



Bwyta yn y 60au.

Er nad oedd llawer o bres tra 'roedd fy nhad yn gweithio ym Mhenyrsedd, 'roeddem yn lwcus iawn o gael llond bol o fwyd cartra. Roedd

mam yn gwneud uwd neu dost i frecwast pob bora – a rhaid oedd ei fwyta cyn mynd am yr ysgol. Cinio ysgol oedd yn gweld y plant yn cerdded i'r 'Sembli' i gael pryd poeth - rhai bwydydd yn hollol ddiarth 'fish in parsley sauce' (arsenic sauce i mi) a iau mewn greffi oedd fel gwadan esgid a pwdins lyfli fel semolina, reis, sbwnj jam a cwstad (afiach hefo lympia'!) Anti Nel Stevens yn prysur pob dydd.

Caniad oedd te neu swper i ni – gan fod y caniad corn y chwarel yn seinio'n yr awyr ac amser rhoi'r tatws 'mlaen i'w berwi fel bo nhw'n barod erbyn i dad gyrradd adra. Dydd Llun oedd sbar cinio Sul a dydd lau oedd 'fish melyn'. Roedd mam yn gallu gwneud pryd blasus o ddim – tatws popty, tatws pum munud (ne tatws Jên Bach), lopsgows, swp pys, corn beef hash (Dad yn gwrthod ei fwyta gai mai 'hen fylod oedd y cig!!!!), roedd pei Fray Bentos yn porthi teulu o bedwar hefo tatws a ffâ, chips a so-sij a wy - i enwi chydig o'r prydau.

Un dda oedd mam am wneud cacennau a byddai o hyd hefo sgons, bara brith a theisan blat i lenwi'n boliau. Toedd na ddim son am tec awe – mond weithiau i lawr i Caffi at Mrs. Pierce hefo powlan a llenwi hi hefo chips – a da oddent 'fyd. Ni chlywyd son am cyri, reis a pasta – bwyd plaen, rhad, maethlon. Dwi'n dal i wneud lot o rhain chi!

Eating in the 60s.

Although there wasn't much food while my father was working in Penyrsedd, we were very lucky to have plenty of cartra food. My mother made porridge or toast for breakfast every morning - and it had to be eaten before going to school. A school lunch which saw the children walking to the 'Sembly' to have a hot meal - some foods were completely unearthly 'fish in parsley sauce' (arsenic sauce for me) and liver in gravy which was like the sole of a shoe and delicious puddings like semolina , rice, sponge jam and custard (unhealthy with lumpia'!) Auntie Nel Stevens is busy every day.

Tea or dinner was a song for us - as the sound of the quarry's horn sounded in the air and time to put the potatoes on to boil so that they would be ready by the time father drove home. Monday was Sunday lunch break and Thursday was 'yellow fish'. Mum was able to make a delicious meal from nothing - oven potatoes, five minute potatoes (ne Jên Bach potatoes), lopsgows, pea soup, corn beef hash (Dad refused to eat it because the meat was 'old meat!!!!) , Fray Bentos pie fed a family of four with potatoes and beans, chips and sausage and egg - to name a few of the meals.

My mother was good at making cakes and she would always have scones, brith bread and flat tisane to fill our bellies. There was no mention of tec awe - sometimes I went down to Caffi to Mrs. Pierce with a bowl and fill it with chips - and they were good. There was no mention of curry, rice and pasta - plain, cheap, nutritious food. I still make a lot of these!