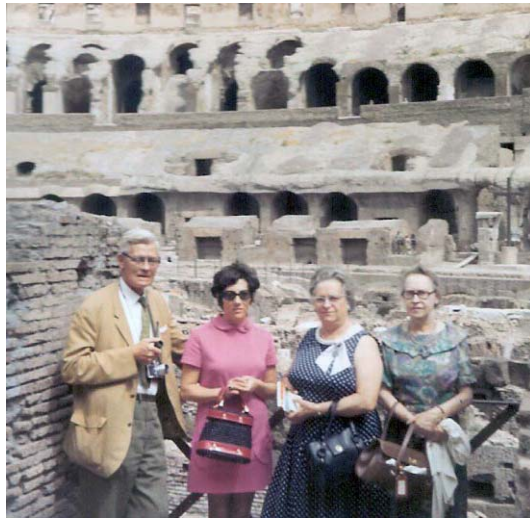


From Marion:

As stated elsewhere in the family history Granddad, Thomas, emigrated from England, but never returned to his homeland. Several family members have made the trip to England and have met some of our relatives there. Dick Phelps visited while he was in the Navy and his story is included at the end of this tale.

In 1971, Eleanor, Anna & Eli made a grand tour of Europe. They started in Ireland, visited with Diana in England, and then made their way to Italy to visit with Dick and Fara.

Eli, Fara, Anna, Eleanor @ Coliseum



While in England, they saw a lot of the local countryside and met a number of cousins. The picture below is a group gathered at Diana's house.



Eli, Anna, Eleanor, Joe's wife Sylvia?, Enid Watson, Diana, Auntie Gertie, Joe Anna, Eleanor, Enid, Diana and Joe would all be first cousins. I don't know who or where Auntie Gertie fits in. Another cousin that they spent time with was Millie

(daughter of Granddad's sister Nell) and her husband Will Evans . They lived in Cinderford

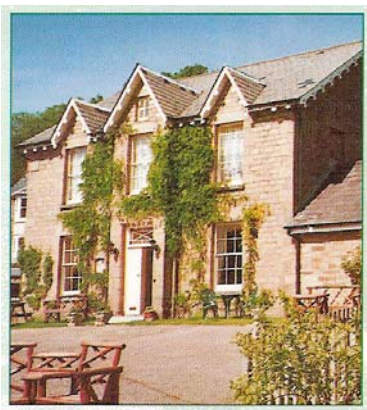


I made my first trip to England in 1998, and spent time with Diana and Norman, and also met Margaret Morgans and family. Margaret's grandmother Nance, Diana's father Arthur, and our grandfather Thomas were siblings. That makes us all cousins of a sort!



Norman, Marion, Diana in front of their house "Greenwoods."

The picture below is of Lumley's, the bed and breakfast where two of my friends stayed along with Margaret & John Morgans. It is located at Kerne Bridge and was once a coaching inn run by Margaret's grandmother Nance. We had dinner there our first night.



Lumley's B&B, Kerne Bridge

I, accompanied by Linda, made a return trip in 2003 spending a whole week with Diana and Norman. Living like “locals” provided a much different perspective on life in England, than just being a tourist. The Alders were great tour guides and drove us through Cinderford and the Forest of Dean where Granddad grew up, past our great-grandfather Henry’s house, actually all over three shires (counties.) One of our stops was at the Chocolate Box Tea Room for a cuppa



and another visit was to Symond’s Yat.



Linda has since made three return trips – and I have been accused of creating bad habits in my cousins! On her last trip, April 2008, shortly after Norman’s death, Linda became better acquainted with Norman’s sister Shirley and her family. So, we now have another English connection – and one with e-mail! We met Shirley in 2003 when she entertained us in her lovely home. She seems like a great person and is very fond of Diana.

From Dick.....In September 1952, I was an enlisted man serving on the aircraft carrier USS Franklin D. Roosevelt (CVB-42). We left Norfolk, Virginia in early October, 1952 headed for a cruise of the North Atlantic. One of our scheduled visits was Plymouth, England, in mid or late - November, 1952. Prior to going on this cruise I had visited Grandma and Granddad Phelps in New Castle and told them that I would be visiting Plymouth, England. It was suggested to me that maybe I might have the opportunity to visit Uncle Arthur, Aunt Florence and Diana in Ross-on-Wye, England and I answered that I would try. When I got back to my ship I requested permission from my Personnel Officer for a two day pass to visit Ross-on-Wye when we arrived in

Plymouth and it was approved. I notified Grandma Phelps about this and somehow word quickly got to Uncle Arthur that grandson Dick was about to make a visit.

I planned this visit with a very good friend of mine from the ship whose name was Glenn Davis. In those days enlisted personnel had to be in uniform at all times on-board and off the ship. So Glenn and I headed by train to Herefordshire, and then by bus to Ross-on-Wye. Somehow, and I can't figure out how, Uncle Arthur got word that two American sailors were on the bus headed for Ross. When we arrived in Ross there was this elder gentleman sitting on a bicycle watching people get off the bus. When he spotted the two American sailors he knew one had to be Dick and came over to me first and introduced himself. That's how I first met Uncle Arthur. He was very gracious to us and most pleased to see us. I can't recall how we got from the bus stop to the flat that they lived in but I think Uncle Arthur parked his bike at the Post Office, where I believe he was the town Post Master, and we walked the remainder of the way.

When we got to their flat we were met by Aunt Florence and Diana. They had a two-story flat with the kitchen and living room downstairs and a steep stairway up to the bedrooms upstairs. I can't recall what we talked about but I do recall how warm and friendly they were to my friend and I. I also recall at dinner time Aunt Florence or Diana (I can't remember which) had prepared a dish which included strips of bacon on toast covered with melted white cheese. I remember it being very good and made a comment about the excellent taste. I was told that they had bought the bacon with ration stamps because meat was still rationed in England from the war. This surprised me and that's probably why I remember the dish after all these years. When it was time to go to bed my friend and I were led upstairs to the master bed-room. It was a large room overlooking the front of their flat. I'm sure it must have been Uncle Arthur and Aunt Florence's bedroom but I can't be sure. I do recall it being very cold that night and we were given a quilt for a blanket that must have been a foot thick.

The following day Glenn and I were taken all around town and into the country-side showing us the places that Granddad Phelps knew as a boy. To my surprise one of our stops was at an English style Pub which was owned by Aunt Ann's husband. It was a typical English Pub with a very attractive indoor and tables surrounding the bar. We were introduced to Aunt Ann and another man I believe was her husband, Frank, but I can't recall for sure. Anyway, I was asked if my friend and I would like to try good English ale and before I could answer Uncle Arthur abruptly interrupted the question by saying, "No. No, Tom wouldn't permit that." So Glenn and I were served a soft drink in place thereof when we really would have liked to taste the ale. This has remained in my mind over the years but I never did relate it to Granddad Phelps because I never recall him ever telling us that his sister Ann owned a pub.

All in all it was a very pleasant visit and my friend and I headed back to the ship the following morning. I talked at length over the visit with Grandma and Granddad Phelps when I returned home again.