

The background of the cover is a photograph of the Statue of Liberty. She is shown from the chest up, holding a torch aloft in her right hand. The torch has a bright, glowing flame. The statue is set against a clear, bright blue sky. The word "CHRONICLE" is written in large, white, serif capital letters across the top of the image, with the "C" being particularly large and partially overlapping the torch.

CHRONICLE

Issue 17 Winter 2017

MIGRATION

Historical Association, Swansea Branch

Promoting History in South West Wales

Issue 17 Winter 2017

Migration

Remember, remember always, that all of us, and you and I especially, are descended from immigrants and revolutionists. —Franklin D. Roosevelt



The Welsh flag in Patagonia



Picinisco Italy

3. Editorial

4. **Patagonia**

Trevor A Johnson

6. **The Significance of Migration**

Anita Arcari

8. **The Highland Clearances**

John Easton Law

11. **Emigration to New Zealand**

Rosemary Harvard Jones

13. **Branch News**

15 **Jews in Wales**

Leonard Mars

17. **Joe's Gelato**

Lucy Hughes

19 **Unity in Diversity**

Natalie Paisey



The Last of the Clan by Thomas Faed



Mount Egmont New Zealand

Cover photograph: Statue of Liberty, New York.

From the Editor

margaret.mccloy@sky.com



We have no information, not even a tradition, concerning the first migration of the human race into Italy. It was the universal belief of antiquity that in Italy, as well as elsewhere, the first population had sprung from the soil.

I can trace my Italian ancestors back to 1220 where they lived in San Gimignano, in Tuscany the medieval Manhattan. The family were Ghibellines, who were sympathetic to the German (Holy Roman) Emperors, who spent their time fighting the Guelphs, who favoured the Papacy. I'm sure they were still busy fighting each other in this town of medieval towers for generations before that, but I love the idea that in the beginning, Italians just appeared out of the earth. From a vineyard perhaps? My father's family, like many peoples, were immigrants. They came over from Italy in 1830 to sell their silk and Vernaccia wine and like many others, met and fell in love with British women and stayed. During the 1930s our family surname was changed from Salvucci to Arthur, a wise move in those turbulent times. In the 50s my brother David emigrated to Canada, his son Michael has moved to America and so it goes on.

During the time of the Highland Clearances, the Scottish people didn't chose to emigrate, as Dr John Law describes in his article, they were evicted from their homes. Some chose to emigrate, a group of Welsh to Patagonia, and as Rosemary Jones tells us, British people were being tempted to take a free passage and migrate to New Zealand.

"Let him who has not a single speck of migration to blot his family escutcheon cast the first stone...if you didn't migrate, then your father did, and if your father didn't need to move from place to place, then it was only because your grandfather before him had no choice but to go, put his old life behind him in search of the bread that his own land denied him..."

José Saramago, Nobel-laureate Portuguese novelist, playwright and journalist.

My family from Italy, settled in Pimlico in London, but many Italian families migrated to Swansea. They opened cafes and sold ice cream, like Jo Cascarini, founder of Joe's ice cream, to whom I, personally, am very grateful.

Many of the families came to Wales from Bardi in the Emilia-Romagna region and Anita Arcari, who wrote the Hokey Pokey Man, tells a tale of migration from Southern Italy, to Swansea via London.

Not all immigrants were made to feel so welcome. In 1948, a large group of West Indian immigrants arrived at Tilbury on the MV Empire Windrush. Although there was a great labour shortage in London, in the post war years, they were treated to racial abuse and found it hard to find a place to live. Let's hope that Swansea, a City of Sanctuary can do better.

Nigerian poet Inua Ellams, who emigrated to Britain, quoted his friend,

'No one leaves home, unless home is the mouth of a shark.'

PATAGONIA

Each year in late July and early August, flights arrive at London airports carrying folk from South America. Many of these visitors experience difficulty in understanding the English spoken to them at passport control, however once they have travelled along the M4 motorway and crossed the border into Wales, destined for wherever the National Eisteddfod is being held that particular year, they find that they can communicate fluently with the locals.

The visitors in question have travelled 8,000 miles from the Welsh speaking outpost of Patagonia, on the southern tip of Argentina. The fascinating history of how these visitors from an essentially Spanish speaking country, also come to speak the 'language of heaven' dates back to the first half of the 19th century.

In the early 1800's, industry within the Welsh heart lands developed and rural communities began to disappear. This industry was helping to fuel the growth of the Industrial Revolution, with the supply of coal, slate, iron and steel. Many believed that Wales was now gradually being absorbed into England, and perhaps disillusioned with this prospect, or excited by the thought of a new start in a new world, many Welshmen and women decided to seek their fortune in other countries.

Welsh immigrants had attempted to set up Welsh speaking colonies in order to retain their cultural identity in America. The most successful of these

included 'Welsh' towns such as Utica in New York State and Scranton in Pennsylvania.

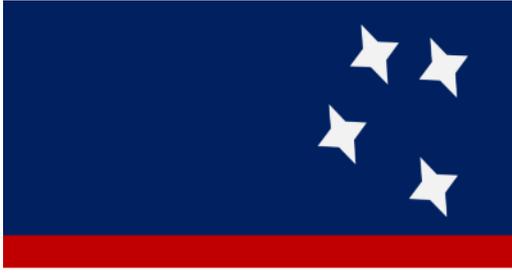
However these Welsh immigrants were always under great pressure to learn the English language and adopt the ways of the emerging American industrial culture. As such, it did not take too long for these new immigrants to be fully assimilated into the American way of life.

In 1861 at a meeting held at the Bala home of Michael D Jones in north Wales, a group of men discussed the possibility of founding a new Welsh promised land other than in the USA. One option considered for this new colony was Vancouver Island, in Canada, but an alternative destination was also discussed which seemed to have everything the colonists might need in Patagonia, Argentina. Michael Jones, the principal of Bala College and a staunch nationalist, had been corresponding with the Argentinean government about settling an area known as Bahia Blanca, where Welsh immigrants would be allowed to retain and preserve their language, culture and traditions. Granting such a request suited the Argentinean government, as this would put them in control of a large tract of land which was then the subject of dispute with their Chilean neighbours.

A Welsh emigration committee met in Liverpool and published a handbook, *Llawlyfr y Wladfa* (Colony Handbook) to publicise the Patagonian scheme. The handbook was widely distributed

**The Welsh in
Patagonia
C.1900**





A Welsh emigration committee met in Liverpool and published a handbook, *Llawlyfr y Wladfa* (Colony Handbook) to publicise the Patagonian scheme. The handbook was widely distributed throughout Wales and also in America.

The first group of settlers, nearly 200 people gathered from all over Wales, sailed from Liverpool in late May 1865 aboard the tea-clipper *Mimosa*. Blessed with good weather the journey took approximately eight weeks, and the *Mimosa* eventually arrived at what is now called Puerto Madryn on 27th July.

Unfortunately the settlers found that Patagonia was not the friendly and inviting land they had been expecting. They had been told that it was much like the green and fertile lowlands of Wales. In reality it was a barren and inhospitable windswept pampas, with no water, very little food and no forests to provide building materials for shelter.

Despite receiving help from the native Teheulche Indians who tried to teach the settlers how to survive on the scant resources of the prairie, the colony looked as if it were doomed to failure from the lack of food. However, after receiving several mercy missions of supplies, the settlers persevered and finally struggled on to reach the proposed site for the colony in the Chubut valley about 40 miles away.

The colony suffered badly in the early years with floods and poor harvests, in addition the lack of a direct route to the ocean made it difficult to bring in new supplies.

Over the next several years however, new settlers arrived from both Wales and Pennsylvania, and by the end of 1874 the settlement had a population totalling over 270.

In 1875 the Argentine government granted the Welsh settlers official title to the land, and this encouraged many more people to join the colony, with more than 500 people arriving from Wales.

There were further substantial migrations from Wales during the periods 1880-87, and also 1904-12, again mainly due to depression within the coalfields. The settlers had seemingly achieved their utopia with Welsh speaking schools and chapels; even the language of local government was Welsh.

In the few decades since the settlers had arrived, they had transformed the inhospitable scrub-filled semi-desert into one of the most fertile and productive agricultural areas in the whole of Argentina.

But it was these productive and fertile lands that now attracted other nationalities to settle in Chubut and the colony's Welsh identity began to be eroded. By 1915 the population of Chubut had grown to around 20,000, with approximately half of these being foreign immigrants.

The turn of the century also marked a change in attitude by the Argentine government who stepped in to impose direct rule on the colony. This brought the speaking of Welsh at local government level and in the schools to an abrupt end. The Welsh utopian dream of Michael D Jones appeared to be disintegrating.

Welsh however remained the language of the home and of the chapel, and despite the Spanish-only education system, the proud community survives to this day serving *bara brith* from Welsh tea houses, and celebrating their heritage at one of the many *eisteddfodau*.

Many thanks to Trevor A Johnson
of Historic UK for letting us use
this article on Patagonia.

The Significance of Migration

Migration. What does it mean to you? A traumatic Exodus for those displaced from war-torn countries? Or perhaps a promise of hope and opportunity for those who have lived in dire poverty, an escape from disease and natural disaster? Or something else? Migration is not a recent phenomenon. The movement of people between countries, whether temporarily or permanently, has always been in evidence. The UK is an island littered with harbours and seaports which have provided the perfect backdrop for international trading over the centuries, importing and exporting food, silks, raw grains for flour, minerals for smelting and countless other things, encouraging people from every land to visit our shores.

Yet for me, migration has a much deeper significance. My family arrived here from Italy in the late 1800s to take up permanent residence, after many years of seasonal trading. Initially, the Italians came here in very small numbers, making ice cream in summer, or offering hot chestnuts and potatoes, or playing the barrel organ, in winter. They were met with mixed reactions. Some considered them charmingly exotic and highly entertaining, while others referred to them as ‘dirty ruffians’ and ‘Eye-ties’. Charles Babbage, the mathematician and so-called ‘*Father of*

Computing’, apparently abhorred the musicians, and is said to have thrown open his bedroom window in disgust, before emptying the contents of his chamber-pot over one poor unsuspecting minstrel, who had made the unhappy decision to set up his barrel organ beneath!

Many migrants originated from Bardi in the northern part of Italy, but another significant group were the often overlooked *Piciniscani*, the people from Picinisco. It is a small cluster of hamlets with a population of around 1200, nestling timelessly in the mountainous *Mezzogiorno* region, mid-way between Rome and Naples. They were mostly impoverished ‘*contadini*’, or farmers. The first migrants returned to their homes with more money than they could have dreamed of, recounting their tales of adventure. Soon, others followed, leaving their hill-top homes to seek their fortune in ‘The Promised Land, where the streets were paved with gold.’ What they all shared in common though, was an indomitable spirit of adventure, and the will and determination to improve their lot. Combine this with inherent entrepreneurship, and you have a very potent combination indeed.

The Castle of Bardi



“For a start, people who travelled for so many miles through such horrific conditions in order to find work cannot accurately be portrayed as lazy benefit-scrourgers”

— [Patrick Kingsley](#)

My grandparents, like many others, started out with an ice cream hand-cart on Whitstable Sands, while others opened fish and chip shops, scattering across the whole country. Later, my grandparents moved to Wales to work for relatives who had already established a thriving cafe, then later, opened their own cafe in a nearby sea-side town. This was the birth of the Italian ice-cream parlours that people remember with nostalgia and fondness, the cafes where everyone was convinced the owners were quarrelling as they yelled at each other, when in fact, they always spoke with the same gusto and spirited animation; where the aroma of coffee beans percolated the air, and a shiny hot pipe would deliver a burst of steam into the centre of a meat pie until the gravy bubbled over the sides. This was the time when the nation took the ever-growing Italian population to their hearts. Until war intervened.

In 1940, Churchill's 'Collar the lot!' speech heralded internment, and overnight, the Italians became the enemy. Many were verbally and physically abused, their shop windows smashed, the interiors destroyed and their possessions looted. Many were arrested, often forcibly, and sent to distant camps, their families having no idea of their whereabouts.

Tragically, almost five hundred Italian internees drowned (over seven hundred in total) in the 'Arandora Star' tragedy, after she was torpedoed on her journey to Canada.

Then in the 1950s, change came again. A recruitment drive by the UK Government encouraged young Italians to come here to work, a fresh influx of much-needed migrant workers. And once again, a new cycle of Italian migration began.

Anita Acari



People come here penniless but not culture less. They bring us gifts. We can synthesize the best of our traditions with the best of theirs—Psychologist & author Mary Pipher

My Heart is in the Highlands



The Clearances

Among the most effective of the current television programmes to combine history with travel are the *Tours of the Highlands and Islands of Scotland* presented by Paul Murton. While certainly centre stage and with his own signature outfit, he does not hog the camera or talk down to his interviewees. His commentary combines wit with a sympathetic understanding of local history and relevant observations from well informed 'witnesses'. The photography is consistently focused and relevant, and of excellent quality.

One theme to emerge throughout in terms of both commentary and visual image is that of depopulation, perhaps surprising in view of the stunning beauty of the places visited and the evidence of a populated past conveyed through personal reminiscences, place names, abandoned homesteads, schools and churches. Surprise can be heightened when informed of the opportunities provided by, in places, the richness of the land, the shore (for kelp - seaweed - and birds) and the sea, for

communication and transport as well as for fish. The explanation for this depopulation is usually linked with the 'Clearances', a movement of peoples associated mostly closely with the Highlands and Islands of Scotland but also affecting the Lowlands. The Clearances took place in the later eighteenth and earlier nineteenth centuries and led to the movement of people within the British Isles, the Colonies - Canada in particular - and the United States. The phenomenon was also present in the histories of Ireland and Wales. This contribution will concentrate on Scotland.

The reasons behind this significant movement of population are several. In the first place, Murton's programme's portray weather and sea conditions in a picture postcard light. Life on many of the Islands and the more remote glens of the Highlands was tough; desolation was a force for depopulation especially when opportunities came - over time - from the growth of the cities and industries further south and overseas.

However, the Clearances, known in Gaelic as 'the eviction of the Gaels', meant just that. The failures of Jacobitism and the shift in political power southwards weakened the social, economic and military links between chieftains and clansmen - the glues that kept communities together. In the first phase of the Clearances in the later eighteenth century, many communities were moved by their landlords, or their creditors, to coastal settlements to supplement farming - often on marginal land - with fishing and the processing of kelp. Sheep and game, their shepherds and hunters, were often the only living things that moved into the spaces left behind.

This process of resettlement did have some success in the foundation of new towns (Grantown-on-Spey), ports (Ullapool) and the successful expansion of older towns (Aberdeen), but the position of many Highland and Island communities remained precarious in the face of absentee landlords and their often grasping factors and economic setbacks. After the Napoleonic Wars, recruitment to Scottish regiments was reduced, the kelp industry declined, the Highlands and Islands suffered their own potato famine (1846).

The second and more drastic phase of the Clearances took place in the earlier nineteenth century. Sheep, deer, grouse and romantic, privileged, tourism were valued over struggling rural communities and ruthless ideological issues entered the picture. It came to be believed by some that the Highlands and Islands had brought about their own poverty through overpopulation and an inferior Gaelic culture, associated with Jacobitism and the Roman Catholic Church, incapable of social and economic improvement. This helps to explain why the second phase of the Clearances ushered in a more ruthless, forceful removal of people from the land, often carried out with brutality as on the estates of Elizabeth Countess of Sutherland, from 1807. Niggardly cash 'incentives' did little to alleviate the condition of those forced to re-settle overseas. Visitors to the Clan Donald museum at Armadale on the Isle of Skye in the Inner Hebrides can see a chilling exhibit on the travel conditions facing those forced to travel to new worlds.

However, the Clearances slowed and metamorphosed into voluntary emigration. This was in part due to the development of flourishing emigrant communities overseas and elsewhere in

the United Kingdom. It was also, due to sporadic, uncoordinated but often effective resistance, even if the title 'Crofters' Wars' - located by historians to the 1880s - exaggerates its violent nature.

The generally booming economy of the Scottish industrial belt infiltrated the Highlands and Islands, exemplified by urban growth and enterprising developments in sea and railway transport and - eventually - roads. The Highlands and Islands began to create successful exports from whiskies, to herring (Neil Gunn's *Silver Darlings*) to textiles. If Edwin Landseer's *The Monarch of the Glen* - first presented at the Great Exhibition of 1851 - shows a heroic stag in an empty landscape (and no doubt destined for the antler room of a Scottish baronial stately home) the cult of the Highlands led by Queen Victoria and Prince Albert certainly helped a movement towards a more positive if romantic re-evaluation of the Highland world, also encouraged by the foundation of Highland societies. London's was founded as early as 1778 and is still going strong. A secessionist Presbyterian church, the 'Wee Frees', took up the cause of Gaelic speakers, particularly in the Islands. These shifts in opinions and realities helped persuade Gladstone's Liberal government to set up the Napier Commission in 1883 to investigate the grievances of tenants and crofters, leading to the Crofter Act of 1886, giving greater security of tenure and limiting the right to evict.

The Clearances have created a complicated legacy. For some historians they are an embarrassment to a smooth, patriotic narrative; for others they present a treasure chest of agendas. Though never a case of 'English oppression', a continuation of the Wars of Independence, the Clearances have been adopted by the SNP. In 2007 Alex Salmond, then first minister of Scotland, unveiled a memorial to the Clearances at Helmsdale in Sutherland. The sculptor was Gerald Laing; the donor a Scottish-Canadian millionaire, Dennis MacLeod. The Canadian benefactor is a reminder of the extent and success of the tartan diaspora, though the impression is never given that the Scots in exile view the British Isles in terms of guilt or blame. Enthusiasm is more often the case, which can embarrass when would-be Scots inhabit the White House.

On the other hand, in the cultural tradition, in music, literature - in particular in Gaelic literature - themes of loss and departure are very evident, poignantly captured musically by Peter Maxwell Davies in his *Farewell to Stromness* first performed at the St Magnus Festival, Orkney, in 1980. Indeed, some traditions were virtually lost in the Clearance, music for the Celtic harp, the clarsach for example; but music for the instrument is now being rediscovered and revived, as are other folk and neo-folk traditions. *Highland Cathedral* (1982), by German composers, is indicative of the vigour and appeal of 'pipes and drums'.

Remaining on a popular level the issue of the Clearances has virtually disappeared, though the more astute readers of Compton Mackenzie's *Whisky Galore* (1947) and viewers of the films made from it, may detect the subtle 'spirit of resistance' shown by an island community pursued by authority. D.C.Thomson's evocative

comic strip, 'The Broons' - from 1936 in the *Sunday Post* - chronicles a family living in an urban tenement rejoicing when they can return to their 'but and ben' (two roomed cottage) somewhere near the Highland Line.

Could it be that the beauty and historical interest of the landscapes and seascapes captured in Paul Murton's programmes have helped the Scots at home and abroad to live more easily with their troubled past than is the case with other nations and peoples?

John E.Law.

**My Heart's in the Highlands* is a poem/song Robert Burns wrote in 1784. Although Burns wrote this before the Clearances began in earnest, its air of nostalgic yearning would have been, and will be, familiar to all those Scots who have left home.

Contributors

Rosemary Harvard-Jones Grew up in Pembrokeshire but has lived in Swansea for 12 years.

Her interests are Art and History and visiting her family in New Zealand

Dr John Law A graduate of the Universities of St Andrews and Oxford and former Reader in Department of History and Classics at Swansea University.

Anita Acari A Computer Science lecturer and Author of 'The Hokey Pokey Man.'

Natalie Paisey Natalie, a versatile bi-lingual actor, has worked on a number of projects with Swansea City Opera, the most recent being Musical Routes where she led workshops with asylum seekers attending the Unity in Diversity group in Dyfati.

Trevor Johnson A former principal lecturer at Coventry University, he is a director of Historic UK. At least two of his distant family members boarded one of the ships leaving Liverpool for Patagonia.

Leonard Mars He graduated from Edinburgh University in Social Anthropology in 1965. He gained his doctorate from Manchester University in 1970 based on fieldwork in Israel where he was supervised by Max Gluckman.

Lucy Hughes Her grandmother was Delia Cascarini, Joe's niece. The business passed to her grandmother and her husband, Colin Hughes.

"The story of humanity is essentially the story of human movement. In the near future people will move even more, particularly if, as some predict, climate change sparks mass migration on an unprecedented scale. The sooner we recognize the inevitability of this movement, the sooner we can try to manage it." Patrick Kingsley



**The opening offer was
for 100 acres
plus one town acre
- all were snapped up.**

Like many people in Wales, I have close family in New Zealand. Most of the family left the UK in the second wave of immigration to New Zealand in the 1950s, to try a better life in a new country. The first wave had largely been in the 1840s when there were few restrictions on migration anywhere in the world. Between the French Revolution and the beginning of the First World War some 50 million people were able to flee to economic or political safety because there were few restrictions. But by the end of the Second World War restrictions on immigration and emigration came to be the norm, not simply a personal choice – a trend that continues.

Settlement of New Zealand by people from Britain was inspired by commercial appetite and private initiatives. For many reasons emigration became the rage. For example, in 1873 Kinglsey wrote ‘if you have courage and wisdom, emigrate you will, some of you, instead of stopping here to scramble over each others backs like black beetles in a kitchen’. The German-born geologist and NZ Surveyor-General, Julius Haast, began his life in

NZ after accepting an invitation by a UK shipping company to report to them on the prospects of German emigration to New Zealand. (He named Mount de la Beche on South Island after Henry de la Beche, director of the Geological Survey of GB and also a fellow of the Royal Society, who moved to Swansea in 1837).

The New Zealand company, founded in London in 1839, was a commercial operation designed for investors. The opening offer was for 100 acres plus one town acre- all snapped up. But it had to provide labourers for the landlords. It used books, pamphlets and broadsheets to promote the ‘Britain of the South’.

Free passages were offered for labourers and their wives. Even though many of the land deals were dubious and provoked the wrath of the Maori, the NZ Company was responsible for huge numbers of settlers to the country. It became bankrupt and was dissolved in 1858. The Treaty of Waitangi (1840 and ongoing) settled some land disputes.

Many of the advertisements, book illustrations and pamphlets exaggerated the appeal of New Zealand. One of the most famous pictures of landscape in New Zealand is a watercolour by the surveyor for the New Zealand company Charles Heaphy. The watercolour (1840) shows Mount Egmont rising serenely and symmetrically above a pleasant foreground.

A later adaptation from the watercolour for a large and popular book became 'Mount Egmont with...Natives burning off wood for potato grounds' suggesting the abundance of this new country. Like many of the illustrations in books and pamphlets this gave a romanticised view of the country, in fact many of the settlers suffered food shortages. There was great interest in the native people but pictures of warlike Maori were

often edited out in preference for more acceptable ones for UK prospective emigrants.

Between 1840 and 1870 immigration from Britain and Ireland steadily increased. But the largest net increase was between 1874 and 2002, mainly because of New Zealand government assistance to carefully selected migrants, many in the 1950s.

Immigration to New Zealand is still on the increase, with most of its immigrants are now from India. With only 16 people per square kilometre there would seem to be scope for plenty more- and there has been a spate of applications from Britain since the Brexit referendum.

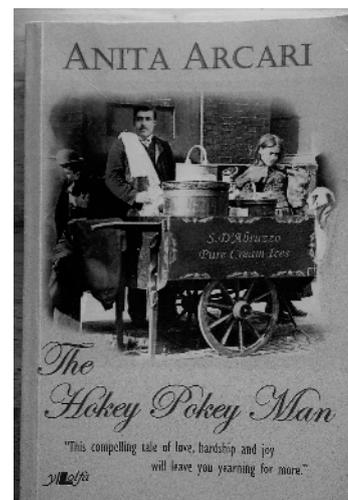
Rosemary Harvard-Jones

Book Review

The Hokey Pokey Man

By Anita Acari

A family saga about immigrants. The story tells of Tino, a peasant boy from Southern Italy who migrates first to London and then to Swansea. A novel about love, dreams and regrets. The book is beautifully researched and there are many details of life in Swansea, in the running of cafes and the terrible tribulations of being Italian at the start of the 20th century. Anita has drawn on her own family history to create a fascinating story, a real page turner.



Published by Y Lolfa Cyf

Sanctuary

The idea that a person who sought sanctuary in a holy place could not be harmed without inviting divine retribution was familiar to the ancient Greeks and ancient Egyptians. However, the right to seek asylum in a church or other holy place was first codified in law by King Aethelberht of Kent in about AD 600. Similar laws were implemented throughout Europe in the middle Ages. The related concept of political exile also has a long history:

Ovid was sent to Tomis; Voltaire was sent to England. By 1648 Peace of Westphalia, nations recognized each other's sovereignty. However, it was not until the advent of romantic nationalism in late 18th-century Europe that the idea of nationalism gained sufficient prevalence for the phrase 'country of nationality' to become practically meaningful and relevant and people crossing borders to be required to provide official identification.

Branch News

On the 15th September, Professor Tony Badger, the new President of the Historical Association, gave a most interesting lecture to our Swansea Branch. The subject was:

The 2016 presidential election and Donald Trump in historical perspective.

For those who missed it, below are some of the highlights.

‘Trump, no way he’d win,’

so thought Professor Tony Badger, The HA President who gave us an excellent insight and historical perspective into Trump’s unexpected presidency.

Trump was not the first business candidate to wish to be the American President. There was Henry Ford, the manufacturing genius, who was attacked by the elite;

‘I admit I am ignorant...I don’t like to read books, they mess up my mind.’

Also, among others, there was Herbert Hoover in 1928, a very bad speaker with a lack of political manner. But, none like Trump, a speculator, re-ality TV Star, self-publicist and someone who had no political background.

Everything was against Trump, but he won despite his attack on a female journalist, the war hero John McCain, a disabled reporter and

The Swansea Branch would like to thank Swansea City Opera for their help in loaning photographic displays for our Open Day in December.

Over the last year Swansea City Opera has been working with 5 community groups in Swansea, Chinese Community Centre, Unity in Diversity, YMCA, Sisters in Sanctuary and the African Community Centre and 4 schools, Bishop Gore Secondary School, Blaen y Maes Primary School, Cefn Hengoed Community Secondary School and Parkland Primary School on a project funded by The Heritage Lottery and ACW. Each of the community groups has chosen a different theme in which



apparently all Mexicans. Not even a tape recording exposing his sexual attitude to women put off his supporters. Many of these came from rural towns in the rust belt, people who had been left behind; blue collar workers, who flocked to Trump.

Although Clinton had a stellar public record, there was an historical hatred of the Clintons. The voters may well have been put off by Comey bringing up the issue of the Clinton emails just before voting day.

Trump’s 100 days and after have shown that he prefers rallies to details and does not display the stability and some of the competence in order to be successful. Foreign policy so far has been dominated by bluster and tweet.

Professor Tony Badger was, until 2014, Professor of American History at the University of Cambridge.

to show their cultural heritage and what it has brought to Swansea, these include dance, cooking, drumming, song, music and story telling and the schools told the story of refugees from war torn countries through their own version of Dido and Aeneas by Purcell.





Orphaned Russian Jews upon immigration to America. 1919

'History in its broadest aspect is a record of man's migrations from one environment to another.'
Ellsworth Huntington

Migrants arriving in Freemantle, 1953. This was the Australian port of call for European Immigrant ships.



Written by Karl Marx in 1870 ,

'...that the influx of low-paid Irish immigrants to England forced wages down for native-born English workers.'

Forgotten child migrants. For a century, British children were sent to Australia in the guise of populating the colonies.



Welsh immigrants in Sydney. They were sent to work on farms and paid 10 shillings a week. They left Britain in August 1926 and arrived in Freemantle in September 1926. Some of their pay was held back to pay for their fare.



Statue of Liberty in New York

Italian immigrants , Ellis Island 1905. Lost luggage is the cause of their worried appearances.

'I had always hoped that this land might become a safe and agreeable asylum to the virtuous and persecuted part of mankind, to whatever nation they might belong.'
—George Washington



*'Give me your tired,
your poor,
Your huddled masses
yearning to breathe free,
The wretched refuse of
your teeming shore.
Send these, the homeless,
tempest-tost to me...'*

Emma Lazarus, poem on Statue of Liberty

Jews in Wales

In the beginning there was a Jew in Margam Abbey, a monk who had adopted Judaism, much to the dismay and anger of Gerald of Wales who recorded the case in 1175. Thereafter we know little about the presence of Jews until 1768 when David Michael, on behalf of the Swansea Jewish community, signed a 99 year lease with the Burgesses of the Borough to purchase land for a burial ground. It is significant that a cemetery was established before the building of any synagogue.

Growth in Wales's Jewish population largely reflected that in Britain. In the mid 19th century migrants came from the German principalities but between 1882-1914 approximately 120,000 arrived from Tsarist Russia mainly from Lithuania, and Poland and settled in the large English cities. A few hundred settled in south Wales especially in Cardiff, Swansea, and Merthyr but several small communities were established in the coal mining valleys and in north Wales.

These immigrants had an urban background unlike the Irish, Italian and Polish immigrants who settled in the USA. Moreover they were literate in Yiddish and could accommodate to town life where they worked as artisans, tailors, shoemakers, glaziers and other trades. Unlike the major English cities of Manchester, Leeds and the East End of London, which sustained large clothing factories and an urban proletariat, Welsh Jewry was self-employed.

The sudden influx of these impoverished Eastern European Jews strained the finances of the established Jewish communities administered by their co-religionists in South Wales, many of whom had arrived a generation or two earlier and who had anglicised rapidly. In Swansea, for example, community life revolved around the synagogue, located on Goat Street, which was



opened in 1859 by the Chief Rabbi's son, Herman Adler, who succeeded his father in 1890. The synagogue housed the Swansea Hebrew Congregation (SHC) which was highly stratified both economically and socially. It was a bureaucratic institution whose structure was set out in its Rule Book of 1892, which stipulated an elaborate ranking of seat-holders. Weekly dues ranged from 6 pence to 3 shillings and 6d. The more a member paid the more rights (termed "privileges") he had in the management of the SHC. All members were entitled to buy kosher meat, burial in the cemetery, to use the ritual bath, to a Jewish marriage ceremony and to the services of the *mohel* who circumcised their sons. However only those who paid the higher dues were entitled to vote or to become members of the governing committee. Thus a hierarchical oligarchy disenfranchised their poorer members who were subject to taxation without representation. This situation resulted in conflict and subsequent secession when the new immigrants broke away from the *Englischer shul* and established their own prayer house, the *bes hamidrash* in 1906. Schism was not total however as the SHC would loan some of its torah scrolls and also the services of its minister to the newcomers. Moreover the burial ground was also accessible to them.

These eastern European Jews were active in Zionism which was opposed by the Jewish establishment such as the Chief Rabbi and the Jewish Chronicle. However they were religiously orthodox and hostile to Reform Judaism which only established its first synagogue in Cardiff in 1948.

The Aliens Act of 1905 curtailed Jewish immigration to some extent. In the 1930s the British government admitted a few manufacturers from central Europe provided they set up factories in deprived areas. Thus Jews established forty nine factories on the Treforest Trading Estate. A few *kindertransport* children were also settled with Jewish families.

The Welsh Jewish population peaked at about 6000 in the mid 20th century and has declined significantly since then. Nowadays the major centre is Cardiff with two synagogues. Swansea comprises a few families but retains a prayer room housed in the grounds of its former synagogue which has been converted into an Evangelical church.

Of course there are many more Jews in Wales who are not affiliated to any synagogue and whose numbers are difficult to estimate. Sometimes, after their death, their families request their burial in a Jewish cemetery.

Leonard Mars

A huge number of people attended a service held recently in St Mary's Church in Swansea, for a young man called Eyob.

He was a gentle, caring, person who gave much to others in his community. Sadly, the Home Office refused to grant him asylum - whilst the Foreign Office declared his homeland as 'unsafe' - so he had nowhere to go. Months of destitution followed, eventually robbing him of hope and, ultimately, his life. He drowned in Swansea Marina.

In 2010, Swansea was given a 'City of Sanctuary' status. It would be good, in whatever way, to promote the welcome and closer ties with refugees and asylum seekers that the wider community offers.

Further Reading

The Rev. John Mills. The British Jews. London. Houlston & Stoneman. 1853 (first published in Welsh as Iuddewon Prydain. Llanidloes. 1852)

Lloyd. P. Gartner. The Jewish Immigrant in England 1870-1914. London. George Allen and Unwin. 1960

Ursula R. Q. Henriques (ed) The Jews of SouthWales. Cardiff. University of Wales Press. 2nd edition 2013.

Geoffrey Alderman. Modern British Jewry. Clarendon Press Oxford. 1992.



Rabbi Rose of Cardiff United Synagogue at a National Service of Commemoration at Cardiff City Hall, 2017

City of Sanctuary is a national movement committed to building a culture of hospitality and welcome, especially for refugees seeking sanctuary from war and persecution.

Margaret Blake, Hay, Brecon and Talgarth Sanctuary for refugees.

Swansea has offered a home to people who have lost their homes and families and we wish to celebrate the welcoming attitudes of Swansea people and organisations.

Joe's Gelato



In 1898, Joe's father, Luigi Cascarini, travelled from the Abruzzi Mountains in Italy, to the UK. He, along with his brothers, settled in London and set up small cafés, which they ran. During the war, my Italian ancestors travelled from London to Swansea. Their cafes were shut down by officials, as they were Italian immigrants and a couple of my male ancestors were thrown into prison for being Italian immigrants in London.

They fled London and came to Swansea, where, they were unknown. During those years there was some back and forth of the family between London and Swansea, and some remained in London, where they could find more work. Luigi stayed in Swansea – he managed to set up a café, and then another in Swansea. His children came to Swansea to run the cafes, and they became established, serving the mining workers, all hours of the morning and night.

Joe came from Italy to assist his father in running the cafes. He ran the café on St. Helen's road (where our ice cream parlour stands today) He loved ice cream and created an Italian gelato, fresh and much softer than frozen ice cream. The people of Swansea adored the gelato (our fresh vanilla of today.) I think where sugar and luxury items like ice cream had been rationed during the war; post war, people found ice cream to be a real treat

and they flocked to Joe's ice cream parlour on St Helen's Road, especially on Sundays. Joe was a workaholic, he didn't marry, and he didn't have any children. He worked all hours, until eventually his health got the better of him, and he became too ill to work.

Without children of his own, Joe was very close to my grandmother, Delia Cascarini. She lived in London, running a coffee shop, with my grandfather, Colin Hughes. They married and they came to Swansea to help Joe in running the ice cream business. Colin and Delia were front of house, behind the counter, greeting the customers.

Delia invited her brother, Enrico Cascarini, to join the family run establishment. It was Enrico who followed Joe, with a strong passion and interest in the ice cream production. Joe taught Enrico everything he knew about the Italian gelato. Enrico spent his time continually making the fresh gelato in the dairy at the back of the St.Helen's parlour.

Enrico later created the frozen ice cream that we now serve (our pre packed vanilla and flavours) This ice cream has won the Champion of Champion Awards at the Ice Cream Alliance. A prestigious award in the ice cream world! However, it is still Joe's fresh vanilla gelato that makes up more than 90% of our business sales today. It is this product that has stolen the hearts of many of our local Welsh customers, that we are so fortunate to have retained for all of these years. Established in 1922; 2022 will be our centurion business anniversary. I am not sure how we will celebrate yet, but there will be some big celebration and thanks for the people of Swansea, Llanelli, Cardiff and surrounding that have kept our family and all of our wonderful staff going for all of these years!

Lucy Hughes

Our next Annual general Meeting will be in March 2018.

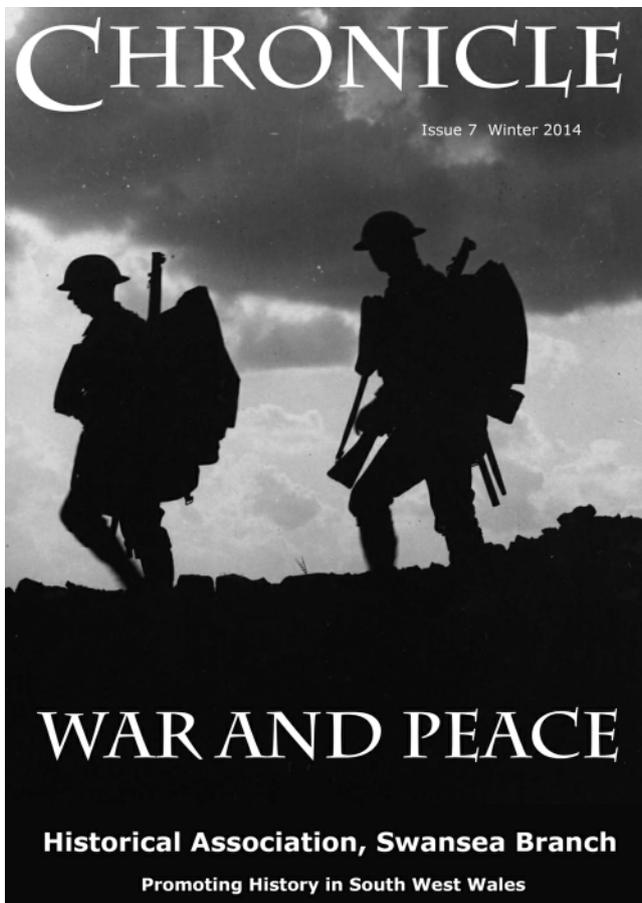
Subscriptions will be due at that time and there will be an **election for new committee members.**

We would like to invite members to become more involved, to come along to our committee meetings and see how we operate. The meetings are held on the first Saturday of the month at the National Waterfront Museum. They start at 10.30 in a small room upstairs and you would be very welcome.



Swansea Branch

We are always on the lookout for new ways to improve the running of the branch. It would be good to have some new members on the committee, either as executive officers or committee members with a vote. Please do put your names forward, in plenty of time if you are interested.



All seventeen issues of *Chronicle* are available to download on the Historical Association website.

To view and download copies go to:

History.org.uk

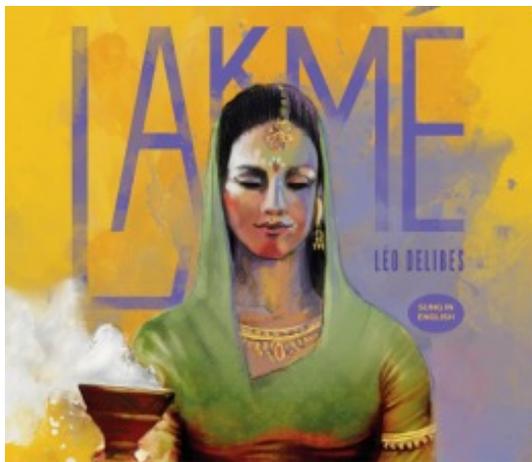
Scroll down to Branches, then scroll down to Podcasts and Publications.

The first issue, was printed in the Spring of 2013. It had twelve pages and was in Black and White.

Unity in Diversity

I cannot begin to imagine the overwhelming disorientation experienced by newcomers to a country with a different language and unfamiliar customs, but the participants of the Unity in Diversity group that I recently worked with, have each encountered the challenges of settling in the UK, often alone and under difficult circumstances.

They attend English classes to quickly integrate into society and have adapted to our inclement weather. They have enthusiastically embraced their new lives in the UK. In a way, it has been a one-way process. Assimilation has been everything, but through the Musical Routes project with Swansea City Opera, a dialogue has been established, in which a sharing of cultural diversity has been paramount.



As an artist and workshop leader, it has been incredibly rewarding to learn about the rich background of participants, who have originated from several countries including Sudan, Eritrea, Ethiopia, Iran, Syria, Albania, Turkey, Cameroon, and Bangladesh. Equally, I believe this process has fostered an appreciation of other cultures amongst different ethnic groups, pride in one's own cultural background, as well as a recognition that although diverse, we share fundamental values and needs. There is indeed unity in diversity.

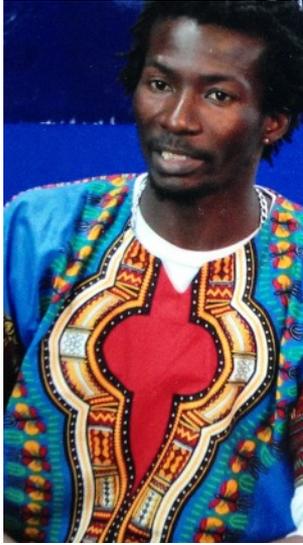
Over a period of five months, in weekly workshops, we explored life journeys, traditional dance, music, song and poetry. People drew self-portraits or drew pictures of each other and described their artwork (and its subject) to camera. We captured film of all activities and this was exhibited in Swansea Museum over the summer months, as part of the Musical Routes Exhibition.

The medium of film not only provides a record of activities, it exposes the magic of the process of sharing and receiving. At first tentative, group members visibly grew in confidence over the months. Where at first people self-organised into distinct ethnic groups, as the workshops progressed, these boundaries blurred, until it was common place for Kurdish-inspired music to accompany Sudanese spoken word, or for Sudanese men to dance with Iranian men to a mix of music. We all learned Ethiopian traditional dance moves. They were energetic.

As part of the process, I posed the following question: "What do I bring with me to this country?" It was a crudely phrased query, not to explore the value of an individual's contribution, rather to start a conversation about what comes with a person when they leave their country of birth: what they hold in their heart and would never be without. One respondent said:

"My family and village were very kind people. I am a kind person 101%"

What is cultural heritage, if it is not that which we perceive as integral to our own character? Our day to day lives may adapt to our immediate environment, but our internal system of values will be informed by much more.



Through artistic activities, we can come together, to explore the inner landscape of cultural identity, to share and to rejoice in new rhythms, new harmonies, new ways of moving the body. We can understand each other more deeply and value the contribution that everyone makes to society.



Through the Musical Routes project, various community groups have been given a platform to express themselves. Some groups are already recognisable and well-established, having contributed to the multicultural community of Swansea for many years. Other groups are in their infancy and with fewer members, are only now beginning to make their mark in art and on society.



The richness that they will bring through traditional food, music, song and spoken word is palpable. The possibilities of cross-pollination and collaboration between newly-settled artists working together, that I have had the pleasure to witness already in this project, are endless, and will further diversify a rich artistic movement in Swansea and beyond.



I very much hope that projects like the one I have been lucky to lead on with Swansea City Opera, will continue to support and encourage a sharing of cultural heritage. There is a lot for us all to sing and dance about.



**Photos
Courtesy of
Swansea City
Opera**

HA Swansea Branch Programme 2017/18

Talks on Saturdays at 11.00, National Waterfront Museum, Ocean Room

16th December 2017

Dr Martin Johnes

The History of Christmas



20th January 2018

Anthea Symonds

Citizen Clem



17th March 2018

Stephen K. Jones

Brunel in South Wales



17th February 2018

Richard Lewis

Uneasy lies the head that wears the crown:

Richard 11 and the Political Revolution of 1399



21st April 2018

Jeff Childs

The Gentry Families of Llangyfelach Parish and their estates.