

Y Bwletin

Gwasg y Nant - Valley Press
Hydref 2019- Autumn 2019



www.ottawawelsh.org

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Please note: the Ottawa Welsh Society has a

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

www.ottawawelsh.org

Ottawa Welsh Society/Cymdeithas Cymry Ottawa

Check out our web site!

President's Message



Annwyl Gyfeillion,

I hope you all had an enjoyable summer. The weather certainly cooperated in large measure. The day chosen for our Society picnic started very rainy, but eventually the rain stopped and we were able to enjoy sitting in the outdoors. A good-sized crowd enjoyed our backyard and made very favourable comments about my wife Linda's gardening talents.

Over the summer, several members of the Society were rehearsing various musical pieces, under the guidance of Alan Thomas, for the North American Festival of Wales (NAFOW) in Milwaukee. This preparation was very helpful as we came together for the final rehearsals and concert under the conductorship of Dr. Mari Morgan from New York. Great times! Milwaukee was a surprisingly attractive and interesting city with a lovely waterfront park on Lake Michigan, and lots of restaurants and patios along the riverfront.

This was my first experience of NAFOW and will not be my last, as Ottawa has been named as the site for NAFOW 2021. Myfanwy Davies is taking the lead on helping us prepare for this event, and the OWS Executive is on board with helping locally. This is a great honour and we look forward to welcoming people with Welsh heritage from across North America and beyond to our city. The last time we hosted the event was in 2000.

OWS has a FaceBook page, administered by Pawl Birt and Gareth Jones. Now I'm an Internet klutz and have little experience with this app, but some members of the Executive have figured out how to post to the page and we will be seeing increasing content from the Society moving forward. I encourage you to join the group.

<https://www.facebook.com/roups/136952294318/>

Most of you will know that the long awaited LRT is now up and running in Ottawa, but how many of us knew that we have an LRT champion in our Society? David Jeanes, one of our Executive members, was mentioned recently in an article on the CBC website as one of the advocates and boosters for LRT in this city during his time as Chair of Transport 2000

<https://www.cbc.ca/news/canada/ottawa/david-jeanes-peter-harris-lrt-champions-1.5281400>

Kudos David, and thanks for all your work on our behalf!

The executive is very busy planning for the upcoming year, which will include the Ontario Welsh Festival to be held here in April 2020. Keep in touch with Society events through social media in the form of the Facebook page and our new website <https://ottawawelsh.org>

Pob Hwyl and see you soon at any or all of our events in 2019 and 2020!

Geraint Lewis

Llywydd Cymdeithas Cymry Ottawa

Upcoming Events

Nov. 16	Pot-luck supper & Celebration Westminster 6:00 p.m. Details on page 5.
Dec. 1	Harp Concert. Details on page 5.
Dec. 8	Lesson & Carols Westminster 3:00 p.m.
Feb. 29	St. David's Day Luncheon ROGC
Mar. 1	St. David's Day Gymanfa Ganu Westminster 3:00 p.m.

Colofn y Dysgwyr - Learner's Column

Here is a summary of the Learners evening held in September 2019
Cadwch ati! – keep it up!

Mynd - to go

es	mi es i	<i>I went</i>
est	mi est ti	<i>you went (single)</i>
aeth	mi aeth o/ef/hi	<i>he/he/she went</i>
aethon	mi aethon ni	<i>we went</i>
aethoch	mi aethoch chi	<i>you went</i>
aethant	mi aethon nhw	<i>they went</i>

Don't worry too much about whether to use mi and (i, ti, o, hi, ni, chi, nhw). The three versions below are correct, and you will be understood.

Es i Fangor ddoe/ Mi es i Fangor ddoe/ Mi es i i Fangor ddoe
I went to Bangor yesterday

Aeth i Fangor ddoe/ Mi aeth i Fangor ddoe/ Mi aeth hi i Fangor ddoe.
She went to Bangor yesterday

Asking questions, we just drop the mi

Es i gyda chi?	<i>Did I go with you?</i>
Aeth Edna gyda Carol?	<i>Did Edna go with Carol?</i>
Aethon ni yn 2015?	<i>Did we go in 2015?</i>
Pa bryd aethon nhw?	<i>When did they go?</i>

Mynd

Pwy sydd yn mynd yfory?	<i>Who is going tomorrow?</i>
Dw i am fynd i'r gem	<i>I am going to the game.</i>
Lle est ti ddoe?	<i>Where did you go yesterday?</i>
Mi es I Bontypridd	<i>I went to Pontypridd</i>

Wyt ti yn mynd i'r wers Gymraeg?
Are you going to the Welsh lesson?

Ydw	<i>I am</i>
Nag ydw	<i>No, I'm not</i>
Est ti yr wythnos gyntaf?	<i>Did you go the first week?</i>
Do	<i>Yes</i>
Na/ naddo	<i>No</i>

Aethoch chi efo/gyda Gwen?	<i>Did you go with Gwen?</i>
Mi es gyda Gwen ac Aled	<i>I went with Gwen and Aled</i>
Beth oedd y wers?	<i>What was the lesson?</i>
Gramadeg a berfau	<i>Grammar and verbs</i>

Dod -to come

des	mi ddes I	<i>I came</i>
dest	mi ddest ti	<i>you came (single)</i>
daeth	mi ddaeth o/ef/hi	<i>he/he/she came</i>
daethon	mi ddaethon ni	<i>we came</i>
daethoch	mi ddaethoch chi	<i>you came</i>
daethant	mi ddaethon nhw	<i>they came</i>

Again, three versions are correct and understood.

Des o Gaerdydd/ Mi ddes o Gaerdydd/ Mi ddes i o Gaerdydd
I came from Holyhead

Daeth o Gaerdydd ddoe/ Mi ddaeth o Gaerdydd ddoe/ Mi ddaeth hi o Gaerdydd ddoe
She came from Cardiff yesterday

Ddes i yma gyda chi?	<i>Did I come here with you?</i>
Ddaeth hi gyda chi?	<i>Did she come with you?</i>
Ddaethon ni yma yn 2015?	<i>Did we come here in 2015?</i>
Pa bryd ddaethon nhw?	<i>When did they come?</i>

DOD

Wyt ti yn dod yfory?	<i>Are you coming tomorrow?</i>
Pwy sydd yn dod i'r gem yfory?	<i>Who is coming to the game tomorrow?</i>

Geirfa - vocabulary	
Berf/ berfau	Verb/ verbs
Gyda/efo	with
pa bryd	when
pwy	who
beth	what
gramadeg	grammar
mynd a dod	coming and going
Caerdydd	Holyhead
ddoe	yesterday
yma	here
gwrs	lesson
Treigladau - Mutations	
Bangor	i Fangor, o Fangor
cyntaf	yn gyntaf
gwrs	i'r wers

Patagonia Evening

Some twenty plus members and friends gathered at the Westminster Presbyterian Church on Tuesday, September 3 for a talk on the Welsh in Patagonia, given by Jeremy Wood. Mr Wood and his family were on a short visit to Ottawa as guests of Tim Mark, having given the same talk at the North American Festival of Wales (NAFOW) in Milwaukee, Wisconsin.



For further information on the school and to donate, please go to

www.ysgolycwm.com



A small but enthusiastic group!

Contributed by John Williams.



Jeremy Wood is one of the best-known experts on Welsh Patagonia. He lives in Esquel with his Esquel-born wife, Cristina, and young son, Tomos. He serves on the committee of the Welsh Society in Trevelin and is involved in numerous projects relating to Patagonia and to the Welsh in Patagonia. He also finds time to regularly write articles on his work for newspapers and magazines in the UK and for *Ninnau* in North America.

Jeremy's presentation covered the very early days of exploration, the migrations of the late 19th century and the settlement of the Chubut valley with its early hardships and later expansion. After a period of relative decline and obscurity, Wales rediscovered Patagonia in the early 1960s; it became visible as a place in the world where Welsh was still spoken and received some support as young Welsh teachers spent time reviving the language.

Today, travel is in the opposite direction: young Patagonians go to Wales for a year and return to teach at the Welsh school. Jeremy also described what it's like to live there now and how the Welsh language has been revived to such an extent that the tiny town of Trevelin is now the proud owner of a new Welsh school. It is thought to be the only purpose-built Welsh school to be constructed anywhere outside Wales in living memory. Jeremy is actively involved in the fundraising for the school, Ysgol y Cwm.

As a follow-up to our lesson on signs in the Bwletin Haf, here is a Facebook entry found by Christopher Smart.

This has got to be one of the best. In Wales, UK, there is a legal requirement for road signs to be in both English and Welsh. So, in this case, the official of the Highways department emailed the English wording to the translator and, after receiving a reply, proceeded to have the sign made and installed. Unfortunately, a few weeks later, Welsh-speaking drivers began to call up to point out that the Welsh reads..... "I am currently out of the office. Please submit any work to the translation team."



Celebration of 100 years (+)

Saturday, November 16, 2019

As a result of research conducted by the indomitable David Jeanes, the Executive decided to celebrate what is probably the 100th anniversary year of the first Ottawa Welsh Society dinner.

At the request of a member, the format will be a pot-luck supper with a cash bar and a presentation by the afore-mentioned David Jeanes who has been beavering away to find many tidbits about the past of the OWS.

We encourage you all to attend and bring with you any pictures of past events you would be willing to share - just for the evening.

In order to defray costs of hall rental and liquor license, there will be a charge of \$10 per person for the evening.

We look forward to seeing many of you there at Westminster Presbyterian Church on Roosevelt Avenue at 6:00 p.m.

Please RSVP so we know how many tables and chairs to set up. (See attached poster for more details.)

marilyn.e.jenkins@symaptico.ca

613-820-6687



Past Autumn events include a Medieval Dinner

Harp Concert

Member Mary Muckle and the Ottawa Youth Harp Ensemble will be featured in the Kanata North Concert Series on Sunday, December 1 at 3:00 p.m. Titled *Yuletide Treasures*, the concert also features flutist Virginia Dunsby. This event will be held at St. John's Anglican Church on Sandhill Road in Kanata. Admission is by donation. Mary looks forward to seeing some of our members in attendance.

More Distant Events

We remind you that the Ottawa will be hosting the 2020 Ontario Welsh Festival. Plans for our contributions are well underway. David Jeanes is preparing a tour of significant "Welsh" areas of the city. Volunteers have held a meeting and a list of tasks has been prepared by Myfanwy Davies. Alison Lawson and Geraint Lewis (the new Vice President of the Ontario Gymanfa Ganu Association) are attending regular meetings with the Executive and keeping us updated with information as decisions are made. See the article on page 6 for more details..



Even more exciting is the North American Festival of Wales of 2021, being held here in Ottawa for the first time since 2000. The Festival will be centred at the Delta Hotel with the concert and Gymanfa sessions in a local church (TBD). We will be asked to provide similar assistance to this festival. More details will be provided as they are delivered.

If you are interested in joining the **Welsh learners' group**, please contact Alison Lawson:

alisonlawsonca@gmail.com

613-725-2704

THE ONTARIO WELSH FESTIVAL IS COMING TO TOWN!

APRIL 17-19, 2020

Do you remember what a wonderful time we all had in 2016 when the Ontario Welsh Festival was held in Ottawa? We are delighted and excited to let you know that the Festival is returning to Ottawa in 2020!

Arrangements are well in hand. The Festival will be based in the Lord Elgin Hotel and the concert and Gymanfa will take place in Knox Presbyterian church on Elgin.

The guest choir will be Côr Crymych from South West Wales. You can read all about them at <http://corcrymych.org.uk/>. We're very pleased to announce that, as a huge bonus, we have invited, as a special guest, the young award-winning baritone, John Ieuan Jones. You can find out more about him at <https://www.johnieuanjones.com/about>. We're sure you will agree this will make for a wonderful concert which should attract a wide audience and put the Welsh of Ottawa in the limelight again. Many thanks are due to Myfanwy Davies and to the Ottawa Welsh Choir for sponsoring John Ieuan.

We are very keen to include an Awr Y Plant (Children's Time) in the programme for 2020. It is essential that we try to encourage participation by the younger generation to keep the Festival alive. We appeal to all mums and dads or grandparents based in Ottawa to step forward and encourage the youngsters to take part. Please contact Alison Lawson with suggestions or if you are willing to coordinate this event- alisonlawson@rogers.com or call 613-725-2704.

We also need our local talent to take part in the Noson Lawen on Friday evening (April 17). This is the time to start planning your little skit, rehearse your poetry reading or practice a Welsh song. If you are interested in taking part, please contact Alison (contact info above) - don't be shy!



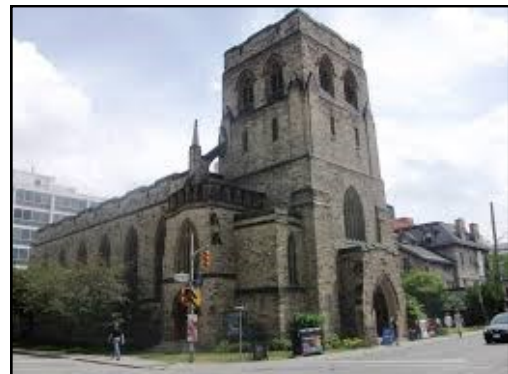
Côr Crymych
a'r Cylch



John Ieuan Jones



Lord Elgin Hotel Ottawa



Knox Presbyterian Church Ottawa

MEMORIES OF WALES: WILLIAM ROBERT PRICE

By Robert Price (son of William Price)

Editor's Note: This is part 4 of a continuing series of the history of immigration of members of the Ottawa Welsh Society.

William was born in the village of Bedlinog, which is located about 30 kilometres north of Cardiff, and about 10 km south of Merthyr Tydfil. Immediately to the west of Bedlinog is the colliery town of Aberfan, and farther west and north is the city of Aberdare, and its adjoining village, Llwyrcoed. These places were all important in his early life.

Born in 1909 to Thomas and Annie Price, he was the oldest of four boys, two of whom died at a very early age from a typhoid illness. When William was just under six years of age, his father was killed in an accident in the colliery at Aberfan. The shock of his death caused Annie to suffer a "nervous breakdown" (old fashioned term). Soon afterwards, she was hospitalized in Merthyr Tydfil, and remained in hospitals or related institutions for the rest of her life. Because William and his remaining brother, Hugh, had no one to support them, they were made wards of the County of Glamorgan, and placed in a children's home in Llwyrcoed. They were there for less than a month when Hugh died. William remained in the home until he was thirteen years old.

At age thirteen, the boys were expected to move out and become self-supporting. Here are descriptions of two of his memories of being in the children's home, as reported in his biography. (These are not happy memories)



William (Bill) Price 1923

William (Bill) Price at age 13

DISCIPLINE IN THE HOME

Sometimes I think that the foster fathers and mothers in charge of the home were selected for their ability to inflict punishment and hardship on the boys. Many of the rules of conduct were like those in Charles Dickens's *Oliver Twist*.

All our meals were eaten in silence. We were not permitted to turn our heads, to glance either right or left, or even raise our eyes above the level of our plates. Two cracks on each hand with a bamboo cane were meted out to all who were guilty of breaking any of these rules. We also received two cracks on each hand if we made any noise on leaving the table after the meal. The bamboo cane used for this punishment was long and flexible; it came down with a swishing sound and cut like a hot knife.

(Here is a simple example of the casual brutality displayed in the home)

We had a fine brass band at the home, and band practice was held twice a week. The bandmaster was very strict and often cruel to the members of the band. One evening he was in an especially vile mood. The practice had been going fine until one of the two boys who were playing the euphoniums played a wrong note, a deep mellow raspberry sound that completely drowned out the cornet section. Signaling for silence, he strode over to the boys.

"Which one of you played that note?" Neither boy answered. "Come on, which one?" The words dropped like lumps of coal in the silence that gripped us. Receiving no answer, he struck the boy on the left across the face; then, with instant reflex, backhanded the boy on the right so quickly and savagely that he knocked him unconscious. As the boy was carried out by other members of the band to be revived, the bandmaster remarked, "That will teach you all a lesson. Continue."

RAIDING THE GARBAGE CANS

Food! If there was a magic word for us home boys, it was "food."

We were conditioned to a life of hunger at the home. Meat was practically nonexistent in our diet. At Easter, one egg would be divided between two boys. An orange was a special treat at Christmas. Breakfast consisted of a dish of skimmed milk in which we dipped one slice of bread. Dinner at night consisted of a dish of soup, a piece of bread, and a vegetable.

I do not know much about the criminal side of life, but I am sure that if there is any one thing that could lead a person to do wrong, it would be hunger. It is a terrible, gnawing pain.

And so, when my friend, Tom Williams, came to me with a plan to get some extra food, I was instantly alert. Tom said, "You know the manor house across from the railway station near Trecynon?" I knew it very well. We passed it often on our way to church or to choir practice. Tom went on, "The servants put the garbage out twice a week, and then Farmer Grenning collects the stuff for his pigs." "I know," I said, and began imagining the crusts of bread, stale rolls, bits of cake and other succulent tidbits to be found in those cans. Said Tom, "Whenever we go by, we could raid those garbage cans, if there is anything in them." I said, "It's a bit risky; when do we start?" Tom's reply, "Next Sunday."

And so our plan was put into play, and for several months we successfully raided the garbage cans at the manor house. As the smaller of the two of us, I would go over the hedge and fill up my coat, while Tom served as look-out. We had torn the bottoms out of our coat pockets, so that we could drop more food down to the bottom of the lining. As a result, we often were able to gather enough food to share with our friends at the home.

Then it happened: the time when "All good things must come to an end." It was a Friday night, and we were returning from choir practice at the church. We knew that there had been a big affair at the manor house two days earlier. The cans should be full. I went over the hedge and checked. We were right: they were full. In fact, there was so much food, I motioned to Tom to come and help me. We had just filled up our coats, and were preparing to leave when a lantern flashed in our faces. It was the gardener, who had been hiding behind some bushes, waiting to surprise us. "What are you boys doing?" He said. Then, getting no reply, he marched us up the long driveway, around to the back of the house, and into the great kitchen, where the lord of the estate was waiting. "You're home boys," he said, as his glance swept scornfully over us. "Take their names, and report them to the foster father at the home." Immediately the gardener propelled us out the door and off the property.

When we arrived at the home, the foster father, Ernest Jones, was waiting for us. "I want to see you, Tom Williams and Billie Price. Follow me" In his office, he asked, "Were you stealing from the Hughes Estate today?" "No, Father; we took some garbage from his cans. "Take down your pants," he said. We each received six cuts.

In addition, we were ordered to spend our recreation time for the next week standing in a corner of the playground on one foot, with our faces turned to the wall. I never raided the garbage again.

(At the editor's request, Bob has expanded on his original presentation to reflect his father's life in Canada. Read on...)

At age thirteen, the boys were expected to move out and become self-supporting. Through the authorities in the home, the Dr. Barnardo Association was invited to interview and select children of that age who would be suitable for transference overseas, where they would be placed in foster care, and would work to contribute to their own support and that of the fostering family. William was deemed suitable and given the choice of going to Australia or Canada. In June, 1923, he found himself part of a large group of Welsh boys aboard the Canadian Pacific's S.S. Regina, leaving Liverpool, and headed for Quebec City.

In his biography, William reported that "as soon as the passengers learned we were home boys and Welsh, they crowded about us...begging us to sing some of the Welsh songs they had heard so much about. We sang several concerts for the passengers and crew...before we had been at sea two days."

The ship docked at Quebec City, where some of the boys, including William, were transferred to a train, which took them to Belleville, Ontario, and the receiving home called Marchmont.

He was not long in Marchmont before being selected for fostering by a local farmer. William lived and worked at this farm for about 18 months. During that time, he experienced hardships and cruelty which cannot be detailed here, but which were not uncommon in the treatment of many of the home children fostered in Canada, and which (treatment) has been documented elsewhere.

In those 18 months, he tried several times to run away, but each time was brought back and punished severely. But ultimately he was able to communicate his troubles to the Marchmont officials, and was offered a new placement, with a farm family in Claybank, near Arnprior.

This was the family of William Cunningham, where William was welcomed as a son and brother. He lived and worked happily on the Cunningham farm for several years.



Bill Price, 18 years old, 1928

Bill Price, 18 years old, 1928

In about 1930, in order to increase his earnings, he left the Cunninghams and began hiring himself out as a farm hand, moving from farm to farm in the Arnprior area according to the wages being offered.

In 1933, William married Myrtle Hogan in Arnprior, where he planned to live and work. But it was not easy for a farm labourer to find employment in town, especially in the early years of the Great Depression. In this period of his life, he was often without an income, and had to borrow and beg from friends and neighbours. Unable to pay rent, he and Myrtle were forced to move house many times. For several years he was without full-time employment, and was able to survive only with assistance from the Town of Arnprior's emergency relief program.

He took on any work available, and was, at different times, a logger, wood-cutter, car mechanic, salesman, car washer and polisher. "I never said no to any job that was offered."

In about 1940, William's luck changed when he was hired as manager of a small service station, which also happened to be a local order office for the Canadian Tire Corporation (CTC), headquartered in Toronto. Soon after, when CTC decided to separate the order office from the service station, William was accepted as the manager. And in 1942, when the order office evolved into a Canadian Tire branch store, he was kept as its manager. He held this position for about twenty years, until he was able to buy the proprietorship, after which he operated the business as his own until his retirement in about 1975.

After he retired from the Canadian Tire Corporation, William opened a small bookstore in Arnprior, which he operated for about five years.

William was always devoted to the town of Arnprior, and grateful to the residents who had helped him and his family through many very difficult years. He tried to acknowledge his gratitude in a number of ways:

- Donating scholarships to the schools in Arnprior
- Serving on Town Council for 16 years
- Serving as Reeve of Arnprior and member of the Renfrew County Council
- Serving on the boards of the Arnprior Humane Society, the Children's Aid Society, The Arnprior Hospital, Arnprior Public Library
- Maintaining membership in the Arnprior Lions Club for 35 years

William and Myrtle had eight children: Dennis, Joan, Joyce, Lorna, Robert, Brian, Gwyneth, and Catherine. Dennis died soon after he was born; Brian passed away at age 45.

William loved to write. In addition to his biography, "Celtic Odyssey" (1970) for many years he regularly contributed columns to the Arnprior Chronicle, on a wide range of topics. He especially liked to write about St. David's Day, or anything related to Wales and the Welsh, and did so frequently.

His love of Wales and all things Welsh was apparent in the enthusiasm with which he participated in the formation and growth of the Ottawa Welsh Society and the choir. He served on the Executive of the Society, and in later years frequently received group visits of members to his home in Arnprior.



William Price died on October 16, 2003, and is buried in Malloch Road Cemetery, Arnprior.

Editor's note: I was the happy recipient of numerous articles written by William Price. He was the quintessential self-made man. It was always entertaining and educational to read his work. His book "Celtic Odyssey" is still available from Amazon.ca as well as a number of used book stores in the U.S.

- Marilyn

In Memoriam



Elizabeth Mary Nodwell

March 21, 1939 - July 12, 2019

Mary Fudge Nodwell died peacefully in her sleep on July 12, 2019, at the age of 80 in Swansea, Wales. Born in Porth, Wales, she was the younger daughter of Reginald Fudge and May Fudge (Rees). After teachers' college in 1961, she moved to Canada, where she met and married Allan Nodwell on July 3, 1965. Mary had an intellectual curiosity, a joie de vivre, and endless kindness and generosity. She will be remembered for her decades of teaching kindergarten at Wakefield Elementary School, her tireless community volunteerism, her baking (Welsh cakes), her easy laugh and skilled piano playing. She retired in 1996 and loved travel, Shakespeare, TED talks and her cherished grandchildren, to whom she was known as "Aggie". Mary was predeceased by her parents and her husband, Allan. She is survived by her brother Trevor (Eileen), nieces Rhiannon Lewis and Mari-Sian Fudge, her daughter Bethan, son Trefor (Jillian Macdonald) and grandchildren, Sam and Robyn (Hoopey), Berkley and Wilder (Nodwell).

Content from the Ottawa Citizen September 17, 2019

Mary and her husband were active members of the Society and are remembered fondly by those who knew them. Quite recently, Mary sent a note to the Executive suggesting a Pot-luck dinner as the fall event. We have chosen to do just that and we sincerely regret that she won't be there on November 16 to share it with us. (- Marilyn Jenkins)