

Y Bwletin

Gwasg y Nant - Valley Press
Gwanwyn 2018 - Spring 2018



www.ottawawelsh.com

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Editor's comment: many thanks to all the contributors to this edition of Y Bwletin. If you have news or contributions to make to the next newsletter, please contact:

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Y Gymdeithas ar y We / The Society on the Net:

www.ottawawelsh.com



Ottawa Welsh Society/Cymdeithas Cymry Ottawa
Check out our web site and our Facebook page!

Editor's Notes

Croeso I gwanwyn! Welcome to spring! Well, it's supposed to be spring, anyway.

Looking back over the past three months, we've been busy! The St. David's Day luncheon was lovely, as always, and the Gymanfa, though sparsely attended, was much enjoyed by those who made it, thanks to Alan Thomas and Deirdre Piper.

The luncheon, held at the Royal Ottawa Golf Course was very enjoyable. The assembly was entertained by David Jeanes' recounting of the story of "a Welsh Downton Abbey", Cefn Mably, which also has a connection to his family. Following his engaging speech was a short program of music ably presented by Ryan Hofman, baritone. Ryan sang a variety of songs, including some in Welsh.

The Gymanfa ganu was enlivened by the return of Duncan Schuthe as bass soloist, and the enthusiastic singing of the Côr Alltudion Westminster, conducted and accompanied by Alan Thomas. We also welcomed the return of the Rev. Neil Wallace as officiant.

The reception at the British High Commission on March 1 was well-attended and the food and entertainment enthusiastically received. Many thanks go to Chris Smart for reworking his presentation on immigration twice: once for the reception, and again for the Bwletin (see page 5). I encourage you all to read the enchanting story, so poetically recreated, of Chris' experiences as a child, leaving Wales and emigrating to Canada. The original presentation was at our November Canada 150 event. *Y Bwletin Gaeaf* featured the story by John Williams of the Reverend Peter Jones, the descendant of a Welsh immigrant to the U.S. who ended up in Canada (Check our web site if you missed the Winter Bwletin.

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Upcoming Events

April 27-29	Ontario Welsh Festival in Kingston
May 22	6:00** Dinner (no reservation required)
	7:00 AGM (important business)
TBA	Annual picnic



Photos provided by Ron Pepper and Marilyn Jenkins

Members' Events

- April 5 Alan Thomas with Luzia Veiga in recital at Arlington Woods Church
- April 22 The Hidden Folk: Faerie Lore in Music and Storytelling: **Mary Muckle with Marilyn Jenkins**, Virginia Dunsby, Douglas Brierly and the Ottawa Youth Harp Ensemble at St. Luke's Anglican Church on Somerset Street at 7:30 p.m. Donations welcomed.

Neges gan y Llywydd

President's Message

Annwyl Gyfeillion,

Mae blwyddyn wedi hedfan yn rwydd iawn ddar bo fi wedi cymeryd dros fel llywydd ein gymdeithas. Blwyddyn ddiddorol dros ben. Rhaid rhoi diolch i nifer o bobl am lwyddiant ein gymdeithas, yn enwedig ein pwyllgor a'r cymorth maent wedi rhoi i'n hachos.

Yn lle noswaeth "Faggots and Peas" a Noson Lawen, heb ffagots John Griffiths, roedd rhaid troi at rhiwbeth yn wahanol. Y blwyddyn yma, i cytuno a Canada 150, cawsom noswaeth o hanes mewnfudo rhai o'n aelodau. Noswaeth hanesyddol ac emosianol, gyda rhai o'r storiâu yn llawen, ond rhai yn llawn tristwch yn y dechreuad. Diolch o gallon i'r rhai a rhanodd ei hanes gyda ni. Rydym yn gweithio ynawr ar syniadau ar gyfer Tachwedd nesaf.

Mae nifer o ffilmiau Cymraeg ar gael, ac mae rhai o'n aelodau yn gweithio'n ddyfal i baratoi Gwyl Ffilmiau Cymraeg yn y dyfodol. Mae rhai o enwau'r ffilmiau yn adnabyddus e.e. Under Milk Wood, rhai yn llai adnabyddus ond yn werth ei weled er hynu.

Diolch yn fawr iawn i Alison Lawson, a John Williams am cyflwyno Awr Sgwrsio i Ddysgwyr. Mae yn amlwg bod diddordeb mawr yn ein Gymdeithas i ddysgu neu gwellhau ein Cymraeg. Mor belled, mae dros pymtheg o bobl yn troi allan ar nos Lun unwaith y mis i ddysgu ac ymarfer ein iaith. Os ydych chi'n meddwl gwellha eich Cymraeg, cysylltwch ac neillau Alison alisonlawson@rogers.com, neu John john.williams2@gmail.com

Ar 27-29 Mis Ebrill, mae'r OGGGA yn cynnal eu gwyl yn yr Holiday Inn Waterfront a Sydenham United Church Kingston. Deuwch, cenwch yn llafari'r Arglwydd. Ar y nos Sadwr mae Alison Lawson yn derbyn ei wobwr medal aur ar gyfer ei gwaith dros Cymry a'r Gymraeg yn Ontario ac hefyd dros Gogledd America. Llongyfarchiadau unwaith eto Alison.

Cofiwch am ein Cyfarfod Blynyddol ar 22 mis Mai am saith o'r gloch yn Kristy's 809 Richmond Road. Dyma gyfle i gael efaith ac esbonio eich barn ar gwaith y gymdeithas. Rydym yn cynnig rhai newidiadau i'n cyfansoddiad, ac mae'r rhain yn cael ei dosbarthu.

Pob Hwyl, Geraint

Dear Members,

A year has flown by since I became your society's president. It's been a very interesting year, and I must thank many of you for the Society's successes but especially our executive's efforts.

Without John Griffith's faggots, it became difficult to continue with our traditional Faggots and Peas/Noson Lawen, so we have had to come up with alternative ideas. This last November, to coincide with Canada 150 we held an evening of our members' stories of Welsh emigration. It was an enjoyable and quite emotional evening with tales of success and hardships. Our thanks to those who shared their stories. We're already working on ideas for next November. If you have ideas and suggestions please let us know.

There are many Welsh films available and some of us are working on the possibility of holding a Welsh Film Festival in the future. Some of the films are quite well known such as Under Milk Wood, others are less well known but well worth seeing nonetheless.

Thanks also to Alison Lawson and John Williams for spearheading our new initiative of Awr Sgwrsio for beginners. It's obvious there is a desire among society members to learn or improve their Welsh. So far about 15 have turned out one Monday a month to learn and practice our language. If you are interested, please contact Alison or John at

alisonlawson@rogers.com or john.williams2@gmail.com

The OGGGA holds its annual festival in Kingston Ontario on the 27-29 April at the Holiday Inn Waterfront and Sydenham United Church. Come and sing. On Saturday evening Alison Lawson is being presented with the Association's Gold Award for her untiring services to the Welsh cause in Ontario and North America. Congratulations, Alison.

Remember our Annual Meeting will be held at 7 pm 22 May in Kristy's Restaurant 809 Richmond Road. This is your chance to have a say in and provide ideas for your society's activities. Some changes to our constitution are being proposed, and these are being circulated.

Cheers, Geraint

Colofn y Dysgwyr – Learners' Column

Here is a summary of the three Learners' evenings held in January – March 2018 Cadwch ati! – keep it up!

Sessiwn 1

Ann dw i. – I'm Ann

s'mae or shw'mae or sut mae? - how are you?

da iawn diolch - very well thank you

a ti? - and you?

Dw i wedi blino - I'm tired

Dw i'n sâl - I'm ill

Ile wyt ti'n byw? - where do you live?

Dw i'n byw yn Kanata - I live in Kanata

Dw i'n dod o Llandudno (yn wreiddiol) - I come from Llandudno (originally)

Sessiwn 2

Lle wyt ti'n gweithio? - Where do you work?

Dw i'n gweithio mewn banc/ysgol /swyddfa siop/ysbyty-

I work in a bank /school /office /shop /hospital

Dw i wedi ymddeol- I'm retired

Dw i allan o waith- I'm unemployed

Dw i'n gweithio yn Loblaws - I work in Loblaws

Dw i'n gweithio yn y brifysgol - I work at the university

Athrawes dw i- I'm a teacher

Mecanic dw i- I'm a mechanic

Beth wyt ti'n hoffi wneud? - What do you like to do?

Dw i'n hoffi canu / cerdded /darllen- I like to sing / walk/read

Dw i'n hoffi canu hefyd – I like to sing also

A fi hefyd - and me too

Sessiwn 3

Beth wyt ti'n hoffi yfed? - What do you like to drink?

Dw i'n hoffi yfed gwin coch a mynd i'r theatr. A ti?

I like to drink red wine and going to the theatre, and you?

Dw i'n hoffi yfed cwrw a chwarae bingo.

I like to drink beer and play Bingo

Wir? Dw i ddim yn hoffi yfed cwrw.

Really? I don't like to drink beer.

Lle wyt ti'n byw? - Where do you live? (informal)

Lle dach chi'n byw? - Where do you live? (formal)

Lle wyt ti'n gweithio? - Where do you work? (informal)

Lle dach chi'n gweithio? - Where do you work? (formal)

Beth wyt ti isio i frecwast? - What do you want for breakfast? (informal)

Beth dach chi'n hoffi i frecwast? - What do you like for breakfast? (formal)

Sessiwn 1: Geirfa - vocabulary	
Bore da	Good morning
Pnawn da	Good afternoon
Noswaith dda	Good evening
Nos da	Good night
hwyl/hwyl fawr	goodbye
enw	name
iawn	fine
golew (gweddol)	OK, not bad
ofnadwy	terrible
byw yn	to live in
dod o	to come from
yn wreiddiol	originally
rhif ffôn	Phone number
cyfrif	To count
Diolch	Thank you
dim, un, dau, tri, pedwar, pump, chwech, saith, wyth, naw, deg	0-10
Sessiwn 2:	
hoffi	To like
Beth?	What?
siarad Cymraeg	to speak Welsh
chwarae golf	to play golf
dawnsio	to dance
yfed cwrw	to drink beer
hefyd	also
gweithio	to work
ar hyn o bryd	at the moment
Athro/Athrawes	Teacher (m/f)
Lle?	Where?
gwneud	to do
mewn (siop)	in a (shop)
a	and
Sessiwn 3:	
heddiw/ ddoe	today/ yesterday
echdoe	day before yesterday
yfory	tomorrow
Dydd Sul/ dydd Llun/ dydd Mawrth/ dydd Mercher/ dydd Iau/ dydd Gwener/dydd Sadwrn	Sunday/ Monday, Tuesday/Wednesday Thursday/ Friday/ Saturday
Brecwast/ cinio	Breakfast/ lunch
Te/ super	Tea/ supper
isio	to want
Bwyd a diod	Food and drink
Os gwelwch yn dda/ plis	please
Bara a caws	Bread and cheese
Bacwn ac wy	Bacon and egg
Tost a coffi	Toast and coffee
Pysgod a sclodion	Fish and chips
Cig oen a tatws	Lamb and potatoes
iogwrt- yoghurt	llysiau -vegetables
sudd oren- orange juice	ffrwythau – fruit
uwd- porridge	selsig -sausages
llefrith/ llaeth-milk	samwn-salmon
cawl -stew	cig eidion-beef



(The tradition of columns has been abandoned to maintain the integrity of the artist's work. Ed.)

First presented November 18, 2018 to Ottawa Welsh Society as part of Canada 150 Stories of Immigration

Emigration is a story of leaving / Immigration a story of arriving:

for adults a story of tearing and repairing;

for children a story of ending and beginning.

For me a journey from *hiraith* to *mitva*

HOME AND HAPPY

IN 1954 I AM AN ELEVEN YEAR OLD CARDIFFIAN: Born in Tremorfa, living in Fairwater.

FAMILY: Dad, Colin. Ma, Nancy, sister, Nicolette, (Nicki) 13 months young than I.

After 9 years (1941 – 1950) sharing a council house in with paternal grandparents, the name 'Smart' rises in the list of applicants.

A new council house, Fairwater.

Nana and Grampy Smart, near neighbours, in council house prefab.

Barley water 'lollies' on the way home from school.

Nana George,

Licensed Victualler and Publican the Nicholls Arms, Coytrahen

Aunts, uncles, cousins in Mountain Ash.

HOME: A new council house, (two loos!), a new estate, surrounded by open fields woods.

SCHOOL: Assemblies: Friday afternoon...to sing,

All things bright and beautiful, All creatures great and small,

Draw draw yn China a thiroedd Japan,

Sosban Fach...

standing to sing *Hen Wlad Fy Nhadau*.

Welsh lessons with large charts of stick figures to teach vocabulary, learned by rote.

HOLIDAYS: Caravan Llantwit Major

FRIENDS: Monday evening, Cubs, 1st Fairwater 64th Cardiff.

Chips on the way home.

PLAY /THE STREET: bow and arrows, bogies, whipping tops.



Wales...childhood, happy, settled.

Lots to lose and long for.

Hiraith...

TEARING / ENDING

THE CHOICE: My father, an only son, to leave his Mother and Father, to accept promotion from assistant storekeeper at Sir Robert McAlpine's Chepstow depot, Wales, to Storekeeper with Robert McAlpine's Etobicoke depot, Canada.



OMINOUS OBJECTS: Cabin trunks. Labels, 'S', for Smart, 'Cabin', 'Hold'.

Passport, just one, with photographs of father and mother; Nicki, and I, recorded as children.

Tickets: and two large suitcases...



SORTING: My share of the space...not my Meccano, not my Fort, not my clockwork Triang Hornby train, not my Eagle and Rupert Annuals.

Given away.



PACKING: A Muffin the Mule glove puppet, my black man coin bank, And, just before closing the case, my Wolf Cub jersey, cap and neckerchief.



LEAVING: Tuesday, May 18, 1954. Last hugs, tears and promises.

GLAMTAX, Cardiff General Station, train to Southampton.



CROSSING

CUNARD LINE'S MV GEORGIC: Adventure. The run of the ship, only turn up for meals and bedtime. My first bunk bed. My first shower, washed hair with the soap we had brought. Discovered salt water requires special soap. Porcupine hair got a smile from Ma, rare for the moment..

OVER MEALS: Other lives...Chego and Ruth Berliner, He a jeweller from Hatton Garden, to Canada on spec, hoping for opportunities to go on to New York.

The Bingham's, from Ashby de la Zouch, leaving the UK, to keep their son, Harry, from National Service.

My parents, realizing, with passage paid, work waiting in Canada, count their blessings.

RAILWAY STATIONS: May 28, 1954, New York, Friday of a US Memorial Day weekend.

Grand Central station crowded, chaotic. Where is our platform? How to get dollars? Where to eat?

Overnight to Toronto, Saturday, May 29, 1954, Union Station, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

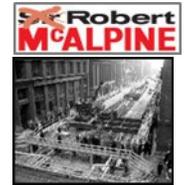


Landed Immigrants!



REPAIRING / BEGINNING (AGAIN)

EMPLOYED: Robert McAlpine, Canada, a contract to use a new tunnelling tool, the worm, to excavate the Union Station section of the Yonge Street Subway.



Westminster Hotel, booked, paid for, with meals at the Town and Country, Toronto's premier eatery then. An easier landing than many newcomers on the MV Georgic had to deal with.

A week to find an apartment, buy the basics, 'settle'.



Eaton's and Simpsons, the places for housewares. With Ma, crossing rickety plank bridges over the open ditch that was Yonge St., in the last months of the subway construction.

First purchase, to open a home in Canada, a radio. Cost \$14. Listening to Perry Mason becomes a lunchtime ritual.

MONEY: Entries in the Foreign Exchange and Traveling Expenses in my Parents' passport.

Immigrants permitted to travel with £20 each.

Furniture bought on credit, new for my father, who had never borrowed, nor used the hire purchase arrangements of the time.



HOME: Apartment 3 above a store on Eglinton Ave West, just west of Bathurst St.



Lodgers...in a one bedroom apartment. Sharing accommodation was sharing expenses, to make the economic adjustment, from pounds, shillings and pence, the small numbers managed at 'home', to the larger numbers, for the dollars 'here'.



BREAD: Shudder...cotton wool, wrapped in plastic. The Jewish Bakery, rye bread, sliced, went a long way to making us think we could manage Canada.



A PHONE: (Russell 1-3809). A milestone. On the kitchen wall. I knew no one in Fairwater with a phone, had never used one. It was Canadian.



WALES: was now the post, always anticipated, letters, for my parents, the *Eagle* and *Girl*, Nan sent regularly.



NEW SCHOOL: The Canadian school year ended in June. Not wanting this crucial beginning hanging over us for the summer, with Ma to Cedarvale Public School.

Ma knew too that entering class: in grey shirt, grey short pants, grey knee socks, grey pullover, Clarks sandals (not to mention the national health spectacles) was not on.

New me...my first Canadian cloths, jeans and a plaid shirt.



SETTLING

The *Mitzvah*: where my story as child immigrant really begins.

Most of the pupils at Cedarvale were Jewish. Arriving for school one day in the fall of 1954, teachers marked our attendance and sent us home! Nicki and I, the only Gentiles, had not reckoned the Jewish holiday.

The Jewish kids, my bridge to settling in Canada.

INVITED TO A FRIDAY SEDER: where a grandfather put a yarmulke on my head, had me sit beside him so that he could be my guide.

The event burned in memory in the winter of 1954-55. After the first real snow storm, pupils and teachers made an ice rink on the school's playing field. I stood there watching the kids skate, wondering, could I do that?



No going home to ask for skates, pondering if we could make ends meet, said so.

SKATES: at my desk the next day. I never did learn who had made the gift. The initiation into one of the rites of a Canadian childhood, assured when schoolmates propped me up, coached me until able to glide away unaided, ankles at half-mast. As close to flying as I can hope to come.

To lace up a pair of skates is to remember the kindness of those Jewish kids, the children of parents who had no time for prejudice and the hate that comes with it. A kid with funny glasses and a strange brogue welcomed, initiated, in the best sense of that word, to a new life in Canada.



I was blessed, had a *Mitzvah*....a good deed done to me, a blessing.

Home and happy in Canada.



Christopher Smart