British Isles Family History Society of Greater Ottawa

Anglo-Celtic Roots

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In This Issue

Celebrating our ancestry for 20 years

Anglo-Celtic Roots

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From the Editor:

Looking back once again to the First World War, this issue begins with a description of how Betty Warburton's father, Bert Morris, spent the last years of the war.

John Reid has investigated the stories of the first Canadian soldiers killed in 1914, some of whom even had Ottawa connections.

We continue to publish the winning stories from our 20th anniversary writing competition, including in this issue two authors who shared in the third-place prizes—Brenda Turner and Anne Renwick.

Brenda wrote about how much she was affected by a visit to the Somme Valley, the location of one of the First World War's most horrific battles.

Anne chose a very different loving memory to chronicle: how her grandfather reproduced in miniature a beloved family home.

On another note, Wendy Croome describes how DNA testing confirmed a tentative link with another branch of her family in England.

And special thanks to Christine Jackson, who helped with the layout of this issue to give Barbara's injured hands a rest!

Jean Kitchen

From the President

As I sit down to write this message, the first flurries of the season are flying; Christmas and the New Year do not seem very far off. As 2014 draws to a close we can look back on another outstanding year, in which we celebrated our 20th anniversary.

Our annual conference was a resounding success again this year, thanks to a group of dedicated volunteers who laboured diligently to bring you an exceptional program. The volunteers for Conference 2015 are already making plans for next September.

The 2014 conference was followed by a beneficial collaboration with the Ottawa Branch of the Ontario Genealogical Society to present two lectures by Kirsty Gray, a highly regarded genealogist and speaker. This event was very well attended and, from what I saw and heard, was enjoyed by one and all.

Our monthly meetings continue to be well attended, thanks to Jane Down, Mary Donnelly and Dave Cross, who are constantly in pursuit of interesting speakers, educational topics and unusual displays. Our members make this easy by continuing to come forward to share the tales of their families and research.

Time brings other changes, though, and committed volunteers are always needed. For example, after 16 years as BIFHSGO's librarian, Betty Warburton has decided it is time to relinquish the title to someone new. This is a vital role that needs filling; I hope we can do so soon.

We have much to look forward to in the coming year. Ours is a strong and vibrant society. The members of the BIFHSGO Board are looking at new ways, along with the old, to help serve you better. We welcome your suggestions, ideas and participation.

I wish you all Happy Holidays surrounded by your loved ones. May 2015 bring you good health and genealogical joy!

Barbara J. Tose

Bert Morris's War Part 2

BY BETTY WARBURTON

Betty, the Society's long-time librarian and a member of the BIFHSGO Writing Group, has done considerable research into her ancestors' military service. Her most recent contribution to ACR (Spring 2014) about her findings concerned her great-uncle John Price's service in the "Perthshire Grey Breeks."

Several years ago I wrote an article for *Anglo-Celtic Roots* (*Bert Morris's War*, Volume 15, No. 3) about my father, Herbert Morris, and his service with the 7th Battalion of the Worcestershire Regiment and the Territorials, 1909–1916. The primary sources were an audiotape recording of his war experiences made by his grandson and the diary he kept from January 1915 to February 1916. In January 1918 Bert began again to record his experiences as an instructor with the Royal Engineers Signal Service and as a recruit with the Royal Air Force. This is the second part of his story.

Life in 1916–1917

Bert needed to find a job. Because carpet was considered a luxury item during the war, the carpet industry in his hometown of Kidderminster was suffering and his old job with the firm of Charles Harrison and Sons was no longer available. With few opportunities in his hometown, he looked for work in the nearby city of Birmingham and soon found it as a tool setter and cartridge maker in a munitions factory. As a tool setter, he learned a great deal about repairing machines and how to keep them operating—knowledge that would serve him well in later years.

Bert Morris's army service may have ended with his discharge from the army in February 1916, but the war had not. The war dragged on and on, and casualties mounted. Ultimately, during the four years of fighting, the lives of 661 young men of Kidderminster were sacrificed, among them Bert's cousin Gilbert Bennett, killed 27 July 1916 during the infamous Battle of the Somme.[1]

Women had begun to hand out, as a sign of cowardice, white feathers to men who looked capable of fighting. Finally on 8 May 1917, fed up with such treatment and perhaps with a feeling of guilt over the loss of his cousin Bert and of not participating

more actively in this war, Bert enlisted at the Recruiting Office in Stourbridge. He was turned down for service overseas by the medical examiner because of heart disease, but, as number 2823328, he was accepted as an instructor in the Royal Engineers Signal Service.

For the next year, stationed at Bedford, Bert trained new recruits on the rifle range in the use of rifles and revolvers and took his turn mounting guard and other duties. However, he found that training recruits could be hazardous. On one occasion, Bert wrote in his diary,

> *Wednesday February 13, 1918*.
> B Depot Trenches. S40 Revolver practise, one let drive a round over the top, which passed over my head.

When describing the event years later, Bert said the bullet parted his hair. "One inch lower, I would not be here today." By the end of 1917, he had been appointed a lance corporal. Many of his afternoons and evenings were free and he writes of attending the theatre or the pictures in the evening and meeting girls.

The Royal Flying Corps

You might say that the Royal Engineers were the godparents of the Royal Flying Corps.[2] As far back as the late 1870s, the Engineers had shown an interest in balloons by establishing a Balloon Equipment Store at Woolwich. Trials were carried out in 1879; balloons were used on manoeuvres in 1880 and 1882 and on military expeditions to Bechuanaland and Sudan in 1884. A School of Ballooning was established at Aldershot in 1892. Balloons to observe the effectiveness of artillery fire and enemy movements must have proved useful, for three Balloon Sections were used in the Boer War.

The flight of the first airplane in 1903 suggested even greater opportunities. The Royal Engineers responded by experimenting with airplanes and airships and, on 1 April 1911, the Royal Engineers Air Battalion was formed. A year later the Battalion became the Royal Flying Corps, and in 1918 the Corps and the Royal Naval Air Service were merged to become the Royal Air Force.

Bert Morris had already shown considerable interest in airplanes. When the opportunity to transfer to the Royal Flying Corps occurred, Bert applied. Finally, on 21 February 1918, Bert wrote "[W]ent before Mr. Raworth & he told me I was accepted for R.F.C. and he would recommend my pay for rank." Both items were very good news; the matter of Bert's pay for the rank of lance corporal had been under discussion for some time.

The five days of service leave that he was granted during the first week of March were spent in Kidderminster with his family. On his return to Bedford, Bert packed his

belongings and on 11 March he reported to No. 2 Wing 6 Squadron at Hastings.

The next day, after the men had drawn all their equipment and cleaned it, lectures began with a talk on etiquette by the Squadron Captain. (Army ranks were used, since both men and officers were seconded from army regiments.) Bert spent the afternoon cleaning his billet for inspection later in the day.

On the second day at Hastings, he was pleased to discover an old Kidderminster pal, "Chap" Randle, in No. 5 Squadron and lost no time renewing the friendship. Bert and his fellow trainees settled down to a routine of wing parades, route marches, physical training and lectures on topography, aerial navigation and signalling.

A lecture by Captain Hoare was spent inventing squadron songs and war cries—probably to encourage a fighting spirit in the men and to build up morale. On one occasion they were put to work cutting turf at the wing allotments; perhaps the school was expected to raise vegetables to help Britain's wartime food shortage.

The men had considerable free time in the evenings and on the weekends. Sometimes Bert spent it writing up his notes or writing letters, but usually used the time to explore the town with his friends or with the young women he met, to listen to the band on the promenade, or to attend picture shows, squadron concerts or whist drives.

On 21 March Bert was "[P]assed fit for pilot" by the medical board, which was a very gratifying verdict, since the doctor who had examined him in Stourbridge in 1917 had diagnosed heart disease.

Reading (Aeronautics School)

There was a final brigade inspection on 9 May by the general in charge of training, and No. 6 Squadron was complimented on a fine march past. On 10 May Bert wrote:

> [h]anded in Blankets & kits at 7. Paraded at 8.30. Marched to West Marine Station & entrained for Reading which was reached about 2.30. Marched to Wantage Hill Field Camp, and put in Tent F13.

At this School of Aeronautics, lectures on signalling, rigging, engines, aerial navigation, and machine guns began the following Monday. Again the men had considerable leisure time, which Bert and his friends often spent punting on the River Thames.

The time at Reading passed quickly, and on 1 July the trainees wrote the Air Board exams for rigging, engines, aerial navigation and bombs. The next day Bert drew his flying kit and received passes for a leave that was spent with family and friends in Kidderminster. He reported back to Reading and received his warrant for reporting to No. 4 Training

Depot School at Hooton Park, near Chester, on 7 July 1918, where his practical training as a pilot would begin.[3]

Hooton Park (No. 4 Training Depot School)

Hooton Hall
Source, all photos: author

His new billet at Hooton Hall was quite a change from tents and dugouts and muddy trenches. He mailed his mother a postcard of the place, writing "What do you think of this for a home. This is where I am now billetted, let you know more by letter."

Bert in his flying suit

Finally on 17 July Bert donned his new flying suit and helmet, ensured he had his heavy flying gauntlets and made his way to the airdrome for his first flight. His diary records:

> [P]osted to Lt. Mearns went on my first flight round house at Heswell where he did some stunting, made me fly straight. 30 mins. 1715 Avro.

The first entry in Bert's *Pilot's Flying Log Book* gives us a little more information, namely that the event took place from 7:15 to 7:45 and that they flew at 2000 feet. But likely he was too busy to admire the scenery, as the instructor demonstrated stunts, checking probably for signs of motion sickness in Bert. That test Bert must have passed with flying colours; never, during his many crossings of the Atlantic in later years, had he experienced any seasickness. For a few minutes before landing, Bert had his turn piloting the plane.

The Avro 504K airplane Bert mentioned was a dual-control aircraft that was widely used in training after its introduction in January 1918. It had been selected because it enabled pupils to experience the full possibilities of flying and prepared them better for the transfer to combat aircraft.[4] From the beginning, the inexperienced pilot flew in the pilot's seat and learned to control the aircraft in any awkward situation in which he found himself. It was thought that the confidence gained would be the pilot's greatest asset in combat.

By 1918, aircraft were sturdier machines than the wood and canvas structures of early years, but they were still experimental and unreliable. Maximum engine speeds were between 70 and 120 miles per hour, and the engines stalled easily. Starting the engine required a mechanic

to swing the propeller. If it was not done correctly the man risked serious injury, even decapitation.

Bert's logbook shows that by the end of the month he had flown eight times for a total of 4 hours, 20 minutes and had practised turns, gliding, landings and takeoffs. On 29 July, after 40 minutes flying dual with Lt. Mearns, he was given the opportunity to fly solo for 10 minutes. The engine cut out and he had to make a forced landing near the fish pond, breaking a transverse strut. During his second solo, two days later, engine trouble forced him to make a brief landing, but he was back in the air 10 minutes later. He reported four fatal accidents during this month. Flying in those days was indeed a hazardous occupation.

Bert was flying solo most of the time by mid-August. He practised turns, landings, stalling and gliding; on at least one occasion he practised taking aerial photos. On 21 August, on a 15-minute flight with Lt. Mearns, he was introduced to loops, rolls, spins and Immelmann turns.[5] He reported engine trouble on five occasions that month. Most flights were under an hour; at the end of the month he had had flown 6 hours, 45 minutes dual and 15 hours, 35 minutes solo.

Bert then graduated to the Sopwith Pup, a very manoeuverable fighter introduced in 1916 but withdrawn from use in France in April 1918 for defence in Britain against German air raids. On 7 September, Bert wrote, "Went for my first flip on Pups, ground strafing." Two days later he tried to ground strafe the sands at Blackpool, but it was too windy. (This may have been the occasion that he narrowly missed hitting the tower at Blackpool.) Bert transferred to the Sopwith Dolphin on 22 September. This fighter had entered service at the beginning of 1918. It was designed to carry two Lewis guns firing upward and two synchronized Vickers guns, although the former were often discarded. It soon became Bert's favourite airplane; it was fast, easy to fly and manoeuvre, and performed well at high altitudes.

Soon, however, pilots at Hooton Park were expressing their concern that the Sopwith Dolphin could be a dangerous machine in a spin. By the end of November, three airmen stationed at Hooton Park had been killed when they tried this manoeuvre on Dolphins.

As soon as he had finished his two hours of practice on the Dolphin on 25 September, completing category "A" of his training as a pilot, Bert headed home to Kidderminster for an extended graduation leave.

Because he had been appointed to a temporary commission as 2nd Lieutenant in the Royal Air Force, Lance Corporal Herbert Basey Morris was formally discharged from the Royal Engineers on 29 September 1918. The fact that the information about

the appointment did not appear in the *London Gazette* until 15 October 1918 was to cause trouble for him.

Bert returned to Hooton from his extended leave on 11 October . Because there was no flying that day, Bert, with "wings & pips up," went to Birkenhead to visit Violet Thomson, one of his current girlfriends. Disaster struck when some instructors from the aerodrome observed the couple walking around town.

Lieutenant Bert Morris in uniform

The diary account is brief.

October 12. Brought before Drewitt [his commanding officer] charged with wearing wings & pips, also in front of Stephens & Col Mansfield remanded for D.C.M. Placed under arrest.

October 13–14. Arrest.

October 15. Arrest. Gazetted 2nd Lt. Dated back Sept 29th.

October 16. Arrest. [Repeated daily]

November 3. Arrest. Shorrock spun into ground on a Dolphin.

November 4. Arrest. [Repeated daily]

November 6. Trial by C.M. Parky as defence made a fine speech. Found Guilty.

November 7. Arrest. [Repeated daily]

November 11. Arrest. Promulgation of C. M. myself 3 days pay stopped. Armistice Day. Went to Liverpool with Holmes & had a good time stayed at the Angel for the night.

December 7. Court Martial washed out in orders.

Bert's crime was of wearing the wings of a pilot and rank of an officer before being "gazetted." A fellow cadet, C. H. Osborne, was charged with the same offence. They were tried by District Court Martial, since the sentence for this offence was less than two years and they were not officially considered officers. If their crime had been more serious or if they had been officers they would have been tried by General Court Martial.

The two men spent those harrowing weeks of their incarceration researching and planning a defence. The fact that the *London Gazette* was late in publishing the appointments to a commission became an important factor in their defence. They would have shared concerns about what their sentences might be, their hurt by the apparent injustice of the charge against them and how they might deal with the shame of a court martial.

The court martial, held on 6 November, found them both guilty, and their sentences were made public on 11 November. Bert's fine was the stoppage of three days' pay and Osborne's was one day's pay. Both men were released after sentencing.

However, on 7 December, as the diary notes, he learned that the sentences were countermanded. The Royal Air Force record of the courts martial (AIR 21 1A. p. 15) includes the note, written in red ink, "Quashed by C.O.C. Midland area 5/12/18."

Free at last, after sentencing and with six weeks' pay burning a hole in his pocket, Bert spent a riotous two days in Liverpool with his fellow cadets celebrating the Armistice and the end of the war. At the end of the week, he went home to Kidderminster on a weekend leave to tell his family and friends about his brush with military justice and to rejoice with them that this brutal war was finally over.

Because of the hiatus in his training owing to the court martial, Bert had some catching up to do if he wished to complete with his class the "B" part of his training as a pilot. Therefore, on 13 and 14 November, he was back in the air to practise general flying and landings. There was no flying the next week, but on 26 November Bert wrote, "Did my first flip after arrest." During the next five days he managed to spend 7½ hours flying solo in Dolphins practising aerobatics and formation flying, as well as fighting and firing 1600 rounds from the air.

A further three hours of flying time in December completed the "B" section of the course. This meant that he had passed the required tests for formation flying, compass course flying, aerial firing and stoppages in the air, Morse code, map reading and navigation, and all the gunnery tests. Also he had attained Flying Standard "Z "and had completed a minimum of five hours on his service-type machine. Comments on his efficiency were "A good pilot keen and should do well." His course completed, Bert returned home for his Christmas leave.

Bert returned to Hooton Park on 31 December in time to celebrate the New Year in Liverpool and New Brighton.

> To dance in Ball room & then to Marina Hotel & had a good time with some fellows with champagne.

Turnberry (No. 1 Fighting School)

Bert then departed for his new posting at No. 1 Fighting School at Turnberry in Scotland late in the evening of 3 January 1919.[6] His train arrived in Ayr early the next morning, and after having breakfast at the Station Hotel he treated himself to a Crombie "British Warm" overcoat popular with British officers at that time. Obviously Scotland was much colder than England and Bert noticed the chill.

On his arrival at Turnberry later that morning, Bert was billeted in the Station Hotel, beside the railroad tracks and overlooking the golf course.

In 1906 the golf course, the five-star hotel and a railway line from Ayr had opened as a resort in this isolated hamlet, located on the rugged coast of southern Ayrshire and about 35 miles southwest of Glasgow. Turnberry offered none of the amenities of Birkenhead and Liverpool, such as picture shows and theatres. Girvan, five miles south, was the nearest town.

In 1916, the Royal Flying Corps had built a landing strip on the golf course and established a special flying school (one of five) where finished pilots could simulate flying under the supervision of veteran instructors. After the war, the hotel and golf course were returned to their civilian owners. During World War II, the property was again commandeered by the Royal Air Force for use as a training school. The disused landing strip is now the only reminder of the old aerodrome.

I believe that Bert's arrival in Turnberry coincided with the period that the Air Force was preparing to return the property to its owners. Bert's logbook records no flights and his diary reflects this assumption. On his first day there Bert notes that he "Had a look around." Looking across the links from his bedroom window, Bert could see the lighthouse on Turnberry Point. Perhaps "looking around" meant that he and his friend Plowman, carrying their cameras, strolled across the course to the lighthouse, scrambled over the rocks to the shore, explored some of the caves and perhaps investigated the ruins of Bruce's Castle. Having exhausted the sights of interest in the area, Bert had "Nothing to report" the next day.

> *Tuesday, January 7.* Went to Girvan with Plowman shopping & also to Pictures, came back in train with 2 Wrafs.[7] Caught by Taylor & Vanderhook in Bedroom.
>
> *Wednesday, January 8*. Choked off by Vanderhook & Major & given 3 days O.O. [Orderly Officer].

It was clear that the devil was finding occupation for idle hands. Bert records a second visit to Girvan a week later, a dance organized by the WRAFs, a posting to gunnery and more "Hanging around" and a weekend in Glasgow on 18–20 January. On 17 January he completed and handed in the demobilization form.

As Bert completed the form he may have considered what his future as a civilian might be. His first concern would be to find a job. He knew he wanted to work in Kidderminster and that meant carpets. The carpet industry was expected to thrive in the post-war years to satisfy the pent-up demand for luxury items. Under the capable management of their owner, Herbert Smith, Bert's former firm of Charles Harrison & Sons and its sister company, James

Humphries and Sons, had survived the war. He resolved to speak to Mr. Smith about a job as soon as possible.

Bert may have had mixed feelings about departing the military lifestyle that he had followed for the last nine years. His court martial may have soured him on military life; as well, his broad Worcestershire accent would mark Bert as a man of a class not usually associated with the rank of an officer and a gentleman. On the other hand, he probably enjoyed the prestige that his rank and his smart air force uniform brought him, especially with the young ladies.

Wherever he was stationed he quickly acquired new girlfriends, as well as having a steady girlfriend in Kidderminster. I suspect many of these girls had marriage in mind, because after the slaughter of the previous four years, eligible, good-looking bachelors were scarce; but Bert showed no interest in marriage. Ever an optimist, he probably made the resolution to enjoy life as a pilot for the next few months and continue to perform well while in the service of King and Country.

Collyweston (No. 5 Training Depot School)

Three weeks after their arrival at Turnberry, Bert and his fellow trainees left Scotland by train on 24 January for a new posting at No. 5 Training Depot School at Collyweston, Cambridgeshire. On Friday, 31 January, he "went to Bedford to see the old crowd" in the Royal Engineers. His visit was short because on Sunday he was Orderly Officer.

Then finally, for the first time in two months, he was airborne.

> *Tuesday, February 4.* Banks & I went to Drome & took away Dolphins to Harling Rd. I left at 2. Landed Henlow at 3.15, landing ran into a snowdrift. Took off again & landed at Cherry Hinton Road & then got away again & landed at Duxford. Went to Cambridge, stayed at the Lion saw "Carminetta" at Theatre.

Bert was lost. Henlow, Cambridgeshire, was far south and west of the route he should have taken. In those days, pilots navigated by "the seat of their pants," using landmarks such as roads and railways to find their way. He was flying over unfamiliar country and snow had obscured some of the landmarks he would have relied on. Harling Road lay southeast of Collyweston in southern Norfolk near the town of Thetford.

Re-directed, Bert started northeast towards his destination. Now late in the afternoon, with the early winter dusk closing in, he landed again at Cherry Hinton, just east of Cambridge, probably for directions to the nearest RAF airdrome where he could spend the night. He was directed to Duxford, about five miles south of Cambridge.

Next day he returned to Duxford to continue his journey, but snow made flying impossible and he spent another night in Cambridge. Thursday was just as frustrating; just as he was preparing to take off, mist rolled in, ending flying for the day. Bert obtained a warrant from the adjutant to return to Stamford, went home to Kidderminster for the weekend on Friday and returned to Stamford Monday evening.

However, Bert never flew back in the Dolphin, as he recorded:

> *Tuesday, February 11.* Caught 7.45 to Cambridge, reached Cambridge at 12.30. Went down to drome in a side-car myself riding the bike, not allowed to fly the bus away owing to Air Ministry orders. Came back in a Ford. Stayed at the Bull. Saw a "Chinese Puzzle" at the Theatre after dinner.

A note in his *Pilot's Flying Log Book* says the airplane was "retained according to Air Ministry orders washing out Dolphins." Bert liked to think that he had the distinction of flying the last Sopwith Dolphin for the Royal Air Force. In fact, the Air Ministry required most of the following year to retire more than 1500 Dolphins from active service.

Meanwhile, after two unsuccessful attempts, Bert obtained an interview with his former employer, Herbert Smith, on 25 February. It must have been a satisfactory meeting because there is no record of Bert seeking work elsewhere.

Castle Bromwich

On 26 February, Bert seized the opportunity to "put in for draft to Castle Bromwich." A posting to this aerodrome, just east of Birmingham, would mean Bert was closer to his family in Kidderminster.[8] Two days later, he wrote:

> *Friday, February 28*. Caught 12.26 from Stamford for Castle Bromwich. Bought a valise. Reached B'ham 3.40, had tea at Fletcher's reported at C.B. about 5 & billetted in Huts. Went to a dance in the evening.
>
> *Saturday, March 1.* Filled in papers required by Assistant Commandant. Given leave for week-end. Went to B'ham by 1.26 & after messing round caught 3.50, travelled down with miss Nicholls. Took Tic to Theatre in evening.
>
> *Monday, March 3.* Caught 5.45 reached here about 8 a.m. Appointed Assistant to Tent Stores Officer. In evening went to B'ham with Eley & Eden & saw "Soldier Boy" at the Prince of Wales. Walked back to Castle Bromwich from Edington.

Established in 1909 as a private aerodrome, Castle Bromwich became a stopping place during early air races and the home of the Midland Aero Club. In 1914, the War Office requisitioned it for use by the Royal Flying Corps. Roads, hangars and buildings were built; ten squadrons of the Royal Flying Corps and the Royal Air Force resided there, during and just after the war. Between the wars, civil and military

aircraft shared the airfield. During World War II, it again became a RAF fighter station, but it closed in 1958. Now, absorbed into Greater Birmingham, it is a housing development.

Castle Bromwich aerodrome was larger than any previous airfield at which Bert had been stationed. All kinds of aeroplanes were coming and going. Bert's photo album of the period has many snapshots of planes he saw there: an S.E.5 bound for Ireland, a Bristol fighter, a two-seater Austin Greyhound, and a Super Handley Page (Handley Page V/1500).

A week after his arrival at the airfield, he went with Lt. Ingleby to Smethwick and returned as a passenger in a twin-engine Handley Page bomber. He rated it as "some bus."

Life at Castle Bromwich continued at a leisurely pace for the next few weeks. Bert had a lot of free time; some spent on leave, some just "messing around."

Among Bert's friends, motor bikes had become the latest transportation fad; his friend Tic's brother Norman owned a Harley. Early in March, Bert purchased a second-hand bike. A month later, Bert

> went for a spin on the bike to Coles Hill and back. After dinner, broke crankcase going across Drome.

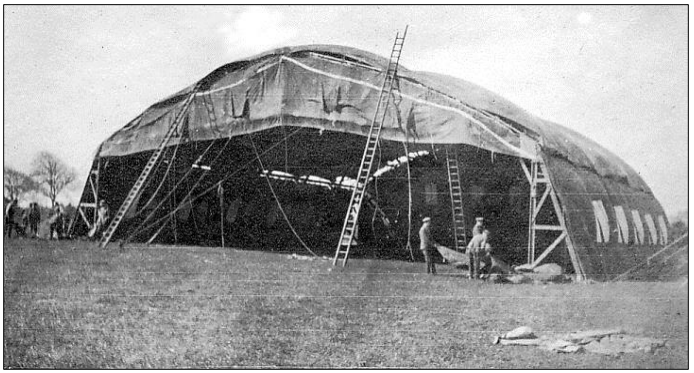
Scale Hall Aerodrome

Returning to Castle Bromwich aerodrome after an extended Easter leave, Bert found himself involved in loading lorries with parts for hangars. This project kept him busy until mid-May, when he was transferred to Scale Hall Aerodrome near Lancaster:

> *Thursday, May 15*. C.T.O gave me orders to come to Lancaster. C. O. took me to Snowhill [railway station] in Crossley. Caught 3.50 home. Saw Tic & went to Pictures.
>
> *Friday, May 16.* Caught 5.43 from Kidder reached Lancaster 11.48 reported to Capt. Meek at Kings Arms also billetted there, after lunch went down to the landing ground, Scale Hall, had a look around.
>
> *Saturday, May 17*. Went round men's billets putting off payment during morning. Went to Park after lunch with Capt. Meek. After tea went to Lower Morecambe. Clicked with Beryl Sanderson came home with her.

Later that week "Smith came up with cheque for £50 for billetting" and next day Bert paid for the billets. At the end of the week, on 24 May, Captain Meek returned to Ternhill, leaving Bert and a Sgt. Stock to oversee the erection of the hangar at the Scale Hall Aerodrome.

The aerodrome was located near the Morecambe Road, just north of the Lune River and the city of Lancaster; it became a Royal Flying Corps aerodrome in February 1918.



Scale Hall Aerodrome

Saturday, May 31. Reached B. 2.15 a.m., walked to C.B. reached there 4.30 a.m. tried to sleep in mess until 8 a.m. but it was too cold. After Breakfast Paid mess Bill settled up & handed over my job. Caught 3.8 to B'ham with bike, kit etc. & 3.20 to Kidder.

Sometime during the summer of 1919 it was opened to civil aviation, serving Lancaster and the seaside resort of Morecambe. During World War II, the Royal Air Force requisitioned the airfield for use as a training depot and renamed it Morecambe. Like many wartime airfields it has been closed and replaced by housing.[9]

Bert could not afford to remain at the King's Arms after Captain Meek left. He spent considerable time the following week knocking on doors seeking suitable lodgings. On Wednesday, 28 May, he wrote,

> Moved to Billet with Mrs. Mellor, 64 Dallas Road, fine billet 4 daughters.

With the matter of lodgings settled, Bert needed to get his kit from Castle Bromwich. On the last weekend in May, he caught the late train to Birmingham, spent a day in Kidderminster and returned to Lancaster on 2 June.

Blank pages and brief notes indicate that Bert's interest in keeping a diary was waning. Notes about the girls he met or the shows he attended are short. Worthy of mention were the landings of aeroplanes: on 2 June, a "Civilian Pilot on Avro landed for Petrol" and on 12 June, "Avro landed from Blackpool."

Beyond a cursory "Carried on with Humber erection," Bert says little in his diary about his job. The last entry, written on 19 June, reads, "Theatre to see 'Wireless' at Morecambe." Snapshots help tell the rest of his story. A faded snapshot, labelled "Opening of Civil Aviation at Morecambe," indicates Bert was there for that important event. An article published 24 July 1919 in the magazine *Flight*, reporting that Morecambe was among the landing fields that the Avro Company had opened recently in the north of England, suggests the ceremony took place in late June or early July.

By coincidence, on 30 June 2014, as I was preparing this article for submission to *Anglo-Celtic Roots*, the *findmypast* database made available "British Royal Air Force, Officer's Service Records 1912–1939," and at last I was able to access Bert's service records and learn what happened after he stopped keeping a diary.[10] Apparently, after completing his assignment in Lancaster, he spent the rest of the summer at Castle Bromwich with frequent leaves in Kidderminster.

Entries in Bert's *Pilot's Flying Log Book* describe his last flights with the Royal Air Force. On 28 September Lt. Howsden flew him from Castle Bromwich to Ternhill for strike duty. (At midnight on 26 September, the National Union of Railwaymen, one of the more militant trade unions, had gone on strike and the country was crippled. The Royal Air Force was called upon to fly newspapers, mail and dispatches across the country.) Bert was part of the team that relayed dispatches from London to Castle Bromwich, to Ternhill and to Crewe. Daily Bert flew the third leg of the relay from Ternhill to Crewe.

On the third day, 1 October, as he was taking off, the engine of the Avro cut out and the plane crashed into trees at the edge of the aerodrome. Fortunately, both Bert and his passenger, mechanic A/C Way, were unhurt. Bert was delighted to retrieve the joystick of the wrecked plane as a souvenir.

The 10-day strike was settled on 5 October 1919. Bert's final solo flight with dispatches, on 7 October, was to RAF airfields at Monkmoor and Shawbury, both near Shrewsbury, Shropshire.

Bert's service records, with the note "Transferred to the unemployment list," indicate that Bert's demobilization from the Royal Air Force occurred 9 October 1919.[11] His military career had come to an end. Before 1919 closed, Bert was working as assistant foreman of the Wilton department for the carpet firm of James Humphries & Sons in Kidderminster.

Reference Notes

[1] Gilbert Edward Bennet has no grave. His name is remembered with honour on the British war memorial at Thiepval, France.

[2] "Royal Flying Corps," *Wikipedia, the Free Encyclopedia*. http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Royal_Flying_Corps, (accessed 1 October 2009).

[3] "Hooton, Cheshire," *Wikipedia, the Free Encyclopedia*, http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Hooton_Cheshire/, (accessed 5 October 2009).

[4] Fitzsimons, Bernard, *RAF: a History of the Royal Air Force Through Its Aircraft.* (Chartwell Books, 1983, p. 37).

[5] This airplane manoeuvre, consisting of a partial loop followed by a half-roll used to gain altitude while reversing

the direction of flight, was named after the German aviator Max Immelmann (1890–1916).

[6] "Turnberry (golf course)," *Wikipedia, the Free Encyclopedia,* http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Turnberry_(golf_course) (accessed 18 October 2009).

[7] Women's Royal Air Force, formed on 1 April 1918 from those women already serving in air units. They had taken over many traditional male occupations, such as driving, working on engines and rigging aircraft, as well as administration and cooking and cleaning.

[8] "Castle Bromwich Aerodrome," *Wikipedia, the Free Encyclopedia*. http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Castle_Bromwich_Aerodrome, (accessed 18 October 2009).

[9] "Scale Hall (Lancaster/Morecambe)," *Airfields of Britain Conservation Trust,* http://www.abct.org.uk/airfields/Scale-Hall-Lancaster—Morecambe.php, (accessed 27 October 2009).

[10] "British Royal Air Force, Officer's Service Records 1912–1920," *findmypast,* http://search.findmypast.co.uk/record?id=glm/air76/358/0/0365&parentid, (accessed 30 June 2014).

[11] *Certificate of Discharge* of No. 282338, Lance Corporal Herbert Basey Morris.

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Canada's Early Great War Dead

BY JOHN D. REID

With two grandfathers who served in the British Army, a great-uncle who died at the Battle of Passchendaele and another who was totally blinded serving with the Canadian contingent, John has considerable motivation for exploring records of the First World War.

By the end of 1914 the first contingent of the Canadian Expeditionary Force (CEF) had arrived in England preparing to join the allies across the Channel. No CEF member had gone over the top to be greeted by German machine guns; shrapnel was just a word.

Yet Canada's World War I *Book of Remembrance* shows 81 Canadians who died serving in 1914.[1]

The Commonwealth War Graves Commission (CWGC) database count is 84, including Newfoundlanders, who were not then citizens of Canada. Their surnames range from Allen to Wilson; their ages, from 17 to 49. Seven died in August, 20 in September, 18 each in October and November, and 21 in December. Canada is the final resting place for 51, 9 of whom are at Quebec City's Mount Hermon Cemetery near Canadian Forces Base Valcartier. Bulford Church Cemetery in Wiltshire, close to the Canadian training base on Salisbury Plain, is where 12 of the 34 who died in the U.K. are buried.

Beyond the statistics, family history research on these men (and they were all men in 1914), most of British origin, reveals some surprising stories and connections.

The First Casualties

The first Canadian forces serviceman to die was Private Harry Benjamin Little. A member of the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry, age 26, he is listed as the son of the late David Benjamin Little and Fanny Wilkes Little, of 3, Fair View, Horns Road, Stroud, Gloucestershire, England.[2] A 1912 immigrant at a time when unemployment was high, Little was a last-minute addition to the second group to leave Edmonton. He was likely accepted as he had served with the British forces, the 14th Hussars, in 1906. Did they know in Edmonton he was discharged in England after 88 days as unlikely to become an efficient soldier?[3]

EDMONTON SOLDIER DIES WHILE GOING TO JOIN REGIMENT

Private Little Succumbs to Over Excitement—Left With Patricia's Last Night.

FULL STRENGTH REACHED; RECRUITING NOW CLOSED

Last Detachment of Local Men Goes Tonight—Capt. McKinery Thanks Press.

Private Little, who left Edmonton Thursday night in high spirits at being chosen to go with the Princess Patricia's Light Infantry, succumbed to over-excitement while in the train, and his body was left at Hughenden, the Mounted Police being notified. The news came to Edmonton this morning, a wire being received by Capt. McKinery from Sergeant Major Foden, in charge of the contingent. Little was an Englishman and his father resides at Stroud, Gloucester, England.

Death of Private Little, *The Edmonton Capital*, 15 August 1914, p.1
Source: http://peel.library.ualberta.ca/newspapers/

He died on 14 August 1914 from heart failure, attributed by the newspapers to excitement, at Hughenden, Alberta, on a troop train on its way east.[4] His body was removed at Hardisty to the care of the North-West Mounted Police. Little was buried at Czar Lutheran Cemetery in Provost, Alberta.

The first to die having crossed the Atlantic was 38-year-old Private William Herbert Vaughan Hartley of the 14th Battalion, Canadian Infantry.[5] Born in Blackburn, Lancashire, he "died of sickness" on 19 October 1914 and is buried at Maddington (St. Mary) Cemetery in Wiltshire.

An article published in the *Toronto Star* reports that

> An inquest was held and a verdict of accidental death returned. When the jury, which was composed mainly of working villagers, heard that a widow and five children were left they handed back their fees to the coroner, who remitted them to Captain Hanson, coupled with an expression of sympathy with the widow in her bereavement.
>
> The whole sum did not amount to much more than $3, whereupon Captain Hanson, noting that most of the jurors were working men, offered to make up the sum himself, and transmit as coming from them if they would keep the small amount due to them for their services. Thereupon the Captain handed to each of them a Canadian 25-cent piece which they accepted as a souvenir.[6]

Ottawa Connections

Little and Hartley were firsts; what do we know about those who followed, focusing on men with links to Ottawa?

The first Great War soldier buried in Ottawa is at Beechwood Cemetery. Two gravemarkers in Section 29, Plot 122, stand sentinel. A standard CWGC stone was added to the original, which reads:

> In sacred memory of Thomas William most dearly loved and only son of Charles and Whippertie HARDINGHAM of Gt Yarmouth, Norfolk, England, killed in machine gun practice Sept 21, 1914 aged 26 yrs 'One of the best.'[7]

T. W. Hardingham is also on the war memorial at his birthplace, Great Yarmouth. His civil death certificate gives the additional information that he lived for six hours after being fatally wounded.[8] Ottawa newspapers record the location of the accident as the Rockcliffe ranges.[9]

He died before completing an attestation paper but appears in the 1911 Canadian census as living in Quebec with an immigration date of 1908.[10] There are two records of voyages to Canada, the original and a return after a visit in 1912.[11]

He does not appear in Ottawa city directories and was likely a temporary Ottawa resident.

Gravestones for Thomas William Hardingham at Beechwood Cemetery
Source: author

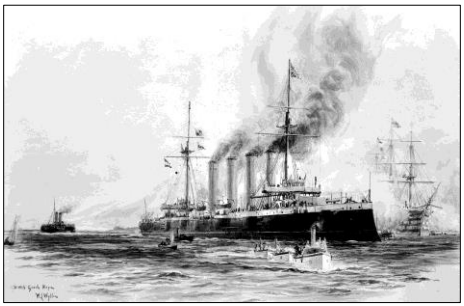
Unlike Hardingham, 39-year-old Captain Alexander Campbell—the second Beechwood war burial—was born in Ottawa. He led the 3rd Field Battery to the Valcartier base, became ill with bronchitis and returned to Ottawa, where he died on 19 October .[12] Cause of death was "cerebral haemorrhage." According to the CWGC website Captain Alexander Campbell was "the son of William James and Sarah Jane Campbell, of 510, Cooper St., Ottawa and husband of Ellen Margaret Campbell, of 855 Carling Avenue, Ottawa." The latter address, just west of the O-train line today, was the corporate address for the Campbell Steel and Iron Works Ltd, of which Alexander Campbell was vice president and general manager.[13] The company, one of the few to survive more than a century, is still in existence, and in 2010 it continued to own valuable development real estate at the same address.[14]

Captain Alexander Campbell
Source: www.veterans.gc.ca/cvwmuploads/published/2756455_t1.jpg

Alexander Campbell is buried in Plot 72, North-West Part, Section 29. There is a family gravemarker with his parents and wife, which reads "Capt Alexander CAMPBELL BSc born Sept 14th 1875 died Oct 19th 1914" and a CWGC maple-leaf military stone showing he was with the Canadian Engineers, CEF.[15]

Four of the 1914 fatalities in the Book of Remembrance were midshipmen: Malcolm Cann, John Victor W. Hatheway, William Archibald Palmer and Arthur Wiltshire Silver. They were ex-cadets of the Royal Naval College of Canada, the first graduates and first casualties in the Royal Canadian Navy.[16] All joined the Royal Navy cruiser HMS *Good Hope* in mid-August of 1914. Together with two other Royal Navy vessels HMS *Good Hope* engaged four German navy ships off the coast of Chile on the evening of 1 November 1914. Taking gunfire, her forward magazine exploded, severing the bow. The ship foundered

with all on board lost. The one-hour Battle of Coronel was the first defeat for the Royal Navy in more than 100 years.[17]



HMS *Good Hope*, by W. L. Wyllie

CWGC records show Cann, Hatheway and Silver as being from Nova Scotia, while Palmer is the "son of Frederick A. and Eva L. Palmer, of 61, Broadway Avenue, Ottawa."

Palmer's service file, refreshingly complete for anyone used to looking at the CEF service files, shows he too was born in Nova Scotia, on 16 July 1894.[18] So what's the Ottawa connection? The file contains correspondence with the family living at 19 Shirley Street in Halifax up until September 1920. By November the family home is 61 Broadway Avenue in Ottawa and remained so until as late as 1948. Both parents died there, after which it continued as the home of a sister. Palmer's service file also contains a 1969 letter from William's older brother Frederick in Victoria, Australia, which mentions another sister in British Columbia.

Some First World War casualties with an Ottawa connection served with British forces. Most for 1914 are found on page 565 in the *Book of Remembrance*; a few others may be located by searching for Ottawa as a keyword on the CWGC database. As with Hardingham and Palmer, their links to Ottawa appear to be tenuous, a reflection of the extent of the British migration to Canada before and after the war.

Owen James Tame, a rifleman with the 3rd Rifle Brigade who had enlisted in the British forces in 1906, died of wounds on 28 October 1914 at age 28 and is buried at Aldershot Military Cemetery.[19] He was orphaned at an early age and is found at the Home of the Good Shepherd, Hoar Cross, Yoxall, Staffordshire in the U.K. censuses of 1891 and 1901. His next of kin was his brother George Albert Tame, of 217 Catherine St., Ottawa. According to the 1921 Census George arrived in Canada in 1890, when he would have been 10 years of age, typical for a Home Child, although he is not included in the LAC/BIFHSGO Home Child database. There is no indication that Rifleman Tame was ever in Canada, although he does appear on page 565 of the *Book of Remembrance*. His medals were auctioned in May 2014 in Toronto.[20]

Two others who died in 1914 serving with British forces likely never lived in Canada:

- Louis William Morris had been on the battlefield barely one month when he died on 7 December 1914 while serving with the 2nd Battalion of the Lincolnshire Regiment. His mother is given as Rachel M. Morris of 91 Melrose Avenue, Hintonburg.[21] In 1922 she requested his medals through the Ottawa office of the Department of Soldiers Civil Reestablishment.[22]
- Harry B. MacKay, Lance Corporal with the 1st Battalion of the Cameron Highlanders, is shown by the CWGC as the son of Mrs. MacKay, of 417 Bronson Avenue, Ottawa, Canada, and the late Sgt. Maj. John MacKay, R.F.A.; husband of Margaret MacKay, of Viola Cottage, Kinlochleven, Argyllshire.[23] He was age 29 at his death on 22 December 1914 and does not appear in Canada's *Book of Remembrance*.

Even in its first few months the deadly hand of war in locations far away reached out to touch Ottawa. Its grip tightened in 1915 and later years. The impact lingered for decades.

Few if any alive today knew those who died. A century later our first-hand memories of grandparents, great-uncles and -aunts who survived the war are fading. Photos languish, often unappreciated. Today, with online availability of the types of records and digitized newspapers used in this study, together with family artefacts, it has never been easier to enshrine the memory of that generation's service, even a century later. Initiatives such as the Imperial War Museum's "Lives of the First World War" are an opportunity to give lasting meaning to the formulaic "we will remember them."[24]

Reference Notes

[1] Canada's Books of Remembrance are housed in the Memorial Chamber in the Peace Tower on Parliament Hill in Ottawa. Search and view page images at www.veterans.gc.ca/eng/remembrance/memorials/canadian-virtual-war-memorial/.

[2] Entry in the Commonwealth War Graves Commission database at http://www.cwgc.org/find-war-dead/casualty/2765042/LITTLE,%20HARRY%20B.

[3] Harry Benjamin Little, British Army Service Records 1760–1915, Series WO97, The (U.K.) National Archives, digital image at findmypast.co.uk.

[4] "Edmonton Soldier Dies While Going to Join Regiment," *Edmonton Capital*, Saturday 15 August 1914, p. 1, digital image at http://peel.library. ualberta.ca/newspapers/EDC/1914/08/15/1/.

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remembrance/memorials/canadian-virtual-war-memorial/detail/405504/.

[7] Beechwood Cemetery (Ottawa, Carleton County, Ontario), Thomas William Hardingham gravestones, personally photographed, 20 May 2014.

[8] Thomas William Hardingham, Ontario death registration 010851 (1914); AO microfilm MS 935, reel 196, digital image at ancestry.ca.

[9] "Private Hardingham dies of injuries received at ranges," *Ottawa Evening Journal*, Wednesday 17 September 1914, p. 2, digital image at newspapers.com.

[10] Thomas Hardingham in Arthur F. Armstrong household, 1911 Census of Canada, Quebec, Chambly and Vercheres (District 150), Ville St Lambert, p. 27, family no. 250, digital image at ancestry.ca.

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[12] Obituary: Mr. Alex Campbell, *Ottawa Evening Journal*, Tuesday 20 October 1914, p. 2, digital image at newspapers.com.

[13] The Ottawa City Directory, 1914, digital images at https://archive.org/details/ottawadirec191400midiuoft.

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[15] Beechwood Cemetery (Ottawa, Carleton County, Ontario), Campbell family gravestones, personally photographed, 20 May 2014.

[16] Royal Naval College of Canada, *Wikipedia*, http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Royal_Naval_College_of_Canada.

[17] Battle of Coronel, www.worldwar1.co.uk/coronel.html.

[18] William Archibald Palmer service file, Library and Archives Canada, RG 24, accession 1992–93/167, box 164, file 60-P-3.

[19] CWGC, http://www.cwgc.org/find-war-dead/casualty/359698/TAME,%20O%20J.

[20] Geoffrey Bell Auctions, May 29th and 30th 2014, Toronto Reference Library, catalogue page 14, digital image at http://www.torontocoinexpo.ca/documents/geoffrey_bell_auctions_sale_9_session_1.pdf.

[21] CWGC, http://www.cwgc.org/find-war-dead/casualty/121414/ MORRIS,%20LOUIS%20WILLIAM.

[22] "British Army WWI Medal Rolls Index Cards, 1914–1920," for Morris, Louis William, digital image at ancestry.co.uk.

[23] CWGC, http://www.cwgc.org/find-war-dead/casualty/853753/MacKAY,%20HARRY%20B.

[24] Imperial War Museum, https://livesofthefirstworldwar.org/.

The Somme

BY BRENDA TURNER

This recounting of Brenda's trip to France to visit the site of the Battle of the Somme, in which her grandfather was injured and her late husband's Uncle Edwin lost his life, won her a third-place prize in the BIFHSGO members' writing competition.

And that was when I lost it. Completely. That was when I started to bawl my eyes out.

I was sitting on a stone bench on the roadside of Highway D929, a perfectly straight old Roman road between the villages of La Boiselle and Bapaume, in northern France, at the British War Cemetery at Warlincourt, at about 10:30 on the morning of 27 May 2010. It had been an emotional few days.

My grandfather was Leonard Samuel Gray, a private with the 9th Battalion of the Essex Regiment during World War I. He had been severely injured at the Battle of the Somme on 4 August 1916. My first objective had been to discover where Pop had been when he was shot, but this proved impossible. My substitute objective for being in France at all was to learn as much as I could about what he had experienced.

I'm an enthusiastic amateur genealogist, and a natural born researcher. I had a copy of Major and Mrs. Holt's Battle Map of the Somme [1] and their Guide to the Battle,[2] and maps of the Allied[3] and German trenches. I had studied books about the Battle.[4] I had read that the Allied bombardment was expected to decimate the German lines, but that it had failed. I had read that the German Army had just come up out of its deep concrete reinforced bunkers once the bombardment ended and had slaughtered the Allies on the first day of the battle on 1 July 1916.

It had been complete carnage. One guide told me that without any discussion between these enemies, the Germans did not fire when the Allies moved out between the lines to recover the bodies of their fallen soldiers, not after that first day, nor after the second day. Even the enemy knew it had been a slaughter and paid silent respect to the bravery of the Allied soldiers by not firing on recovery teams.

On the advice of Ian Hook, the very helpful Archivist of the Essex Regiment Museum and Archives in Chelmsford, Essex, I had visited the English National Archives at Kew, west of London, where I had located and copied the War Diary of the

Commander of the 9th Essex Battalion,[5] and the Intelligence Summary prepared for the period a month earlier than when Pop was injured, when the 9th had been ordered "over the top."

I had learned that the A, B, C, and D Companies of the 9th had been brought up from the village of Albert (where they had been sheltering from German artillery) late on 1 July 1916. The Battalion had been ordered to the trenches close to Ovillers, and it was ordered to attack the village the morning of the second day of the battle. I had read the Commander's disappointment that his Battalion had been ordered to attack at 3 a.m. on 2 July, in complete darkness, without the Command having been given time to become familiar with the territory the Battalion would be ordered to fight in. I knew that the Battalion was to support the Suffolk and Berkshire Regiments, which were to lead the attack. I knew that the Commander had recorded that not one objective of the attack had been successful, and that all contact with the lead Regiments had been lost.

One company had gone off in the wrong direction in the darkness, and attacked another village called La Boiselle, close by, and returned to everyone's astonishment with 170 German prisoners. I had read the statistics reported by the Intelligence Summary: that of about 625 men in the Battalion, 12 officers and 386 men, or about 64 per cent of the force, were reported as casualties from that first attack.

But nothing had prepared me for the shock of standing at the edge of the British War Cemetery outside the village of Ovillers, looking over to the village of La Boiselle just across the farmer's field, and realizing from my guides that what looks like a small quarry visible beside the road is what remains of the old German lines. The lines were only about 800 yards apart when Pop was ordered over the top!!!

The Battalion was behind the front lines on the first day of the Battle, 1 July. The young men would have seen the thousands of bloody bodies being shipped back for burial or medical care. They would have known that No Man's Land was a slaughterhouse. They had never been in battle before. Pop was a 19-year-old kid! They *all* were. How did he, no, how did *they* manage to follow their orders, to make that attack across unfamiliar territory, in complete darkness, when they were almost certain to be killed or badly wounded? How did they do it? My God, every one of them was a hero.

And later that day I drove up into the hills to the Thiepval Memorial, high over the Somme Valley. It is a huge, impressive memorial, which you approach on a footpath behind it. As you walk closer and closer you begin to discern carving on the me-

morial walls. Your guidebook tells you that the names of over 72,000 British soldiers with no known grave are carved onto its walls. Your breath leaves you as you gape.

But I had one more pilgrimage to make. My late husband Edwin had lost contact with his birth father's family after his parents divorced during WW II, and he came to Canada with his mother after the war.

Very late in his life, having made family contact again, Ed learned that he had had an Uncle Edwin, who had been a member of the South African Brigade and who had been killed during the Battle of the Somme. Ed had become convinced that he had been named for that man, and he was probably right. I had located the Commonwealth War Graves Commission record of Uncle Edwin's grave at Warlincourt,[6] and I drove to the British Cemetery there on my last day in France.

I had picked lovely white and yellow wildflowers for Uncle Edwin's grave. I stopped at a Canadian Memorial on my way, just to pay my respects, and on impulse picked a few small purple flowers from the Memorial to add to my bouquet. I probably shouldn't have done that, I know, but it seemed to be important, somehow, at the time.

And, having arrived at Uncle Edwin's grave, and having laid my flowers, it occurred to me how odd a situation this was. Here I was, the widow of a nephew of Uncle Edwin who he never knew, as my Ed was born 20 years after his own death in 1916, a Canadian woman laying flowers on the grave of a man who never knew he would have any connection to this country, 94 years after his death.

Grave of Edwin F. Bancroft

And that was when I lost it. I bawled for the terror Pop and all those young men must have felt, I bawled for the deaths of all those young men, I bawled for the lost graves of all those heroes, and I bawled with the realization that history's wars can mean so little to you, but when you study your ancestors' experiences during those wars they can mean so much more.

Reference Notes

[1] Tonie Holt, Valmai Holt, *Major and Mrs. Holt's Battle Maps of the Somme*, No. 1; (TV Holt Associates, 1995.)

[2] Tonie Holt, Valmai Holt, *Major and Mrs. Holt's Pocket Battlefield Guide to the Somme: the Big Push 1 July–*

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[3] Trench Map: Albert 57D, Edition 5E (local); (Easingwold, York: G.H. Smith and Son.)

[4] Sir Martin Gilbert, *The Somme: Heroism and Horror in the First World War* (London: John Murray, 2007.)

[5] WO 95/185, 35th Infantry Brigade, 9th Battalion Essex Regiment, 1915 May–1919 May, The National Archives.

[6] E.F. Bancroft, Service No. 4382, digital image, Commonwealth War Graves Commission, (http://www.cwgc.org/find-war-dead/casualty/240770/BANCROFT,%20E%20F), accessed 23/06/2014.

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A Precious Legacy

BY ANNE RENWICK©

Anne's fond look back at her New Brunswick family's ancestral home won her a third-place prize in the BIFHSGO 20th anniversary members' writing competition.

I want to tell you the story of a precious legacy, a special little house built by a good man.

As children, my two sisters and I would spend a few weeks in the summer with our Cassidy grandparents who lived in New Brunswick. We would often go for country drives and picnics, and one of our fondest destinations was to Cassidy Lake and the Clover Hill homestead. This property had been in the family since our Irish ancestors settled there in the early 1800s.

In our time the Cassidy home, which sat on a hill overlooking the lake, was empty and in disrepair; the farm's barns and workshop were gone. But the tiny family chapel, built and named for our great-great-grandfather, and the

cemetery where our ancestors were buried, were still intact and we would sit on the steps of the house's sagging porch while our grandfather told us stories of life at Clover Hill and the people who had lived there.

Aerial view of the Clover Hill family homestead

The porch stretched across the front of the house, divided in the middle by the house's entranceway. The entranceway was three-sided, mirroring the shape of the bay window above, having a door on either side from the porch and the main door to the house in between.

Entering this way one arrived in a small front hall, which divided the house in the middle. A staircase straight ahead anchored by a turned newel post [see photo on page 33] led to the second floor. To one's left was the parlour and to one's right a sitting room. Stepping into the parlour revealed two sash windows on the left and two on the wall opposite. To one's right were two doors, the nearest leading into the kitchen/dining room, and another that opened into a small bedroom.

Returning to cross the hallway, one would enter the sitting room, a less formal space, but with the same configuration of windows and doors as the parlour. Both rooms at one time had little pot-bellied stoves for heat. Standing at the entrance to the kitchen/dining room, one was greeted by a large area in which dining table, dressers, and in the winter, a Starr step stove resided. Looking from left to right at this vantage point, one would see a built-in china cabinet, next to which was the root cellar door, and the door from the parlour. A small projection across from this way in hid a steep turning-back staircase up to the second floor. On the far wall was the entrance to a pantry, and to the right, the summer kitchen to which the cast iron wood-burning stove would be moved for the hot months. It is thought that this area was the original part of the Irish ancestors' first home, and indeed it did have a semblance of an Irish cottage layout.

Going across the kitchen and heading up to the second floor via the back stairs, one would arrive at a hall with a door to one's right, two on the left and a door ahead flanked by a window. This window did not face outside, but was for sharing the light from the master bedroom's bay window with

the hallway and stairwell. There were four bedrooms on this floor, though the room on the right was latterly converted to a bathroom (rarely used, as it was considered too "modern"). Prior to the bathroom conversion, the room had also been known to house my great-aunt's chickens. None of the rooms had closets; clothing was hung on nails in the walls. Heating came from the chimneys of the pot-bellied stoves below.

On what turned out to be our last visit to the house, we persuaded our grandfather to take us inside to "rescue" any artifacts that might be there. Grandpa managed to get the front door open, and we gingerly explored the dusty broken-down rooms.

Vandals had struck multiple times. The floor of the parlour was caved in, revealing the root cellar below; the staircase banisters were splintered like broken teeth. There was dirt and bits of wood everywhere. We carefully made our way upstairs and after some persuasion, Grandpa removed a few brown china doorknobs for me—reluctantly, as he thought the home should be left as is. As he worked with his ever-ready pocket knife, I looked for any other artifacts and was able to find and pocket a scrap of linen. We were all saddened by the destruction around us and left subdued.

The visit turned out to be our only chance to see inside, as shortly thereafter the home was burned to the ground.

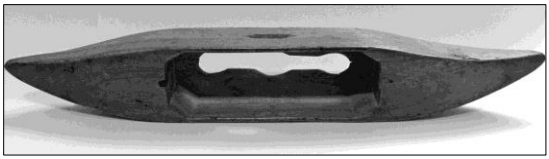
A hundred and fifty years earlier, William and Jane Cassidy had emigrated from Ireland shortly after they were married. They originally settled in Saint John, N.B., but within a few years decided to carve out a homestead at what was then known as Deforest Lake, approximately 50 km northeast of Saint John. With two small children, they began life in the area on the south side of the lake and in 1823 William purchased 150 acres of land on its north side.

> The contract price for the property was £40 in New Brunswick currency, equivalent to about $5,000 in today's dollars, payable in carpenter's work over six years at an annual rate of £6 15s (6 pounds 15 shillings).[1]

In order to gain title to his land, William walked to the province's capital, 160 km away, making the journey in the winter to take advantage of easier going across frozen lakes and rivers.

William and Jane built a home on their property, expanding it and a barn and workshops, while raising 12 children. They had to be self-sufficient, as the nearest supplies were 50 km away. They raised animals and crops for food; flax was grown from which some of the family's clothing was made. William was also a carpenter and a master craftsman in the making of hand looms.

A story of the Cassidys' self-sufficiency has been passed down through the generations. One day smoke from a large forest fire some 200 km to the north covered Cassidy Lake with such dense fog that Jane, attempting to return from the pasture on the opposite shore of the lake, became lost. William was able to guide her safely back home by trumpeting on a conch shell (perhaps a lucky memento from the days of living at an ocean port.)



Of William and Jane's life, at least two artifacts still exist: a green and white china cup and saucer that came with them from Ireland, and one of the shuttles William carved [pictured here].

William and Jane's house witnessed the comings and goings of five subsequent generations, living both within and nearby. Carpentry skills were handed down, as were a love of Clover Hill and its family history. The house was expanded and improved, and in 1883, Francis Edward Cassidy, William and Jane's son, added a tiny chapel on the lakeside below the house. In 1890 the chapel was donated to the Methodist Church, and in 1949 the first of annual family gatherings at the church was held at its dedication to Francis Edward. Pictures from this event played a large part in what comes next.

The house was burned down by vandals in the 1970s. In 1979 I proposed a project to my grandfather: could he build a 1/12th scale replica of the house? I was at that time starting a collection of 1/12th scale miniatures. I longed for a dollhouse in which to put my growing collection, and then it occurred to me: no one could live in the house at Clover Hill any more, but perhaps we could bring it back to life another way. Grandfather embraced the idea wholeheartedly.

At the time, I lived in Halifax, N.S., and my grandfather lived in Fredericton, N.B. The house took a year to build, and we corresponded throughout, planning, brainstorming with each other, researching and sharing progress reports and more family stories. Though I don't have copies of my letters, I do, more importantly, have Grandpa's. Excerpts from these letters follow.

From the first, as we embarked on our plan:

> Knowhow as a carpenter & one who has touched the hand of those who have gone before, will [have to] fill in the blank spaces and it will, for when my pencil, pen & carpenters tools are laid down it is doubtful if anyone else will duplicate the project.

One of the most useful guides in building the replica was a collection of photographs my grandmother had: one of the house circa 1912, one later in 1952, and ten photographs from the first family reunion. Close examination of these photos prompted letters full of interesting observations and comments about the times and construction of the "real" house.

The homestead in 1912

It is thought that the house's beginnings were as a small cottage, which later evolved into the summer kitchen and dining room of the expanding home. In the 1912 picture, it does not yet have a verandah:

There is no roof over the piazza (a Latin word) Dad built the roof sometime between 1910 and 1914. The roof of the house is covered with wood shingles and notice the lines [vertical] at the joints of the pediment roof. That is a shingled hip, commonly called a Boston hip. I put on many of them.

Large trees at each end of the house are willows (not weeping willows). The one on the left is the whip that Grandfather Francis Edward "C" used to drive to St. John and when he came home it was stuck in the ground and grew to a tree.

The pole in the foreground is for the telephone. Note the wood bracket on the top right side. There was 11 miles of wire to Sussex while the road is 16. The line went the short way through the woods.

The time of year is just before haying quite likely June 15 or thereabouts . . . the house could use a coat of paint. The driveway is narrow and low in relation to the adjoining ground due to constant washing from rainfall. As I look at the old shop door it seems that Grandfather should come out wearing an old battered black felt hat.

In the 1952 picture [next page], we see changes:

. . . someone did paint the house and shingled the roof with Arrow-lock asphalt shingles. I helped put on quite a number of them. Cost in 1938 was app. $2.60 per square (10" x 10") . . . Note the piazza roof is covered with corrugated galvanized roofing, quite likely over the wood shingles. A common thing for that period. This picture was taken after haying time and the mowing leaves something to be desired. Note the streaks of dried hay left by the mowing machine.

Grandpa was quite particular about mowing, and he had previously recounted to us stories of when he used to help mow the property with a scythe, not a machine!

The homestead in 1952

Note lightening [sic] rods (so called) on the roofs. White ball on shop and blue on roof of house and the braided wire app. 5/8" coming down the left end of the house roof. Note it carrys [sic] down the end of the house and is embedded in the ground app. 10" as a ground. Lightening rods were common for that period.

From the pictures of the 1949 reunion, further detail that would ordinarily have been overlooked by the unobservant eye:

[On left]: Note the wallpaper, the hewed beam over doors, the different width of the head casings . . . note beam covered with wallpaper on back wall of kitchen. Note heavy hewed post going up to ceiling to carry the weight of the rafters, roof, snow load etc.

[On right]: Note casing around door so narrow on one side and wide on the other. This is not a mistake, but is due to a wall being on the opposite side and between the sitting room and stairway. Note in the extreme right part of a casing that reaches to the ceiling. This is the left casing of a built in china cabinet. This wall is all doors except for the cabinet. The other two are to parlour and cellar.

Installation of a tin ceiling:

Note ceiling [next page]. These are pressed metal mouldings and sheets [of] what was called Mettalic [sic]Ceiling. There are two mouldings, note large one on wall and ceiling. Note the section between mouldings shows a pattern one dimpled. This part is important as the center panels were about 2' 0" square. Two are partly shown in extreme top left of picture.

To carry out the work one would measure ceiling width and length then figure the number of 2' panels and moulding sizes that were required and the difference would quite likely vary in measure between side and end. This is where the dimpled sheet called a Diaphragm comes in. The carpenter could cut it to width to suit as the dimpled part did not show a cut and would always match . . . The area was strapped with 1" x 3" and the metal applied with special nails. These nails used to skid on the metal and then one got bruised thumb and fingers, after a few days it really hurt as I found out.

In later correspondence, discussion of the model's potential size and finishing took place:

> . . . one inch equals one foot, it is not small by any means. Height is 28½" and that includes the chimneys which are 2½" high. It will be heavy as I intend to use ½" plywood for the main floor and the outside walls. The drawings are just about ready. Stairs (3 sets), windows, doors, walls, etc. I drove down to the old farm and for the third time measured the foundations which are 50% covered.

At the time, I was more focused on the project than on the occasional hint of things to come that were sometimes tucked within the house notes:

> Feb. 5 at 2 p.m. finds me at Dr's office as he is the one who will operate at a time as yet unknown to me . . .

Later in the same letter:

> The job could start soon we hope. Stan Cassidy [owner of the property at the time] was in for a chat and we talked the project over and gave me some good advice such as don't forget the sliding opening between the pantry and the kitchen etc. I will make the model as near as I can to what the house was such as the Dining Rm with wide and narrow head casings on drs to pantry and kitchen.

The footprint of the house caused some issues as to how the interior would be accessible. It was essentially a rectangle, with a rectangular projection off the back containing the summer kitchen and part of the dining room. At first, consideration was given to making the model in two pieces that would slide apart, the front from the back. Ultimately, however, it was constructed as one piece, with the roofs of the main portion and the kitchen removable, as well as the side walls of the main part of the house, which were held on with magnets. The upper floor of the main part could also be lifted off, with a specific manoeuvre, and its walls removed for ease of painting and wallpapering.

Grandpa paid close attention to how the doors themselves were built. Some had two panels, some had three; some panels were horizontal, some were vertical; but at the time, tiny hinges were the bigger issue. He manufactured them himself from galvanized sheet iron and brads, taping a sample in one of the letters.

[On left]: The stairway is complete . . . treads and risers in place, and quite a bit of work on the railing. I designed a newel post (the big one at the bottom of the first floor) and got a local chap to turn one to my drawing and it is ready now. Mother and Nicola are excited about it, but it is old hat to me for I designed it quite some [time] ago as I wanted the post at the front of the stairs to be like I remembered it.

Later the story also came out that when Grandpa went to see the "local chap" about turning the post, and the fellow said yes, he could do it, and to bring the wood in. Grandpa then pulled the piece of wood out of his pocket, much to the great surprise of the woodworker!

In the last letter of the collection the house is near completion. It had been decided after some debate, that the clapboard siding would be replicated using thin strips of vinyl.

> The two sides of the house, dining-kitchen and dining-pantry are all made with windows and trim complete exterior and interior as are partitions from dining to pantry/kitchen and these have shelving in pantry 3 sides and hatch from pantry to kitchen complete with sliding door that really works and all door trim, even the support for the kitchen stove chimney . . . last but not least I broke the rules and made the china cabinet of the very best walnut. It looked so nice. This unit is ready except for the doors. Hinges were the problem then. I will try a brass set now made by Cassidy.

Meanwhile, I had been researching and ultimately commissioned scale models of two pieces we knew had been in the original house: a Starr Stove and a bureau.

The Starr Stove [right] intrigued me, as it was a wood-burning cast iron stove, with its main surface only about two feet off the ground, presumably to aid in lifting the heavy cast iron pots on and off. The style, I later learned, is a "step stove." I happened

across a real Starr Stove at Uniacke House, part of the Nova Scotia Museum complex, not far from Halifax. I took photos and presented them to a retired architect friend who made models as a hobby. Could he build me one of this stove in 1/12th scale? Indeed he could, and he did, complete with four removable cooking lids, opening warming oven doors, and removable ash bin.

He also replicated a small dresser, the original of which was at a Cassidy cottage. Part of this dresser's appeal was its dovetailed joints, though we don't know who built it (perhaps another Cassidy carpenter). Amazingly, the miniature also has dovetailed joints and when photographed looks exactly like its full-scale version.

In 1980 I eagerly drove to Fredericton to receive the special gift of the replica house [left]. True to my grandfather's abilities, it was exquisite. Every detail was there, from the door panels, to the crooked beams, to the built-in china cabinet, to the newel post. The interior remained without decoration, leaving it to my imagination, though Grandpa penciled in on some of the floors what he remembered of furniture positions. He had carved his name, the date, and his navy service number in one of the roof panels.

We took pictures, shared more stories, and the usual wonderful visit, then I brought the model home. My own work had just begun: I now had to decorate!

I still have the house and my grandfather's letters, and the model is undergoing its second "renovation," being redecorated as if I was living at Clover Hill. I look at it still and think of the stories of those who went before: my Great-Aunt Edythe keeping chickens in the upstairs back bedroom; my grandfather and his cousins as boys jokingly peeing down the parlour stove pipe from upstairs; my mother being chased by geese in the yard; my sisters and I sitting with our grandparents on the steps of the verandah.

He was a loving person, a strong believer in family heritage, a proud Canadian, honoured to serve as a Chief Petty Officer in our navy and as a carpenter thereafter for the government. The highest praise he could give someone was "he is a good man," and he was definitely that.

William and Jane's descendants include nurses, pilots, lawyers, carpenters, farmers, and an Order of Canada honoree. Their legacy touches us all, and it is remembered each time I look at the little house.

"Yours to a cinder"

Anne L. Renwick, a Cassidy Granddaughter

The model house today

A Little DNA Detective Story

BY WENDY CROOME

Wendy Croome has been researching family history for over 40 years, having begun by hand-writing letters to records offices and squinting at microfiche and microfilm. She now enjoys the abundant information on the Internet and is beginning to explore the mysteries of DNA. With her husband, Gil, Wendy joined BIFHSGO about nine years ago. She soon joined the BIFHSGO Writing Group and appreciates the helpful feedback from its members when writing articles and family stories.

In the spring of 2006, I published an article in *Anglo-Celtic Roots* titled "Search for Sarah Jarvis." The article described my multi-year search for my great-great-grandmother, and my conclusion that I had found her. It ended with this paragraph:

> Nothing happened on this family for three years, until one October evening in 2003, when I had a surprise phone call from a Roy Jarvis. He had been introduced to the Internet by his son and, while searching the *RootsWeb* archives, they came across my message of 1999 to the Buckinghamshire list. Almost the first words Roy uttered were "We always wondered what became of those two Jarvis sisters who emigrated from Loughton to Australia"!

During the past ten years, Roy and I have corresponded from time-to-time. I have visited him at his home in England and attended a Jarvis family reunion in Southern Ontario. I enjoyed the contacts but put down that line of research. I believed that we had established, as conclusively as possible, that Sarah Jarvis, baptized on Christmas Day 1831 in Loughton, Buckinghamshire, England, is the same person as Sarah Guy, buried on 5 June 1886 in Newstead, Victoria, Australia.

Even though I was ready to let that line of research go, Sarah was not through with me. In August 2013, I had an email from a Darren Merritt that read,

> I just decided to follow my maternal ancestors back and I got as far as: Alberta Julia Webb born 1856 to parents Ann Jarvis and William Webb who married in Newstead, Victoria, Australia. I've not been working on this much so don't know if this is related to your search or not. I also hit a dead end with Ann Jarvis here (so far). I've got a few historical database collections here I can still check but haven't done so yet. This was all just accidental so far.

This sounded interesting, because one of the keys to my identification of Sarah Jarvis was through her connection to her sister Ann Jarvis, who married William Webb. It definitely sounded as if this person was researching the same family, but his comment that his find was accidental made me wonder if he was a serious researcher. I answered cautiously.

When he wrote back, Darren told me that he lives in Australia and he is the computer geek in his family. I was reassured to learn that there are genealogy researchers in his family—his mother and his uncle. His role had been to track me down through old posts of mine in the *RootsWeb* archives, the same way Roy Jarvis had found me.

Then Darren added information that excited me. He told me that he is descended from Ann Jarvis Webb directly through the female line. Even more exciting was his statement that he had sent his DNA away for analysis.

Last year, my husband, Gil, and I gave each other the present of a DNA test. Since then, I have been studying genetics and DNA. I now know that most of the DNA is found on 23 pairs of chromosomes contained in the nucleus of each cell. This nuclear DNA is inherited equally from one's mother and one's father. However, each cell also contains thousands of tiny structures outside the nucleus that contain DNA. These structures are called mitochondria, and mitochondrial DNA (mtDNA) is different from the DNA found in the nucleus.

Two significant characteristics of mtDNA are that it is inherited solely from one's mother and that it is very slow to mutate. This means that people who descend from the same woman through a strictly female line will have the same mtDNA. The paper trail seemed pretty conclusive that Darren and I had traced our ancestry to sisters, and therefore to their mother. That meant that the two of us should have the same mutations in our mtDNA.

MtDNA is analyzed in three regions. Darren had already had the first two regions analyzed and he sent me his

results. I was excited to discover that his mutations in those small regions matched mine. He told me that he was going to have the third, and much longer, region of his mtDNA tested, and I waited impatiently for the results of this more complete analysis.

In September, Darren and I had a brief exchange of emails, and he told me that he had not yet sent his DNA sample to the testing company. In October, I emailed him, received no reply, and began to get discouraged. I was afraid that he had lost interest in the DNA comparison.

In December I tried again, and I was relieved when he responded that he now had the test kit and planned to send it off soon. At the beginning of January 2014 he wrote that he had sent his DNA sample to the company. Finally, things were moving, and I knew it wouldn't be long until we knew if we matched.

While we waited for results, we discussed other genealogy topics, such as software and our two families. As Darren rechecked the paper trail from his end, he questioned whether we could really connect our families on paper and asked me, "What is the evidence that links your Jarvis/Webb family to our Jarvis/Webb the most convincingly?" It had been a long time since I had done that research, and I had forgotten the key evidence myself, but, with some searching, I found that I had birth certificates for three of Ann and William Webb's children. Australian birth certificates are a gold mine of information and all three certificates listed Ann and William's birthplace and place of marriage as Loughton and Shenstone, Buckinghamshire, England, exactly where my Sarah Jarvis came from. Now that we had reconfirmed that the paper trail was convincing, we both became even more curious to learn if our DNA matched.

We continued to wait. Darren checked with the company periodically, and finally received confirmation on 11 February that the company had received his sample. Now our next wait was for the testing, which takes a few weeks.

On 13 March 2014, we received his results. His mtDNA is a perfect match for mine, proving that we descend from the same female ancestor. Our paper research shows that she was Sarah (Saunders) Jarvis, who was buried in Loughton, Buckinghamshire, on 3 December 1833, at the age of 38.

Although this particular search has ended with confirmation that Darren Merritt and I are fourth cousins once removed, it is certainly not the end of my DNA-genealogy research. Not only do I have much more to learn, but research and knowledge in this field is expanding so rapidly that there will always be more to learn.

The Cream of the Crop

Top items from recent posts on the Anglo-Celtic Connections *and* Family Tree Knots *blogs*

BY KEN MCKINLAY AND JOHN D. REID

Beechwood Cemetery and Notre Dame Cemeteries Photographed

Beechwood Cemetery in Ottawa was established in 1873; besides being the home of over 90,000 burials, it has the National Military Cemetery and the RCMP National Memorial Cemetery on its grounds. With the help of many volunteers the *Canadian Gravemarker Gallery* (http://www.rootsweb.ancestry.com/~cangmg/) has placed online images of the over 50,000 grave markers to be found in that cemetery. The registers for Beechwood Cemetery can be found digitized and indexed on *Ancestry* in the "Ottawa, Canada, Beechwood Cemetery Registers, 1873–1990" collection.

Nearby Notre Dame Cemetery, the final resting place for 124,000 individuals, is photographed and available online at Canadianheadstones.com. Those images are added to the more than one million gravestone photos at the site. The cemetery registers, not online, may be consulted on microfilm at the Ottawa City Archives.

Update on the Digitization of the CEF Records

Canadian Expeditionary Force personnel service files are becoming accessible via Library and Archive Canada's "Soldiers of the First World War: 1914–1918" database. All digitized files are searchable by name, regimental number and rank. Search from http://goo.gl/NSkDkv. The first batch, 76,330 files, covered most surnames beginning with A and much of B. Regular uploads of about 5,000 files will take place every two weeks, so there should be many more when you read this.

The complete file is served as a pdf that can be copied to your computer. While download isn't particularly rapid, the quality of the images is good. Even the envelope, which sometimes contains the date of

death decades after the war, is imaged.

London Poor Law Records

Ancestry.co.uk has added "London, England, Workhouse Admission and Discharge Records, 1738–1930," with records for the following London boroughs (Poor Law Unions or Parishes): Camden (St Giles in the Fields, St Pancras), City of London, Hammersmith and Fulham (Fulham, Hammersmith), Hillingdon (Uxbridge), Holborn (Holborn, St Giles in the Fields and St George Bloomsbury), Kensington and Chelsea (Chelsea, Kensington, St Mary Abbots), Westminster (Paddington, St Marylebone, Westminster). There are 3,264,526 records, which contain name, dates of admission and/or discharge, age (or year of birth) and other details. These are in addition to the 3,864,000 records in the "London, England, Poor Law and Board of Guardian Records, 1430–1930" and 290,000 records in "London, England, Selected Poor Law Removal and Settlement Records, 1828–1930," also on *Ancestry*.

Wigan Anglican Church Registers

Ancestry has an ongoing initiative to make available digitized images of English parish records. A recent addition is baptism, marriages and burials collections for the town of Wigan in the old county of Lancashire. This was done in partnership with the Wigan Archives Service.

The Wigan collections on *Ancestry* are:

- Wigan, England, Baptisms, Marriages and Burials, 1580–1812
- Wigan, England, Baptisms, 1813–1911
- Wigan, England, Marriages, 1754–1926
- Wigan, England, Burials, 1813–1979

Find English and Welsh Wills

The Probate Service for England and Wales now has a service (in beta) that allows you to search for wills and probates for those who died after 1996. As recent death indexes are no longer online, this is a good way to check whether that contact you made a few years ago but have lost contact with has passed away.

There are also files for soldiers who died between 1850 and 1986. You can order the copy of the documents for £10 and it will be delivered online to you. The search page can be found at https://probatesearch.service.gov.uk/#wills.

Indexes to quite a few will collections prior to 1858, when the Church of England had the responsibility for probate, are becoming available on findmypast.co.uk and findmypast.com through their acquisition of origins.net. The largest, over 263,000 wills, is for the Prerogative & Exchequer Courts of York Probate, 1688–1858.

The province of York had jurisdiction in the counties of Cheshire, Cumberland, Durham, Lancashire, Northumberland, Nottinghamshire, Westmorland and Yorkshire. Although over 80 per cent of the records relate to Yorkshire, people from all over the British Isles and overseas had property in the province and had their wills proved in the Prerogative or Exchequer Court of York.

Post-War Edinburgh and London Maps

The National Library of Scotland now has detailed maps from the Ordnance Survey for both Edinburgh and London from the period after World War II. They can be found at http://maps.nls.uk/os/national-grid/index.html. These are very detailed maps, and they can even be overlaid on top of modern-day Google or Bing maps to combine the present and the past in one view.

dúchas.ie

One of the most overlooked and ignored sources of information on our ancestors is the folklore told to us by our grandparents. Within each story there is often a kernel of truth that can help us break through our brick walls. The dúchas.ie site (http://www.duchas.ie/en) is a project to digitize the National Folklore Collection of Ireland, one of the largest folklore collections in the world. They are scanning in the pages from the collection and adding information so that they can be searched by places or persons mentioned.

Index of Irish Townlands

One of the challenges when researching Irish ancestors is finding out where they actually lived. If you are very lucky you will learn which townland they lived within, but now you want to find which county that townland is in. The Index to Townlands from The Irish Genealogical Research Society is now searchable at http://www.irishancestors.ie/?p=5709.

Roots, Our Journeys Home

We are all probably familiar with the TV shows "Who Do You Think You Are" and "Finding Your Roots" where the family histories of well-known personalities are explored. CNN has been doing the same for twelve of their anchors, except the CNN anchors are the ones telling their stories. This includes Jake Tapper travelling to Canada, where he discovered that he has Loyalist roots. See all their stories at http://cnn.com/roots.

Conference Follow-up

Did you enjoy the September conference? About 60 per cent of the registrants returned a survey form and overwhelmingly expressed their satisfaction. All the speakers received very positive comments. Top rated was Paul Milner; you might want to check out his blog posts at www.milnergenealogy.com.

Under the Members Only tab at bifhsgo.ca you can also review the handouts he provided for his talks: "British Military Records to 1919;" "Overlooked Sources for 17th- and 18th-Century English Research;" "Irish Emigration to North America: Before, During and After the Famine;" and "Overlooked Sources for 19th- and 20th-Century English Research." You'll also find handouts from talks by John Dickenson, Paul Jones, Debbie Kennett, and for the pre-conference seminar "Research Your English and Welsh Ancestors" by Lesley Anderson & Ken McKinlay.

Linked from bifhsgo.ca you will also find a video of Lucille Campey's Saturday morning plenary presentation, "Ignored But Not Forgotten: Canada's Irish Immigrants."

The Bookworm

BY BETTY WARBURTON

If your ancestor was well-known or wealthy, you are lucky. You are likely to find references to him or her in many old documents. Most of us are not so fortunate.

Our ancestors in the British Isles often worked for wealthy people, however, as domestic servants, gardeners or agricultural labourers, or may have rented land from them.

Maybe if we know something of the lives of these wealthy employers and landlords, the events in their lives or their actions could explain events in the lives of their employees and tenants.

Perhaps the place to start is with a brief summary of the life of that notable person. The Brian O'Regan Memorial Library has several books doing just that.

If the wealthy person was of the peerage, the main events in his life and his ancestors' lives can be traced for several generations in:

Debrett's Peerage and Baronetage, 1990, edited by Charles Kidd and David Williamson. Debrett's Peerage Ltd, 1990. (929.72 DEB 1990)

Debrett's Peerage, Baronetage, Knightage and Companionage, 1911. Dean and Son, 1911. (929.7 DEB 1911)

Genealogical history of the dormant, abeyant, forfeited and extinct peerages of the British Empire, by Bernard Burke. Genealogical Publishing, 1978. Reprint of the 1883 edition published by Harrison, London. (929.72 BUR)

New Extinct Peerage, 1884–1971, by L. G. Pine. Heraldry Today, 1972. (929.72 PIN)

Other sources are biographical and occupational year books and directories. These usually give a brief account of the person. The library has:

Who's Who 1968: an Annual Biographical Dictionary, Adam and Charles Black, 1968. (920 WHO 1968)

Who's Who 1988: an Annual Biographical Dictionary. St. Martin's Press, 1988. (920 WHO 1988)

The Writers' and Artists' Year Book 1950: a Directory of Writers, Artists, Playwrights, Photographers, and Composers. Adam and Charles Black, 1950. (016.7 WRI)

Dictionary of Irish Writers: second series, non-fiction, by Brian Cleeve. Mercier Press, 1969. (920 CLE).

Royal Irish Constabulary Officers: a Biographical and Genealogical Guide, 1833–1922, by Jim Herlihy. Four Courts Press, 2005. (929.3415 HER)

The following books are lists of graduates from public schools and colleges. As well as dates of birth, marriage and death, the brief information includes school and occupational achievements.

King William's College Register 1833–1927, compiled by K.S.S. Henderson. Jackson, Wylie & Co., 1927. (920 KIN)

The Record of Old Westminsters. An incomplete set of four volumes: volumes 1a, 3, 3a, 4. (920 WES)

The Balliol College Register, 1833–1933, edited by Ivo Elliot. Oxford University Press, 1933. (920 ELL)

Canada is well represented by the following books:

Dictionary of Canadian Biography. University of Toronto Press, 1972–1994. Volumes 1 to 13 cover the period from 1000 to 1910. A separate volume indexes the period from 1000–1800. (920.071 CAN)

The Canadian Men and Women of the Time: a Handbook of Canadian Biography of Living Characters, 2nd. ed., edited by Henry James Morgan. William Briggs, 1912. (920 CAN)

Who's Who in Ontario: a biographical record of the men and women of our time, 1995–1999. B & C (1982), 1999. (920 WHO)

The library has several collections of the lives of British Home Children.

British Home Children and Their Stories. Global Heritage Press, 2010. (920 BRI)

The Home Children: Their Personal Stories, edited by Phyllis Harrison. Watson and Dwyer, 1979. (920 HAR)

Middlemore Memories: Tales of the British Home Children, by Michael Anthony Staples. Unipress, 2003. (920 STA)

21st Annual BIFHSGO Family History Conference

CALL FOR PRESENTATIONS

BIFHSGO is seeking proposals for presentations at its annual conference
18–20 September 2015
to be held at Library and Archives Canada, Ottawa.

The conference will focus on three main topics—

- **Scotland—family history**
- **Photographs in genealogy**
- **Technology for genealogy**
  (i.e. hardware, software, apps, websites, databases, social media, and DNA analysis tools)

We are seeking proposals on these three themes for conference lectures on the Saturday and Sunday, as well as for workshops or seminars on the Friday. The deadline for receipt of submissions is **31 January 2015**.

Submission details are at **www.bifhsgo.ca/Conference**.

Wanted—Librarian

Do you love books?
Have you some experience with libraries?
Would you enjoy helping other BIFHSGO members
discover the riches of the Brian O'Regan Memorial Library?

If the prospect of choosing, organizing and managing
the library's resources appeals to you,
please email president@bifhsgo.com to discuss possibilities.

Membership Report

BY KATHY WALLACE

New BIFHSGO Members 2 Sept 2014–7 November 2014		
Member No.	**Name**	**Address**
917	Bob Lee	Ottawa
1323	Sadie De Finney	Ottawa, ON
1370	Lise Fournier-Ausman	Ottawa, ON
1576	Patricia Richardson	Ottawa, ON
1676	Michelle Cormier	Ottawa, ON
1677	Patrick Doherty	Orleans, ON
1677	Sally Doherty	Orleans, ON
1678	Katherine Phillips	Ottawa, ON
1679	Leanne Cooper	Ottawa, ON
1680	Gayle McMartin-Timmons	Ottawa, ON
1681	Marianne Prokopec	Orleans, ON
1682	Kenneth Hanson	Guelph, ON
1683	Mike O'Connor	Ottawa, ON
1684	Linda Whyte	Gatineau, QC
1685	Gloucester Historical Society	Ottawa, ON
1686	Sharon Ells	Ottawa, ON
1687	Elizabeth Holden	Ottawa, ON
1888	David Howard	Mountain, ON
1689	Vaughan Lightowler	Arnprior, ON
1690	Marilyn Lindsay	Ottawa, ON
1691	Nigel Lloyd	Orleans, ON
1692	Louise Ann Harthen	Nepean, ON
1693	Tina Collonese	Ottawa, ON

BIFHSGO Board of Directors 2014–2015

President	Barbara Tose	613-729-1015
Recording Secretary	Anne Sterling	613-596-2955
Treasurer	Marnie McCall	613-736-1101
Research & Projects	Dave Cross	613-258-3934
Membership	Kathy Wallace	613-746-6796
Communications	Susan Davis	819-568-0081
Publicity	Mary-Lou Simac	613-837-8256
Programs	Jane Down	613-741-1463
Education	Mary Donnelly	613-445-3432
Director-at-Large	Ken McKinlay	613-828-6457
Past President	Glenn Wright	613-521-2929

Associate Directors 2014–2015

Editor *Anglo-Celtic Roots*	Jean Kitchen
E-newsletter Editor	Christine Woodcock
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Photographer	Dena Palamedes
Associate Treasurer	Cliff Adams
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Librarian	Betty Warburton
Queries	Sheila Dohoo Faure
Voicemail	Ann Adams
Conference 2015	Jane Down, Brian Le Conte
Public Accountant	McCay Duff LLP

The Society

The British Isles Family History Society of Greater Ottawa (BIFHSGO) is an independent, federally incorporated society and a registered charity (Reg. No. 89227 4044 RR0001). Our purpose is to encourage, carry on and facilitate research into, and publication of, family histories by people who have ancestors in the British Isles.

We have two objectives: to research, preserve, and disseminate Canadian and British Isles family and social history, and to promote genealogical research through a program of public education, showing how to conduct this research and preserve the findings in a readily accessible form.

We publish genealogical research findings and information on research resources and techniques, hold public meetings on family history, maintain a reference library, and participate in the activities of related organizations.

Membership dues for 2015 are $40 for individuals, $50 for families, and $40 for institutions. Members enjoy four issues of *Anglo-Celtic Roots*, ten family history meetings, members-only information on bifhsgo.ca, friendly advice from other members, and participation in special interest groups.

BIFHSGO Calendar of Events

Saturday Morning Meetings

The Chamber, Ben Franklin Place,
101 Centrepointe Drive, Ottawa

10 Jan 2015 ***The Queen's Photographer, the Abyssinian Prince and my Great-Grand-Uncle—***Patricia Roberts-Pichette grew up listening to stories of her great-grand-uncle Charlie's adventures in India, Malaysia, New Zealand and North Africa. A Victorian photograph taken of Charlie and an Abyssinian prince is the focus of her talk.

14 Feb 2015 ***Ed's Story—***Brenda Turner's late husband, Ed Cooke, was born in Lancashire as Ed Bancroft. His mother's divorce, remarriage and emigration to Canada led him to lose contact with his roots. Searching for his birth family turned into a wild ride . . . and led to Brenda's own interest in family history.

14 Mar 2015 ***Ulster Historical Foundation Lecture Day, 9:00–5:00—*** Gillian Hunt and Fintan Mullen will present a full-day session of Irish research lectures; the morning will be the BIFHSGO meeting, and the afternoon a paid event ($10). For details see www.bifhsgo.ca/meetings.

Schedule

9:00–9:30	Before BIFHSGO Educational Sessions: check www.bifhsgo.ca for up-to-date information.
9:30	Discovery Tables
10:00–11:30	Meeting and Presentation
12:00–1:00	Writing Group

For information on meetings of other special interest groups (Scottish, Irish, DNA, Master Genealogist Users), check www.bifhsgo.ca.

Articles for *Anglo-Celtic Roots*

Articles and illustrations for publication are welcome. For advice on preparing manuscripts, please email the Editor, at acreditor@bifhsgo.ca. The deadline for publication in the Spring issue is 23 January 2015.