



Kenderwi Kernewek

(Cornish Cousins)

Newsletter of the California Cornish Cousins

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California Cousins to Gather in Paso Robles, June 4-6

Begin making plans now to attend the 2010 California Cornish Cousins gathering in Paso Robles, Friday through Sunday, June 4 – 6.

The Cousins will gather beside California's quicksilver range and in the vicinity of no less than seventeen mercury mines that once employed our ancestors and other miners.

The weekend will include a chance to visit nearby Cambria, a coastal town that boasts a pleasant tea and pasty shop and streets named "Camborne" and "Cornwall." Those with additional time to spend in the region can visit Hearst Castle (built in part from the sweat of our mining ancestors), 35 miles away.

The planning committee is extending invitations to a knowledgeable local historian and to one of the most distinguished historians of the Cornish migration who will be coming from Cornwall. Look for details in the next newsletter.



In the meantime consider making your lodging reservations right away, as hotels are already filling for June. The historic Paso Robles Inn (at left) will host our event and offer discounts on rooms to Cornish Cousins.

Other lodging choices are available in Paso Robles and nearby Atascadero.

For more information on lodging contact the Paso Robles Inn at (800) 676-1713 or www.pasoroblesinn.com. Or contact the Paso Robles Chamber of Commerce at (805) 238-0506 or press the "Visitor Info" button at www.pasorobleschamber.com. See you in San Luis Obispo County on June 4-6. □ Gage McKinney

Grass Valley Celebrates Annual St. Piran's Day Friday and Saturday, March 12-13

Gary Noy, director of the Center for Sierra Nevada Studies and editor-in-chief of Sierra College Press, will speak at a pasty lunch on Saturday, March 13, to celebrate St. Piran's Day in Grass Valley.

Grass Valley invites everyone to become Cornish for a day at its sixth annual celebration recognizing the patron saint of Cornish miners and the heritage of the Cornish in the American West.

The celebration begins Friday evening, March 12, with a pub night sing-along pending at the Holbrooke Hotel, Main and Church streets, from 6:00 to 9:00 pm. Gather around the piano with a pasty or a pint and join the Grass Valley Male Voice Choir in singing popular songs of Cornwall and America. Saturday morning the events begin at 9:30 am at the signal of Robert

Russell, Grass Valley's Town Crier. After the raising of the U.S. and Cornish flags, contestants will vie in the annual Pasty Olympics that include a pasty tossing contest. The mayors of Grass Valley and Nevada City will contend for the Mayors Award. Come along and become a contestant.

The flag-raising and Pasty Olympics take place in the City Hall parking lot at Main and South Auburn streets, known



Sierra College Press editor Gary Noy will address the pasty luncheon on Saturday, March 13.

by many as the most Cornish spot in America.

At noon the celebration continues with a pasty lunch at the Nevada City Methodist Church, 433 Broad Street, featuring Gary Noy, who calls himself "the proud son and grandson of Cornish miners," will speak on "Cousin Jacks in the Wild West: The Cultural and Historical Impact of the Cornish on the American West."

Gary is the author of the best-selling *Distant Horizon: Documents from the 19th century American West* (University of Nebraska Press, 1999), which was a featured book at the New York Public Library and the National Park Service's Jefferson National Expansion Memorial (the "Gateway Arch") in St. Louis. Gary has taught at Sierra College since 1987.

Gary is co-editor of the upcoming *The Illuminated Landscape: A Sierra Nevada Anthology* (Heyday Books, Sierra College Press, Santa Clara University, May 2010). The Oregon-California Trails Association, a national historical organization, recently named

Gary “Outstanding Educator of the Year.”

St. Piran, patron saint of hardrock miners, is to Cornwall what St. Patrick is to Ireland. In fact he was a 5th century missionary who brought Christianity to

the Celtic land in the southwest corner of Britain. In legend he taught the Cornish to refine tin. The Cornish flag, which often flies at City Hall in Grass Valley, is called St. Piran’s flag. St. Piran’s Day sponsors include the Grass

Valley Downtown Association; City of Grass Valley; GV Male Voice Choir; GV United Methodist Church; GV-Nevada City Sister Cities; and California Cornish Cousins. □

Cornish Place Names: Project Update

by Francis Shawn Bawden

Since last summer’s newsletter not only have I continued my own research in identifying Cornish place names in the Golden State but many of you also answered my request for help. For instance, I have located two more spots in the southern Mother

PENROSE COURT

Lode region: Carew’s Flat and Cornish Town. According to Carolyn Feroben’s informative Web site on Mariposa County history, both sites were included in a roster of local geography created by residents in 1928. This list was part of a competition held by the *Mariposa Gazette* newspaper to identify localities in that county. More research, however, is still needed to identify such things as *how* they were named and exactly *where* they were located.

Many of you also emailed me with the names of other places in California with ties to Cornwall. Nancy Oster, for example, brought to my attention the community of Angwin in Napa County. This town is named after Edwin Angwin, a native of Saint Agnes, Cornwall who operated a resort on the land the town now occupies. Cornish Lane is also located in this small community. Our president-elect Kitty Quayle added Temby Street in Grass Valley, named after her Cornish ancestors. Gage McKinney also contacted me – he wrote on my “wall” on Facebook – with information about Hicks Road in Santa Clara County. Gage explained that this road, which meanders through the rolling hills near the New Almaden

TRELAWNEY LANE

Quicksilver Mine, was named after four brothers from Redruth who engineered it.

Jan Davis also answered my request for help. In fact, she sat

HICKS ROAD

down with her copy of *Thomas Brothers Mapbook of San Diego County* and searched the entire index! Jan found 16 roadways with names associated with Cornwall such as Trelawney Lane, Penrose Court, and Treseder Circle. Determining how these streets were named is an ongoing process with the hopes of establishing if they were named for Cornish families (or for some other reason). Jan also mentioned Trefethen Vineyards in Napa County which was established by Eugene Trefethen and his family. This is the same individual mentioned in the last newsletter who is the namesake for the Trefethen Aquatic Center in Oakland.

Jan also pointed out Penrod Court in northern San Diego County which motivated me to search for other locations in California with that name. One of the most interesting is Penrod Canyon in Riverside County which is named after

William and Rebecca

Penrod who mined for gold and had a cabin near the canyon in the 1890s. William was born in Illinois in 1878, but the names and birth places

of his parents remain a mystery.

So far, the list of Cornish place names in California has reached nearly 60 sites although much more research is needed to establish their provenance. I will continue to search for locations and encourage anyone with information to contact me. I can be reached at fsbawden@aol.com. □

WHO IS THIS GUY FRANCIS SHAWN BAWDEN? HE KNOWS HIS CORNISH HISTORY!

■ Francis Shawn Bawden received a B.A. in European History from Humboldt State University in 2006. His research focused mainly on Cornwall, but also included topics from other areas of the Celtic Fringe. Areas of research included the Cornish Rebellion of 1497, Cornish nationalism and identity, Cornish miners in Mexico, and the Celtic Revival in Cornwall during the early Twentieth Century. He is currently a graduate student at San Jose State University majoring in Library and Information Science with an emphasis in Archival Studies.

■ Francis’ other passion is family history which he has been researching continually since 1999. He and his father, Francis Patrick Bawden, maintain a Web site dedicated to Bawden Family history—www.bawden.info—and continue to research their Cornish ancestors. He can be reached at fsbawden@aol.com.

COUSINS CALLED HOME

Jackie McKinney

Jacqueline Hughs McKinney, a descendant of a miner who struck it rich, died on December 26 following treatment for cancer. She was 82.

Jackie was born in Campbell, CA and spent her early years at the El Dorado Mine in Alleghany, Sierra County. Her ancestor John Fessler extracted a fortune after discovering the mine in the 1800s and her family worked it through the 1930s depression.

Another prominent ancestor was Richard Hicks of Redruth, Cornwall, who came to America with three brothers to work first at New Almaden and later at Virginia City and Grass Valley. Three generations of Jackie's family, including her father, worked in

Grass Valley's Idaho Maryland mine and her grandmother taught in rural Nevada County schools.

Jackie attended Grass Valley schools and remembered all her life the exhilaration of roller skating down Main Street hill. She attended San Jose High and then the University of New Mexico. She worked as an accountant for forty years and retired within the last year to the Grass Valley home built by her parents.

She was active in the Episcopal



Jackie at San Jose High School.

Church and California Pioneers and attended most gatherings of the California Cornish Cousins. She remembered riding in the mayor's car during a parade at a Cornish gathering in Mineral Point, Wisconsin.

Jackie visited Cornwall twice and liked to describe the magnificent sunset that greeted her when she first arrived, traveling by car over Bodmin Moor and heading towards Redruth. She vividly remembered visiting the street where her ancestors lived, worshipping at St. Euny Church and sitting inside the bow windows of DeWynn's pastry shop in Falmouth.

Family and friends celebrated Jackie's life at a memorial service at St. Thomas Episcopal Church, Sunnyvale, on January 9.

She is survived by sons David McKinney of Grass Valley and Gage McKinney of Sunnyvale and many nieces and nephews. **Gage McKinney** □



Rosemary Thomas

It is sad to report the death of Rosemary Thomas after a short illness. She was familiar to many of you, having accompanied me to Cornish gatherings at Knights Ferry, Sonora, and twice to Grass Valley.

Rosemary prized her Cornish American Naturalization, proudly displaying the certificate on her wall. She delighted in the Cornish term "forthly" and meeting the mayor and mayoress of Penzance, the Manns, with whom she began a correspondence. **Dick Chamberlain.**

Rosemary, shown here with Dick Chamberlain, was a regular attendee at California Cornish Cousins events.

ROSTER UPDATE

Membership Chair Maureen Roberts reports that the following four members were deleted by error from the roster as it appeared in the last newsletter:

Collins, Bette
2609 Lincoln Avenue
Alameda, CA 94501-3031
(510) 523-5421

Collins, Phillip R. & Gail
190 Healdsburg Ave., Apt. C

Cloverdale, CA 95425-5004
(707) 847-3665
phillipcollins190@comcast.net

Cormode, John R. (Jack)
13085 Franklin Avenue
Mountain View, CA
94040-3922
(650) 961-6117
jcormode@ucsbalum.net

Dodge, Charles and Jane
2225 Terracewood Lane
Escondido, CA 92026
(760) 741-5124

[cwgjhd@cox.net](mailto:cwdjhd@cox.net)

The following change was received recently from Phil Scrope-Scrapnel:
E-mail: philshrapnel@cox.net
Phone: (619) 722-7100

This is the first edition of Kenderwi Kernewek to hit the internet..Also, you will find it on the Yahoo Group Site: groups.yahoo.com/CaCornishCousins/

A TASTE of CORNWALL

by Kitty Quayle

A vigorous wind was dashing the rain against the windows and moaning in the eaves on a stormy evening in early April. It seemed the perfect time to curl up with a steaming cuppa and a good movie.

One of my favorites, the one I always watch when my craving for Cornwall is particularly strong, is a charming film called *Ladies in Lavender*. The two main characters are a pair of senior sisters, Janet and Ursula Widdington, who live in a cliff-top cottage where, after a fierce storm they give shelter to a young castaway who has washed up on their beach.

I first saw the film in the autumn of 2005 after then-president of the California Cornish Cousins, Jan Davis, mentioned it in the newsletter. I liked it so much I bought a copy, which was then shared with my three sisters, with whom I was planning a trip to Cornwall for the following Spring.

We didn't plan our trip around the movie's locations, but did have some fun with it. For our first week we took a cottage on

Located on the eastern side of the Lizard, the small sheltered cove has been home to a fishing trade since mediaeval times when local farmers fished to subsidize their incomes. Habitation began in the 12 century, as cottages started to climb the steep valley walls, clinging like barnacles to the rocky sides. The town's only narrow lane then is still the only lane today, winding between the homes whose thatched roofs are weighted down by heavy chains to keep the fearsome winter storms from blowing them away.

There is scant parking to be had in the village and most people leave their vehicles in the car park at the top of the hill. A wooded path from the top drops into the village past the back gardens of a number of homes and the minuscule Anglican church of St. Mary. There are less than half a dozen businesses and the one with the most custom is easily (and predictably) the local.

Looking out of that pub's deep-set windows in the day's fading light to the cove where waves slapped against green serpentine walls, I savored my cool pint of incredibly delicious Cornish scrumpy. This stuff is amazing. The first taste fills one with the essence of sweet, sun warmed apple which contrasts wonderfully with the finishing smack of tartness that zings along one's jaw with each swallow. Wow! Back in the day, Cornish laborers used to take part of their pay in scrumpy. That would work for me.



Cadgwith—the quintessential Cornish fishing village.

the Lizard, from whence our Lory ancestors hailed. We intended to investigate the various Lory farms in the area and we chose to stay in Cadgwith to be near the sea. Our temporary home was the stone-and-slate Ship Cottage, snuggled in amongst the tumble of thatched homes of this quintessential Cornish fishing village.

In the morning the cries of the gulls awakened me at first light and I wandered through the misty softness past the old pilchard cellars, stacked crab pots and boat winches to the pebbled beach, a hundred yards from the cottage. The lifeboat house stands silent, closed for more than forty years now, a memorial to all the brave men who risked their lives to save those in peril on the sea. The birds wheeling overhead were my only companions as my feet crunched across the beach, as many crab shells as pebbles in its composition. The fishing boats were winched up above the tide line, brightly colored bobbers clustered on their sterns. The pilchard shoals are gone now, largely a victim of over-fishing; a 1904 record counted 1, 798,000 landed here in a four-day period.

Still standing silent sentinel on the headland is the tiny hut once used by lookouts posted to alert the village of the pilchard's arrival. Today the fishermen of Cadgwith bring in crab (several tons a week), lobsters, shark, monkfish and conger eels. In one of the movie's scenes shot in Cadgwith, the Widdington's housekeeper Dorcas, goes to this beach in search of pilchards for a Stargazy Pie.



Prussia Cove not “Pressure Cove.”

second week was perched on a hill above Ludgvan, overlooking Mount’s Bay across fields of dazzling daffodils.

Stopping in the local post office one morning, we asked the clerk if she knew where the film’s shooting had been done. She answered yes, it had been only a few miles away at Pressure. A search of our map revealed no such name place, so we asked if she would be kind enough to point it out. She glanced at our map and indicated the spot with her index finger, “‘Tis there. Pressure, Pressure Cove.” What our Californian ears had heard as “pressure” was actually Prussia.

Prussia Cove is a small inlet in Mount’s Bay on the south coast of Penwith, about six miles east of Penzance. The cove gets its name from the famous 18th century smuggler Jack Carter, who as a child had adopted the sobriquet “The King of Prussia” when playing at soldiers with his friends. He and his brothers, Harry and Charles, operated a successful free-trading business from the cove, but still considered themselves to be “upright and godly men who allowed no swearing or unseemly conversation upon their ships,” according to Harry’s autobiography.

However, their godliness didn’t stop them from firing a fusillade of shots at revenue cutters from the battery of guns they had cheekily placed on the

In this morning’s solitude it is difficult to imagine this quiet cove awash with British Film Industry types. Before leaving on this trip to Cornwall, I had attempted to find out just where the cottage used in the film was located, but had no success other than that it was somewhere on the Penwith peninsula. Not coincidentally, our home for the

cliff tops. Prussia Cove is privately owned as part of the family estate of Porth-en-Alls and is only accessible by public footpath from a small car park a half mile or so away. We discovered from the information board there that the cottages on the estate are available for holiday lets, which started us thinking about our next trip.

We wandered down toward the cove on a narrow dirt track between hedges spilling wildflowers, the air scented by the palely blushing blooms clustered on the twisted limbs of an ancient apple tree. A fitful sun broke through the overcast from time to time to splash gold upon the burnished pewter sea. In days gone by casks of French brandy and bolts of colored silks were carried up this same road under cover of darkness to avoid the British excisemen. The cottage itself was screened from view by dense shrubbery, a break at the entrance guarded by a curved wooden gate, green with age. But a walk along the cliff path, lushly green and sprinkled with thrift, campion and cow parsley, afforded a clear view backward to Cliff Cottage, so aptly named as it clung there amid its terraced gardens.

This is the same spot from which the movie’s Russian *femme fatale* painted her watercolor of the cottage on the day she first heard Andrea playing the violin. Much of the film was shot here, on this wild bit of Cornish coast. But that was just one more guise for this listed building, which has seen much over the course of time. Believed to have started out as a fish cellar, it was later used in smuggling operations, reputed to be connected to the beach by caves and tunnels. For a time it was a tavern, perhaps selling the beer made by the brewess Bessie for whom the adjoining cove is named. There are still numbers on the bedroom doors, dating from the time when the cottage was a guest house. And now, it is a self-catering holiday let. One wonders what energies might linger in a place so steeped in human history.

We arrived back at our house in the gathering dusk to find a note from the landlord waiting for us in the conservatory, stuck to a DVD he thought we might enjoy watching during our stay. What movie? It was *Ladies in Lavender*. □



Can you spot the Russian Femme Fatale?

A Pleasant Weekend in St. Austell

by Jill Miller Perry

On August 17th, 2009, my daughter got married in County Durham, England. Since I was going that far, I chose a few other places in England that I wanted to see after the wedding, and St. Austell, Cornwall was on the list. My maternal great-great-grandparents lived there before immigrating to Pennsylvania in the 1850s. Their family had been miners in the china clay pits that are found near the town. More recently, the Eden Project was built in one of those pits, so I was very anxious to see it.

I arrived in St. Austell about 7:30 in the morning, after an all night bus ride. I'd arranged to leave my suitcase at the Bed & Breakfast where I'd be staying, so I rolled it a few blocks from the station to the Alexandra Heights house. The owner was very pleasant, fascinated that I was coming to my ancestral home, and she offered me a cup of tea, which was wonderfully refreshing after the bus ride.

I headed off for the Eden Project. You can buy a round trip bus ticket and entrance to the Eden Project when you get on the bus, which is convenient and at a discount. The place is amazing. There are two huge domed greenhouses, called "biospheres"; one is a giant Mediterranean garden, the other a tropical rain forest. Between the two is



Eden Project "biospheres."

a food court, selling salads made from vegetables grown right outside the front door, and ice cream from a local



The wedding party includes Jill (left), her daughter, the groom and his parents.

creamery. Cornish pasties were also available, including whole wheat and vegetarian ones. Outside this complex, the walls of the clay pit have been converted to a terraced garden growing a wide assortment of foods, herbs and other useful plants, including hemp. After spending hours wandering around the greenhouses and gardens, I arrived at a pavilion in the center of the pit that was just starting a beer and ale tasting of local brews. I was rather tipsy by the time I worked my way back up the side of the pit to the gift shop and then to the bus stop.

Back in St Austell, I walked around the few blocks of the town center taking pictures of old buildings and the outside of the church, then went into the cemetery to look for Tredinnicks, Gilberts and Martyns. I was very disappointed at what had been done to this cemetery. All the headstones had been moved to the edges, placed in random order in several rows, while the whole middle was lawn. I walked all around, taking pictures of any potential relatives- several Martins and Martyns, a few Gilberts and Jilberts, no

Tredinnicks. Not surprising, as the Tredinnicks only lived in St Austell for one generation, while there are Martyns there going back as long as there were church records.

The next morning, after a good breakfast at the B&B, I was back at the bus stop to go to the Lost Gardens of Heligan. Again, I was able to buy round trip and entrance when I boarded the bus. This is a huge Victorian garden, built by the Tremayne family, and which spent most of the 20th century buried under its own overgrowth of brambles and weeds, as no family members returned to the home after the First World War. Starting in the 1990s, a group of dedicated gardeners, Heligan Gardens Ltd., leased the gardens, started removing the brambles, resurrecting the gardens and restoring the buildings and greenhouses. (Heligan House, privately owned and occupied, is not open to the public.) The gardens were originally developed at the same time that the Victorian plant hunters were bringing back new plants from all over the globe, and many of them were bought by the Tremayne family, and are

still growing there. Large, 150 year old rhododendron trees are quite a sight to behold, and I must return sometime in the spring when I can see them in bloom. In an area called “The Jungle”, I saw two tall California redwood trees. Nearby was the largest New Zealand Yew tree in England. This area has a number of sub-tropical plants due to a favorable micro-climate.

On arriving back in St Austell, I attended the Sunday evening church service. It was a strange feeling, to be in a place where my ancestors had been christened and married. Much about the church has changed in the intervening

150 years; the stained glass windows and pulpit are much more recent. But the baptismal font and the southeast corner of the church (St Michael’s Chapel) date to the Norman period.

After the church service, I popped across the street to the White Hart Inn for a pint of Tinnars Ale (it sounded appropriate, as the Tredinnicks had been tin miners in St. Agnes) and a nice Cornish dinner. The White Hart Inn was also there when my ancestors lived in St. Austell.

The following morning, I had several hours to spend walking around before my train would arrive, so I left my

suitcase at the B&B, and went shopping and walking around the town some more. My ancestors had lived in the Mt. Charles neighborhood, so I started there. Unfortunately every residence in that neighborhood today was more recent than the early 1800s, and much nicer than what clay miners could have afforded to live in, so I returned to the main part of town. I bought an assortment of “penny candies” from jars in the candy store to take home to my daughter, some clotted cream fudge for me, and, of course, a Cornish pasty to eat on the train. □

‘She Saved the Carols’— Kenitzer Honored for Reviving Cornish Choir

By Gage McKinney (Reprinted from *The Union*,
December 24, 2009)

Twenty years ago Eleanor Kenitzer of Grass Valley revived the Grass Valley Cornish Carol Choir and saved from oblivion the folk carols the choir sings. The singers recognized Kenitzer’s two decades as director with a plaque and red roses during the group’s Christmas Eve radio performance from 1 to 3 p.m. today at Kane’s Restaurant on East Main Street, downtown Grass Valley, to be broadcast on KNCO.

The plaque read: “She saved the carols.” The old world carols came to Nevada County with the miners from Cornwall, once Britain’s hard-rock mining region. “It’s definitely the folk music of the times,” Kenitzer said. “But you have to realize the fact these Cornish men who wrote this music had little or no education at all, and that they were born with this musical talent says something.” Since Gold Rush times the miners sang them in the local saloons, forming a circle with pints in their

hands. In 1876 the carols found a wider audience when lay preacher John Ferrell organized the Grass Valley Carol Choir.

Over the generations the Cornish carols became the unique sound of Christmas in Grass Valley and Nevada City. Some of today’s singers descend from the miners. One of them, Harold T. George of Grass Valley, began with the group as a boy more than 80 years ago.

Most are like Kenitzer, vocalists who have no Cornish heritage, but who recognize the carols as a distinctive sound of the Gold Country. “Eleanor has done a lot,” said Rich Johns of Grass Valley, whose great grandfather sang with the choir. He noted that Kenitzer has been president of Habitat for Humanity and the Grass Valley Chamber of Commerce. “But nothing she has done has meant more,” he said, “than directing the choir.” □



Migration Project Logs 40,000th Emigrant

The Cornish Global Migration Programme has logged details of its 40,000th emigrant into the massive database being assembled at Murdoch House in Redruth, Cornwall.

The project records details of emigrants and emigrant families who left Cornwall, especially between 1815 and 1914, to settle around the world. Most of those recorded traveled to the United States.

Some scoffed when Dr. Fred Harris initially proposed a project that would record in individual detail the lives of the people who became known as Cousin Jacks and Jennies. The California Cornish Cousins were among

the first to embrace the project and to furnish important data.

Now twenty years later the project has amassed a statistically significant record of Cornwall’s mass migration, and made an important contribution to an understanding of the great European migration that followed the nineteenth century Napoleonic Wars and continued to the twentieth century World Wars.

As it passes another milestone, the CMPG is taking on new life. Plans are underway to remodel the headquarters at Murdoch House to make the research facilities more accessible to visitors from America, Australia and other parts of the world. The project has recently launched an updated website at www.cornishmigration.org.uk.

Over the coming year a staff of

volunteers is being trained to handle overseas inquiries at info@cornishmigration.org.uk. With an enhanced web presence the program hopes to surpass 50,000 entries, and thus to represent probably twenty per cent of the quarter of a million Cornish who left home in the Great Migration.

Moirra Tangye of Newquay, who is well-known in California, was the founding director of CGMP. Juliet Jenkin of Redruth is the current director. The California Cornish Cousins were the first American organization to provide financial support to the project and in succeeding years many other groups have also contributed. **Gage McKinney** □

The California Cornish Cousins—Officers for 2009-2010

- **Eleanor Kenitzer**, President, 419 Pine St., Grass Valley, CA 95945 (530) 274-3431, E-mail: ekenitzer@gmail.com
- **JulieBeth Lamb**, Past President, P.O. Box 305, Oakdale, CA 95361, Tel (209) 838-6062 E-mail: cowgirl4ever@clearwire.net
Representative to the Cornish American Heritage Society
- **Kitty Quayle**, Pres.-Elect, 3440 Virada Rd. #8D, Cameron Park, CA 95682, (530) 903-7735, E-mail: celtickitty@sbcglobal.net
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- **Robin Roberts**, Webmaster, 2786 North Chestnut, Hanford, CA 93230 (559) 584-9090

Membership in the California Cornish Cousins is from May 1 to April 30. Annual dues are US\$12.00. Membership questions to Maureen Roberts (209) 931-2722. Dues and new membership checks to Pat Carson, Treasurer, address above. Kenderwi Kernewek is published quarterly for members of The California Cornish Cousins. When reprinting articles, please credit "Kenderwi Kernewek, Newsletter of The California Cornish Cousins. Website: <http://www.califcornishcousins.org>

This is the first email edition of Kenderwi Kernewek. To insure that all California Cornish Cousins receive their newsletter as usual, we are sending the print version to all members as well. We have email addresses for just about half of our members, so we must print and mail copies no matter what.

Over the next few months, your editor would appreciate hearing from those of you receiving this email edition. Let us know if we should stop sending the print version. Send your comments to Burnett Tregoning at casparkid@aol.com. It will only take a moment. Thank you!

