



EDGAR EVENTS

**Researching and sharing Edgar family
history No. 26, March 2009**



DNA Update

by James Edgar (Editor) (jamesedgar@sasktel.net)



More on DNA — the last while has been a bit slow on the testing front. We still don't have answers about the observations and questions posed in the last issue. How does Tara Corona's uncle relate to Howard Edgar in Kansas; and how does Judy Lynn's relative connect to those two? Still no answers.

The same goes for John Maurice Edgar who shows only six generations away from me! We don't yet know the connections to show how, when, or where. It looks like it will be in Northern Ireland in the 18th century. The search continues...

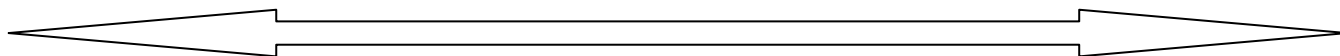
Changing the subject, any recent visits to the DNA Comparison page at our family group site at Ancestry.com will show new Haplogroup assignments for some of our testees. What once was E3b (Steve UK and a few others) is now showing in Group "H"! Quite a different origin than the mercenary Macedonian in the Roman army having a kebab shop on Harian's Wall – now his ancient origins are from India somewhere!! In Steve's words, *"revised thinking guys.....my ancestor sold pegs and lucky charms on Hadrian's wall.Forget the kebab shop! ;-)"*

The former I1a people (me and Co.) are now "I1"; and the "I"s and "I1b"s are now mostly "I2b1"s. It may be a bit confusing, but bear in mind that this is a fast-changing science, and the experts are slowly getting a handle on some of these groups and how the markers show what is what.

For a complete description, go to www.isogg.org/tree/index.html That's the site for the "International Society of Genetic Genealogy."

There's more — Ancestry.com have offered a 20 percent reduction to people on our Edgar Group wanting to obtain a DNA test. We recommend the 46-marker test. Nominally, that test costs \$149 USD, but with the discount, it comes to just \$120. If you want to take advantage of this offer, contact SteveUK or myself for the details.

Finally, I want to thank all those people – you know who you are – who sent money for the DNA Trust Fund. We now have a firmly established "scholarship" fund that we can use for more random testing when Steve and I go "hunting" in the UK later in the year.



For those of you who surf the Web, Ancestry.com now has the Canada 1916 Census online. It covers the three prairie provinces, Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta. Also, the UK 1911 Census has just recently been put on the Web. It's not free — you can buy credits from Find My Past, who have it as a subscription for now, while they recoup some of the development and transcription costs.

[Here next we have an interesting submission from our friend in Texas. Ed.]

Operation Albatross

by G.C. Edgar (gcedgar@verizon.net)



Figure 1 G.C. Edgar

This has absolutely nothing to do with genealogy and certainly not the EDGAR DNA project; but it touches many of the members' countries involved in the project, especially England, New Zealand, Australia, and the U.S. Someone who reads this was involved, in some way, with this huge naval operation in which thousands of sailors participated. Please let me know if I'm right.

After doing a lot of reminiscing, I have concluded that July 1954 was the most important month of my life thus far. My 18th birthday came shortly after a triumphant high-school graduation - 5th in the

class! That's right - number five from the top. I edged out my classmate, Bud, because he failed to build a small replica of a Shakespearian theatre out of Popsicle sticks. Actually, I didn't build one, either, but the English teacher agreed to give me credit if I would draw the gravedigger's scene from one of Shakespeare's plays. Then, by the end of July, I was proud and honored to be wearing the uniform of the United States Navy. After basic training and a service school, I walked aboard the U.S.S. Wiseman (DE 667) as its newest crewmember. The homeport was San Diego, California. The routine at the time was for the ship to spend six months of each year in the Western Pacific and six months stateside. This tired, old WWII ship would be my home for the next 39 months.

For our second overseas tour, the ship was ordered to participate in Operation Albatross, an aggressive naval training exercise involving all of the member nations of the Southeast Asia Treaty Organization (SEATO). According to my notes, the following nations furnished ships for this operation.

- Australia
- United Kingdom
- United States
- Thailand
- New Zealand
- Philippines
- France
- Pakistan

Although my notes do not include Canada, I'm sure there were some Canadian ships present.

So, on 20 August 1956, the ship left San Diego for Auckland, New Zealand. We crossed the equator the first day of September and we Pollywogs (those who had not been initiated into the "*Ancient Order of the Deep*") were supposed to be initiated by the Shellbacks (those who had already been initiated). In the U.S. Navy, this is serious stuff. There were only a few Shellbacks aboard ship and they knew they were in trouble when one of the Pollywogs refused to stand watch on the forecastle and look for the equator as instructed by the Shellbacks. Oh, I should mention that the watch uniform was arctic gear and the binoculars were two rolls of toilet paper taped together. Shortly after lunch,

the small group of Shellbacks initiated a dozen or so selected crewmembers, issued them membership cards, caught and tied the uncooperative lookup to the deck, poured melted butter on him, slashed his feather pillow open and let the feathers stick to the melted butter. Then, they initiated the rest of the crew. What they did to us should not be printed. This will take you to a Web site with some photos. www.sunwestmonograms.com/wiseman/equator.htm

We arrived in Auckland on the 8th day of September. Our first impression of New Zealand, from what we could see from the ship, was "What a beautiful place!" There had been some press coverage about the ship's arrival and that visitors would be welcome to board the ship. Visitors by the dozens converged on the ship shortly after we moored. I was detailed for tour-guide duty, and just after lunch, two vans loaded with handicapped children parked on the quay next to the ship and a couple of dozen children enthusiastically rushed aboard along with some caretakers. One caretaker was pushing a young man in a wheelchair, and it was decided that his tour would be limited to the open area of the main deck. He could make sounds, move his arms and legs, and express his feelings with his face, but he couldn't talk or walk, but seemed to be aware of what was happening. He was perhaps ten years of age. Naturally, he was not happy with the deck-only tour, so I volunteered to carry him piggyback so he could see the same areas as the other children. Off we went, up and down ladders, in and out of compartments, etc. All of these wonderful kids were impressed with the guns, depth charges, torpedoes, and other armaments; but they were absolutely fascinated by the TV mounted on the wall of the mess deck (dining room). No amount of explaining could convince them it would not work because there was no signal. How disappointed they were!

After a couple of hours, I returned one happy, young man to his wheelchair and he hugged my neck as I sat him down. That was a real bonus since I enjoyed the tour as much as he did. I have always regretted not getting an address from one of the caretakers and corresponding with him.

The next day arrangements had been made for a chartered bus tour for all of us tour guides. We thoroughly enjoyed the visit to Rotorua and the thermal regions, and especially the afternoon tea, complete with finger sandwiches, etc. Well, I don't know about the tea. As I recall, it was my first cup of hot tea - iced tea, yes.

The ship's food stores were replenished, especially the fresh milk and dairy products and left Auckland on September 10th for Townsville, Australia, along with some New Zealand men-of-war. As we left Auckland my thoughts were "What a beautiful country populated by such warm, friendly people!"

A pilot was picked up at Calendar Point, Australia, to navigate us up the Great Barrier Reef. Immediately after seeing this reef in person, one can understand why it is called a "National Treasure." Our fathometer showed the depth to be steady between 20-30 fathoms (120-180 feet). Yet, the reef looked like it was only a few feet below the surface. It was a beautiful and colorful sight with perfect weather and a calm sea.

Two Australian Navy carriers and three frigates joined us before we reached Townsville. We tied up next to an Australian frigate, so naturally we went aboard to visit with our counterparts, and at liberty call, 1 p.m. as I remember, a group of U.S. and Australian sailors converged on the local population. Between the locals, the pub rules, and toasts to the Queen we didn't have to buy many beers. Apparently, if you're in the pub when

the keg runs dry, the eruption that occurs when they tapped a new keg was caught in pitchers and dispensed free to the patrons at the bar. The Aussies and English sailors were wonderful singers. Yes, the first song was "*Waltzing Matilda*." They sang two versions of this popular song that we all love - the normal version and another with different words. This other version had something to do with the Yanks picking up combat medals dropped by the Aussies in Korea. I didn't have any luck convincing my Aussie buddies that a Texan is not a Yank. Invariably, an American sailor would let his tongue slip and call the British sailors "Limeys." As I recall, the Aussies called the New Zealanders "Kiwis." The banter back and forth was all in fun and we did thoroughly enjoy our outings with these dedicated sailors. Most were in for the full ride and explained that it was very difficult to get into their naval service. I suppose it was equally surprising for them to learn that most of us were in for only four years.

I had the evening quarterdeck watch the next day when we were moored next to the Australian ship. Since the quarterdecks opposed each other, it was a very pleasant watch as all members of the watch exchanged and compared information. The U.S. Navy is steeped in tradition so it was no surprise to learn that other navies are also. For example, there is the boatswain's whistle that is used to pipe information or commands to the crew. So, when I didn't recognize one of the whistles on the Australian ship, the petty officer of the watch explained it was the call for grog. RUM aboard a naval vessel? Indeed, it was and even the men on watch received a ration. We had to politely decline their invitation to join them.

The next port was Darwin for an overnight fuel stop only. Lucky me, I had the eight to midnight quarterdeck watch. It was navy policy then that "Cinderella" liberty applied in all foreign ports. Shortly before midnight, all the sailors who went ashore began returning to the ship. One had a huge, dead goose, so my question was "What's the story on the goose?" He advised me that he had purchased it from a local because he loved roast goose and he was going to get the cook to fix it for lunch. I promised the sailor that I would take care of the goose if he would go to bed. He did and I did. It promptly went over the side! He never mentioned the goose later.

One of the ports of call for the entire task force, after playing war games for several days, was Singapore. One of our Australian buddies assured us he could get us onto the British Army base that was populated by female soldiers. He did and, before the beer hall on the base closed, we had dates for the next afternoon. My female friend was an Irish lass with a last name of McKenzie. The girls took us to the famous Raffles Hotel, where we could afford only a couple of Singapore Sling drinks, then we continued sightseeing. My impression was that Singapore was a mixture of several very different cultures, but living very well in harmony.

There were a couple of interesting incidents during the course of the exercise. One afternoon about six o'clock, one of the lookouts on the bridge reported that the Pakistani ship was on fire! It appeared to be so because smoke, lots of smoke, was billowing up from the after part of the main deck. The senior officer in charge immediately ordered another vessel to approach the ship in case it needed assistance. After a confusing exchange of radio conversations thru interpreters, it was determined that the Pakistani ship was simply cooking meat for the evening meal using firewood.

The second incident was associated with an USN submarine - a participant in the exercise. The sub's assignment was to attack the surface ships. Since it could not make enough speed to catch the convoy while the sub was submerged, it would speed ahead

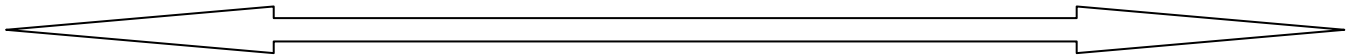
each day on the surface and lay in wait for the convoy to pass near its lair at night. This it did one night and was successful in evading detection by the screen ships. It then surfaced a few hundred yards from the flagship (one of the carriers) and sent this message to the carrier by blinking light: "BANG BANG BANG." The reply from the flagship was "BIGGER BANG." But, the exercise evaluation committee did agree that, indeed, the carrier would have probably lost the battle with the sub.

As for Operation Albatross, I thoroughly enjoyed the social interaction between the English-speaking sailors; I learned that unless you had a female guest you stood at the bar in Australia; that there was some rule about having to buy drinks for the house; and, that the keg beer was not refrigerated and was identified only by three or four Xs. The rule about having to set up the bar was never fully explained to us. We didn't stay in New Zealand and Australia long enough to learn the currency. Apparently, for every coin there must have been five or six different names. I still have a few coins that I didn't spend or exchange. It was rather embarrassing to give the bartender the wrong coin, so we tendered a paper note and received a handful of change back. After we ran out of paper money, we simply laid the coins on the bar and told the bartender to take what was needed.

I salute all the members of the Australian, British, Canadian, and New Zealand navies who participated in this exercise. You were professional and competent sailors, and I thoroughly enjoyed the time we spent together ashore. Thanks for befriending us "Yanks."

I've no idea how the "brass" evaluated the war games, but I'm pretty sure they decided that, in the absence of a common language, it's not wise to steam in close formation.

GCE



Help, please.

Juanita Edgar is attempting to sort out the relationships between the individual Edgar Ministers from the Northern Ireland Counties of North Down and South Antrim. To date there has not been any significant research done on this family and their descendants.

We know from DNA test results that Juanita's son, Norman, and I are related; we believe the connection may be from this area. If anyone has any information, no matter how sparse or disjointed, please forward it on.

We don't have any known living descendants from this family either; we certainly have not done a DNA test. Any help would be much appreciated.

Steve Edgar

steven-edgarATsky.com (replace the AT with @, this stops spammers)

Who Said Scots Romance is Dead?

Collected by Frankie Sawyer (docnhim@infionline.net)

These are real want-adverts from some lonely hearts columns in recent Scottish newspapers.

"Grossly overweight Buckie turf-cutter, 42 years old and 23 stone, Gemini, seeks nimble sexpot, preferably South American, for tango sessions, candlelit dinners and humid nights of screaming passion. Must have own car and willing to travel."

"Aberdeen man, 50, in desperate need of a ride. Anything considered."

"Heavy drinker, 35, Glasgow area, seeks gorgeous, sex addict interested in pints, fags, Celtic football, club and scraps on Sauchlehall Street at three in the morning."

"Bitter disillusioned Dundonian lately rejected by longtime fiancée seeks decent honest, reliable woman, if such a thing still exists in this cruel world."

"Artistic Edinburgh woman, 53, petite, loves rainy walks on the beach, writing poetry, unusual sea-shells and brown rice dishes, seeks mystic dreamer for companionship, back rubs and more as we bounce along like little tumbling clouds on life's beautiful crazy journey. Strong stomach essential."

"Chartered accountant, 42, seeks female for marriage. Duties include cooking, light cleaning, and accompanying me to office social functions. References required. No time-wasters."

"Bad-tempered, foul mouthed old man living in a damp cottage in Orkney seeks attractive 21-year-old blonde lady with a big chest."

"Attractive brunette, Maryhill area, winner of Miss Wrangler competition at Frampton's Nightclub, Maryhill in September 1978, seeks nostalgic man who's not afraid to cry for long nights spent comfortably drinking and listening to old Abba records. Please. Please!"

"Govan man, 27, medium build, brown hair, blue eyes, seeks alibi for the night of February 27 between 8pm and 11:30pm."

A Victorian novel



Steve Edgar of Weston, Crewe (steven-edgar@sky.com)

This is a non-Edgar story, but it is interesting and shows what embarrassing facts you can turn up when you delve deep enough! It is in some ways pertinent to our Edgar research as it involves illegitimacy (or more politely “a behind-the-woodshed moment”).

The story starts with my maternal grandfather, Stanley Brine. He was born in Manchester in October 1896 to Mary Brine. The family story states that he was illegitimate, and he only found out when he married my grandmother as he had to produce a birth certificate. He did so, but there was no name for the father! This was in 1922, and must have caused a major scandal, not the done thing in 1922! With the help of Mrs. Poirot (Jodie Edgar in Melville), I received a copy of his birth certificate and lo, no father is named. We did get Mary’s maiden name – Harvey. A check on the 1901 UK census shows Mary Brine with two children, Edith May Brine, b. 1880 in Delbury, and Stanley b. 1896. And, on the 1911 census she has a boarding house.

I checked back on the 1891 census and found Mary as a cook in Stubley Hall, Wardle, Lancashire, and her daughter, Edith May, in Diddlebury, Shropshire, with her grandparents, William and Edith Harvey. They were estate workers at Fernall Mill in Diddlebury. Further checks back are not conclusive, I assume they just didn’t do the census every 10 years. The owners of the Fernall Mill in 1891 were the Chester family. Delbury is a large house in Diddlebury.

We have tried in vain to find Mary’s husband, Mr. Brine, but there is no marriage certificate on record; we can’t even tell what year they married (if they did!). But, the name of Brine is not one you just make up! A search on the 1871 census shows the Yapp family were then the owners of Fernall Mill with the Harveys workings for them. Yapp is such an unusual surname, I searched again and found another Yapp family in Bache Mill, half a mile away; their next-door neighbour was William Brine, a corn merchant from London, with a son Edwin Brine. This now gets a bit tenuous, the son Edwin would, in 1880, have been old enough to marry Mary, have Edith May as a child, and possibly died shortly afterwards, leaving Mary to bring up her daughter with the help of her grandparents. The earliest Harvey I can find in Diddlebury is a William Harvey in 1841, who looks to be an orphan working on a church-run farm. The family had been estate workers all their lives, so what induced Mary to go to Stubley hall in Wardle is anybody’s guess. Perhaps it was the scandal of the birth of Edith May, they weren’t married!!!

Stubley hall was owned by Elizabeth Schofield, the wife of an eminent Littleborough mill owner. The Schofields had two cotton mills, a print works, and an iron foundry in the Rochdale area. In the words of a local researcher “They had a few ‘bob.” They were wealthy! Add to the fact the Elizabeth’s maiden name was Holt; the Holts were major land owners in the area, the land being granted by King Henry VIII. Here we have new money marrying into an old established family. The Schofields and the Holts were extremely rich and powerful.

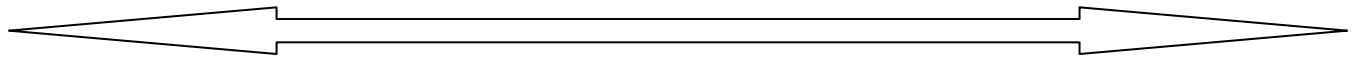
Anyway, to the point, Mary was a cook at Stubble Hall along with five or six other servants, all female; she was 33 years old in 1891. Elizabeth Schofield's son was Arnold Holt Schofield, a business owner and a local councillor, 32 years old and unmarried — living with his mum and 5 female servants. Arnold had a reputation of being a lady's man.....Hmmm!

Now comes the payoff!

In 1901, Mary is in Manchester living there with her two children, Edith May and Stanley. Explain to me how the daughter of an estate worker, working as a cook could afford to buy a boarding house? Where did the money come from?

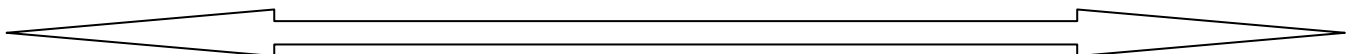
My grandfather does not have a surviving son for a DNA check and there is no paper trail to this story, BUT, if anyone has a photograph of Arnold Holt Schofield....

As if all of the above isn't enough for a Victorian novel, my sister has revealed what my grandmother told her about the lodging house. One of the lodgers, there on business, was none other than Pierrepont, the British hangman. He stayed whilst he was conducting his official duties in Strangeways prison. I've not verified this yet, but it makes a good story!



Go on an ancestral "sitereeving" tour here...

Presbyterian Historical Society www.presbyterianhistoryireland.com
Richard Edgar's site – EdgarWeb www.geocities.com/edgarwebsites
Ros Davies' Co. Down site freepages.genealogy.rootsweb.com/~rosdavies
National Archives: Census of Ireland 1911 www.census.nationalarchives.ie
Rootsweb Scottish Edgars homepages.rootsweb.ancestry.com/~scottish/Edgar.html
Ulster Ancestors www.ballynagarrick.net/ulsterancestors/default.htm
UK Census Online www.ukcensusonline.com/index.php
Raymond's Co. Down Site www.raymondscountydownwebsite.com
Public Record Office of Northern Ireland (PRONI) www.proni.gov.uk
English National Archives www.nationalarchives.gov.uk/default.htm
Scotland's People www.scotlandspeople.gov.uk
Canadian Archives www.collectionscanada.gc.ca/index-e.html
Free BMD (Birth, Marriage, Death) www.freebmd.org.uk/cgi/search.pl
Commonwealth War Graves www.cwgc.org
Canadian Virtual War Memorial
www.vac-acc.gc.ca/remembers/sub.cfm?source=collections/virtualmem
Find My Past www.findmypast.com/home.jsp





Angus William James Edgar, Melbourne, Australia
1908 to 2000

by Bill Edgar, Melbourne, Victoria, Australia (edgaraust@hotmail.com)

Gus was born in Benalla, Victoria, Australia, on the 12th of May 1908. His father, Robert Arthur (Arty) Edgar, ran a bakery in the town. Schooling was in Benalla, where Gus also successfully played cricket and Australian-rules football.

In 1922 at the age of 14, he took a test for Victorian Railway employment but was told to go home and grow. He played football as a rover, they are short and fast, but between 14 and 15 the growth spurt took over, with him getting to 6 foot 1 inch. He again applied to the railways at Wangaratta, where three were selected from all the applicants from the North East of Victoria. As one of the three, Gus was to be the only apprentice carpenter. He had to take an arithmetic exam that day, and only just caught the train back to Benalla in high glee over his success at having completed the exam.

He joined brother Stew at a lodging house in Coburg, Melbourne, to start a five-year apprenticeship as a car builder. During this time, the carpenters combined with the machine shop to make tools, some of which were found in his tool chest he made as his apprentice qualification. His granddaughter now has the chest as a centerpiece in her lounge room.

In 1923, his mother, Jessie, injured her leg, and her condition deteriorated in Benalla hospital. She was transferred to St. Vincent's hospital in Melbourne where Gus visited her every day of the three months she was there. He was very proud of this achievement as it meant taking a train to the city and a walk to the hospital in all weathers. During this period, the rest of the family moved from Benalla to Sycamore St. Elsternwick, Melbourne.

Gus met Elva Vickers at St. John's Elsternwick, and they married there on the 20th of December 1939. They took up residence in Lindsay St. McKinnon, where, 60 years of marriage later, they celebrated their golden wedding anniversary.

Son Bill was born in 1943 and daughter Val in 1949.

Gus or "Ben" from Benalla, worked his way through the car-building section of the Victorian Railways, with times away from home in Ballarat and Bendigo. Whilst in Ballarat, he proposed changes to the system, implementing the repairing of Western District carriages at his workshop instead of having them all go to Melbourne, which saved time and money for the railways. He retired at age 65 as Carriage Superintendent, which was the top position he could reach and was replaced by a senior qualified Civil Engineer.

He then started a new job as a bowler. At the McKinnon Bowling club he was on the Selection committee, Maintenance committee, and any other area he could help out. He was a Pennant bowler, always a "winner," selecting the best option to suit the circumstances.

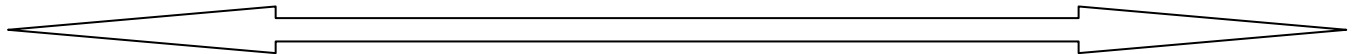
He was disappointed when beaten but was always a good loser. In his spare time, Gus often helped the family budget by doing carpentry work at home. In particular, his expertise was utilized by neighbors Merv Carruthers and Fred Tasker as they established their own businesses.

No doubt some of the money went towards one of his other passions, following the horses. He loved to gather as much information as he could to give him an edge on picking a winner with the limited money he had for this hobby.

If the horses were one of his other passions, another was following the Australian-Rules football club, Collingwood Magpies. He was only ever able to convince one family member, granddaughter Joanne to join him in this dubious pastime.

Gus was a good, kind, man who, to the end of his life, tried to do his best for the love of his life, Elva, helping her in every way he could. His proud record of visiting his mother every day she was hospitalized was transferred to looking after Elva, and ended with visiting her every day over the three months she was in South Eastern Hospital, Kingston Rehabilitation, and Hurlingham. He missed visiting her when he had a “heart turn,” and went to Monash hospital and the day shortly afterwards, when he was fitted with a pacemaker, but he was in the same hospital as Elva and was soon shifted into what the South Eastern Hospital nurses called the “honeymoon suite.”

In partnership with Elva, Gus was known throughout the local area as “people persons,” helping, talking to, and generally being friendly and interested in all the people they met. “Angus,” “Gus,” “Ben,” “Dad,” or “Grandpa,” — he will be sadly missed by all who knew him; and we celebrate the gentleman who lived a good life.



Jonas Wood U.E.L.*

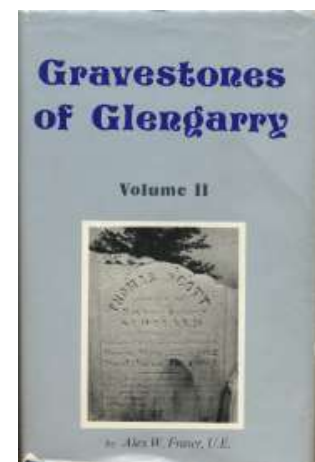
* United Empire Loyalist

(Americans who remained loyal to the King and left the USA for Canada)

Well, I am James’ little sister. I can say that, even though I outweigh him by 80 lbs or so, but...I am younger!

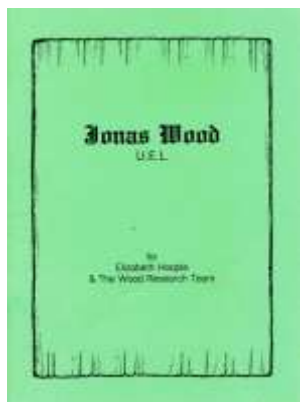
James emailed me asking if I would write up the story of how I found our Wood ancestors. So, here goes... I was hooked on genealogy when my mother’s sister sent us a history of the Somervilles dating back to 1066 AD, when the d’Somervilles left France to inhabit Scotland. (I was probably 14 years). My aunt was a Mormon, so the Somerville family tree was pretty well researched by her over the years. (His name is James Somerville Edgar for a reason! And now you all know why.)

In 1991, our father died and I realized how little I knew about his side of the family tree. (If you have questions about your family’s history, run, don’t walk, to the older generations and ask those questions before you can’t!) I moved to Ontario, Canada, as a young adult, but went “home” every two years to visit friends and family. My father was a prolific reader; there were books everywhere in our home, and one of those books was titled “Gravestones of Glengarry” (GG) Volume II by Alex W. Fraser, U.E. On one of the visits after my father died, my mother told me to take any books I wanted as she was going to have to downsize one day. So, over the years I hauled a number of books back to Ontario, but could never take that book, although I did take down the title and author.



My father was born and raised in Lancaster, Glengarry County, Ontario.

I went to our local library to search the Internet and the interlibrary book listing to see if I could find "GG" Volume I and II (not found), or anything else written by Alex W. Fraser, U.E. As it turned out, I found that Alex lived in Lancaster! I took down his mailing address, and wrote to him requesting any information he might have on the Edgar family.



I received a letter from him suggesting that he could do some research for me for a price. As my husband thinks genealogy is just stupid, any price would be prohibitive. Alex sent along a list of books he had available for sale.

Now, have you ever just had an inkling about something? Well, in the list was a book called, "Jonas Wood U.E.L." price \$5.00. I ordered a copy of "GG" Volume II (Volume I is out of print) and, for some unknown reason, the Jonas Wood book.

Upon reading through GG, I found some of our ancestors, including aunts, uncles, cousins, and my grandparents, Charles Stephen Edgar and Christena McRae; these ancestor's burial sites are within five graveyards in the Lancaster area, and this book quoted a second book "Loyalists of Ontario" (LO) by William D. Reid.

As an interesting aside, "LO" was published posthumously. William Reid worked as an archivist for the province of Ontario; in his spare time he researched and catalogued the names of the United Empire Loyalist land grants. Upon his death, someone realized what a great amount of information on the Loyalists he had amassed; the book was created and sent to print.

The library called to say my order was in and I picked up the LO book, and searched through for my Snider ancestors who should have been the U.E.L.s, to find not only the Sniders — we had the Woods U.E.L. ancestors as well! I did as much research on the Woods family as I could, using the three books mentioned; it has come to light recently that some of the tree was incorrect, but has now been rectified. If you would like to see the complete tree, go to jameswd.sasktelwebsite.net/james.htm choose "Outline Trees" then choose "John Wood."

Jonas is our 4th great-grandfather. Here is a summary of our Wood line:

John Wood b. 1590, son William b. 1634, son Joseph b. 1680, son Jonas b. 1713, son Jonas (whom the book was about) b. 1734, son Benjamin b. 1761, dau Jennet b. 1789 m. John P. Snider b. 1767, dau Betsy (Ann Elizabeth) b. 1816 m. James Edgar b. 1805, son Charles Stephen Edgar b. 1848 m Tena (Christena Mary) McRae b. 1853, son Stephen "Leslie" Edgar b. 1906 m. Helen Alberta Somerville b. 1912, dau Marylen Jean Edgar b. 1949 m. Terance George McKenzie b. 1948; and there are two generations below this. Thirteen generations and counting.

I hope you have found this article of some interest — just remember you never know where you are going to find information, and do not be surprised when it shows up from out of the air or from a funny little inkling that you should just buy that five-dollar book.

Marylen