



**Vol.12.No.4.**

**Winter 1998**

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(For all communication with the Guild of One Name Studies)  
(To be sent new applications and all renewals of Society membership, complete with subscriptions)

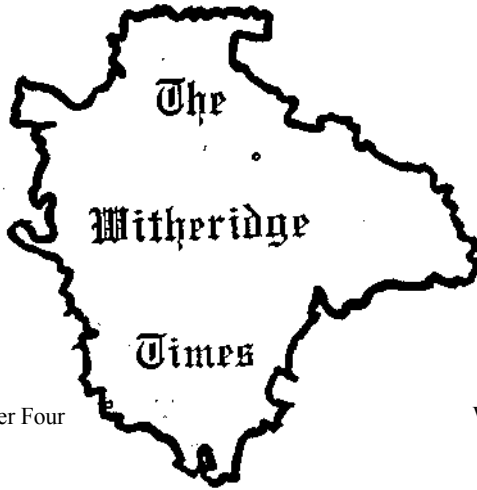
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(To be sent all items for publication in the Witheridge Times - family news, articles etc., and all requests for copies of the certificates held by the Society)

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Continued on back cover



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(We hope to have the concluding part of the Samuel Witheridge/Majuba Hill battle story in our next edition)

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GREETINGS, AND EVERY GOOD WISH FOR  
CHRISTMAS AND THE NEW YEAR!

My thoughts go out to all our members and readers at this time, with wishes for their health and prosperity, and my thanks to all our contributors and researchers who make the magazine possible.

At this time, everyone takes a look back over the old year, but this time it seems like The Year That Never Was! The customary pattern of the seasons, which although we may not normally be particularly conscious of it, shapes our lives, has been disrupted this year. After a mild winter and two years of drought, we had a cold spring with torrential rain, and many parts of the country, not usually afflicted by floods, were under water. In late spring there were about three hot days, but summer never came, and by Autumn it was raining again. There have been no country walks, with the crunch of dry leaves under foot - only more floods, and a muddy squelch if one ventured out at all.

If anyone is planning their holiday for next year, I recommend that you read Peter Grafton's "A Health Warning To Travellers" before you make your final arrangements.

Kathy Witheridge has furnished us with an intriguing tale "Whatever Happened to Maria Tall Sandover Witheridge", and John Witheridge has discovered more family connections for us to investigate. In all, I hope a good Christmas read!



I send Christmas Greetings and my very best wishes for a Happy and Prosperous New Year to all our friends in the Society, old and new. In the year 1999 we shall be looking forward to the Millennium year, and the Society hopes to mark the year by a special event. This will involve a great deal of organisation, and in order to help this along, I ask you to read and respond to the leaflet enclosed with this magazine.

We are looking forward to our 1999 meeting at Winchcombe, and as always, I look forward to seeing old and new friends there. Further information on this gathering will be in the next magazine, Spring, 1999.

HEARTFELT GOOD WISHES FOR 1999!



Chairman

## FAMILY NEWS

We are delighted to announce the arrival of Ethan Mitchell Cook, first born son of members Zoe and Jason Cook, and first grandchild of our President Kim Cook and husband Roy.

Weighing in at 8 lbs. 10oz. Ethan was born on Sunday, 17<sup>th</sup> September, 1998. Mother and baby are both doing well.

There is better news of baby Eloisa Barnett, grand daughter of members Terry and Joyce Stephens. Her mother Coreen has recovered from an infection, and Eloisa is holding her own, although she still needs special care.

At the moment, Terry's health is giving cause for concern, but he is responding to treatment.

Kathy Witheridge of Ontario has told us of a wonderful day she and Paul had in August when they went to Lansing, Michigan, to attend a re-union of the Tomlinson and Redburn families. Jean Tomlinson and Robert Redburn are grandchildren of Elizabeth Witheridge, born 1858, who married Alfred William Chivers. Elizabeth was descended from the Berrynarbor/CombeMartin family. The photograph is of Jean and her son, Denny and his wife Darlene. We had the pleasure of meeting them all last year at our Tiverton gathering, and we hope that that meeting will not be the last.



A happy Canadian event was the wedding of our member Brenda Dwyne's niece, Aileen Duncan. The wedding group shows Michael Duncan, Aileen Duncan (the bride) Emily Duncan and Margaret (Clarke) Duncan. Aileen is the great grand daughter of John Northmore Witheridge and Mary Jane Knight (Ermington family).



## A HEALTH WARNING TO TRAVELLERS

by Peter Grafton

My younger son, Jonathan, 19, is taking a 'year out' before University. He decided that part of it should be spent on a backpacking journey through the Middle East with school friend Robin. They flew to Cairo and, over the last two months or so have travelled through Egypt, Jordan, Syria and into Turkey, taking in many familiar 'Biblical' places such as Sinai, Petra, Damascus, Antioch (*now Atakya*), Ephesus etc.

A day or two after arriving in Istanbul, they were sitting one evening at a table near a small cafe by the Sea of Marmara, when they were joined by an affable Arab, who engaged them in conversation. Their experience of meeting the local people in Jordan and Syria had been of kind and friendly persons, anxious to be helpful and hospitable, so were quite happy to be joined a few minutes later by two companions of the first man. The cafe owner then requested them, if they were not going to eat, not to occupy the table (!) so they moved and sat on the nearby rocks, where the boys were asked if they would care for a glass of raki, which they accepted and drank.

That was the last thing they remembered until they woke up in hospital the next morning, strapped to their beds, to inhibit the nervous spasms they were exhibiting, and being drip fed. Having recovered sufficiently to be discharged, despite cuts and bruises to the head and body suffered by Jonathan, they reported to the police station, whence had come the police, who had found them at midnight, lying by a road alongside a local hockey pitch, and taken them to hospital.

The 'friendly Arabs' were, in fact members of a gang of Moroccans, known to the police, and the drinks were of course, spiked with a powerful drug also obliterating memory. It would appear that much of Jonathan's injuries must have been caused by being dragged over the rocks - and perhaps, the hard surface of the hockey pitch - unless he'd put up a struggle when he realised that he was losing consciousness, but he can't remember.

Robin was relatively unscathed, but, being a good deal lighter, might have been carried. They had, of course, been comprehensively robbed of all their money and papers, which they customarily carried with them for safe keeping!

They were allowed one call home from the police station, before visiting the British Consulate, and the reader can no doubt imagine the consternation of the

parents, and the anxious day of telephone calls, faxes to the Consul in Istanbul, the Turkish desk of the Foreign Office in London (both most helpful) and between parents, to arrange for money and temporary passports, not to mention those to banks, credit card and insurance companies and so on.

The all important fact is that the good Lord watched over them and we welcomed them home at Heathrow last week end, complete with blood samples for testing as the to drug and its possible long term effects. After a week's recovery period, they will be resuming their journey back to Turkey, via the Greek islands, to finish their holiday.

It's a sad, bad old world and our prayers continue!



**A REMINDER THAT SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR 1999 ARE DUE**  
**ON THE 1<sup>ST</sup> JANUARY!**

We are pleased that the Society has been able to hold subscriptions at the 1998 levels. These are:-

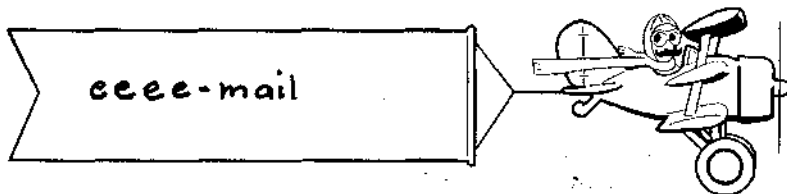
Overseas membership	£12.00
UK Family membership	£10.00
UK Individual membership	£ 7.00
Economy membership	£ 5.00

Overseas members may pay for three years' membership in one payment.

Subscriptions should be sent to the Membership Secretary:-

Mr. John Witheridge,  
6, Prestbury Avenue,  
Clayton,  
Newcastle-under-Lyme  
Staffs. ST5 4QY





Here comes our message:- The 'Net is catching more of our members!  
Three more e-mail addresses are now available:-

Member Nos. 74/75

Mrs. Vel. Metcalfe.

49, Chester Road,  
Tawa  
Wellington,  
New Zealand

rodneym@clear.net.nz

Member No. 88

Mrs. Barbara DiMambro

49, Addison Street,  
Richmond Hill,  
Ontario  
Canada  
L4C 9N1

bdm@shaw.wave.ca

Member No 169

Mrs. Deidre Deakin

10, Kentucky Way,  
Palmerston North  
New Zealand

d.deakin@xtra.co.nz

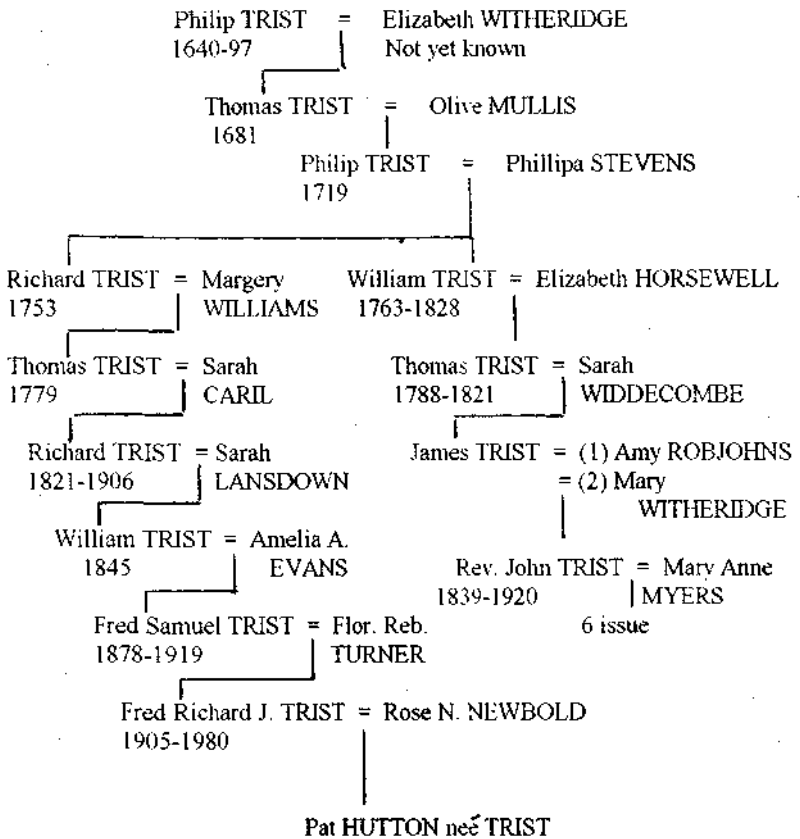


## RESEARCH REPORT ON THE TRIST FAMILY

by John Witheridge

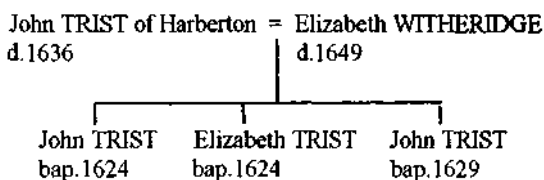
The Trist family has several family connections to the Witheridge family in marriage. So far I have located three such marriages - this with the assistance of a recent correspondent, Mrs. Pat Hutton.

Pat is a direct descendant of Elizabeth Witheridge who married Philip TRIST in the circa 1660s. Let me show the line of descent:-



The Trist family is well documented but sadly, we the Witheridge Society, have no idea who these Witheridge ladies are. One clue that we have been given is that this branch of the Trist family is called "The South Brent family". This is very close to Ermington, Yealmlton and Modbury.

When researching these names I have found the following - with the assistance of Pat Hutton. Also by putting two and two together I have come up with another short tree:



One further twist in this family tale is a possible marriage in 1624, but this is only a consideration I have come to based on the following record:-

From the Devon IGIs

Eliz. Wetherig married a John TRUST 11<sup>th</sup> November, 1724, at Kingston near Ivybridge. Note that this entry as indexed by the Mormon researchers was noted as exactly 100 years later than the possible marriage in 1624. Ought the date to have been 1624? It does fit!

I would welcome any input into the families of these Witheridge girls. So please write with your ideas.

## **ONE FOR THE RECORD BOOKS?**

by Kim Cook

The parish of Christ Church, Southwark, has for centuries been one of those teeming parishes, with a dense, shifting population. From the very earliest days of the parish records, clergy and parish clerks recorded a steady stream of baptisms, marriages and burials. Searching for ancestors (even the more recent ones) in this parish can be a very time consuming task.

While trying to solve some of the problems of Roy's family tree in the late Victorian era (problems about which I could write a book!), I had occasion to search the records of Christ Church, looking for a variety of names including Bates, Cook, Fisher, Grosvenor, Parish, Seabrook and Waite, in the period 1875-1890.

At one point I suddenly realised that, over a number of pages, all the surnames were in alphabetical order. This struck me as very odd, as I couldn't imagine the chances of a whole succession of families presenting children for baptism in strict alphabetical order.

Then I looked more closely, and discovered that all those pages of baptisms had occurred on the same day! Intrigued, I looked through them again and counted them. There were six entries on one page, then thirteen full pages at eight entries to a page, and then a further two entries on the final page. That adds up to no less than 112 (yes, one hundred and twelve!) baptisms on that one day, 12 June, 1883.

If the incumbent, the Rev. Haskett Smith, had had a production line going, and had baptised one child every three minutes, it would have taken him 5 hours, 36 minutes non-stop! Did he conduct all these baptisms in one long stint, or did he break for lunch and come back and do the rest in the afternoon? However it was done, Mr. Haskett Smith must have been very well organised!

Further evidence of the organisation that went into this day, is shown by the fact that of the 112 entries in the register, 109 are in alphabetical order, from Barrett to Zeigler, with three omissions tacked on to the end. Among the 112 children were many siblings, the maximum numbers going to three families, the Gardiners, the Joneses and the Sainsburys, who each had five children baptised that day. Were the Sainsburys related to the local grocer, I wonder?

What brought about this marathon of baptisms? There was no lull in the days and weeks before 12 June 1883, nor any tailing off afterwards, so it couldn't have been a case of the minister being ill or absent and catching up on his return. So had Mr. Haskett Smith conducted some sort of local mission? Or had he gone into the local schools, requesting that all children be brought for baptism?

Alternatively, he might have been organising some sort of outing or other treat, which only those children who had been baptised could attend. Perhaps some of the other parish records will give some clue. But whatever the reason, I think that this must be a record, in more senses than one!

PS. There wasn't a single one of Roy's relations among the 112! However, I did find four interesting baptisms further on in the registers. Two Grosvenors and one Cook, (who turned out to be a previously unknown sister of Roy's father), were baptised in Christ Church between 1887 and 1889. But perhaps the most interesting baptism took place on 26<sup>th</sup> November 1884, when the Rev. R. Currie Thomas baptised Charles William, the son of William Jasper Chaplin, licensed victualler, and his wife Alice, of 20 Collingwood Street. This was probably little Charlie Chaplin's first appearance centre stage. Did he cry, or did he make Mr. Currie Thomas laugh? I wonder!



### HOW MUCH AM I BID?

First it was a Devon church to be auctioned (that of the church in Princetown), now it is the turn of one of the county's most beautiful beaches. Newberry beach, CombeMartin, is to come under the hammer in Barnstaple parish rooms shortly, according to a report in the Daily Telegraph.

Apparently, this beach is unusual in that the area between high and low tides is not the property of the Crown as is customary, and yet it is not a completely private beach as the public have right of way over it, and may walk, sit and play on it. It is in an area which is designated one of outstanding beauty, and so any owner would not be completely free to do as he/she liked with it.

It must have been familiar to many of our families as it is reached by steps from CombeMartin and is near Berrynarbor. Let us hope that a new owner will respect it and care for its beauty.



## PONY TALE

by Joyce Browne

Since before times remembered the Dartmoor pony has wandered across the landscape of the Moor. Rough coated, and subdued in colour, these sturdy animals quietly munch their way over grassland, heather and rocky outcrop under Dartmoor's moody skies, and in treacherous weather. They have won a place in the hearts of all visitors to Devon, and no view of the Moor would be complete without them.

If approached on foot, usually the group of ponies will take no notice, heads down and tails swishing, they will go on with the serious business of feeding. Sometimes, if one seeks to touch them, they will move off, purposefully, to ground where it would be unwise to follow.

Other groups, especially those around villages like Princetown are more tame, and roam around the main street and can be a nuisance in their foraging. Visitors are asked not to feed them, but they can be persistent in their quest for titbits, and will kick a stationary car to attract attention (and, as I can personally testify, a small hoof can make a big dent!)

Recently I was horrified to see a television report which revealed that these inoffensive creatures may disappear from Dartmoor. Why?

Contrary to what most people imagine, these ponies are not completely wild. They are owned and 'managed' by local farmers. They have veterinary attention and in the winter are sheltered and fed, and are in fact regarded as a 'crop'. Unpleasant thought though it may be, the ponies are rounded up and sold for their meat and hides.

British farming today, particularly livestock farming, is in dire trouble. Although the cost of meat in the shops is high, the reward to the farmer at market is incredibly low. Recently a lamb was sold for less than the cost of a bale of hay!

Farmers blame the high cost of complying with hygiene regulations (which our foreign competitors sometimes fail to do), the high cost of slaughter, and cheap food imports bought by the supermarkets. For cattle farmers, the BSE crisis seems to have no end, and Britain is still not allowed to export beef.

Some farmers are killing off their animals themselves and burying them because they cannot afford to feed them and transport them to an abattoir, and then make a loss. Faced with this situation, some Dartmoor farmers say that they cannot afford to look after the ponies, if there is no market for them, that they will die during the winter or will be slaughtered for humanitarian reasons.

I don't have any answers to this problem, but I know that Devon and Dartmoor would not have the same appeal without the ponies!



## A CHRISTMAS STORY

"The struggle is over" the midwife said  
"You have a healthy boy",  
And she looked around at the humble shed,  
Seeing no reason for joy.

But joy there was on the faces of all,  
Although the mother was spent  
She seemed not to mind the cattle stall,  
And the cattle, all still and content.

"I think that you have been ill led,  
To come to a place not your own,  
Where I could find not so much as a bed  
To lay you and your baby down!"

Mary smiled - "To you I was led,  
To you, who are caring and kind,  
Who swaddled my child and bathed his head,  
When others were cruel and blind!"

"Did you not see, as you worked for me  
The light which was all around,  
And did you not feel, if you could not see,  
That we are on holy ground?"

The midwife marvelled and made remark  
That never once did she have to ask  
For a lamp to be brought to lighten the dark,  
As expertly she performed her task.





Mary said 'For you I have a gift to give -  
Your eyes will see in the darkest night,  
The babies you bring will always live,  
Where you work there will always be light"

How could she know of my secret pain,  
And fear of my failing sight? But the midwife said  
"I'll fetch some wine, then you'll sleep again,  
And I'll watch the babe, and see him fed"

Outside, she staggered in huge amaze  
At the distant hills, where hung a star,  
Its brilliance setting them ablaze  
And lighting travellers from afar.

From near and far the people came,  
Drawn by the glorious light,  
Came to see a child whose name  
Foretold, had been whispered in dark night.

The midwife heard the music of the spheres,  
Heard angels' voices raised in song,  
Felt her tired eyes soothed by tears,  
"Father", she said "I thank you for this night  
my life time long!"

**JRB**

## EVERY PICTURE TELLS A STORY (or so it is said)

by Joyce Browne

Recently, a little collection of seven rather tattered picture postcards came into my possession. I hoped they would tell me a story, and if not me, one of our readers. They were all written by Witheridges, or received by Witheridges and I think that they were written by relatives of more than one of our member families, and may reveal addresses not previously known.

The card which fixes an identity is that addressed to a girl with an unusual name - "Miss Leeba Witheridge, at 1, Coulson's Buildings, Penzance". The picture is of Town Beach, Newquay, North Cornwall, and the postmark is for Newquay, ? December 2, 1913. "*Dear Leeba*" says the message, and goes on with a slightly puzzling "*shot on the way up here but didn 't have any fish: only a few hundreds here today; mucky old weather. With love Phil*" and three kisses. This puzzled me until I realised that Phil was a fisherman, making a trip by sea, presumably from Penzance to Newquay, and had paused and shot out his nets without any result. When he arrived off Newquay he still had a disappointing catch. Imagine Phil, in the 'mucky old weather' pitching about in his boat in the Atlantic rollers, with only a few hundred fish as a reward!

Leeba Witheridge was born in 1892, the daughter of John Witheridge and Esther Jennings, and she had a brother Philemon, who went to Australia and became the father of our member Phyllis Cocking.

The other card sent to Coulson's Building, Penzance was addressed to Mrs. J. Witheridge. This is a coloured picture of Edgar Tower, a fortified gatehouse in Worcester BUT the postmark is Swansea, Wales, 19<sup>th</sup> February, 1914. There is an address which might be "Dangerly Road" , and it begins "*Dear Mother and Father*" and ends with *Love from May*". We know that John Witheridge, born 1848 (brother to the Philemon who married Mary Carvarth) married Esther Jennings in Helston in 1871, and that they had at least ten children including Philemon, Leeba, and an Mary Elizabeth, who could have been the "May" who was the signatory on the card.

May does give some good news - she tells her mother that she cannot write a letter as she is "*busy helping Annie and Phil*". She goes on to say that Phil has work at the Post Office, starting on the Monday. She thinks he is lucky as he is "*still on pay for another 2 weeks* " Everyone is well and she hopes that

her parents are the same. This card implies that Annie and Phil had moved to Swansea, so that Phil had had to change his job, but had found work quickly.

Who were Annie and Phil? One of John and Esther's children, born 1879, was named "Annie", and we know that she married a "Philip" in 1903, but we don't know Philip's surname. Written upside down on the card is a plaintiff little note: *"Annie been expecting letter"* - was Annie homesick?

May wrote another card to her mother, but this time from somewhere in Glamorgan - postmarked July, 1917. By this time Mrs. J. Witheridge had moved to 12 Taroveor Terrace, Penzance. The sepia picture is of Three Cliffs Bay and Penard Castle, and May says *"Having a lovely time here - beautiful weather"*.

There is a third card addressed to Mrs. J. Witheridge at 12, Taroveor Terrace, but not written by May. It looks as if Annie and Phil had made another move. It is a picture of Carbis Bay, St. Ives, but it is postmarked PLYMOUTH 6.0 p.m, 6<sup>th</sup> October, 1917. Did Philip have a job which necessitated frequent moves? *"We have arrived all safe"* the message reads *"Phil was here to meet me. I will write letter tomorrow. Love to Jack and All. Annie and Phil"*.

In 1917, travellers from Penzance to Plymouth (a distance of some 78 miles) might have travelled by charabanc, but would have been much more likely to have travelled by God's Wonderful Railway. WHOSE Railway? The Great Western. This line, at first associated with the West Cornwall, the Bristol and Exeter and the South Devon Railways, came into being in 1833, and the intention was to improve and promote rapid communication between Bristol, which was in decline, and London, the centre of trade. The Great Western amalgamated with the smaller enterprises, and from the beginning it prided itself in doing things differently from, and better than, other railways.

The great engineer, Isambard Kingdom Brunei was its designer, and his first consideration was speed. He built the Royal Albert Bridge, opened by Prince Albert in 1859, which crosses the Tamar from Saltash to Plymouth and cuts the distance from south Cornwall to south Devon and beyond. This bridge, still admired as a marvel of engineering, is a suspension bridge with two great spans each 445 feet from centre to centre of the main piers.

Our families would certainly have crossed the bridge on any journey from Penzance or Porthleven to south Devon, and may have ridden behind the famous locomotive "City of Truro", which, in 1904, became the first steam



POSTCARD

Printed in Great Britain



This space may be used for Communication

The Address to be written here

Dear Leiba  
 shot on  
 way up but did not  
 have any fish; only a few  
 hundreds here today;  
 muddy old weather  
 with love Phil

Miso Leiba Withersdy  
 1 Boulsons Building  
Tenzyand



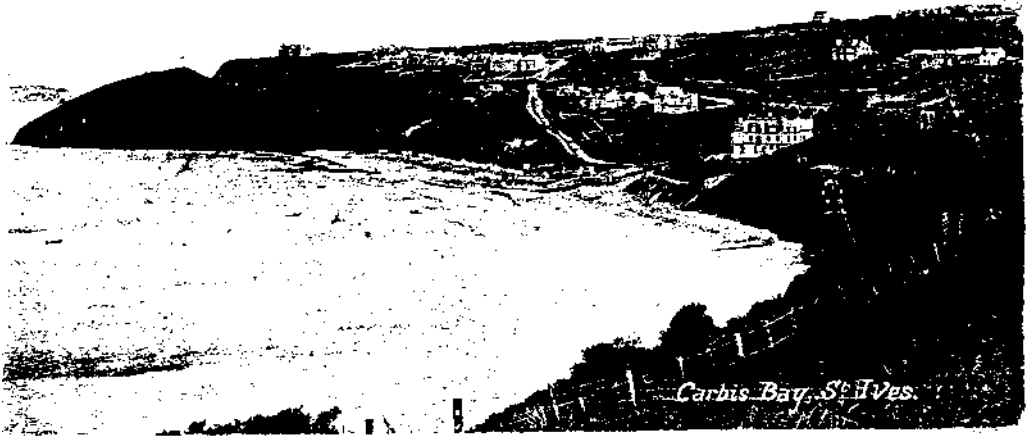
4500 Broadway 4 & D. New York City, N.Y.  
 The Star Series, G. D. & D. L. Printers Co. Germany, U.S.A.  
 Dear brother & father, best  
 stay to write a letter just  
 yet as I am busy helping  
 Annie & Phil B. at Holy  
 You would like to know  
 that Phil have work in the  
 post office, start tomorrow so  
 he is rather busy as he is  
 still on pay, got another 2  
 weeks we are all well &  
 getting on fine till the year is  
 named, love from Mary.

W3003  
 NEWSPAPER CARD  
 30 PM  
 19 FEB 14



Mrs J. Witheridge  
 1 Conlon's  
 Buildings,  
 Finance  
 Cornedale.

This side for the address only.



Carbis Bay, St Ives.

POST CARD

THE ADDRESS ONLY TO BE WRITTEN HERE



Mrs H. P. H. H. H.  
 12 Tuxford Terrace  
 Penzance  
 Cornwall

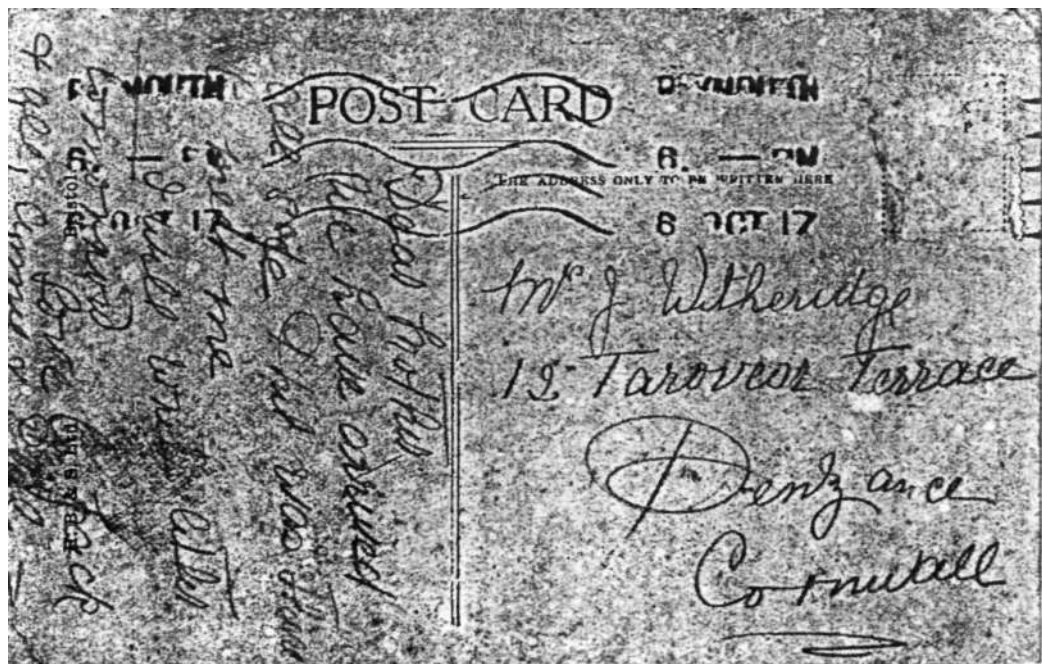
*Sunday*

Dear Mother,

Having a lovely  
 time here, we are  
 beautiful. Love to all

Zenith Series, G. W. S.  
 May

Three Cliffs Bay and Penard Castle.



locomotive anywhere in the world to achieve a measured speed of 100 miles per hour. Perhaps this was why Mrs. Witheridge needed to know that her family had arrived safely!

Mr. Phil Witheridge was the recipient of a card postmarked PLYMOUTH , August 16th 1911. This is earlier than the other cards and the address is "Leskinnick Terrace, Penzance". If this was Philemon, son of John Witheridge and Esther Jennings, then he was about 21 years old. The message is to "Dear Comrade", the weather was evidently hot, and the Comrade said "*Glad the ?Bande is getting on so well*" (Was Phil a musician?) The friend then says that he will be with his comrade at the weekend and signs off "*God Bless You. J A "*

This card depicts the then municipal buildings and centre of Plymouth, barely recognisable now, as the heart of Plymouth was destroyed by bombing in World War.

There is another card addressed to a Mr. P. Witheridge, but this may be earlier as it is addressed to "Cliff Road, Porthleven". The postmark looks like "Redruth", but the date is indecipherable. It is written in a large, childish hand, signed "*Bernard*" and may have been from a child to a child. The writer hopes that Phil will like the postcard. It may have been thought witty at the time, but wouldn't raise a smile now. It shows a line drawing of a seated peasant man, possibly Dutch, and a nagging wife. The caption is "Needles and Pins, Needles and Pins, When a man marries his trouble begins". I wonder if that had any special significance for Phil Witheridge?

The last card is addressed to "Mrs. Witheridge, 4, Thornbery Terrace, Penzance", and is signed "*Jack*". On looking at the extensive family trees of the Combe Martin/ Helston/ Penzance/Porthleven family, I cannot immediately determine which Mrs. Witheridge this was, or decide on the identity of "Jack" Perhaps someone out there will be able to enlighten me?

To my mind, this is the most intriguing card of the collection. It has a view of the Eiffel Tower, carries three French 25 cent stamps and a clear postmark of PARIS 1923. It begins "*Dear Aunt*" and goes on: "*I am spending my Easter in Paris. Fine weather but rough weather crossing the channel. Have visited the Eiffel Tower. Jack*" My first reaction was to notice the lack of sentiment. No "Dear Auntie" or "Dear Auntie Annie" or whatever - no "wish you were here". Or "Wish you could see this". Was Jack writing out of a sense of duty, or a desire to show the family that he could afford to spend Easter in Paris (not so



cheap before the days of package holidays)? Was he a seasoned traveller and Paris was just a stop over on his way to somewhere else?

Jack then goes on to describe the weather - there he was in Paris and he fills up his card with a description of the weather! No eulogies about Paris in the spring, or even a mention of the food - just a terse note "*Have visited the Eiffel Tower*" There is not even a note about the ascent or the view from the top (perhaps he didn't go to the top) He then signs off with "*Jack*" - no love and kisses nonsense.

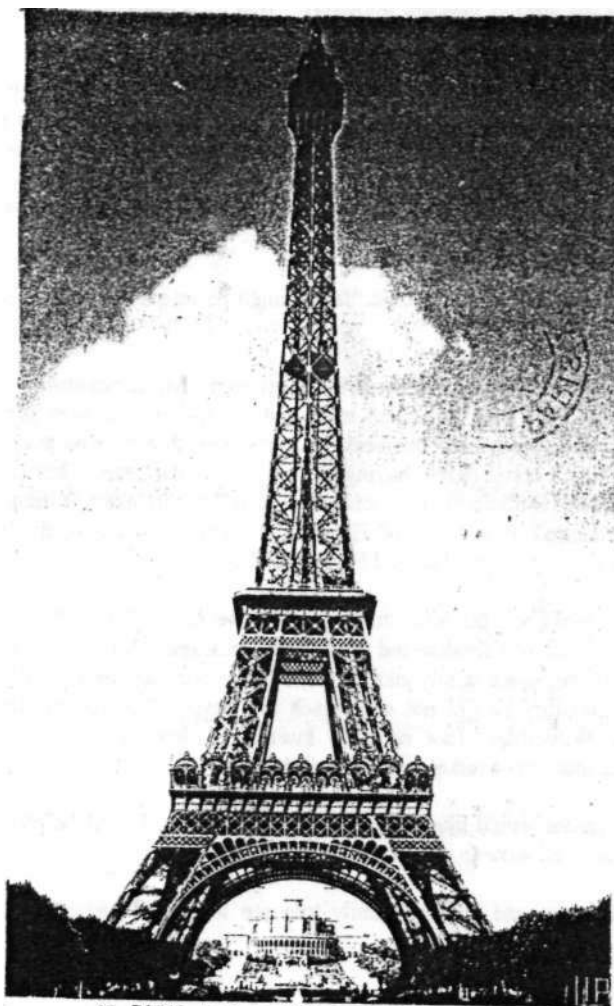
I think the personality of our laconic "Jack" might be interesting, and who was nephew Jack?

These thoughts awakened some memories of my own. My father-in-law, Harry Browne, was a very reserved, silent man, and the family was very surprised when, on his retirement from business, he announced that he was going on a once-in-a-life-time cruise (never having set foot outside the country before). He would not unbend sufficiently to discuss this, or tell us his exact itinerary, but we were permitted a pre-view of Harry in his evening suit, ready for his invitation to the Captain's table, and Harry kitted out for the tropics.

All we ever heard about this adventure was when we received a postcard with a picture of the Rock of Gibraltar and the one line message "*Passing the Spanish Coast*". (This became a family joke) On his return our questions elicited only the information that he did not care much for Egypt "Camels are smelly!" Perhaps the Witheridges (not normally known for their reticence) and the Brownes had more in common than I thought!

PS If any reader would like one or more of these cards, I shall be pleased to forward them - just write to me - address inside front cover.

(For the Penzance and Helston family tree see fold over section at end of magazine)



67. PARIS, La Tour Eiffel, — The Eiffel Tower.



LES ÉDITIONS N° 2999

Paris et ses environs

Dear Aunt

I am spending my Easter in Paris. The weather, but rough weather across the channel. Have visited the Eiffel tower. Jack.

Mr Bithard

4 Stoney Lane

London

England



PARIS 1909

Potonilbe Freres, Imp., 5, Cité Berthele - Paris.

## A TWIST IN THE TALE

*When, in the magazine for Winter, 1996, John Witheridge introduced new members Brenda Dwyne and her husband, William, of Hamilton, Ontario, he told of the research he had done on Brenda's family - the John Northmore Witheridges of Ermington. He pointed out that the 1881 Census showed Brenda's great grandmother, Maria Tall Sandover Witheridge, living at 12 Hampton Street, Plymouth, as housekeeper to Andrew Sandover, widower. Also in the house were three children of Andrew's and two daughters of Maria.*

*John 's last paragraph read "I hope to prove that Andrew was Maria's brother, and this is why she was his housekeeper in the later years of her life. Obviously a need for further research!"*

***Now read on!***

### **WHATEVER HAPPENED TO MARIA TALL (SANDOVER) WITHERIDGE?**

by Kathy Witheridge, Ontario.

For some years I have been trying to track down the whereabouts of Maria Tall (Sandover) Witheridge. Maria was born in Cornwood, Devon, in 1841.



On November, 20<sup>th</sup>, 1867, at Ermington, Devon, she married John Northmore Witheridge, sr. They had five children as follows:-

Mary Jane Witheridge, born at Ermington in 1868

Philip Witheridge, born at Ermington on July 25<sup>th</sup> 1870

John Northmore Witheridge, born at Ermington on November 10<sup>th</sup>, 1872

Annie Maria Witheridge Witheridge, born at Ermington in 1876

Frances Northmore Horton Witheridge born at Ermington 1877

In the 1881 census for Ermington the following appeared:-

WITHERIDGE, John, head, married 36, carpenter

WITHERIDGE, Mary, daug., 12, scholar

WITHERIDGE, Philip, son, 10, scholar

WITHERIDGE, John, son, 8, scholar

In the 1881 census for Plymouth Charles was the following:-

12, Hampton Street, Plymouth

SANDOVER, Andrew, head, widower, 35, butcher

SANDOVER, Edith, daug. 9, scholar

SANDOVER, Thomas, son, 8, scholar

SANDOVER, Harry, son 7 scholar

WITHERIDGE, Maria, servant, married, 37, housekeeper

WITHERIDGE, Annie, daug. 6

WITHERIDGE, Frances, daug. 3

Why had Maria moved to Plymouth? I always believed that Andrew Sandover was Maria's brother, but this is not correct, they were related but were only very distant cousins.

I then learned that Maria had a child in 1881, so I applied for a birth certificate which reads as follows:-

"April 2, 1881, at 12 Hampton Street, Plymouth, Elsie May, daughter of Andrew Wotton Sandover, master butcher, and Maria Sandover, formerly Tall".

This information is incorrect as Maria's middle name was 'Tall', this was not her maiden name. Sandover was in fact her maiden name. Also, the 1881 census took place on April 3, 1881, and she was known as Witheridge the day after she gave birth.

What happened to Maria Between 1881 and March 24, 1902, the date when John Northmore Witheridge, senior, married Emma Louise (Cowell) Grigg. The marriage certificate indicates that John was a widower! Had Maria died prior to this date? There is no death certificate for Maria Tall Witheridge in St, Catherine's! (Now Myddelton Street) Did she go by the name Sandover and die with that name, or did John commit bigamy?

Recently I obtained the death certificate for Maria which reads:-

*"November 13, 1901, Maria SANDOVER, 62 years, Hawkey of East Stonehouse, died in the Workhouse at East Stonehouse from cancer of the uterus & exhaustion "*

This leaves me with another problem to solve! Why was Maria in the Workhouse, and did she marry Andrew or just revert back to her maiden name? I do not believe that she ever married him as there are no marriage records available, and when John Northmore Witheridge remarried, the certificate indicated that he was a widower.

I am at present awaiting the 1891 census of East Stonehouse, and also having someone check the East Stonehouse Workhouse records.

What a fascinating story this has turned out to be.

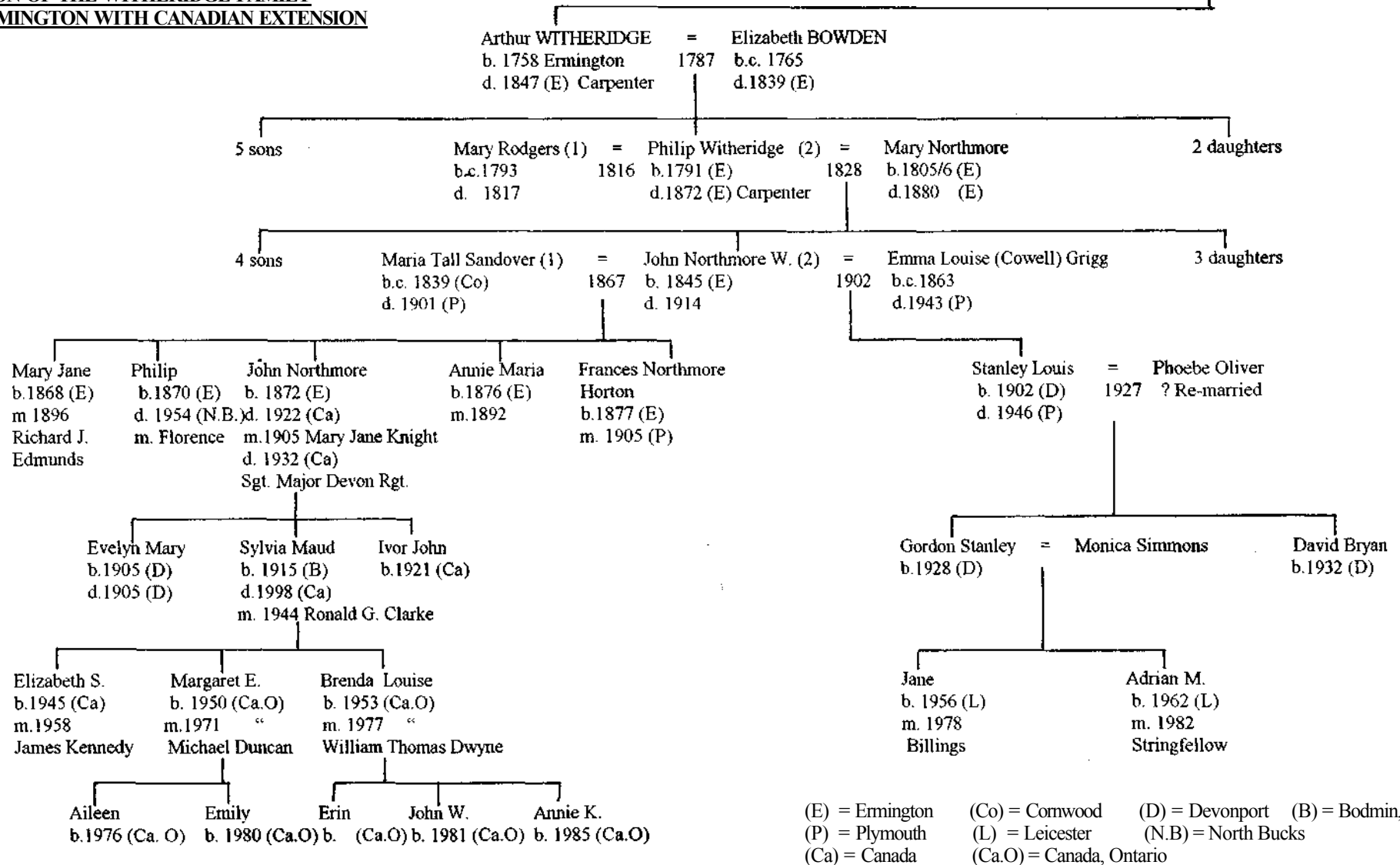
*(Whatever happened to baby Elsie May, daughter of Maria and Andrew Sandover?)*

(For section of the Ermington John Northmore Witheridge family tree see fold over section)



Arthur Witheridge = Johane Edgecombe  
 Yeoman, Ermington 1604  
 4 generations

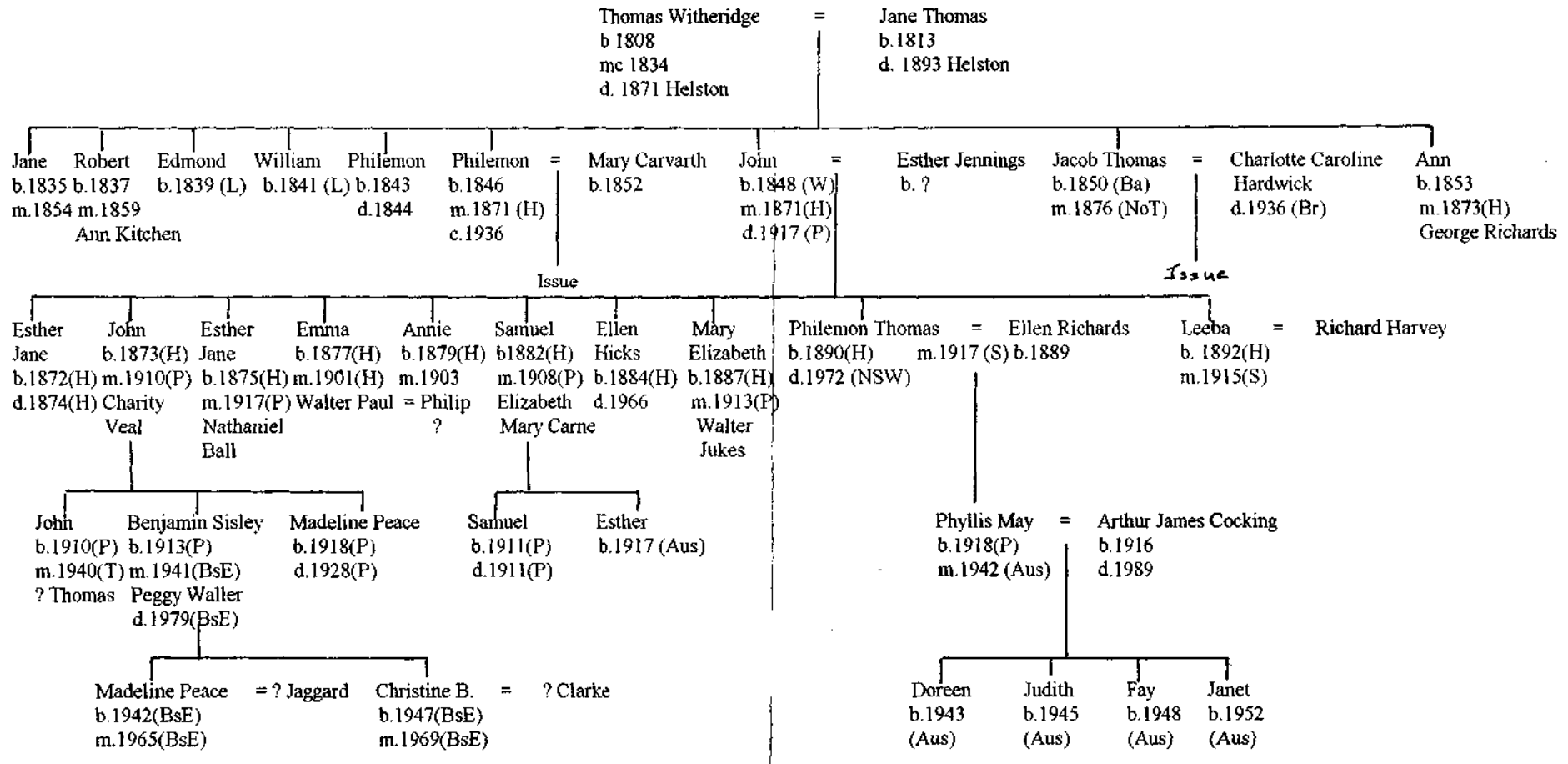
**SECTION OF THE WITHERIDGE FAMILY  
 OF ERMINGTON WITH CANADIAN EXTENSION**



(E) = Ermington (Co) = Cornwood (D) = Devonport (B) = Bodmin,  
 (P) = Plymouth (L) = Leicester (N.B) = North Bucks  
 (Ca) = Canada (Ca.O) = Canada, Ontario

**PENZANCE AND HELSTON FAMILY TREE**

Compiled from information previously supplied by John Witheridge  
 Compiled by Joyce Browne, October, 1998



- |                          |                           |
|--------------------------|---------------------------|
| (Aus) = Australia        | (NoT) = Newcastle-on-Tyne |
| (Ba) = Barnstaple        | (NSW) = New South Wales   |
| (Br) = Brentford         | (P) = Penzance            |
| (BsE) = Bury St. Edmunds | (S) = Swansea             |
| (H) = Helston            | (T) = Truro               |
| (L) = Lymington          | (W) = Williton            |



**OFFICERS OF THE SOCIETY - continued from front cover**

Representative Australia	Mrs. Dorothy Witheridge, 95, Vimiera Road, Eastwood, NSW. Australia 2122
Representative Canada and North America	Mrs. K. M. Witheridge 343, Bright Street, Sarnia Ontario Canada N7T 465
Representative New Zealand	Mrs. Velma Metcalfe, 49, Chester Road, Tawa, Wellington, New Zealand

**Committee Members:-**

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Mrs. Joyce Stephens 95, Phelipps Road Corfe Mullen Wimborne Dorset BH21 3NL	Mr. Jason Cook 2 Rusthall Close, Addiscombe, Croydon Surrey CRO 7YH (Responsibility for liaison on Youth Projects)

**PLEASE NOTE THAT ALL SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE SOCIETY SHOULD BE  
PAID TO THE MEMBERSHIP SECRETARY**

**USEFUL ADDRESSES**

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