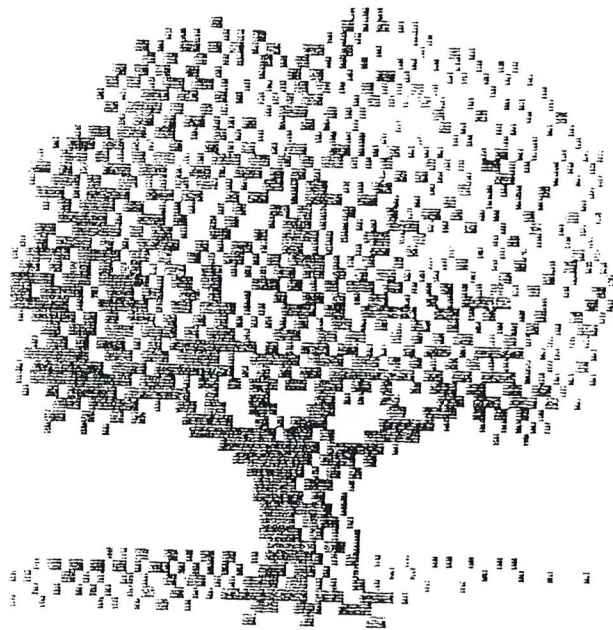


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# *Branches*



*Written by:*

*Audrey Furse Lindsay Griffin*



I dedicate this book to Elizabeth and Katherine Fontaine.  
Without whose help, I would not have been able to bring it to completion.

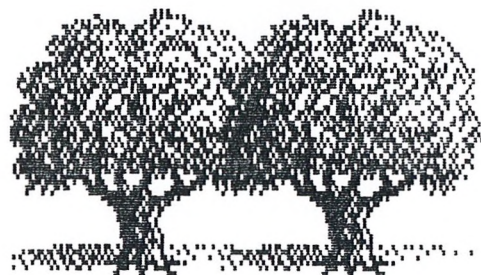
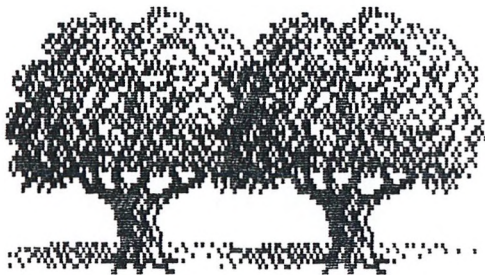
Here are our ancestors-

John Thompson Crellin and Elizabeth McComb.





# Branches



Standing: Margaret, Charles, John, Robert, Jane.  
Seated: Harry, Bessie(Elizabeth), William.

# Branches

This will be a story of the John Thompson Crellin -  
Elizabeth McComb family. Some of it is fact.  
Most of it is pieces of history that I or some of my  
cousins remember hearing from parents or relatives.  
I think there will be enough information here that anyone  
wishing to examine this history more closely  
would be able to turn up more facts at county registries in  
Woodstock or London or in county capitals in England.

Meanwhile,

Read on!

The following article on the History of the McComb family takes us back to England,  
back 2 more generations and 200 years.

### History of McComb Family

Written by - Mrs. Mary E. Campbell.  
Read at - 1933 Family Re-union.

William McComb was born at Dalton-in-Furness, Lancashire, England in 1766 and lived 91 years. He married Janet Riley who was born near Foxfield, Lancashire in 1776 and died in 1868. Both are buried near the Church at Dalton. She left 218 descendants according to a Dalton paper of that year, eleven children, ninety grand children, one hundred great grand children and eleven great-great grand children.

The children were William, Walter, Mary, Elizabeth, Betty, Alice, Henry, Thomas, Jane, Joseph and John. Betty was Mrs. WM. Sharpe; Alice was Mrs. Cook and Jane was Mrs. Wells & the 2nd Mrs. Winder.

Sons of William and Janet McComb were -  
William McComb born at Dalton-in-Furness, died at Leese, Lancashire aged 93 years.  
Walter died at Dalton aged 99 years and 6 months.  
John died at Dalton aged 64 years.  
Joseph died in India where he went as a young man in the army and rose to be Major.  
Henry died in West Zorra aged 91 years.  
Thomas died in London township aged 89 years and 5 months.

This history was prepared by Mrs. Mary E. Campbell. Mary is the daughter of Thomas McComb. The other children of Thomas (as far as I know) were Emily, George and Thomas. Mary married a Mr. Campbell and had one daughter Mary. I think in the 1930's they lived on Huron St. in London. Emily married a Mr. Tancock and had one

daughter Emily. George married and had two sons, Raymond and \_\_\_\_\_. Thomas remained a bachelor.

As far as I know, they lived somewhere near the corner of the present Highway 22 and Richmond St. in north London. This could be verified by checking the registry office of Middlesex county located in London.

The story that I heard was that, Thomas, the coachman on an Estate fell in love with the daughter of the family and in order to marry and live happily ever after they must travel to Canada. They had arrived and were located in London Township when Henry our ancestor arrived at their home in London Township around 1850 with three young children John, Jane, and Elizabeth. They stayed with the Thomas McComb family until Henry could locate land of his own. He then moved to Lot 27 concession 2 West Zorra township, Oxford county, north and west of Embro. Henry died here on Saturday January 13, 1903 aged 90 years and 6 months He must have been born approximately 1812. I have a question for which someone someday may find the answer to. What had become of Henry's wife? Did she die before they left England? Did she die on the boat coming over- this is one fact I never heard anyone mention. At the time they came Elizabeth the youngest child was only three.

Later John Thomas Crellin arrived, I have no proof of where J.T. actually was born. There are photos of J.T.'s parents which were taken in Ulverston which is on the northern peninsula of Lancashire, and photos of his brother taken in Keswick which is in Cumberland, a sister Libbey taken in Barrow-in-Furness - Tuinen in Lancashire, a sister Maggie taken in Workington in Cumberland.

My mother used to correspond with Aunt Maggie. A little older Aunt Maggie's picture is taken in Barrow-in-Furness Lancashire. Aunt Charlotte and husband taken at Ambleside which appears to be on border of Westmoreland and Lancashire. One brother was Nicholas who was the sailor and went all over the world. We have a cane which was

made of many small rings of many kinds of wood. Harry has another cane of significance.

We can assume the McComb and Crellin families were acquainted in England and then J.T. after having arrived in Canada came to London Ontario where he no doubt visited Thomas McComb and later came over to Henry's home in West Zorra. As J.T. was a master Stone mason he may have been asked to come to build the beautiful stone house which is still on this property. Lot 27 Concession 2 West Zorra Township Oxford County.

John Thompson Crellin and Elizabeth McComb were married on March 15, 1870. I believe they lived a short while either in a house on her Father's property or one near by. Here I believe at least William was born. J.T. found a property 1 1/2 miles north of Kintore in East Nissouri Township, Oxford County. It was a small property of only 8 acres. Here they moved to an old house north of the present house. I do not know if both Henry and Elizabeth were born in this house. The story goes that Margaret (my mother) was the first child born on April 19, 1877, in the new stone house. It may not have been entirely completed at this time. Here also John, Robert, Jane and Charles were born.

John Thompson Crellin spent busy years throughout the countryside of East Nissouri and West Zorra, now called Zorra Township building many beautiful stone houses ones that can be easily identified; a stone house just North of the RR track at Thamesford on the Highway 19 on the West or left hand side going North. His own beautiful home was built with hand picked stones he had collected as he went through the countryside. This is located 1 1/2 miles North of Kintore on the highway on the right hand side. Another house, a two story house, is located about 2 miles further north on the right hand side. As of 1988 this house still has the original slate roof. Another house is located directly north of Lakeside on the right hand side. Another house is located on Horseman sideroad which is the first sideroad north of Thamesford and east beyond the Embro Road. It is on the south side of the road. It was built for Sandy Sutherland who

was at that time a member of Parliament. This house has had parts built on the outside of it.

J.T.'s construction is of special interest to historians, many have come to look at the house and examine it. I shall endeavour to find a drawing describing his special method of holding the walls together. This is typical of the way the Scots stone masons worked. It is probable that J.T. could have learned his trade in Scotland as it is not too far from his home.

It is also said that the Isle of Man just off the coast of Cumberland, in the Irish Sea, has many residents with the name of Crellin.

J.T. did not spend all of his time building houses. Actually his main trade was building stone foundations for barns or houses. A few of these remain, but many have been replaced with cement foundations. Others have been removed, barn and all, and a new type of barn erected which is more useful for today's method of farming.

I understand J.T. was not a large man - but very quick. It is said that walking up from Kintore with his sons, as a young man, he would give them a head start. Then he would run and catch up to them, pass them and jump over the gate before the boys were home.

J.T. had a democrat\* which he drove to work. It carried his tools and the men who were working for him. This story is about Uncle Jack who had evidently got the cart hitched up ready to go. As they were going along, J.T. noticed a piece of harness not fastened properly. He made Uncle Jack climb out on the shaft to fasten this harness meanwhile J.T. put "the boots" to the horse to teach Uncle Jack a lesson, to harness the horse right before leaving. This story submitted by Harry Crellin.

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\*Democrat: A light wagon having several seats pulled by 1 horse or a team of horses.



He had a gang of men working with him. They would leave for work Monday morning and probably not return until Saturday. Returning home he would jump out and run for home as he came nearer.

Of course Uncle Will the oldest son started working with him as soon as he was big enough. This is where he learned his trade.

Besides being a stone mason. J.T. was also a carpenter. He had in the shop, machines to turn out the posts for stair cases and railings. He had a jig saw which cut out the gingerbread work for the outside of the house. He also made fancy shutters. For his own home he made the fancy trimming for the inside of the arch of the Bay window in the living room. He also made the fancy molds for making the plaster cove ceiling and centre pieces. He made the wooden trim of all the rooms as well as the doors. The floor in the dining room was especially significant and beautiful as it was made with alternate wood, cherry and maple.

When you went from the dining room to the kitchen you walked on a stone threshold then took a step down. Just to the right was the door which went up the back stairs which led above the Kitchen. At that time the kitchen was 2 or 3 times larger than today's kitchen. It extended to the east. On the south wall were 2 long windows, one which is probably where the window is today. To the west of the window was a door which led to a cubby hole under the back stairs. The other long window was further to the east and beside it was the old stone sink with the usual pump for soft water from the cistern below. Because of the slate roof this water was very clear.

The back door was around the corner on the East wall. Then came a wood box which was behind the wood burning kitchen stove. Then we came to the North wall there was a door a few feet that went along that wall which led to a pantry. This room had built in bins, I suppose, for flour and sugar and other shelves and a small window. Then there was a little space of wall, before you came to the cellar door (same door as now) in this space was hung the old large wind up kitchen clock with the pendulum

enclosed in a glass case. So you see the kitchen was much larger and cold and draughty. I don't suppose it was too large for their large family.

However when Grandpa J.T. was getting old and Uncle Sam and Aunt Bessie were living there, it was necessary in the winter to move into the dining room. That was before the fireplace was built. I remember the old stove that heated the room, it was one of the taller pot bellied type with mica instead of glass.

I believe the fireplace was built sometime in the later 20's by Uncle Bob. Then the kitchen was made over sometime during the early 1930's as well.

I can remember going out the back door of the old kitchen and up to the left were stairs that led us to the workshop. This was a fascinating place that I barely remember but it always smelled of shavings and had many tools and machines. This was indeed a worker's paradise. Here J.T. built a large squirrel cage that had a revolving wheel in which the squirrel ran round and round inside. It is no wonder all the Crellin boys could build or make anything they wanted to. I'm sure they started out very young up there.

Downstairs was the woodshed and beyond that was the outhouse. A tidy little back porch was built instead.

So, too, for a time, the back upstairs was entirely cut off until a hole was forced through the stone wall so that a small door could be put in. This went through the middle bedroom. I hadn't mentioned our grandfather's beautiful desk which he built, a kneehole desk with a rolltop and above that a glassed book case and topped by a 3 or 4 inch molding and in the middle the Masonic emblem. Harry is the proud possessor of this example of our grandfather's handicraft.

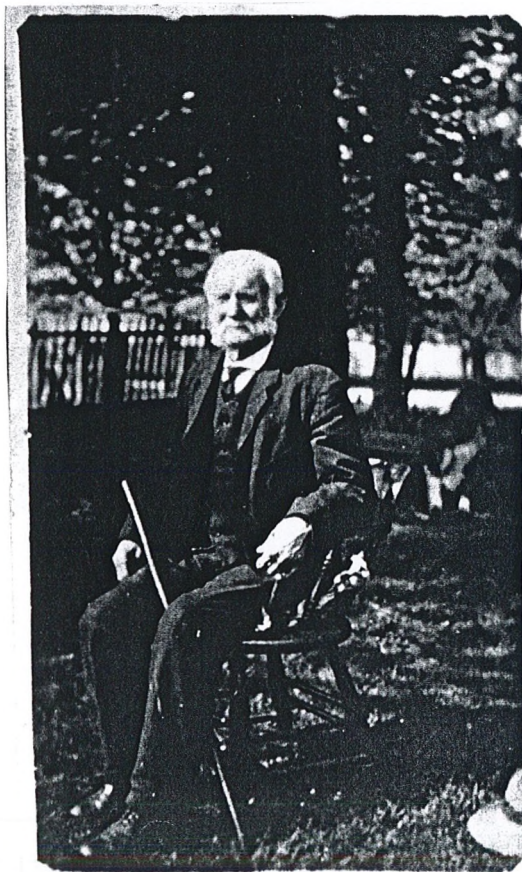
Our Grandfather J.T. was away from home a good deal of the time. The management of family and farm (8 acres) was the responsibility of Elizabeth. They had a small barn (still there) on the property. Here they kept a cow or two and probably a calf which would be used for meat. There was also a horse stall. The floor in this section seemed to be of bricks. On the north side there were big doors which opened into the

barn, I don't know for what purpose. There was also a loft for storing hay and straw. In-between the two sections was a passage way for grain and throwing down the hay for the animals. So of course, as the boys became old enough they looked after the animals and the garden and helped with the crops. There were a few hens as well.

My mother tells of hunting for eggs in the early spring when the hens finally decided to lay eggs. They used to hide some of these eggs for Easter. When Easter came they had lots of eggs for a real feast.

One of the things J.T. did upon arriving home was to go into the garden and work there. Naturally, boys will be boys and the garden was far from perfect.

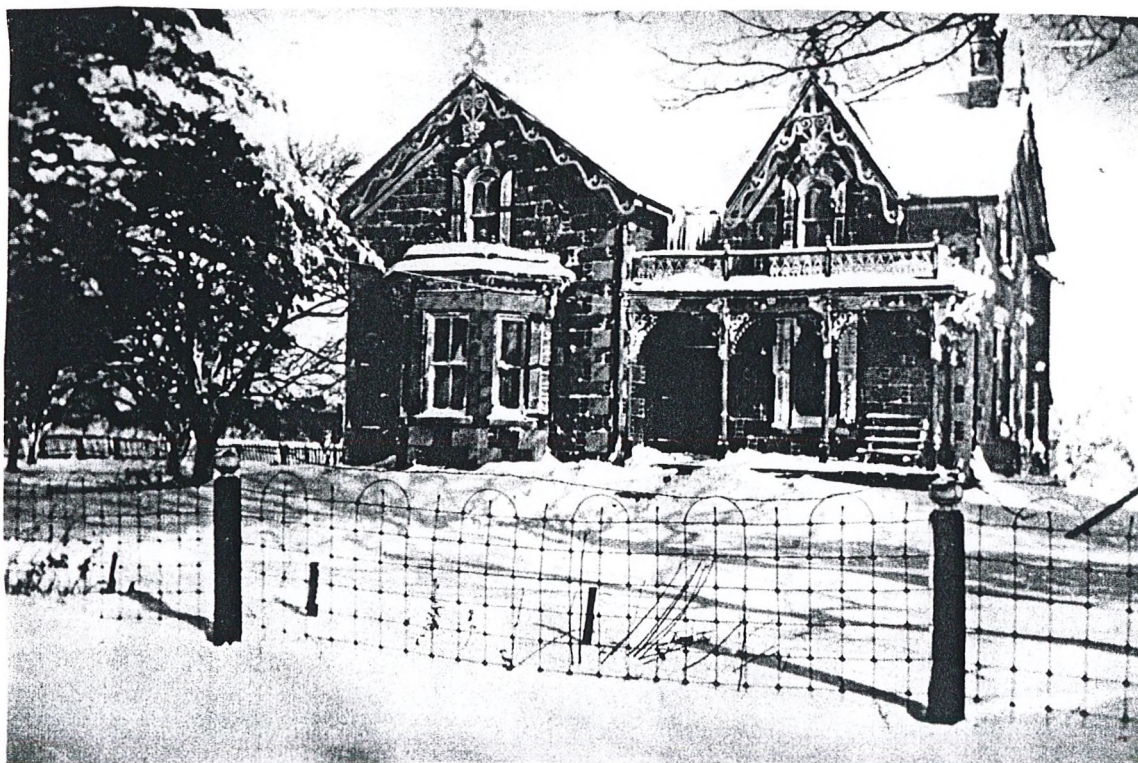
After J.T.'s second wife died Uncle Sam and J.T. managed alone for sometime. At last J.T. became old and really was not well enough to be left alone. Aunt Bessie, as the unmarried daughter, was expected to leave her position as head seamstress in the alterations department at Eatons in Toronto and return home. She made the best of life here and worked harder than she was really able to and for no pay. Quite different from our days. J.T. died in 1922 at a good age of 87.



Now for a few recollections of stories I have heard regarding our Grandmother Elizabeth. One picture of our Grandmother in her younger days showed a very beautiful young lady so it is no wonder that J.T. fell in love with her and married her. I know occasionally her father Henry would come and stay for a week or so. One thing he liked our Grandmother to do was read to him.

Elizabeth was the nurse for the neighbourhood. When there was any sickness she was called upon. I remember hearing of her going to the Whetstone's when twins were born. I can't remember the outcome but I think one lived. Once a horse bit Joseph Feddery, as a boy, on the head. Elizabeth was called and I think she stitched part of his scalp back on. I remember seeing this scar when he was an older man. People would break an arm, cut themselves very badly and be very ill with a sickness, she never turned anyone down even though she had all of these young children of her own. It is said that someone would be vaccinated against smallpox, then our Grandmother would vaccinate all the other children in the neighbourhood. She was a wonderful kindly person.

Unfortunately, the last few years of her life were full of pain and suffering. She spent much time in bed as she had T.B. of the bone and was only 45 when she died. Aunt Bessie and my mother looked after her as well as they could.



## McComb Family Picnic 1933

At Willow Lake Park Highway 59 north of Woodstock. This Cobble Stone house was built by Robert (Bob) Crellin for Florence and Madeline Jackson.



On verandah and down the steps from Left to Right.

Back row Margeret Furse, Olive Crillin McNally

-Bessie Crellin, Margeret Jackson, Mary Jackson Sutherland, Addie Jackson

-Harry Crellin, Alice Furse, Madeline Jackson, Anna Crellin

-Charles Crellin, Randolph Jackson

Audrey Fruse, Gladys McNally, Wilma Sutherland

-George Furse, Bob Crellin, Eleanor Jackson, Evelyn Sutherland

Beside verandah from top

-Howard Jackson, Ernie McNally

-Henry Jackson

-Charlie Jackson, Thomas McComb (London), Will Crellin

-Florence Jackson, Minnie Jean Crellin

## William (Uncle Will)

The oldest son William was born near the grandfather's home in Zorra Township, Dec.2, 1870. I do not know very much about his actual early years. He tells us he started to school the year the brick school opened at Kintore which was in 1875. It had replaced a frame school which had been built in 1853. We know that schooling was not a high priority with many people in those years. As soon as children became old enough to be useful they left school in the Spring and did not return until the Fall work was completed. This certainly affected the enrollment at school, making it very difficult for both students and teachers. Many of the boys attending in the winter were as big as grown men.

I do not know for sure but I imagine Uncle Will, at an early age went off to help his father and learn the trade. Of course in the wintertime work was slack so he no doubt went off to school again.

Uncle Will married Alice Thornton 1891 (across from my old home, the Furse Farm) when they were quite young. Uncle Will thought he would like to get into the Hardware business. He set up a Hardware store across from the present Hall in Kintore. There was a house beside the shop. They remained there from 1891 - 1920.

The hardware store (now just a garage) sold all sorts of things farmers of those days needed. He also sold stoves and other things the ladies needed such as the pickling crocks, butter making equipment and just everything needed by the Farm family of the late 1890's and into 1900's. As well, he had a big sign which said "Picture Framing". This was quite a business as it seemed the popular thing for the parents to have large portraits of themselves taken and framed in wide ornate frames. J.T. and Elizabeth, too, had their portrait taken and framed. They used to hang in the Parlour. I do not know where they went to. Also large scenic prints were bought and framed.

The Hardware store was a favourite gathering place for anyone coming to Kintore for supplies. Many good stories were swapped around the old pot bellied stove.

Uncle Will was a jolly, humourous man who loved to tell stories and make jokes. One of his favourite things was to give everyone a nick-name. Uncle Bob was "Coon", Uncle Charles was "Sam" which in turn was handed down to Clifford. Other nick-names were for Fred R. Thornton was "Hiker" and Fred C. Thornton was "Cat Fred". Will's name was "Logger".

Aunt Alice was small but mighty, full of fun and extremely kind to everyone. They had 4 children: Olive, Iva, Clifford "Kip" and Elsie. They were all born in Kintore.

When J.T. married for the second time all the older members of the family left home. So home for them now, when they came from their place of work, was at Uncle Will's or in the case of Margaret and Bessie, the Robson's Home where their best friends Margaret and Annie lived. Uncle Will and Aunt Alice always made them feel welcome even if, we know now, times were pretty hard for them. Olive (Ollie) and Iva were beautiful singers and often sang out. Then they married and moved to St.Mary's and later to Ingersoll.

Uncle Will later gave up the Hardware store and moved to Ingersoll in 1920. He went into the cement business. He built many bridges in Oxford County, most of these have now been replaced. He also did some stone mason work such as the front of former Royal Bank in Thamesford on the north side of Dundas street and a cairn in the Embro cemetery and one in Zion 7th Line cemetery.

Here are a few stories remembered by Harry Crellin.

Uncle Will and Aunt Alice had their Honeymoon in Niagara Falls. A photographer was after them, giving them a price for taking their picture, with the Falls in the background. After a lot of posing etc. the picture was taken by the Photographer who now said "That will be "x" number of dollars" which is twice what he agreed upon originally. After much arguing Uncle Will took the camera, tripod and all and smashed them on the ground and left with Aunt Alice in tears.

In his later years, when he was selling Insurance, he seemed to be in London quite frequently. He was driving an old Chev car. Somehow or other as he turned the corner of Richmond and Fullarton Street right beside the A.P. McGuire Motors on the North West corner - he turned the wheel of his car so hard he twisted the steering wheel right off.

It is also said that once Clifford skipped school and played hooky from school while they were still living in Kintore.

This is a story Uncle Will told. It seems that there had been a recent train wreck in Ingersoll. There had been dynamite in one of the wrecked cars, and some residents had picked up some sticks of the dynamite. People were worried. Uncle Will was in the Barber Shop one day, talking as usual, and some fellow came in. He said that dynamite is not dangerous you can even put it in a stove and nothing would happen. He said "I have some right here and I'll show you." He took 2 sticks out of his pocket and threw them in the old pot bellied stove. Everyone vacated the shop very quickly. It was only a joke as this fellow had wrapped a couple a sticks in brown paper.

Another time Uncle Will in his travels was over in the variety store in Thorndale. The storekeeper said to Uncle Will "Do you know these boys, they're from Kintore?" The two boys were Owen and Bob Irvine. Uncle Will replied, "Yes, I think they have that Kintore look about them!"

One time a Chev dealer was holding a seminar at Kintore extolling the virtues of this special car. Guess who the Hail fellow-well met gentleman, was at the door. Uncle Will of course, the best Public Relations man. Naturally the demonstration was a huge success.

Uncle Will was at a ball game in Ingersoll. An Ingersoll team vs. Kintore. A rain storm came up and the playing field flooded. Everyone present pitched in to help clean the area. Uncle Will, of course, grabbed a shovel and as he did he said "Don't tell any of my men I can use a shovel!" Uncle Will was employed at the time building bridges.



One day a few fellows were gathered around the proverbial pot bellied stove in the store. Two fellows, Chris McLeod and another man, who worked for Uncle Will were there. A salesman came in. These two guys put on an act. Picking up a crowbar and a shovel these two proceeded to chase each other around the store shouting. The salesman soon left and all the rest burst out laughing. Tricks were a way of life for both Uncle Will and his men.

Uncle Will was also very interested in the Independent Order of Oddfellows. There was a lodge in Kintore and one in Ingersoll and other surrounding places. Uncle Will became the Grand Master one year. He loved to make speeches and talk about past times. It was he, as much as anyone, that decided we needed to have a McComb reunion. The first one was held at Springbank Park in London in 1932.

After he was no longer in the cement business he became a car insurance salesman and went all around the countryside visiting his friends. Everyone was glad to see him come because he always had so many good stories to tell. I wish I could remember them.

One he told in the Spring of the Year. He usually happened to reach our place around meal time. We thought, for a treat, as it was quite early in the season that we would make a rhubarb pie. This of course started off a story about when he was off working here and there and each woman thought to give him a treat she would have rhubarb pie or rhubarb sauce - until finally he had had so much he actually had to get out of the house as he became sick and had to vomit. All he could see was rhubarb. And so the stories went. Maybe some of you relatives remember some more. If so write them down and send them to the rest of us.

So Uncle Will continued working even though he was not well until a few months before he died in 1951.

At Kintore  
4 Generations  
Grandpa J.T., Will, daughter Olive,  
daughter Gladys



JAN • 61



Olive McNally, Margaret Furse, Clifford Crellin

### Henry (Harry)

Uncle Henry. Born in 1872 died in 1911.

He died before most of us were even born so we cannot report from our own information what he was like. Uncle Harry became a barber and lived in London. He had a very likable personality. When visiting with Uncle Will he was indeed a very favourite Uncle for Olive and Iva. I have always imagined him to be somewhat similar to Uncle Charles, who also, was a favourite with the nieces and nephews.

Uncle Harry had not married but was reported to have had a girlfriend. He died very quickly from Strep throat before any of the family knew about it - no telephones in those days, and even a telegram to Thamesford would not immediately be delivered as it was 6 miles to Kintore. I think we all would have liked Uncle Harry.



## Elizabeth

Aunt Bessie born in 1874 died 1950.

Aunt Bessie was no doubt born in the old house north of Kintore. I really don't know what kind of house it was, log or frame. She was not as robust and strong as Margaret. She was often sewing or mending as a young girl. She also was the one who would bandage a cut or just be a caring person. The Crellins were not big on Education. This made it more difficult for them in later years. Bessie's cousin Nellie McComb had gone to Detroit to learn to become a nurse. She wanted Aunt Bessie to get a Doctor to write a recommendation for her to go and also be a nurse. However Bessie was afraid her lack of schooling would hold her back, so she did not go.

Bessie and Margaret looked after their mother until she died. I believe she remained for a while to help out as Uncle Charles was only 7. But when J.T. remarried she left home for good - first to Ingersoll then to Toronto doing housework. Finally she got into Eaton's in the Alterations department and then was made head seamstress.

While in Toronto she had many friends, especially the Robert Eldon family. Mr. Eldon was from a family of Eldon's who ran the store in Kintore for some time. Mr. Eldon was a High School Teacher in Toronto and had a cottage on an Island in Muskoka.

Aunt Bessie visited them and their children there. A daughter Verna Eldon continued to be Aunt Bessie's friend all of her life.

When J.T. became unable to live alone, Aunt Bessie gave up her position at Eatons to return home. During the time she was looking after J.T. she kept the house, milked the cow or cows and fed "Old Nellie" the horse. This horse was not a lovable creature as it balked sometimes - wouldn't even move, and Aunt Bessie was a little frightened of it. Of course drinking water had to be carried from the well. Uncle Charles left early for work and returned late - so life was pretty hard.

J.T. had a favourite little piece he liked to recite.

"My days are few/ and full of woe/

A mason I was born/ My doom is written/

And tramp I must/ but never to return.

My only recollection of my Grandfather was, one day Aunt Bessie set me on the dining room table and told me to watch Grandpa, who was sitting on a chair nearby. It was necessary for her to go to the barn. Once or twice he tried to get up and I said, "Now sit down". I think he was teasing me.

Although Aunt Bessie was disappointed in having to return to Kintore she adapted and filled her life with kindness and love for all, especially the poor. I shall quote from a letter accompanying her presentation gift as she was leaving for London in 1926.

These are excerpts from the church, Ladies Aid, W.M.S. and Women's Institute.

"You have worked so diligently and conscientiously in so many ways that we find ourselves wondering who is going to carry on the good work you have done"

"In the Sunday School you advanced the Cradle Roll and beginners department. Because of your interest in the Little Ones, you have touched the hearts of the parents who in turn have become members of your Sunday School and congregation. The classrooms you have kept decorated with Bible truths."

She was Mite Box Superintendent where all Sunday School children brought their pennies for missions. "In the Ladies Aid you took a keen interest in the general work of the church."

Through the Women's Institute you conducted a splendid sewing class last Fall and winter for the young girls (This was a first in Oxford County Institutes and was the forerunner of the 4-H Girls). Of course she taught this course without pay. (Two of the girls I recall who attended Mabel Oliver Staudelbauer and Mary Henderson Ross.)

"Besides as Dorcas of old you made many garments for little ones whose mothers were too busy or too motherless children. Many a sick child was comforted and cheered by a doll or other small gift"

This was how the residents of Kintore felt about her when she left to reside in London.

I am enclosing a copy of her diary of the trip taken by her in 1923 with her cousin Nellie McComb and a friend from the Harrington Area Belle McKay. They travelled to B.C. and back in a model T. Ford.

Aunt Bessie moved to London in 1926. She took rooms with Mrs. Bessie Richardson on Maitland St. across from Dundas Centre church. This house is long since gone. Mrs. Richardson became her Pal for the rest of her life. Here Aunt Bessie started into the dressmaking business and continued for the rest of her life. She seemed always to have customers. Of course her work was No. 1. But dress making just provided a subsistence living. Here again she was happy and involved in the church "Class 27" of Dundas Centre Church, they met Sunday's for Sunday School and socially at least once a month. She never went out but what she was well dressed. A little make over of a dress and a new trim on a hat by Mrs. Humphrey's and clean gloves made her Stylish. She was always a lady and was treated as such.

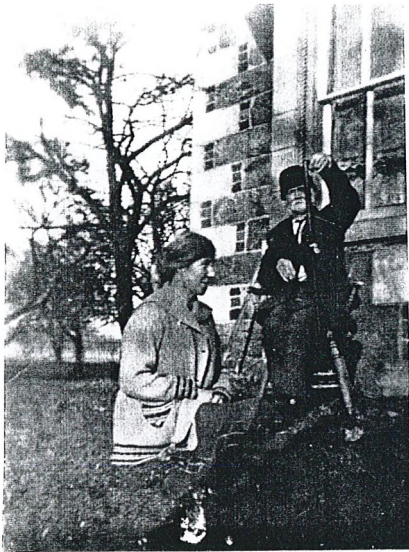
Aunt Bessie moved several times mostly around the same location. We stayed longer at 474 Queen's Ave. than any place else. I say "we" because I went to Central collegiate and later to Normal School while living with her and even when I went several summers to summer school taking various courses.

Each summer Mrs. Bessie Richardson and her son Jack and Aunt Bessie ( the two Bessie's) and I would go to the beach for a week either to Port Stanley via L & P.S. RR or to Grand Bend someone would drive us up. This was always a good holiday.

Aunt Bessie was my second mother. She certainly assisted in my up bringing. I well remember the hair cuts she gave me, right from the time there was hardly any hair to cut. I really can't ever remember buying a ready-made dress until I bought one for my trousseau in 1945. Each and every dress made me feel special and stylish. Once she even made me a beautiful Spring Coat. It was truly beautiful and of course my wedding dress

- what an exquisite style She was a wonderful second mother to me. I was always so glad that we were able to have her with us during her last four months. All of her relatives and friends missed her very much. A strange coincidence her pal Mrs. Richardson died one month later.

Although she never married I am certain she had several offers both when she was younger and when she was older.

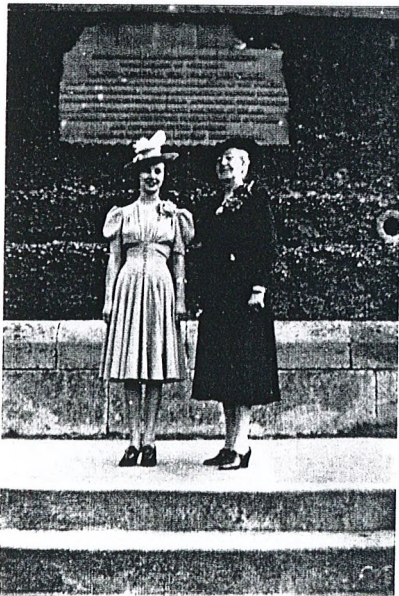


Aunt Bessie, Grandpa



Bessie, Anna, Margaret

at Port Stanley



In 1940's Audrey, Bessie



Vacation time to Port Stanley  
Mrs. I., Bessie, Mrs. O.,  
Margaret, Audrey

Grandpa, Eileen, Bessie



## Aunt Bessie's Diary of Her Trip

We left Woodstock June 26 1923, and went by Sarnia and crossed over to Port Huron, and took the Dixie Highway to Romeo. We left our car there and took the street car from there to Detroit, where we got our outfit, tent, table, stove, etc. Back to Romeo. From there we started out with our car well equipped. We had the back of the front seat fixed so it would go back for a bed and two slept in that. We had a cot in the tent. We carried a pail and cooking utensils. We went by Sault Ste. Marie, and were there for the 4 th of July. They had a street dance and fire works at night which were grand. The locks at the Soo are wonderful. We went over to the Canadian side and back to camp we were there two days. We went through Flint, Saginaw, Ashland, and Superior we camped at Superior. They have a large camp and there were lots of tents. There they have a beautiful rest-room with easy chairs and a nice fire place and all conveniences for tourists. There were four girls camped right beside us but we did not know that till morning.

We wanted to get to Duluth, which is across from Superior, without going through the main part of the city. We were directed to a certain road. We had gone a few miles when we came to a boghole and could not get through. There was bush on both sides of the road. We got out our hatchet that we carried with us and started to cut limbs and small trees to fill it up. While we were busy a man came along in a car and helped us to fill it up and to get through, and we helped him.

We went over a very large bridge 1/4 mile long to Duluth, Minnesota, we had our dinner at Pine Park Wimmibigosh. There was a small lake and good fishing. The roads along there were very narrow and dusty. We went for miles through bush. Camped at Benridge by Lake Benridge. The water was beautiful we went in bathing and met some people there from St. Marys.



We saw three fawns along there in the bush. We went through Cookston and crossed at Emmerson, and on to Winnipeg. We were there for five days. We expected to go through the Canadian west but there had been great storms through Saskatchewan so we could not go and had to go back through the States again. When we got to Winnipeg we stopped on the street to inquire the way to camp when a Policeman came up on a motorcycle. We told him he was the man we wanted to see and asked him where we could find the camp. He told us to follow him, and we were quite amused he went so fast and our little Ford could not keep up. We lost him in the crowd but he would stop and look around. He took us right to the street that led us right into the camp which is lovely with beautiful rows of trees. We put our car between them. There are three caretakers. There is one man for night. They have a nice kitchen with a stove, sink, table and two tea kettles. A fine place to stay!

The girls were acquainted with people in the city. One evening Dr. McKay and his wife came up and took us out for a drive around the city and through the Parliament buildings which were beautiful and quite new. Another Mr. McKay came up another evening with his wife and daughter and took us out to the Industrial School. One of the girls had a friend there teaching for the summer holidays. We went out to the Silver Fox farm. They have 387 foxes there. They got from \$3.00 to \$6.00 for each pelt. They paid \$7 000.00 for one Fox, Lord Selkirk, a very special kind. We went out to see old Fort Gary, a grand old place. We walked around for two blocks. We had a grand time at Winnipeg and the streets are lovely and wide.

We went back to Emmerson through Fargo Valley city, a good farming country around there grain growing right out to the road through Jamestown and Billings. There had been a great flood at Billings, Montana three days before we got there, bridges were washed away. A chicken farm was completely destroyed, grain and everything. Where there had been corn there were just a short dry stocks sticking up. We had to ford a river

at one place which was very exciting and several other places when the bridges were gone, we had to detour.

We had a shower bath and dip in Hunter's hot springs and a drink of sulphur water. We took the Yellowstone trail to Livingstone and Gardner and to Yellowstone National Park. This we thought was the most wonderful part of our trip. They call Yellowstone park nature's paradise. There are five free camps in the park. They are laid out like towns or villages and had all conveniences for tourists. There are centers of sightseeing. The park covers 2,700,000 acres of land and there are wonderful roads around in it. We did not expect to drive ourselves around in the Park but we did and got along fine. The first camp which is five miles in is called Mammoth camp. It is right under Juniper trees and right in front there is a mountain and at the highest point there is an eagle's nest. We could see the eagle hovering around it. There is a Post Office and large hotels and Mammoth hot springs, Angle Terrace, Hyman Terrace, Minerva Terrace. The Terraces were very beautiful with hot sulphur water boiling over a rock substance. They look like a terrace and all beautiful colouring. You could not imagine such beauty! Mammoth paint pots, small molds with mud resembling a vast boiling pot of paint, all colours - A wonderful sight to see!

Our next camp was Old Faithful, a geyser called Old Faithful, right outside of the camp and every 63 minutes gives its exhibition day or night, winter or summer. It goes to the height of 125 feet boiling sulphur water spouting up and beautiful colours. There are large hotels on both sides of it. Down in a bush from the Geyser they feed bears the garbage from the hotels at 7 o'clock. There are lots of people every evening go down to see where they are fed. We saw six bears. There are all kinds of wild animals in the Park and no one is allowed to shoot them.

There is the Giant Geyser which is highest of them all. The whole river looks like fire with the sulphur water boiling out one side of it - a wonderful sight! Handkerchief pool is a beautiful basin with a small hole in the center. There is a rod

with a chain attached to it and you can put your handkerchief on the end of the rod and put it in the deep hole. It will go out of sight and return again. There was a story about a chinaman that used to do his washing in one of the Geysers and he disappeared and was never seen again. The Morninglory Geyser is the shape of a morninglory. The colouring in that Geyser was beautiful. We can not tell the beauty of them because a person really has to see it themselves. Norris Geyser Basin is wonderful. It covers 6 square miles and is one of the highest Geysers in the park. Many of the active Geysers are of recent origin. We had a drink of three different mineral waters. There is a large mineral bridge of stone. Along here we had a hold up. There was thick bush on both sides of the road and we saw a bear coming out one side. We stopped our car and it came right up beside us. We fed it out of our hand. They call it Jessie James the Hold up Bear. It holds up all the cars. We had heard about it and thought we were not going to see it.

There is a fish cone right out in Yellowstone Lake. The Lake is very large and there is just a path out to the cone which is about two feet out of the water with a small hole in the centre with boiling sulphur water. You can fish in the lake and boil fish in the cone. When we were there a boy had an egg tied in the corner of his handkerchief boiling it hard. We tried to get some eggs at a store near by but they did not have any, so we could not try that. Along here we saw a bear with two cubs just near the road, and on further we saw another bear taking a bath in the lake. There are Geysers all along the roadway in some places. There are beautiful lookout places and grand canyons.

There are some very high grades and curves around in the park. We went in the north entrance and came out the west entrance. We were in the park for five days. We came through Idaho Falls. They had a grand camp there in a school yard and basement kitchen with electric plates for cooking. As well they had tables and sinks and showerbaths. They gave us the evening paper. A young lady came around and asked us about our trip to put a write up in the paper. Every one seemed to think it was wonderful

for three girls travelling alone like that, but we got along wonderfully well. The girls are great travellers.

We went through Boise City, Backer City and on to Portland, Oregon. This was a beautiful country. We took the old Oregon trail right out of Yellowstone. Portland is the rose city, I never saw such large beautiful roses and they were past their best when we got there. We camped at Asoria which is near the sea side, we went to the sea side which is a large summer resort and a lovely bathing beach. One morning early we took a walk along the sandy beach and saw a very large sealion washed up on the shore dead.

Next we came to Rainier National Park Washington. Rainier is the name of the mountain. The Park total square mile 324 Summit 14, 308 feet above sea level. It is 8, 851 feet above Paradise Valley which is the highest Mountain in the U.S.A. That shows it all from sea level to the Clouds. We went up to Paradise Valley. We went up half way and had to wait in a line for other cars to come down. It was only one car road and we could see three roads in the side of the Mountain where one had to go up to get to Paradise Valley. We took a hike from there to Misqurally Glacier and a slide down the snow, we were there in July and saw ice, snow and flowers. There are large trees in the Park called Douglas Firs. There is one right on the centre of the road way. They called it old Columbia. There is a road on both sides of it. The tree is 600 years old and 8 feet 1 inch diameter.

We went through Tocomo Seattle at Everett crossed the border again at Kings gate and camped there right in the mountains. We were the only ones there but there was a nice camp in farther, but we did not know that till next morning. Next we came to Vancouver where going around the mountains we could look down on a beautiful far land. Saturday evening we camped at Central Park and they had a lovely camp with stoves, shower, bath tubs and all conveniences. There was a family there that were touring the world, five boys, a girl and father and mother. They had a house car. They were called the Elliott Family and were all musical and they gave a concert every night.

They took up collections for them. They were grand. Sunday morning we got ready for church we did not know of any church so we followed a lady with a bible and got to where she did and asked her if she could tell us where there was a Presbyterian or Methodist church. She said to come with her. She was going to the Methodist church called Mount Pleasant - a very large church and grand service, Reverend J. Knight.

We had friends in Vancouver so in the afternoon we called on Miss Murray. They have a convalescent home. One of the girls went with us Monday sight seeing. We went to Stanley Park and saw Pauline Johnston's monument made of rough stone. Stanley Park is a beautiful place and some very large trees next to Capilano Canyon which is 100 to 500 feet wide 400 feet deep, we went over the suspension bridge. We went down to the intake where the water is filtered that supplies the City. We went through a new boat the Empress of Canada. We had a delightful time at Vancouver, we were there five days, then crossed over to Victoria. Here we went through the parliament buildings. They have wonderful historical articles and grand paintings. There was a bonnet that Queen Victoria used to wear. We went through the observatory at a very high point right out in the water. They have the largest telescope in the world. It was wonderful to see that Victoria is a beautiful city and they have some beautiful residences. Our camp was in a lovely orchard right near the Japanese tea gardens. The Japanese and the Chinese do most all the labor there. They have all kinds of stores. We went to see the Butchard Gardens. A wealthy Englishman owns them and Japanese take care of them. There is a beautiful sunken garden with arches and fountains and beautiful lawns. They are wonderful.

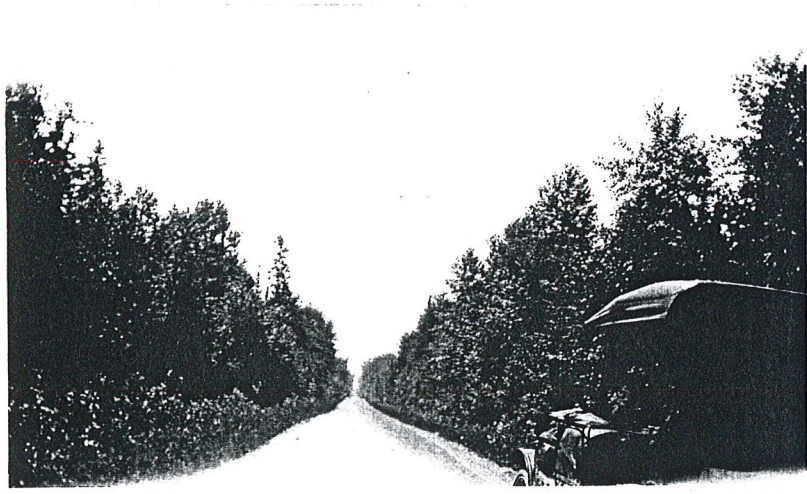
We called on Mrs. Wilson (Eliza Whetstone) on our way to Sydney, we were there all night. That was the first night I slept in a bed since I left home. We took the boat across from Sydney to Ancaster and back to Everett and Seattle and stopped at Seattle camp which we thought the best camps of all our trip. They even had an electric oven and a grand restrooms right near the lake. We took a drive around Lake

Washington Boulevard saw two Sea planes. The girls went up in one and went right over Mount Rainier. Seattle is a great sea port. We went through the Rockies, and came to Soap Lake washed our face and hands in it. It is 116 miles from Spokane. We passed through a deserted Village. There were lots of houses and only 3 or 4 occupied and a large Catholic Church.

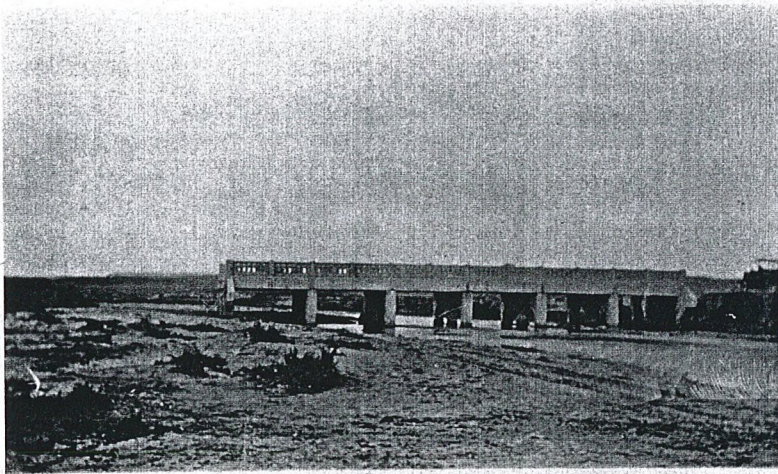
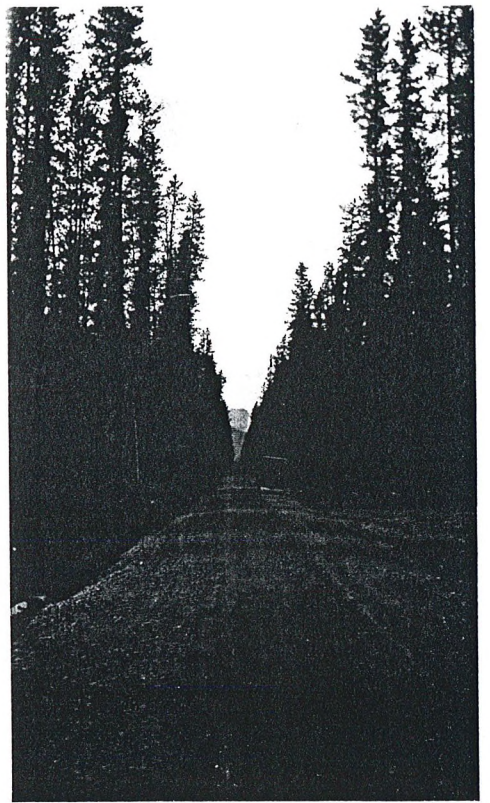
We were three days going through the desert lands where nothing would grow only sage brush and we could hardly get a drink of water but there were always gas stations not far apart. We crossed a very long bridge 2 1/2 miles. We just got to it about dark and did not know until we got there, it was just getting dark and the water seemed so near and the boards rattled we wondered when we would get to the end of it. They told us it was the Longest Bridge in the world. We took the Banff winter Highway to Banff. The Mountains there are wonderful. We could see them all along. There was one called Castle Mountain. We could see that wherever we went. It looked like an old castle. The Mountains there are all named three sisters ten peaks and lots more. Where we entered the Park we camped at Marble Canyon the first night. Then on to Banff the next morning. We saw the Mountain Goat, Deer, Yak Buffalo and they have a wonderful zoo there. We went into the cave and basin and had a dip in the hot springs. There are wonderful canyons in the park. We went up to Lake Louise which is 45 miles from Banff but still in the Park. The lake is beautiful and Mountains all around it. The Park covers an area of 2, 751 square miles. We went through the C.P.R. Hotel which is on a Mountain. Facing the camp ground they had the fish hatcheries at Banff, we were in the Park five days. I left here and went to Regina and Semons and back to Regina. Miss McComb had to go home from Calgary her father was ill and Miss McKay had to come alone from Calgary to Regina a four day journey through ranch country. She had to open and shut five gates. She was the only one that made the whole trip by motor. She met me at Regina and we came the rest of the way together. We went to Welwyn from Regina and on to Brandon and back to Winnipeg. There had been 1, 470 cars in the

Winnipeg camp at the time we came back and it was a free camp. Some places we paid 50 cents a night but never more than that. They are kept up by the city or state. It rained while we were at Winnipeg and we got in some gumbo mud. We were two days going 39 miles. It was impossible to get along it was so sticky. We camped at a house in a Village Morris and the next morning went a few miles and camped at a farm house. They were nice French people. They asked us to go in for the night but we slept in the car. We went in for a while in the evening and took in our pictures. They were pleased to see them. They intended to take a trip this summer. The lady could not speak a word of English but the rest of the family could.

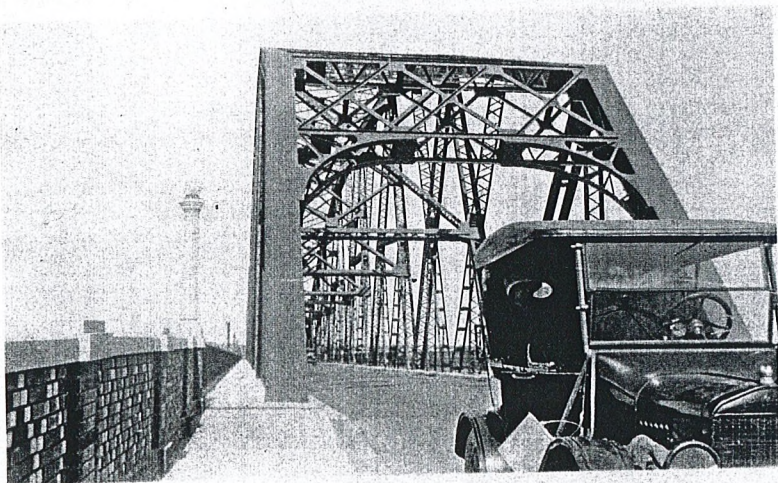
We crossed at Emmerson, again and into Minnesota camped at Minneapolis. We went for a drive around 3 beautiful caves and through St. Pauls, and came to Chicago. We were there three nights, but we put our car in a garage and stopped at a hotel. We went through some of the big stores and out to Lincoln Park. They have a very large zoo there. We came through Battle Creek and to Port Huron and Sarnia and back to Woodstock again. We were away three months and 16 days the most milage 184 in a day went over 9, 065 miles used 411 gallons of gas and 46 gallons of oil.



Travelling along



Bridge out



Crossed Bridge





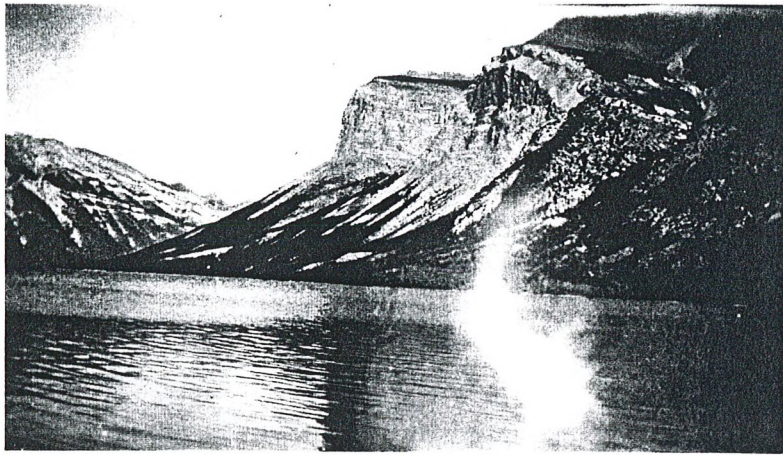
At different camp sites  
in their travelling clothes.



At Welwyn Sask.

Jack, Stanley, Hilda, Edna, Bessie, Effie





Mountains



Mountains



Mountains



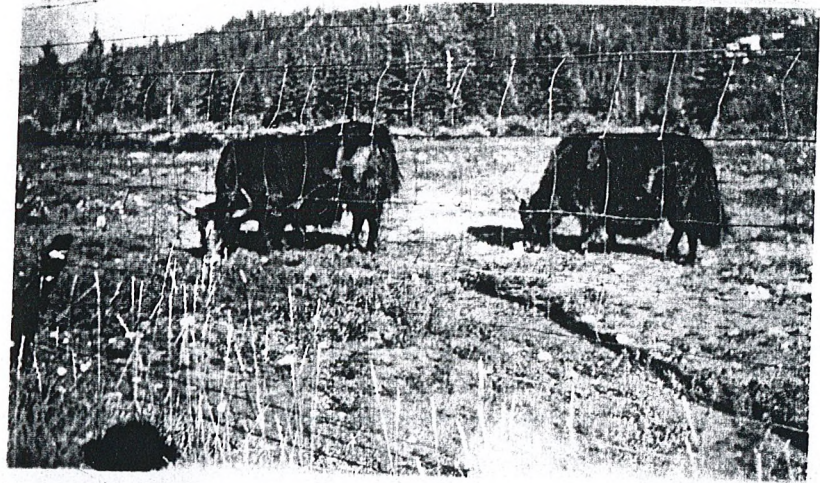
Up on Glacier



At Yellowstone park



In hot springs, Banff



Bison at Banff



Harvest time in the West





Arrival outside Furse farm late August or Early September we didn't see them until Bernard and I went to the well for a pail of water.

Running to the house we said "There are people having a picnic on the side of the road".

We soon guessed who they were Bessie, Nellie, Margaret, Harry, Belle, George Furse, Minnie, Eileen & Dog, Audrey, dog Gypsy, and Bernard.

Aunt Bessie also either got or had a little dog, as well, Midgie.

Margaret 1877 - 1968

Margaret (who was my mother) was the first child to be born in the stone house. I am not certain if it was completed at this time. Her young years seemed to be happy ones. Chores were done as quickly as possible to leave time for playing. Her special companions seemed to be Jack and Bob her younger brothers. They would often pitch in and help with chores so that she would be ready for play sooner. Aunt Bessie being older seemed to be more serious and more responsible. There always seemed to be some outdoor fun.

One day the snow was very deep, the rail fences barely peeking through the snow. Margaret, Jack and Bob thought they would walk on top of the rail fence. However, Margaret fell down into a snow drift up to her armpits. She seemed unable to move. Two frightened boys ran to the house for help. Their Mother returned with a shovel. Margaret was soon free. I'm sure that was not the only time that they got into trouble. Margaret also took charge of looking after Charles when he was a baby as he was a rather fussy baby.

Both Bessie and Margaret had many girl friends who lived quite near. The Robson's, Whetstone's, Switzer's, Rutledge's, Alderson's, Eldon's and Burten's to mention a few. The church ( Methodist) was the centre of their social life with Young Peoples Group and Church services. People especially in their younger life did not venture too far out of their community. At Kintore you would find a shoemakers, blacksmith, dress sewing shop, grocery stores, post office, and hardware store.

As the family became old enough they went out to work. As this was such a small acreage they were not needed at home to help on the farm. Margaret went out to work for different farm women and when she became old enough she worked in Ingersoll at the home of Dr. McKay whose house became the first hospital.

This property is presently occupied by Alexandria Hospital. Then Dr. McKay became a member of Parliament in Toronto. When they moved to Toronto Margaret went

with them. However she did not return with them but remained in Toronto until she was married in 1905. Life in Toronto was quite happy. Aunt Bessie was also there as well as their cousin Mary Jackson Sutherland who was training to become a nurse. Margaret received many letters from friends especially Annie Robson Dunlop who was always wanting to know about the latest fashions. When Margaret and Bessie would be up for a few days they returned to stay with the Robson's or their brother Will also known a Logger. They always were fashionably dressed as Bessie made the latest style dresses.

Margaret married George Furse, Kintore resident, at Trinity Methodist Church in Toronto on April 19, 1905. As they were returning to Thamesford they met a train carrying Charles, the youngest going to Toronto to learn the trade of painting and paper hanging.

My father had purchased a new buggy and had a good spirited horse. As a newly married couple they made quite an impression as they drove to church. Of course Margaret had the latest style in dress and hat.

All farmers in those days worked very hard from daylight ( or before) to dusk. There was still land to be cleared of stumps, rail fences replaced with woven wire, as well as drains to be put in ( In recent years a wooden tile was found) and many other back-breaking jobs to be performed. Margaret went to work with a will to help make this a productive farm. Pa Furse lived with them.

Margaret seemed to drive here and there and always had a lively horse.

She tells they story of driving to Thorndale to take the train to London. They had stables where you left your horse. On returning, the livery people got the horse out and hitched it to the buggy They could see that the horse was rather lively. One of the men thought he should go with her. However mother got in, got the reins in her hands and said to let go. Off she practically flew, however she was able to control the horse and arrived home safely.

Another horse story, well remembered. It happened as she was returning from visiting Aunt Bessie and Grandpa. On the way she met Jim Robson returning to his home. Mother stopped and held up her hand. Jim thought she wanted to tell him something, so, after he got his horse stopped he backed it up towards Mother. Just as he backed up beside her so they could talk. She said, "Well done Jim", gave her horse a clip and off they drove at a fast pace. Jim Robson of course was always playing jokes so she thought this was a good one for him.

One night my Mother arrived from London quite late at the Thamesford Station. My Father had not thought she was not coming until the next day - no telephones! What was she to do! The Station Master thought she should go and stay with someone in the Village. But no - she would not do that. She would walk (4 miles). The Station Master insisted she should take a lantern. When she looked at the clock when she arrived home my Father said she could not have walked. I guess she nearly flew, as a result she was sick for several days.

Another story - this was when she was still a school girl. My mother had a friend who had a pretty ring with a stone in it. Of course she had to try it on and her friend told her to wear it home for the night. Somehow or other she was fluffing up the feather tick and had her hand in stirring up the feathers. The ring slipped off. Oh disaster! What to do! Aunt Bessie said she heard that if you put another ring in the tick and then looked you might find your own. They tried - and wonder of wonders it worked. Needless to say she never borrowed a ring again

Another story, it was the custom for the children walking home from school to grab onto a cutter and put their feet on the runner of the cutter. Once, however, for some reason or other my Mother couldn't get her feet on the runners and was afraid to let go. As a result she ran all the way home finally letting go when she reached her home.

Mother relented somewhat and when the step-mother was ill. My Mother went up occasionally to look after her and do things up. This was a 5 mile drive each way in

horse and buggy. The step mother was grateful to my Mother and in a way of an apology she said "Each of us has a besetting sin and mine is my temper!"

When Bob's wife, Minnie, was seriously ill he returned from Prince Albert by train with the three small children to Ontario. They landed at our place. Here Minnie was in bed for several months under a doctor's care and slowly she recovered. The children were between our place and Uncle Sam and Aunt Bessie. Bernard, the baby, stayed at our place with his Mother.

My Mother was quite busy with a sick woman, a baby, and her usual duties. Bernard was a beautiful and good baby so that helped. She was always glad that she had been able to help Uncle Bob and Aunt Minnie. When they were able they moved to London for a time, and then to Ingersoll. At one time, Harry stayed at our place for a year and went to school from there, three miles and just a little boy 6 years old. He went with the neighbour Robbie Oliver.

Then I was born Jan. 6, 1918 and things were never the same again. My Mother and Father were very good to me. I went to church and Sunday School every Sunday and to ballgames in the summer, both my Mother and Father were ball fans. I guess I was a poor one to play alone. My Mother would get me playing out in the sandpile and go back to get a little work done. I guess no sooner had she gone in then I was there wanting in. I know my Mother and Father worked hard but I'm afraid I didn't have very many chores to do. Even though I was alone I had a pretty good and easy time.

Of course in those days we still used coal oil lamps in the house and lanterns in the barn. We had no running water in the house except the cistern water and cistern pump which was really quite good as we had a slate roof. We did have a windmill to pump water for the animals and the holding tank. We had no electricity and no washing machine just the scrub board. We did have a coal oil stove out on the back porch for use during the very hot days of summer. We had no electric iron but we had 3 flat irons which we heated on the cook stove. There was a wooden handle which fit into the iron.



You ironed with one iron until it cooled down then you put it back and picked up another hot one off the stove. No wash and wear clothing and no milking machine or refrigerator, no radio. We did have a telephone and an old McLaughlan touring car with side curtains.

It was necessary in those days to have a hired man. Often it was a young man from somewhere in the community. When I was 5 years old we had an Englishman "Bill Sparrowhawk" who had been in the army in England. After the war, as everywhere, it was hard to find employment so he immigrated to Canada. He remained at our place basically all the rest of his life with the exception of a few weekends here and there. When I was 11 my life changed as my Father had a serious operation. He was in the hospital for 3 months and upon his return he was never completely well again. We were indeed thankful for Old Bill but my Mother had to take over many more outside duties. In the summer we always were able to find another man to hire. This is in 1929 and later. At last we got hydro power and a washing machine, iron, and a milking machine.

My Mother did not learn to drive the car so at an early age I started to drive. My Father died in 1938. "Old Bill" took over the farm for a few years. I had started to teach in 1937, for 4 years I taught down near Lyons at a place called "Crossley and Hunter", I returned each weekend to help my Mother and often, we would go to London to shop. I then taught in Thamesford and was able to commute each day. It was a little nerve wracking on real snowy days or icy roads. I was married in 1945, to Max Lindsay from Springfield. We remained on the farm until the Spring of 1962 after my husband Max Lindsay died in the Fall of 1961. Mother, the three children and I moved to Thamesford.

Even though she had never fully recovered from a broken hip she remained fairly active and was always there when Robert came home. She died in September 1968 in her 92 nd. year.



AUG • 61 •

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④



George and Margaret Furse ①  
1905

Margaret aged 84 ②

George, Margaret, Audrey also went West by train in May 1923.  
With them were Calders, Olivers, and McGees  
waiting for the train at Thamesford. ③

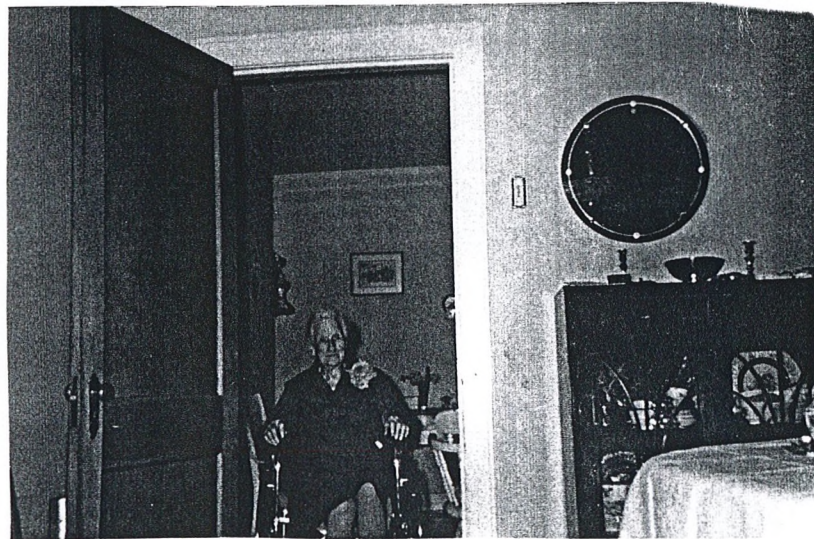
Audrey and a friend with Louella Maud

dressed in black sateen dresses,  
black stockings. Train not air conditioned. ④

JUN • 67



Grandpa  
Margaret Minnie.



Last picture of Margaret on her 90 th April 1967

## John (Uncle Jack)

John or Jack Crellin was born in 1879. I do not know too much about him except as a playing companion for my mother and Uncle Bob. No doubt when the older boys left home these two then had to do the outside chores and gardening.

One story in their younger days was the fact that they only had one bicycle so on a Saturday in order to travel to London to visit their brother Harry, a barber. One would ride the bicycle for 10 minutes then leave it by the roadside and walk on. The other one already walking reached the bicycle rode it - caught up to the other and rode on for another 10 minutes again. And so on until finally they reached London. Then of course they did the same thing on the return trip on Sunday.

Uncle Jack went to Detroit to become a brick layer and this story is told about him. Jack was laying brick two stories up over a street in Detroit and some mortar fell and splashed a group of men who were standing too close. One fellow shook his fist at him and cursed, so Jack picked up a big trowel of mortar and really let him have it.

Another story came from Prince Albert where both Uncle Jack and Uncle Bob lived for a time. While at Prince Albert Jack and some friends used to go hunting. They drove out to a lake where geese were coming in. Jack drew the short straw and had to hold the team while the rest went off to hunt. Jack was waiting half asleep when he heard geese honking, he grabbed his gun and fired away, bringing down two nice geese. When the rest returned empty handed, Jack really had the laugh on them. These stories were told me by his son Stanley.

I do know that both Uncle Jack and Uncle Bob were in Indian Head and Moose Jaw for some time and later in Prince Albert. Jack was married to Effie McConnel on May 30, 1905 at Moose Jaw. Some time later they moved to Welwyn Sask. Here they lived the remainder of their lives. Uncle Jack was in the building business and after the war his son Stanley continued. Stanley built many of the municipal buildings and became a very influential person in his community.

Jack unfortunately died in 1936 with a heart condition. Edna their older daughter was a great favourite with all, but due to ill health was not very strong. She came East twice and stayed for some time. Aunt Effie also came East for several months during the war. Later both returned to Welwyn. Stanley was married and setting up his business. Edna loved these little boys and watched them grow and change. Edna died I think sometime in the 1960's. Each boy is married to a lovely girl and have their own profession.

Stan, his older son, and Kay his wife were alone and having a good time as Kay had retired from nursing but unfortunately she too passed away in 1987. Stan wrote poetry, curled and enjoyed life as well as he could visiting his sons or they visiting him. Finally, his heart gave out and he passed away in 1991.

Hilda, Jack's third child, a nurse, spent much of her life in Minnesota. She enjoys visiting her two children and grandchildren. She spends an active life pursuing her hobbies.

Unfortunately Jack's youngest son Melvyn died in the war. He had spent some time prior to the war with Uncle Charlie and Aunt Anna. He was learning the painting and papering business and gave Uncle Sam and Aunt Anna much pleasure.

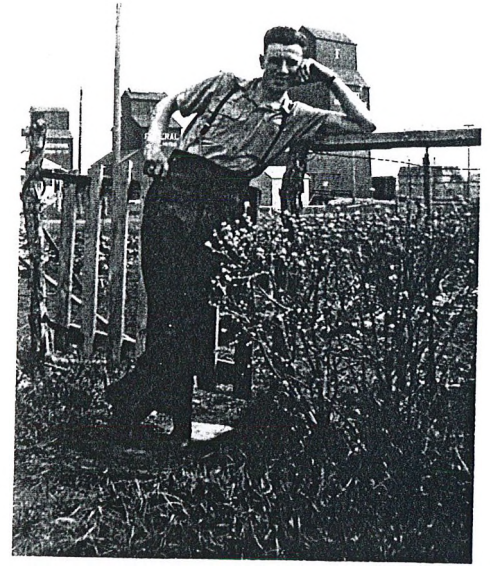


Uncle Bob visiting



Stan Crellin's boys

Laura and John McNulty here too



Stanley Crellin

His boys



Edna and Stan's boys



Effie, Edna, Hilda, Stan

## Robert (Uncle Bob)

Robert (Bob) Crellin Nov. 19, 1881 - Aug. 17, 1956.

I am afraid I do not know too much about Uncle Bob's early days except for the fact Margaret, Jack and Bob made good playing companions. I expect he and Uncle Jack left home at the same time and went to Detroit and later out west. Indian Head, Moose Jaw and Prince Albert were all names I heard about.

Uncle Bob was married to Minnie Jean Paton on Nov. 8, 1909 in Winnipeg. As far as I know they lived in Prince Albert where all three children were born, Henry (Harry), Eileen and Bernard. Then Aunt Minnie became seriously ill. The doctor feared for her life and urged Uncle Bob to take her back East. So it was, that he landed in Thamesford with a very sick wife and 3 young children, Bernard aged 9 months. My Father met them and brought them to our place where Aunt Minnie and Bernard remained. Uncle Bob took the older two Harry and Eileen up to Aunt Bessie and Uncle Sam. This was quite a change for my mother, a seriously ill lady and a nine month old baby as well as her usual farm and household duties. But with daily visit by the Doctor from Thamesford (Dr. Babb) and good nursing from my mother, Aunt Minnie recovered and lived a long life.

First they moved to London for a while. Later they moved to Ingersoll where they lived in one half of a double house, Uncle Will and Aunt Alice lived in the other half. Ollie, Uncle Will's oldest daughter married to Ernie McNally and young daughter Gladys lived just down the street, on Hall Street.

They also lived in another location this time in a Triplex. They lived in the middle section not too far from Smith's pond. I remember one New Year's we were all together for a lovely meal After which we went sleigh riding and tobogganing down the hill of the now Hospital grounds above Smith's pond which of course was frozen over. Uncle Bob was working in construction. He was a brick layer.

They moved to London to Wortley Rd. They were there when my father became seriously ill and was in St. Joseph's hospital for about 3 months. Dr. Peever was just starting to be the chief surgeon. The two Dr. Stephensons were about finished their practice. They rode around in a buggy pulled by a team of black horses. Pretty smart. While my Dad was in the hospital I sometimes stayed with Uncle Bob and Aunt Minnie. For quite a while I stayed with Aunt Anna and Uncle Sam and went to school from there.

One Sunday, I think in January, Uncle Bob decided to drive in the old Model T Ford out to see Grandma Paton at Clandeboye. We got as far as the bridge before Clandeboye then the roads became too bad. We got out and walked the rest of the way Fun for us kids! Uncle Bob and Aunt Minnie are both buried in the cemetery at Clandeboye.

I mentioned Uncle Bob was a brick layer. He built 2 houses in our region here. One, the first 2 story brick house above Kintore on the right hand side for Leo Pearson. A descendant still lives and farms the property as of 1996. The other house was south of our Furse Property about 3/4 of a mile - a red brick house on the left hand side (East) going south from our farm. The owner at the time was Cameron Hogg.

He also built a long wall around a property, which you can see today, toward the south end of St. Thomas.

They moved to 41 Riverview Ave just down from Wharncliffe. This property backed up to the River. There was a boat house down below and a garage and other rooms on ground level. Uncle bob took great pleasure in building a wishing-well and other interesting things in the back yard. They both remained in this house until they died.

Uncle Bob was going down the steps to the River. He was going too fast and slid the last few steps and right into the River. Returning to the house he took off his shoes - but left on the socks so of course the tell-tale footprints continued upstairs to his bedroom. Naturally by this time all the family knew what happened.

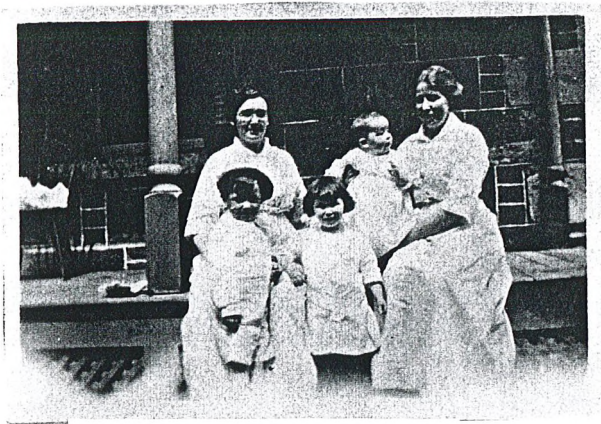
I thought he was a great and wonderful man. His last construction job was building a beautiful stone fireplace in Eileen and Charlie's summer cottage at Bruce beach.

Aunt Minnie had a cottage up on the Hill in Port Stanley and sometimes Uncle Bob rode the L&P.S down, usually on weekends. Here one day he did not get off with the rest. The conductor checked and found him dead.



Bob and Jane

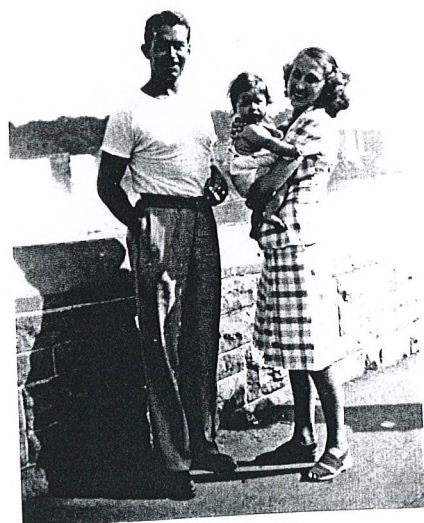




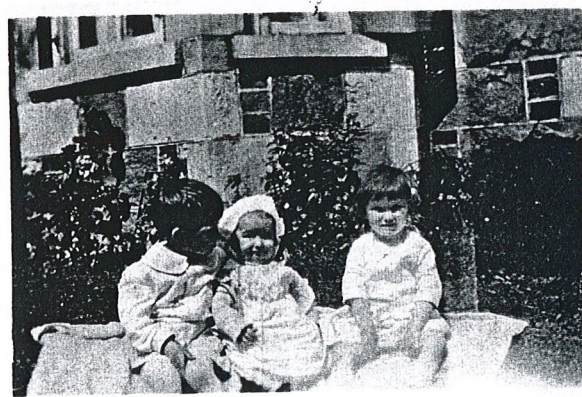
Minnie, Margaret, Harry,  
Eileen, Bernard,



Nora, Doug, Bern,  
Michael, Paul  
(Kathy not born)



Harry, Eleanor, Joan



Harry, Eileen, Bernard

Jane (Janey, Jennie)

Jane Crellin McFarlane. Feb.7, 1884 - Mar.25, 1957

Janey was the youngest girl, 7 years younger than Margaret and 10 years younger than Bessie. There naturally was not the same relationship with them as both Bessie and Margaret were gone away working after their mother died May.10, 1893. However Janey was a well beloved younger sister by all of the family. She had a very out-going personality. She had many loving and long time girl friends and as she grew older she was also very popular with the young men. One special girl friend was Mildred Thornton a younger sister of Alice Thornton Crellin. All the Crellins loved joking and Janey also loved joking and playing jokes.

Aunt Janey and her friends were at a party at the hall. One of her admirers that she was not too fond of was also there. One of her girl friends saw a chair with some water on it, probably melted snow, and said to Janey, "I'll bet you can't get that fellow to sit on the chair" Of course Janey took up the challenge. She proceeded to talk to him in a beguiling manner meanwhile backing him up toward the chair. She sat down on a chair next to it and so he sat on the chair with the water. Her friends all had to muffle their laughter. Later the man was seen standing with his back up to the old "pot bellied" stove. This is just one story I remembered.

It seems that she was hard pressed to choose a husband as there was one or more eligible suitors. Albert McFarlane (Ab) a former cheese maker had returned from the west where he had bought land north of Regina near Semans Sask. When he returned he swept Aunt Janey off her feet, so to speak, and soon wedding plans were made. It was necessary to be back to the west for spring planting.

She spent the last few days before the wedding at her sister Margaret's. The story is told that one of the nights before her wedding she was sleep walking. she went into the little south bedroom where Uncle Ab was sleeping. She pulled out a dresser drawer and

put it on the floor and started house cleaning it. Of course this turned out to be a great joke.

As all the older ones had left home when Grandpa remarried this left only Aunt Janey and Uncle Charles. Uncle Charles had by this time learned the paper hanging and painting trade and still lived at home as did Aunt Janey.

Jane then moved to the West and began what proved to be a difficult life. Farming in the west did not always turn out as planned. The depression came and the Grasshoppers came as well as droughts. However it did not affect the happiness in the home. Wilfred and Allen were their two sons. Wilfred about the age of Bernard and Allen a little younger. Our family visited them in 1923. Early in life Aunt Janey became crippled with Arthritis. At that time they were medically less able to help keep it under control. As a result at an early age she was forced to sit in a chair all day - a very tiring life especially with no foam padded cushions. Uncle Ab was extremely good to her all of her life. She died on Mar.25, 1957. He outlived her by a few years. Wilfred married Lill and had a fine family of two girls and 4 boys. Merlin the older boy became a teacher, the older girl June married and moved to Alberta. Unfortunately both Wilfred and Lill died fairly young and we have lost track of the family.

During her lifetime Aunt Janey and my mother wrote to each other every week - so it seemed that we knew the family well. It was sad when all this stopped.

Allen was in the Army and when he was in training he visited us twice while he was here in Ontario. He married a lovely girl, Debbie, they were down East on their honeymoon. They had 2 children a boy and a girl. They later moved to Regina and since then we have lost track of them. This has always made me sad.

Good news! In 1996 we became reunited with Merlin, Wilfred's eldest son. As a result we met his wife and daughter and grandchild. The daughter lives in Listowel so no doubt we shall have further meetings.



Jane and Albert McFarlane  
Alan and Wilfred



Wilfed, Allan

Jane with grandchildren  
Merlin and June



Wilfred and Lillian



David + Debbie, Alan's daughter

## Charles Crellin

Charles Crellin the youngest born Sept. 7 1886 died Feb. 11, 1969 only a few months after my mother.

He was indeed a favourite Uncle of all the nieces and nephews. I especially felt very close to him as he had always lived just 5 miles from us. We saw him frequently. He was almost like a father to me. He and Aunt Anna were very good to me.

My mother said that when he was young he had been rather fussy so she was the one who looked after him a lot as she was 10 years older. He was only 7 when his mother died. I expect Margaret and Bessie stayed home for sometime trying to manage things. Then my grandfather remarried. The step - mother was especially hard to get along with, as a result all the children that could, left home. Mother and Aunt Bessie to Ingersoll to work. I really can't say about Jack and Bob. Likely they only stayed until they were old enough to go out to work first helping their father and then off for themselves. However Aunt Janey and Uncle Charles had to stay. I guess they made the best of it. Anyway it didn't seem to have had long term side effects.

Charles (Sam) went to Toronto to learn the trade of painting and paper hanging. He then returned and set up business in the Kintore area. He had customers from Embro to Thorndale and Uniondale to Thamesford. He had such a good personality. It was almost like a party when he came to work.

Unc was not a farmer so it was better when he had someone to milk the cows 1 or 2, and feed the horse ( Old Nellie ). After the step mother died and Grandpa needed someone to look after him Aunt Bessie had to give up her position in Toronto and return and so also to do the chores. I guess Unc did the cleaning out.

Then in about 1926, Unc surprised us all by deciding to marry Anna Henderson from Thorndale who was just back for holidays from Detroit where she worked.

Aunt Anna always wore smart clothes. She worked hard at doing these chores, as well she kept quite a few laying hens. The money from these hens helped to pay everyday expenses. Some of Unc's customers were very lax when it came to paying their bills - not only the labour but Unc also supplied the paper and paint. These items had to be paid for. I guess he needed a good bill collector.

Unc had several bad illnesses. In his younger days he had diphtheria and pulled through. He also had several bouts with quinsy. Finally he had his tonsils out in Ingersoll's first hospital and the former home of Dr. McKay for whom my mother worked for a time. He also had bouts of lead poisoning - nowadays they do not allow lead in paint. In those days you bought the paint, white lead, you also bought the basic colours, from this you mixed the paints until you got the right colour. This took a lot of extra time. Half of the garage was used for this.

The most distressing disease of his later life was shingles. Once again they did not have very good medications. He suffered a lot with these and it lasted a long time.

Then the sad time of his life drew near when he could not function properly. This happened at the point of my life after Max had died, I had to go back to teach school, 3 children to look after and mother a semi - invalid. I seemed to have too many things and this made it so I did not get up too often to help Aunt Anna. Kind neighbours helped her but even that was not enough.

At last Clifford and Evelyn Crellin came and took them home to Ingersoll. Unc was admitted to a nursing home but was shortly taken to the hospital when he died Feb. 11, 1969.

Clifford and Evelyn continued to look after Aunt Anna. Occasionally she came to visit me for a few weeks. Her death was easy. She was sweeping the floor when her heart just stopped. We missed them both.

Now to get back to some of the good times. When I was young and Unc would call in we always had to have a game of tag around from kitchen to pantry to dining room

to kitchen. All the Crellin kids plus me did that - or we had another run around. Dining room, bedroom, living room, hallway, dining room. Or the real fun one was up the back stairs through the dark room into the hall and downstairs. What fun we had! Beside we played with the old Baby Buggy in the upstairs hallway. No one ever seemed to get hurt except once. Wilma Surtherland McCann and I were jumping on the spare room bed when she fell off and broke her arm. Kids today would likely kill themselves doing those old fun things.

Unc was always doing something to improve the house. Aunt Anna was always polishing the woodwork. She kept it looking beautiful. They finally had the wooden floor in the dining room refinished showing alternate cherry and maple bands. This was the original floor. They also put down hard wood flooring in the living room. It originally had a woven rug. These rugs were made on large looms.

Old Mrs. McCaul (Mary Mag) who lived across the road had a large room above her kitchen. Here she wove these rugs and I suppose sold them. Her son Danny was about the age of Unc and Ruby was younger. An occasion when Mother was young she would go over to help Mrs. McCaul with the work. Usually her pay would be staying for dinner as they usually had a good meal. Mrs. McCaul seemed to run the household from upstairs for in the summer you could hear her call "Ruby put another piece of wood in the stove."

Of course there was an orchard just north of the house. By the time I was old enough to notice, these trees were past their best. Those old orchards always had a great variety. One tree that lasted a long time was the Snow Apple. How everyone loved to get a basket of snow's!

Unc often had a man working for him. The first one I remember hearing about was Harry Eyre. I guess he was actually learning the trade. He married Ruby McCaul and lived in London; Unc and Harry remained good friends. Another man was Fred Lovett an Englishman. He had a large family and sometimes found it hard to make ends

meet. They were a very clever family and all grew up and found good jobs. Aunt Bessie sometimes made dresses for the little girls.

As I said Unc was not much of a farmer but as he usually kept a couple of cows and a horse and chickens he needed some grain and hay. Of course he had to plow the field. He had the 8 acres divided into 3 fields and the orchard. I expect he must have borrowed a horse or used "Old Nellie" I don't know about that. We have a picture of Unc steering the plow and Lovett driving the horse or horses. Lovett wasn't a farmer either so there was lots of laughing over this.

Other young men who learned the trade from Unc were Pete Longfield, Bide Irvine, Bernard Crellin and Melvin Crellin. These young men used to live with them.

There were serious times but somehow I think of Unc as whistling or laughing at some funny thing. Aunt Bessie was a whistler too just a quiet whistle. Mother was a hummer, always humming a tune of some kind or singing. You could hear my Dad, when he was ploughing, whistling away. I guess because of noisy tractors and radios people don't whistle or sing so much now.

Someone mentioned the word "husking bee" this triggered a long forgotten memory. This story took place probably in the late 1920's. A husking bee is where the neighbours gathered together to take the husks off your corn crop. The corn had been cut, put into sheaves, and about 8 of these sheaves stacked together to make a stook. When they were dry these stooks were loaded on a wagon and brought to the barn. Here's where those 2 large doors of the barn could be opened and the corn stalks stored in there. They needed the neighbours to come and break the ears of corn off the stalks and then strip the leaves off the cobs. So to make a good fun time out of this, neighbours, both men and women were invited. The women went to the house to, of course, make a good lunch for all, as well maybe do some quilting or just have a good time visiting. When the men finished their job it was into the house for a social time. I was up at Unc's when such a fun time occurred.





Anna and Chales at Furse farm <sup>1</sup>

<sup>2</sup>  
Anna, Charles, and Jane with June and Merlin

<sup>3</sup>  
Bern and Unc

At Alice Crellin's Wedding  
Uncle Charles, Harry, Joan,  
Eleanor, Aunt Anna



In closing I would like to say that I hope you feel a little more connected to this family Crellin - McComb. I am sure many of you will be asking, "Do I resemble any of my ancestors?"

As of April 1996, there only remains three of us first cousins, Bernard Crellin who presently is quite ill, Hilda Crellin McNulty and me. I hope you will enjoy these stories and will be able to pass them down to the younger generations.

This may encourage each family in continuing their own family history.



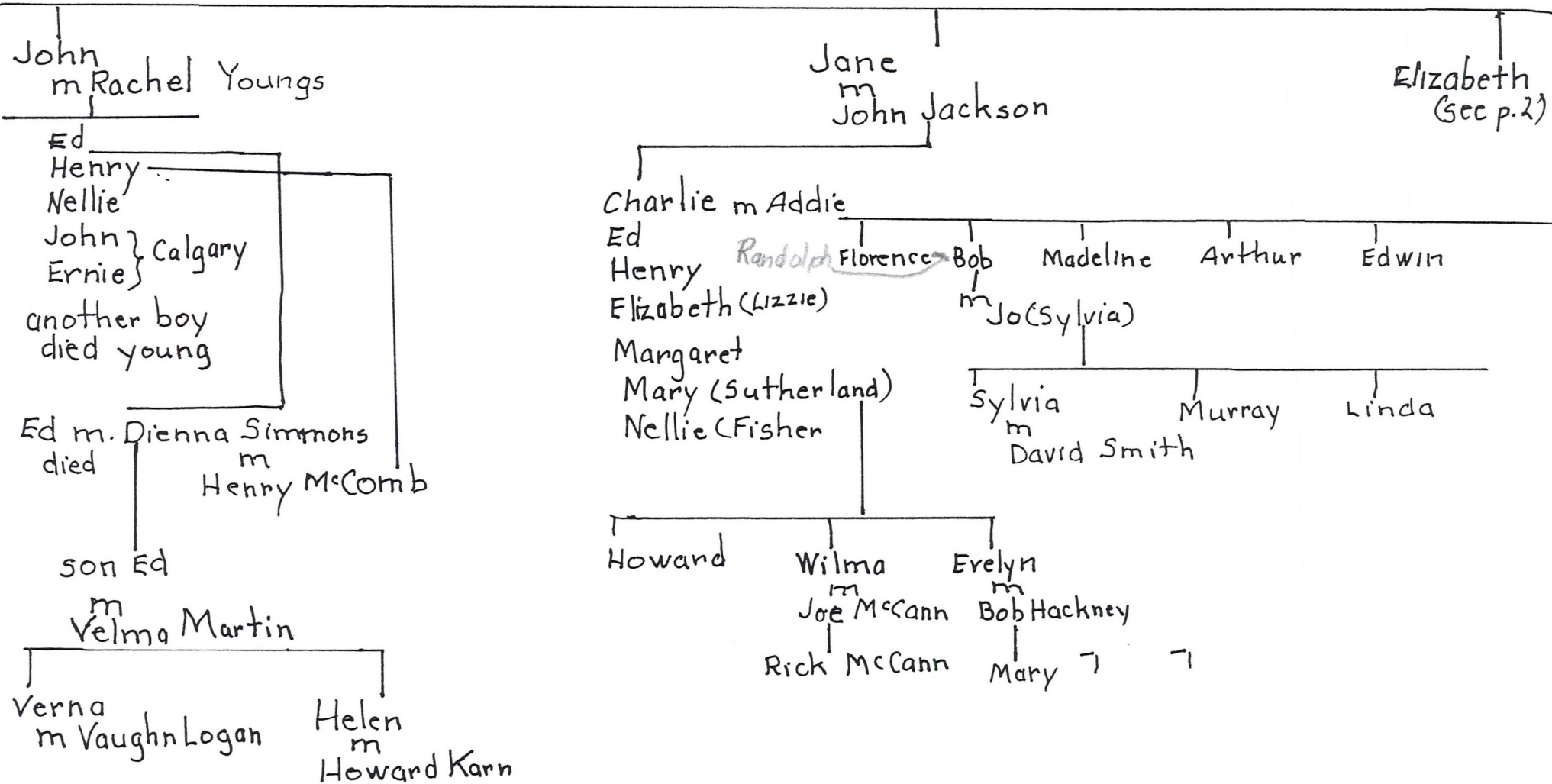
Christmas at Furse home in 1940 or so  
Hilda, Melvyn, Effie, Edna.



Merlin, holding THE CANE when visiting in 1961.

# Henry McComb

born in Lancashire England - died in West Zorra Township Oxford County  
aged 91 years died June 13, 1903



HENRY McCOMB wife unknown

John

Jane

Elizabeth Aug 1, 1847 - May 10, 1893

married March 15, 1870

John Thompson Crellin Nov. 10 1835  
died Jan. 9, 192

Elizabeth 1874-1950  
(Bessie)

Harry (Henry)  
1872-1911

William 1870-1951

m Alice Thornton on Dec. 21, 1891  
died 1955

Margaret 1877-1968

on April 19, 1905 m George Furse 1868-1938

John (Jack) 1879-1936  
on May 30, 1905 m. Effie McConnell  
1886-1956

no

Olive 1893-1963  
m E McNally

Gladys  
m L Moore

Gary Carol Anne

Iva 1898-1988  
m H. McLeod

La Verne

Harold  
1932

Clifford 1904-1987  
m E Tindale

Alice  
1935

Graeme  
1942

Elsie 1909-1995  
m J. Murray

Bill

Carole  
Margaret  
1977

Eric  
1941

Audrey 1918  
on Mar 31, 1945  
m Max Lindsay 1917-1961  
on Dec 21, 1974  
m Edward B Griffin  
1914-1994

Lindsay  
George  
1950 Robert  
1957

Victor  
1942

Edna 1906  
1972

Dale  
1945

Stanley 1912  
1991

Glen  
1947

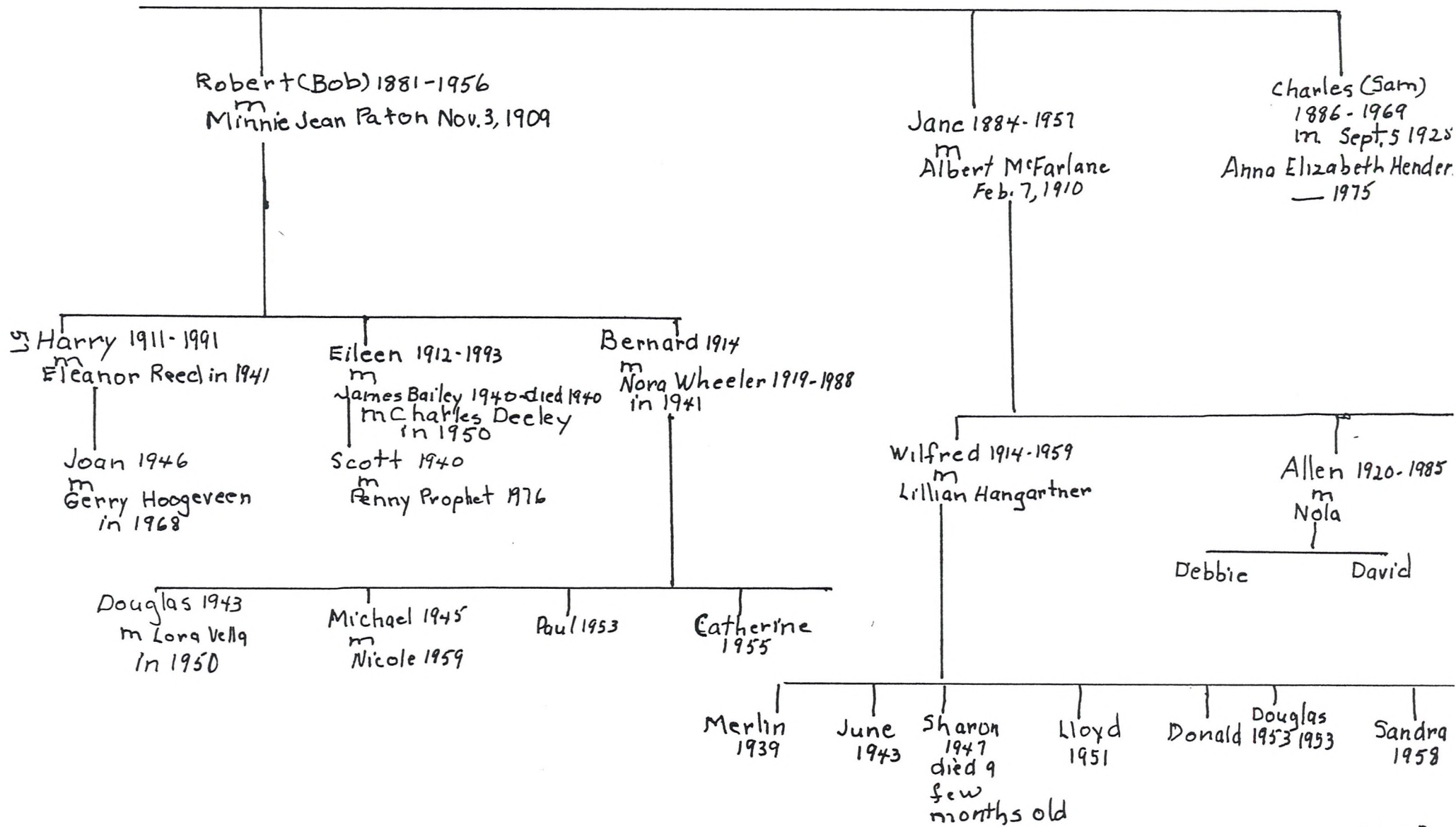
Hilda 1915

Brian  
1949

Melwyn  
1921-1944  
Killed in  
Action Dec  
at Nijmegen  
Holland

Roy  
1950

Grant  
1951



Key people to contact from each family group

Will - Elizabeth Crellin  
Alice Crellin Ingle

394 Wellington St  
Ingersoll Ont. N6C1H9  
519-485-0446

John McComb  
Verna McComb Logan  
RR4 Woodstock  
Ont. N45 7Z8  
519-424-9454

Margaret - Margaret Lindsay Fontaine  
6 Sandpiper Ct.

Elmira Ont. N3B3C5  
519-669-2678

Jane Jackson  
(Charlie)  
Sylvia Jackson Smith  
656 Gladstone Dr.  
Woodstock Ont.  
519-539-7607

John - Glen Crellin  
15 Austin St

Trenton Ont. K8V1Z2  
613-392-3398

Robert - Joan Crellin Hoogveen  
528 Chiddingtong Ave  
London Ont. N6C2W3  
519-681-4435

- Paul Crellin  
9 Woodland Pl.

London Ont. N6C1H9  
519-642-1856

Jane - Merlin McFarlane  
Rose Valley P.O. Box 505  
Sask. S0E 1M0  
306-322-2222

(Mary)  
Rick McCann (Sutherland)  
Cowbell Lane  
Severn Bridge  
Ont. P0E 1N0  
705-689-2463

Thank you  
to  
the Fontaine family  
and  
to everyone else  
who contributed memories.

Love, Audrey.

