

Mrs E. Wellwood Dies in Hospital Early Sunday A.M.

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Mrs. Elizabeth Wellwood is dead.

The 75-year-old colored woman who believed so devotedly in the old sentiment "be it ever so humble, there's no place like home" never realized she had left her home and entered the General and Marine Hospital, where she died early Sunday.

Mrs. Wellwood lived for many years in a ramshackle shack on the eastern outskirts of the city near 20th street. Once a stable, the crumbling building was a poor excuse for shelter. Yet it was her home and she steadfastly refused to leave it.

In the fall of 1950 a campaign headed by W. H. Brown of this city raised enough money to build a new house for Mrs. Wellwood. She lived in the building, at the end of 9th Ave. E. on the hill overlooking the bay until last Friday.

Mrs. Wellwood became ill three weeks ago. Her friends, including Mr. Brown, urged her to leave her home and go somewhere where she could receive better care. She refused. The place was her home, she said, and she would remain there until her death. Mr. Brown engaged a neighbour to visit Mrs. Wellwood's home each morning and afternoon and light the fires. The neighbor missed Friday afternoon and Friday evening, another neighbour found the elderly lady on the floor where she had collapsed.

When Mr. Brown was informed of the situation, he sent an ambulance to the little house and had Mrs. Wellwood rushed to the hospital. She never regained consciousness. Commented Mr. Brown: "It's as it should be."

Mrs. Wellwood's father, the late Elias Earll, was one of Owen Sound's early colored citizens who bought property and settled here over a century ago. Her husband, the late Robert Wellwood had owned the land where the old ramshackle shack stood and the land where the new house was erected.

Pride kept Mrs. Wellwood from entering the County Home. She always wanted to keep her privacy and to keep free of "charity". She was afraid of the "poor house". And she also feared living with other people, strangers.



Above is a view of the “home” of Mrs. Elizabeth Wellwood.... When it rains, as it often does these days, the roof provides very little protection. An umbrella keeps part of her cot dry, though if it rains hard, Mrs. Wellwood has to get under the umbrella herself. The shack was formerly a stable, built by her late husband. Mrs. Wellwood, 73, gets the Old Age Pension but is fearful of being put in the County Home, or even one of the several homes in the city where she could stay in return for her pension. Rather she wants a small but weather proof shack of her own where she can have her privacy and keep free from what she considers “charity”.