

# The Welsh Society of Western New England

Cymdeithas Cymreig Lloegr Newydd Gorllewino

Website: [WelshWNE.org](http://WelshWNE.org) Email: [WelshWNE@gmail.com](mailto:WelshWNE@gmail.com) FaceBook: [WSWNE](https://www.facebook.com/WSWNE)

## UPCOMING EVENTS:

**Sat, July 27** - Welsh conversation Meet-up

**July & August:** No Events

**August** - no Welsh Conversation Meet-up

**Aug 30 - Sept 2** - North American Festival of Wales, Milwaukee, WI

**Sat, Sept 14** - Genealogy Workshop

**Sept 20 - Nov 2** - World Cup Rugby in Japan

**Sunday, Sept. 22 (to be confirmed)** - Owain Glyndwr Event - watch this space

**Monday, Sept 23** - (6:15am) Wales v. Georgia: World Cup Rugby

**Sat, Sept 28** - Welsh Conversation Meet-up

**Tues., October 8** - Genealogy Workshop

## WELSH CONVERSATION GROUP

If you are a Welsh learner or speaker looking for an opportunity to chat in Welsh in a casual, friendly setting, we welcome you to join us. All levels from beginners to native speakers are welcome. NOTE: this is not a class.

**Where:** Panera Bread, Evergreen Walk, 100 Hemlock Ave, South Windsor, CT

**When:** 4th Saturday of the month (none in August)

PLEASE NOTE THIS EVENT IS FOR MEMBERS ONLY - It's easy to join: see website: [WelshWNE.org](http://WelshWNE.org).

## GENEALOGY WORKSHOPS

See you in the fall for our Genealogy Workshop, we meet monthly to learn how to research Welsh roots. Meets at 10:15am - 5:00pm. Come for the whole day or part there For info and to RSVP, email [WelshWNE@gmail.com](mailto:WelshWNE@gmail.com).

## WHAT'S WSWNE BEEN UP TO?

### 2ND ANNUAL NOSON LAWEN

Welsh Society of Western New England members and friends gathered at a pub in West Springfield, MA for a Noson lawen, which literally means 'Happy Evening'. In years gone-by, family and friends would gather in a front parlor of a home in Wales and share stories, poetry, music and song to entertain each other which is exactly what we did.

Richard Griffith played guitar and sang the poignant "Duw It's Hard" by Max Boyce, about the loss of coal mining in South Wales and "My My Deliah" by Tom Jones, accompanied by us all;

Susan Jenkins Meers read the

R.S.Thomas poem "Welsh History"; Susan

Davies Sit read an abbreviated part of the Fourth Branch of the Mabinogion, which was written in the 1300's, because her home village of Mochdre near Colwyn Bay was mentioned within that story;

Jason Ellsworth played keyboard and sang "Isaac Lewis" by Tom Russell, and there wasn't a dry eye in the place; Glyn Dowden had us in stitches when he read "Beyond Wales" about he and his wife Magdalen's 2 month stay in Florida this past winter; David Owens played four traditional Welsh tunes on the Euphonium, which he recently learned to play; and we closed with Leslie Spencer recounting her trip to Tintern Abbey. She showed her recent painting of the Abbey and shared its' history from its' founding in the 12th century to its current status as a much loved and visited tourist site.



Jason Ellsworth performs  
"Isaac Lewis"

We ended the evening with Leslie leading us in one of Wales' most poignant songs "We'll Keep A Welcome".

Good talent, warm friendships and a room full of Welsh men and women. What more could one want?

## The Ultimate Wales Road trip by Condé Nast Traveller

The Ultimate Wales Road trip by Conde Nast traveller is linked here: "Follow the itinerary to nip between picturesque Pembrokeshire pit-stops before bedding down in some of the country's best hotels"

<https://www.cntraveller.com/gallery/wales-road-trip>

## Y Gegin Gymreig - The Welsh Kitchen - Recipes Wanted!



We are planning a Welsh Cookbook, and now welcome recipes from members, especially ones from your Welsh ancestors.

Please contact Magdalen at

*magdalendowden@sbcglobal.net* with your recipe, the source, and a short bio of the cook. **Email must have**

**subject line of: Welsh Recipes.**

### CROESO/Welcome to our new member:

- **Mark & Daria Lewis**, from Boston, MA. Mark's Welsh ancestors immigrated into the USA in 1682 from Narberth, Pembrokeshire. In that year a Lewis from Narberth was among the first purchasers of land in the Quaker Settlement brokered by William Penn. His original purchase was for 1,000 acres of the 5,000 that went to Narberth homesteaders.
- **Richard & Kimberly Griffith**, recently moved from the DC area where they were members of the DC Welsh Society. Richard's Welsh ancestors were N.W. Wales slate quarrymen who immigrated to Poultney, VT.

## MY VERY LUCKY DAY

My lifelong misfortune in winning raffles and door prizes broke at the WSWNE St David's Day Luncheon on March 2.

Of four total drawings my tickets were pulled twice. Another person and his wife were miraculously lucky in winning twice.

When does that happen?

The first winning was a trio of Welsh treats. A tray decorated with a print of Josie Russell's textile rendition of Caernarfon Castle, a Welsh Cakes mix donated by UK Gourmet of MA and a small book of Welsh recipes.

The ultimate winning was the highly coveted door prize of Penderyn Madeira Single Malt Welsh Whisky. I followed up with some research on the particulars of this golden bottle. It is truly top of the line and as such got approval from the seasoned whisky lovers in my family. Do not dismay, this is available through the donor, Joe's Fine Wines and Spirits in East Windsor, right here in Central CT.

I felt happy for my turn of luck! I am grateful for being part of a generous society of lovers of all things Welsh but will feel fine if I never get lucky again! By WSWNE member Evan Williams

## WSWNE'S INVITATION TO THE UNITED NATIONS

An invitation from the Welsh Government for us to attend a conference on the UN's 2019 "Year of the Indigenous Languages" prompted three members of the WSWNE Board to travel to New York City in February, 2019. It was titled: Promoting Multilingual Societies: Perspectives from Wales, The Basque Country, Flanders and Quebec. The conference was headed by Gareth Morgan, the Head of the Welsh Government in the USA and included representatives of the Dutch, Flemish, Basque, Québécois and Welsh languages. Each speaker discussed the percentages of the population in their country who spoke the indigenous language, as well as the progress being

practiced and the government policies being practiced to ensure the protection and the future of the language.

Baroness Eluned Morgan, Wales' Minister for International Relations and the Welsh Language, spoke along the same lines. Welsh is spoken fluently by 20% of the population, whereas it was 50% at the beginning of the 20th century. Welsh Government policies have



WSWNE reps: Susan Davies Sit, Susan Jenk  
Meers & Shirley Jones Gilmartin

stabilized the decline and now the percentage is increasing. Welsh is also supported in the workplace, and many businesses now have Welsh speakers in place, especially in hospitals and local government offices.

The Welsh Government

also provided extra funding for councils to build Welsh language schools and the plan is to double the number of children in those schools in 10 years. Teachers are also receiving higher salaries if they speak Welsh. More and more text books are being printed in Welsh and employees in workplaces wear pins to identify themselves as Welsh speakers to encourage customers to speak the language.

Wales is heralded as being very successful in bringing back the Welsh Language from the brink of being endangered, with a goal of 1M speakers by 2050. Govopps.co.uk stated: "The Minister will be speaking on.... the unique approach being taken in Wales to promote and encourage use of the Welsh language, including through our new school curriculum which proposes to teach Welsh as a first language to all learners. The minister will point out that Welsh is still very much a living language in a society dominated by a global language, which in itself is testament to the remarkable story of the survival of the

From Left to right: Basque representative, Minister Eluned Morgan, Gareth Morgan, & Dutch rep.



language against all the odds, at a time when other Celtic languages have declined.” It became obvious to the audience that the most success for an indigenous language survival

is in Québec due to government policies put in place to protect the language, especially one to ensure that allophone immigrants, who spoke neither Quebec’s English or French at the point of immigration, had to enroll their children in French-only schools. The language is flourishing.

Basque is succeeding through education in schools, and 10% of their population use Basque more than Spanish.

Dutch is spoken by 60% of the people in The Netherlands but English takes over in most business situations and Dutch is weakening.

The UN.org site states: the Permanent Forum expressed concern that 40 per cent of the world’s estimated 6,700 languages were in danger of disappearing– the majority belonging to indigenous peoples.

Following the conference, we had a chance to speak one-on-one with Minister Eluned Morgan about Welsh Societies in North America and how we promote Wales, and her culture and language. We re-connected with Gareth Morgan who reminded us that he is available to come and talk to us at a luncheon.

Representatives of the Welsh Government handed out postcards containing a poem that Literature Wales had commissioned National Poet of Wales, Ifor ap Glyn, to compose. That poem “Lleiso (Voicing) is copied her. Enjoy!

## LLEISIO

nomina si pereunt, perit et  
cognitio rerum

“os derfydd enwau,  
derfydd hefyd dirnad  
pethau”.

Dwedwch felly, fawrion o  
wybodaeth,  
ym mha fodd mae achub  
iaith?

Nid trwy’i chofnodi, na’i  
chysegru,  
na chloi’i geiriau’n gacamwci  
gludiog  
a lyno wrth y sawl  
sy’n stelcian hyd ein  
cloddiau;

cans cadno wedi’i stwffio  
yw pob Cymraeg llyfr;  
ei ‘untroed oediog’ ni syfla  
mwy,  
a’i lygaid gwydr sydd ddall.

Yn y llafar y mae ei lleufer;  
a thafodau plant yw ei  
pharhâd.

## VOICING

nomina si pereunt, perit et  
cognitio rerum  
“if the names are lost,  
our knowledge of things dies  
too”.

So pray tell us, enlightened  
ones,  
how is language to be saved?

Not by annotation, nor  
consecration,  
nor by locking words down like  
sticky burrs  
that may cling to those  
who prowl our perimeters;

because Welsh, written,  
is but a stuffed fox;  
its ‘mid-air paw’ will move no  
more,  
its glassy eyes unseeing.

Its verve comes from being  
voiced;  
and on children’s tongues, it will  
live on.

Ifor ap Glyn  
Wales National Poet  
27.1.19

## AROUND OUR WELSH AMERICAN WORLD

**NINNAU:** To keep up with news, both from Wales and around North America, please subscribe to NINNAU: the North American Welsh newspaper. 6 issues per year at \$30 printed or \$20 digital at: [NINNAU.com](http://NINNAU.com).



## NORTH AMERICAN FESTIVAL OF WALES

The North American Festival of Wales (NAFOW), sponsored by the Welsh North American Association, the largest Welsh cultural organization in North America, will be held in Milwaukee, WI on Aug 29 - Sept 1, 2019 . See website [www.TheWNAA.org](http://www.TheWNAA.org).

Highlights are:

- Wonderful SEMINARS such as With Dust Still in His Throat & Coal Mining in S. Wales & Welshman in the Army of the Potomac
- Music and Singing from the North American Welsh Choir and “Calennig” and “The Three Welsh Tenors”.

Check it all out on-line and book your hotel room ASAP as it gets sold out fast! [TheWNAA.org](http://TheWNAA.org) . **In 2020 it will be held in Philadelphia so we will be carpooling!** So, block out Labor Day weekend 2020 to travel with us. We usually go on the Thursday morning and travel back Sunday morning but there’s potential to stay for the Sunday too (as we will have more than one car) so we can attend the Gymanfa Ganu, if anyone is interested. We already have 7-8 people committed to go, so get your name added to the carpool list ASAP. Pls email: [WelshWNE@gmail.com](mailto:WelshWNE@gmail.com).



## GOODBYE TO MAY HOWES

Long time member May Howes passed away in May. She will be sorely missed by all of us who enjoyed her company. She loved our Welsh Society, and attended as many events as she physically could. She also enjoyed our afternoon teas which we would



take to her home. Her last jaunt was a trip home to Liverpool and Wales, returning in early May. As many of you know, she was a storyteller. We are including one of her stories here below... you can hear her Liverpool accent through her printed words. A Celebration of Life will take place in July. We will email you with details, in case you'd like to attend.

### **A Penny to Spare by May Price Howes**

I held onto my sixpence - the sixpence Mrs. Powell had given me for running messages. I'd hurried up to get done. This pleased Mrs. Powell, for this time I hadn't stopped and wasted time. I had to get home in a hurry as Mrs. Draper was coming to hem my coat.

I hated this refitting because I was getting Edna's cast-off coat which was the same as my old one, but too large. I could never understand why we were dressed alike when Edna was so much bigger than I. When my coat became too short, I inherited Edna's, which was too long.

I pushed the back door and there they were - my mother and Mrs. Draper! Before they could see me I put the sixpence into the pocket of my blazer and secured it with my hankie so it wouldn't

bounce out. I was in for an evening talk, talk, talk from the women. The work was always done on the spot and took a long time. Mum handed me my "new" coat and said "get up on the chair". I hopped up and slid into the coat.

Mrs. Draper started her work, measuring and marking. While Mrs. Draper worked she and Mum continued talking. "Is anyone going over the water tomorrow?" asked Mrs. Draper, "It's going to be a nice day." "With the crowds that go over there? Oh, no" said Mum.

My mind took off. It was summer time and there was no Sunday School for me the next day. If I got up early I could go down to the pier on the tram for a penny. I couldn't take the ferry to New Brighton because I didn't have enough money, but I could take the boat to Seacombe and walk. That fare would be tuppence each way; sixpence then would pay for there and back. I kept quiet. While Mrs. Draper was sewing the last sleeve, Mum had me set the table for tea. It was well-deserved after all that talking. Mrs. Draper said, "Yer girl's awful quiet."

I rose early the next morning and crept into Mum's room. I said, "Mum, will you plait my hair? I have these new bows."

She said, "My God, it's early. Why are you up?"

I said, "It's nice out. I'm just going to go for a walk." She did the job and rolled over. I put on my inherited coat, grabbed a heel of bread and crept out.

I got on the tram at Park Road. The conductor said to me, "Well aren't we all poshed up today?" I smiled and sat down. I was betting that he wouldn't collect from me, but then, he could be a grouch. Then I sat with my hands on my lap, feeling more secure as the distance from my house grew.

Halfway down a couple of rough boys got on and sat down on the seat behind me. One started pulling on one of my pigtails. I asked him to stop. When they kept on tapping around my shoulders I knew my adventure was threatened and action must be taken. I quickly turned around, shoved my fist in one of their faces and said, "If you touch my hair again I'm going to smack your gob in." They were so

startled they sat back. I didn't hear another peep from them. The conductor didn't collect my fare and I was off to a good start.

At the pier I paid my fare and waited for the Seacombe ferry, which was on its way back to the Pier Head. I stood looking over the pier into the lively water of the Mersey. As the ferry pulled in, gulls were wheeling about, giving me their approval (at least that's what I thought). Once on the boat, I climbed the steps to the top deck, strutting about as though I were a seasoned seafarer. I looked up at the sky, watching the puffy white clouds changing their shapes. Before they disappeared, the bell on the bridge clanged, signaling that the boat was docking. I got off the ferry and turned onto the Promenade, the highway along the estuary to New Brighton.

I hadn't realized how far it was. I walked and walked. Feeling weary, I sat on a slab, and ate my piece of bread.

I resumed my walk, finally hearing the bandtron of the carousel. My heart leapt with excitement, and I hastened my step. I had walked to New Brighton where lies the riverside playground of Merseyside. As I turned the bend of the Prom, I could see the Ferris Wheel. I began to hear the screeching people on the Figure Eight. I was there.

I looked down on the beach. There were hundreds of compact family units. I moved closer to watch a grandmother who seemed vexed at all the children, running around, playing and shouting.

"Never get me 'ere again. Stay 'ome for some peace an' quiet." she said.

I walked on looking at the stalls. there were penny throws, stalls displaying false noses and moustaches, buckets and spades and party hats. The sideshows ran up and down the walkway. Barkers were shouting, waving their arms to the crowds, persuading people to come on in. There was the tiniest horse in the world, the fattest woman, and ape-man, a half-man half-woman, and many fortune tellers.

I walked onward, watching people getting on rides and playing games. Sometimes they had a go twice. I must have walked around many times. I stood at each stand for a while, listening to the barkers,

watching the activities and looking at the people. I started to think that it was a shame to come to the fair and not see anything. I still had four pennies. I needed three to get home. I could spare one. "I have to do something" I told myself as I started looking for something for a penny. But most things were tuppence. I came to the giant slide. It cost a penny. I watched the kids go up and slide down. But it was over in a flash; that wasn't worth it. I kept walking. I saw more signs and heard more barkers, but everything cost tuppence.

Finally I came to a booth with a man in front shouting, "Come this way and see the biggest rat in the world! Only a penny" I'd seen many a rat on the run, but imagine looking straight at one face to face. It would be something to talk about and remember. Besides, I could look at it for a long time.

I gave the man my penny and walked into the tent. There, before me, on a stand, was a small cage. In it stood my rat! It was the size of a huge rabbit. It had long, orange teeth! But no tail! I stood there for ages, stepping this way and that, looking at it from every angle. I felt sorry for the rat, cooped up in a cage that looked too small.

Finally the man said, "Ere, where's thy Mam?"

I said, "Across the water." I asked him a lot of questions, "How did you catch him? Does he bite?"

"No, he's quite tame. 'Ere, give 'im a biscuit. He likes these. Take one for yourself."

He handed me a box of digestive biscuits. I was afraid to feed the rat, so the barker put a biscuit into the cage and offered me one, which I grabbed.

"Thanks," I said, and ate it immediately. After a while, he said, "You're going to have to move off, luv." I left.

I walked around for a while longer. It was getting late and I was tired. I stood by the railing, looking at the water, watching the gulls wheel. It was getting nippy. I was sick of the music. People were packing up and leaving.

Now I thought of the long walk back to Seacombe. I was hungry. I walked to the toilets. There was my neighbor, Mrs. Moore!

"Where's your mother? Who are you with?" she asked, shocked. I couldn't answer; I started crying instead. She comforted me. She said, "You must be hungry."

I sobbed, "I am." She took me by the hand, brought me over to her family and looked for something for me to eat. Her family was sitting around, all dressed and ready for the ferry home. There was a piece of cake left over which I wolfed down.

She said, "You're coming with us." We got on the ferry and they paid my fare. I stayed close to Mrs. Moore. The bell on the bridge clanged, the ropes were cast off, and I settled back against the funnel relieved to be losing the sound of the rumbling fair. As the ferry drew near to the Pier Head, the curtain of evening was lowering over the pier. There now seemed more gulls screaming and wheeling, a welcoming sound.

At the Pier Head, we got on the tram. I was still under Mrs. Moore's wing. My stop came before their stop. "You go straight home now." said Mrs. Moore.

"Yes," I said, "Thank you, Mrs. Moore." I climbed down and ran up the street to my house. I pushed open the back door. I went to the living room where there was a glowing fire in the grate. The warmth against my chilled cheeks made me feel sleepy and hungry.

Mum and Dad peered over their newspapers. "Don't say one word until you have had your tea." said Dad. Sunday night supper was always a cold plate. From the larder I brought out my plate. A plate of bread was buttered and a cup of tea was put before me. My plate of butties vanished, and I gulped the tea. I was quiet. As I ate I thought about the day - the world's biggest rat, the ferry, all the people, Mrs. Moore. All this and I still had thrupence left!

I could contain myself no longer. "Dad" I said, "I saw the biggest rat in the world. It had orange teeth and no tail."

"That's the best tale yet," said Mum.

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# NEWS FROM WALES

## THE NATIONAL EISTEDDFOD, 2019



The National Eisteddfod tradition dates back to the 12th Century. Lord Rhys first held a

bardic tournament –

a competitive festival of music and poetry in Cardigan.

Today's Eisteddfod maintains the tradition, but there are also all kinds of activities and entertainment for people of all ages and backgrounds.

The 2019 Eisteddfod will be held in Llanrwst, Conwy County, north Wales.

The Eisteddfod is a microcosm of all things Welsh. The language of

the Eisteddfod is Welsh. However, there is a warm welcome for everyone whatever your language.

Information and translation facilities are available to ensure everyone enjoys the Eisteddfod.

The site of the National

Eisteddfod alternates between north and south Wales. The National Eisteddfod takes place for 10 days from the first Saturday in August. ([wales.com](http://wales.com))



## WELL-READ DRAGONS

### BECA A CATRIN, Messy Hair Game, in English and Welsh

Reba and Katherine are two sisters who learn a lesson about patience and forgiveness as their choice creates more work for Grandma. Your editor says: This book would be ideal for young children and for older children learning Welsh.

**Gail Gritts has donated a copy of the paperback book and a lucky child at the Christmas luncheon will win this book.**

#### Author Gail Gritts

Gail grew up deep in the heart of the Ozarks in Missouri, USA. Life led her to England where she and her husband Tom raised their own family of five. Messy Hair Game is the first in her series about Reba and Katherine.

#### Illustrator Javier Duarte

Javier is a Uruguayan illustrator. He specializes in profession illustrations, portraits, cartoons, comics and children's books and is currently working as a freelance artist locally and internationally.

#### Translator Emily Stirrup

My name is Emily. I am eight years old and I love Messy Hair Game! I live in North Wales in a town called Colwyn Bay. My mum and dad are both Welsh and I go to a Welsh school. I had a great time translating the story for my friends. I hope you enjoy the story, too.

Ages 3-7

ISBN: 9781945669385

Available on Amazon: <https://www.amazon.com>

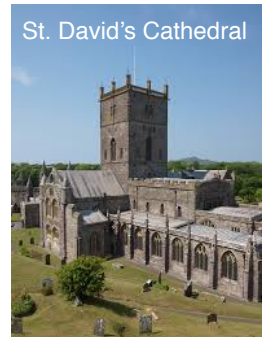
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## SIX GENEALOGY WORKSHOP MEMBERS TO TRAVEL TO WALES TO RESEARCH WELSH ROOTS

Very soon, at the end of July, six WSWNE Genealogy group members will be going to Wales for a 3 week Genealogy tour. On the schedule will be:

- Corwen/Llangollen area - Treasurer Mary Jones Pallos' father was born in Rhosllanerchrugog and it will be Mary's first trip to Wales. We will find the street where her father and grandfather lived.
- Conwy area - Beth Roberts Brown and Susan Davies Sit are from this corner of north and north-west Wales. We'll be visiting farms, chapels and searching graveyards for headstones. We'll also spend 2 days at the National Eisteddfod, volunteering for the Welsh North American Assoc. and enjoying the Eisteddfod.
- Aberystwyth area - where Susan Jenkins Meers and Evan Williams have roots. Susan will meet up with Welsh cousins and Evan will be searching for chapels and farmhouses.
- A side trip to St. David's is on the cards.
- Our final stop is the Brecon Beacon area and Cardiff where Susan Jenkins Meers, Evan Williams and Gail Ellis have roots. We are hoping to catch a Wales v England Rugby game (warm up game before the World Cup) in Cardiff. Susan Davies Sit hopes to meet up with a couple of Wales Week in London contacts to further their support for Wales Week in New England.



We'll be sharing some details of our trip in a future newsletter.



**BOARD OF DIRECTORS (2019-2020):**

**President:** Susan Davies Sit (CT) (860) 987-7097 WelshWNE@gmail.com

**Vice President:** Susan Jenkins Meers (CT) (860) 334-5119 SusanjMeers@aol.com

**Treasurer:** Mary Jones Pallos (CT) (860) 781-2302 Mary.Pallos@Singulus.com

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Lifetime Honorary Board Member: Sherry Williams (CT)

Chaplain: Vacant

Past President: Dr. Tom Bernard (MA)

Founder: John Dixon (MA)

Membership, Email Manager, Newsletter Production: Mark Spencer (MA)

Honorary Member: Trey Mc Cain (MS & WALES),

Founding and Honorary Member: Shirley Keifer (CT)

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**WSWNE Membership Form**

**PLEASE MAIL to Mary Pallos, WSWNE Treasurer, 1542 Main Street, Glastonbury, CT 06033**

**(check made out to WSWNE, membership year begins March 1st, per family):**

**\_\_\_\$100 (Red Dragon), \_\_\_\$50 (Daffodil), \_\_\_\$25 (Miner's Lantern), \_\_\_\$10 (Student)**

**Today's date: \_\_\_\_\_ NEW MEMBER: \_\_\_ RENEWAL: \_\_\_\_\_**

Names (list household members):

\_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

Home phone # \_\_\_\_\_

Cell phone # \_\_\_\_\_

Email address (PLEASE PRINT)

\_\_\_\_\_

Newsletter Summer, 2019: For Treasurer's use only: Date received: \_\_\_\_\_

The building at the end of this lane is the Tudor Merchant's House in the old section of Tenby, Pembrokeshire: photo by Karl Smith during his walk on the Wales Coastal Path, 2018

