



Eric Francis Taylor
1898 – 1915

Newfoundland Royal Navy Reserve

Eric Francis Taylor was my uncle, an uncle I had never seen but heard a lot about from my mother. She loved her brother and was so proud of him. Eric was eleven years of age when my mother, his baby sister was born. Wilfred, his older brother by nine years never had a sibling close to his age to play with.

As a young boy, he had dreams of the priesthood, as mom said he quite often went about the house preaching. Mom remembers him often saying, "Eric Francis Taylor, a fine name, a lovely name, Eric Francis Taylor". I have often wondered if the reason for this was that his name slipped off the tongue like a nursery rhyme or was he that proud to be named for people he loved and cared for.

The Call of Service to King and Country was sounded and young Eric heard it loud and clear. That then became his present calling: to fight for Freedom. Unfortunately he was too young to enlist and yet some of his friends were signing up to do their patriotic duty. He felt he was being left behind, and that was not for him, and so he signed up along with his friends. Luckily or not so lucky for Eric, the officers of the day did little to check on the true ages of the men (boys really) enlisting, so Eric, although under age for service was still accepted.

At home, there was a feeling sorrow yet also pride by his parents, John Joseph Taylor and Keziah Anthony Taylor, who now had to deal with the leaving of their son to go to war. His only sister, still a small child was too young to realize the dangers of war or how long it would be before they would see him again.

Yes, indeed, it would be a long wait and that day never came. As time passed, news of his death, from contracting meningitis from a fellow crew member on the ship HMS Victory VI reached my grandparents. They were devastated with the loss and my mom, Hettie Alexandra Taylor Morgan, never saw her beloved brother again.

His older brother Wilfred Taylor was studying at Bishop Field School in St. John's, preparing to leave for Mc Gill University to enter the Priesthood. No doubt this different loss added more stress to such a bereaved family. Eric, a serious yet happy child and young man was never forgotten. His memory lived bright and strong in his family. After the death of his parents, it lived on with both his brother and my mom. Today the tradition is continues through his niece, Hope Yvonne Erwin-Knox (Morgan), her family and I, Florence Muriel Morgan-Thom, my husband Barry, our daughter Alexandria, grandchildren Story & Mason. His great nephew Andrew Taylor and Andrew's two children.

A couple of years ago our granddaughter Story, did an article on Eric for Remembrance Day at her school in Ontario. Eric is remembered daily and on special occasions, such as Memorial Day, The Union Jack, Forget-me-nots and a wreath are always laid in his honour.

About Eric's family:

Parents: John Joseph Taylor 1855

Keziah Anthony Taylor 1867

Siblings: Rev'd Wilfred born 1889 -

Florence Marion 1891 died as a child

Harvey 1901 died as a child

Reginald 1903 died as a child

Eric born 1898 died 1915

Hettie Alexandria Taylor Morgan, my mother,
1909 - 1997

Eric was born in Port de Grave and baptised at
St. Luke's, Church of England.

He trained on the HMS Calypso, a vessel that
had a crew of 26 instructors and could carry 300
men. He then went on the HMS Victory VI,
where he died, on March 14, 1915.

In 1902 the Warship, Calypso was sent to
Newfoundland to become a training ship for the
Newfoundland Royal Navy Reserve.

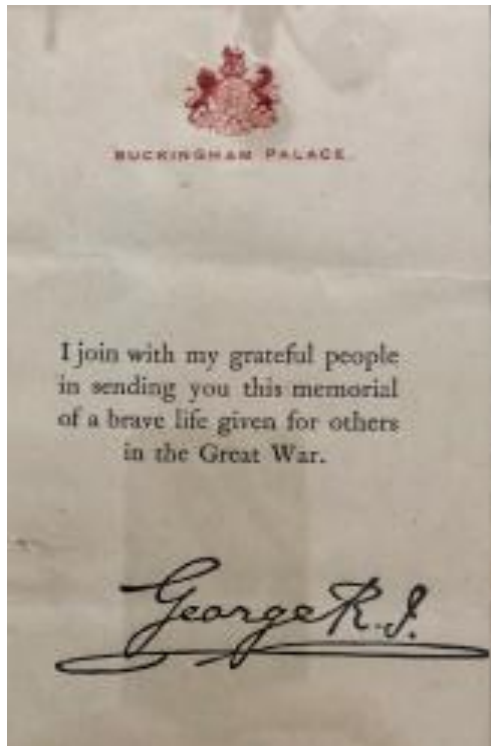
Eric Francis Taylor, Seaman, service number
1183X, died after contacting Meningitis and was
buried in Glasgow Western Necropolis, H1444D

These photos show some of the items the
family have cherished over the years.

His name has faded on some, if look closely you
can see it.

By: niece Florence Morgan-Thom





Eric's Headstone in Glasgow Western Necropolis Cemetary

