

From the memories of Phyllis Adele Hohnen... undated.

Alfred Giles WHITTEN once located his old teacher (much hated) Mr Pat Ward while we were living in Toronto

He remembered at one stage an older brother who was older and huskier and intervened on his behalf. On one occasion an instruction to learn poetry for homework produced verses from a Temperance Reader, one of the few books in the pioneer home, apart from the Bible and the odd history book. The teacher was not without humour and his response was

‘A stands for Anthony, silent and grim
Come all ye who drink and listen to him’.

By a strange coincidence in the late thirties, my father discovered ‘Jack Pat’ Ward living in the Newcastle district. Instead of wreaking his smouldering vengeance on the ogre of his boyhood, they met over a cup of tea and reminisced about old times. He learned another side of the story of an 18 year old Irish migrant away from the stability of home, open to dubious companionship and drinking from sheer loneliness. He was obliged to take a job for which he had no training and one wonders on what kind of pittance he survived, and where he found accommodation.

It may be of interest to your readers that I had been able to visit the old stone farmhouse in Tipperary from which had migrated the four younger brothers and their younger sister. Whether they all came together or some followed I don't know