

Introduction

At the ripe old age of 12 I remember a trip to Prince Edward Island, Canada. This was back in the olden days -1996 to be specific -- the internet had barely been invented and cell phones were giant. I knew how to call collect and I still had a walk-man tape deck for music. A group of MacLeod siblings (of the GA, ND, and FL varieties) made the trip to Prince Edward Island, Canada, to do some visiting and genealogical research. We had to follow a map of study and notes already completed by others in our family. By the time we had arrived in Charlottetown in 1996 we were following a very nicely worn trail.

Because so many of the original records are old much at this time had been at least transferred into log books and referenced microfilm. When trying to track down records you would use the log books as a sort of card catalog. Excitedly you would find a reference a "James McLeod" and run to request a retrieval of the filed microfilm by filling out a request form. After some waiting you would then sit under the glow of the lit microfilm and turn a small knob which allowed you to flip through the projection of the records. Alas you would ultimately find the record to not be the one you would be looking for -- this James had 4 kids all born in the wrong place/time and a dog name Spot. You would return the microfilm and go back to the log books. I'm very thankful that I was allowed as a kid to participate in the process.

Today it has gotten amazingly easier. Many records have been digitally transcribed and are only a quick internet search away. What used to require going to the physical location of the record now means that a researcher can sit in the comfort of pajamas on a couch while the big game is on TV and essentially internet "creep" on past family. This ease of access has not only excited me but some part of it also causes me to lament the memories of the "adventure" that researching the old fashioned way often yielded (it is important to note here that Indiana Jones is my role model).

In light of the recent passing of Mary MacLeod Kennedy I was reminded of the importance of collecting the "stories" and captioning the photos. We're all great at taking photos but I'm not sure the digital age has helped us any when it comes to recording a family history.

This makes me wonder what the future will hold. Will future genealogists get excited when they find old tweets from a young grandma? "Hey, look at this! Grandma Ethel was a Belieber!" or Facebook status updates which stated, "Today I ate a muffin -- it was awesome!" Future genealogists will have a glut of digitally available information -- some of it useful but very much of it useless.

For a long time I have kept what has been collected and copied from others in a binder on my shelf periodically referencing it and adding notes. I know other family members have done the same. The Family Treemaker files which I know Minna and Gerrard and others have worked so diligently to update have also allowed us to keep more "digitally" organized. It is my hope that by organizing everything here we can all hopefully have some of that information collected and duplicated in order to pass out to future generations.

I believe the things that we all THINK we care about now are the facts -- but I think what we really want to know are the stories. Mary was great at helping to prompt me to try to put a book together. My only sadness comes from the fact that I got it collected into the final version too late -- although she did help with early drafts.

It is important to note that some sections have required me to borrow heavily from others who have already attempted to preserve the record -- and I thank them and their families for the efforts, work and contributions! I am trying to cover what we know from both "sides" of the family -- Paul MacLeod and Hazel Gerrard.

I would like to think of this book as a first edition -- with the anticipated hope that it serves as a springboard or platform for additional recollections, pictures, and other contributions. I encourage anyone that wants to share information in future editions to please send it to me. I also have printable pdf digital versions available for editing or notes. I'm sure we all want to work backwards -- but it is important we also remember to record our families and experiences now so future generations can have those shared memories.

Perhaps as we move forward in this information age more of you can help sort out some of the questions we still wish to know about where we come from.... while also serving as a reminder to document your own story for future generations.

-Jen MacLeod

Part I The Canadian Invasion

“James [Edward] MacLeod,.... was a native of Invernessshire, Scotland, and came to Prince Edward Island when fifteen years of age. He was a tailor by occupation, and achieved quite a local reputation for the excellence of his work. He died in January, 1899, when about seventy years old. His wife, Margaret Barnes, who was of Irish ancestry, came from the Province of Ontario.”
-Harry F. MacLeod, *Dorchester Anthem’s American Series of Popular Biographies.*

Based on the paperwork from his grave in Roxbury, Massachusetts, we are able to say he was born in about 1824. If his son Harry knew his father’s story and got it correct above then that would mean he most likely emigrated from Scotland to Canada in or around 1839. Jim MacLeod, James’ grandson, and Mary Kennedy both commented on a possible brother named Alexander being in PEI as well. There are a lot of possibilities. His family could have come with him in tow at 15, he could have been sent from Scotland to a family member already living in PEI, or he may have arrived either to learn a trade -- in this case perhaps as a tailor.

One possibility is that James came over with a large second Scottish migration that occurred in and around 1838. A newspaper article published in 1895 talks about a jubilee celebrating the migration of the first Scottish settlers. The original article itself is quite extensive and contains a lot of information about the founding families and their settlement in the area.

“In the summer of 1838 another ship band of emigrants from Scotland landed in Charlottetown of whom some thirty or forty families cast in their lot with their fellow countrymen in Scotch settlement. These late arrivals settled in what is now called Hartsville, Johson Road, Lot 22, Rose Valley, Lot 67.” - The Daily Patriot, *Good Attendance*, published July 5th, 1895.

A grand celebration occurred in 1895 marking the Jubilee Anniversary of those settlers. *“The attendance was good; Strathalbyn itself was enfeete, and there were representatives from neighboring congregations and distant localities..... Among outside gentlemen present were..... James McLeod, J.T. McKenzie, John M. Campbell, Charlottetown...”* - The Daily Patriot, *The Strathalbyn Jubilee*, published July 5th, 1895

James McLeod carried the title “bachelor” on his marriage certificate when he he married Ann Bulger on July 4th, 1850 at the Presbyterian Church of St. James in Charlottetown. Even though Ann was listed as a “spinster” on the marriage record she was not that old -- just 18 and unmarried. Not too much is known about Ann. As James most likely came as a teen and married Ann in Charlottetown that most likely means that Ann was born somewhere else. One record of an Ann Bulger has been found, recording a birth on June 19th, 1832, in Charlottetown with a baptismal date of November 1st, 1832. The baptism is listed as being at the Catholic Church, St. Dunstan’s, with the parents listed as Philip Bulger and Mary Duffy -- but at this point we have no way to confirm they are the same. Given the fact that Ann died in 1867 at 34 it looks pretty good though. It does not help that spelling fluctuates between “Bolger” and “Bulger” on her children’s baptismal certificates either. One of her daughter’s, Catherine, also adds a “Mary” to her mother’s name listing “Mary Ann Bulger” as her mother on her marriage certificate.

He and Ann had 8 or 9 children total - Mariann I (1851 – 1853, d. age 2), John I (1855-?), Mary Anne II (1858 -), Catherine (1860-), James (1861-), John II? (1862?-), Thomas McLeod (1863- acc. to bap records), Margaret MacLeod (1864-), and George MacLeod (1866-).



"Hearsay is that James sired 2 families each with double digit offspring (Betty Makela says 13 by first wife). It appears likely that records were not found for any children born from 1850-1855 when John was born. It is possible that they were raised Presbyterian or that I have not found them." - Mary MacLeod Kennedy

The reappearance of another younger "John" on the 1871 (9) and 1881 (18) censuses cannot possibly also be the first John, born to Ann and James in 1855. This makes me think that the first John, born in 1855, may not have survived childhood. Just like Mary Ann, perhaps, James chose to recycle the name and use it on another child, this one born in 1862.

James appears in later publications as being in the tailoring business "... and the latest styles.... we will be glad to see your face even if you won't buy.... McLeod & McKenzie, Merchant Tailors., Charlottetown - Queen and Kent" - Hutchinson's PEI Directory, 1864. In 1865 James appears to be in business for himself "James McLeod, merchant tailor, Queen near Kent" - Hutchinson's PEI Directory, 1865

Five or six months after the birth of their last child, James' wife, Ann, became ill. "In Charlottetown, on Wednesday (January 2nd), Ann the beloved wife of Mr. James Mcleod, tailor, died after short illness. Aged 34 years." - Islander Jan 11, 1867, pg 3.

This left 8 children in James' care. I am sure James knew he needed a little "help" with all these children but it took him 2 years to meet/marry his second wife. On March 30th, 1869, that James, now in his 40s, married his second wife, 23 year old Margaret Emma Barnes. Some family research notes included with old Family Treemaker files list a possible middle wife, Margaret McLaughlin with a marriage date of August 28th, 1867 which would fit the timeline and explain the hole -- but no research has been done to further validate this information. It could just be leftover research notes.

James McLeod and Margaret Emma Barnes were married by the Rev. Thomas Duncan at the Residence of Miss McWilliam and according to family lore she was once the house maid. His second wife's father was John Barnes, of Irish ancestry and born in Ontario. Together they had 9 children -- their first, Edward Barnes (b. Dec. 27 1869) was born in Charlottetown.

It appears he was done with operating a separate shop. An early 1870 directory supplies his location as a "tailor at home," where presumably James rented a home.

The family almost immediately relocated to Halifax, Nova Scotia, some time after Edward's baptism in May 1870. The 1871 census has James (tailor) and his wife, Margaret (23), and children from the first family, James (15 and employed as a druggist), Catherine (10), John II (9), George (5) and baby Edward (1). While in Halifax they had Harry Found (b. 1871), Charles Arthur (b. 1873), and Frederick S. (b. 1875). It is a mystery as to why they left and nothing is yet known of their time in Halifax.

1871 census has his family living in Halifax, NS. Children Margaret (who should be 7) and Thomas (who should be 8) do not appear. The family is also noticeably split on their identification with their faith -- James Edward and his children, James, John, and George all claim Church of Scotland. Interestingly his daughter from his first family identifies as Catholic along with her new step-mother.

155	227	McLeod James	M	40	—	Scotland	C. Scotland	Scotch	Tailor
		" Margaret	F	23	—	0	Catholic	Irish	
		" James	M	15	—	P.P.T.	C. Scotland	Scotch	Druggist
		" Catherine	F	10	—	"	Catholic	"	
		" John	M	9	—	"	C. Scotland	"	
		" George	M	5	—	"	"	"	
		Edward	M	1	—	P.P.T.	Catholic	"	

The issue of faith identification has caused some questions. Interestingly a later trip to the Archives in PEI revealed that James' first son, John (b. 1855) was not the first born but that Ann and James had one daughter -- Mariann -- who was baptized at the Presbyterian church of St. James but died at the age of 2. Some family speculate that perhaps they had been Presbyterian -- James' faith -- but then after the death of their child switched over to baptizing all children in the Catholic church, St. Dunstan's. James may not have always gotten his age right on censuses but he seems to have always made certain his religion, despite the Catholic upbringing of the rest of the family, was always clearly stated as "Church of Scotland" or Presbyterian.

Four years later, in May 1875, James and his family are back in Charlottetown -- at least on paper. He and his wife do catchup baptisms -- all on the same date -- of the three children at St. Dunstan's Catholic Church. Harry (4), Charles (2), and Frederick S. (4 mos.) are all baptized as they were born since they had left Charlottetown. More children followed -- Ernest James (b. 1876 - 1961), William N. (b. 1878), and Joseph Gordon (b. 1879 - 1962).

In 1880 James is listed in a directory as operating as a "tailors-cutter at home on Prince Street" where a house must have been rented.

In the 1881 Census James has a rather sizable household -- but only 3 of the previous children from the first family still live at home -- Kate (Catherine -- 20), John (18 and employed as a printer), and George (15 and employed as a printer). The family also employed a 19 year old servant, Mary A. McDonald. This census also causes some confusion too as the family is all listed as being Presbyterian. Perhaps it was James who answered the census taker's knock and not his wife, Margaret?

The 1881 Census has the family living in Charlottetown Royalty, Queens, PEI.

Household		NAME	SEX	AGE	Married or Widowed	Country or Province of Birth	RELIGION	ORIGIN	Profession, Occupation or Trade	Married or Widowed	Education
No. in Household	Family										
345	358	McLeod James	M.	45	-	Scotland	Presbyterian	Scotch	Tailor	M.	-
		" Margaret	F.	31	-	Ont.	Catholic	Irish	-	"	-
		" George	M.	15	-	P.E. Id.	Presbyterian	Scotch	Printer	-	-
		" John	M.	18	-	"	"	"	"	-	17 1/2 1/2 5
		McLeod Kate	F.	20	-	P.E. Id.	Presbyterian	Scotch	-	-	-
		" Edward B.	M.	15	-	"	"	"	-	-	-
		" Henry H.	"	11	-	P.E. Id.	"	"	-	-	-
		" Charles A.	"	7	-	P.E. Id.	"	"	-	-	-
		" Frederick S.	"	6	-	"	"	"	-	-	-
		" Ernest J.	"	4	-	"	"	"	-	-	-
		" William N.	"	3	-	"	"	"	-	-	-
		" Gordon G.	"	1	-	"	"	"	-	-	-
		McDonald Mary A.	F.	19	-	"	"	"	Servant	-	-

The 1891 Census has the family still living in Charlottetown, this time District 135 in Charlottetown, PEI. It appears that all of the children from James' first marriage have reached adulthood and moved out. This time the family is Roman Catholic.

NAMES.	Sex.	Age.	Married or Widowed.	Relation to Head of Family.	Country or Province of Birth.	French Canadian.	Place of Birth of Father.	Place of Birth of Mother.	RELIGION.	Profession, Occupation or Trade.	Employed.	Wage Earned.
McLeod James	M.	49	M.	Head	Scotland	-	Scotland	Scotland	Catholic	Merchant Tailor & Co.	-	-
" Margaret	F.	42	M.	Wife	Ontario	-	Quebec	Ireland	Catholic	-	-	-
" Edward	M.	21	-	Son	P.E. Id.	-	Scotland	Ontario	"	-	-	-
" Henry	M.	20	-	Son	"	-	"	"	"	-	-	-
McLeod Charles	M.	18	-	Son	P.E. Id.	-	Scotland	Ontario	Catholic	-	-	-
" Frederick	M.	16	-	Son	"	-	"	"	"	-	-	-
" Ernest	M.	14	-	Son	"	-	"	"	"	-	-	-
" William	M.	13	-	Son	"	-	"	"	"	-	-	-
" Gordon	M.	11	-	Son	"	-	"	"	"	-	-	-
" Mary Gordon	F.	7	-	Daughter	"	-	"	"	"	-	-	-
" Margaret	F.	3	-	Daughter	"	-	"	"	"	-	-	-



The Family Home, 133 Fitzroy Street, Charlottetown

In 1882 James started construction on the new family home at 133 Fitzroy. *“James McLeod, a tailor with a business on Queen Street acquired one of the lots and built an impressive house on the site”* - PAPEL, Registry Records; Liber 17, Folio 103, 1882. The property had been purchased for \$885.

His last two children, Gertrude (Mary) (b. 1883) and (Amy) Margaret (b. 1888 – 1980), were born while the family lived here.



It wasn't until the family house photo was enlarged that the family was discovered to be standing in front of the house. A woman, presumably James' wife Margaret, sits in the upper story window. Note the kilts on the boys.

Given that James was known as a skilled tailor and Scotsman it seems that his family also looked the part. At the Annual Gathering of the Clans James and his family participated in several costumed events -- winning in at least 3 mentioned years.

"It is impossible for us to enumerate all the Morrisons (who stand A1 this year), McDonalds, McKinnons, McLeods, McIntyres, Campbells, etc, who struggled for the various prizes. We can only give the names of the prize winners as follows -- Best dressed boy in Highland costume -- 1st prize, \$5, Edward B. McLeod, 2nd do., \$2, Henry F. and Charles A., all sons of James McLeod, Charlottetown." - Gathering of the Clans, August 1878, Daily Examiner, August 7, 1878.

The Gathering of the Clans.

The annual gathering of the Scottish Clans of Prince Edward Island took place on Tuesday on the grounds of the Hon. J. C. Pope, St. Peter's Road. Notwithstanding the very threatening appearance of the weather in the morning, all the trains and boats brought large crowds of excursionists to the city, and it is estimated that there were over two thousand spectators on the grounds. There were lively competitions for the prizes offered for the various sports and pastimes, the competitors coming from all parts of the Island and from the neighboring provinces. The day's proceedings were greatly marred by the disgraceful rowdiness which prevailed on the grounds, throughout the afternoon. Fights occurred every few moments, and broken heads, bleeding noses and black eyes were quite plentiful. The fighting confusion and uproar that prevailed caused large numbers to leave the grounds in disgust. This is greatly to be regretted. A few noisy and intoxicated persons should not have been allowed to spoil the pleasure of thousands of orderly and well disposed persons who came to enjoy themselves, nor should they have been permitted to throw discredit upon the body under whose auspices the gathering took place.

The Patriot, 1880

The following is a list of the prize winners:—

HEAVY STONE.—1st prize, Malcolm McLeod, Valleyfield, 29 ft. 10 in.
2nd prize,—Alex. Nicholson, Hazel Grove, 29 ft. 9 in.

SACK RACE.—1st prize, Malcolm Stewart, Strathalbyn.
2nd prize, Malcolm Nicholson, Strathalbyn.

BOYS' RACE.—1st prize, W. W. McDonald, 2nd Chas. Weldon, 3rd F. Nash.

FLAT RACE, (all comers), 1st prize, Malcolm McInnis, Hopedale.
2nd, Cyrus McNeill, West River.
3rd, Malcolm Matheson, County Line.

WALKING MATCH.—1st Prize, Arch. McKinnon, Charlottetown.
2nd, William McInnis, Hopedale.

BOYS' HIGHLAND COSTUME.—1st prize, Edward McLeod, Charlottetown.
2nd and 3rd divided between Henry McLeod, and Charles A. McLeod.

MEN'S HIGHLAND COSTUME.—1st Prize, A. D. McDougall, Boston.
Honorable mention of James McLeod, Charlottetown.

LIGHT HAMMER.—1st prize, Murdock McLeod, Victoria Cross, 91 ft. 4 in.
2nd prize, D. J. McDonald, St. Peter's Bay 89 ft. 6 in.
3rd prize, William McInnis, Hopedale, 86 ft. 3 in.

DANCING GILLIE CALLUM.—1st prize, Malcolm Nicholson, Strathalbyn.
2nd prize, John Stewart, Strathalbyn.
A prize of \$2 was also awarded by Robert Shaw, Esq., to Murdock W. Lamont for dancing Gillie Callum.

RENNING LONG JUMP.—1st, William Herburn, Pictou, 18 ft. 5 in.
2nd, Malcolm Matheson, Strathalbyn, 17ft. 10 in.

"A special train of seven coaches, laden with Sons of Heather and their friends, with the Artillery Band of this city, left Charlottetown yesterday morning.... Crowds of passengers, East and West, came by the regular trains; and yeomanry of Prince County poured into Summerside by means of horses and carriages. The Scottish Games went "bravely on" in the presence of thousands of spectators. Despite thronging crowds the programme was begun, continued and completed without a hitch. The greatest interest was shown in "Ghillie Callum" and the pipe music..... Best dressed man in Highland costume - 1st place James McLeod, 2nd, Harry McLeod, Charlottetown." - Sons of Heather, Daily Examiner, August 14, 1891



Left: Queen Street in Charlottetown, PEI, as it appeared in James' day.



The MacLeod Family, c. 1891

The Family started to immigrate to Boston, Massachusetts slowly in parts in 1878.

It's important to note that the family appears to change their MacLeod name from the "Mc" spelling to the "Mac" spelling. The exact reasoning is not fully known.

The daughter from James' first marriage with Ann Bulger, Catherine (or Kate), seems to have made the trip first. Unmarried she immigrated to the US in 1878 at the age of 18 according to later 1910 US census records which listed her and her husband. She must have traveled back and at least once as she appears at age 20 on the 1881 census living at the family home in Charlottetown.

Catherine leads a rather well documented life.

"The only one of that family that I knew was my Aunt Kate. She was married to a man named Chambers (Frank?). They had two children; Earl and Mona. I know Mona got married but I don't know to whom." - **Betty Makela**

In 1892 in Foxborough, Mass, Catherine marries a Frank Herbert Chambers, a druggist. Her marriage certificate lists her parents as James Edward MacLeod and her mother's name as Mary Ann Bulger. They live most of the 20s and 30s in Boston before we lose track of them. They have two children whose descendants amazingly eventually ended up in Carrollton, Georgia.

One of her brothers, James, is a druggist in Halifax in the 1871 census. A James McLeod, matching the age, later appears as a doctor in Charlottetown -- no confirmation exists however to say this is the same son. The last we see of George is the information saying he, and half brother John, are working as printers in Charlottetown.

James and Margaret's first child, Edward (at right), according to US Census records, came to the United States in 1893 at 28 years old. He worked as a salesman at a clothing shop in Boston. He naturalized as an American Citizen on June 5th, 1911. He lived with his mother and 2 other siblings at 292 Dudley until 1910 after which he married Alice whose last name eludes us. He and Alice had a home on 218 Jamaica Way in Boston. It was Betty Makela who helped make notes for the photos -- and she thought this house was in Worcester, or another as they were both listed as unemployed in 1930 -- presumably retired.



The second born child, Harry F. MacLeod, most likely arrived first and may have served as the reason behind the family's move to Boston. He had finished his schooling at St. Dunstan's Academy and intended to follow in a career in medicine. He entered the University of Pennsylvania in 1892. He was quite a character and very well documented which has helped connect the pieces of the rest of the family.

Their third child, Charles Arthur, became a chaplain in the army (See the photo and full obit to the right). He died June 17th, 1942 in Bedford.



Their fourth child, Frederick S. is a journeyman-tailor in Boston. He owned a haberdashery on Federal Street in Boston. "I never saw him." - Betty Makela

James and Margaret's fifth child, Ernest James MacLeod, marries Mary Glynn -- and has 14 children between his first and second wives. More on him will be covered in the next part as he is the one from whom we are all descended.

James and Margaret's sixth child, William N., marries Elizabeth Goley McDonald in Boston in 1908. He is a pastry baker according to census records. Betty Makela recalls that Elizabeth went by "Mae." They have no children. Elizabeth dies in April 1925, and William in at 54 in April 1932 (obit, below, photo far right).

MacLEOD--In Bedford, June 16. Rev. Charles A., son of the late James and Margaret E. (Barns) MacLeod. Funeral from the Marshall Memorial Chapel, Lexington, Thursday. High Mass of Requiem at 9 a. m., in St. Michael's Church. Late War Veteran. Funeral private.

Rev. C. A. MacLeod

BEDFORD, June 17 — Private funeral services for Rev. Charles A. MacLeod, 60, a former missionary priest who died here Monday at the United States Veteran's Hospital, will be held from the Marshall Memorial Chapel, Lexington, tomorrow morning. A requiem high mass will be held at 9 at St. Michael's Church. Burial will be in St. Joseph's Cemetery, West Roxbury. He was a veteran of World War I and served as a chaplain in the Philippine Islands. Before the war he was a missionary in the Middle West.

He is survived by three brothers, J. Gordon MacLeod of Boston, Ernest J. MacLeod, a resident of Maine, and Dr. Harry F. MacLeod, formerly of Milton, and two sisters, Miss Army M. MacLeod of Boston and Mrs. James A. Coakley of Medford.



MacLEOD--In Mattapan, April 23, William Norman, husband of the late Elizabeth MacLeod (nee MacDonald). Funeral from the residence of his mother, Mrs. James MacLeod, 22 Rexford st., Tuesday, April 26, at 8:15 a. m. High mass of requiem at St. Angela's Church, Blue Hill av. at 9 o'clock. Relatives and friends invited.



The seventh child (pictured left and right), J. "Gordon" ("Joseph" is the "J" according to draft paperwork), is recorded as also arriving in the US in 1893 -- the same year as his brother Edward according to the 1900 census records. The 1910 census shows him living at home with his mother, along with brother Edward and sister Amy. He is employed as a salesman. He was very active in the Boston Caledonian Club. He must have done rather well for himself as he took a cruise in 1930 to Hawaii at age 50. He dies at 82 on June 7th, 1962 in Mattapan, Mass and is buried in the family plot at St. Joseph's.



CHIEF J. GORDON MacLEOD

MacLEOD—In Boston, June 7, 1962. J. Gordon MacLeod; residence 25 Park Drive, beloved brother of Mrs. Gertrude M. Coakley and Amy M. MacLeod. Funeral from the McDonald Home, 461 Commonwealth av., at Charlesgate West Monday, June 11. High Mass of Requiem in the Church of St. Cecilia at 9 o'clock. Relatives and friends respectfully invited. Visiting hours 2-4 and 7-10 p.m.

James and Margaret's eighth child, (Mary) Gertrude, marries James (Jim) Coakely in 1907. He was employed in sales/trades employed in Men's Hosiery. They are pictured at right. They have no children and James dies in 1943. We don't know where she is buried or when she died -- but her husband is buried at Holyhood cemetery in Brookline -- so that would be the first place to start looking.



James A. Coakley

MEDFORD, April 8—James A. Coakley, for 22 years a resident of West Medford, died today at his home, 25 Wolcott st. He was associated for many years with Jacob Dreyfus Sons Company of Boston and in recent years was New England representative for the Cavendish Knitwear Corp. of New York. He leaves a wife, the former Gertrude MacLeod. The funeral will be held Saturday morning with a high mass of requiem in St. Raphael's Church at 9. Burial will be in Holyhood cemetery, Brookline.

James and Margaret's ninth child was Margaret (Amy), according to the 1910 census of Boston she was employed as a saleswoman at a photograph store. A lot of the photos we have of the family are part of their trip when they did a return visit to PEI in the 20s or 30s. She never married and died in Sep 1980 in Braintree, Norfolk, Massachusetts and is buried in the family plot at St. Joseph's Cemetery, Mattapan, Mass.



The two youngest girls seem to have stayed close -- at least visiting each other and returning to Charlottetown at least once in their adult lives. It also seems that, according to Betty's notes on the photos, that after Gertrude's husband's death they lived or vacationed together in Rockport.

Above, Left: Amy in New Hampshire. Above, Right: Amy, Left, and her sister Gertrude.

But what happened to James and Margaret now that the family is in Boston?

The house in Charlottetown is sold. "I am instructed by James MacLeod, Esq., to sell by Auction on Saturday the 22nd, at 12 o'clock, noon, on the premises -- his beautifully situated private residence, fronting on Fitzroy Street, part of the Holland Grove property, adjoining the residence of John Richards." - Daily Examiner, September 5th, 1895

In 1895 James appears on record in Boston. "James MacLeod, who was for years associated with John T. MacKenzie in the tailoring business in Charlottetown is now a resident of Boston, living with his family on Dwight Street..... Dr. Harry MacLeod, son of James MacLeod, formerly of Charlottetown is practicing his profession in Boston, His office is on Dwight Street.....Edward MacLeod, who was formerly with John T. McKenzie in Charlottetown, is now a clerk in R.H. Clark and Co's establishment on Washington Street." - Islanders In Boston, Published Oct 30 1895.

In January of 1899 James Edward MacLeod died from senile pneumonia after a brief 2 week illness. He is buried at St. Joseph's Cemetery in the family plot. It's sad because a very detailed census followed in 1900 which could have yielded quite a bit more information on his origins. At this point no obituary has been located.

His wife is later listed in a 1899 Boston city directory as "Margaret E., widow of James MacLeod, h 292 Dudley" where she lives with son Edward.

It's possible that another of Margaret's relations came with them as there is a younger, 63 year old sister or sister-in-law, Elizabeth Barnes, buried in the plot. It was presumed it was her mother but the only issue with this is the ages listed with the cemetery records put Margaret much older than Elizabeth. Elizabeth died in 1926 at 63 years old. Margaret Emma Barnes would have been 77 years old at this time. In addition a grandchild, William F. MacLeod, who died at 1 in 1908, is also buried at the family plot. This is the fourth child of Earnest and his wife Mary.



MacLEOD—In Mattapan, Jan. 23, Margaret E. (nee Barnes), widow of the late James MacLeod. Funeral from her late residence, 22 Rexford st., Monday, Jan. 27, at 8:15 a. m. High Mass of Requiem at St. Angela's Church at 9. Relatives and friends invited. Prince Edward Island papers please copy.

Margaret, died January 23rd, 1936 from myocarditis-art.sclerosis which had been an issue for years. Her father, John Barnes, is listed on her death certificate, but no mother is listed -- presumably the family did not know her name. This, and the similarities in age which make Margaret older than Elizabeth, further helps validate the "Elizabeth Barnes" buried next to Margaret is more likely a sister or sister in law and not her mother.

The stone on the family grave looks fairly new, probably replaced by Amy, the youngest daughter, some time after her brother, J. Gordon's death. She later died but with no kids or family in the area the stone has never been updated. According to Gerrard and Minna who found the paperwork associated with the plot, some of the other graves are unmarked and possibly under a new cemetery road that runs just to the right of the grave.

OWNER	H. F. Macleod	ST. JOSEPH AVE.	GRAVE NO.	176-177	
DEED NO.	1647	Section 2 Rg 8			
TERMENT NUMBER	GRAVE NUMBER	DATE	NAME	AGE	FUNERAL DIRECTOR
223	176	1/8/99	James Macleod	62	J.P. Cleary
181	177	5/26/08	William F. Macleod	1	W. F. Spencer
20553	177	3/23/26	Elizabeth Barnes	63	H. P. Craig
31536	176	1/27/36	Margaret E. MacLeod	87	H. P. Craig
66034	177	6/11/62	J. Gordon MacLeod	82	P. McDonald
92525	176	9/12/80	Amy H. MacLeod	92	Kane Robert J.

Harry Found MacLeod - Even though Harry is not a direct relative -- a brother of our ancestor -- he was very well known in the Dorchester and Boston circles resulting in a lot of documentation which has lead back to some fantastic details about the family.

About 8 years ago I found an article about Harry on the web which was an biography that was approved by him before publication. In it was a short bio of his parentage -- which gave his father James Edward MacLeod's place of birth as Invernesshire, Scotland. Finally this year I was able to track down the original scan of the book. In addition a WWI photo was located this year.

All the biographical sketches published in this volume were submitted to their respective subjects or to the subscribers, from whom the facts were primarily obtained, for their approval or correction before going to press, and a reasonable time was allowed in each case for the return of the typewritten copies. Most of them were returned to us within the time allotted, or before the work was printed, after being corrected or revised; and these, therefore, may be regarded as reasonably accurate. *Information above take from Introduction pages of book.*



This photo was originally captioned "Harry F. MacLeod M.D. Capt Born Halifax, N.S. Aug 24, 1871. Graduated St. Dunstan's College 1891. Med Dept University of Pennsylvania 1894. Practiced medicine in Dorchester from 1894 Ex Physician A.O.U.W. K of C. Knights & Ladies of Honor. Order of Golden Cross Prudential Ins Co, Surgeon Clyde S.S. Enlisted Sept 25, 1918 M.A.R.C. sent to Camp in GA - Contained in album at the Dorchester Historical Society of 150 photos kept by Nathaniel R. Perkins, MD, who examined thousands of men who were going into the war, 1914-1918.

HARRY F. MACLEOD, M.D., a rising and talented young physician and surgeon of Dorchester, was born in Halifax, N.S., in 1871, a son of James and Margaret (Barnes) MacLeod. James MacLeod, the father, was a native of Invernesshire, Scotland, and came to Prince Edward Island when fifteen years of age. He was a tailor by occupation, and achieved quite a local reputation for the excellence of his work. He died in January, 1899, when about seventy years old. His wife, Margaret Barnes, who was of Irish ancestry, came from the Province of Ontario. She is now a resident of Boston.

Harry F. MacLeod was educated at the Charlottetown Academy, Charlottetown, P. E. I., and at St. Dunstan's College, graduating from the latter institution in 1891. He then became a student at the medical department of the University of Pennsylvania, and was graduated with the degree of Doctor of Medicine in January, 1894. He began the practice of his profession in Boston, where he continued until 1899, in which year he removed to his present location on Norfolk Street, Dorchester. Here he has since built up an excellent practice, and achieved a wide reputation as a skilful and successful practitioner, both in medicine and surgery.

He married November 7, 1899, Annie S. Payne, daughter of James and Helen (McGuire) Payne, of Charlottetown, P. E. I.

From American Series of Popular Biographies. Massachusetts Edition. This Volume Contains Biographical Sketches of Representative Citizens of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. Boston: Graves & Steinbarger, 1891.

DR MACLEOD REELECTED.

Rose Croix Council, K. of C., Honor Former Grand Knight for Second Term in Office.

At the annual meeting of Rose Croix Council, Knights of Columbus, held last evening at Brunswick Hall, Roxbury, Dr Harry F. MacLeod, one of the most prominent physicians of the Highland District, was reelected grand knight for a second term. The officers chosen were: John H. Duffy, deputy grand knight; William H. Keane, chancellor; William F. Fanning, financial secretary; Lewis Twitchell, recorder; John E. Gilman Jr., treasurer; Frank A. Willhauck, warden, John C. L. Dowling, advocate, M. J. Shea, inside guard; James T. Flannelly, outside guard; James J. Hendrick and John W. Crowley, trustees; Dr Harry F. MacLeod and Michael T. Ryan, delegates to State convention William F. Fanning and James J. Hendrick, alternates; William O'Shea, delegate to Boston Chapter for five years.

The council has just closed one of the most successful years in its history, an unusually large number of new members having been taken in. Arrangements have been completed for the council's annual ladies' night to be held at the Copley-Plaza Hotel, Tuesday evening, Oct 28, and the event promises to surpass in brilliancy anything of the kind ever held in the city. Grand Knight MacLeod has appointed the following committee to have charge of the tickets for the affair: John H. Duffy, William F. Fanning, Michael T. Ryan Grand Knight MacLeod has worked



DR HARRY F. MacLEOD, GK.

zealously for the advancement of the council, and under his leadership the members are looking forward to a year of continued prosperity. Dr MacLeod is a charter member of the council. He has held the offices of warden, chancellor and deputy grand knight. He was born in Canada, was educated at Charlottetown Academy and at St Dunstan's College, being graduated from the latter in 1891, after which he entered the University of Pennsylvania and graduated from there in 1894. He has been practicing medicine in Boston since that time.

He is affiliated with many organizations, among them being Ancient Order of United Workmen, New England Order of Protection, Massachusetts Catholic Order of Foresters, the Scots Charitable Society, as well as many of the medical societies.

Harry met his wife in Charlottetown, most likely while he was studying at Prince of Wales College where he graduated in 1889. She was employed at Prince of Wales College as an associate professor. Harry came to the US in 1891 according to census records (and the knowledge he was at school in the US by then too). Harry naturalized as a US citizen in 1898. He married his wife, Annie S. Payne, in 1899 after she arrived in the US.

By 1910 Harry has set up a successful general practice as a physician and owns a home on Norfolk Street. In 1910 his wife's 18 year old brother, James C. Payne, is listed as living with them as well. They also had a servant in their employ. In 1914 he enlists as an Army doctor.

HALTS JOURNEY TO BEDSIDE OF SON

Milton Doctor Operates on Trainman at Miami

MIAMI, Fla., Dec 24. (A. P.)—A New England physician and his wife, speeding to the bedside of their son, a Jesuit missionary in Kingston, Ja-



DR HARRY F. MacLEOD

malca, broke their journey in Miami today for an act of mercy.

The parents are Dr and Mrs Harry F. MacLeod of East Milton, Mass. The son, seriously ill, is Rev Fr Henry C. MacLeod, S. J.

En/route to Miami by train last night Dr MacLeod was called upon to render emergency treatment to a railway brakeman who had fallen from the train and suffered severance of a leg. The operation caused Dr and Mrs MacLeod to miss today's plane to Jamaica.

Dr and Mrs MacLeod live at 544 Washington st., Dorchester. Fr MacLeod is a graduate of the Roger Wolcott Grammar School and the Boston College High School. He entered the Jesuit Order in 1917, and before he went to Jamaica, where he is superintendent of a leper colony, he was stationed at St Andrew-on-the-Hudson.

Ann S. MacLeod

The funeral of Mrs. Ann S. MacLeod, 73, educator and mother of Rev. Harry F. MacLeod, S. J., of Holy Trinity Church, will be held Monday morning from her home, 391 Old Colony av., South Boston, with a high mass of requiem at Holy Trinity Church, Shawmut av., at 9 o'clock. Mrs. MacLeod died early yesterday.

At one time she was associate professor at Prince of Wales College, Charlottetown, P. E. I. She resided in Milton for many years and was a member of the Catholic Women's Guild, the Dorchester Physicians' Wives Association, Catholic Daughters of America, St. Matthew's Branch, L. C. B. A., and Married Women's Sodality. She leaves her husband, Dr. Harry F. MacLeod, and her son.

The funeral mass will be celebrated by her son, Rev. Joseph A. Moynihan, S. J., of St. Mary's Church, North End, and Rev. Albert Higgins of St. Anthony's Church, Allston, will assist.

Daily Boston Globe (- Jun 6, 1942

MacLEOD—In Boston, Dec. 21, 1942. Dr. Harry Found MacLeod, beloved husband of the late Ann S. Payne and father of Lieut. Harry Charles MacLeod, S.J., chaplain, U. S. Navy. Funeral from the Henry P. Craig Chapel, 197 Norfolk st., Dorchester, Thursday, Dec. 24, at 8 a. m. Solemn High Mass of requiem at the Holy Trinity Church (German), Shawmut av., at 9 a. m. Relatives and friends invited. Late member of Norfolk Court, No. 145, M. C. O. F., Massachusetts Medical Association, Thomas Roberts Post, American Legion, No. 178, and Married Men's Sodality, Holy Trinity Church.

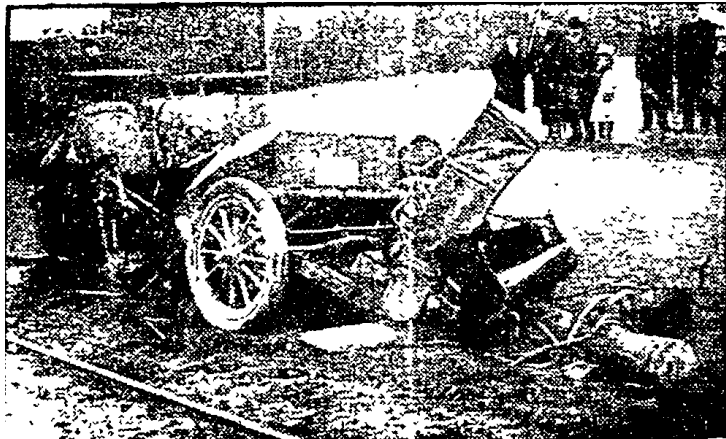
Daily Boston Globe - Dec 22, 1942

Their son, grew up to become a well known priest and chaplain. He is listed on the 1930 census as a seminarian pupil.

In 1942 both Annie and Harry die -- separately but a couple of months apart, at 59.

CAR WRECKS AUTO, OCCUPANTS ESCAPE

Machine Carried 50 Feet and Hurlled Against Pole in Blue Hill Av.



DR McLEOD'S WRECKED AUTO.

Dr MacLeod and Son Thrown Out, Latter Suffers Cut and Bruise.

It was a narrow escape from death that Dr Harry F. MacLeod and his son, Harry Jr, had about 3:15 yesterday afternoon at the corner of Blue Hill and Lauriat avs, Dorchester, when their automobile was hit from behind by a swift-moving trolley car and badly smashed.

Dr MacLeod was unhurt and the boy, who is 7 years old, suffered only a slight cut on his head and a hip bruise.

Dr MacLeod, who lives at 265 Norfolk st, Dorchester, was returning from a visit to a patient on Blue Hill av, running on the right-hand side of the boulevard. He started to cross the car tracks to turn into Lauriat av on his way home, and as he was in the middle of the outbound tracks the automobile was hit with terrific force by a car bound for Mattapan.

The machine was picked up bodily by the car, carried a distance of between 50 and 60 feet and rammed, with the full force of the car behind it, against a pole supporting the trolley wire which stands between the inward and

outward tracks. The crash, when the car hit the automobile and the second crash when it hit the pole, were heard for blocks.

As the machine struck the pole it was crumpled up and seemed to fall to pieces, the pole almost splitting the machine in two. Both Dr MacLeod and his son were thrown to the ground and the machine piled on top of them. The doctor was able to extricate himself at once from the heap of wreckage but the boy was pinned underneath the tonneau, and the body of the car had to be raised before he could be lifted out.

The little fellow was crying pitifully but when he was free of the machine he was able to get up and it was found that a cut on his head was his worst injury. One of the many automobilists who had assembled hearing the crash at once offered assistance to Dr MacLeod and the boy was taken to his home a half a mile distant.

No Warning, Motorman Says.

Motorman of the car No. 1411 claimed immediately after the accident that there had been no indication that the automobile was going to cross the tracks in front of him, and that it was only a few yards distant when it suddenly swerved across the track, making it impossible for him to stop the car in time to avoid the collision.

There is a long, straight stretch of track after a long downgrade at the point of the accident, and the motormen usually go at great speed through that stretch.

Dr MacLeod tells his story of the accident as follows: "I was coming along Blue Hill av at a very moderate pace and as I came to Lauriat av I slowed up still more to take the corner. I was on my first speed when I started to turn. Before I crossed the track I tooted my horn several times and glanced out of the side of the machine to see if a car was approaching. I neither saw a car nor heard a bell.

"The car must have been approaching very swiftly for it picked my machine up bodily and carried it more than 50 feet, by actual measurement, straight into the pole between the tracks. When the machine hit the pole I was thrown

out along with my son and the machine was piled on top of us. I got out easy enough but we had to lift the body of the car to extricate my son. From his cries I thought his legs were broken and was mighty glad to find that he was not seriously hurt."

Harry Jr is an only son and the mother was also overjoyed yesterday afternoon at his escape.

"It was a tossup," she said, "whether I or the little boy should go out with the doctor this afternoon and as it was a little rainy, Harry won. When he was brought home by his father after the accident, the little boy heroically tried to quiet my fears as to his injuries. 'O, I'm not much hurt, mother,' he said. 'I am awful glad you didn't go out instead of me, for you might have got killed.'"

The remains of the automobile were taken away in an express wagon.

CAR WRECKS AUTO, OCCUPANTS ESCAPE

Harry and Annie's son, Harry, Jr., born August 23rd, 1900, appears according to census records to be perpetually in school either as a seminarian or in some other kind of ecclesiastical training.

In 1941, he joined the US Navy as a chaplain serving in WWII in the South Pacific. He dies in Los Angeles at 58 in 1960.



Mass on Tuesday For Fr. MacLeod

A funeral Mass for Rev. Harry C. MacLeod, retired Navy chaplain who died in Los Angeles, will be sung Tuesday at 9 a.m. at Holy Trinity Church, Shawmut av., Boston.

Fr. MacLeod, a former curate at the Holy Trinity Church before he joined the Navy, was serving recently as a chaplain at the San Fernando Veterans Hospital in California.

The 59-year-old priest was the son of the late Dr. Harry F. and Ann S. MacLeod of Milton. He was educated in Boston schools.

He joined the Navy in 1941 and served with the amphibious forces in the South Pacific during World War II as a chaplain. He held the rank of lieutenant commander.

**Boston Globe - May 22,
1960**

Part II -- Ernest James MacLeod (1876-1961)

To get us back on track let me review for a moment where in the family tree we are currently.

James Edward MacLeod --> **Ernest James MacLeod** --> Gordon Kenneth MacLeod is the father of Francis, Mary (Kennedy) Gordon, Paul, and Bruce MacLeod. Paul married Hazel and that's where we all come into the story.

Ernest James MacLeod was born in 1876 in Charlottetown, PEI.

"There is also some discrepancy about whether Ed's father's (Ernest) name is James Ernest or Ernest James. This Ernest James was born 8/11/1876. On one census he is listed as James Ernest and his baptismal record lists Ernest James. I know that during the time when all these old census takers were recording their information, they wrote what they heard. Or what the name sounded like to them."

- Peggy MacLeod

He immigrated to the US with his family. He married Mary Josephine Glynn on August 5th, 1900, in Boston, Massachusetts. Mary had been born in St. John's, Newfoundland, Canada on May 28th, 1870 and immigrated to the US at age 16 in 1887. He and his wife had 7 children -- Gordon Kenneth (1903-1959), Ernest James MacLeod (1901-1951), Charles Arthur (1905-1965), William MacLeod (1906-1908 - died at age 1), and George MacLeod (1908 - 1926), Ronald J. MacLeod (1909 - 1911 at age 2), and Mary Elizabeth MacLeod (Betty Makela) (1910-2003?).

Ernest owned a plumbing and heating business located on Dudley Street in Roxbury. He was a plumber with a *"big plumbing shop in Edward Everett Square, Roxbury, called EJ MacLeod and Sons."*

- Gordon MacLeod

He eventually went to work for his son, G. Kenneth MacLeod. For a period of time he also lived with his son's family on the third floor of their house at 23 Rowena Street in Boston.



"Our grandfather was a noisy, jovial man who was either telling a joke or laughing at one. He was an active member of his church."

- Mary MacLeod Kennedy

"As Grand Knight of the Knights of Columbus Grandfather liked to tell how he inducted Babe Ruth into the Knights. Another time he ordered Maurice Tobin, later to be Mayor of Boston and Secretary of Labor, to sit down. Grandpa was also Chief of the Caledonian Club of Boston."

- Mary MacLeod Kennedy

Mary Glynn MacLeod died at age 67 on December 8th, 1937, in Boston, Massachusetts.

"Our paternal grandmother had a stroke and died in 1937 in our house on Rowena Street in her late 60s." - Gordon MacLeod

There may be another family burial plot somewhere else in Boston as she is not with the rest.

MacLEOD—In Dorchester, Dec. 8. Mary J. (nee Glenn), beloved wife of Ernest J. MacLeod. Funeral from the P. E. Murray Funeral Home, 54 Roxbury st., Roxbury, Friday, Dec. 10, at 8:15 a. m. Requiem High Mass at St. Gregory's Church at 9 o'clock. Relatives and friends most kindly invited.

Ernest lost two of his children when they were only at the young age of two. He lost a third, George, who was only 18 when he drowned.

G. S. MACLEOD'S BODY RECOVERED FROM POND
LEXINGTON, July 21—The body of George S. MacLeod, 18, son of Ernest J. MacLeod of 64 Lambert av, Roxbury, who was drowned last night in Butterfield's Pond, Lexington, was recovered today.
The Lexington police dragged the pond all night and the water was lowered before the body was recovered.

ROXBURY DISTRICT
The funeral of George C. MacLeod, son of Mr and Mrs E. J. MacLeod of 64 Lambert av, will take place tomorrow morning. There will be a solemn requiem mass at St Joseph's Church, Circult st, at 9. MacLeod, who was a member of the Jamaica Plain High School football team last season and who was to be one of the mainstays next season, was drowned while bathing at East Lexington Tuesday. His father is a well-known business man of the Elliot-sq section. Young MacLeod was an agricultural student at Jamaica Plain High School and was doing Summer training at the H. E. Burnham estate at East Lexington. The bearers will be fellow members of his school football team. Besides his parents, young MacLeod left three brothers and a sister.

After his wife Mary's death, Ernest still lived with his son's family in the early 1940s per information cited on the 1940 census and he was still working as a master plumber. It was at this time that they -- father and son -- still worked together.

Ernest's Second Family

Ernest remarried on September 15th, 1943 to a much younger Ruth Gilbert-White. Ernest, it would seem, lost touch with much of his family with his decision to remarry. From the stories and the hearsay his family had issues with a few things. First, there was the problematic issue of Ernest leaving his son Kenneth's company which left Ken without a Master Plumber. Secondly there was an issue with Ernest's age at the time of his marriage. Third was his new wife's Protestantism -- ironic given the fact that their father, James Edward MacLeod, may not have always gotten his age right on a census but was always clear to state Church of Scotland on each census despite the rest of his family being clearly Catholic.

Ruth, who was much younger than Ernest, and Ernest went on to have 7 children. James (Jim) Alan, Amy Gertrude, William Ronald, Robert Harry, Edward Neil (Married to the above mentioned Peggy), Ernest Lynwood, and Helen Henrietta.

"When Ruth married Ernest, he was a widower with grown children. Ruth had seven children with Ernest, Ed being the fifth in line. Ed was born in 1950 when Ruth was 35 and Ernest was 72 !!! Ed joked about that when we first met telling me you "can't kill a good Scotsman". - Peggy MacLeod (Ed's Husband)

Ernest had stated that when he died he wanted to be buried in the family plot in Boston with his first wife, Mary Glynn. When he died in Ellsworth, Maine, on April 1961 at age 83, one of their sons, Jim MacLeod, recalls that his mother, Ruth, contacted Ernest's sister, Amy, asking how they should go about transporting Ernest's body, per his wishes, to the family plot. Amy said that they were not interested. Ernest was instead buried in Ellsworth, Maine.

Thankfully Mary MacLeod Kennedy and others made an effort to reconcile the divide. Mary had phone conversations with Ruth -- mainly about family history. Jim MacLeod recalls that Mary used to ask him to introduce her as her cousin instead of the truth -- which was that Jim, although younger, was actually Mary's half-uncle. The generation difference is mind boggling -- but the notion of our relatives having tons of children and multiple families seems to go along with tradition.

The Prospect of DNA Analysis

"Ed (Ernest's son and Peggy's husband) had a DNA sample done from some outside lab. When the results came back, there was a list of people with whom he has some "possible distant" genetic connections...One lives in California and the other in Canada....I believe one's surname is "McLeod" and the other's is "MacLeod". They were asking me when the "A" might have been inserted." - Peggy MacLeod in a 2009 email to Jen

"My name is Don McLeod there are three of us researching our McLeod family genealogy. Our daughter (Tamra) started the family search ... my brother Ross who acquired the DNA test...and I am the new the comer....Ross just received a report from Family Tree DNA. They say a 25 marker match has been found, in 4 generations there is a 61.17% chance and in 8 generations there is a 84.92% chance. Our family information only goes back as far as New London, Prince Edward Island (PEI). My Great Great Grand father John McLeod (1818 - 1885) and his wife Elizabeth are buried there. Apparently he came to PEI with his Brother Alexander from Scotland. My Great Grandfather (also) Alexander moved to Saskatchewan and eventually our family ended up in B.C. We are looking forward in hearing from you Mc/MacLeod's. It becomes exciting when there look like there are possible family connections. By mass e-mailing we found a 4th cousin in New Jersey who has some valuable information that verifies that we are from Prince Edward Island. Please find enclosed an attachment of our Descendancy Chart." - Don McLeod, 2009 emailed mass letter

"Thanks for your mail. It is good to keep in touch. Our MacLeod family had a small family reunion early August this summer. It was great as 2 years ago I had contacted these 3rd gen. cousins from NJ and they also came to the reunion. It was great as they have a family bible verifying that our 1. G Grandfather was born on the Isle of Raasay, 2. Family members departed Stornoway, Isle of Lewis departing Jul 1839 and arriving PEI late August 1839. I still feel that Peggy's husband has a fairly close connection to both of our families due to the Y-DNA. Now and then I keep going over both of our Descendant lists trying to find a connection. Ha Ha, what a challenge." - Don McLeod, September 26th, 2010 email to Jen

"Don and I were emailing back and forth when I started laying out this project -- but I have not received a response the last few times. If anyone knows about him and how he is doing now please let me know!" - Jen MacLeod

Part III
23 Rowena Street

“Ken” -- Gordon Kenneth MacLeod (born on January 18, 1903) married Margaret Josephine Driscoll (born on September 17, 1901) on June 17, 1923 at St. Patrick's Roman Catholic Church in Roxbury. Ken was a plumber, pipe fitter and “Home Heating” expert working for his father, others, and eventually owned his own company. The family lived in a large three story house on 23 Rowena street.

Paul Roger MacLeod was born on June 2, 1930 in Boston Massachusetts.



Ken in his store



Family Christmas Card, 1934 -- LR Gordon, Francis, Bruce, Mary and Paul

Paul, was the second youngest following after Francis, Mary, and Gordon, Jr. He had one little brother, Bruce. It seems the children grew up enjoying the same activities that we did as children -- touch football, half-ball, and ice hockey with many games being played right on the street in front of the home.



LR, Margaret with her children, Francis, Mary, Gordon, and Paul.



Ken and the Kids -- LR Francis, Mary, Gordon, and Paul.



Back to Front, Francis, Mary, Gordon, and Paul

“Winter coasting on hilly streets near our home town was common. We had Flexible Flyer sleds on which we glided down the street for several blocks dodging other kids who were also doing the same. Fortunately, there were few automobiles on that street. When one did appear at the top of the hill, a warning rang, “Car coming!” The boys had bicycles. Mary did not because it was unlady-like for a girl to ride a bicycle.” - Gordon MacLeod

Summer months were spent at the beaches, or swimming in the quarry. Usually the kids hitchhiked rides or hopped on the back of a truck to avoid the costs of transportation fares. At the beginning of summer the family would pack up both family cars and leave Dorchester to head out to South China, Maine. The family of seven would spend the summer months on the shores of the lake. Gordon said those summers spent fishing, shooting, swimming, and exploring were “... the most memorable times of my life.”



Mary plans the perfect pose while Francis deals with Paul's drippy nose.



Left: Gordon fishes with dog Casey. Right: Paul at the Cabin at China Lake.

Those peaceful happy summer months at China Lake quickly ceased as the MacLeod children started to grow up. The world was changing and already the US was involved in World War II.

Aunt Mary recalls, "When the bombing of Pearl Harbor was announced Francis and I were at the Colonial Theater in Boston...the show was "This is the Army, Mr. Jones." When we left the theater the newsboys were yelling "Pearl Harbor Bombed! When our parents picked us up our father commented to Francis that he wouldn't have to go to war because he was still too young." Francis graduated From Boston Latin School with the Class of 1942. He entered Harvard College majoring in Physics.

His family hoped to keep him out of the military but he joined a cavalry unit of the ROTC program at Harvard. He planned to finish college while enlisting in the ASTP (Army Specialized Training Program). The program allowed him to get basic training in the army, at Ft. Benning, GA, while finishing college.

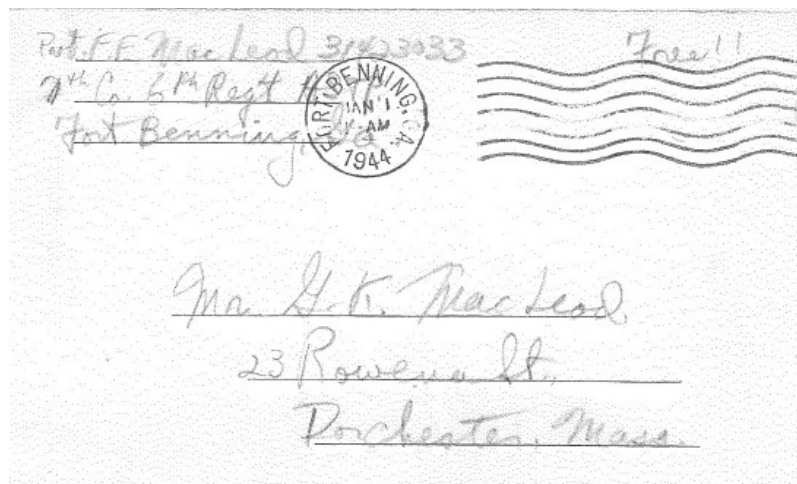


Francis with his dad before going overseas

By 1943 the Army recognized that its replacement training centers were not producing nearly enough new soldiers for the Army Ground Forces, particularly in light of the impending invasion of France.

Thanks to Frannie's letters home we are able to learn a little more about the family as well as his experiences.

"Mom, do you really have a tough time chasing all her (Mary's) boy friends from the door or at least getting them off our new sofa by 11:30? Well -- if she thinks she has something -- wait'll she sees all the purty girls I'll bring in if I ever get home again. We'll have to push Mary's fellers onto the other side of the sofa. I won't be surprised if I find Bruce's girls cluttering up the house when I get back..... Ask Paul what's holdin' him up -- Heck -- Bruce is way ahead of him and I'll catch up any day now... Mary tells me Gordon is improving steadily as ever...Please give dad my regards and tell him when this is over and we do go after some deer I'll bring along a heavy machine gun for my end of the shootin'. -- you have a better chance that way -- Heck, I hit a target about six square feet in area at 800 yards and a deer is bigger than that -- but then I suppose the deer moves faster then the target - Doggon!..... -- Love, Fran" - Early 1943



"Dear Mom; I just received your wonderful box of cookies. Thanks... three quarts of milk worth. They're wonderful and finally now I'm able to give out some food instead of taking it. You can understand how I feel about that." - Sunday Nov. 28, 1943 (just after lunch).

"Dear Mom and all sick protégés; Honestly, this is the first chance I've had to write you all week. This job of squad leading takes us an awful lot of time aside from menial jobs of cleaning rifles, bayonets, and my other equipment. I've had no more than fifteen minutes free time all week, no kidding! Our gas training is all over now. We concluded it with a test of our proficiency in getting our masks on. First we were brought

out to a field and by means of small gas bombs we were brought through an area of successive different kinds of deadly gases. We were a little scared because of what we've heard of such gases... but we came through it all right with one or two exceptions who took in too much gas because they got excited. We all remember what a poison gas smells like.... Well, so long; Francis" - December 5th, 1943

"I got paid today -- \$36.65 I got Dad's letter with the money. Tell him I appreciate it. Also that I was awfully glad to hear that he got the deer and told all the fellows about it... I hope your sick family and babies are all cured now, mom.... you see how all the trouble started when I left. Well, I'll be home and help Dad catch everything up soon -- Fran" - December 12th, 1943

"Dear Mom; Ah'm in G oh-juh!- Georgia- of all places -- you remember that fellow from West Roxbury -- that's where I am. Fort Benning, GA.... Do you know that it's colder down here at night than in Massachusetts? -- Two blankets and a comforter....Send along plenty of letters and candy and stuff.... Fran"

"Went last night to town for the first time. Columbus, GA. ...O'Connor and a couple of other fellows ate and went to the U.S.O. Dance. Somehow I didn't want to dance. The girls looked all right but I just didn't like the idea of forcing a girl to dance with just another soldier. And I didn't like the idea of being just another soldier.... I restrained from opening that Christmas package today and I found you were right. It was a lot better to open it Christmas morning after the Mass and Communion which, by the way, was the one small Christmas present I was able to send to you. I was awfully happy to get the pipe and tobacco that I got from Bruce and Paul was swell....As you might guess I'm using the swell pen you gave me in this letter.... And also thanks a lot for those beads. I needed something like that to kind of fill in the slightly new time of Catholicity here. Yes it is different. The church itself is very simple. The perfect harmony of my precious type of church life isn't there. I mean -- confessions are at odd hours and sometimes you can't get to confession for some reason. Masses start late sometimes because the Chaplain comes late. The altar boy is a soldier.... it all seems a little sketchy. The Mass itself is just as it ever was and that's comforting." -- December 25th, 1943

"We just finished cleaning our light machine guns. A neat little machine if you ever saw one. We worked on sighting with our rifles.... We're listening to the Firestone Music hour. You really ought to listen sometime. It's very nice - Fran" - Monday, Dec. 27th, 1943

"Dear Mom; Isn't it just an awful thing when your own mother is disgusted with you just when you got in the army? (pout pout). Naturally I don't blame you; I'd be mad if I had to wait three hours for someone after a long drive - but, Mom!, as I explained, I could not help it.....a few more fellows I know were shipped out today -- only one left with me from the old bunch. The fact that I've been left here indicates, by guesses, that I may get signal corps, which would be good -- and, of course, A.S.T.P. after basic.... Gosh -- I don't know how the "fambly" is or what the crowd is doing or anything.... I went to the dance as I told you and sat the whole thing. My old inferiority complex and fear of conversation and the girl's possible boredom set in -- and I couldn't shake it. Then, too, of course, all this commenting on my height has bothered me enough to make me try to keep out of sight.... It does hurt sometimes, you know, when I think that I've got to take it for the rest of my life.....Love, Fran"



"Dear Dad.... as you know I've been quite enjoying my little stay with the Army. I'm in the A.S.T.P. -- advanced section Electrical Engineering. I'm an active Corporal and squad leader and the best-liked man in our platoon by our Lieutenant. I practically hate some fellows in our barracks but as you said -- hating is a waste of energy -- so I'll let it go -- and grin."

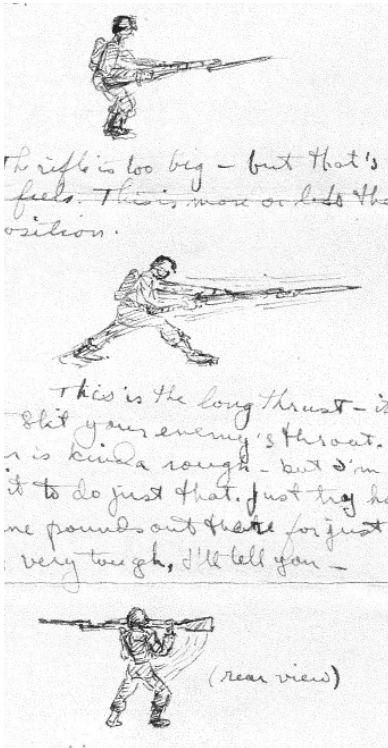
"Hello Mom and Dad; It's 8:00 now -- I'm writing on my upper bunk. -- You can tell Mary now that statement about Frannie not doing ANY housework is bosh! The first of our barracks mob is being shipped tonight so I may come up soon -- maybe.... See you Sunday afternoon between 3 and 5 I hope -- remember, go to the U.S.O..... So Long -- Fran --"

"The comments on my gigantic size draws the majority of barrack's conversation... Dawgonnit! But I have to take it.... God, am I conceited -- how the heck is my "fambly?" I hope you tried Mary's fudge first on the cat. No -- Mary! -- don't hit me with that chair!"

"I may go out for company basketball if possible -- I'll see.... Just a minute while I polish my corporal stripes -- Well -- so long; Write me. - Fran"

"But, in all, I wouldn't trade this life right now for civilian -- no kidding -- I like it well enough and I'm getting into pretty good condition."

"... I bought myself an expert's medal.... and I'll send you home the other one for the one of the kids who writes the most and best letters in the next week or so... So far Bruce is ahead tho' the spelling was poor he wrote one of the most interesting letters I've received from the kids and I still prize your letters tho' Mom -- Fran"



"You just wait till I get home -- I'll eat and eat and eat and drink your milk bottle after bottle, and I won't get up in the morning till 10:30 instead of six and - AND - well, just wait!" - March 4, 1944

"Dear Mom; Finally, I can write -- and be able to say something -- I'm in Camp Livingston, Louisiana -- and it's heaven -- we're in the infantry outfit 342nd infantry." - Sunday, Mar. 19, 1944

"Mom; I want you to try not to worry about me at anytime -- If I don't write it's because we're out on some maneuvers.... Think of me please but never worry -- because you know I've always gotten along without trouble and even if I can't I'm pretty well set to handle it." - Mar 26, 1944

"Yesterday too a tank rode over my fox hole and also I had a ride in the tank while it ran over other fox holes. You never could guess how rough a ride that one was. We rolled over small trees and stumps and practically anything the tank driver could see..." - June 2nd, 1944 (Congrats to Paul if I can't phone or write)

"By the way please thank Mary for her letters and fudge -- I really look forward to those things. And that fudge -- all the fellows in the hut have been asking her age and her description, including a staff sergeant and my corporal squad leader. So you can see how we like that fudge. -- Love Fran" - July 10, 1944

"... because now, I'm quite unafraid of whatever happens from here and I hope Our Lady will help you feel the same way.... until I write next then tell Mary and Gordon and Paul and Bruce that their brother is going to do the best job he can on this deal and so "natcherly", there's nothing to worry about -- and if I hear of anyone worrying there'll be blazes to pay when I see him again -- Love, Fran" - Aug 14, 1944

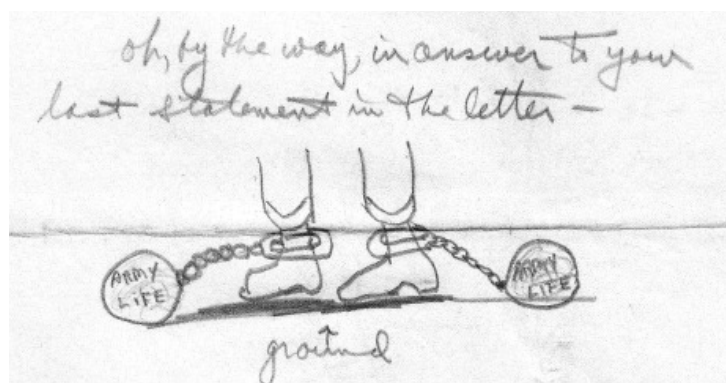
I was glad to get home last week. I'm going to maneuver every possible way to get a longer pass. But the way things go around here the odds are usually against me so we'll wait and see -- Ok? - Love, Fran" - Sep 22, 1944

In October, 1944, Francis was sent overseas. Francis and his mother continued to write each other -- although the letters were fewer and far between much to the complaints of both. In November Francis' mother, Margaret wrote a letter to him with an update on the family.

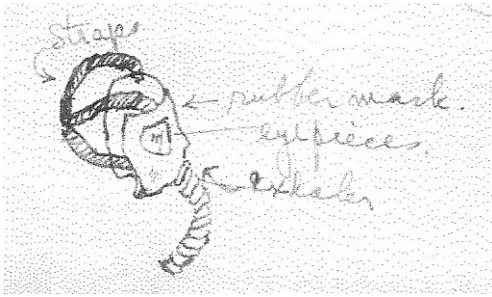
"Mary's birthday is coming Saturday and as you know she will be eighteen. Quite a young lady and she looks it too. We bought her a complete new outfit, a beautiful brown fitted coat, brown hat and brown leather pumps and new brown pigskin gloves. So she looks very lovely and very grown up. She is counting the days when she will enter training at the hospital.... I am waiting so impatiently for some word of where you are and some word from you letting me know how you are. I am praying for you all the time. Love, Mother" - November 1st, 1944

"Dear Mom: Still in France and not yet in combat. The weather here is just about as cold as Boston at this time.... My handling of French is improving daily. There are always some kids around and I do a lot of talking with them -- tell them about America -- ask them about the German Occupational period....As for French girls, well -- you know how I was -- I'm still the same -- The better class of girls and you can distinguish them on the spot from the others -- are pretty nice from what I've seen.... - Love, Fran"

"Somewhere in France" - Nov. 17, 1944



Francis and Mary



"Dear Mom: Writing by candlelight. I get homesick once in a while now, more than before. It was an adventure before but I get a little tired of this now and then. But Ole No. 1 son doesn't complain too much when he knows how lucky he is. Our war here will be over soon and I may get home after it is.... I'm hoping you're all OK and getting my mail so that you won't worry. You see that you don't have to worry after all.... We really got a wonderful Thanksgiving meal the day after the actual date.... So until later, we'll both keep praying for the end of this thing. Tell Dad I'm thinking about him and you, all the time, and I'm praying for you both and the kids. Love, Fran" - Nov 30th, 1944

I'll write again soon,
So long
Fran!



In mid-December, Mary recalled that an old man arrived at the family home in Boston. It was 18 year old Mary who answered the knock at the door. In the old man's hands was a telegram with 2 stars. The two stars indicated Francis' status as Missing In Action.

Letters from the family arrived lamenting the news of the MIA status but reminding them that the status allowed for some hope. Ken's Uncle Gordon J., who lived in Boston, learned of the status from his sister Amy and wrote the family a letter in January, 1945.

"The only thing that I can recall is seeing Francis in uniform, in the backyard, having gone through basic training, pretending like he was a sergeant and taking us through the drills, you know, "stand tall!" - Bruce MacLeod

"The MIA status gave us some hope.... We waited through Christmas. It was a horrible time. Our parents spent every free moment listening to the radio. The popular song of the time was "Don't Fence Me In." Although I don't believe it had anything to do with the war, it was on my mind all that time, hoping he was a POW" - Mary MacLeod Kennedy

Margaret's letter relating the details to her son of Mary's 18th birthday never arrived and ended up being returned to the family undeliverable with the mark, "Deceased."

Dear Margaret and Kenneth:-

Since hearing from Amy the sad news that Francis has been reported "Missing in action on the Western Front", I have refrained from intruding on your sorrow until now.

We all hope and pray that you will soon receive notification from the War Office that he is a "Prisoner of War".

Should he be a prisoner of war, you must not feel that his captors will abuse him, as it is rarely that prisoners are ill-used, even though reports to the contrary occasionally appear in the press, such cases are the exception.

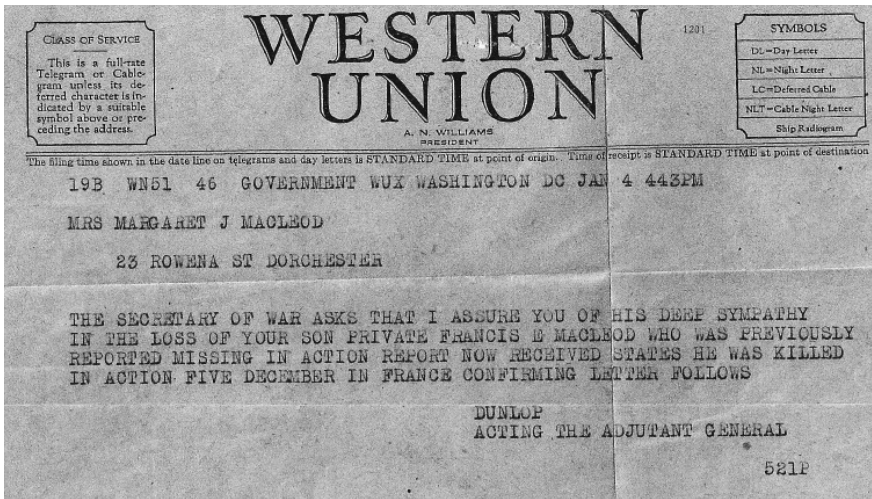
Our sincerest sympathy goes out to you both in this your hour of sorrow.

Let yours be the consolation that every one who knew Francis loved him, We shall remember him as a bright and cheerful boy.

Amy and Gertrude join with me in expressing our heartfelt sympathy.

Sincerely

Uncle Gordon



In January a second telegram was delivered stating that Francis had been killed. A letter that followed later stated he was killed instantly by an enemy shell on December 5, 1944 while fighting with the 397th Infantry Regiment, 100th Division in the Seventh Army, in the Vosges Mountain area of Marseilles, France. He is buried at Lorraine American Cemetery and Memorial in Saint-Avold in Lorraine, France.



My dear Mr. Mac Leod:

At the request of the President, I write to inform you that the Purple Heart has been awarded posthumously to your son, Private Francis E. Mac Leod, Infantry, who sacrificed his life in defense of his country.

Little that we can do or say will console you for the death of your loved one. We profoundly appreciate the greatness of your loss, for in a very real sense the loss suffered by any of us in this battle for our country, is a loss shared by all of us. When the medal, which you will shortly receive, reaches you, I want you to know that with it goes my sincerest sympathy, and the hope that time and the victory of our cause will finally lighten the burden of your grief.

Sincerely yours,

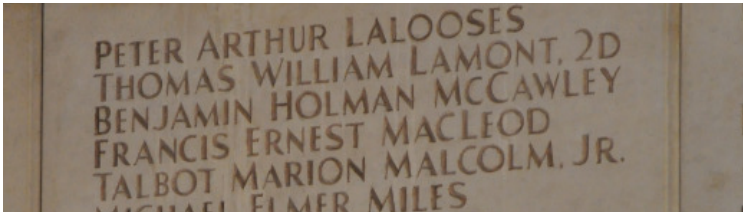
Henry L. Stimson

The World War II Memorial in Boston commemorates the sacrifice of the three thousand women and men of Boston who lost their lives in the war.



Sandra MacLeod Coyle and Gerrard MacLeod visit their Uncle Francis' memorial.

MacLEOD—Killed in action in France, Dec. 5, 1944, Pvt Francis E. MacLeod, U. S. Army, beloved son of Gordon K. and Margaret (Driscoll) MacLeod of 23 Rowena st., Dorchester. Pro-Burial Mass was celebrated in St. Gregory's Church, Mon., Jan. 8, at 8 a. m.



At his school, Harvard, Francis' name is listed on the church wall.

Francis endeared himself to all — and the knowledge that he is with our Blessed Mother and Her divine Son — is your Supreme and lasting consolation — and so — by of strong courage and abiding faith —
 Until I see you — and I hope very soon —
 Affectionately —
 Aunt Gertrude —
 73 Park Drive

HARVARD UNIVERSITY
 CAMBRIDGE

PRESIDENT'S OFFICE

February 20, 1945

Dear Mrs. MacLeod:

I am sending you a copy of the vote of the President and Fellows enrolling the name of your son Francis Ernest MacLeod, '46 on the list of those Harvard men who have given their lives in this war. His valor and devotion to duty are a source of pride to the University. His death in gallant combat with a desperate enemy will be an inspiration to her sons.

Both personally and on behalf of Harvard may I express my deepest sympathy.

Very sincerely yours,

James B. Grant



While in nursing school, participation in the Cadets was required of Mary (Kennedy) because of the shortage of nurses. The Cadet Nurse Corp paid the student \$15.00 a month for the first year, \$20.00 for the 2nd year, and \$30.00 for the 3rd year.

Dad did not want the government to pay for my nurse's training but it was required by the school. He had me put my monthly paychecks in the bank. - Mary MacLeod Kennedy

The children grew up despite the fact that Francis' death severely broke the family.

Paul Graduated from Boston English High School in 1947. After High School Paul worked at National Laundry, participated in a church theater group and became active in the local Knight's of Columbus chapter.

Mary recalled of her brother, "As I remember Paul he was a gentle person who spoke in a soft voice. He had few expectations from our parents or from anyone else for that matter. People were drawn to him and he had many friends."

Evidently his frugality was also well known.

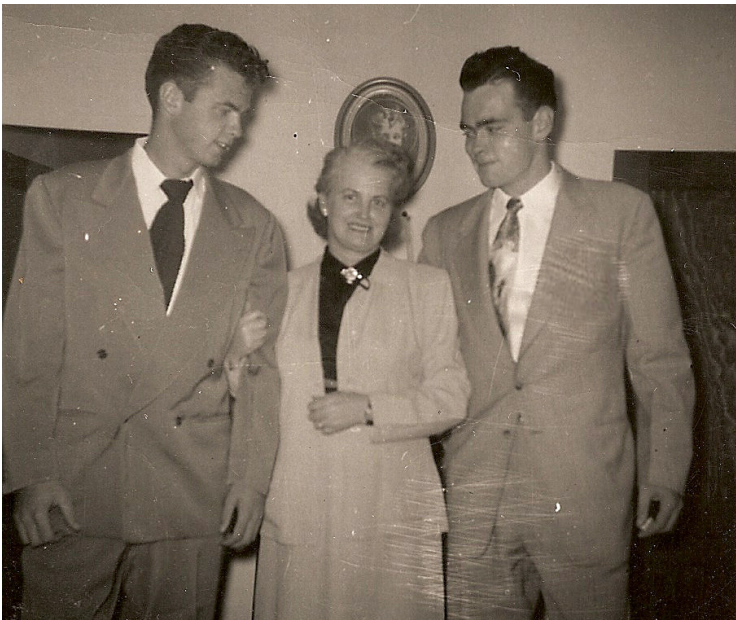
It would seem that either the war, Francis, or opportunity inspired the other siblings to join various branches of the military. Francis' sister, Mary MacLeod (Kennedy), was already a member of the US WWII Cadet Nursing Corp in May of 1944 after completing her training at Carney Hospital. Gordon enlisted in the Army in June of 1948, Paul in the Air Force in 1951 and youngest brother Bruce followed shortly after also enlisting in the Army.

In 1950 Ken and Margaret moved to Yarmouth, Maine.



The MacLeod Boys, L-R, Gordon, 15 years, Bruce, 12 years, and Paul, 14 years

I recall Paul as being playful. I was a very skinny kid and he was much taller and heavier than I was even though I was almost a year and a half older than he. I recall him sitting on top of me when we wrestled and blowing into my face to irritate me. He was very powerful and strong. We called him Two-Ton Tony. ---Gordon MacLeod



Gordon and Paul with their mother, Margaret.



Ken and Margaret at home in Maine.

With the kids out of the house, Ken and Margaret had more time for other things.

"Dad (Ken) had many hobbies sequentially but did not have much interest in organized sports. We did not have television until 1946. Some of his recreational/hobbies were flying (he had a pilot's license), photography, hunting, fishing, coin collecting, raising and breeding dogs, wood working, politics, and antique collecting." - Mary MacLeod (Kennedy)

Each of their children married, had their own careers and were building families of their own.

Odd Items From Everywhere

It's obvious that Gordon K. MacLeod of Yarmouth, Me., isn't raising seven Weimaraner puppies for a profit. The puppies, if all were sold, would bring MacLeod \$1650. But he's still a long way from breaking even, for he's already spent about \$6000 on the pups.

"Dad was so conservative that when President Roosevelt died he said that he feared the Democrats would stuff him and run him again" - Gordon MacLeod

"Dad got into politics when they moved to Maine. She (Margaret) remained on the side lines when Dad went into politics. Dad died after a particularly contentious meeting in the town. Dad was the Chairman of the Maine State Republican Party and was being groomed to run for State Representative." - Mary MacLeod Kennedy

Ken died March 4th, 1959 at 56 years old. His wife, Margaret, would live long enough to meet all of her grandchildren and even some of her great-grandchildren. She moved from Maine and lived briefly near her son's family who had settled in Georgia.



Margaret died in 1988 in Yarmouth. Both she and her husband are buried in Holy Cross Cemetery in Yarmouth, Maine.

"Mary told me once, that her father thought 'till his dying day that he was lucky to have Margaret Driscoll as his wife.'" And when I met my grandmother seven years after my grandfather's death, when she must have been over sixty and I was around nine, I have to say I agreed. I thought she was the most beautiful and fascinating person I had ever met. Grandmother was beautiful." - Susan MacLeod Kerian

Memorial Obituary

GORDON K. MacLEOD
YARMOUTH — Selectman
Gordon K. "Ken" MacLeod, 56, died of a heart ailment while on the way to a Portland hospital by ambulance Wednesday.

Mr. MacLeod, a dealer in real estate, building supplies and home heating equipment, was stricken shortly after midnight. Yarmouth firemen were called to administer oxygen about 1 a.m. He had attended a final hearing on a proposed zoning ordinance last night.

Born in Boston Jan. 18, 1903, the son of Ernest J. and the late Mary Glenn MacLeod, he attended Boston schools and was graduated from Franklin Technical Institute there. He traveled in Maine as a salesman for a Boston home heating equipment firm before moving here nine years ago.

Mr. MacLeod was a member of the Republican Town Committee, the Lions Club and a former member of the Chamber of Commerce here and the Knights of Columbus in Boston. He was active in opposition to the Interstate highway extension through Yarmouth.

A dog fancier, Mr. MacLeod was one of the first six or seven persons in Maine to acquire a Weimaraner, the distinctive German line of hunting and show dogs.

Besides his father, who resides in Brunswick, Mr. MacLeod is survived by his widow, the former Margaret Driscoll; three sons, Gordon K. MacLeod Jr., Cincinnati; Paul R., Boston, and Bruce V., New Haven; one daughter, Mrs. Daniel J. Kennedy, Freeport; one brother, Charles A., Daytona Beach, Fla.; one sister, Mrs. Urho A. Makela; Peabody, Mass., and eight grandchildren.

Funeral will be from the Lindquist Funeral Home at 8:30 a.m. Saturday followed by a Requiem High Mass in Sacred Heart Church at 9 a.m. Interment will be in Holy Cross Cemetery.



Part IV -- Margaret Driscoll's Family

Margaret's father, John Driscoll immigrated from Ireland to the United States in 1870 at age 8. Her mother, Catherine Mary Ryan, immigrated with her parents from Ireland in 1881 at age 15. They were married May 8th, 1887 in Boston, Massachusetts.

John Driscoll worked as a plasterer according to census paperwork. *"Mother (Margaret Driscoll) spoke lovingly of her mother but rarely mentioned her father who worked as a plasterer and had been involved in organizing a labor union for the plasterers. Her mother had advised her that of the eligible men she knew, our Dad was by far her best option and as she lay dying, urged Mother to marry him."* ---Mary MacLeod Kennedy and Gordon MacLeod

John and Catherine Driscoll had 6 children. Timothy Joseph (b. 1889-), Mary (b. 1894-), Joseph (b. 1895-), Francis "Frank" (b. 1897-d. 1923), Sylvester Augustus (b. 1898-d.1971), and Margaret Josephine Driscoll (b. 1901-d. 1988).

"Mother (Margaret Josephine Driscoll) was the youngest of a family of seven children (two died before the age of one) and was raised in Roxbury, Massachusetts. She attended St. Patrick's through high school where she liked to tell us that she got a double promotion; she went on to nursing school but dropped out after one year when she had some sort of nervous breakdown."

- Mary MacLeod Kennedy

Margaret's brother, Frank (Francis), fought overseas in World War I and according to family history was gassed while he was there. His health must have suffered because he died at a relatively young age of 26 a few months before his third child, Ruth, was born. Evidently the exposure to the gas or TB is what killed him -- slowly. He returned from the war and married Mary Murphy and had 3 children, Dorothea, Rita, and Ruth .

"Mother spoke of the sadness she felt on the day of her marriage because the day before, June 16, 1923, a funeral service for her favorite brother, Frank, had been held at the same church. She also recalled how fire engines drove by during the wedding ceremony to help celebrate their marriage."

- Mary MacLeod Kennedy

"Margaret's brother died in the 4 days before her wedding. She wanted to call it off but her father made her go through with it. She was talking about that before my wedding. Sort of to let me know it's never too late to back out." - Susan Warne MacLeod



Margaret at the wheel. Mary thought the other woman might be a sister named Helen -- but so far no such sister has been found with that name.



Above, Frank, in uniform. Right, Frank and his daughter Dorothea shortly before his death.

Part V. *Paul and Hazel*



On January 2nd, 1951, a 20 year old Paul MacLeod enlisted in the Air Force. He was stationed first at a Strategic Air Command in northern California, Texas and later England.

Following the threat of the Soviet Union after the 1948 Berlin Blockade and the 1950 invasion of South Korea by Communist forces, it was decided that an American presence should be reestablished within Europe. On July 11th, 1950 RAF Mildenhall was made available to the United States Air Force by the British Ministry of Defense as a Strategic Air Command B-29 Superfortress base. The Base worked with Royal Air Force units in joint operations.

It was during his time stationed in Mildenhall that Paul met Hazel Gerrard. Hazel was born April 28th, 1931 in Whittlesey, England.

“My mother was English and she did not like Americans. Since the only ones she had ever met were American service men, who were probably attempting to pick up a casual date, this is not too surprising. Yet, her mother told her not to be prejudiced. “They’re just boys far away from home, far from their mothers. Our boys behave just as badly when they are far away.” - Susan MacLeod Kerian



My recollections about Paul were mostly of the service, when he was in the Air Force and I was in the Army and we were able to get together at various bases throughout the world, west coast, south of England and other parts of Europe. We kept in touch just by visiting one another. - Bruce MacLeod



Hazel and Pop at the Fair

“With that as a background, Paul and Hazel’s first meeting was not very promising. Eve (Hazel’s Sister) was on a date in a formal public ballroom with Paul’s best friend Richard Clemens. Dick had misjudged the contents of the punch bowl and Eve asked Hazel to come help persuade Dick to go downstairs to a ballroom which had a much more casual atmosphere. Always willing to help, Hazel complied, and met Paul who was already cheerfully engaged in the endeavor. “ - Susan MacLeod (Kerian)

“One evening, when he and Dick were walking down a street in town, a lamplighter came by to light the gas lamps that still lit those streets. Dick, who was almost as much of a tease as my father, but much smaller and lighter, climbed up on Paul’s shoulders to examine the lamp. Then blew it out. They walked down the street blowing the lamps out as they went, one by one. Eventually they met an English policeman, a bobby. The bobby stood quietly beside them swinging his club lightly in his hands, not saying a word until he was noticed. Dick, who was Boston Irish Catholic (and therefore knew without a doubt in his heart that a statement that was part of the truth when combined with a mental reservation was not a lie), noticed the bobby first. He smiled and pointed to the gas lamp and said, “It went out.” The bobby nodded, looked meaningfully down the street at all the other lamps, which were also out, and said, “I see.” The story always ended here.” - Susan MacLeod (Kerian).

“Paul and Hazel’s courting was a temptuous affair. Every time Paul would come to take Hazel out, Dick would bet Eve a five pound note (about ten dollars) they would not come back together. Dick made a lot of money. Hazel always came home alone. The problem seems to have been my father’s sense of humor. Almost all the stories my mother told from this part of Dad’s life, involved my father’s propensity to tease.” - Susan MacLeod Kerian



Paul and Hazel were married in Peterborough, England in May 1954.

Back Row, LR: Dea (Doreen Gerrard), Freda (Fredericka Gerrard), Dick?, Paul MacLeod, Hazel Gerrard MacLeod, “Pop” (William Redhead) “Mom” Dulcie Glassfield Gerrard Redhead, Penny (Penelope Gerrard). Front Row, LR: Rosemary Stafford, John Redhead, Colin Redhead, Roberta Orders.

Seven months later when in December, 1954, Paul’s tour in England ended. Hazel would have said goodbye to her mother and family and boarded the ship “Upshur” in Southhampton, England bound for New York. It would be almost 20 years before she would see her mother again. She was not alone. The ship was full of other Air Force wives with their husbands all bound for the United States.

“Mom insisted that this crossing consisted of the worst 21 days on record to that date. The ship’s radio kept reporting the distress signals of boats sinking all around them as they were gripped by one storm after another. The tossing of the ship did no serious damage, but it broke all but one piece of my mother’s Wedgwood wedding china and kept my mother below deck with a combination of morning sickness and seasickness that did not quit.” - Susan MacLeod (Kerian)



The “Upshur” as it would have appeared in the 50s. The U.S.S. Upshur operated out of New York providing service for troops and dependents on numerous transatlantic cruises.

Paul was officially discharged in January of 1955 after 4 years of service.

Part VI The Gerrards



Hazel and her siblings. Back, LR, Evelyn, Hazel, Doreen. Front, LR, Freda, and Ken. Betty and Pennie not pictured.

It's easy to get wrapped up in our own story here -- but I think it is important to note what we now know (or at least what we think we know) about Hazel's family.

Much of what we know about Hazel's family is limited as her father died when she was still young; Hazel was 6 or 7.

"My grandfather Frederick Robert Gerrard (Hazel's father) died in 1937 from tuberculosis, and was always a bit of a mystery until I connected...with a woman whose grandmother was Jesse Gerrard, Frederick's sister and she had a full history of the Gerrard side." - Richard Offiler

Thanks to Richard we do seem to know a little bit more.

It would appear that our Scottish roots go back on both sides. Our Gerrard ancestry comes from Inch and Culsalmond, Aberdeenshire, Scotland. I am hoping as we track back we do not bump into any MacLeods along the way.

George Gerrard (son of William) worked as a slate quarrier. He married Jessie Webster on August 28, 1858 but died shortly after, on May 23rd 1860 at age 23, from Typhus. He is buried in Inch, Scotland. Robert Gerrard was the only son from this marriage born 1860. His mother, Jessie, remarried James Ellis on August 31st, 1862. (hence Robert's "Ellis" name) Jessie and her new husband went on to have a rather sizable family of 7 or 8 kids.

In 1885 Robert "Ellis" Gerrard joined the 72nd Seaforth Highlanders and traveled with them to India. It was while in India that same year he met and married Ellen Mary Simpson. Ellen was born in Calcutta, India. The family story states her father, George Augustus Simpson, was on assignment for the Belgium embassy. They settled and had a family in Bareilly, Bengal, India. James was born in 1886 (but died as an infant), followed by Florence Ellen in 1887, and Jesse Margaret in Chakrata in 1889.

In 1890 it appears that Robert and Ellen had moved back to the UK. The 1891 census has them at Islington, London where Dora came along. Robert then took a post as a journalist with the Northern Gossip newspaper in Newcastle. Hazel's father, Frederick Robert Gerrard, was born on December 12, 1896 in Newcastle Upon Tyne, England. Their second youngest, Dora, died shortly after on her 6th birthday in 1897.

It seems the family separated for a while. In 1911 Robert is in the Newcastle boarding house, listed as a journalist, dying there in 1936.

"In 1907 Ellen moved down to Ringshall, Suffolk, the next village to where I live now, with Jessie and Fred where she became the headmistress of the school. She died in 1920 and is buried at Ringshall. I live in Battisford, Suffolk. Jessie (Fred's sister) married Herbert Gibbons, a farmer. My father was Kenneth Gibbons. [Directed at Richard Offiler] Was your father Kenneth Gerrard? I seem to remember dad mentioning the name. My dad died in 1971, and I wish I had asked him more." - Gibbons



Frederick Robert reached adulthood just at the height of World War I.

He served in France with the Suffolk Regimental Infantry, 1st Battalion (Reg. Number 8772) during World War I. It was in France he was injured -- most likely gassed. On his discharge paperwork Fred was listed as a private discharged February 23rd, 1917 due to non specific "wounds" and being "medically unfit."



"Your grandfather (Hazel's dad) Fred served in the 1st world war and his name is on a plaque in Ringshall church." - Gibbons

Name.	Corps.	Rank	Regt. No.
GERRARD	Suff. R.	PL	8772
F. R. Nedevick			
Medal.	Roll.	Page.	Remarks.
VICTORY	K/103/319	3797	Discharged 23/2/17
BRITISH	do		
15 STAR	K/1/4/B2/37/3		
Suff list K/392			
Theatre of War first served in			
Date of entry therein			
D. France			
26/1/15			

He married....Elsie... or Delsie... or Dulcie....

I know I'm going to be starting a family fight here but I'm going to refer to Hazel's mother as Elsie for the time being as that is the recorded name on her second marriage. - Jen

He married Elsie Glassfield -- we still don't know exactly when they married but estimate sometime before 1923. They had eight children total -- their first son, Robert, died as an infant in 1924. Betty was born in 1925, Penelope (Pennie) in 1926, Doreen in 1929, Hazel in 1931, Evelyn in 1933, and Kenneth was born in 1935. Their father, Frederick, died shortly before their last child, Fredricka Roberta (Bobbie) in 1937 was born.



"She (Elsie) died in 1986 but according to my mother (Doreen) would never talk about her early years." - Richard Offiler

Due to Frederick's early death it seems that Hazel and her siblings did not know too much of their family history from either side. It seems that Elsie was incredibly private and didn't share too much about her past or the family story either.



Born July 14, 1904, Elsie herself is a bit of a mystery -- the Elsie/Delsie/Dulcie controversy still causes confusion as no one -- even her children -- seem to agree on her real name. It would seem that she used the name "Elsie" on her second marriage, but Delsie was listed on her death certificate meaning that both are technically legally correct. Delsie was a common girls name at the time of her birth but Elsie is sometimes short for "Elizabeth." I've been broadening the search in hopes of a hit. And that is still assuming her maiden name was Glassfield -- which it seems is at least something that we can agree on for the time being.

There is a family of Glassfields who lived nearby and all over Cambridgeshire until at least 1911. Peterborough is just on the outside of this county line. This family of Glassfields seems to have moved around the various towns all over that region every few years as recorded by the different location recorded for each of the six children born -- and one of them was born in Peterborough. Their father, Charley was 50 and listed as a "farm laborer." There is no Elizabeth, or Elsie or Delsie.... but a Maud Elizabeth Glassfield that very closely matches the date of birth. It's a stretch -- and I am looking into her -- but I don't think we'll ever really know the answer.

The last hope for sorting out the information may lie in the eventual release of passport applications -- as she did come to the US in 1985 -- but at this time that information is not available to the public.



We do know that after her first husband's Fred's death in 1937 she remarried in 1943 to William Arthur Redhead in Whittlesey. According to the family record showing a first wife (Whittlesey marriage, unnamed, poss. Hancock) based on the number of children it appears that this was also his second marriage.

One story that does not center on Paul's personality is the story of when he met my mother's stepfather, William Redhead whom he quickly renamed "Pop." After the formal introduction, Pop invited the young airman out for "a walk." Dad accepted and found himself practically running in an attempt to keep up with the nimble old man. They covered fields and pastures for miles around. Pop leaping adroitly over the styles or stonewalls that separated the fields and Paul, who thought himself in excellent condition, attempting manfully to keep up. Dad always laughed when he told this story. His assumption of physical superiority because of his huge size, youth and Air force training was apparently unfounded, and he admired Pop's clever way of putting him in his place. - Susan MacLeod Kerian



Above: Elsie and "Pop"
Right: Elsie and Hazel at St.
Augustine, Florida.



Dear Hazel
 On Mother's Day -
 I woke up and gave
 my mummy a letter
 about mummy's hands and
 she was pleased with
 it. And I brought her
 some sweets.
 I am seven years old.
 I hope you are all well.
 My mummy is
 going to send some
 of my comics for Paul
 to read.
 I am going to send
 you a doll.
 I like school ~~and~~
 and we go by the bus
 I will write later.
 Love ANNIE REE.



Above: Elsie and William's children, and Hazel's half-siblings, John (7), Annette (3), Collin (11) Redhead in the 1960s. Left: Annette's letter to Hazel.

Hazel and her mother stayed in touch through letter writing. It was not until after Paul's death in 1973 that she would make the trip back to England -- for the first time in almost 20 years.

Nan finally came to visit Hazel in the states for the first time in 1985.



"Ugh. Curse my inability to speak! If only I could've done more than drool at this age -- I could have gotten my questions answered!" - Jen MacLeod

Part VII?

The Story Continues?

What Happened to Hazel and Paul? Find out more in the next edition!

I am hoping that this book can serve as a platform to continue the story.

Obviously I am missing a lot -- and perhaps I also have things incorrect or wrong.

There are some obvious parts that I felt were left out. It is my hope that as the story goes out someone may have something they would like to add.

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MacLeod Family Reunion 1987
Freeport, Maine