

# BULLETIN of the North American Manx Association



Vol. 19, No. 3

"To preserve whate'er is left to us of ancient heritage"

March, 1946

## MANX SOCIETIES STILL CARRYING ON

### TORONTO

A very happy event took place in Toronto on February 2nd, when about sixty Manx people and friends gathered in the Colonial Room of the Winchester Hotel at a banquet given to honor six Manx boys who had returned recently from overseas. The boys honored were: R.S.M. Howard Fick, Sgt. Gorman Greene, Sgt. Harry Moore, Sgt. C. Fick, Corpl. W. Fick and Corpl. E. Clague. Each boy was presented with a cigarette lighter and after the banquet, speeches were made by President Tom Moore and Vice-President Fred Caveen. Suitable responses were made by each of the boys who all were profuse in their thanks for the 300 cigarettes sent to each of them every month while overseas by the Toronto Manx Society.

Other boys present who had returned previously were R.S.M. Gordon Downward, Sgt. Harry Moore and Gordon Caveen. Two minutes of silence was observed for the following boys who were killed overseas: F.O. Alan Downward, Sgt. D. Fick, Sgt. C. Christian and Billy Beddow.

Solos by Peggy Waterson, Mrs. Williamson and F. Williamson and community singing and dancing, ably assisted by Mrs. Gordon Downward at the piano, rounded out a pleasant evening.

At the latest business meeting of this society, it was proposed that their picnic be held at Niagara Falls on Sunday, July 7th, if the necessary bus transportation can be arranged. If their plans materialize, they hope that some of their Manx friends from across the border will join them on this occasion. Further details will be published in the next issue of the BULLETIN.

### BISBEE

At their December meeting, held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Quill, the Bisbee Manx Society re-elected their 1945 officers to serve for another year. They are:

President.....Cecil Corrin  
Vice-President.....Mrs. J. J. Quill  
Secretary.....Arnold Corrin  
Box 3332, Lowell, Arizona  
Treasurer.....Mrs. James Kennaugh  
Trustees.....J. J. Quill, A. H. Kelly,  
and W. H. Kelly

### VANCOUVER

The annual banquet, concert and dance of the Vancouver Manx Society, held in Acadian Hall, Vancouver, on New Year's Day, marked their 38th anniversary and was indeed a memorable occasion. Many of the young people who had been away to war had returned. A gala atmosphere prevailed and everyone was in the mood to enjoy himself or herself to the utmost. The meal was very good, the concert excellent and the dancing more brisk than usual.

A letter of greeting from N.A.M.A. President Jim Mann was read and appreciated by all present. Vocal solos were sung by Bonnie Cave, Joe Hornall, Betty Coe, Fred Killip, W. Mudie and Mrs. J. Hornall. Readings were done by Isobel Slater and E. Costain. Gerald Jarvis played a violin solo and vocal duets, trios and quartets rounded out a fine concert program.

### VANCOUVER MANX LADIES' AUXILIARY

The annual meeting of the Vancouver Manx Ladies' Auxiliary was held in November and officers for the year 1945-46 were elected as follows:

President.....Mrs. T. L. Killip  
1st Vice-Pres.....Mrs. F. Killip  
2nd Vice-Pres.....Mrs. L. Hunt  
Secretary.....Mrs. A. E. Halsall,  
2834 Georgia St., Vancouver, B. C.  
Treasurer.....Mrs. K. Killey  
Sick Visiting Committee.....  
.....Mrs. S. Cain and Mrs. E. Gelling

The tenth anniversary of this society was held at the home of Mrs. Sam Cain on February 27th. The table, which was beautifully decorated with spring flowers, was centered with a large pink and white birthday cake. During the afternoon, elocution numbers by Mrs. Becker, vocal solos by Miss Betty Coe and piano numbers by Mrs. Kewley were greatly enjoyed.

### DETROIT-WINDSOR

The Detroit-Windsor Manx Society met on February 9th at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Gough. Their March meeting will be at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Corkill.

### CHICAGO

The Chicago Manx Society held a very successful dinner party on Saturday evening, March 2nd, at the Stevens Building Restaurant in Chicago. Fifty-two people attended and out-of-town visitors were Mr. and Mrs. Frank L. Shimmmin of Peoria, Illinois; Miss Elizabeth Craine of Waukegan, Illinois; and Mr. Joseph Kewley of Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Dr. J. J. Moore, upon whom honors were recently conferred by the University of Montana and who is now President of The Medical Society, was the guest of honor. Tribute was paid to him by the Rev. T. Harry Kelly; Mr. T. C. Kelly, President of the Chicago Manx Society; and Dr. Walter Watterson, to all of whom, Dr. Moore ably responded.

Two recently discharged Chicago Manx servicemen were also welcomed by President Kelly. They were Sgt. Harry Shimmmin and Cpl. Robert Kelly. Another—Edward Connell, was on vacation in Galva, Illinois.

Interesting talks were given by Mr. and Mrs. Barff, who recently arrived in Chicago from England. Mr. Barff is with the British Information Services. Mr. and Mrs. Walter Stevenson and their daughter Myrra furnished the musical entertainment for the evening.

### MONA'S RELIEF SOCIETY, CLEVELAND

Following the regular monthly meeting of the Mona's Relief Society on March 5, a very successful card party was held. The usual refreshments and cooish rounded out the evening.

### LOS ANGELES

Sixty-six members and friends of the Los Angeles Manx Society attended the Christmas Party of that organization, and thoroughly enjoyed the evening. Out-of-town guests were: Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Christian of Fresno, California; Mr. and Mrs. Wilfrid Kelly of Cleveland, Ohio; Mr. and Mrs. John Killip and Mr. Norman Killip of Arizona.

At their January meeting, Mr. and Mrs. William Callow of Burlingame, California were guests. Mr. Callow is a former president of the San Francisco Manx Society.

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## THE NORTH AMERICAN MANX ASSOCIATION

OFFICERS 1945-1946

Hon. President.....Mrs. A. B. Crookall  
Douglas, Isle of Man  
Hon. Vice Presidents.....Hon. Richard Cain  
Atty. Gen'l Ramsey B. Moore  
Douglas, Isle of Man  
Past President.....Rev. Jos. Partridge  
Casey, Illinois  
President.....Mr. James Y. Mann  
399 Banning Street, Winnipeg, Canada  
Vice Presidents:  
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J. Wilson Jenkinson.....Washington, D. C.  
Walter D. Skillicorn.....Buffalo, N. Y.  
Rep. N.A.M.A. Ladies' Auxiliary:  
Mrs. Edith Bury.....Gowanda, N. Y.  
Rep. N.A.M.A. Breakfast Club:  
Richard H. Corkill.....Detroit, Mich.  
Corres. and Rec. Secy.....Claire M. Mylecraine  
10525 Baltic Road, Cleveland, O.  
Fin. Sec'y and Treas.....Gertrude Cannell  
1492 Robinwood Ave., Lakewood, O.

### BULLETIN COMMITTEE:

Claire M. Mylecraine Gertrude Cannell  
Mrs. F. T. Gorry John R. Cain F. T. Gorry

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## The President's Message

Dear Friends:

Your Executive, after considering all of the circumstances, have definitely agreed to hold the next convention in Toronto in 1947.

We had hopes that it could have taken place during the present year but this was found to be impossible under existing conditions.

With this definite date in view, we feel that we can now appeal to all of our members and friends to give their help to the Toronto Manx Society, so that they can make an outstanding success of their convention.

The postponement of the convention might have caused us some concern but for the fact that we had the assurance from our friends in Toronto that their invitation was to be used when the opportunity presented itself.

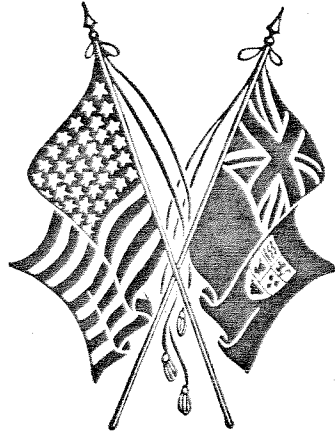
There are now many circumstances which favor the holding of a convention in 1947 and, as the time approaches, many of the present difficulties will have disappeared.

1947 may look far away, but time passes quickly and can be used in making plans which will make certain that those visiting Toronto will enjoy themselves.

We would like the Toronto Manx Society to know that our Executive and members are behind them 100% in their efforts to put on a convention which we hope will be the biggest and best yet.

TORONTO—1947

JAMES Y. MANN,  
President.



## "These Honored Dead"

"... that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion — that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—"



William W. Beddow, Toronto, Ontario  
William A. Butts, Cleveland, Ohio  
Douglas Callow, Virginia, Minnesota  
William H. Castell, Cleveland, Ohio  
Dudley Sidney Champion, Dorval, P. Q.  
Donald L. Chase, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.  
C. Christian, Toronto, Ontario.  
John C. Christian, Kamloops, B. C.  
Richard O. Christian, Los Angeles, California  
Edward H. Collister, Shaker Heights, Ohio.  
Jack Collister, Brandon, Manitoba  
Thomas Collister, Rochester, New York.  
Thomas Cottier, Winnipeg, Manitoba  
Thomas Currie, Akron, Ohio  
Alan Downward, Toronto, Ontario  
Charles Murray Edwards, Windsor, Ontario.  
Douglas Fick, Toronto, Ontario.  
John F. Harrison, Painesville, Ohio  
William F. Hood, Jr., Cleveland, Ohio  
Ross Kee, London, Ontario  
John Robert Lee Keig, II, Beaumont, Texas  
Alfred J. Looney, Rochester, N. Y.  
James Edward Moore, Winnipeg, Manitoba.  
Jack Quiggin, Bedford, Ohio.  
Raymond Perry Ruhling, Painesville, Ohio  
George Wm. Smith, Jr., Painesville, Ohio  
William J. Sutton, Jr., Cleveland, Ohio  
William G. A. Vick, Winnipeg, Manitoba  
Warren Watts, Hedrick, Iowa

### MISSING

Kenneth C. Christian, Vancouver, B. C.  
Thomas George Curphey, Winnipeg, Manitoba  
John Stanley Kelly, Revelstoke, B. C.  
Milton Kelly, San Francisco, Cal.  
Jack Kneale, Chicago, Illinois  
W. D. Moore, Montreal, P. Q.  
Donald K. Skillicorn, Sacramento, California  
Sydney James Smith, Kirkland Lake, Ontario

### PRISONER

R. E. Fick, Winnipeg, Manitoba

# A MANX-CANADIAN PIONEER

JAMES KEWLEY WARD

The little town of Peel, Isle of Man, has sent out into the big world so many sons and daughters that they and their descendants would be numerous enough today to make a bigger city than Peel. It would be an impossible task to gather together all these widely scattered children. But we know that no matter how far away they have travelled, they have never forgotten old Peel. History records how Philip Christian, Peel boy who went to London to seek his fortune, remembered his birthplace by the founding and endowment of Clothworker's School in Peel in the year 1652. Since that time Peel has been remembered and honored in many ways—and one memento of a loyal son is the clock in the tower of the old parish church of St. Peter's, the gift of an enterprising, successful son of Peel—James Kewley Ward—whose restless, energetic spirit took him across the Atlantic more than a hundred years ago.

A hundred years is a long time, and those who have some knowledge of the career of Mr. Ward, and perhaps remember him personally, may find it hard to realize that he left his native land so many years ago. These three dates mark his long span of life—born in Peel on September 19, 1819—came to America in 1842—died in Montreal on October 2, 1910 at the ripe age of 92 years. In his long, useful and successful life of nearly a century, he saw and contributed to vast progress in his adopted land, and takes rank among the greatest of Manx-Canadian pioneers.

His father, John Ward, a native of Durham, England, was a soldier serving under the Duke of Wellington in the Napoleonic wars which shook the world of that day even as the present conflict has shattered the course of events in this generation. His wife was Manx, a Miss Kewley, and the family settled in Peel where James, the third son, was born on September 19, 1819 as before mentioned. Later the family moved to Douglas where James was educated at a private school, May's Academy, on Finch Road. A schoolfellow of his at the Academy was Samuel Harris, who in later years became that well-remembered High-Bailiff of Douglas whose public-spirited devotion to the town is commemorated in the Harris Promenade, named in his honor because of his efforts in raising funds for the building of it.

When schooldays were ended, James Kewley Ward was apprenticed to Messrs. J. and H. Robinson, architects who designed St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church and the Court House, in Douglas. His apprenticeship ended,

he left the Island in 1842, a young man of twenty-three, and crossed the Atlantic to America. No doubt on arriving at New York, he journeyed by boat up the Hudson River, the usual manner of starting for the interior of the country in those days. His journey ended at Troy, New York, which marks the limit of steamboat navigation on the Hudson, and at Troy he obtained work as a clerk in a lumber mill—the first step on the ladder of success which he was to mount to the top, as a leader in the great lumber industry.

His energy and initiative quickly became apparent. He did not long remain a clerk, but actually obtained a lease of the mill himself and ran it on his own account, engaging extensively in lumber operations in New York State. Eventually, however, standing timber became difficult to obtain in that territory, so James Kewley Ward struck northwards, crossing the border into Canada in 1853, to settle in the province of Quebec, that romantic country—old historically even then—yet new as far as the axe of the pioneer was concerned.

He purchased a mill with timbered lands on the Maskinonge River, then after ten years he moved on, ever expanding his operations, to the town of Three Rivers, where he purchased a mill on the St. Maurice River. Still his boundless energy and enterprise urged him onward, and in 1870 he established the MONA SAW MILLS in Montreal, in connection with which he owned extensive timber lands on the River Rouge and other tributaries of the St. Lawrence River.

It warms the heart to note that at the height of his success, his little native land was remembered in naming his great new enterprise, the Mona Saw Mills. We would like to believe—in fact, it seems no more than likely—that "Peel Street" in Montreal owes its name to him.

To James Kewley Ward the lumber industry was more than a matter of business—it was an absorbing interest, and he was a high authority on the subject of forestry. He lectured on it before such bodies as the Montreal Natural History Society and the American Forestry Congress. Yet, his untiring energy found outlets in other commercial enterprises also, and he was director on the board of several textile manufacturing companies in Montreal. Civic pride was one of his outstanding characteristics, and he gave freely of his time and ability for public welfare in the city of Montreal. He became a member of the Montreal Board of Trade in 1887, and for many years served as chairman

of the School Commissioners in the suburb of Westmount where he lived. So devoted was he to the cause of education that the School Board acknowledged his services by a handsome gift of an oil portrait of himself.

Further, his name appeared as president or as director on a long list of Montreal hospitals and benevolent institutions, so that it is little wonder that the newspapers of the time referred to him as "a public-spirited citizen—a sterling, far-seeing and generous man." At the age of seventy years he was appointed a life member of the Legislative Council, representing the Province of Quebec.

Mr. Ward was married twice, first in 1848, to Miss Eliza King of London, England, who died in 1854; second, in 1859, to Lydia, daughter of William Trenholme of Kingsey, Province of Quebec. He was a member of the Dominion Square Methodist Church in Montreal. His home in Rosemount Avenue in the beautiful suburb of Westmount was adorned with rare paintings and reflected the culture and discriminating taste of this remarkable man of many interests, talents and great love for humanity. He lived in his home on Rosemount Avenue until his death in 1910, his wife having passed away eight years previously, in 1902.

We have spoken of Mr. Ward's civic pride, his contributions to the business and civic life of the great city of Montreal which he had adopted—and which had adopted him. But his civic pride and generosity found still further outlet, for there was another—a very tiny city, and a very small Island—which he greatly loved also, and his generous heart found ample opportunity to remember them in many practical ways. He sent sums of money to the Isle of Man on various occasions, which were disbursed on his behalf, first by his schoolday friend, High-Bailiff Samuel Harris, and later by Mr. J. J. Taggart.

Peel, his birthplace, received many gifts. At the beginning of this story we referred to the clock which he presented, which is installed in the tower of St. Peter's. Another gift was the Public Library, which he built, equipped with two thousand books and endowed. This library, a great and enduring gift from a loyal native son, was built on the spot where he was born, and was opened on September 26, 1907, and with this event one of his life dreams was realized. We think with pride of this

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## OUR OWN PEOPLE

Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Craine are in process of building a new home in Los Angeles, Mr. Craine having recently returned from military service. Their son, Johnnie, is quite smitten with his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Craine, 429 North Croft Avenue, Los Angeles.

Congratulations to the Rev. George Taubman of Long Beach, California, who celebrated his and Mrs. Taubman's Golden Wedding Anniversary on January 9th. Their son and two daughters were host and hostesses for the occasion. Dr. Taubman was born in the Isle of Man and came to the United States when a baby. There are records in the Island which trace his family back to 900 A. D. and, at one time, the Deemster or Ruler of the Island was known as "Taubman the Great." Dr. Taubman was famous for having a Sunday School Class of 3,000 every Sunday and, on one occasion, when there was a contest on with a church in the middle West, he had an attendance of 30,000. A Long Beach newspaper states that he has retired from his position as Pastor of the First Christian Church, which he built up from a membership of a few hundred to the second largest Christian Church in the United States.

Jack Callow, President of the Los Angeles Manx Society, has recently retired from employment at the American Radiator Corporation and now will endeavor to fill his life with the pleasures long since due him.

Thelma Bain, daughter of T. Donald Bain, 5019 Halldale Avenue, Los Angeles, California, is attending a Theological Seminary in New York, preparing for missionary work.

Here is a suggestion for some of the local Manx societies. A scheme being worked successfully in Los Angeles this season is for those whose birthdays fall during the month in which the meeting is held to furnish the refreshments for the meeting.

Jack Radcliffe, who has been working with the sulphur mines in Virginia for a number of years, has recently returned with his family to his home in Lomita, California.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilfrid Quayle, 1537 20th Avenue, San Francisco, are the proud owners of a real Manx kitten. They have named her "Greeba." The mother cat is "Manxie" and is owned by the Fred Callows of Berkeley, California.

Our sympathy is extended to Mrs. Joseph Clucas of Milan Avenue, East Cleveland, who recently received news from the Island of the death of her mother, Mrs. Eliza Kennaugh, and also of the death of her sister Katie, both of Peel.

A daughter, Gail Elizabeth, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Alastair J. Blackwood (nee Eunice C. Sloan) of Montreal, Quebec, on March 2nd.

A son, Daniel Victor, was born to Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Christian of 3768 Dunbar Street, Vancouver, B. C., on January 24th.

Congratulations and best wishes to these proud parents and their offspring!

A recent visitor in Galva, Illinois was Mrs. William Beddow of Toronto. She was the guest of her brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Quayle and her visit marked the first meeting of the sister and brother for thirty-five years. Mrs. Beddow also was entertained at the homes of her two nephews, James Quayle and Robert Quayle of Kewanee, Illinois.

The Wilfrid Quayles of San Francisco report that they have been enjoying the occasional visits of Duggie Miller of Cleveland. Douglas is with the Navy and is the son of Mrs. Eleanor Gorrie Miller of Cleveland.

During January, Fred Brew of Cleveland spent a few days at the home of Mrs. Edith Bury in Gowanda, New York. While there, he also called on some of his old Manx friends in nearby Buffalo.

Mrs. William Peake and daughter Viola of Buffalo, New York are in California visiting with Mr. and Mrs. Manuel Trueba (nee Betty Caine) of Los Angeles. They expect to return during the latter part of April.

Gordon Caveen of Toronto, who recently returned from overseas, brought back a bride—a real Irish colleen, whom the Toronto Manx are happy to welcome to their midst.

One of our members from the "land down under" recently sent us a very interesting letter and some excellent Australian magazines. She is Miss Ellen Vannin Clague, 82 Dennis Street, Lakemba, Sydney, N.S.W., Australia, currently in the Australian Women's Army Service. Needless to say, Miss Clague has a typically Manx name and while she has never been to the Isle of Man, she, like many of our Canadian and American born Manx, is interested in the Island and also derives much pleasure from reading the N.A.M.A. BULLETIN. She says that she feels as if she knows us personally, after reading so much about us and our activities, and hopes that if any of us visit her country, we call to see her and her family.

Mr. and Mrs. Archie Kerruish, 1843 Roscoe St., Chicago, some time ago announced the arrival of a new granddaughter—born to their daughter, Mrs. Mona Frank, on October 30.

A wedding which claimed great interest in New Orleans social circles took place on January 12, when Miss Elenor Ramsay Crebbin was united in marriage to Lieut. John Tait Owens, Jr. of Tunica, Miss. The ceremony took place at Trinity Episcopal Church, New Orleans, and was followed by a reception at the home of the bride's parents, Dr. and Mrs. Alexander Ramsay Crebbin.

Passenger on the QUEEN ELIZABETH sailing February 28 was our friend Steve Quinney, Secretary of the Breakfast Club, who is visiting his mother, Mrs. E. E. Martin, 7 South Quay, Douglas. While there, Steve hopes to see many Manx people who have relatives on this side.

T/Sgt. Harry Q. Shimmmin, son of Mr. and Mrs. John T. Shimmmin, 6544 Perry Avenue, Chicago, is another Manx American boy to win distinction for bravery in action, having been awarded the Silver Star for gallantry in an engagement in France early in 1945. He also holds the Bronze Medal, Good Conduct Medal, Purple Heart and four battle stars.

Lieut. Kenneth C. Corrin, R.N.V.R., serving in the Fleet Air Arm, was mentioned in dispatches for outstanding skill and courage in air operations against the Japanese during July and August, 1945. He is a son of Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Corrin, Ramsey, Isle of Man. He was the first British airman to fly from an aircraft carrier on Japan. Once he was shot down into the sea and was picked up by an American destroyer. Lieut. Corrin joined the Service in 1941 when 18 years old, trained in Canada, has served in the Atlantic and Mediterranean as well as the Pacific, and was the first of many Manx boys entertained during the war by Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Kelly, 21009 Clare Avenue, Maple Heights, Ohio. Cleveland Manx will remember meeting him at a Mona's Relief meeting a few years ago.

Fifty years ago, on February 8, 1896, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Kelly, 13114 Beachwood Avenue, Cleveland, were married in St. Nicholas Episcopal Church, Liverpool, England. So, on February 8, 1946, Mr. and Mrs. Kelly held open house in celebration of their Golden Wedding Anniversary, entertaining a large number of friends on that day as well as on the following Sunday, when many more called to offer congratulations—in which N.A.M.A. members heartily join.

Again congratulations—to Captain and Mrs. Wilfred K. Kelly, 1252 Warren Road, Lakewood, Ohio, who on February 16 celebrated their Silver Wedding Anniversary.

A Manx lady who crossed the Big Pond recently is Miss Lily Jenkinson, who sailed for her home in England on January 18. Miss Jenkinson, who is a sister of our Vice President, J. Wilson Jenkinson, has been staying with relatives, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Coles, 1469 So. Noble Road, Cleveland, during the war years.

Youngest member of the North American Manx Association is Susannah (Susie) Lee Kelly, who joined recently at the age of nine and a half months. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Crosby Kelly of Dearborn, Mich., and only granddaughter of Past President Thomas C. Kelly and Mrs. Kelly, Hinsdale, Ill. "She is full of Manx energy and enthusiasm," says her proud grandfather.

Among Cleveland Manx wintering in Florida are Mr. and Mrs. E. J. McGarry, of 1508 Parkway Drive, Lakewood, Ohio, who will be staying at Lake Worth, Fla. until the first of June. Also Mr. John Kelly of 1907 E. 97th St., Cleveland.

A new member we are pleased to welcome is Mr. William H. Kewley, 637 Woodland Avenue, Springfield, Ill. Mr. Kewley's parents, William H. Kewley and Margaret Lace, were both born in the Isle of Man. He writes: "I am mighty proud of my Manx ancestry . . . and hope I will have an opportunity to visit the Isle of Man so that I may see the Laxey Wheel, Ramsey, Douglas, the farm where my Kewley ancestors lived, and other places about which I have heard my relatives talk."

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Gregg, 2345 Roanoke Road, San Marino, California, and Mrs. Gregg's son, who was a prisoner of the Japs for 3½ years and now repatriated, are spending a few weeks in the Florida sunshine. (Tch, tch, and we thought California was the land of sunshine). Mr. Gregg says he is looking forward to seeing what difference there is between California and Florida, even though their California friends have been kidding them about vacationing in Florida. They expect also to visit Cleveland early in May and will look up some of their Manx friends while there.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Moran of Cleveland motored to Lake Worth, Fla. to spend the Holidays with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Lewin. While in Lake Worth they called on Mr. and Mrs. Tom Nelson. Making their return trip by the West coast they had the pleasure of visiting Mr. and Mrs. Frank Kneen, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Forrester and Mrs. Ed and Wm. Kermode, all well known Cleveland Manx people.

Congratulations to Past President John R. Cain of Cleveland, who has been re-elected to serve as President of the Cleveland Typothetae Association, the employing printers group, for a second year.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Gorry recently moved into their new home at 12004 Rutland Avenue, Cleveland, and Mrs. Gorry was pleasantly surprised when about thirty members of the Ladies Auxiliary to the Mona's Relief Society called one day to celebrate with a good old-fashioned housewarming. Mr. Gorry is President of the Mona's Relief Society and both Mr. and Mrs. Gorry are members of the N.A.M.A. Bulletin Committee.

S/Sgt. Edward J. Keig, son of Mr. and Mrs. T. Keig, 871 East 143rd St., Cleveland, spent 30 days at home during the Christmas holidays. For the past year he has been confined to an Army hospital for injuries sustained in the Philippine invasion. We hope soon to report that he is home to stay.

Here is a bit of history connected with the city of Vancouver, B. C., which will interest Manx people. It was sent us by Mr. Harry Metcalf, 1626 Trafalgar St., Vancouver.

On April 27, 1886, the first white child was born in Vancouver. That child is now Miss Margaret Florence McNeil of Portland, Oregon, and we quote from Mr. Metcalf's letter particulars of how her 59th birthday this year, was celebrated.

"The City Archivist, Vancouver, Canada, had prepared a large cake, suitably iced with white sugar decoration, and inscribed in color with felicitations, and in the presence of a distinguished assemblage in the Council Chamber, City Hall, Vancouver, Wash., U.S.A., it was presented on their behalf to Miss McNeil by the mayor of the namesake city, Vancouver, Wash. Miniatures of the cake were sent to distinguished persons bearing historic Vancouver names—among them Earl Granville, ex-Governor of the Isle of Man, whose name is found in Granville, Burrard Inlet, Vancouver, so named in honor of the present Earl's father."

Earl Granville, as we all know, is now Governor of Northern Ireland, but that historic cake was received while he was still in the Isle of Man and was shared with the King and Queen at the time of their visit last July. Naturally they were much interested in the story.

Earl Granville's letter of acknowledgment to the City Archivist of Vancouver was passed on by him to Mr. Metcalf because of his mother, the late Mrs. Elizabeth Brewer Metcalf, having had the distinction of being the oldest Manx inhabitant of Vancouver.

This story brings home to us the fact that in this continent, historic events can be of very recent date. That the first white child was born in Vancouver only 59 years ago will surprise many of us. And we are glad that the Isle of Man had a connection with this interesting birthday celebration.

This bit of a Manx "coolish," written by "Jemmy Jem" of Mentor, Ohio, has a breath of old Peel in it. Can't you just hear some old salt talking, down on the quay?

Sittin' here lissenin' to thee talkin' of the people that lef' Douglas for America, put me to thinkin' of the ones that lef' Peel for the Big Counthree.

In the springtime to the summer they would be lavin', aye man, whole families would be goin', but mostly it was in ones and twos they were goin'.

Us lumpers would be goin' down to the fuss train to be seein' them off, lots of banter would be goin' on with everybody, sometimes a li'l cryin' but the hope of batther things was too strong in them to be allowin' much of that; anyhow, mastha, it was a lot of fun for us childher to be in on, aye indeed, it wasn't long before a lot of them were doin' the same thing and off they went.

The ould people were sayin' they were goin' to make their forchunes; well now, mastha, I am thinkin' meself it was for a batther livin' than they could get at home. I'm not denyin' some of them made fortunes, but the most of them are satisfied with a dacent livin', or maybe ownin' a li'l house of their own, maybe a house and a li'l piece of land in the country, or a nice-sized farm, each to his own tas', eddicatin' their childher, and puttin' a li'l by for their ould age; aw, yis, mastha, livin' dacent themselves and dacent to their neighbors, a credit to the counthree they live in and the li'l islan' they come from. Leastways that's what I gather from what I see and hear of them when they come over here, for would you believe it now, the longin' comes over them and there's no res' on them for every few years back they come to purra sight on the ould people and the home they come from.

The joy of the ould people in seein' them again, maybe a couple of grandchildher to warm their hearts—aw mastha, it's a gran' joyful thing; for it's hard to be raisin' childher that go thousands of miles away from yer to live; aw man it's almost unnacheral but thass the way it is with us ones.

Aw, it's good tho, that they come back, for everybody all down gets a lift, the ould people keep on goin' and the new ones go back with a new houl' on life.

Bless me, mastha, thou sure got me talkin'.

The Isle of Man is still the place "for Happy Holidays," apparently. Offerings of Douglas Holiday Camp shares on the London Stock Exchange brought a wild rush to buy, and the shares quickly rose in value. "Douglas Holiday Camp, with a capital of 500,000 pounds (\$2,000,000) recently announced purchase of a former internee camp in the Isle of Man, accommodating 3,800 visitors at one time," says the article from which this information is taken. It appeared in Pittsburgh Post Gazette, and was sent to us by Mr. W. H. Scarff of Cleveland.

## OBITUARIES

**BROWN, Mrs. S.,** London, Ontario, passed away February 2 in her 88th year. Mrs. Brown came from Glen Willyn, Isle of Man, and was the mother of the late David Brown, at one time President of the London Manx Society.

**CALLOW, Nellie (nee Caine),** of 2247 Rexwood Rd., Cleveland Heights, Ohio, passed away on March 13th after a short illness. She was the wife of John Callow, immediate past president of the Mona's Relief Society and was always interested in Manx activities. In addition to her husband she is survived by a daughter, Virginia C. Foster, and a grandson Johnnie Foster.

**CHRISTIAN, Richard Osborne,** son of John O. Christian, 3015 Budan Avenue, Los Angeles, California, is now reported by the U. S. Navy as having been killed in action. For almost two years, his name has been listed as "missing." He was lost while serving on the submarine U.S.S. GUDGEON and had received two Presidential Citations, three bronze stars and the silver submarine. In addition to his father, he is survived by a sister, Evelyn Wagner, and a brother, Robert.

**CHRISTIAN, John E.,** of 2033 West Boulevard, Cleveland, passed away January 2. He is survived by his wife Bell (nee Cowell), son Henry C., brothers J. Percy of Machias, New York and William H. of Shreve, Ohio, and a sister, Mrs. James Forrester of Anna Maria, Florida. Mr. Christian was first President and one of the founders of the North American Manx Association, a Past President of the Mona's Relief Society, and a prominent Freemason. He was President and co-founder of the J. E. Christian Company, building contractors of Cleveland. He came to Cleveland from Peel, Isle of Man, in 1903.

**CORLETT, Mrs. Emilie L.,** 3210 Mapledale Avenue, Cleveland, passed away January 16. She is survived by her husband, Robert J.

**DOWNWARD, Alan,** of Toronto, Ontario, has been declared officially dead by the Canadian Government. He was reported missing in action some time ago. Alan was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Downward of Toronto.

**MERCER, Mrs. Richard,** of Windsor, Ontario, passed away on December 26th. Surviving is her husband, Richard Mercer.

**JOYCE, Walter R.,** passed away some time ago at his home at Topeka, Kansas. He is survived by his wife Rebecca, and daughter Florence (Mrs. R. E. Coffman). Mr. Joyce came from the Isle of Man more than fifty years ago. With his wife and daughter he attended the Lincoln Convention in 1939.

**KELLY, Thomas Edward,** aged 66, passed away suddenly January 1 at his home, 24812 Oak St., Lomita, California. He is survived by his wife Jennie (nee Crebbin); a son Fred, U. S. Navy; a daughter, Mrs. Eileen Langlois, Alameda, California; two brothers, Fred of Cleveland, Ohio, and William of Peel, Isle of Man; and a sister, Mrs. Harriet Hughes of Cleveland.

**McCAA, Reeta M.,** of Pasadena, California, passed away on January 17th. She was the widow of Edward McCaa, who passed on last March. Surviving is a daughter, Mrs. William L. Roberts of Warrington, England.

**QUAYLE, Rev. George,** of Trona, California, passed on recently. Rev. Quayle was 58 years of age and a Methodist Episcopal minister. He was a brother of Mrs. Hardwick of California and of T. A. Quayle, editor of the "Mona's Herald." The Los Angeles Manx Society frequently paid official visits to the church of this keenly patriotic Manxman.

**SIMPSON, Ellen May (nee Joughin),** passed away on December 28th. She was the wife of Robert Alfred Simpson of Norwood, Manitoba and was born in Lezayre, Isle of Man 52 years ago.

To the relatives and friends of the above, we extend heartfelt sympathy.

## News of the Manx Societies

*Continued from Page 1*

### MONTREAL

The Montreal Manx Society held a Bingo party in February, and on March 5th, the members enjoyed a card party, ending with the usual "cooish" and refreshments. The Committee of this Society has arranged for an illustrated lecture entitled "A Trip Through Britain" by the Rev. T. W. Jones for their April meeting.

### SAN FRANCISCO

The San Francisco Manx Society reports that they have held no meetings so far this year because of so much illness among their members. However, they expect to resume operations this month and meet at the home of their President and Treasurer, Mr. and Mrs. Ivor Stokes.

## MOONLIGHT

The evening breeze had died away in the high treetops, the birds had gone home to their nests, sunset had faded and darkness had blotted out the fields.

Then the moon rose over the shoulder of the hill. First just a bright rim, then a crescent slowly growing larger and larger—a half, three-quarter—at last the full moon hung above the hill. Climbing higher and higher, she became a great silver plate against the cloudless sky. The village, which a short time ago had disappeared from twilight into dark came into view again, white wall and cottage washed in the radiance of that September moon. The fields became visible, gray and glimmering; the steeple of Ballaugh New Church lifted a silver finger toward the sky. Hedges and trees cast long black shadows across the road which, shining like a silver ribbon, unwound from the village, crossed the railway, and disappeared round a gentle curve on its way to the sea two miles away.

The gleam of a lamp in the cottage round the bend was dulled by the white radiance of the moon; the gate opposite was transformed to ivory and opened into fairy regions. The road went on—past another cottage, a side turning where a lane wound away to the sandhills, two cottages keeping company—while the moon rode ever higher in the clear sky. No footfall sounded, no voice called a cheery "Good night"—that moonlit countryside was given over to dreams and silence.

The church with the leaning gateposts caught the radiance on tower and wall and window, the low, sunken headstones cast shadows on the turf where that old, old church stood sentinel over its silent, unstirring congregation, no more to be awakened by light of harvest moon. Time was those sleepers had danced and sung by the light of that self-same moon—gone gaily home from the mhellia, linked arm in arm along the white roads and across the fields. Some, maybe, had picked their way by dangerous footpaths through the Curragh, where wildfowl stirred among the reeds as they went by, and the moon illumined open stretches of still water, and trembled on the treacherous, gleaming surface of the bog. How thankfully they would hail that distant, unwinking point of light—no will o' the wisp, but the homely, lighted window under the thatch. Another beckoning light has long since called Home those moonlit wanderers of bygone years, and now they sleep soundly under the turf of that ancient churchyard, with the murmur of the sea not far away.

Yes, the white road from the village has led at last down to the shore, the waves gently breaking, scattering pearls of foam along the silver sand. But is this really the end of the road? No—in this white world of dreams the road goes straight on under the sailing moon—a broad and shining highway across the sea.

GERTRUDE CANNELL.



## A MANX-CANADIAN PIONEER

Continued from Page 3

Manxman who devoted so much of the wealth with which his life's effort was rewarded, to public welfare in the two places dearest to him—the place where his youth was spent, and the place where he labored and earned his great success as one of Canada's foremost lumbermen.

And now for a direct link with the great Manx-Canadian. On January 4, 1944, in Vancouver, British Columbia, the oldest member of the Vancouver Manx Society passed away at the age of ninety-one. This was Mrs. Elizabeth Brewer Metcalf, a niece of James Kewley Ward.

We have been in communication with her son, Mr. Harry Metcalf, 1626 Trafalgar Street, Vancouver, in regard to a biography of the great pioneer, and to his researches we are indebted for many of the facts related in this sketch. We have been able to supplement Mr. Metcalf's information through the good offices of the Cleveland Public Library, who discovered for us an interesting biography of the Hon. James Kewley Ward in a work published in 1898, entitled "Canadian Men and Women of the Time."

Mr. Metcalf has not only obtained for us an outline of the leading facts in the career of his distinguished relative, but has given some personal recollections from his boyhood days, and in rounding out this story we cannot do better than quote Mr. Metcalf's impressions directly from his letter, knowing that Bulletin readers will thoroughly enjoy this intimate glimpse.

"Had my mother been still alive," Mr. Metcalf says, "her remarkable memory could have pictured, with crystal clearness, many intimate items of his life, which now, unfortunately, have gone for ever."

"My own recollection of him," he goes on to say, "is very scant and sketchy."

"When we lived in the Queen's Hotel—and I would be about eight years old—I remember him walking in, arm in arm with the late Hall Caine, and kissing my mother very affectionately."

"Mother presented me to him, but I was a backward boy and could only peek at the two great men from the rear of my Mother's long black dress."

"That was in the summer of 1892 or 1893, and it seems that he came almost every year about that time, from far-off Canada, on business and pleasure, and usually accompanied by a few of his lovely daughters and Aunt Lydia, his wife."

"Some of the girls were in English boarding schools, and when Uncle James came to Douglas they usually joined him there, making their headquarters at the Castle Mona Hotel."

"I was too interested in sea and

shore to bother much about 'these toffs,' and saw to it that I arrived home just in time to see an array of frocks, flounces and parasols receding down the Prom."

"But then again I always looked forward to the fall, because at that time a great big barrel of sweet Canadian apples arrived from Montreal, and after being spread out on the bare floor of one of the unused bedrooms, we boys were told to help ourselves."

"Morning after morning, through the long, cold winter days, when the storms would pound the parapet of the Prom and shoot the spray in salty sheets against window and wall, and the roadway was strewn with stones and wrack; when the northeast wind whistled down from Ramsey way and we trudged along the hard highway with red cheeks, sniffly noses and mufflers tied tight, on our way to Onchan School . . . and that same night, with a million stars in the sky, to follow the leader on a slippery slide to the iron rail of the Prom (a slide which was free to all except those with nails in their shoes)—that's when those apples were good!"

"I believe that most of the charitable institutions, in all parts of the Island, received one or more barrels of these Canadian apples from my uncle."

"These are the little interesting things that tend to make a biography big and rich, and my only regret is that my stock is so short."

After reading these charming and truly boyish recollections of the rich relatives from Canada, and of the town of Douglas in the nineties, we too regret that Mr. Metcalf's store of memories is not larger, as he could have provided us with some pages of delightful reading.

Montreal is a city well known to most Manx people. Not long ago there was a Manx Convention held there, where a lot of us had a rousing good time. Had Mr. Ward been alive, it would have gladdened his heart to meet so many fellow-countrymen in the city of his adoption. Montreal is the port from which Manx people often sail in making the trip Home for a holiday. We think of Montreal in connection with these things—let's also think of it as the home of a great Manxman who loved it and worked for it—James Kewley Ward. Let's remember him, too, when we think of the quiet hours marked off by the old church clock in Peel, a memento of the man who loved, remembered and gave generously to the land of his birth.

Did you know that the first of Britain's postwar passenger ships was the new "KING ORRY," launched at Birkenhead on November 22 last. This is the fourth "King Orry" in the long list of Isle of Man Steam Packet Company ships.

## GLIMPSSES OF THE ISLE OF MAN ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO

Mr. and Mrs. Bob Faragher, 1264 Arlington Avenue, Lakewood, Ohio, own a fine book entitled "The Isle of Man," by the Rev. Joseph George Cumming, M.A., Vice President of King Williams College, Castletown, published in the year 1848. We quote from this book a paragraph which gives an attractive pen picture of the coast scenery near Castletown:

"Not a breath crimped the azure sheet of water spread before me. A few fleecy clouds were cresting South Barrule and Cronk-ny-Iree-Lhaa, which cast their long shadows athwart the landscape, and from the many white cottages were rising steadily high wreaths of smoke. A gleam of sunlight shot through that singular aperture at the southern extremity of the Calf islet called the Eye, and came streaming along in a glorious ruddy pencil over the calm surface of the deep. Here and there a sail was flapping to and fro in lazy mood. Directly across the bay, the dark pile of Scarlet Stack was casting a still darker patch of shadow upon the waters. At the point where I was sitting, just under the archway, Castletown itself was hid by a mass of rock directly in front, but the voice of the bells of the chapel of St. Mary summoning to the Wednesday evening service, and the steady beat of oars in the rowlock of some boat which was making its way into the harbor, came floating to my ear upon the dewy wing of eve. The College formed a distinct object through an opening to the north, with the picturesque ruin on Hango Hill in advance of it. On ascending the hill I was suddenly struck with what I took for a star of extraordinary brightness, just visible on the outline of the Calf; I watched it a few seconds, it grew fainter and fainter, and at length disappeared; presently it shot forth again with increasing splendor; it was the lower of the revolving Calf lights."

### PORT SODERICK

Here's a description of Port Soderick in 1848.

"Descending to the seashore below Ballashamrock, we come upon Port Soderick, a secluded and exquisitely lovely inlet into which, at its southwestern recess, the streamlet from Mount Murray makes its way. Here are the favorite haunts of the sea-fowl, and when a storm has been spending its fury on these rugged cliffs, their wild screaming, mixed with the roaring of the billows in the rocky caves and deep gullies, form a concert wonderfully impressive and heart-stirring. And then again there are times when not a breath stirs the waters, and the only sound is that of the lap-lapping of the waves, the splash of the little neighboring cascade which comes tumbling down fifty or sixty feet and mirrors a rain-

(Continued on Page 8)

## Glimpses of the Isle of Man

(Continued from Page 7)

bow from the morning sun; and there is the gentle bleating of the sheep on the crag above, and the plaintive cry of the curlew; and then to look down into the clear deep azure pools and watch the finny tribe there disporting themselves, and all the beautiful variety of seaweed waving to and fro in the briny swell—where can we see these things in greater perfection than in Mona?"

\* \* \*

### CASTLETOWN

The following is a description of Castletown as it was about 1848. Remember—at that time Castletown was the capital of the Isle of Man and headquarters of the Island Militia—the "Manx Fencibles"—the Lieutenant Governor resided at Lorn House close by—the Rolls Office was in Castle Rushen. After a detailed description of Castle Rushen, Rev. Cumming takes us to the top of the flag tower to enjoy the magnificent view from there, then goes on with a "bird's eye view of the town itself, the spacious marketplace and parade with its Doric freestone column—a memorial to the excellent Governor Smelt. There to the right is the market house, and opposite to it the barracks; and hark! that is the trumpet call to parade. St. Mary's Chapel occupies the southeastern extremity of the marketplace, and a little to the north of it is situated the Free School. That square building on the open space to the east of the Castle is the House of Keys, the place of meeting of the Insular Parliament consisting of twenty-four members—whose original institution dates back to the reign of Orry in the tenth century. And we must not overlook the old and new piers at the entrance to the harbour, and the guard-house just in front of the Castle gates, with its lounging inmates and sentinel pacing to and fro."

\* \* \*

### THE ISLE OF MAN— FROM ENGLAND

Probably you have seen the Cumberland Mountains from the Isle of Man on a clear day—but have you had the experience of seeing the Isle from the English side? The Rev. Joseph George Cumming describes such a view:

"I remember the first glimpse I caught of the Isle of Man. It was from the summit of Helvellyn, which, though not the loftiest of the Cumberland Mountains, presents views unrivalled by any of them. By my side stood a friend, as ardent an admirer of Nature's beauties as myself. The day had been one of storm and cloud—all at once the dense canopy which rested on the mountain seemed lifted up, and underneath it the scenery in an atmosphere cleared by the recent tempest, came forth in its most impressive magnificence for miles around. After dwelling awhile in silent admiration on the beauties of the nearer land-

scape, our eyes rested on the westerly sea, and there in the glory of a setting sun, floating as it seemed most tranquilly on the bosom of the great deep—lay the Isle of Man!"

Our poet T. E. Brown has described the same experience of viewing the Isle of Man on a cloudy day, from Skiddaw in the Cumberland Mountains—

"Just half-way down the slope  
we sit—

When suddenly the sky is lit—  
Look, look! as through a sliding panel  
Of pearl—our Mona! . . . .  
Dark purple peaks against the sun,  
A gorgeous thing to look upon!

\* \* \*

### PORT ERIN

Port Erin a hundred years ago! Here's a description from Rev. Joseph George Cumming's book. What changes have occurred since he wrote the following paragraph—

"Port Erin presents a genuine specimen of a Manx fishing village. Old herring nets spread upon the thatch of cottages, and big stones tied at each corner to keep all safe down; semi-putrid fish drying in the sun against the walls; pigs and poultry roaming about and picking up refuse; the heads and entrails of hake and congers; heaps of the shells of the limpet (flitters to you!), periwinkles, scollops and whelk; old inverted boats hauled up and ranged along the walls; lobster pots strewed about on the shore; and rumpy cats basking in the sun.

"Tis a splendid beach, and the prettiest bay in the Island! How magnificently does Bradda Head rise up, shutting in the northern angle of this horse-shoe bay! If it were on the southern coast of England, it would beyond all doubt become a favorite watering place!"

Others beside Rev. Cummings saw the possibilities of Port Erin, for today it is as bright, sparkling and modern a little town as any holiday-seeker could wish for.

\* \* \*

### GLEN WILLYN

One hundred years ago, the Rev. Joseph George Cumming described the geological formation of the Island—Nature's story as told in its rocky cliffs, its mysterious chasms and caves, its river beds and in the foundations of its heather-clad mountains. History and folk-lore also play an important part in this work. However, this distinguished writer was very sensitive to the appealing beauties of the Island scene, as the extracts we will give from time to time in the Bulletin will show. Through the stately, formal language of one hundred years ago, we recognize the Island sights and sounds just as many of us remember them in our own time. Read this description of that pleasant little valley—Glen Willyn, near Kirk Michael:

"At the western extremity a rustic gate admits to a winding path along the side of the valley toward the sea. A prominent point about 300 yards down presents itself to the artist as the proper station for taking a

sketch. The foreground consists of the sloping banks which skirt either side of the purling streamlet with a profusion of broom, eglantine, gorse, daisies, primrose, veronica and white campanellas. Look upwards inland . . . how exquisitely grouped are the cottages and trees by the mill and the rustic bridge! We have a magnificent view of the mountains beyond—the clouds flit across their summits and cast down creeping shadows into the ravines and along the verdant slopes.

"If we turn around again to the north and look toward the sea, we trace the windings of the stream, and beside it fishermen's cottages. Cattle stray upon the very verge of the cliff. The blackcaps and sparrows twitter in the gorse. The lark rises up and at heaven's gate sings; whilst the plover whirls around in mazy eddies with well-feigned anxiety about that corner of the field which is farthest off from the spot where she has deposited her four brown speckled eggs. The nearer murmur of the stream mixes with the farther-off dash of the breakers on the shore, and the wild cry of the curlew which sweeps by the mouth of the glen mingles with the cackling of the geese, which are nibbling at the short herbage a little higher up."

Isn't that the way you like to think of the Island in springtime?

### THE OATH ADMINISTERED TO THE DEEMSTER SINCE THE REVESTMENT

By this Book, and by the holy contents thereof, and by the wonderful works that God hath miraculously wrought in heaven above and in the earth beneath in six days and seven night, I, do swear, that I will, without respect of favour or friendship, love or gain, consanguinity or affinity, envy or malice, execute the laws of this Isle justly betwixt our Sovereign Lord the King and his subjects within this Isle, and betwixt party and party, as indifferently as the herring back-bone doth lie in the midst of the fish.

So help me God, and by the contents of this Book.

### THE OATH OF THE GOVERNOR SINCE THE REVESTMENT

I, do swear, that I will truly and uprightly deal between our Sovereign Lord the King and his subjects within this Isle, and as indifferently between party and party as this staff now standeth, so far as in me lyeth; and when I think it necessary, will call together the Council of this Isle, or so many of them as shall be present within the same, and advise with them in any matter that may concern the State and Government thereof; and that I will do and perform, as far as in me lyeth, these and all other things appertaining to the Government of this Isle, and the post and office of Governor-in-Chief and Captain-General, according to the purport and extent of my commission.

So help me God, and by the contents of this Book.

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