

Spring Takes It's Time

Temperatures that seemed mild in March can feel decidedly chilly at the end of April! Combine this with a surfeit of damp gloomy weather and it is not surprising that the short spell of sunny, warm weather at the beginning of May was more than welcome. But the magnolia in Section K just got on with its job and provided one of the best displays of blossom in recent years ...



Wild flowers seem more prolific each year, with some dense patches of wood anemone ...



... while the primroses, which have been about since well before the turn of the year, are still going strong in mid April, as shown below.



Trees don't need to be exotic hybrids or 'foreigners' to provide a pleasing display. It would be hard to better the native crab apple in blossom, like the one in Section Y shown below.



Do you remember when May was the time to go to the woods to see bluebells? Not any more! These bluebells (with some white ones for good measure) were pictured in the middle of April in Section H.



But not everything thrives every year. The foxglove tree was a disappointment, with few flower heads and many of those only partially developing into blossom. The picture below shows one of the better areas of the tree!



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We had hoped to show off a couple of new sightings but, so far, no one has managed to photograph them. The first was a stoat that peaked out from behind a headstone, while the Tuesday walkers were paused at one of their stops. The second was a parakeet, which a visitor to the Cemetery reported seeing on more than one visit. Ring-necked parakeets have been seen around Cardiff in recent years, particularly around the south-east fringes. The number and frequency of sightings in Cardiff suggests that there are not enough to signify a viable sustainable community ... yet!

We expect to see flowery spikes on fir trees at this time of year, often giving the appearance of candles on a Christmas tree. If you catch them at the critical moment, tapping the branch will result in a cloud of yellow pollen. It was while looking at an older fir in Section A that something quite unusual was noticed - all the cones (from last year or even earlier) were on substantial branches, typically 4mm in diameter, and at branch nodes (see picture below),



We are struggling to identify the species, so if any of our readers can enlighten us, we would be pleased to hear from you.

Our last newsletter featured the large multi-trunked bay tree that had shed one of those trunks. A characteristic of these trees is that the trunks give each other a degree of support but, if one falls, a domino effect can follow. That's exactly what happened within a few days of the newsletter being sent out. In this case, it did not pick a relatively clear area, but fell on a number of memorials, including one that was already propped and unable to withstand the

impact. Trees in cemeteries can be a mixed blessing!



Domino effect on bay tree

Spring Miscellany

It is pleasing to see the Cemetery having an increasing role in a variety of activities. The Wildlife Trust of South and West Wales provided a bird walk, expertly led by Alex Griffiths, in May, enhancing our programme of events. Birds seen or heard (or both) included greenfinch and goldfinch, chiffchaff, goldcrest and coal, blue and long-tailed tits, the last two seemingly confirming that the bird boxes installed last year had been discovered by their targets.

The same week was designated as War Graves Week and events included two walks led by the Commonwealth War Graves Commission in Cathays Cemetery, which were fully booked well in advance and at the end of the second one there was a Legacy of Liberation event, the lighting of a D-Day torch.

In April, Gordon Hindess, talked to the St Mellons WI about the "Ladies of Cathays Cemetery". There are many groups with talk programmes and there are often calls upon the Friends for a presentation. There are a number of Powerpoint talks available and these can be adapted if necessary for specific purposes. It would be very helpful if more people were available to deliver these talks. Please let us

know if you would like to have a go. If you haven't done this before, it is not as daunting as it might sound and we can give you plenty of help. Similarly, groups often like a guided walk in the Cemetery, when the itinerary may be entirely at the leader's discretion or tailored to the specific interests of the group. Again there are notes for numerous stops already prepared. As before, let us know if you want to give this a try.

One subject we come back to regularly - and we make no apology for this - is the gradual deterioration of the memorial record. An interesting example spotted recently in Section H is shown below.



The memorial has split vertically down the middle as a result of strain induced by a self-seeded tree growing close to it. Some of the metal letters of the inscription that straddled the split are now only attached on one side and cantilever into space at the crack. This can be seen in the enlarged detail in the picture.

What is the connection between Greg Davies, the Smiths, Desert Island Discs and cemeteries? The comedian, Greg Davies, who it seems is a reluctant Welshman, shared the soundtracks of his life with Lauren Laverne recently on Desert Island Discs. One of his

chosen tracks was "Cemetery Gates", by the Smiths. With this band and this title, you would not be expecting a fairly upbeat song.

The song recalls some of Morrissey's happy memories of visits to Manchester's Southern Cemetery with his friend Linder Sterling. It was a place where he could relax mentally and find inspiration. The chorus includes the words

"So I meet you at the cemetery gates. Keats and Yeats are on your side, While Wilde is on mine."

Elsewhere you will find

"So we go inside and we gravely read the stones - all those people, all those lives ..."

These could easily be the sentiments of many members of the Friends, visiting Cathays Cemetery.

It's only a few years ago that Cathays Cemetery was opened to dogs on leads. The restrictive condition is to ensure respect for those buried in the Cemetery, their families and other visitors. Unfortunately, a minority (but a significant one) ignore this and let their dogs off the lead and roam far and wide. Others get around the restriction by using retractable leads fully extended. In both cases, the 'out of sight, out of mind' result is often an unpleasant deposit. The decision to permit dogs in the Cemetery is now under review. As a first step, more prominent signs are being obtained to make the restriction more obvious. But the real answer is for dog owners to behave responsibly. It would be a shame if the minority cause the facility to be withdrawn for all dog owners.

Spiridion

Part 2 - Krakow Stopoff

In our last issue, we left the Kliszczewskis in stressful circumstances in that part of Poland under Russian occupation. We now look at the desperate measures consequential upon this.

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While the Cossack pillaging and subjugation of civil administration in the Kingdom by the Russians could, perhaps, be endured, a far bigger threat (at least, in the eyes of the Polish patriot, Peter Kliszczewski) loomed. The Russian government decided to send the sons of the Polish aristocracy, especially those who had taken an active part in the Revolution, to "military schools". The underlying intent was indoctrination, to convert them into ideological Russians. The more able and committed could well progress within the Russian army. Others would, at least, come in useful as cannon fodder!

An initial attempt to thwart this was to make Wladyslaw appear two years younger to the Russian Authorities - Wladyslaw Antony Kliszczewski became Wladyslaw Spiridion Kliszczewski and he was now normally referred to as Spiridion ... and we shall use this name for him henceforth. But the name change could never be more than a delaying tactic ... and there was also his brother, Jakob, a year or so older, to consider. Their father decided to send his two teenage sons to Krakow, to be educated as Poles. On 20th March 1833, they left Zaleszyce in a carriage commissioned by their father, with what few belongings they had. Their oldest brother, Josef, under their father's instruction, was to see them safely to Krakow.

Travelling was slow, despite being on the move until nightfall. They spent the first night of the journey with family friends and the second at a dilapidated hotel at Jendrzejow, about a third of the way into their journey. But the next morning, Josef announcing that he had to return home. He gave his brothers some money and saw them off. It was years later that it transpired that Josef had retained the greater part of the money he had been given for the journey and did not return home until it was all spent. The third day should have taken them to Miechow but, a couple of hours into the journey, the coachman demanded more money. They paid him some more and they continued a little further, until the driver said that the road was

too rough and his horses couldn't go any further. He put the boys down, assuring them that Miechow was no more than half-an-hour's walk. In the event, it was a three hour slog, burdened as they were with their luggage. They found the town full of Cossacks so left hurriedly, abandoning most of their belongings. They got off the road as soon as possible and spent the night in a forest, so tired that they slept soundly despite the cold.

The next morning, to keep out of sight, they pressed on through the forest. But Jakob was getting increasingly apprehensive and, after a long discussion, the brothers parted company and Jakob made his way back home. Spiridion pressed on and eventually emerged into open country ... and the realisation that he was lost. Fortunately, he came across a farm with a friendly owner, who gave him food, a bed for the night and, next morning, took him to a hill from where Krakow could be seen. The farmer also advised the safest route to take, avoiding a guarded frontier post, and gave him some food to take with him. Despite at one point close to the boundary of the free city being chased by a mounted Cossack, he managed to reach Krakow that afternoon.

His father had given him two introductory letters, one to Pani Zapalska, his godmother and also the wife of a former senator of the Kingdom of Poland, and the other to a priest named Wareski. He tried his godmother first, but found the house locked up and was told that the the owners had gone away. He then went to the Church of Our Lady, where Wareski officiated and was directed to his lodgings, two tiny rooms in a back street. His reception by Father Wareski was distinctly cool, but he took the bedraggled lad in. He had been a Lieutenant in the army and Peter Kliszczewsk had befriended him during the Revolution, so he felt obliged to do what he could for his son.

Spiridion slept in a corner of the small living room on a couch and was taught to serve at Mass, which he did for many months, as well as

accompanying the priest on sick calls, of which there were many. He was able to correspond with home but, before long, it became clear that the mail was being intercepted by the Russians who, amongst other things, extracted money which was being sent for his upkeep. Father Wareski sent him to school, where he studied for some months and made some friends, some of whom he managed to keep in touch with throughout his life.

With no money coming from home and recognising the strain on the priest's resources, Spiridion made the decision to leave and find work to support himself. But Krakow was full of half-starved refugees and, if there was work for anyone, it was rarely for children. He stayed for some time with one of his school friends, in return for helping him with his school work. He also stayed at a Carmelite church, where he served as an altar boy, in return for his keep and a little pocket money. One of the odd jobs he did was carrying messages, but this had hidden dangers. Many of the refugees were Polish nationalists, there were Russian and Austrian spies and the authorities in Krakow were negotiating with these threatening powers over the return of refugees. While Spiridion did not get actively involved in the plotting, he did know many of the senior people involved from carrying their messages. This was valuable information and Spiridion found himself before city officials and ordered to disclose the names of conspirators. His refusal to do this led to a severe beating - thirty stripes with a thonged whip, drawing sufficient blood to run down his legs into his boots and causing him to lose consciousness.

Fortunately, a Professor Nowinski took pity on him, tended his wounds and kept him for some weeks until he was able to resume his independent life. But, with all contact with his home lost and permanent damage to his health, his spirit was sufficiently crushed for him to contemplate suicide: his intended drowning was

aborted by the chance discovery of a pike caught up in branches hanging into the water. If life wasn't tough enough, agents of the Austrian and Russian Governments, with support from Krakow officials began systematic house searches, resulting in large numbers of refugees being seized daily. After narrowly escaping capture several times, Spiridion realised that eventually he would be taken. He turned to Father Wareski for help, but the priest was a marked man and his house had already been searched.

It was decided that the best hiding place would be in the Tower of the Church of Our Lady but, with winter approaching, this was bitterly cold. The tower was also infested with vermin, pigeons and fleas. Inevitably, other priests and servants of the church became aware of his presence so, again, Spiridion feared capture. After discussing the situation with Father Wareski, he decided to surrender myself to the Austrians - a least worst option! So, on a bright frosty morning, with a light covering of snow on the ground, he crossed the Padgorze Bridge to surrender at the Austrian border post. He was then taken to the Barracks at Lobzow (*then a village on the western side of Krakow, but today an area within the city suburbs*), where he was held with a hundred or so other Poles.

After a few days, it was decided that a young boy should not be kept with grown men and he was put in the charge of an Austrian official. Despite being well cared for, Spiridion feared that he would be handed over to the Russians, so ran away one night and returned to the Barracks prison. His fellow prisoners hid him under a mattress when officers undertook inspections, but eventually he was discovered. But he was allowed to remain. One day, to his surprise, Professor Nowinski came to see him and then became a regular visitor. On one of these visits, the Professor suggested that he try to escape and make for Italy, France, or England. His fellow prisoners supported the idea, offered advice on routes and gave him

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introductory information to expatriate Poles who might help him. The favoured plan was to go to Vienna and then head west to Germany or south to the Adriatic ports.

One evening, a little while later, Professor Nowinski arranged for a supper from an outside restaurant to be taken into the prison. It was a much appreciated treat. At the end of the meal, the plates and dishes were collected up to be taken back to the restaurant. The sentries had checked the young lad in with the food and only gave a cursory glance at the youth in the same coat going out. Spiridion was free! He had not gone far before meeting, as prearranged, his kind friend, Professor Nowinski, who wished him well on the journey ahead. He tramped for about 15 miles through the night, to reach Kalwarya, where Professor Nowinski had given him an address where he could hide during the day. (*Kalwaria Zebrzydowska, with its monastery and calvary and set in an idyllic landscape is a noted place of pilgrimage today.*) After sleeping until late afternoon, Spiridion set off again. Two further nights tramping, while hiding by day, brought him into Austrian Silesia, now part of the Czech Republic.

It was about two years since he had left home and Spiridion now stood outside the boundary of the ancient Kingdom of Poland. He had a vague notion of heading to Munich or Nuremberg and finishing his education, by which time, hopefully, better times would have returned to Poland and he could go home. Little did he know that it would be about 50 years before he would see his native land again.

But where circumstances took him next must await our next issue.

Victor Erle Nash-Williams

There are still some stories to be uncovered in our cemetery. Recently the Friends asked Bereavement Services if they could arrange for a large, impenetrable bramble bush, which completely surrounded a gravestone, to be cut back. This was quickly done, thank you

Bereavement Services, to reveal, as hoped, the grave of Victor Erle Nash-Williams. There is an incised Celtic cross at the top of the stone, and a Latin motto at the foot; CONFIDIT IN DEO; He trusted in God. Both, as we will find a little later, very fitting for Victor Erle Nash-Williams, Scholar and Archaeologist.



Victor Erle Nash-Williams headstone

Victor Erle Nash-Williams was born in Fleur-de-Lys, Monmouthshire, to Albert Henry and Maude Rosetta Williams on 21st August 1897. The 1901 census has the family living at 17 Bloom St, Canton. Albert was a monumental mason, one wonders whether he carved any of the gravestones in Cathays Cemetery.

Victor attended Lewis School in Pengam, a school which Winston Churchill once referred to as 'The Eton of the Valleys', and the school did indeed have some renowned pupils. John Dawes (International rugby player), Julian Hodge (financier), Neil Kinnock (politician), and Simon Weston (Falklands veteran) all attended Lewis school. Albert Henry Williams died when Victor was quite young, and his mother Maud whose maiden name was Nash, then changed the family surname by deed poll to Nash-Williams.

Victor left school at the beginning of the First World War aged just 17 to join the army. After training with the Inns of Court regiment he

transferred to the 5th battalion North Staffordshires. Soldiers could not serve abroad until they were 18, so Victor finally got to France in 1916. He did not stay long; he contracted rheumatic fever and was invalided home, he did not return to Europe until just before the Armistice in November 1918.

After being demobbed in 1919 he attended University College Cardiff, the precursor to Cardiff University, where in 1922 he was awarded a First Class Honours degree in Latin, and the following year he gained his MA.

In 1924, when eminent archaeologist Mortimer Wheeler took up the post of Director of the National Museum of Wales, he invited Victor to become Assistant Keeper of Archaeology at the museum under Cyril Fox (another eminent archaeologist). Then when Fox became the museum director, Victor was promoted to Keeper of Archaeology and senior archaeology lecturer at University College, which at the time was a joint post. Victor went on to spend his entire career in the service of the museum and the college.

He was a deeply religious man, taking particular pride in his membership of the governing body of the Church in Wales. In 1931 he married Margaret Elizabeth Luck the daughter of an insurance salesman from Lancashire.

In 1940 he was called up, joined the Royal Army Service Corps and became the Officer Commanding transport for South Wales, with the rank of Major. In 1943 he was seconded to the Historical Section of the War Cabinet Office; he was a Monuments Man, just like George Clooney in the film. In this role he served in North Africa, his last publication was called Roman Africa. At the end of the war he returned to the National Museum of Wales.

His interests were the Roman and Early Christian periods in Wales. His professional record is impressive, he carried out an excavation nearly every year. He dug at Llantwit Major, where he uncovered a Roman villa, and at

the Roman sites of Caerleon and Caerwent. He authored several books about Caerleon, but his best known publication, his magnum opus if you will, is *The Early Christian Monuments of Wales*. He was by all accounts a popular lecturer, clear and interesting, and he would always accept an invitation to speak at all manner of societies. He was at one point the President of Cardiff Naturalists Society.

The joint post he held at the museum and the college came with a heavy work load, which along with his enthusiasm for annual excavation and tireless lecturing may well have contributed to his death in 1955 at the relatively young age of 58.

After his death the National Museum of Wales, along with his friends, erected a plaque in his memory at the Legionary Museum in Caerleon. It includes a lovely description of his character:

He was gracious in life, exact in scholarship, fearless in advocating what he believed to be the truth, unfailing in friendship, and selflessly helpful to his colleagues, his staff, and his students.

Recent Events

Talks

On **Tuesday March 19th**, **Martyn Swain** told the fascinating story of "**Moses White, Cardiff and Barry Dock Pilot, 1846 - 1918**" and his family. We were left in little doubt that Moses had a tough life: his father died before he was born and his mother died when he was only 6 years old. Starting work at an early age, most of his early employment was as a pilot's assistant, which would have involved rowing the pilot from his boat to the ship requiring his guidance into port. Working in all weathers and competing with other pilots for business, this would have been a hard and dangerous life. In 1879, Moses received his Pilot's Licence.

Moses managed a few run-ins with authority: when younger when arguments, probably fuelled by drink, descended into brawls: when older,

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when his professional ability was questioned. But the conclusion had to be that he was a gifted seaman and a good and respected pilot.

Moses married twice, firstly to Catherine Williams, with whom he had three children, secondly, to her sister Emma, with whom he had five more. An interesting aspect of the marriage to Emma was that it seemed to be prohibited until The Deceased Wife's Sister's Marriage Act was enacted in 1907. But Moses and Emma did have a Registrar's Certificate for their marriage in 1889 ... and for their chapel wedding soon after the 1907 Act! There was much family tragedy in the White household - only one child outlived Moses himself.

Martyn is a relative newcomer to Cardiff, but has thrown himself into local history and was drawn to researching Moses White on finding the striking memorial in Cathays Cemetery and recognising some of the family's tragedies from the inscription on it. The appreciation of the audience of about 25, showed how well he had done his research.

On Tuesday April 16th Nick Davey delivered a talk entitled "**Jacob S Matthews, Gardener, Nurseryman, Florist: the man who built Temperance Town, in Cardiff**". Jacob was baptised in St John's Church in 1817 and his home was in Crockherb Town, just outside the east gate of the borough - an area generally aligned with today's Queen Street. His father, Samuel, was a gardener and nurseryman, typically buying seeds to produce plants from which he would harvest seeds to sell. He also grew trees to feed the Regency passion of the time. The Marquis of Bute was a big customer and it is possible that some oaks and beech trees around Cooper's Field today have their origins in his nursery.

When his father died in 1847, Jacob already had his own business, Spring Gardens Nursery. He had married Elizabeth Bacon in Bristol, but they had no children. In the 1850s, he is advertising widely in newspapers and had built a strong customer base. He provided trees in pots

and more mature ones with an earth rootball wrapped in hessian. One of his orders was for the initial planting at Cathays Cemetery and this included chestnuts to line the main drive: but these failed and a year later he supplied pine trees, which are so characteristic of the Old Cemetery today.

Jacob, like his father, leased land from the Bute family, but the expansion of Cardiff meant that land suitable for a nursery business was giving way to houses and businesses. Jacob recognised an opportunity and had the entrepreneurial spirit to take advantage of this. The construction of the Great Western Railway had diverted the River Taff and left an area of old river channel to the north of Central Station. In 1858, he obtained a 99-year lease, from Colonel Wood. Wood, a staunch teetotaler, required that no alcohol premises should be built as a condition of the lease for the still tidal creek. Within a year or so it had been built up with "dry rubbish". By 1871, Temperance Town (the area between the Principality Stadium and Central Station today) had been built - 164 houses, accommodating nearly 1200 people. Jacob provided two impressive buildings - the Temperance Hall (to provide entertainment for the people of Cardiff) and the Congregational Church.

Even before the end of the century, there was a realisation that the narrow terraced streets were not a fitting setting for the impressive Central Station and redevelopment was being considered. One proposal would have seen a grand municipal hall and other public buildings facing the station across an open plaza. But demolition of the area waited until the 1930s (by which time city status had been achieved and Cathays Park housed the main civic buildings). Redevelopment was interrupted by the Second World war, so Central Square with its bus station did not arrive until the 1940s.

Nick's presentation, enjoyed by a near capacity audience, was supported by numerous documents that were a testament to his

thorough research.

There was another nearly full house on **Tuesday 21st May**, when **Rob Pickford** presented **Reversing the Decline of Nature in Cardiff - the Approach of the Wildlife Trust of South and West Wales**. Rob chairs the Cardiff Local Group of the Wildlife Trust of S & W Wales. The Trust, which has 110 wildlife reserves, is one of 46 covering the whole of the UK. He set the scene by asking some poignant questions, like when did you last see a swallow around Roath Park Lake or hear a cuckoo in the Cemetery? Some statistics starkly illustrated the serious reduction in some species, although a few that bucked the trend were also noted.

Things can be done individually (e.g. re-wilding parts of gardens or putting in a small pond) or within the community (like clearing Himalayan balsam). Councils have a statutory responsibility for driving initiatives, like My Wild Cardiff and Stand for Nature. The Wildlife Trust had a role in all of these, in spreading the message and in networking which linked into national and international initiatives up to the International Union for Conservation of Nature Red List of Threatened Species, and the COP conferences. The constructive question session at the end confirmed that the message had been taken on board by those present.

Walk

Around 100 people (almost an embarrassment of numbers!) attended the **Heritage Walk** on **Sunday April 27th** which was led by **Roger Swan** and **Amanda Eades**, on behalf of **Bereavement Services**. The walk, on a welcome warm day, was an excellent introduction to the Cemetery and some of those buried in it. With the Anglican Chapel open after the walk for viewing and book sales, this was a great start to the new season of outdoor events.

Our Regular Events

Monthly Workdays

A full complement of workdays saw the

wildflower plots cultivated (although the weather left some heavy soil that was a challenge to prepare) and seeded. With more recent sunshine, plenty of green shoots are now showing. The overgrown plots on either side of the main entrance have been cleared in readiness for an overdue makeover. With Spring being a popular time for weddings, our May workday was devoted to sprucing up the area around the chapels, trimming hedges and lawn edges and removing persistent brambles, etc from the cedar of Lebanon roundabout.

You can work at your own pace and tools and gloves are provided, so why not join us for a couple of hours sociable exercise? **We meet by the chapels at 10 am** and work until noon, with a break for elevenses. Put the last Saturday of the month in your diary, as the next dates are **29th June, 27th July and 28th September**. (N.B. No workday in the peak holiday month of August.)

Tuesday Walks

These sociable walks, which last about an hour, start just inside the **gates adjacent to Cathays Library at 10.30 am every Tuesday morning**. The walks, to which all are welcome, are not strenuous and concentrate on finding the seasonal highlights around the Cemetery, while being informative about the history of the Cemetery and those buried in it. The socialising continues afterwards over tea or coffee in a local cafe.



Pause for information in Section M

Friends EVENTS

Future Events

Walk

On **Tuesday June 18th** at 7 pm, **Gordon Hindess** of the Friends of Cathays Cemetery will lead the **Midsummer Walk**, which will start just inside the **main entrance in Fair oak Road**. As usual, the aim will be to present information that hasn't featured before in these annual perambulations.

Other Events

The **A48 Theatre Company** will again be performing to **scripts by the writers of Living Lines** on a guided walk around the Cemetery on **Tuesday 2nd July at 7 pm, Thursday 4th July at 7 pm and Sunday 7th July at 2 pm**. There will be different performances - a combination of older and brand new - for each of the walks this year, finishing with a cuppa and a chat in the chapel. There is a small charge for the walks, which are very popular and, with a limit on numbers, early booking is recommended. Tickets are obtainable at

<https://www.ticketsource.co.uk/a48-theatre-company>

Open Doors

On **Sunday September 8th** from 11 am to 3 pm the Cathays Cemetery Chapels will be opened to the public as part of the **CADW Open Doors programme**. If you have not seen the transformation of the roofless shells of 2008, this is an opportunity not to be missed. There will be people on hand to answer any questions and there will be a **guided walk, starting from the chapels at 11.30 am**.

Publications

Books (about 100 pages, full colour) - £5:

Cathays Cemetery on its 150th Anniversary
Hidden Histories: Tales from Cathays Cemetery

The books are also available by post, with an additional shipping cost of £3: in the UK, by sending your name & address and a cheque payable to "Friends of Cathays Cemetery" for

the book price plus postage and packing to:-

Friends of Cathays Cemetery
c/o Bereavement Services
Thornhill Cemetery
Cardiff CF14 9UA

For orders from outside the UK please email us for a costing.

Themed guides (12 - 20 pages) - mostly £1.50 with black & white images or £2.00 for those with colour images. Because of disproportionate postal charges, these booklets have generally only been sold at events. Those currently available are:

Builders & Architects at Cathays Cemetery
Restoring the Chapels at Cathays Cemetery
Sportsmen in Cathays Cemetery
Doctors & Men of Medicine
Exotic Trees in Cathays Cemetery
Cathays Cemetery Tree Trail
Cardiff Mayors in Cathays Cemetery
More Mayors & Councillors in Cathays Cemetery
Circuses & Fairs in Cathays Cemetery
Wild Flowers in Cathays Cemetery
Another Bunch of Wild Flowers
Men & Women of The Church
Mentioned In Stone - - Non-CWGC Graves
The Cemetery Gates
Queen Victoria's Wars in Cathays Cemetery
The Crimean War in Cathays Cemetery
The Boer War in Cathays Cemetery

There are also several free publications which can be downloaded from our website in pdf format.

And finally...

Don't forget to let us have your bits of news or other items for future issues!

Contact the editorial team on 029 2061 2164
or email <gordon.hindess@uwclub.net>

You can find past Newsletters, the latest news of events and lots of other information about the Cemetery on our website at www.friendsofcathayscemetery.co.uk