

Jack Waddell's Heritage

Doug Boylan

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To Sandi, with all my love

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1. Introduction

Jack Waddell was my wife Sandi's father, and I had wanted to write a memoir about him for my children, his grandkids. Jack had been a relatively quiet man, but he had also been a terrific family man, a war hero, and someone who had pulled himself up from poverty and fatherless roots. It would be an interesting story, and I wanted my kids to know where they had come from.

I also wanted to look into his family history. I had already heard intriguing stories of how his father had deserted the family, with rumors that he started one or more other families as well. And I wanted to see what kind of backgrounds his parents had come from, and what family stories had been remembered and retold.

Jack didn't talk much about these things. His father's family was pretty much a closed subject, but then a terrific break happened, very much by accident. In my software that tracks my family tree, I had added data about Sandi as my spouse and included those relatives of hers that I knew. Later, when I posted my family tree on the internet to seek other family searchers, I didn't realize that I had included her family history as well.

In January 2007, I got an email from a Lynne Erley in Port Elgin, Canada, who said she matched up with the data I had posted. She went on to tell me about her dad, Charles Maurice Waddell, who was born in Cadillac, MI. I looked at my list of Jack's brothers, and there was a Ken and a Ron and a Bob, but no Charles. And I had never heard of his family being in Michigan. Pat agreed, although she was pretty sure that Bob was Robert Maurice. I wrote Lynne back explaining that Charles didn't seem to be in the family as we knew it, so sadly she was probably mistaken.



Lynne

Lynne wrote back, "Yes, your wife's family is the same as mine. My Dad's name was Charles Maurice but he went by Bob because when he was younger his little brother "Jack" couldn't pronounce brother and it turned out more like Bub - hence Bob." Our "Jack" and her "Bob." A delightful story to introduce our families.

It turned out that Lynne had done extensive research on the lineage of both of her dad's parents. Much of the information I present in here I either got from her, or else I would not have found without the background information she furnished. Thanks, Lynne.

Jack has roots in Northern Ireland and in England. His dad, Robert W. Waddell was a Presbyterian from County Tyrone, his mother Susan Taylor an Anglican from Ipswich, England. Both are from humble roots. Susan's dad was a tailor, and Robert's dad started out a farmer. Both Robert and Susan immigrated separately to Canada in the early 1900's where they met and married soon after. Their story has been difficult to unravel, and there are some unknowns to it, but it is an interesting tale.

2. Jack's English Ancestors

Introduction

Jack Waddell was truly half Irish and half English. His father was Robert W. Waddell of County Tyrone in Northern Ireland. His mother was Susan Taylor of Ipswich in Suffolk, England. This section will deal with the English side of his heritage.

There are many branches on this tree, and most of them are based in farming and in trades. I know of no ties to English royalty at least back into the 1700's. The earliest Taylors I know of were agricultural laborers in a small Suffolk village, pretty much the poorest of the deserving working poor. The Collings family I think started as land-owning yeomen and agricultural laborers, and our ancestor moved to bricklaying as a family trade. The Elliotts worked as carpenters, but our Elliott branch converted over to the in-laws' trade of laying bricks.

Each of these families originated in a different English county. It is somewhat a story of the migration of these families to converge eventually in the large town of Ipswich. The movements of these families can be followed on the map on the next page. The scale of the migrations is not large by today's standards. The distance from Kenninghall to Ipswich is only 33 miles.

The Taylors had their roots in the village of Worlingworth, in Suffolk County. One of our ancestors, Alfred, after a diversion to London, moved to the village of Offton, and from there to Ipswich about 1877 or so. The Elliotts came from Gestingthorpe, a small village in Essex. They moved for a while to Hintlesham and were in Ipswich by 1841. The Collings family was in Kenninghall in Norfolk County, and Rochester Collings moved to Sproughton outside of Ipswich by 1811. There in Sproughton, the name *Collings* began a transition to *Collins* and his daughter Susannah married Benjamin Elliott to settle in Ipswich

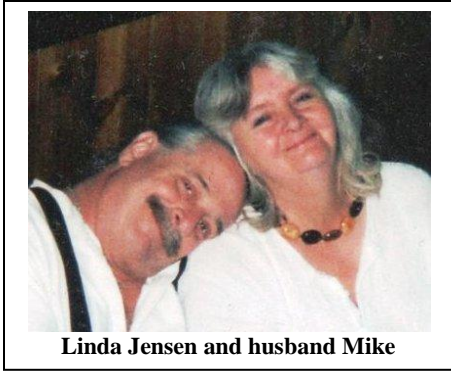
It was Ipswich where Susie Taylor, Jack's mom, was born and from where she departed to emigrate to Canada.

A major portion of the research in the English family section is based on the work of Dr. Janet MacDonald, a cousin in Glasgow, Scotland. Janet, whom I met through Lynne Erley, is the granddaughter of Alice Taylor, Susie Taylor's sister, and hence Janet is Sandi's second cousin. She is a scholar in history and Celtic studies at Glasgow University, with a special interest in the island monastery of Iona. Fortunately, Janet has also applied her historical research skills to the history of the family and has been working at it a while. She supplied much of the research for the family tree structure, some going back into the 1600's. She has also preserved some family pictures, some family stories, and a very delightful archive of family postcards. Janet has kindly and very generously made the material available to us. Without her help, this would be a very slim chapter indeed.



Janet MacDonald

I also owe special thanks to another cousin, Linda Collings Jensen. Her husband Mike was born in Atlanta and is an engineer and ex-American serviceman. Linda is a retired office manager and active family researcher who has supplied much of the information on the Norfolk branch of the family. She provided the pictures of Kenninghall and some delightful information and clarifications on the Collings family tree and history. She very kindly made her genealogy information available to us and recommended places for further investigation.



Linda Jensen and husband Mike



Family Locations in England

Taylor Family

Father

Mother

John Richards

Sarah Taylor

James Taylor (2/3/1717)

James Taylor (1717)

Elizabeth Watling (1718)

John Taylor (1747 - 1817)

James Taylor (1743/44)

Ann Taylor (1742)

Elizabeth Taylor (1739)

John Taylor (1747 - 1817)

Susanna Carver

James Taylor (1784)

Ann Taylor (1787)

James Taylor (1778)

Susanna Taylor (1778)

John Taylor (1776)

James Taylor (1784)

Lydia Brows

John Taylor (1817 - 1883)

Charlotte Taylor (1802)

James Taylor (1804)

Edmund Taylor (1806)

William Taylor (1810)

Henry Taylor (1812)

Maria Taylor (1815)

Susannah Taylor (1822)

John Taylor (1817 - 1883)

Lydia Laws (1821)

Alfred Taylor (1843 - 1908)

George Taylor (1847)

Henry Taylor (1846)

Alfred Taylor (1843 - 1908)

Agnes Adelaid Elliott (1853 - 1918)

Susan Taylor (1882 - 1964)

Alice Mary Taylor (1885 - 1974)

Charles Collins Taylor (1888 - 1924)

Florence Ellen Taylor (1891 - 1918)

Harry Elliott Taylor (1887 - 1941)

Kate Agnes Taylor (1884 - 1917)

Rose Lottie Taylor (1894 - 1982)

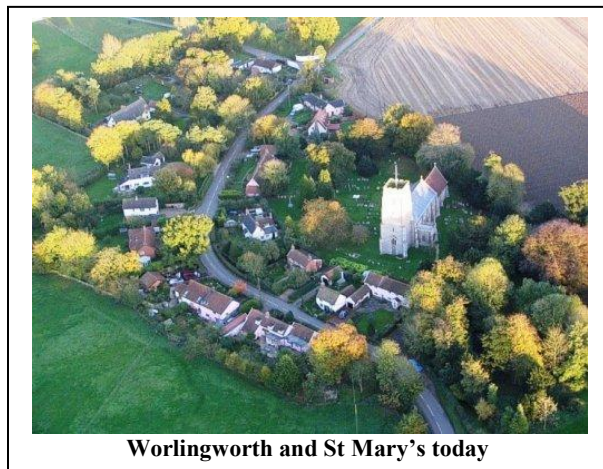
Note: All dates before 1800 are baptismal dates

Taylor Family

The Taylor name has its roots as an occupational surname, as might be expected. It is based on the Norman French word “Tailleur” for Tailor. Taylor is a very common name. It is the tenth most common name in the US and the fifth most common in England.

Jack Waddell’s mother was Susan Taylor of Suffolk. The commonness of the name makes family research hard for sorting out Taylor relatives from Taylor strangers. Because it was so common, many Taylors wished to improve their status, using alternate spellings such as Tayleur. Our family, however, was not one to put on airs, and the only alternate spellings result from penmanship or clerical errors.

Our Taylor family has its roots in Worlingworth, a small village in Suffolk, England located roughly 18 miles north of Ipswich. In the mid-1800’s, Worlingworth was a village of about seventy houses with a population of about 700 in the local parish. The major landmark in the community is St Mary’s, a lovely church built in the 15th century.



Worlingworth and St Mary’s today

James Taylor

There have been Taylors in the Worlingworth community since the 1500’s, but the first Taylor I can find tied to our family there is Sarah Taylor, who was born in the late 1600’s.

About 1716, unmarried Sarah Taylor gave birth to a son she named James and who was baptized in 1717. I think the father was probably John Richards, yeoman, of Worlingworth who, together with Thomas Richards of Bedfield agreed to pay £40 child support for the care of “the bastard child of Sarah Taylor.” Forty-six years later, John Richards remembered James in his will.

As a baseborn child and poor, James would probably have been apprenticed out by the parish to learn a trade. Poor children were typically apprenticed as farm laborers, but I think with the influence (and investment) of John Richards, James became a thatcher.

Thatched roofs have a long history in England, and in the 1700’s tended to be cheaper than other options. They were made from local materials and, although they were labor intensive, labor was cheap. Thatch materials included wheat and oat straw and also, for better quality, river reeds. It took about 5 acres of land to produce the thatch for a small house. Workers had a variety of specialized tools to handle and bundle the thatch. They then tied them to the roof structure, overlapping the bundles like shingles as they went up the roof. Several sources said that thatchers signed their work by putting a special design or even straw roosters on the cap of the ridge. Like hay bales, the thatched roof is not especially prone to fires, but once ignited is

very hard to extinguish. Today thatching costs about \$150 per square yard, and, because of its expense and rustic look, has become a status symbol with the wealthy.

And I think that thatching was James' introduction to his wife to be, Elizabeth Watling. Indications are that the Watling family business was thatching, and perhaps they were James' teachers and masters in the trade. I searched the 1851 Census for Watling males born in Worlingworth. A number had been born in the 1700's, and they had scattered by that time all over the county. However, every one of them still living was a roof thatcher by profession.

James and Elizabeth had two daughters and two sons. About 1762, one of the sons, James Jr., fathered a child with a woman of Monewden Parish named Elizabeth Tye. James Jr. was underage at the time, and the executor of John Richards' will intervened, promising that the Richards estate would pay toward the upkeep of the child during James, Jr's minority because James senior was a legatee in the will.

James and Elizabeth's other son was John Taylor of our line.

John Taylor (1747)

I have learned very little about John. About 1775, he married Susannah Carver and the couple had five children.

Susannah and John had two sons named James. The earlier brother James born in 1778 apparently died, and his parent's really wanted a surviving child named for John's dad. When another son was born to John and Susannah in 1784, the child was the replacement, and so was also named James. This was a fairly common practice at the time. This second James is the direct ancestor of our lineage.

John lived to the respectable age of 71, dying in 1817. Susannah died 10 years later, May 19, 1827, at age 87.

James Taylor (1784)

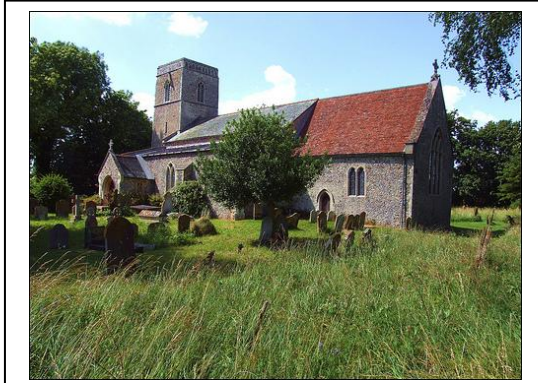
James Taylor was born November 5, 1784, to John and Susannah Carver Taylor in Worlingworth in Suffolk, England and christened on the same day. James married Lydia Brows on December 28, 1801.

Janet MacDonald tracked down Lydia's tough beginnings. Her parents, Thomas and Mary Browse, had eight children, of whom Lydia was the youngest. Lydia was born about 1779, close to the time her mother died, but Lydia wasn't baptized until nine years later in 1788. At that time, she was an orphan living in the workhouse, and the baptism was a private one.



The Old School, Pulham St Mary's

Lydia would have attended school in the Pelham St. Mary village school. It was a guild hall constructed in 1401 and converted to a school with the contributions of William Pennoyer, a Puritan merchant. In 1670, he left money to pay for a schoolmaster to teach poor children. When the school finally closed in 1988, it was the longest-running elementary free school in the country. It is currently being converted for community use.



Church where John and Lydia were married



Unusual Church decorations in St James

Several years later, Lydia was in St. James South Elmham, where she and John Taylor were married. The parish is located about 13 miles northeast of Worlingworth very near the Norfolk border. St. James is one of “The Saints,” a dozen small parishes in the area, each named after a saint. Eight of parishes append the name South Elmham (St. Peter South Elmham, St. Margaret South Elmham), and each of the Saints has its own church and community. The community has the distinction of being the ancestral home of one of Benjamin Franklin’s great great grandmother’s family.



Grove Cottage in Worlingworth, today

By this time, this branch of the Taylor family was out of the thatching business. Census records indicate that James worked as an agricultural laborer in Worlingworth. In the 1800’s Worlingworth was an agricultural community, the major crops being wheat, oats, barley, and root crops. James was a pauper in 1851, living at Grove Cottage, a local charity cottage at the time. James died sometime after the 1851 Census

John Taylor (1817)

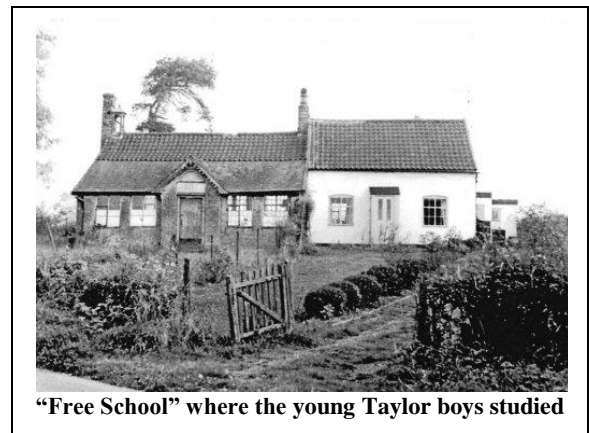
John Taylor, Susie's grandfather, was born October 4, 1817, in Worlingworth in Suffolk, England. John Taylor for most of his life worked as an agricultural laborer in those fields.

When John was about 22 in 1842, he married Lydia Laws. Lydia was the daughter of a farmer of Worlingworth, John Laws, and his wife Lydia. In the next five years, the Taylors had three sons; Alfred, Henry, and George. Then in 1848, Lydia died leaving John with the three small boys.

John then took in Ann Pallant as a housekeeper. Ann, who lived a couple of doors away, was about 5 years older than John and had previously been a farm laborer as well. Now she was hired to care for the motherless family. Ann stayed with the Taylors through the 1851 and 1861 censuses.

The life of an agricultural laborer was a difficult one. The work was strenuous, and it was difficult to make any economic headway with the relatively low wages. "Workhouses" served as a safety net for paupers to go, and frequently when agricultural workers got old, this is where they ended up. Workhouse population was also seasonal, swelling during the winter months both because of lack of work and inclement weather in that season.

Coming from a heritage of agricultural labor, I think John wanted something a little better for his sons. The boys went to school in their younger years, but by the 1861 census, they had all been apprenticed out. George (14) and Henry (12) were living at home and apprenticed as shoemakers. Eighteen-year-old Alfred was already a journeyman tailor living and serving about 90 miles away in Hackney near London.



I think Ann Pallant left the Taylor family service when John remarried in 1862. His new bride was Matilda Kemp Thorndike, the widow of a farm worker with three young daughters of ages 9, 11, and 13. By the next census in 1871, her three girls and his boys were all out of the house except for George. Ann Pallant went on to be a servant for David Whatling, a Worlingworth farmer.

John was listed as an agricultural laborer in the 1871 census, and in 1881 only as a laborer. Then, about the beginning of November 1882, John became ill and was admitted to the Hoxne Union, a workhouse in nearby Hoxne. There were medical treatment facilities at the Union, but they had no effective treatment in those days for tuberculosis of the liver. John's son George was with him when he died March 8, 1883.

George Taylor

George Taylor was John's middle son, born Jan 1, 1845, in Worlingworth. He was apprenticed out as a shoemaker at a rather early age, and he kept up the occupation throughout his life.

George never married but lived with his father while his father was alive. After his father's death, George continued making shoes in Worlingworth.

George was featured in a news story in the Ipswich Journal just after his father John had died. With his father's death, George was ordered by the Hoxne Union and then the courts to pay the 1s/6d per week expenses for his father's maintenance at the hospital. The total amounted to £1 7s, about 18 weeks of maintenance. This was roughly equivalent to about \$120 in today's money. George completely ignored the order, perhaps being unable to pay it, or perhaps being unwilling to bear the whole cost when he had other brothers. The decision was costly to George, however - on May 12, 1883, the court ordered George committed to prison for 21 days.

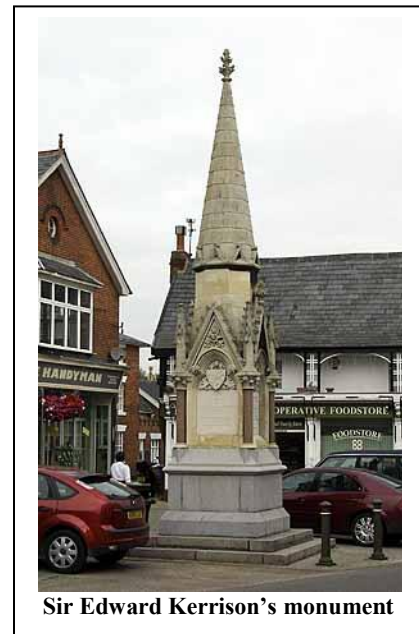
George did find a cause worthy of voluntary contribution in 1886. He gave 1 shilling toward a monument for the local Member of Parliament, Sir Edward Kerrison, who had just died. Sir Edward was a Conservative, but a very progressive one. He set up and took an interest in a reformatory in Thorndon, brought the railroad to Eye, and was instrumental in getting a flax works in the area. But the reason I think George liked him was that Sir Edward was "the friend of the agricultural labourer." In particular, the low-wage and irregular pay of the agricultural laborers never allowed them to accumulate sufficient toward their old age. A high percentage ended up in pauper situations. Sir Edward set up a Society for Agricultural Labourers that, among other things set up a savings fund to which the workers could contribute. The savings could serve as life insurance or an annuity at age 60. Sir Edward contributed £1000 which almost doubled the effectiveness of the member's contributions. George's shilling (about \$5 today) went toward a monument that was constructed in the town of Eye honoring Sir Edward.

Contributors were noted in the Ipswich paper.

In 1891, George was living alone in a house on Fingal St in Worlingworth working as a shoemaker. Ten years later, he was boarding with and working for Erford Allen, a shoe- and bootmaker in Worlingworth. The last record I find of George is the 1911 Census, in which he is 65 years old, single, and working as a shoemaker in Worlingworth.

Henry Taylor

Unlike his brother George, Henry completed his shoemaking apprenticeship, married, and moved out of the house. In 1867 he wed Eliza Balding, the daughter of an Athelington agricultural



worker David Balding and his wife Mary Ann. The couple settled in Worlingworth on Fingal Road where they had three children: John, Ann, and David.

Then immediately after Christmas of 1872, Henry ran away, abandoning the family. His wife Eliza and her three children, with no resources, turned to the local poorhouse, Hoxne Union, for aid. It wasn't until May 1873 that Henry was found in Lancashire, where he was arrested and returned to Suffolk. The court sentenced him to two calendar months imprisonment with hard labor for leaving his family such that his wife and children became chargeable to the Union's common fund.

Whatever the previous difficulty, Henry and Eliza appear to have reconciled. They moved to Clitheroe in Lancaster, where Henry and Eliza had at least three more children.

Alfred Taylor

Alfred was born August 21, 1842, in Worlingworth. He was named for his mom Lydia Law's brother Alfred Laws. Alfred Laws was a grocer, an industrious man but taken to drink. In 1864, 44-year-old Alfred was found drowned in the Ipswich wet dock. There were no signs of robbery or violence, and his drowned body was found with its hands in its pockets.

Alfred Taylor left Worlingworth and his father's house at an early age to become a tailor. He went to seek his fortunes, so to speak, in Hackney on the outskirts of London where he lived with the family of a tailor, John Garrell. There, in 1861, 18-year-old Alfred is listed in the census working for Mr. Garrell as a journeyman tailor.

By the mid-1860's Alfred had moved back to Suffolk, settling in Offton. Offton is another small agricultural village, this one about 8 miles northeast of Ipswich where the family of Alfred Laws, his namesake, was living. Here Alfred set up as a tailor. Janet found Alfred listed there as a tailor in the 1869 Suffolk directory.

Perhaps on an excursion to nearby Ipswich, Alfred met a servant woman, 20-year-old Esther Eliza Cooper. At the time, she was working in the home of Chester Osborne, a railway accountant. Esther was a blacksmith's daughter from the Ipswich area. Her family was poor, and in 1860 her father Thomas filed for bankruptcy. Alfred and Esther were married in Ipswich in 1865 but lived in Offton. There they had two sons, Alfred and Herbert, and a daughter Edith.

Sometime after the Census of 1871, the family moved from Offton to Ipswich where they settled at 8 Victoria

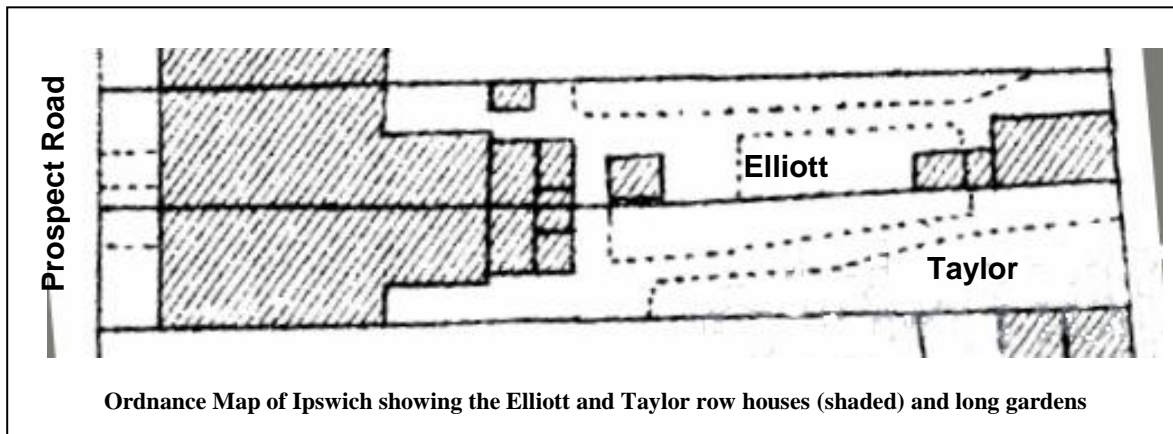


I think this is the Taylor's place on Victoria St.

Street. His wife Esther died from tuberculosis July 12, 1877, at the young age of 33. According to the death certificate, it was a fast form of TB which killed her in three months. Alfred was with her when she died.

Soon after that, they moved to a cottage around the corner on Prospect Road where they would stay for the rest of Alfred's life. None of the houses survive today, but the map below shows the layout of the houses and yards. A description was given in the newspaper real estate ads of the time. They were advertised in 1866 as five brick freehold cottages that were built as a row-house and sold as a lot. "Each House comprises two sitting-rooms, kitchen, coal-house, and large garden, three bedrooms, closets, &c...and are unusually well built." Old houses in the neighborhood today still have those long and narrow yards. The annual rent for the houses in 1866 was £45 1s, roughly \$5,000 per year in today's money.

The Taylors lived next door to a rather prosperous bricklayer, Benjamin Elliott. The Elliott family will be considered in more detail elsewhere. The main thing is that in 1881 Alfred married the girl next door, Benjamin Elliott's 25-year-old daughter Agnes Adelaide.



Albert and Agnes had at least seven children beyond the two that Alfred brought to the marriage. Their first child was Susan Matilda, our Susie, of whom more will be told later. The other children were Alice, Charles, Florence, Harry, Kate, and Rose.

Everyone had to pull their own weight in the family. Their family had a lot of mouths to feed and a tailor's wages were not great. The children all went to school until they were about 13 years old. It must have been a minimum legal requirement because nearly all the neighboring children as well left school when they turned 13 and took jobs such as porters, laborers, and assistants to tradesmen. Alfred's children were no different. By 1901, only the youngest three Taylor children were under 12 and going to school. Harry at 13 was working as a messenger boy for the port, and his sister Alice was working in a factory. Susie and Kate, the oldest, were in service, working as housemaids in Islington near London. Alfred was still working as a tailor at some shop because the census says explicitly he was not working at home.



**I think this is Alfred Taylor with Florence and Rose.
(It looks like a homing pigeon coop in their garden.)**

Janet found the death and burial records for Alfred. He died on March 29, 1908, in the local Rushmere Union Workhouse in Ipswich. The cause of death was Phthisis (tuberculosis) with exhaustion as a contributing factor. He was buried in a public grave in the Ipswich Old Cemetery. Having a public grave was a low-cost funeral option, but it meant that the family could not put a marker on the grave. All of this testifies to how poor they

were. His daughter Agnes Katherine was buried beside him in 1917.

To find out more about who Albert was, I looked for stories in the local paper. There weren't any. In stark contrast to his rather boisterous Elliott in-laws, the Taylor family maintained a light footprint in Ipswich. The newspapers of my archive stopped at 1900, but through that time none of the Taylors in Ipswich were reported as sued, arrested, attacked, or injured in accidents. Further, after they left Offton, there is no mention of them in city or county directories. All of this suggests poverty and quiet life, an invisibility to the powers around them.

Taylor Children

Our cousin Janet followed up on what became of Susan's brothers and sisters. She provided the family pictures and much of the information shown here. On some, I have made my best estimates for identifying people.

Esther's children:

Alfred John Taylor

Alfred's son Alfred was born in Offton in 1868. He was called Jack and was working as a chemist's porter in 1891 and 1901. Jack married a Worlingworth girl, Emma Larter, in 1895. Emma was about nine years younger than Jack, the daughter of Albert and Ellen Larter of Worlingworth. For years Emma's father was listed as a laborer or agricultural laborer. In 1891, however, he was listed in the census as a "Marine Store Dealer," with his daughter Emma listed as an assistant. Worlingworth is pretty far from the sea. It turns out Victorians used "marine store" as a euphemism for "scrap dealer."

Herbert Cooper Taylor

About 1870, Herbert was born in Offton. He married Alice Flora Grist, from near Offton in Needham Market in 1898. Flora's father William Grist took care of horses as a groom. Flora had gone into service as a domestic servant at least by age 14, was a domestic servant with a different family at age 24, and I assume she continued to serve until she married at age 30. Herbert worked as an inspector of electric meters in London in 1901.

Edith Isabel Taylor

Edith was born in Ipswich October 15, 1874. Janet McDonald our cousin discovered that Edith had a very unusual story. When two-year-old Edith's mother Esther died, Alfred was left with a little baby girl to care for. At the same time, Alfred had a cousin named Alfred Laws who had no children after a number of years marriage with his wife Emma. Janet speculates that initially the child Edith came to stay with them for a temporary stay. In the long term, though, the Laws could give her a good home. Alfred Laws was a prosperous grocer, miller, and farmer in Offton. When Alfred Taylor remarried in 1881, Edith did not return to Ipswich but remained with her adopted family in Offton.

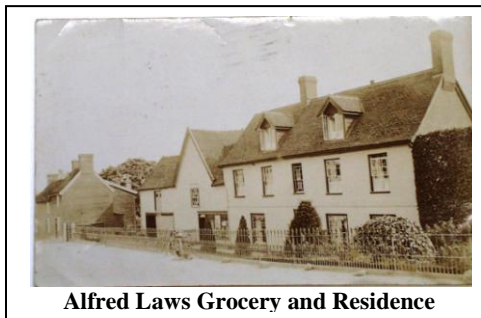
However, Edith was apparently not adopted by the Laws in the courts.



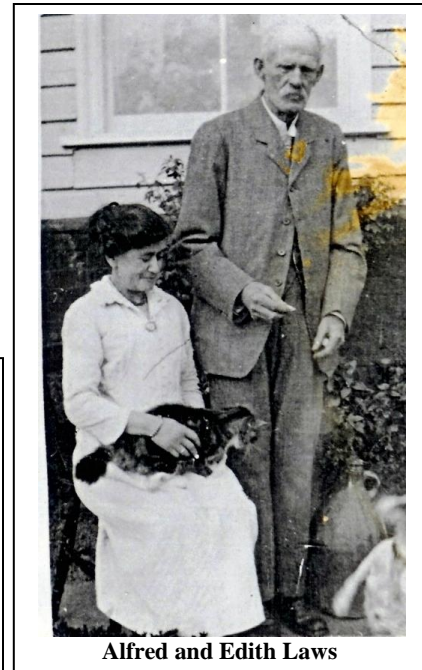
Family sources indicate these are Alfred and Emma Laws

Her status over the years was recorded in the census as "visitor" (1881), "niece" (1891), "adopted daughter" (1901), and back to "niece" in 1911. Of course, in reality, Alfred Laws was Edith's cousin, once removed. But she was treated in every way as their daughter.

Then it gets even more interesting. Alfred's wife Emma died in 1912. Then in 1920, Alfred marries Edith Taylor. It is fun to speculate that perhaps he loved her from afar all those years, but Janet is probably right in saying he married her to ensure her inheritance. Alfred was worth at the time of his death about £3,202. This translates to roughly \$700,000 in today's money, a considerable sum that would be worth contesting a will for. Without formal adoption, her claim might be disputed, so Alfred, age 69, married Edith Taylor, age 46. And indeed, Alfred died in 1933, leaving his estate to his widow, Edith Isabella. Edith died in 1949, apparently without marrying again.



Alfred Laws Grocery and Residence



Alfred and Edith Laws

Agnes's children:

Susan Matilda Taylor

Susie was Jack Waddell's mom and will be considered in detail below

Agnes Kate Taylor

Kate was the next oldest child, born in 1883. She called herself Kate, but most of the family called her Kitty. Like her sister Susan, Kate in 1901 was working as a servant in Islington, a suburb of London, but they lived on opposite ends of town. By 1909, both Susan and Kate gave up on London, Susan going to Canada and Kate taking up a housemaid position with Mr. Alfred Warner in Essex. Mr. Warner ran an upholstery wholesale warehouse and was pretty well off. In 1911, the Census shows Kate was working for him together with her cousin Fanny Fletcher at "Boscobel," an eight-room house in West-Cliff-on-Sea, Essex. Kate's sister Rose started working there with Kate in 1913. In 1915, both girls moved with Mr. Warner to Cedar



Kate Taylor

Grove, a house located in Gerrards Cross in Buckinghamshire near London. Kate sent greeting cards out from there just before Christmas 1916 and then died only about a week later. Rose was with her when she died from influenza January 3, 1917, at the Cedar Grove home. Kate was buried beside her father in a public grave in Ipswich.

Alice Mary Taylor



Alice Taylor

Alice was born in 1885. Like her siblings, Alice started working at an early age, and in 1901 she was doing net-work on canvas. I thought this was an old term for embroidery, but now I am not so sure. The 1911 census shows that Alice was a net-cutter in 1911 working in a net factory. In 1916, Alice married Harry Boynes, with whom she was engaged or at least serious since 1912. Harry's parents William and Flora were both from Ipswich, William an ostler or groom. Harry worked as a carpenter, initially for the Agricultural Implement Foundry in Ipswich. They lived in several towns in Suffolk and had one child, Gloria. During World War 2, they moved away from the coast to Lancashire, perhaps to avoid the German bombings and to look for work. Alice and Harry had one child, Joyce Gloria Boynes, born after

five years of marriage.

Alice was the grandmother and Joyce the mom of Janet McDonald who shared so much of the information in this section. Janet wrote me about her grandfather Harry Boynes: "He was a carpenter but ended up working in a timber yard, and in fact lost one of his fingers in an accident with woodworking machinery. As young children, we could never understand where his finger was, and he used to pretend he was hiding it up his sleeve!"

Alice died in 1974.

Harry Elliott Taylor



I think this is Harry Taylor

Harry was born in 1887. As a child, he worked as a port messenger, but when he grew up he worked as a bricklayer, his maternal grandfather's trade. In 1908, Harry married Eliza Bennett, daughter of Jeremiah Bennett, a dock worker, and his wife Mary Ann. Harry and Eliza had two children, but Eliza died in 1917. Harry then married Violet Moore in 1921. Violet's parents were Alfred and Louisa Moore, her dad a factory worker. As far as I know, Harry and Violet had no children.

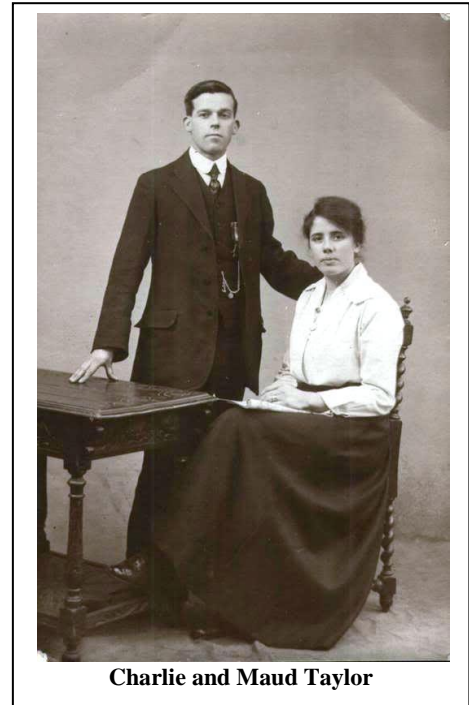
Both Harry and Violet died on August 5, 1941, killed in a German air raid on Ipswich.

Charles Collins Taylor

Charlie was the next child, born in 1888. In 1911, Charlie was living at home with his mom and 3 sisters. He was working in a lawnmower factory as a “fitter”, a mechanic responsible for the maintenance and refurbishment of shop tools and equipment.

With the outbreak of World War I, Charlie joined the British Army’s Suffolk Regiment. Janet reports that he was involved in battles in November and December 1914, and in May 1915. Charlie was wounded in the War, possibly gassed. He received two medals for his service, one the 1914-15 Star and the other probably the British War Medal. Records show Charlie, on leaving the Army, returned to his work as a “tool fitter.”

In 1919, he married Eva Maud Goodwin, daughter of William and Evelina Goodwin. They appear to have been an item since about 1910 or so, sending Christmas cards as a couple. Unfortunately, Charlie died in 1924 at age 33. The cause of death, listed as a duodenal ulcer, is believed by family members to be the indirect result of the wounds, poison gas, or infections he received during the War. Janet believes that Charlie and Maud parted ways before his passing, as she was not the informant for his death, and Charlie’s sister Alice ended up with his medals and ring.



Charlie and Maud Taylor

Florence Ellen Taylor



Florence Taylor

Florence was born October 2, 1891, and called herself Florrie in the family. In 1911, she was still living at home with her widowed mom and working at a net factory as a net repairer. She must have had to work very hard at the factory. She always seems hurried in writing her postcards, mostly greetings with little news. And in one she writes that she is having to work at the factory until nine every night.

Florence never married, and she died November 16, 1918, from the flu epidemic. This was two days after her mom’s death from the same cause. Florence was unmarried, just 27 years of age. She and her mother were buried beside each other in a public grave in Ipswich on the same day November 24th.

Rose Lottie Taylor

Rose was the youngest child, born November 28, 1894, called Rosie by all the family. She attended school, but by the time she was 16, she had left school to go to work. The 1911 Census shows her working in a factory making corsets.

There was at the time considerable discussion about whether a woman was better off with factory work, with cottage industries like sewing and laundry, or with working in domestic service. Janet's grandmother Alice won as a school prize a copy of *The Household Handy Book: a Useful Manual for Everyday Life*, basically a domestic service how-to book. It said that house servants found good pay, and jobs befitting different levels of education. The author wrote, "Never before the present day has domestic service been so well paid, nor the home of domestics been so comfortable. How much to be preferred it is to the uncertain, hardly-earned wages and the discomforts of the factory girl's labour..." Janet went on to add that Alice her grandmother obviously wasn't convinced, and stayed in the factory.



Rose Taylor

Rose, however, chose for household work, leaving the factory and starting to work as a domestic servant in May 1911. She worked at 16 Borough Road in Ipswich for a Frederick Hayward and his mother Caroline. Frederick was a housepainter.

About June of 1913, Rose joined her sister Kate and cousin Fannie Fletcher for domestic duties at Boscobel, Alfred Warner's home in Essex. Kate and Rose moved with Mr. Warner when he went to Cedar Grove in Buckinghamshire. Then in 1917, Kate suddenly died of influenza. Rose was with her when she died, and according to the family, Rose took this hard. Rose continued working for Mr. Warner, following him on a move to Wimbledon in Surrey in 1932. Janet wrote me that Rose continued to work after she left Mr. Warren's employ. "She became a housekeeper on a farm in Clare, Suffolk, where she spent a good many years. The farmer's wife was an invalid of sorts, though Rose didn't think she was as ill as she made out. Rose had to keep house for all the farm workers. One day the farmer himself took ill. I think he died quite suddenly, and Rose was immediately offered a new post by another man (another farmer I think) who lived at Newmarket in west Suffolk. I think she spent the rest of her working life there."

Rose never married. When she retired, she went to live with Alice and Harry. Rose died about 1982.

The Taylor Postcard Archive

Much of what we know about lives of the Taylor Family members has been gleaned from a collection of about 170 postcards. Janet has inherited this collection, transcribed it, and made it available to the family. The cards are mostly birthday and Christmas cards, each with a snippet of information scrawled on the back. And most of the messages are well-meaning and repetitious wishes. But they also contain nuggets that at least hint at what their lives were like and what they were doing. The cards are mostly addressed to Kate and Rose, and intensely cover the period from 1909 through about 1917. There are some cards through the late teens and a few in the 20's and 30's.



Typical Christmas Postcard

Before 1919, the family was particularly supportive of one another. One of the things I noticed was that poor as they were, they tried to remember each other with cards and presents for birthdays and Christmas. The presents might be something like a bonnet or a pinafore or a photograph. And the girls sent money home to their mother. She would return a note expressing her gratitude for their support.

They appear to have been great for teasing each other. Charlie mentions in a note to Rose “hoping that you & Kitty will enjoy yourselves alright. It seems rather lonely dinner time, nobody to tease & no guns going off.” Harry Boynes, Alice’s boyfriend and future husband, wrote Rose to say, “I wish you could pull my finger,” a reference to a well-known cause-and-effect flatulence joke. And there was a running tease of Rose that went on for years. It must have been a remembrance of an incident one Christmas feast, but many cards between 1910 and 1915 from family and friends expressed the hope that she would not drink too much wine or eat too much turkey or plum pudding. Several used the specific phrase to not become “uncomfortably full.”



Damage from Zeppelin Raid Ipswich

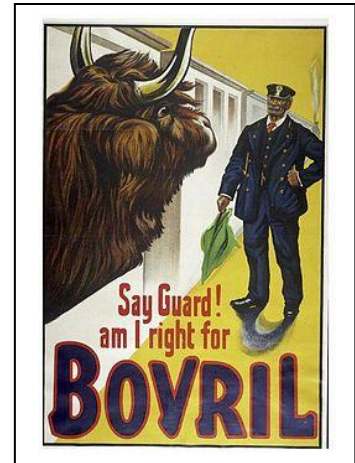
One of the drawbacks of domestic service was that holiday work was compulsory. As a result, most Christmases the girls were away from home. This was doubly hard on Rose after Kate died and she was alone. Several of the cards to her expressed support in her holiday aloneness and looking forward to seeing her soon after.

A postcard from Alice in Ipswich to Kate and Rose April 1, 1916, let them know that the family was alright. “Just a PC to let you know we are quite safe although we was most upset, as we did not know ‘till all was over thought perhaps you might worry about us but it is down at the end of the town.” What it was were Zeppelin raids the night before on a number of towns, including Ipswich. When they wrote about it to Charlie, who was

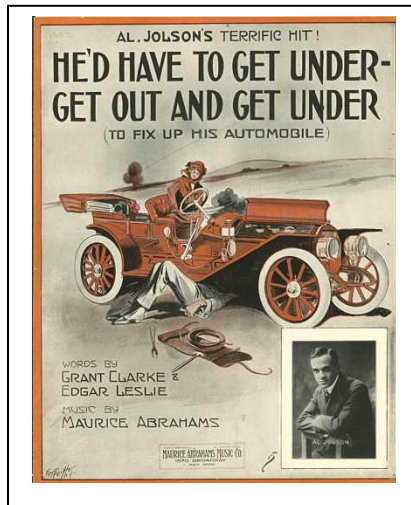
in the trenches, he wrote back, “I expect you were very much frightened by the air raid. It must have been terrible for you. Out here we are getting a bit used to it.”

There was a great concern for Charlie during the War that comes through the notes. Always there was the speculation of when he might return. They knew from news reports that immediately upon his arrival, Charlie and his unit had been in a major battle. One of the sweetest things I thought was Rose’s offer to buy a respirator for Charlie to protect him from the poison gas attacks. I think it touched him as well. He wrote her, “As regards respirators, we have all [we need], but thank you for the offer.” On the other hand, when Kate proposed to send Charlie some Bovril, he declared that would be “very acceptable.” Bovril is a versatile meat extract that can be used to make broth, season stew, or just be spread on bread.

In France, Charlie did not write home much about the carnage and fear, at least in these postcards. His comments were mundane and practical, for example, his disillusionment about the French people. “The French people no better than ordinary - if [you] want anything one has to pay for and pretty dear too sometimes. Give me England roll on.” He also heard that Kate was giving Rose lessons in gardening. He wrote, “How many feet did you put the radish down - but have patience perhaps they will turn into turnips.” Having several times planted my own radishes too deep, I know what he means.



From the postcards, we learn something of Rose’s taste in music. Her friend Margaret wrote to tell her that she had heard and enjoyed some of Rose’s favourites. These were funny music hall ballads to a jazzy tempo. One was “Who’s your Lady Friend?” about a former lady’s man who weds and is faithful, but his friends want to know who is the new girl. The other was “Get out and Get Under,” about a swain whose car fails each time as he starts courting the girl, and he had to get out and get under his car. Recordings of these songs can be found in music archives on the web.



Rose never married, but not, I think, because of lack of interest from the boys. There are a number of postcards expressing affection from unidentified males such as Louis Smith and Vic. And the card that Alice sent the girls describing the Zeppelin attack had a picture of a boy and girl gazing longingly into each other’s eyes. Alice wrote to Kate, “Ask Rose if that is how John looks at her.”

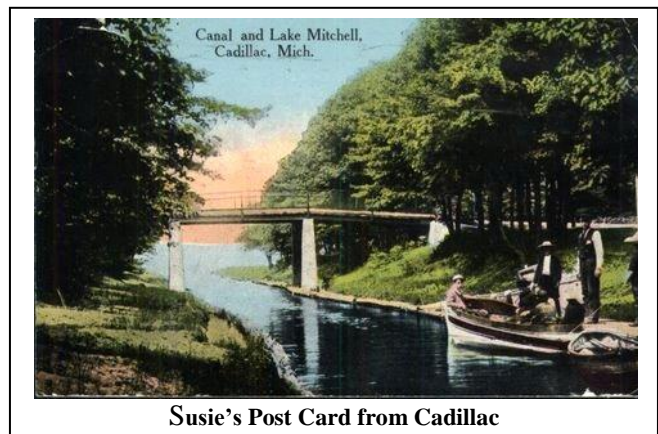
The family didn’t forget about Susie who had moved to Canada, nor did she forget about them. Rose had cards from Susie sent from Winnipeg and from Cadillac, Michigan. It was not always possible to tell when Susie wrote because some family stamp collector harvested the stamps and postmarks. Someone wrote to Kitty in December 1912, “We were glad to hear about Susie - she has not wrote to us.” I think the news she was referring to was Susie’s new baby Dorothy,

born in November of that year. Kate sent some money to Susie in 1914, and Susie wrote back thankful for the gift. Susie was also anxious to hear how everyone was and wished for a newspaper. In 1916, Susie's four-year-old Dorothy sent Rose a Christmas card.

The main theme that filled all these postcards among the family was love for each other. There were not just the routine "love" closings at the signature. The affectionate jokes, the "xxx" kisses, the tenderness and the varied ways of fond expression helped bond this family

together. With the separation of the girls to remote work areas, and sending Charlie overseas to great peril, they loved and supported each other.

However, the postcards also show that eventually, those bonds sustained awful and irresistible blows. The death of Kate in 1917, followed by the nearly double death of Florence and their mother in 1918 brought terrible grief. They never mentioned these deaths in their cards, but the flow of cards among the family members slowed. I think they still cared for each other, but it took the heart out of them, and the willingness or drive to reach out and write something disappeared. Alice tried the hardest to maintain the ties with Rose, and it was with Alice that Rose eventually retired.



Susie's Post Card from Cadillac

Kenninghall Families – Wilthy and Collings

Kenninghall



Photo of Kenninghall viewed from the St Mary's Peak (from LIN)

Our earliest known Collings and Wilthy relatives lived in and near the village of Kenninghall in Norfolk, England. Kenninghall, which the residents pronounce “Kennigle”, is about 33 miles north of Ipswich, and about 8 miles or so on the Norfolk side of the Norfolk-Suffolk border. It is primarily an agricultural and market town. In the 19th Century, markets for sheep and goats were held weekly on Mondays, and cattle fairs were held each year, once in July and once in September. I did a cursory look at occupations for the

town in the earliest census (1841). There were 1,389 people living in the village, with 221 listing occupations. Of the 221, slightly more than half listed their occupation as “Agricultural Labourer.” There were 28 farmers in the community, or roughly 8 laborers per farmer on average. There was also a brick factory employing four people of the village. And there were six bricklayers, an inordinate number for Kenninghall’s small size. There will be more about bricklayers below in Rochester Collings’ section.

Kenninghall is an ancient place with a colorful history. It took its name from Cyning-halla, which in Saxon means “Kings House”, and was the site of the palace of some of the Saxon kings of Anglia. It is also believed to be the seat of legendary Boudicca, Queen of the Celtic Iceni tribe. Romans and Celts had been living for a while in relative peace. When the Iceni king died, his wife Boudicca inherited the throne, but her lands and property were then seized by the Romans. They flogged Boudicca and raped her daughters. Boudicca raised a Briton army from the surrounding tribes and waged a vicious no-prisoners war against Rome.

She and her people defeated a Roman legion and burned three Roman settlements, including London. However, the Celts were decisively defeated by the Romans in Watling Road about 60 AD, putting an end to the revolt.



Statue of Boudicca in London, the town she burned

An estate house was later built at the ancient palace site in Kenninghall. This manor was seized by the Crown in 1572 when the resident, Thomas Duke of Norfolk, was arrested for treason. He had plotted to overthrow Queen Elizabeth and replace her with Mary, Queen of Scots, whom he intended to marry. The plot was thwarted and he lost his head. Queen Elizabeth often resided at

the property, but when she died, the manor house was torn down. Residents benefited from these Royal connections. For many years and into the mid-1700's, perhaps later, Kenninghall residents and our family members there were not subject to tolls and similar charges, not called for juries outside the local jurisdiction, and not liable to pay charges to support Knights of the Shire.

Being a manor, nearly all the land was owned by the Lord of the Manor, and the residents leased the property from him. It was a system that had its roots in feudalism when serfs were tied to the land. By the 1600's and 1700's, the system became one in which the residents were "copyhold" tenants. This meant that they had a lease on the property that was copied into the rolls of the manor. They paid the rent each year, but that lease had value that could be sold, inherited, or borrowed against much as one would with owned property. Through an act of Parliament in the early 1800's, the property was deeded in fact to some of the copyhold tenants and then they actually owned it. Our Charles Collings was one of these.

The major landmark in Kenninghall is St. Mary's Church. Much of the earliest structure and decoration of the church dates to the Normans. The bell tower with its five bells was intended to be taller, but was topped off short with the unfortunate beheading of the construction financier, the Duke of Norfolk. It was in this church that Collings and Wilthy family baptisms, marriages, and burials would have been conducted.



St Mary's Church in Kenninghall

Wilthy Family

Father

George Wilthy

George Wilthy (1636/37 - 1730)
Thomas Wilthy (1635)
Thomas Wilthy (1640)

George Wilthy (1636/37 – 1730)

John Wilthy (1678/79)
George Wilthy
Mary Wilthy (1684)

John Wilthy (1678/79 – 1747)

Thomas Wilthy (1715 -1765)
John Wilthy (1705)
Mary Wilthy (1707)
John Wilthy (1709/10)
Elizabeth Wilthy (1711/12)
Margaret Wilthy (1715)

Thomas Wilthy (1715 – 1765)

Mary Wilthy (1750/51 - 1829)
Thomas Wilthy (1741/42 - 1816)
James Wilthy (1754)
William Wilthy (1748)
Elizabeth Wilthy (1757)
Sarah Wilthy (1738)

Charles Collings (1747 – 1809)

John Wilthy Collings (1778)
Elizabeth Collings (1777)
Mary Collings (1769)
Ester Collings (1773)
William Collings
Robert Collings (1771 – 1790)
Thomas Collings (b1781)
Eleanor Collings (1783)
Rhoda Collings (1785)
Rochester Collings (1788 – 1870)
Robert Collings (1791 – 1843)
Agatha Collings (1792)

Mother

Margaret

Mary Aylement (d 1686)

Mary Dove (d 1745)

Sarah Barker (1715-1791)

Mary Wilthy (1750/51 - 1829)

Wilthy Origins

Wilthy is a very unusual family name that comes in a variety of spellings. It appears to be essentially extinct today both in England and the US. Records for the name seem centered in the Norfolk area. Perhaps the name is French, based chiefly on a brief historical mention of a Comte de Wilthy, governor of Thionville, a town close to the border with Belgium. The Count in 1633 aided the exciting escape of Marguerite, the bride of the Gaston, Duke of Orleans, from the advancing army of Gaston's brother Louis XIII. Thionville is French now but was held by the Spanish at the time. The history book recounting this tale was written by an English woman who gave the Count's title in French, not Spanish so maybe it is a French name. This argument is really pretty thin and there certainly are may be other sources for the name.



Marguerite of Lorraine



St John's Church in Garboldisham

Our earliest ties to the Wilthy family that I have found go back to before 1635 in the Norfolk, England village of Garboldisham. Called "Garbisham" by the residents, the village of about 600 lies approximately four miles southwest of Kenninghall. The community is essentially a crossroads, and in the past was noted for a little production of hemp cloth and linen. The pretty church in the picture here was originally built in the 1400's and is where the Wilthy family members worshipped. The Wilthys lived in Garboldisham roughly between the 1630's and 1670's, before moving to Kenninghall.

In addition to St John's church, there are the ruins and relics of earlier times at Garboldisham. There are the tower ruins of another Church, St Andrew's, and also remains of Celtic, Saxon, and Roman times. One of these is a barrow or mound grave on the heath said to be the final grave of Celtic Queen Boudicca. The mound is in among the trees in this photo of the heath.



Garboldisham Heath and Barrow

George Wilthy, Senior

The earliest Wilthy family member I have found is George Wilthy. About all I know of him is that he was born about 1610 and his wife was named Margaret. I don't believe either was from Garboldisham, as the church records record neither their birth nor marriage. They had three children born there. The first, Thomas, died young, and the third was also named Thomas. This strong desire to keep the name alive suggests that George's father was probably named Thomas. The middle child, born in 1635/36, was named George and was our ancestor.

The slash date is interesting, and it is based on the uncertainty of what calendar is being used. This is not the problem of the Julian and Gregorian calendars, but rather that for a long time the British calendar started the year on Lady's Day, March 25. The Lady is the Virgin Mary, and Lady's Day was the Feast of her Annunciation. George was born in January, which in those days was before New Year's Day, March 25. Therefore, the church records put him in the year 1635, but we would consider him born in January 1636, right after December 1635 and hence the two dates.

George Wilthy, Jr.

George, Jr. was born in Garboldisham, as noted above, in 1635/36. However, he moved to Kenninghall, where he married Mary Aylement in 1675.

George and Mary had three children, John, George, and Mary Wilthy. Their little boy George died in 1684, and then two years later his wife Mary died.

Either George came to town with some land ownership and social class, or he gained it through his marriage to Mary. In the Manor Courts, there was a jury of 12 men and a foreman that seemed to serve as something like a grand jury. The men tended to be yeomen or gentlemen, men of status or land in the community. The Manor records are difficult to read, the ink having bled through the pages and the documents being written in Latin. However, they indicated that George served on the court possibly as early as 1677, and certainly in 1686. This was the year that his wife died, and George did not serve again until 1700. After 1700, he was on the jury regularly until 1717.



A lot went on in 1717. For one, John, his son, served on the Grand Jury together with George that year. This may be because George transferred some property to John in that same year. My best read of the documents suggests that George put the property in John's name, making John a copyhold tenant. Then George and John together borrowed £15 from Francis Groome against the property as collateral.

Also in 1717, George remarried. What is interesting here is that George was 82 years old at the time and his bride, a widow named Elizabeth Nun, was 95. Because she was so much older than her groom, I don't think it was a rekindling of a lost flame of youth. What I suspect is that Elizabeth was sick and had no one to care for her. Perhaps she made a deal with George to watch over her in exchange for some valuable property that he would inherit at her death. Or

perhaps they were just good friends. Members of the Nunn family appear several times in Wilthy affairs. However it was, Elizabeth died in 1718, just 11 months after marrying George.

George served one more term on the Grand Jury in 1729. He died November 16, 1730, at the age of 95.

John Wilthy

John was born in Kenninghall February 23, 1678/79 to George and Mary Wilthy. In 1703, he married Mary Dove of Kenninghall. I have not been able to track Mary's ancestry, but the Dove family was a prominent one in Kenninghall.

He obtained real estate from his father in 1717 and became a copyhold tenant of the Manor. At that time John served his first term on the Grand Jury. His next term was not until 1728, and other terms occurred only sporadically after that

John and Mary's first son was named after his father, but unfortunately, he died at the age of 10 months. The next son was then also named John. They had another son, Thomas, of our direct line, and three daughters: Mary, Margaret, and Elizabeth.

John's wife Mary died in 1745 at the age of 42. Three years later in August 1748, John himself was very "sick and weak in body but of sound mind, memory, and understanding," and he made his will. John signed with his mark, but whether through ignorance or illness I don't know. John Nunn and George Dove, both family surnames, were witnesses to the will. Two weeks later John was dead.

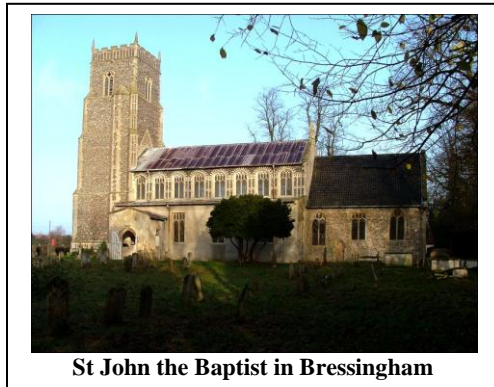
The will required a sound mind and understanding, as it was reasonably complex. John, a yeoman, divided his two pieces of property between his sons. One piece of property adjoined the Kenninghall Common and had a cottage with a hempland, a plot for growing hemp. This he left to his oldest son John, Jr. John, Jr. was probably ill at the time, as the will made specific provision that after John Jr.'s demise, the property would go to the grandson, John Wilthy III. It was a reasonable provision as John Jr. died in August 1752. His grandson was 15 at the time and Court put him under the guardianship as well as apprenticeship of John Watling, cordwainer, a maker of soft leather shoes. John III later apprenticed as a glove maker with John Nunn.

Meanwhile, Thomas had also received his inheritance, property his father had purchased in 1744. It was the "nicely built" cottage in which he was living, and was located with lands on the Kenninghall Heath. The property came with a hempland and a pond. It also came with a mortgage. £50 plus interest was owed to Mary Groome, a widow who was also living in the cottage. Her late husband Francis Groome is the same man from whom George and John had borrowed £15 back in 1717. Francis had loaned John £50 in 1744 to buy the land but died in 1745 so the debt was owed to his wife Mary. Perhaps Francis knew he would die soon and this loan was some form of insurance to give his wife income or to care for his wife. The will ordered payment of half of the mortgage from the deceased father's personal estate, with Thomas to make up the difference on his own. This he did. Mary Groome died in 1750.

There was another rather touching bequest in John's will, to Thomas Wilthys 10-year-old daughter Sarah. John had a number of grandchildren, but he singled Sarah out. Perhaps Sarah was a help to John during his illness or perhaps she was special for being his first grandchild, but the will promised her £10 when she reached her 21st birthday. Sarah grew up to marry William Noble, and presumably to receive her inheritance.

Thomas Wilthy, Sr.

Thomas Wilthy was born in 1715 in Kenninghall to John and Mary Wilthy. In 1738, he married Sarah Barker of Kenninghall.



A curious thing about this wedding is that while Thomas was from Kenninghall and his bride was also from Kenninghall, they were married in St. John the Baptist Church in Bressingham, a village of about 600 some 5 miles away. I have found no family ties to the village. Even more interesting is that two years earlier, his older brother John had married Anne Palmer of Kenninghall in the same church. Elizabeth Wilthy also married in the church. Generally, the wedding is held where one party lives, typically the bride. However, a quick survey of marriages in the period 1736 – 1739 showed that for

about half the weddings at St John the Baptist, neither bride nor groom was from Bressingham. I am not sure what the draw of this church was, whether fashion, low cost, or a great place to elope. I wrote to the church pastor to ask, but he did not respond.

Thomas and Sarah settled in Kenninghall, living in the “nicely built cottage” on the Heath together with a widow named Mary Groome. It was her husband who had loaned money to Thomas's father and grandfather in the past. Thomas and Sarah had six children. Thomas was rated a yeoman, and occasionally he served on the Grand Jury.

There were not many records about Thomas' life because he died young at age 50. He had not made a will, so perhaps his death was sudden. By rules of the Manor, his youngest son James inherited the copyhold tenancy. James was too young at the time, however, and his mother Sarah served as his guardian. Later in 1784 when he was 30, whether for money or love, James would turn over the property and its tenancy to his mother.

Sarah Barker

Thomas' wife Sarah was born in Kenninghall in 1715 to Thomas Barker and his wife Margarett Dow. She came from fairly well-off family, her father a copyhold tenant on the estate, probably a yeoman. Sarah married Thomas Wilthy in 1738, and the couple had six children.

When her husband died in 1765, Sarah was left with young children at home, and I think some things began to fall apart for her. Her son James inherited the property, but as his guardian, she had to run things until he turned 21. Her daughter Mary married a farm worker, Charles

Collings, who was probably one of the “help.” Her son Thomas had one and probably two illegitimate children by Charles’ sister.

But there were pluses as well. Her daughter Elizabeth married Charles Murton, a shopkeeper. And there were lots and lots of grandchildren.

Her son James, at age 30 in 1784, turned over the property to Sarah to run again. When Sarah was about 75 years old or so, she left her home in Kenninghall to live with her youngest daughter Elizabeth in Redgrave, six miles south of Kenninghall and just over the border in Suffolk. There she stayed with Elizabeth and Charles until she died. In her will, she left her property to Elizabeth and her children.

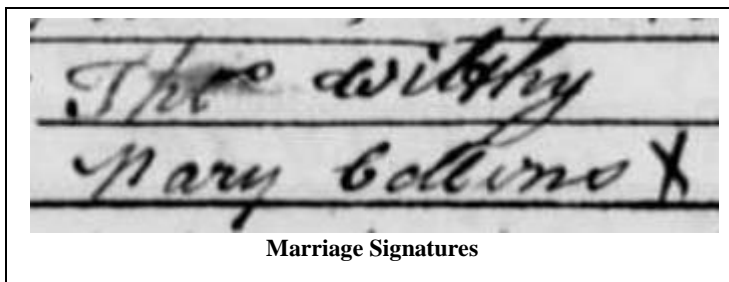
Mary Wilthy

Mary Wilthy was born in Kenninghall February 2, 1750/51 to Thomas and Sarah Wilthy. Mary lost her father when she was 14.

Mary was about 18 when she married Charles Collings on October 10, 1768. Charles was an agricultural worker who prepared hemp for spinning. The property Mary lived on had a hemp plot and Charles was likely to have worked there. Charles would have been below Mary in social standing, but he seems to have been ambitious. I think through Mary’s inheritance, they ended up owning part of two pieces of Wilthy property, including the cottage on the Heath, where they continued to live. Charles and Mary were also prolific and had 10 children.

Charles died in 1806, leaving all his property to her with the stipulation that at her death, the property would be sold and the proceeds would be distributed. Mary lived without her husband for another 23 years and was buried in Kenninghall November 30, 1829.

Thomas Wilthy Jr. and Mary Collings



Thomas Wilthy, Jr. is an “uncle” to our lineage. I include him here because his story is an interesting one of intertwined families and unmarried mothers.

Thomas was born in 1741, the oldest son of Thomas and Sarah Wilthy,

and brother of Mary Wilthy, Charles’ wife. Thomas Sr., his father, died in 1765 and after that, I think things began to get a bit out of control.

In 1767, Mary Collings, unmarried sister of Charles Collings, had a baby. The records are not available to tell who the father was, but she named the baby “Thomas.” Then in December 1775, unmarried Mary Collings had another base born child, this time a little girl that she named “Mary”. Manor records show that when she applied for relief from the authorities, she indicated

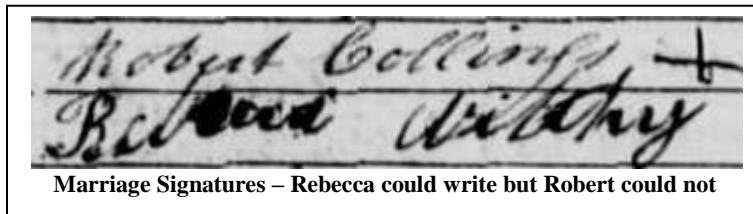
that Thomas was the father. Thomas denied fathering the child, but a committee of the authorities thought otherwise. On February 28, 1777, they ordered him to pay support toward the child's upbringing. In the face of this, on March 2, 1777, Thomas married Mary Collings.

Thomas was definitely reluctant to marry Mary Collings. There was a disparity in their social standing, he a landowner and she the illiterate daughter of field labor. She was also getting older, 35 years old at the time of the child support confrontation. However, economics won out and faced with paying child support, he married the girl.

There was certainly affection as well. Thomas and Mary had three more children, one child every two years until she was at the end of her childbearing days at age 44.

Mary's little boy Thomas Collings disappears from the scene, unless, as I think, he is the child who died in May 1771 and was buried under the name Thomas Wilthy. Thomas also gave his Wilthy name to their little girl Mary. Mary and Thomas had another child named Thomas in 1779.

The base-born daughter Mary, unfortunately, followed in her mother's footsteps, giving birth to a little girl, Rebecca Wilthy without the benefit of wedlock. Mary was eighteen at the time, and the father was a shopkeeper in another village. Mary later married another man, Isaac Spurlong, and had several Spurlong children with him, but little Rebecca always carried the Wilthy name.



In time Rebecca married Robert Collings, son of Charles and Mary, and her cousin once removed.

The wills of Thomas and Mary Wilthy are interesting. Thomas died in 1816 at age 75. In his will,

he recognizes Mary Spurlong as his daughter and leaves a bequest of £40 to her two sons. He leaves his property to his son Thomas, subject to the mother Sarah's use and "without molestation."

His wife Mary died in 1819, and she owned very little in the way of real property: a bed and bedroom furniture, three pairs of sheets and five boxes. But she also had funds in cash and investments, and all these she left in equal shares to her three children and also an equal share to her granddaughter Rebecca Collings. Her two grandsons had received bequests from her husband. I have to think that she knew the unhappy situation of a baseborn child and tried to help make things right.

Collings Family

Father

William Collings

William Collings (1673-1707)

William Collings (1672)

Barbara Collings (1676/

Anna Collings (1679)

William Collings (1673 – 1707)

William Collings (1703)

Molly? Collings (1700/01)

Judith Collings (1704)

Dinah Collings (1706)

William Collings (1703)

Charles Collings (1747 – 1809)

William Collings (1735)

Steven Collings (1738)

Mary Collings (December 1740)

John Collings (1742/43)

Robert Collings (1745)

Hester Collings (1751)

Charles Collings (1747 – 1809)

John Wilthy Collings (1778)

Elizabeth Collings (1777)

Mary Collings (1769)

Ester Collings (1773)

William Collings

Robert Collings (1771 – 1790)

Thomas Collings (b1781)

Eleanor Collings (1783)

Rhoda Collings (1785)

Rochester Collings (1788 – 1870)

Robert Collings (1791 – 1843)

Agatha Collings (1792)

Mother

Martha

Hester (died 1740)

Mary Dowsing

Mary Wilthy (1768 – 1820)

Rochester Collings (1788 – 1870)

Susannah Collins (1812 – 1893)

Robert Collins (1814)

Rochester Collins (1816 – 1895)

Emily Collins (1818)

Charles Collins (1821)

Susannah Goddard (1777 – 1862)

Susannah Collins (1812 – 1893)

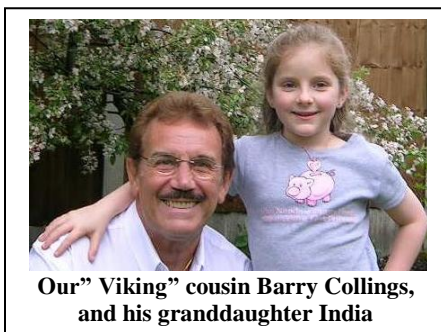
Benjamin Elliott (1816 – 1903)

Collings Origins

Jack Waddell's great-grandmother on his mother's side was Susannah Collins. The family name was originally Collings and has roots that lead back to the Viking invasions of the 9th and 10th century England. "Collings" is believed to be derived from the Old Norse personal name "Kollungr", a form of the name Koli (coal, charcoal), and signified one of dark or swarthy appearance.

There is an interesting genetic confirmation of this analysis. While most of a child's DNA is a mixture of the DNA of both parents, the mother has no Y chromosome, and the DNA of the father's Y-chromosome passes essentially unchanged to his sons. By tracking Y-chromosome DNA patterns, the paternal lineage of the fathers and grandfathers and beyond can be traced through generations.

Certain patterns in the DNA, called haplotypes, can be used to tie the families to ancient locations and migrations. A modern Collings male, LIN's brother Barry Collings, recently submitted a sample for testing, and his Y-DNA was categorized as an R1a haplotype. This is not a DNA pattern typically found in England. Studies have shown that R1a is most often found in central Europe, with some occurrence in Scandinavia. For about 150 years, the Danes and Norse controlled a section of England called Danelaw, which included the present day county of Norfolk. We trace our Collings family to the village of Kenninghall in Norfolk. It appears that our Collings ancestry lies in Scandinavia, descendants of Vikings.



**Our "Viking" cousin Barry Collings,
and his granddaughter India**

On another time scale, the DNA haplotype also gives us information about really distant Collings family history, tens of thousands of years ago. The male ancestor with this R1a genetic pattern can be tracked with the DNA analysis because DNA slowly mutates through the generations, producing related haplotypes. These DNA changes can be followed backward in time to locate the first appearance of each haplotype, and thus track the prehistoric migrations of each group. Studies have shown that the male ancestor of the Collings and many other lineages left Africa about

50,000 years ago, migrating into western and central Asia. There were DNA mutations during the trek as different groups split off from the main body. The first ancestor with this R1a haplotype was a male born somewhere north of the Black Sea about 35,000 years ago. The

lineage spread in two different directions. Some went east into Asia, and the other north and west into Europe. The R1a peoples are believed to be the source of the proto-Indo-European tongue, the basis of most modern European languages. When glaciers surged down from northern Europe, they pushed the thin human populations south, isolating the R1a lineage to the east of other European lineages. With the retreat of the glaciers after the Ice Age about 10,000 years ago, the R1a migration moved north into Scandinavia. It is believed then that R1a Norsemen or Danes settled in England for a few hundred years leaving some R1a heritage there.

The Collings family DNA analysis, together with documents, some interesting stories, and the Collings family pictures were researched and made available in particular by two family researchers. Les Collings was our cousin and a resourceful family researcher in Australia. Unfortunately, Les passed away a few years ago, and another cousin, Linda Collings Jensen (LIN) took up the lead. LIN has very generously and graciously made her data available to us.

Three William Collings

The earliest Collings direct ancestors that I have found are a direct line of Williams who were all born in a small village about 3 miles south of Kenninghall named South Lopham. South Lopham has a population of about 700 or so, and like the nearby sister village of North Lopham, was part of the manor of the Duke of Norfolk. The major landmark of the village is St Andrew's



St Andrew's in South Lopham



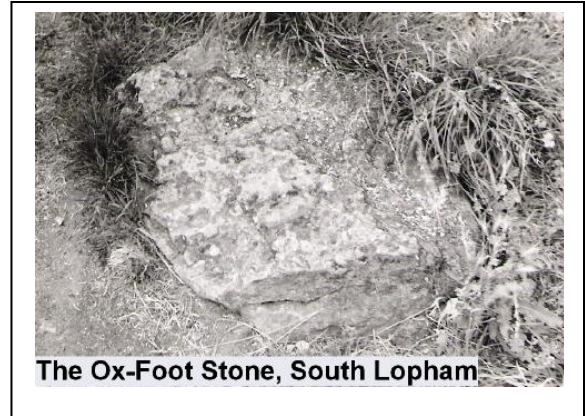
Elephant Carving in St. Andrew's

Church, which was built by Earl William Bigod, a fairly tyrannical Norman overlord of the 1100's, and is noted for its very robust Norman tower. One of the church decorations is a wood carving of an elephant with a castle on his back, apparently done by someone not very familiar with elephants. It would have been on display for our Collings family members.

In addition to the robust church, another landmark of South Lopham is the Ox-Foot Stone. The 4' x 3' slab of sandstone has a long history that would have been a part of the Collings' South Lopham heritage. This Ox-Foot Stone has a hollow place in its surface that with imagination could be construed to be a cow's hoof print. The story goes that long ago during a famine in the area, a fairy cow came regularly to the village to be milked. When the drought was over the cow stamped her hoof on the stone and vanished. Where she stamped left a print in the hard rock.

Even in the 1840's, writers of the county directory thought the mark was a fossil clam. Today the stone stands at Ox-Foot Stone Farm.

The early church records tell little about the parishioners beyond the fundamentals of baptism, marriage, and death. We know the first names of their wives, but almost nothing else about them. Both South and North Lopham have for a long time been noted for the production of hemp and linen, and based on their Collings descendants, I suspect that these three William Collings ancestors were poor and that they processed the hemp.



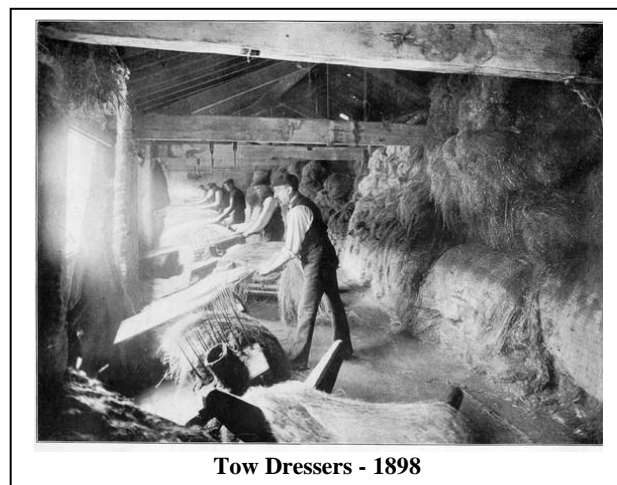
Charles Collings

Charles Collings was born in 1740 in South Lopham to William and Mary Collings. Charles, as probably his parents and grandparents before him, started out working with hemp for making cloth.

Hemp was a popular crop and could be grown in small plots of perhaps 50 feet square. For a small investment in seed, the wife could produce about 12 yards of material for a profit of more than 2 pounds 5 shillings sterling. This doesn't sound like a lot, but it is equivalent to about \$480 today. The hemp stalks were harvested and then laid out, exposed to the elements. After about a month or so, the outer husk of the stalks was removed and the interior fibers prepared for spinning. This was the job of the tow dresser, and this was Charles Collings' trade.



The dressing was usually done in long covered sheds, where the fibers were passed over a series of "heckle boards," analogous to carding wool. Heckle boards are planks studded with pointed steel prongs. The tow dresser passed a bundle of hemp fibers through the prongs, combing and straightening the fibers and removing dirt and unwanted vegetable material. Typically the dresser then passed his bundle to the next dresser who repeated this with a finer board. The final product, the "tow," consisted of light colored, almost white fibers suitable for spinning and weaving. The light color of the

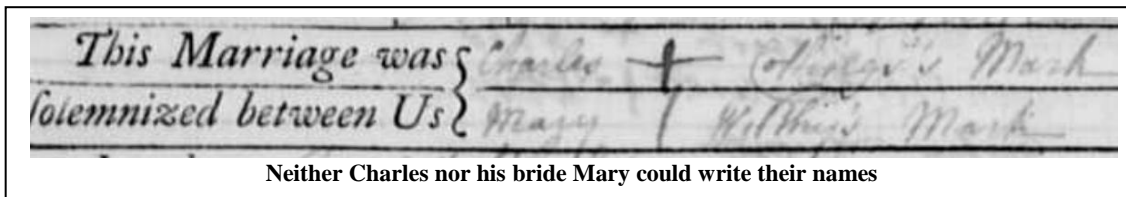


fibers gives rise to our term for a light-haired person, “tow head.”

I think Charles was poor and uneducated. He was not a copyhold tenant on the manor, and he was not able to write. However, I think he had aspirations for something better.

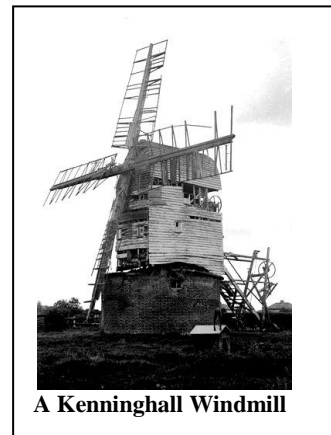
Perhaps it started on October 10, 1768, when he married Mary Wilthy, the 18-year-old daughter of the prosperous but late yeoman landowner Thomas Wilthy. Over the years, Charles and Mary had twelve children together.

In 1772 there was a strange land transaction between Charles and George Osborne. At the time, Charles was married but still a tow dresser. Osborne was the local miller, with a windmill located at Westhorpe near the common. The mill would have looked somewhat like the picture below, which was an old mill in the area in 1939. The manor records show that Osborne deeded the land copyhold to Charles in 1773, but the reason for the transfer was not recorded. The court



put out an announcement for Charles, but he did not come forward to claim it that year. Osborne died in 1774, and when the same announcement was made in 1774, Charles claimed the copyhold the next day.

The transaction is a mystery. The format for the documents is similar to when someone borrowed money and put their property up as collateral, but there was no mention made of paying off a loan. I found no family links between the two. The mill had been previously owned by Thomas Foyster, and there is some evidence the Wilthys and Foysters were neighbors. Perhaps with Osborne very ill or close to death, he established an agreement with Charles Collings to care for him and his property until his death, at which time the property would be given to Charles. Since Osborne was still alive in 1773, Charles did not come forward to claim it.



However this transpired, Charles Collings became a copyhold tenant of the manor at this time. The mill and its land were recorded as his property. Charles appears to have later sold or lost that land in 1786 for £40.

However, in 1801 Charles had a copyhold on two other pieces of property. His mother-in-law Sarah Wilthy died in 1791, and I suspect some of the Wilthy property then went to her daughter Mary. Charles had received something of a promotion, the court records identifying him as a Farmer. The description of Charles’ real estate shows that it was originally part of the Wilthy properties.

Charles became an outright landowner in 1801. Earlier that year, Parliament had passed an act authorizing the breaking up of Kenninghall's common manor lands and putting property directly in the hands of the copyhold tenants. By this means, Charles acquired title to the cottage and garden with its 1.2 acres on which they lived. I believe the property was located close to where the Kenninghall School is presently located. He also received title to about 1/6 acre land with cottage which he rented out.

At this point, I think Charles believed he had achieved the goal of bettering himself both financially and socially. His father-in-law was entitled Yeoman, a freeholder of land, and Charles used the title for himself in his will of May 1806, which LIN was kind enough to provide to us. "In the Name of God Amen. I, Charles Collings, Yeoman of the parish of Kenninghall...". Charles was sick when he wrote his will and lingered for months, finally dying in October of that year.

In the manor court proceedings regarding his death and will, however, they named Charles as copyhold tenant. Whether it was manorial social snobbery or a technicality of the law, they denied him that title.

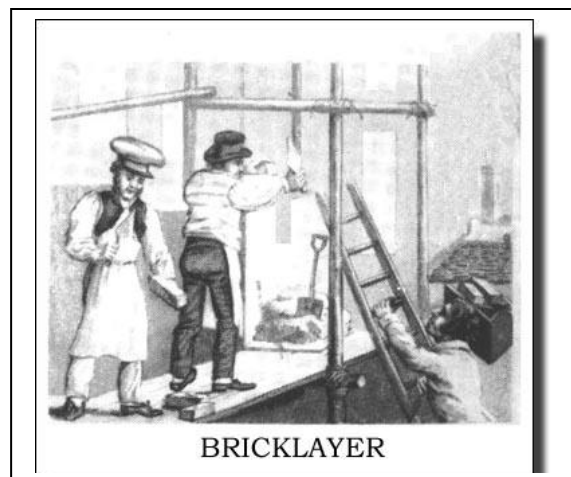
Charles left his properties to his wife Mary's use for the rest of her life. He ordered that after her death, the lands would be sold and the money from the sale equally divided among his children. With so many children, this fairly well guaranteed that there would be no more Collings yeomen, at least from his lineage.

When Mary died in 1829, the will was presumably carried out and the proceeds divided among the children. I calculate that each person's share would have been in the order of £4, something like \$100 or so each in today's money. This is not enough in itself to make a difference, and it didn't. In the church records of the 1830's, several of Charles' children are living in housing for the poor. This is housing with reduced rent of only a fraction of the going rate. And sadly, his children are listed in the category of those believed unable to pay even this meager amount.

One son, however, had cut himself free from agriculture and had taken up the trade of bricklayer. This was our ancestor, Rochester Collings.

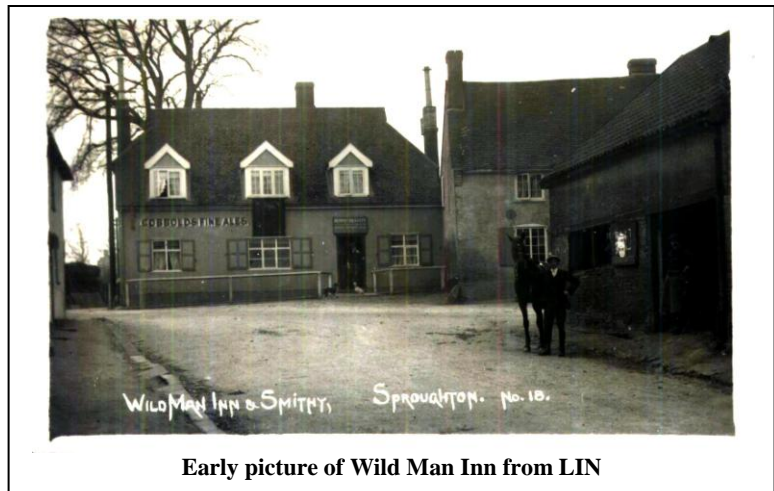
Rochester Collings

Rochester was the tenth child of Charles and Mary Collings, born July 13, 1788, in Kenninghall. Unlike his brothers who worked the farms, Rochester studied the trade of bricklaying. I suspect he apprenticed in Kenninghall – Kenninghall had a brick factory and there were six bricklayers in town. However, with so much bricklaying competition there, he moved on to Ipswich and Sproughton for work. Sproughton is where he settled.



Sproughton, pronounced “Spr-OUGHT-on” by the residents, is a small village about 3 miles west of downtown Ipswich in Suffolk. Its population was less than 600 in the mid-1800’s when our family lived there. A brief survey of the 1841 census shows that Sproughton was an agricultural community. Of the 209 people listed with jobs, about 40% were agricultural laborers. There were only 5 farmers, or about 17 agricultural workers per farmer. About 25% of the workers were servants. There were only one or two bricklayers. As one of the 25 tradesmen in town, Rochester would typically have had a little higher social class. In the 1840’s, bricklayers earned on average about £1 3s weekly. This is equivalent to about \$80 per week in today’s money for about a 55 hour week. His wage was about 2 to 3 times that of an agricultural worker, and about 40% more than a tailor would make.

I am not sure when Rochester arrived in the Ipswich-Sproughton area. I think it would have to be at least by 1810 and probably earlier in order to establish himself and get to know a girl well enough to marry in 1811. Church records for his wedding said he was from St Clements Church in Ipswich. His bride was Susannah Goddard, daughter of James and Sarah Goddard. Following the marriage, Rochester and Susannah remained in Sproughton.



Early picture of Wild Man Inn from LIN

In the 1841 Census, Rochester and Susannah were living next door to the Wild Man Inn. Thomas Daldry was the innkeeper and he was also a bricklayer. This is a picture of the Wild Man Inn in Sproughton from before 1960. I think on the extreme left edge of the picture can be seen just a sliver of the Collins house. That house and the smithy across the street are both gone today, but the inn is still a celebrated landmark in Sproughton.



Woodwose from a 16th Century German coin

LIN furnished an interesting story about how the Wildman Inn got its name. The Inn was built in the early 1500’s, and in those days much of the countryside was untamed and more forested than today. From Medieval times across Europe, there have been many tales of Woodwoses, wild men living in the woods. Some stories considered them sub-human ape-like men like Bigfoot or the Himalayan Snowman. Others tales and sightings were thought to be deranged or demented people who had reverted to a feral nature. During construction of the Inn in Sproughton, a Wildman of one sort or the other attacked the construction crew, and so the Inn got its name.

The county directory of 1844 lists neighbor Daldry as a bricklayer but not Rochester, so I think Daldry was the master bricklayer and Rochester worked for him. By the 1851 Census, Rochester had

received master bricklayer status with the guild, and he and Susannah moved to another location further down the street. Daldry was still a bricklayer and publican, but perhaps he had retired by then as he died about a year later. The 1855 directory lists Rochester as the only bricklayer in town.

It was in Sproughton that our branch of the family name was shortened to Collins. Rochester was Collings when he married Susannah, but a year later at the birth of his daughter Susan, he was listed as Collins. He is shown with that spelling in all the Census data and the county directory entries. His children, however, used both spellings.

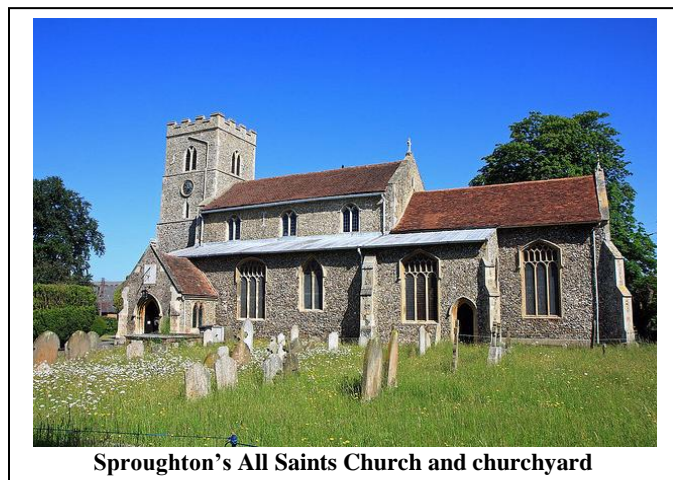
The reputation of bricklayers as a class was, according to an 1839 journal, of being “both intemperate and dissipated in their natures,” but I think Rochester and his family lived fairly quiet lives. They did not show up in a search of the nearby Ipswich newspapers of the 1800’s – no arrests or court records, no suits, no good news, not even any want ads.

Rochester lost his wife Susannah in 1861. He continued to work as a bricklayer until his death in Sproughton in 1870.

Susannah Goddard

Rochester’s wife Susannah Goddard was born June 15, 1777 to James and Sarah Goddard in Sproughton. She was called Susan in the family. Her father James Goddard was a Yeoman, pretty well off and a landowner with fields and houses.

A curious thing about Susan is that she married very late. She was eight days past her 34th birthday when she married Rochester Collings, a bricklayer living in St Clements Parish in Ipswich. The other thing curious about it was that they married July 2, 1811, less than 3 months after her father’s burial on April 19. Then I found her father’s will and it shed some light on their story.



Sproughton’s All Saints Church and churchyard

Her parents had eight children, and Susan was the third. It is hard to track what happened to the children, but apparently, all died except Susan and her older brother James, Jr. Susan’s mother Sarah died in 1803.

When James Senior, the father, died in 1811, he left all his lands, houses, gardens, everything in trust to “my only daughter Susan Goddard.” James appointed neighboring farmers to look after the property, pay the taxes, and collect rents on it. All the net income was to go to Susan for all her life. At her death, the properties were to be sold and divided among Susan’s children and

James Jr.'s children. Any children not of age would receive interest from their share to pay for upkeep and education until they reached 21 when they would receive the principle.

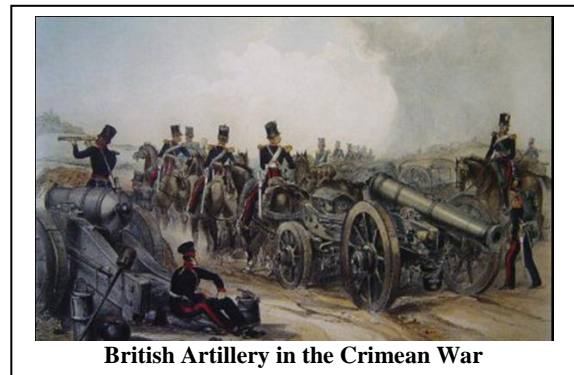
I think his will reflects Susan rejecting marriage and staying at home to care for her father after her mother's death. Either by pre-agreement or by his gratitude, her father made out the will favoring her during her lifetime. He was 64 at the time of his death and was perhaps ailing when he wrote it. The will shows he fully expected her to marry and have children. Once the father died, Susan was free to marry, which she did almost immediately.

Her husband Rochester Collings was 11 years younger than Susan, full of promise but at most a journeyman bricklayer at the time. She was a 34-year-old spinster with an income. Whatever the attraction, he was waiting in the wings. They produced 5 children and were married for 50 years.

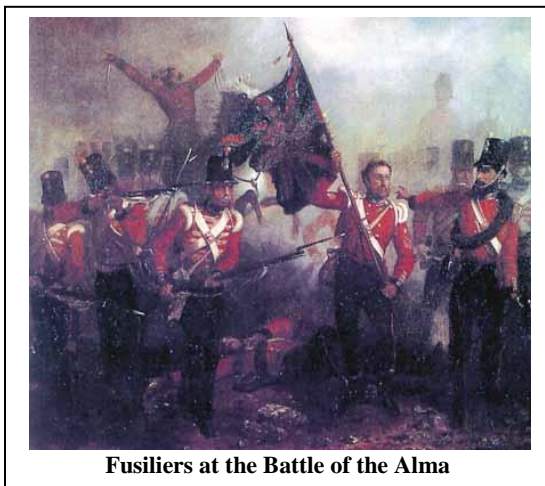
Susan Goddard Collings died in Sproughton in 1861 at the age of 85.

Children of Susan and Rochester

Rochester and Susannah had four sons and a daughter, and bricklaying was in their blood. The oldest son Robert (born 1814) was a bricklayer in London. Another son, Rochester, Jr. (born 1817), joined the British Army serving as a gunner in the Royal Artillery. I suspect Rochester Jr. was a career man and overseas because I wasn't able to find him in the 1861 and 1871 census. His wife Sarah was from Barbados, perhaps a "prize" from an early military tour in the West Indies. He was stationed in Devonshire in the 1850's, and Sarah died in 1858. By 1881, Rochester Jr. was out of the Army and was working as a bricklayer in Ipswich. He was living 2 doors down from his brother Robert in Ipswich.



British Artillery in the Crimean War



Fusiliers at the Battle of the Alma

The youngest Collings son Charles (born 1822), also went into the Army, joining the 2nd Battalion, 7th Regiment Fusiliers when he was 16. By the 1861 Census, at 39 years old, Charles was living at home in Sproughton with his wife Harriet, whom he had married earlier that year. He was a Chelsea Pensioner, a serviceman receiving a pension for wounds and disability. His regiment, which was also called the Royal Fusiliers, had been active in the Crimean War of the 1850's and took part in several terrible battles, including the Alma River and Sebastopol. I suspect Charles was there and was wounded or disabled in the war. Charles died in

1866, at age 44.

Our cousin Janet recently determined that Rochester's daughter Emily had married Henry Davis, a laborer in Ipswich. Henry died in 1854, leaving his wife with 5 children from 2 to 8 years old. To make ends meet, Emily went to work as a charwoman, cleaning homes and offices. Poor Emily died in 1869, and in the 1871 census, the orphaned children had been taken in and cared for by their widowed Uncle Robert Collings, the bricklayer. By 1881 the children had grown up and scattered.

Rochester's oldest child was Susannah Collins, who continued our branch of the family.

Susannah Collins

Rochester and Susannah's daughter Susannah was also called Susan in the family. She was born in Sproughton on August 28, 1812, and baptized on the 31st. Susan grew up to marry Benjamin Elliott who was from Gestingthorpe in Essex by way of Hintlesham. They were married in the Sproughton church on April 26, 1840.

Benjamin and Susan moved around quite a bit. In 1841 they were in Bramford, a village just north of Sproughton, but returned to Sproughton about 1843. Then sometime before 1848 they moved to Ipswich on New Cut London Road in St Matthew's Parish. They returned to Sproughton before 1856 where they were living for the 1861 Census. Susan's mother was very old by then and actually died just before the 1861 Census. I suspect that Susan and Benjamin had moved to Sproughton to be near her.

At this point, there were seven children traveling with them, ranging in age from 3 to 19. The eighth, Harriet Matilda, was in service, working as a nursemaid in Ipswich. As far as I know, all, or all but one, of their children lived to adulthood (Arthur I'm not sure of), which is remarkable.

Susan and Benjamin returned to Ipswich, and in 1871, they were at 33 Prospect Road, where they lived for the rest of their lives. Their home was a houseful of bricklayers, with her husband and three of her sons in the trade. By 1881, however, some had moved out, and perhaps to help make ends meet, Susan was working with her daughter Agnes as a laundress. This was very heavy work for the 68-year-old Susan, typically involving boiling clothes in a copper pot, manually scrubbing them hard on a scrub board, and wringing out the heavy wet clothes. By 1891, her daughter had married and left, and Susan was retired

Susan died a couple of years later on June 4, 1893, at age 80. According to the paper, she died of apoplexy, basically that she died suddenly after losing consciousness. Her husband placed an obituary notice in the newspaper, which given the cost was an unusual event for our family in those days. It was a measure of their prosperity as well as their love for her. Susan is buried in Ipswich with her husband and unmarried daughter Harriet. Her headstone reads:

In loving memory of
Susan
the beloved wife of
Benjamin Elliott
Died June 4th 1893
aged 80

"Watch and pray for ye
know not when the time
is."
Mark XIII 33

Ellen Collings

When Susannah was 21 years old and before she married Benjamin Elliott, she had a child out of wedlock named Ellen Susannah Collings. Ellen was seven years old and going to school when her mother married Benjamin. By the time Ellen was 18 and probably earlier, she had started her career as a domestic servant and cook for Ipswich families, which was what her female half-sisters did as well. In 1851 she was a live-in housemaid for Thomas Scott, a retired major of the Royal Marines. Ten years later Ellen was the cook in the household of a timber merchant. She was again a cook in 1871 but living with another servant in their own place.

In 1880, at age 47, Ellen got married. Her husband was a widower named John Buckle from the little Suffolk village of Earl Stonham. John had married his first wife, a local girl named Eliza Lockwood, about 1843, and the couple had moved to the big town of Ipswich. In 1851 John was a coachman, but about 1854, John and Eliza took employment working together as domestic servants for a widowed wife of a church rector and her sister. On April 9, 1879, Eliza died, and the next year John married Ellen. John worked as a caretaker in an art gallery and he and Ellen lived at 11 Tower Ramparts in Ipswich. John died in 1889 at the age of 69.

Ellen continued to live at the Tower Ramparts address, and in 1891 her sister Harriet Elliott was with her. At this time, Ellen was well off enough to be living on her own means, but I don't know the source of her affluence. Ten years later, she was in the same place but her Aunt Harriet Collings, Charles' widow, was with her. Ellen died in Ipswich in 1912 at the age of 80.

I do not think that Ellen's unorthodox beginning affected her place in a loving family. Benjamin was probably not her biological father as she never officially received his family name "Elliott". She was married and died using the name "Collings". However, she was, I think, every bit a part of the family as her siblings, and I am not sure that outsiders were aware of the difference. In the three censuses where she was unmarried and in service, two of her employers identified her as Ellen Elliott. In the census of 1891, Benjamin's daughter Harriet identified herself as Ellen's sister. Another sister, Rosetta, named her first child for Ellen in 1876, and Agnes named her fourth daughter Florence Ellen. Ellen is listed in our Susie Taylor's birthday book. She seems to have been close with her step-father Benjamin as well. When he died in 1903, Ellen was the informant for the death certificate.

Elliott Family

Father

Robert Elliott

Benjamin Elliott (1816 - 1903)
Robert Elliott (1815 - 1891)

Benjamin Elliott (1816 - 1903)

Walter Elliott (1841 - 1878)
Arthur Benjamin (1843 -)
Harriet Matilda Elliott (1845-1905)
Rosetta Frances Elliott (1847 - 1901)
Henry Robert Elliott (1850 - 1934)
Agnes Adelaide Elliott (1852 - 1918)
Alonzo Elliott (1855 - 1899)
Alfred Elliott (1857 - 1913)

Alfred Taylor (1843)

Susan Taylor (1882 - 1964)
Alice Mary Taylor (1885 - 1974)
Charles Collins Taylor (12/16/1888 - 1924)
Florence Ellen Taylor (10/2/1891 - 1918)
Harry Elliott Taylor (8/27/1887 - 1941)
Kate Agnes Taylor (8/7/1884 - 1917)
Rose Lottie Taylor (11/28/1894 - 1982)

Mother

Mary Ann

Susannah Collings (1812 - 1893)

Agnes Adelaide Elliott (1852 - 1918)

Elliott Family Research

The Elliott family studies trace part of Susie Taylor's mother's lineage. In this work, I am grateful for considerable help and support from our cousin Janet Macdonald, particularly with sorting out the Gestingthorpe-Hintlesham Elliott origins and with details about one of our family celebrities, Mary Fletcher Whitmore. She made available copies of the Susie Taylor Birthday Book and the Taylor postcard archive, which were helpful for some of the analysis. Janet also passed along family information and traditions from Mike Elliott, Alonzo's great-grandson



Name Origins

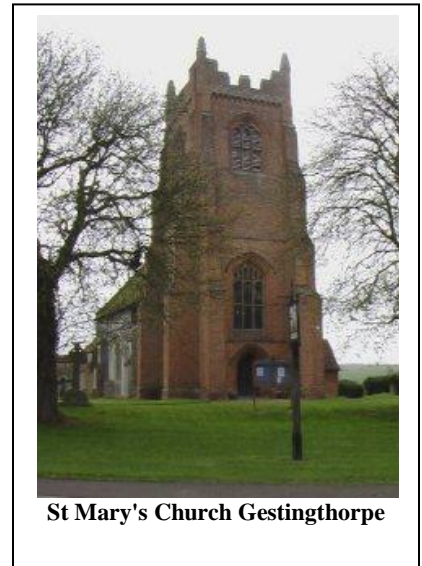
The family name Elliott is reasonably common in the UK. Over the whole country, Elliott is the 109th most common surname. The Elliott name seems to have several origins. The Scots suggest it is based on the town and River Elliot near Angus, Scotland. The Domesday Book refers to an English version of the family name Ayliet, which may be related to the Old English title "Adthelgeat" ("noble gate").

The name is spelled in a number of ways over time and location, including Eliot, Elliot, and Elliott. Elliott is favored at the Scottish border, while Eliot is more common in the southern English regions of the country. All the earliest records I have found (at least back to the 1780's) were spelled with "Elliott", perhaps suggesting a Scottish border origin. However, for now, the question remains open.

Gestingthorpe

Family traditions, if not full documentation, indicates that our Elliott family has early ties to this tiny Essex village. Our nineteenth-century ancestor Benjamin Elliott insisted in five consecutive Census reports that he was born in Gestingthorpe, in the English county of Essex. There is no church record of his birth or baptism there, but there is enough circumstantial data to suggest he actually did originate in that area.

Gestingthorpe (pronounced Guessing-thorp) is a tiny village that has maintained a population of 400 - 500 over the last two hundred years. It is basically a wide spot in the road, and in the past was highly dependent on agriculture. Looking at the earliest census data of 1841 shows that about half of the population that had an occupation were agricultural laborers. Crops appear to have been mainly wheat and oats, and they also raised sheep and cattle. Another and perhaps unexpectedly popular occupation appears to have been shoemaking. There was also a brick factory close by.



Records of the time suggest that there was little importance placed on education there in Gestingthorpe. In 1818, a county directory said that there is "a daily school containing 12 boys and 27 girls, partly supported by voluntary contributions. The poor have sufficient means of education, but do not seem anxious to avail themselves of them."

Robert Elliott, Sr.

Robert Elliott is the earliest documented of our Elliott ancestors. He was a carpenter, probably born in the 1780's or 1790's, and his wife was named Mary Ann. Sometime about 1813 they lived in Hintlesham, Suffolk and this is where their two sons Benjamin and Robert were baptized. This is about all I actually know about Robert. However, since his son Benjamin always claimed to be from Gestingthorpe in Essex, I sought some record of Robert and Benjamin in the church records there as well. That search was unsuccessful.

However, what I found was another older Robert in Gestingthorpe, one who was a carpenter and laborer, born about 1761. This Robert's wife was named Jane and after Jane's death, he married a woman named Martha. This old Robert lived to age 81 and died a pauper in the care of his daughter, Jane. I am pretty sure that old Robert and Jane are our Robert Elliott's parents, as some of the evidence below suggests. However, more research is needed to resolve these issues.

Benjamin Elliott

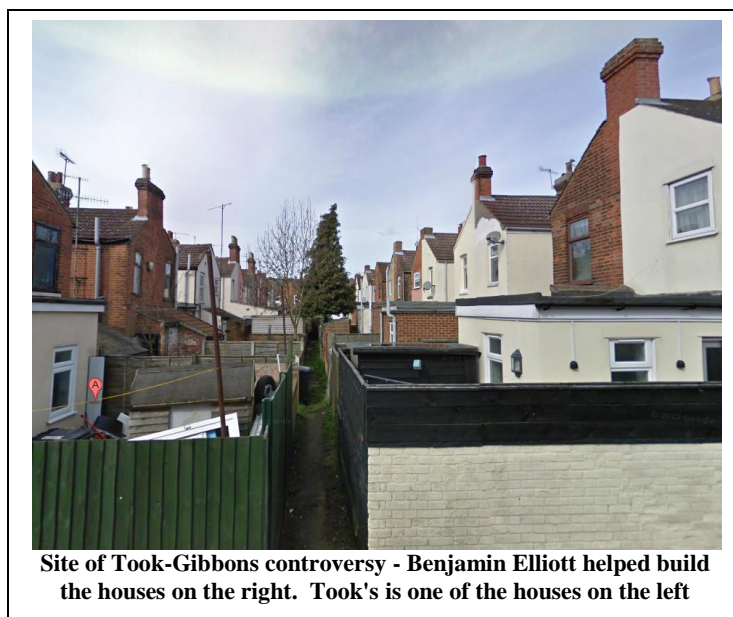
Benjamin Elliott was born to Robert and Mary Ann Elliott on February 13, 1816, and Benjamin always claimed Gestingthorpe in Essex as his hometown. However, he and his family moved to the nearby town of Hintlesham, about 20 miles to the east and just west of Ipswich. This is where his brother Robert was born, and where both boys were baptized.

Benjamin next appears in the record in 1840 when he marries Susan Collings in Sproughton. Susan is the daughter of Rochester Collings, a bricklayer, and 24-year-old Benjamin is also a bricklayer. Susan is four years older than Benjamin and, at the time of her marriage, has a seven-year-old out-of-wedlock daughter. The child, Ellen Collins, is probably not Benjamin's daughter as he never adopted her and she never took his last name. However, throughout his life he treated her as one of his own.

Benjamin and Susan started out in Bramford, a village just north of Sproughton, but they returned to Sproughton about 1843. A few years later, they moved to St Matthew's Parish in the much larger town of Ipswich. They returned to Sproughton in the mid-1850's, I think to help with Susan's mother. Susan's mother was very old by then and actually died in 1861. Sometime after this, they left Sproughton and a newspaper places the family in Ipswich in 1865.

In Ipswich, Benjamin and Susan settled at 33 Prospect Road, where they lived out the remainder of their lives. The house on Prospect Road is gone now but is described in a real estate ad of 1866. Their house was an "unusually well-built" long, narrow row-house. It was one of five "newly built brick freehold cottages, most pleasantly situated in Prospect Road, opposite to the Spotted Cow, Bramford Road. Each house comprises two sitting-rooms, kitchen, coal-house, and large garden, three bedrooms, closets, etc." At the time the houses faced the "pretty meadows on the Bramford Road. The houses and meadows are all gone now, replaced by modern construction

Wherever they lived, Benjamin continued to work as a bricklayer, and in 1866 the local newspaper records his involvement in a legal case in Ipswich. Thomas Took, a telegraph inspector, was renting a house and garden from a builder and developer, Edward Gibbon. Mr. Gibbon at the time was developing lots behind Mr. Took's place, and his bricklayers needed to put up a scaffold that would intrude on Took's garden. Benjamin Elliott testified, "In February last, I was in Mr. Gibbon's employ building some houses near Mr. Took's house. It was necessary to have a scaffold on Mr. Took's side, and I



I will say this for Benjamin, though. He appears a number of times in the paper and the courts, but not as an instigator of unruliness. In one case, he brought charges against his own son. In another, he appeared in defense of his son Alfred for brutal spousal abuse and non-support. (Benjamin explained that one Saturday, there was not a clean shirt in the son's house. Alfred went to jail.)

The girls, with the exception of Agnes but including Ellen, all worked in service, at least until their marriages, if any. I suspect that Agnes worked in service at home for her parents.

In the 1891 census, Benjamin was 75 and still gave his occupation as a bricklayer. Agnes had married, and Benjamin and his wife had an empty nest. They did not enjoy it long, however, as his wife Susan died in 1893. Their daughter Harriet moved in to take care of him, and the 1901 census listed Benjamin as "retired." He died January 22, 1903, at age 87 with the cause of death, "old age." He is buried in Ipswich Cemetery together with his wife Susan and their daughter Harriet. His epitaph reads, "His end was peace."



Gravestone of Benjamin, Susan and Harriet Elliott

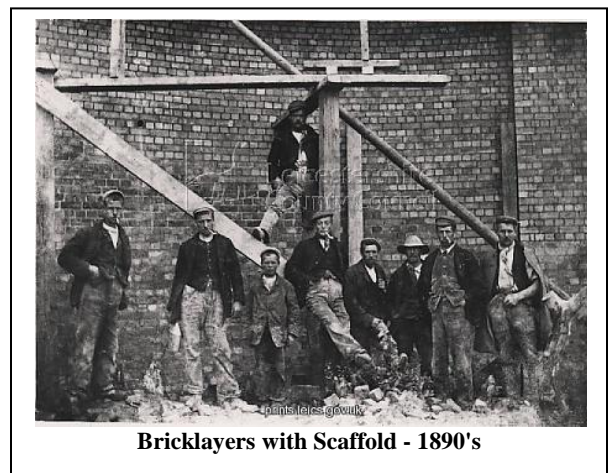
Children of Benjamin and Susan

Charles Walter Elliott

Benjamin and Susan's oldest child was Charles Walter, who went by the name Walter. He was born in 1842 in Bramford outside of Ipswich. The 1851 Census shows him going to school at age 9, but at age 19 he was a bricklayer.

In 1865, 23-year-old Walter married a girl from the Bramford neighborhood named Elizabeth Mayes. She was also about 23, the daughter of William Mayes, a gardener, and his wife Mary. Walter and Elizabeth had two children, Charles Collings (1866) and Arthur Mayes (1867).

Tragedy ran through the family in fairly rapid succession. Elizabeth died about the same time as Arthur was born and she was buried in Bramford. Then little Arthur died after living only one year. Walter and his remaining son



Bricklayers with Scaffold - 1890's

Charles went home to live with his parents on Prospect Road in Ipswich. Then Walter, 36 years old, died suddenly March 4, 1878, about one hundred miles away in Uppingham. This all left little 12-year-old Charles alone and living with his grandparents. Charles was raised by Benjamin and Susan to be a bricklayer like his other male relatives

As far as I can tell, Walter was arrested on only one occasion. On September 19, 1873, he was charged with being drunk and riotous, and with refusing to quit an alehouse, for which he paid 18s 6d for fines and court costs. His life seems relatively quiet compared with his brothers, but that is probably because it was relatively short.

But his son Charles took up the challenge. In particular, a news article of 1885 was entitled "The Fracas on the Cattle Market." Eighteen-year-old Charles, together with two other bricklayers, was "interfering" with a ballad singer at the market. Samuel Alford, the agent for the market manager, said that "he went and asked them to leave off. They swore at him and asked him who he was. He replied that 'if they didn't go they would very soon find out.'" The judge here commented that if he had told them he had authority in the cattle market it would have been better. "The complainant, continuing with his statement, said they then knocked him about, and he had to appeal to the bystanders for help." Elliott was fined only 7s. 6d because it was a first offense.



Red Lion Inn today

In October 1890, Charles was given a ride by Arthur Southgate and his wife. Once in the cart, Charles began to use obscene language toward Southgate's wife, and Southgate ejected Charles from the cart. Arriving at the Red Lion Inn, Southgate went inside, leaving the cart and pony with his wife. Charles came up, and vowing to have revenge on something, took out his knife and threatened to cut the pony's throat. Southgate and Charles battled over 10 minutes inside and outside of the Inn, even after a policeman had arrived. Southgate was acquitted of all charges, but Charles was fined 10s. He also was

required to post a 40 shilling bond to maintain the peace for 12 months.

The only other evidence of interaction with the courts I found was in late 1885 when on a Saturday morning he bought a drink for a friend in a pub who then went home. The man later that evening died in an alcohol-induced coma, but the courts placed no blame on Charles. He later married a young woman named Charlotte Rowe and settled in the London area.

Arthur Benjamin Elliott

Arthur is something of a mystery. He was born about 1843 and christened on January 7, 1844, in Sproughton. By age 19, he was still living with the family in Sproughton and working as a bricklayer. This is the last record I can find for him - no death, no marriage, and no immigration records. I looked for him in the US and Canada census as well. A lot of nephews are named for

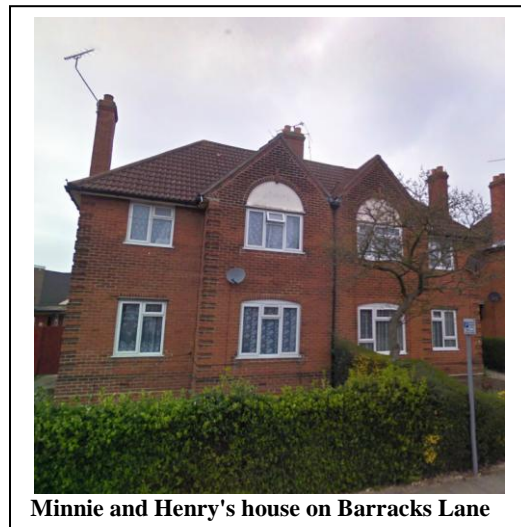
him as early as 1867, and I suspect that Arthur died sometime in the period between 1861 and 1871.

Henry Robert Elliott

Henry Elliott was born on February 5, 1850, in Ipswich, and went by the name "Henry". Like his brothers, he was a bricklayer and through 1881 lived with his parents on Prospect Road.

In 1894, Henry joined the Ipswich Branch Bricklayers Union and about 1897 he moved to a new residence at 3 Barrack Lane in Ipswich. The 1901 census shows him living there with his common-law wife Minnie Clarke Elliott and her daughter Kate Clarke.

Minnie's real name was Henrietta, and she was the daughter of a bricklayer, Henry Clarke, and his wife Rachel. The Clarke's lived only a few streets from where the Elliotts lived on Prospect Road. In 1891, Minnie was working as a seamstress and living with her mom. Minnie's daughter Kate was born out-of-wedlock in 1883. Kate was probably not Henry's biological daughter because she never took his last name. However, the girl was definitely part of the family and was listed in Susan Taylor's birthday book, born on January 10. Kate also was probably the "cousin Kate" included in the Taylor family postcard archive.



Minnie and Henry's house on Barracks Lane

Minnie and Henry were joined formally in marriage May 15, 1906. Daughter Kate and Henry's sister Ellen Buckle were the witnesses. The family moved to 3 Regent Street about this time.

Henry made several appearances in the newspaper and the courts. The first was in December of 1872 in the small village of Weybread where Henry and four others, including the innkeeper were arrested for being in the Crown Inn on a Sunday. Henry and the other customers paid 10 shillings in fines and court costs, and the innkeeper £1 19s 6d. Henry's 10 shillings were equivalent to about \$50 today.

Then in 1884, Henry was featured in a newspaper story entitled "An Unruly Son." This time it was his own father that pressed charges. According to the article, Henry, "who had conducted himself badly, requested his mother to let him have some money to spend, and on her refusal, he threw a basin through the window." Henry did not show up in court and he was fined 5 shillings, plus the cost of the window.

A similar incident occurred in 1896 at the Rose and Crown Inn in Ipswich, when Henry willfully damaged a glass door panel of the inn. According to reports, "The defendant went to the house on Wednesday last in a state of intoxication. The barmaid very properly refused to serve him. The landlord was sent for and he ejected the man. The door contained two panes of glass

embossed with a rose and shamrock. Hardly had the defendant been put out when a noise was heard, and it was seen that both panes had been smashed. The defendant was observed walking away with one hand bleeding very much." Henry pleaded guilty and was fined 5 shillings, plus the 21 shillings cost of replacing the glass. The Rose and Crown has a different door today, perhaps a legacy of our Henry Elliott.



In 1898, Henry was actually the victim of a crime, in which William Harry Grimwold, a homeless 17-year-old, stole a spirit level from Henry Elliott and another from bricklayer James Kennell. Grimwold was caught when he tried to sell the items. He pled guilty, and the deputy Mayor intervened saying that Grimwold had been to industrial school which had done him no good. The Deputy Mayor, who was also the judge, said, "He was an exceedingly bad boy," sentencing Grimwold to 14 days in "gaol" above the 14 days he had already been incarcerated awaiting trial.

Henry Elliott died July 23, 1934, at age 84. Minnie died soon after December 11, 1938. Their daughter Kate married Arthur Mayhew in 1908 and the witnesses were her cousins Harry and Alice Taylor. Arthur and Kate had three daughters.

Alonzo Elliott

Alonzo Elliott was born April 17, 1855, in Sproughton. He was baptized two years later in 1857 together with his younger brother Alfred, which suggests that the family did not get into church very often. Like his father and brothers, Alonzo became a bricklayer.

Alonzo lived with his parents until about 1880 when he married 20-year-old Alice Mary Ann Markham, daughter of a laborer in Bramford. The couple moved a few houses down Prospect Road from where his parents lived, and there they raised a family of six children, 4 boys and two girls. In 1891, Alice was working as a laundress, filling in for Alonzo's sister Agnes, who retired laundering with her marriage to Alfred Taylor.

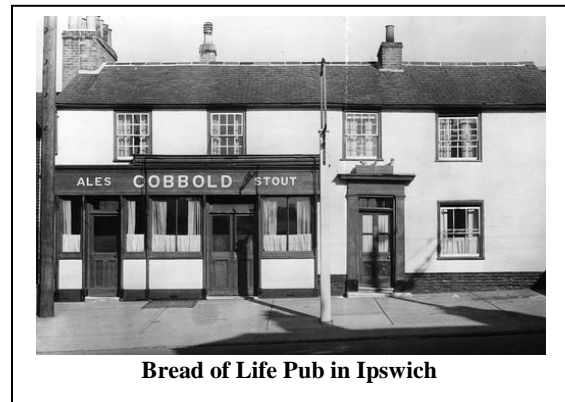
In 1873, Alonzo was nearly killed in an attack that, unlike many of these Elliott incidents, was apparently not his fault. On the evening of May 17th, Alonzo was going down Bramford Road near the Rose and Crown when he accidentally ran into Edward Daniels, a laborer. Daniels, who was carrying home a plate of hot fish for his supper, immediately threw the plate of fish at Alonzo but it did not hit him. Daniels then attacked Alonzo, knocking him down and kicking him before running away. Passersby assisted Alonzo home where Daniels was awaiting him. Alonzo asked, "What have you been doing all this for?" and in reply, Daniels attacked him again, this time with a shovel handle. Alonzo was knocked senseless and a policeman found him in the street the next morning. Alonzo was 17 days in the hospital recovering.

In 1880, just a few months before his wedding to Alice, Alonzo was arrested for indecent exposure involving a 14-year-old servant girl, Emma Wylie, who was going to work. The defense tried to show that any indecent act was really only an accident, and contended that Alonzo was mentally deficient. Alonzo's father Benjamin testified Alonzo had been hit in the head and hospitalized sometime before, and hadn't been the same since. In particular, he had no tolerance for alcohol. Only a drop of liquor intoxicated him so he was hardly responsible for his acts. However, a number of other witnesses such as the postman and milkman testified to Alonzo's suspicious behavior that day, waiting at a place by the wall, leaving when someone came, and then returning to his place. Alonzo was convicted, with a fine and court costs of 73 shillings, or roughly \$365 today.

In 1886, Alonzo was charged with assaulting a woman named Kezia Offord at the Three Cups Inn. Kezia, wife of a neighbor bricklayer, and her aunt Elisabeth Sayers complained of Alonzo talking about the aunt's late husband. They testified that when they left the Inn, Alonzo flew out of the Inn and knocked both women down twice. Alonzo, however, found two witnesses to corroborate that he never laid a hand on the women, that actually Mrs. Sayers had slapped him, and that the women were drunk and aggressive. Alonzo testified that the bruise on Mrs. Sayers' cheek occurred when in a drunken condition she fell and grazed her face on a wall. On the strength of the two witnesses' testimony, the case was dismissed.

In 1887, Alonzo was arrested for refusing to leave the Ipswich pub, the Staff of Life, for which he was fined 10 shillings.

Alonzo died young, at age 44, on November 14, 1899. In 1901, his widow Alice was working as a helper in an infirmary, her mother and children living with her. Alice died in 1933, at age 74.



Bread of Life Pub in Ipswich

Alfred Elliott

Alfred, Benjamin's youngest child, was born in the summer of 1857 in Sproughton. He took a slightly different career path than his brothers, becoming a stonemason. The two trades have much in common, particularly in the assembling stones or bricks into walls. Stonemasons, however, also shape the stones, and there are other means of stone wall construction including the use of rubble and stone chips. It is curious that Alfred departed from the "family business" and I wonder about this. Perhaps he was more difficult to get along with. At any rate, he seems to me to have been one of the darker of the brothers in behavior, involved in drink and violent spousal abuse.

In 1878, Alfred married Catherine Orriss, the 20-year-old daughter of a groom, Samuel Orriss, and his wife Sarah. Alfred and Catherine lived at 36 Victoria Street, which meant that their backyard abutted or nearly abutted his father Benjamin Elliot's. They were still at the address in 1881.

Catherine separated from Alfred about 1886. She said he was constantly threatening her, and he provided little in the way of financial support. Catherine had had to pawn nearly everything in the house. Catherine sought a separation and she had asked the court to have Alfred provide an allowance for their children. Then on August 4, 1886, a drunken Alfred came to where Catherine was living at her mother's house. Alfred struck Catherine twice while she was holding their baby. He took the baby up and threatened to smash it, to "do for the child." The court required that Alfred provide for his children. The next year, when he failed to do this regularly, he was jailed for a month.

Following this, Alfred seems to have kept on the move, the Census placing him in other counties. The 1891 Census locates Alfred up in Derbyshire, and I found him in 1901 working as a bricklayer in Stoke-upon Trent in Staffordshire. In 1911, he was lodging together with 135 other men in a "Model Lodging House" in Bradford in Yorkshire, working again as a stonemason.

Meanwhile, in the 1891 Census, Catherine is living with her mother and children, working as a bootmaker. The couple had 6 children as of 1883. Perhaps the marital issues were partially resolved because there was one more child after this, Stanley Elliott born in 1895. However, I am not sure husband and wife lived together long term again. Catherine died in 1900, and the census of the next year showed their children living with her parents.

Alfred died in the fall of 1913, back home in Ipswich.

In Susie Taylor's family birthday book, dated 1897, neither Alfred, his wife Catherine, nor their children are mentioned. It seems this branch of the family was effectively severed from ours.

Agnes Adelaide Elliott



Agnes is Jack Waddell's maternal grandmother, and therefore is a direct ancestor of ours. She was born September 18, 1852, in Ipswich, Benjamin and Susan's youngest daughter. Unlike her sisters, she was not "in service" outside the home, but stayed home with her parents.

She lived with them in the house on Prospect Road, and in 1881, Agnes was working together with her mother as a laundress. Agnes was 28 years old, her mother 68, so I suspect Agnes was doing the bulk of the heavy work. And it was heavy work. In those days, the clothes were usually boiled first in a copper basin to loosen the dirt and to kill fleas and lice. Lye soap and vigorous scrubbing by hand on a scrub board, a piece of corrugated metal in a wooden frame, served to remove the ground-in dirt. The clean clothes were rinsed and wrung out and hung to dry. The whole process took about 2 hours.

Sometime about 1880, a widower with two boys moved in next door to the Elliotts. Alfred Taylor was by trade a tailor, and generally very poor. However, Agnes was approaching 30 years old and unmarried. Alfred seems to have been much quieter than the boisterous bricklayers of her family. And caring for Alfred and his two adolescent schoolboys had to seem more promising than living with her parents as a laundress. Alfred and Agnes were married in 1881, shortly after the Census was taken. They continued to live next door to the Elliotts on Prospect Road.



Victorian Laundresses, scrubbing and rinsing

Agnes and her husband had seven children, the oldest Susie Matilda Taylor, Jack Waddell's mother and our ancestress. All the while that Alfred was alive, his wife Agnes

worked as a full-time mom. There are accounts of the children in the Taylor family section.

However, Alfred died from tuberculosis in 1908. In 1911, the census shows that Agnes was living at the homestead on Prospect Road with four of her children, all of them with jobs. Two more were in service, sending home money, and Susie had moved to Canada. And Agnes was back working as a laundress.

Agnes died November 14, 1918, at age 66 during the Spanish Flu epidemic. Her 27-year-old daughter Florence died of the same cause two days later, and the mother and daughter were buried together in Ipswich Cemetery. They were public graves, low in cost, but grave markers were not allowed.

Harriett Matilda Elliott

This woman never married, but seemed to have made a career of her service to others. She was born May 13, 1845, in Ipswich and as a child and as a young person, she went by her middle name Matilda. I feel sure that Jack's mother Susie Matilda is named for her. Census records show that Matilda went to school in her early years, but by age 15 she was "in service."

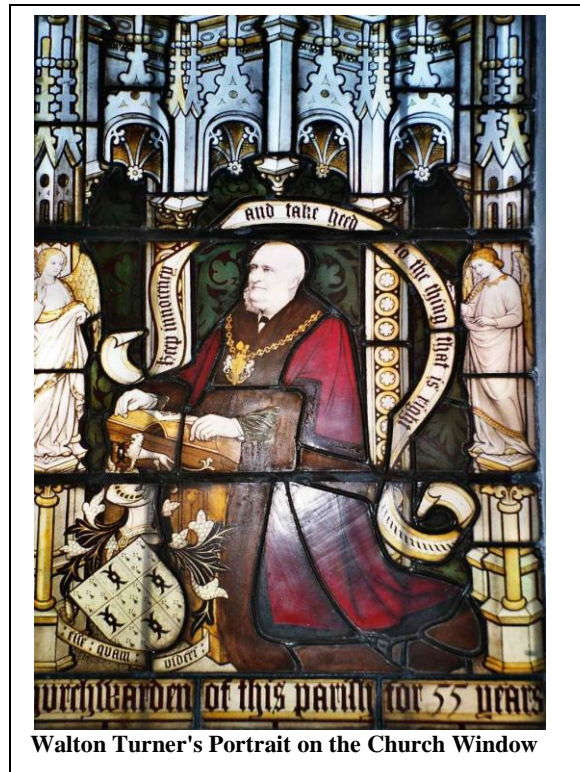
For roughly thirty years she served the Walton Turner family. Mr. Turner was a prominent businessman and politician in Ipswich in the second half of the 19th century. His work was with leather, and he was head of W&AJ Turner - Tanners, Curriers, and Leather Merchants. In politics, he served as justice of the peace and magistrate in the 1850's and 1860's. He rose to Alderman, and from 1876 - 1877 served as Mayor of Ipswich. He was also prominent in the local St. Mary at Elms Church, and a stained glass window in the church honors him for 55 years service as a Parish Warden.

Matilda came to work with the Turners sometime before 1861, starting there as a nursemaid, looking after the Turner's six children. In 1871 and 1881, she is still with the same family, working there as a housemaid.

I think that Matilda remained with the Turners until about 1889, when her half-sister Ellen Buckle's husband died. The Census shows Harriet M Elliott was living with Ellen in Ipswich in 1891. But Matilda did not leave the Turner family stranded. Taking her place as housemaid with the Turners was her sister Rosetta's 15-year-old daughter Ellen Mable Fletcher.

In 1893, Matilda's mother died, leaving her father Benjamin alone, and in the 1901 Census Harriett M Elliott is listed living with him. Harriet earned money sewing shirts as a plain needleworker. Benjamin is 85 years old and retired from bricklaying, and two years later, in 1903, he died.

Matilda died just two years later in 1905. She was only 60 years old. It was like she had run out of family to serve.



Walton Turner's Portrait on the Church Window

Rosetta Frances Elliott

Rosetta was born in Ipswich on May 20, 1847, but six weeks later her parents brought her back to Sproughton for her baptism. This was where her grandparents lived and perhaps where Benjamin's family considered their "home church." At age 3 she is listed in the 1851 Census as a "scholar," which I thought sounded a bit precocious. However, 3-year-olds in other families are also routinely recorded as scholars, so this is probably no mistake. Rosetta was still a scholar in the 1861 Census, this time with the family back in Sproughton. She was 13, and this was probably her last year in school.

In 1871, Rosetta was 23 and in the working world, in service as a housemaid in the home of William Turner. William was the son of Walton Turner, Matilda's long-term employer. The William Turner family was large, with husband, wife, seven children, and 4 servants. Turner was reasonably well off, listed as an auctioneer, and a farmer of 196 acres employing a man and three boys. This farm appears to be the Dale Hall Farm in Whitton, a community about 3 miles NE of Sproughton.

In 1874, Rosetta married Isaac Fletcher. Isaac's family had humble beginnings, his father Isaac an agricultural laborer up to the age of about 50. By 1871, however, Isaac Sr. had become the

farm bailiff of the Dale Hall Farm. As bailiff, he was a manager for the tenant farmers, ensuring that they ran their farms properly and that they paid their rents.

His son Isaac Jr., known as "Ike" in the family, also started humbly. In 1861, at age 20 Isaac Jr. was working as a groom in the town of Bentley. Then in 1868, he married a young woman of Whitton named Elizabeth Garrod. Elizabeth's father Robert was a farm laborer living close to the Dale Hall Farm where Isaac Sir worked, so this is likely how they met. The couple had one child, Charlotte, born in 1871. Unfortunately, Elizabeth died in 1873, and little Charlotte went to live with her mother's parents.

Just a little over a year later, Isaac married Rosetta Elliott. I feel sure he met Rosetta through his father's business connections with the Turners. There was a bit of commerce and farm decisions going on between Ipswich and Whitton that would bring them into contact.

Isaac and Rosetta married, but for some reason, they did not reclaim 3-year-old Charlotte from her grandparents. Charlotte was not forgotten, though. She was apparently an active member of the Ipswich family and remembered in Susie Taylor's Birthday Book. Charlotte became a teacher.

Isaac worked as a milkman during the 1871 and 1881 census. However, by 1891, his father had retired as bailiff, and son Isaac Jr. took over the post. In that year, Rosetta is listed as working as a dairywoman, meaning she attended to a dairy or sold the dairy products. She had 5 small children at home, and kept the oldest, Fanny, home from school to serve as "mother's helper." By the 1901 census, Isaac had moved, listed as a farmer working the Mill farm in Sproughton.



Whitehouse in Sproughton

About two months after the 1901 Census data were taken, Rosetta died on June 20, 1901. She was only 55 years old. She was buried in Sproughton Cemetery.

Isaac continued on at the Mill farm in Sproughton at least through 1911. Family stories indicate that he later moved to Whitehouse Farm near Sproughton, where he lived until his death on April 1, 1926

A Few Notable Children

Frank Samuel Elliott

Alonzo's son Frank Samuel Elliott was born in 1881, early on working as a clerk at a foundry. However, family records indicate that in 1936 he was a foreign correspondent for Ransomes Publishing. I have not yet been able to learn more about where he worked in the time leading up to WWII.

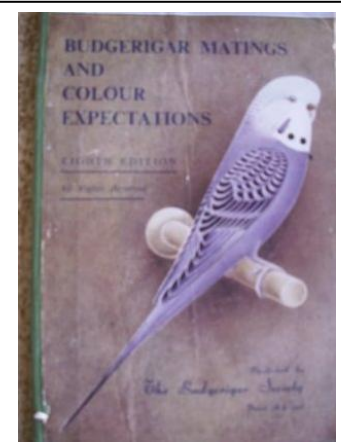
Frank had an interest in the outdoors, playing tennis and lawn bowling, and had an orchard where he also raised chickens.

He also kept cages of parakeets in his backyard, and he was internationally recognized for his work with breeding them.

In 1948 Frank wrote a classic reference about parakeets: *Budgerigar Matings and Color Expectations*.



Frank Samuel Elliott



Frank's Parakeet Book

Frank died about 1953

Ellen Fletcher

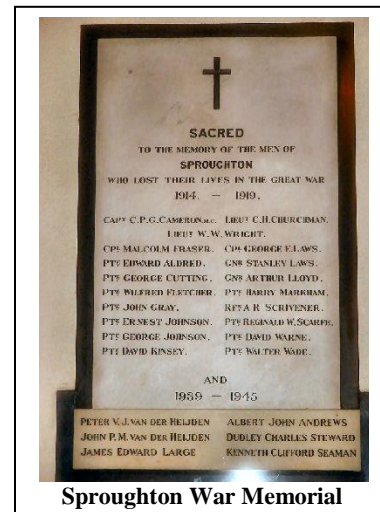
Ellen Fletcher, daughter of Rosetta and Isaac, went into service and took Harriet's place at the Walton Turner residence in 1891. In 1901, she was living at the Dale Hall farm in Whitton, housemaid for the family of William Turner's son Percy.

Fanny Fletcher

Fanny Fletcher worked for yet another of the Turner family. Fanny was born in 1878, and at age 13 she was working at home as her "mother's helper." However, in 1901, she was in service with a solicitor named Alan Turner, son of William Turner, Rosetta's old employer. By 1911, however, she had left the Turners, and went to work with her cousin Kate Tailor for Mr. Alfred Warner in Essex. Fanny eventually married at age 36 to Henry Williman, and they had one son, named for the father.

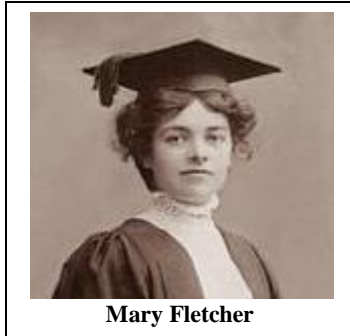
Wilfrid Fletcher

Rosetta's son Wilfrid was born April 3, 1882. During the First World War, he joined the army, serving as a private in the 4th Battalion of the Suffolk Regiment. He died March 11, 1916, in the Eastern Counties Hospital, but I don't know whether the cause of death was disease or wounds. But he died in the service of the country and he is commemorated on a War Memorial in the Sproughton Church. He is buried in the Sproughton churchyard.



Sproughton War Memorial

Mary Fletcher



Mary Fletcher is one of the celebrities of the family, a politician and a crusader for women's rights. She was the daughter of Isaac and Rosetta Fletcher, born September 17, 1884, in Whitton. Janet furnished much of the information here about this cousin.

Mary was a great student and at the age of 10, she received a scholarship, with which she attended London Road School, and then Ipswich Higher Grade School. Upon graduation, Mary taught primary school in Ipswich for many years.

Mary was also a member of the Women's Social and Political Union (WSPU) working to get the vote for English women. The WSPU was the militant arm of the women's suffrage movement, using civil disobedience to gain their goals. Their members were the actual Suffragettes, a title they seized and adopted for themselves when the newspapers tried to ridicule them with it. Their motto was "Deeds Not Words." These women were serious, and people died in the ensuing protests, hunger strikes, and violence. And they were successful. English women over thirty got the vote in 1918, and all of them over 21 were enfranchised in 1928.



With vote in hand, Mary entered politics. In 1924, she joined the Labor Party, and in 1928 ran for City Council. Mary ran unsuccessfully several times, and finally was elected in 1930. She gradually was elected to higher offices and became Alderman in 1945. In 1946, Mary was elected the first woman Mayor in Ipswich. The Crown in 1951 honored her with an MBE (Member of the Most Excellent Order of the British Empire) to recognize her public service. This is something like receiving a low-grade knighthood.

Mary got a late start on having a family. In 1922, when she was 38 years old, she married a 42-year-old widowed school teacher named James Whitmore. James' father was also named James, and he was a master mariner and a ships chandler. James and Mary had just one child, Enid.

Mary died in July of 1974 at age 89. Following her death, this tribute was paid to her by Mrs. Doris Young, a member of the National Labour Women's Advisory Committee:

“Mrs. Mary Whitmore – socialist, pacifist and internationalist – was a pioneer of women’s suffrage, education and public service.

“Those who knew her will recall a woman of deep conviction and great determination who, in very difficult days, set about trying to improve the quality of life of those around her.

“Her service to the town as first woman Mayor and as councilor and alderman for 31 years is well known and will be remembered with gratitude by many citizens.

“The Labour movement is enriched by her life of devotion and sacrifice and Ipswich is a better place because of her willing service.

“As we honour her memory, let us remember that we all walk more easily because people like Mary Whitmore trod the hard road before us.”



Other Elliotts

Robert Elliott, Jr.

This is Benjamin Elliott's brother, born about 1813 in Hintlesham, Suffolk. However, Robert moved to Gestingthorpe, at least by the 1830's, where he lived the rest of his life. In 1836 he married a local girl, 28-year-old Sophia Surridge.

Robert worked at several laboring jobs in Gestingthorpe. There was brickwork there, and he is recorded as a brickyard laborer at times during the 1840's and 1860's. The brick and tile factory just outside of town made hard yellowish bricks, called "white brick." A book of the day reported that those bricks were more durable than red bricks and could be used for lower floors of houses and for fireplaces. Robert also worked as a farm laborer. Agriculture was important in the area and employed over half the citizens.

Robert and Sophia's marriage was marked by sorrow. A daughter Ann, born in 1837, died at age three. Another daughter, also named Ann, lived just a few months in 1841. Their third daughter, Marianne, named for Robert's mother, was born in 1846 but died just two months later. Then in 1857, Robert's wife of 21 years died at age 49.

Robert continued to live in Gestingthorpe. In 1881 he was joined by John Elliott who I think is Robert's cousin. John was the son of Jane Elliott who is discussed below. By the 1891 Census, Robert was again alone and listed as employed but infirm, suffering from old age. Robert died just a few months after that Census on June 8, 1891, at age 77.

Jane Elliott

I think this Jane Elliott is related to us, probably our Benjamin Elliott's aunt on his father's side. Jane was baptized April 8, 1787, in Gestingthorpe in Essex County, daughter of a Robert and Jane Elliott. This Robert was a carpenter and probably the grandfather of our Benjamin Elliott. And Jane and her family have an interesting story.

Church records show that Jane was the mother of five children. I think that her oldest daughter Elizabeth died in 1837, but in the 1841 census, Jane was living together with her other four near Gestingthorpe in Wickham St. Paul. The 1841 census describes Jane as a straw plaiter and living next door to a beer store. Church records also indicate that Jane never married. Apparently, she was a mistress for someone who would not or could not marry her, or perhaps she was a prostitute.

I have read that in some communities, the job title seamstress was a euphemism for prostitute, and I wondered about straw plaiters. However, straw plaiting turned out to be a serious profession. It was introduced into the country by George, Marquis of Buckingham as a useful source of income to the rural poor of Essex. The straw was taken from cereal crops, dried, slit, and woven into strips. It took quite a bit of skill and patience to get it right, and the resulting products were sold to hat makers. Good straw plaiters could earn 22 shillings per week, about \$83 in today's money. By contrast, farm workers only earned about a third of that. The local newspaper reported in 1850 that "there is scarcely a cottage in the district where it is not exercised."



Jane was a single mom with four kids ranging in age from 12 to 20. In addition, her aging father Robert Elliott was a pauper and living with her as well. Straw plaiting could have offered a good enough income to help them get by. However, unmarried Jane was also involved in some enterprise that netted her five out-of-wedlock children.

Her father, Old Robert, died in 1842, and Jane died in 1847. As far as I can tell the four children never married but lived together for the rest of their lives, at least through 1870. The girls Bathsheba and Abigail took up the profession of straw plaiters, and to my knowledge never had children. John and Paul worked to support the family as farm laborers. By 1881 the only one I could find was John. He was living with Robert Elliott, Benjamin's brother, in Gestingthorpe.

Why none of them ever married I suspect had something to do with their mother's unmarried and perhaps working status. Up until just recently, this could be a real stigma for illegitimate children to have to bear.

3. Jack's Ulster Lineage

Introduction

Jack's paternal heritage lies in Protestant Northern Ireland. Family ancestors from Scotland and England settled predominantly in Counties Armagh and Tyrone sometime in the 1600's or so. The Waddell and Allen families of County Armagh were Scots-Irish Presbyterians, with their original roots in the lowlands of Scotland. They were farmers, working relatively small 10 to 20 acre plots. The County Tyrone Turkington and Anderson families were Church of Ireland, probably coming from northern England. These families were laborers and linen weavers.

With the coming of the industrial revolution to Ireland in the 1840's or so, steam-powered textile factories were set up, the first ones spinning thread and then later weaving fabric. Factory wages were low in Ireland, especially when compared with elsewhere in the British Isles, but the jobs were not seasonal, and many of them were filled by women.

Gradually most of our family gravitated toward work in these linen weaving factories. And when they listed their occupations, it was as lapper, or tenter, or sampler, all aspects of the power weaving process.



Irish Power Loom Factory

Early in the 20th century, family members started migrating to Canada. Jack's father Robert was one of the first in 1907, followed a year later by his sister Rachel and cousin Louise. His parents, grandmother, and other sister immigrated in 1921, and his younger brother Nick followed in 1923.

Irish Protestants and Catholics

In the 1590's, the chieftains of the wild and under-populated northern Irish counties conspired to revolt against England. In response, James 1 put down the revolt and appropriated lands of the rebel chiefs to form the Ulster Plantation. He granted the lands to English gentlemen with the idea they would import labor and cultivate the properties. James was also King of Scotland and he brought in Scottish Presbyterians to work the land. In 1641, the indigenous Irish in Ulster revolted, quickly overrunning and destroying most of the English and Scottish settlements. Many Protestant settlers were put to death, and even today stories are told of the English settlers captured and locked in a church which was then burned down on them. Four thousand English and Scots were killed, and eight thousand expelled. About ten years later, the English Cromwell government brutally recaptured Ulster, but in 1690, the Irish arose again. They supported Catholic James against the Protestant William of Orange as king of England. William and the Irish Protestants decisively defeated the Irish at the Battle of the Boyne. This victory is

celebrated with parades and other activities every 12th of July by Protestants in Northern Ireland and in other places in the UK. These celebrations have become a sore spot with Irish Catholics

After the Irish defeat, Scottish Presbyterian immigration resumed, and something resembling ethnic cleansing was exercised against the Irish. By the early 1700's the Scots were the majority in Ulster. Further native Irish insurrections were feared, and the Protestant response was the Peep O'Day Boys. Members of this secret militant association attacked their Catholic neighbors, ostensibly in search of arms. Their aggressions grew to general plunder and outrage and sometimes murder, and in response, the Catholics organized resistance groups called Defenders



During the 18th century, the Irish Catholics were oppressed by a series of laws from London, to such a degree that Presbyterian and Church of Ireland people were inclined to lobby for Catholic relief. The Presbyterians themselves had been oppressed by Britain, their religion not recognized by the authorities. By the late 1700's, a spirit of unity was beginning to heal wounds in Ireland.

However, the alarmed English politicians sought to break up this reconciliation, fearing the strength of a united Irish front. They appealed to their common Protestantism with the Scots and initiated a fear campaign, inventing supposed "Popish plots and conspiracies." The Protestant response was the resumption of the Peep O'Day Boys.

There continue to be extremists on both sides. There has been a considerable improvement, but tensions, with periods of bloodshed and terror, continue between the Protestants and Catholics to this day.

Orangemen

A 1795 Protestant victory at the Battle of the Diamond in Loughgall, County Armagh gave rise to today's Orange Order. The immediate causes and nature of the battle are disputed, but in the end, the Protestants, including Peep O'Day Boys, routed Catholic Defenders, killing between 4 and 30 Catholics while suffering no casualties to themselves.

Immediately following the battle, the victors formed an organization with goals to hinder the efforts of Irish nationalism and to uphold the "Protestant Ascendancy." The Orange Order was named for William of Orange, the Protestant victor at the Boyne, and the group continues today. The Order now sees itself as defending civil and religious liberties gained through the Protestant Reformation. The organization is characterized as anti-Catholic, anti-Home Rule, and pro-Union

with Britain. The Orangemen resist any efforts to unite Ireland with Northern Ireland. They have strong religious leanings, taking a position to follow the Bible and to follow in the paths of early Reformation teachers. Members are called upon to “strenuously oppose the fatal errors and doctrines of the Church of Rome...” and to avoid any participation in Catholic religious ceremonies. No one who is Catholic or who has close Catholic family members may join, although converts from Catholicism are sometimes admitted. Members agree to vigorously resist any move to political power by those not of the Reformed Protestant Faith. Orangemen are also called upon to live their lives in accord with the scriptures, honoring the Sabbath, go to worship service, and avoiding swearing. The national organization took a firm stand against violence, and younger members were urged to avoid participation in paramilitary groups.

Every July 12th, the Orange Order celebrates the Protestant victory at the Battle of the Boyne with parades and other activities. Orangemen in their bowler hats and sashes parade with bands and banners.

For generations, all Waddell men have belonged to the Orange Order in Ireland. Toronto was a Canadian stronghold for the Orange movement, and when the family immigrated to Canada, they immediately joined local lodges. Family interest in the Orange Order dissipated in the next generation, probably because of a different atmosphere in Canada, and because of the early loss of their Irish father Robert from the family.

Ulster Covenant

In 1912, the passage of a bill in Parliament to unite all of Ireland under a Dublin government seemed assured. Edward Carson, a leader of the Unionist movement, helped to organize the Ulster Covenant, a pledge to resist any union of north and south "by all means necessary." A modified version called the Ulster Declaration was prepared for women, stating that signers would fully support their husbands in these matters. September 28 was "Signing Day", and 237,000 men and 234,000 women took their stand. As far as I can tell, all our family members signed this document. Carson backed the "by all means necessary" phrase by organizing the Ulster Volunteers, Ulster's first loyalist paramilitary group, and received arms shipments from the German government. William Waddell, Jack's grandfather, was an officer in this group.



Carson and Orangemen Parade



Carson signs Ulster Covenant

Sources and Acknowledgements

The family research of this Waddell lineage owes much to Jack Waddell's niece, Lynne Erley. With contacts she established in Ireland, she was able to find key birth and marriage records that were the backbone for this family tree. It was Lynne who wrote me to see if we weren't related. She also established links with other Waddell cousins who provided stories and information.

Two of these key cousin contacts are Roy and Mary Waddell. Roy is the son of Nick Waddell, Jack's Uncle, and Roy's wife Mary has been working on the family history for some time now. Mary and her husband Roy personally knew most of the Ulster immigrants in Canada and could provide descriptions and stories that made these people come alive. Further, Mary generously shared Waddell family photos, some of which go back to Ireland.

Lynne's contact in Ireland was Brian Ellison, an amateur genealogist who used family searches to explore local history. Brian contributed important family data as well as some interesting insights into this study.

Carol Graham, Eva Waddell's daughter, has been researching the Waddell family who has shared freely with this project. She is by calling a research librarian and has suggested several clever and fruitful approaches for this research.

Another very helpful person has been William Waddell of Keady in County Armagh. William is our cousin, the great-great-grandson of William and Mary Jane Waddell. William is an Orangeman, and he still works the original Waddell family farm. He was able to provide family tree data, as well as pictures, stories, and insights about how and where our family lived in Ireland. He is a fine fellow, but there is no picture of him here (or as far as I can tell anywhere else) by his own choice.

Lily McFerran is a cousin of ours who now lives in Australia. Lily supplied pictures, stories, and a whole family tree about a different and most unexpected branch of our Irish family.

I am very grateful for the help of all these folks.



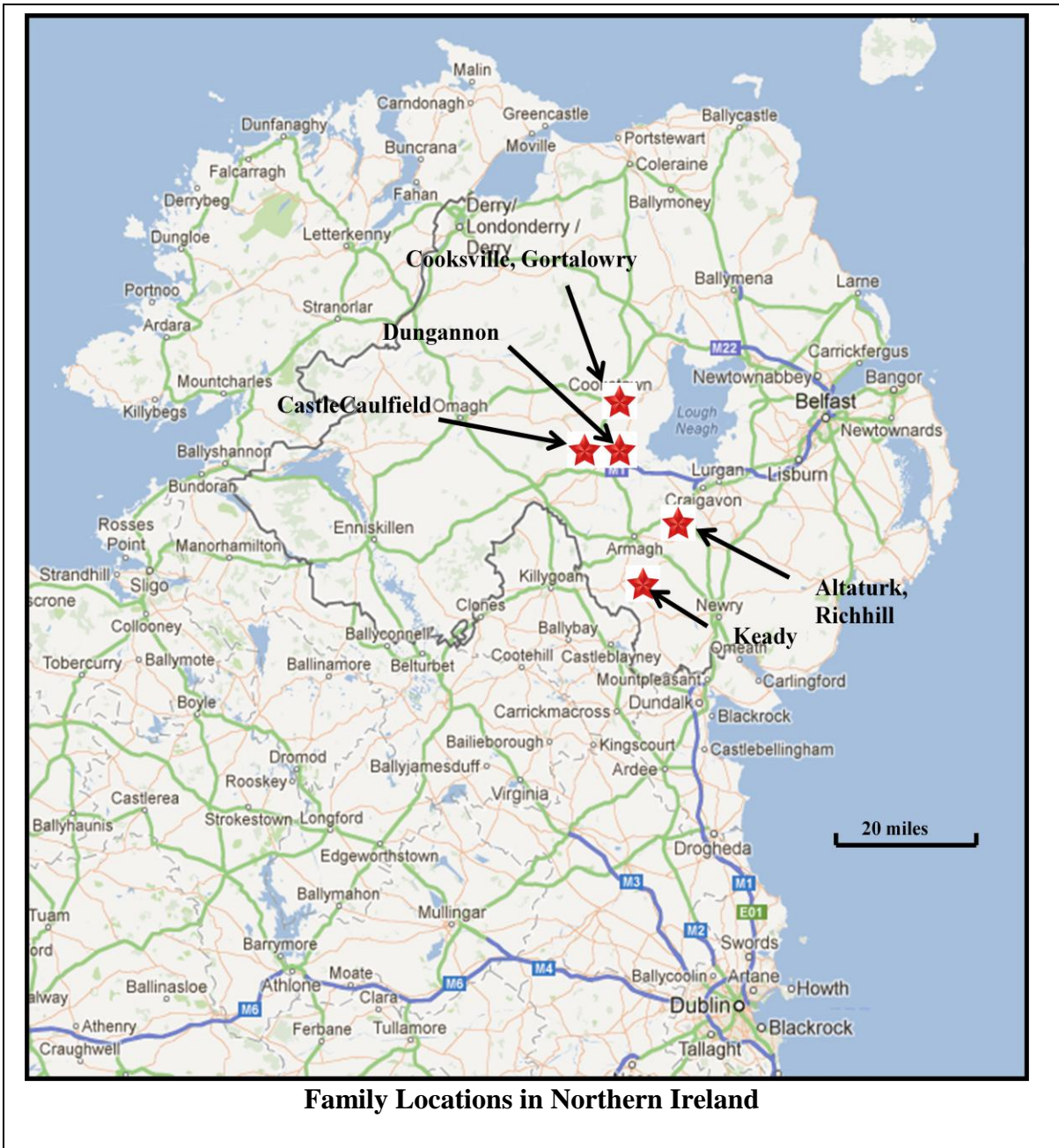
Lynne Erley



Mary and Roy Waddell



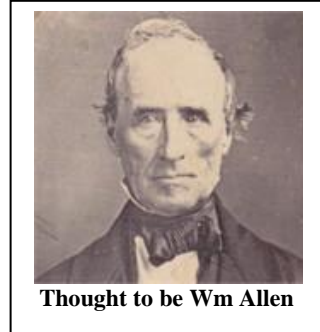
**Lily McFerran with Grandkids
Lola and Andrew**



Allen Family

The family name "Allen" is based on a personal name and has its roots in the old Celtic days. It probably comes from the Gaelic "ailin", meaning "little rock." The Scottish version is generally spelled "Allan" (Allen being English), but given the family's Presbyterian religion, I suspect our Allens are from Scotland.

William Allen



William Allen was born about 1799 in Altaturk in the parish of Loughgall in County Armagh. Altaturk was a country manor located near the town of Richhill, about 5 miles ENE of the principal town of Armagh. This farm is only about 2 miles from where the Battle of the Diamond was fought. I think William's wife's name was Jane Willey. William was Presbyterian and was not able to read or write.

However, he could farm. William owned the lease on 18 acres of farmland, for which his landlord was the Earl of Charlemot. The Allen family held on to the farm leases over the years, and a description in the 1901 census gives a description. It had a stable, a cowhouse, a calfhouse, a piggery, a fowlhouse, and a barn. In the mid-1800's, the farmers of the area raised mostly oats and potatoes, with some turnips, clover, and flax. According to the census of 1901, the residence house on the farm was low quality, probably built of wood with a thatched roof.

William died about 1872 and left a will. In it, he left a small 4-acre plot to his son James, and the remainder of the farm and property to his son William. The will made no mention of his daughter and our ancestor Mary Jane.



Mary Jane Allen

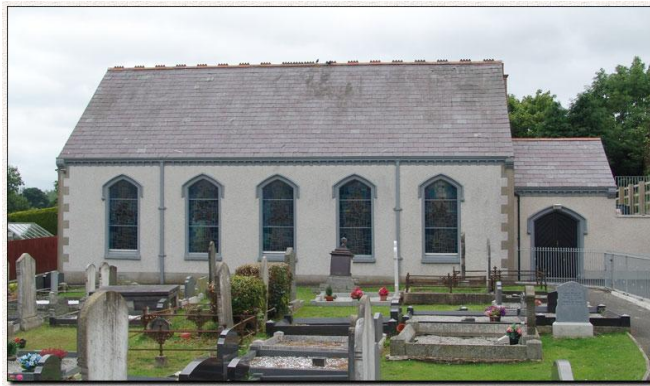


I think this is Mary Jane

Mary Jane was a farmer's daughter, born about 1834 to William Allen. She was a Presbyterian, and she could read and write. She grew up in the Altaturk manor in County Armagh near Richhill.

It was in the Richhill Presbyterian Church that she married William Waddell in 1858. William's farm was in Dunlargue, located about 10 miles away from Altaturk. The church records show they had at least seven children there, including sons Samuel, who inherited the farm, and William, Jack's grandfather.

Mary Jane died at the farm on February 19, 1907, just six days after the death of her husband. Her death certificate indicates that death was due to rheumatism. Rheumatism is an autoimmune disease that typically affects joints and the muscles and soft tissues around the joints and bones. As such, it sounds painful but is otherwise reasonably benign. However, at times the condition can attack the heart and brain, and this is nearly always fatal. Mary Jane had suffered from rheumatism for at least 9 months before her death. Exhaustion was also reported as contributing to her death, surely influenced by the grief of losing her husband of nearly 50 years.



Richhill Presbyterian Church where William and Mary Jane married

Turkington Family

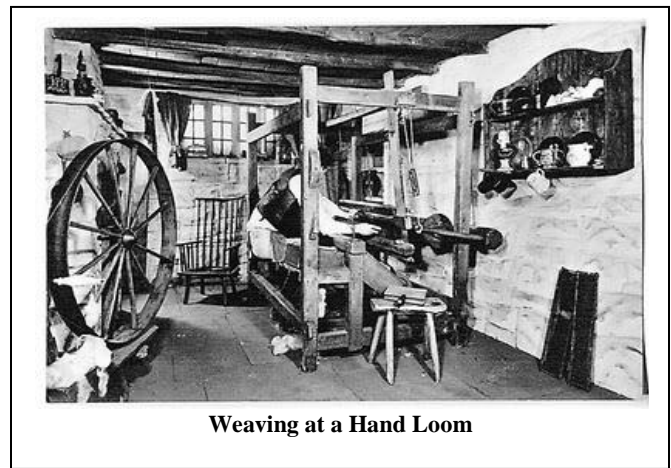
The family name Turkington is derived from a place name, probably the English township of Torkington, about 10 miles southeast of downtown Manchester. In the mid-1800's the name Turkington was found most predominantly in the Manchester area. The name probably migrated to Ireland with the settlement of the plantations in the 1600's, and now it is more common in Northern Ireland than anywhere else.

David Turkington

David Turkington was born about 1798 and was a handloom weaver in Gortalowry, a suburb of Cookstown in County Tyrone. He was Church of Ireland and was not able to read or write. Some of the early church records suggest David was called "Turk" as a nickname. He was married to a woman named Sarah, and over the period 1824 through 1842, the couple had at least ten children. The youngest, Rachel, was our ancestor.

The children's births were recorded in the Derryloran Parish church records, and because the children were frequent, they give something of a picture of the history of this family.

David started out as a handweaver working in Gortalowry. In the 1820's, handweaving was a good trade. It did not take a lot of training and required only a small outlay for the loom. Good handweavers could earn about twice what agricultural laborers made.



Weaving at a Hand Loom

About 1827, David moved to Armagh, while his family remained in Gortalowry. He continued to live there working as a weaver through about 1830. He appears to have been on good terms with his wife as children were born to them annually.

About this time, though, weaving was becoming mechanized. The first innovation was steam powered spinning machines, which could make the raw materials for David's weaving much cheaper and more uniform than spinning by hand. As a result, hand weaving prospered for a short time.

However, steam-powered weaving machines followed not long after, and soon David was unable to compete. About 1833, the family was living in Teressan, a manor about a mile east of downtown Cookstown, and David was still weaving. However, in 1834 he listed himself as a farmer and in 1836 as a laborer. I think he eventually figured he could be a laborer anywhere, and by 1842 he had moved back to Gortalowry. David was still a laborer, and this is where and when our ancestor Rachel was born. Rachel was their last child, perhaps a change of life baby, born about 6 years after her nearest sibling.



The next record for David that I have found is for Rachel's wedding in Gortallowry in 1865. I think David was always a weaver at heart, or perhaps something changed and he found work. However it was, he listed his occupation in 1865 as weaver.

Unfortunately, Sarah did not see her daughter Rachel's wedding. Sarah died in January of 1853. The records said that she was "about 50 years old." David himself died in 1872, at age 74.

Rachel Turkington

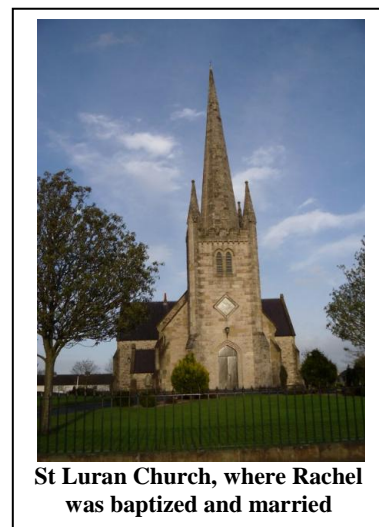


Rachel Turkington was the youngest child of David and Sarah Turkington, born in 1842 in the town of Gortallowry. Gortallowry is a small suburb of Cookstown, County Tyrone, that has since been swallowed up by the town. Like her parents, Rachel belonged to the Church of Ireland.

On June 3, 1865, Rachel married a worker in the weaving mill, Robert John Anderson. The couple continued to live for a few years in Cookstown, and it was there that their daughter Eliza Jane was born. By the early 1870's, though, they had moved to Milltown, a section of Dungannon. The records are somewhat spotty in Milltown, but they had at least three more children: Mary Anne,

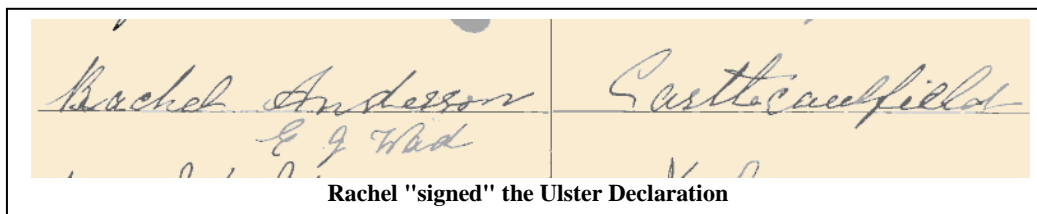
Robert, and Louisa.

Rachel lost her husband in 1894, and she continued to live in Milltown with her children. In 1901, her 25-year-old son Robert, a tenter like his father, had graduated to "head of family" in the census, and she was living with him. By 1911, she had moved and was living in Castlecaulfield with the William Waddell family. Rachel was living there when she endorsed the Ulster Declaration, the women's form of the Ulster Declaration, in 1912.



I think that through her life she maintained a fierce pride in her Turkington name and heritage. In both the 1901 and 1911 Census, she included Turkington as her middle name, which of course is correct. In 1911, the census taker actually omitted her last name, listing her just as "Rachel Turkington." Others in the family shared the pride, or more likely it was great affection for her - the name Turkington shows up as middle names in 3 of her grandchildren, including William and Eliza's daughter Rachel.

I do not think that Rachel Anderson could read or write because she signed her marriage documents with her "mark", and her daughter signed and witnessed the Ulster Declaration for her. However, Rachel would never own up to that. In two census forms and on her ship papers, she allowed that she was able to both read and write. There is a signature on her ship landing papers, but I think that Eliza or Myrtle signed it for her.



Rachel "signed" the Ulster Declaration

Rachel accompanied the Waddells when they left Ireland for Canada in 1921. She noted on the forms that her daughter had bought her ticket for her and that she was going to live with another daughter, Louisa. Louisa had earlier gone to Canada, and in 1909 she married an Irish carpenter named Henry Walker.



I think this is Rachel

I think that the pictures shown here are Rachel living in her old age in Canada. Rachel lived in Canada with her daughter Louisa Walker for 5 years, and some pictures of her in Canada should have survived. The photos here were in the collection that Mary Waddell and Lynne Erley shared, and they unfortunately are not labeled. However, they are a pretty good fit to what we know, and I think they are Rachel.

Rachel died in Canada on July 8, 1926. Her death certificate gave cause of death as senility with myocardial degeneration, which actually means "old age." She was 82. She is buried in St John Norway Cemetery in Toronto, together with her daughter Louisa, who died only 6 months later of a cerebral hemorrhage at age 44.

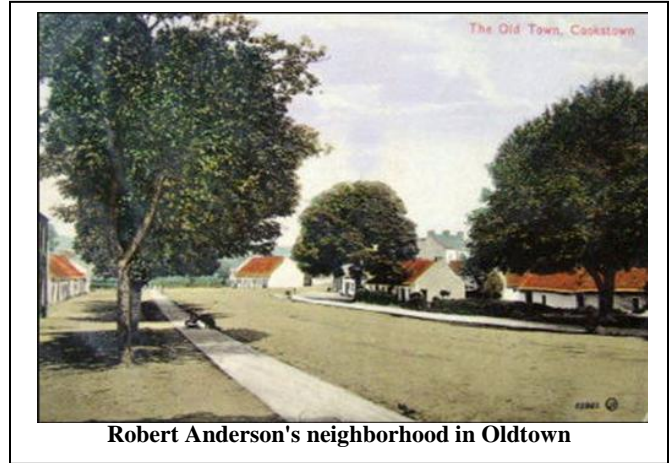
Anderson Family

"Anders" is a Middle English form of the first name "Andrew", so Anderson means "son of Andrew". Spelled Andersson with two "s's", the name typically originates in Scandinavia. However, our Anderson families are perhaps from Scotland or more likely from Northern England.

Robert Anderson

Robert Anderson was a laborer living in Cookstown, County Tyrone and married to a wife named Eliza. I estimate he was born about 1820 or so, and in the 1840's his family was living on Orritor Street. That street is still there today, but the buildings have been replaced with more modern structures. Robert was not able to read or write. The family belonged to the Church of Ireland.

Robert and Eliza had at least two children, Alexander and Robert John Anderson. By 1865, Robert was living in Oldtown, still working as a laborer. Oldtown is the section of Cookstown associated with the Milburn Weaving Mill and I suspect Robert was working there, as was his son Robert John.



Robert Anderson's neighborhood in Oldtown

Robert John Anderson

Robert John was born to Robert and Eliza Anderson on July 15, 1844, in Cookstown in County, Tyrone. He seems to have been called Robert John, likely to differentiate him from his father Robert. In formal records, he is occasionally Robert J, but mostly he is listed with his full name. By 1865, Robert John was working in the weaving mill in Oldtown, an industrial section of Cookstown associated with the Milburn power weaving works.



Milburn Power Weaving Mills in Cookstown, County Tyrone

The Milburn weaving factory manufactured plain linens, diapers, and damasks. It contained over 300 looms, and in full operation employed more than 500 people. Robert John's job there was entitled "tenter". In the manufacturing process, the woven linen was stretched out with machines or with frames so the material would dry and sun bleach both evenly and squarely. The process was called tenting and the operators responsible were tenters. Hooks were used to hold the material in place, called tenterhooks. Even today, when someone is apprehensive with nerves stretched tightly, we say he is on "tenterhooks."



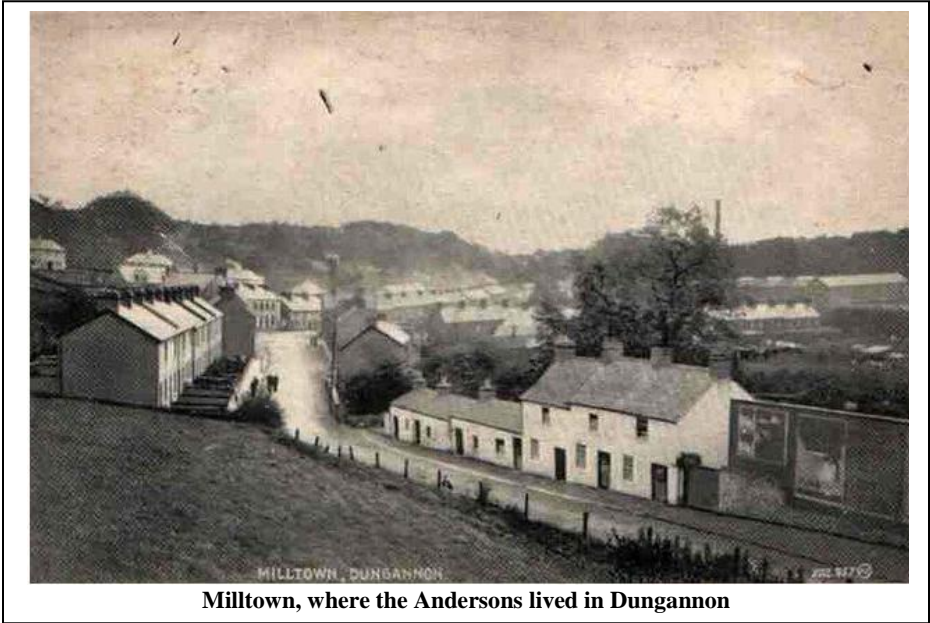
Tenters at Work



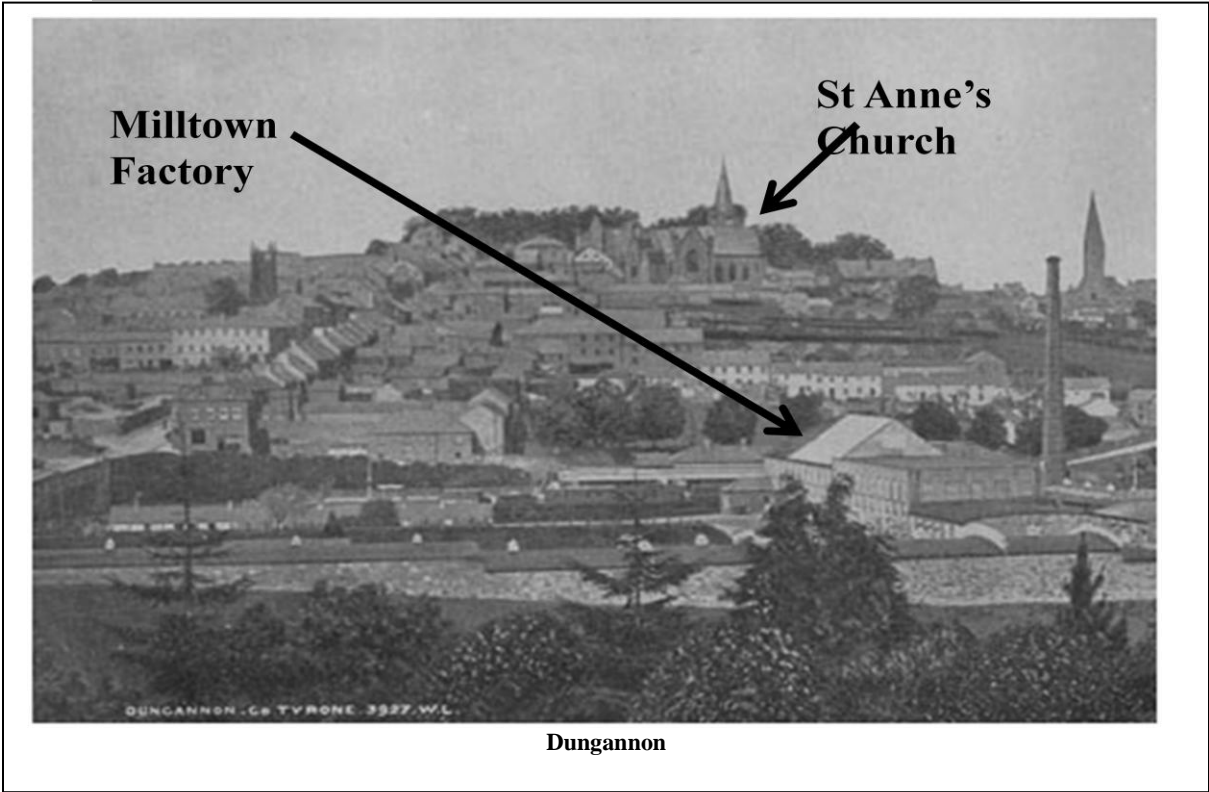
Tenter Hooks

On June 3, 1865, Robert John Anderson married Rachel Turkington, of Cookstown. They initially settled in Cookstown, and their first child, our Eliza Jane Anderson, was born there. However, I think sometime shortly after, the family moved to the industrial town of Dungannon. Robert took a job there at the Milltown weaving mill, his position foreman tenter. It was there that the family would meet the Waddells. William Waddell was a lapper for a while in the same plant.

Robert John died January 31, 1894, at age 50. His death certificate listed no cause of death.



Milltown, where the Andersons lived in Dungannon



Dungannon

Eliza Jane Anderson

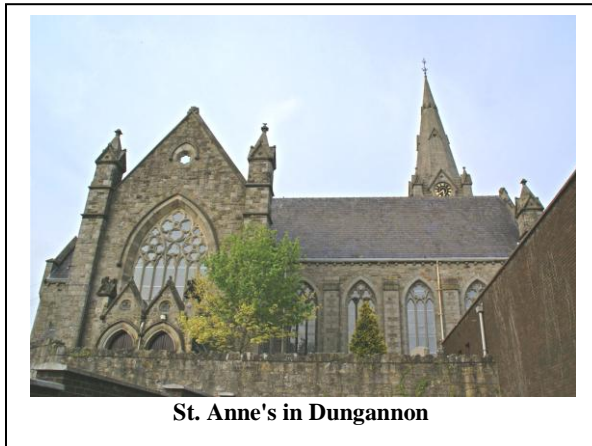


Eliza Jane Anderson

Eliza Jane Anderson was born December 27, 1865, in Cookstown, County Tyrone, but the church records list a vague January 1865. Brian Ellison suggests that this was to put a little extra time between her parents' marriage in June and her birth. Eliza, who was called Lizzie within the family, went to school and learned to read and write. Like her parents, she was a member of the Church of Ireland. Her father, Robert John Anderson, was a worker in the weaving factory there. A few years after her birth, the family moved about 20 miles south to Dungannon, where her father took the job as a foreman tenter in the weaving plant.

In Dungannon, Eliza Jane would meet William Waddell, another worker in the Milltown mills. She and William were married on October 30, 1885, in St Anne's, the Drumglass Parish Church of County Tyrone. A few years later, they moved to the nearby town of Castlecaulfield.

The Waddells had five children, four of whom grew to adulthood. Annie Louisa Jane, born to them in 1898, died before the age of two.



St. Anne's in Dungannon

In 1921, William and Eliza Jane, their daughter Sarah Myrdith (Myrtle), and Eliza's mother Rachel left Ireland for Canada. Two of their children, Robert and Rachel, had come over about 10 years before and married. Their son Nicholson joined them in Toronto in 1923. Eliza and William lived in Toronto, initially with their daughter Rachel. They eventually settled at 868 Dovercourt near the Dominion Bank where William worked as a messenger.

In 1935, Eliza made the front page of the Toronto Star newspaper with a fire at her apartment building on Dovercourt. According to the article, "Early yesterday morning in a blinding snowstorm, a milkman interrupted his rounds to save 14 people from suffocating smoke and carry one of them, an elderly woman, to safety." Milkman Dave Miller encountered black smoke as he entered the building for a delivery, and quickly raised the alarm. "I woke up and noticed a smell of smoke," Mrs. William Waddell told the Star. "I thought perhaps that the janitor was attending to the furnace, but then it got worse and I heard a stone crash through our window. I jumped up and went into the sitting room. It was terrible - the smoke was so thick you could hardly see. The firemen came and helped me down and our milkman carried me across the road." The paper noted that in the snowstorm, "Great clouds of snow were blown down the street by a bitter east wind...So great was the haste to escape of Mrs. Waddell that she was brought into the open, scantily clad and barefooted." When it was evident that everyone was safe, the milkman resumed his rounds. Miller's quick action, the paper reported, saved 14 people and also 3 canaries.

Damage to the apartment was apparently low, mostly due to smoke. However, the next year's city directory shows the Waddells had moved to another apartment, located at 155 Rusholme Rd.

Eliza's husband William died on January 14, 1942, and Eliza moved in with her daughter Myrtle and Myrtle's husband George. Mary said, "Myrtle was a very good person, and kind to old Elizabeth. Granny lived her later years with Myrtle and George."



Eliza (left) with Myrtle at Myrtle's House

Mary Waddell, Nick's daughter in law, knew Eliza and told me about her. She said that Eliza was a tiny woman, a nice old lady, and a doting mother. Eliza's youngest son Nick was twelve years old when WWI started, and by age 14 he was ready to fight. He enlisted in the Army, but when his mother found out she went to the authorities and got him out. Undaunted, Nick then tried the Royal Navy and again his mother intervened. Finally, he signed up with the Royal Flying Corps, and since he was approaching enlistment age, his mother told him he was on his own this time. There is more about Nick's World War I experiences in his section below.

Mary told me that Eliza was a doting mom, but she was also an interfering mother-in-law. After William's death, Eliza would come to stay with Nick for a couple of weeks each year. Eliza was a good cook, and of course, the doting mother knew what her Nicholson's favorite foods were and just how he like them prepared. She would tell her daughter-in-law Olive, "This is how Nick likes his potatoes." Or "This was one of his favorite foods." Elizabeth was pretty strong-willed and bossy with her daughter-in-law. As a result, Olive had no love for Grandma Waddell and



Eliza visiting Nick and Olive

barely tolerated her visits. On the other hand, Nick was very devoted to his mother and loved her visits. "Of course he went to work every day," Mary said, "and did not have to prepare the meals!" This picture is from one of those visits to Nick's house on Centre Island. I think Olive's feelings are not hidden in this picture.

One of the dishes that Eliza would prepare for Nick was a potato recipe called Champ. Champ is a traditional dish of Northern Ireland and it would have brought back good memories to Nick. After Eliza's passing, Nick would make the dish himself, and Roy and Mary have shared the recipe.

Champ

potatoes (2 lb)	butter (1/4 cup)
green onions (3)	salt (1/2 tsp)
milk (1 cup)	little pepper

Peel and boil the potatoes about 20 minutes. Cut up the green onions fine and simmer in the milk. Drain and reheat the potatoes to dry them. Add butter and salt, and mash. Add the milk and onions to the potatoes and mix them until smooth. Add a little pepper to taste.

Eliza was a very religious woman. She was a teetotaler, and would not have alcohol in the house. Mary said that when they visited her on a Sunday, Eliza had tuned in Billy Graham on the TV. When Billy said to touch the TV screen and say 'I believe,' Eliza did just that.

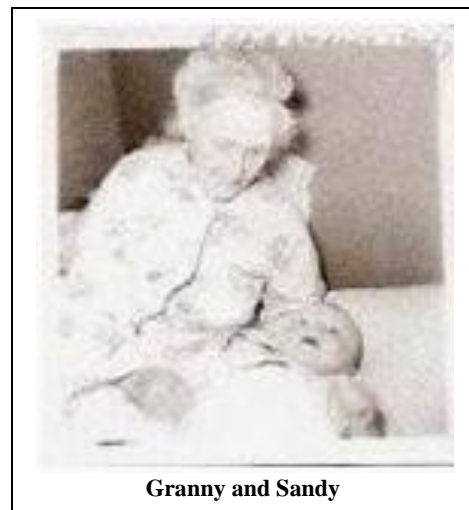
Both Eliza and her husband were loyal Orangemen, Irish Protestant Unionists. Eliza had a white dress, and the orange sash was huge on her tiny body. She wore this regalia to functions such as lodge meetings, conventions, and July 12 parades. Eliza was a signer of the Ulster Declaration of 1912.



Eliza's signature on the Ulster Declaration

Eliza was Jack Waddell's grandmother, and Pat told me she met Eliza only once. Jack wanted his grandmother to meet his new bride and took her for tea there. Pat said Eliza served them tea and seemed to be nervous meeting her. Pat said Eliza made very strong tea, but it didn't taste right, as if the pot had been reheated a number of times. Jack really liked good tea, and Pat said she and Jack had a number of good laughs about that visit. Now, with the perspective of being older, Pat says she can better appreciate that perhaps Eliza had to make ends meet any way she could.

In her old age, Eliza went blind, perhaps due to macular degeneration. Just before Eliza's death, Mary told me she brought her newborn son Sandy to visit. Mary said,



Granny and Sandy

"Granny couldn't see, but she looked at Sandy's face and said, 'He has the most gorgeous blue eyes I've ever seen.' And it was true."

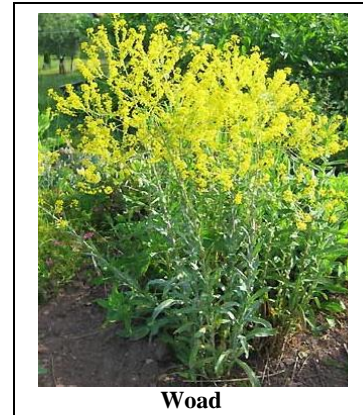
Eliza died at her daughter Myrtle's house on August 21, 1956, at 90 years of age, and she was aware to the very end. Eliza was buried beside her husband William and her son Bob in Rest Haven Memorial Gardens in Scarborough, Ontario. Mary told the story of that wake: "When Grandma Elizabeth died, Nick arranged a bit of a wake/reception afterward at Myrtle's house and in the true Irish fashion there was a bit of the whiskey there too. Myrtle became quite concerned and asked Nick 'What would mother say about this?' to which her brother Nick answered, 'Mother isn't here now, so she has nothing to say.' Irish common sense to any problem."

Waddell Family

Waddell is a Scottish name, a variant of the English name Weddle. It means a hill or a person from a hill where woad grew (Woad + Hyll). Woad is a plant of the mustard family and is one source of a blue or indigo dye. This is the same dye that ancient Picts and Britons colored their bodies with.

In Ireland, there is a cluster of Waddells living near the town of Keady in County Armagh, Northern Ireland. Family still in the area say that the original Waddell settlers in Keady were seven brothers, but I haven't been able to find any more about these.

The earliest three Waddell's I have tied to our lineage are all named William



William Waddell (1)

I know very little about the first William Waddell. He is named as a farmer of Dunlargue on his son William's wedding certificate in the 1860's. I believe he was born sometime around 1800. Based on tithe plot data, researcher Brian Ellison has suggested William's wife was named Elizabeth.

Dunlargue was a manor in County Armagh near the town of Keady. Keady is located about 6 miles SW of Armagh, with a population in the mid-1860's of about 1,500. It was very much an agricultural center, the predominant farming in the area being oats and potatoes, with some clover, turnips, and flax production.



William Waddell (2)

This William was born about 1830 in County Armagh. He was a farmer together with his father in Dunlargue when he married Mary Jane Allen of Altaturk. Altaturk is located in a different parish on the other side of the major town of Armagh from Dunlargue. But I suspect the families would have met getting supplies or selling harvests in the Armagh marketplace or at Orangemen celebrations.

I didn't find William listed as owning or leasing land in the Dunlargue area. However, there are a number of Waddells who had farm leases there in the small community that I suspect were family. A farm the size of our original Waddell farm was leased by a John Waddell in the mid-1800's.

William died at the age of 77 on February 13, 1907. He is reported to have suffered from bronchitis for about 4 months previous to his death. His wife Mary Jane died just six days later.

Their son Samuel and daughter-in-law Jane were living at the farm, and able to tend them in their illnesses. The death certificates indicate that in neither case was there a medical attendant. After William and Mary Jane died, Samuel remained on the farm and was farming it in the 1911 census.

Waddell cousins still farm the old homestead. William Derek Waddell, the great-grandson of Samuel, provided this picture, saying the house and structures date to the old farm. The original farm was about 13 acres. It was expanded to about 30 acres in the 1920's, and today they raise animals and pasture dairy cows. The "auld house" is made with mud walls that William says "are warm in the winter and cool in the summer." It has a tin roof now, but back then had a thatch or maybe wooden roof. The 1901 census shows the farmhouse then was only two rooms, and the farm had a stable, a cow barn, a piggery, a barn, and a shed. The sheds are made of stone.



I think this is William and Mary Jane Waddell

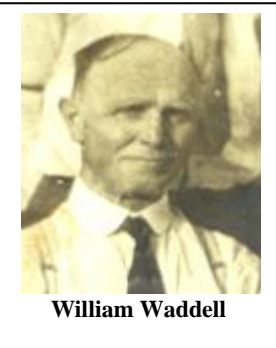


Waddell farm in Dunlargue today

Traditional farming persisted for a while. Horses were still used for farm work through the mid-1950's, and the first mechanical milker was introduced in the mid-1960's. This was Lister Machine, a vacuum pump driven by a one-cylinder gasoline engine that milked two cows at a time. Electricity reached the farm with great fanfare in 1974, and now milking is done with modern machines. William still keeps the old Lister machine as a memory of earlier times.

When our cousin William Waddell, who farms the area now, read about how the name Waddell is tied to the yellow woad plant, he said he had to laugh. William said, "Anytime we planted spuds in certain fields in the 70's and early 80's this yellow plant would take over. Granddad and Da would say they would make a fortune if they could sell it."

William Waddell (3)

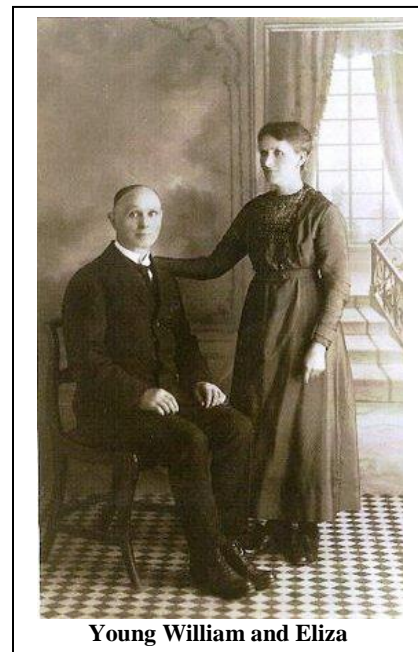


William was born about 1861 into a farming family in Dunlague in County Armagh. However, fairly early on, he left the farm and moved about 20 miles north to Dungannon, a town of about 3,800 in County Tyrone. Dungannon was something of an industrial town and included a factory for weaving linen in the suburb of Milltown.

William worked at the Milltown weaving mill where he took a job as a lapper. The lapper was one of the last persons in the linen production line. His work was typically at the warehouse, and he folded the material in book-folds or long-folds (technically "crisped" and "at-width.") The lapper was also responsible for quality assurance, guaranteeing the class and length of the material, and marking the roll with his mark. It was a skill requiring an apprenticeship and training. During his career, William eventually worked his way up to foreman.

Brian Ellison, Lynne's contact in Ireland, offered an additional insight: "You know that it is not good for your eyes to stare at computer screens hour after hour. Well, your Great-grandfather had the same problem. He was a foreman lapper and lappers had the job of inspecting the linen as it came off the rollers and then lapped/folded it into the required lengths. Inspecting the linen was hard on the eyes so the walls of the 'lapping room' were painted a soothing green and the lappers were allowed to 'rest their eyes' against the walls between each production run."

According to his obituary, William in his younger days was a rugby player. I am sure he is the "Waddell" that the Belfast News-Letter lists playing for the Dungannon team between 1884 and 1887. Dungannon was part of the Irish Rugby Football Union and played against teams from other towns, businesses, and schools. William played the forward position



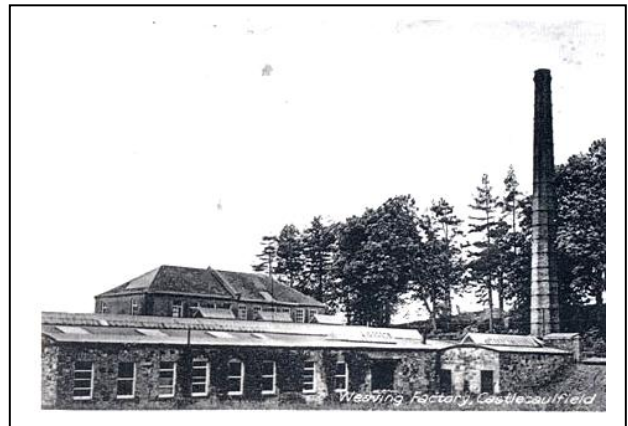
and he must have been pretty good. There were several comments in the newspaper about Waddell "play[ing] a good game," and "making some good rushes for Dungannon."

One of the people that William worked with at the Milltown mill was Robert John Anderson, a tenter foreman. Through this connection, William met Eliza Jane Anderson, Robert's daughter. William and Eliza were married at the Presbyterian Church in 1885. Eliza was only 18 at the time, William about 24.

By 1892, William took a job working at Acheson & Smith linen weaving plant in the town of Castlecaulfield. Located about three miles west of Dungannon, Castlecaulfield had a population of about 1800. David Acheson and John Smith had set up there as power loom weavers in 1874, making finished products such as linen tea towels, embroidery linens, and tablecloths. They did considerable business within the UK, but also exported to Australia and New Zealand. Business fell off in the 1960's, and the plant closed in 1978. The weaving shed at the plant was unusual, constructed with a glass roof. William worked in that factory for close to 30 years, and at times, three of his children worked in the factory as well.



Acheson and Smith Weaving Plant, Castlecaulfield



Another view of the plant

William and Eliza lived in company housing in Castlecaulfield, and there is a description of the housing in the Census. The house was a reasonably nice six room cottage, made of stone with a slate or tile roof. Each cottage had two windows facing the street. I think the street where they used to live is shown below, and the company cottages, while modernized, are still there.

In 1921 the family decided to leave Ireland for Canada, and family stories concur that they "had to leave." There are a couple of versions. One is that the Irish Revolution was coming to a head, and William was so active in the Unionist movement that he had to avoid either enemies or the law. In fact the New York Times reported that one year later, gunmen attacked the homes of three Ulster constables in Castlecaulfield, killing one. Another version was that in his work as



I think the Waddells lived on this street in Castlecaulfield

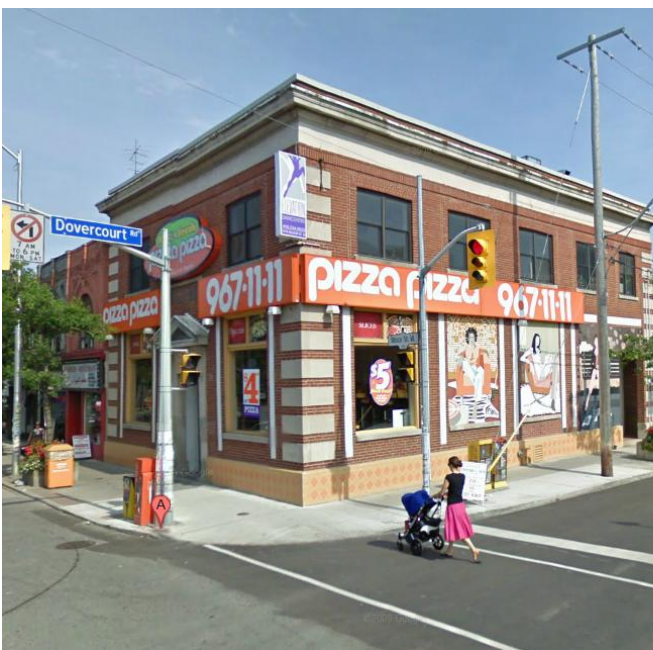
a foreman, William made enemies. The story is that William was very exacting, that everything had to be done just right and his way. A possible third factor in moving had to be that at 60 years old, William might be ready to retire, and two of his children were in Canada already.



Whatever the motivations, on May 6, 1921, William, Eliza, their daughter Myrtle, and Eliza's mother Rachel Anderson departed Liverpool, England for Quebec on the ship Victorian. The Victorian, built in Belfast in 1904, carried over 1,300 passengers, She was the first transatlantic ship equipped with steam turbine engines and could achieve 19.5 knots, but on their 10 day trip they averaged only about 11 knots. Perhaps this was due to ice as in summer, the Victorian made the trip in only

7 days, averaging about 15 knots. The family traveled in steerage class, and brought \$450 cash with them. They landed in Quebec and then took a train to Toronto.

Initially, they stayed with their daughter Rachel who had come over about 13 years earlier, but William and Eliza fairly quickly rented their own place at 75 Victor Avenue. William found a job as a messenger at a Dominion bank branch, probably through his son-in-law John Irwin. The bank was at the corner of Bloor and Dovercourt, about 5 miles from their home, and so about 1924 they rented a place at 868 Dovercourt Road, just a block or two from the bank. They moved to several other nearby streets, Nick and his family living with them. They returned to Dovercourt, this time at 689, and it was at this house that they had a fire in 1935 (described in Eliza's section above). Their house is still there, and the bank today has been converted to a Pizza place.



The former Dominion Bank is now a pizza place



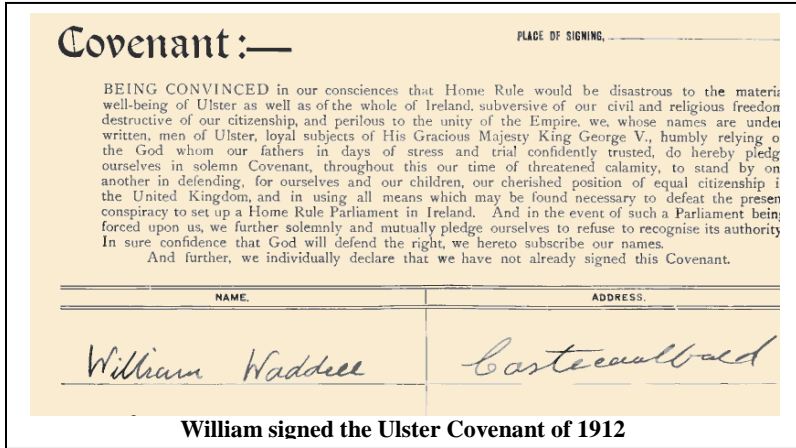
William and Eliza's home at 689 Dovercourt

William seems to have been very happy in Canada. He wrote a letter home to his brother Samuel, a letter that our cousin William in Northern Ireland shared with us. In that letter, William tells how he has put on weight and has toured Canada with friends, even crossing the border twice to visit the US. He describes his work like he lived in the land of OZ: "I could not have got a better job, it suits me to the mark – No hard work, you can go in and out when you like. I do be out every day, go out in the morning at 10 O'Clock, that is when the bank opens for business and shuts again at 3 O'Clock. I generally be home for lunch about 12:00 so I go for dinner and come back about 2:00. I get 2 weeks holiday every year and there are 12 bank holidays in the year and I get paid for all. If you are of sick, you get paid." He said the Bank issued him a uniform which he was proud of, and he sent home a picture of himself in it. The letter gives a real sense of contrast with work back home. But there are things and people he misses there. He asks about and sends greetings to many named family and friends. And William relates how in the evenings he listens to music out of Dublin and England on the short wave radio.

Roy Waddell, Nick's son had lived in the 689 Dovercourt house when his family was living with the grandparents, and recounted a family story about those times. He was there together with his parents Nick and Olive and his sister and little brother, and he was 8 years old in 1933. Roy said, "That Christmas I arose early. I was hoping to get an electric train - geeze, I had been good. I began opening the large presents, but no train. Then, I opened any present there. I found something that made the sound of a cow, and later I found a cap gun. So I made the cow mooow and I shot it, or so they thought upstairs. I ended my good-boy record, when mom, dad, granny and grandpaw had to sort out which present belonged to whom."

After the fire, William and Eliza moved close by to 155 Rusholme, and that house no longer exists. William worked at the bank until about 1938. About that time, he retired, and he and Eliza moved to the Toronto suburb of Scarborough, around the corner from their daughter Myrtle and her husband George Brownhill. Roy told me that there his granddad planted a great garden with loads of potatoes.

William was not above having a drink, but his wife Eliza was a teetotaler. She didn't approve of drinking and wouldn't allow alcohol in the house. Mary Waddell told me, "One day William got together with his son-in-law George Brownhill. They went to George's house and made beer in the basement, and Granny was not aware. And William needed to keep it that way, telling George, 'Don't tell Elizabeth, she doesn't know.'" After that, on Sundays Eliza would go to church, and William went to help George in his basement.



William and Eliza were both active in the Orange Lodge. Both signed the Ulster documents, and a newspaper article at William's death said that he was an officer of Carson's Volunteer movement of 1912. William was a past master of the Orangemen Lodge #266 in Castlecaulfield. When they moved to Canada, he became affiliated with the local Orangemen Lodge #387 of Toronto, where he served as deputy district master. At his death, the paper stated that William was a noted Orangeman who had marched in July 12th parades for sixty years.

William died January 14, 1942. He is buried beside his wife Eliza and their oldest son Robert in Rest Haven Memorial Gardens in Scarborough, Ontario.

Samuel Waddell

Samuel Waddell was born to William and Mary Jane Waddell on August 9, 1872 in Keady. The Waddells had at least seven children, but it was Samuel, their youngest, who stayed home to work the farm.

About 1900, Samuel married 28 year old Sarah Jane Freeland, a neighbor. I think Sarah's father was John Freeland, and her mother was Eliza Fleming. Sarah was born about 1873, but a few years later her father died. Her mother remarried about 1883, this time to a 58 year old farmer named John Kerr. Eliza and John had at least 2 children together, Mary and John Robert.

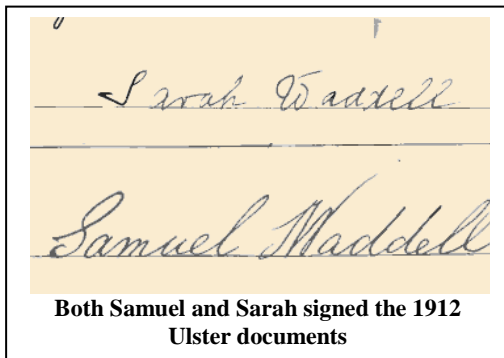


Kerr Farm was small, only about 6 acres located very near the Waddell farm. The Census shows the house had two rooms, with stone walls, slate roof and six windows in the front. The only farm buildings were a cow barn, a piggery, and a barn. Today's owner of the farm raises ponies there. A particularly bad bend in the road nearby is known locally as Kerr's bend. It is also called Blind man's curve because Mr. Kerr went blind.

As time went on, both Mary and Sarah Jane grew up to work as linen weavers in the local mill. Unfortunately,

there were problems for the family. John Kerr, becoming blind, gave up farming to take up a career as basket weaver. Robert John, his son, was mentally challenged, labeled "Idiot" in the 1911 Census and apparently not able to work. I think that Sarah bore a lot of the responsibility for taking care of this family, and getting married had to be something of an escape. However, she still remained part of their lives. Although already married to Samuel Waddell, Sarah is listed in the 1901 Census at her parent's house.

But Sarah and Samuel made their home at the nearby Waddell farm, living with his parents William and Mary Jane Waddell. When his parents died in 1907, Samuel took over the family farm. Sarah gave up working at the factory and was a mom and farm wife. They had two children that I know of, Mable and William John.



Both Samuel and Sarah signed the Ulster documents of 1912. However, I found no sign that her mother or siblings signed the document. Sarah was Presbyterian - the others were Church of Ireland.

In 1926, Samuel was able to purchase the land he was farming under the provisions of the 1925 Land Act. Previously, many farmers leased the land they farmed, and the leases could be passed as an inheritance and stay in the family. However, in difficult times, if the rent were not paid, evictions followed. It was

especially bitter as the landlords often resided in distant places, far removed from the conditions of their tenants. After several years of public agitation and some violence, a bill was finally passed that allowed tenants to apply their rent to the purchase of their property. In 1926, Samuel bought his father's original 13 acre farm, as well as another 18 acre place. In addition, at the same time Sarah purchased the Kerr family's 6 acre farm.

William Waddell, our cousin who currently farms the land, said that only a little is remembered of his great-grandparents Samuel and Sarah Jane. It is said that Samuel was very tall and that he was a plasterer by trade as well as a farmer. Sarah Jane was said to have had a very short temper. This temper might be explained by her difficult family situation growing up.

I do not know when Samuel died, but his wife Sarah Jane died March 7, 1948.

William our cousin also told me that family stories in Keady remember old John Kerr. In his blindness, he would come and sit on a small bridge at the junction of Bachelor's Walk and Armagh Road. He came there to weave his baskets and to talk with the passersby walking or biking the roads.



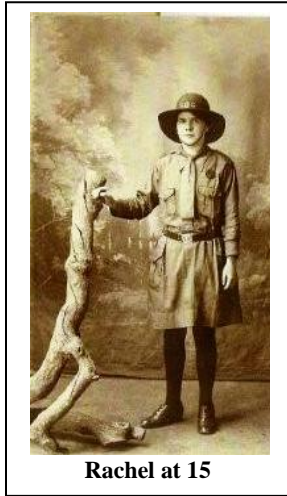
Eliza and William's Children

William and Eliza had five children. Little Annie Louisa Jane died as a toddler, and Robert will be considered in detail in another section. Here is a little about their other three children: Rachel, Nick, and Myrtle.



**Front Row - William and Eliza.
Rear (L to R) Robert, Rachel, Myrtle, and Nick**

Rachel Turkington Waddell



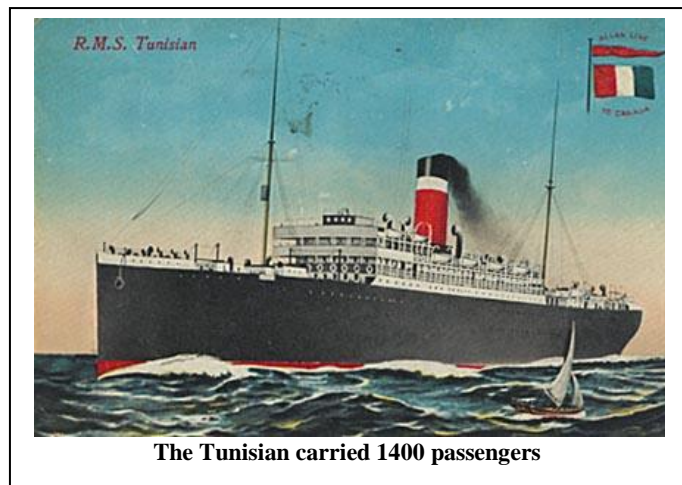
Rachel at 15

Rachel was born in 1888 in Dungannon, County Tyrone, named for her grandmother Rachel Turkington Anderson. She went to school in Castlecaulfield and at the age of 15, was a member of the Girl Guides.

When she was twenty, Rachel left home, seeking employment as a domestic servant in Toronto. She traveled together with her cousin Louisa Anderson, who was engaged to marry Henry Walker, a carpenter there. Henry was originally from the Milltown neighborhood of Dungannon where the Waddells and Andersons had lived for a while.

Rachel, however, was part of a program supported and underwritten by the British government to export a surplus of women workers from the UK to where there was work elsewhere in the Empire. Travel records indicate that Rachel qualified for the "British Bonus," which helped underwrite the cost of her fare. Many of these women took domestic positions in hopes of finding a husband in Canada, where there was a much more favorable ratio of men to women than back home. Rachel's ship was the *Tunisian*, and she arrived in Canada October 24, 1908, just about a year after her older brother Robert. I think she then worked as a domestic servant for the family of William Moffatt, chief examiner for the Imperial Bank of Canada.

I think that Rachel actually left Ireland for Canada to get married, and I think she already had her groom picked out. John Joseph Irwin was the son of a farmer, and he grew up in Donaghmore, County Tyrone, less than two miles from Castlecaulfield. He must certainly have known Rachel through school or perhaps Orange Lodge events. John left Ireland for Canada in August 1908, almost exactly two months before Rachel, and he took the same ship, the *Tunisian*.



The *Tunisian* carried 1400 passengers

John and Rachel were married in Toronto October 25, 1913. Rachel's cousin Louisa, who had come to Canada with Rachel, and Louisa's husband Henry were her witnesses. Rachel's new husband John worked as a clerk, and the couple lived at 24 Eaton.

With the start of World War I, John entered the Army. He was initially in the Canada Army Pay Corps, the administrative corps of the Army. About 1915, he transferred to the 2nd Regiment of the Queens Own Rifles (QOR), a special Canadian unit. When it was apparent that the Canadian authorities were not going to send the QOR overseas, John and many of the other men of the unit transferred to the 3rd battalion of the Canadian Expeditionary Force. John enlisted with this unit November 2, 1918, and the unit fought in Northern France and Belgium, earning 21 battle honors. One sixth of the soldiers in the unit died.



Rachel and John, newlyweds 1913

However, John returned home and took a job as an accountant with Dominion Bank. He went on to become a manager of the East Danforth branch. Perhaps it was through this connection that William Waddell, his father-in-law, found a job as a messenger at one of the Dominion Banks.

Rachel went by the nickname "Teenie." She was shorter than both her mother and sister. I think it was also a reverse joke, as she was a somewhat robust woman, definitely the largest in the immediate family. Her husband was called Jack.

Rachel and John had two children, Harry and Rae. Mary Waddell told me that their son Harry Irwin went into the wholesale jewelry business. She said, "It was through him that I got my engagement ring when Roy and I were young and foolish."

Rachel died on March 11, 1950, at the age of 62. The cause of death was heart failure. John later remarried, his wife named Ethel.

Nicholson Waddell

Nicholson Waddell was born September 8, 1901, in Dungannon, the youngest child of William and Eliza Jane. I think he was named for the Nicholson family, who owned and operated the local hardware, grocery, and boarding house in Keady, where the Waddells were from. However, Mary said that no one called him Nicholson but his mother. To everyone else, he was Nick.

World War I began in 1914, and by age 15, Nick was eager but too young to fight. The story of his mother reclaiming him from the Army and Navy is recounted above. Finally, he successfully enlisted in the Royal Flying Corps in 1918. Nick trained as a bombardier on the Airco biplane bomber Dh4. Mary told me this was in the days when aerial warfare was still in its infancy. There were no automatic bomb racks, and Mary said Nick told stories for years of hanging out of the cockpit to launch the bombs by hand.



British unit in aerodrome in Russia, 1919

Nick was late for the campaign in Western Europe, and instead, he was sent to Russia. In 1917, the Bolshevik Communists (Reds) had seized control of the Russian government and made a separate peace with the Germans. This freed up significant German resources to strengthen their efforts against the Allies in Western Europe.

Anti-communist forces (Whites) were attempting to retake the government, and the Allies hoped that a White victory would bring the Russians back into the war. As a result, in 1918 soldiers from Britain, France, Japan, the US, and Czechoslovakia were dispatched to Russia to support the Whites, and Nick was part of that effort. However, the lack of coordination among the Allies and with the Whites doomed their efforts. There was a lack of commitment to the campaign at the highest levels. As the War progressed, and the Germans were being defeated without the Russians, it was believed that the resources being spent in Russia could be better used in post-war recovery. As a result, by 1920, Allied forces, for the most part, were removed from Russia. Nick returned home.



Nick in the Royal Flying Corps

Family stories tell that Nick didn't learn that his family had moved to Canada until he arrived back home in Castlecaulfield. There, Nick got a job as a hardware assistant, but his father sent him a ticket to come to Canada. Nick traveled in June 1923, embarking on the RMS Andania, a new ship of the Cunard line that carried 1700 passengers. (The Andania that carried Nick to Canada would later be converted to an armed merchant cruiser at the beginning of World War II. She was torpedoed and sunk near Iceland in 1940.)



Even as he left Ireland, Nick already had a job lined up in Toronto as a bank clerk, probably through his brother-in-law John Irwin. Nick later took a position with a lumber company, and afterward had his own accounting practice.

In Toronto, Nick initially lived with his parents at Dovercourt, and as a result met his future wife in the neighborhood. Four blocks away and one street over was Olive Storer, daughter of an English cabinetmaker James and his wife Katie. Olive was about six years older than Nick, born in Montreal August 22, 1896. Her family moved to Toronto about

1903. There, Olive worked as a stenographer for the Canadian Credit Men's Association.

Mary said that Olive and Nick were very opposite. Nick loved a party and a good story. He was a heavy smoker and enjoyed a drink. By contrast, Olive was much more serious, exceedingly quiet, never drank or smoked, and was always the worrier.

These two opposites married February 28, 1926, and Mary Waddell recalled their early marriage: "Now Olive came from a very straight-laced family from Toronto. Olive had a brother and two sisters, none of whom ever married so we know that the parents obviously had a lot of control over their offspring. We have concluded that Olive saw Nick as Prince Charming and her escape

to a normal life. Probably neither one of them was really truly in love, but for Olive, it was a chance for a future and for Nick, it was a nice young lady to “chum” with.



"Olive did not tell her family [of the marriage]. At first, Nick lived with his mom and dad and Olive stayed with her parents until a baby was born in October....then Nick found accommodation for his new family. During the next few years, Nick and family would share houses or nearby accommodation with his parents, William and Elizabeth, and this was always resented by the new wife, Olive." Roy, Nick's son, said that there was always quite a bit of tension with Olive forced to live together with a religious and interfering mother-in-law, and Olive particularly resented that Nick could not see the problem.

Mary went on, "We must remember that times were tough financially and the depression years were closing in on many young people.....and old ones too so this arrangement was likely based on necessity and common sense." His son Roy told me, "The house on Rusholme was a very big three-story house. The garden was huge and planted with peonies, tulips, jack in the pulpit, and several lilacs. My sister and I were sent around the neighborhood selling lilacs, with the money given to dad." Roy said, "Later in life I was told that we lived there rent free, just to keep the house from freezing."

Nick loved his army life and his army friends. Roy said that prior to World War II, Nick was in the Reserve Militia. He served first in the Governor General's Horse Guards and then was a Sergeant in the Toronto Scottish Regiment. Nick joined the Irish Regiment of Canada in 1940 and became Regimental Sergeant Major. He was stationed in Canada throughout the War and was responsible for the training of those young soldiers who would serve overseas

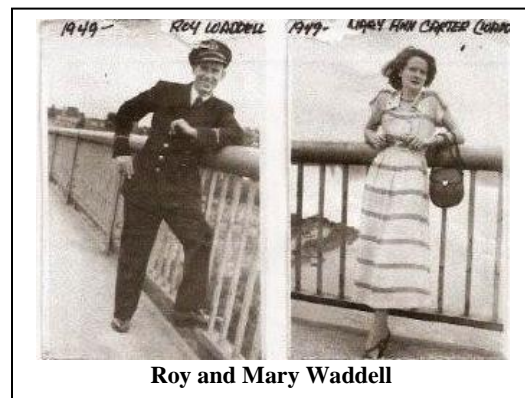
The Second World War brought a bit of good news regarding their housing. Nick's family had been renting a house on an island off Toronto for the summer, so they rented out their Toronto city house to others. At the end of the season, authorities, because of the war, froze all housing situations, and consequently, the Nick Waddells had to stay put in their summer accommodation on Centre Island

In 1940, while living on the island, Nick was also featured in the Toronto Star for saving a drowning man's life. "Quick work of five citizens saved Joseph Birko from drowning off the Exhibition seawall last night. Samuel Black of Borden Street heard cries of help from the water. He called to Nicholson Waddell, Willow Ave., Ward's Island, who drove his motorboat to the scene and threw Birko a rope. [Three others] with Waddell and Black finally got the exhausted man into the launch."



Nick and Olive had three children: Betty, Roy, and Don. Mary told me, "Their son Roy left school each spring during the war years and sailed on the Great Lakes (leaving school was permissible for young people so they could do work that was required since so many of the men had gone overseas). Roy left school permanently to work for Upper Lakes and St Lawrence and also Canada Steamship Lines, working on ships running from the Lakehead to Quebec City. Through his sister Betty, he met Mary Ann Carter, an Island girl from Harlan's Point.....and that is me. We married December 26, 1949. At this time, Roy, a Second Officer or Mate in the Merchant Marine, left the service and then worked for his dad's accounting practice. Roy found this very 'confining' and so his dad commissioned him to oversee the building of a house for him and for Olive in Port Credit since all families, including the Waddells and Carters, had to leave the Toronto Islands." The picture shows Mary and Roy the day they decided to get married.

Eventually, Nick and Olive left Port Credit and moved to their summer home in Norland, Ontario which they had winterized for their retirement. Olive was not well. She had been diagnosed with Parkinson's, but Mary thinks it was most likely Alzheimer's. Olive was shuttled several times to nursing homes, then returning again to live with Nick in Norland. Finally, when he could no longer cope, she was placed permanently in a nursing home where she died on July 22, 1967. Nick in time moved to an apartment in Lindsay, Ontario.



Nick seems to have been a really interesting and entertaining man. Mary Waddell said, "Nick had a lot of the Irish in him." She said her father-in-law Nick was a happy, friendly, and wonderful person. He liked a good drink and he liked the ladies. Pam, Jack Waddell's daughter, visited Nick in her youth and recalled that he was also a great storyteller and had an outstanding "sailor's vocabulary". Nick was the perfect host and a great guest. Mary said of Nick, "I saw him as a 'fun person', the life of the party, and very personable."

Nick had a good deal of involvement with the local St. Andrews by the Lake Anglican Church. For one, he loved singing and was a leader in the choir. Mary said that Nick had a beautiful voice. Choir meetings were held at Nick's house and the minister Trevor Jones relied on Nick to keep the choir cohesive and successful. And Nick really enjoyed singing both classical and religious music.

In another church activity, Mary Waddell told me, "The Waddells were involved in boating, and Nick decided to start an annual "blessing of the boats" celebration and regatta each spring. Anyone with a boat could participate, and it was a huge success. The minister supported his efforts, but the credit goes to Nick." The tradition is still carried on today by St. Andrews, and they have now included bicycles as well as boats in the blessings.

Based on some of these stories, I asked Mary if Nick were a spiritual man. She replied, "I would certainly not tag Nick with being spiritual. He obviously had a firm grounding from his mother Elizabeth, but I would not call him religious in any sense. He drank somewhat heavily at times, and he had a girlfriend for a long time, which caused disruption to his wife and family. Religious? – No. He just enjoyed being part of something which gave him gratification and some standing in the community.

"Nick was very much a people-person and sought to impress others as being well established and financially stable. He always painted his front door bright red and would always turn on every electric light at night to make sure his home looked impressive. He belonged to the Masons and then the Shriners in order to make contacts. When I first knew him he was certainly appearance conscious, dressed quite fashionably and always looked like a million bucks.

"With all this in mind, he was a bit pompous but in a nice way – he could go anywhere and certainly make a good impression and certainly carry himself and his family off very well. Everyone liked him – full of personality and zest for life."

Nick could be kind and generous. For example, at his brother Robert's funeral, some strangers showed up who turned out to be one of Robert's families. Mary said, "I remember Nick came to them at the wake and said, 'If there is anything we can do for you, please let us know.'"

Mary said Nick was Irish in his love of drink and good stories, and he was also Irish in his parenting. Mary said, "I knew his daughter Betty before I knew Roy. We used to go to school from the island on a tugboat, and I remember one morning Betty was crying. She said, 'My Dad wants me to quit school.'" She was doing secretary coursework and she didn't want to quit. However, he took her out at the end of grade 10. This was about 1942 or 1943. Nick found her a job. Nick didn't need the money, but it was a typically Irish thing to take the girls out of school."

Nick died April 24, 1974, in the hospital in Lindsay. Mary told me he was thought to have had colon or prostate cancer. However, none of the kids knew for sure. Nick was a fairly private man who kept his problems to himself. Nick and Olive are buried in the Norland Cemetery.

Sarah Myrdith (Myrtle) Waddell



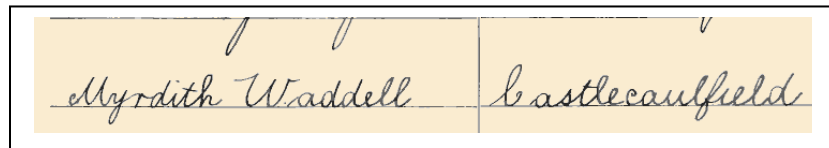
Sarah Myrdith Elizabeth Waddell was born November 19, 1894, in Milltown, County Tyrone. The name Myrdith is an unusual one in Ireland. No one with Myrdith as a given or a family name is listed in the 1901 or 1911 Census. It has been suggested that she is named for someone named Merdith or Meredith, both of which are rare in Counties Tyrone and Armagh.



She seems to have gone by several names over time. She was Merdith in the 1901 Census and Sarah M in the Census of 1911. She signed her name Myrdith in 1912. In 1921 she was Sarah Myrtle, and when she married, she was Myrtle. In Canada, I think her mother called her Myrdith. Otherwise, she seems to have been always known as Myrtle, and she was buried under that name.

In Ireland, Myrtle went to school and by 1911 she was working in the linen mill in Castlecaulfield where her father worked. Her job in the mill was "sampler maker." The plant made finished articles such as tablecloths and tea towels, and I think Myrtle's job was to make sample examples of new items or designs. She worked at this job at least 10 years.

Like her parents, Myrtle was engaged in the Orangemen Unionist cause. She was a signer of the 1912 Ulster declaration.



Myrtle had stayed behind in Ireland with her parents while all her siblings left home, two to Canada and one to the Great War. However, in 1921, she and her parents and grandmother sailed to Canada on the RMS Victorian and settled in Toronto. Myrtle continued to live with her parents and took a number of jobs, including packing for United Drug and working as a waitress.

On November 4, 1927, 31-year-old Myrtle married George Gresty Brownhill (Gresty was his mother's maiden name). George was from England and worked as a parcelled and packer for Simpsons, a Canadian retailer that later merged with an American firm to form Simpson-Sears. George was a widower, his previous wife, Agnes, having died a little over a year before. The marriage record shows that at 42 years of age, George was much older than Myrtle. Actually, his birth record and the records of his previous marriage agree that George understated his age a bit. He was a little over 50.

One interesting thing about the wedding is that Jack's sister Dorothy signed the marriage papers as a witness. Dorothy was only 15 at the time.

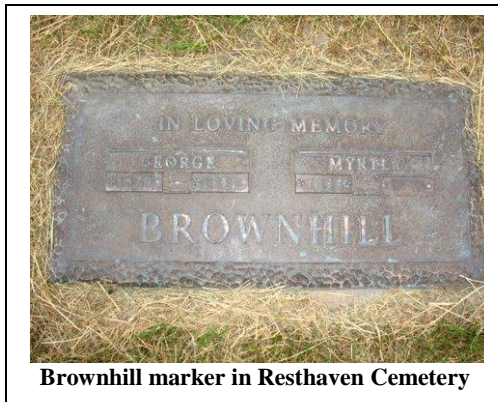
By all accounts, George and Myrtle had a happy marriage. They had one son, William George Gresty Brownhill, born in 1933. Roy Waddell would go to visit his cousin and recalls with pleasure the wonderful toys that young George had. He told me, "I can remember both my sister Betty and I just dropping in to see Myrtle, knowing full well she would give us a nickel to buy ice cream.

In 1942, her father William Waddell died, and her mother Eliza came to live with her and George. Then tragically her husband died. It was Christmas day in 1950, and when George got up to carve the turkey, he collapsed and died.

Eliza continued to live with Myrtle and they traveled to visit family together. Mary said that they would annually visit Nick and his family. She said that they also came to her and Roy's house and babysat the children.



George Brownhill and son



Brownhill marker in Resthaven Cemetery

After Eliza's death in 1956, Myrtle lived alone for the next nearly thirty years. Myrtle died at Scarborough Hospital August 21, 1981, and was buried beside George in Resthaven Cemetery.

Myrtle just seems to have been really nice. Mary said, "She was lovely. Myrtle was a happy, friendly, and wonderful person. She wasn't brilliant and she wasn't stupid, and she never advanced in school. She was a very good person, and kind to old Elizabeth."

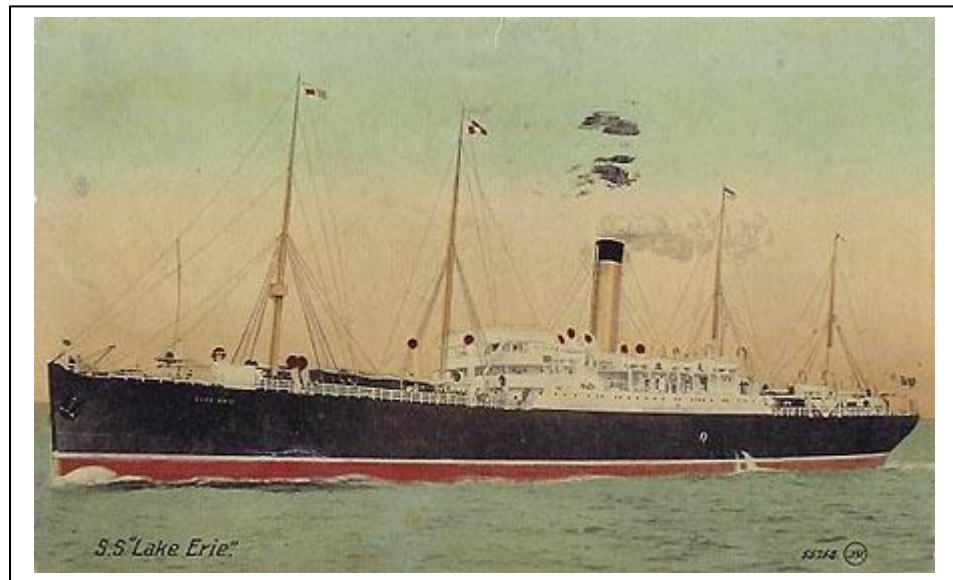
4. Jack's Parents – Robert and Susie

Robert William Waddell

Robert William Waddell was born August 17, 1886, in Castlecaulfield, a small town about 35 miles east of Belfast in what is now Northern Ireland. Castlecaulfield is located in the Dungannon district, originally known as Ballydonnelly, that was part of an Ulster Plantation grant of land to Sir Toby Caulfield in 1610.

According to forms Robert later filled out during World War II, he started working at age 14 as a linen designer. I believe this is a weaver who follows a set pattern in the manufacture of linen material. He also worked as a linen lapper apprentice, probably under his father. By 1900, at age 17, he wrote that he became an iron moulder, a term that particularly means someone in a foundry making castings and designing molds. I suspect that he would have gone to the shipyards in Belfast for this work, and in some of his documents, he says that he is from Belfast.

In 1907, Robert sailed for Canada on the steamer "Lake Erie." He listed himself as from County Antrim, where Belfast is. Robert gave his occupation as city labourer and his final destination as Toronto. The ship left Liverpool September 27 carrying 652 passengers. Two-thirds of these were steerage or 3rd class, and Robert was among the steerage passengers that landed in Quebec City, on October 6. From there, I think he took the train to Toronto.



During the next year in Toronto, he met Susie Taylor, a young English woman from Ipswich. They married in Toronto on October 26, 1908, just over a year after Robert's arrival, and here is where it gets interesting. Robert married Susie under an assumed name of Bert Wardell and gave his religion as Anglican. All of Susie's details of parents and birthplace are correct, so when I saw this, I assumed that the person transcribing the marriage data had misheard the bridegroom.

However, that same year the newlyweds moved to the States, and border documents for 1909 show Susie on a return visit crossing the border at Windsor. All her information is correct, except she is Susie Wardell. And in 1910, the US Census lists Bert and Susie Wardell living in Marshall City MI. Robert made at least two trips back to Canada, one in 1909 and another in 1911, and for both, he gave the name Albert Wardell. They kept the Wardell name at least

through 1915 when they named their first son Charles Wardell. However, something changed not long after. In June 1917 Robert registered with the US Draft under his proper name, and Susie traveled from the States to Canada in 1919 as Susie Waddell.

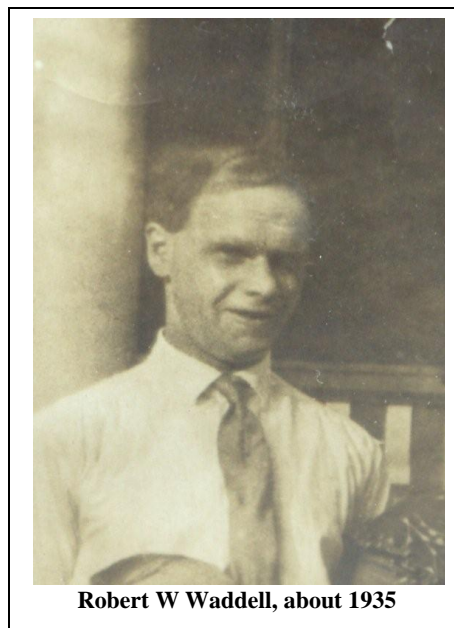
It seems apparent that Robert was a fugitive in the US. He and Susie traveled the same trains, but they did not appear to travel together. Border crossing listings show most families are listed together and sequentially with the tickets purchased by the husband or father. Susie and “Albert” are listed on different pages, and they each reported to have bought their own ticket. It is interesting that in all but one of the border records, there is no mention of accompanying children.

I checked the Toronto newspapers of the time for crime stories about him but without success. However, when I checked the Ireland archives of vital statistics, I found that on September 20, 1907, Robert W Waddell of Castlecaulfield married a Maggie Waddell of Keady in County Armagh. It was the same town where his grandparents lived. I think what had happened was that both of Robert’s grandparents died in February of 1907. While Robert was there for the funeral, he got together with his first cousin Maggie Waddell, and she became pregnant. On September 20th of that year, on his way to the ship to take him to Canada, Robert went to Keady and married Maggie. The ship left Liverpool five days later with Robert. Their baby, Caroline Waddell, was born November 25, 1907. When he married Susie, Robert was already married to Maggie. This made him a bigamist, and so he used a false name for his marriage and fled the country. However, Robert does not appear to have been too worried about pursuit. His marital status did not keep him from returning to Canada two or more times during this time period.

Descriptions of Robert are given in these records. He was 5’9” tall with blue eyes and brown hair. He had a distinctive scar in the center of his forehead. It was ironic that one of the questions they asked him at the border was “Are you a polygamist?”

I am not sure what changed that allowed Robert to resume his actual name and return to Canada. Maggie considered herself married at the time of the 1911 Ireland Census, and she didn’t die – she lived well to 1968. I don’t think he was freed by a divorce because, in all her subsequent records, Maggie Waddell is listed as a married woman. Instead, I suspect it had something to do with the statute of limitations for bigamy running out.

Robert and Susie lived at a number of addresses in the US. They were in the Detroit suburb of Delany at 126 Solvay Ave in 1909. For the Census of 1910, they were at 728 Clinton St, Marshall City, Michigan (about 15 miles east of Battle Creek), where “Bert” was working as a molder in a steel plant.



Robert W Waddell, about 1935

There was also a time period when the family went out west to Brandon, Manitoba. Brandon is a town located about 130 miles west of Winnipeg, and Robert moved out there to find work. Susie and Dorothy crossed the US border into Manitoba in April 1912. Robert is probably the R. Waddell working at the Manitoba Machine Company. Susie later told her children that they had lived way out in the middle of the prairie. Susie said all the neighboring Indians were interested in their lifestyle, and she said that they would come right up to her windows and stare in at them.

Winnie thought that Susie at that point had enough of moving around and left Robert, and this may be true. She seems to have lived for about a year in Winnipeg in 1913-1914, probably without him. She sent a postcard home to England February 25, 1913, giving her address as 1541 Ross Ave in Winnipeg, Manitoba. It was like she expected to be there for a while, and this is where her family could write. Almost exactly a year later, there are travel records for her returning to Cadillac. At this point, I don't know if she made two trips or stayed there for a year. And I don't know if Robert made the trip or trips there as well.

The family was together when they returned to the States. In 1914, they were living in Cadillac Michigan, and in 1917 living at 117 Ewart St, still at Cadillac. In 1917, Robert worked as an iron molder at the Cadillac Machine Company. I think at the time they left the States in 1919, they were living at 6 Mount Vernon St in Grand Rapids, MI.

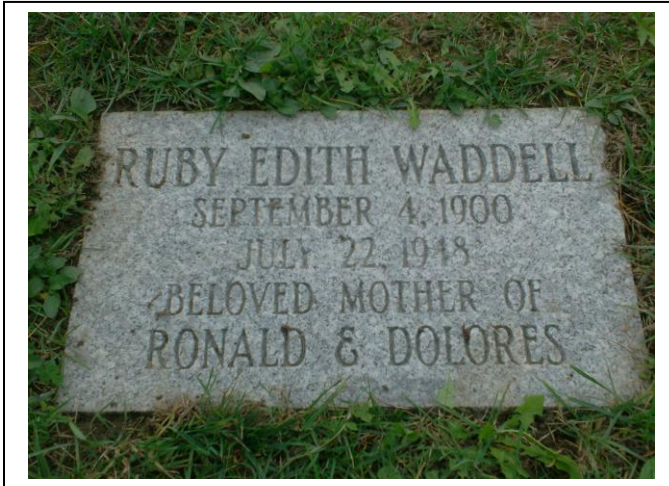
During this time in Michigan, Robert and Susie had five children. Dorothy, Charles, Ken, and Eva were all born there in Michigan.

By September 1919, however, the family moved back to Canada. There is a customs record of Susie Waddell, using her actual name, crossing the border toward Port Hope where she told the agent her husband was living. Her daughter Winnie was born there in Port Hope in 1920.

The family's next stop was Thistletown, a suburb of Toronto that has since been absorbed into the city. It was there that Jack and probably Ron were born. Jack said that he had only one recollection of his father, a vague memory of his father bending over his crib. Soon after Jack was born in 1924, Robert deserted the family.

This left the family poor and without support, and they had to go on government relief. Pat called it being on the pokey. It is interesting that Winnie, one of their daughters, told the story that it was Susie who left Robert because, with all these children, she would no longer follow him anymore moving after jobs. However, most of the children thoroughly resented what Robert did, and refused to talk about him anymore, which has made this inquiry very difficult. The family considered Robert to be dead, with Susie in the 1930's listed in the Toronto city directory as a widow, and Jack signing up for the RCAF as his widowed mother's financial support.

However, Robert was dead only to his family. Jack and his brothers and sisters grew up in Thistletown, but Robert moved to Penetanguishene, Ontario. This is a small town north of Toronto near Georgian Bay where there is some shipbuilding. In 1926, Robert attempted to cross the US border at Niagara to settle with a friend in Detroit. However, the US debarred him from entering, but the reason for his refusal was not given.



Robert then moved to Lindsay, Ontario and sometime in the late 1920's actually started another family when he married Ruby Edith Holloran. Ruby was a woman about 15 years his junior from Bobcaygeon, ON, a tiny town about 20 miles from Lindsay. Cousin Lynne Erley learned from sources in that branch of the family that Ruby fully believed that Robert was free to marry, and had no idea that he was still married to Susie. Ruby and Robert had two children together, Ron and Dolores. Then, about four years after their

marriage, Robert deserted his new wife and children. Like Susie, Ruby and her children had to go on government relief to survive. Ruby died in 1949, but Lynne has been in touch with the daughter Dolores and she recently attended Dolores's 50th wedding anniversary.

On a recent visit to Lynne in Canada, Sandi got a chance to talk by phone with Dolores. It was delightful to see Sandi laughing with her like she had known her all along. Dolores told Sandi that Robert had listed himself as from Scotland on his marriage license. And Robert had a rough relationship with his mother-in-law. At one point, she broke a chair over his back.



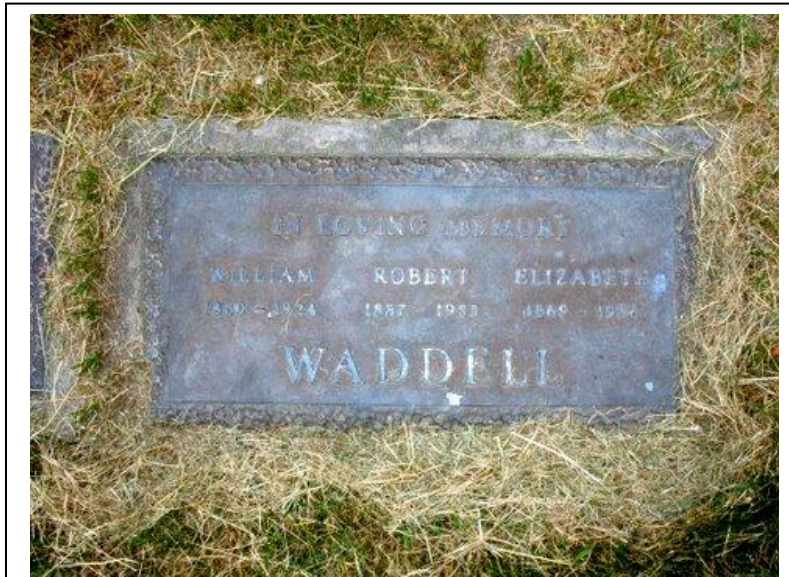
Dolores

And there is evidence that Robert may have had yet another family. There has always been a rumor in many branches of the family about the widow Waddell, not Susie, but "another woman" Sandi had told me that there were rumors in the family that her grandfather had started families all across the area. Carol Graham, Eva's daughter and Robert's granddaughter, turned up a 1936 directory listing for Robert W. Waddell in Trenton, Ontario. It shows him living at 156 Coleman, and it lists his wife as Mabel. There is just this single entry. However, for several years in the late 1940's, there is an entry for M. Waddell. The local retired physician in Frankford told Carol that Mabel Waddell had been the common-law wife of Robert, and when Robert was gone, she was known locally as the widow Waddell. Mabel had two children, a son John who died young and a daughter whose name the doctor did not recall. Lynne Erley discounts this story, but the time frame and story are at least similar to Susie's and Ruby's tales.

Carol's theory is given a little credibility by a funny story that Mary Waddell, Nick's daughter-in-law, told me. She said, "George Brownhill, Myrtle's son, liked to go for car rides with his Uncle Bob because he would let George drive the car. George thought he was a wonderful person, and they would go for car rides to Trenton. I once asked, 'George, what do you remember about why you were going to Trenton,' and George replied, 'I never asked questions. I liked driving the car too much.'"

By the 1940's, the authorities took an interest in Robert and his irregular marital commitments. Among the attendees at his father William's funeral were the Toronto Police. Mary wrote to Lynne, "It was at Grandpa William's funeral [1942] that his son Robert had to lie low...apparently the police were on the watch for him because he was enjoying the benefits of bigamy.....and no doubt his wife Susan....or another lady....was trying to lay hold on him for his misdemeanours. He managed to outsmart them. We have always joked about Uncle Bob and the lady's man that he seemed to be."

During World War II, Robert's craft was in demand. Carol found Canadian records showing that in 1940, Robert was working for Stephens-Adamson in Belleville. At this plant, they built steering systems for minesweepers, and other equipment related to the war. The Toronto directory shows that in 1944 he worked at the McCain Foundry, and in 1946 at J&J Taylor Safe Works, both in Toronto



Robert is buried with his parents in Scarborough, near Toronto

Robert died January 22, 1953, at age 65 from gastric hemorrhage. Mary Waddell recounted to Lynne a funny story about Robert's final days. While Robert was in the Hospital, friends and family gathered around him. Mary wrote, "I do remember Roy [my husband] and I going to Toronto General Hospital to visit Bob and it was at Christmas time because the nurse's aide was painting Christmas things on the patients' windows and for his, Bob requested a couple of bottles of whisky with holly under them.....and that is what

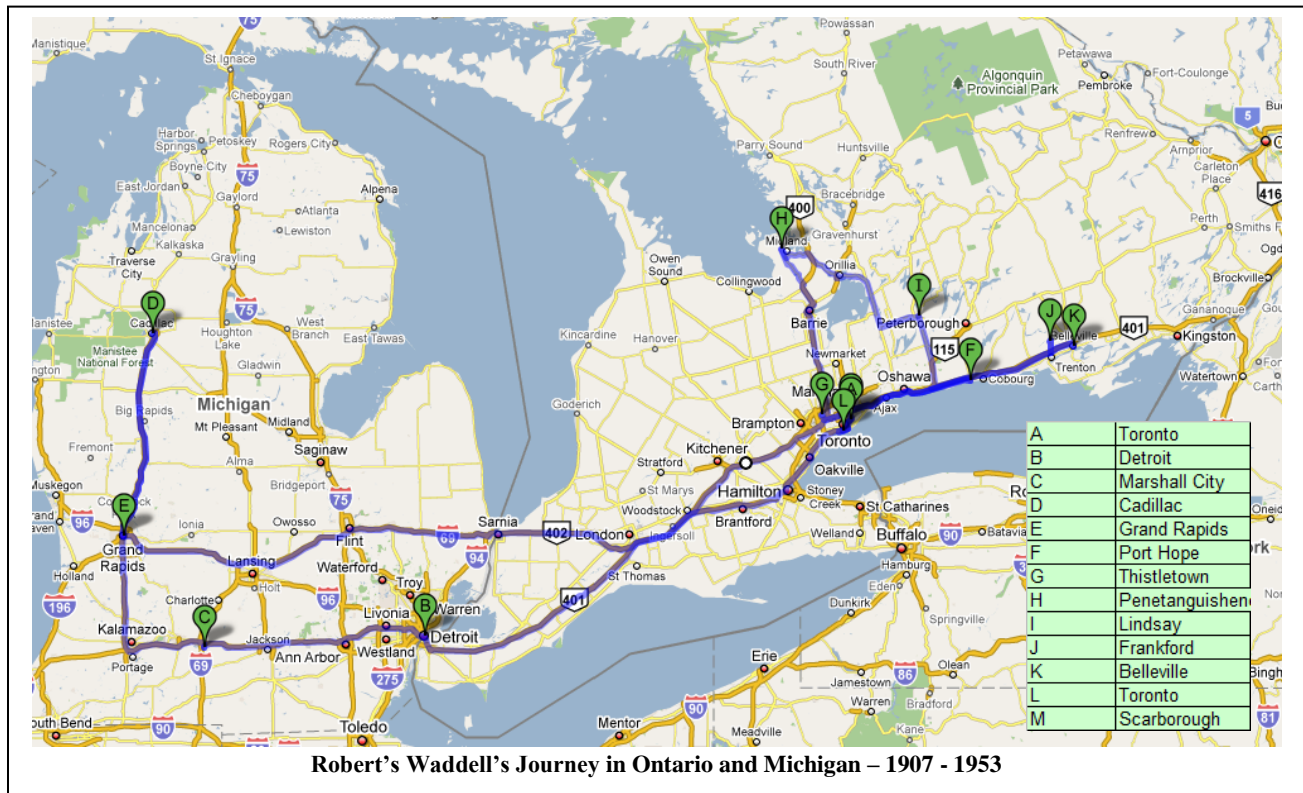
she painted; the irony was that he was dying of stomach problems, probably due to a bit of heavy drinking and so it provided a laugh for all of us."

Dolores, one of Robert's children through Ruby, attended the funeral. However, I know that when his son Jack was told of Robert's death, Jack said, "So what." And as far as I know, none of Robert's children through Susie went to the funeral. Robert is buried together with his parents in Rest Haven Memorial Gardens in Scarborough, a few miles east of Toronto.

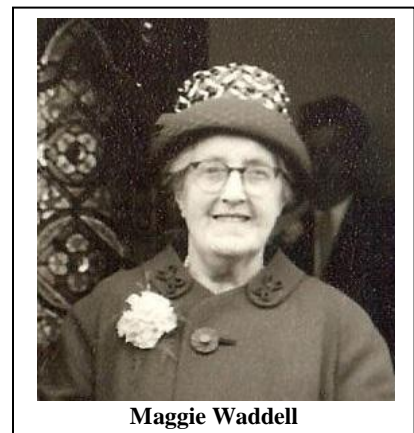
Robert seems to have been a stereotypical Irishman. People who knew him say he was a happy, friendly, wonderful person, but that he had a lot of the Irish in him. He had some kind of charisma that could let people overlook his personal and family failings. Mary Waddell wrote, "We all knew Bob had played around. Bob was the nicest person. He was a typical Irishman, lots of fun and always good for a laugh. The family liked him – they never ostracized him. Bob

was clever – he was a brass moulder and his trade was in demand. He was respected in the moulder field and he always made good money.”

Bob was hard working, hard drinking, and with an eye to the ladies. He was a wanderer, covering an extensive track during his lifetime. He seems to have been on the run from the authorities more than once. And he also lacked a sense of commitment and responsibility that brought a lot of grief and hard times to at least three families, all of them his.



Postscript – Maggie's Family – I have learned something about what happened to Robert's first family in Ireland from our cousin there, William Waddell. Robert apparently wrote home after his arrival in Toronto and gave them an address at 333 Wilton Avenue which was entered on Carrie's birth certificate. Perhaps he lived at that address, but I found no record of him there in the Toronto city directories. After that he seems to have cut all contact, abandoning them to their fate. Caroline and Maggie lived with Maggie's parents Thomas and Annie in Ireland in 1911 at the time of the Census.





Caroline and Simon Spearman

Her daughter Caroline, called Carrie in the family, grew up to marry a Royal Ulster Constabulary policeman, Simon Spearman. Simon was born in Tipperary, but moved north, starting his law enforcement career in Keady. Simon was recognized in the community as a well-respected and fair policeman. Simon and Carrie moved around a bit, with Simon stationed for the last part of his career in Glenarm, County Antrim. Following his retirement, they settled in Larne, also in Antrim

The Spearman's had fourteen children, half of whom have moved to Australia. William Waddell put us in touch with some of these children: Esme Stott in the UK, and Lily McFerran and Harry Spearman, both of Australia. Carrie's children knew almost nothing

about their grandfather except his name and that he had run off to Canada. Maggie and Carrie did not talk about him at all, so the children were glad to learn about their family history and their Canadian cousins. And they were pleased to share about their Mum and Granny.

They remembered their grandmother Maggie fondly, as a woman who had to be tough to meet tough times, but who loved them all dearly. Lily wrote, "My Granny and Mum were the two greatest people in our lives and were always great friends. Mum did it very hard to bring up such a big family, but she made our clothes and was a great cook. My father Simon was a great gardener, so we wanted for none of the essentials in our early lives. Granny kept chickens and she had a goat at one stage. We used to go with her to take the goat to graze. She always had a pet cat and called one Timothy John.

"Granny was like a second mother to us and probably reprimanded us more than Mum and Dad. She was greatly loved by all of us and I really don't know how Mum would have survived without her. Granny taught me how to knit, which I love to do. I can remember knitting socks and sitting beside her as she instructed me how to turn the heel. We used to laugh, as she loved to watch wrestling, of all things, on the TV." Harry added, "Every one of the Spearman's loved her dearly. Granny wasn't very big but she would give you a good slap when you deserved it, but she would also back you to the hilt if she thought you were in the right. Even my Dad, Simon, trod softly around her."

Maggie died of cancer November 6th, 1968. Carrie passed away May 26, 2000. Lily supplied the photos of Maggie, Carrie, and Simon.

Lily still makes some of the old family recipes from Ireland and she shared these with us:

Soda Bread

Soda bread is an Irish favorite and Lily still makes it for her family.

It requires

570 grams (4 cups) plain flour

1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda

2 teaspoons salt

1 tablespoon caster (very fine) sugar (optional)

600 mls (2.5 cups) buttermilk

Mix together and put out onto a floured surface, pat out quite flat (oval shape) and cut into farls (triangle quarters) and cook on a griddle or such like appliance.

Potato Bread

Lily said she doesn't usually weigh anything, just throws it together like her Mum did. However, she weighed out one batch for our recipe:

“Peel about a kilo (2 1/4 pounds) of potatoes, and boil with a tsp salt until they are soft enough to mash easily. I usually do this in my mixer, which my Granny would say is the lazy way out.

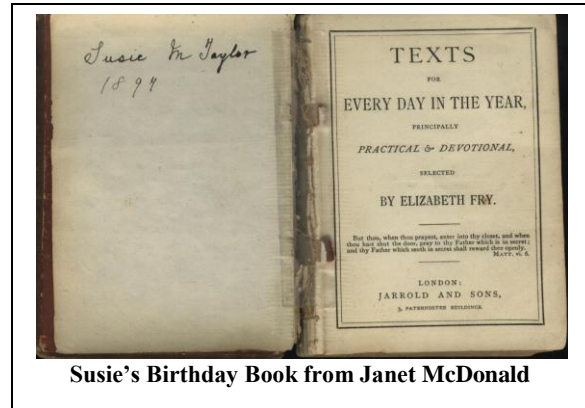
“When it is smooth, add about 70g (about 1/3 cup) butter. At this stage I also add something like 50 g (about 2/3 cup) tasty grated cheese according to taste. (The cheese is optional, but it was used by both Lily and her mum and is a family favorite.) Then I add about 220 g (1.5 cups) flour to bind it and not have it too hard to roll out. Roll out approx 1/2 centimetre (~ 1/4 inch) thick. Cut into pieces and cook on griddle or suchlike appliance - same as for soda bread. When browned on both sides it is ready. I freeze this and use as needed. Delicious warm with butter on it.”

Susan Matilda Taylor

Susan Matilda Taylor was born in Ipswich, England, on June 22, 1882. Her father Alfred Taylor was, ironically, a tailor by trade of Worlingworth, a small village about 20 miles north of Ipswich. Her mother was Agnes Elliott, whose family had a firm foundation in farming and in bricklaying. Agnes was from Sproughton, a suburb just to the west of Ipswich.

I think Susan was named after her maternal grandmother, Susan Collins, and for her maternal great-grandmother Susannah Goddard. Her middle name honored her mother's sister, Harriet Matilda, who never married. Janet McDonald, a cousin and family researcher in the UK, has a memento of Susie's childhood, a birthday book. Janet kindly sent me some scans of the little book. The scripture for Susie's birthday read:

“173 Day, 25 Week 6 month (June 22.) I, even I, am the Lord; and beside me there is no savior – *Isa. XLIII, 11*. Who is like unto thee among the gods? Who is like thee, glorious in holiness, fearful in praises, doing wonders? *Exod. XV, 11*.”

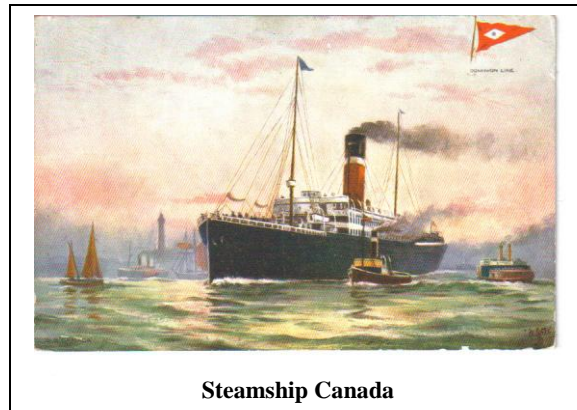


Here, as in all references and documents, Susan seems to have always gone by the name Susie.

Alfred and Agnes had at least 5 daughters and 2 sons, and it seemed they all contributed. Janet told me that all the Taylor children had jobs. Judging by the census entries, the children in the family went to school until about age 12, when they were put to work. In 1901, 19-year-old Susie was working as a housemaid in Islington. Her younger sister Kate was working as well, at the home of a Mr. Warner, an upholsterer, and later another sister worked there as well. That same year, her 15-year-old sister Alice was working home I think doing embroidery on canvas, and her 13-year-old brother Harry was a messenger boy. Janet said that all the girls were sent into service. Charley (12), Florence (9), and Rose (6) were apparently still in school, but Florence and Rose eventually worked in domestic service.

There were advantages to working in domestic service, especially in comparison with a young woman's other work option in a factory. Perhaps the greatest benefit was that her food and lodging were provided and her expenses low. This would give greater opportunity to save or to send money home to her parents. It also provided a home atmosphere for the girl leaving home to live in a strange place. However, the hours could be long, 10 to even 17 hours each day, and there was little time the servant could call her own. There was usually vacation time and the employer often paid for doctor visits, but benefits really depended on the particular family situation where she worked.

By 1906, Susie was unmarried and getting to be an old spinster of 24 years. The story in the family is that she immigrated to Canada in order to find a husband, and there is likely something to this tale. Because of intense male immigration, Canada had 113 males for every 100 females in its population. About that time, of the 7 million people overall population, this left a surplus of nearly 400,000 males. Women in Canada had a 56% probability of being married at age 25. In England that probability was only 41%. Canada would look like the Promised Land to a girl seeking marriage.



Steamship Canada

Susie was recruited by the British Women's Emigration Association to emigrate to Canada. The organization, founded by Mrs. Ellen Joyce, was organized to enlist farm laborers and domestics for service in Canada, Australia, and South Africa. At that time, England had a surplus of educated young women, resulting in an overcrowded and ill-paid workforce. Young educated women recruits were first taken to Leaton, about 60 miles south of Liverpool, for training in housework, cooking, and other domestic arts. They then traveled overseas to their job locations in parties of about 30 or so and every effort was made to provide protection to the young women. On shipboard, they traveled in an isolated 3rd class section, and on arriving in Canada were placed in safe homes until employment was found. Mrs. Joyce was paid a bonus by the British government to help offset the fare, and the girls were expected to repay any difference from their earnings at about £3 per month. Susie was recruited as a domestic with one of Mrs. Joyce's groups and sailed from Liverpool England on June 6, 1906. She arrived in Quebec a week later and then went to Toronto.



I think this is Susie Taylor

All her life Susie was shy of having pictures, and so finding photos of her has been difficult. Pat and I think that this picture, from Pat and Jack's album and taken in Toronto, is Susie about the time she arrived in Canada.

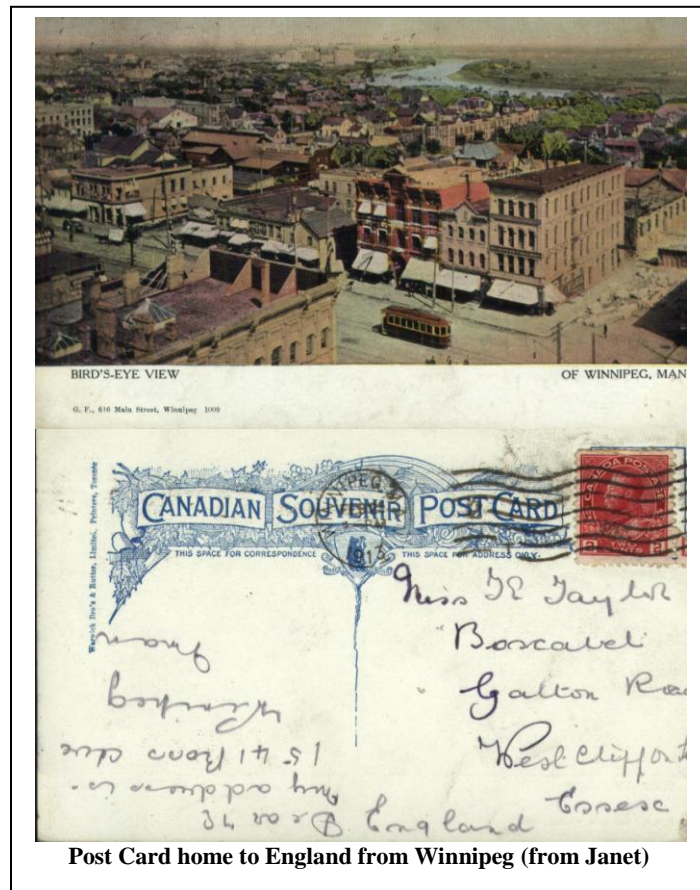
Susie met her Irish husband to be, Robert Waddell, sometime after his arrival in Toronto in September 1907. The couple was married October 26, 1908, and as outlined above in Robert's story, the tale begins to get interesting. Robert was using an assumed name of "Bert Wardell" when he married her, and soon after their marriage, the couple left the country for Michigan. All indications are that "Bert" was on the run because he already had a wife and child in Ireland.

It is not clear just how much Susie knew, but it is hard to imagine her willingly marrying an already married man. She consistently used the name Wardell in travel documents, and when her first son

Charles was born in 1915, he was named Charles Robert Wardell, son of Robert W Wardell. But “Bert” could be argued as short for Robert. However, Robert used the name “Albert Wardell” in traveling. And Susie and her husband always seemed to have purchased their tickets separately and traveled separately, even when they were on the same train. They registered their first son’s birth as Charles Robert Wardell. They appear to have reverted to the Waddell surname in 1917.

The most telling thing to me is Charles Wardell’s birth certificate. Sometime later, someone had the birth certificate corrected from Wardell to Waddell. That person also changed the boy’s name from Charles Robert to Charles Maurice. The persons with the authority and access in Michigan would be his parents, and changing Charles’ middle name from his Dad’s strikes me as an angry spouse getting something of her own back as she tries to correct her husband’s deceptions and renamed his namesake.

In the US, Susie and Bob Wardell first moved to Delany, a suburb of Detroit, but by 1910 they were settled in Marshall City, Michigan, a town just east of Battle Creek. Susie lost a baby, I think about 1909 or 1910. Their next child, Dorothy, was born about 1911 or 1912.



This was followed by the move to Manitoba between 1912 and 1914, where Robert appears to have been working. They returned to the states and their son Charles was born in Cadillac in 1915. Ken and Eva were also born in the States, Eva in 1918.

They returned to Canada, I think from Grand Rapids, Michigan, about 1919, living first in Port Hope near Lake Ontario where Winnie was born and then to Thistleton, a suburb of Toronto. There is more about Thistleton in a section below.

In Thistleton, her youngest, Jack, was born in 1924. Shortly after that Robert abandoned Susie and their children.

A curious thing in all these cross-border travels is that I found little record of the children. Despite repeated crossings, Lynne found the only record we have, which is when Susie and Dorothy

crossed into Manitoba in 1912. It may just be that the records are incomplete, but otherwise, I am not sure what they did with the kids when they traveled, nor how they got them back into Canada.

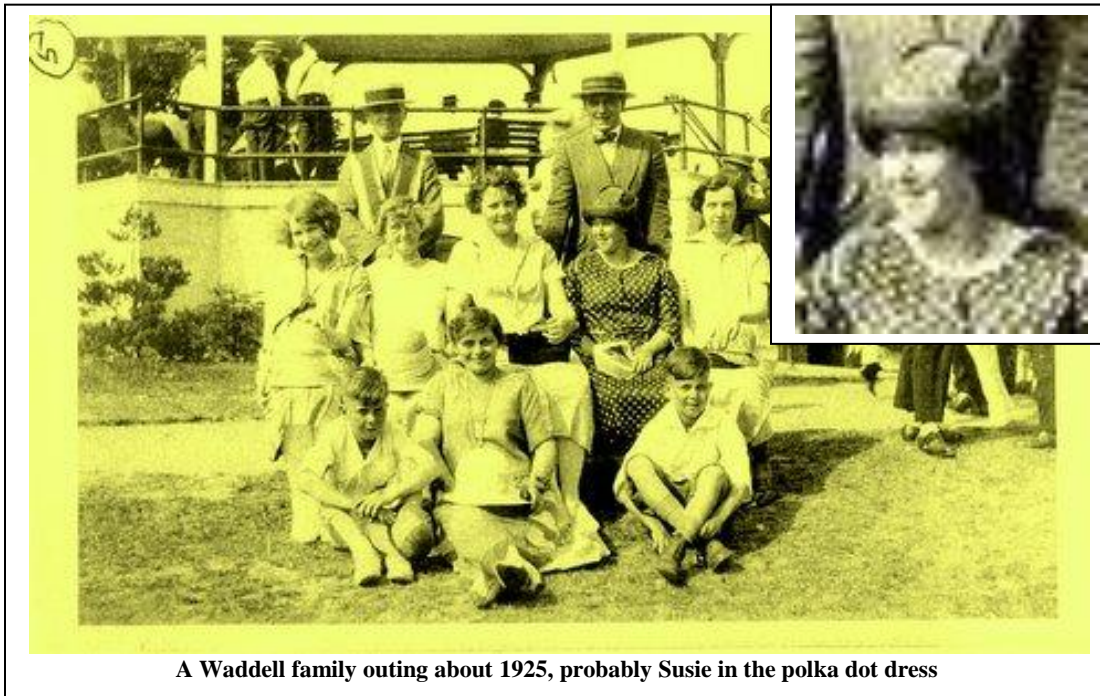
After ten or twelve years in Thistle town, the family shows up in the Toronto City Directory about 1934 living at 67 Chryessa St in Mt. Denis. By 1936, they had moved to 40 Greendale Ave and about 1944, they settled at 2863 W. Dundas St, where they remained for many years. In each directory entry, Susie calls herself the widow of Robert W. Waddell.

Without Robert's income, the family was in a difficult spot financially, and the government provided them relief. Over the next years, to make ends meet, the children worked after-school jobs and quit school as soon as they were of age. Susie did sewing, and on Dundas Street, their apartment was directly above a clothing store, which could have provided her work at home.



40 Greendale Ave in Mt Denis – I think the family occupied the left half of the house

Travel documents describe Susie as a short dark complexioned woman, 5' 1½" tall with brown eyes and brown hair. They record her having a scar over her right eye and a mole on her right cheek. Lynne sent us the picture below, and we agree that the woman in the polka dot dress is almost certainly Susan. Robert is not in the group picture, taken at a Waddell family gathering I am guessing about 1925. She has her head turned away, so neither scar nor mole is apparent in the picture. However, this woman is plump and very short and is not in Irish white attire for July 12th. Taken together with her pleasant expression, these all strongly suggest that this is Susie.



A Waddell family outing about 1925, probably Susie in the polka dot dress

Pat said she would often visit her mother-in-law after she married Jack, and Pat really liked her. “I doubt that Susan reached 4’ 9” in height. Susan was as wide as she was long – a stout woman, and a wonderful cook. She could make a pork roast that could make you cry, it was so good. She was really nice. I really liked Jack’s mother. I think she liked me too. She was good-natured and had only one tooth when I knew her. She spoke with an accent like Welsh, she laughed a lot, and she would often giggle. She was a pleasant woman after all that she’d been through.

Pat said, “Susan could not abide alcohol in the house. Whenever she found a bottle, she would pour it out. Susan was sure her boys were on the road to Hell. I can remember, the boys would be livid. They thought they had hidden their drink, but she found it and poured it out.

“After Susan, my second child was born, my mother-in-law told me, ‘You shouldn’t let Jack have his way all the time.’ An ordinary person might have been offended, but I’m not an ordinary person. I just laughed. I felt like she was always in my corner.”

At the same time, Pat told me that Susan for herself was not at all decisive or assertive. Pat said her mother-in-law always went along with what her boys told her to do. I can’t help wondering if this mindset didn’t play a big part in going along with the early adventures on the run with Robert.

Susie’s granddaughter Carol Graham, Eva’s daughter, knew Susie. Carol told how Susie hated to have her picture taken, and she would tear up pictures of herself whenever she found them. Susie even tore up a picture of herself that she found in Eva’s photo album. Carol also wrote that Susie had academic interests. “My grandmother took singing lessons. She read the kids’ textbooks because she wanted to learn about Canada.” And Susie’s early domestic training was apparent. Carol wrote, “When she was at our house (she visited for weekends) I noticed *that men were catered to first* and she really knew a lot about food and table settings.” And she had a nice way with grandchildren: “She would play children’s games with me and I had a chair of my own at the apartment on Dundas St.”

Sandi said she didn’t remember having met her grandmother, but, she said, whenever the children sent Susie a card, she would send them back a dollar. This made corresponding with her of interest to the kids. The cards might only say, “Dear Grandma, How are you? I am fine. Love Sandi”, but that was enough.

Under the pressures of stress and age and hard times, Susie’s health deteriorated and Sandi told me her grandmother suffered from depression. According to Carol, Susie ended up in the psychiatric hospital in Whitby, where she had shock treatments. After the hospital, Susie lived in an old age home, suffering among other things from Parkinson’s disease. She died at Western Hospital April 7, 1964, and was buried together with her oldest daughter Dorothy at Riverside Cemetery in Etobicoke, a suburb of Toronto.



5. Robert and Susie's Children

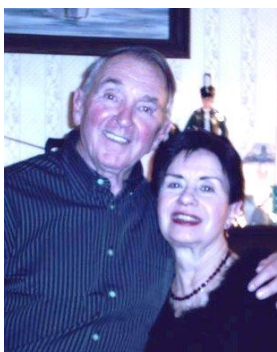
In their travels across Michigan and Ontario, Robert and Susie Waddell had eight children. One of these apparently died at birth or in infancy. The others were Dorothy, Bob, Ken, Winnie, Eva, Ron, and Jack. The family eventually settled in Thistleton, a suburb of Toronto, where the children went to school in the small one-room schoolhouse. All of them left school before graduation in order to take jobs and help support the family.

Their mom was English but the children were well aware and proud of their Irish heritage. Pat, Jack's wife, told me that they all knew how to drink and how to party. She said the Waddells were fun, and really a good looking group. There was a striking resemblance among the brothers and sisters that many of the cousins have commented on. And Pat laughed and included herself when she said, "Those Waddell men sure married nice women."

Pat also pointed out that none of the Waddell children had blue eyes like their father except for Winnie. Pat thought it was interesting that Winnie was the only one of the children to defend her blue-eyed father's rather wayward behavior.

Each was their own person and followed their own paths, but there were interesting common features. Their father worked in factories as an iron molder, and five of the seven children to my knowledge did factory work at one time or another. Three eventually held office jobs – Eva left the factory and Dorothy left domestic service to become secretaries and stenographers. Jack was a draftsman, accountant, and later a time-study engineer. None seemed particularly rich, but they were all hard workers.

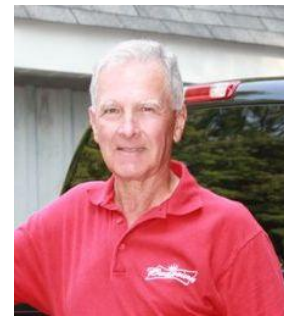
All of the brothers and brothers-in-law volunteered for the Army or Air Force in World War II, and all returned safely. But for the most part, they had terrible memories of those days and did not talk about their service.



Winnie's son George Campbell and wife Louise

What follows includes a little description of Thistleton where the children grew up and some short biographies of Jack's brothers and sisters. I am grateful for the support from Waddell family cousins, the children of Jack's brothers and sisters. These cousins furnished stories and pictures to help flesh out people I knew only from dry government records and city directory entries. I received special support from George Campbell, Lynne Erley, Carol Graham, Colleen Stevenson, Gary Waddell, and Maureen Brown. And I am also grateful to Pat Waddell, who provided some keen insights into

this family. These histories are by no means complete, but they seek to capture and preserve something of a memory of Susie and Robert's kids.



Ron's son Gary Waddell



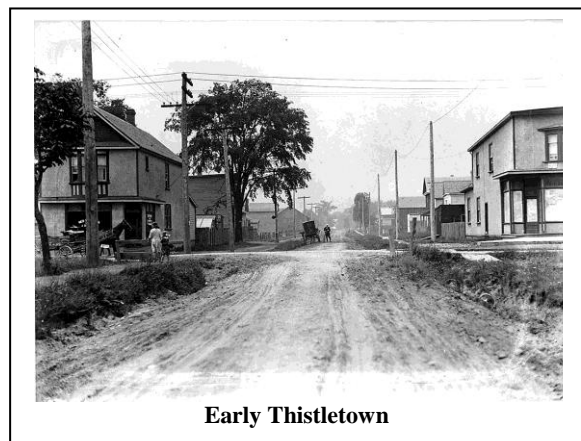
Bob's daughter Maureen Brown

Thistle town

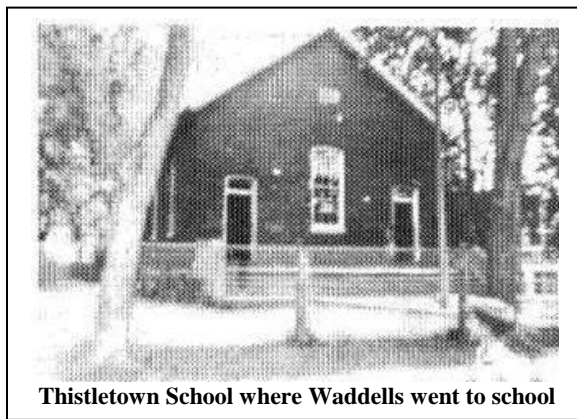
Thistle town was a small village in the township of Etobicoke located on the Humber River. When the Waddell family lived there, the area was very rural, with small towns surrounded by farmland. Today, the town and farmland have all been swallowed up by urban sprawl, the neighborhood located about 5 miles northeast of the Toronto Airport. The Waddell family moved to Thistle town sometime in the early 1920's, and this is where Jack Waddell was born.

Colleen said that her mother Winnie Waddell told her a lot about Thistle town and their life there.

All the children, she said, went to school in a one-room schoolhouse. The boys would be taken out of school at certain seasons so they could help tend to the farming. The girls had to wear dresses to school, and in the winter time, Winnie told her, the girls had to wear wool stockings. She recalled how the snow would stick and there would be ice balls hanging on their stockings. In the springtime, the creek would swell, cutting off their way to school, and the men of the village would carry the children across. There was only one teacher for all those grades, and the lady teachers had to be single. When her teacher married, Winnie said, the school would find another teacher.



Early Thistle town



Thistle town School where Waddells went to school

More memories of life in Thistle town are found in a little booklet called "Thistle town – Then and Now." These included the Annual School Fall Fair. One side of the schoolhouse was dedicated as a community hall, and it was used to house exhibits for the fair. "Boys and girls from Thistle town and the surrounding villages brought their calves and lambs and pets to be judged. There were also prizes for fruits, vegetables, and flowers. There would be quilting and fancy-work, essays would be written and speeches prepared. Early on the designated autumn morning the

children would gather at Thistle town's four corners and march down the highway to the Community Hall and Village Green to see the many exhibits on display. Judging would continue on through the day. The local women's group would provide drinks for all those who brought their lunches. Prizes would be awarded and the winners of the oratorical contests were invited to appear before the York County Council."

The September 18th, 1932 Toronto Star shows that the first prize for a Dooley potato that year at the Thistle town Fall Fair was won by Jack Waddell. The Dooley is a variety of white potato popular for a while in Ontario, but which seems to have fallen out of favor nowadays.

From Winnie's daughter Colleen, I learned about the Gardhouse family of Thistletown. The Waddells lived on Irwin Road, and they became close to the family on the neighboring farm, William and Alice Gardhouse. William was reasonably well off as a successful farmer and was also involved in politics. He served several terms as Reeve for Etobicoke and was elected to the Ontario Parliament.



Gardhouse Home in Thistletown

When Robert Waddell left his family soon after their arrival, his wife Susie and her children were in a hard place. Susie was there with seven children and even the oldest was still too young to go to work. However, Winnie said they always had food and it was these neighbors who helped them out a whole lot during the tough times. It was the Depression, and Alice and William even offered to take in Winnie to live with them and take some of the burden off Susie. Susie, although grateful for the thought, wanted to keep her flock together. When Colleen later told her mom that this seemed weird, Winnie replied that it wasn't strange for those times when people didn't have any money. Times were different then.



Besides supporting the family with physical needs, the Gardhouses also brought them beautiful memories. Winnie said the Gardhouse family made a special effort at Christmastime. Colleen told me, "My mom said that for Christmas they had these horses and she would even tell me their names. They would harness the horses to a sleigh that was all washed and polished. The horses were all decked up with bells, and they'd all be under these warm soft blankets going to church on Christmas Eve. She said it was just like in the movies, and they just thought they were something, riding these beautiful sleighs to church."

By 1934, the Waddells left Thistletown, moving to the Mt. Dennis community. By that time, a number of the children were old enough to leave school and start bringing income into the family. However, the Waddells continued to stay in touch with the Gardhouse family. William Gardhouse served as a reference for Jack when he was applying to the RCAF during World War II in 1943.

Mr. Gardhouse achieved some fame in Ontario, in part because he put forward the bill making the white trillium the Ontario provincial flower. He was a respected MP and was honored by the Canadians for his service to the province. There is a township named for him in the rugged part of Ontario about 150 miles north of Sudbury. William and Alice also had a kindly and generous

impact on our family at a time of great difficulty, and I felt like it was important to recognize them. William Gardhouse died in 1950 at age 70. His wife died 12 years later in 1962. They are buried in Riverview Cemetery in Etobicoke.

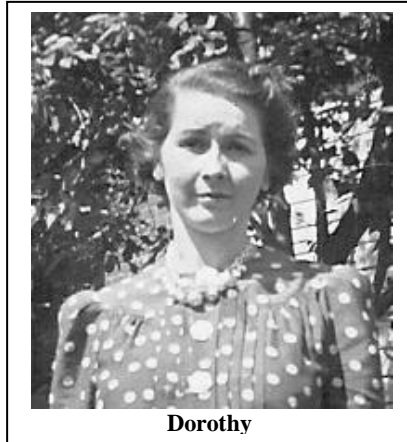


William and Alice Gardhouse headstone



White Trillium – Ontario Provincial Flower

Dorothy Florence Waddell



Dorothy

Dorothy is the oldest of Robert and Susie's children. Her middle name was in honor of her mother's sister back in England. Dorothy was born in Marshall City, MI on November 27, 1911. Her headstone indicates 1912, but other documents suggest she was a year old then. Dorothy was born at the time when her parents were apparently on the run, and living under the name "Wardell." As a little girl, Dorothy moved a lot with her family, predominantly in Michigan and Manitoba. When she was 8 or 9 years old, they returned to Canada under the name "Waddell," eventually settling in Thistleton outside Toronto.

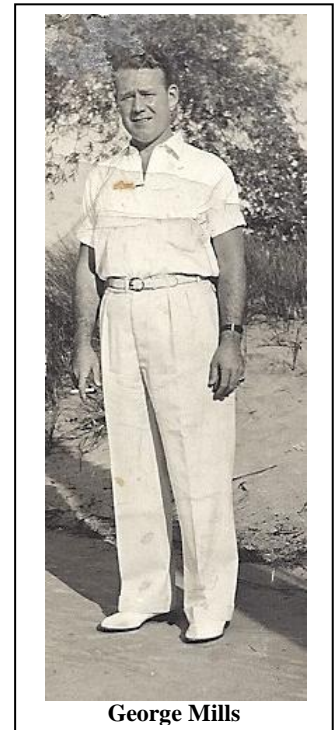
About 1924, Robert left his family. Family members say this left them in a difficult place financially and Dorothy had to leave school to go to work.

Dorothy must have been popular in the family. She was chosen to be a witness for Myrtle's marriage to George Brownhill on October 27, 1927. At the time, Dorothy would have been 15. However, this apparently did not adversely affect George and Myrtle's marriage, which by all accounts was a reasonably happy one.

At the time of the wedding, Dorothy was living away from home at 1 Summerhill Gardens, the home of Dr. George Boyer, a physician, and his wife Janet. This would have been soon after Dorothy left school. Carol told me that when Dorothy moved out of her mother's house, she lived with a woman who paid for Dorothy to go to secretarial school. So perhaps Mrs. Boyer is that woman. Later in her life, Dorothy would put this education to good use.

Dorothy married a man named George Mills in Toronto, and that was all we knew for a long time. George was a great mystery in the family, and Dorothy never talked about him. Everyone I contacted said the same thing: "I don't know anything about George Mills." However, Lynne Erley found their marriage information, which gave the key. George had immigrated to Canada from Scotland with his family when he was about 12 in 1913. He was about 10 years older than Dorothy and worked as a pressman with E S & A Printing Co. George and Dorothy married on Valentine's Day of 1935. George was a recent divorcee, his previous wife named Doris Jardine.

The one family story I heard about George Mills was about his wanting a namesake. George and Dorothy were not able to have children. Dorothy had loved kids all her life and it gave her great heartache not to be able to have her own. As a result, she was a kind aunt to her nieces and nephews. And her husband greatly desired a son to carry his name. When these hopes were disappointed, the story in the family is that he approached Winnie who was pregnant at the time. If her newborn was a son, he wanted her to name the boy George for him and he offered to



George Mills

give her compensation. The stories in the family vary in amount between a token \$5 and a monumental \$1,000. Whatever it was, Winnie thought George Mills was a nice guy and accepted his offer, which, they say, is how her son George Campbell got his name. It is interesting that I got this picture of Mills from George Campbell.

George died in 1947, and Pat told me she thought he died from tuberculosis. He is buried with his mother and siblings at Mount Pleasant Cemetery in Toronto. With his death, Dorothy moved to live with her mother Susie at 2963 Dundas W. .



Dorothy

Dorothy went to work, and her secretarial training was useful in finding good jobs. George told me that everyone looked up to Dorothy as someone who had reached a professional level.

In the 1947 directory, Dorothy is working at Goldstein's Tobacco store, located in downtown Toronto on Yonge St. Besides working the store, she also did their bookkeeping. Pat told me, "I remember that tobacco store. It was a little package store where Jack got his tobacco. Jack really liked his pipe, and I remember once Dorothy got him some tobacco that was advertised as 'smooth as a baby's butt'. In later years we tried to find Jack that tobacco but without success."

Dorothy worked there for a man named Leighton Davies, who Carol thought was definitely interested in her aunt. Carol said that she herself as a young girl received gifts from Mr. Davies, gifts signed from "A secret admirer." However, Carol said, Dorothy turned Mr. Davies down.

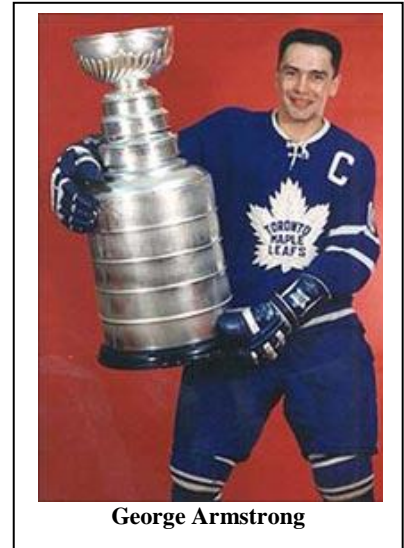
After the tobacco shop, Dorothy worked as secretary and stenographer for the Canadian celebrity Conn Smythe. Smythe is famous in Canada as the original owner of the Toronto Maple Leafs hockey team, and the builder of the Maple Leaf Gardens hockey arena. Smythe was also a big supporter of the March of Dimes, the campaign to wipe out polio, and as a result, some of Dorothy's efforts were devoted to supporting that cause as well.

Through her connections with the Maple Leafs, Dorothy had access to hockey tickets, and she was always looking after the kids in the family. Colleen told me that Dorothy would sometimes get some of the children tickets to see a professional hockey game. However, if that child didn't write Dorothy a thank you note right away, she would get mad at him. Winnie told Colleen, "Dorothy didn't have any experience with children. They were just kids."



Conn Smythe with Princess Elizabeth in the Maple Leaf Gardens

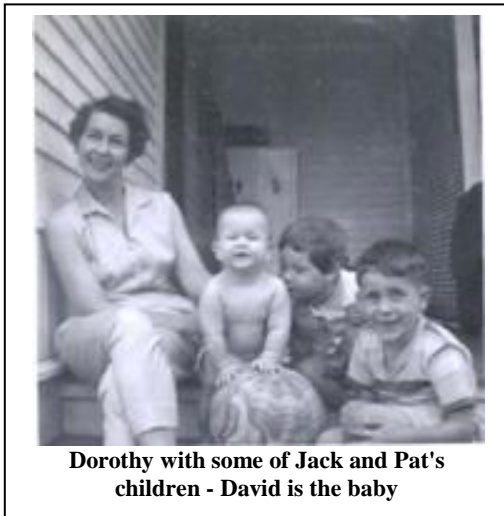
George Campbell denies being the subject of the above story, and frankly, I believe him. But George told me that he and Dorothy had a special relationship tied to a famous hockey player named George Armstrong. Armstrong was team captain of the Maple Leafs who took them to three consecutive Stanley Cups in the early 1960's. George Campbell said, "Aunt Dorothy and I somehow decided that George Armstrong was going to be 'our favourite'" (maybe it was the name 'George') and she would send me a dime if he scored a goal and a nickel if he got an assist. If I hadn't sent her a nice thank you note [not just "thank you"] I would have heard about it from Aunt Dorothy AND my mom. I had NO problem writing the letter....10C was big money at the time."



George Armstrong

After working for Connie Smythe, Dorothy worked for the school board as a clerk and stenographer. Carol said that Dorothy was working in the Truancy Department, and the management offered her the chance to train as a truant officer, finding wayward children and compelling them back into school. However, that was something that Dorothy did not want to do.

Dorothy was admired in the family as someone who had achieved a professional level and she dressed the part as well. George said, "She had what we thought was a big job working in an office. Most everyone else we saw had the bandana and was working in the factory. I am pretty sure she didn't wear that to the office. And of course, Toronto being a hockey town and the fact that she worked for Connie Smythe only enhanced her reputation. Dorothy was the family's first career professional. We always held her in a higher regard because of her position." So much of her success was the result of a chance to learn secretarial skills early in life.



Dorothy with some of Jack and Pat's children - David is the baby

Dorothy was also admired because she was such a nice person. Pat told me, "I really liked Dorothy - such a nice person and so good with children. Dorothy was a favorite - she was the oldest, a very caring person. She came to Greenfield and just loved David. Once after visiting us in Ohio, she sent stamps and told us to paste them on David's butt and send him up to her in Toronto."

Dorothy looked after all the family members. Winnie recalled that when Dorothy was working, she would always send money home to her mom and all the other kids. Winnie said that at Christmastime, Dorothy was really kind, and made sure that she bought the kids whatever they wanted." And when her siblings had children of their own, Dorothy did the same for her nieces and nephews. George told me, "She was very magnanimous to us kids - we always got stuff for Christmas and birthdays and she never forgot. She was very kind to us all."



On Holiday

Dorothy lived with her mom until about 1960, perhaps when Susie entered the hospital. Dorothy moved to a place of her own on Normanna Avenue, but she spent a lot of time visiting family and left some nice memories. Eva's daughter Carol recalled, "Dorothy spent most Christmases at my parents', and she would often come for Sunday visits. She went on holiday once with everybody and it was quite exciting. We had a cottage and she used to come down there. And we would talk a lot. I remember one of Dorothy's sayings: when I was avoiding doing the dishes, she would say, 'I am going to be Martha to your Mary.' I was going to talk and she was going to do the work."

George wrote, "Dorothy was my favorite aunt at the time and we would see her a lot. Mom would take us down to the Junction and we would see her. For a couple of years, we had a cottage up north and Dorothy would come up and spend time with us up there."

Dorothy died the day after Christmas, 1974. She had suffered for a long time from tuberculosis and had been hospitalized with it for long periods. However, it was cancer that finally killed her, and she died at Eva's house. Dorothy's obituary indicates that her husband George was already dead. However, she was not buried with him but with her mother Susie in Riverside Cemetery in Etobicoke, Ontario.

Dorothy was admired in the family for her success in the business world. She was also a nice and kind woman who cared for her mom and loved the children in her family. Dorothy is fondly remembered by everyone who knew her.



A very nice lady

Charles Maurice Waddell



Charles Maurice "Bob" Waddell

Robert and Susie's third child was born March 15, 1915. At his birth, the child was named Charles Robert Wardell, Wardell being Robert's alias while he was on the run in the US avoiding a bigamy charge. Sometime later, the child's middle name was changed to Maurice and his family name restored to Waddell. I like to think the change was made by Susie, angry over being betrayed and depriving Robert of his namesake.

It is curious that Charles was not called Charles. If the family he was known as "Bob". Lynne his daughter told me that it was due to his youngest brother Jack, who couldn't call him "brother" but called him "Bub" or "Bob" and the whole family picked it up. I wonder too if he had been called Bob early in his

life until his name was changed, and the early name stuck. Lynne said that formally her Dad was known as C.M. Waddell. I think he'll be Bob here.

Lynne said her dad was very smart in school, and even skipped a grade, but Bob was able to go to school only until the eighth grade. His father Robert Waddell had left the family by then, and Bob had to find work to help support his mother and siblings. This would have been about 1930 or so.

Bob was very good looking, and the family story tells that a movie director came through town. He liked Bob's looks and wanted to put him in the movies, but perhaps not surprisingly, Susie said, "No."

Bob would often tell the story of his first job, a job that lasted only one day. He started working at the cement plant, and at the end of the day, the exposed skin of his hands and face was burned by the lime. No one had told Bob that he needed to wear gloves and protective clothes, and his colleagues thought his burns and pain were hilarious. He never went back.



Newlyweds

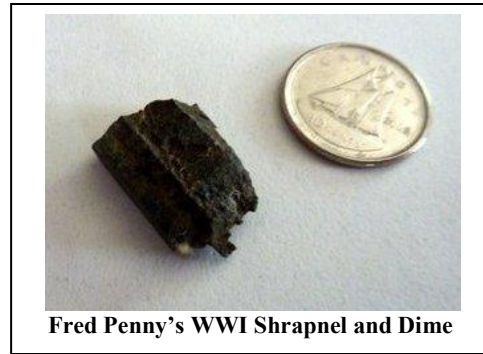


A young Mona Penny

Bob became a machinist. He was a union member and worked for ACME Screw and Gear for about 30 years.

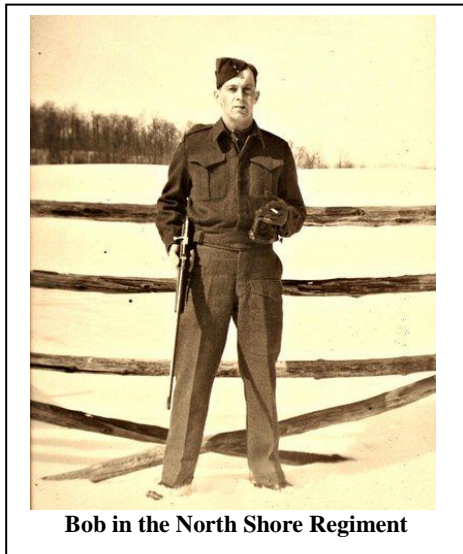
Pat told me, "Bob was the best-looking thing on two legs. He was the best looking Waddell there was - he was quiet, quiet like Jack, and both men liked their drinks." Through his brother Ken, Bob met a young good looking woman from the neighborhood named Monica (Mona) Penny. At the time, Ken was dating Mona's sister. Bob and Mona were married on May 13, 1939, in the town of Weston.

About Bob's wife, Pat said, "Mona was a looker, with coal black hair and real fair skin. She was a beautiful woman." Mona's father Fredrick Howard Penny was in a Canadian Army unit in World War I when he was wounded in France. Recovering in a hospital in England, he met one of the nurses' aides, Sarah Amelia Coughlan. Frederick and Sarah married there in England and he brought his bride back home to Canada. The piece of shrapnel from his wound is a family treasure even today.



Fred Penny's WWI Shrapnel and Dime

Bob and Mona settled in Toronto at 54 Gladstone Avenue. In 1941, their daughter Maureen was born, followed in 1943 by their son Ron. The series of children was interrupted when Bob went overseas during World War II. During the War, the children went to Hastings to live with Mona's parents, where Ron and Maureen attended a one-room schoolhouse. During the War, Mona worked in Toronto in a munitions factory.

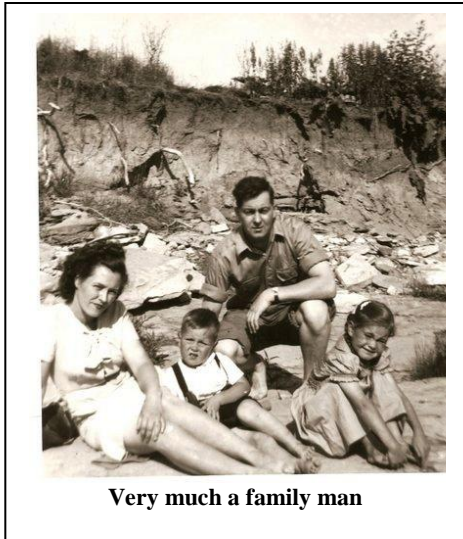


Bob in the North Shore Regiment

Bob never would talk about the War, and the family knows nothing about his service. Bob's discharge papers show he volunteered for service in 1943 and enlisted in the infantry. However, he then transferred to the Royal Canadian Army Medical Corps, where Lynne said he rode a motorcycle, perhaps a messenger. Bob's gravestone identifies him as serving in the North Shore (New Brunswick) Regiment. This infantry unit was originally formed in New Brunswick and shipped overseas, but as the War progressed, it was strengthened with new recruits. One of these replacements was Bob. On June 6, the unit participated in the D-Day landing at Juno Beach, landing in the Nan Red sector. They advanced inland and liberated the town of St. Aubin-Sur-Mer. The unit sustained heavy losses in the attack on the Carpiquet airfield, in support of later British attacks on Caen. They helped clear the coast of France and then

advanced into Holland. Battles in Holland included fighting in flooded fields during the battle of the Scheldt. The War carried the unit across Holland and in 1945 they entered the Rhineland in Germany. They were returned to Holland to battle against pockets of fanatical Hitler Youth and were in Holland when the war ended. Somewhere during the battles, Bob was wounded by shrapnel that bent his thumb back. It never healed correctly, and as a result, the rest of his life his thumb would not lie properly on his hand. He earned the 39-45 star, the France and Germany star, and the Canadian Volunteer Service Medal and Clasp.

Bob was discharged to civilian life in September of 1945 and resumed his machinist work at ACME. Mona and Bob's third daughter Lynne was born in 1953. About 1957, the family moved from their house on Gladstone to another at 13 Wallace Avenue.



Very much a family man

Mona worked at times, and this revealed one of Bob's hidden talents. Lynne said, "My mother worked at Neilson's Chocolate Factory on and off for many years. She would usually work the afternoon shift which was 3 to 11 PM. My dad looked after me after coming home from work which meant he made the suppers and put me to bed. Then he would wake me to go pick up my mom from the factory before 11 PM. I remember those cold nights when he would have to get me bundled up and sometimes half carried me to put me in the car. I complained; he never did.

"Later, my mom worked at Sears and again my dad cooked supper. He was a way better cook than my mom. Not that my mom was a horrible cook, just that my dad was so much better. Nothing was ever overcooked or

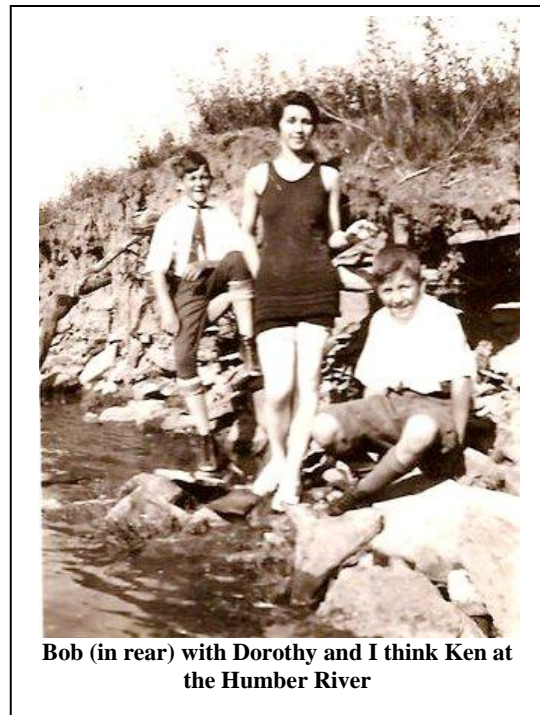
rushed - he was very patient. I only say this because my mom isn't here, but I think he missed his calling."

Lynne said her Dad was also good at plumbing and carpentry, and he built their kitchen cabinets. He was good at basically any work to do with the home. And he liked gardening. Lynne said, "Dad was an avid gardener, he grew vegetables like tomatoes, beans, and carrots. And he grew flowers, especially roses. Dad was very proud of his lawn. When he was a kid," Lynne said, "they lived in a rural area where he could plant a garden, and he just loved it.

Bob enjoyed relaxing at the end of a hard day. He liked to listen to music and had a wide variety of phonograph records in his collection. He also loved reading and encouraged his children toward reading as well. Bob especially liked reading about the War, its perspectives and perceptions. He also liked to watch war movies on the TV. But he didn't like to talk about the War itself.

The family traveled little, occasionally visiting Mona's sisters and receiving sporadic visits from Eva and Bill. They also would go see Mona's family in Hastings and spent summer holidays and weekends there. Lynne said they were somewhat isolated from the Waddell relatives, but she never understood why.

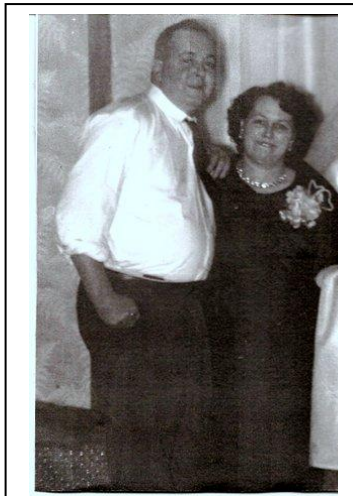
Lynne said her Dad didn't talk a lot, particularly about the War. But he would recount some childhood tales with his dry sense of humor. In one story, Bob told of going swimming with his sister Dorothy and one of his brothers. They were



Bob (in rear) with Dorothy and I think Ken at the Humber River

swimming in the River Humber, and Bob would laugh uproariously when he recounted how he dove into a dead horse at the bottom of the River.

In another, he would tell how he and his brother would sit along the bank near the road. When the occasional car would pass, the boys would raise their hands as if they were going to wave a friendly greeting. Then as the car approached, they would bring that hand down to smooth back their hair instead. Bob would laugh at how angry the drivers got at their prank.



**Bob and Mona at Maureen's
Wedding**

There were also family stories about Mona and Bob dating. Maureen recounted that her parents had gone dancing at a pretty swanky place in Hastings. They were having such a good time out on the dance floor that in the middle of a fast twirl, Mona lost her skirt. Maureen said it was a good thing her mom was wearing a slip.

On another occasion, Bob and Mona were on their way home from a night out, and it was really foggy. They turned onto a narrow bumpy road, followed it for a while, and then turned off at the next corner. It was then they realized that they had been on a railroad bridge. They heard the train pass by just a few minutes after they had turned off.

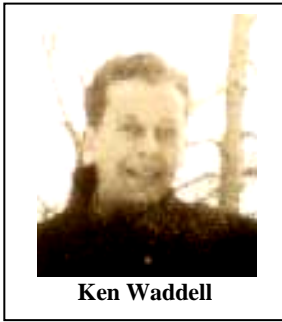
Lynne told me that to her Dad the most important thing was family. He had missed having a father growing up and was going to be a good father for his children. And Lynne said her dad taught her to fish.

Bob died June 17, 1976, at the age of 61. Mona went to live with her daughter Maureen in Campbellford, ON, and she would visit often with her daughter Lynne and with her grandchildren. Mona passed away quietly on November 10, 2008. Her obituary noted, "Mona will be remembered for her sense of humour, generosity, love of family and animals, especially Roni." Roni, her cat, was beside her when she died.



Mona

Kenneth Leslie Waddell



Ken Waddell

Ken was born in 1916, probably when the Waddells lived in Cadillac, Michigan. The family moved back to Canada a few years later, and Ken grew up in Thistletown. Ken went to school in Thistletown's one-room schoolhouse, but like his siblings, he had to leave school by about age 14 to go to work and help support the family.

There are some family rumors that early on he may have traveled out west with a brother looking for work. However, between 1937 through 1942, Ken worked for Moffat, Ltd., a stove manufacturer located in Weston near Toronto. Carol, Eva's daughter, told me that Ken introduced her parents. Ken worked with a fellow named Bill Irwin, and one day, Ken took Bill to his home. There, Bill met Eva, and they eventually married.

About 1940, Ken married Thirza Altha Rena Scott, the daughter of a machinist Reginald Scott and his wife Ann of Huntsville, Ontario. Ken and Thirza settled in Toronto and lived together with Chuck and Winnie. When I asked about their marriage, family members had strong opinions about Thirza and considered her unstable. They said that when Thirza became pregnant, she told Ken if the baby was a boy she didn't want it. Sadly Ken and Thirza's little boy was stillborn in 1941.

Ken went off to World War II, serving in the Infantry. Stories in the family tell about how he met up with his brothers in the bars or other places in England and the Continent. However, according to Pat, while he was there, Thirza sent Ken a "Dear John" letter and went home to Huntsville.

Winnie told Colleen that Thirza had one last job for Ken. When the War ended, one of the exciting things for the returning soldiers was being met by a crowd of family and friends at the Union Station in Toronto. Everyone would gather there to celebrate the safe return. Thirza was informed when Ken was to return, but she told no one in the family. As a result, no one was there to welcome poor Ken home.

When Thirza returned to Huntsville, she doesn't seem to have divorced Ken but instead took on the role of widow. She opened a beauty parlor there, the Tiarra Beauty Salon for Hairstyling, and was a member of the Chamber of Commerce. When Thirza died on November 23, 1974, her obituary called her the "beloved wife of the late Ken Waddell." However, Ken didn't die until 9 years later in 1983.

The terrible experiences of the War, together with the loss of both child and wife, were grave blows for Ken and he took to drinking heavily. He was apparently able to hold a job, but alcoholism affected his social relationships. Ken was dating a girl named Mary Penny for a while, and Jack and Pat double dated with them a few times. Pat said they had really fun times together and that Ken was a very nice guy. Ken even introduced his brother Bob to Mary's sister Mona and that couple eventually married. Ken was also serious about Mary, but by this time,



Ken and Mary

he was drinking heavily and was so unreliable that Mary would not marry him. Mary later married an Ulsterman named Lesley Ferris, but Ken never did remarry.

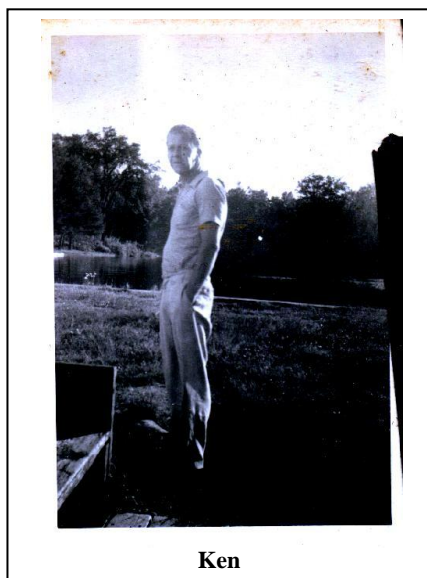
Lynne shared a family story about Ken and her mother Mona. She said Mona and Bob and Bob's brother Ken were out for a drive. It was a hot day and they decided to stop at a hotel bar for a beer. The bar was dark and breezy and the beer was cold. As the bartender started to serve Mona her beer, Ken exclaimed, "What are you doing? You can't serve her. Can't you see she's an Indian?" In the dark, with her high cheekbones and dark complexion, Mona did look like a Native American. Mona was furious and I am not sure she ever got her brew.

After the War, Ken first lived with his mom on Dundas Street W. He finally settled in with Winnie and Chuck and their family. During that time, Ken worked as an assembler at Canadian Cycle and Motor (CCM), a manufacturer of bicycles and hockey gear.

Everyone remembers Ken as a very nice man. Colleen said he was the kind of person who would actually give you the shirt off your back. She said, "Ken was a very nice uncle. He loved my brothers like crazy." Lynne's Aunt Pat said that when she was small, Ken was a wonderful man who took time with her when most adults wouldn't. George told me, "Ken was a wonderful guy, a very gentlemanly guy. He was very generous to us and also Mom. He bought my Mom her first electric refrigerator. I can still remember when that refrigerator arrived, and how they carted the old icebox out the back door."

Everyone also said that Ken always prided himself on his appearance. He was always well groomed and dressed classy, with nice shirt and collars.

However, Ken continued to drink heavily. For Winnie, with her husband Chuck an alcoholic and taking care of five kids, this was a heavy burden. Then, after a night of heavy drinking, Ken fell asleep with a lit cigarette and set the house on fire. For Winnie, this was too much, and she asked Ken to leave.



Ken left and disappeared from the family for a long time. He disappeared from the Toronto City directories as well. Carol said that she met him accidentally on a bus during this period. It was just after Ken's mother Susie had died, and Carol told him when and where the funeral was, but Ken never showed up. He had essentially cut himself off from the family. The family hadn't wanted to lose touch with him. It was just he couldn't live at the Campbell house anymore. They tried to find Ken through the Veterans Affairs office and eventually they received a message back that Ken did not wish to be found.

Several years later, the authorities notified both the Irwins and the Campbells that Ken was in the hospital. He had apparently been homeless and living on the street, and had been attacked by someone with a knife. Between his wounds,



Ken with Pat and Jack in happier times

gangrene, and diabetes, Ken ended up losing a leg. Chuck Campbell went to him right away and saw to it that Ken was moved to a convalescent home. Ken still had his desire for wanting to appear nice. He asked Chuck, "Would you please get me a nice shirt for when we visit." Winnie visited him occasionally, as did Bill Irwin, but Colleen said that her dad Chuck would see Ken every Sunday.

Ken died in 1983, and Colleen was his executor. The surprising thing is that he had an estate which he left to his brothers and sisters of about \$17,000. Perhaps the money came from GI life insurance

Only four people came to Ken's funeral. It was a sad ending for somebody everyone thought was a really nice person. As George said, "He was really nice, a gentlemanly kind of guy. He was always a gentleman, just he had that problem."

Winifred Waddell



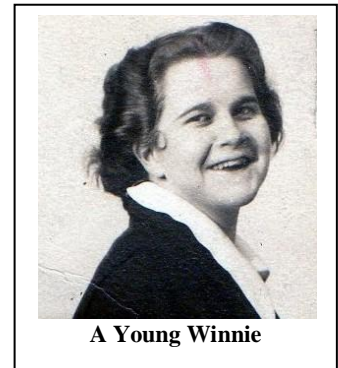
Winnie Waddell

Winnie was born March 19, 1920, in Port Hope, Ontario, just after the family returned from living several years in the States. The family later moved to Thistletown near Toronto and this is where Winnie grew up. Some reminiscences about playing and going to school in Thistletown are presented in a section above.

Those stories include the Gardhouse family, rather well-to-do farmer neighbors who took Susie and her flock under their wing after Robert left. Colleen said one evening her mother was heading home and it was thundering and lightning. To get home quicker, she took a shortcut through the Gardhouse farm, crossing the field where they kept a really old horse named Moses. As she was crossing Winnie apparently saw the horse get hit by lightning and go down. She ran in the direction of the house saying, "Oh, Mrs. Gardhouse, Mrs. Gardhouse, Moses is dead! Moses is dead!" Mrs. Gardhouse replied, "Yes dear, Moses has been dead for a long time." "NO," Winnie said, "it's the HORSE."

Winnie was a somewhat unusual girl in the community. For one thing, when she was young she had a bicycle. Colleen said her mother just loved this bike, but in those days girls didn't have bikes. It was a boy thing, and they thought she was crazy for loving this bike. But Winnie didn't care, and she rode it everywhere.

Winnie went to the one-room schoolroom in Thistletown described in the section above. She really liked school and braved flooded creeks and winter snows to get there. However, in the 8th grade, she had to leave school to get a full-time job. In those days, leaving school then was not all that unusual, and the family needed her income. But Colleen said her mother cried when she had to leave school. She really wanted an education.



A Young Winnie

Winnie's first job was working in a factory. Colleen was not sure which factory it was, but it involved a lot of running and watching, and you had to be quick. It required a bus ride of about an hour each way. Winnie was only 13 or 14 at the time, and she always came home exhausted.

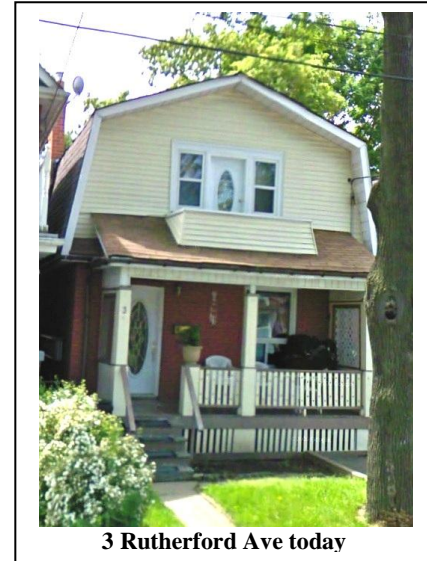
Winnie liked watching sports, especially lacrosse, and that may be where she met a promising lacrosse player named Charles "Chuck" Campbell. Chuck played something like semi-pro lacrosse for the Brampton Ontario team, and Winnie would watch him play. Colleen said that he was known to play the game barefoot, although his son George indicated that it might have been only occasionally, perhaps if he forgot his shoes. Colleen said her Dad continued to play, even after he married, and that it became a family hobby - they all played lacrosse.

Chuck was born in Toronto August 14, 1915. His parents were John and Queenie (Elizabeth) Campbell from England, and his father worked at the Toronto Star newspaper

Chuck and Winnie married in September of 1936 or 1937 and Chuck worked as a truck driver. They lived at 3 Rutherford Avenue, a house right around the corner from the house on Emmett Street where Chuck grew up. In fact, Chuck and Winnie's children all went to Bala Avenue Public School, the same school their father had attended. And at Bala, the children had some of the same teachers their father had as well.

In their marriage, Winnie and Chuck had five children. Their first three children came during the first five years and were all boys: Bill, Gary, and George. Then their father went off to World War II.

Chuck entered the Army, serving in Europe in the Royal Regiment of Canada. Before Chuck joined, the regiment took part in the terrible raid on Dieppe in 1942, in which over 80% of the 550 men in the unit were either killed or captured. The unit was rebuilt, and it was during this rebuilding that Chuck was assigned. The Regiment landed in Normandy on July 7, 1944, and served with great distinction in France, Belgium, Holland, and Germany. For his service, Chuck was awarded four medals, including the 1939-1945 Star, the Canadian Volunteer Service Medal, the France-Germany Star, and the War Medal.



3 Rutherford Ave today



Chuck – Royal Regiment

Like so many veterans of the War, Chuck didn't talk much with the family about it. Colleen said he sent letters home that were heavily censored. Every time he would write, "Tomorrow we will go to..." the sections were all X'd out by the censors. He told nice stories about being in the War, most of his tales involving finding family members. Colleen said, "He would tell me how he met Uncle Ken there, or how he had seen Bob or his brothers. He would say, we went in this bar and there was your Uncle Ken and there was your uncle Bob. He told about trying to find where Jack was stationed."

One thing he did say about the fighting was that they had a small young-looking kid in their unit. Colleen said, "My Dad was older going in, in his mid to late 20's. He watched over this kid, they being from the same neighborhood. The kid ended up getting shot, and my dad helped to get him back out. It turned out the boy wasn't even 18. He had lied about his age to join."

Colleen said, "I remember that my mom told me how my dad in the War got shot in the leg, but it wasn't a bad wound – the bullet went right through his leg. She got the telegram – 'Your husband has been shot...' It didn't say anything else. She didn't know if he was dead or in hospital. I have that telegram and that's kind of neat. It wasn't a bad wound, and they sent him

right back to the front. My Dad said, 'I could have killed them.' My Mom finally found out that he was OK but back then everything was letters, and communications took forever."



Chuck Campbell

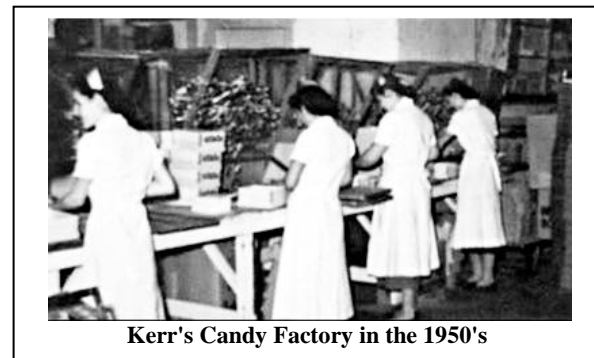
The War ended and late in 1945, Chuck returned home and went back to driving a truck. He drove a truck for two cinder block companies (Primo Block and Dundas Block) and for two coal companies (Ashby and Shakespeare.) George said his dad rotated jobs among these companies, circulating from one to another. They were all like acquaintances and friends. Colleen said he also worked for Kitchen Queen, which handled things like towels and bedding.

But the War had changed Chuck. Winnie would say he was not the same man who had left. He took to drink, which made life difficult and brought a lot of strife to the children. Ken, also a heavy drinker, was already living with them. Ken, with drinking and smoking in bed, actually set the house on fire. Colleen said that with two alcoholics and five children, Winnie could not deal with it, and Ken was asked to leave.

In 1950, Jeannie was born. She was about eight years younger than her nearest brother. Ten years later in 1960, Winnie had her change of life baby Colleen when she was 41. Colleen said the children were so spread out that it was like there were three separate families, and people often asked her if they all had the same mother or father.

However, it was after Colleen's birth that Chuck stopped drinking. Colleen said, "He would always say he didn't want to bring up another child with alcohol. I was three when he quit. So I was so lucky – my dad was everything to me when I was little."

Chuck drove trucks, but for a while, Winnie also worked. George said, "I remember Mom when she worked at Kerr's Candy Factory and she'd come home smelling like candy and of course bringing home samples and broken candies. And the girls she worked with would get together regularly. I can remember them being at the house maybe once a week and playing cards and just having good times. And of course, when they came home from work they all had those bandanas - they folded up a scarf over their heads. Mom probably worked there maybe mid-1940's through about mid-1950's."



Kerr's Candy Factory in the 1950's

Everyone I have talked with said Winnie was a very positive lady, and very funny. Pat told me that before she and Jack got married, their favorite place to go was Winnie's kitchen. She said Winnie was funny, funny, funny, and she'd get them all laughing. "I had a lot of fun with Winnie," Pat said. "I learned to play Monopoly with them. At first, I was so bored, then I got to playing it - we had such a good time, we even bought a game."

Colleen said her mom was a very positive kind of person. Winnie had no bad word to say about her father Robert's misbehavior and was never sad about her tough beginnings. Colleen said that except for having to leave school, all the stories her mom told about growing up were happy ones, nice stories. Colleen said, "I've never heard her say anything negative or awful."

Winnie had some fun idiosyncrasies as well. Pat said, "Winnie would wait until we got to her place before preparing lunch. Then she would send one of the kids to buy a single stick of butter. Winnie would never eat margarine. She would rather do without than eat margarine. Maybe that's why no one in the family was fat."

Pat said Winnie also liked her tea very sweet. She would pour tea in her cup and add about a half cup of sugar to it. Whenever she finished her cup, there was a lot of undissolved sugar in the bottom. Winnie would rinse the sugar all out and start all over for her next cup.

George told me that when he was a boy, the family traveled a lot by busses and trains. "We didn't have a car. I probably had the first family car when I went to high school. Once in a while, we would go up to a lake called Cameron Lake and my dad would borrow a car. One time we went to Algonquin Lake and my dad rented a car, and we all said 'Oh my goodness' – I might have been 10 or 11. Otherwise, everywhere we went we just hopped on the TTC. And away we'd go."



Winnie and George



Visit to Mississippi

Much later, Winnie traveled to Mississippi to visit Pat with Colleen. Colleen was about 16 and had saved the money to pay for this trip for her mom. Pat said, "I never had so much fun in my life. We went to the mall and had ourselves made up at Gayfer's Department Store, a real uptown place. Oh, she just loved that. I worked for L'Oreal and I gave Win a bunch of L'Oreal to take home - she was in hog heaven." The picture shows left to right, Winnie, Becky, Sandi, baby Molly, Jack, Pat, Sadie, John, and Denise.

According to Colleen, her mom liked joining things, taking up hobbies or sports with a group. For example, she belonged to a bowling league, and she joined a group to make ceramics when they were popular. Colleen said, "She would always go on these lady trips to the States like a bus trip. I always remember her laughing like she loved people and she liked to sit around drinking her tea and laughing, and she



Winnie and Colleen



Chuck Campbell

liked to tell stories. That's what we did at home chat - laugh, sit in the kitchen, and drink tea. Honestly, our teapot was never ever empty."

Chuck Campbell died February 2, 1984. After her husband's death, Winnie went to live with Colleen in Oshawa, Ontario. Winnie had been a heavy smoker all her life and she died from emphysema in Oshawa on July 7, 1991 or 1992.

By all reports, Winnie was a very funny and upbeat kind of person, one that everyone liked to be around. As George said, "She really had a lot of fun in life."

Eva Illeen Waddell



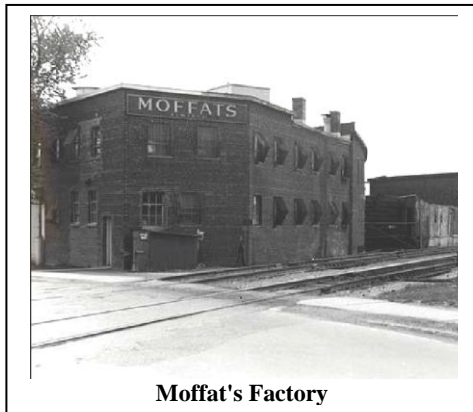
Eva

Most of what I know of Eva I have learned from her daughter Carol Graham. Carol has been working on Waddell family genealogy for a while, and kindly shared stories and insights to this and other biographies.

Carol said that her mother was born January 8, 1918, in Cadillac, Michigan, and gave her full name as Eva Illeen Waddell. When I asked about the unusual middle name, it seems that Eva's name was rather flexible. Sometimes it might be Eva Illeen, Eva Eileen or even Eileen Eva. Carol said that when Eva was born, her parents didn't enter a name on her birth certificate. She was listed as "unnamed female." Later, on the particular day that Eva provided her name to the state of Michigan, it happened to be Eva Illeen, and that is what her formal name became. Carol said, "Who knows what it was really supposed to be." Most of the people I talked with called her Eve.

The family lived in Michigan another couple of years after Eva's birth and then moved back to Canada. They settled in the early 1920's in Thistleton, at the time a rural village on the outskirts of Toronto. Eva must have enjoyed her life there, as in later years she was always wanting to show her husband and children where she grew up and the one-room schoolhouse where she went to school. Eva told Carol that as children they had a big English sheepdog for a pet. When she was older, Eva always wanted another sheepdog, but her children prevailed and they got a spaniel instead.

Eva went to high school at Weston Collegiate, and then later changed to York High School. Like her brothers and sisters, however, she left school before graduation and went to work. Her first job was in a hosiery factory, and she fairly quickly determined that she did not like factory work. So Eva took office training at a private school in Toronto, learning shorthand and typing. After that, for the rest of the time she was employed, Eva worked as a stenographer.



Moffat's Factory

About 1937, Eva's brother Ken brought home a co-worker from Moffat's Stove factory for dinner. Like Ken, Bill Irwin worked as a sub- assembler at Moffat's, and it was at this dinner table that Eva met her husband-to-be. Bill, actually William Archie Irwin, was the son of John and Bessie Irwin. Bill's dad had worked at a variety of jobs including bricklayer, part-time funeral home worker, and eventually customs official.

About this same time in 1937, there was a terrible flood on the Thames River in Ontario. This is the same flood that Pat's Uncle Dub fought when he was mayor of Chatham. Moffat's sent workers, including Bill Irwin, to help with rescue work and flood victims in London.

Bill and Eva were married in 1938 in the little Ontario town of Newmarket. I asked Carol why they chose Newmarket, a little town about 34 miles north of Toronto. Carol said it was the Great

Depression and a lot of couples couldn't afford the cost of a wedding. Therefore, they would pick a nice town along the rail line and elope. Bill and Eva had two children, Bill and our correspondent Carol.

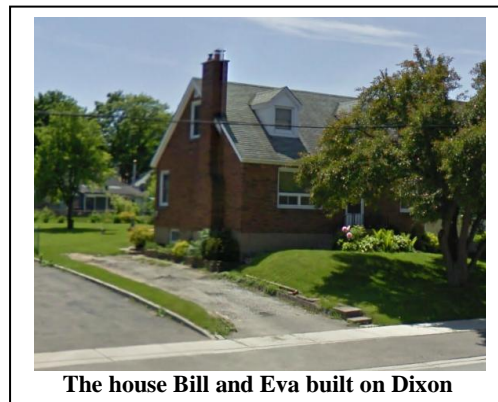
World War II started the next year and sometime after, Bill joined the Canadian Army. He was sent to Britain and from there to France, Belgium, and Holland, initially working with the engineers building airfields. Bill was later transferred to work with vehicles, perhaps in a motor pool, providing soldiers with equipment like trucks and motorcycles.



Shortly before the War, Bill had apparently been laid off at Moffat's, and about 1940 he took a job with Canadian National Carbon, the Canadian arm of what is today Union Carbide. Bill decided he needed a different trade, and started on a career there as a stationary engineer, an operator of heavy machines that provide heat, light, climate control and power. Typically, Bill tended boilers in major buildings. He had to work his way from apprentice up through several skill levels to first class by gaining experience and passing tests. As a first-class stationary engineer, he was authorized to manage their largest boilers. Bill left for the Army during the war, but returned to the same work, serving Canadian National Carbon for 25 years and receiving a watch. Not ready to retire, Bill then worked for the Province of Ontario.

Carol said that Eva liked working. During the War, she worked at a shipbuilding company that constructed military ships for the war effort. Carol said, "My mother was no Rosie the Riveter. She worked in the office as a stenographer." Later Eva worked for Taylor's Instruments, which made high-quality instruments for science and industry. During the War, Taylor made precision parts for periscopes and aircraft instruments and provided equipment for making the first atomic bomb. Afterward, Taylor made other things such as industrial measurement and transmitter systems.

When Bill returned from the War, he and Eva bought a house. Unfortunately, in the post-War period, housing was scarce and regulations did not allow them to evict the people who were already living in the house. The Irwins finally gave up and sold that house they never lived in, and decided to build their own. They lived with Bill's mom Bessie at 156 Watson Ave during the four or five years they built the house. Carol said they built that house brick by brick, and it was painfully slow because they were



amateurs. Their construction at 9 Dixon Road in Toronto was completed in 1951, and everyone said that that house they built was very much nicer than the original house that they bought.

About 1964, they left that house and moved to Lindsay because Bill had changed jobs. Lindsay is about 2 hours NE of Toronto in a pretty lake region of Ontario. It was close to her Uncle Nick but far removed from the rest of Eva's siblings.

Eva had a great reputation for baking. Carol said, "My mother was an amazing baker. She would bake all day Saturday, making pies, tarts, cookies, and more." Eva told her she got her interest and experience living in Thistletown and baking for her large family of siblings there. Carol distinguished between her mother's abilities for baking and her general cooking abilities, which were apparently held in less esteem. And my mother-in-law Pat told me, "When we visited Eva, she always sent out for fish and chips. She didn't like to cook."



Pat also told me Bill Irwin was a nice man, laid back like his wife. Carol said that her dad was particularly interested in cars. She said he liked looking at them and driving them - particularly fast. She said he was also proud of his house, and enjoyed building and fixing things to make the place better.

Eva may have been laid back about things, but people in the family said that she knew how to party. The

Waddells were all fun at a get-together, but apparently, Eva exceeded them all.

And according to several, the Irwins were "dropper-inners." They didn't like to tell people in advance that they were coming, preferring to surprise them. On one occasion they drove all the way from Toronto to Ohio to see her brother Jack, but they didn't give any warning. They arrived just as Jack and Pat were heading out to a contract bridge evening. Pat felt terrible about leaving them, but Jack said, they had to go to the game because the card players were counting on a certain number of competitors and partners. So they abandoned Eva and Bill at the house with their kids until picking up the very nice visit later that night.

Unfortunately, for the last 30 years of Eva's life, she was ill. In the late 1950's, Eva began to experience loss of vision from retinitis pigmentosa. This is a genetic disease that destroys the sight by attacking the retina at the back of the eye. The outer layers are attacked first and sight devolves into "tunnel vision." It eventually leads to full blindness and even today there is no cure. Eva started to lose her sight when she was 40 and by her mid 50's she was blind. Carol said that her mother was very depressed at first, but then she decided to learn to cope. Eva wanted to learn Braille, but Canadian National Institute for the Blind discouraged her as being too old. Eva had a huge back-lit magnifying glass that allowed her to read very large print such as headlines. She had a white cane but never used it. She traveled instead in the company of family and friends and had free passes for the train from the government. On top of all this, Eva developed emphysema.

So when I asked family members for stories about Eva and Bill they would respond that they were a lot of fun, but they didn't see them that much. They said Eva was sick a lot of the time, and then the move to Lindsay isolated them even more.

As Eva approached retirement age, she applied for her old age pension from the Canadian Government. However, she was having problems because she didn't have a birth certificate with her name on it. The Gardhouse family who had always been so kind to the Waddells in Thistle town came through for her. A son of William Gardhouse was a Provincial Judge and was able to attest to her Canadian qualifications.

Unfortunately, Eva received benefits for only 10 months when she died October 29, 1983. She was buried at Park Lawn Cemetery.

After Eva died, Bill re-married. Her name was Mary Sedgewick, and it was a second marriage for her as well. Bill died from gangrene of the stomach in 1994 at age 82 and is buried in Beechwood Cemetery



Ronald William Waddell

Ron was born in Ontario on April 3, 1923, probably in Thistleton, a rural suburb of Toronto where Ron grew up. He was the next to the youngest of Robert and Susie Waddell's children, his middle name honoring his grandfather William and his dad Robert William.

Ron was sometimes called “Don” in the family, but no one seems to know why. This has caused some confusion, and his nieces and nephews even today sometimes refer to him as Ron/Don. Eva seems to have called him Don most often and perhaps this was her little girl pronunciation of his name. Apparently, Ron himself used both names in the family.



Leading Aircraftman R. W. Waddell

World War II began, and Ron volunteered for the Royal Canadian Air Force in September 1941. He did not go overseas, but served his time in Canada, playing drums in the Air Force band. Ron was discharged in September 1945. His service awards included the War Service Badge and the Canadian Volunteer Service Medal. After the War, Ron never played the drums again, but he enjoyed playing the harmonica.

According to Gary’s sister Gail, Ron’s bride-to-be, Doris McInnes, was a friend of his sister Eva. Through Eva, Ron and Doris met at a dance at the Palace Pier in Toronto, a huge dance hall on the shores of Lake Ontario. Everyone agrees that he found a real gem, “a lovely woman”. Pat Waddell said of her, “Doris was his wife – she was patient, pretty and sweet.”

Doris had been born on August 28, 1920, in Brownlee, Saskatchewan, just northwest of Moose Jaw. Doris’s parents Alexander and Elizabeth (Findlay) McInnes came from farming families in Osprey in Grey County, Ontario, about two or three hours northwest of Toronto. Her parents had married in 1902 in Ontario and two years later moved to Saskatchewan to take up farming there, eventually owning a 160-acre farm. They were there through the 1920’s when Doris was born, but a grasshopper plague, a 10-year drought, and the Great Depression eventually defeated them and sent them back to Grey County in 1933. When Alexander died in 1940, Doris and her mom moved to Toronto where the jobs were, taking up residence in Toronto at 439 Quebec Avenue.



Looking a lot alike, Jack and Ron

During the War, Doris worked at a munitions factory. Gary recalled that his mom had her picture taken at that time with Adolphe Menjou, a famous film actor who was doing his part for the war effort.



Ron and Doris, newlyweds

Doris and Ron were married at the McInnes home on Quebec Avenue about 1945. Jack and Ron, as the babies of the family, had always been close, and Jack was Ron's best man. The pictures for the wedding are the closest thing we have to family photos. Winnie and Chuck were there, as were Ken, Eva and Bill, Pat and Jack, and Bob and Mona. Pat always said that Ron and Jack looked almost identical, except that Ron had lighter colored hair, and these pictures bear that out. If Susie his mother was there at the wedding, she, as usual, avoided having her picture taken.

After the marriage, Ron and Doris lived with her parents on Quebec Avenue. The couple had three children – Gary, Gail, and Donny. It is Gary who provided so many of the pictures and stories in this section.

I think that, like his brothers and sisters, Ron's education was cut short between the 8th and 10th grades to start work and help support the family. He learned to be a machinist through on-the-job training, and he also took additional training to learn welding. His career was interrupted by the War, but he picked it up again in 1945. Ron was a member of the United Machinist Union, and his work took him to different plants as his abilities were needed. Some places where he worked included Moffat's Stove Factory and General Electric. He also worked at A.V. Roe, a manufacturer of Orenda aircraft engines, and at Canada Cycle and Motor Company, builder of bicycles and hockey gear.

In 1954, Ron's family moved to a small three bedroom bungalow on 7 Joseph Street in the Toronto suburb of Streetsville. The house is still there, almost unchanged today, but Streetsville itself has been absorbed into the much larger city of Mississauga. Ron continued to work as a machinist at several local plants.

While she had small children at home, Doris was a stay-at-home mom. As the kids got older, though, she decided to go to work and was hired by Mr. Bailey to work in his hardware store in Streetsville. Gary wrote that Doris was very popular there in the town. "Mom quickly became well known at the hardware store and was honored by the Rotary Club by being selected as Streetsville's Citizen of the Year. I recall her talking about one of her favorite old customers – an old fellow by the name of Shell Rice, who would come into the store from time to time and tell Mom he was 'looking for a screw.' Mom was pretty straight-laced, but always thought old Shell was pretty cute with this line."



439 Quebec Ave today



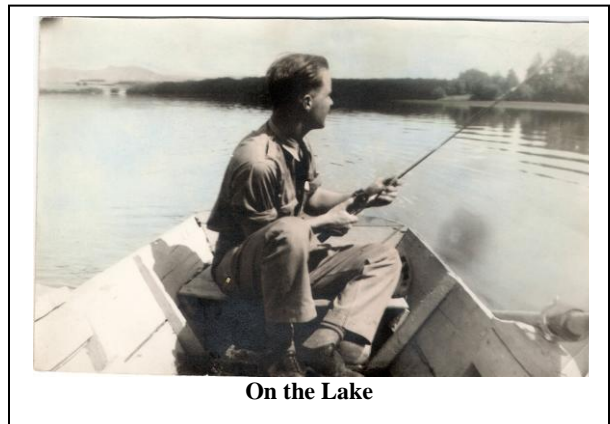
Joseph Street Bungalow today

About 1984, Ron and Doris moved to Oakville. Ron's eyesight was failing due to diabetes, and Doris had never learned to drive, so they moved closer to their son Gary. Gary and his wife Faye could help get them to shopping and appointments, and Oakville has great public transit, which Doris learned to use.

One of Ron's interests was boating and fishing. Gary sent me three pictures of his dad, and they all had to do with fishing or the lake. Gary said his dad liked fishing, and in later years built a small cabin on a private lake belonging to his in-laws. Gary

recalled a huge muskie his Dad caught on one of their expeditions. The family vacations typically involved camping, sleeping in tents, but not traveling to distant vacation sites. Gary said that, as a result, he and his wife Faye made sure to take their daughters on many trips across Canada and the US to see more of the world.

Ron became interested in local history and joined the local historical society. Gary said his dad always had an interest in old books and bottles. Carol told me Ron bought a metal detector and searched old building sites in the area. When I asked about this, Gary said he didn't think his dad ever found anything interesting with his detector except perhaps a sore back.



On the Lake

Ron was Jack's favorite sibling, and I think Jack joined the Air Force in the War because his brother Ron did. Pat says Ron was really nice. Many agreed, adding he was an unusual man with a rather quirky sense of humor. Gary told me, "Yes, Dad did have a pretty dry sense of humor, and would typically come out with something witty at the time you least expected it. For instance, Dad would tell people he got Mom a Chevelle for Christmas, a Snow Chevelle. (If you recall, a Chevelle was a cheap car from GM.) Bob Newhart was one the comedians he enjoyed."

This sense of humor started early. Winnie saved two poems her brother Ron had scrawled for her in 1937, which Colleen has shared with us. Note the use of both names Ron and Don:

Ron #1 – April 7

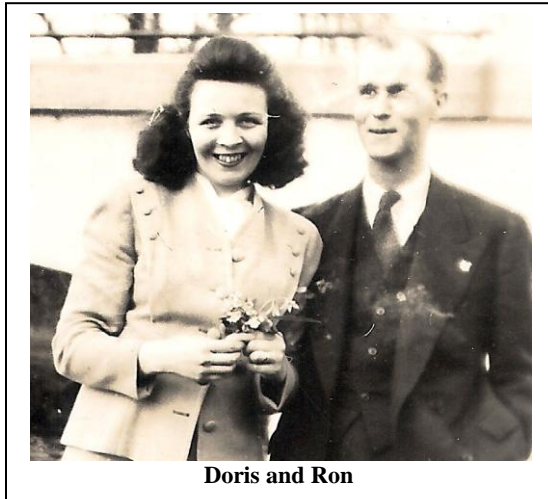
Dear Winnie
 When your in the fresh air
 Don't forget to brush your hair
 Yours til the bed caves in
 Ronald Waddell
 Brother

Ron #2 – Dec 9

Dear Winnie
 When you are married and have twins
 Don't come over to my house for
 safety pins.
 Your Brother
 Donnie

Carol shared another story, this from her Mom Eva. "Don was in the R.C.A.F, where he played in the military band. My Mother's story was that when she went to watch the band play, she commented to Don that he hadn't acknowledged her. Don said 'Didn't you see me wink?' That was Don, dry humour."

His somewhat unusual thinking got him into a little trouble. In the process of transitioning from Air Force to civilian, Ron was put to work in November 1945 sorting clothes in a warehouse for refugees. It was a United Nations project to collect necessities like food and clothing to support Jewish refugees and other displaced persons in Europe. One day Ron was stopped at the gate



Doris and Ron

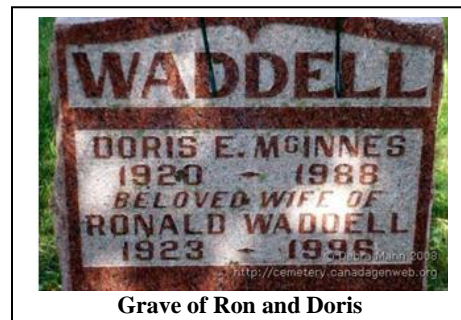
wearing a shirt from the warehouse under his own shirt. Ron explained to the guard, and later to the judge, that he had previously donated clothing of more value than the shirt he took. I asked Pat Waddell if she had heard the story before, and she said, "No, but it sounds just like Ron." The judge didn't buy the argument and fined Ron \$25.

Gary said that his Mom didn't have any real hobbies, but she was a pretty good softball player. Doris claimed that she had won a prize for the longest softball toss.

Ron and Doris were somewhat isolated from the other Waddells. While those I talked with liked

Ron and Doris, they didn't see them a lot and didn't have a lot of stories about them. Gary told me they had much more interaction with his mother's family. Gary said, "We would visit Eve and Winnie from time to time, but the rest of the family did not come into my life too often."

On August 29, 1988, Doris died from colon cancer, one day after her 68th birthday. Gary said that this was a shock because she never smoked or drank and was a vegetarian for many years. Ron passed away a little less than 8 years later on May 16, 1996. He suffered from diabetes, and in later years developed Bell's palsy, but Gary said that his heart pretty much gave out at the end. Ron and Doris are buried together with the McInnes family in the McIntyre United Cemetery in Osprey Township.



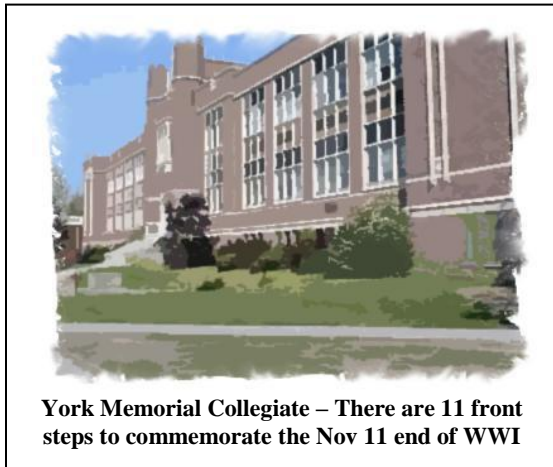
Grave of Ron and Doris

6. Jack Waddell

Reginald Jack Waddell was born May 10, 1924, in Thistletown, Ontario. Thistletown was a small town near Toronto that is now absorbed into the city as a local neighborhood. At the time the family lived on Irvine Street. Jack's father Robert deserted the family soon after Jack's birth, and the task of raising Jack and his brothers and sisters fell to his mother Susan. Jack always said, his only memory of his father was a vague recollection of him bending over his crib.

Jack told my son Zach in an interview, "I lived in a two-bedroom house, shared with three brothers, three sisters and my mom. This crowded house was located in [Thistletown], Ontario, Canada. We were a very poor family." The family left Thistletown about 1934, moving to Mt. Denis. Then about 1944, they moved to 2863 Dundas St. W. By then Jack was in the service.

Times were tight and everyone in the family had to contribute. While in school, Jack had a bike and helped the family by selling newspapers. Later, he caddied at local golf courses. He made good money at this, and also had the chance to occasionally to play himself. He always enjoyed playing golf later in life and was the best person any of us knew for finding golf balls during the game. We always came home with a bag of them.



York Memorial Collegiate – There are 11 front steps to commemorate the Nov 11 end of WWI

Jack attended York Memorial Collegiate Institute and graduated to the second form in June 1940. I think he did reasonably well, with the equivalent of a "B" average. He only went through grade 10, though, and at the age of 16, he had to leave school to help support his mother.

In 1940, Jack took a job at Toronto Shipbuilding Company, where he started as a file clerk and went on to blueprint making and chief clerk. Jack drew on his high school drafting classes, which he strengthened with night classes and was promoted to a junior draftsman at \$120 per month in the

Engineering Department. During World War II, the company built ocean-going minesweepers, similar to the one shown here.

Canada was engaged in World War II at this time, and on November 4, 1941, Jack joined the army. He was 17 at the time and probably needed his mother's permission to enlist. Jack signed up as a private in an army reserve infantry unit, the 2nd Battalion of the Irish Regiment of Canada. This unit eventually saw service in the Italian front beginning in May 1944 with assaults in the Liri Valley and at Monte Casino. Jack had completed his one year's duty term before this, though, on December 15, 1942. Jack left the unit then in order to join the RCAF.



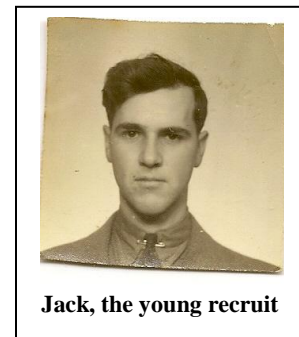
A Minesweeper built at Toronto Shipbuilding

However, the Air Force apparently was not ready to have him report for active duty, so in the interim, Jack worked with the Toronto Shipbuilding Company. Company documents show his term at the shipbuilders ended on February 28, 1943, when Jack resigned to join the RCAF.

Jack's enlistment papers give a snapshot of him as a young man. As school hobbies, he listed sports, especially baseball and volleyball. For civil life hobbies, he marked "Not Applicable." (On leaving the service, he listed reading and studying as his principal hobbies.) As references, Jack named G. E. Fax, an engineer, and C. S. Scott, a drafter, both of the Toronto Shipbuilding Company. His other references were J. W. Ansley, the principal of York Memorial, and W. J. Gardhouse, the family's friend from Thistletown and also a member of Ontario's Parliament. Jack must have impressed the RCAF. The interviewer's assessment of him was encouraging:

"Good type of young lad – keen – reserved and quiet – stable – pleasant manner – good Aircrew material...Keen on Aircrew – youthful, shy type of lad – should respond to training – no knowledge of motors or types of aircraft – hard, working type of lad – cooperative."

Enlisting in the Air Force was the first official use I have found for Jack's changing his name. He told me he had always hated the name Reginald, but in school and in the Army, he had to use that name. However, entering the Air Force, he signed up as Jack Reginald Waddell, and letters he received while in the service from other servicemen showed he was known as "Jackie."



Starting in March 1943, Jack was training in MacDonald, Manitoba as a wireless air gunner. This meant he would be qualified to operate the radio and man the turret guns as needed. On March 9, he was promoted to Technical Sergeant. By October 1943, he finished his training and shipped out to England, assigned to the 432 RCAF Squadron as a flight sergeant.



The 432 was stationed at an airfield at Eastmoor in Yorkshire, England. The squadron was known as the Leaside Squadron, named for an industrial Toronto suburb about 5 miles from Jack's home. The town adopted the unit and sent the servicemen gifts of cigarettes, gum, and one-time "pyjamas". For the squadron crest, the unit chose a leaping black cougar over a full moon. The fliers did not adopt Leaside's town motto, which was "Itineris Stabilitas Sanitas." This means something like "on the journey, steadfastness and health and sanity," which did not excite them at all. Instead, they chose "Saevitter ad Lucem" which is a little more warlike - "ferociously toward the light."

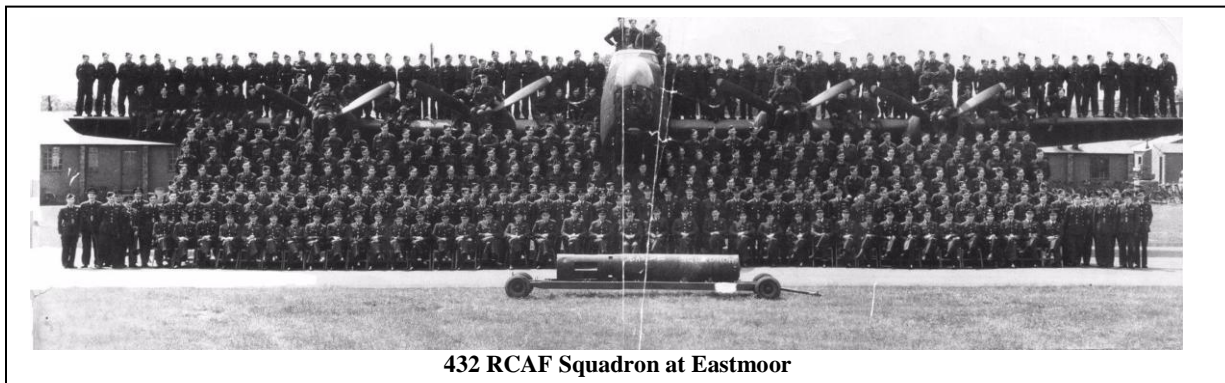
At the time that Jack arrived in England, the unit was flying Lancaster bombers like the one in this picture. Jack's job was tail gunner. However, this plane design had a serious deficiency of

having no belly gun. Night fighters could approach the plane from beneath with relative security.

A modification was designed for the Halifax bomber, which the 432 Squadron began using in February 1944. The belly gun can be seen in the picture below, and this proved much more effective in defending against enemy fighter planes.



The size of these planes is apparent in the picture below. This is a photograph of the 432 Squadron at Eastmoor, posed about a Halifax bomber. The ground crewmen are standing on the wings, and the flight crews are standing and sitting in front. The huge wingspan of this plane is 104 feet. It was powered by four 1,300 hp engines.



The picture shows a few other things of interest. The long object in the foreground is a 4,000-pound bomb known as a “cookie”. It was a low-tech unguided bomb that fell where the wind took it and exploded on impact. The picture also shows in the far right background, a large row of bicycles. The men used bicycles to get around the base. The major exception was traveling to and from their planes for a mission when they were delivered in vehicles driven by members of the RCAF Women’s Division.

The modifications to the planes appeared to greatly improve plane and crew survivability. Missions the unit flew with the Lancasters had an aircraft loss rate of 4.2%. This translates to a

probability of only about 1 chance in 3 or so of surviving a 25 missions tour. With the Halifax bombers, the loss rate dropped to 1.7% doubling their survival chance to 2 chances in 3, better than even. Part of this drop probably reflects improved fighter escorts at the end of the war, but it also reflects the improved bomber design. Jack told Zach that as a result of the improvements, the RCAF extended the aircrews' commitments. Jack had signed on for 25 missions, but the Air Force during his tour increased the amount. Jack ended up flying 36 operations, bringing the person's survival odds down to about 50-50. Zach asked him, "How did you feel about that?" Jack replied, "Terrible."

The aircrew losses were still horrendous. When Zach asked Jack who his commanding officer was, Jack responded, "I'll be damned if I know. There were so many of them, and they were always being killed." He told Zach, "One of the more vivid parts of the war was seeing all of my buddies being killed and knowing it could very well happen to me."

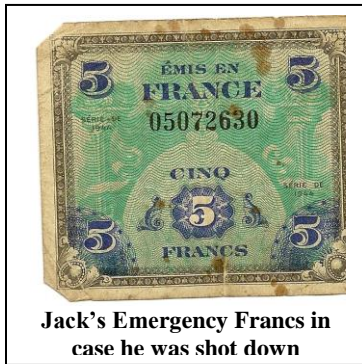
Here is a picture of Jack's flight crew. They flew together as a team through the War. At the time I am writing this (2009), at least two are still alive, and I talked with Carl Miller, the navigator, and with Dorothy Evenson, wife of Lloyd, the pilot. Carl and Dorothy shared some stories with me.



Carl told me, "I didn't know Jack very well – he was with the sergeants' mess, and I was an officer with Lloyd the pilot and Ted the bombardier. It was a mile to the officer's mess and we rode bicycles to get around. Jack was a quiet man."

The squadron had 24 planes. I asked if their plane had any friendly name, like named after a girlfriend. Carl said they just called their plane by its identity letter designation in the squadron. They flew most of their missions in “U-Uncle” or sometimes more fondly “Old Uncle”

Dorothy told me that their crew had a mascot, a wire-haired terrier named Sandra. She said that the dog survived the missions with them, but Carl said after her first mission Sandra did her surviving at the base. The fliers wanted to take their mascot on the plane, but on that first mission, Sandra was terrified, hiding under the seats and howling. After that, the only vehicle she would ride on was the bus to town. After their tour, Evenson sent the dog home to Canada on a slow boat. They bred Sandra and gave puppies to some of the other crew.



It turned out that my wife Sandi also knew the story of the dog named Sandra, that Jack had told them about the little terrier. And although the family would kid Sandi that she was named after the mascot, I think they both actually had the same namesake. Jack said he named his first daughter after the “Sandra Lights.” He told us these were the first lights at the base that the airmen saw returning home, and they were a welcome sight. The Sandra Lights consisted of three large searchlights at the corners of the airbase that were aimed into a cone over the field. On rainy or foggy nights of low visibility, the searchlights made a glow in the sky that marked the airbase and led the fliers home.

Pat found Jack's logbook so we know what missions he and the crew went on. They flew 36 missions and attacked several types of targets. Starting in March 1944, their main goals were rail yards to disrupt German men and material transportation. These included rail installations near Paris, Ghent, Versailles, Somier, Lens and Acheres.



Other targets for their attacks were German industry. Several missions were flown against the synthetic oil plants in the Ruhr Valley at Sterkrade and Wesseling. Airmen reported that at Wesseling, the Germans used decoy markers and smoke screens to shield their facilities but to no avail. Departing fliers reported a two-mile high column of smoke from the burning oil

The RCAF and Jack's aircrew also targeted the major German cities. In April 1944, a massive attack of 300 planes on Dusseldorf left five square miles of the city ablaze. A later attack on Emden with 2000 pound bombs and incendiaries set fire to the city center, docks, and fuel storage. The fires of the city could be seen by returning fliers from 100 miles away.

Another attack was against the German city of Hamburg in July 1944. This was not the tremendous firestorm attack of the year before, but it was a terrible battle in the skies. Carl didn't talk much about it, but an RAF pilot Russell McKay described it in his memoirs, *One of the Many*. Three hundred seven aircraft attacked the city, crossing the sea at low altitude and then rising to 20,000 feet or so. McKay wrote, "Hamburg defenses welcomed us with a tremendous barrage of heavy flak from their famous eighty-eight guns. Fighters numerous in the target area. Aircraft exploding in balls of flame in front, starboard and port sides. Fires and a



Halifax over Burning Hamburg (painting by Randall Whitcomb)

dense pall of black smoke rose from the city. Harbour area seemed hit hard. I put the nose down and came out of the target at two hundred and thirty mph losing height to two thousand feet. Many of our aircraft remained high above us. Fighters were taking a high toll. Many fights were reported by my gunners, and our bombers took a beating as fire licked at their aircraft as they

plummeted to the sea in a fiery grave. The fighters took a high score well out to sea." The overall mission lost sixty-one aircraft that one night, but only one from the 432 Squadron.

They also bombed the German city of Stuttgart. Stuttgart was an automotive manufacturing center for Daimler and a major rail center. Over the course of the war, the city was reduced to rubble.

I remember Jack commenting about these raids and about seeing the cities on fire. He knew what the Blitz had done to London and other British cities, with its nightly bombings and V1 and V2 terror weapons. Jack told me he felt like they were getting their own back.

Sandi told me the only time her Dad talked to her about the war, they were raking and burning leaves. He looked down on the flaming smoking pile of leaves, and said, "That's what the burning cities looked like."

Carl said that the major raids on the cities involved quite a concentration of planes. He said, "The planes arrived from different routes and attacked all in a mass. There might be 300 to 400 even up to 600 planes on a raid. All the planes were traveling at different elevations, staggered at 100 foot intervals. The raid itself might last 20 to 30 minutes, and we tried to be on the inside

where it was safer from the enemy. The German fighters would nibble around the edges of the mass. The center was the safest spot from the fighters.”

These masses of airplanes, moving, firing guns, and bombing, led to some serious traffic problems. Carl said, “Our closest call was when we almost ran into some of our own planes. Two bombers passed us fairly close by, and as we watched them, another one suddenly appeared right above us. The gunner called out, and Lloyd dived the plane just in time.

They had another close call. Dorothy told me her husband Lloyd, their pilot, got the Distinguished Flying Cross, in part for getting his crew home safely on a “thimbleful of gas.” On this occasion, their plane got all shot up. They were very late in returning, and their unit had already written them off as lost. They were right across the channel by this point. Lloyd looked at his gauges and realized he did not have the fuel to get back to their base in York, but there was a closer RAF base right on the coast where they could land. However, they were so late in getting back that while they were in the air the radio codes had changed. They were detected by the English as they approached the base and when challenged for the password, they couldn’t give the airfield the updated radio countersign. There were some tense moments as the airbase discussed what to do, and the gas ran low. But thankfully, someone at the airfield told them, “Come on in, Canada,” and they did.” Dorothy didn’t know what mission this was but I think it happened on the Stuttgart attack. The typical mission to the German interior was about 4 to 5 hours, but Jack’s log shows an almost nine-hour operation to Stuttgart, and at the end, they diverted to Ford RAF station on the coast of Northumberland, still some 130 miles from home

I remember talking with Jack once about the German jet fighters. These were very fast two-engine planes that were introduced by the Nazis too late in the war to make a difference in the outcome. Jack told me that when he was a tail gunner, he had seen these jets and that they flew so fast that it was almost impossible to track them with his guns.

I asked Carl about D-Day. He said, “On June 5, we had a weird trip. We weren’t allowed to leave the station, although ordinarily, we didn’t pay any attention to that. We took off in a pouring rain about 1:00 AM. We flew to the East Coast, over the southern North Sea, then back across the English Channel and bombed some Gunnery positions on the French coast. Going home, we flew in an Easterly direction, crossing the Irish Sea coming over opposite Liverpool, to the base and then we went to sleep. The airfield had these loudspeakers called Ton Eyes, and in the middle of the night, there was a broadcast yacking about D-Day. But we were tired and just needed some sleep. But after that, we went to day and night bombing.”



When Zach asked Jack about “D-Day”, he responded warmly, “Oh! D-Day! I was flying right above the coast as they were invading. I watched them from above.” On that mission they went on to bomb a gun position and radar station at Houlgate on the Sword invasion beach, supporting the British Army landings there.

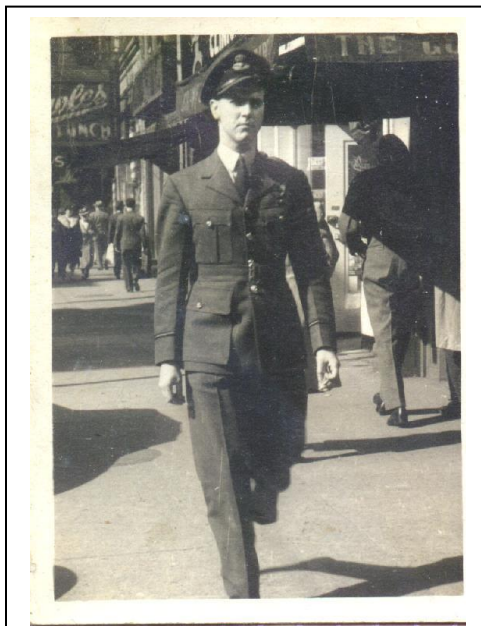
In the following days, as the Allies moved inland, their bomber squadron attacked German troop concentrations and gun positions. In August, their planes bombed German troop positions at Falaise, Aisy, and Bons Tassilly in support of the 3rd Canadian Infantry division. Here an unfortunate incident occurred when some of the bombs from their squadron fell on the Canadian troops. In response, the soldiers fired yellow flares. Unfortunately, these flares were the same color as the target indicators. Following planes took these as the target, creating more confusion and resulting in the deaths of 13 Canadian soldiers.

Through July and August, the squadron also bombed V-1 buzz bomb launch sites along the French and Dutch coasts. The V-1’s were German terror weapons, essentially self-propelled bombs, each packed with just under a ton of explosive. The V-1 was powered with a pulsejet engine, and as it flew, the pulsing engine made a buzzing sound, hence the name buzz bomb. During the summer of 1944, the Germans launched about 2,000 of these flying bombs at London and other cities in England. Jack’s crew attacked sites at a number of locations, including Coquereaux, Mont Camden, Caen, and Biennais.



V-1 on its Launch Rail

The men flew their 36 missions over a period of about 5 months. On average the missions occurred about twice each week, but the flying was sporadic so Jack also had some time to relax as well. While he was overseas, he toured Scotland and got together with an Uncle Allen there. And he visited the home of his father’s roots in Northern Ireland.



Flight Officer Waddell in Toronto

And Jack could party as well. Driscoll, one of his aircrew who apparently stayed in the service, wrote Jack after Jack was back home. “They were great days, not to be forgotten, with Stan, Lloyd, Carl, our buddies... Well, tomorrow is VE Day [1946]. I wish you were here, boy would we celebrate. What a time we could have in London just like old times. Although I have had some terrific sessions lately, I am gradually leaving the hooch alone preparing for being when I won’t have any dough Do you remember that Summery Weekend in Harrogate and Greta? What was

your girl's name? I can't remember, you know the one from Leeds. I hope your fiancée doesn't read this."

The men had volunteered for the duty, but the terrors were great. The death and destruction they saw were awful, and many like Jack looked forward to completing their commitments. In October 1944, the men of the "U – Uncle" bomber, as well as those of a number of other planes, had finished their tours. A few of the fliers signed up for another tour, but most were really glad to be through. Squadron records note that those finishing up "were almost hysterical at the thought of going home."

Jack returned from overseas an officer, having been promoted to Flight Officer in August of 1944. In November, he left Eastmoor to go first to Rockcliffe Repatriation Station in Scotland, and then home by ship to the #4 Release Centre in Toronto.

The military kept Jack in a reserve status, ready to serve the RCAF in the final assault on the Japanese Islands. He told me he was really glad that the US dropped the atomic bomb and brought the war to a swift end. Jack was officially stricken off the active duty rolls in August 1945, but remained in the Inactive Class E Reserve. This meant that they would call him back only in an emergency. When the Korean War loomed in the late 40's Jack was worried they would take him back, but apparently, they didn't need him.

In separating from the service, Jack received his pay, clothing allowance, and a rehabilitation payment. He also had a parting interview with the military because they were working to re-integrate him back into civilian society. He told the interviewer that he had experience with drafting, but he really didn't like that kind of work. What he really wanted to do was to learn accounting, that he had enjoyed business practice and bookkeeping in high school. So the military sent Jack to school to learn accounting.

What he came away from school with was more profound than accounting. He took Spanish as an elective, and one of his classmates was a female RCAF veteran named Patricia Holmes. The sociable Pat was the center of a lot of male attention, but a mutual friend, Dennis, told her that she should really go out with the quiet Jack Waddell. Their first date was on October 29th. Pat said, "After a couple of dates, we decided to get married."



In a letter from his crewmate Driscoll, it is obvious that Jack was absolutely smitten. Driscoll referred to Jack's earlier letter saying "...I developed the same trouble 'Love'". Driscoll wrote he only wished that he could be at the wedding.

Jack and Pat were married in a "Garden Wedding" at her parents' farmyard. Pat says that the newspaper coverage did not comment on the chickens running during across the ceremony. In honor of how they met, they both had inscribed in their wedding rings "Usted y Yo Siempre", Spanish for "You and I Forever."

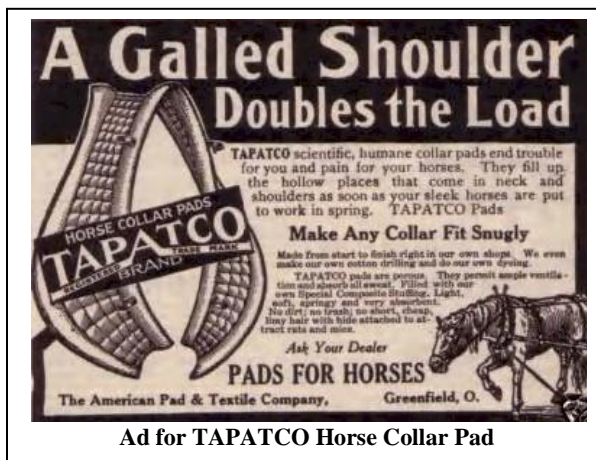


Jack, Pat, and Baby Sandi on Silver Birch

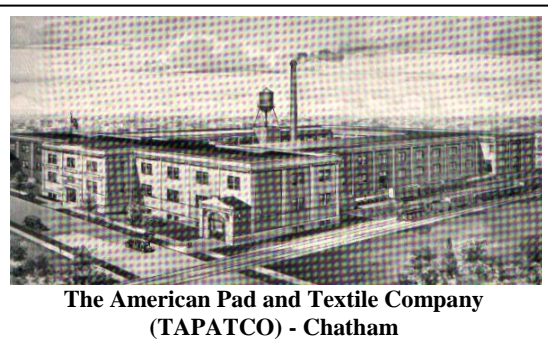
They settled in a third-floor apartment on 33 Silver Birch, near the shore of Lake Ontario. Jack was an accountant for a firm in town. Pat said she didn't know where he worked, but he left the house every day in a coat and tie. They had no car in Toronto. Pat said everywhere they went they went by streetcar. Their first child Sandra was born while they were in Toronto.

Early in 1948, after they were in Toronto only a year or two, Jack took a job with the American Pad and Textile Company in Chatham, Pat's hometown. The "PAD" made a number of things but their specialty was horse collar pads. Horse collars are used to connect the horse's strength to its load. A horse collar pad protects the horse and allows it to increase its pull. By putting a cloth pad between the horse's skin and the collar, the skin is protected and the load spread over a bigger area. Jack worked for the PAD as an accountant.

Their second child Susan was born soon after they moved to Chatham. For the first months there, Pat and Jack and kids stayed at the farm with Pat's parents. I asked Pat if Jack took on any of the farm work while he was there. She said no, Jack wasn't a farmer. The closest thing to farming he would do was cut the grass. Pat told me that when they were first married her dad didn't like Jack, but he warmed to him later when he saw what a good and steady guy her husband was.



Ad for TAPATCO Horse Collar Pad



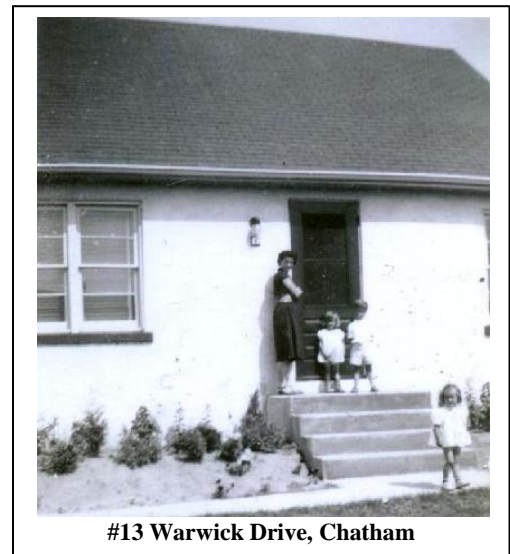
The American Pad and Textile Company (TAPATCO) - Chatham

In January of 1949, Jack and Pat purchased a house in Chatham. It was a 2 bedroom 1 bath house at #13 Warwick Drive that they bought for \$6,850. The main floor had a living room, dining room and a kitchen and bath. Two bedrooms were located up the stairs in an attic area that Jack continued to finish off. Down in the basement, there was a coal cellar, and Jack put in a wall of shelves for a canning cellar for Pat. He also had a woodworking shop down there.

Sandi told me something interesting about the kitchen. Near the kitchen door, there was a box set into and through the wall that had two doors, one inside and the other outside. The milkman delivered dairy products daily or every other day. They received milk in those square shaped glass milk bottles sealed with a cardboard disk, while cottage cheese came in metal containers. The milkman would open the outer door and put the day's deliveries in the box. The family could get their dairy by opening the door from inside the kitchen.

About 1954 or so, Jack's job moved to Magog, Quebec, and the family moved as well. Pat told me that the day before they moved to Magog, the movers packed up all their belongings. That night as Jack and Pat tried without success to go to sleep, they suddenly realized that the movers had packed the radio that they usually fell asleep to. Pat said, there they were, late at night, opening boxes and looking for that radio so they could finally get some rest.

Just before the family left Chatham, Jack and all the children were baptized in the St. Andrew's United Methodist Church. Granny said she was concerned that none of the family except Pat was baptized. According to the story, she was afraid that in moving to Catholic Quebec, the family might all become Catholic, so they got baptized Protestant before they left.



Jack traveled to Magog first, and Pat followed with the children on the train. Margaret and John were both born at Warwick Drive, so she was traveling 600 miles with 4 small children aged from 7 years down to a few months. Pat got a sleeping compartment for the family, and hired a neighborhood boy, Harold Gayle, to help her with her children. By all accounts, this was a terrible trip. Sandi still remembers throwing up the whole time from motion sickness. Harold, the son of a CNR employee, traveled for free, but Pat was annoyed with him and told me he hindered her far more than he helped. Sandi told me that her mom started to write Harold's parents about Harold being something less than useless. But Pat relented and tore it up. Adding to Pat's anger, however, Harold reassembled the torn up letter to see what she had written.

In Magog, they rented a two-story gray stone house on Victoria Avenue. After the Warwick house, Sandi said this new house seemed huge. Sandi remembered there being four bedrooms

upstairs, but there was only one bathroom. There was a staircase that ran up the center of the house, and at the top of the staircase was a big walk-in closet. Sandi recalled that her Dad had cut through one of the walls of that closet and installed a door so that one of the upstairs rooms could have direct access to that closet.



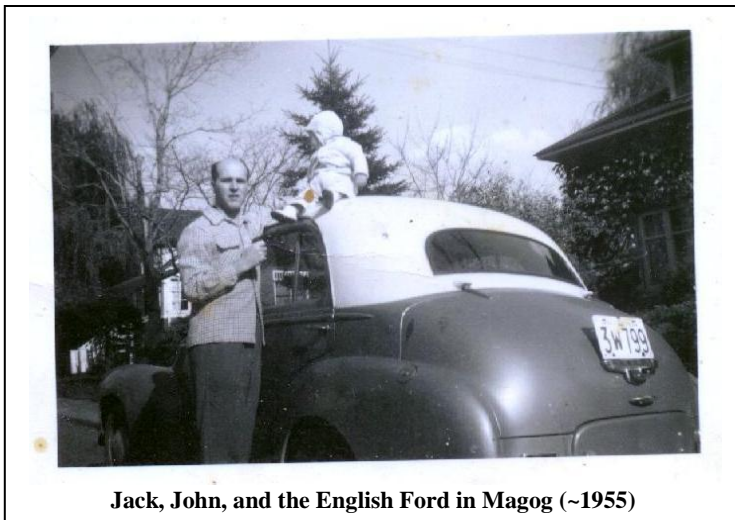
Sandi and John and the house in Magog

One drawback to the house was the plumbing, which was in the basement. The pipes had a tendency to back up, with sewage spilling into the cellar. With all the diapers and all the small children, this was a more common occurrence than they might have wished.

In the backyard at Magog, there was a small lily pond. Because they had small children in the family, for safety's sake Jack filled in the pond to make a sandbox. Also in the backyard was a little skating rink. Jack had built a frame out of lumber and in the winter flooded it with water to freeze so the kids could ice skate.

In Magog, the family had a car that I think must have been a company car. It was a little English Ford, a tight fit for their growing family that added Pam in 1955. The car was the scene of a famous trip from Magog back to the farm at Easter time. Pat was going to drive a leg of the 600-mile trip while Jack rested up. She didn't have a driver's license but knew what she was doing behind the wheel. However, she failed to gain the confidence of her children, with all of them together repeatedly crying out, "Daddy, please don't let Mommy drive." They made such a commotion that she gave up the wheel, and poor Jack had to drive the whole way himself.

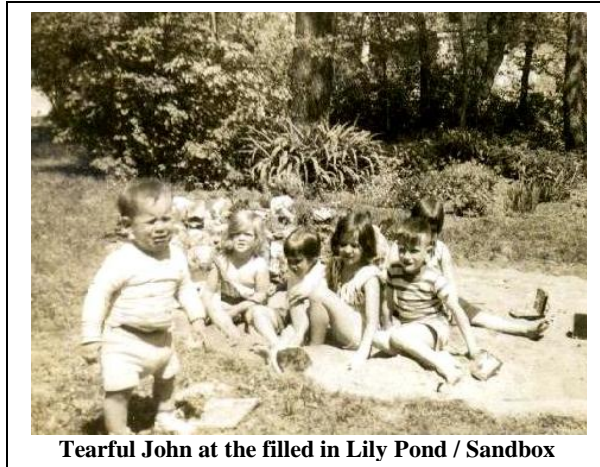
Sandi told me that Sundays in Magog, they would have their big meal of the day in the



Jack, John, and the English Ford in Magog (~1955)

afternoon. In the evening, they would have toast and tea. Pat told me, "In Magog, we would have cinnamon toast and tea. That was a real treat. On Sunday evening, we might have company but not a lot of food in the fridge. We might serve a single poached egg on toast. Sometimes we had spaghetti on toast. I think toast was a special treat, and having anything on it was a real treat."

Sandi said that soft-boiled eggs were special, too. Everybody liked them, and every year each kid got an egg cup as an Easter present



Life in Quebec was very different from in Ontario. Half the population was French, half English, and few spoke much of the others' language. They were also divided by religion, with the French going to Catholic Church, their children attending parochial schools. The Waddells, like most of the other English residents, were Protestant and their children went to public schools. The two societies lived intermingled, but they were almost entirely separate. Sandi was put back a year to the third grade to learn French (she was seven so this didn't matter very much, she says.) She says she learned to swear in French, and the English

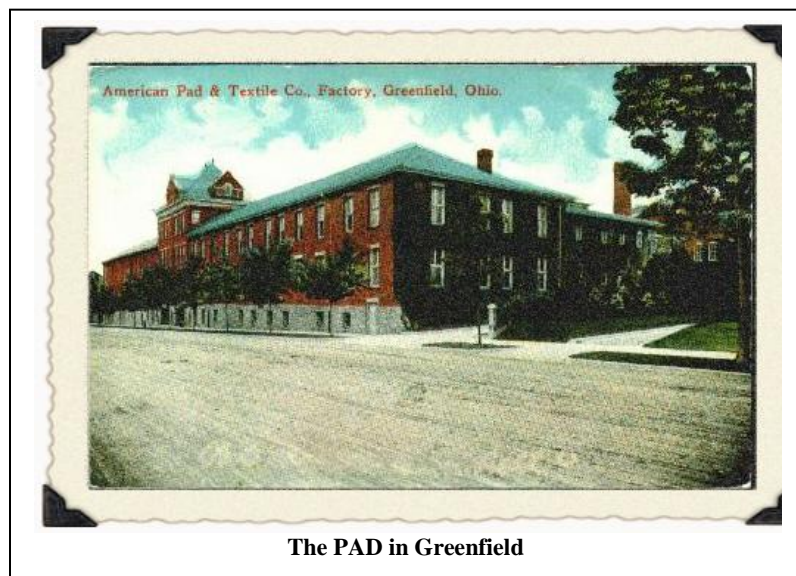
kids had a derisive rhyme:

*French Frog, Pollywog
Five Cents a hot dog*

Not particularly good for improving relations. Pat was in a curling league, and the leagues were segregated French and English. Sandi said the dress code to go in town was stricter than Chatham as well. Ladies did not wear slacks or shorts into town, only dresses and skirts.

While they lived in Magog, Jack and Pat and another couple would take shopping trips across the US-Canadian border to Vermont. There were bargains to be had in the States, and every other Friday, the parents would set out to shop there. The Waddells had 5 children, the other couple 4, and the kids would all stay at one house, the oldest 11 or 12 years old. Sandi said the parents often wouldn't get back until 1:00 in the morning. It was the kind of thing that could get parents in a lot of trouble now, but back then it was accepted.

In 1956, Jack was transferred to the PAD's home office in Greenfield, Ohio, so the family packed up once again. They left Magog and went back to the farm in Chatham for a few months as they got everything organized. Jack went first, taking the tunnel train and crossing the border at Detroit on September 17th. In dealing with a new government, Jack gave his name as Reginald Waddell. Granny brought Pat and the children to Greenfield ten days



later.

The family lived in several different houses in Greenfield. Their first was on Second Avenue, the next on Jefferson. They then moved to Short Pine, each time gaining more room for the



**Family in Greenfield -
Jack, David, Susie, Pam, Margaret, John, Sandi and Pat**

rental dollar. But it wasn't until they moved to 631 Short Dickey that this family of now eight (David, their youngest, was born in 1958) got a house with two toilets.

Pat told me, "Jack was very smart and I don't think Jack realized how smart he was. Me, on the other hand, I thought I was smarter than I was. I got that from my mother." Soon after their arrival in Ohio, Jack took several courses. One was a series of classes at Dale Carnegie, where he would have learned corporate leadership and public speaking skills.

He also went to the Serge A. Birn Company in Kentucky for two weeks to take a course in time study engineering. This is an efficiency specialty, in which faster and more expedient means are sought to reduce costs and increase production. Sandi says that when her dad returned he was very fired up for applying his education not just at work but for reducing costs at home. She said they rebelled, however, when he got down to telling them how much toilet tissue to use. In the 1958 Greenfield City Directory, Jack is listed as an engineer.

In Greenfield, Jack filed for US citizenship, which he received in 1961. This is the minimum residence time for becoming a citizen, so it must have been his intention to commit to staying in the US. At this time, he formally changed his name to Jack Reginald Waddell.

In 1963, TAPATCO closed its Greenfield plant and moved its operations to New Orleans. They also moved Jack, where he continued his work as a time study engineer. He and the family came south in an old green Pontiac station wagon, a company car from the PAD. Jack and Pat enrolled the children in the public schools, and as this was the segregated New Orleans school system, he had to present a sworn affidavit that his children were of pure white or Caucasian descent. Their entering public school was my gain because Sandi joined the McDonogh High School band, the beginning of our long romance and friendship. But that is another story.

The Waddell family first moved to a sprawling house at 3129 DeSoto, about a block from the lovely New Orleans City Park. A year or two later they moved around the corner to 719 N Alexander and after that to 967 North Carrollton.



The station wagon

About this time, Jack bought a green Volkswagen. He had seen my old VW bug, and he researched the economy of this 30 mpg car. Jack bought the car brand new and was very proud of it. Sandi and other kids learned to drive in that car, and, in the course of use and kids learning to drive, the VW's front bumper developed a droop on its left side. When I was dating Sandi, I could spot her coming a mile away by the Volkswagen's sad smile.

In September of 1965, a fair sized Hurricane Betsy hit New Orleans with 110 mph winds and large parts of the city were flooded, including my neighborhood. I hiked out of the flood, and the

Waddells provided us with hard to come by ice. The PAD gave the authorities aluminum boats from their inventory to aid in the rescue effort. The PAD must have been flooded as well because the New Orleans plant closed after the storm.

But American Pad and Textile still wanted Jack, and when he lost his posting in New Orleans, they offered him a place at their facilities in Allentown, PA. Pat and Jack visited there to check it out, and also took a little vacation time in Washington DC. In the end, they elected to remain in New Orleans. Sandi had me, Sue I think had Gill, the kids were reasonably settled and happy, so Pat and Jack decided to stay.

Jack then took a job with Elmer's Candy Company, and he was able to bring home samples. Elmer's made really the best chocolate, they still do, and their specialty was the gold brick. It was a little brick of solid milk chocolate, wrapped in gold foil. Their heavenly hash consisted of marshmallow and chocolate together. Most unusual, I thought was the coffee candy, where gallons of coffee were boiled down and concentrated with sugar syrup and crystallized into delightful candy drops. I didn't drink coffee until I was in my mid 40's, but I always liked those candies.



Something was going on at Elmer's though, something Jack considered unethical. I don't know what it was, but it may have had to do with union organizing activity. At the same time, Elmer's was making plans to move the plant to Ponchatoula, LA, about 60 miles away. Whatever it was, he felt most uncomfortable working there, so in the late 1960's, Jack left Elmer's to take a job at a military ammunition plant in Mississippi.

This was the Ingram Industries Munitions Plant, located just outside of Kiln, MS. The plant was isolated way out in the woods, and there they made all kinds of armaments, such as rockets,

mines, small arms ammunition, flares, and cannon shells. Jack and Pat moved to 57 Linda Lane in Long Beach, MS, and Jack commuted the 25 miles to work each day.

Jack's job at Ingram ended with the explosion of the plant on May 25, 1972. The paper describes the destruction as horrendous. A witness said the explosion started at the tracer loading building, blowing burning flares into the air. Some landed in the black powder and some in the phosphorus storage areas. She said "Then I saw a big ball of black smoke, then a big mushroom-shaped cloud of white smoke went up. Then all the star flares went up." For hours after, rounds could be heard cooking off in the burning wreckage. Six women were killed, some of whom were Jack's friends. Jack had gone to Bay St. Louis that day and was not at the plant when it blew up.

For a few years after this, Pat says, Jack was Mr. Mom taking care of the housework. Then he got together with several of his colleagues from the Kiln Plant to bid on some demolition work overseas. I don't know what Jack's part of the work was, but it must have been related to what he had learned at Ingram. One project involved demolishing an oil derrick that had collapsed in Nigeria. Jack was gone for several months on the project, and somewhere Pat has some wooden fertility gods he brought back with him as souvenirs. They had at least one other project, in Trinidad. Pat said Jack liked these jobs, and they brought good money into the house.



Following this excitement, Jack retired for a while, but then took a job with the County Health Department. The work basically involved visiting victims of tuberculosis, insuring that they were taking their medicines and that they knew how. This became a busy job with the influx of Cambodian and Vietnamese refugees, many of whom had tested positive for TB. Jack worked there several years until he was forced to retire because of his age.

He and Pat bought the house at 112 Central Avenue in the mid-1990's. Jack lived there until he died in his sleep August 5, 2001, at age 77.

Jack liked children and was really good with them. Pat said, "When Jack went for those two weeks to Kentucky, I thought I'd go crazy with all those kids. Jack was good with the children



Dressed with the Kids for Halloween

and I depended on him to help with them. He wasn't much with housework, but he was great with the kids." Pat said Jack would much prefer the children's company to any other social engagements. Jack and the kids went for walks, and he helped tuck the kids to sleep. He helped them with their homework and would listen attentively to their triumphs and problems with school or friends. Jack liked to play games with them, and badminton became very popular for them in Greenfield. They played darts together, and I remember wondering about the wall of the rented house where the holes from missed throws outlined the dartboard. I remember him playing some games with me and his boys. There was a tabletop hockey game with sliders and spinning men that was great fun. And we

played croquignol, a Canadian game involving flicking small rings across a board. And of course, we played golf at the par 3.

Joan told me that Jack was such a good father because he never had a father himself. Several of Sandi's cousins told me that Uncle Jack was their favorite uncle because of the interest he took in them.

His daughter Pam said that when they lived in Greenfield on Short Dickey St, there was a lane behind the house by the tracks that went to the PAD. "John and I, we were just little, we would walk up to our Dad's work and wait for him to get off. He would come out and give us a ride home in the station wagon. Or sometimes we dragged our red wagon to his office, and he would pull us home."

The family had a tradition about Nelly's room. This was an imaginary room somewhere upstairs where things that were looked for disappeared to. "I can't find my glasses. Does anyone know where they are?" "They're up in Nelly's room."

Sandi said that her Dad took on some of the domestic chores, and it was always fun doing the dishes with him. He would wash and the kids would dry. And miracle of miracles, when you picked up a cup or plate to dry it, there might be a coin under it, often a penny but sometimes even a dime. These things just appeared under the dishes, and the dish assistant got to keep the prizes.

These were days when a penny would buy something. Often in the evening, Jack would take the family for walks. They would go along the tracks and Jack would tell them about diesel trains and the railroads. At the end of the walk was a store where they could spend their coins on candy or treats. Sandi's favorite treats were "black balls," licorice candies with an anise seed in the center. She said they made your mouth all black, inside and out, and they were two for a penny. Sandi said when she was little she tried unsuccessfully to



**Jack with Granddaughter
Kellie – and Pipe**

convince the storekeeper if two anise candies cost 1 cent, then one candy should be free. They did offer to sell her three for two cents.

Sandi told me that when she was little, she didn't think her Dad was particularly demonstrative in his love. Jack was not much for kissing or hugging his kids, or even saying I love you. Sandi sensed this and as a young child took it as a lack of affection. She told me she remembers vividly when she was eight years old in Magog standing on the stairwell in the house and bellowing, "My Daddy doesn't love me." Her mother rebuked her, "Dammit to hell, of course, he loves you." This was where Sandi learned that people can show their love in many ways.

Pam remembers Jack as much more affectionate than this. Perhaps he became more demonstrative with time, or maybe Pam was his little girl. She said after she moved out of town to school, he told her he loved her every phone conversation they had.

When he got older, and the grandkids would descend on him, Jack was heard to say, "I am so happy to see the kids come, and even happier to see them go."

Jack and Pat were keen bridge players and went to parties with friends. They also played bridge at the Elk's Club in Greenfield and earned a few master's points there.

Jack was not always a bridge player. Pat told me they were over at Granny's house and family was playing, and Jack always said he was not going to play this game. Then Granny said, "Come here, Jack, and sit in for me for this hand while I make some jelly rolls." By the time she got back, Jack was hooked.

Jack had no interest in fishing or hunting, but he did like skiing and ice skating

"But Jack wasn't very fond of dancing," Pat told me. "He hated to dance. There was dancing at the parties we went out to, and mostly he went out to please me. He was not a social butterfly. Once in Chatham, Jack wanted to go golfing and I reminded him we had a party to go to in the evening. I had bought a brand new dress and outfit for going out that night and was getting all gussied up. Well, he didn't come home and didn't come home, and wasn't home by 10:00 PM. I laid my dress out on the bed with the shoes and all, and when he came home and saw that, he knew he was in deep trouble. It took him a long time to get that one paid off, and I got some new furniture that I wanted out of the deal."

Jack drank very little, and almost never got drunk. The exception to this was New Year's Eve. Pat said, "I used to hate New Year's because he would get so wiped out. He would go around the party kissing every woman. One of the women came to me, saying "No wonder you are pregnant all the time, Pat, the way Jack kisses."



Sandi said, "My Dad was terribly frugal. He had to be, with that many kids. The major struggles in the family were about money. Daddy didn't spend money easily or on frivolous things, but he would buy the important things, the things his children needed. For example, when I was little, I had to have special shoes, and he got them for me. They were what I needed, but they were bottom-of-the-line ugly ones. How I cried for beautiful shoes."

But Pat and Jack tried to do what they could for the children for Christmas. Christmas pictures from the family album show Sandi with her new camera, the girls with their dolls, and John decked out in his cowboy pistols and boots. And one shows Sandi and Susan proudly wearing their rabbit fur collars.

Sandi told me that when she was three she got a train set that actually made smoke. It came with a chemical, and you added three drops to the stack. She said, "He got the set ostensibly for me, but he liked it really well, too."

Sandi told me they frequently received jigsaw puzzles for Christmas, and when they were older in Greenfield, their puzzles were the biggest made, about 1200 pieces. Often the puzzles each received were from the same manufacturer, and it was then that the kids realized that the company used the same cutter pattern for all their puzzles. Sandi told me that after they learned that, the kids could turn the puzzle pieces face down and still solve them. It was also from the Waddells that I learned the trick of hiding one piece so you could triumphantly finish the puzzle.

Sandi said when she was six, her parents bought a wind-up record player as a Christmas present for the family. The instrument was entirely mechanical and played 78 RPM records. She had a number of records for it, including one that warned children not to fall asleep in the bathtub.

Much later, one Christmas in New Orleans, Sandi told her parents that what she wanted for her present was a stereo. When they said it was too expensive, Sandi presented her ultimatum. If I can't have a stereo I don't want anything. That's what she got – nothing.

In later years in New Orleans, the family traditionally celebrated New Year's Eve at the bowling alley. Pam said, "We went to the lanes down on Veterans Ave, and where they had cheap rates and we could bowl all night and into the morning."

"I paid my own way through college," Sandi said. "My Dad told Margaret she would have to finance her own way through school because he could only afford to send the boys, and the boys would need college more. Margaret worked hard and got scholarships and I suspect support from the Schoests, and she got her degree."



Jack and Pat and the Fireplace Mantel,
N Alexander St.

Pam remembered that he advised her to pass on college and go to secretarial school. But Pam wanted to be a teacher, and her dad filled out reams of applications for grants and loans, and helped her to get a job at the school. She said, “I always felt like if we really needed something, he would do it.”

She said, “When we lived in New Orleans, I had an opportunity to dance with my dancing class or to do something at school. I asked Daddy which I should do and he said, “School should always come first.” I didn’t listen but always appreciated that although he had an opinion; he didn’t force it down my throat. And he supported me in my school studies. In Long Beach, my Dad bought me a used Underwood typewriter and I typed all my notes for school every night. I was very organized and I got that from my dad.”

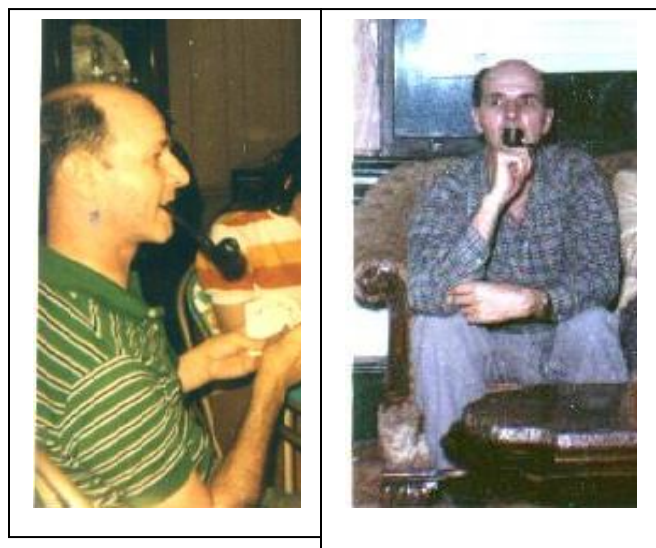
Pat said, “Jack was very careful with money. Now I am really glad he was. He had saved money I didn’t even know he had, and he was able to come through for me once when I needed \$16,000.”

Pam said, “Daddy figured our allowances each week, based on bus fare, cost of lunch, and maybe an extra dollar. Each Monday he put our allowances on the fireplace mantel, and I think mine was \$7. I would skip lunch so I could have the money to buy an Icy, and I walked the mile or so to the Icy store. I walked constantly, and I rarely took the bus. We bought all our clothes at a discount store, Robert Halls, and we made one visit a year. They would take John, David and me to buy 3 clothing outfits that would take us through the whole year. And the choices were very conservative. Once I really wanted this fluffy white coat. What I got was this gross brown and white plaid coat.”

Pam said, “My Dad was definitely a penny pincher. Once he gave me a charge card to buy some clothes. Mother was working at KB at the time.” Pam said, “I bought a blue pants suit that would serve for school, work or church that cost \$120.” From this point, I heard two versions of the story that really only differ in intensity. Her mom says, “He hit the roof, you should have heard him yell!” Pam says, “He exclaimed something like “Holy Cow!, and was verrryy surprised. But I didn’t think he was mad.”

With his frugality was also a quality of honesty. Pam recalled an incident with her Dad. “When we lived in Long Beach, probably about 1971 Daddy and I got gas and the lady gave him too much change. He didn’t notice till we got home, and he turned around and went back to give her the overage. I don’t think it was more than a dollar, but it showed me just how honest he was.”

Pat said, “For all his care with money, Jack’s only extravagance was his pipe and tobacco. I think it was his one solace, and he would



relax with his pipe. Even when he would go into the hospital for heart problems and I would throw out his pipes, when he got out, he would go and buy other ones. Even now the smell of someone smoking a pipe will remind me of him.”

When they lived in Mississippi in their newly redecorated house, Pat forbade smoking in the house. Jack would wait until she went to bed to light up his pipe. The odor would fill the house, and Pat would come out looking for him. With the house reeking and a layer of smoke in the room, Jack would hold his smoking pipe out of sight, as if he could conceal his smoking from her. After he passed away, Pat asked my sons what memento of Jack’s they might like. They both asked for one of his pipes.

Megan, Pam’s daughter remembered going out to the shed with him where he would smoke. She said there out of the wind he would entertain the girls with the most marvelous smoke rings.

Sadly, Pat, who never smoked herself, has emphysema now. The perils of second-hand smoke were not known at the time.

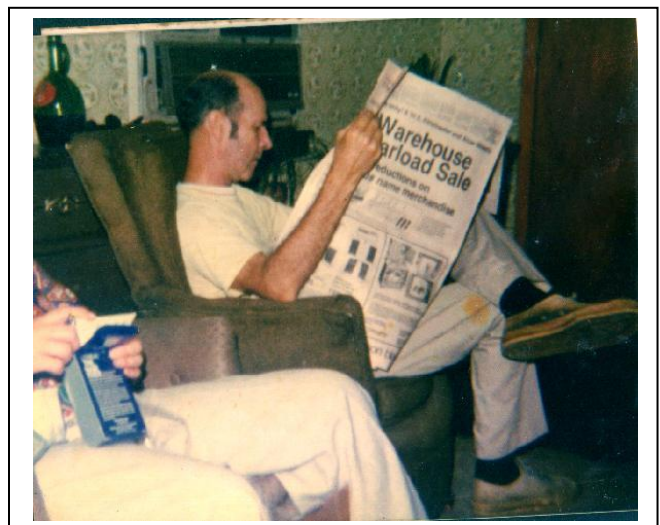
Jack began to lose his hair even as a young man. He would always say, "Grass doesn't grow on a busy street." When Sandi was a little girl she asked him what happened to his hair. He told her that when he was in the Air Force, his hat wore the hair away.

One thing I remember was that Jack did not like onions. Ever since childhood, he said, he did not like onions cooked in his food. This curtailed the number of recipes that Pat could cook with. She found, however, that if she chopped the onions finely in her casseroles so he couldn’t see them and he didn’t know they were there, the casserole tasted just fine. If she told him they were there, though, he wouldn’t eat it.

Jack also really liked his tea. He took it very strong, really strong, with cream and sugar and he had it at every meal.

Jack was a skilled worker of crossword puzzles. He would settle in each evening with his pipe, and work the puzzle in the paper. He was the first person I ever knew who worked the puzzles in ink. Sandi carries on his puzzle tradition, and like her father works them in ink.

To sum up, Jack came up from fatherless poverty and made something of himself. He was a war hero, but also a quiet person. He was intelligent, but also a man with more than his share of adversity. He was not perfect, as many will quickly assure you. But he was in every way a real family man. He worked hard all his life and was very frugal. With limited resources and a large family, he had to make difficult choices, but in these choices, he did not put his personal wishes first. Jack was a neat guy, and I really liked him. I was lucky to have him as a father-in-law.



7. Appendix - Family Trees

One of the interesting things about genealogy is that you end up with a lot of relatives, and a complete family tree is very complex. With all the cousins, marriages, and sometimes multiple spouses and intermarriages, it forms a complex multidimensional construction of relationships. Certain choices have to be made to display it in the two-dimensional printed page. The pages that follow are two versions of the family tree.

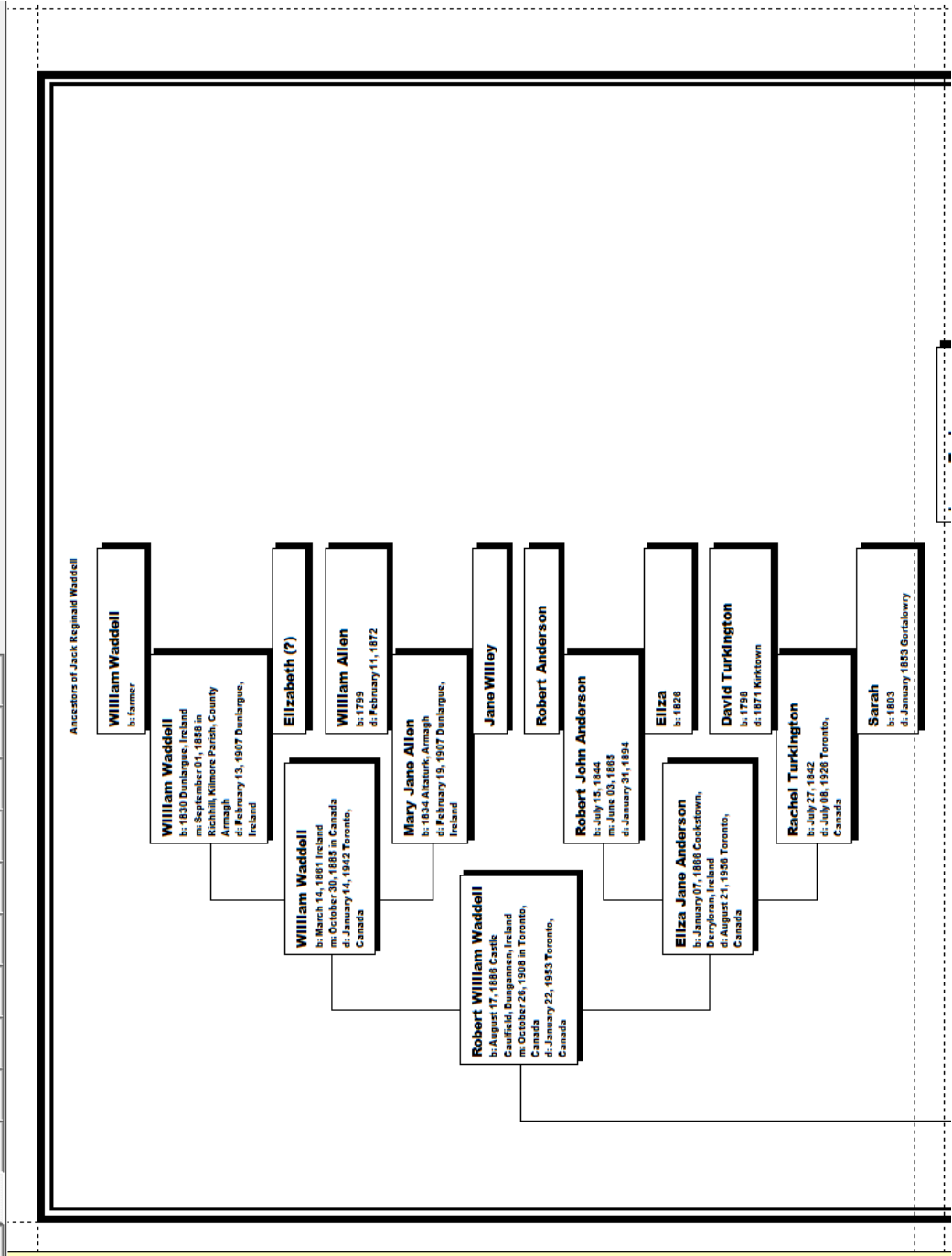
The first is an ancestor tree for Jack Waddell covering both his English and Irish family backgrounds. This chart shows his direct ancestors - his parents, grandparents, great-grandparents and so on. It trims off the side branches - the uncles, aunts, and cousins, and just shows the straight-line path back in time.

The other family tree starts in the opposite direction and focuses on Ireland. The oldest Waddell ancestor I found was the farmer William Waddell, who was born in Ireland about 1800. This family tree starts with William and lists all his children, grandchildren, etc that I was able to identify. This shows our Waddell cousins, both close and distant, and a number of whom I have met during this investigation. This list is not complete, and it grows more and more incomplete as more cousins are born. But those of Waddell ancestry can determine their relationship to other family members from literally around the world.

Both of these trees can be used here in the book to look up how people and family groups relate to each other and basically see where we came from. However, the edges of the charts are ragged because they are really designed to paste together, each into a single chart. By copying each page and cutting out around the dotted edges, an overall ancestor or descendants tree can be assembled. There are interior dotted "overlap lines" on each to show the overlap of adjacent pages. The ancestor chart is basically vertical, one sheet wide. The descendants' chart is horizontal, just one sheet high. The dark lines of the borders and the name boxes that are divided at the borders can be used to line them up and paste them together.

Jack Waddell Ancestors

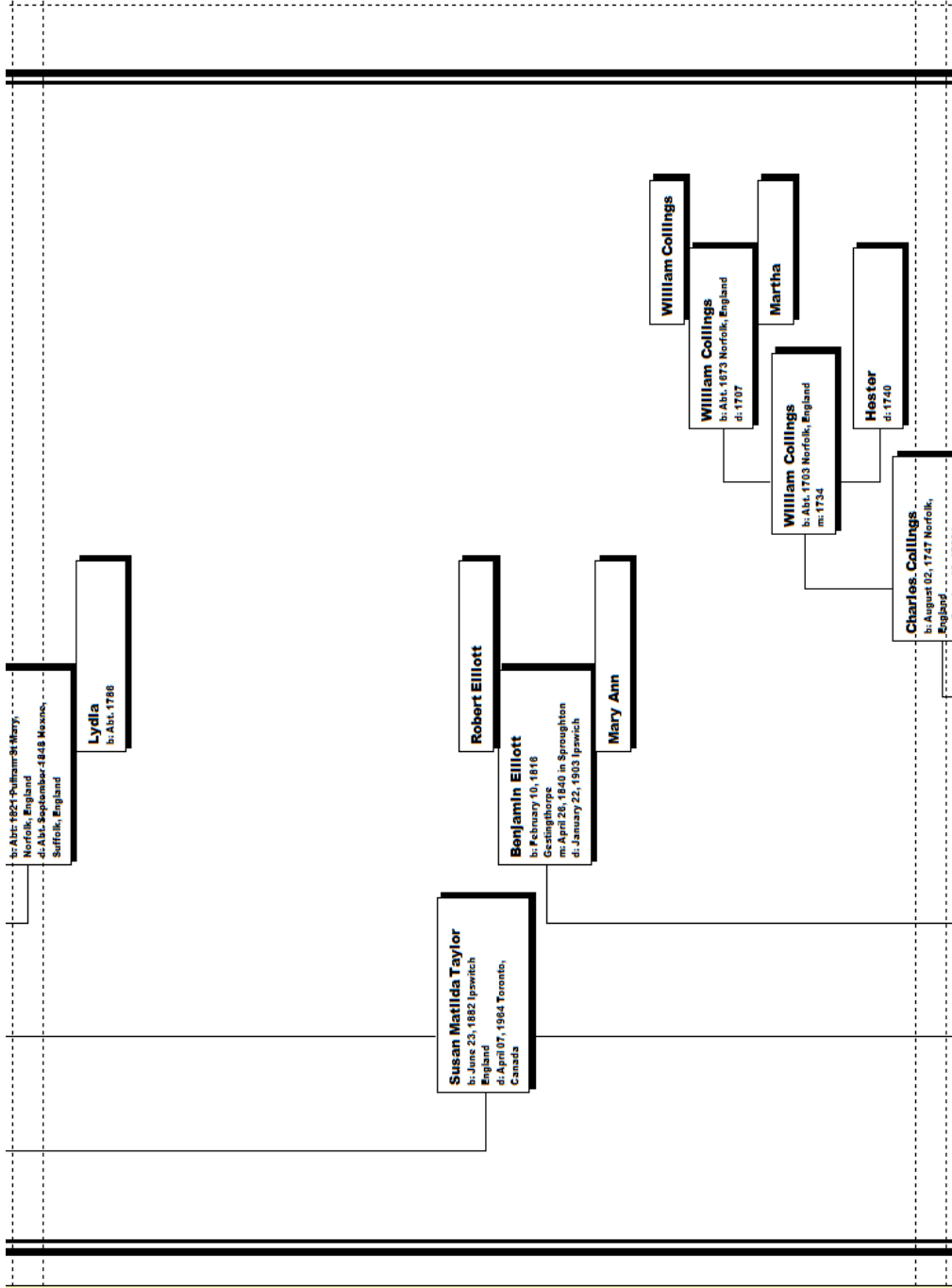
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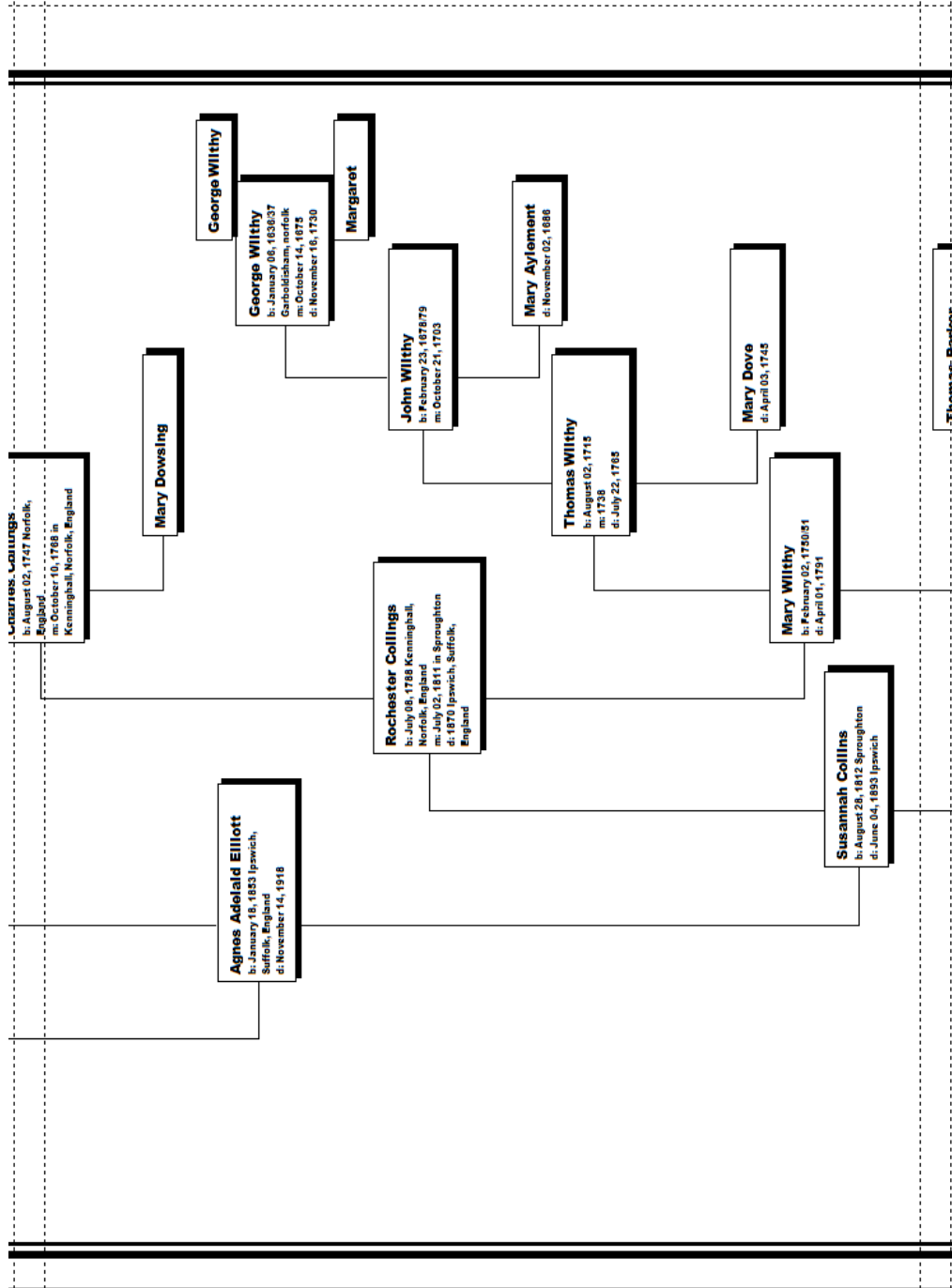
Jack Waddell Ancestors -2



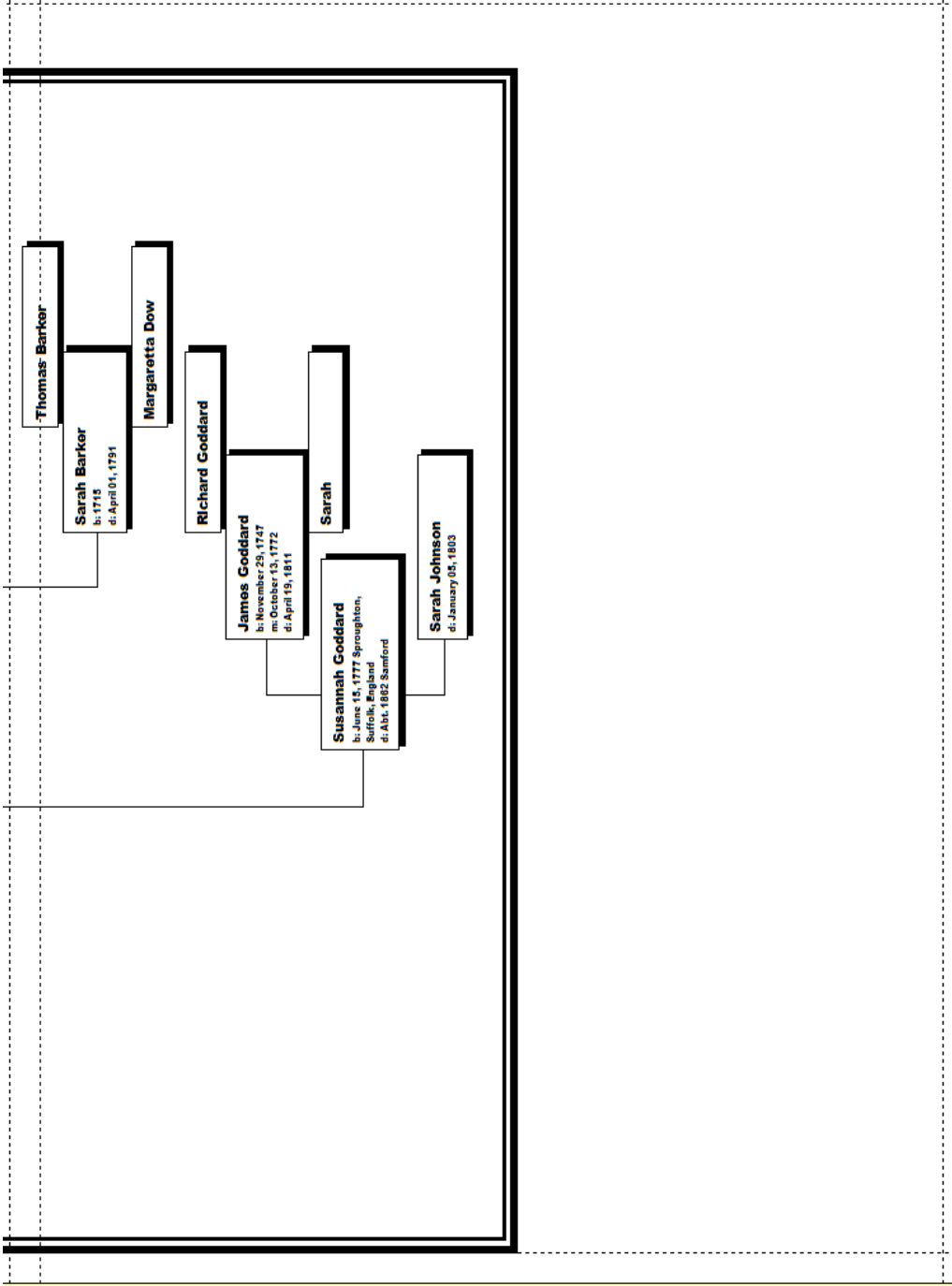
Jack Waddell Ancestors -3



Jack Waddell Ancestors -4

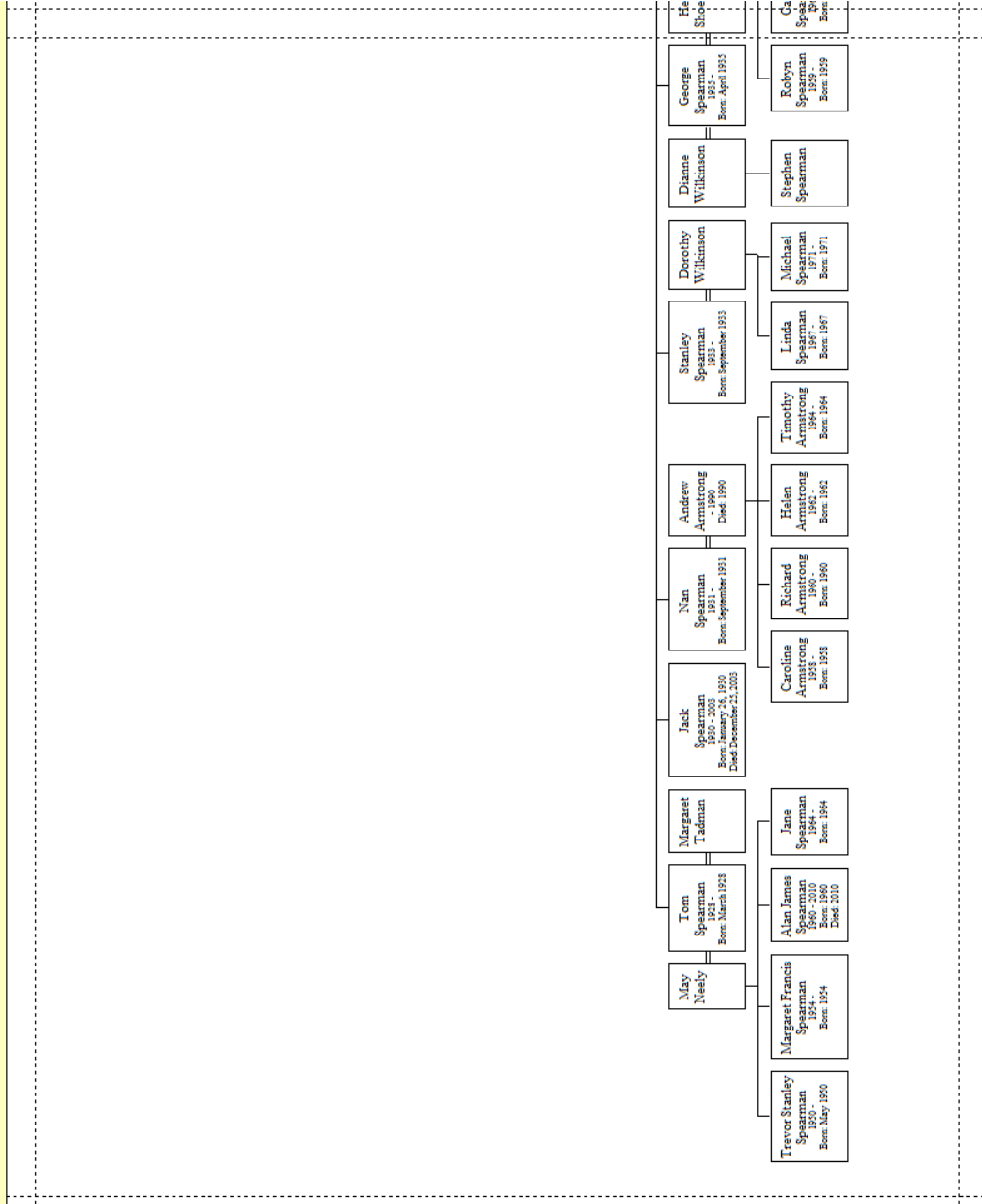


Jack Waddell Ancestors -5

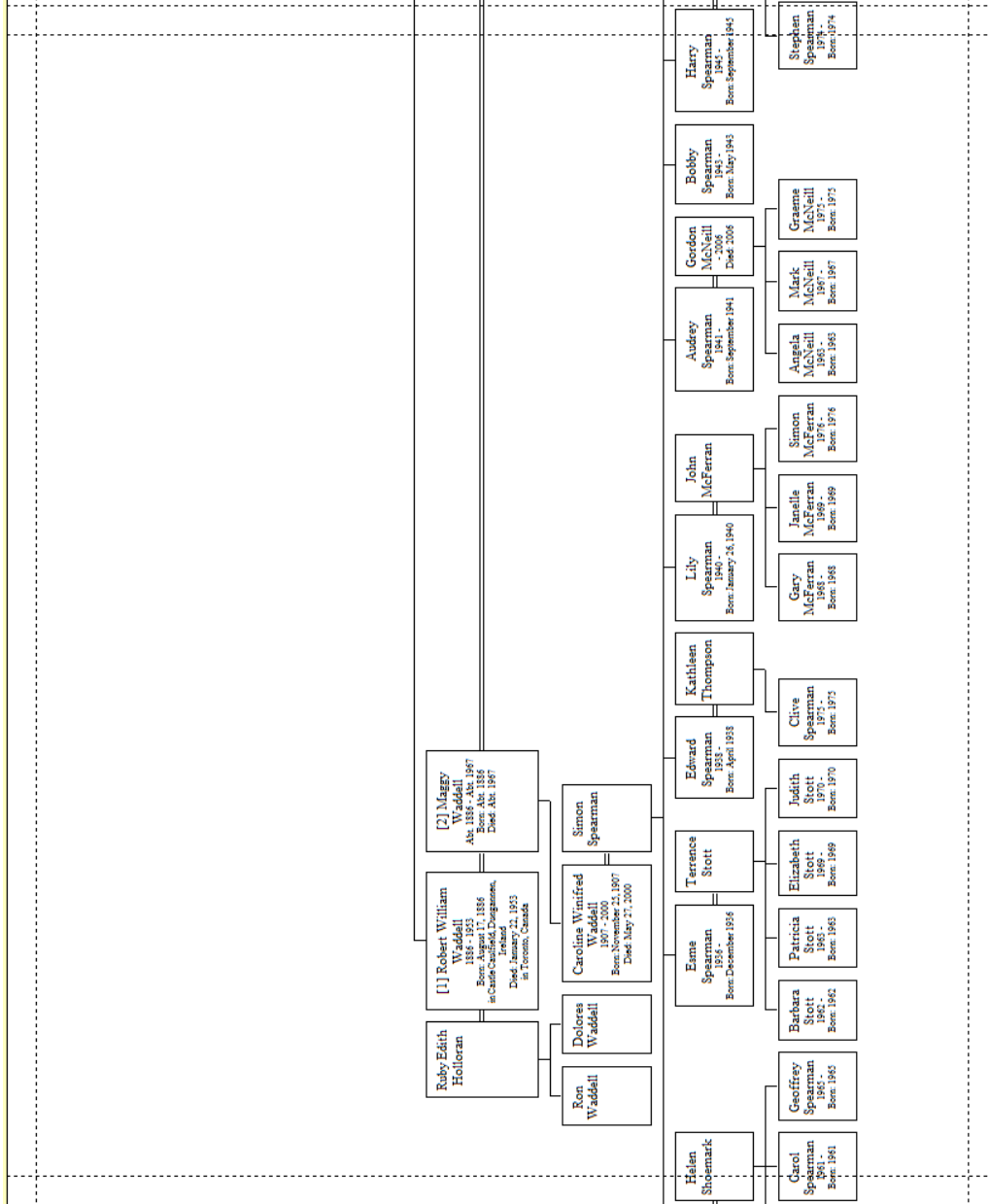


William Waddell Descendants

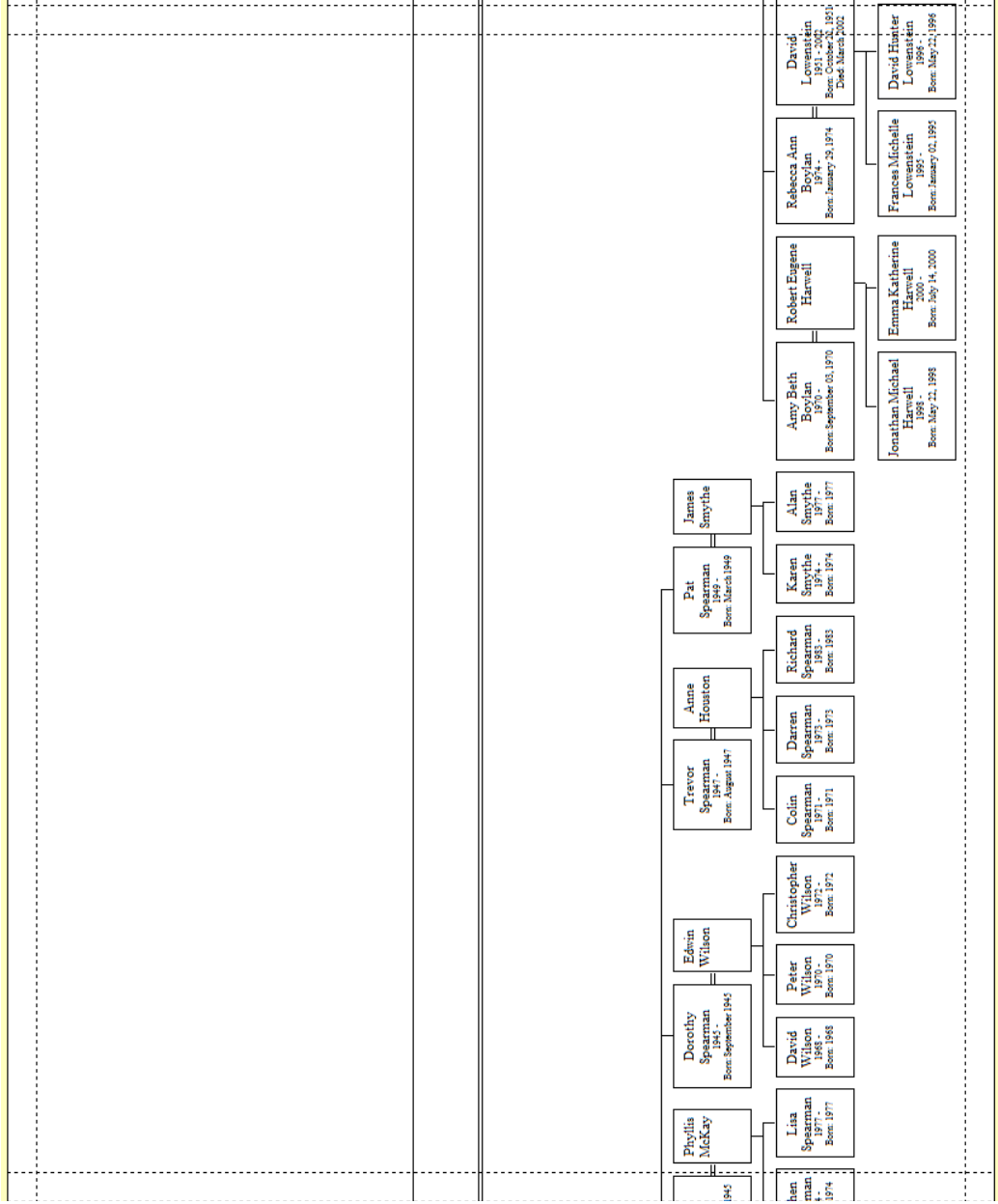
William Waddell Descendants - 1



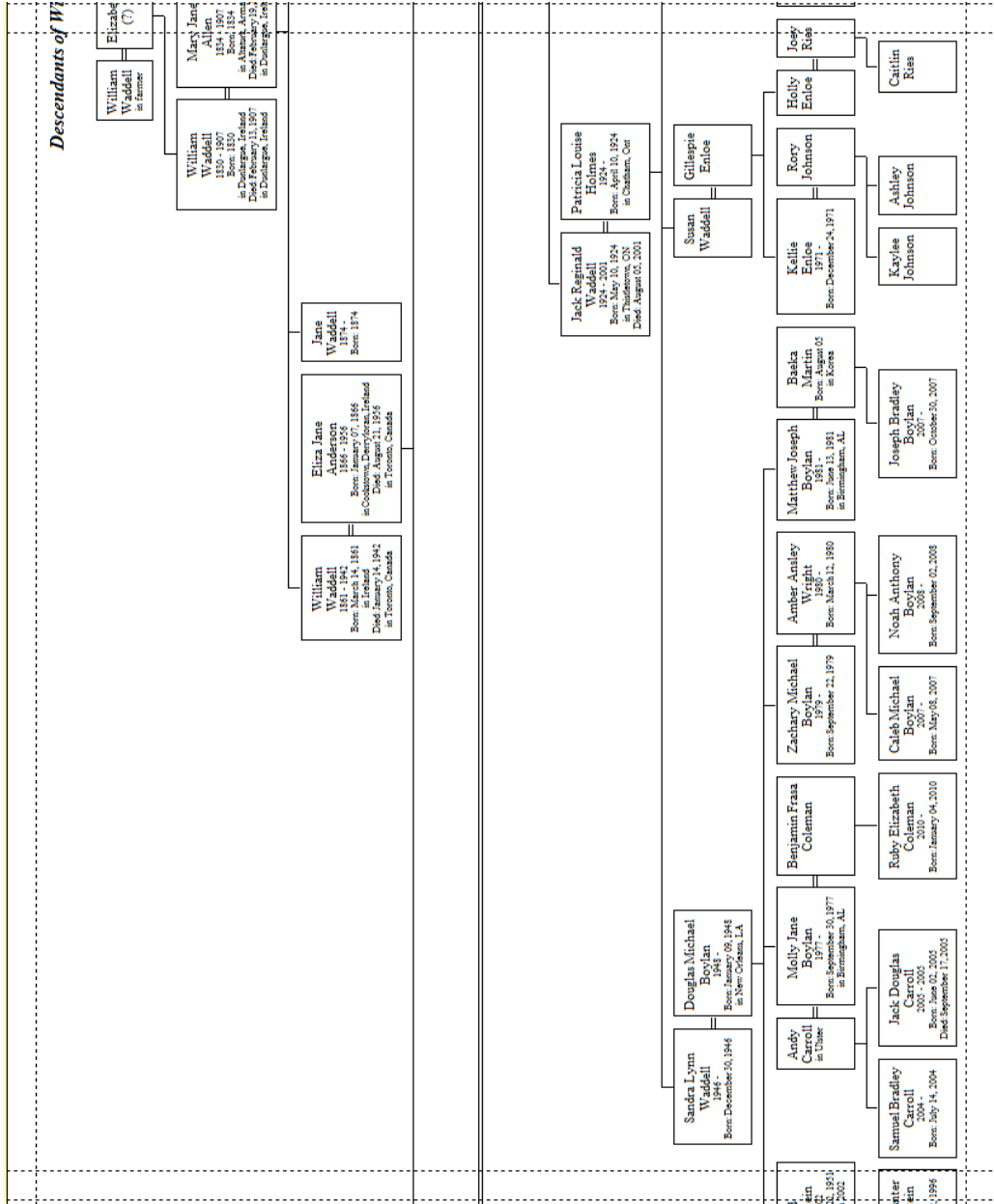
William Waddell Descendants -2



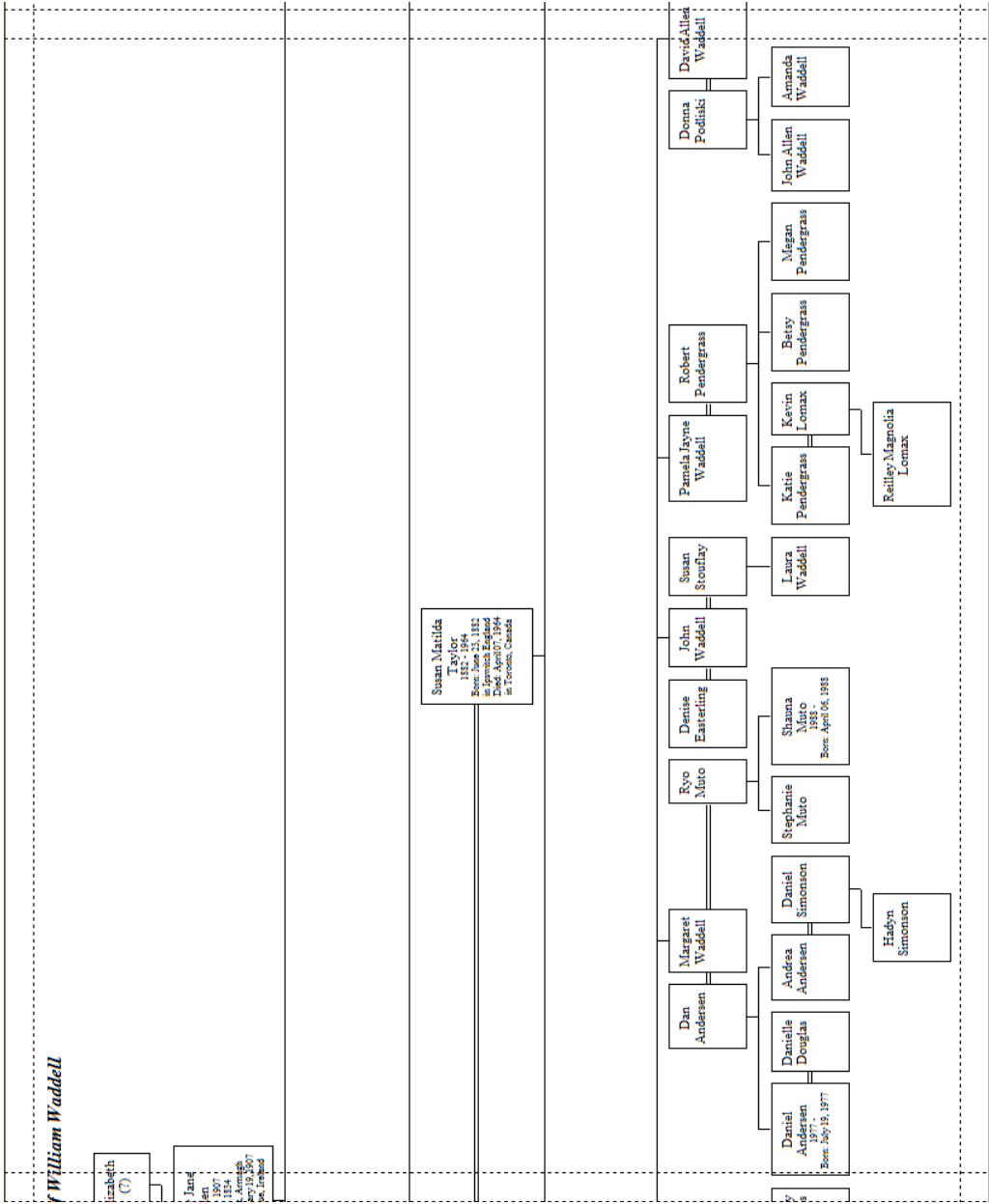
William Waddell Descendants -3



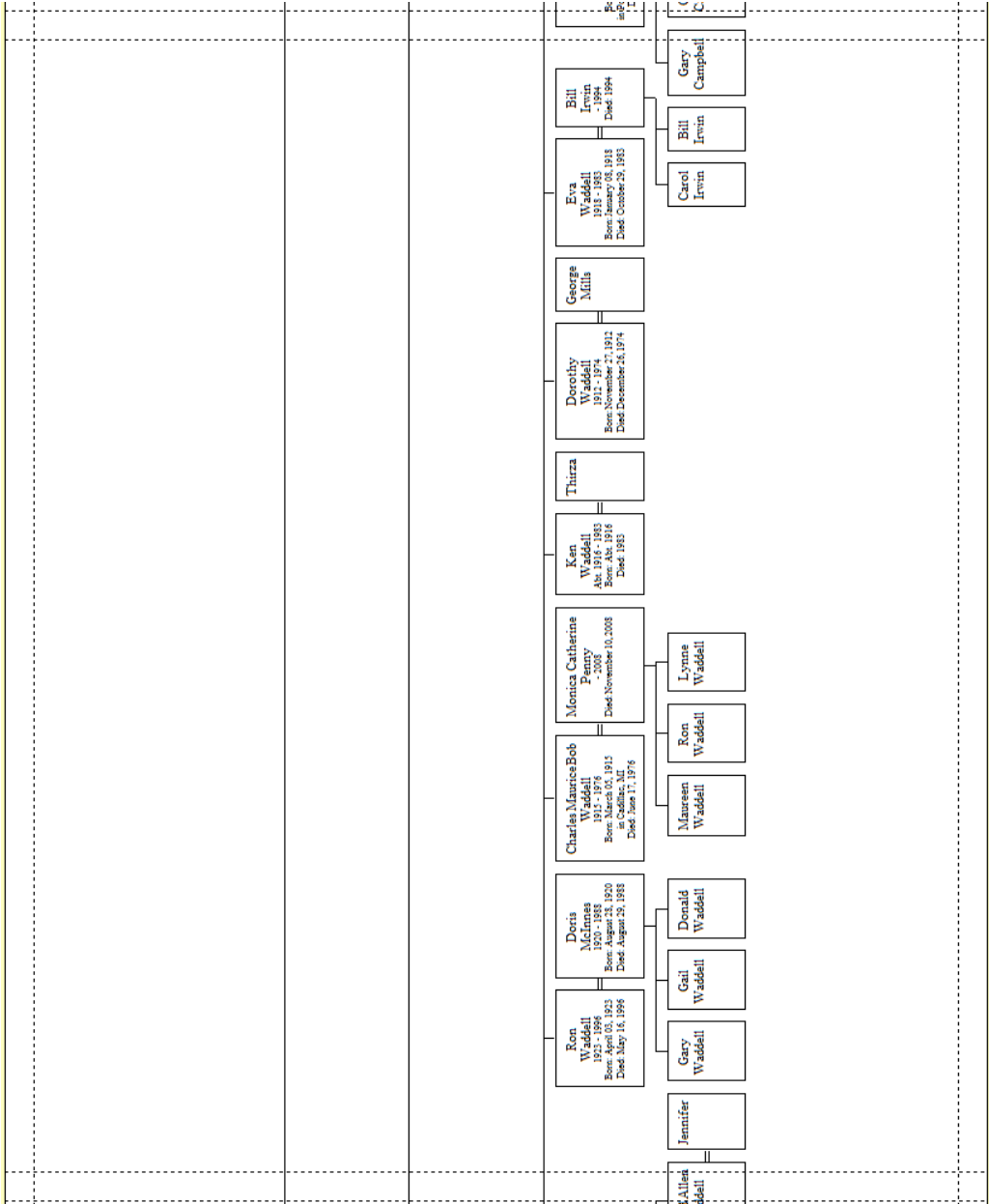
William Waddell Descendants -4



William Waddell Descendants -5



William Waddell Descendants -6



William Waddell Descendants -8

