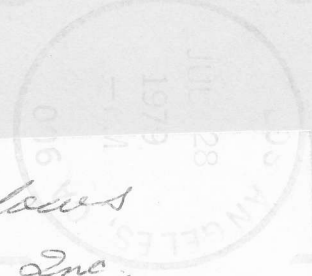


# W.A.Y. NEWS

CYNTHIA E. JONES, EDITOR

Glendon Avenue, Los Angeles, CA 90064.



*Mr Jack Meadows  
Sec. W. N. G. S. A. Inc.  
Southern Blvd.  
Youngstown, Ohio 44512*

W.A.Y. IS LOOKING FORWARD TO A VERY SUCCESSFUL GYMANFA GANU IN NIAGARA FALLS, NEW YORK. DURING THE CONVENTION, WE ARE URGING ALL W.A.Y. MEMBERS TO PARTICIPATE IN THE GENERAL ANNUAL MEETING OF THE WNGGA ON SATURDAY MORNING AT 9A.M. PLEASE ARRIVE ON TIME AND WITH YOUR ATTENDANCE, W.A.Y. WILL BE GUARANTEED A VOICE IN THE AFFAIRS OF THIS ORGANIZATION.

I SHOULD LIKE TO SUGGEST THAT W.A.Y. PARTICIPATE IN SETTING UP A DESK IN NIAGARA FALLS, NEW YORK TO DISTRIBUTE THE BOOK "OUR WELSH HERITAGE". THE BOOK WILL BE DISTRIBUTED TO THE PARTICIPANTS AT THE GYMANFA AT A COST OF \$2.75 PER BOOK. WHATEVER DONATIONS FROM THIS AMOUNT CAN BE PLACED IN W.A.Y. TREASURY WILL BE DISCUSSED AT THE GYMANFA WITH DR. ISLYN THOMAS, W.A.Y. LIAISON. I ENCOURAGE YOU ALL TO JOIN IN THIS EVENT AND PLEASE ENCOURAGE YOUR FRIENDS, RELATIVES TO DONATE TO W.A.Y. BY PURCHASING THIS VERY INTERESTING AND INFORMATIVE BOOK.

ON BEHALF OF W.A.Y., I WOULD LIKE TO THANK DR. ISLYN THOMAS AND THE ST. DAVID'S SOCIETY OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK FOR THEIR GENEROUS DONATION OF THE BOOK ENTITLED "OUR WELSH HERITAGE" TO ALL THE MEMBERS OF W.A.Y. IT WAS A WONDERFUL GESTURE ON BEHALF OF W.A.Y. AND I PERSONALLY WANT TO THANK THEM VERY MUCH.

W.A.Y. NEEDS VOLUNTEERS TO BE RESPONSIBLE FOR W.A.Y. MEMBERSHIP AND REGISTRATION DURING THE CONVENTION. W.A.Y. ALSO NEEDS VOLUNTEERS TO USHER GUESTS TO THEIR SEATS AT THE W.A.Y. BREAKFAST ON SUNDAY MORNING. IT LOOKS LIKE APPROXIMATELY 360 TICKETS HAVE ALREADY BEEN SOLD FOR THE BREAKFAST SO FAR AND NO MORE THAN 500 TICKETS CAN BE SOLD. PLEASE ENCOURAGE YOUR FAMILY MEMBERS TO PURCHASE THEIR TICKETS IN ADVANCE THROUGH MAIR MONKHOUSE OR THE GYMANFA COMMITTEE. ALSO, YOU AS A W.A.Y. MEMBER MUST PURCHASE A TICKET AND EAT AND SING WITH US DURING THE BREAKFAST. PLEASE BE ENCOURAGED TO PARTICIPATE. DON'T BE SHY. PLEASE CONTACT ME IMMEDIATELY IF YOU CAN VOLUNTEER YOUR TIME FOR W.A.Y. IN NIAGARA FALLS.

PARTICIPANTS ARE URGENTLY REQUESTED TO SING, DANCE, RECITE, ETC. AT THE NOSEN LOWEN IN NIAGARA FALLS. PLEASE WRITE TO ME IMMEDIATELY WITH YOUR SPECIFIC TALENT IDENTIFIED AND I WILL FORWARD THE INFORMATION TO THE NIAGARA FALLS COMMITTEE.

ANYONE INTERESTED IN DONATING TIME, MONEY, ETC. TO W.A.Y. MAY DO SO NOW AND AT ALL TIMES IN THE FUTURE. THE YOUTH OF W.A.Y. ARE THE FUTURE OF THE WELSH NATIONAL GYMANFA GANU ASSOCIATION AND YOUR SUPPORT AND ENCOURAGEMENT ARE ALWAYS NEEDED. THANK YOU KINDLY.

CYNTHIA JONES, PRESIDENT  
W.A.Y.

50

1929

GLORIOUS YEARS



From Niagara to California,  
New York to British Columbia,  
W.A.Y.'s roots are in Wales,  
Soft mountains gentle vales.

Fifty years have been harvested  
Fruitful for all,  
Here's to the next fifty  
May W.A.Y.'s corn grow tall.

For all the world over where ever we roam,  
There's always a Welshman to remind us of home,  
Fletcher walks the deserts, Yukon Dan was Welsh too,  
The list is just endless, THAT'S WALES FOR YOU.

EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES,  
THE BLACK PRINCE,  
1330-1376.

The Arms for peace are mentioned in Edward's will, where he directs that at his burial two men armed in his Arms and his helmets shall go before his body, one for war with his Arms quartered, and the other for peace with his Badge of ostrich feathers, with four banners of the same, and that he who shall be armed for war shall have an armed man bearing after him a black pennon with ostrich feathers. The shields for war and peace alternate on the sides of the tomb of the Prince at Canterbury Cathedral, England.



King Edward III was created first  
Prince of Wales in 1301. Married to  
Isabella of France. He was a weak monarch  
and was deposed in 1327. He was imprisoned  
at Berkeley Castle where he eventually died.

President  
Cynthia E. Jones



# W.A.Y.

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WELSH ASSOCIATED YOUTH OF CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES  
Y GWIR YN ERBYN Y BYD  
(the truth against the world)

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NIAGARA FALLS, NEW YORK

FIFTIETH GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY

WELSH NATIONAL GYMANFA GANU

In September of this year, the Welsh people of Canada and the United States will be celebrating their 50th Anniversary of Welsh activities in this part of the world.

With such an important event, it is hoped that as many people as possible will be in attendance for all the music, activities and spirit to be found during the Niagara Falls, New York event.

Several activities are planned for W.A.Y. members, their friends and relatives during their stay in Niagara Falls. Elections for new officers, [President, Secretary-Treasurer and Public Relations Officer (editor of W.A.Y. News)] will take place. At this time I would like to urge interested office seekers to forward their names, addresses to me. Your reasons for seeking the office would be of interest to me and some of your past experiences with holding an office or your talents would be very helpful. You do not need "experience" from holding an office before, but it is encouraged that you consider the fact that your time and spirit are very important qualifications for such positions. Qualified officers are expected to keep in touch with members through the newsletter and keep abreast of upcoming events and plan activities for Gymanfa Ganu events on an annual basis. The individual responsible for the membership funds and treasury should have knowledge of bookkeeping if at all possible - a very responsible individual should seek this position. I don't want to scare anyone off, as I would be more than willing to help anyone who is willing to work in the best interest of W.A.Y.

My position as President of W.A.Y. will be coming to a close in Niagara Falls and I am hoping to fill the position with a capable person who has the desire to work diligently and conscientiously to do a good job for W.A.Y.

The past three years have proven to be interesting, provocative, discouraging and a real learning process for me. I had the nice opportunity to work with Mary Roberts and Myfanwy Davies during the first two years and of course they are still participating in the W.A.Y. activities whenever possible. The first year proved most successful with new memberships increasing and with the great encouragement I received from the Welsh Presbyterian Church, Los Angeles, I was able to pull people together to join W.A.Y. However, it took a lot of hard work selling W.A.Y. to all those members. In Ottawa, 1977, W.A.Y. was granted a

sizeable grant from the Endowment Fund through the Board of Trustees and this was a sign of great success for W.A.Y. Again, in Minneapolis, W.A.Y. was not only given an additional amount of money through the Endowment Fund, but we were voted a position on the Board of Trustees with voting privileges. W.A.Y. also initiated the First Annual W.A.Y. Breakfast in Minneapolis. What a success it was. Spiritually and financially. It takes hard work, communicating with the right people at the right time and being conscious that someone has to move along in the right direction.

Unfortunately this past year has not been particularly easy for W.A.Y. I have found that I have had to work very hard to keep the line of communication open among different areas of the Welsh community and sometimes with hours of letter writing and no responses a body gets discouraged and finds that their efforts are in vain. But, let me tell you, someone has to keep this thing we call W.A.Y. going and I am depending on suitable candidates to come forward in the next couple of weeks (before Niagara Falls) with their pledge to run for an office in W.A.Y. PLEASE RUN FOR OFFICE AND DO YOUR THING FOR W.A.Y.

Please write to me: Cynthia Jones  
[REDACTED] Glendon Avenue  
Los Angeles, California 90064  
(213) [REDACTED]

Niagara Falls needs people to participate in the Nosen Lowen, send your names into the Committee immediately. Even if you just blow a whistle, we call that talent in Wales. It still come out beautiful. W.A.Y. will be holding the Second Annual W.A.Y. Breakfast on Sunday morning. Everyone is invited to purchase a ticket and bring their family along. I am looking for talent for that breakfast. W.A.Y. will need people to man the membership table in Niagara Falls. Please offer your assistance and share the work with your friends.

When in Niagara Falls, please watch for a bulletin board listing W.A.Y. activities and make a point to introduce yourselves to me. I'll do my best to put you in contact with other W.A.Y. members. We should all have a great time. See you all there in Niagara Falls, New York.



"Michaelstone Church and Cefn Mably Arms Inn"  
Michaelstone-Y-Fedw, Gwent, Wales.

A note for rugby fans:

Bridgend and Porthcawl rugby clubs are touring British Columbia and doing very well. They are winning most of the games with high scores, although J.P.R. Williams, the Welsh cap was unable to be here for most of the games, he played one game in Vancouver. Hans De Goede returned to Vitoria after spending 1 year living in Wales playing for Cardiff.

It's interesting to note that another Canadian player also hailing from Victoria, stayed on in Wales for 5 years playing for Bridgend after touring with the Canadian rugby team. His name is Ro Hindson, a great asset to the Welsh side and also to his own team the Castaways of Vancouver Island.

contributed by V.J.

HAPPY ANNIVERSARY WAY

Gold is a mineral from God's earth,  
Gold is a gift of Joy and Mirth,  
As the love we give each other,  
Pass our love unto man's brother,  
O'er the universe so great  
Erase every trace of hate.

Now is the time to make a stand,  
Golden times mold the promised land,  
On this momentous anniversary  
What would we like our W.A.Y. to be,  
Live with our neighbour in harmony,  
Enhance WELSH culture yet be free,  
To speak in German, Welsh whatever,  
With peace and love no ties we sever.

Encompass every nationality,  
But stress our own with combatibility,  
Help others love Wales as we surely  
must,  
Show youth the W.A.Y. as in us they  
trust,  
Tomorrow they will take the lead,  
Today we give out and support their  
need.

A tiny spark in days now olden,  
May W.A.Y. continue glowing golden,  
Flowering forth maturing so,  
Into a gigantic joyous glow,  
Let youth carve out the future W.A.Y.  
For AMERICA, CANADA, and

WALES--HOORAY!

## A PIONEER STORY

Our story begins in Monmouthshire, now Gwent, South Wales in the early 1800's on two farms miles apart in the picturesque rural settings of that oft disputed area of Wales., viz.

The "Neuadda Farm" meaning "The Halls" located near the village of Rhiwderin reputed to mean "The Oak Hill" was farmed by the Thomas family, and continued to be farmed by several generations of that family until the mid 1940's.

The "Pullwyad Farm" meaning the "Duck Pond" located near Pontypool in the Eastern Valley of Gwent, South Wales, farmed by the Jones Family.

We are concerned with one member of each family, namely:

Margaret Thomas - 3rd daughter of the Thomas Family  
who was born November 9th, 1818.

David R. Jones - son of the Jones family,  
who was born September 24th, 1821.

These young Welsh folk met, courted and subsequently married, and although facts are somewhat sketchy, they indicate that they lived at "Cefn Perva Farm" near Newport, Gwent. A farm which disappeared in later years due to development in the area round and near Newport.

There were 8 children of this marriage. Seven of whom were born in Wales, and the other in Columbus, Ohio, U.S.A.

Jesse Thomas Jones-May 12, 1848 Died-Oct 27, 1849, Wales.  
John Samuel Jones-Jan 17, 1849 Died - Feb 13, 1917, Prescott, Az.  
Jessee Thomas Jones-Jan 17, 1851 Died-Mar 4, 1922, Prescott, Az.  
Samuel Rosser Jones-Oct 4, 1862 Died-Mar 4, 1908, Kansas City, Mo.  
Maria Cecelia Jones-May 12, 1854 Died-Dec 18, 1928, Prescott, Az.  
Americus David Jones-Nov 29, 1855 Died-Apl 12, 1856, in Wales.  
Mary Ann Jones-May 25, 1857 Died-May 4, 1913, Glenview Springs, Co.  
David Americus Jones-May 12, 1863 Died-Feb 3, 1914, Edgar, Nb.  
(Columbus, Ohio, U.S.A.)

David and Margaret Jones and family left the Rogerstone and Rhiwderin area of Gwent, South Wales, in 1862 and immigrated to America, first settling in Columbus, Ohio, where their last son was born. Margaret only lived one year after leaving Wales. She passed away on August 6, 1863 and was buried in Green Lawn Cemetery, Columbus, Ohio, U.S.A.

Now another chapter in this family's history unfolds. Leaving home on Tuesday morning, June 27, 1867, Rachel Thomas, an older sister of Margaret, sailed from Liverpool for New York on the steamship "Edward" on July 2. She then went on to Columbus, Ohio where in due course she became the second wife of David R. Jones. (There were no children by this marriage.)

Following the end of the Civil War came the great movement to develop the American West and Mid-West. David and Rachel Jones and their family became part of that movement. For on June 6, 1872, David and his son Jesse arrived in Edgar, Clay County, Nebraska, to take over a newly built 14 foot by 20 foot one and a half storey log house. Rachel and the rest of the family followed later, thus this family from the rural farming community round Rogerstone and Rhiwderin, Gwent, South Wales, became pioneers in the settlement of the American Mid West. Letters from Edgar, Nebraska, written by David Jones in 1878-1879 to his sister-in-law, Sarah Thomas (Mrs. Sarah Joseph) who with her husband, John Joseph still farmed the "Neuadda Farm" in Rhiwderin, South Wales, testify to the fruitfulness of, and the rich fertile nature of his farm located a few miles out of Edgar, Nebraska. Rachel, his second wife, died after a short illness on February 14, 1878. After her death, David carried on the farm with the help of his youngest son, David Americus until his death on April 24, 1893 at the age of 72. Both David and Rachel were buried in Edgar Cemetery, Nebraska. Also their son David Americus and his wife Sadie (nee Mossholder), born July 17, 1878, South Bend, Indiana and died April 19, 1906 in Cheyenne, Wyoming.

In 1926 another historic incident connected with this family occurred, when an historic marker was erected on a corner of his former farm site by local inhabitants who caused it to be erected.

The inscription reads:

1883-1926  
This stone from the  
old State Capitol at  
Lincoln Nebraska  
marks the site of the  
first registered  
Timber Claim of U.S.A.  
Granted to  
DAVID R. JONES  
March 30, 1883

Thus these pioneers from Rhiwderin, Gwent, South Wales made history in their country of adoption, the United States.

The two sons of David R. Jones' first marriage, Jessee and John S. Jones, later prospected in Arizona, and later located gold mining claims in several areas.

John S. Jones had travelled extensively, and became a well known mining engineer. He established mining rights on the claims and subsequently developed several profitable mines in the Yavapi and Chaperrel areas notable among these was the operation of the "Little Jessie" named after Miss Jessie Jones, his daughter. Jessie Jones was born in Brooklyn, New York and lived in Washington, D.C. She eventually retired in Santa Monica, California where she died on September 14, 1965. Mr. Jones was well respected in the area and was elected to the Upper Branch of the Arizona Territorial Legislature and was a Senator of the 13th Legislative representing the Yavapia area and was elected by one of the largest votes of any man on the area ticket. He was noted for his generous and liberal donations to local charities, at his own expense he put in a complete electric lighting system for the Espiscopal Church at Prescott, Arizona. He died on February 13, 1917 and was buried in the Masonic Cemetary in Prescott with his wife, Ella, who had predeceased him. A daughter, Grace, (Mrs. Grace Cuthbertson) lives between Santa Monica and Honolulu. At 92 years of age she is the only member of the family left.

It is of interest to note that besides the main gold producer, "Little Jessie" mine, there were also the "Ella", the "Union", the "Little Grace", and the "Divident" mines. The "Little Jessie" was discovered in 1867 and it became in the early days one of the richest producers of gold, production up to 1913 recorded at \$1,000,000.00. However, John S. Jones used most of his profits in efforts to reform politics in Arizona. He also sponsored his own children and others to famous schools and colleges in the United States.

To raise funds for the early development of the claims, he went to Cleveland and Columbus, Ohio, where he offered one dollar shares to fellow Welshmen in those areas realizing \$5,000,000.00. Every penny of which he repaid in full. On his death in 1917, the mines passed into other hands, and this chapter comes to a close.....

\*In 1960, when driving out to attend the National Gymanfa in San Francisco, Douglas C. Jones and Olwyn T. Jones and sons, Colyn and David, also Lyndon and Bessie Jones visited Edgar, Nebraska. They located the graves of David and Rachel Jones and of their son, David and his wife, Sadie Jones in the cemetary there.

Then in May 1978, following the Toronto, Ontario, Canada, Gymanfa in April, Douglas C. Jones, son, Colyn and brother, Lyndon Jones visited the grave of John S. Jones and his wife, Ella in the Masonic Cemetary in Prescott, Arizona.

Then in September 1978 following the Minneapolis National Gymanfa, Douglas, daughters, Catherine, Cynthia, his son, Colyn and brother, Lyndon Jones, again visited the graves in Edgar, Nebraska and through the courtesy of the custodian of the cemetery, who had been met on a previous visit, they were able to locate the historic marker mentioned above which was erected in 1926.

The main reasons for these visits being that Margaret and Rachel Jones (nee Thomas), being sisters to Mrs. Sarah Joseph of the "Neuadda Farm, Rhiwderin, Gwent, South Wales, who was the great grandmother of Lyndon and Douglas C. Jones. Margaret and Rachel were great aunts.

submitted by Lyndon Jones



To borrow from the past is verse written by "Gwilym Maesaleg" about 1830, as to the crossing of the River Ebbw at "TYDU". (D.C.J.,)

THE FOOTBRIDGE OF TYDU.  
.....

"The rapid Ebbw River  
That flows so very free  
It shall divide forever  
Rhiwderin and Tydu.  
The peaceful population  
That live on either side  
They wanted some construction  
To cross the Ebbw tide.  
The noble, ancient Ebbw,  
Of course one cannot blame  
For rolling down the hollow,  
It always did the same.

Some able man selected  
This object to disperse  
The President appointed  
Was worthy Robert Nourse.  
The Bridge was well erected  
And well and truly trod  
The contract was completed  
Indeed by Thomas Dodd.  
To benefit the Future  
The Thoroughfare is Free  
Old Ebbw cannot sever  
Rhiwderin from Tydu."

# Successful business man has roots in rural Wales

BY SONDRA LANGFORD

AREA - It's hard to imagine Dr. Islyn Thomas, one of Madison's leading citizens, as a poor boy in a small mining town in South Wales, whose only toy was a pair of tin cans to tie to his shoes and clump around on. Dr. Thomas, whose father was known as "Yankee Thomas" because he had once lived in this country, has not forgotten his roots.

In a recent interview with the Eagle-Courier, Dr. Thomas recalled skies constantly greyed with dust from the coal mines, and the shutting of those mines after World War I. Due to the availability of free coal from the Ruhr Valley in Germany — which was given to England as war reparations — the English Government closed many Welsh mines, throwing numerous men out of work. Dr. Thomas recalls these men standing on street corners in an attempt to exhort the population to protest. As their influence increased, the most eloquent young fellows were "removed" to other parts of Great Britain, where many of them went on to become the union leaders of the 30s and 40s.

At the age of 11, Thomas moved with his family to Scranton, PA., whose large and well-organized Welsh population has been described in a previous issue of the Eagle-Courier. Young Islyn attended Alexander Hamilton School there and was President of the Class of 1930 of the Johnson School of Technology.

He wrote "Injection Molding of Plastics," the standard work on that



Dr. Islyn Thomas

subject, which is presently used in over 50 countries. He has also served as National President of the Society of Plastics Engineers, Inc., a professional organization with over 20,000 members.

One of America's best known designer-developers of plastics and their applications, his responsibility for plastic and rubber parts for Rolls Royce Merlin

Motors, which were part of the World War II Lend-Lease program, and his

other work on behalf of the plastics industry, led to his appointment in 1975 as Officer of the Most Excellent Order of the British Empire.

This honor was presented to Dr. Thomas at Buckingham Palace by Queen Elizabeth II. By agreement with the Government of the United States, American citizens are never

presented with British honors which would permit them to be addressed by such titles of nobility as "Sir" or "Lord."

President, during 1971 and 1972, of the St. David's Society of the State of New York. Dr. Thomas is the author of "Our Welsh Heritage," which is published by that organization.

"Our Welsh Heritage," is addressed to the American reader of Welsh descent, and contains lists of prominent Welsh-Americans such as: 17 signers of the Declaration of Independence, 11 Presidents of the United States, 3 Vice-Presidents, 3 Justices of the Supreme Court, 3 Secretaries of State, and 32 major contributors to American education, politics, industry and the arts.

Among the most interesting are both Richard M. Nixon and the late Hubert H. Humphrey; the Lee family of Virginia; - Meriwether Lewis (of Lewis and Clark fame); founders of Harvard, Yale, Amherst, Brown and Bryn Mawr; William Penn; Daniel Boone; Frank Lloyd Wright; Harold Lloyd and Bob Hope.

In addition to genealogy, "Our Welsh Heritage" includes some phrases in Welsh, explanations of some important periods in Welsh history, of the Leek, the Gorsedd of the Bards, the Gymanfa Ganu and other Welsh institutions, as well as a tribute to Charles, Prince of Wales.

Copies of this newly revised paperback may be obtained from the St. David's Society of the State of New York, 71 West 23 St., NY 10010

IN MEMORIAM: Mr. Edward Meredith of Los Angeles, who was born in Builth Wells, Brecon, Wales. Mr. Meredith, who was looking forward to his ninety-second year of life, had long been one of the few remaining individuals who could rightly say they were older than the now ninety-year-old Welsh Church of Los Angeles. Mr. Meredith was a widower, and is survived by his daughter Enid McKinnon, who was bereaved last year of her husband James McKinnon. Mr. Meredith passed away in January of 1979.

Certainly a unique ray of divine light leaves this world every time a Welshman of Mr. Meredith's generation passes on. Yet we should forever treasure memories of their invaluable contributions to our lives.

Indeed, how can one forget a venerable gentleman, who even in his late eighties, and nearly blind, could stand up with all the enthusiasm of a man half his age — at the conclusion of a rousing Gymanfa Ganu hymn — raise up a righteous right arm with forefinger pointed toward Heaven and exclaim, "Could we sing the chorus again?"

Though not an official member, Mr. Meredith attended the Welsh Church of Los Angeles for over forty years, and up until the last few days of his life. He was a cultured man, having studied and travelled extensively. Of all his studies he loved and knew the Bible best. One might say that the words of that great Book were inscribed within his heart. In 1978 he donated an antique Bible from his Welsh heritage to the Church. He will be greatly missed by many members of the Welsh community and the Welsh Church.

. . . . .

These are indeed times of great change. Times when not only species of wildlife, but cultures and great traditions are in danger of extinction. The life and times our grandparents and even our parents knew are now victims of "future shock". The sights and historical events they experienced, exist now only in memory — their memories. Unless those memories are preserved, the unique worlds they knew will vanish, forever.

Therefore, what better project could we and our friends and relatives now undertake than to write down the memories, songs and stories of the past for the enjoyment of future generations? Living as we do in an age of tape recorders, the task could be made as simple as setting aside a little conversation-time with our elder relatives and friends, and turning on a tape recorder. Imagine future generations listening to tape recordings of their great grandparents singing their favorite Welsh songs or recalling their favorite stories, and you will be able to appreciate the irreplaceable value of your efforts to preserve Welsh memories and Welsh traditions. In this, as in all enterprises, time is of the essence!



# GENEALOGIZE

PART # 16

by Arden H. Brame, Jr. II

**TRACING AN ANCESTOR BACK TO ENGLAND (7th in Series): WILLS:** English wills date back to the 14th century and those of more prominent people with property in more than one probate district (or who died abroad) were centrally located in two courts up to 1857:

1. **THE PREROGATIVE COURT OF CANTERBURY (= PCC) (South of England) (14th century to 1857), Which are housed at the:**

Public Record Office  
Chancery Lane  
London, WC2A 1LR, England

2. **THE PREROGATIVE COURT OF YORK (= PCY) (North of England) (1387 to 1857), which are housed at the:**

York Diocesan Records Office  
Borthwick Institute of Historical Research  
St. Anthony's Hall, Peasholme Green  
York YO1 2PW, England

Wills of the more common people prior to 1858 (those who held property in only one probate district) were recorded in the various Archdeacon's Courts and Peculiar Courts. If you know the parish of your ancestor, then you can check:

1. **PARISH MAPS OF THE COUNTIES OF ENGLAND AND WALES.** Comp. by the Institute of Heraldic and Genealogical Studies (England), C. Humphery-Smith, Director. Publ. by The Everton Publishers, Inc. 1977. 46 pp. **ALL THE ECCLESIASTICAL PROBATE JURISDICTIONS FOR ALL ARCHDEACONRY AND LOWER COURTS ARE SHOWN ON EACH COUNTY MAP AND THE MAP OF LONDON!!!!**
2. **WILLS AND THEIR WHEREABOUTS** by Anthony J. Camp, 4th Ed. 1974. 263 pp.
3. **WILLS AND WHERE TO FIND THEM** by J. S. W. Gibson, 1974. 210 pp.
4. **The LDS Church's Genealogical Society Research Papers: PRE-1858 ENGLISH PROBATE JURISDICTIONS** (one for each shire) with detailed map. (Available from the Gen. Soc. LDS at SLC).

All wills since 1858 are located at:

The Principal Probate Registry  
Somerset House, The Strand  
London WC2R 1LP, England

Most of the pre-1858 will and indexes as well as administrations are on microfilm at the great LDS Genealogical Society Library in Salt Lake City and can be borrowed on loan via any local LDS Branch Genealogical Library including the one in Pasadena at 770 N. Sierra Madre Villa. A rough listing of the probate records at S.L.C. is given in Part III of:

**THE GENEALOGICAL HANDBOOK FOR ENGLAND AND WALES. COMP.** by Joseph Hall. 1977.

**NEXT WEEK: TRACING AN ANCESTOR BACK TO ENGLAND ( 8th in Series): OTHER USEFUL ENGLISH RECORDS!!!**

## LOS ANGELES HONORS DEWI SANT

On Saturday March 3, 1979, St. David's Day was commemorated at the Biltmore Hotel with another one of the delightful banquets and concerts that are presented annually by the Welsh Church of Los Angeles.

The setting was the elegant Music Room of the Biltmore. After an enjoyable social hour and meal, those attending were treated to a multi-faceted program of entertainment and music, which was introduced by Barbara Davies, President of the Ladies Aide Society, and Charles Reed, Master of Ceremonies. There were many highlights of the program which will long echo in the memories of those fortunate enough to have experienced them.

Richard Thomas, the eminent actor, set the stage with a very personal tribute to the Welsh heritage of which we are all rightly proud. His lyrical intonations and turns-of-phrase hearkened back to those forefathers of poetry and drama, the Welsh bards.

Equally as lyrical was the delightful piano medley of Welsh songs, which was sensitively rendered by Stanley Hughes. Soon to follow was a heartwarming community sing-a-long directed by Huw Howells. Both the director and the congregation exemplified that special dynamism and "hwyl" that is unique to the Welsh people. Gwyneth Bealer, a veteran D'Oly Carte soprano, dazzled us with selections from the classical repertoire and Welsh tradition. And, to round out the evening DeWayne Fulton presented an international calvalcade of harp solos.

The highest of commendations and heartfelt appreciation are due to all the dedicated individuals, here in Los Angeles and throughout the Nation, who are working to keep our Welsh traditions alive through events such as these. Special applause go to the Ladies Aide Society of the Welsh Church, whose accomplishments have been inspired by the diligent efforts of President Barbara Davies and her partner in this good work, as well as in life, Donald Davies, Chairman of the Trustees of the Church. Let us all commit ourselves to supporting the organizations and events that are keeping our precious heritage alive.

For those interested in the Welsh Church, it is located at 12th and Valencia Streets in Los Angeles. Valencia Street runs parallel to the Harbor Freeway and is three blocks west of the Harbor Freeway and the Olympic Boulevard off-ramp. Services are held every Sunday at 11 a.m. The address is 1153 Valencia Street, LA, CA 90015. Telephone: H05-1381. Gymanfa Ganu, St. David's Day Banquets and other special events are announced in the informative Church newsletter "Welsh Mosaics".

Contributed by Charles and Mary Knowles

## "THE CORPS OF DISCOVERY"

### Lewis and Clark Open Up the West

The Mysterious Mandans: purported to be a tribe of "Welsh" Indians on the banks of the Missouri River.

#### Fort Mandan

#### Fact, Fiction, or Fantasy

It appears that at the point where the Knife River joins the Missouri River, the Corps of Discovery built a winter settlement which they named Fort Mandan after a neighboring indian tribe.

On New Years Day 1805, Clark visited a Mandan village "to alloy some little misunderstanding, and York, his black servant, added to the occasion by dancing "which amused the crowd very much. They were somewhat astonished that so large a man should be so active. York's skin colour was equally astonishing and the chief of the Hidatsa, a neighboring tribe, attempted to rub the black off York's body. The Mandans were objects of equal curiosity for the white explorers. A popular myth had identified them as decendants of a Welsh Prince, Madoc, who was reputed to have planted a colony in America in the 12th Century. The Mandans appearance encouraged the romantic story of their origins. They were light skined. Some had chestnut or red hair, and many had blue or gray eyes. Mandan men moreover, grew beards, and both sexes had white hair in old age, characteristics uncommon among other indian tribes. More important, a few words in the Mandan language resembled the corresponding words in Welsh, and in addition, the Mandans built round, skin covered boats, similar to the Welsh coracle.

#### GYMANFA GANU - BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

The third annual Gymanfa Ganu of the Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn, New York was held on Sunday, April 29, 1979.

Morning worship was held in the Sanctuary with Y Parch John Owen, Lisbon, Ohio preaching. Welsh hymns and music were featured by the choir and orchestra. Vivaldi's Gloria was also performed.

Following the service, coffee and tea were served for all present to get acquainted, after which the ladies of the church served a hot luncheon.

Between luncheon and the afternoon Gymanfa Ganu, four activities were organized for participants, including the showing of Welsh films.

The Gymanfa Ganu was held in the Santuary with Robert Jones of Utica, New York conducting. Gwyndaf Roberts, who has played at the National, was the organist. A very special feature was the forty voice Cor Dewi Sant from Utica, New York.

On conclusion of the Gymanfa Te Cymreig was served in the McWilliams room with lots more singing, including "We'll Keep a Welcome" by Cor Dewi Sant. Joan Owen of Lisbon, Ohio gave a special recital of Welsh poetry and the afternoon ended with the singing of "God Be With You Till We Meet Again."

Dr. George Litch Knight, Pastor of the Church, David Allen, Co-Chairman and all concerned are to be congratulated on providing such a wonderful occasion.

"BULA MATARI"

(Rock Breaker)

DR. HENRY MORTON STANLEY

Dr. Henry Morton Stanley was born in Denbigh, Wales, January 28, 1841. Henry was the illegitimate son of John Rowlands and Elizabeth Parry. He was christened John Rowlands. He lived with relatives until he was six at which time he was placed in the St. Asaph Union Workhouse, where he spent the next nine years of his life. Escaping from the cruel master of this grim place, he shipped as a cabin boy on a freighter bound for New Orleans. Luckily, in that city a merchant named Henry Stanley befriended the penniless youth. The merchant later adopted the boy and gave him his own name.

As a young man, Stanley fought in the Civil War (on both sides), then became a journalist, traveling across the United States and to Asia Minor. Editor James Grodon Bennett, Jr., sent Stanley to Africa, where on November 10, 1871 he was able to locate Dr. David Livingstone at the African village of UJJI. With this discovery of Mr. Livingstone, Henry Stanley became well known. Stanley went on to be one of the world's greatest explorers.

On July 12, 1890 Stanley was married to Dorothy Tennant (noted Artist) in Westminster Abbey. His later years were spent writing of his exploits. Some of his published works to name a few were "How I Found Livingstone," "Through the Dark Continent" and "In Darkest Africa, the latter a best seller in six languages.

During his youth, Stanley had become a U.S. citizen and when he settled back in England during the 1890's it was necessary for him to become a British subject again. Following which he became a member of the British Parliament in 1895. Finally in 1899, the onetime "workhouse brat" from Wales was awarded Britain's highest honour, a knighthood.

So from an uncertain beginning in Wales John Rowlands of stocky build, with hard gray eyes and perpetual scowl was knighted. Dr. Henry Morton Stanley was laid to rest at the Village Churchyard in Pirbright, England in the year 1904 at the age of 63 years.

"Dr. Livingstone, I presume"

Sir Henry Morton Stanley (Bula Maturi) - Swahile). He was known to be ruthless, cunning, deceptive, shy with women and self conscious about his birth and early life.

2s-4d. RALPH'S RETURN, NEWPORT TO BRYNMAWR

Over Newport bridge we go and past the castle ruin,  
Through High Cross, Rogerstone and Welsh Oak  
To Risca steel works crossing.

Crosskeys, Cwmcarn then Factory Trip,  
Now we can see a huge coal tip  
Past Newbridge's North Celynen.

Crumlin beneath the railway viaduct,  
Screech down Llanhilleth's steepest hill  
To Abertillery's Foundry bridge o'er river bed and rill.

Soon we will be in Bourneville then Blaina and Nantyglo,  
Up past the pond to Brynmawr square  
No further can we go.

For we have reached the valley's head,  
Across the hills Ni's Ebbw Vale,  
Then down to Abergavenny, the Sugar Loaf has walks  
for many.

So in Marie's cafe, refreshment for the soul,  
She sings and plays upon the harp  
Tis like a fairy gnoll,  
Here in the dirt and grime of Wales  
In this industrial valley,  
Such talent, culture and good will  
Renowned internationally.

contributed by V.J.

Ni's - Aneurin Bevan who was born in Cwm, Ebbw Vale.

Marie owned and ran a cafe used mostly by the Ralphps bus  
conductors and drivers and she kept a full size Welsh harp in a tiny  
back room. She would sing and play and train young folk dancers for  
Llangollens International Eisteddfodd, where she won many awards for  
herself and her tutored dancers.

contributed by V.J.

## THE DRAIG GOCH

The fire spewing dragon, damp nostrils flaring wide,  
Huge red eyes rolling furiously, head tossing side  
to side,  
Thundering tons of anger, slithering down the hills,  
Gauging caverns from the rocky slopes, tail lashing  
in the rills,

Great armour plated monster displeased at all he  
sees,  
Now comes upon Myfanwy, gathering wimberries at  
ease,  
She sings so sweet and looks so pure while plucking  
the luscious fruit,  
Placing them in her pinafore, he thinks she's kinda  
cute.

A few sharp snorts of smoke and fire, enough to make  
her turn,  
"Dew, Dew, it is the Draig Goch and just look at him  
burn",  
A stamp, a shake, a shudder, his forked tongue did  
unfurl,  
Beholding beauty, innocence, from this young country  
girl.

"There, there my love" she whispered, "be calm and  
save your breath,  
So I too can collect myself, and not be scared to  
death".  
Myfanwy ventured toward him, singing softly as she  
walked,  
"Men of Harlech" louder now, good job she hadn't  
talked.

This frightful, fearless magnitude, sat down upon  
the tump,  
And purred as gently as a cat, no more the nasty  
grump,  
The moral of this story is for ladies of today,  
A sweet girl can, and always will, calm anger and  
foray.

So if you come across a dragon, while strolling in  
the dell,  
Remember love can conquer all,  
and then you run like crazy.

When I was about 6 or 7 years old, I knew a man they called Dai Daylight, this is for him, wherever he may be.

Down the deep dark hollow  
The day shift swiftly slid,  
Men and boys who follow  
Where their fathers surely did,

Blackness lit so dimly  
By candles glowing slow,  
"See lads, we need Dai Daylight  
To bring sunshine down below",

He walks around from mine to mine  
His barrow filled up high,  
And tips up a load of blue sky,

Now he's coming, hear his cry,  
"Daylight coming down boys  
To help you carry on,  
Until your shift is ended  
The darkness will be gone",

And in the minds of boys and men  
The sun and sky are there,  
I wonder if the same is true,  
Green fields for the old pit mare?

Contributed by V.J.

#### THE ABERCARN EXPLOSION - SEPTEMBER 11, 1878

On this disastrous day, an underground explosion at the Prince of Wales Colliery shattered the peaceful existence of this tiny Welsh village and cruelly claimed the lives of 268 miners. It was an autumn morning around noon, when 360 miners, men and boys were underground on the main shift, three loud reports like artillery booming and a column of smoke rising at the pithead from the mine shaft.

98 came up alive but 6 died later making a total death toll of 268, the greatest loss of life in explosions recorded in South Wales up to that time and only exceeded by explosions at Cilfynydd Colliery in 1894 (290 lives), and Senghenydd in 1913 (439 lives). Rescuers descended the Abercarn and Cwmcarn shafts immediately and were down some 4 to 5 hours, but fire raged underground and they had to give up for the night. Next morning after talks with H.M. Inspector of Mines, and being totally convinced no one could still be alive below ground, the adjoining canal was diverted to floor the pit to douse the fire. This continued for several days until the water rose from the bottom of the shaft for 45 feet.

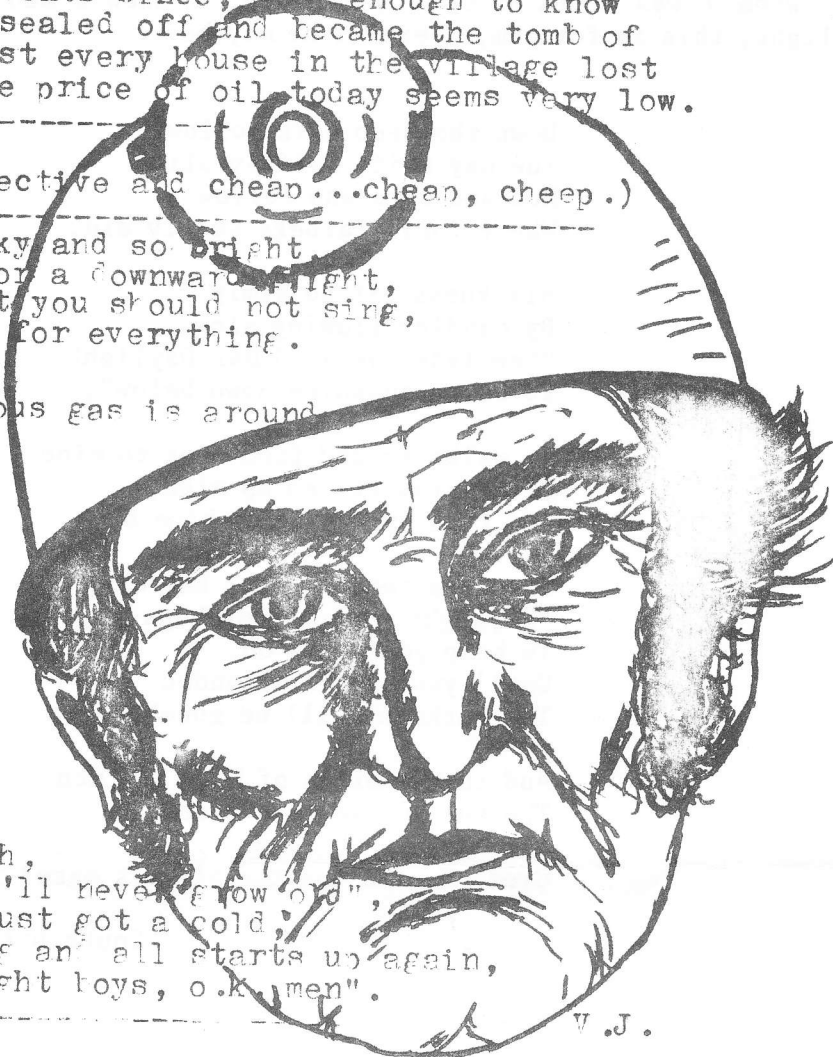
Then estimating that the fire was extinguished, pumping operations began and divers went down to explore conditions. What they found is too unbearable to write as someone who has witnessed similar events since, it's enough to know that the workings were sealed off and became the tomb of 256 men and boys. Almost every house in the village lost a loved one. Some how the price of oil today seems very low.

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**EARLY WARNING SYSTEM** (effective and cheap...cheap, cheep.)  
-----

Poor little canary so perky and so bright,  
Shut tight in your cage for a downward flight,  
All eyes are watchful lest you should not sing,  
For then there is trouble for everything.

The signs are that poisonous gas is around  
The movement of  
brattice cloth  
n'er makes a sound,  
Men grip their picks  
with knuckles of  
white,  
Boys kneel down and  
shiver,  
eyes wide with fright,

The tiny canary seems  
ready for death,  
Then suddenly sings out  
with new lease of breath,  
"If I come down to him, he'll never grow old",  
That devilish bird, he's just got a cold,  
The boys burst out laughing and all starts up agsin,  
The tension is broken "right boys, o.k. men".



-----  
V.J.

## SÔSPAN FACH CONFECTION

These peanut-flavored bars are chewy on the bottom and creamy on top. They keep very well, but are not likely to last long once the cookie-lovers in the family discover them. The recipe makes approximately four dozen cookies.

$\frac{1}{2}$  cup granulated sugar  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup light corn syrup  
dash of salt  
1 cup peanut butter  
2 cups crisp rice cereal

. . . .

4 tablespoons of butter or margarine  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cup packed brown sugar  
1 tablespoon milk  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon vanilla  
 $1\frac{1}{4}$  cups sifted or unsifted powdered sugar

. . . .

In a saucepan combine granulated sugar, corn syrup, and salt. Cook and stir till sugar is dissolved. Blend in peanut butter; stir in cereal. Pat evenly into a foil-lined pan (11x7x2-inch or equivalent size). In a small saucepan, melt butter or margarine and brown sugar; remove from heat. Add milk and vanilla. Stir in powdered sugar; beat smooth. Remove cereal mixture from pan; peel off foil. Spread top with frosting. Chill. Cut in small bars.

## PROGRESS

The curling, swirling, tongue-like tentacles of grey mist filled the thick damp air, making any kind of visual concept almost impossible. Weird blurred visions twisted any kind of sensible thought as my mind struggled for reality. My legs felt like lead cylinders horribly solid and heavy. Dear God how could I raise these weighted lifeless arms in defence against the silent, motionless water.

Then in the far, far distance....footsteps, echoing, eerily, slowly, slowly like a muffled death knell tolling, tolling, tolling away life itself; flashes of gas-lit London, Jack the Ripper, carriage wheels grinding into wet slimey cobblestones, barges ghostily gliding, foghorns hooting like waiting cries from the bottom of the dirty, dark watery grave of the Thames.

Now the steps came nearer and much, much quicker, suddenly an amighty crash to my head. My breathing became difficult, gurgling, struggling gasps as my mouth connected with water.... then, "David, come on now my love, how many times must I tell you not to have the bath so full and hot, you know you always fall asleep, heaven help us you'll drown one day. David, Dave are you listening?" as my mother banged her fists on the bathroom door. "Yes, ugh, yes Mam, o.k. I'm almost finished." "Dew, dew boy, never had this problem when you were in front of the kitchen fire in the old tin bath, there we are, that's progress for you, I suppose."

-  
contributed by V.J.

LLANFAIRPWLLGWYNGYLLGOGERYCHWYRNDROBWLLANTYSILIOGOGOGOCH

St. Mary's church, in a hollow of white hazel, close to a rapid whirlpool and St. Tysilo's church and near a red cave.

(useful if you visit Wales, now you know what to tell the cab driver)

# W.A.Y.

2219 GLENDON AVENUE, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA 90064

PRESIDENT, CYNTHIA JONES

This book "Our Welsh Heritage" is a gift to you from the St. David's Society of the State of New York, which is sponsoring this contest.

The contest is open exclusively to members of the Welsh American Youth (W.A.Y.). Three prizes - First \$100 Government Bond - Second \$50 Government Bond - Third \$25 Government Bond.

Winners will be announced at the 50th Anniversary of the National Gymanfa Ganu which will be held in Niagra Falls on September 1, 1979.

## CONTEST RULES

1. Each contestant will submit an essay-review of "Our Welsh Heritage" by Dr. Islyn Thomas, O.B.E.
2. The essay-review will be 300 to 500 words in length, typed, double spaced.
3. The essay-review will consist of an analysis of the contents of the book, and a critique of the data, format, and presentation.
4. All contest entries must be postmarked by July 28, 1979.
5. Only members of W.A.Y. are eligible to compete.
6. The decision of the judges will be final.

This is an opportunity for all members of W.A.Y. to express their views and their reactions.

Contest entries should be sent to:

Prof. Thomas E. Bird  
Chairman, W.A.Y. Judges Committee  
Bo [REDACTED]  
Little Neck, N.Y. 11363

We are anxious to hear from each and everyone of you.

