

Y Bwletin



Hydref- 2018 - Autumn

www.ottawawelsh.org

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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.org



Ottawa Welsh Society/Cymdeithas Cymry Ottawa

Check out our web site and our Facebook page!

Annwyl Gyfeillion,

Summer is over. I hope you all had an enjoyable time during those lazy hazy days. The recent tornados here in Ottawa were a reminder to me that while we can plan and assume many things, we can never take anything or anyone for granted. I know how close recent events came to touching many of our lives. Events served as a reminder to enjoy and give thanks for every day.

My wife and I went to the UK for August to help celebrate a significant family milestone – my mother-in-law's 90th birthday. People came from far and wide, and a good time was had by all. Everyone also had a chance to see four generations in one place, with 3 great grandchildren on display.

Wales and the Welsh were in the news over the summer with Geraint Thomas winning the Tour de France, and to celebrate, Max Boyce penned the following:

*There's a pillar box in Cardiff, where the mayor has arranged
To buy some tins of yellow paint, and have the colour changed
And down in Cardiff city hall, I've heard the council say
We'll change the name of the Severn Bridge, to the Geraint Thomas Way
Now Whitchurch High are justly proud, and they love to tell the tale
How he carved his name in the wood of a desk, like Warburton and Bale
And where his yellow jersey hangs, beside the wooden beams
This boy who climbed a mountain, and dared to chase his dreams
But there were some who doubted, 'he doesn't stand a chance'
There's never been a Welshman, who has won the Tour de France
But he's more than just a domestique, I've known it all along
The boy deserves a knighthood and his bike deserves a gong
Now the Grogg shop up in Ponty, are working night and day
But people are complaining, there's such a long delay
The kilns are full of Geraints, with a Welsh flag shouldered high
But people have to understand, his hair takes time to dry*



*So I'll buy a Grogg of Geraint, though I know they don't come cheap
And I'll sell my one of Elvis, and one of Lynn The Leap
'Coz when G rode through Paris, and he waved to all the crowd
He climbed more than a mountain, he made a nation proud
So I hope it's fine next Thursday, to welcome Geraint home
They say the Pope is coming, he's flying in from Rome
And Donald Trump is coming too, he said it should be fun
This guy deserves a medal, so I'll come on Air Force One
So I hope it's fine on Thursday, but I think it's still in doubt
So Derek has suggested, we keep our brollies out
So I'll stand outside the city hall, with its gilded marble dome
And sing like England soccer fans, that Geraint's coming home*

Some BBC presenters had difficulty pronouncing his name – I can't think why.

As the cooler weather returns so do the activities of the OWS. Your executive has been busy planning our events for the next months leading up to St David's Day. We've hopefully come up with a schedule (see p. 5) that will be of interest and enjoyment to you and look forward to seeing you.

Finally, on a lighter note

Dai is at the car boot sale when an American tourist comes by. Pointing to a skull on display in Dai's car, he says: "Whose skull is that?"

"That," says Dai profoundly, "is the skull of Owain Glyndwr. It's yours for £10."

"Incredible," says the American. "I'll take it."

Some weeks later, Dai is at the car boot sale when the same American walks past and notices a much smaller skull for sale.

"Whose skull is that?" asks the American.

"That," says Dai in a practised voice, "is the skull of Owain Glyndwr."

"Hang on," says the American. "You sold me the skull of Owain Glyndwr a few weeks ago."

"Aye," says Dai. "This is when he was a boy."



- Geraint Lewis, President

Geirfa - vocabulary

Gogledd	North
De	South
Dwyrain	East
Gorllewin	West
De-ddwyrain	Southeast
De-orllewin-	Southwest
Gogledd- ddwyrain	Northeast
Gogledd-orllewin	Northwest
rhwng	between
yn agos i	close to
ddim yn bell o..	not far from..
dyma	here is
dyna	that is
yn y canol (yng nghanol)	in the middle
Yr arfordir	The coast
plentyn/plant	child/children
o (digon o blant)	of (plenty of chil-
o (yn bell o Bala)	from (far from Bala)
o'r llyn	from the lake
pentre	village
Tref/ tref farchnad	Town/ market town
dinas	city
milltir	mile

Treigladau - Mutations

canol/ yng nghanol	middle/ in the middle
gwreiddiol/yn wreiddiol	original/ originally
Brecwast/ i frecwast	Breakfast/for break- fast
Pontardawe/ym Mhontardawe	Pontardawe/in Pon- tardawe
plant/o blant	children/ of children
Gwynedd/ yng Ngwynedd	Gwynedd/in Gwyn-
Clwyd/ yng Nghlwyd	Clwyd/in Clwyd
Powys/ym Mhowys	Powys/in Powys
Dyfed/yn Nyfed	Dyfed/in Dyfed
Morgannwg/ym Morgannwg	Glamorgan/in Gla- morgan

I Spy...Wales in Ontario?

When adults ease a long journey with a game of eye spy!



After grandparent duty in Guelph and a gathering of old school pals in Thornbury on Georgian Bay we asked Google Maps to suggest a route home to Ottawa. Rejecting suggestions to use 400 S to 7 E or 401 E we opted for a wander east, over the top of Lake Simcoe and the Kawartha Lakes to Renfrew and so 417 to Ottawa.

Google Maps' directions demand concentration to fit the waypoints to the chart. Lovely it was when, look you, 'Cardiff' popped up to confirm we were on the right highway in the right direction. Duw, the moment gone, as the Capital of Wales remembered and soon passed, a small cluster somewhere north of Monk Rd (county hwy 19).

Through Bancroft, youthful memory, a Rover camp, a loud bang!; demo with a lump of TNT. Following Google commands to watch for signs to Denbigh, is it! Two reminders of Wales interesting? With a third, Griffith, a short drive east on 41. Has to be boyo; the Welsh were here.

A Google search reveals that Cardiff, Ontario had a uranium mine in the 1950s. Mining, Welsh miners perhaps? Just north of Denbigh on a more detailed map is Slate Falls. Slate and the Welsh, another possibility.

Cardiff ON. Denbigh ON. Griffith, ON. And then a fingerpost indicating Schutt, just north of Hardwood Lake. The clincher, yes? Nan was the publican of the Nicholls Arms, Coytrahen near Bridgend. A favourite family walk, through a lane under pleached trees, was to the hamlet, Shwt; hazelnuts, and blackberries a hedgerow treat.

A search shows 'my hamlet, Shwt' reduced to 'Shwt Bridge' off the A4063 over the GWR track to Betws.

Schutt On., not Welsh. German, is it? And after Griffith we are back in Canada through Kartoum (Soudan), Dacre (Cumbria), Shamrock (Eire).....and on to Ottawa.

- Christopher Smart

Nominations for Gold Award

The deadline for submission of nominations for the Gold Award is fast approaching. I'm sure you all have an opinion as to who deserves this prestigious award.

Just to remind you, the Gold Award honours a person who has made a significant contribution to Welsh life in Ontario. It was established to celebrate the 50th anniversary of the Ontario Gymanfa Ganu Association's annual festival. The Gold Award is co-sponsored by institutions that aim to preserve and promote Welsh culture and history in Ontario. Currently these are The Ontario Gymanfa Ganu Association; The St. David's Society of Toronto; The Ottawa Welsh Society; and Dewi Sant Welsh United Church. Past winners from Ottawa include myself, Myfanwy Davies and Roy Morris.

Please don't be shy - let your opinion be heard. All you have to do initially is to contact the Chairperson of the search committee, Myfanwy Davies by e-mail at myfanwy57@sympatico.ca or by phone 613-526-3019. She might then contact you at a later date for further information

- Alison Lawson
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Members' News

The Ottawa Welsh Society would like to extend a warm welcome to Glenys Huws and her husband, Harry Oussoren, who have recently moved here from Toronto. Glenys' family has been connected to Dewi Sant United Church since her parents emigrated from Wales in the 1920s. You will also be interested to hear that she is Betty Cullingworth's cousin - I'm sure you will all remember Betty's visit here a few years ago with Merched Dewi choir to entertain us at the St David's Day luncheon and to direct our Gymanfa.

Croeso cynnes Glenys a Harry.

Upcoming Concert



OWS member Marilyn Jenkins, along with Mary Muckle, harpist and Alan Thomas on piano, will be presenting a musical program for the JOY (Just Older Youth) group at Arlington Woods Community church on McClellan Road in Nepean, on November 15, from 1:00 to 3:30 p.m. The program will feature a variety of music from classical to Broadway and, of course, some Welsh folk songs. **All are welcome to attend.** Free admission, refreshments provided.

Pub Night

The Fall Pub Night has become one of the OWS traditions. It kicks off the season with an informal and fun event for everyone.

We invite you to attend at the Heart and Crown Pub in the Byward Market (67 Clarence Street). There is some on-street parking along with the nearby Byward Parking Garage. For information on menus, please check online at:

<http://heartandcrown.pub/byward/>

Members of the executive will be there from 6:00 p.m. As usual, John Price will be on hand with one of his famous quizzes!

Film Nights

Members of the executive have been hard at work organizing a series of Film nights for the members and the community-at-large. The first will be warm-up event at Westminster Presbyterian Church on Roosevelt Avenue in the Westboro area. Start time is 7:30 p.m. The \$10 admission includes popcorn and pizza. There will be a cash bar, as usual. The film, "One Chance" features the Welsh sensation Paul Potts, opera singer and Britain's Got Talent winner. Many thanks to Myfanwy Davies for sponsoring this event!

The big event is a Welsh Film Festival screened at the Bytowne Cinema on four consecutive Tuesdays in the month of March, starting on March 5. Many thanks to our committee: Alison Lawson, Christine Langham, David Jeanes and John Williams for the hours they have put in on this project! More details will be coming up.

Celtic Choir Concert

The Celtic Choir, under the direction of Eillen MacIsaac, will present a concert featuring "A Child's Christmas in Wales" on December 8 at 7:30 p.m. in Tabaret Hall, University of Ottawa. Contact Alison Lawson (613-725-2704) for more information.

Upcoming Events

October 23	Pub Night (details above)
November 17	Film Night (details above)
December 9	Lessons and Carols (details p. 6)
March 1	St. David's Day Reception
March 2	St. David's Day Luncheon
March 3	St. David's Day Gymanfa Ganu
March	Welsh Film Festival

Lessons and Carols

The annual service of Lessons and Carols will be held at Westminster Presbyterian Church on Roosevelt Avenue in Westboro, Sunday, December 9 at 3:00 p.m. The featured artists will be the Evans/Power Family singers, and the Côr Alltudion Westminster under the direction of Alan Thomas.



The organizers will be grateful for any and all contributions for the Te bach following the service.

Next Issue

In our next issue, we will continue the series on Welsh migration through the eyes of OWS members. We look forward to learning about the life and times of our very own centenarian, Stan Hughes. Look for the winter issue in January.

To review the series, you are invited to check out our website, where past issues of the newsletter reside, along with lots of information about past and upcoming events.

OWS Website has moved!

We have been informed by our webmaster, David Speck, that it was necessary to move our website. The new name is easy to remember:

www.ottawawelsh.org

We would like to remind you that if you wish to contact any member of the executive, you may use the email addresses found on the front cover of every Y Bwletin. We welcome your comments, contributions and suggestions.

From Quay Street Carmarthen to the New World

On the 2nd April 1818, some two hundred years ago, ten Welsh speaking families walked down Quay Street Carmarthen with little baggage, passing the merchants' offices to embark on the brig *Fanny*, on the river Tywi, for the voyage to Halifax, Nova Scotia. The Master of the Brig was Thomas Pearson. Passengers came from Llanboidy, Trelech and Meidrim. They were farmers, a millwright, painter, tailor, mason, tanner, weaver, shoemaker and blacksmith.

Amongst the passengers were John and Margaret Richards with five children, Morgan and Eleanor Jeffrey with five children, John and Catherine Owens with four children, David and Nancy Thomas with five children, John and Esther Thomas with two children, Evan and Maria Evans with four children and William Thomas, a labourer. Nine passengers failed to make the voyage due to an outbreak of smallpox in Carmarthenshire, where living conditions were very poor. It was impossible to sustain large families on small tenancies, landlords were demanding higher rents and crops failed. Prices were driven down, while inflation was triggered by Napoleon's wartime borrowing. By 1818, money was devalued, farmers were compelled to sell stock at any price and many banks defaulted. Debtors were sent to gaol. The attraction of the new world for young Welsh families was overwhelming. The lack of religious constraints, and freedom to worship in one's own language, to own land and ensure a brighter future for the children were compelling reasons to leave the land of their fathers.

The big day came and a religious service was held at the quayside. A customs officer checked the crew and passengers and wished them well.

The master welcomed the passengers on board and laid out the ground rules to the head of each family. The Sabbath was to be kept. Swearing or blasphemy was prohibited. No sins were to be committed on board. Nobody was allowed to speak to the helmsman and no children were allowed to run on deck. Chamber pots were to be filled at night and emptied the following morning. Cleaning duties below decks were delegated to the children.

After awaiting the tide on the Tywi, they sailed down the river. Wellwishers stood on the bank and waved. As the ship passed Llansteffan Castle, more people waved to them. In Carmarthen Bay, good weather allowed the vessel to manage over a hundred miles in less than a day. Over the next few days, the vessel passed the south of Ireland. Once past the Irish coast, the vessel encountered stormy weather.

They were continuously buffeted from side to side and from high to low. The gales lasted for hours; the passengers were terrified. Mothers and children cried endlessly, fathers prayed, regretting their decision to leave home and the conditions below deck were atrocious the stench of urine, sickness and diarrhea was everywhere: breathing was difficult.

Persistent rain battered the vessel and wave after wave drenched the crew and the few hardy fathers who ventured up on deck. The bad weather lasted for days, with no reprieve in sight. The Captain and crew searched the children's clothes for lice and some families were reprimanded for lack of personal hygiene. They started to believe that they would never see land again and asked the Good Lord to take them.

On the Sabbath, a service was held, prayers offered and hymns sung. Constant rain and dense fog followed the ship. Once past the Gulf stream, the weather finally improved. Shoals of fish could be seen and the children could breathe fresh sea air again. As they neared the Grand Banks, the fog returned and visibility was nil. The threat of large icebergs loomed large. Two large icebergs appeared nearby and some passengers believed that they had arrived in purgatory. After forty two days at sea, the *Fanny* reached the port of Halifax on the 15th May 1818.

News of an outbreak of smallpox on board reached the shore before the passengers could disembark and the locals panicked and pleaded with the local Magistrates to restrain the Welsh from landing. The Magistrates ordered physicians on board to vaccinate the crew and passengers and to quarantine them .

Officials sent them to a naval hospital on Melville Island nearby. News of the potential outbreak of smallpox came to the attention of the local Governor, Lord Dalhousie. As a precaution, and to protect public health, he ordered the passengers to a new Welsh settlement near Shelburne, far away from Halifax. Government surveyors had already been over an area known as Long Island, on the Roseway River, and promises were made that the Welsh would be given 200 acres of land, with community support.

The passengers on Melville Island boarded the schooner *Two Brothers* bound for Shelburne, some 137 miles south-west of Halifax. Some did not embark, which suggests that they passed the health check and were allowed to make their own arrangements. Since 1783, Shelburne, had been a boom town, with one of the best natural harbours in Nova Scotia. Many settlers had arrived from the American colonies seeking protection under the British Crown having fled from the battle-ravaged lands. By 1818, distribution of land and provisions was limited, as two thirds of the town was now uninhabited and the town had to survive as a fishing and shipbuilding centre. When the Welsh arrived, exhausted, they found that no provisions or support had been arranged. They felt betrayed. The locals looked at the Welsh with suspicion. The ladies must have looked strange in their full hats, and the men became disillusioned and their hopes vanished. When the group arrived at Long Island, the local Indians of the Micmac tribe had already settled on the promised land on the upper section of the island. The Welsh spoke no English and had trouble communicating.

Tensions grew, since neither group was interested in the remaining lands which had inferior soil. The First Nation tribe was approached again but remained reluctant to surrender their fertile land. In addition, they believed that no one could own land. The land, like the skies or running water was part of nature,

and thus no-one could own nature. Instead of engaging in a confrontation with the Micmacs, the Welsh decided to settle on the west side of the Roseway River. The community was called New Cambria, then changed to Welshtown. They were allotted some disused barracks, old axes, hoes, hooks and lines for fishing, and English spelling books. Welsh was of no use in the New World. The land was filled with birch and oak trees, fine maple, hemlock and small ash. The immigrants had been completely misled with empty promises and misleading information. By October 1818, with the cold winter fast approaching fast, only some of the cabins were habitable. There were no roads or bridges and the river was the only means of access. Eight families had stayed: 17 adults and 29 children. By November, living conditions were atrocious. Food was scarce, and fishing became impossible due to the frozen rivers and there was the threat of fever. Some Welsh had stayed in Shelburne but the townspeople, despite early support, did not remain helpful. By 1838 only a handful of Welsh remained. Some had intermarried and left for other areas and thus the Welsh community was dispersed.

Today, as one drives north on Highway 203 from Shelburne and Yarmouth in Nova Scotia, a sign reads "Welshtown Road", west of the Roseway River, south of Welshtown Lake. There is no evidence today of the 19th Century Welsh community but only a thick forest together with some summer cottages. The only evidence are some Welsh surnames which still appear in the local telephone directory.

The original families who left Carmarthen had a dream. They hoped for a better life, a future for their children. There were many emigrant ships from Wales with the same objective during this period: namely the *Eliza* (1817) and the *Triton* (1845) to Quebec, and the *Active*, the *Fair Cambrian* and the *Albion* (1819) to St John in New Brunswick . Some settled in Cardigan, New Brunswick. Some Welsh communities in Canada lasted much longer than others . The Patagonian Welsh settled in Bangor, SK. There was a rural community in Ponoka, AB where Welsh was heard in the streets until the 1930's and, until recently, a Gymanfa Ganu was held annually in August. It is unclear whether it was the intention of these early pioneers to establish a community collectively when leaving Wales or to assimilate individually into the local society.

The Scots and Irish who arrived in vast numbers much greater than the Welsh were able to retain their cultural identity. Scottish Gaelic is spoken even today in some areas of Cape Breton. The Welsh needed to preserve their distinct language and needed the right to speak it. They needed the freedom to worship, to own land without greedy landlords, and to live their lives without prejudice, discrimination and exploitation such as they experienced in the old country.

In Memoriam

Lynette Victoria Hynes nee Griffiths



22 March 1946 – 29 August 2018

Lynette was born in Birmingham, where her mother had been working in an ammunitions depot, in aid of the War effort. Upon returning to Carmarthen, where she grew up, she was taken in by her grandmother, Sophia, who raised her and a cousin, Wendy.

In October 1965, at the age of 18 Lynette, having earned enough money for her flight, packed all her belongings into 2 suitcases and emigrated to Canada, where she joined her uncle Tal and his family in Montreal. There, with the aid of family, she pursued studies at the Sylvia Gill Business College in Dorval. Following graduation she took up a secretarial position with BOAC before transferring to Air Canada. It was here that she met her future husband Warwick (Wick as he was better known). After retiring from Air Canada they moved to Ottawa where they were self - employed and Lynette later took an upper level administrative position with the American Embassy. During her 12 years at the Embassy, she received a distinguished award from the American Foreign Service in recognition of her services. They then moved to Nova Scotia where they tried their hands at running a B&B. When they both decided they had had enough and wanted to retire they moved to Perth, Ontario, where they remained. Wick passed away in 2011 and at this same time Lynette was struck by breast cancer. She managed to beat it and was coming up to 7 years cancer free when she was again struck by cancer - this time, of the spine. Despite being part of a drug trial, she was not able to overcome some of the side effects, and passed away at Kingston General Hospital on August 29th, 2018.

Lynette was a passionate 'Welshman' abroad. She loved to sing and was very proud of her Welsh roots, and was constantly surrounded by her collection of cultural icons. She was even able to teach her husband the language and both cherished their numerous trips to Wales to see family and friends. No matter where they were they were both involved in choral groups. In Perth, they were members of Women and Men of the Tay respectively. Lynette received much joy from her singing and sang in numerous gymanfa ganu and supported Welsh culture - thoroughly enjoying the Three Welsh Tenors' concert in association with the Ontario Welsh Festival in Ottawa in 2016.

Over the past few years and during her bout with cancer, Lynette came to depend on her many friends in Perth and Ottawa to help her to attend appointments and help out generally. Her family in Wales would like to express their great appreciation to all those who were there to support her in her time of need.

Lynette leaves brother Gareth and family; sisters Anne and Eirlys and families, aunt Shirley and family, cousins Wendy and family, Sylvia Perkins, and 4 nieces – Cerys, Hannah, Deborah and Ceri, friends Sue and Barry Blanchard (all of Wales) and many friends in Perth and Ottawa, who will all miss her deeply. Lynette was pre-deceased by her mother Kathie Morgan nee Griffiths in May 2018. As per Lynette's wishes her ashes will be returned to Wales for burial in Elim Chapel burial ground, Ffynnonddrain, where she will be interred in the family plot.

Hedd Parfaith Hedd Cariad fach.