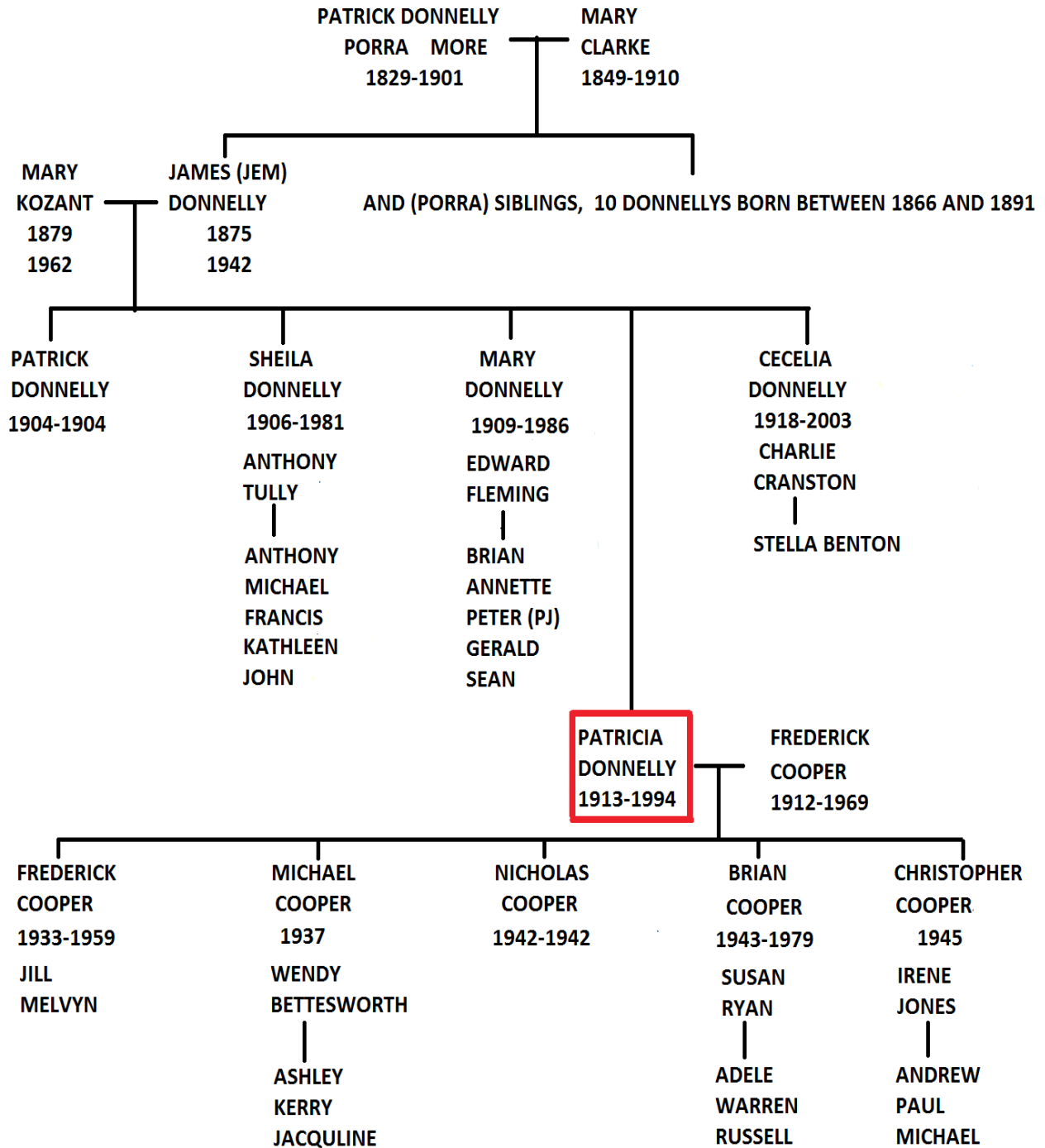


Patricia Donnelly. 1913 -1994.



Her life story.



Patricia's family tree.
Her love of her Irish heritage broke her heart.

FRED AND PATRICIA COOPER

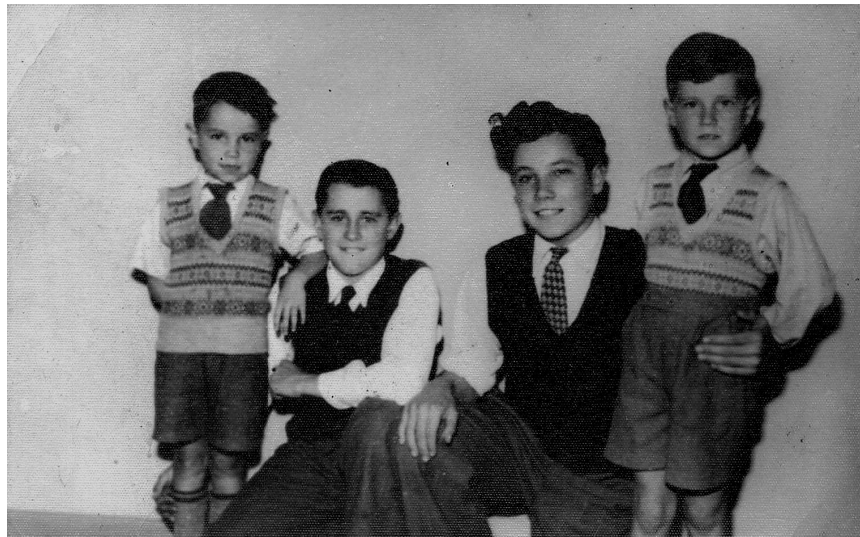
THEIR STORY



c-1940



c-1940



CHRIS MICHAEL FREDDY BRIAN

THEIR SONS THE COOPER BOYS c-1951

This story/document is my attempt to correlate the life paths of my mother and father Fred and Patricia Cooper to get an insight on how events both out of and under their control from both before and after their birth shaped the relationship between them.

Genealogy research will always be of interest to some member of the family but in itself as a tree record it is without flesh on the bones of the ancestors and does not give an easily read record of their affect on each others lives. Hopefully this very small part of your research will give you just that.

I am Chistopher John Cooper their youngest son so hello from someone who at 71 years is writing for you from the year 2017.

These are the photos of some of the earliest family members.



c-1877 Mary Sarson and Frederick Kozant. Patricia's maternal grandparents.



c-1950 Cecelia Kozant and Richard Long. Patricia's aunt and uncle.



c-1916 Mary Kozant and James Donnelly. Patricia's mother and father.



c-1875 Samuel Taylor. Fred's maternal grandfather.



c-1900 Elizabeth Taylor. Fred's mother.



c-1952 Charles Cooper. Fred's father.

PATRICIA DONNELLY 1913-1994 ~ FREDERICK JAMES COOPER 1912- 1969.

Patricia was born on the 7th July 1913 at Burton Mill Lodge in the parish of Barlavington, West Sussex. Her mother Mary had traveled from South Africa with her two daughters Sheila and Mary Donnelly to visit her sister Cecelia and her husband Richard Long who was the gamekeeper for the Burton mill estate. The sisters had an unsettled past through their parents Austrian born Frederick Kozant and his Danish wife Mary Sarson. They met and married in Copenhagen, Frederick had sung in the Vienna boys choir as a lad and was ambitious to create a good life for himself, he and Mary settled for a while and in 1878 had their first daughter Cecelia. They emigrated to South Africa and on 5th February 1879 their second daughter Mary, Patricia's mother, was born. They lived in Delver Street Johannesburg when in 1884 their mother Mary died and not long after their father married for a second time. His new wife was a shopkeeper in Johannesburg but while the girls were still young she too died and Frederick turned to drink. His health deteriorated and he and his daughters were taken in by a convent where he died. The girls left the convent and Cecelia met and married Richard Long who was in the fire brigade, they had their first daughter Annie in 1897 before emigrating to England where he became the gamekeeper. Their second daughter Cecelia was born there in 1903 at Burton Mill lodge. They were a family sanctuary for Patricia later on in her teenage years. Mary Kozant was employed as a governess after she left the convent in a Colonel Shambroka's household. James Donnelly had emigrated from his home in the townland of Greagnadarragh, in the parish of Bailieborough, Ireland to look for a better life than the hard struggle of day to day farm life where he was the sixth child of eleven born to Patrick Donnelly and Mary Clarke. He tried but failed running a provisions store in his mother's old family homestead. James, a constable in the Transval police force in Johannesburg met and married Mary. Their son Patrick was born in 1904 but died in infancy. Daughters Sheila, 1906 and Mary, 1909 were then born there. Towards the end of 1912 they traveled overseas, James to visit his family in Gregnadarragh where he had returned to renovate his mother's Rakeevan home bought by his father for his son Patrick but changed his mind when his son married Ellen Armstrong the daughter of a man he hated. Mary traveled to England to visit her sister and family, their two sets of daughters meeting up for the first time they would have been of similar ages. She was expecting their third child at the time and gave birth early to another daughter Patricia in July 1913. At the time of her birth James was three days out at sea on his way back to South Africa so Mary made the voyage back with both daughters and her new born baby on her own. Patricia was nearly lost at sea during the voyage when the cot she was in slid across the top bunk of their cabin towards an open porthole, a steward was there and managed to grab the cot just before it went out and saved her life. James and Mary resumed their lives in South Africa until 1916 when James lost his job through ill health. Patricia was 3 years old but recalled living in a large house with servants before the family then had to leave and go to live in Ireland. James still trying to find a better life left his family to go to New York returning to take them out when he thought he had a chance. Patricia remembered the excitement of sailing into New York harbour and seeing the Statue of Liberty. They visited James's sister Lizzie who had married a Mr Bowen and later his brother Bernard who was also married and living in Brooklyn. The tall tenement buildings stayed in her memory. Their time there was short lived and after just one month his money ran out and they had no choice other than to return to Ireland. Of his ten siblings two Mary Anne and Michael had died of consumption, three had emigrated Maggie, Bernard and Lizzie to America although Lizzie returned after her husband had died. Brother Patrick had married and moved to England where his daughter Elizabeth was born in 1901 then returned to live on the bog farm in nearby Ballinamona. His remaining siblings Rose, Matthew, Francis and Ellen had moved from Granadarra Farm to live in the old family homestead where the store had been and lived out their days there with sister Lizzie. Rakeevan on their return in 1916 then became James and Mary's family home and farm. In 1918 their fourth daughter Cecelia was born, the only one to be born in Ireland. Patricia's childhood days there were the happiest she had known, she fondly remembered her days growing up on the farm and it's

environment, a loving father and mother, her sisters, aunts and uncles and cousin "Lilly" from the bog to play with. Her time spent in Edendugally school at the foot of the mountain and later in the junior school in Bailieborough were good and she studied and learnt well. Life was hard for her mother and father to provide for the family so Mary, her older sister, was taken to England to her sister's home in Burton Mill and work was found for her as a servant in a local big house, this was the start of Patricia's life being shattered.

In 1926 at the age of just 13 Patricia was taken to England to visit her aunt and sister but Mary complained to her mother that she was suffering from bad migraine headaches and could not do her work. The decision was taken on the spot and Patricia was left behind to become a scullery maid in the big house, her family life was over, it was never revisited. Life for her was then little more than slavery. She was made to work in the scullery washing by hand everything down to the women's rags. Cleaning and setting the fire places were the easiest tasks but if ever the two young daughters of the house tried to play with her their mother would scold Patricia in front of them and tell her that she was just a lowly servant girl and dared her never to get ideas above her station again. She was cruel and heartless. Patricia's only respite was in the times she was allowed a day off. She spent it with her aunt and uncle at nearby Burton Mill Lodge where she was born. Her cousins Annie and Cecelia became like big sisters to her and figured in her and her children's lives until the end of their days. The days were made even richer for her by her uncle Richard the gamekeeper, he took her with him all round the estate and let her spend time in the estate dairy watching the cows being milked but it was bitter sweet as it just made her yearn to be back home on the family's Rakeevan farm in Ireland, the ache in her heart never left her.

As time went by both Annie and Cecelia found employment as maids on the Elmleigh estate in Midhurst and were content with their way of life being with good employers who looked after them. Annie had married the gardener Arthur Birchill and lived in the Lodge house at the entrance off June Lane. Her aunt Cecelia eventually found better employment for Patricia as a maid in a big house owned by a family called Courtolds. They treated her better and showed interest in her family's past on her mother's side doing some research and discovering that her grandmother Mary Sarson was a descendant of Danish royalty albeit illegitimate. Patricia moved on and down to Westbourne near Emsworth in a house just on the way out north of the village. There were two lodges at the entrance and her room was in one. Probably at about 18 years of age she found employment at Harringtons in West Street, Havant as a shop girl and lived in a room above the shop. It was not long before she spotted a young sailor walking in the street below, it was Frederick James Cooper whose home was in his parent's nearby Clarendon Road house in the hamlet of Brockhampton. They met and on the 3rd June 1933 they married in St Joseph's Church, Havant.

Fred's love for the Navy started when he was a young schoolboy, he would wear his cadet uniform to school dreaming of being a sailor, maybe because his father had been conscripted into the army in 1915 when he was 3 and he did not see him again for 3 ½ years only knowing that he was overseas and at war. He was uprooted from his birth home at 26 Gwilym Street, Pontyprid, South Wales after the call came to enlist from the Cardiff Labour Exchange for his 38 year old father London born Charles Cooper who had been a coal miner in one of the thirteen local pits since 1909. Born in Balham, Streatham in 1877 he was the second child of six children and had left home in his early 20's to seek a better life than working as a labourer. He married Elizabeth Taylor in Beddington, Surrey where twins Charles and Elsie were born and died in 1903. Son Leonard William was born in 1906 in Hackney, then daughter Lilian Rose in Havant in 1909, they had moved to Wales to settle and find work for Charles as a miner. Fred was brought to Havant with his older brother William and sister Rose to start his new life. After a brief stay with her sister Annie in Nottingham, Elizabeth Taylor had returned to Havant and the hamlet of Brockhampton where her sister Ellen found her the terraced house 10 Clarendon Road to live in. Her father Samuel Taylor had been a parchment maker in Homewell works and had lived with his wife Anne Pinfold and their three daughters Elizabeth, Ellen and Annie in 16 Selbourne Road in the

hamlet across the road from her back garden so the area was her home town. Charles was transported from Cardiff to Southampton Common along with 1,200 other conscripts to serve in the Royal Engineers 5th Labour Corp as a Pioneer because he could handle a pick and shovel. After just two weeks of badly organized basic training his unit was shipped across the channel to Havre and then rail transported to Flanders battle fields to work on road and rail repairs never more than a mile away from the front line. It had been decided that they did not need to be armed and so endured almost daily bombardment, shellfire and gas fallout with just a pick, shovel and helmet to protect themselves with. A record of the war diaries of his unit are in the national archives and chart their day to day activities from conscription through to August 1917. Charles was hospitalised for two and a half months in early 1917 with damage to his foot. In August 1917 his unit was disbanded while still in France and were reenlisted into the newly formed 704 Labour Battalion which served until early 1919. It was declared to be unnecessary to keep war dairies for them but they were always working alongside the various battles of Flanders Field and the Somme. He returned to his family on 25th February 1919 with just an embroidered postcard souvenir and three Campaign medals.

Fred volunteered in September 1927 as a navy boy entrant and trained as a signal boy at St Vincent, then on HMS Curacoa and finally HMS Nelson on which his 18th birthday in May 1930 saw him enlisted as an Ordinary Signalman signing on for 12 years. When he met Patricia he was shore based at Victory and Dolphin in Portsmouth Harbour working on HMS Ross, he had qualified as a Signalman. On the 19th December 1933 just seven months after they married their first son Frederick Charles was born in her mother in laws house 10 Clarendon Road but by the October Fred had been drafted to Malta on the Destroyer HMS Blanche where he remained until July 1936 as part of the Mediterranean Fleet during the Palestine conflict. Patricia was unsettled with Fred away at sea, apart from a couple of friends she had made she felt alone and yearned to visit her family in Rakeevan. This she did when her son Freddy was a toddler and loved being back with her family. Her father James tried hard to let Patricia know how much they regretted what happened to her as a child and promised to put it right with a home being there for her whenever she needed it. She returned to England and in July 1936 Fred returned to shore base at Victory where he worked his way up to Leading Signalman by February 1938. They managed to rent a house together in Rectory Avenue, Farlington and on 7th July 1937 their second son Michael Patrick was born there. They were offered the chance to buy the house but in February 1938 Fred was drafted to Gibraltar on HMS Cormorant and he turned the house down.

Patricia did not want to stay behind so saved the money to pay for her and the boys to travel out to him and live in married quarters together. By March 1939 Fred had attained the rank of Acting Yeoman of Signals and life was good but the clouds of war were gathering over Germany and Patricia decided to leave for home and later go to Ireland with the boys to stay with her family on Rakeevan Farm. The outbreak of war was on 3rd September 1939 and Fred remained based on HMS Cormorant gaining promotion to Yeoman of Signals. Patricia Freddy and Michael settled and Rakeevan Farm became their way of life feeling safe and a million miles away from the war in Europe.

On the 8th January 1942 her life was shattered once again. She was in the kitchen with her mother and sons Freddy and Michael when they heard a thud on the yard outside. Michael ran out and when they followed they saw James Donnelly at the age of 66 lying lifeless on the ground, he had been repairing a leak on the house roof when he lost his grip on the damp slate tiles and slipped to his death. Her father was gone, the boys had lost the grandfather they had not long got to know and Mary was now a widow to the love of her life.

By the 27th of January Fred was transferred to Mercury shore base in Hampshire and given shore leave to go to his family in Ireland. He stayed as long as he could, helped with the work around the farm and got to know Patricia's nephews Mike, Frank and Tone Tully playing football with them in the lower meadow, a tale that old Mike loved telling to me in his later life. Patricia fell pregnant with their third child and stayed on with Freddy and Mike with her mother Mary in Rakeevan. Tragedy struck again that year in a cruel way for her. In early October heavily pregnant she was traveling with her sister

Sheila in a pony and trap to visit her sister Mary when something in the lane startled the pony making it rear up and they were thrown out. Patricia was taken home but on the 6th October 1942 her new born baby boy Nicholas died after just a couple of hours of his birth. He was buried at the foot of his grandfather's grave at old Teevurcher cemetery in the family plot of James's great grandfather Peter Donnelly. Fred was still based at Mercury and eventually Patricia and her sons returned to England and stayed at Fred's family home in Clarendon Road, Brockhampton. 1942 had been a devastating year for the family, young Freddie found it hard to adjust to his his new way of life and the loss of freedom to roam the farmlands of Rakeevan and the rigors of the country being at war affected them all.

In January 1943 they were trying for another child when Fred was assigned to the aircraft carrier HMS Indomitable which after sea trials sailed to the mediterranean to join Operation Husky as part of the Sicily Landings. His post as Yeoman of Signals was on the bridge under Captain Guy Grantham's command. Sailing out of Malta in battle formation to the Ionian Sea just after midnight on the morning of the 16th July an enemy plane had slipped unchallenged past the outlying ships and dropped a torpedo aimed at Indomitable. Taking emergency avoidance action it was hit as it heeled over on the underbelly amidship by the boiler room and a 28ft square hole was torn in it's side. Flooding was fast and the ship was listing at 12 degrees but Captain Grantham ordered counterflooding which righted it and saved it from sinking with what would have been a heavy loss of life. The ship was escorted back to Malta and on 30th July made a slow Atlantic crossing under escort to Norfolk Naval base in Virginia for a six months repair in dry dock.

On the 8th of November 1943 while Fred was still with the Indomitable in America, Patricia gave birth to their fourth son Brian Richard at his parents Charles and Elizabeth's terraced home 10 Clarendon Road in the hamlet of Brockampton, Havant. It was tough for Patricia with no home of her own and apart from Fred's family she only had a couple of friends nearby but she kept in touch with her cousins Annie and Ceclia Long and her sister Cecelia who was working in a big house in June Lane, Midhurst near Elmleigh estate where Annie, Cecelia and Arthur Burchil worked. It wasn't until the 25th of May 1944 that Fred left the Indomitable after it's return to England and was posted to Mercury in Hampshire again. Brian was six months old Freddie 10 years and Michael 6 years old. Life was tense between Patricia and Fred living with Charles and Elizabeth in the small terraced house they both stressed over the events of each of their their lives over the previous two years and with the thought of another overseas posting looming the future looked hard.

In September 1944 Fred was assigned to HMS Athene an old fashioned seaplane carrier based in Ceylon and on duty with the Eastern Fleet in the Indian Ocean to launch aircraft for the battles in Burma against the Japanese. He served on it as Yeoman of Signals until the 19th of February 1945 and was then posted back to Mercury shore base. One month later on the 21st of March 1945 he was assigned to HMS Anguilla a Frigate based at Eaglet in Liverpool which was on duty with the Russian Convoy operations. His fifth son Christopher John was born on the 3rd April. That was me.

Patricia moved from Fred's family home in Brockhampton with her three sons Freddy, Michael and Brian to have her fifth child in the relative safety of her cousin Annie and Arthur's home in the lodge of Elmleigh estate in Midhurst. It was another upheaval for the family but Freddy and Michael both attended and settled in the local school and Patricia had her close cousins Annie and Cecelia who were like sisters to help her. Her sister Cecelia was still in June Lane and had her young baby daughter Stella born from a wartime romance with an American soldier with her. The Lodge was small and cramped but they had the freedom to roam and the birth went smoothly. The bottom drawer of the chest of drawers served as the baby's cot, humble beginnings as they say.

HMS Anguilla was an escort fighting ship when Fred joined it as part of Operation Roundel the Arctic Convoy of the Navy to supply Russia with arms and equipment to and from the port of Murmansk in the Kola Inlet from the Barents Sea off northern Russia. Along with four other Frigates it was part of the 19th Escort group being deployed as submarine chasers to clear the notorious inlet of U-Boats. The return journey known as RA.66 convoy consisted of 27 unladen ships with an escort of 12 British Navy

fighting ships. On the night of 29th April Fred's 19th escort was sent out to the inlet to chase off the 14 German U-Boats waiting off the mouth. HMS Anguilla, Cotton, Loch Insh and Loch Shin sunk the U-268 and 307 but Frigate HMS Goodall was hit by torpedoes from U-Boat's U- 286 and 968 hitting the ammunition magazine and blowing up the forward part of the ship. The ship's Commander and 111 crew members were killed, the remaining sailors abandoned ship, 17 were rescued. Anguilla and two other Frigates HMS Cotton and HMS Loch Insh gave chase in line abreast formation and sank U-286 and put U-968 out of action. The following day the 30th of April it was HMS Anguilla that was sent out to sink the remains of HMS Goodall with shellfire, a task that weighed heavily on Yeoman of Signals Fred and the rest of the ship's crew. Soviet submarine chasers joined in driving off the remaining U-Boats and the RA.66 convoy returned safely to the Clyde estuary on the 8th of May 1945. This was the last wartime convoy to and from Russia, HMS Goodall and the German U-boats were the last sunk in World War 2.

On the 18th May Fred returned home and to Mercury base. With the war over Patricia, Freddy, Michael, Brian and baby Chris returned to Brockhampton where the old detached schoolhouse in the lane opposite the end of Selborne Road was rented out to them. The family settled in with Freddy going to Cowplain school, Michael to the local St Josephs school, Brian and Chris being looked after by their Gran Liz in nearby Clarendon Road while Patricia went out to work but within days on the 22nd of June Fred was assigned to the Minesweeper HMS Onyx based at Boscawen at Portland. The ship was deployed to clear the English Channel and southern North Sea from mines until the 1st of May 1946 when it was relocated to Port Edgar on the Firth of Forth to clear the North Sea along the British Coast. This took until the 5th of July 1947 when Fred rejoined Mercury base in Hampshire. Patricia had kept working and her sister Cecelia visited often with her daughter Stella. The boys had spent the two years with family to mix with, Fred's sister Rose and husband Len Newton lived in Clarendon Road with their six children Sheila, John, Jean, David, Marion and James, the hamlet had a lot of freedom to roam in the meadows, the old mill stream and the shore line at the end of Southmoor, Brockhampton Lane. On the 12th of August 1947 Fred was discharged from the Navy having reached the rank of Chief Yeoman of Signals. He had earned eight medals and two clasps for his campaigns and received a great reference from Rear Admiral Guy Grantham from his time on the bridge of HMS Indomitable and earlier on HMS Nelson expressing great admiration for him and stating that he wished he was still on bridge duty with him. He was enrolled in the Royal Fleet Reserve.

In 1947 a new estate was being built north of Havant and Patricia obtained the tenancy of one of the early houses to be built, 20 Woodlands Way. The family moved in and settled with Fred's brother Bill his wife Minnie and family Len, Mike, Margaret, Rosemary and Christine moving into the same road and later as the estate grew Rose and Len moved into 20 Bedhampton Way where their rear garden backed on to Bill's home so all three families could reach each other easily by cutting through the gardens and crossing Woodlands Way's small green to Patricia's home. Life was not at it's best with Pat and Fred, the events that Patricia had gone through over the war years with deaths and constantly being uprooted had saddened and frustrated her and the trauma of Fred's wartime experiences made him restless so much so that on the 21st of August 1949 he rejoined the Navy at the rank of signalman based at Victory and Mercury until the 9th of November the same year when as Yeoman of Signals he was assigned to HMS Terror Naval base in Singapore. He worked his way back up to the rank of Chief Yeoman of Signals and remained there until the 24th April 1952. It was a base of relaxation for Fred being the one in the heart of the huge Naval port where visiting ship's crew were accommodated and being based there permanently while working it gave him access to all recreations, facilities and pastimes on and around the base.

The difference in Patricia's lifestyle could not have been greater as she was left to bring up their four sons on her own, having to work as a cleaner at the nearby Naval establishment in Bartons Road, West Leigh to make ends meet. She took Chris and Brian down to Southampton Docks to greet him but bitterness gradually started to creep into their marriage after his return yet although tempestuous at

times over the coming years it never caused them to separate. Patricia's nephews Mike and Frank Tully had both come to visit their mother Sheila Donnelly's sister before they emigrated, Mike to Canada and Frank to New Zealand, they were fond of her Freddy and Michael remembering them from their time spent in Rakeevan. Kathleen their sister also visited regularly as well as both cousin Cecelia Long and sister Cecelia. She would still cycle down to Havant and leave Brian and Chris with Gran Liz in Clarendon Road while she worked right up until they had both started school at St Josephs in West Street by 1950. This had all helped Patricia to settle while Fred was away and she had friends in the road as well as relatives for her and the boys to mix with. Sunday morning church was a regular event followed by a breakfast for all of bacon, tomatoes and toast. Christmas always arrived early from the postman with a fresh oven ready turkey neatly stitched up in sacking from her mother Mary Kozant back home in her daughter Sheila's home in Ballinamony farm where she had eventually moved to after James had died. It was a short distance and within view of her Rakeevan farmhouse where Tone Tully had moved in order to run the farm for her. A large chicken would arrive in similar fashion shortly after in time for New Years day. In late 1953 Patricia moved house out of the cul-de-sac of Woodlands Way but only as far as the house opposite the end of the road, 14 Stockheath Way. The move was good for her and she Fred and the boys became family friends with their new neighbours Bob and Ivy Jones and their daughter Irene, they were to become involved with each other for life. Fred was based until December 1954 mainly at Mercury where Leydean had been bought by the Navy and converted to a telegraphy training unit, this was interspersed with a year spent at HMS Dolphin in Gosport the Submarine base. From the 3rd of January 1955 he was permanently based at HMS Cambria in Cardiff docks where he served the final years of his Naval career as an instructor in telegraphy reaching the rank of Chief Communications Yeoman before being demobbed on the 6th of May 1960 at the age of 48. In January 1957 Fred's mother Elizabeth Taylor died at the age of 86 his father Charles moved in to his daughter Rose's home in Bedhampton Way, shortly afterwards the Brockhampton Hamlet was demolished.

During the years in her Stockheath Way home life was hard working but settled for Patricia, Fred would come home on leave and for the first time there was a period in his life when he saw his son's growing up. Patricia still yearned to be back in her Rathkeevan home and during a couple of summers took Brian and Chris over to visit her mother and sister Sheila in their Ballinamony farm home. They would see her sister Cecelia and husband Charlie Cranston in their Kells home on the journey from and to Dublin Docks. The boys loved the way of life on the family farms and helped with the work in the fields with Uncle Anthony Tully and cousin Tone. It was a hard living for Sheila's family but the warmth and family bonding during their stays was second to none. Back home in Havant Patricia's family would visit from time to time, niece Kathleen and her husband Johnny McGauran would come down on holiday from Clapham in London where they had moved to from Ireland to find work, cousin Cecelia from Midhurst was a regular visitor and Patricia would take the boys to visit Annie and Arthur in Elmleigh Lodge having tea in the large house and playing cricket on the lawns. The saddest visit was to Burton Mill Lodge with Fred, Brian and Chris to visit Annie while she was looking after uncle Dick Long who was in his last days of life. Michael served a carpenter apprenticeship with Carrols in Havant and Freddy was a trainee Architect in a firm by the Guildhall in Portsmouth. They were both called up for national service, Michael in the RAF where he was posted to Cyprus as an air frame fitter and Freddy, after being allowed time to become a fully fledged architect, also joined the RAF. They had both married, Mike to Wendy Bettesworth an Emsworth girl on the 12th of July 1958 and Freddy to Jill Melvyn a Hayling girl on the 26th of May 1956. Freddy and Jill were soul mates and shared his love of playing football for Havant Rovers watched regularly by Bob Jones and his daughter Irene in Havant Park. Cousin John Newton was his best friend and played for rivals Havant Town. Freddy's biggest love was his Norton 600 motorbike and went everywhere with Jill on it especially fishing both freshwater and seashore. In early 1959 they leased their first home a small cottage in New Cut Lane, Hayling Island it was putting down blissful roots to them.

On the 7th of May 1959 while at Warblington School for Brian and Chris's parents day, Patricia was called into the headmaster's office and told that her son Freddy at the age of 25 had been killed in a road accident on a country road near High Wycombe. He was on his motorbike when he was hit head on by a lorry, he died instantly.

Patricia's heart was ripped out and her lifetime belief in the church and Sunday worship was over. In that summer she took Brian and Chris over to Ireland to see her sisters Cecelia and Mary and to stay for a few weeks with Sheila and her mother on Ballinamony farm, she found comfort in seeing and remembering the fields and farmhouse of Rakeevan where Freddy had loved playing as a toddler in 1935 and later as a young boy of seven and eight lost himself in farm life with his brother Michael. It was to be the last time she saw her mother, Mary Kozant died on the 16th of March 1962, in Patricia's mind it was the end of her own family life in Ireland.

Back home in England her first grandchild Ashley had been born on the 26th of May to Michael and Wendy, the first of six to be born to her sons over the next decade. She carried on working at the nearby admiralty base until 1960 when Fred was discharged from the Navy, he received enough compensation payment to put down a deposit on their own home. The family said a sad goodbye to their friends and neighbours the Jones family in Stockheath Way and moved to 48 Selangor Ave, Emsworth.

Cousin Cecelia Long visited often and Patricia would take the family to see her and Annie who were employed as housemaids on a large house in Milland where Arthur was the gardener. Kathleen and Johnny McGauren also visited aunty Patty as well as her sister Cecelia. In 1962 Patricia and Fred moved again just down the road to the detached bungalow No 109, it was to be their last home.

Michael and Wendy had their second child Kerry on the 16th of December 1960 then Jacqueline on the 17th of May 1967. Brian married Susan Ryan in 1965, he joined the police force and settled in Fareham where they had three children, Adele, Warren and Russel. Chris after getting his first car in 1965 revisited Bob Ivy and Lesley Jones in Stockheath Way where he met their daughter Irene again, they had their first date on New Years eve and married on the 3rd of June 1967 just five months after the death of Fred's father Charles at the age of 89. Their first home was at 7 Farm View Avenue, Clanfield where on the 7th of November 1968 their first son Andrew was born. Fred made a big fuss of him, it was his sixth grandchild and after Russel was born in December they were the last ones he saw.

Fred found it hard to settle in work after his Navy life and in 1963 joined the merchant navy for Cunard Line. He served as Master at Arms on the last two voyages of the Queen Mary to and from New York then for four on the Mauretania, finishing in 1965. Eventually he found employment on Thorney Island with the RAF base. He started as a batman to the officers who had great respect for him, he then worked in the battery house and was at last satisfied with his life. He had bought and learned to ride a Lambretta Scooter and went everywhere on it, turning up unexpected at everyone's house that he new. On the 21st of February 1969 he was riding over to Clanfield to see Chris and Irene in the evening when just before reaching the notoriously bad bend on the country road dropping down into Horndean he was hit head on by a motorist coming out of the bends towards him. He was rushed to St Marys Hospital in Portsmouth but died that same night he was only 56 years old. The car driver was later found guilty of causing death by dangerous driving but fined just £30 and lost her licence for a year.

At his funeral in Warblington Cemetery the RAF gave him a graveside military salute with rifle fire as a mark of respect for what he had gone through in his service career, a fitting and proud end to his life and lifelong love of the Navy. In 2016 Frederick Cooper was posthumously awarded the Arctic Star. The following year Patricia visited her family in Ireland but the troubles had started and after passing through a remote country border post with her sister and nephew Tone a bomb exploded and destroyed it, she never went back after that. Michael and Wendy with their three children had in the early 70's moved to Hayling then on to Brockenhurst and finally to Ash Vale near Aldershot. Chris and Irene had their second and third sons Paul on the 10th of October 1970 and Michael on the 25th of July 1973. In August 1976 they moved to Highland Road in Emsworth following a three month stay with Nan Coops while waiting for their new home to finish being built. She called in to see them regularly on Thursdays

after cycling down to Emsworth to do her shopping bringing either home made chocolate cornflakes or toffee squares for the boys. She spent summer holidays and bank holidays with the family and Bob and Ivy and still had visits from cousin Cecelia who the family had always called aunty, and a second visit from Frank Tully and Jeanette, life was lonely but her garden was a haven she could lose herself in. In 1975 Brian developed a cancerous terminal tumour on his brain, there was nothing that could be done for him, Patricia could do no more than watch her son succumb to the disease and after four long years he died on the 26th of April 1979 aged just 36. Patricia's spirit never recovered from this but she carried on calling in on Chris and Irene and had the odd visit from her sister Cecelia from Ireland. Annie and Arthur both passed away and then sadly her cousin Cecelia Long died bringing to an end those close family ties that had been so important to her in her life. Her sister Sheila passed away in May 1981 aged 75 and Anthony Tully in June 1983, sister Mary and Edward Fleming both died in 1986 leaving just Patricia and Cecelia as the last of the Donnelly family. She went on holiday with Chris and Irene first to a farmhouse in Abergavenny, South Wales then to St Ives in Cornwall but she was always glad to get home to the sanctuary of her home and garden. Bob Jones friend and family since the mid 1950's died in March 1990 and Ivy five years later in 1995 but their and Patricia's grandson Paul had met Kim Clarke and on the 6th of June 1992 they married which gave her the chance at the wedding to see all six of her grandsons. It was a good day for her. In the last years of her life she suffered several strokes but clung on to staying in her own home till the last. On the 12th of January 1994 at the age of 80 Patricia died at home, her ashes were buried on her husband Fred's grave in Warblington Cemetery, she had survived him by 25 years.



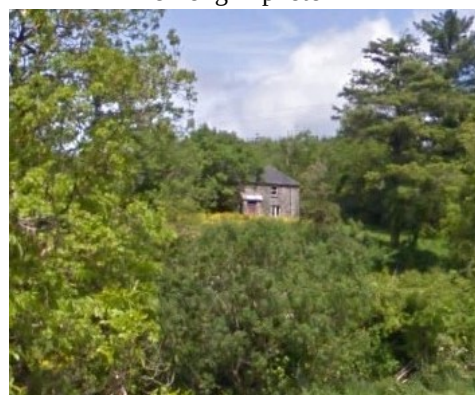
26 Gwilym Street, Pontypridd
where Fred was born



Burton Mill Lodge where Patricia was born
Annie Long in photo



Brockhampton Hamlet where Fred lived from 3 years old until he was 15. His back garden is seen through the gap in the first row of houses the second house in from the right. His school is top right.



Rakeevan farmhouse Patricia's home
from 3 years old until she was 13.



c-1905 Annie and Celie Long



c-1940 Celie Kozant and daughters Annie and Celie.



c-1920 Richard Long.



c-1935 Annie and Arthur Burchill.



c-1900 Mary Kozant.



c-1916 James and Mary Donnelly daughters Sheila Mary and Patricia.



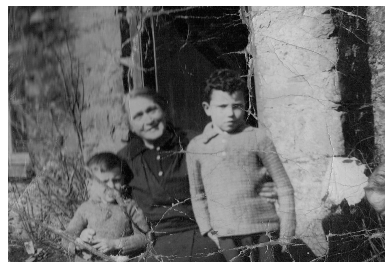
c-1940 Celie Donnelly Patricia Freddy and Michael.



c-1960 Mary Kozant, Sheila and Anthony Tully.



c-1941 James, Patricia, Freddy, Michael. Rakeevan Farmhouse.



c-1941 Mary, Freddy, Michael. Rakeevan Farmhouse.



c-1942 Mary and Patricia. Rakeevan Farmhouse.



c-1941 James, Michael, Freddy pony and trap.



c-1941 Patricia Donnelly, Freddy and Michael. Rakeevan.



c-1941 Freddy and Michael in Rakeevan.



c-1954 Tone, Sheila, Chris and Brian. Ballinamony.



c-1956 Mary, Eddy, P.J. Shaun, Gerald and Chris.



c-1956 Anthony, Sheila Tone. Ballinamony



1959 Anthony, Brian Fleming, Sheila, Brian, Gran and Patricia. Ballinamony Farmhouse.

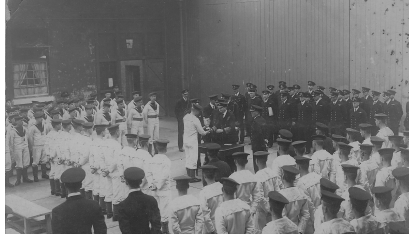


c-1928 Brockhampton Hamlet. Three roads, on the left Selbourne, central Clarendon, on the right School, all go up to Brockhampton Lane one end and are surrounded by fields the other. The bottom left Selbourne house No 16 was the home of Samuel Taylor's family, the field to the left is full of drying skins for the parchment and tannery works. Second from bottom Clarendon house with garden backing on to Selbourne road is the family home of Charles Cooper. Fred's sons Freddy and Brian were born there. Bottom right is the school attended by Fred. Directly opposite the end of Selbourne road is the detached school house that Patricia rented from 1945 to 47. Ellen Taylor lived the other side of the road to Elizabeth in

house No 11 Clarendon road, their mother Anne Pinfold had lived there with Ellen after Samuel had died until her death in 1914. Sister Rose was born there. No. 10 was second from the barns running across to Selbourne road. Fred's sister Rose and husband Len Newton lived with their family on the other side of Clarendon road so both sets of children played in the meadows and water mill stream further down at the end of the footpath passing by the back of the school. The hamlet was home to the family from c-1875 to 1952 when gran Elizabeth died and Charles moved to Bedhampton Way.



c-1922 Fred front row in Navy uniform C of E school in School Road.



c-1930 Fred receiving passing out award at St Vincent training base, Gosport.



c-1938 Patricia, Freddy and Michael Married quarters Gibraltar.



c-1938 Michael and Freddy. Gibraltar Fred, Freddy and Michael.



c-1946 Brian and Chris school house Brockhampton Lane



c-1946 Michael, Brian Freddy on front wall of school house.



c-1948 Chris with back of Grans at side of man.



c-1945 Celie, Stella, Freddy, Chris, Kath, Kay Dautry, Patricia, Brian. Budds wall.



Fred, Chris and Freddy.



Water mill and stream where the hamlet children played. David Newton, Rose Cooper's son saved Chris when he went under the deep water while fishing for minnows as a toddler.



c-1946 Chris and Brian.



c-1946 Chris.



1953 Coronation street party in Woodlands Way. Fifth adult standing from left is Minnie Cooper, then Patricia. Eight further along is Fred with Chris and Brian in front of him. Their house No 20 is attached to the top right one but out of the photo.



c-1949 Chris standing Brian on the right. 20 Woodlands Way.



c-1952 Patricia, Chris Brian. Woodlands Way.



c-1958 Bob Jones and Freddy looking down Woodlands Way.



c-1956 Chris, Patricia and Brian 14 Stockheath Way.



c-1957 Fred, Brian and Chris.



c-1958 Ivy Jones and Lesley. Over the back garden fence.



c-1957 Chris, Brian, Butch Irene Jones and Valery.



c-1957 Freddy and Jill Melvyn.



c-1958 Freddy fishing Langstone Harbour.



c-1958 Freddy in motorbike gear.



c-1959 Freddy in his works office.



c-1958 Freddy and Jill.



c-1955 Michael on National Service.



c-1960 Fred, Ashley, Patricia Michael and Wendy.



1960 Chris, Patricia Brian and Fred. No 48



1960 Michael, Ashley Wendy. 48 Selangor Ave



c-1956 Charles Cooper at Sheila Newton's wedding. From left John, Grandad, ? Marion, Robert, Sheila, Rose, James, Len, Arthur, Jean, David.



1958 Celie Long, Chris and Brian at Michael and Wendy's wedding.



c-1962 Brian and Ashley on Chris's Francis Barnett motorbike. No 48.



1960 Patricia in back garden of her and Fred's first home of their own. 48 Selangor Avenue, Emsworth.



1965 Brian and Sue on honeymoon.



c-1964 Fred, Chris, Ashley, Kerry, Mick, Wendy, Sue, Brian.



1966 Chris and Irene.



1968 Patricia, Irene and Fred in back garden of 109 the summer before he died.



1969 Brian, Warren, Sue, Russel Frank, Jacky, Wendy, Pat, Irene, Andy, Chris, Adele, Kerry and Ashley.



1975 Brian, Patricia, Chris. Clanfield after family holiday together.



1977 Patricia, Irene, Ivy, Bob, Andrew, Mike and Paul. Highland Rd, Emsworth.



1978 Patricia, Irene, Mike, Paul and Andrew. Abergavenny holiday.



1988 Grandchildren Warren, Ashley, Andrew, Paul, Russel, Mike, Kerry and Jacqueline.



c-1984 Mike, Paul, Patricia (Nan Coops), Andrew. 72 Highland Road.



c-1983 Patricia and Ivy, while on holiday in St Ives with Chris, Irene and Mike.



1992 Patricia with Warren, Ashley, Russel and Mike at Paul's wedding.



c-1944 Fred.



HMS Indomitable. Sicily Landings.



HMS Anguilla. Russian Convoy.



c-1952 Fred.



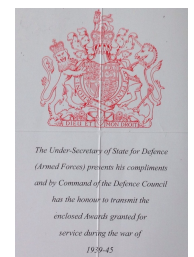
1914-1915 Star. British War Medal. Victory Medal.



Souvenir postcard. Patchwork of allied flags. Britain, Belgium, France, and America.



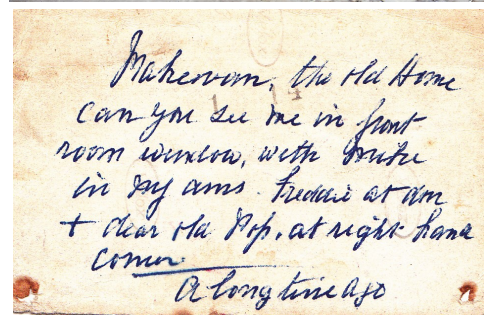
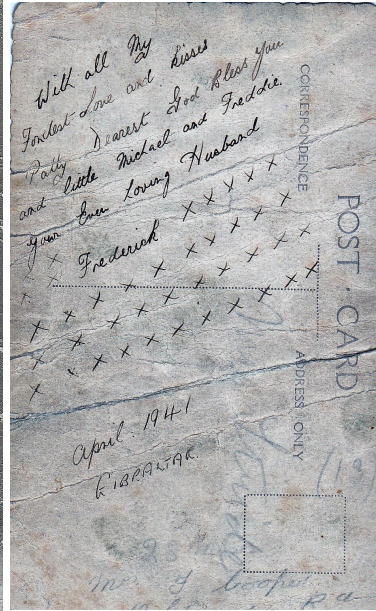
Chief Yeoman of Signals Frederick Cooper's medals. Service medal with 1936-1939 Palestine and 1945-1951 Minesweeping clasps, 1939-1945 Star, Atlantic Star, Burma Star, Italy Star, Defence Medal, War Medal, Long Service and Good Conduct Medal. Posthumous Arctic Star.



Pioneer Charles Cooper Royal Engineers 5th Labour Battalion, C Comp. Flanders Fields. All he had to show for his time at war.

FOOTNOTE

Life comes and goes for all of us and however long it may be for it is full of many human emotions experienced by everyone. One of them is the deep love some of us are fortunate to find between two soul mates. Fred and Patricia found it and committed themselves to it. Only cruel life put a strain on it. Fred changed his religion for Patricia so she would marry him in the Catholic church of St Josephs and Patricia smitten by her seafarer put her life's love and trust in him to find happiness at last. This love for each other is clear from these two photos corresponded to each other during those two life defining years of 1941 and 1942 when Fred was on the eve of warfare and Patricia had experienced the death of her father.



With all my fondest love and kisses Patty Dearest. God bless you and little Michael and Freddie. Your ever loving Husband Frederick. April 1941 Gibraltar.

Rakeevan the old home, can you see me in front room window with Mike in my arms. Freddie at door + dear old Pop, at right hand corner. A long time ago.



Freddie and Mike in Rakeevan. Their much loved sons.



c-1947 Patricia with her family that were so important to her for most of her life. Annie and Celie Long, Celie Donnelly, Patricia, Arthur Burchil, Brian, Chris, Mike, Freddy with an unknown girl and Stella. Elmleigh Estate, Midhurst where Chris was born. We played cricket on the lawns while Fred was clearing our coastal waters of mines.