scourge” with mysterious midsummer night services kept on going until 1850.



In 2003 a modern pilgrimage walk starts up again, now with the big annual gathering on old-midsummer day, around 06th of July. Isn't it miraculous that there may be up to 300 people finding their way once again, to Røldal church, one of the country's only 28 original surviving stave churches?



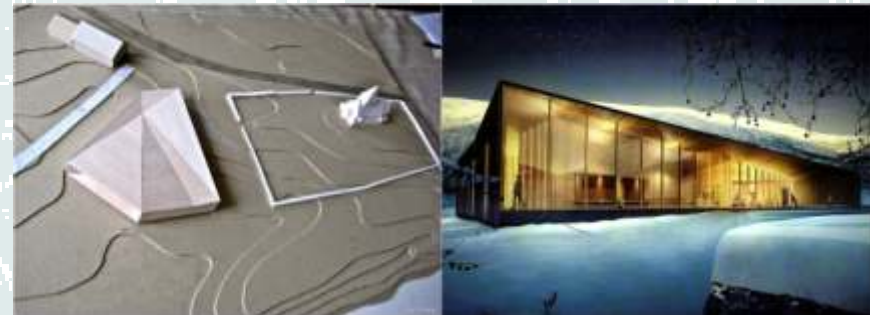
And is not it a miracle that there have not been more (serious) accidents in the Røldal Freeride-Challenge with insane extreme-sports performances in our deadly cliffs and overhangs?



In 2011 a modern minor miracle occurs: 182 international contributions are submitted to the architectural competition for a pilgrimage center in Røldal.

Miracle no.2, it proves to be easy for a jury to unanimously choose a worthy winner.

“Treklang” fulfills all their wishes; “subordinated to the church, relates to the landscape and has a flexible public space that will become a well used gathering space for the locals”.





When the pilgrimage centre with café, exhibition, library, a priests office and a worthy mortuary is eventually built, will we call it - a political miracle? - an economic miracle? - a teamwork miracle?



Some votive gifts, a censer, various altar doors, wall paintings, a chasuble and a statue of Archangel Michael from 13th century, statues of St. Olav and a Madonna from 1250 as well as a front-piece from 1340 are now part of the Ecclesial Collection in Bergen. When all this is brought back home to Røldal, to find a place of honour in the exhibition space of the pilgrimage centre – there will be no doubt: **The time of miracles is not over in Røldal.**





Cieszynianka - a Silesian Flower

*Text: based on Józef Ondrusz's book „A miraculous bread“, translated by Norbert D. bkowski,
Photo – Marian Siedlaczek*



Once upon a time, a very long time ago, a hostile Swedish Army invaded the Polish Lands. The Swedes came as far as the beautiful „Cieszyn Lands”, depriving its inhabitants of happiness and peace for many, many years to come. The hostile Army captured even the castle of the Cieszyn Piast Dynasty, turning it into a safe fortress for themselves.

One hot day, somewhere not far from Cieszyn, a small force of Swedish soldiers was going down a dusty village road. The squad was moving slowly and heavily, because many of them had been

wounded. Every single soldier struggled with his own tiredness and growing thirst, and they did it bravely and in silence.

One of them, with a head wound, turned weaker more quickly than the rest. His comrades-in-arms failed to notice it when he fell unconscious and they struggled on.

The troop was passing a lowly cottage where a poor Zabysztzan family lived. They were afraid that the soldiers might do them some harm.

After a while, the first one to emerge cautiously from the cottage was a young maiden, the farmer's daughter, Hanka Zabysztzan. Having looked around she calmed the rest of the family down. However, after a while she became aware of something lying at the edge of the road. She went quickly but cautiously, with her eyes fixed on the dark shape, from which she gradually made out the figure of a man.

It was a Swedish soldier. His inert body, closed eyes and the clotted blood on his temple drew pity from the girl. She bent over the stranger and heard his weak breathing. He was alive! She quickly ran to fetch her father and they carried the wounded man to the cottage.

The young Swede regained consciousness when Hanka's mother wiped his feverish brows with a cool damp towel. He looked around alert and distrustful. It was only when he noticed smiles on the faces looking down at him that he relaxed a little. Hanka helped him to drink a little tea with honey.

After a while the lad, now much calmer, fell into a deep sleep. He woke up only after two days. His deep and healthy sleep brought about hope that he would pull through.

But the swollen wounds on his temple would not heal. The family watched with sadness as the boy became weaker day by day. They knew he was beyond their help.

Hanka did not leave his bedside the whole time. The dying Swede told her about his beloved country, about his family home and how a handful of Swedish soil, sown in the little silk bag for him by his mother. It still hung around his neck. He told her how it gave him consolation and cheered him.

It didn't matter that Hanka did not understand his strange language, she felt his sorrow and she understood his longing for his home. She sensed that the young man was dying. Just before he died, with the last of his strength, he gave Hanka the little silk bag, and passed away. A day or two later, with tears in her eyes, she sprinkled the grey

soil that was in the bag over his grave. Hanka was often seen at the grave of the young Swede. The girl tried to plant different flowers on it. It was only the following spring that the grave magically covered itself with tiny flowers of green and yellow petals. Hanka had never seen such flowers before. From the lad's grave the wind quickly spread those pretty little plants over the whole of the Cieszyn Lands. The folks here call them „Cieszyniankas”. They still grow here today.

The discovery of coal



*Text: based on Józef Ondrusz's book „A miraculous bread”, translated by Norbert D bkowski
Photos: Marian Siedlaczek, old photos – Museum of Cieszyn Silesia*



Smith Keltyczka's smithy was found on Zmao cie upon the river Ostrawica. Keltyczka was so poor that he often had nothing to make fire with in his shop. Therefore he would roam the nearby pastures and collect leftover kindling wood at shepherds' fires. One day he made a late start to collect such leftover wood; the moon had not been up yet, so Keltyczka put in his bag the wood along with some strange black rocks. Later he emptied his bag in the smithy. The next day, when he lit up the fire, he could not believe his own eyes to see the leftover wood burn so brightly and give much more warmth. He dug into the heap next to him and noticed some black rocks there. It was beyond his comprehension that such rocks would burn, but quickly he picked the rocks out and put them into the fire.



As Keltyczka found out that it was the black rocks that gave such a powerful heat, he made up his mind to find the place with those rocks. Having decided that, he stopped forging, took his bag and set out in the search for the rocks. He went around all the places he had been to the previous day. In one of the places he saw many of the black rocks on the ground. He brought with him as many as he could crush off and rushed to the smithy. The rocks were burning delightfully. He then took an iron



hammer and rushed for another load.

The place where Keltyczka discovered coal was located near the so-called Burnia, right at the today's "Trójca" coal mine.

Since then, Keltyczka spent all of his free time in Burnia. Soon he had collected a considerable reserve of coal. However, he had no idea that those rocks were coal. He had not attended schools, so he did not know anything of such nature existed. Eventually a teacher told him about it. He was walking past the smithy once and noticed a heap of coal before the shop.

'How did you get it, Keltyczko?,' he asked the smith.

The smith initially had no intention to reveal his secret. In the end though he showed the teacher the place where he discovered coal. Ever since then a new era began in the history of this area. The "Trójca" shaft was built near Keltyczka's trove. The shaft can still be found at the present time.

More shafts have sprung up in the surrounding area. That is how the Ostrawa-Karwina coal basin has come into being.





The Lady of The Lake

Text: Carroll Nunnerley
Photo: Ric Foot

In the late twelfth century, a widow lived at Blaensawdde, near Llanddeusant, Carmarthenshire. Her only son spent time looking after the livestock. Their favourite place was near the small lake called Llyn-y-Fan Fach, in the shadow of the Black Mountain. One day whilst walking along the edge of the lake, he saw a lady sitting on the edge of the water. She was one of the most beautiful creatures that mortal eyes had ever seen. The young man just stood still and unconsciously offered her the barley bread and cheese which he had with him.



She glided near to him but gently refused the offer of the food. He tried to touch her but she eluded him saying: “Cras dy fara! “Hard baked is thy bread! “Nid hawdd fy nala” 'Tis not easy to catch me “. She immediately dived under the water. The love-stricken youth returned home desolate. His mother advised him to take some unbaked dough or 'toes' the next time, as some kind of spell must be connected with hard-baked bread, which prevented him catching the Lady.

Next morning, he was at the lake. Hours passed when suddenly he noticed his cattle on the precipitous slope on the opposite side of the lake.

As he rushed over to them, the Lady appeared once more, more beautiful than ever. He held his hand out to her, full of unbaked bread, which he offered with vows of eternal attachment. All were refused by her, saying: “Llaith dy fara! “Unbaked is thy bread! Ti ni fynna.” I will not have thee”. But the smile that played on her face as she vanished beneath the waters raised a hope in the man. His mother suggested that next time his bread should be slightly baked, as this would probably please the mysterious being.

The next morning he ran until he came to the edge of the lake where he waited for the reappearance of his Lady. He waited many hours, oblivious to his livestock. Dusk approached and all hope of seeing the beautiful Lady was gone. The young man cast one last look over the waters when he saw seven cows walking on the water followed by the maiden, who seemed even lovelier than ever. As she approached the land he rushed to meet her. A smile encouraged him to hold her hand and on his offering the bread, she accepted.

She consented to become his bride, on condition that they should live together only until she received from him “Fri ergyd diachos. “Three causeless blows. He gladly agreed and the Lady of the Lake agreed to become his wife. Her father gladly consented to the marriage giving a dowry of as many sheep, cattle, goats, and horses that his daughter could count without heaving or drawing in her breath. however, should he strike her three times without cause, she should return to him and bring back all the livestock.

The marriage took place; she counted the animals by fives till her breath was exhausted. Sheep, cattle, goats and horses, then appeared from the lake. They went to live at a farm called Esgair Llaethdy, near Myddfai, where they lived with three beautiful sons.

One day they were to go to a Christening in the neighbourhood, but

the wife was reluctant to go saying the distance was too far to walk. Her husband told her to fetch a horse if he got her gloves from the house. When he returned from the house he found that she had not moved. Jokingly he slapped her shoulder with the gloves saying, "Go, go". Thus he had struck her the first time without cause.

On another occasion at a wedding, she burst into tears and her husband touched her on the shoulder and asked what was wrong. "Now people are entering into trouble," she said, "and your troubles are likely to start as you have struck me a second time."

Years passed. The husband was ever watchful lest he should, in some trivial incident, strike his beloved wife again. One day they were at a funeral, where, in the middle of great mourning and grief, the Lady was happy and laughing. This so shocked her husband that he touched her saying, "Hush! Hush! Don't laugh." She said that she laughed because people, when they died, go out of trouble. She then went out of the house saying, "The last blow has been struck, and our marriage contract is broken! Farewell!"

She went back to Esgair Llaethdy and began to call the sheep, cattle, goats and horses that she had brought with her as a dowry. They all obeyed her call; even a little black calf that had been killed came alive and joined the others. Away they all went across the mountains towards the lake from whence they had come. On reaching the lake they disappeared beneath the water without leaving a trace except the furrow made by the plough drawn by the oxen. What became of the disconsolate and ruined husband is not handed down in legend. The sons often wandered by the lake hoping to see their mother. During one of these walks near Dol Howel, at the Mountain Gate, still called 'Llidiad y Meddygon' the Physicians' gate, the mother appeared to the eldest son, Rhiwallon. She told him that his mission on earth was to be a benefactor of mankind by relieving them of pain and misery through the healing of all disease.

She supplied him with a bag full of prescriptions and instructions for the preservation of health. She prophesied that if he and his family followed those instructions clearly they would become the most skilful physicians in the country for many generations. Once she accompanied them as far as Pant-y-Meddygon', the Dingle of the Physicians, where she pointed out to them the various plants which grew there and revealed their medical properties and virtues. The knowledge she gave to her sons, together with their unrivalled skill,

increased their notiety. To ensure that that knowledge should not be lost, they wrote it down, for the benefit of mankind throughout the ages.

Rhiwallon and his sons first became physicians to Lord Rhys Gryg who gave them rank, lands and privileges at Myddfai. Their services were in demand throughout the country. The descendants of this ancient family continued to practice medicine in Wales without a break until the middle of the eighteenth century, when the last lineal descendant died in 1743. The late Rice Williams, M.D., of Aberystwyth, who died in 1842, appears to have been the last of the Physicians descended from the mysterious Lady of Llyn-y-Fan Fach.





Gartan Clay

Text: Christy Gillespie
Photos: Archives of Craoibhin

Something that is very unique to this area is something that is known as Gartan clay. Now Gartan clay has many properties but to sum them up if you have Gartan clay it will save you from a sudden death. And how it came about is from a very, very unusual story. The night before St Colmcille was born, his mother Eithne had a vision and in the vision she was told to go down to the lake below, which is known here as Lough Kibbon. And there she would find a flagstone floating on the edge of the water. And she was to bring the flagstone back up to the hill fort and this was to be used as the birthstone. So she took a number of her followers down to the hill fort and as the vision told her the flagstone was there. They lifted it was probably a very big and heavy flagstone and they started to carry it back up towards the hill fort. But on the way back up they were passing through a little glen known as Althoorey Glen and there because she was very close to having the child she wanted to sit down for a while and there she sat and rested with her followers for a while. And while she was sitting and resting she haemorrhaged and when she got back up the followers that were with her realising the place was a special place of sanctity they were going to cover up the blood and everything that was there with the rushes and the heather was removed. And she said to them no, that there was no need for you to do that because you are the only people who will ever find this place again. So they went back up to the hill fort and there on the flagstone Cholmcille was born in the year 521. Now from that day onwards only her followers who became known as the Friels' eventually were able to find the spot and they would lift this clay from Althoorey glen. Now it is porcilyn clay, it is like any clay that you would make cups and saucers. It's a white clay and when it's gathered in the place only a Friel person who is over the age of 18 is allowed to lift that clay.



He has to say certain prayers first and once they lift the clay they dry it and put it into little small packets and they give it out free of charge to anybody who is looking for it. Now I suppose a couple of interesting stories that come from this Gartan clay. When I was researching for the St Cholmcille book that we wrote here in the school in 1997 and 1988, I interviewed one of these Friels, Dan Friel. And when I sat down with Dan, I asked Dan. Why do you lift the clay, Why is it you and not other families? Dan said to be honest with you I don't really know. My father did it, my grandfather did it before him all through the generations and I'm just carrying it on. It's a tradition that has been passed down to us through the centuries. Now when I went and did further research on it I discovered through a surnames book written by a man called licence, a very famous surnames book which gave the history of all the families. In the book when you came as far as this section of Friel's in this area it was discovered that those Friel's were direct descendants of Colmcille's only brother who was Eoghain or Eoin. If you remember back to the start of the story, she brought her followers with her, her kinsfolk as they were known, down to the lake to lift that flagstone at the time.

And, so naturally enough these people that were descended from Cholmcille's only brother would have been the kinsfolk and when she was in the glen she said at the time that only the followers would find where that clay is. Now I also interviewed a few other people local people in the area and they said that on many, manys an occasion they went out following the Friel's when they knew the Friel's were heading for the glen to get the clay and they tried to sneak up to have a little look to see so they could find the clay for themselves. But in all occasions when they went back themselves afterwards the clay wasn't to be found or to be seen. But very, very few people would leave this area would not have the clay in their car or if they were going on a plane journey or anything like that they certainly wouldn't, not have the clay with them. And also because there is that association with childbirth, one of the properties of the clay is that any woman who is in childbirth won't have too much pain and nothing will go wrong. So it is a very, very unique clay to this area. But funny enough it is not the only clay. There is another Columban clay which is out in Tory Island. Now that is another long story for another day. But if you have Tory clay then that keeps all mice and rats away. So if you have Tory clay you certainly won't have any rodents.



The Elf of Vigla

Text: Eilias Papaioannou & Vana Bentevi,
Sketch - photos: Malvina Papadaki

The Elf of Vigla, is a local myth that is based on a true story. This myth has been passed on from generation to generation by the local villagers of the Greek countryside and represents the morals, the customs and the values but also the peculiar nature of the social life and the economic problems of the local society of Egialia, at the end of the 19th century.



Panagiota, who was named Elf afterwards, was a twenty years old girl with blonde hair who lived in a poor village of the mountainous Egialia. Panagiota was in love with the handsome Dimitris who was also very in love with her. The two young adults got married, exchanging vows in front of the priest at their local church, although Panagiota's father didn't approve of this wedding.

Panagiota's father appreciated her beauty much and because he had lived in poverty and miserable life in a very small village, he dreamed of a wealthy husband for his daughter, moving to the city to become a lady in a rich upper class house. So when the time came for olive trees' collection, her father took Panagiota with him, to work too, for a few days in order to make some money for her dowry. But, the owner of the olive grove, an old fat man, asked her father if Panagiota could become his housemaid in his mansion. Panagiota did not like at all this idea and burst into tears. Her father was indifferent to her crying and finally gave her away to the old man...

The owner of the olive grove bought her the most expensive clothes of the market and he didn't want her to get tired with the household. But one night he entered her room and he revealed his intentions and raped her...



The girl managed to escape during the night, in such a bad state. Her clothes were ripped, full of blood, she started running towards the mountains! At dawn she arrived near her village but she was very shy and scared to go home... She decided from then on to live alone, to get revenge and kill her rapist.

She chose a cave high up in the mountain in a glade ("Vigla") and she lived like a weird animal ("elf").

She ate grass, roots, fruit and whatever she could find.

She had no clothing and she grew hair all over her and in addition her face became wild and bloody...

At night she would go down the mountain to look for her rapist in his house...

And one night when a celebration event took place and he returned home "drunk", she followed him. When he fell asleep, she rushed over to him and sunk her nails into his throat until he was suffocated! After that she disappeared! Nobody had seen anything!

The police investigation found her fiancé Dimitris as guilty, and arrested him... They thought he was jealous and that he killed the old man.

The legend says, that the "elf" would go out in search of food and villagers who would see her, were scared because they have never seen such a thing! She was something between a human, a beast, a savage animal...

They called her as a "The elf of Vigla!"

The police investigation found her fiancé Dimitris as guilty, and arrested him... They thought he was jealous and that he killed the old man.

The legend says that the "elf" would go out in search of food and villagers who would see her were scared, because they have never seen such a thing! It was something between a human being and a savage animal... "The elf of Vigla they would say!"

The myth of Ancient Eliki



Text: Yola Efstathiadou

Photos: Giota Strati & National Archeological Museum of Athens.

Eliki was an important and cultural center in antiquity, near our region that has flourished at ancient times (from 1.100 B.C. until 373

B.C.) as Homer says, it had a high level of civilization. The God - protector of Eliki was Poseidon, the God of the sea and the water. A magnificent temple was dedicated to Poseidon with an impressive tall statue created by experienced sculptors.



Eliki was built by King Ion to honour his wife Eliki, the only daughter of King Selinous. Unfortunately in 373 B.C. a big catastrophe struck the wealthy and happy town. A big earthquake and a huge tsunami flood covered the whole city. The violent sea seemed to swallow the town of Eliki which almost disappeared completely. Perhaps the God Poseidon got angry with the citizens of Eliki, since they killed Ionian deputies who were hiding in the temple as pilgrims, which was prohibited. That is why he strongly shook the sea which



emerged and surrounded the town with anger and flooded so much that all the buildings and the temple of Poseidon were covered with sand and stones.

Another myth tells that the inhabitants of Eliki were punished by the God Poseidon, because they surrendered Themisto, who had sought out refuge as a pilgrim. Themisto killed Filona's husband because he had kidnapped her against her will.

After the murder, Themisto gailed by small boat to Galaxidi on the other side of the Corinthian Gulf, opposite to Eliki. She then asked for protection in Eliki. The people of Eliki gave her away to her enemies. This was disrespectful for Poseidon.

The destroy of Eliki has inspired many writers, who wrote myths, stories, poems, theatre plays, and created music as well as painting. Andreas Dreki was also inspired and wrote a myth: "Kleantis and Diotima". Kleantis and Diotima two young lovers from Eliki came to the temple of Elikoniou Poseidona with oaths for eternal love. Kleantis brought a beautiful vase, a work of a well-known sculptor,

and gave it as a present to the God. Diotima also liked the vase very much and they decided to write something on it so that Poseidon could always remember them. This is the written message: Poseidon guardian of Eliki is keeping with pleasure the vase of the children from Eliki, Kleanti and Diotimas, who offered it to you with love as the sea, offers the waves". While the young lovers were embracing and walking in the moonlight, all of a sudden the ground started shaking, houses and temples were destroyed, people were dying everywhere, the city was drowning slowly. The two youngsters tried to save themselves but the violent sea, covered everything. That's how Eliki disappeared.

Research has been conducted to discover the sunken town during the last 25 years by the Assosiation of Friends of Ancient Eliki, under the direction of the Archaeologist Dora Katsonopoulou.

After many years a serious effort has been made to find the lost city, but the findings are few. The archaeologists are worried. Then, with God's will another strong earthquake suddenly reveals the temple of Poseidon. Other findings come to light among which is the vase of Kleanti and Diotimas, which is the evidence about their eternal love.





Poland

Magic Tree



Text: Nela Kr glicka

Photos: Archives of Kr glicki's family, Grzegorz Pohl



I think that almost every kid has his magical place. It can be a secret place that children know by themselves, or one they share with their friends. It's a place where they feel comfortable, safe, happy and free to do what they really want to. It's always a good memory that stays in our minds till we get old and get sclerosis.

When I was younger, I used to believe that a tree near my house, in my neighbor's garden was magical.

After school, my friends and I always went there to climb on it. We

could sit on that tree for hours... We talked, played games, and when those games had "agents" or "detectives", that tree was our "base". We were growing, and so was the tree, but later it got sick, and our neighbors had to cut it down.

We could say that the tree was uniting us, so when they cut it down, our friendships broke. We don't see each other anymore, we don't talk. We don't meet, we don't play, everything finished....

Their magic that was in the tree united us, so now, when the tree is gone, then the magic is gone too.



Angel's Paints



Text: Dominik Gadomski

Photo: Archives of Doro karnia

They say that Siekierki has always existed. That it has been there on the outskirts of the city, hidden amid the trees and the riverside rushes. That people would rarely venture there as it was far from any of the important trade routes. This is how it could have been.

There is also another story about Siekierki. They say that it emerged from a painting palette that was dropped by an angel. Siekierki used to be an area covered solely with grass and a river, green and blue. When the careless Seraph dropped his paints, they splashed over the plain and mixed into a bright puddle. Later, when some time had passed, the winds and rains separated the colours again...

The colours of aquamarine, azure and navy blue streamed down towards the Vistula River. This stream was later called Wilanówka. Then came yellow and beige creating a sandy beach around the stream. Gold and emerald blurred into fields of wheat, pastures and meadows. Only the whites, browns and reds were sitting so close together that no storm or gale could tear those last three colours apart as they fell from the Angel's palette into the puddle.

The angel missed his tools. He would hang around paradise looking for other jobs and distractions, but not the singing in the celestial chorus, nor the company of other seraphs could replace the pleasure of painting. And so he gave up his wings and areole, grew a beard and put on the worn out robes of a wanderer. He took on the name Jakub so that people could call him by it and set off to find the lost palette.





The White Lady who haunted the hill of la Croix-Rousse

Text: Guide secret de Lyon et de ses environs", par Claude Ferrero, Ouest France, 2010

In 1840, newspapers reported the apparition of a White Lady taking a walk on the battlements of the city, in the vicinity of today's boulevard of la Croix-Rousse.

In those times, the press echoed several marvelous stories going around among the inhabitants of the city and surroundings. One of the most exceptional stories that shook up the life of Lyon's common folk narrates the meeting between a White Lady and a sentinel on the city's fortifications. On that night, the white silhouette was hailed four times by the guard, but each time she disappeared without a word and came back, always silent despite the soldier's repeated cries: "Who goes there?". As a newspaper pointed out, the White Lady, at the time of her first reappearance, didn't come back empty handed, she carried a cup filled with water, the second time, she wielded a torch; she came back yet another time holding a piece of bread and, finally, she appeared bearing a flaming sword.

The guard, armed only with his courage in front of the disturbing apparition, repeated his "Who goes there?" – without any answer – he took aim at her, ready to shoot. So, the White Lady, with a glum and solemn voice, granted to speak and explained the meaning of the objects. They could be interpreted as the four elements: water, fire, earth and air. But, above all, they were the symbols of grave events to come. Thus, the cup filled with water represented the flooding and the disasters threatening Lyon, the torch symbolized the plague, which was fought with fire, the bread was an allusion to the famine coming from the calamities that would descend on the

city, the sword was for the war which would be faced by the city. Once these gruesome messages were announced, the strange silhouette disappeared in a last and merciless invocation pronounced: "Woe, woe upon all of you!"

History – the big one with a H – proved that the unhappy apparitions of the ghost of the battlements did not have any consequence to Lyon. But many explain the existence of the legend of the White Lady during the time when a drought struck in the area and again that several prophecies had announced catastrophic flooding in Lyon in November and in December 1840. Natural plagues will succeed one another, as in the Bible, to wipe out the city.

The Legendary GOLDEN HEAD Who Gave Its Name To LYON'S PARK

*Text: Guide secret de Lyon et de ses environs", par Claude Ferrero, Ouest France, 2010
Photos : E. Miller / Flexikon [CC-BY-SA-3.0], via Wikimedia Commons*

The Park is the most popular place in Lyon, particularly when it is warm. The name comes from a legend. The legend dates back to the Middle Ages, but in the middle of the 19th century, many were those who really believed in the story that crusaders gathered a huge treasure in which the most beautiful item would be a solid gold head of Christ, buried under the current site of the park. Many dreamt to find it.

Everything was believable at that time and this was a subject for the collective imagination that wasn't missing in Lyon. In the city which was the witness of the bridge of la Guillotiere collapse, in 1190, the passing of Philippe-Auguste and Richard Lionheart crusaders, the Saint-Jean cathedral that sheltered the remains of Saint Louis

brought back from Tunis in 1271 after the third crusade. It was also the place where the Concile of Vienna (1312) was prepared, resulting in the suppression of the Order of the Knights Templar, rich owners of several commanderies in the city. With all that, the rumor could only therefore blossom. With it, the famous treasure crossed the Rhône to end up in the Brotteaux on the left bank. When the prefect Claude-Marius Vaisse undertook creating the Park of the Golden Head in 1855, the decision enchanted imaginations and archeology fans. With only one goal: to find the treasure. Also during this period of developing spiritualism, Allan Kardec, born in Lyon and “pope” of the spiritualistic movement, is a huge hit with his first publication, “The Book of the Spirits”. A medium is asked in vain to locate the treasure during the first excavations. The much coveted golden head will be “found” in special circumstances, during the creation building works of the park, but... it is only a legend in the legend whose origins are due to the Canuts.



Indeed, to realize earth-moving works, authorities called on the silk workers whose many were on the dole or knew great difficulties. The park construction site was a way to provide employment to the Croix-Rousse workers and to prevent any social unrest as Lyon had known in 1831 and in 1834. It is in this way that, working to dig the park, a canut would have hit, with his pickaxe, a hard object. And here is the legend! The extracted object was the famous golden



head of Christ. It had been a short-lived joy because, in spite of all his precautions, the poor man could not hide for a long time his find to his companions who wanted to monopolize the so sought-after treasure. It was interpreted as an unusual lack of solidarity between canuts that shocked even Christ. In front of all these haggings, the legend says that He started crying all the tears of His body to the point of filling the place digged by the canuts which turned it into a 16 hectare lake, drowning the precious treasure and with it any hope to find it again.



Story Savers

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Stories



The people of Austmannali

Text and Photos: Oddbjørn Lynghammar

Between 1836 and 1900 more than half a million Norwegians emigrated from Norway to North America.

In the late 1840-ies Helge Medhus and Brita Gryting settled at this smallholding in Austmannalia, Røldal. They married in 1848. You can today still see the foundations for the buildings. A memory of toil and hard times.

In the year 1857, two of the children were going to the neighboring farm to borrow flour, they had no food that day. They had to cross a bridge that was smooth, they went on clogs and fell into the river and disappeared. The girl was 9 and the boy was five years old. This was a hard blow for Brita and Helge.

In 1860 they got a title deed on the farm, but in 1863 they were forced to sell to Daniel Eitrheim in Odda.



It was very difficult to manage living in 700 meters altitude, just beneath the Hardangervidda, where there is mostly stone and still rock. So 1868 they decided to emigrate to America.

Brita had now given birth to 10 children, two had drowned and one child died at birth. Seven children and mother and father were left in the living room in Austmannalia Røldal.



1868 they wanted to go to Amerika for a better life. They packaged together the little that they had, nine persons, the youngest, Sondolf, only one year old.

They had to go to Nesflaten, took a boat over Suldalsvatnet and then walked the last kilometers from Våge to Hylén, which hosted a boat to Stavanger. Their determination city is New York.

When they are at large seas and see Norway vanish behind them, all who can, are commanded to the pumps to keep the boat floating. Rather than arriving at NY, they ended up in Quebec. However, over at the other side anyway.

From Quebec they were traveling on an open horse carriage and a boat to Chicago. They are in the Wild West. From here Marshalltown by rail and Le Grand is the destination city, with horse again. They were there. Not knowing the language, they did not have money, the only capital they had was their labor power.

After some weeks the father dies of a heat stroke, some time later, the same year, the mother dies as well. Seven children are left alone again in a foreign country.



The mourning and the feeling of missing the mother and father is cruel, many tears, many nights and days are sad and heavy but gradually grief lets go and the days are becoming better and better. And they have each other. The children are taken care of by kind people, they all live a good life, but with much work.

The dream that the family should get a good and easier life in America was abruptly changed to the opposite. Mother and father were gone forever. The youngest was 1 year old and the oldest was 18 years old when they left Norway.



But after 140 years one of their great granddaughters came home. Carol Emely Myers wanted to see where her great-grandmother, Gunne, was born. Gunne was 13 years old when they emigrated. None of those who 1868 left Norway did ever return to Røldal or Norway.

movie clip: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=PEjuukS8xoo>

Odda and it's Melting Factory



*Text: Øivind H. Solheim
Photos: N.V.I.M*

I was born and grew up in this small industrial town, Odda, situated in the western parts of Norway at the end of a deep fjord, in a narrow valley under mountains up to 1400 meters high.

When I grew up at Odda, there were approximately 9000 inhabitants. The population rose to 10000 in 1970, but today it is reduced to less than 7000 inhabitants.



Around 1900 Odda was an idyllic rural place with only a few hundred inhabitants. At the end of the 19th century Odda had long been a world tourism Mecca. Tourists came to Odda from many European countries to admire the beautiful waterfalls, the mountains and the glaciers around Odda.



During the summer Odda could be visited by up to 80 tourist ships, and there was a lively trade with all the horse-drawn carriages that in a hurry were transporting tourists from the harbour and up to tourist attractions such as Låtefoss waterfall and back down the Odda valley to the many hotels that existed in Odda at the time.

Among those who came back to Odda year after year was Emperor Wilhelm the second and many other wealthy Europeans, including several English Lords, who loved to fish salmon.



Down by the fjord there was a great hotel in the Swiss style, the Hotel Hardanger which was at that time the largest wooden building in Northern Europe. After 1906, with the sudden stop of the tourist industry that occurred after industrialization, the stately wooden building was used for many different purposes, typically as an assembly hall, a library, a cinema and conference, meeting and training facilities for several local teams, the town hall and school. Finally, after many decades of such use, the Hotel Hardanger was demolished in the mid 1970s. The demolition was regarded as a big mistake at the time and is still regarded as a big mistake today.

1906, when industrialization came to Odda, huge changes started to occur. The population increased in a few years from a few hundred to over five thousand and many houses and many different facilities were built. The whole place was transformed in just a few years.



The first years of the 20th century saw a few visionary young engineers and lawyers with new knowledge and competencies (and with capital) travel in the mountains around Odda, mapping the rivers and waterfalls they saw there. They were aware of the great opportunities of the waterfalls in the region, and they bought the waterfall rights and land from the peasants for almost nothing. They did so because they had information that the industrialization pioneers were in the process of planning a large-scale industrialization in Odda and Tyssedal. These waterfall rights that the engineers and lawyers had acquired from the landowners for very little money were rapidly sold on to the industrialization pioneers for many times the initial price.

1936 novelist Gro Holm, who herself was married to an engineer who worked on the melting plant in Odda, published the novel *The white coals*, which describes how some smart merchants robbed the local landowners. - One could compare the rape of Odda to the way the native Americans were tricked out of their land, and also the Zulu in South Africa and the aborigines in Australia, etc.

- One could compare the rape of Odda to the way the native Americans were tricked out of their land, and also the Zulu in South Africa and the aborigines in Australia, etc.

1906 the industrial adventure started in Odda, with the construction of the factories that for almost one century had a very strong impact on the society of Odda. In few years the place grew from a few hundreds of inhabitants to several thousands. Historians relate that there were hundreds of people taking part in the construction of the new society, coming from other parts of Norway and even from abroad, especially from Sweden. The construction workers and their families were during this initial period living in very bad conditions in the centre of the place, and there were battles and disorders every night due to the lots of people stewed together in small places.

"When the factories began operating workers' dwellings were built. The first was built in Nyland and the farm Bokko where the factory had now bought land for construction. There were wooden houses with 4 apartments with one room and a kitchen in each. 1912 the last dwellings at Nyland were finished, and 1913 came the large three-storey Murboligen - the brick dwelling - at Bakke, facing the 9 small dwellings of wood that already were built on the new empty land just behind the central dwelling area. Centrally between the hand craft environment Brotateigen and the old farmstead in the village was this strange brick coloss, witnessing that a new type of living environment seriously had gained access to the old village community."



A total of seven barracks came up. They were originally meant to haddock special workers, and they were soon crowded with people. "They were just like the chosen." One of the barracks was consecrated as the dining hut. Here it was possible to buy dinner for anyone who could not work it out otherwise.



For the villagers the barracks at Nyland were in many ways the symbol of all that dangerous and morally reprehensible that followed the new time: «There was drunkenness and fighting, it occurred every day. It happened we arrived on Monday morning going to school, and we heard screaming, yelling and commotion down there. We did not dare go the road way, so we went up to the chapel and then down to the village.

„The first factory workers”

The relative prosperity was founded on a steady production increase at the two factories. The Carbide Factory started with a crew of around 500 in the period 1908-1912, 600 to 700 in the period 1912-1920, with a peak of about 950 during the war. The Cyanamid Factory had a similar development: about 400 in the period 1908-1912, about 600 in the year of 1912, with a peak of about 700 in 1914/18. The workers came literally from all over the country. In addition, there was a strong element of Swedes. The rumor of well-paid work in Odda spread quickly. Often it occurred that workers from a village or a town attracted acquaintances and relatives when they had been home for a visit.

When I was born, a few years after the end of the second world war, a great period started in the life of my hometown, certainly due to the good historical frame conditions. This was a period of optimism, a national political consensus and general economic growth. Willy Ingebrigtsen tells of when his father got work at Cyanamid in 1909:



„Yes, after what mom told, father went to sea, and they only had a small apartment in Bergen. Then they had the two boys, my older brothers. When the father came home from the sea, they read in the newspaper that they needed people here in Odda. And there were rumors that they earned very good money in here. So father traveled in, he wanted to probe the ground. He found work in the workshop. Then mother could tell these other women in Bergen that father earned four crowns a day. And then the housewives clapped their hands together; four crowns a day! Have you heard anything like it! They earned only two crowns a day in Bergen then. That was in 1909.”

The history of Odda shows both ups and downs. There was a very optimistic period just after the construction of the factory. But already

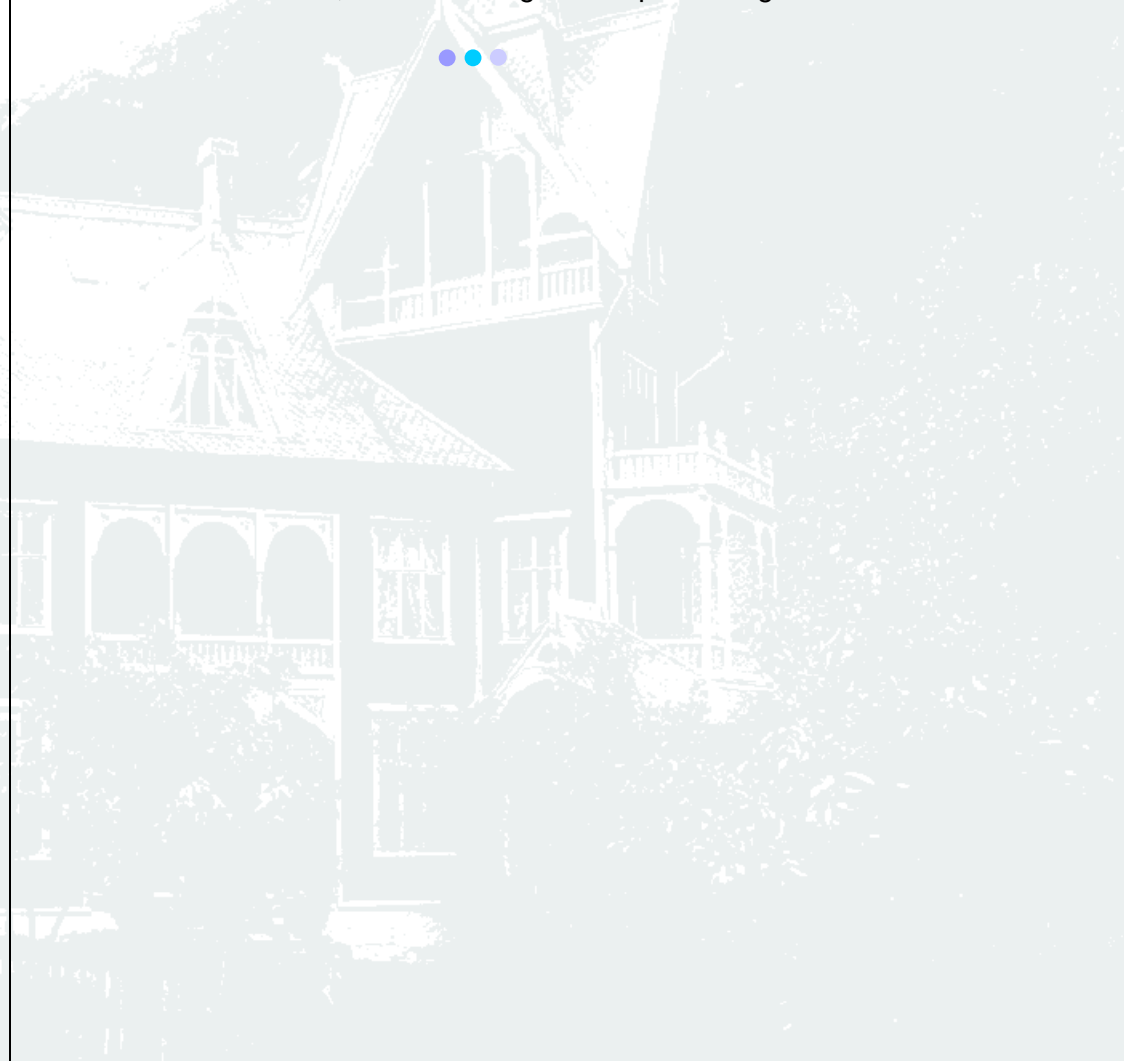
in the early twenties came the breakdown. The factory was broke, and it lay down for several years until new financing lifted it up again.



When I was born, a few years after the end of the second world war, a great period started in the life of my hometown, certainly due to the good historical frame conditions. This was a period of optimism, a national political consensus and general economic growth.



This was the period of national reconstruction after the war. For many years the country was governed by the labor party and it's leader Einar Gerhardsen, the «land father». Norway's focus during the fifties and the sixties was on reconstruction, increased material wealth and social inclusion, and little by little the material conditions improved all over the country. In particular in places like Odda the municipality was very wealthy, thanks to the huge income from the leases of the waterfalls, which were signed for quite a long term.





Czech Republic

Cieszyn - My Homeland

*Text: Gustaw Morcinek, translated by Mateusz Kmet'
Photo: Marian Siedlaczek*

The landscape is sometimes like a human face. One is impoverished, wrinkled by suffering with faded look. Another one is thoughtful, introverted and melancholic. The face is also harsh and proud. And yet another is different, as different and vary as various human faces can be.

But landscape which is like a smile of a young girl when she dreams of a first love, there are not many lands like this. One of them is Land of Cieszyn.

According to the legend it began in a peculiar way. When God decided to make it, He did not say a word, he only smiled. And from His smile this land arose...



About the founding of Cieszyn

*Text: based on Józef Ondrusz's book „A miraculous bread“, translated by Norbert D. bkowski
Photos: Marian Siedlaczek*



In the days of Prince Leszek, he made his abode in a wooden city somewhere on the Polish lands. The good lord ruled his people fairly. Three sons, Bolko, Leszko, and Cieszko, were the the venerable princely couple's pride and joy. The inhabitants of the city truly held the young lads dear. They sympathetically shut their eyes to the princes' frolics who would oftentimes cause quite a disturbance in the quiet life of the city.

Years passed. The three inseparable pranksters grew up into courageous warriors and skilful hunters. Together with their attendants, they spent more and more time hunting, thus exploring the local forests. They felt in the primeval forest at home. Only when they were exhausted, did they go back to the parental city with their kill - only for a short rest.

One July night Prince Leszek, unable to fall asleep, went to the top of the tower of his castle for some fresh air. The sight of the starless night sky, as well as the howling of the wind tossing the trees in the

dense forest that surrounded the castle, filled the Lord with calmness. The pale glimmer of the moon brought out from the darkness the silhouette of the old Prince, sunk in thought.

Suddenly, in the western sky, he noticed three shimmering stars. Their abrupt appearance on that otherwise starless night perplexed him immensely... Perhaps it was some kind of a sign from the gods? For a while he studied the twinkling stars, he thought about his sons: Bolko, Leszko, and Cieszko. 'Three stars, just like my three,' thought the Prince. 'Maybe they point out their future, in an unknown and distant country...'

After a moment of meditation, he ordered his guards to fetch the boys to the tower. He showed the stars twinkling in a distance to the half-asleep lads and he said to them,

'There are three stars, just as there are three of you. It is the gods that are giving me a sign. As soon as the dawn comes, you will set off in those directions, all three of you. When the leaves fall from the trees, pray come back. Leave now and have your attendants woken up. Let them make preparations for the journey, because the new day will break soon.'

At daybreak Bolko, Leszko, and Cieszko, together with their parties of attendants and fully equipped, bade farewell to the Prince and Princess and set out for the West. When they had ridden a little from the city, each of them followed a different path.



After two days of their wandering, in the evening, the customary signals that each of the brothers gave by blowing their horns, stopped reaching the others. The roaming parties of Bolko, Leszko, and Cieszko moved away from each other and yet, the brothers blew their hunting horns time and again, hoping to hear the familiar signal somewhere in a distance.

They pressed on, each venturing deeper and deeper into the dense forest. The days of roaming, full of adventures, passed quickly. In the rays of the sun the leaves started to show a play of autumn colors, reminding each of the princes about the promise, made to their father, that they would return to the city in autumn. They were each beginning to lose hope of meeting another of their brothers' parties.

One day Leszek reached a small river. He decided that they would follow its course in their further journey. That day the riders had not come across a spring as yet and they could not quench their thirst with the waters of the river that was muddy due to the rain.

While ploughing their way through the underbrush of the forest, they came near a hill. The prince went ahead of his party and set off towards the hill in order to play the tune that was familiar to Bolko and Cieszko. The three Princes had persisted in playing it every day, with no response, however.

Leszko also thought resignedly that it would not be sooner than in the autumn that he would see his brothers, that is, when they all got back to the home city. He went off at a great pace towards the summit, at the same time thinking about the whereabouts of Bolko and Cieszko and what adventures they had endured.

Then, below him at the foot of the hill, he sighted a small spring. He descended and dismounted from his horse to drink some water. The spring water tasted delicious. He summoned his thirsty party. The surroundings of the springlet were beautiful and the wanderers were hungry and tired. Therefore Leszek ordered a stopover. They would rest in that place till the following day.

He himself, extremely tired, took a nap, having forgotten to call Bolko and Cieszko. But, before evening fell, he remembered his resolution. He went to the top of the hill and blew his horn to the four corners of the world. To his surprise, shortly afterwards, somewhere from a distance a weak but familiar sound of a hunting horn came. Leszko, delighted at this, and sensing the coming of one of his brothers, ordered his party to make a big bonfire and to roast deer for supper.

The sound reaching them from the woods became clearer. Leszek's party was waiting impatiently. Finally, to the joy of everybody, Bolko's party emerged from the darkening thicket. There was no end to the greetings. Yet, what preyed on everybody's mind was the fate of the youngest prince, Cieszko.

While both parties were resting at the spring, Bolko's scouts combed the area on the other side of the river. Before the sunset approaching clip-clops of horses' hooves were heard from the opposite bank.

But it was not Bolko's people coming back. The camp became bustling with life. A numerous party were approaching. 'Enemy or friendly?' – everybody wondered. In the receding daylight it was hard to discern the commander.

The one riding in front dismounted from his horse and came closer. His joyful laughter and words of greeting sounded oddly familiar. It was only then that Bolko and Leszko recognized that the newcomer was ... Cieszko himself!

The three brothers were beside themselves with joy. They all listened to Cieszko's story about a distant and mountainous country that he and his party had roamed for many days. That evening he had already chosen a place for the night.

Although the dusk had been growing, Cieszko's party, having learned that the scouts had come across Bolko's people who were examining the area, hurried to meet the other two.



Bolko, Leszko, and Cieszko were equally surprised and delighted at their meeting after the long time of their separation. Happy, they hugged each other for a long time and they told stories about their experiences till dawn.

In the morning Leszko, on behalf of his brothers, addressed all three parties in the following way,

'We have decided that we will go no further. We will rest here, beside the spring, and when the sun rises for the third time, we will go towards the city. But we will return here in the Spring. We will come here with more people and, in eternal memory of our happy meeting, we will build a fortress on this very hill and a town that we will call Cieszyn (for "joy" or "happiness" - Joytown), because we are all very happy at our meeting.'

Český Těšín / Cieszyn - one city in two countries



*Text: Marta Krne
Photo: Marian Siedlaczek*

Tesin lies on the edge of the Silesian Beskidy Mountains on the banks of the Olza River, at an elevation of about 300m above sea level. The inhabitants of the original fortified site belonged to the Lusatian culture. In the years from 1287 to 1653 Tesin was the capitol town of a principality under the rule of the Piast Dynasty (Mieszko I).

A "Religious Order" issued in 1568 confirmed the Evangelical religion of the Augsburg Confession in the town and principality. In 1610, the Counter-Reformation. In 1653 Tesin came under the rule of the Czech kings – the Habsburgs. After a great fire in 1789, the town was rebuilt. An industrial quarter arose on the left bank of the Olza River.

In 1826, the Chamber of Tesin was established. At the time the objects on Chateau Hill were rebuilt.

The revolutionary events of 1848 aggravated social and national problems. At the end of the First World War, the Polish National Council of the Duchy of Tesin (Ducatus Tessinensis). In January



1919 – an attack by the Czech Army. In 1920 – Tesin Silesia as well as the town of Tesin was divided by a state border on the basis of a decision by the Council of Ambassadors in Paris.

The western suburbs became an independent town called Český Těšín. The tenement buildings and public facilities built after 1920 following the Art Nouveau are in perfect harmony with older edifices, such as the railway station or the printing house (1806). The period of Hitler's occupation followed. After the war, a border once again divided the town.

Fortunately the recent transformations have enabled more and more contacts between the inhabitants dwelling on both banks of the Olza River which is becoming the river that unites rather than separates.





There is much history in Wales...

Text and Photos: Ric Foot

Wales it is a country within a country and rightly regarded as an integral part of the United Kingdom, but it wasn't always like that. Today Wales is fiercely proud of its identity and heritage which was born out of the continual struggle against many different rulers and invaders who wanted to plunder its rich natural resources and subdue its warlike peoples. Today it is struggling to make its way in the modern world we live in and is seeking to govern itself, but still be part of the UK. Its traditional heavy industries have largely gone and communication and infrastructural difficulties caused by its beautiful but rugged scenery make it difficult for modern industries to replace them, so this is a period of great change and readjustment for its people. It is far from the prosperity of London and the South East of England and it has few contemporary resources. As such, it is a poor region of the UK, but a beautiful, quiet and understated one that is very attractive for holiday makers and people wanting a quiet place to live.

For this article (apologies to proper historians) and for my area in West-Wales in particular, history will start with the Iron-Age Celts and the Romans.

The Tywi Valley is a natural route through the hills and mountains of this area and has much fertile land and good clean water in it as well. As such it has always been a good place to live, but inevitably it became the focus of attention for many invaders throughout the ages. Across the valley from my house in Llansadwrn is the huge

Bronze and Iron-Age hill fort of Garn Goch, the home of the Celtic tribe that inhabited this part of Wales ... and even closer to Jo in Caio are the Roman gold mines at [Dolaucothi](#). As in North Wales, the Iron age settlements and their priests the Druids, held out against the Roman invaders for many years after the original landings in England, but eventually the lure of the gold, tin and copper mines in this area and the natural route down the Tywi Valley to the sea at Carmarthen proved too much and the Romans came to exploit its resources, especially the gold! They established a line of forts to protect the roman road they built through the valley to the river estuary at Carmarthen and many towns and settlements sprung up along the road.

Llandovery, Llandeilo and Carmarthen became towns on the Roman road and Carmarthen, has become our county town. It also has many associations with Merlin the mythical Druid Priest who came from this area and who protected King Arthur. Even though the Romans came to Wales to plunder its natural resources, they also brought many benefits with them as well. Their culture, language and writing, plus 'modern' methods of farming, much technology and architecture and of course, warfare with the most efficient fighting machine the world had seen, the Roman Legions.

However nothing lasts for ever and the Romans left to be followed by the Saxons. It is thought that the chaos in this period of history gave rise to the legends of Merlin, King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table, but it is only legend. Though much of Britain was settled by the pagan Saxons, the Celtic Christian-Church survived in



the West and this was the age of Saints Dyfrig, Illtud, Teilo, Padarn and David (Dew, the patron saint of Wales). It is from this time that the Welsh word Llan appears, signifying a church settlement. My village is Llansadwrn, a village around the Church of Saint Sadwrn.

An important figure to emerge was Gruffudd ap Llywelyn, the only Welsh ruler to unite all the ancient kingdoms of Wales. He brought peace to the warlike peoples of Wales and reached agreement with Edward the Confessor, the last Saxon King of England which prevented much death and destruction. After Edward's death the Normans invaded England and brought much change and strife to these isles. However the Normans were not all bad, and it is thanks to Norman writers such as Geoffrey of Monmouth and Gerald of Wales that the glories of Welsh literature became known to the world.



Welsh rulers came and went, but figures such as Owain Gwynedd and Madog ap Maredudd gradually freed the Welsh from Norman rule and the kingdoms of Wales once again began to establish themselves in their own right. In our area Llywelyn ap Gruffydd Fychan and Twm Siôn Cati are notable figures as is the lady of the Lake at Llyn y Fan Fach. Llywelyn ap Gruffydd Fychan was a Welsh landowner who aided yet another rebellion against an English king, this time Henry the IV and there is a statue in Llandoverly to him which marks the spot of his gruesome execution for crimes against the crown. Twm Siôn Cati is said to have been a Welsh Robin Hood and a local cave was his hideout and the Lady of the Lake is a figure of local legend.



Indeed the Welsh were so troublesome that successive English rulers built many impressive castles on seemingly every strategic rock and river crossing in Wales to protect their Barons, Lords and land owners and the trade routes along and across the many valleys in Wales. Because of their natural strategic value these sites had often been fortified since the beginning of time and there are many fine archaeological finds to be seen in our local museums. In the Tywi Valley alone there are castles and forts every few miles at Llandoverly, Llangadog, Dynefwr, Dryslwyn, Carreg Cennen, Carmarthen and Llansteffan. Plus, there are other local castles at Ammanford, Kidwelly and Laugharne. The castle at Carreg Cennen is perched on a huge rock outcrop high above the river Twyi and if you think about the investment in man-power and materials alone needed to build such a castle, the Welsh really were a most troublesome lot. However the various rebellions were duly crushed and history then quietens down for many years, apart from the odd Crusade or two that is!

Apart from mechanising farming, the Industrial Revolution largely passed our area by as the valley has few industrial resources. The gold at Dolaucothi was largely mined out and we didn't have the coal mining and iron and steel production that changed the South Wales valleys further to the east and the deep coal mines in Ammanford to the south of us. Livestock farming was the dominant industry in the

area and many of the old routes through the hills and valleys became Drovers Trails. The Drovers bought and sold huge numbers of beasts as they walked them from one market town to another on the way to London and the other newly expanding cities. These populations were rapidly expanding as new industries grew at this time and they needed to be fed.

As the drovers traded, they needed to issue promissory notes to their customers and securely store their money and this led to the establishment of the first modern banks in our area. Llandovery stood at the junction of three droving routes from Pembrokeshire, Carmarthenshire and Cardiganshire to London and it was here that David Jones, a local drover, set up the Black Ox Bank in the King's Head public house 1799. This is now part of Lloyd's Bank. (It is the King's Head that we use as our headquarters for Grundtvig meetings.)

Next of significance were troubles in the 19th century with the imposition of toll roads by land owners that lead to the Rebecca Riots with drovers and farmers disguised as women destroying toll gates and houses, but even so the character of the countryside in the Tywi valley changed little with its small towns and rural communities. Indeed this area is so rooted in its history that the West-Wales dialect of the Welsh language remains strong in the valley and is still taught in local schools today.

With regard to industry, further south and east of the Tywi Valley, the South-Wales valleys were world famous for high quality coal (my



Grandpa was a Welsh Miner in the valleys) and although Swansea to the south of us was the world centre of copper and tin-plate production during the industrial revolution and there are still steel-works at Port Talbot, these heavy industries have mostly gone now. Because of its beauty and fertility of our valley, we also have many big houses, where the landed gentry and the newly rich industrialist came to live far away from the dirt, grime and squalor of the workers in the cities that sprung up around their factories. The wholesale slaughter of the 1st World War saw an end to this way of life and many of these houses have now gone, but their legacy is clear to see and it is possible to visit many of them today and wonder at the splendour so much money could buy!

Today there is still some industry in Swansea and Llanelli but very little in the Tywi Valley itself and therein lies a problem, how do people live? Farming is hard because of the weather, (it rains a lot in West-Wales) and the only crop that grows well here is grass, so cows and sheep it is. But with farming now highly mechanised and prices low, today's farms only support a few families. So that just leaves tourism ... and it is said most folk in the Tywi Valley today either farm sheep or tourists!

For modern families the area is too far from anywhere to be easy commuting territory so it has retained its gentle rural feel without the hustle and bustle of life today. We do have a railway, the Heart of Wales railway which runs from Shrewsbury in England, through the valley to Llandovery, on to Llandeilo and then to Swansea, but this single track line with its numerous halts and stations belongs to a gentler era of travel. We also have the end of the M4 Motorway at Ammanford, but the traffic from this largely passes us by on its journey to the tourism hotspots of Tenby and Pembrokeshire and the ferry ports to Ireland.

So apart from the A40 from Pembrokeshire to Brecon and beyond, little disturbs the peace and tranquillity of the Towy Valley. It is truly the garden of Wales, a green and pleasant land, but one stuck in a time-war between its industrial cousins further south and east, the mountains of the north and the tourist honey spots to the west. Long may it last!



History of Termon

*Text: Extracts from Guided Trails in Kilmacrennan – Margaret Carton, Mary T Mc Grenra
Photos: Archives of Craoibhin*

Termon means sanctuary land and Termon dates back to St Colmcilles tome when his brother in law Nenan set apart as monastic land and tract north of Kilmacrennan, including Doon rock and impressed on it the sacred charter of Termon.

Inside Termon chapel is a carved stone mitred head, one of three which were removed from the old protestant church in Kilmacrennan to be built into the new one around 1840-1846, they were taken at night by the Termon people to build into their new church which was erected at about the same time, the protestants suspecting where the stones had gone sent the police to get them back but the Termon people had buried them and they were not found until about 1920



when one was found in Murrays Field opposite the chapel. From 1920-1960 it lay in the sacristy and was moved inside the church during the reconstruction when the old sacristy was demolished.

Meanwhile the church front was adorned with 3 substitute mitred heads carved out of Barnes limestone a temporary measure until the rumpus would die down and they are still there at the corners of the triangular windows over the porch. The old Mitred head should now be permanently mounted in the Church.

Doon Rock & Doon Well

At Doon Well, which is a rocky hill near the Court Tomb (4000-5000 years old) , Doon Rock is the heather covered hill it is classified as an inland promontory fort and these monuments date from eh first 1000





years AD, at the top of this rock is where many years ago throngs of people gathered for the inauguration of successive generation of O Donnell Chieftains, the last being Niall Garbh, Cousin of Hugh Roe (Red Hugh) inaugurated in 1603. He died in the tower of London in 1626. It is believed that the O Donnells were inaugurated by a priest of the O Friel family who were closely linked by foster ship to St Colmcille * (See Myths & Legends Story) The civil ceremony took place here and the religious one at the friary, the kind of the fairies is said to live in a cave under Doon Rock.





History of the town of Egion

Text: Vana Bentevi
Photo: Thanos Spyropoulos

Egion is the capital of Egialia province (Achaia prefecture). It is a seaside town at the Corinthian Gulf, 175 km from Athens and 38 km from Patras. Egion has about 25.000 inhabitants.

It is built on a plain of the hill about 50m above sea level, its natural harbour with new installations and many old buildings of stone, old warehouses and factories which have been renewed one by one and changed into very nice café/bars, restaurants, tavernas, clubs, discotheques etc. Unfortunately some of these old buildings were brought down following the plans of remodelling the seashore area which started in 1975, while G. Panagopoulos was Lord Mayor; nowadays the works almost come to an end. At the sea side are the remainings of the old soap factory ETEL and the papermill, which were very important for Egion's economy during the blooming of the trade. In one of this building the TEI university of Egion is installed. The most important of the sea side part of the town is the plane tree of Pausanias with the 12 fountains in front of the touristical kiosk. But the jewel of the city of Egion is the church Panagia Tripiti, which seemed to be half dug in the rocks surrounded by hanging gardens with flowers of all different sort and colors. This sudden almost straight steep rock separates the lower from the higher city ornamented with staircases and a tunnel which leads from the sea shore to the higher city. Also the beautiful stone padded road, which starts from the roots of the rock near the Archaeological museum and ends at the sea side. Following the road towards the East at the end of the beach is a beautiful wetland of Alikis. The whole winter

many rare species of birds stay for the winter. Naturally one of the most interesting sights of the town. At the opposite part of the beach there are two sailing clubs with yachts, sailing - and fishing boats. Important is also the new harbor of Egion which recently the changes were finished. Very spacious and practical.

Egion: The etymology of the word "A" comes from the ancient Greek verb " " which means shake strong and is referred to the movements of the sea-waves. According to the Greek mythology Egion took its name from the goat (" ") which Zeus (father God of ancient Greek religion) suckled. Another aspect says that it causes the mythological king " ", father of Thysea. Nevertheless the most realistic opinion is that the word " , which means the land along the sea, gave the name " . The region Egialia got its name from the king of Sicyonas who ruled over the area from Sicyon until Olympia.

Around 3.000 B.C. the first inhabitants of the area were the Aegialian Pelasgians. During the reign of the last king of Egialia, Selinous (about 1.400 B.C.) the Ionians from Attica invaded the area. Their king Ion married the daughter of Selinous, Eliki. The Ionians were accepted in the end, therefore the region was called Achaia. Egion during those times reached a very high standard of living. The city was so important that it was here about 1.100 B.C. that Agamemnon called together a meeting with all the Hellenes (Greek armed forces) to decide about the Trojan war.



A very important building in Aeghion at that time was the temple of Omagiriou Dios (eus the protector of migyris).

During the 8th century B.C. the larger region of Achaia was divided into 12 member cities with federal relation between them : Pellini, Aigheira, Aigies, Voura, Eliki. Aeghio, Ripes, Patrai, Phares, Olenos, Dimi and Tritaia. Eliki was the religious center, where they sacrificed to the (This was the Community of the Achaians.

At this time also 2 Ahaean colonies Croton and Sybaris were settled in Southern Italy.

When however Eliki was completely destroyed by the earthquake of 373 BC it was decided that Aeghion would be the religious center and sacrifices were made in favour of Omargyrio D and Panachaiki Dimitra.



That is how Egion was selected as capital of the Aghaeen League and the whole history coincides with this, until in 303 BC when Dimitris Poliorkitis (greek king of Macedon) conquered the town. However in 287 B.C. the 2nd Achaean League was founded and again Egion was in a period of wealth and calmness until in 146 B.C. when the Romans enslaved the capital.

In 23 AD Aeghion was demolished by a strong earthquake, that is why the Romans id not collect taxes for 4 years.

During the Byzantine period Egion again was part of the major region of Achaia, without particular progress or improvement (like the whole of Greece).

Around the middle of the 6th century AD with the invasion of slaves in the Peloponnese, Egion got the name of Vostitsa, without ever losing its official name. The name Vostitsa was also used during the years of the Frankish occupation.

In 1209, it became a Barony of the Principality of Achaeia with Governor Hugh I of Charpigny. But the occupation of the Franks did not last long, as in 1422 the Bishop of Mistras, Theodore Paliologo conquered Aeghion. His brother Constantine Paliologos (who was also the last Byzantine emperor of the larger area, just before heleft for Constantinople.

In 1461, Aeghion succumbed to the Turkish occupation, and started a long dark period of decadence. During the time of the Turkish occupation Egion became more and more an agricultural area, it did not have any particular interest in reference to the Ottoman Empire, therefore the presence of Turkish elements here was of no importance. During a short period of time from 1687 until 1715 it was occupied by the Venetians.

During the years before the revolution, prevailing citizens and officers came together to prepare the Nation for the Revolution. During the battle, the people of Vostitsa conquered the Turks several times (especially in Kounina, Tripia and Valimitika). The most serious resolutions/decisions of the beginning of the century have been made on the 26-30 January 1821 at the Meeting

of Vostitsas the “Filiki Eteria” (or Society of Friends), whose purpose was to overthrow the Ottoman rule of Greece.



Grigorios Dikaios or Papaflesas also participated as a represent of the Filiki Etairia.

The most important period is around the beginning of the 18th century when the Greeks started their revolution against the Turks after 400 years of slavery. It became the centre of the revolution. Secret meetings, councils and decisions took place in little churches and monasteries. About 1805 the great English poet and eager friend of Greece Lord Byron visited Egion. (Byron died in Greece in 1824).

The beginning of the revolution was on the 20th March 1821. The first flag of the revolution was red with a black cross on it.

On the 21st March 1821, Andreas Londos was the first person who raised the flag of the revolution against the Turks. He fought several battles with his own army and stopped the remaining troops of Dramali after the victory of Dervenakia.

Again he was one of the chief fighters of the revolution of September 3rd 1843, aiming at King Othona's concession for a constitution.

Dimitrios Meletopoulos, Sotiris Charalambis, Leon Messinezis, Ioannis Feyzopoulos and other Aigian leaders distinctively marked the same period, but during the Othoniki epoch.



At the end of the 19th century and until the 2nd World War Aeghion with as most important export black currants became a wealthy blooming city cultural as well as economical. The way of life of the inhabitants followed the life style of the bigger cities not only in Greece, but also abroad. Big houses were built by the best architects, very well known in Europe, as Ernst Ziller and Hanser. They even started a school, where many Greeks were studying and continue their work. The Holy Metropolis Panagia Faneromeni in the center of Egion was built following the drawings of Ernst Ziller. The church Panagia Isodion was built (from 1862-1864), following the designs of Ernst Ziller as well. A nice neoclassical building is the market, also designed by Ziller and maybe another building was his too (Gatio).

This was the period that big houses were built.

When in 1891 Prime-minister Charilaos Trikoupis visited Egion he brought with him legislations in favour of the currants and their export trade. During those times Egion lost some basic elements of its identity and tradition. The foreign way of life, behavior and culture were signs of economic wealth which marked the Egion people as Bourgeoisie like in Europe at the same time. Late evening parties at their homes with either music (songs) or just discussion were very much in fashion, as well as the waltz, music from Vienna. Modern music overruled the traditional local expression, in dance, song, way of dressing, etc. The Egion people considered their origin no more important and threw away their identity cards.



The trade of the raisin



*Text: Vana Bentevi
Photos: Thanos Spyropoulos*

The cultivation of the raisin started in our region Egialia, about the middle of the 18th century. This cultivation was extended after the Greek revolution of 1821. Vostitsa was the Venetian name of Egion. So the black raisin with the trade mark "Vostitsa" was created as a trade mark quality product. It was one of the main exported products and contributed to the 2/3 in the Greek economy.

In this region there was a big raisin industry. During the great years 1880-1903 the production was exported to England, Germany, and Holland and even to America. By the end of the 19th century the raisin trade started to diminish, because countries as Italy and France had a high production too. England, the main customer, was interested in buying the raisin from these nearer countries. Later the 1st world war came... Gradually until the 2nd world war all this trade activity and prosperity was over.



A great number of tradesmen were involved bringing modern machinery. New improved methods were used in the cultivation, as well as in the process of the production and trade. The raisin merchants became very wealthy. They built imposing houses and large stone made warehouses by the sea in the area of the port. A lot of seasonal workers, especially women, sorted out and packed the raisins. At that time the port of Egion became well known all over Europe. A number of these raisin businessmen became politicians and donators of Egion. Some of them were Diomidis, Polychroniadis, who had the best manufacture, John Petropoulos who had a branch office in London and Constantinos Arvanitis who established "Emporonaftiki", the largest company of Greece.



In Egion there were also two large industries. First a **paper mill industry** and second the soap industry that stopped between 1970-1980. The paper mill, the greatest in the East had the most modern equipment from Sweden. Experts from Sweden, Norway and Germany worked to install and organize the industry. Later in 1937, more improved equipment was bought from Austria. During its glorious days there were 500 day and night workers and the production was 12.000 tons of paper in a year. Unfortunately it finally

stopped in 1980. The **soap industry** was smaller but gave work and prosperity to many people. These industries were by the seaside and close to the port of Egion.



There were also some smaller industries as olive mills (which still work), wheat mills, wine industries, even silk manufacturers. About 1930 there was a remarkable tobacco industry. Even a leather industry from Antwerp existed in Egion until 1920.

Only two raisin manufactures exist still in our town today. One of them is private "Kouniniotis" and the other is a cooperative one. The old raisin manufactures along the port are now changed into restaurants or cafeterias.

Nowadays there are quite a lot olive mills, wine industries, and two well known sweet industries.



How Siekierki came to Warsaw

Text: Dominik Gadomski
Photos: Archives of Doro karnia
Map: Katarzyna Krasowska

In the 16th century (or maybe even earlier), when Warsaw was still a small town squeezed between the ramparts, far south, behind Solec, beyond the forest, at the Vistula river there were two villages: Great Siekierki and Small Siekierki. Their early history has now been totally forgotten and we will never learn what their inhabitants were like. We can be sure though that Warsaw was not in their reach. Indeed, in old Warsaw there were fairs where the inhabitants from nearby villages could sell their agricultural produce and surely many of the peasants from Siekierki did so. But a medieval town – even as small as



Warsaw – belonged to a very different world than the village. In order to feel a part of Warsaw, to be under the municipal law, you had to gain citizenship, to which only the owners of the houses at Piwna, wi toja ska and other streets of today's Old Town were entitled. The inhabitants of Siekierki had their own troubles and occupations. Perhaps already then they cultivated wicker? That is quite possible. What we do know for sure is that every year they had to fight with the overflows of the Vistula river. When I think of the medieval Siekierki, I imagine it as quiet and languid as today.

Such a calm and peaceful village was bought by a great noble – Stanisław Herakliusz Lubomirski – under the rule of King John III Sobieski (with all of the today's southern Warsaw). Unfortunately, he did not build a baroque palace or a temple in Siekierki, only a pavilion. The inhabitants of Siekierki must have known Lubomirski as the founder of the Church of Saint Anthony and of the Observants' monastery in nearby Czerniaków. Most of them probably did not know his poetry in Latin.

Lubomirski died in 1702. 18 years later the village found an even more distinguished owner – His Majesty Augustus II Wettin. The king never visited Siekierki and passed unnoticed throughout its history. Aleksandra Potocka was quite a different story. In 1864 she signed a document (which exists to this very day!) on the manumission of peasants. 25 years later, when the 10th volume of the “Geographical Dictionary of the Polish Kingdom and other Slavic Countries” was published, Great and Small Siekierki had 358 inhabitants. However, even with a big manor farm adjacent to the village, it was only a small dot between Solec, Czerniaków and the earth fort “Augustówka” built by the Russians as an element of the fortifications surrounding Warsaw. It is indeed important to mention the Russians!

So far we have not spoken about the period in the history of the Republic of Poland when it disappeared from the map. We omitted that aspect for a good reason, as most of the inhabitants at that time did not take part in the events connected with the Partition of Poland, the battles of the Napoleonic period and the national uprisings in the nineteenth century. They were busy with other things: wicker cultivation, farming, fighting floods... The outbreak of the First World

War and the entering of the Germans into Warsaw were distant from their everyday lives, as if such events were a different reality.



All the more surprising therefore is the decision taken in 1916 to incorporate Great and Small Siekierki, which at that time had two thousand inhabitants, into Warsaw. That date should be highlighted in the chronicles, as it is the year in which the village situated at the Vistula bend ceased to exist and its inhabitants became the inhabitants of Warsaw! The milestones of history are rarely noticed by their witnesses. In 1935 a reporter of the "Gazeta Polska" magazine, who came to Siekierki, did not perceive it as Warsaw. What he saw were village roads running amongst potato fields and wooden cottages with roofs covered by moss. The independence of Siekierki echoes the loudest in the words of one of its inhabitants who said to the journalist: "Warsaw is over there. Here it's Siekierki". The natural border in the form of the Vistula escarpment defeated the lines drawn on paper by officials. In the interwar period, when buses and trams would only pass through the main streets of Warsaw (having a population of one million at that time), Siekierki was still far from the city centre. An inhabitant of Siekierki who wanted to reach the tramway at Czerniakowska street had to go through the same route that his ancestors took to get to the church fair at the Observants' at the time of king Sobieski.

Yet many things changed in the interwar period at Siekierki. The streets: Bartycka, Go ciniec and Polska were paved with cobbles (the stone was taken directly from the Orthodox Church which had disappeared from the Saski Square). The young district was given better access not only to electricity and drinking water but also to education. A primary school building, which exists to this very day, was opened two years before the last war. The most important addition to the future of Siekierki, however, was the construction of the Zawadowski embankment, which to this very day protects this area of the Vistula from flooding. Little is known about the farm and the manor which used to exist at Nadrzeczna street. Even less is known about the Jews of Siekierki. The oldest inhabitants do remember them, but nobody is able to tell me when the Jews had come to the Vistula bend. All we do know is when they left.

The Second World War changed everything. Had it not broken out, the mayor of Warsaw, Stefan Starzy ski, would have probably managed to build a sports complex for the newly planned Pilsudski District. Where today there is the sanctuary's tower there would have been a stadium, a pool, sport gymnasium and a harbour close to the Vistula. Starzy ski was not someone who would speak idly.



However, when the war broke out those ambitious plans were shattered. Already in 1939 the Nazi (not just the Germans) wrote a dark chapter in the history of Siekierki, displacing all the men to Wilanów and destroying a big part of the wooden housing in this quiet neighbourhood.

Life under the Nazi occupation was surely the most difficult test in the history of Siekierki. Two dates changed the district forever: the 3rd May 1943 and the 23rd August 1944. Such dates are impossible to forget. The first one is the date of the beginning of the apparitions of the Blessed Virgin Mary experienced by a young girl, Władysława Fronczak, for six years. The second one is the date of the most tragic sequence of days in the war history, when the Nazi killed over a hundred men and razed the neighbourhood to the ground. Those of the inhabitants of Siekierki who found themselves far away from their homes during the war, came back to a disastrous sight. While they were away, the wooden district had turned into smouldering ruins, and next to Bartycka street a large mound had been built from the rubble of Warsaw. Only six years ago it was named the Mound of the Warsaw Uprising.



In mid 1970-ties "The Warsaw Encyclopaedia" called Siekierki a "farming settlement", and the only building mentioned in the publication was the heat and power station, whose chimneys unpleasantly clashed with the Vistula landscape. For a long time Siekierki did not develop because of a misfortunate signature under a decree to nationalize Warsaw's grounds, which to this day makes the inhabitants' life difficult. Needless to say, that signature was placed by the Communist leader Bolesław Bierut.

For the sake of honesty it must be said that it was the grey, ordinary days of the People's Republic of Poland that united Siekierki with Warsaw more than anything else. It happened very simply through the bus line number 108 with which you could go as far as the Trzech Krzyży square. No need to change! That was like a beginning of a new era. Or a breath of the big city from the Downtown.

And what happened next with regard to the apparitions of the Blessed Virgin Mary reported by Władysława Fronczak at the time of the Nazi occupation? After the war Primate Stefan

Wyszyński, the head of the Polish clergy, wanted to build a church at Siekierki, but the Communist authorities opposed to that project. They were so defiant that when the Piarist Fr. Edward Szajor started his service at Siekierki, he had encounters with “unknown perpetrators”. It was not a good time for religious visions. It was only in 1988 that the construction of the church – the current Sanctuary of Our Lady Teacher of Youth – commenced. Its soaring tower overlooks Siekierki.

But the soaring tower of the sanctuary is not the only new building in this cosy district at the river curve. There is a Piarists' monastery here, an elementary school, a kindergarten and a junior secondary school. There are new houses, shops, sports fields, biking routes and bus stops. In place of the “Young People of Warsaw Club” there is a cultural community centre “Dorokarnia”.

And here, closer to the Vistula, there is an outdoor decorative element called the “Great Bench”, designed by children. There used to be a bathing beach there. And a small river used to pass there.

Mound of the Warsaw Uprising



*Text: Aleksandra Trzeciecka
Photos: Archives of Dorokarnia*

The history of that monument is almost as long as the history of the post-war city of Warsaw. The mound was built between the years 1946-1950 from the debris of the buildings of the Old Town demolished during the war. Stanisław Gruszczyński, an employee of the Warsaw Reconstruction Office (Biuro Odbudowy Stolicy /BOS/), suggested that the piled debris should become a mound commemorating the destroyed capital. He imagined the place as Warsaw's pantheon and in his vision he drew inspiration from the Kościuszko Mound in Kraków. However, the idea was soon dropped, and, consequently, in the place there remained a 120m tall pile of abandoned debris, with metal reinforcements sticking out of it in all directions from the fragments of ferroconcrete. Left to its fate, covered with clay and sand in the course of time, it became an abandoned spot, overgrown with wild plants.



The situation changed only in 1994, when the former participants in the Warsaw Uprising, united in the World Union of the Home Army Veterans (Światowy Związek Żołnierzy Armii Krajowej), managed to persuade the municipal authorities to give consent to erecting on the mound a monument described as “a sign to memorialize the Warsaw Uprising, which could become a substitute symbol of the Fighting Poland”. The legal situation of the plot of ground on which the mound was located was unclear, so it was supposed to be a temporary structure. The monument was designed by Eugeniusz Ajewski. At the top of the mound, on the surface paved with paving blocks, a fifteen meters tall monument was built. The structure was supported by two columns. Between them the dates of 1 August 1944 and 27 September 1944 were placed. On both sides of the anchor there were commemorative plaques. The first one was dedicated to the inhabitants of Warsaw and the Home Army (AK) soldiers who had perished between 1939 and 1944 and the second one – to the creator of the monument. The project was carried out by “Nex Pol”. Bogdan Jastrzebski and Zygmunt Danielewicz also devoted a lot of energy to the project.

The top of the mound was cleared by the soldiers from the Vistula Military Formation of the Ministry of the Internal Affairs of the Polish Army.

The official unveiling of the monument was to take place on 1 August 1994, on the 50th anniversary of the outbreak of the Warsaw Uprising. However the celebration did not take place: at the last moment the Committee lost its contractor. Soon after the rain made it impossible for the cement mixers and the trucks loaded with the material elements for the structure to drive uphill on the steep slope of the mound. The monument was unveiled a week later.

On that occasion a fire was lit with a flame which had solemnly been brought there by scouts from the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier in a relay walk. The anchor-monument was blessed by bishop Zbigniew Krzyszkowski, the chaplain of the veterans.

Unfortunately, in the following years the mound again sank into oblivion. The steel structure at the top of the mound slowly rusted and was occasionally vandalized. The redecoration of the monument was carried out as late as in the year 2000. At the top of the mound a flagpole with a Polish national flag was placed. At the



same time, the construction of a long passage of steps leading up to the top of the mound began there. By the way, here is an interesting fact: that passage of steps is the longest in Warsaw. It is 250m long, it has 400 steps and 40 landings. The City Council took a decision that the mound would be officially named the "Mound of the Warsaw Uprising".

Every year on the day of the anniversary of the Warsaw Uprising a relay walk reaches the Mound. Former participants of the Uprising, scouts, the city guards carry the Flame of Memory from the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier. The flame burns for 63 days.





THE BELL TOWER OF THE CHARITY ON PLACE ANTONIN PONCET

Text : Mariatou Daffé
photos : Musée Gadagne

Today's Place Antonin Poncet is located between the wide Place Bellecour and the left bank of the Rhône river. The Place bears the name of the doctor from Lyon Antonin Poncet (1849-1913) (who didn't practice in the Charity hospital, but in the Hôtel-Dieu hospital). On this place, there is a church tower of the former Charity hospital.

This structure is a non protected historical monument that belongs to the town and is located in the middle of the Presqu'île of Lyon, in the same suburb as the Charity.

In front of the flood of beggars within its walls, the municipality of Lyon resigned itself to create, in 1614, a hospice in order to accommodate them, named as the Charity hospital.

In French, an idiom equivalent to “It is the pot calling the kettle black” is “It the hospital laughing at charity” could come from here. It was more a hospice than a hospital.

The first building was constructed thanks to the donation of Jean Seve de Fromente, president of the treasurers of France in Lyon's Generality. The first stone of this building was set down on January 16th, 1617 with the inscription “Our Lady of the Charity”. The Charity hospital was created in 1633 and extended in the 18th century to

help the poorest population of the area. The Charity hospital was a place to welcome beggars, eldest people, orphans, incurable persons, and pregnant women.

Other cities didn't take a long time to follow this example and created then a similar establishment : Orleans in 1642, Marseille in 1643, Toulouse in 1647, Angoulême in 1650, Tours in 1656, Blois in 1657, Riom in 1658, Limoges in 1660. In Paris, after several unsuccessful attempts by royal power, the decree of April 27th, 1656 ordered the foundation of an analogous institution to the Charity's one, here called general hospital.



In 1804, the hospital installed the bell tower to allow distressed mothers to let their babies in. The plan of the Charity follows a checked pattern. This disposition favours the separation of the places for men, women, wet nurses, infirms, withdrawns, orphans and places for upkeep. These different categories of population led to a multiplication of the buildings which used the Charity as a model. The quadrilateral which closes the four yards is useful to walk.

Digs showed that foundation walls were in golden stones cemented by white mortar. They reveal the presence of a cellar placed side by side with the North frontage and a paved ground. According to the studies realized, the ground is composed of pebbles installed on a backfill that would maybe correspond to an extra-height of the area at the moment of the hospital construction.

The Charity hospital was deserted because of hygiene and dilapidation of the places, but also due to overpopulation of children. In 1908, after a visit to the Charity, the mayor decided not to use this place in order to eradicate contagious infections and overcome the lack of ventilation.

On July 26th, 1909, the will to construct a Post hotel in the city of Lyon generated a need of space in the city-centre. The demolition of the Charity started on Monday 6th August 1934. It gave way to the Post hotel.

HISTORY OF THE SILK REVOLT

Text : Gloria Reyes
Image : Musée Gadagne

Major revolts by silk workers in Lyon, France, known as the Canut revolts (French: Révolte des canuts) occurred in 1831, 1834 and 1848. They were among the first well-defined worker uprisings of the period known as the Industrial Revolution.

The first Canut revolt in 1831 was provoked by a bad economy and a resultant drop in silk prices, which caused a drop in workers' wages. In an effort to maintain their standard of living, the workers tried to see a minimum price imposed on silk.

The refusal of the manufacturers to pay this price infuriated the

workers, who went into open revolt, seizing the arsenal and repulsing the national guard and military in a bloody battle, leaving the insurgents in control of the town. The government sent Marshal Soult, a veteran of the Napoleonic Wars, at the head of an army of 20,000 to restore order. Soult was able to retake the town without any blood shed, and without making any compromises with the workers. Though some workers were arrested, all were eventually acquitted. The revolt ended, with the minimum price abolished and with the workers no better off.



The second Canut revolt in 1834 occurred in a prosperous economy that had caused a surge in workers' wages. Owners saw these wages as too high, so they attempted to impose a wage decrease. This combined with laws that oppressed republican groups caused the workers to rebel. The government crushed the rebellion in a bloody battle, and deported or imprisoned 10,000 insurgents.

A third insurrection occurred in 1848. Although it was as violent and was motivated by almost identical worker exploitation, 1848 was a year of revolution all over Europe and it did not acquire the same renown as that of 1831. Indeed, the revolt of 1831 encouraged many other worker revolts of the 19th century.

Story Savers

tell your story, make history!



Social Change

The storyteller's story

Text: Jan Gravdal and Oivind H. Solheim
Photos: Jan Gravdal

There is a man sitting in a house in Odda, in a room overlooking the bay, a man who tells stories from large and small events in Odda. He has named his blog «Oddajangen» and he has had a long working life as a journalist and writer. In 2007, he was hit by a powerful brain stroke, and after an initial recovery period, he was for a while dependent on a wheelchair to come out and around in the local community.

Jangen is the type of man who does not give himself over. He struggled up from the wheelchair and can now walk again. Jangen has in recent years started an impressive storytelling project with his blog, where he publishes almost daily ever new stories about people who have lived or are living in the community of Odda. He has these years published more than 800 stories in his blog, and this year he released a selection of his internet stories in paper book format, to

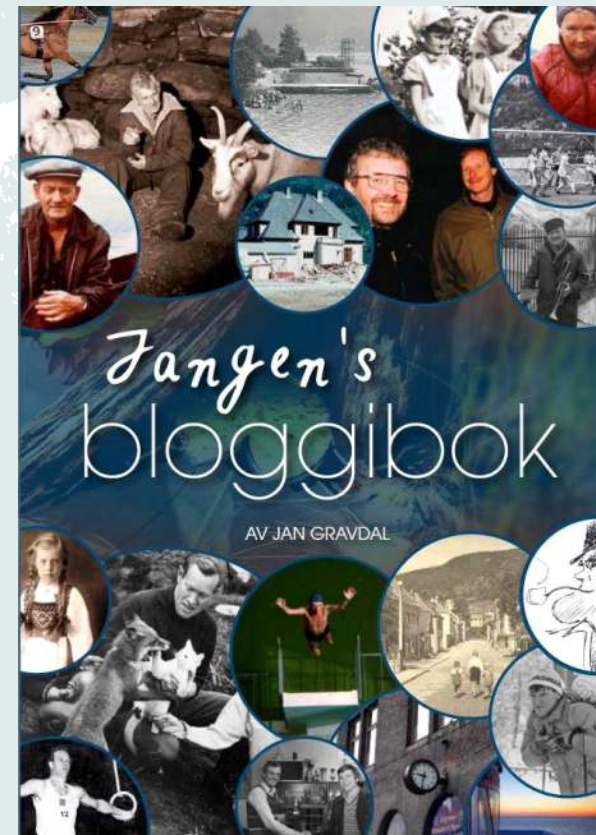


the delight of the many who are not on the internet. Here is Jangen's story with his own words:

„Close to Oddajangen”(2011)

The years go fast. It's been nine years since I quit Haugesund Avis (The Haugesund Journal). The very best working years I have had. I started in 1970 and worked with Haugesund Avis until 2004 .

Now it's different. Retirement age became busy enough. Book about Tyssefaldene, a giant bang (cerebral hemorrhage) in 2007, one year of rehabilitation (an amazing rehab in Odda). Participated in a book in 2009, wrote "The Other Harding " which came out last fall and writing - mostly - daily for my blog. "Oddajangen."



Became grandfather for the seventh time and great-grandfather for the first and second time in 2010 and in 2012. The cerebral hemorrhage was important and was not possible to operate. I was driving around with the electric chair at 9.9 kilometers per hour, but walking more and more. Speaking roughly clean. On Friday nights I lie down in my special bed, have a glass of red wine, ok two, watching the Golden Numbers (Lotto) on the national tv channel, NRK, watching the talkshow *Thomas and Harald* on TV2 and ... snoring , snoring. I'm afraid the rest disappears into the dark of night.

I started the blog to tell and at the same time preserve the stories from our little part of the world. But it has become more and more local politics. I have since 1970 followed Odda politics, I think I have some idea what 's going on. What has happened in recent years - behind the scenes - is not particularly beautiful. If everything came up in the light, there is much evidence to suggest that some political careers would get in serious trouble.

Some probably think that I'm a little too direct, but it's my way of saying things. Moreover, I believe that politicians should accept critical eyes. There should always be a critical focus on the politics conducted.

The Smelter, year 2008



Text and Photos: Oivind H. Solheim

I am watching a wreck,
a sleeping cyclope,
a fallen giant.

Born 1906 - or was it 1908?
-It took two years to build.
Then a short century of Life:
Work,

production,
work conflicts,
strikes and factory closure in the 1920-ies,
depression in the 1930-ies,
wartime occupation in the early 1940-ies,
new prosperity in the 1950-ies and the 60-ies
- this Smelter, cornerstone of
the modern
welfare society.



For almost one hundred years
the Smelter provided work
to hundreds of men and
housing, food, clothing and a decent life
to their families.

Then, 2003, finally it is over -
no longer viable:
«Get rid of it!»
«Tear the whole shit down!»

But why are they so hateful, these who say:
«Get it down!»

«Get it away, this shit!»
Why this blind anger?
Why?

I am watching a wreck,
a sleeping giant,
a fallen cyclope.



Think about it -
for nearly one hundred years
the Smelter provided income,
life and welfare
to all these families in Odda.

Why not let imagination play?
Why not try to think a little?

Can it be used for something,
this old Smelter and the history linked to it?



Can it still be useful -
this fallen giant
this cyclope
this mammoth
this tired monster
this herculean -
our exhausted elephant





- and all
the stories
behind this huge,
dirty, carbide smelling,
fallen giant's body -
can it be used for something?

Why such hatred erupts? -
«Tear the whole shit down.»
What is this, actually?

One silent, rainy October Sunday
I climbed in there again,
I was walking up there
on the platform
under the huge rooftop and
I read this inscription
in the soot black window:

Yes,
then I was thinking:
What
was their life,
«small Lars and tiny Kari».
- How
was their life,
and what happened
further?



The history locally is in a way a kind of walk in the ruins...



Text: Jan Gravdal (Jangen)
Photos: Øivind H. Solheim, N.V.I.M.

Odde, Norway



The history locally...





... is in a way...



... a kind of walk in the ruins ...





... of the buildings ...



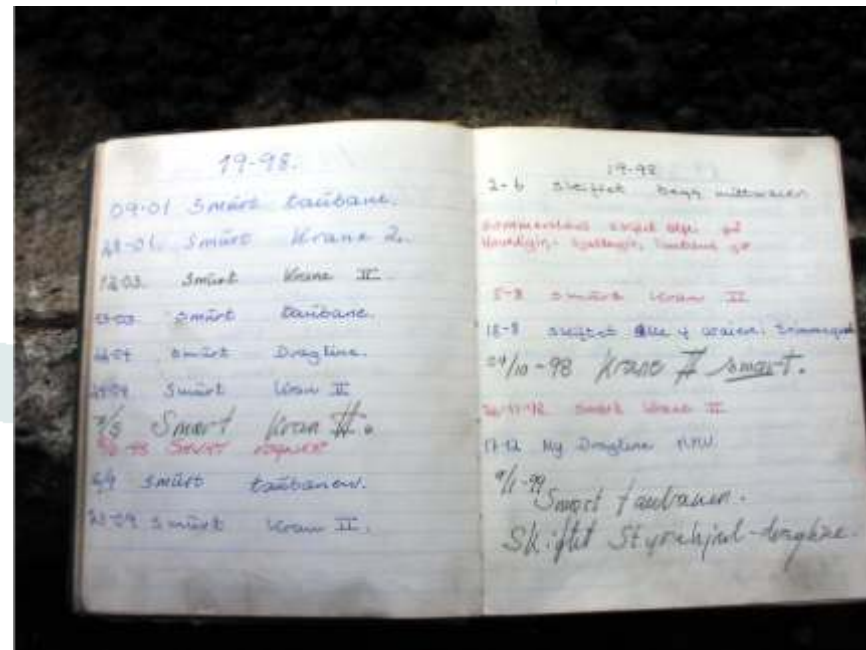
... we should have taken care of.





Something has happened.

Those who have never understood



what our heritage is, ...





... who do not understand that buildings ...

... are more than four walls and a roof.



It is something more than the value of scrap.

It's 100 years of generations' work,





... stories that are stuck ...

... in the walls of the Cyanamid ...



... in the Lind House ...





in the Furnace 3 (should have been furnace 1 and 2 as well),



... the cranes on the dock ...
... the imports pier ...
... the curved ceiling.



More and more people have seen it like you, that value resides not in the scrap rate, but in the love for our heritage.



And it is not the art of Picasso on the walls that is important,



it is the stories in history, both the long and short lines.





Little Stories -from child to grown-up



Text: Marian Siedlaczek, translated by Norbert D. bkowski and Mateusz Krn
Photos – Marian Siedlaczek



The original picture was taken pile between Stonava and Sucha. **Janusz** lived nearby and area of the pile was place of his childhood games.

Janusz now lives in Czeski Cieszyn and there we found a place which resembles scenery from his childhood. Earthwork offers a view of border bank of Olza in the background stands a chimney of Cieszyn power plant.



Kryisia is sister of boy from the pile, Janusz. Together with her brother she was attending the school in Sucha. The picture was taken in front of a well near her house in Stonava. The house stood on a hill and the well was 25 m deep.

The well in Stonawa doesn't exist anymore. Together with the house it was erased from ground by damaged from mining. Not far away from Mrs. **Kryisia** house in alleys of Czeski Cieszyn we found a garage adequate doors.



In the Sunday school in Guty **Halina** had very nice voice and sang perfectly.

I never expanded the whole sentence from which on priests photograph there is only an excerpt. Mrs. **Halina** after she arrived for photo session to the church in Guty immediately recited the whole sentence: "This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased"



Proud owner of this machine was riding to the steep hill in Guty every day. Whole village could hear it, anyway you can imagine those noises by looking at the exhaust pipe.

Proud owner of this machine - Honda XL1000 Varadero is Mr. **Piotrek** from Ustro , who when he heard about idea of reconstruction old photographs just sat on his bike and came to Guty. Behind handlebars stands Wilu because person from original photo didn't attend the session.



On religion lesson priest Suchanek was walking between the tables a suddenly he saw a writing in **Jurek's** notebook: Suchanek is stupid. So he said to him: You have a mistake there, it's written stupid not stoopid.

Back then **Jurek** was bit in a hurry... today he is cheerful pensioner although he doesn't carry gum in his pocket anymore he demonstrated chewing for art in front of camera with full mastery.



Wilu and Greta. **Wilu** loved horses, but one evening he forgot to put one into the stables. Fortunately he managed to find him and that night Wilu sneaked to the stables, to eavesdrop if the horse wasn't complaining about him in human, as befits on that night of the year, voice.

Wilu and Imray ibn Iman called Rejek, pureblood Arabian horse. When we were travelling through fields in Guty in search for white horse we found Rejek. Charming miss who was riding on him was called Klara. She agreed to borrow us the horse for this moment...



Myddfai. A healing place

Text: Carroll Nunnerley
Photo: Ric Foot

In 1990 my family and I found ourselves moving to the village of Myddfai, on the eastern side of the River Towy in the Towy Valley in Carmarthenshire, West Wales and having known of its history of myth and legends relating to healing dating from before the Twelfth century we were intrigued and wanted to learn more.

As we moved into the Old Vicarage, built in 1864, we found a village working hard to keep traditions alive no easy task in a rural Welsh village with few amenities, a one room school house, three chapels, a church and a pub. The school held its Eisteddfod regularly and children competed both locally and regionally. The Churches and Chapels were busy keeping spiritual life and their traditions alive as although Myddfai is now very small, about 40 houses and cottages, it is in the largest parish in Wales.

However Myddfai was not immune to the rural decline seen in the rest of the UK, as young people moved away to the cities to find work and by 1999 the school was under threat of closure, the pub was on half time and the village had more holiday homes than full time residents. The Village Hall was a building well past its sell-by-date, was in very poor condition and unsafe. However we were determined not to let the village die completely and set up a committee that began to try to find a way of revitalising the village with activities in the hall (becoming more difficult as the hall was crumbling around us.) Give up to date commentary about no school now, no pub now, etc.



After many attempts to acquire funding we were able to acquire BIG Lottery and joint funding with the BBC to rebuild the village hall along with a business plan to reinvent the village based on its history as the home of the Physicians and other local legends. These legends are well documented with the newest being Terry Breverton's book and Carys Mathews children's version of the tale.

Myddfai was the place of great healing with a herbal tradition that goes back into the mists mixing legend and truth, but although no visible sign of the herbal tradition exists today...

What the BBC documentary does not show is how the magic of Myddfai has started to return in conjunction with the new community centre . We now have a team of over 60 volunteers who staff the cafe and shop. Three local jobs have been created, and a new business has begun under the Myddfai brand, but most importantly the heart of the village is beating with renewed vigour.

So, Myddfai is once again a beautiful village in fabulous setting, full of the peace, harmony and tranquillity, but we are not resting on the gift of a new building. A young farmer whose family has farmed the land attributed to the descendents of the Lady of the Lake has started providing farm-reared lamb in the new hall, local crafts people find a strong outlet for their wares in the village shop and the hall gives the village a cultural heart that is beating with music dance, art and exercise classes as well as drama performances and concerts.





Derry to Burtonport Railway line

Text: *Burtonport.net & Craoibhín*
Photos: *archives of Craoibhín*

The first public railway system in the northwest came into being in 1863. The Derry and Lough Swilly railway company. The Letterkenny part of the railway was taken over by the Lough Swilly company in 1879 and in 1903 the final part of the railway to Burtonport was completed. The line to Burtonport ran through land which was rugged, mountainous and very scenic, locally here the line ran from Letterkenny into Glenswilly through Trentagh and into Termon continuing onto Creeslough. The line passes just 100 yards from our front door at Craoibhín. You can still see the Station houses where the train stopped twice daily. These houses are still live in by local families and some have been restored.

The Loughswilly Railway relates to economic and social history in so far as in the mid 1800s, very shortly after the famine, the construction of 99 miles of railway, as well as embankments, bridges, station houses and good sheds etc provided valuable employment for locals. The operation of the railway provided employment for people as drivers and stokers as well as station masters and clerks. The railway was a very efficient means of transport for fish from Burtonport, turf from Gweedore to the Lagan and for transporting farm produce and cattle that previously had to be walked to Derry for export. The Railway contributed a lot to the local economy during its 90 years in operation.



The introduction of passenger and freight trains into remote areas of Donegal heralded a new era in technology. The early decades of the century saw the L & LSR at its most developed with 99 miles of narrow gauge line, a fleet of locomotives and new passenger coaches and goods vans.

From a political perspective, L & LSR trains were used to transport British troops during the War of Independence resulting in the railway itself being attacked and damaged. Local staff frequently refused to operate the trains if troops were on board. On one occasion there was a running gunfight with plain clothed British agents. Throughout the L & LSR area the war was hard fought and many incidents involved the railway and trains until hostilities ceased in 1925.

In 1908 and 1925 there were major accidents on this stretch of line where trains were actually blown off the tracks due to gale force winds. On the night of January 30th, 1925, a violent storm with winds reaching 120mph caused major destruction with a section of the railway being blown off the Owencarrow Viaduct (near Creeslough) resulting in four lives being lost and many serious injuries. By the 1920s and 30s the Co. Donegal Railways (CDR), operating in the south of the county, were using petrol and then diesel railcars but

the L & LSR did not adopt this option. It was decided instead by the company that its future lay with road transport and it started to buy suitable vehicles. Over the next two decades the road transport fleet expanded and the railway became increasingly unsustainable. The last Londonderry and Lough Swilly train ran from Letterkenny to Derry on August 8th 1953 and arrived 50 minutes late with 14 wagons of cattle for export.



Although the railway served a useful purpose at the time carrying goods from Derry to Burtonport and transporting fish from Burtonport to the markets, it was a slow means of transport as many of the towns and villages were a long way from the stations. So in 1940 it was decided to close down the Letterkenny to Burtonport line due to the number of lorries appearing on the roads.

The viaduct was built to carry the train over the broad valley of the Owencarrow river. The worst accident in the history of the Lough Swilly Railway happened on the viaduct near Creeslough on Friday 31st January, 1925.

The Lough Swilly Train left Derry as usual at 5:30 PM on this fateful day with 13 passengers, 8 goods wagons and 2 bread vans. The driver was Mr. Robert Mc Guinness, the fireman was John Hannigan (father of John Hannigan Donegal and Letterkenny Footballer now Golfer.) and the guard was Neily Boyle. It left Letterkenny at 7:05PM with about 36 passengers on board.

As the Train approached the Owencarrow Viaduct a strong gale was blowing, the train driver slowed down to 10m.p.h. but the gale was so strong that it blew the carriage nearest to the engine off the rails. The roof was ripped off and four passengers dropped forty feet to their death. They were Philip and Sarah Boyle from Arranmore Inland, Una Mulligan from Falcarragh, Neil Duggan from Meenbunowen Creeslough, Duggan home was only a stones throw from the crash. The fireman John Hannigan walked (ran) three miles to Creeslough to raise the alarm. The local doctor Dr. Charley Coll and newly ordained priest Fr. Barney Gallagher attended the dead and injured. Lots of local people helped out. Six of the injured were taken to Letterkenny Hospital. At the inquest the Jury recorded the bravery of two men James "The Post" Mc Fadden Kilfad and Pat "Paddy Rua" Mc Fadden Terlin who rescued two women from a carriage hanging by it's chains.

The last passenger train journey from Letterkenny to Burtonport took place on June 1941.

There are parts of the railway line now being reopened by local development groups as walking and cycling tracks, it is hoped through the work of Craoibhín here in Termon and similar groups that the track can be reopend as a complete cycle / foot path from Termon to Burtonport in the coming years. This would be a massive success if it opened and create employment in the area which is much needed.



Social change in Egialia region

Text: Vana Bentevi & Kyriaki Vamvaka
Photos: Thanos Spyropoulos

The history of Egialia region starts from the ancient time and is merged with myths and traditions. Today the Egialia region includes all the known ancient area, except of the area from Sikiona to Egira. In Egion, there is the business of the Kouniniotis factory since 1876. The Kouniniotis Company exists from the 19th century until today and it is a 100% Greek company. We specialize in cultivating, working out, packaging and exporting the current “soultanina” as well as various dried fruit from the entire world.



Pausanias (2nd A.C. century), as historian, reflects to the region saying that this viniculture of Egialia in the north hillsides are the terrace upon the Corinthian Bay until Kalavrita and they are the best fertile soil for the vineyards. Vineyards are cultivated here in altitude 300 – 850m, by the native people, continuously from the ancient times until today and with their experience and knowledge.

The raisin warehouses and manufactures built of big stones and imposing buildings gave to the port a very special character. Railway tracks passed between the buildings and the sea. Rows of plane trees, as well as some springs of fresh water existed, making the whole scenery unique. In recent times this scenery has been used in many films. The famous Greek director Theo Angelopoulos filmed many scenes of his films “Thiassos” and “Melissokomos” in this place.

Moreover, the old stony raisin store houses which are established near the port nowadays have been converted to recreation places (restaurants, cafe, bars etc) and a very attractive and touristic place.

The story of The „ELSAM” Cooperative

Text: Henryk Lewandowski
Photos: Jerzy Rogala-Lewicki

In the late seventies I worked at the institution of Praaxeology in the Polish Academy of Sciences. My job was teaching the application of information technology in control tests at the Supreme Chamber of Control of the Republic of Poland. The English lector was Krzysztof Przybylski.

Me and Krzysztof were developing a program that would utilize audiovisual laboratories in order to teach fragments of memory-intensive knowledge. We would meet regularly, with a few other people interested in the project, in Szczepan Kamiński's apartment by Grzywny road in Warsaw.

One afternoon Mr Szczepan came home in a very cheerful mood. He was carrying his paycheck in the form of a linen sack filled with coins. He proudly explained that it was given to him by the Parson of the church that was currently being built in Zielonka Bankowa near Rembertów (the construction was under the supervision of Michał Sandowicz). The bag contained about 2 kilograms of aluminum coins. Apart for the sack he was also carrying a plastic bag containing some beers. While drinking beer we listened to a tirade by Mr Szczepan about how Poland's arbitrary regulations are preventing any sort of innovation in the construction industry.

Up until that point I had never heard of Michał Sandowicz's technological breakthrough in constructing houses. Apparently he was using ferrocement as a universal element. His ELSA** system was of no interest to the construction companies, though, because it

was too cheap! Back in those days, the fee charged by these businesses (all the way from the drawing board to receiving the building) was a percentage of the building material costs. Therefore, the more expensive resources used, the more profitable it would be to those involved in the process.

I was troubled by this absurdity, although it was only one of many at the time. Even more so, because the previous day I had my son sign the 20-year waiting list for an apartment. I did not hesitate to ask Szczepan for Michał Sandowicz's phone number.



I had arranged to meet Michał in a club inside the main building of the Warsaw University of Technology, there I found out about the many uses of ferrocement and the ELSA system in general. He was skeptical towards the idea of organizing a full scale test, because after all, an experiment is always more expensive than using traditional methods. I decided, however, to find out how my colleagues would react to the idea of building houses with ferrocement.

The first person who seemed genuinely interested was Henryk Smętkowski, who worked at the faculty of Electronics of the Warsaw University of Technology, whom I had the pleasure of meeting a few

years earlier. A rather small apartment by Graniczna road was hardly enough to satisfy this creatively active engineer, who did not feel comfortable without a fully-equipped laboratory to his disposal. At the time he had been working on a metal detector prototype, which turned out a great success and is now used by more than just treasure hunters.

The second person was Andrzej Olearski, a graduate from the same university, who worked in international trade, with whom I had the chance to work with in the "Komenda Chor gwi Mazowieckiej ZHP" in the early sixties.



I informed Michał about the first few positive reactions to his proposition. He also named a few people who were interested and we decided to take action as soon I return from Bulgaria, where in 1979 I was required to go on a 3-month business trip.

Upon returning, I was shocked to find out that Michał had become an active member of a new cooperative called „Idealne Mieszkanie”. It had been recently founded at the Warsaw University of Technology and was meant exclusively for people working at the university. Thankfully I was able to persuade Michał to return to our original plan.

In Andrzej Olearski's tiny apartment by Orła road we held a long meeting with Michał, who told us in great detail about his system. For instance: we found out that ELSA elements could be created on the spot, that the framing and ferrocement elements was possible to assemble without heavy machinery and so on. Everything was looking good. We had decided to form the Construction of Ferrocement Houses Cooperative. Our plan was to build an experimental settlement with 12-20 houses.

At the end of 1980 I had decided to formalize our actions. Alongside Sm tkowski and Olearski we came forward with a written proposition to the Faculty of Experimental Ferrocement at the university. Our terms were that the author of the system and a few of his colleagues were to join the cooperative. They were to ensure the safety and the reliability of this new technology. In March 1981, Michał Sandowicz officially accepted these terms and recommended we recruit Zygmunt Michnowski, Stanisław Kami ski and Zdzisław Wo niaka. From then on we would officially operate from the Faculty of Ferrocement by Warskiego road.



On the 28th of April 1981 we had our first meeting of the founders, which had been recently joined by Mieczysław Pryszanow and Henryk Kubiak.

We began intensively preparing the required documentation (the program, statute, applications, relevant resolutions of the Capital and the Central Association of Housing Cooperatives on the advisability of creating cooperative, etc.). It also took a while to supply necessary „details”, such as the statistical GUS number, bank account, inside regulations as well as the logo, stamps, company-themed paper etc. These things are no problem today, but at the time they required filling out a million forms and being accepted by the censorship office.

We began officially searching for a suitable area by conversing with the many District Offices of Warsaw. We also used the announcements section in the newspaper, and finally, personally visited suburban locations (the „Otwock line”, Milanówek, Le na Podkowa and Nadarzyn).

After many inconclusive visits and conversations, Stanisław Kami ski had organized a meeting with Jerzy Majewski, the President of Warsaw at the time, on the 7th of May 1981, who accepted our proposal. He saw it as a chance to improve many neglected parts of the city (through our experimental methods), and swore patronage over our project. According to the President the best location would be near the construction exposition BUDEXPO by Bartycka road. Our housing settlement, an experimental build, was to be an extension of the exposition.

On the 16th of June 1981 we held a founder meeting at the ELSAM Construction of Ferrocement Houses Cooperative. The participants were, in alphabetical order: Stanisław Kami ski, Ryszard Kowalski, Henryk Kubiak, Henryk Lewandowski, Zygmunt Michnowski, Andrzej Olearski, Leon Podlasi ski, Mieczysław Pryszanow, Michał Sandowicz, Henryk Sm tkowski and Zdzisław Wo niak.

We chose the management: Henryk Lewandowski (Chairman), Ryszard Kowalski and Zygmunt Michnowski (Assistants). The audit committee: Michał Sandowicz (Leader), Andrzej Olearski (Assistant), Mieczysław Pryszanow (Secretary) and Leon Podla ski.

We adopted rather unique statutory tasks, the most significant of which were:

- The implementation of new, energy-and material-saving technologies to build homes, with particular emphasis on light prefabrication ferrocement;

- Wide dissemination of the best technical solutions, materials and organization which proved effective in our project;

- Conducting the support production of selected structural elements;

- Completing the construction in a so-called economic system, that is, without the involvement of construction companies (with the exception of the work that requires certain privileges such as gas or electrical installations).

Once the founders have signed the Statue, all the legal requirements had been fulfilled and it was now possible submit the registration documents to the Court. Finally, the cooperative was registered on the 15th of June 1981 (Section A-„RS” XIV 1510 page 25).



Apart from ELSA, our cooperative also enabled Zygmunt Michnikowski to implement his MURSA-ZM system (which he worked on in the boundaries of the National PR-5 Program), Stefania Radzikowska to utilize INWESTPROJEKT technology as well as Teodor Zep and Stanisław Kamiński being able to „resurrect” the superb, yet forgotten TZ-K technology, used a few dozen years earlier to create housing for workers of the Military University of Technology in Bemowo.

The Management of the Cooperative worked under my supervision until mid 1983. During this period we supplied (alongside the more active founders of the Cooperative and candidate members) not only the registration, but also a bank loan to finance the construction facilities. Most notably, we purchased the perpetual lease of the land from the Centre for Technical Progress NOT, therefore fulfilling all the requirements needed for investment.

I resigned from managing the cooperative as soon as the authors of the innovative methods of building were able to enter the construction site. The chairman at the time was Michał Sandowicz, who managed ELSAM until June 1994, when the single-family homes of that neighbourhood formed the “Ku Wi le” cooperative.



Amongst our greatest achievements I can list the fact, that we managed to actually build the houses – meaning that anything is possible if one works with a group of motivated people. All you have to do, is unite everyone's efforts and act in an organised fashion, skillfully combining the main goal with the personal interests of each member.

Unfortunately I must also note the failures. Most importantly – we did not manage to spread our positive experiences. The people living in the settlement we created - after building their own houses – weren't interested in passing on the ideals developed by us... There haven't been formed any small housing committees in the immediate surroundings, that could change Siekierki into the “Saska Kupa” of left-bank Warsaw.

*) Praxeology is the study of efficient action. Its creator is the outstanding Professor Tadeusz Kotarbiński.

**) The name is derived from Element Sandowicza, meaning “Sandowicz's Element”.





France

LIFE CANUT'S STORY



Text : Alain Brouet
Image : Musée Gadagne

Gisele was humming alone in the house which serves of workshop with its three weaving looms.

The whole Martin family left to fetch the big pieces of silk in Lyon. There was her father Jean, her mother Elise and François her big brother. All those arms were necessary to do this task. Gisele, 8 years old, was too young to carry such loads, as for Juliette who was only 4 years old, don't even speak about it. Gisele knew that when she grew up, she would help her mother with the weaving loom to make silk in a multitude of different colors.

In the attic where Gisele is, there are only a few toys, Marion, her rag doll and some knotted rags they like to tie and untie with Juliette. The sons of the Vial family, assistants, knock on the door. The assistants ordered pieces of fabric from the Canuts, controlled the quality and the fabrication deadlines. « Hello Gisele » said the fat boy, « my father asked me to come and check on progress ».

« Your father is not here? He doesn't work, does he! he says arrogantly. « Everybody works here » Gisele replied, angrily.



Saying that, she thought: I will hoodwink this conceited-person. « I'll see if my father is here ». She runs to get a white mouse and comes back saying : « I have something for you, close your eyes. She slipped the mouse in the back of his shirt and the demented boy ran off.

New knocks on the door and a man asks: "Is Mr. Martin here? No, he left to go to Croix-Rousse."

"When will he be back?" "I don't know." "I came to see your father about some taxes on wine and meat, you will say I came." and, leaving, he gives her a stamped envelope.

Gisele went back in the attic which served as a room for the three children, she took her rag doll and said: "You know, Marion, mum told me that soon I will be a spooler."

When the family arrives with the heavy loaded hand-cart, she joins them, knowing that sometimes there are little surprises. Francois winked with complicity at her. He is 15, looks like his father and helps

his parents working as a canut.

Jacques, who helps the family, helps to unload the silk rolls. Gisele says to her father about the son Vial and the man who left the envelope.

She relates to François the story about the mouse. Then, they eat soup and the men set to work. Meantime, Elise goes to get Juliette back from the nurse and lies her in her little baby's cot. When it is time to go to sleep, François swears at Gisele who tied his nightshirt so that he can't put it on, she bursts into laughter and helps him to untie it.

The day after, Juliette is taken to the nurse and when mother comes back, everybody starts working, Jacques on a weaving loom and the Martin family on the two others. Elise takes Gisele next to her and starts to teach her how to work the spooler preparing the spools for the shuttles. At the end of the day, Gisele receives a doll for her day of work.

Sunday is a big day, the whole family gets dressed in nice clothes and hats. Gisele wears a white dress lined with lace, she liked this dress, her princess dress. They went to church for mass. After mass Jean goes to Café des Canuts on the square of Fourviere basilica. During this time, the rest of the family had a walk in the streets of Lyon. Later they all gathered around a picnic brought in a big basket on the edges of the river Saône. The afternoon, children, allowed by parents went on the Place des Terreaux to see Guignol. Guignol is the puppet that represents Canuts and that, in spite of its debts and conflicts with its owner, always succeeds to get itself out of the situation thanks to its mischief.

GUIGNOL: EMBLEMATIC FIGURE OF LYON

Text : Malika Hamida
Images : Musée Gadagne

Born in 1769 in Lyon, Laurent Mourguet creates the famous puppet

Guignol in 1808. Silk worker ("Canut" in french) of origin without employment, he decides to become a street vendor to survive and even puller of teeth. Like many traders at the time, Laurent Mourguet uses a puppet in fashion, Polichinelle to attract his customers (legend has it that she also used to cover the cries of people whose were torn tooth!). However, to stand out (and tired) , he quickly abandons this puppet in cloth and creates his own puppet whose head is made of wood : Guignol was born.



Scoffer , Guignol is a typical Lyon character who talks like people in neighborhoods. He criticizes the government, the bourgeois and denounces injustices. Great popular success among adults , Laurent Mourguet creates theaters in the 1830s. To expand his shows , new characters are invented around Guignol as Madelon , his wife with cantankerous character, or Gnafron a happy drinker of Beaujolais. The adventures of Guignol are presented in a small theater whose decors represent typical places of Lyon. At the end of the nineteenth century, Guignol performances are suitable for



children. Today, we can see his shows in Lyon (in theaters in the 5th arrondissement, in the Croix Rousse or Parc de la Tete d'Or) . The original puppets are kept in the museum of world puppets (section Gadagne Museum) among a collection of more than 2000 pieces !

Become the emblem of the city of Lyon, Guignol holds even today a place favoured in the heart of the people of Lyon but not only. Proof of his great popular success in France in 1988 , Canal is inspired by creating " Puppets in the News" , a parody of television news presented by a puppet who caricature the French society.

THE LUMIÈRE'S CINEMATOGAPHE



Text and images : Institut Lumiere – Lyon

On december 26th 1894, it was reported in the Lyon Republicain newspaper that « the Lumiere brothers [...] are currently working on the building of a new Kinetograph, in no way less remarkable than Edison's machine and which the people of Lyon will, we understand, be the first to experience ».

In fact, it was to be a restricted Parisian audience which would witness on March 22nd 1895 the first demonstration of this appliance, with which Louis Lumiere screened the "La sortie des Usines Lumiere" (Leaving the Factory) on the premises of the Société d'Encouragement pour l'Industrie Nationale (French Society for industrial incentive) a month before the first New York showing of Latham's Pantoptikon.

For the first time and thanks to the Lumiere Cinematographe, a film could be viewed by a whole audience. During 1895, eleven other screenings took place in France (Paris, Lyon, la Ciotat, Grenoble) and Belgium (Brussels, Louvain) with a fuller program of films, prior to the first commercial showing on December 28th, achieving a tremendous success on every occasion.

The appliance is described in detail in the February 13th 1895 patent taken out jointly by the Lumiere brothers (as was their custom), even



though it was Louis who had uncovered the principle. This principle is summarized as follows in the preamble to the patent : “the basic property of this appliance’s mechanism is to act intermittently on a regularly perforated strip to transmit successive displacements to it separated by stationery periods, during which photographic images are either exposed or viewed”. In the end, the process is very similar to that applied by a sewing machine, which successively feeds then immobilizes the material for the time required to make stitch.



Story Savers

tell your story, make history!



Local Events



Norway

Yes, we love - on the 17th of May

Text and Photos: Susanne Urban

More than a National Day

Understanding May 17th by participating in Røldal, a small mountain village in Hardanger, Western Norway.

Every nation has a national day, but probably very few of them are so enthusiastically and uniquely celebrated like May 17th. The unique tradition of the celebration brings some complexities which may be confusing and hard to understand for a newcomer to Norway with all that is going on during this day.

Best of all: not a single weapon is displayed, as so common on ALL the other national days of the world



Originally the day focused on the Norwegian constitution of 1814. But today the 17th of May appears as a celebration of spring, youth and independence, as the nation's main common social outdoor event.



The buildings are decorated with Norwegian flags and women and men of all ages dress in their Bunad, or national costume. Graduating high school students wear uniformed overalls and celebrate the approaching end of schooling.





Regardless of climatic conditions:
The local children carry flags and march together with bands. The sound of loud music is heard from every corner.



17. of Mai is ABSOLUTE children's day in Norway. A great variety of traditional food, ice cream, hot dogs and other goods to eat are abundant.



In every school, main square, cultural centre and community hall as well as at common, luxurious breakfasts the national hymn, starting with Yes, we love, is sung. And speeches and appeals are held nationwide.



**“Dear fellow villagers and others who have found their way to R Idal on that day:
Happy Birthday !**

To focus on immigration in a speech on a 17th of May nowadays is something we may call “risky sport”, but I venture in nevertheless.

The village of R Idal has not faced major challenges with immigration to any extent until now. As a matter of fact we barely know what the word means and in any case we have not experienced anything concerning immigration as a problem.

Instead of immigration being a problem, immigration has been a gain for rural R Idal. Counting merely 500 people we can happily bear to become more.

Now, finding a job will probably be a limiting factor, but in periods we need more workforce, and: we need girlfriends and boyfriends and spouses! A fast survey of different nationalities who have given something of themselves to R Idal the last 20-30 years shows, that we have residents from: SWEDEN, ESTONIA, LITHUANIA, LATVIA, RUSSIA, SERBIA, POLAND, ITALY, AUSTRIA, SPAIN, NETHERLANDS, USA, COLOMBIA, INDIA, ISRAEL, GREENLAND

- and I guess I'll have to include our residents with ICELANDic blood in their veins. If I have forgotten someone, I apologize!

Put simply: the world has come to R Idal.“*

**From Lars Seim's uplicing speech to the audience in front of the home for elderly, 17.05.2013.*





Czech Republic

Highlanders' Festival

Text: Norbert D. bkowski
Photos: Marian Siedlaczek

Corolski wi to (Highlanders' Festival) is an event gathering folk music and dance formations from all over the world. Its main focus is on the presentation of folk groups from the area of Jabłonków, however it developed into an international festival of folk music and dance.



Alongside the musical aspect, one of more nourishing nature has played a vital role in the Festival's success – local traditional food and drink. They can be obtained from stylized highland cottages and include local spécialités de la maison such as placki ziemniaczane (potato cakes) served with sour cream or fried pieces of bacon, jelito (black pudding), sauerkraut, etc. Regarding the alcoholic drinks, miodula (mead) is by far the most popular. Beer, of course, is always consumed in large quantities apart from that.

KINO NA GRANICY – film festival

● ● ●
Text: Norbert D bkowski
Photos: Marian Siedlaczek

The Film Festival >>Kino na granicy<< has taken place in Cieszyn every year since 1999 – always in spring.



It is an international event intended for all those passionate about films who come from the Czech Republic, Poland and Slovakia. People transfer between the cinemas in Cieszyn, PL and Cesky Tesin, CZ and, a bit by the way, they explore both towns.



The films shown are mostly productions of the host countries – Polish and Czech, but also ones that originate, for example, in Central Europe. Some of the film-related names include: Jerzy Stuhr, Krzysztof Kie lowski, Miloš Forman, Juliusz Machulski, Emad Burnat, Miroslav Ond í ek & David Ond í ek, Janusz Majewski and more.

1 town, 2 countries, 3 cinemas, 4 cinematographies, 5 concerts, 6 days... over 100 films!

www.kinonagranicy.pl



Myddfai Summer Craft Festival



Text:
Photos:

Myddfai's Craft Fair was a great success, the weather was great and a good time was had by all. Several members of the Welsh StorySavers team are craftsmen and women and were exhibiting in the Hall, whilst Children's Entertainers, Garden Suppliers, Bouncy Castles and local Food Suppliers were all in the field. The raffle was fantastic and the tea and cakes really tasty. A great event.







Ireland

Termon GAA 50th Anniversary

Text: Mary T Mc Grenra
Photos: Termon GAA Club

Termon is made up of many townlands including Currin, Doon, Drumlaurgagh, Drumbrick, Drumoughill, Cloncarney, Terhillion, Gortnalaragh, Clonkilly, Knocknabollan, Fawans, Drumdeevin, Drumfin, Barnes, Stragraddy, Ballybuninabber, Letterfad, Goal and Gurtin, Loughaskerry.

CLG An Teasmairín
50 Years
1963-2013
As Part of The 50th Anniversary Of the Club

**A Festival Of Fun,
Football & Live Music
At The Burn Road**

25th - 28th Of July

- Traditional Sing Song • "Legends" of the Past Matches
- Parish League Final • Family Fun Day & Sports Day
- Festival Rose Selection • Fancy Dress Disco • BBQ
And Loads Loads More!!

Entertainment All Weekend In The Marquee



The area has a very active Gaelic Club The Gaelic Athletic Association (GAA) (Irish: Cumann Lúthchleas Gael,) is an Irish and international amateur sporting and cultural organisation, focused primarily on promoting Gaelic games, which include the traditional Irish sports of hurling, camogie, Gaelic football, handball and





rounders. The GAA also promotes Irish music and dance, and the Irish language. Here in Termon our club celebrated its 50th Anniversary in 2013. This was celebrated in the burn road where the pitch and training ground are located. It was a great weekend of fun and activities all organised by local volunteers.



Celebrations in Egion

Text: Vana Bentevi
Photos: Thanos Spyropoulos

In Egion social life is intense during all the seasons of the year. The inhabitants never have a dull moment. They organize feasts and various cultural events where all citizens from the center of the town, as well as from the surrounding villages, participate. Whereas in the summer we enjoy swimming in the sea, or have a drink or meal in the many cafes or restaurants near the different beautiful beaches of our region.



We mention a few of our wonderful events:

Carnival at Egion

A few days after Christmas the preparations for the carnival (mostly in February) are starting. Carnival lasts about a month. In weekends parties are organized both in clubs or private houses decorated with colored garlands, masks, where people dress up with carnival costumes dancing until the early morning.

One of the nicest carnival parties is the "Red dance". Everybody is wearing something red, a dress, skirt, blouse, hat, shoes, tie, shawl, and scarf and has fun. It is the official carnival party of the town and in order to get tickets you had to reserve a long time before.

The last years also many children are participating in different groups, dancing with their costumes in the centre Egion



Ash Monday

As soon as the carnival period is over, 40 days before Easter, fasting starts on the first Monday of Lent, Ash Monday. All people prepare picnics in the country with fasting food like halva, pickles, olives, sea food etc. We buy special bread which is called "lagana", large thin bread with sesame, only sold this day. The tradition is to fly kites in the country.



Easter with all its traditions that everybody keeps. Nobody eats meat during the holy week; many people go every evening to church. On holy Friday we go to church and follow the procession of the epitaph, through the streets of Egion, nicely decorated with fresh flowers.

We paint red eggs and on Holy Saturday at 12 o'clock midnight all go to the resurrection mass with lit candles. We wish each other and break red eggs. At home we eat the traditional Easter soup "Magiritsa" with the intestines of the lamb, cooked together with green salad leaves. On Easter day (Sunday) all go with friends to the country and grill a lamb on the roasting spit, dance, drink, and eat.

1st May

We celebrate this day going to the country; people go to the country, cut flowers and make a wreath, have a picnic, drink and dance. Everywhere there are plants, trees in blossom, smelling wonderful in nice colors. Competitions were organized who could make the largest wreath and indeed Egion was mentioned once in the book Guinness for making the biggest wreath in the world.



On the national celebrations of **25th March** and **28th October** pupils, wearing their school uniforms or national costumes, are parading in the streets, decorated with many Greek flags.



During the **summer** there are many festivals (like the bread festival, the wine, the oil, black currant). Many people participate and have a good time. In the villages there are small churches that have their fiesta with an open air market, singing and dancing traditional dances with traditional music.





Poland

SIEKIERKI Festivals

Text: Iwona Okupska
Photos: Archives of Doro karnia

It's a perfect opportunity for the "old" inhabitants who have living in Siekierki for ages and the "new" ones who settled here a few years or a few months ago. It is also a possibility to get to know the history of Siekierki and to see how the area developed from a village to a city district. Together with Doro karania there are many other organizations, as well as local businesses and shops from Siekierki which are involved in the festivities. Most importantly however, the inhabitants are not only participants of this event but also its creators. The festival is a family time with workshops, contests, city games, outdoor sport activities and a journey through the Siekierki Gallery of Forgotten Places, performances and a barbecue for families.

Siekierki festivities are initiatives undertaken by the inhabitants for the inhabitants especially of the new residential estates – through exhibitions, fun fairs and games. There are artistic events as well as opportunities to make over the public space in the scope of the PAWILLiONS project.

TRAVELLING IN AN OLD STYLE BUS THROUGH SIEKIERKI

The participants particularly enjoy travelling in an old style bus through the Siekierki Gallery of Forgotten Places. These are 13 concrete poles which we set up in the "old" part of Siekierki. They

indicate the most meaningful areas in the historical part of the estate and at the same time they refer to the "imagination map" created together with the inhabitants. Concrete poles mark the space and bring us back to the past, materializing the memories of the inhabitants. Together they form a coherent network. When you find one element you will easily find others and discover the history of the estate by yourself.



A manour farm, a forge, a manour... These places no longer exist but the concrete poles remind of their presence. Travelling in an old style bus through Siekierki is enjoyed by those who have been living here for a long time as well as those who have moved in recently. The journey is an excellent opportunity to get to know one another and to recall memories. The gallery was designed by some of the best architects of the young generation: Zofia Strumiłło, Jan Strumiłło and Jan Sukiennik from the 137kilo group. The project was inspired by a detail from an old photograph: a decorative cut on the edges of black and white photographs. In the project this ornament becomes spatial and the central element of the design of the place.



EXHIBITIONS

Friends and neighbours from Siekierki play the part of viewers and participants in the art performances. Exhibitions of paintings, graphics, mini sculptures, photography and installation provide the opportunity to meet and spend time together. The most important thing is that you can spend time together, talk about art, life, the weather and many other topics. We encourage neighbours, passers by, friends and acquaintances, children and adults to open up to art, to be creative, feel the joy of making one's own "work of art". It is art which makes the every day and the festive time special, brings beauty and fulfillment.

Such an encounter is also a time to stop and reflect.



PLEIN-AIR ART SHOWS

Although Doro karnia and Siekierki are situated only 15 minutes away from the centre of Warsaw here you feel as if it was a small town or the countryside. There is lots of green space, it is quiet which makes it perfect for holding outdoor events. The Siekierki Festivals end with theatre and dance performances in which dozens of artists take part. A perfect way to end the event and the day which gathers crowds also outside of Siekierki.





FAMILY TIME

All the events and attractions during the Siekierki Festivals are organized in such a way that whole families can participate. Children of all ages are welcome to play and create. They can spend time in an enjoyable way with their parents.



COMMUNITY BUILDING

It is the only kind of time in Siekierki when all those who live and work here meet: the inhabitants, the local institutions, NGOs, informal groups and businesses. The inhabitants from Siekierki set up barbecues, a bakery opens up a stand with fresh bread and pastries, a beauty salon teaches how to do your make up, and on the football field a group of inhabitants plays a match with the local administration. There are also stands with home-made cakes. You can watch exhibitions, play games and sports. It's a space to make friends and come up with new ideas.



PAVILLIONS PROJECT

The Pavillions Project by Iwona May z started with an A4 sheet of paper. An A4 sheet of paper, than a note on A4 and finally a project in an A4 format and the actual realization. This is how the Ku Wi le housing estate and Elsam as well most of the houses in Siekierki were built. A model of a house was created from an A4 sheet of paper.

The Pavillion – 9 square meters, a light wooden or steel construction painted with white, fluorescent paint. Matches the Doro karnia architecture perfectly. Such a form of architecture on a local scale is typical for Siekierki and for detached housing.

As we walk around Siekierki, we keep noticing new places where the presence of a pavilion would unite the local community and could have various function also aesthetic. The pavilion could be a place to rest, hold a summer café, a playground or a meeting place for young people.



The festival of art and air

Text: Emeline Miller
Photos : François Fayolle

More than just programming, Art and Air festival is the result of the reflection of an entire neighborhood. Indeed, the Duchère district is now carried by the winds of change, with a strong political will to make the third hill of Lyon a “sustainable neighborhood”, a project of solidarity and participatory territory. Art and Air is a real approach implemented in a festive and free event, questioning human lifestyles and modes of action, with sustainable development in the heart of reflection. A festival that inspires and makes you think ... The Art and Air festival places sustainable development at the heart of its concerns and invites partners to engage themselves in eco-



responsible approach, by signing a “charter commitments for sustainable development”: communication (recyclable materials, limitation of impressions, “green” inks without solvents), organization (dry toilets, cups recycled, partnerships with organic and local producers, workshops recovery) and education about sustainable development (discovery workshops).



Most arts companies and cultural institutions in the area are involved in this project. The people are mobilized to participate actively in its programming, its implementation and its smooth functioning. Always free, the festival program is varied and offers everyone the opportunity to come and enjoy a good time, a unique opportunity to ventilate their mind on top of the third hill of Lyon.



THE FESTIVAL OF LIGHTS IN LYON



Text: Emeline Miller
Photos : François Fayolle

We are in the 17th century , precisely in 1643 . While a terrible plague raged throughout France, the aldermen of Lyon (equivalent to the current council) make a wish: to make a pilgrimage to the Virgin of Fourvière every year on September 8th (day of Nativity of Mary) if the city is protected. And the plague stops near Lyon. Two centuries later, in 1852, the Church wants to usher a new sculpture of a majestic golden Virgin looking at the city from the hill of Fourvière. A grand opening is expected on Sept. 8. But this year, a major flood of the Saône River, which passes through Lyon, invaded the streets of the city and prevents the sculptor to complete his work on time.

Another date is selected , but not randomly. The choice of Councilors falls on December 8 , the feast of the Immaculate Conception. Cardinal de Bonald , Archbishop of Lyons, then plans to hold large celebrations throughout the city and offers to the inhabitants of Lyon to participate by filing candles in front of their windows. Unfortunately, a strong storm broke, and the Cardinal was forced to postpone once again the festivities.

But as night falls this Dec. 8, 1852 , the storm and the rain stop. Despite the cancellation of the official revelry, inhabitants of Lyon spontaneously decide to play the game , and the facades and streets of the city light up gradually . Then they fill the streets of Lyon joyfully, singing hymns, carried by the ambient fervor. Today, the Festival of Lights has become an unmissable event for many foreign visitors. During 4 days, monuments and facades are transformed by games worthy of great productions lights, and thousands of people throng the streets. The inhabitants of Lyon, meanwhile, continue to honor the tradition and place on the evening of December 8, the candles in front of their windows. Less spectacular, but equally enchanting ...



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May 2013



4th meeting:
Donegal, IRELAND
September 2013



5th meeting:
Warsaw, POLAND
November 2013



6th meeting:
Lyon, FRANCE
April 2014



7th meeting:
Myddfai, WALES
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THE END



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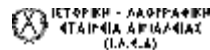
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graphic desing: Grzegorz Pohl

STORY SAVERS, EU, 2014



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