

GENEALOGY 1

CELEBRATES

35

YEARS

OF

NEWBURY USA

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CAROL

William Stockton born in

1735

William Stockton 1735 -1789

Occupation - Shoemaker as were at least two of his brothers, at least four of his sons and several grandson and nephews

My link to William

William 1735 - 1789

Peter 1763 - 1833

Charles 1818 – 1891

William 1864

Harry 1905 – 1986

Joyce 1939 - 1990

Carol

Wife was Martha Windsor (1737-1829)

14 children

James 1756

John 1758-9

John 1759 * shoemaker

Randle 1760

Ann 1762

Peter 1763 * shoemaker

George 1764 * shoemaker (as were at least two of his sons)

Hannah 1765

Samuel 1767

Mary 1768

William 1772

Rebecca 1774

Joseph 1776

James 1780 * shoemaker

Shoemaker

Could be a cordwainer or a cobbler

- Cordwainer made shoes from new leather

- Cobbler mended shoes or made new shoes from old London charter of 1395 decreed that a cobbler can't work in new leather and a cordwainer can't repair. They had separate trade guilds.

The term cordwainer derives from cordouan leather from Cordoba, Spain which produced the finest leather

CLARE

Maria Elizabeth Beck born in

1835

Mary Elsie Smith died in

1935

Maria Elizabeth Beck 1835 – 1923 My 2nd great grandmother



She was the daughter of a Norfolk miller and his 3rd wife Elizabeth Ann Morris from Ormesby St. Margaret, near Great Yarmouth.

In 1852, aged 17, she married a 22 year old Irish provisions merchant, Daniel Satterford Stoker in Bethnal Green. He was descended from a Great Yarmouth family who had connections with Maria's father through his second wife Elizabeth Stoker.

She lived in Cork for the rest of her life.

Over the next 20 years, she had 15 children, 11 of whom survived to adulthood. Her husband's business flourished and they moved into a grand house in Douglas.

The family was protestant. A son-in-law was shot during the troubles in 1922.

She died aged 87 and is buried in the family vault at St. Lukes Church in Douglas.

Mary Elsie Smith 1868 – 1935 My great grandmother

The daughter of a ship's carpenter and a crofter's daughter. She was born at her grandfather's house near Montrose, Angus. She was working as a milliner's assistant, when she married aged 26 at The Star Hotel in Montrose. Her husband, George Macqueen, was a marine engineer, son of a local baker. Her first child, my grandmother was born in Montrose, then the family moved to Birkenhead, as George was working on merchant ships carrying chilled meat from Argentina. A second daughter was born in Cheshire. Then George died of flu/meningitis, aged 35, leaving Mary pregnant with a third daughter.

She returned to Montrose, where she raised her 3 daughters. All attended the prestigious Montrose Academy. The eldest (my grandmother) trained as a nurse, moving to Guy's in London where she met her future husband. The second became a well-known historian at St. Andrews's University. The youngest (Georgia/Do) looked after Mary till she died, aged 67 of a heart attack. Only then marrying a local farmer. History sadly repeated itself as Do's husband died only 2 years later, leaving her to bring up her young daughter on her own.



DAVID

When We Were

35

What Were You and Your Ancestors doing when aged 35? Here's Me.

Myself - David Skyrme (1978)

In April myself and my family came back from 3 years working near Boston in Massachusetts. We reclaimed our house near Tatton Park in Knutsford until we moved to Newbury the following Spring. I wrote:

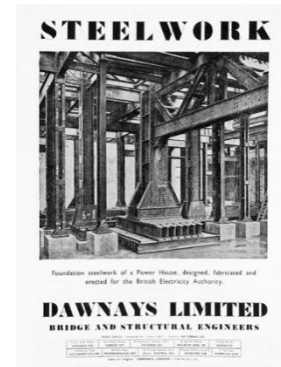
"A few months later a container arrived with our furniture. We had brought back some items of furniture e.g. a cherrywood table. The customs officer was less interested in such items as they had been used. But I suppose he had to make his visit worthwhile so he focused on a partly drunk bottle of spirit (probably gin). He carefully gauged how full it was – about a third – then calculated what duty we should pay on it!"



Father – James Harrison Skyrme (1946)

Having served for 18 years in the RAF as a flight engineer he was discharged at the end of WW2 in August 1945. He joined his wife (my mother) in Norwich and in 1946 worked as a costing clerk for Dawnays Ltd, a bridge and structural engineers. He writes in his diary:

"For a time I took on night school teaching at City College and Art School, George Street from September 1945 to Feb 1947. There I took a class in commerce. I entered an examination for the Executive Branch of the Civil Service but did not get a job. I came 199 out of over 2000 that sat the exam, but only the first 50 got a job."



Grandfather – James Thomas Skyrme (1919)

James had been shipwright in the Royal Navy at Pembroke dockyard since 1901. In 1918 he was one of the 146 survivors of the 229 people on *HMHS Rohilla* when it ran aground at Whitby. Just before he was 35 he was discharged from the Navy but was on the reserve list and continued working as a shipwright at the dockyard. The family lived in Monkton just outside Pembroke.



Great Grandfather (maternal) – Shadrach Harrison (1890)

An only son born in Barford, Norfolk, he had moved to London to join the Metropolitan Police after the death of his mother in 1873. When aged 35 he was living in East Dulwich with his Pembroke born wife Ellen. At the time they had three young children. Booth described the people living in their street (Crawshaw Grove) as "some were comfortable others poor" to "fairly comfortable, good ordinary earnings". Their house was in the better part of the street.

Great Great Grandfather – William Harrison (1854)

Also Barford born, William was one of a line of thatchers. I'm not sure of his actual birth date in 1819, but around the age of 35 on 2nd April 1854 he married Charlotte Hardiment, the daughter of a drover and dealer. He was the son of Thomas Harrison and Sally née Gunton. They both get mentions in Parson Woodforde's diaries "one of the most detailed and acute observations of English country life in the 19th century." These diaries list the payments for various thatching jobs that Thomas did for parson John Woodforde in the late 1700s at Weston Longville in Norfolk.



Today we think of thatchers putting thatched roofs on cottages. Whilst this may have constituted some of the work of a rural thatcher in 19th century Norfolk, over half their thatching was done on stacks and ricks. East Anglia was renowned for its reedbeds and the region's reeds were widely used throughout England and even exported to the USA. Rick thatching was well-paid work and it is reported that there was more money to be made in the rickyard, than on any house roof.

FRED

A family from

²35

years ago

Phillis Ferguson was born in Earsdon in 1791

Phillis Ferguson was born in Earsdon in 1791



Earsdon is a small village north of the main settlements on the banks of the River Tyne

Phillis Fergusson parish baptismal entry

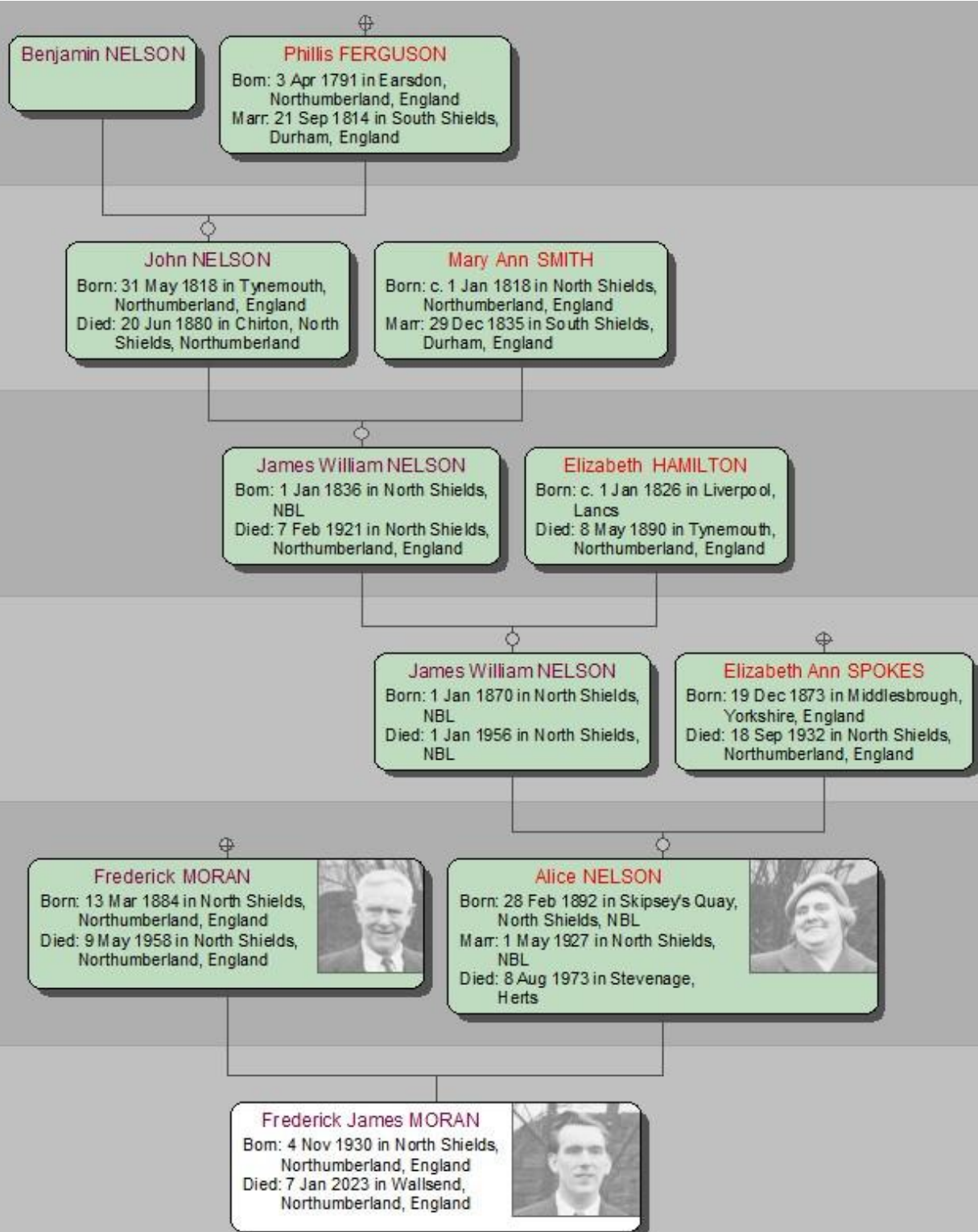
[illegible]

Her son, John Nelson, married Mary Ann Smith in St Hilda's Church South Shields in 1835

John Nelson Bachelor of this Parish
and Mary Ann Smith Spinster of this Parish
were married in this Church by Rev. [unclear] with Consent of
this Twenty Ninth Day of
Dec: in the Year one Thousand eight Hundred and thirty five.
By me W. Harrison Sub Curate
This Marriage was solemnized between us John Nelson
Mary Ann Smith & her Mark
In the Presence of Richard Smith
Harrison
No. 69.

John Nelson's grandson James William Nelson and his father-in-law Peter Spokes(1891 census)

Administrative County of <u>Northumberland</u>										The undermentioned Houses are situate within the Boundaries of the										Page 25
Civil Parish		Municipal Borough		Municipal Ward		Urban Sanitary District		Town or Village or Hamlet		Rural Sanitary District		Parliamentary Borough or Town		Ecclesiastical Parish or District						
<u>a North Shields</u>		<u>a Lynemouth</u>		<u>a Shields North</u>		<u>a Lynemouth</u>		<u>a North Shields</u>		<u>a</u>		<u>a Lynemouth</u>		<u>a Houghton</u>						
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16					
No. of Schedule	ROAD, STREET, &c., and No. or NAME of HOUSE	HOUSES	Number of Houses	Value of Houses	NAME and Surname of each Person	RELATION to Head of Family	CON- DITION as to Marriage	AGE last Birthday of	PROFESSION or OCCUPATION		Employed	Employed	Employed	WHERE BORN						
128 87		1			John Thomas	Married	39		Working House Keeper				X	do	do					
					Mary E. do	Wife	34							Midlands	do					
					Edith do	Daughter	18		General Domestic					do	do					
					John do	Son	11		Shoemaker					do	do					
					Robert do	Son	8		do					North Shields	do					
					Ann do	Son	3							do	do					
					Elizabeth Nelson	Daughter	14							do	do					
					James do	Son	11		Labourer (White Lead Works)			X		do	do					
					Mary E. do	Son	8							do	do					
					John do	Son	3							do	do					



JACQUY

35

years as a Family Genealogist

35 Years as Family Genealogist

From 1991 I can track 7 stages in my journey as amateur genealogist, recording the histories of the forbears of 4 people – my husband's parents and my parents. (? Emulating Shakespeare's 7 ages of man)

Starting in 1991 saw me taking over the role of family genealogist from my father-in-law. His was a distinguished family background and he had a wealth of family records and artifacts. I started a journey of comprehensively documenting the lives of his ancestors, working initially on the material he passed on to me. My aunt had also been feeding me details of my own family.

Following at 5 year intervals in that journey – the 7 stages:-

S1. I retired and could devote more time, visiting record offices around the country and in particular tracking BMD dates and creating family trees.

S2. The era of travelling round the country visiting areas where family had been living, tracking records and deposits at county record offices and photographing places and pictures relevant to my research. Also using Mormon 'Family Search' records on line extensively. Writing up information in my first family history file.

S3. Completed my first family history file (156 A4 pages printed out). Gave copies to my 4 children and in-laws) It charted my father-in law's family.

S4. Subsequently wrote up files covering the other 3 lines of descent, finishing with my mother's family (partly resourced from German records) in 2011. Also dispensed printed and digital copies of these to family.

S5. Widowed and moved to Newbury. Joined U3A Genealogy Group. As new data emerged I updated (edited) existing files.

S6. Busy assembling 5th family file, tracking husband's aristocratic family origins - on his (paternal) grandmother's side - and exciting connections found. Sources were family archives, biographies of eminent forbears and from official reference works. From these I collected masses of material. I also gleaned a great deal on line (particularly Google) for filling in on the lives of lesser known members of the family.

S7. Have recently sent a memory stick of all 5 updated files to my children. For the future I am also considering an assembly of Tudor records on more distant ancestors which I could examine and edit. (A 6th bulky file if printed out!) Now 2026

having 35 years of experience behind me, I enjoy researching the lives of some of these ancestors – moving into the realm of social history. Currently our group, on alternate meetings, takes a theme (eg Education or recently Fatal Diseases) to examine the life experiences of some of our documented ancestors.

JENNIFER

Ernest Albert Barnes

died

1935

Uncle Ernie - a distinguished soldier in WW1

(Ernest Albert Barnes, 1879 – 1935)

Browsing through some old family memorabilia one day, Mike and I were exploring the contents of a battered old cardboard box, which had been lovingly tied up with string. Tentatively Mike cut the string, not knowing what we would find. Possibly just yet more junk which had been stored in our parents' roof space, covered with years of dust. But inside there were a variety of sepia tinted formal photographs of soldiers in uniforms, all printed on card, and taken by photographers in studios around the world. Plus, there were a number of faded letters, creased documents, and other seemingly inconsequential trinkets. Who were these people? Why were these objects kept? And what relationship did they have to Dad? All we knew was that they were amongst the effects found in our father's family home in Pembrokeshire. But now there is nobody left to ask – everyone from these generations has long since passed, and the box was found by chance by Mike when we were emptying Mum's flat after she had died.

Amongst the contents of the box, we discovered a letter sent from the War Office in 1919, signed personally by Winston Churchill and sent to a Mr E.A. Barnes. It described how he had been mentioned in dispatches and recognised for "continuous good work and conspicuous gallantry in the trenches whilst under constant heavy fire from September 1914 to March 1915." This recognition was in the form of a Distinguished Conduct silver medal, and a Long Service and Good Conduct medal. The medals were wrapped separately in a scrap of old newspaper.

It didn't take us long to realise that this must have been our great uncle, Ernest Albert Barnes, more usually referred to in the family as Uncle Ernie. Unfortunately, there appeared to be no photographs of him, within our archives. But I'm intrigued, and I want to find out more.

I never knew my great uncle Ernie. He died in 1935, many years before I was born.

I do remember as a child, the family had talked about him occasionally, but I admit, my memory of these stories, are now a bit fuzzy and lost in time. All I remember about him is that he was in the army at some point, lived in London, and had two daughters, Phyllis and Melvina. I always thought Melvina was a strange name.

His death certificate shows that he died of coronary heart disease in 1935, and that he was a postman in Clapham. On the surface, all very ordinary, but I was sure there was more to him than this. To find out more about his life, I needed to start digging. Go on a hunt through the genealogical records and historical references to discover the man and the details of his life.

I found that during the winter of 1914 -1915, aged thirty-five, he was a newly promoted sergeant major in the Royal Engineers, serving in Northern France during the battles of Ypres and Loos. But despite all the facts I found, they still didn't paint the picture completely. Why had he received this commendation? What actually had he done? The records didn't record those facts, so I was left to imagine what life was like for him at the Western Front during WW1. To try to put myself there during this conflict.

Imagine ----

A candle flickers in a cramped dugout.

Outside, in the trenches, the men of the 1st Division¹ are standing up to their knees in icy cold water just waiting. Hoping against hope for a quiet night. The wind is whistling around the relatively flat landscape of northern France so that it cuts right through them. They hug their mud splattered, frozen greatcoats tighter. It's the winter of 1914 -15, and there has been just so much rain. Each time it rains the walls of the trenches collapse a bit more. Everywhere is clinging claggy mud. The men wait anxiously in anticipation of what the night may bring. The soldiers in 26 Company Royal Engineers know it's their job to keep these trenches as structurally sound and safe as possible, despite the enemies' mortar attacks and the weather.

In the dugout, the officer in charge spreads a mud-stained trench map on a wooden crate. The time is 5.30pm and for the moment, it's quiet; the intense blackness outside envelops everything. The clouds once again are covering all signs of the moon and stars. They know the Germans in their trenches are only seventy yards away from them.

Everyone around the table agrees that tonight they must push forward the new listening sap² trench. It is dug at right angles to the main trench, towards the enemy, to detect possible enemy mining under their own trenches. The orders are given, and the job is one for 26 Company Royal Engineers, (Ernie's company). This is extremely dangerous but essential work.

The officer commanding the company turns to Ernie:

'Sarnt Major Barnes — you take No. 2 Section. Push the sap forward ten yards. Quiet work, mind you. No picks above the parapet.'

Ernie nods. As the only sergeant major in the company, he knows it's his responsibility. He already knows this ground, the risks involved, and the dozen men he'll choose. Ernie has done this work many, many times this winter. Having been in the army since he was nineteen, and the son of an army family, he is a seasoned soldier. He knows and understands his men well, and they rely on him to keep them safe and show the way.

Ernie always leads from the front; it is what is expected of him and most of this section are little more than boys. He shows no sign of emotion as he leads his troops forward.

'Grab those timber lengths, spades, pick axes, and coils of barb wire, and wrap them in sandbags to muffle the sound. John,' he calls to his section corporal 'I think we should take some explosives with us - just in case.'

The sap trench they are heading into is little more than a narrow muddy slot in the earth, roofed with sandbags and waist deep in water. With tools and timber lengths over their shoulders it is difficult to keep their balance. Men constantly slip. Someone lets out a whispered curse. Ernie hushes him immediately – sound travels.

¹ The British Army's organisational structure is divided into a number of Divisions, each with a set role to play within any conflict. Within each of these Divisions, there will be a number of brigades, each of which consists of a number of different regiments and supporting companies, depending on their specific role.

² A sap trench is a trench usually built at night by Royal Engineers often under terrifying conditions. It is a narrow forward thrusting trench, often zigzag in construction. Its aim is to get as close to the enemy as possible for observation and listening posts, including possible enemy attacks, and tunnels being dug underground.

It takes them over an hour to reach the head of the trench. The previous night's work has only advanced it by two yards. Now it's 7.30pm and digging is about to start. Two soldiers crawl forward and start digging, by feel and touch only. Whilst others reinforce the roofing where required. Others shovel the spoils into sandbags, then pass them back silently, dumping them over the parapet which is covered with mud to disguise their work.

'We'll take it slow' Ernie tells them all 'Absolutely **no** noise. Keep the spoil low, and we'll rotate the tasks every twenty minutes. OK? Well, let's get started!'

He checks the existing timbering — it's bowing from water pressure. He orders two men to reinforce it before anyone goes forward.

Ernie kneels just behind them, listening intently: the scrape of their tools, the constant drip of water, the distant thump of German trench mortars. But he's sure he can hear something else - the unmistakeable tap-tap of German miners -underground. He signals for silence. There it is again - the tapping continues, even closer than yesterday.

He whispers to the corporal, 'We're nearly on top of their gallery'

Suddenly a flare bursts overhead. Everything turns white and the sap trench is exposed. A German machine gun rattles. Bullets smack into the parapet. The men flatten themselves in the mud. Ernest stays upright long enough to check the sap head is intact, then drops down beside his men. But today is not his lucky day and Ernie is hit as he bends down near his men. A shot in the shoulder. Blood starts oozing through his coat, but he keeps his calm, which steadies everyone around him.

When the firing stops, he quietly reorganises the party and they carry on. It's now almost ten o'clock and the sap is ten yards longer, exactly what was ordered. They are now close enough for this to act as a listening post. The working party withdraws in silence.

Ernie is the last to leave, checking every man is accounted for. Back in the communication trench, he gives the corporal a quiet word of praise — a rare, but meaningful touch.

It is eleven o'clock before, Ernie, dripping with mud and clutching his arm, as he stands on the officer commanding's dugout floor. His report is crisp. 'We've achieved our objective and detected close enemy mining near the trench, sir. Fortunately, there was only casualty this time. Me. I took a shot in the shoulder, sir.'

'Great work, Sarnt Major' smiles the officer, 'Your work may just have saved lives. Now get yourself some medical attention immediately.'

Ernie's injury that night resulted in a few weeks back in the field hospital for recovery, until he was able to return to his company.

This was just one night amongst many, when this type of work was required – day and night, but mostly night, for months on end, and each time it was Uncle Ernie who would take the lead.

JOHN

Twin cousins born in

1935

My Twin 1st cousins born in 1935

Born in Newbury at Kennet Place London Road.

Educated at a Catholic school and Shaw House

Scouts, Altar boys. Then worked at Elliott's before going to the USA with my Aunt after living in Vienna

They enlisted in the Army and served 25 years.

One twin is still alive at 91.

Kennet place is still there.



MARION

Famous People who Died in

1935

T.E. Lawrence (1888-**1935**) Lawrence of Arabia, renowned soldier and author died May 19 following a motorcycle crash.

Arthur Henderson (1863-**1935**) Scottish born politician and Nobel Peace Prize recipient died Oct 20.

John Jellicoe, 1st Earl Jellicoe (1859-**1935**) Admiral of the Fleet commanding officer at the battle of Jutland died Nov 20.

Winifred Holtby (1898-**1935**) Novelist and journalist known for South Riding died Sept 29.

John Macleod (1876-**1935**) Scottish physician and physiologist co-recipient of the Nobel Prize for the discovery of insulin died March 16.

Princess Victoria (1868-**1935**) Younger daughter of King Edward VII died Dec 3.

MAR

35

in the Parish Registers

Bap, 25-12-1835 1XGGU

Terre Marten

P, Henry & Christiana

St Michael, Tidcombe WIL

Page 34 . No 266

M, 16-8-1823 * 3XGG

Thomas Exlar & Ann Blackall

St Bartholomew, Nettledred OXF

Page 12 . No 35

B, 29-6-1835 2XGGU

Bap, 19-7-1835

Moses Exlar

St Bartholomew, Nettledred OXF

Page 50 No 400

Pro, 9-3-1935 1XGGU

Manchester Page 284

Benjamin Downes Benbow

D, 25-12-1934

Little Stretton SAL

£ 368 14s 7d to widow

Sarah Jane

Bap, 8-10-1889 * GU

William Thomas Avery

P, William Thomas & Mary Jane

Holy Trinity, Weymouth DOR

Page 35 . No 276

D, 9-8-1935 Age 82 1XGG

Henry George Avery

1 Wyke Road, Weymouth DOR

a, 30 High West Street " "

GRO No 120

Bap, 2-12-1735 4XGGU

William Beles

P, William & Jane

St Bartholomew . Shapwick DOR

Page . No

D, 12-5-1935 GG

Rosetta Theresa James

20 King Street . Dorchester DOR

GRO No 459

Bap, 31-5-1835 2XGGU

Angelo Standley

P, Henry & Sarah

St George . Fordington DOR

Page 171 . No 1364

SHC

My ancestors in the 1851 census

One hundred and seventy five years ago

(5*35)

One hundred and seventy five years ago (5*35) from the 1851 census taken on the 30th March I have found the following ancestors of my late father Derek Coulden Wetenhall (1930-2015)

Charles Plumtree Wetenhall my 3x great grandfather living at 4 Lothian Place, New Church Road, Camberwell, Surrey, with his wife and children.

Name	Rank	Condition	Age	Birth Year & Place	Occupation
Charles Wetenhall	Head	Married	55	c1796 Cambridge	Painter Journey Man
Mary Wetenhall	Wife	Married	53	c1798 Newington Surrey	Laundress
Selina Wetenhall	Daug	Single	18	c1833 Camberwell Surrey	
George Wetenhall	Son	Single	10	c1841 Camberwell Surrey	

His son **Henry William James Wetenhall** my 2* great grandfather was living at 9 Surrey Place, New Church Road, Camberwell, Surrey, with his wife, children and his wife's brother Frederick Wright.

Henry Wetenhall	Head	Married	31	c1820 Newington Surrey	Painter
Sarah Wetenhall	Wife	Married	31	c1820 Chigwell Essex	
Frederick Wright	brother in Law		12	c1839 Chigwell Essex	Scholar
Henry Wetenhall	Son		6	c1845 Newington Surrey	Scholar
William James Wetenhall	Son		8mths	c1850 Camberwell Surrey	

His grandson **Charles Albert Wetenhall** (1900-1934) is my **grandfather**.

William Coulden my 2x great grandfather was living at 22 Coleharbour Street, Bethnal Green, with his wife and children.

William Coulden	Head	Married	34	c1817 Shoreditch	Tailor
Mary Ann Coulden	Wife	Married	32	c1819 Woolwich Kent	
William Coulden*	Son		5	c1846 Bethnal Green	
Mary Ann Coulden	Daughter		2	c1849 Bethnal Green	
Richard Coulden	Son		6mths	c1850 Bethnal Green	
Elizabeth Hudson	Mother in Law		69	c1782 Kent	

His son **William Coulden*** is my great grandfather, whose daughter **Gertrude Coulden** (1887-1963) is my **grandmother** who married **Charles Albert Wetenhall** my grandfather.

VVVVEENN

George John Cheesman married 1885

4 x 35 years ago +1!

George was born on 17.1.1864 in 89 Seabright Street Hackney. His father was John Cheesman a shoe manufacturer and his mother was Sarah Sophia How. He had eight siblings. At the age of nine years he was enrolled at Wilmot Street School Hackney. By 1881 they had moved to Tuileries Street Hackney and was working with his father in the shoe manufacturing business.

Seabright Street Hackney



Wilmot Street School



In 1885 he met and married Clara Ransom and they moved to Ellenford Road Hackney. He was a 'boot clicker', a specialised job in the preparation of the shoe leather. The title came from the sound the tool made as they softened the leather.



A Boot Clickers Knife

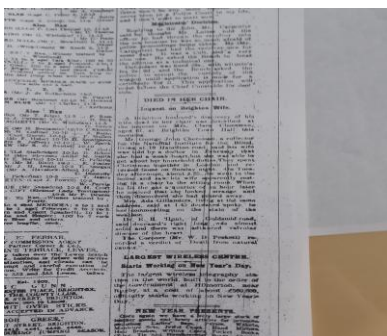
They moved to 2 Jubilee Cottages Hackney where their four children were born. Clara, George, Ada (my grandmother) and William. By 1891 they were well off enough to employ a servant- Lizzie Thompson.



George and Clara Cheesman

In 1901 they had moved again to 103 Park Road Leyton and George was now a Boot and Shoe Dealer. In 1911 they were listed as living at 478 Hoe Street Leyton with an assistant Florence Oakenfell, to help run the business.

Clara's health was failing so they moved to 49 Stanford Road Brighton. George became a collector for the Royal Institute for the Blind. In 1926 he arrived home to find Clara had died in her favourite chair by the fire. It was reported in 'The Evening Argos' with an account of the Coroner's report.



The article from The Evening Argos 1926 reporting death of Clara.

After her death he went to live with relations in 6 Sunnyside Gardens Upminster where he died in 30.12.1940

WONNE

MARY JANE FINDLAY WHO DIED AGED

35

MARY JANE FINDLAY WHO DIED AGED 35

My gt. grandmother, Mary Jane Findlay, died on 6 January 1882, at Burnham on Sea, Somerset, leaving behind her husband, William, and five young children. The cause of death was Phthisis, another term for Tuberculosis. This was very common in Victorian England and was responsible for many premature deaths. There was no cure until antibiotics became widely available.

REGISTRATION DISTRICT <i>Abbridge</i>								
1882 DEATH in the Sub-district of <i>Burnham</i> in the County of <i>Somerset</i>								
Columns—	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
No.	When and where died	Name and surname	Sex	Age	Occupation	Cause of death	Signature, description and residence of informant	When registered
109	<i>6th January 1882 Burnham</i>	<i>Mrs Jane Findlay</i>	<i>Female</i>	<i>35</i>	<i>Wife of William Findlay a Blacksmith</i>	<i>Relieved by Phthisis & died 6th Jan 1882</i>	<i>Wm Findlay Son of Mrs Findlay Burnham</i>	<i>11th Jan 1882</i>
							<i>Richard L Moore Registrar</i>	

Death

Certificate of Mary Jane Findlay – 6 January 1882

Mary was born on 16 May 1845, the second daughter of Elizabeth and John Lloyd, the local blacksmith. She married William Findlay at St. Andrews Church, Burnham on 22 September 1866 and had six children:-

William Albert James bpt 8 November 1868, John Lloyd Findlay, bpt 10 December 1869, but died at the age of 2 weeks and was buried on 23 December 1869 in St. Andrews Churchyard, Alfred Harold Findlay, bpt 19 July 1871, Harry Findlay bpt 18 March 1874, Charlotte Elizabeth Ann Findlay bpt 18 July 1875, Frederick John Findlay, bpt 11 May 1879 - my grandfather.

Her husband, William Findlay was born in Aberdeen, Scotland and originally came to Burnham on 13 March 1865 to work for the Somerset and Dorset Railway as an engineer/turner at their Highbridge Locomotive Works. He resigned on 26 January 1883, a year after his wife had died, and moved back to Apsley, near Hemel Hempstead, Herts, where the rest of his family was living. He subsequently remarried in 1885 to Annie Patrick, he was 45 and she was 26, nearly half his age. The couple subsequently had four children.

The only recollection I have is my mother telling me Mary loved dancing, most probably that was the only thing my grandfather could remember about his mother, as he was still under 3 years old when she died.

Mary was buried on 11 January 1882 in the churchyard at St. Andrews, Burnham, five children were left without their mother.