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NOTE THE NEW ADDRESS OF THE WITHERIDGE FAMILY HISTORY SOCIETY WEB SITE!

<http://www.WitheridgeFHS.com>

EDITORIAL

Greetings to all our readers! In this, the last editorial of the year, I wish I could comment that the world is a better place than at this time last year, but apart from the memory of the New York tragedy being not quite so raw, nothing much has changed.

As I write we are having a glorious 'Indian Summer', and we are still having to water the garden, still displaying roses, begonias and fuchsias, and a rampant growth of trees and shrubs, the extra growth the result of a mild winter and wet spring.

We sympathise with our Australian and American cousins, some of whom are in the grip of drought, and with our British families, who may be in the grip of financial drought.

Our magazine, of necessity, looks back at a diversity of lives and people, and although our ancestors may seem ordinary, if you look beyond the catalogue of names and places, you will find stories of enterprise, hard work and tragedy. One tragedy is reported in this edition. Many of our forebears were sailors, and it is sometimes difficult to trace their wanderings and sometimes surprising lives when they left the sea, but we are always trying different sources of information, and one contributor has given us a picture of a vessel in which we have long had an interest.

Keep telling us about your families, nothing is too insignificant to be of interest to us.

We wish you happy reading of this edition, and we hope of many editions to come.

Meanwhile, Graham and I send you the age old Greeting: a Very Happy Christmas and a Happy and Peaceful New Year!

Joyce and Graham.

FAMILY NEWS

From New Zealand comes the good news that Jennie Smith, after a time of anxiety, has been pronounced clear of her trouble, and does not have to have any unpleasant treatment. We are so pleased for you, Jennie.

Velma and Rodney Metcalfe were off to the Gold Coast of Australia (near Brisbane) for a holiday in October, with Rodney's diabetes controlled and Velma's voice 'holding up' we hope that they have had a happy time.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It would appear that the announcement of this change of address is well over due, and we apologise for inconvenience caused.

Mrs. Carol Goins
2760 DOS Lomas,
Fallbrook,
California CA 92028
U.S.A.



The Federation of Family History Societies has asked us to take note that all general correspondence should be sent to:

The Administrator
PO Box 2425,
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Telephone 07041 492032

e-mail admin@ffhs.org.uk

The previous Solihull PO Box address has now been discontinued

NEW MEMBERS

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(1) Margaret Anne **Geddes** b. Calgary Alberta, Canada (2) Alvin Brooks **Geddes** 1904-1990 (3) Olive Egerton Amy **Oke** 1909-1969 (4) Malcolm Daniel **Geddes** 1866-1903 (5) Mary Jane (Jennie) **Waters** 1871-1937 (6) William Thomas (Tony) **Oke** 1863-1955 (7) Olive Mary **Spacey** 1864-1959 (8) James **Geddes** 1836-1908 (9) Jessie Dick **Wares** 1836-1820 (10) William Abraham (Abram) **Waters** 1894-1894 (11) Emma Jane **Brooks** 1843-1929 (12) Thomas Martin **Oke** c1837- 1901 (13) Mary Jane **Witheridge** 1842 - ?after 1909 (14) George Debney **Spacey** 1823-1909 (15) Elizabeth Jane **Millie/Millais** 1826-1910 (16) Malcolm **Geddes** 1802-1892 (17) Janet **Wares** (18) Daniel **Wares** - (19) Esther **McDonald** (20) William **Waters** - (21) Ann **Jenkins** - (22) John **Brooks** - (23) Frances Isabella **Tillott** 1822-1907 (24) James Saunders **Oke** 1812-1839 (25) Ann **Martin** c1816 - (26) George **Witheridge** 1808-1884 (27) Mary **Saunders (Sanders)** c1815-1902 (28) Henry **Spacey** 1801-c1861 (29) Elizabeth **Egerton** c1798-c1848 (30) Joseph **Millie** c.1784-1838 (31) Elizabeth J. **Campbell** - 1835 (32) James **Geddes** - (33) Alexandria **Cooper** - (34) William **Waters** - m.1796 (35) Hannah **Gibby** 1769-(36) **Brooks** - (37) - (38) William **Tillott** 1783-1841 (39) Mary Ann **Booty** - (40) Walter **Oke** 1792-1879 (41) Mary **Saunders** 1776 - (42) William **Martyn** - (43) - (44) John **Wetheridge** 1788-1859 (45) ?? Grace **Grills** 1794-1877 (46) Peter Saunders 1790-1838 (47) Jane **Witheridge** 1792-1828 (48) William **Spacey** c1770-c1837 (49) Sally **Miller** c1773-c1837

Our new member has family lines from very widespread geographic locations. Along with the early Witheridge connections from Bradworthy, Devon, are ancestors from Norfolk (who go back to the 1640s), Wales, Northumberland, Kent and Scotland. The locations begin to merge in the nineteenth century as the Witheridge, Oke and Geddes families emigrated to Canada. Anne is related to Paul and Kathy Witheridge of Ontario, and Kathy has been instrumental introducing her to the Society. Welcome Anne - thank you for your extensive family chart - and we - hope that your association with us will prove helpful and interesting.

Member No. 192

Mrs. Tracy Owens

32, Wey Road,
Berinsfield,
Wallingford,
Oxon OX10 7PS

Telephone

01865 341346

(1) Tracy Susan Jill **Witheridge** (2) Arthur Richard **Witheridge** 1923-2002 (3) Dorothy Joyce **Fisher** 1930- (4) George Frederick **Witheridge** 1894-1953 (5) Fernandez Sylvie Marie **Moniez** c1900-1965 (6) Ernest Stephen **Fisher** 1890-1963 (7) Rose Fisher **Hale** 1888-1947 (8) William **Witheridge** 1852-1894 (9) Henrietta **Lapworth** 1863-1944 (16) ? (17) Caroline **Witheridge** 1834 - ? (34) William **Witheridge** 1803 - ? (35) Elizabeth **Halfield** 1802-1837 (70) Robert Inwood **Witheridge** 1772-1855 (71) Elizabeth **Stokes** ? - () John **Witheridge** c1743 - /Sarah **King** - / William **Witheridge** c1704 - /Mary **Mills**

Tracy's Witheridge family line is the one we have called the 'Kent, London, Birmingham' family. As we have commented before, we have often blessed the parents of Robert Inwood Witheridge who gave him the distinctive name of 'Inwood'. This has enabled us to trace with some certainty the migration of this family from Kent, to London and then Birmingham. William Witheridge bc 1704, John Witheridge bc. 1743, were both married in Kent, and Robert Inwood Witheridge was born in Strood, Kent, but he was married at St. Botolph's Aldgate, London, and died in Birmingham.

We suspect that this family originated in Devon, but have found no proof of this so far. We welcome our latest member from this family line, and wish you all success with your searches Tracy!.

Mem.No. 193

Ms. Julia Rachel Crocker

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BAZ 4PA

Telephone

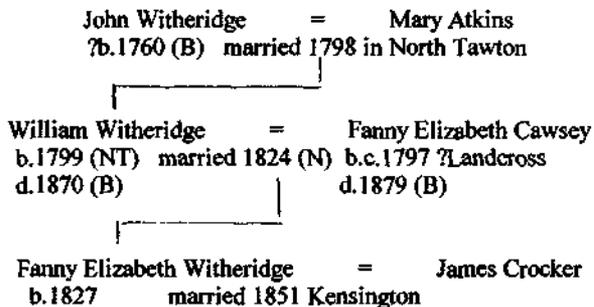
01225 448402

(1) Julia Rachel Crocker (2) Horace George **Crocker** 1915-1949 (3) Anne Stewart **Fleming** 1921 - (4) William **Crocker** 1880-1954 (5) Julia Millie **Davis** 1883-1964 (6) James Steven **Fleming** 1890-1969 (7) Rachel **Muir** 1890-1973 (8) William **Crocker** 1853 - (9) Mary Ann Henrietta **Pearson** 1855 - -

(10) Mervyn Jacob **Davis** 1853— (11) Julia Elizabeth **Hunt** 1851- -- (12) John **Fleming** 1850-1940 (13) Elizabeth Robertson **Steven** 1850-1938 (14) Robert **Muir** 1849-1904 (15) Annie **Stewart** 1851-1922 (16) James **Crocker**—(17) Fanny Elizabeth **Witheridge** 1827- (18) William **Pearson** — (20) John Wilkinson **Davis** — (22) Horatio Nelson **Hunt** 1822- (23) Hannah **Bracher** 1821- (24) Gavin **Fleming** 1825-1902 (25) Jean **Alexander** 1828-1925 (26) Arthur **Steven** 1827- (27) Janet **Pearson** 1825- (28) William **Muir** 1820- (29) Marian **Wylie** 1818- (30) William **Stewart** c1816- (31) Margaret **Weir**- (34) William **Witheridge** 1799-1870 (35) Fanny **Cawsey** (or **Causey**) c1797-1879 (44) Sanuel **Hunt** — (45) Jane ?? (46) James **Bracher**— (48) John **Fleming** 1791-1876 (49) Janet (Jessie) **Stewart** 1790-1837 (50) John **Alexander** 1781- (51) Jean **Robertson** c1785-1850 (52) William **Steven**- (53) Elizabeth **Henry**- (54) Andrew **Pearson** c 1790- (55) Elizabeth **Robertson** 1795- (56) John **Muir** c 1794- (57) Janet **Howe**- (58) William **Wylie**- (70) John **Cawsey**- (71) Elizabeth?-(96 Archibald **Fleming** c1756-1831 (97) Margaret Orr---1834 (110) David **Robertson**- (111) Janet **Duncan**—

Julia's family line through her mother is one of Scottish descent. It is through her father's family, from London back to Devonshire that Julia's Witheridge connection is established. Julia's research shows that her 2 x great grandmother was Fanny Elizabeth Witheridge who married James Crocker in Kensington in 1851. Fanny Elizabeth's father was William Witheridge who married Fanny Cawsey (or Causey) in 1824 in Northam, Devon, and we can take the family chart back a generation to show that William's father was John Witheridge who married Mary Atkins in 1798. John has been the subject of much research and there are still questions concerning him which remain unanswered. Welcome and happy hunting, Julia!

Section of the Bideford Family Tree



(B) = Bideford (N) = Northam (NT) = North Tawton

FINDERS-SEEKERS

Whilst following a hunch I had about a particular **Mary Witheridge**, I obtained the death certificate for the Mary who died in the March quarter of 1864, Plymouth district, Ref. No. 5b 201. She was not the Mary I was seeking, and the death certificate did give me a little surprise.

The certificate stated that Mary Witheridge died on the 10th January, 1864, in the Workhouse at Plymouth. She was 75 years of age, and died of old age and debility. She was the widow of William Witheridge, a carpenter. I think this William would have been William Bowden Witheridge, a carpenter and millwright, Burgess of the City of Plymouth, and the owner of some property. Mary was Mary Wills when she married William in 1818, and was his second wife, and they had two sons who were both alive when Mary died. William died in 1861. It was a little surprising to me to find that she died in the workhouse - but it is difficult to find the true circumstances!

The school records of East Stonehouse, Plymouth, provided Sheila Jewell with some information which she has passed on to us:-

8th July, 1921 Gladys Witheridge, date of birth 12.04.1908, Left East Stonehouse Girls' School to go to Plymouth.

On the same date her sister, Ida Witheridge, date of birth 01.06.1910, left East Stonehouse Girls' for the same reason. Their father was Ernest Witheridge, address: 52, Dunsford Street.

Gladys was born in Plymouth, and as far as we know did not marry. The only Ida with a birth date which coincides with 1910 was born in Birmingham, and an Ida married in Birmingham in 1931.

Ernest Witheridge was one of a Plymouth family who have been the subject of research in the past. One investigation was in order to find his grandfather, William Witheridge, a merchant seaman. Ernest's grandmother was Mary Ann Bounty Witheridge, who claimed William as the father of her child, also named William who was born in 1856. The 1856 birth certificate states that William's father was deceased. The difficulty is that we have never been able to find a birth, marriage, or death for William, the merchant seaman. If any one has any information perhaps they will let us know?

DESKTOP DETECTIVE

by Kim Cook

Love them or loath them, computers have their uses. And for the family historian those uses can be extremely helpful and enlightening, providing of course, that you're careful always to treat the information so gained as secondary, and check out the originals where possible, or at least back up the information from another source.

In recent months, when health problems have made it impossible for me to get out and about to do any research, I'd have felt very frustrated and impatient without my computer. As it is using data CDs and the internet, like a latter-day Hercule Poirot I sit at my desk and occupy the little grey cells. This way I've been able to solve quite a few mysteries, uncovered a few new ones, and have enjoyed becoming a desktop detective.

Take for instance, my Garry and Pike ancestors. On 28th August 1848, in St. Andrew's Church, Plymouth, **Thomas Witheridge** took **Mary Ann Garry** to be his lawful wedded wife, for as long as they both should live. Sadly that wasn't to be very long, for nine years and five children later Thomas, a bargeman, died of phthisis and diarrhoea, at the age of 37. Later I'd learned that Mary Ann had kept her family out of the workhouse by 'turning a mangle', and had also cared for her elderly father-in-law, Joseph Witheridge, until his death in 1872, at the age of 84. By all accounts Mary Ann was a quiet, determined and hard-working woman, who herself lived to the age of 80, dying in 1900 in the home of her married daughter, Elizabeth Jane Miller.

I already knew that Mary Ann Garry had been one of at least six children, and possibly more, born to Richard Garry and Jane (nee Pike). Richard and Jane had married on 14th June 1819 in the church of St. Sidwell, Exeter, and Mary Ann baptised on 13th February 1820, was the eldest of their children. Later came Eliza (1825), Ann Jane (1829), Charlotte Hannah (1831), Sarah Ann (1834) and Samuel John (1836). Richard had died of asthma on 15th May 1844, at the age of 51, just one month before their 25th wedding anniversary, when Samuel John was only seven years old.

Years ago, in my early searches of the 1851 census, I's been unable to find Jane Garry and her family. At the GRO I'd found the marriage of 18-year-old Samuel John (who said he was 20!) to Mary Ann Drieve in 1855, but again had found no trace of them in later local census records. What had happened to the Garry family? And when and where had Jane Pike been born?

The recipe for success involved using my computer as a mixing bowl, with CDs of

the 1851 and 1881 census returns, together with the IGI website and the **freebmd** website as the basic ingredients, stirred by those little grey cells.

First, I used my CD of the 1851 census for Devon, Norfolk and Warwickshire and searched the index for anyone by the name of Garry in any of the three counties. This revealed no trace of Jane Garry, but I did find three of her children in the index. Ann J., and Charlotte H., were listed as DauL. while Samuel was listed as SonL. These abbreviations for daughter-in-law and son-in-law didn't indicate the relationship we would expect to day, but in those days referred to step-daughters and stepson. It looked as though the widowed Jane had re-married. A click on the first name took the disc to the correct entry (PRO ref: HO/107/1868/f426/p8) where I read the following details:

Rack Street, Exeter. St. Mary Major, Exeter, Devonshire

William HOARE	Head	M	46	M	Labourer	b. Great Torrington, Devon
Jane HOARE	Wife	M	47	F	Stocking Knitter Manufacturer	b. Brushford, Somerset
Ann Jane GARRY	DauL	U	21	F	Stocking Knitter Manufacturer	b. Exeter, Devon
Charlott H. GARRY						
	DauL	U	19	F	Stocking Knitter Manufacturer	b. Exeter, Devon
Samuel J. GARRY	SonL	-	14		Errand Boy	b. Exeter, Devon

This entry gave me, for the first time, the birthplace of my 3 x greatgrandmoth, Jane Pike, and an approximate date of birth - 1793. Other documents had led me to believe she'd been born in Devon, but as Brushford is very close to the Devon border, I assumed that local geography of the Devon -Somerset border was a bit vague.

The entry also told me the name of her second husband, but not when they had married. Likewise I now knew where four of Jane's children were in 1851 (Mary Ann being already married to Thomas Witheridge and living in Plymouth)

But what had happened to Eliza and Sarah Ann? Eliza would have been 25 and Sarah Ann just 17 by the time the census was taken in 1851, do both could have been married. The other options were that they had died, or were living outside Devon. If they were both living outside Devon, I couldn't check up on that, but I could try and find out if either had died or married.

My next port of call was therefore the freebmd site at <http://freebmd.rootsweb.com> (note, do not include www in this address). This site contains the transcription of

the GRO birth, marriage and death indexes for England and Wales, being undertaken (under licence) by a whole army of volunteers and posted on this site.

The site is updated every couple of months or so, and at the time of my search held over 33 million records! And as the title implies, it's all free - no subscription, no fee. Wonderful!

However, before you use the site, you need to be aware of a few points. Firstly the indexes cover only the period from the September quarter of 1837 (when civil registration first started) to the December quarter of 1901. This is to keep in line with the 100-year non-disclosure rule which applies to UK census returns and other personal documents. Secondly while 33 million records sounds a lot (and it is), the transcription work still has a very, very long way to go. You may not find what you are looking for. However, as the site is updated regularly, it's worth checking again every couple of months, in case the item you're looking for is one of the new additions. Full instructions for using the site to best advantage are posted on the site itself, and you can use the index information to order certificates by post from the GRO at Southport.

At freebmd I first checked for any Garry deaths between 1837 and 1851, without taking the option of putting in a Christian name, and without entering a county. With Brushford being on the Devon-Somerset border, I reasoned that members of the family might at some time have been with Jane's parents or siblings in Somerset. I also checked all the spelling variants, just in case an entry had been indexed under Garey, Garrey or Gary. There were no relevant entries at all.

Next I checked for any Garry marriage between 1841 (when Eliza would have been 16) and 1871, again without including the Christian name or a county, here were three Garry marriages in the relevant area, all indexed under the correct spelling, and nothing relevant under any alternative spelling. It seemed that all three marriages were of members of my family. The first was of Mary Ann in Plymouth in 1848 (which I already knew about), and second was of Jane in Exeter in the March quarter of 1851, and the third of Ann Jane in Exeter in the March quarter of 1868.

Using freebmd to search for marriages, you have an option that isn't possible at the GRO. You can enter details of the index reference, **without using a name**, and it will find every entry indexed under that reference. Many people don't realise that there can be up to eight marriages sharing a common index reference, and eventually, when all the freebmd indexing is complete, each reference will have its full quota of entries. However, even with a number of spouses to choose from, this facility can be a real boon if you know the Christian name but not the surname of the spouse, and sometimes even if you don't know either name, as I was to discover.

The search under the reference March 1851, volume 10, page 161 (the reference for

Jane's marriage revealed eight names, three male and five female, including, of course, Jane Garry. The three male names included that of William Hoare - proof (if further proof were needed) that Jane and William had indeed married in the March quarter of 1851. In fact, they would have been married only a few weeks before the census, which was lucky for me, as it gave me not only a date and place of birth for Jane (nee Pike), but also the option of ordering her marriage certificate and finding her father's name and occupation.

As this was Jane's second marriage, I wondered if it was also a second marriage for William Hoare. However, nothing was listed post-1837 in freebmd, and a search of the IGI (International Genealogical Index), which covers parish registers rather than civil registers, and therefore goes back much further, was unprofitable. There was no record of a William Hoare having married in Torrington. Although there was no record of a William Hoare of the right age being born in Torrington, there were literally dozens born in the Exeter area. If William's first marriage had taken place in Exeter, I would never be able to find which of all the many Williams was the correct one. It should also be borne in mind that the IGI is by no means a complete listing, and that many parishes have little, if any, coverage in the IGL.

In an attempt to find Jane's birth, I made another search of the IGI listings on the website of the Church of the Latter Day Saints (find them at www.familysearch.com and click on 'search'). Unlike freebmd, the IGI groups like-sounding names together. This can have its advantages, for instance grouping Wetheridge and Witheridge under one listing, but there are other occasions when the groupings are, to say the least, very odd. Indexed under pike are also Pack, Peach, Peck, Petch and Pyke, all mingled together under date order. I checked all the references to Somerset, and could find no reference to a Jane Pike born anywhere Brushford in Somerset. In fact I could find no Pike families in that area at all.

I then decided to check the Devon entries, in case the county boundary had been moved at some stage, and here I found loads of Pike entries throughout the county, including Exeter. There were also many entries for villages like Lapford, Shobrooke and Zeal Monachorum, which lie along the A377 Exeter to Barnstaple road. When I looked at these villages on a recent road atlas (I always keep one to hand when working on family history) I noticed another small village off the A377 called Brushford Barton. Could this have been the Brushford where Jane had been born? This would explain the documents that suggested Jane had been born in Devon. Had the 1851 census enumerator made a mistake, and put the county for the wrong Brushford?

At this point I decided to check the 1851 census again for any Pikes living in Devon who'd been born in Brushford, whether the Devon one or the Somerset one. That would at least show me whether, in 1851, Brushford was known locally as Brushford Barton or just Brushford.

Here I found four entries for people named Pike, born in Brushford. One was an entry for Morrend Cottage at Wembworthy, where the head of the household was William Pike, a widower aged 75, a pauper born in Brushford, Devon living with an apparently unrelated 70-year old woman who'd been born in Wembworthy. A younger William Pike, a 26-year old saddle and harness maker, was living in South Street, Newton Abbott, with his uncle Richard Mears, his aunt Mary Mears and other members of Richard's and Mary's extended families. Three members of the family, including William Pike, had been born in Brushford, Devon.

The next entry, which included two Pikes, was most interesting. The address was 1 Tawgreen, Winkleigh, Torrington, Devon, (PRO Ref. HO/107/1894/t238/p10).

William PIKE	Head	M	51	M	Ag Lab	b. Brushford, Devon
Elizabeth PIKE	Wife	M	49	F	Dressmaker	b. Brushford Dev.
Elizabeth BOON	Niece	U	25	F	Dressmaker	b. Brushford Dev.
Susanna STANLAKE	-					
	Niece	-	14	F.	House Servant	b. Brushford Dev.
William STANLAKE						
	Nephew		7	M.	Scholar	b. Brushford Dev.
William BOON	Nephew		3	M	-	b. Brushford Dev.

Every single entry referred to Brushford, Devon, with no reference at all to Brushford, Somerset. Wembworthy and Winkleigh are both within a couple of miles of the place listed in my atlas as Brushford Barton.. At this point I began to be convinced that Jane had indeed been born at the place now called Brushford Barton, and wondered whether the William Pike at Tawgreen, Torrington, might even have been Jane Pike's brother. Before I can come to any firm conclusion on this, though, I'll need to visit record offices in two counties and check the original registers for both Brushford in Somerset, and Brushford in Devon. That isn't likely to be in the near future so, unless some other corroborative evidence crops up in the meantime, I'll have to call a halt on Jane's history for the time being.

It was time to get back to those freebmd entries, and see what I could find out about Jane's daughter, Ann Jane. Initially I wasn't sure that the Ann Jane Garry who'd married in the March quarter of 1868 was 'our' Ann Jane. After all, she would then have been 38, rising 39, which was a bit late for a marriage. Could there have been another Ann Jane Garry in the area?

A check on freebmd against this reference (volume 5b, page 173) showed three female names and only one male name, that of John Sprague. John Sprague could have married any of the three women listed, or even someone whose name hadn't yet been indexed. However, I thought it would be worth a try to see if I could find a John Sprague on the 1881 census who had a wife with any of the three Christian names shown - Louisa, Ann Jane or Susanna. If I found a John Sprague married to

a Louisa or a Susannah, I could definitely rule him out as Ann Jane's husband. It was a long shot, but it paid off in the most unexpected way!

In the 1881 census, at 42, Preston Street, St. Mary Major, Exeter, I found John Sprague, age 71, a labourer, born in Crediton, Ann Jane Sprague, age 53, a charwoman, born in Exeter, and Samuel John Sprague, age 12 a scholar, born in Exeter. Ann Jane Garry baptised in Exeter in April 1829 would have been 52 at the time of the 1881 census. Her younger brother, who seems to have been a family favourite was Samuel John Garry, so it looks as though Samuel John Sprague was named after his uncle. I'm convinced this is the correct family, but if I need further proof, I have the index information needed to order the marriage certificate by post without having to go to London.

John Sprague was obviously a good deal older than Ann Jane, and it occurred to me that he might have been married before. I therefore checked the 1851 census to see if there was a John Sprague aged 40 or 41, born in the Crediton area. There was just one, born in Sandford, a small village just to the north of Crediton. The entry reads as follows:

Mary Arches Street, Exeter St. Olave, Exeter Devonshire (PRO ref HO/107/1869/f327/p18)

John SPRAGUE	Head	M	40	M	Labourer	b. Sandford Devon
Elizabeth SPRAGUE						
	Wife	M	39	F		b. South Tawton Dev
Edward DAWE	Visitor	U	30	M	Smith	b. Exeter Devon
Francis MILTON	Lodger	U	30	M	Shoe Maker	b. Exeter Devon
William BAGLEY	Lodger	U	30	M	Painter	b. Exeter Devon
Clements GREEN	Lodger	U	25	M	Joiner	b. Exeter Devon
--- ---- (NK)	Lodger	U	27	M	Excavator	b. Taunton Somerset

I then checked freebmd to see if the death of an Elizabeth Sprague had been registered between 1851 and 1881, but at that stage there was nothing relevant. While John and Elizabeth could have had children who had grown up and left home by 1851, there was nothing to suggest that there had been any children. A search of the IGI showed that a John Sprague, son of John and Sarah, was baptised in Crediton on 1st January, 1810. Only two possible marriages were listed, both in Exeter, and both to women named Elizabeth. One was in 1826, which seems rather early. The other, and likeliest one was to Elizabeth Lenthern on 13th July 1835, but I have so far found no children of this marriage. It looks as though Ann Jane Garry provided a son for John Sprague at a time when he probably thought sons were impossible.

It was interesting to see that two of Samuel John Garry's sisters had named sons after him. Mary Ann's son, Samuel John Witheridge, was the one who had been killed at the battle of Majuba in 1881, and as far as I can tell, had no children. But now I have another Samuel John to follow up. I did a further check on freebmd to see if his birth or a marriage had been indexed, but so far there was nothing that fitted. However, I did note a Samuel John Sprague born in Plymouth in 1895, and wondered if he might have been a son of Samuel John. Time (and the completion of freebmd) will tell!

And what of the original, after whom these two nephews were named? In my earlier searches of the Devon census for 1881 I could find no trace of Samuel John Garry. I knew that at the time of his marriage in Exeter he was a plasterer, but had he died or moved away?

Once more the 1881 census came into play, and again with unexpected results. Checking the national index, I found Samuel John Garry and his wife Mary Jane, in, of all places, Birmingham. The entry is as follows:

48 Benacre St., Birmingham, Warwick, England (PRO Ref RG11/298/f11/pl6)

Saml. Jno. GARRY	Head	46	M	Plasterer Unemployed	b. Exeter Kidwell
Mary Jane GARRY	Wife	49	F		b. Exeter St. John
William KEMP	Boarder				
		41	M	Traveller (C)	b. Dudley Worcs.
Annie KEMP	Boarder				
		22	F		b. Aston, Warwicks

I'm sure the reference to Kidwell is a mistranscription of Sidwell. How, when and why they went to Birmingham is a complete mystery. Unless I can find evidence of any children born to them (and so far I have found nothing to suggest they had children) I'll need to search the 1861 and 1871 census returns for both Plymouth and Birmingham. This could be an extensive and time-consuming task, and one I'm not likely to be able to do for some time. Going back to the freebmd site, I checked for the deaths of Samuel John and Mary Jane. There was no listing for Mary Jane, but Samuel John died in Birmingham in the June quarter of 1893, at the age of 57.

Because Samuel's father, Richard Garry, died in 1844, I've no means of discovering where he was born, although from his age at death he must have been born circa 1793. The only IGI reference to a Richard Garry in Devon is one born in Kelly on 3rd February 1794. No parents are named, and the only comment on the page is 'Relatives, British Mission'. I can only assume that someone working as a Mormon missionary in the UK has this person as an ancestor. However, as Kelly is on the far

western side of Devon, between Tavistock and Launceston, it seemed unlikely that this Richard Garry and my one are the same.

A further check of the 1881 census for Devon produced one last surprise. Again, it's nowhere near Exeter, but is close to our Witheridge links in south Devon. It relates to a family living at Waterloo Cottage, Yealmpton, (PRO Ref RG11/2186/f60/p9)

James GARRY	Head	M	74	M	Dairyman	b. Milton Damerel, Devon
Ann GARRY	Wife	M	58	F	----	b. Staverton Devon
Samuel J. GARRY	Son	U	24	M	Agricultural Labourer	b. Yealmpton, Devon
Sarah A. GARRY	Daur	U	22	F	Dairymans Daur	b. Plympton S. Mary Devon

I was immediately struck by the fact that the children share the names of two of Richard Garry's children. Coincidence? Or did it indicate a family connection? A check on the 1851 census showed that James Garry, born in Milton Damerel, which is on the road from Holsworthy to Bideford, is miles from the Exeter home of 'my' Richard Garry. But could 'my' Richard, born in about 1893, have come from West Devon? Could James Garry, born in 1806 been his younger brother or a cousin?

It's another long (very long!) shot, and one that can't be resolved at the computer. Maybe the little grey cells have been working overtime, and it's time for me to take a rest. But only for a little while - the desktop detective will be back!

* * * * *

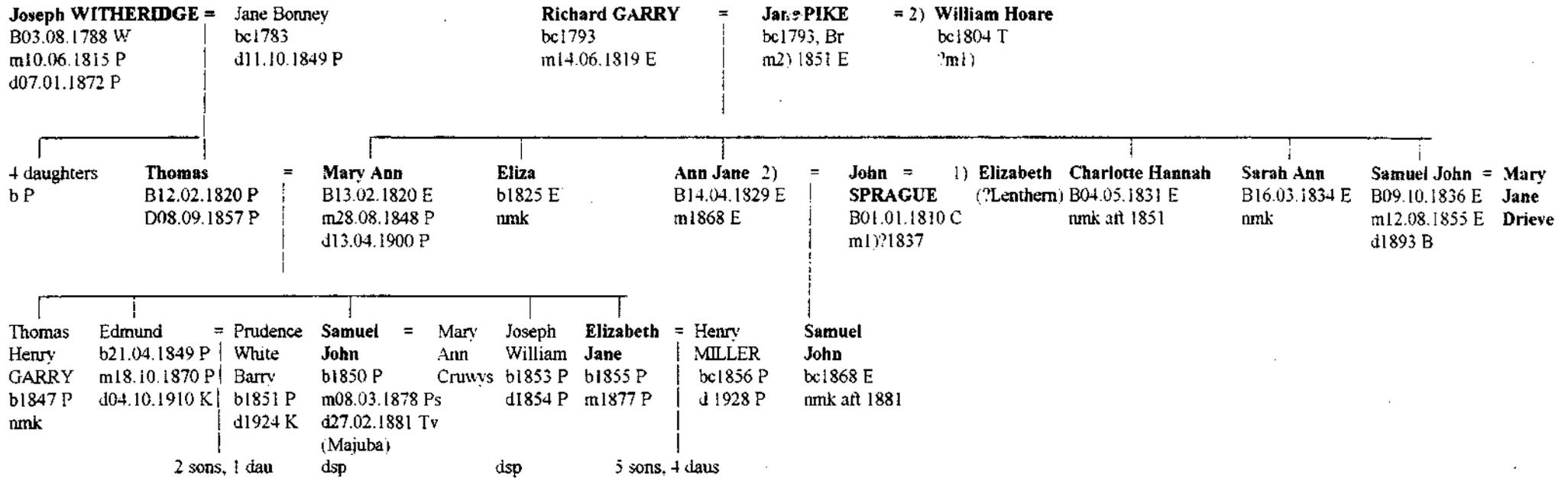
Peace

As this issue was going to press, news was coming in of the terrorist attack in Bali, resulting in terrible loss of life and serious injuries. Most of the victims were Australian, some were British. We hope and pray that no-one from our world-wide Witheridge Family has been affected, and that world leaders will exercise great wisdom as they seek ways of stemming such terrorism. At this season which proclaims peace and goodwill, we trust you will all have a joyful Christmas and a happy, healthy and peaceful new year.



The Garry/Pike/Witheridge connections and their descendants

Names printed in **bold** are those mentioned in the article



KEY

B = Birmingham Br = Brushford C = Crediton
 E = Exeter K = Kingston-on-Thames, Surrey P = Plymouth
 Ps = Portsea, Hants T = Torrington Tv = Transvaal

dsp = died without issue nmk = no more known.

Compiled by Kim Cook from information available August 2002

The 1881 census and national index, on a boxed set of 29 CD roms, plus a viewing programme disc, costs £29.99, and the 1851 census (with index) for Devon, Norfolk and Warwickshire, also on CD rom, costs £14.99. Both are available by mail order, or telephone order with credit card, from the Church of the Latter-Day Saints in Birmingham.

YOU ARE INVITED TO KENT
FOR THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING
OF THE WITHERIDGE FAMILY HISTORY SOCIETY
ON SATURDAY, 3rd MAY, 2003

The AGM is to be held at the home of Brenda and Ron Dixon at:

**21, Poplar Avenue,
Orpington,
Kent
BR6 8LA**

Reception will take place at 10.30 a.m., and the meeting will open promptly at 11.0 a.m. It is thought that lunch will be taken at a local pub, and the afternoon will be spent at Brenda and Ron's home, so that family discussions and exchange of information can take place. It may be possible to arrange a talk or question and answer session.

For visitors who wish to spend more than one day in the area (Monday, 5th May is a Bank Holiday) there are interesting places to visit. Near Brenda and Ron is the Crofton Roman Villa, the only Roman Villa site in the Greater London area which is open to the public, and Chartwell, the home of Sir Winston Churchill, is within striking distance.

Bromley, which is five miles from Orpington, has shops, a good selection of eating places, parks and a museum, and Down House, at the village of Downe, where Charles Darwin lived is only two miles away. London itself is about fifteen miles away and there is a good train service.

The names of Hotels given below are taken from the Bromley Tourist Brochure and are selected because of their favourable location to Orpington.

Glendevon House Hotel

80 Southborough Road,
Bickley, Bromley, BR1 2EN Contact 020 8467 2183- 020 8295 0701 (Fax)

Bromley Common Guest House

71 Bromley Common,
Bromley, BR2 9LP

Contact Esther Tor
020 8464 0941
e-mail bromleycommon@aol.com

Bickley Manor Hotel

Thornet Wood Road,
Bromley, Kent, BR1 2LW

Contact 020 8467 3851
020 8295 1642 (Fax)

Avis Hotel

33, Rodway Road,
Bromley, Kent BR1 3JP

Contact Roger or Dawn
020 8460 4033
020 8290 1312

Information can be obtained from the Central Library, Bromley, 020 8460 995, or from the web-site Signpost at www.bromley.gov.uk/tourism

PLEASE REMEMBER - Subscriptions to the Society are due on the 1st January, 2003. The current rates of subscriptions are:-

Overseas Members	£12.00
Family Membership UK	£ 10.00
Individual Membership	£7.00
Students and Members on Benefits	£5.00

Cheques should be made payable to **THE WITHERIDGE FAMILY HISTORY SOCIETY** and sent to:-

Mr. Richard Witheridge,
2, Apsley Road,
BATH,
Somerset
BA1 3LP

TALE OF A TRAGEDY

discovered by Kathy Witheridge

Nanticoke Newspaper

"**WITHERIDGE**, William, 19 Sep 1895 Nanticoke Friday 20 Sep 1895. Accident, son of Mr. and Mrs. J.P. Witheridge, 16 years." (article appears on Page 8 of same issue.)

"A horrible accident occurred about 5.15 o'clock at Frea's Mill near the Pennsylvania Railroad bridge at Nanticoke yesterday afternoon, which caused the death of Willie Witheridge, an employee, and the 16 year old son of Mr. and Mrs. J.P. Witheridge.

"The boy had been sent down to the boiler room to put coal on the fire to dampen it for the night. On his return he had gone into the old engine room where a large grind stone is kept, but which is only kept running occasionally, hence the belt was not on. Having a boyish curiosity to see the stone run, he took down the belt and attempted to put it on the pulley. Instead of getting it on he was caught by the belt and before he could summon assistance was wound around the shafting going at the rate of 150 revolutions per minute.

"A low partition about a foot from the shafting was completely knocked down by the rapidly revolving body. Workmen in the mill heard the thumping and going downstairs, discovered the cause. The engine was stopped and the boy taken down. Life was not extinct and he soon regained consciousness. He told how he came to go into the room and asked for his mother. She was sent for but when she arrived a few minutes later, her boy was dead. Mrs. Witheridge has been in very delicate health for some time and for a while it was feared the shock would kill her, but she soon rallied and was removed to her house.

"Dr. Kingsbury had been summoned together with Dr. Dodson and both were on the scene a few minutes after the accident, but saw nothing could be done, as a brief examination showed that almost every bone in his body was broken.

"Squire Gruyer empanelled a jury who viewed the remains and adjourned to await the arrival of the coroner. The jury are G.W. Gruyer, T.R. Callary, Joe Smith, Harry Lape, L.D. Ferrell and Dr. P.A. Meek"

The boy William Witheridge was the son of John Phillips Witheridge and Emma Northcott, who married in Tavistock, England in 1862, and as far as we know, was their youngest child. John Phillips Witheridge (Jnr) was descended from the Tavistock/Bradworthy family. Originally from Ilfracombe, this family went into Cornwall, migrated to Bradworthy, and some went south to Tavistock.

John Phillips Witheridge b.1836, Tavistock emigrated to America some time after 1865, and his son William was born there in 1879. Two brothers of John Phillips W., Richard and Alfred Percy, went to Australia and founded families there.

<http://www.WitheridgeFHS.com>

This is the address of the Witheridge Family History Society on the world wide web.

Paul and Kathy Witheridge of Ontario have found a different service provider and set up a web site at the address above. This is at no financial cost to the Society, but has entailed considerable time and effort on the part of Paul and Kathy - not to mention the expertise required.

Paul and Kathy update and maintain the site and we are more than grateful to them for their work.

The site gives our thoughts on the origin of our name, tells of our aims and objects, gives some data about the Society, and has a photo gallery showing some of our events.

If you haven't already done so - give it a click - 247 other people have!

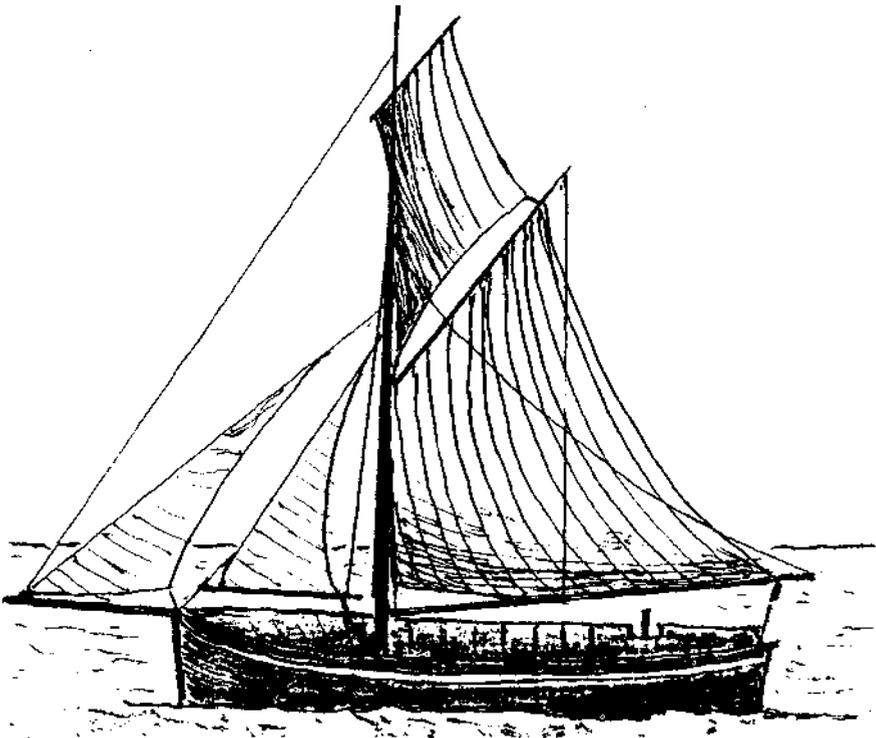
* * * * *

DAYS OF SAIL

by Joyce Browne

The romantic sounding "Loveday" was the name of the sailing vessel whose Master was William Witheridge of Kingsbridge. Ever since Philip Witheridge found the ship's sailing record for the six months July to December, 1863, we have speculated as to what the Loveday looked like, and now we are nearer to having a picture of this hard working craft.

In the Witheridge Times of Winter 1997 Philip gave some illustrations of what he thought were similar vessels, now we have information from our member Gina Couch which gives us a clearer view. (Gina is the 3 x great granddaughter of sailor William) According to a colleague of Gina's - the director of the Merseyside Maritime Museum in Liverpool, Mike Stammers - the Loveday is likely to have been very similar to a trading smack called the 'Industry'. See below:



In the early and mid nineteenth century different types of vessels were used for different types of work and location - lighter barges for river and estuary work, and larger vessels for coastal and sea going trade.

In 1863 the "Account of the Voyages and Crew of Home Tradeships" between July and December, made by the Master of the Loveday, William Witheridge, gives the barge as making a total of nine voyages between Plymouth and Salcombe. This is a little puzzling as the form shows voyages:

"July 15 From Plymouth to Salcombe

"Aug 22 From Plymouth to Salcombe"

This does not mention how the Loveday got back from Salcombe to Plymouth, and this is repeated on entries further down the form.

One entry however, does give a clue:

"Oct. 26 Salcombe to Plymouth

"Oct. 31 Plymouth to Salcombe"

This appears to indicate a time period of four/five days to make the voyage, unload cargo, re-load and return.

These vessels were a familiar sight on all the waterways and coastal regions of the West Country, but by 1863 their days were already numbered. Steamships and the railways were beginning to make inroads into their trade, and many skippers must have had to turn their eyes to more distant horizons.

It may be that William was just filling in time on the Loveday in Autumn in 1863 as he had already served as Mate on a larger vessel - the Agatha - going to the Mediterranean and North America in 1858-9, and again as Master of the Agatha in 1859-63, going to North America, Africa and the Mediterranean. (See "Captains All" Witheridge Times, Autumn/Winter 2000).

Certainly William went on to command larger and larger vessels. I wonder if he continued to have a soft spot for the little "Loveday"?

MEMOIRS OF R.E. WITHERIDGE CHAPMAN PART III

Part 11 ended with Reginald's memories of the World War I sea battle of Jutland, and his promotion to Able Seaman on June 21st 1916, and his service with H.M.S Cordelia until 1918

Just before the Armistice I was sent down to HMS. Defiance to be trained as a torpedoman, and I arrived on 23rd July, 1918. Besides being trained in torpedo work the training included mining and electricity. During the training period from July 23, 1918, to 25th March, 1919, I had qualified as seaman torpedoman, being 'acting' whilst on Cordelia, and as I did well in my exam for seaman torpedoman I was recommended to take a course of training for leading torpedoman, and was successful in qualifying as LTD.

This qualified me in torpedo work, electrical and ordinary mining, high and low power electricity. During this period the German High Seas Fleet had surrendered and I was very disappointed at not being able to be on HMS Cordelia to bring them into Scapa Flow after waiting so long for them.

ARTIC OCEAN - HMS FOX

On March 29th 1919 I was sent to join the old cruiser 'Fox', a very old ship with a copper lined bottom. Every time the ship rolled one way half the lights would go out and on the way back would come on again. There was conjecture as to where the Fox was to go, we heard rumours that we were bound for Russia as Churchill had seen fit to help the White Russians against the Bolsheviks, as the Russian revolution had started. We did not know whether we were to go to the Baltic or to the North Cape to Murmansk, where we knew other Navy ships had gone.

We got to Murmansk all right but were not there long before getting further orders to sail to Archangel in the White Sea - a voyage that was to take us about ten weeks. On May 22nd I was made Leading Seaman. This was very rare as very rarely did anyone get made Ldg. Seaman before getting their first good conduct badge at the age of 21, and I was only 19, so I must have been one of the youngest leading seamen in the Royal Navy.

As it was still early April before we started on our way to Archangel the White Sea was still frozen over, so it was not long before we were unable to make way on our own because of the ice and a Russian Icebreaker had been sent to cut a way through the ice for us. It was to be a long dreary trip and it was not until the first week in June that we arrived in Archangel.

Some days we would make a few miles and the next day would be as far back again. Then the ice breaker would have to leave us to re-fuel and the ice would take us

back again. It seemed as though we would never get through.

Our only companions were hundreds of seals out on the ice. On a fine day they would come up through the ice and bask in the sun, if there was any during a couple of hours in the day. The crew of the ice breaker would be out slaughtering them for their skins. Those fellows were very choosy and would only take certain of them. As it was taking us so long to get through we had run out of fresh meat, so getting sick of salt pork we took to killing them ourselves for fresh meat. There was always a trail of blood leading back to the ships and it showed up vividly on the lily white snow. It was my first experience of snow blindness. When returning on board ship you couldn't see for quite a while. It was not hard to get the seals. They used to come up through holes in the ice and travel along for a short distance, and we used to get between them and the ice, hitting them with a bit of timer to kill them. If the hole was any size about a couple of dozen seals would bob their heads up at once. There must have been thousands of them in the White Sea.

The days got longer and we had more sunshine, and after so long grinding through the ice we must have got into warmer currents and we said goodbye to our ice breaker. All that was left of the ice was bits coming down with the tide, and so we arrived at Archangle. In the harbour was a French cruiser that had been crushed a bit when the sea had frozen over during the winter and had some of her rivets fractured.

A liner with two red funnels, named if I remember, SS Czar, was loading Scottish troops which I heard had held the forward battle line right through the winter and were returning home.

I left HMS Fox on 12th June 1919.

RIVER DVINA- NORTH RUSSIA - HMS CRICKET

On the 13th June I joined HMS Cricket. She was a twin funnelled flat bottomed gun boat, known as a 'China Gunboat'. If you were to look in a manual of Naval fighting ships I doubt if you would see her name. I have looked through books in the libraries but have never found it, but fighting ship she was, and aboard her I was to serve the most hectic time of my Naval career.

She had come down from the Dvina River to have her armament increased for further range, having 6" guns mounted in place of 3" except for one 3" gun kept for anti-aircraft fire. The rating whom I relieved told me of the heavy fighting they had been in and that it was a good place to be out of, but to me that was hard to realise and I was not scared. It took us over two days to get to the base where we were to operate, a distance of nearly 300 miles up the river Dvina and almost halfway

between Archangel and Petrograd, near to the town of Koblas.

At the base was a large river steamer called 'Borodina' and it was the flagship of the senior naval officer of the river (S.N.O.R). There was another gunboat there with us called HMS Cicada besides several coastal motor boats (GM.B's - whale back) and other small craft.

There were also two other gunboats the 'Cockchafer' and the 'Kingfisher'. They were not present in the Dvina whilst we were operating, but Cockchafer took over from us whilst we were lying on the bottom of the river, and Kingfisher came down the river badly damaged when we had refloated and were ready to evacuate.

We had not arrived at the base long before we got our first baptism of fire. We were anchored a little advanced of the base up river when the Bolshies made a target of us. There were a few near misses, mostly the shells falling short, so we were able to put a cotton singlet on the end of a boat hook to catch the fish that floated by stunned by the shells. They were fresh water bream, something like a snapper, lovely to eat, and as by this time we were on salt pork and dried peas they were very acceptable.

We used to get a bit of fresh bread from the Borodin occasionally, and sometimes a few tins of army rations from the soldiers and that's about all.

One thing we learnt from one of our fellows was not to pick up a splinter of a shell that had fallen on deck for a souvenir, as they are a bit hot. It is funny that when you hear a shell coming close you duck for cover near the engine room casing - where there is really no cover at all.

The Army, both White Russian and some British (mostly Officers) were not far in advance of our base, and the horse limbers could be seen as ammunition was being driven up to the front lines.

At time it would look quite busy along the banks of the river until the enemy guns opened up and then everyone would disappear until it became calm again. There was a prisoner of war camp on the shore of the river, and it was surprising the number of women in that camp. There were plenty of Russian women fighting for both Russian armies.

We had some fun in between times. The Army used to have their share of fun and we would go on shore to see teams of Russian Cossacks wrestling against each other, or against our mounted rifle brigade of which there were just a few. We used to just clown on the horses, but they could climb over one side of the horse and up the other side and almost wrestle standing on the horse's back.

Although the Russian Cossacks were world renowned for their horsemen, our mounted rifles were well up to them

I had numerous duties on board the Cricket, besides doing the work for which I had been trained I had to take second operator of the watch with the wireless operation, and also when we were bombarding take a loading number at one of the 6" guns.

We used to work a fortnight about with the Cicada in the forward position which was about a mile forward of base and in the lee of a low lying island in the river. During the period that we were not firing our guns we would anchor under the lee of the river bank which was high ground with a small forest of trees growing along the top. We were proceeding to anchor there on one occasion when we were swept with machine gun fire from the river bank and had to skip our cable to get out of it. There had been two men wounded on the bridge but luckily no other casualties. A barrage was fired into the forest which was soon on fire, and a mopping up party was sent in afterwards to clean things up. There were always forest fires burning somewhere in the battle areas, and when the wind was blowing in a certain direction the smoke would fill the air like fog and it would be very unpleasant to breathe.

Things seemed to go along normally until the Bolshies had presumably brought up heavier guns from Kotlas, as one day whilst lying at anchor in mid stream and back at base, they opened fire and shells began to fall in what up until then had been considered a safe anchorage.

A few fish started to float about and except for doing a bit of dodging about when the shells came screaming over we got a few fish. Then the inevitable happened, we were hit by a shell which holed our engine room, so we had to up anchor and make our way down river out of the way. A tender had been sent to help to keep us going but as the engine room had filled too fast for us to keep mobile we went aground on a bend in the river a mile down stream, but far enough away to be out of the range of the guns.

I was kept very busy as whilst we had been up bombarding, the blast from the firing of the bigger guns put on our ship had done quite a lot of damage to the wiring below decks. The covers of the hatches would spring up and the blasts rip the wiring off the bulkheads. At one time the relays on some of the ball circuits had been shorted and bells were ringing all over the ship and the captain shouted "Stop those 'B' bells ringing" and I would have to go to panic stations about them. Besides that the bullets fired at us from the shore had jagged some of the wiring leading to the navigating lights, and I had repairs to do to that.

We obtained a portable motor generating set from the army to work our wireless. My dynamo was partly under water so we were without lighting and were unable to keep the gun firing batteries charged, so the wireless operator and myself would row

or sail a boat up to the Borodin to get them recharged. We also used to go ashore for a few hours for a change. There were several dead horses about. By the side of one I noticed a lot of spent rifle cartridges which apparently were fired by a soldier using the dead horse as a shield. I remember going through the church, the basement of which was used as horse stables. In fact it had been built for that purpose.

The loft of the church was hung around with field telephone wires, so it had been used as an observation post. We raided a farmer's garden for fresh vegetable until warned off by a shotgun blast, we could have retaliated but thought it not advisable, anyhow we had got what we set out for.

There was a small airstrip used by the one or two aeroplanes that were with the army. One pilot used to sweep down and wave as he came back from observation. The small planes had open cockpits in those days. If a plane came back with a bomb they hadn't used the pilot would have to drop it on the way back as he could not land with a loaded bomb.

Another hazard we had to contend with was floating mines, which the enemy sent down river. They were pear shaped with a fixed rudder, and a whisker of No. 8 wire which would cause the mine to explode if turned about 10 degrees. Base supplied us with a motor boat and myself and a W.O. gunner and seaman gunner had to go up ahead of base to collect any we saw floating down.

It was a fairly dangerous operation as the mine had to be approached in such a direction that you could get a line around the tail fin without the mine coming in contact with the boat, which was a small skiff that we used to keep in tow behind us. We would tow the mine in toward the beach - somewhere along the river bank - until we could jump out and touch ground while the mine was still afloat. The seaman would go up the beach and build a couple of sand chocks. The W.O. gunner and I would then carry the mine up and gently lay it on the chocks being careful that it was not able to roll over, and then I would get a 2 ¼ lb. Charge which I had already primed in the skiff, fit a fairly long piece of Bickford safety fuse to it and run for our life to what was a safe distance, and then get face down in the bottom of the skiff in case of splinters or flying sand.

One mine which had not been observed had floated down towards the base ship. An able seaman and another sailor with apparently no experience were sent to get it. Apparently they got their boat on the wrong side of the mine which floated against their boat - and everything went sky high. I remember one of them was Ginger Cheeseborough, I do not remember the other's name.

It was decided that one or two of these mines should be rendered safe and taken by an army patrol further up the river by land and put in the river upstream above some

Bolshie gun boats. The striker of whisker was in two parts, and when in the safe position they were folded back towards the tail fin and held there by a rubber band. When extended a spring plunger would come up and secure the whiskers in the position to make the mine active by being attached to the pin that struck the detonator.

LUCKILY we had not been detailed for this exercise, there being other crews on the same duties of mine clearance as ourselves, and we worked in reliefs.

An explosion had been observed on the island that we used to shelter behind when up bombarding on the Cricket. As it was known that a mining party was up there operating, our crew was sent to investigate.

On landing we found that a mine had exploded whilst being worked on by one of our relief crews. I understood afterwards that they had been doing the job of making the mines safe.

We found one man killed - he was in overalls - and the other two, an officer and a sailor had been blinded and stunned with sand. They were wearing light oilskins which were peppered with holes like a pepper pot.

A coastal motor boat came up to take these men back to base. I remember getting the body of the dead sailor aboard. His fingers looked like an altered glove and his lungs were oozing through his neck. We had trouble in getting the body aboard as it was a whale back C.M.B. and as we went to lift it up our skiff would list over and make thing difficult.

I learned afterwards that the exercise had been a success and an aeroplane had seen the remains of one or two Bolshie barges further up the river.

During the time that our ship was hors-de-combat our captain, who was a two ringed lieutenant, seemed to get quite concerned at times. Now and again, during the night, he would ask me if I would be able to blow up the ship if it was liable to fall into enemy hands. I have often thought since what a big responsibility was placed on me at my age. It seemed that we both had confidence in each other. There seemed to nothing that we were incapable of at that time.

I knew I had priming charges, detonators and safety fuses ready, and there was still ammunition in the magazine which was easy to get at and as easy to get away from the Cricket.

The wireless operator, Jock Anderson, was going to see the skiff ready for us two to make a getaway, hoping that we would get far enough away in time. It was not far

to the river bank and there was a fair amount of shelter of sorts ashore, even if it was behind a dead horse.

After being aground for what seemed an eternity but was really only a few weeks, our anxiety was relieved. I was just about covered in boils. Several of the crew had big 'ruts' in their arms or legs caused by an insect like a bumble bee and as large as a blow fly with a loud buzz. A bite from them would cause some infection which would spread right along a vein and leave a big furrow, and the person fairly sick. Worse still we had no rum ration but the officers always had a supply of whisky. Jock Anderson and I used to bring it down from the Borodin when we went up to get our batteries charged, and being friends with the wine steward we got an occasional tot.

At last fairly large pumps came up from Archangel, and after the water had been pumped out and the sand and silt cleared away from the ship's side, temporary repairs were made to the engine room and we were soon river worthy again.

Before I leave the story of the river Dvina I must write about an episode concerning HMS Cricket which happened here in New Zealand. I had left the Navy and was working, and we had made our home in William Street, Petone. One morning whilst waiting on Ava station to go by train to Wellington I was spoken to by a man called 'Harry Hayward'. He recalled seeing my face somewhere and was wondering where it had been. I doubted him at first as I told him I had been so long in the Royal Navy. He assured me that he had been in the Navy and we spoke about the different places where we had been on service. Of course mention was made of North Russia and the fighting up the river Dvina.

Then he remembered where he had seen me. He reminded me of when the Cricket had been hit and a tender had been sent to help us down the river - Harry had been in charge of that vessel, and that is where he had seen me.

It is a long way from North Russia to Petone, New Zealand, and a great memory for one to remember a face seen on one occasion after about seven years. Harry is dead now, he moved from Petone to Blenheim, and was in business as a butcher down there. He organised the Ex Royal Navy Men's Association of which he was the President and I was one of the first members in New Zealand.

To return to North Russia - we eventually got back to Archangel. On the way down Jock Anderson and I manned a stern gun that we had mounted inside a hold we had cut in the engine room casing. Revolutionaries were everywhere at that time and we had to be prepared for anything.

Anyhow, we got no opposition. Archangel was still in White Russian hands and we

docked in dry docks at a place called Solombolo for permanent repairs. We used to be able to kick a ball around in one of the church grounds which was near the dock until someone broke a lot of glass on it and made it dangerous to play on.. We used to drive across to Putuga to the Vodka stores with a stolen droshky (a Russian horse and sledge) where we could get some eggs or an English £5.00 note for anything we had to barter.

Archangel was under martial law and there was a sort of depression about the place. The biggest crowd was the congregation following behind the priests and their icons on the way to the church. The priests collect their congregations as they go along.

After our repairs had been made, using wheelbarrows, we coaled our ship from a heap near the dockside, and we were out of dock once more. Our crew had a lucky escape on this occasion. There were about forty of them with their barrows and shovels working on the heap when there was an explosion at a watchman's hut near by. Apparently a bomb was meant to be thrown in amongst our crew on the coal heap, but the thrower had hit his hand against a half closed door and the bomb did not do what it was supposed to do. They could not identify the man afterwards.

Rowing boats used to come from the other side of the river with large consignments of merchandise to Archangel. They were always rowed across by young girls with a man at the back just steering. The women seemed to work as hard, if not harder, than the man. They did all sorts of work. I went u-p to the dock power station to see if I could get a shore connection to supply us with electricity, and women there were feeding the fires for the boilers in the power station.

Our dynamo had been dismantled and parts were being reinsulated and repaired on board the 'Cyclops' a supply ship of ours at Archangel. We did not get these back until just before sailing for home. The engine room staff put the dynamo together and we speeded it up until the solder was melting on some of the connections. I connected a field battery across the field windings to magnetize them, but whether the battery was run down or not I have my suspicions.

So away we went with just oil lamps as secondary lighting and for navigation lights until we got to Murmansk, but as it was light all the night through we were not greatly inconvenienced.

At Murmansk a couple of electrical artificers came aboard with some decent tools and other gear and soon got the old dynamo going again.

We had to keep inside the Norwegian fiords on the way down the coast as it was hazardous to get too far out to sea in a flat bottomed ship like the Cricket.

We passed through Tromso, Fionjem and on to Aalsund, a pleasant trip, and we

stayed for a few days to provision and take aboard some coal. Shore leave was allowed in Aalsund for a few hours when off duty watch. I remember Aalsund as a small place on the side of a hill with cobblestone streets and very mild ale. The inhabitants seemed to be a bit shy or suspicious of us, and so we did not fraternise much. They did not mind exchanging our Russian money and so we were able to buy a few things and some sardines.

It was understood that we were to sail for England from Aalsund when the weather was favourable for us to cross the North Sea, but after a wait of a day or two we were asking permission to enter Bergen harbour. I do not remember how long we were there or much about the place. I recollect some people in a boat rowing round the ship at night with one of them playing the accordian and the other singing.

As this seemed to be the last place we would be staying before leaving for home, and I had not been able to lets my folks know that we were homeward bound, I thought I would send a cablegram to them. Jock Anderson and I found the chief post office, and we were wondering how we were going to make ourselves understood, and whether they would "poni mi purusky", but got quite a surprise when a young lady asked in quite good English what we wanted.

At last we had favourable weather for our crossing of the North Sea. We paid off HMS Cricket at Chatham on 20th September, and I arrived at Devonport barracks on the 21st September, where I stayed until the 1st December as we had quite a lot of leave due to us, and then returned to HMS Defiance which was the Torpedo School and torpedo ratings' depot.

It is hard to understand what our purpose was in carrying out operations in North Russia. I suppose it was to protect British interests up there and to allow time to get a lot of machinery etc., away, as no matter where you went in those days there were British firms and interests operating. I know that there was big opposition to the Churchill government for interfering there, and as we were on our way home we learnt that evacuation was taking place.

There was a book written by a naval lieutenant about his campaign entitled "The Great White Bear", but I have been unable to find it in any library.

To be continued

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