

THREE BROTHERS

In the early 20th century three brothers migrated to Canada, the oldest Albert Fredrick Jerrard born b5/10/1892, the fourth child and second son William James Jerrard born b7/6/1898 and the youngest sixth child and third son Leonard Cecil Jerrard born b20/1/1906. They did not come to Canada at the same time. They did not come from Chideock. They did not know that their heritage lay in the Jerrard's of Chideock and Sandford Orcas, although they may have known that their father was born in Chideock. They did get married in Canada. They did serve in the World Wars of the Century and survived. They did settle in the same area of Ontario, around London and Dorchester. They did establish the family that I know as the Jerrard's of Canada and up until the spring of 1998 the only known Jerrards in Canada.

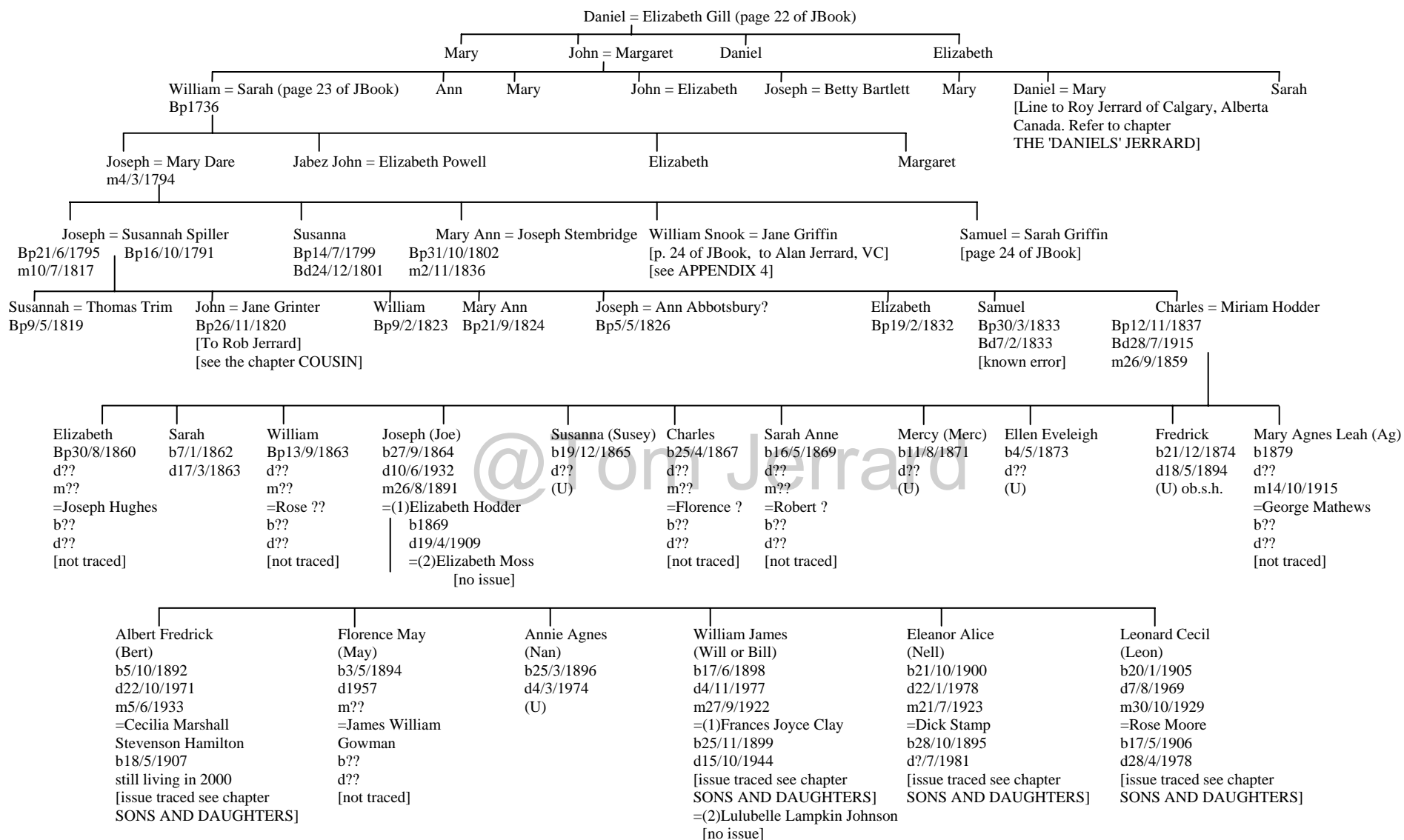
They were the sons of Joseph Jerrard and Elizabeth Hodder. Elizabeth Hodder was Joseph's 1st cousin and as the story goes Joseph married Elizabeth after her sister turned Joseph down. Joseph's father married Miriam Hodder. It is believed that Miriam's brother is the father of Elizabeth. At the present time we know that Elizabeth Hodder had as brothers and sisters, that we know of at this time, Annie, Alice, Albert and Jack. It is unknown which sister turned down Joseph. Annie, Jack, Albert and Alice Hodder moved to Canada and settled in Ontario in the London and Dorchester area. The Hodders provided comfort, friendship and employment to the Jerrard brothers when they came to Canada.

But what of the connection and heritage to the Jerrards of Chideock and back to Sandford Orcas? The pedigree chart on the next page shows the line of descent as I know it today. Little is known of the people between John and Margaret and their son William up until Charles George who married Miriam Hodder.

These generations were living in the North Chideock area. I have located records from the parish registers, legal documents and census records that show the families existence in Chideock. F.B.J. shows on page 23 of his book that William married Sarah and he shows their children. I will accept his pedigree since it seems he has taken the material from documents that he calls the "Dunsford Papers" which contained Jerrard family information⁹².

⁹² JBook page 22; "CN William Jerrard, brother of Joseph Jerrard, had a son named Jabez John Jerrard who had a son named Thomas Jerrard of Lyme; Thomas Jerrard's father and Samuel Bartlett Jerrard were first cousins. - (Dunsford Papers)."

THE THREE BROTHERS PEDIGREE CHART



I have not found the "Dunsford Papers". I did find William b5/11/1736 in the Bishop's transcripts for Whitchurch Canonorum⁹³ and in the Chideock parish records the records of William Bd24/3/1776 and Sarah Bd20/4/1777 but little else for this family. William and Sarah are shown to have had 4 children Joseph, Jabez John, Elizabeth and Margaret. I found little information on this family and rely on the JBook information due to the "Dunsford Papers" issue. It is of note that it is from William and Sarah that Alan Jerrard⁹⁴ descends. Alan was in the Royal Flying Corps in the 1st War, 1914-1919, and was awarded a Victoria Cross for his efforts in the Italian Theatre⁹⁵. Compare the picture of Alan and Bert in Annex I.

We pick up the record with Joseph Jerrard son of William and Sarah. Joseph and Mary Dare were married in Charmouth on m4/3/1794⁹⁶. Banns for this marriage were published in the Lyme Regis parish record which listed "Joseph and Mary both of this parish". The sons and daughters of Joseph and Mary are as follows. Record show Joseph Bp21/6/1795⁹⁷; Susannah Bp14/7/1799⁹⁸ and a burial record of Bd24/12/1801⁹⁹ (which matches the JBook info); Mary Ann Bp31/10/1802¹⁰⁰, m2/11/1836 to Joseph Stembridge¹⁰¹; William Snook Bp10/2/1805¹⁰² and Samuel Bp8/3/1807¹⁰³ married at Allington m9/6/1835¹⁰⁴. All further information in the JBook provided for these children is confirmed by my search of parish records and other documents. In addition a removal order dated 20 April in the 59th year of the Reign of George the Third [1819]¹⁰⁵ shows Joseph Gerrard a labourer and his wife Mary with their children William aged 14 and Samuel aged 11 being permitted to stay in Chideock parish rather than removed to Charmouth.¹⁰⁶ This proceeding confirms that Chideock was Joseph's place of residence. It is also an indication that Joseph was poor and living off parish relief at that time. Chideock Parish records show that a Joseph Jerrard age 65 was buried Bd16/12/1834 and a Mary Jerrard age 67 was buried Bd2/2/1829. I have a record from the Chideock Parish records that shows a Mary Dare born Bp22/12/1763 of Barnabas and Martha. Are these our Joseph and Mary? Chances are the answer is yes but we have no conclusive proof.

⁹³ 5/11/1736 William son of John and Marg Garrod.

⁹⁴ JBook page 23. William Snook Jerrard is Alan's Great Grandfather.

⁹⁵ Appendix 4. [cd]

⁹⁶ Charmouth: Married - Joseph Gerrard of this parish and Mary Dare of this parish 4 March 1794 signed by Joseph and Mary. Witnesses, Mytilda Cook (her mark) and John Gerrard (his signature). [AN - Joseph's brother or Uncle?] [cd]

⁹⁷ Both the Parish records and Bishop's Transcripts of Whitchurch Canonorum show this date. The spelling of Jerrard on this record is with a G. [cd]

⁹⁸ Chideock Parish Record. Jerrard spelt with a J. [cd]

⁹⁹ Ibid. Jerrard with a J.

¹⁰⁰ Ibid. Jerrard with a J.

¹⁰¹ Bridport Parish Record, Joseph Stembridge (widower) and Mary Ann Jerrard both of this parish 2 Oct 1836. [cd]

¹⁰² Chideock Parish Record. Jerrard with a J. [cd]

¹⁰³ Ibid. Jerrard with a J.

¹⁰⁴ Allington Parish record, Samuel Gerrard and Sarah Griffin 9 Jun 1835, Witness: William Gerrard and Charlotte Griffin. [cd]

¹⁰⁵ [cd]

¹⁰⁶ Dorchester Public Record Office, copied to file Joseph&MaryDare.pdf. [cd]

Our ancestry continues from Joseph and Mary with their first born son Joseph Bp21/6/1795. Joseph married Susannah Spiller, m10/7/1817¹⁰⁷, the witnesses were William Snook and Ann Jerrard. The witnesses are obviously Joseph's brother and sister. Mary Ann was Bp 31/10/1802 and would be 15 years old while William Snook was Bp10/2/1805 and would have been 12. As witnessed in the removal order of 1819 Joseph's parents would still have been alive in 1817. One wonders why minors, in 20th century, were the official witnesses as opposed to the parents of the bride and groom? At age 12 and after a person was of working age. Therefore not a minor then? Did this have something to do with the time of year, was the war on? We don't know.

A record exists for Susannah Spiller born of John and Elizabeth (nee Trask) on Bp16/10/1791 in Netherbury¹⁰⁸. The children of Joseph and Susannah Jerrard¹⁰⁹ are; Susannah Bp9/5/1819; John Bp26/11/1820; William Bp9/2/1823; Mary Ann Bp21/9/1824; Joseph Bp5/5/1826; Elizabeth Bp19/2/1832; Samuel Bp30/3/1833 and Charles Bp12/11/1837¹¹⁰.

Census records for 1841, 1851 and 1861 show the family of Joseph and Susannah¹¹¹ residing in North Chideock. On the 1841 census Joseph age 45 an Ag Labourer and Susannah 45 are shown with their children, William age 18, Mary Anne 15, Joseph 13, Elizabeth 9 and Charles 3 living at home. Susannah and John are not listed since they are on their own as we will see below. Where is Samuel Bp1833 he should be just 7 or 8 at the time of this census? A closer look at the Chideock Parish records turns up Samuel Bd7/2/1833 age 1 month the only Samuel recorded as buried between 1833 and 1841. Although the dates don't make sense the records point to this Samuel being the son of Joseph and Susannah (a review of the records may show a transcription error from the handwriting). The 1851 census shows Joseph 47, Hannah 60, Elizabeth 19 and Charles 14 and on the next lines below a family of Thomas Trim and Susan. It appears by comparing records of the 1851 census and the 1861 census that Susannah daughter of Joseph and Susannah married Thomas Trim¹¹². I have no record of this marriage but by the same token I was not looking specifically for this record. As to John Jerrard b1820 we have record of his marriage to Jane Grinter and from this union descent to Rob Jerrard in Budleigh Salterton, Devon. I have no records for William or Mary Ann. The 1851 and 1861 census show us a family of Joseph and Ann¹¹³. This Joseph by the age

¹⁰⁷ Bishop's Transcripts for Chideock. Joseph Jerrard, bachelor married Susannah Spiller, spinster 10/7/1817. He signed she placed her mark. Witnesses: William Snook and Ann Jerrard. [cd]

¹⁰⁸ Netherbury Parish Records. [cd]

¹⁰⁹ Chideock Parish Records for all the children. Jerrard is spelt with a J for all the children. [cd]

¹¹⁰ The name Charles, only, is shown for this record and his marriage record, yet his son Fredrick's army record shows Charles George as Fredrick's father. [cd]

¹¹¹ 1851 census shows her name as Hannah. [cd]

¹¹² The 1841 Chideock census shows Thomas Trim age 25, Susan his wife 20, George 2 and Sarah 1 and living with them John Jerrard age 20. The 1851 Chideock census shows Thomas Trim 44 and Susan Trim wife 31 and several children including Mary Ann3. The 1861 census shows Joseph 67 and Susannah 62 and their granddaughter Mary A Trim 15. [cd]

¹¹³ Chideock Parish Register George Evelyn Bp4/11/1849, Charles Bp16/11/1851, Elizabeth Ann Bp19/10/1853 Bd28/4/1854 and Joseph Bp1/4/1855 of Joseph and Ann. The 1851 census shows Joseph 25 and Ann 22 of Doghouse with a son George Evelyn age 3. The 1861 census has Joseph 34 Ann 32 of Doghouse with children George Evelyn 11 Charles 9 and Joseph 6. I had Ann as Ann Abbotsbury in my records but when writing this could not find my record to confirm her last name. [cd]

mentioned in the census fits for the son of Joseph and Susannah but there is no other proof as to his identity. It should be noted that within 10 years either side of Joseph's birth year 1827 there is no record of any other Joseph born in Chideock. I found no further records for Elizabeth which then brings us to Charles. However before we proceed with Charles and his family I would be remiss in not mentioning some interesting facts about the times and people around Chideock.

Barbara Marshall, nee Stamp, (Barb's grandmother was my grandfather's sister) some years ago did some research and turned up some interesting information about the smuggling activity of Jerrard's in this Dorset area. It seems that over the 1700's and into the late 1800's smuggling was an honourable means to supplement income, "... of which the sin, in their eyes, consisted only in being found out."¹¹⁴. "The most persistently troublesome centres in the Lyme Custom House area were Beer in Devon, and Chideock and Burton Bradstock in Dorset. At Chideock and Seatown, practically every family was involved in the trade, with the Bartletts, Farwells, Oxenburys and Orchards leading the way"¹¹⁵. In the Chideock and Seaton area in 1826 John Jerrard age 41, flax dresser, was fined for smuggling £100 and Joseph Jerrard age 31, flax dresser, was fined £100 for smuggling¹¹⁶. It is interesting to note that Joseph and Susannah have no children between the years 1826 to 1833 after having children every two years on average. After 1833 they then begin having children again. In those days if you did not pay the fine you did time. £100 was a considerable sum. Did Joseph spend some time in jail? Clearly it is easy to draw the conclusion that the smuggler Joseph is our Joseph married to Susannah Spiller. In another story we see that the Chideock mill was used to hide contraband, "The mill at Chideock had a secret room under the floor of miller James Gerrard's living quarters. It was discovered by the village riding officer, Samuel Dawson, when he searched the premises in 1820, and there he found two casks of brandy and two of geneva. Gerrard was not the most considerate of millers and tried to put the blame on his servant boy, Samuel Long alias Dido. He claimed Dido was 'in the habit of going down to the beach to fetch tubs continually', and that a day or two earlier, he had said to him: 'That's a really good place to hide tubs master. The officers will never find them there.' Gerrard's story fell flat, however, when it was learned that upon hearing of the discovery, his brother, Anthony, who also lived in the house, 'went away into the country' and disappeared for a while."¹¹⁷.

Other stories refer to a "Colonel"¹¹⁸ and his gang and the last cargo to have been brought ashore.¹¹⁹ "Some of the gang were fined £100 each. Others, including Sam. Bartlett's father, were sent to prison."¹²⁰

¹¹⁴ Rev. Worthington T. *Chideock: Historical and Other Notes* (W.C Frost and Son, Dorset, 1880) page 35.

¹¹⁵ Gutteridge R. *Dorset Smugglers*, 2nd Edition, (Dorset Publishing Company, Dorset, 1987) page 93. It should be noted that Seaton and Seatown are two different places the later being on the coast a mile or so south of Chideock.

¹¹⁶ Ibid, page 106.

¹¹⁷ Ibid, page 94.

¹¹⁸ Jones P. *Smuggler's Tales* (Nigel J. Clarke Publications, England, 1983 reprint in 1988) page 22.

¹¹⁹ Rev. Dr. Omand W.D. *Chideock, Its Church, Its Saints, Its Martyrs and Its Sinners* (Complied, England, 1965 revised in 1969, The British Publishing Company Ltd), pages 41 through 47. It is clear from the story contained in this reference that the 'Colonel' can only be Samuel Bartlett born 1812.

¹²⁰ Ibid.

It was noted a little later that an error had occurred in the vote count and the actual vote was 117 FOR to 117 AGAINST. The motion was, therefore, defeated and the Churchwardens had to return the rate collected up to that point."¹²¹

Life even then was not dull!

Our next step to the 'Three Brothers' is with Charles. Charles was baptized, as recorded in the Chideock Register, on Bp12/11/1837. On m26/9/1859 Charles married Miriam Hodder in Offwell church of the County of Devon¹²². William Hodder and Joseph Jerrard were listed as the fathers of the Bride and Groom. William Hodder and Elizabeth Hodder, mother or sister of Miriam we do not know, were listed as the witnesses. It appears that all concerned made there mark as opposed to signing the papers. It is interesting to note that in all the written information Charles is known as Charles and not Charles George. This will be a minor issue when we touch on Fredrick Charles's son.

The 1861 census for North Chideock shows Charles age 23 an agricultural labourer born in Chideock. Miriam, his wife, is listed as age 24 and occupation as wife having been born in Marshwood. They are shown with one child Elizabeth age 5 months. In the 1871 North Chideock census Miriam's occupation is shown as a braider¹²³. Charles and family are listed in the 1881 census for North Chideock but do not show up in the 1891 census¹²⁴. This leads us to believe that some time between 1881 and 1891 Charles and Miriam move to Offwell.

The information from the two census takings, birth certificates and Chideock parish records give us a family for Charles and Miriam of the children, Elizabeth, Bp30/8/1860¹²⁵; Sarah b17/1/1862, Bd22/3/1863¹²⁶; William, Bp13/9/1863¹²⁷; Joseph b27/9/1864¹²⁸; Susanna b19/12/1865¹²⁹; Charles b25/4/1867¹³⁰; Sarah Ann b16/5/1869¹³¹; Mercy b11/8/1871¹³²; Ellen Eveleigh b4/5/1873¹³³; Fredrick b21/12/1874¹³⁴; Mary Agnes Leah b1879. Mary Agnes Leah's date is approximate based on the 1881 census information.

¹²¹ Chideock Churchwardens Account Book, Church of the Latter Day Saints microfilm #1565412.

¹²² Marriage Certificate.

¹²³ Census 1871, North Chideock, Charles 34 an agricultural labourer born in Chideock, Miriam 34 a braider born in Marshwood, Elizabeth 10, William 7, Joseph 5, Susanna 4, Charles 3, Sarah Ann 1. All the children born in Chideock.

¹²⁴ Census 1881, North Chideock, Charles 48 an agricultural labourer born in Chideock, Miriam 47 wife born in Marshwood, William 17 unmarried ag lab, Joseph 15 unmarried ag lab, Charles 13 ag lab, Mercy 9 scholar, Ellen E 7 scholar, Fred 6 scholar, Mary A L 2. All the children born in Chideock.

¹²⁵ Parish record Bp30/8/1860, no birth certificate. [cd]

¹²⁶ Parish record Bp2/3/1862, Birth Certificate b17/1/1862. Both the Parish Record and Birth Certificate show her name as Sarah only. The parish record shows Sarah Jerrard age 1 buried Bd22/3/1863. [cd]

¹²⁷ Parish record Bp13/9/1863 only. [cd]

¹²⁸ Birth Certificate b27/9/1864 only. [cd]

¹²⁹ Birth Certificate b19/12/1865, Parish record none. [cd]

¹³⁰ Birth Certificate b25/4/1867, Parish record Bp21/7/1867. [cd]

¹³¹ Birth Certificate b16/5/1869, Parish record Bp28/7/1869. [cd]

¹³² Birth Certificate b11/8/1871, Parish record Bp5/11/1871. [cd]

¹³³ Birth Certificate b4/5/1873, Parish record none. [cd]

¹³⁴ Birth Certificate b21/12/1874, Parish record Bp31/1/1875. [cd]

Various family members over the last several years have provided the following general information. Barbara Marshall located the marriage certificate for Charles and Miriam. The certificate provided the information that I have transcribed above. Comparing the Marriage Certificate, Birth Certificates and Parish records against the census information it is interesting to note that Charles and Miriam married in Offwell yet he was from Chideock and she was born in Marshwood. They then returned to Chideock to raise their family as witnessed by the children's birth records who were all born in Chideock. Sometime after 1881 Charles and Miriam return to Offwell for retirement and we have a record of Charles's death and burial in Offwell on Bd28/7/1915 after having lived in the Lower Village. Elizabeth the first child married Joseph Hughes and they had four children that we know of, Charles, Arthur, Agnes and Susan who died young. Sarah, Charles's second died young. William married Rose, last name unknown, and they had a daughter Rose. This line is untraced. I will come back to Joseph. Susannah lived until, at least, the early 1900s. She was a spinster and known as Aunt Susey. Charles the third son married Florence, last name unknown. Barbara tells of a story her dad Raymond Stamp told her about remembering Charlie Jerrard and his wife Florence (Florrie). "He was a little old man and Florrie was a big women. He liked the bottle and when he staggered home from the pub she used to cuff his ears. A verbal dressing down was not unknown." Charles and Florrie had Fredrick and possibly 2 daughters. Sarah Ann married Robert. Robert's last name is unknown at this time and there seems to be no children from that marriage. Mercy, known as Aunt Merc, never married. Ellen Eveleigh remained unmarried also and was a witness at her sister Mary Agnes's wedding in 1915. Mary Agnes was known as Aunt Ag (although when pronounced it sounds like Egg or Eg. Eg being the common use by the family). Fredrick joined the army 30/11/1892 at Fort Rowner, Gosport. His number was 94470 and he was in the Royal Artillery, it seems with his older brother Joseph. He was 18 years and 11 months old and 5 foot 7.5 inches in height when he joined. He died from fever in Meeridf, India on d18/5/1894 and had listed his next of kin as mother, Miriam and father, Charles George. Mary Agnes Leah married George Mathews a railway signalman living at Broadclyst on m14/10/1915. Witnesses at Aunt Eg's wedding were her brother Charles Jerrard and her sister Ellen Eveleigh Jerrard. Aunt Eg attended Barbara Marshall's christening in 1961. Apparently Aunt Eg was a great family favorite. She and George settled in Lyme Regis.

I have left Joseph to the last because he is my great grandfather and father of the "Three Brothers". Joseph, number 39002, joined the Royal Artillery at Charmouth/Lyme Regis on 31/8/1883. He was 19 at the time. Joseph retired from the army on 31/8/1895 stating that his intended place of residence on discharge was Dares Cottage, Offwell. He took a job with the railway as a plate layer. Joseph was married, while still in the army, in Offwell on m26/8/1891¹³⁵ to Elizabeth Hodder, who went by the nickname of Bessie. The marriage certificate shows Charles Jerrard as Joseph's father but no father listed for Bessie. The witnesses were C. Jerrard and Alice Hodder. We believe that Alice Hodder is Bessie's sister and also that this Alice married Mr. Eaton, but more on that later when the brothers are in Canada. Bessie was a 1st cousin to Joseph. Bessie's father was a brother to Miriam Hodder, Joseph's mother.

¹³⁵ Marriage Certificate, 26/8/1891, both of full age, he a bachelor, she a spinster, married in Offwell. [cd]

Joseph and Bessie had six children Albert (Bert) Fred, b5/10/1892, d22/10/1971¹³⁶; Florence May (May), b3/5/1894, d1957; Annie (Nan) Agnes, b25/3/1896, d4/3/1974; William (Will) James, b7/6/1898, d4/11/1977¹³⁷; Eleanor (Nell) Alice, b21/10/1900, d22/1/1978; and Leonard (Leon, pronounced Len) Cecil, b20/1/1906, d7/8/1969.

As a railway worker Joseph probably, on occasion, was required to move with the work. We believe the family spent some time in Appledore, North Devon. We know they lived in the Offwell, Broadclyst and Willington areas most of their time, which of themselves are not too far apart in distance. When in Broadclyst, the family lived in the railway cottages. It seems that Joseph had intended on bringing the family to Canada, after Bessie's death, but stayed in England when he received a promotion to foreman.

In 1909 Bessie died of pneumonia. She was 41. The memorial card states "In Loving Memory of Bessie, the dearly beloved wife of Joseph Jerrard of 2, Railway Cottage, Broadclyst, Who fell asleep April 19th, 1909, aged 41 years. Don't trouble, a little while and we shall all be re-united"¹³⁸ She was 'with child' at the time and the child was lost as well. The three Aunts Merc, Susey and Eg came to stay with the family for a while and then the family was broken up. Nan, she never understood why she was sent away, went to live with Susey and Mercy. Nan's sister Nell found both the ladies, Merc and Susey, particularly Mercy, rather strict and daunting.¹³⁹ It seems that the sister (Joseph's) who helped out the most during this time of sadness for the family was Aunt Eg. It was as a result of her visits to Broadclyst that she met her husband George Mathews.

Schooling for the children finished when they were around 12 or 13 years old. They had to pass a test to finish and then they were sent out to work. Sometimes if they failed the test they did one more year at school but this was not usual. The family stayed in the Railway Cottages in Broadclyst for a period of time after Bessie's death. Barbara Marshall tells me that "it was a long walk from the Broadclyst incline where the railway cottages were located to the village school, especially in a long woolen dress and hob nail boots. My gran (Nell) used to describe this [walk] taking a packed lunch of bread and dripping wrapped in paper". It would seem that at this time Bert, age 17, was working at the Poltimore Estates as a gardener. The Poltimore Estates were right next door to Broadclyst. May was probably working or even taking care of her young brothers and sisters. She would have been 15 years old when her mother died, which death seemed by all accounts, "to have a devastating effect on the kids."¹⁴⁰ Nan, age 14, went to live with her Aunts. Lacking other information it seems that Will, 11, Nell, 9, and Leon, 3, stayed at home probably to finish school. The family was still in Broadclyst as Will joined his brother Bert as a gardener at the Poltimore Estates. Nan eventually settled in Shaftsbury, Dorset having spent many years as a companion to a wealthy old lady by the name of Miss Wilkinson, who on her death, left Nan some money and several nice pieces of silver and antiques. Nan never married and Barbara remembers her

¹³⁶ Birth Certificate b5/10/1892. His name is shown as Albert Fred. Born at Combewater, Offwell. [cd]

¹³⁷ Birth Certificate b7/6/1898. Born Offwell. A curiosity of the copy of the birth certificate I possess is that Will's mother is shown as "Elizabeth Jerrard formerly Letten". Given that the certificate is a hand written copy it may be a transcription error. I will get around to ordering another copy and see what it says. [cd]

¹³⁸ Memorial notice. My father has an original. [cd]

¹³⁹ I am indebted to Barbara Marshall for a large amount of the information about Joseph's sisters and daughters.

¹⁴⁰ Story related to Barbara Marshall by Nell her grandmother.

as a formidable lady who would give her grandfather, Dick Stamp, what for. "Dick used to like the cider and go drinking down on Cook's farm with his mates. After a skinful of cider he'd stagger home in the early hours good for nothing. Aunt Nan was not a lady to worry about telling a grown man off but brother and sister-in-law always seemed to make up."¹⁴¹ At some time after Will went to work the family then moved to Wilmington, maybe, as a result of Joseph's promotion. After the move to Wilmington Nell went into service at the Wilmington Hayes and later met Dick Stamp, a local man, whom she married. It was during this time that Nell and Leon became very close as brother and sister. The boys referred to their sisters as "sis".

Joseph remarried in 1917 to Elizabeth Ann (nee Connett) Moss. She was a widow and her father was Joseph Connett a carpenter from Stockland. They were married in Offwell on m4/2/1917. They did not have any children. As my father tells me Leon and his new mother-in-law never got along and when old enough, in the year 1924, Leon came to Canada. Dad says that Leon was always resentful that his two brothers "ran out on him".

On d23/4/1927 Elizabeth died, aged 70. In 1930 Joseph bought some land for £300 and built a house called "Sunnyside" by Wilmington. Nell and Dick Stamp inherited this land and lived there their entire lives. Next door their son Ray built a house called "Shortlands" where Barbara grew up. Joseph died on d10/6/1932 at "Sunnyside" at the age of 67.¹⁴²

Florence May (May) married Bill Gowman. Annie Agnes (Nan) did not marry and died d4/4/1974. Eleanor Alice (Nell) married Dick Stamp b28/10/1895, d?/7/1981, m21/7/1923. Albert Fred (Bert) moved to Canada and Married Cecilia Marshall Stevenson Hamilton, b18/5/1907, still living, m5/6/1933. William James moved to Canada after WW1 and married France Joyce Clay b25/11/1899, d15/10/1944, m27/9/1922. Leonard Cecil (Leon) moved to Canada in 1924 and married Rose Moore b17/5/1906, d28/4/1978, m30/10/1929. Their stories follow.

REFLECTIONS OF ALBERT FRED JERRARD

Bert by Margaret Jean Jerrard-Watts

Today is Remembrance Day 1999—a good day for reflections on families and especially for those who risked their lives for our freedom and our future. It always amazed me that my father, Albert Fred Jerrard, a peaceful gentle soul, could have had such a horrendous experience.

Dad was the eldest son of Joseph and Elizabeth (Hodder) Jerrard, born on Oct. 5, 1892 in Devon, England. He was to become the eldest of 6 children. Although Dad did not speak of his childhood very much, I do remember some things he did share about his past.

I believe that as his father was an employee of the railroad, they were entitled to live in one of the cottages provided for the workers at Broadclyst. I had the opportunity to see this cottage and was surprised to see how close it was to the tracks. The village school was called Jubilee school and was 2mi. away.. This school was still being used when we visited in 1989.

¹⁴¹ Story by Barbara Marshall.

¹⁴² Death Certificate and Memorial notice. [cd]

Not unusual for the time, Dad's schooling finished at 14. He was probably about this age in a story he told about being sent to the local pub for a pint for his Dad and lingering on the way home only to find when he got there that the door was locked for the night.

After his schooling, he was employed on an estate assisting the gardener. This skill stuck with him and as long as he was able, Dad had a garden, which I remember he used to spade by hand. I never have been able to get his dahlias to bloom as he did. He used to tell about the time he and a co-worker tried to see who could get the most "dates" in one evening and then stood across the road and watched the girls gather at the designated meeting place.

According to Dad, his father married his Mother (who was his cousin) because her sister turned him down. As they were cousins, we always blamed anything that appeared unusual on that fact.

Stories about Canada and the promise of a job with his Uncle Albert Hodder who ran a general store in Dorchester proved very enticing and Dad came to this country in the summer of 1914. With the outbreak of war imminent, Dad told his Uncle that he would work for a year for him before he considered enlisting. He joined the 135TH Battalion in 1916 and served with the 116TH Battalion in the field. I do know he served in 'France and was at the battle of Vimy Ridge. I believe according to the research about the war this was the place he was wounded. It was not serious but enough to keep him out of action for awhile. However, he did recuperate and was sent back to the front. The wound left him with no muscle in the thumb of one hand. It was a great conversation topic.

We have a picture of Dad and the machine gun crew. The war was something that he did not talk about very much. I do believe that he got caught up in the fervor of the time and before he knew it, there was no turning back, he was in. As a child I thought this was something glamorous and exciting. How I have changed my mind!

After the war, Dad returned to Dorchester and to the general store which was at the corner of Bridge and Catherine Streets. He stayed in the area and delivered groceries around the country in exchange for eggs and butter, as was the custom of the day. He looked pretty dapper in the pictures of him standing beside his delivery truck with his white apron on. Many times in my youth did I see him in his white apron.

His Uncle Albert had promised him an interest in the business. However his uncle died and since, there was nothing in writing, eventually, his Aunt Lucinda sold the store.

Dad met my Mother, Cecilia Marshall Stevenson Hamilton, at a house party at the farm of Lorne Beacham near Mossley. I'm not sure how long the courtship was but they were married on June 5, 1932. And so she added Jerrard to her list of names. They began married life in the village of Dorchester but after the sale of the store moved to London where Dad worked for Bert Summers at the corner of Dundas and Maitland Streets.

One of my first recollections of Dad was walking up the street with my mother and my sister to see dad at the store where he was working. He was a much sought after clerk in the

grocery store, At the time in my youth and naiveté I did not think this a very impressive position. I now realize that not only was he a clerk, he was the buyer and window display person, and what would be today be considered the manager. His career took him to the Superior Store at Richmond and Broughdale where he worked for Mr. Gates. Many customers followed him to this location. When I was 14, I acquired my first summer job, working in the grocery store with Dad. The skills I learned from him have been a valuable part of my life: always do the best job you can no matter what the job is; the customer is always right, never stand around doing nothing, find something to do. We had some of our best conversations riding the bus home from work on a Saturday night. He always wondered how I could be so tired coming home but find the energy to go out should the occasion arise. Oh, those teenage years!!!

I remember dad as being a very kind and soft spoken person, avoiding conflict but not backing down when necessary. When the words, "your father said" were spoken, they were never questioned. Dad was years ahead of his time in several aspects. He could produce a pretty tasty Sunday dinner while we were at church. Many Sundays we went out the door with a piece of raw potato in our hands as we passed by him peeling the potatoes. He was very adept at changing diapers, soothing fussy babies and getting balls down off a roof even if it meant having the neighbor come to help him down as he did not like heights. This must be genetic as this fear has appeared in others in the family.

He was always proud of our accomplishments and along with mom instilled in us the need for a good education—probably because both he and mom did not have the opportunity. He endured our music practices, our homework, our romantic crises and still had time to play cribbage with my youngest sister Mary.

Dad became the father of 6 children. Margaret Jean 1935, Barbara Anne 1936, Eric Fred 1939, Robert Edward 1941, Mary Cecilia 1943 and Ian Alexander 1953. The last being born when he was over 60. What a man! I often told Ian how lucky he was because he had an opportunity we didn't -- that of having dad to himself for awhile. There were many happy times, dancing in the living room when I was about 5 with dad singing a WW1 song, walking the streets in east London on a Sunday afternoon .

When Barb and I went to a dance at the high school and it was time to come home about 11:30, one phone call meant that dad would be waiting at the top of our street to walk his girls home.

Dad was still raising a family when most people were thinking of retirement. This meant he was still part of the workforce long after he should have been enjoying retired life. Little by little his health began to deteriorate and he suffered a heart attack which forced him to quit work. Most of my children remember Grandpa coming to visit and used to stand fascinated at the bathroom door while he shaved. He helped me paint, look after my children, listen to my tales and when the time came to say good-bye to him in Oct.1971, I was not ready nor prepared, there was still so much I wanted to ask him, to tell him and I still had to say, "I love you, Dad!" So Dad, please know I loved you very much.

Bert by Eric Jerrard

I was the third born in a family of six, the oldest of three boys with two older sisters and one younger and to be honest I do not believe I really appreciated who and what Dad had done in his life until I was in my early teens and spent a fair amount of time with him outside the home.

This came about as a result of us working together, first in the grocery store and then, he still in groceries and I in the hardware store next door. We had many interesting and sometimes fun times going to and from work. He would often express a keen interest in how I was doing at school and at work. "Do you have anything to tell me before we get home?" he would ask. Knowing where he was coming from I would either say no or be sure he knew of poor marks, or any other problems I was having in order that he could soften the impact when it came to telling mother. He would say, "you best leave that subject up to me and I will tell your mother what the situation is." It seemed for a while I was always being thankful for his position. This changed as I became more independent in my later teen years.

I learned a great deal about people working with Dad as in my estimation he had uncanny skills in handling irate customers and was always well thought of by everyone he came in contact with. Especially the female customers. They all loved him, as he seemed to be able to recall everything there was to know about them and their families. What they liked and didn't like. Being able to view first hand his wisdom and charm (people skills) have been the qualities which have lead to my success in careers over the years.

He was always at work before eight, closed the doors at six or after the last customer had left, cleaned up and would then leave for home. He never had a car during his working married life but would ride the bus for 45 minutes each way. When I was old enough to get my first car I would drive him to and from work on weekends. From his punctuality I learned the importance of being so without having to be told. Something I firmly believe in to this day. (Writing letters is another subject)

Dad always managed to get to work early enough so that he could have a tea with the butchers that worked a couple of doors down from him. The sales clerks from the local drug store also met there for coffee and the things they used to talk about was over my head at the time, but he let me tag along at times in order that I might learn more about life in the adult world.

It was during this time that I learned about some of his war experiences. He had joined the Canadian Infantry in 1916 and was shipped off to fight in the First World War. He spent the years fighting in the trenches and became an expert in the use of the .303 Enfield rifle, the bayonet and the Lewis Machine Gun.

When they converted the machine gun to also fire grenades he did his best to avoid using it, as more often than not the grenade would only launch out a few feet in front of them, instead of going where it should have. He said he lost a number of friends that way.

He gained the rank of Lance Corporal, was wounded in the arm. The bullet having entered in the top of the arm, traveling down the arm and out just below the wrist, taking the thumb muscle with it. This occurred during a heavy battle when his platoon had been cut off and they were running across an open field looking for cover. Out of nine men, only Dad and one other made it to safety, both wounded. He told me that was the worse day of the war for him. All of those killed were friends and all were mortally wounded in what seemed to him in a just few seconds. His best friend and he were running side by side and both jumped over a log at the same time. His friend was cut in half by machine gun fire and he was only hit in the arm. Even when he talked to me about it some forty years later he would choke and wonder why he to was not killed.

Dad was sent to an army hospital in France (cannot remember the name of the town) where he recuperated before being sent back to the front. He received a promotion to Corporal and was due to be promoted to Sergeant. This however never occurred, due, according to some, to a misunderstanding and being young and foolish during his hospital stay. He became closely associated with a young nurse and to make a long story short they were caught in his bed enjoying each other's youthful charms.

Apparently the hospital Matron did not approve, and the young lady was transferred and Dad was demoted back to Lance Corporal and put in charge of the hospital "short arm" inspection unit until he was well enough to return to the front. When I asked him how he felt about being demoted he said, "what the hell, you can get killed as quickly being a lancejack as you can being a sergeant, the pay is not much better, and besides the cause and effect was well worth the demotion."

Dad also told me of the horrors of experiencing mustard gas, the close quarter fighting and the rat and lice infected, water, (often blood red) filled trenches. The number of soldiers that suffered from rotting feet and ankles and how it never seemed to warm up, even in the summer. From that time on Dad's feet would bother him and he would more often than not come home from work and soak his feet in warm water and Epsom salts.

When they did get a break from the trenches Dad would talk of all the good times they would have sharing food and drink with local town folk or visiting "far off places" as he would say.

We hear today of stories of how the war would stop on Christmas Eve, well Dad was there and he recalled how this in fact occurred. Where both sides would call a short truce, lay down their arms, sing Xmas songs and share what little they had between them. When it was over they shook hands, wished each other well, went back to their respective trenches, waved and the next day would shoot the hell out of each other.

There were other times when the shooting would stop; that was when the airmen in their flying machines would become involved in a dogfight over the killing zone. Both sides would look upwards and cheer on their hero in the skies. I often wonder if Dad was ever watching his cousin Alan Jerrard in one of these encounters or a good friend of mine's father, Wop May and the Red Baron.

This was how he spent his teenage years and from his stories he excited the imagination. This I believe was the instigating cause of my yearning for travel and adventure rather than schooling.

Dad's schooling was limited to elementary education. He went to school in Honiton Devon and would often speak of how the headmaster was an ogre and used the hickory stick more than anything else. If you didn't sit up straight you got it on the back. If you didn't hold you chalk right you got it across the knuckles. Ouch.

He would always tell us how important education was and how we should do our best. When I told him I was quitting school and going to work his only comment was, "you might or might not regret quitting but one thing for sure is, you will have to work a hell of a lot harder without it than with it." How right he was!!!

When he was about seven or eight years of age he was apprenticed out as a gardener to a large landowner a couple of miles from Honiton. This I believe was his greatest enjoyment for he loved his garden. In 1957 I had the opportunity to visit Honiton, Uncle Dick and Aunt Nell (Dad's sister) took me to where Dad was born and where he had apprenticed as a gardener. While everything had changed since Dad's day Aunt Nell told me he always loved being around plants and vegetables and had a way with making them grow.

We learned this as kids as he always had a beautiful vegetable garden and the most wonderful flowers. He often tried his hand at grafting and on one occasion he had peaches, apples and pears all growing on the same tree. He taught us all to garden not because we had to learn but by just being with him, listening to him hum a tune and watching him sucker, weed and hoe, did we learn without realizing he was in fact teaching us. I asked him once how he could pick one of those huge ugly tomato worms off the plant and pinch it in half without grimacing or at least wearing gloves? His response was that after what he had seen, and had done with his hands in the war, pinching a tomato worm in half was no big deal. Ugh I still can't do it!

The old English tunes he used to hum were resurrected in the sixties. (Does Your Chewing Gum Loose Its Flavor on the Bed Post Over Night and I'm Henry the Eighth I Am, to mention a couple.) He loved to hum the WW1 songs as well and occasionally sing a few bars, sometimes in French when he thought no one was around.

When Dad was in his sixties, we kids thought his gardening was too much work for him and we talked him in to converting the vegetable garden into lawn and just maintaining his flowers beds. After we had done this, I often thought that maybe we had made a mistake. Now being of that age, I know we did wrong. I love to grow vegetables as did he and I would be utterly lost if I didn't have my garden to work in.

When Dad returned from the war he again resided in Dorchester and worked for his uncle. He recounted many of the fun times he had in Dorchester, sled racing with a team of horses through the town and giving all a scare. I reminded him of this when I caught hell for drag racing down Dundas Street in London back in the fifties.

He would talk of the boat trips down the Thames River on a Saturday night, from Dorchester to Springbank Park where he would dance up a storm with the ladies. On one occasion everyone was partying on one side of the boat and the damn thing tipped over. His only comment to me was, "it was a good thing it was a warm night."

There was a time in his life during the nineteen twenties when along with a couple of friends, he tried his hand at rum running. I learned about this venture in the late fifties. Summer time in Ontario can be very hot and the heat creates thirst. That particular summer Ontario was in the throws of an extremely long beer strike and the demand for beer was unbelievable. A couple of my friends and I would take our cars south across the border and smuggle beer back and sell it at a good price. To make a long story short Dad asked what we were doing and where did we get the beer. I told him and he chuckled and said that in the twenties he had done the same only he was taking booze south not bringing it north. Although I asked, he never went into detail other than to say they only did it a few times and then quit.

Dad was definitely a ladies man (I have some old post cards to this effect) but this came to a halt when he met Mom. Times became difficult as it was the depression and they, like everyone else had a rough go of it. However they made the best of it. Whether it was orange crates for chairs, for dressers, tables, or what ever, so what, they had their share of fun and spent many a memorable time with Uncle Bill and Aunt Joyce.

There were other friends but I think Uncle Bill was Dad's closest friend and they shared many moments between just the two of them as often as they could. When Uncle Bill came to our house or we to theirs, the two of them always managed to go off to the garden or somewhere and discuss whatever. Very seldom were we allowed to join them, quite often we were sent away for something or another. Some of the conversations I did manage to overhear related to their war experiences. Uncle Bill was in the Medical Corps and they had a lot to share.

Uncle Len was too young for the First War but was in the Second and for some reason or other when he and Dad talked about the war days it never seemed to be the same.

While I remember a bit about the Second World War, I think what stands out more is the ration coupons that were issued and how Dad, Uncle Bill, my uncles on Moms side used to wheel and deal with them. They would trade gas coupons for food or whatever. They all seemed to come away smiling after the trades.

Dad also had a war buddy, a fellow by the name of Harold Bathhurst. Harold and Dad would talk about the war, women, politics, the wonderful girls they had married and on certain occasions share more than a few pints together. Brother Robert and I would sit and listen to their stories and when they weren't watching steal a puff off their smokes or a sip out of their drinks.

Politics were never a big issue with Dad as he always voted for the man rather than the party. At least so he said. He was more interested in the global politics than he was in local matters. He, in his discussions with Uncle Bill or Uncle Alex (Mom's brother) would always express

his concern about the US and how they would try to control every country, but we would have to be leery of the Russian Bear, and we had all better be ready for the Chinese Dragon that would eventually come flowing over the hill. When I look back to those conversations I have to believe they knew something that we are just finding out.

I can't say that Dad was an athletic man but he sure enjoyed his Saturday Hockey night in Canada. He would tune in the radio and listen for his Maple Leafs to win. Television came late in his life and I don't think he missed a game. Although he was not an overly athletic man, he enjoyed walking. When we were kids he and Mom, almost every Sunday afternoon would take us for long walks down Mullberry Lane or to St. Julians Park.

Sundays found Mom and the kids going to church while Dad stayed home and cooked the most fabulous Sunday roast beef dinner, (Brother Ian has mastered this same ability, having learned from Dad). His faith was that of the Church of England, and although he didn't go to church he urged us all to go and would ensure all our shoes were shined before we left. When asked why he wasn't coming he would say he had to cook dinner. Later on I found out he suffered from bladder problems and sitting in on a hard pew for an hour was terrible for him.

Sunday dinners were always a treat. Almost always it was a roast of beef, cut especially for us by his butcher friend Harold. He cooked up a delicious meal, one which everyone thoroughly enjoyed. Mom had already prepared the pies the Friday before and if there was any left by Sunday we enjoyed them. Probably more exciting about Sundays was the company that would come for either dinner or an afternoon visit. It was always great to see Uncle Bill and Aunt Belle (Joyce had passed away and Bill had remarried).

Cousin Bill was a frequent Sunday visitor as he was studying at the University of Western Ontario, later he would bring his girlfriend Grace. Cousin Bill was always fun as he would take us on frog hunts and pay us a nickel for all the frogs we could catch. He would then sell them back to the University. Uncle Len, Aunt Rose and their sons, Doug and Len would show up almost every Sunday.

Following the end of the Second World War, Uncle Alex would appear in his army uniform on Sunday just as we were leaving for church. He would help Dad with the dinner, talk about strange things and every so often Alex would take a flask from his jacket pocket and share a dram with Dad. The strange things they used to talk about I later learned was all about the Masonic Lodge. Dad became a Master Mason but was not active. Whereas Uncle Alex went through all the Chairs in both the Masonic York Rite, Scottish Rite (33degree) and became the Grand Master in Ontario for one term.

I must digress here a moment and say that Robert and I spent at least two weeks each summer in Simcoe on our vacation. What a great time that was. Uncle Bill took us with him on the handcart from Simcoe to Port Dover where we would sit on the pier and fish all day while he maintained the rail line. When we didn't go fishing Aunt Belle would play Crib

with us every day, or we would be with the Post girls getting into trouble or watching a movie.

These were great fun times during the early fifties.

I have never forgotten the lesson Uncle Bill taught me. He was driving Robert and I back to London from our vacation on an extremely hot summer Sunday afternoon. We were passing through Nilestown when he asked if we would like an ice cream cone or a pop. I looked at Robert and he at me, he shrugged and I said, "it doesn't matter", (all the time wishing and hoping he would stop there as we were dying from the heat. (No air conditioning in a 1954 Chevy.) He never stopped but kept right on going. I asked him after we were a couple of miles passed Nilestown why he didn't stop and his reply was; "When you are asked a question, do not say it doesn't matter, when it does, say yes please or no thanks, if it doesn't matter to you than why should it matter to me."

I have always remembered that and passed it on to my children. When I told Dad he needlessly agreed with Uncle Bill and added the comment, "you will have to learn that in life when asked a question give a direct and truthful answer, and remember the two best friends you have in this world are, please and thank you."

Dad was a quiet, gentle, passive man and very seldom would he get angry. He did believe in strict discipline and when we did get out of line he was quick to respond. If we got to fooling around too much at the dinner table Mom would stare at him and say, "Bert do something". And he did, he would single one of us out and give us a look that would scare you and say, "No More, that is enough" in a tone that made us stop. Other occasions when I had broken the rules and we were outside, he would reach into his pocket, take out his pocket knife, open it and say go cut a switch. If I cut one too short or too thin, he would use it once on the backside and send me for another, this time for the right size.

Very seldom would you ever hear him swear at home. The odd time he would at work or with his buddies and occasionally when we were driving to or from work. The first time I ever heard him swear I could only have been about three or four and we were in the cellar, I was attempting to drive a nail into a board and he was using a hand saw. The saw caught, bounced out of the cut and sliced his thumb but good. The only vocal comment I heard was "OH Shit." When I asked him what that was he said, "never you mind" and when to mumbling.

He taught us all to add quickly in our heads by playing cribbage with us, a great way to absorb ones addition.

Both Mom and Dad always seemed to have a saying for almost every occurrence and while Mom's sayings were great and reflected in some ways "old wives tales" which I found fascinating, Dad sayings on the other hand always seemed to contain a message. Many of which I have always remembered and find myself using over the years.

When I first heard them I wasn't sure what they meant but as time passed and something would happen Dad would say, "now you know what I meant." One such saying was "a good soldier never looks behind." Over the years I have learned this well.

Whenever you phoned home he would always ask, "how are you" I would say, "fine" and he always responded with "your looking well, I'll let you talk with your mother."

Another saying he would tell me time after time was, "Remember always, take care of the man behind the man in front of the man behind you." Do this to the best of your ability. I have found this to be most important, especially in the corporate world of politics.

He and Mom both would also direct to my personal attention the phrase, "you made your bed, you lie in it"

Similar to the above, Dad would say, "Take on your own responsibilities. If you get yourself in, you can get yourself out." This one came home to roost when I was seventeen and standing before a judge. The judge asked, prior to his decision if there was anyone in the courtroom who would vouch for me. Dad was there and I looked over my shoulder at him for support and he never so much as looked in my direction. After the fine was levied and we were going out of the court house all Dad said to me was, "do you remember what I have been saying about responsibility?" My answer was yes and the subject was never mentioned again.

I moved west to Alberta a couple of years later and never had the opportunity again for close contact with Dad. He came west to visit once and we enjoyed a fabulous night in a pub where he recounted many of his war stories and of his youth. I was able to go home a couple of times before his passing.

One time he called me and asked if I would come home as he was unsure of what to do about certain family affairs. When I arrived our discussions were basically, that he was ailing and understanding the 60's was difficult. He was born in the reign of Queen Victoria, (when as a small boy he was taken to London to see the Queen), had seen two wars, a cold war, the passing of good friends, changes in communications, space flights, a man on the moon, cars, trains, planes that flew faster than he could imagine, the fifties with the trials and tribulations my generation had bestowed on him, and now the 60's with new problems. Time and continuous change were catching up to him.

On my last visit with him, he was in hospital and two of his last comments to me were, "I have nothing to leave anyone but my memories." "Remember a good soldier never looks behind."

I suffered a very difficult time with his death and for weeks after I had many, many dreams of him. At the time we were living in Grande Prairie in a haunted house. Then one night the dreams came to an abrupt end when I swear he visited. Not only did the dreams stop but all the weird events that went on every night in the house also stopped, for which my wife and children were thankful.

To me he was one great father, diplomat, soldier and teacher.

THE BROTHERS; BERT, WILL AND LEON by William Jerrard

Albert Fredrick Jerrard, b5/10/1892

Known as Bert he was apprenticed to the Poltimore Estate after school (I assume at the end of our grade 8). So he would be 12 or 13 years old? Worked there from 1905? till 1914? Left for Canada and was “on the ocean” when WW1 was declared. Gambled (cards?) on the way over and had no money when he landed. His uncle Mr. [Albert] Hodder in Dorchester, Ontario sent him money to get to Dorchester. There were two Hodder brothers, one in Dorchester, Albert, and one in London, Jack, who lived on Pall Mall Avenue and who was a tailor. Jack had a wooden leg.

At some point Bert [Jerrard] joined the Canadian Army. While doing his rifle drill – a grenade was put onto the bayonet attached to the rifle. When the gun was fired the bullet drove the grenade off. As it left the bayonet it was as if the pin was pulled. The grenade would fly off at some distance and exploded. As he fired his gun there was a misfire (poor bullet powder) and the grenade went up the bayonet and slid back down. At this point he ‘carefully laid the rifle down and joined the machine gun corps’.

During the war. It was night time and the Germans were advancing. Bert fired the machine gun and moved it back and forth in an arc. They kept up fire for some time. When dawn finally came, out in front of them were some Germans hung up upon the barbed wire. They had been cut in half with the continuous machine gun fire.

Bert was wounded during the war. The Canadians were advancing across no-mans land. The Germans opened fire and the soldier next to Bert was hit and started to fall. Bert turned to help and was hit in the arm. If he had not turned the bullet would have hit him in the chest. Bert fell and lay wounded. A ‘red-cross’ chap came along and put a tourniquet on his arm to stop the blood loss and told Bert to report back to the field hospital. When Bert got to the field hospital there were many and much more seriously injured soldiers. Bert was told to wait but no one told him to release the tourniquet. In time Bert collapsed from the pain. Someone then realized what had happened and treated Bert. Bert’s arm was almost paralyzed. He had to work and exercise his arm and hand for a long period of time to get full use back.

After the war he came back to Canada. His uncle Hodder owned a grocery store in Dorchester and Bert delivered groceries to the farms around the area. In part this was how he met Cissie.

William James Jerrard, b7/6/1898

Known as Will, at least to his sisters, he was apprenticed to the Poltimore Estates as a gardener after the school years the same as Bert, probably around 12 or 13 years of age. One of the things he did not like was the way they trimmed their fruit trees so that no fruit could fall on the estate next door. Bill also peeled potatoes for the household. Over time there must have been quite a few potatoes to peel. He became somewhat upset and one day peeled a “bad” potatoe which he then put in with the rest. That potatoe found its way to his plate.

In 1914 at age 16 he left the estate, lied about his age and joined the British Army. The Army spelled his name with a G not a J. Since he had lied about his age he didn't argue. Bill tells the story that when he joined, because of the mis-spelling he ended up in the first half of the group of men he joined with and they all ended up in the Medical Corps and not in a front line troop. Bill's medals are imprinted with his name spelt Gerrard because of the uncorrected "error".

Bill spent much of the war back at base hospitals as a "lab assistant" but toward the end of the war he was out as a stretcher bearer helping to bring in the wounded. One chap he picked up had been hit, bullet or shrapnel he didn't know, in the upper leg. The wounded man didn't look bad but he died on the way in as the 'bullet' had scored a major artery in the leg and he bled to death internally. Bill was injured by shrapnel in the back while bringing in a wounded soldier. Not a serious wound but enough to leave a large scar.

After the war Bill tried to stay in the Army but was turned down because he had a heart murmur. He was always bitter about this "They took me at the beginning of the war and I put my life on the line. When I wanted to stay in they 'found' a heart murmur". We know now that the heart murmur doesn't show up until the late teen years so indeed it was not there when he joined up. [Bill's son, my father, has a heart defect and my brother Bob and myself both have minor murmurs that showed up in our early twenties]

Bert, his older brother now in Canada, had written about Canada's booming economy, so Bill should come over. Bill did, in 1921 on the Empress of Britian, sailing from Liverpool on 21/2/1921 and arriving in St. John N.B. on 4/3/1921, and stayed with Aunt Alice Hodder Eaton, sister to his mother and brother to Albert Hodder, on Glenwood Avenue in London, Ontario. By the time he got to Canada, however, the depression had started so he found it hard to get a job. He sold home made soap door to door for a Negro family. Bill was able to get a job with the CNR, as a section hand, and immediately quit selling soap. The section he worked went from Highbury Avenue, London, east 3 miles to the Wabanaw bridge. In later years he applied for a foreman's position and got the job in the Simcoe – Port Dover – Port Rowan region.

He sent for Mom, Joyce Clay, and she came to Canada in 1922. They were married in Dorchester the day she arrived. They lived for awhile with Aunt Alice but helped build the house at 5 Glenwood Avenue and moved in there around 1925.

Leonard Cecil Jerrard, b20/1/1906

When both Bert and Bill had moved to Canada Len was left with his three sisters, Florence May, Annie Agnes and Eleanor Alice. Their mother, Elizabeth (Bessie), died and Joseph, a few years later, remarried to Elizabeth Ann (Connett) Moss. Len, at the age of 14 or shortly thereafter, was sent off to live with his Dad's two maiden sisters, Ellen Eveleigh and Mary. Len disliked this and always blamed Bert and Bill for deserting him. Len came to Canada in 1924. For a while he stayed with Bill and Joyce. Len married Rose, don't know her maiden name, after having asked her sister first.

I knew him when he worked for Jackson's Bread Company in London delivering bread with horse and wagon. I even helped him for a few Saturdays one year. He was one of the top salesmen. Silverwood's Milk Company had a contest. They wanted a catchy phrase of 10 words or less to help them sell their milk. Len entered the phrase "you can't beat our milk but you can whip our cream". This was 11 words long. They awarded the prize to the best ten word one but also rewarded Len and used his phrase. I think he got a car as part of the reward.

When WW2 broke out he joined up. I know he went overseas but that is about all I know of his army career. Len returned to Canada and as a vet was given a job as a postman in London.

MEMORIES by Joan Fewings (Jerrard)

My Dad

It seems ridiculous that the essence of a parent who was a hard working man, loved his family, always provided for them, has dimmed so much in my memory. As I tried to remember my father, it seems I only remember the unimportant things.

The Sunday afternoon, Dad took us for a walk to White's Variety Store for an ice-cream cone. Vanilla ice cream was my choice, with the little chocolate pieces sprinkled on it ;a brand new feature, just out. I thought at first they looked like little ants all over my cone. While I was busy trying to decide whether I wanted to put my tongue on those funny looking things, the top scoop slid off and fell on one of my brand new shiny, patented leather shoes. A disaster!.....Would I ever be taken to the store for an ice cream cone again! I remember, Dad was very angry.

The best of times with my father were the times when he took me fishing. I loved to go fishing with Dad and Bill. Cleaning the goose at Christmas time, was also a fun time for me. Pulling the cord and making the claws wiggle made me squeal with delight. Something my kids have never experienced because this generation gets frozen Turkeys a la Butterball.

My dad was handsome, and to me the strongest man in the world. He took care of emergencies, like taking my brother to the doctors to have a large sliver taken out from under his thumb nail, all in his stride. Or so it seemed. I saw the tears in his eyes as he told my mother how hard it was for him to hold Bill's hand while the doctor probed for the sliver.

I was engaged and still living at home after our mother died. During this time I am sure that Dad must have been bewildered and totally frustrated trying to deal with his own grief as well as trying to take Mom's place with a daughter whose heart was breaking not only because of the loss of her mother but also because of the loss of her fiancée. I guess the poor man can be forgiven for getting a bit pie-eyed on some occasions. At the time while I was putting up with his erratic behaviour, he was putting up with mine. Of course I didn't look at it that way, then. Too bad grief counselling wasn't in vogue in those days. We needed it badly.

Years later, after Dad retired he frequently cut our lawn and helped us with the garden. Don and I both appreciated his help. I remember that I got to visit Aunt Cissie and Uncle Bert quite often, because Dad and Belle were generous enough to ask us if we'd like to go for a ride. I missed those visits later on once we got our own car and our family increased, travelling didn't seem quite so easy. Considering all the hardships my father had when he was growing up in England, I would say was a very successful human being, and smart. He managed to convince two terrific intelligent ladies into believing that he was their prince charming. Not bad for one life time.

There are things your parents do for you that you think you will never forget. But you do. My dad was not perfect, but then, how many of us are.

My Favorite Uncle

When I was just a kid, I had a favourite uncle, Uncle Leon. He was my fathers youngest brother, and despite the fact that he and my dad didn't seem to get along all that well on occasion, I thought he was great.

He had a habit of calling me "Jane". I liked having a nickname, all my other friends seemed to have nicknames and the only thing I ever got called besides Joan, was "fatty". So I guess I thought it was great to have a neat nickname.

Uncle Leon used to drive a bread wagon, and his route included our house. I loved it when my mother decided, after much pleading, to buy some of those chocolate cupcakes, and so of course this is probably why I am a choc-aholic to this day. He also played the mouth organ very well.

When the war started, Uncle Leon decided to join the army. Family gossip always treated this heroic measure as though he did it to escape from the many bills which seemed to be pilling up at his place. I, of course, thought he was a hero of some magnitude and was always delighted when he would send me the occasional letter from far of places, such as Italy.

I understood he drove truck or tank. Years later when I was learning to drive he gave me this advice, "Jane," he said, "Always look at the front wheels of any parked vehicle that you are going to pass, don't be looking to see if the driver sees you. If the front wheels are moving, you've got the answer."

Uncle Leon and Aunt Rose had two boys, Doug, and Leon. Unfortunately, Doug passed away years ago, and I have not heard any news of Leon. As I remember he bore a striking resemblance to my favourite uncle.

THE SISTERS by Barbara Marshall (nee Stamp)

So what of those who were left behind? As one of only 5 descendants of the three sisters, I feel honour bound to tell what I know of their story.

So where to begin;

What did they have in common? They stayed behind, not following their brothers into an adventure across the sea. Why they stayed can only be conjecture but it's a question that has

often puzzled me, they could have gone later like Leon or could they? Would it have been conceivable for women born of the Victorian era to become adventurers? Would it have been frowned upon to leave their father who had decided to stay? For women who had all been put to service for the landed gentry of their day where was the employment in Canada? Would they have been able to afford to go? Times were hard and family money was shared and sent home from service to cover need, that much I know.

They shared a love of Devon and the countryside, they loved the sea, a day out on the beach whilst a 15 minute drive today would have proved an adventure in itself, but it was always popular as the photographs they left behind reveal today.

The loss of their beloved mother bound them in a tidal wave of grief, which perhaps laid the foundations for their stories more than any other supposition.

Bessie's death meant that the family was separated. Whilst the maiden Aunts, Susey and Mercy rallied, May was sent away to service and after a while Nan left with Susey and Merc.

My Grandmother Nell left at home grieving with her sisters gone and the two older boys out to work, Gran recalled going to school, looking after Leon and doing a lot of chores. Aunt Ag known affectionately by the children as Aunt Eg came to stay as often as she could but things were never the same again. This is a story my Grandmother rehearsed with me a thousand times. As an 8 or 9 year old girl my Grandmother Nell often felt frightened, lonely, resentful and sad. So when the Aunts arrived she would take Leon into her arms to make quiet refuge, hiding under the kitchen table covered only by the tablecloth and their prayers which clearly asked that they were not to be found! I catch my breath today as I recall that story and look at my own 9 year old son.

So grief is a word that binds them but their love for each other also shines through.

I knew Aunt May through photographs and Nell's anecdotes, sadly many of which are forgotten or buried somewhere in the depths of my mind. I wish my Dad was here to share in this writing but I can hear him say now, "you can do it girl, you'll be fine."

I do know that for whatever reasons they the girls stayed and continued to share a deep love for each other as well as for the boys who were their brothers. No telephones or email available they wrote often to each other, sent postcards, remembered birthdays, got together, helped out financially, kept coupons, collected knitting patterns, shared recipes they cut out and saved their old magazines for each other; the postman was kept busy but everyone was in touch. Oh and the photos, a favourite past-time was looking at pictures, many were in frames around the house, every room had some, it was my childhood ritual to ask "who's that?" and my Gran's chore? joy? to tell me who and what. I knew I had cousins in Canada before I knew what Canada was. She used to talk about the old family Jerrard, how there were rich cousins who had donated money to build a new wing of Honiton Hospital. "He'd" been a doctor and moved to London. The same family had a road named after them but they called themselves Gerrard with a G, she thought to avoid association with the rest of us!

She told how Leon had jumped off his army truck on the A35 and went AWOL for a few hours with his sister Nell when stationed in England during WW2. These were the stories of my youth.

My Grandmother gifted the legacy she shared with her brothers and sisters, the knowledge “that love transcends distance and dimension.” How much I wonder, did she realise that she was molding me into someone who has not only learned to believe that but lives by it.

In the room that my father slept as a child stood a large iron bed complete with brass knobs. Here Joseph took ill, my father and his sister were born. How I loved the treat of staying in the huge bed, jumping up onto it quickly to avoid the cold floor, Gran would snuggle me down in a bed covered with eiderdowns and sporting a hot water bottle for my feet. She would point to the framed photos on the wall, first to one of her Grannies and then to the other, “that’s my Granny,” she would say, “your great great Grandmother.” “She would have really loved you!” Gran would say. I’d smile enjoying the concept but not understanding, yet today I point to my own Grandmother Nell’s photo and say to Tom, “she would have really loved you!”

Today I know this for its truth and beauty.

I feel privileged being the eldest Grandchild of three, not because I was loved more but because I had longer with them.

In writing this I know I will get things wrong or retell a perception not a truth, I’m conscious of our ancestors, those we love and those we would like to have known. Of those who might say, “well she got that wrong or who does she think she is or I could have done better.” So being mindful of my own fallibility I beg their pardon and ask that they understand the context in which I write.

MAY

Born Florence May on May 3rd 1894 the second child but first daughter to Joseph and Bessie. May died in 1957, 4 years before I was born so my stories are second hand, scanty, anecdotal, I cannot hope to do her justice.

Aunt May I knew from a photograph of a beautiful young woman that graced my Grandmothers sideboard, I was told that she was a lovely lady. She had been in service as a girl, the details I don’t know. May married Bill Gowman also a railway worker. She lived for the bulk of her married life in Shipway, Torquay a famous seaside resort in Devon. They had a 2 bedroom bungalow there.

Gran told me that whilst she never had children she did miscarry, and I think I recall her saying twins.

Another tale, which I loved to hear but frightened me to death, was that of May was sewing when somehow she lost a needle in her arm. The needle was carried up her blood stream and of course narrowly missing her heart came out further up her arm. Well apologies all you medics out there if this is completely farfetched but none the less it is a family story.

May became crippled with rheumatism and arthritis so Bill had to nurse her. In her later years he pushed her bed up against the bedroom window so that she could watch the world go by. Friends and neighbours would call and May would conduct her social life from her bed through the sash window.

My Mum, Betty Stamp, says of May that she was an incredibly happy, cheerful lady considering the pain and discomfort she lived through. Mum quotes her as saying that she was fine and that “there are a lot of people going around worse than me.” I do admire courageous people I think that perhaps her brothers and sisters did too!

NAN

Annie Agnes born on the 25th March 1896, died 4th March 1974. The third child and second daughter of Joseph and Bessie. Known to us as Nan not to be confused with nanny or Gran its short for Nance or Nancy, our family was big on nicknames!

The 25th March is Lady Day in England, the end of the first quarter and traditionally the day the rent had to be paid for the coming season. It's also my brother Kevin's birthday. As a child Gran used to say that Bessie died on Lady Day, actually she seemed to have died about two weeks later but I have often wondered why that date was so significant to the sisters, perhaps it was just very chaotic time in Broadclyst in 1909.

I knew Aunt Nan, and was always slightly in awe of her. I guess she had that air about her really reflected that she wasn't used to children. She was extremely generous to my brothers and I but we also knew that when Auntie Nan was around children had to be “seen and not heard.” She always struck me as being terribly posh! She was always beautifully dressed, always wore just a little make-up and jewellery which at that age I took interest in by quizzing her on it. I think she was the odd sister out because having been taken away by the Aunts at thirteen and then put into service she grew up as a “towny” rather than a countrywoman. Later she had become the companion to three sisters the Misses Wilkinson. They resided in Shaftsbury Dorset, Aunt Nan would keep house and accompany them on holidays, journeys etc:

One by one the Wilkinson ladies died, I realise that they had money, they gave Auntie Nan several nice pieces of silver and antiques. I recall Nell giving me a silver purse, which they had left in her keeping for me.

I think of Nan as “Prim and Proper,” I used to get chided for not sitting like a lady (I still haven't succumbed to that one!) or being too much of a tomboy. Well I had to have a wicked smile when I was doing some family history work and realised that Aunt Nan was the result of what I like to think of as a romantic reunion between Bess and Joe on his return from India. They were living in Offwell then.

Auntie Nan visited Sunnyside, my Grandparents home, as often as she could. When she couldn't get home my father recalled that she sent money home to Nell and Dick regularly, this practice continued after Joe's death. Times were hard and the £300 mortgage on the

property needed to be repaid. The brothers in Canada were I believe paid a small sum for their respective part of the land Joseph had bought for Nell and Dick to build upon.

As in most families from time to time rumours abounded about what exactly was the source of Nan's income. We could surmise a disingenuous reason, a whole host of them who knows. I just know that Nan looked after her own! Of the rumours and her reaction I can imagine her either giving them "what for!" Or having a laugh about it because even Nan liked a saucy joke. Or if she did have anything to answer for I am equally confident that she would have done so admirably and the questioner would have been the one losing face.

She was quite a lady!

She always took my Grandmother's part in "domestic's" and I can recall the silence after the row when Nan had reprimanded my Grandfather Dick for coming home "pie eyed" after stopping for too long in the farmer's barn drinking scrumpy.(cider). They always made up and were genuinely fond of each other. I think Dick respected her strong personality and she was not one to hold a grudge especially within the family, she'd say her piece and be done.

I'm surprised she never made it to Canada even for a visit she was the most independent of the sisters although they were all very competent women.

There is a wonderful story that goes: - After Auntie May died her engagement ring vanished. It then appears that her husband Bill Gowman "held a candle" for Nan, so after what he considered to be an appropriate but short enough time he popped the question to Auntie Nan, presenting her with her sisters ring! I can only imagine the "short shrift" she made of him!

Anyway not to be out done he still left his estate to Nan when he died.

My mother recalls a conversation with Nell, Dick and my Dad when my mum wondered aloud about Auntie Nan being a "Miss, perhaps a Missed A LOT." She was assured at that juncture that Nan had not missed a thing.

Apparently she did court a gentleman at one point but we don't know what happened. I do wonder, she lived through two world wars, moved around, mixed with the gentry, any amount of possibilities occur to me but alas I can only wonder.

My final words of description is that of a "sharp cookie" a witty and generous, thoughtful lady.

One year she sent my Grandmother Nell £5 for her birthday, quite a lot of money in those days. My Gran went out and spent the lot! She bought £5 worth of daffodil and narcissi bulbs, they were a picture and they still bloom every year!

Every time I look at my own daff's I think of the sisters three!

NELL

Eleanor Alice born on 21st October 1900 the third daughter, fifth child of Bessie and Joseph. Known by family and friends as Nell or Nellie. I start by thinking, what's in a name but it is part of who you are. I remember the first time she told me her name. I had long been curious about what my Gran was called, as she put me to bed she whispered, "Eleanor Alice." I'd never heard the name Eleanor before. She then proceeded to tell me that she hated the name, Eleanor had been a Queen of England who had led us into civil war! She said that Alice came from an Aunt but she didn't enjoy the name so the family had nicknamed her Nell. Despite personally thinking it a beautiful name we couldn't bring ourselves to put anything other than Nell on her headstone for fear of her having the last word!

My Grandmother was a very striking woman, with the Hodder shock of white hair as young as 35. I recall seeing her come down the lane because you'd catch a glimpse of her hair first. Her hair was stunning, not grey but snow white. However it wasn't always thus, as a girl her long plait had some red in it, not a lot but enough to glisten in the sunlight and tempt 3 brothers into tugging it and calling her "Ging, or Ginger" to tease. I know this because as well as being a brilliant storyteller, Gran was an inveterate HORDER, she kept everything including her plait of ginger hair.

Nell had another name being that as kids my brothers and I grew up as her next door neighbours and so as to differentiate between our Grandparents, Nell became "Gran over the field", since we had to cross the field to see her. One of our lasting images of her is standing by her fireplace, one hand on the mantle piece, the other hand on her hip watching us out of the window, going to school, at play, at war, she never missed a moment!

Nell was full of little sayings and superstition, here are some:-

"Waste not want not"

"Blue and green should never be seen" (I think it used to rattle her when I wore a green sweater with my best blue slacks)

"Never cast a clout until May is out" (the month not her sister)

It was unlucky to bring bluebells in doors,

A "monkey's birthday" was announced when it was raining and shining simultaneously

If you asked "what day is it?" She'd say the day, e.g. Saturday or Tuesday, then add "all day!"

She often warned me to cease pouting or frowning in case the wind blew and it became a permanent fixture. I leave you to come to your own conclusions!

If boyfriend and girlfriend were seen cuddling she'd say, "stop itemising you itemisers!" I'll stop there but there are others.

Her favourite colour was blue, her wedding dress was blue, her least favourite was red, she felt it drained her colour, I think she was right.

Having been in service at Wylmington Hayes (it was spelt with a "Y" in 1920) as a Chambermaid/ Parlourmaid. It appears that Gran hated the smell of cigar smoke, a throwback to when the men would retire to smoke after dinner and she would have to clean up the stale room in the morning. So if Dick, in their life together wanted cigar he'd have to go outside, although oddly he was a heavy pipe smoker and she didn't mind that.

Speaking of phobias I believe that she gave me one. From being a toddler I can recall her telling me that if I was to go out to play I should watch out for snakes. I wasn't to touch them or poke them with a stick I was to leave well alone. Living in the country we had snakes and I used to report them. Gran would dutifully come with me. If it was a slow-worm she say, "leave it be it will soon go home."

If, however, it was an adder she would keep me behind her, collect a shovel and beat the snake well and truly over the head until it was "harmless!"

I understand that she was protecting me and I admire her for that but I still have a reoccurring nightmare about snakes, set of course in my Grandmothers garden.

Gran spent her early years in Broadclyst between Honiton and Exeter. She had a long walk to school in hobnailed boots and a scratchy woolen dress. She used to take bread and dripping for lunch wrapped in paper. A little wooden footbridge was used in parallel with the road was used to avoid getting wet when the river burst its banks.

Later when Joseph took promotion and moved to Wylmington Gran went into service at the big house where she lived in. Gran made good friends there but also worked with her Hodder cousin Ida. There they used to work as a team rather than on individual tasks. This was based on the old adage "many hands make light work" and then we can go courting. This is how she met my Grandfather Dick, he was working at a local farm and used to make deliveries to the "big house." He used to call her "Kid," she kept his love letters and cards, so we have too.

They were married on 23 July 1923 at Cotleigh a village bordering Offwell and Wylmington, a couple of miles a short walk by standards then. The Stamps were based there at a house called Dovecot which is still lived in by relatives today. Joseph and Elisabeth the second wife who (my Gran explained that the sisters "never took to" Elisabeth) arrived from Wylmington incline by donkey and cart. It looks to have been quite a happy and eventful day. The girls (Nan, Edie, married to Dick's brother Harry, Flo his sister, Nell and May all sat on a picnic blanket showing **their knees** to the camera. Meanwhile my namesake and Stamp cousin Barbara describes how as a little girl she and the other children let the donkey out!

They start their married life in the rented tied cottage of Broadhayes Gammon Hill Kilmington. Nell didn't work outside the home once she was married.

After Elisabeth's death in 1927 Joseph bought the plot of land called Shortlands at Wylmington on the condition that he would live with the couple once Sunnyside was built. This is of course what happened. To help make ends meet and being a woman of tenacity and bags of energy, Nell set up her own business on the almost 2 acres of land. There she raised free-range hens and sold the eggs, at its height several crates a week. She also kept ducks, geese and would raise a turkey or two to sell on. As time went on, Dick who worked for Stennings Sawmills bought the wood and then built a deep litter shed. The hens were moved inside under protective custody, from there Nell could tend her "fowl" as she called them. In time a second shed was erected although this one came ready to order.

She still tended house for her men folk, cooked, cleaned, washed and baked without any of the modern conveniences we know today. Sunnyside didn't have electricity until 1957/8 and the bathroom with running water came later still. Dick would fetch 2 buckets of water a day from the well and except on wash day (Monday) that would have to cover all eventualities. I can still remember wash day with the old copper, fire, and the mangle out back.

Gran was a craftswoman in the house, was canny with her food and house keeping. There was always plenty to go around, she was an excellent cook, doing all her own bottling, pickling and preserving. My cousin Barbara Thrussell, nee Stamp, observed that she was a countrywoman with all the knowledge of the gentry, so you never had a cup of tea from a mug, visitors always had the best china. For Nell, as a woman of her generation "the men always came first", she had been brought up to wait on them "hand and foot." This meant that Joseph, Leon, Dick and more latterly my Dad had the benefit not only of her usual household duties but the extras as they had their tea stirred, clothes laid out and warmed in the morning etc: I can almost hear the sighs of the men the family who hark back to those days. I recall the long journey that my own mother took weaning my father Ray off the standards indulged upon him by his mother. Who won that round is an entirely different story.

Children didn't come easy. She waited 7 years for little Annie May. It wasn't an easy birth, cousin Ida was there and seamstress friend. They sent for the midwife as things took a dive. She arrived assessed the situation and promptly cut Gran's hair saying that it was sapping her strength! A big baby over 9lbs finally arrived but she was not to be with us long. Once I stumbled on the letters of congratulations for Annie May, one from each of sisters after whom the baby was named. Neatly wrapped beside them were the letters of condolence. The congratulatory letters must have been arriving as they buried the baby in Offwell Church yard. Nan wrote "now my dear I know what a brave soul you are....." They'd just lost Joseph too. Finally Raymond Dick my Dad was born 2 years later, maybe that explains why they all doted on him so.

One of the things that Nell was famous for in her immediate family was Hypochondria. She kept a big medical dictionary, which we giggled about because it was so well thumbed. She was a brilliant nurse having looked after Elisabeth, Joseph, Aunt Eg and my Dad who as a child suffered chronic asthma and eczema. She did have a little rheumatism and arthritis in her later years, as she got up her joints would snick but she was generally a fit woman. When Gran was diagnosed with the family heart murmur I must have been about 7. I can remember that she took to her bed and I was solemnly marched to her bedside being told that she wasn't long for this world. Well she made another 10 years! I have often rationalised that her occasionally taking to bed was a way of her recharging her batteries because she so rarely took rest that she was in danger of exhaustion. Being poorly was in her mind perhaps, a legitimate way of "time out"

I don't remember Gran leaving home much. She never went to church but was a Christian woman and encouraged us all to do the same. Grandad Dick was a community man involved in everything but except to go to town (Honiton) by bus on a Tuesday morning Nell liked to be home.

Together she and I would pour over family photographs, she'd read me letters from Canada, we'd bake, walk, pick blackberries from the hedgerows, make daisy chains from the lawn, she would tend my ant stings with vinegar, play solitaire, cards or Patience. As children we three, Andrew, Kevin and I, each had our special day when we went to Gran's for tea. This was undivided attention time, she was brilliant with children and they all loved her. I remember jam making when she always saved me the juiciest strawberries for later, or her testing the jam and saving the scum for us to eat with bread and butter later. She used to play the gramophone, her favourite 78's being the saucy number "Where will the baby's dimple be?" or the ballad "The Spinning Wheel." I think we children made her laugh and for that I am glad!

Of her, my mother has said that she was a lovely woman, not a gossip, kind and perhaps like all the Jerrard women a better friend than enemy, because she wouldn't be reckoned with! Betty concluded that you were "no poorer for knowing her." Barbara Thrusell says of her that she had an uncanny intuition, a clear understanding of people and what made them tick. As well as all the practical things I reflect upon her spiritual legacy.... She was and is an incredible influence upon my life. I am truly in her debt. She has left me with a tremendous sense of family and who I am in relation to that. She taught me about love and left me with the belief that there is more to life than the here and now! She used to sing the rhyme, "1,2,3,4,5,6,7, all good children go to heaven, a penny on the water, tuppence on the sea, thruppence on the railway and out goes he." I wonder how many of you out there know that one. I remember the night before she died going to help put her to bed for the night. Grandad lay in the bed nearby with his hand over his face. I asked him if he was all right! "I'm just praying my bird," he replied.

It was then I knew that we were losing her. I loved him at that moment for loving her and sent my own silent prayer to join his in the hope that she would be free!

SONS AND DAUGHTERS

I should take some writers largess here and set down my family line first but my grandfather was the second son of the 'three brothers' and so I will go in order from first to last.

THE BROTHERS: SONS, DAUGHTERS AND GRANDCHILDREN

Albert Fred Jerrard (Bert)

(his birth certificate shows Fred) married Cecilia Marshall Stevenson Hamilton. They had 6 children; Margaret Jean b6/9/1935, Barbara Anne b21/10/1936, Eric Fred b8/2/1939, Robert Edward b16/5/1941, Mary Cecilia b20/7/1943 and Ian Alexander b27/7/1953.

1) Margaret Jean Jerrard married m30/6/1956 (1) James Dixon SECORD b22/11/1933 [divorced] their children are;

Kathryn Ellen Secord b1/3/1957 married Douglas Allan DAVIDGE b17/1/1957 and their child is;

Alexandra Kathleen Secord Davidge b30/4/1997

Anne Marie Secord b28/9/1959, d29/9/1959

Susan Elizabeth Secord b13/10/1961 married (1) Joseph Rock DIONNE no issue

(2) married Eric FINLAYSON their child is;

Ian Jared Finlayson

Sandra Jean Secord b30/1/1963 married Erik William NYLAND their children are;

Gavin Lyle NYLAND

Kara Cecilia NYLAND

Heiko William NYLAND

David James SECORD b8/12/1964 married m26/5/1990 Lori-Anne Lise Turnbull b11/12/1965

Steven Charles b14/6/1967, now deceased

Joseph Sean SECORD b19/5/1972

Margaret Jean Jerrard married (2) Ronald M. WATTS no issue.

2) Barbara Anne Jerrard married m10/12/1958 William SADLER b26/6/1927 their children are;

James Albert SADLER b12/7/1959 married m23/11/1984 Tracey Hutlet b8/7/1963 their children are;

Aaron James SADLER

Kaelan Scott SADLER

Robert William SADLER b4/3/1961

John Leslie SADLER b11/10/1962

Marianne Michelle Sadler b26/7/1971 married Steven WITTER no issue yet.

3) Eric Fred JERRARD married m30/3/1963 (1)Norlenne Vivienne Tattrie b16/11/1938 their children are¹⁴³;

Joseph David JERRARD b and d ?/6/1963

Heather Grende Michelle JERRARD b14/9/1965 with David Stead

¹⁴³ Now divorced, div1973.

Donald Alexander JERRARD b4/1/1968 with Joanne Horseman and their children are:

Damien JERRARD b1992
Sebastian JERRARD b1994

Eric married m12/11/1980 (2)Irene Helen Peacock b24/6/1940 no issue, now divorced div18/10/1995 and their children are;

Shane JERRARD
Cindy Jerrard

Eric now living with Margaret (Peggy) Mary Rowan-Clark

4) Robert Edward JERRARD married m18/9/1965 Janet Elizabeth Hanna b2/2/1943 their children are;

Terri Anne Jerrard b25/10/1967 married Michael BEAULIEU their children are;
Patrick Michael BEAULIEU

Jeffery Robert JERRARD b6/12/1968
Gary Andrew JERRARD b7/10/1975

5) Mary Cecilia Jerrard married m19/7/1969 Harold James SOLICK b18/3/1939 their children are;

Christopher Andrew SOLICK b29/6/1973
Kerri Lynn Solick b27/11/1976

6) Ian Alexander JERRARD married m9/12/1972 Karen Gail MacKay b29/11/1953 their children are;

Alexandra Erica Jerrard b26/5/1973
Jennifer Amber Jerrard b15/6/1976

William James Jerrard (Will)

married (1) Francis Joyce Clay they had 2 children; Joan b13/10/1923 and William b26/10/1924. Will married (2) Lulubelle Lampkin Johnson (Belle) b21/11/1894, d22/1/1986 after Joyce's death. There was no issue from this second marriage.

1) Joan Jerrard married m16/5/1946 Donald Clifford FEWINGS b22/5/1926 their children are;

Donna Lynn Fewings b3/1/1947 married m16/11/1968 Alan George LEE b3/9/1943 their children are¹⁴⁴;

Robert James Alan LEE b20/10/1970 married Christine Chairot

Jason Donald LEE b10/12/1971 married Tanya Cristello

Janet Louise Fewings b14/11/1951 married m29/1/1972 Daniel Joseph LONG b?? their child is;

Brian Joseph LONG b13/11/1976

John Clifford FEWINGS b14/2/1955 married m23/10/1976 Julie Louise Fortune b6/9/1957 their child is¹⁴⁵;

Hannah Jane Fewings b26/11/1976

¹⁴⁴ Now divorced.

¹⁴⁵ Now divorced.

Daniel Clay FEWINGS b30/10/1958 married Gale Skelhorne their children are¹⁴⁶;
 Joshua Buster Daniel FEWINGS b15/10/1982
 Cobrun FEWINGS b??

2) William Jerrard married m30/5/1947 Catherine Grace Turnbull b23/11/1920 their children are;

William Thomas JERRARD b6/5/1951 married 19/8/1972 Ann Elizabeth Campbell b2/10/1952 their children are;

William Allan JERRARD b23/11/1974

Katherine Ann Jerrard b12/8/1977

Robert James JERRARD b22/6/1953 married m17/11/1979 (1) Joyce Elizabeth Rozell b8/3/1952, d3/10/1996 their children are;

James Arthur JERRARD b27/9/1981

Peter Alexander JERRARD b23/1/1984

Robert James JERRARD married m14/6/1997 his second wife Marlene Ethel Minchin (her second marriage) b15/7/1951 after the death of his first wife, there is no issue (yet) from this second marriage.

Leonard Cecil Jerrard (Leon)

married Rose Moore their children are;

1) Douglas Beattie JERRARD b9/4/1934 married m1/7/1961 Norma Marie Perrin b2/1/1940 their children are;

David Douglas JERRARD b9/9/1964

Daren Russell JERRARD b14/4/1967

2) Leonard Kennedy JERRARD 2/2/1936 married m11/6/1960 Marian Jean Willmot b17/7/1935 their children are¹⁴⁷;

Jerry Edward Wilmot JERRARD b28/5/1963

Renee Diane JERRARD b17/12/1965

Andrew Keith JERRARD b27/12/1969

THE SISTERS: SONS, DAUGHTERS AND GRANDCHILDREN

Florence Mary Jerrard (May)

married Bill GOWMAN no issue traced.

Twin children who died young.

Annie Agnes Jerrard (Nan)

remained unmarried.

Eleanor Alice Jerrard (Nell)

married m27/7/1923 Dick STAMP b28/10/1895 and their children were;

1) Annie May who died young

¹⁴⁶ Now divorced.

¹⁴⁷ Divorced

2) Raymond STAMP b3/10/1934, d1998 married m22/2/1958 Betty Larcombe b27/7/1939
their children are;

Barbara Ann Stamp b15/1/1961 married m3/8/1985 (1) Ian MARSHALL b5/8/1953
their child is¹⁴⁸;

Thomas Ian MARSHALL b27/3/1991

Andrew Paul STAMP b14/12/1963

Kevin Mark STAMP b25/3/1965 married Karen Whitehorne their child is;

Liam Raymond STAMP b1999

@Tom Jerrard

¹⁴⁸ Divorced