

*Eileen*  
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**Date:** Wednesday, March 10, 2004 02:25AM  
**Subject:** Re: Margaret Dies in this one

Dear Brenda,

Oh my God. What a sad but beautiful entry and tribute to her mother that Viola wrote. Margaret must have been a wonderful mother to her children. And your grandmother, Viola was a deep woman with a value system to have written such an entry about her Mother Margaret, wife of Harry Stoy, mother of Marian, Viola, Blanche, Leon, Margaret, and Lillian. Such sensitivity. The Stoy's are record keepers...

I have been trying to get the time to explain Marian's story to you, as I have related it to Ann and Bob. Amazingly, reading the diary entry entitled "Margaret Dies in this One", gives Marian's story relevance.

Here goes.

I was told Marian died, committed suicide, by turning the gas stove on in the kitchen while her six week old daughter, Madeline Margaret Pollick, lay in her bassinet and her five year old son, Frank Pollick, Jr., was with her in the kitchen. This story was told to my mother, Madeline Pollick, Marian's daughter by Frank Pollick, Sr's two sisters who raised their sister-in-law's children, Frank and Madeline Pollick. When Marian was found in the kitchen, Frank, Jr. was lying next to his mother.

My mother was raised by Madeline and John Andrews and Mary Blake, Frank Pollick, Sr's sisters and brother-in-law. She grew up believing she was John and Madeline Pollick Andrews' child. She was told Frank Pollick, Sr was her uncle and Frank Pollick, Jr (who did not immediately join the home) was her cousin. Frank, Jr lived with his father for a while after his mother's death. Eventually Madeline Andrews took him in. My mother did not learn the truth until her pending marriage in 1947. There was no contact from the Stoy family until Jan. 1948 when Frank Pollick, Jr died in the army, was viewed at McCann's Funeral home in Gloucester City. At his viewing, two Stoy sisters came into the funeral home, paid their respects to Frank, Jr. but never approached my mother or Marian's sister-in-law who raised her children. My mother remembers one of them saying, "there she is.", referring to my mother.

Madeline Andrews and Mary Blake, Frank Pollick, Sr's sisters told this story: Marian supposedly eloped with Frank Pollick, Sr. by climbing out her bedroom window. Her father was not happy about her marrying Frank and disowned her. Marian and her mother were very close and remained close until Margaret's death just before my mom was born. (The disowning part is questionable in my mind due to the fact Marian and Frank lived on Crystal Lake Ave between Mary Stoy, Harry's mother, Marian's grandmother and Harry Stoy, Marian's father for a while, according to the 1920 census.) However, there could have been a falling out between Harry and Marian, at some point. Marian, Frank Sr, Frank, Jr, and Lillian wound up living on Somerset St. in Gloucester City, NJ. Margaret would visit with a kettle of beer. Marian loved her mother. Marian had a piano in this house and loved to play it. Here is where things begin to deteriorate. Marian's daughter, Lillian died of Meningitis. I am not sure of dates, yet. Margaret, Marian's mother dies, Aug 03, 1924, Marian gives birth to my mother Madeline on November 24, 1924. Marian commits suicide, Jan 10, 1925. My mother was told in 1947, Marian suffered from post partum depression and a broken heart. Losing her four year old daughter to meningitis and her mother were all too much for her. (And now to find out Margaret died from cancer, how painful for Marian and all the children)

And Brenda, Viola had your Mom on Nov. 8, 1924. So the two sisters were pregnant at the same time. Your mom and my mom were first cousins and could have had a relationship, had things been different. And poor Viola lost her mother just before giving birth, also. She probably wrote the diary entry

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while pregnant with your mom.

I live ten miles/ten minutes from Crystal Lake Ave. in Haddonfield. Everytime I have had to drive through the area, I would feel uneasy, wanting to stop in the Historical Society building to research the family. Responsibilities always took precedence. I find it hard to believe I have found you three cousins and Marian. In my wildest dreams, I never imagined getting so close to everyone. Marian has always been a mystery to me, but someone I felt affection toward. I never judged her for what she did, just wanted to know her. It must have been so painful for her to lose a daughter and her mother. But through Viola's words and eyes we can see how sensitive they were and how much in Viola's words their Mother was loved. It is so wonderful that the diary was written and preserved all these years.

I still just can not believe we have found each other.

Thank you.

Cousin Eileen