

A DRIVER and WEATHERHEAD family history

Silsden, West Yorkshire, England

Tracing the story of two Silsden families, through six generations of change

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Appendix 9

Freemasonry and the Driver membership

As teenagers, Arthur's grandchildren, generation T, were shown the lovely brown leather suitcase with the items shown here but with little explanation and with little awareness of the importance that our relatives held within this organisation.



With the help of Martin Stray, Provincial Librarian and Archivist of the West Riding, Yorkshire, Order of Freemasonry, the following information has been discovered.

Masons are men who have joined a fraternity, and who refer to themselves as Freemasons. The main

principles of Freemasonry insist that each member show tolerance, respect and kindness in his actions toward others; practises charity and care for the community as a whole; and strives to achieve high moral standards in his own personal life. Honour and integrity are at the core of the Masonic belief system. Members are obligated to practise self-control and treat the people around them with respect, regardless of their own personal opinion of that person.

To become a member, a candidate must satisfactorily meet all the specific criteria.

He must be:

- At least the minimum age required by that particular Lodge,
- be of good morals and good reputation,

- believe in a Supreme Being,
- he must apply of his own free will, and
- be unanimously elected by the Lodge members.

At formal events, Freemasons wear regalia to denote which Lodge they belong to and wear jewels in recognition of their role and contribution to Freemasonry.

Freemasons do a lot of work for charities, including holding and participating in various fundraising activities within the community.

Research shows that Freemasonry had been an aspect of life for a few Driver men from the late 19th century. William Driver, generation P, his son Frank, and Frank's nephews Arthur and Frank Littledale were all Masons. Records show that none of William's or Frank's siblings were Freemasons and neither was John, William's father. There is no reference to Weatherheads becoming members.

William Driver. Born 1819. Died 1878. Generation P

For the most part, Freemasons in the Craven area attended the Royal Yorkshire Lodge in Keighley, until 1860 when the Craven Lodge in Skipton was formed.

William, nail manufacturer, first became a Freemason in 1871 at the age of 52, and a little surprisingly he was initiated into the Prince George Lodge at Eastwood near Todmorden (No 308). It was a long distance to travel, about eighteen miles. In the three years that he was a member he rose to the rank of Worshipful Master. William never joined Skipton's Craven Lodge. It may be that the oil painting of William showing him with a watch chain and a compass and set square, the Freemason's emblem, see Narrative 19, was commissioned when he held the rank of Worshipful Master.

In 1874 William withdrew from Todmorden and became a member of the Royal Yorkshire Lodge in Keighley (No 265), a journey of four or five miles, and we note that William made his last payment to this Lodge in 1877 and

died in 1878 at the age of 68. We have no more details about his role within the organisation.

Frank Driver. Born 1868. Died 1835. Generation Q

Frank Driver, William's sixth son, was 10 years old when his father died. Did he remember his father going out to Freemason meetings? What decisions did he make when choosing which lodge to join? Both William and Frank lived in Silsden all their lives, and the reasons for William to initially join Todmorden and later change to Keighley and why his son, Frank, joined the Craven Lodge in Skipton are not known.

It was in 1900 that Frank became a Freemason. He was initiated into Skipton's



Craven Lodge (No 810) on 28/9/1900 at the age of 32. In 1910 Frank, aged 42, stood alongside his fellow Freemasons to celebrate 50 years of Freemasonry at Craven Lodge. The photograph was taken at Skipton Castle, the home of Lord Hothfield, on 24th June 1910. Frank is standing second from the right.

It is interesting to reflect that just 4 years after this photograph was taken these men would be discussing the impending WW1 and fund raising, and some years later would be marking the loss of five sons of the Lodge members and responding to the consequences of WW1 on their community. The ending of WW1 in 1918 witnessed a resurgence in all branches of masonry, with at least 50 new lodges being consecrated in the Province of West Yorkshire. Craven shared enthusiastically in this newly awakened interest.

On 26th January 1912, ten years after joining the Lodge, Frank was made Master of the Craven Lodge. After his one year of office he became a Past



Master and was given one of the Officer positions, that of Director of Ceremonies. It is interesting to read that Frank was described as a talented cellist, and at Lodge formal dinners, called festive boards, he would sometimes provide musical entertainment.

Having been 'raised to' (enrolled in) Minerva Lodge in London (No. 3346) six years previously (1914), he became Master of Minerva Lodge in 1920 at the age of 52. This was the same year as his nephew Arthur and his brother-in-law Albert Hill joined Craven Lodge.

Craven Lodge publications stated that 'Barnoldswick members of the Lodge are in urgent need of a new lodge at Barnoldswick'. Craven Lodge offered full support and on 26/12/1919 a petition was presented. So, a new Mark Lodge, named Faith, Hope and Charity Lodge was consecrated in 1920 in Barnoldswick, Lodge No. 4102, and hence it is a 'daughter lodge' of Craven Lodge. Barnoldswick is nine miles to the SW of Skipton and 15 miles west of Silsden. Frank, in 1920, signed up along with two other cotton manufacturers. Charley Henry Fletcher from Silsden and Driver Ralston Nelson from Nelson and so, to use the Masonic terminology, they were 'raised to' that Lodge.

Frank remained a member of these three Lodges, Craven in Skipton, Minerva in London, and Faith, Hope and Charity in Barnoldswick, until his death in 1935.

The Minerva Lodge meetings in 1920 were held at Café Royal, Regent Street, London.

However, a new Freemason' Hall was built in Great Queen Street in London to commemorate the Brethren who had died in the Great War 1914-1918, and in 1923 the Minerva Lodge meetings were moved to this new facility.

After being Master of Minerva Lodge, in 1924 Frank was rewarded with London Grand Rank, the London equivalent of Provincial Grand Rank. Every Masonic Lodge has a Master, two Wardens, a secretary and a treasurer



plus many other officer positions which have names that may vary between lodges.



By this time Frank was an important Freemason both in Yorkshire and London. Throughout his masonic life he made a significant contribution to the Order, he was highly regarded and respected. He was very busy within the organisation and lodges until his death in 1935.

Through the 1920s Frank continued to take on more responsibilities. He was so highly regarded that his first Provincial appointment of West Yorkshire Province was that of Provincial Senior Grand Deacon in 1924, then the highest first appointment possible. This was quickly followed by a sequence of different honours within the Provisional Grand Lodge of West Yorkshire;

1926 - Past Provincial Senior Grand Warden

1927- Junior Vice Chairman West Riding Masonic Charity Committee

1929 – Senior Vice Chairman West Riding Masonic Charity Committee.

1931 – Chairman West Riding Masonic Charity Committee.

In addition, Frank was a life member. To be a life member you needed to contribute £300.

Within many of the craft or blue Lodges there are Chapters of a higher degree of masonry and their members are known as Royal Arch Masons. On 16/10/1924, at Craven Royal Arch Chapter No 810 Skipton, W. Bro (Worshipful Brother) Frank Driver was proposed and seconded for Membership of the Chapter. He was exalted (his membership was confirmed) at the age of 56 on 16/4/1925. Rather than the single honour of being Master as in a Lodge, within Royal Arch there are three progressive honours to achieve and Frank realised the second of these on 29th December 1931. Mark masonry, like Royal Arch, is an 'appendant' higher degree of masonry, having Mark Masons with their governing body being the Grand Lodge of Mark Master Masons. There were links and close ties between the Mark Lodge at Barnoldswick and Royal Arch Chapter in Skipton and it is reported that the Chapter has always had a strong contingent of members from Barnoldswick.

Frank's talents were recognised by those responsible for the collection and disbursement of masonic charity. During his Chairmanship the Province was 'in Festival'. This meant that during a set period of five years, the Province raised funds from its membership in favour of one or other of the main masonic charities, in this case the Royal Masonic Institution for Girls. The President of this Festival was the Provincial Grand Master of the Province of Yorkshire, West Riding, The Earl of Harewood KG, supported by his wife HRH The Princess Royal, Countess of Harewood. The sum of £75,402 being contributed from the Brethren of this Province, representing £5.5m in 2022.

Then in 1932, as a result of the remarkable total funds raised under his Chairmanship in Yorkshire, Frank received the rare honour of Grand Junior Deacon of England for the Supreme Grand Chapter in London.

Back at Craven Lodge this honour was recognised as follows;

'April 1932 W. Bro. F. Driver had been appointed Junior Grand Deacon of the Grand Lodge of England. Another Grand Lodge Officer from Craven Lodge; W.Bro. A Harrison Past Grand Deacon of the Grand Lodge of England, on behalf of the Brethren

as a token of their love and respect presented W. Bro. F. Driver with two chairs. Driver thanked the Brethren and asked the Worshipful Master to accept the chairs for use in The Lodge.'

The photograph taken in 2018 shows the chairs, suitably inscribed, are still in use in the Craven Lodge Temple. The chair to the left is used by the secretary and the chair to the right is used by the most senior man in the Lodge at the time, other than the Grand Master, who sits in the chair between these two presented by Frank.





That same year First Principal of the Chapter, E. Comp (Eminent Companion, a term used by the Brethren of the Royal Arch) F. Driver was actually installed as 'Z' at an Emergency Meeting on 10th November 1932. 'Z' is head officer of the Chapter in the absence of the Grand Master and Deputy Grand Master. But there is no record of his attending any further Chapter meetings that particular year.

Frank continued to add to his ranks and in 1934 became Past Assistant Grand Sojourner and later held the following positions.

Vice- patron of the Royal Masonic Benevolent Institution

Vice-Patron of the Royal Masonic Institution for Girls

Vice-Patron of the Royal Masonic Institution for Boys.

Arthur Driver. Born 1897. Died 1977. Generation R

In February 1920 William's grandson and Frank's nephew, Arthur Driver, was initiated into Craven Lodge at the age of 29. He was not yet married but had survived WW1 and taken responsibilities within the army. He, like his uncle, was a talented cellist. Arthur was to follow Frank in terms of commitment to the organisation, but only within Yorkshire.

When researching Freemasonry at the Freemason Library in London Arthur's jewel, The Hall Stone Jewel, was remarked upon as being one of

the rarest items that we have in our Driver collection of Freemason regalia. Arthur's jewel is known as The Masonic Million Fund Commemorative Jewel.

Having paid 10 guineas or more towards the Masonic Peace Memorial Fund Arthur was entitled to wear the jewel. The fund was established 'to provide a fitting memorial which

would honour those brethren who made the 'Supreme Sacrifice' during the course of the Great War 1914-1918. This building would also serve as a Headquarters to replace the existing complex at Great Queen Street, London.'



After his initiation into Craven Lodge on 27th February 1920 Arthur spent 13 years as a member until 27th January 1933 when he was made Master of the Lodge, the year after his Uncle Albert Hill held the role. At this time, Arthur was 42 years old and a father of three children with his fourth shortly to be born. Arthur's progression to Master of the Lodge in 1933 was

marked by a special family moment as reported in the Nelson Leader on 10th February 1933.

At the Masonic installation in the Craven Lodge, Skipton, mention was made by Mr. Frank Driver, of Silsden, that his nephew, Mr. Arthur Driver, would wear the apron that his (Frank's) father wore when he was installed Worshipful Master of Prince George Lodge at Eastwood, near Todmorden, three-quarters of a century ago. When Frank was installed about a quarter of a century ago, he wore it, and now it descends to the grandson of the original wearer of it. Prince George Lodge was first established in Haworth in 1796, and met along with the Haworth Lodge of Three Graces in the same rooms at the top of Haworth for many years.

A photograph exists at Craven Lodge, Skipton, but of poor quality, showing Arthur Driver when Master of the Lodge. In it, Arthur is wearing a pale blue apron and sash.

Towards the end of WW2 on 7th April 1945, having served in the Home Guard in Silsden during the Second War, Arthur became the Provincial Junior Grand Deacon of the Provincial Grand Lodge, West Riding of Yorkshire in Leeds.

After 50 years of membership on the 27th February 1970 Arthur was made an Honorary Member of The Lodge at the age of 79 years. Arthur remained a member until his death in 1977.



Albert Hill. Born 1869. Died 1950. Generation Q

In October 1920 Albert Hill, at the age of 51, became a Freemason at Craven Lodge. Earlier this year, in the spring, he had married Frank Driver's sister Mary Ann (Aunt Polly). Albert was Worshipful Master of Craven Lodge in 1932, the year before Arthur.



Charles Henry Fletcher. Born 1875. Died 1924. Generation Q.

Charles H Fletcher was the brother-in-law of the wife of Charles Driver, Charles being Frank's older brother and appears on the Weatherhead family chart. He became a mason also in 1920.

Frank Littledale Driver. Born 1898. Died 1962. Generation R.

In 1948, Arthur's brother Frank Littledale Driver, a leather merchant, joined Craven Lodge at the age of 50. Attending meetings with his uncle, Albert Hill, and brother Arthur. Frank L. was a member until he died fourteen years later.

In conclusion, it was Frank who developed the widest range of links within the Freemasons. Perhaps his business successes meant that it was inevitable that he would be respected and encouraged to take on responsibilities at a variety of lodges. Or possibly his entrepreneurial skills led to him searching out these opportunities within Freemasonry. However, it was Arthur Driver who gave the longest service to the Freemasons. Perhaps it was his quiet nature and WW1 experiences that in the early years enabled him to feel confident to take on a variety of responsibilities.

Martin Stray, having seen these photographs of Freemason aprons, commented that it is likely the aprons belonged to and were used by the same person. The more elaborate of the pair (upper) being referred to as Full Dress Regalia, worn at more important or formal functions. Whilst the less decorative (lower) being Undress Regalia being worn at general meetings of the Lodge. Both shown here being that of the rank of Provincial Grand Deacon. Such aprons are worn in this fashion today with two minor differences. The bullion tassels (upper) have been replaced by metal ones as depicted (lower). Today, the title on the badge 'West Yorkshire' has been replaced by 'Yorkshire West Riding'.

The photograph of two jewels, on the following page, both denoting the position of Steward with one dated 1934 and therefore presumably



belonging to Frank, placed on Frank's Gilkirke Barnoldswick apron pouch with a 1913 book of Craven Lodge bylaws.



It is perhaps Arthur Driver's continuation of the family link with Freemasonry that led to Arthur's Freemason suitcase being passed down to his son, Tom, with items from both Frank and Arthur and that Tom was given the painting of William showing him with a watch chain and a Freemason's emblem.

For the next generation, however, the appeal to be part of the organisation was not maintained. Neither Norman Driver, Frank's son or Tom, Ben nor Jerry Driver, Arthur's sons were initiated into Freemasonry.

And so, to close this appendix we come back to the opening paragraph;

As teenagers, Arthur's grandchildren, Generation T, were shown the lovely brown leather suitcase with the items shown here but with little

explanation and definitely with no awareness of the importance that our relatives held within this organisation.

However, that was the 1970s and 1980s when the 'secret side' to Freemasonry was still talked about, unlike today when you can search the Internet for all that you need to know, meet members who will show you around their Lodge or visit the Library and Museum of Freemasonry in London and have tours of the Grand Hall.

Appendix 10

Elizabeth Driver's (Q6) memoirs

*These memoirs were written by Elizabeth Driver (née Pilling) (13.2.1878 - 17.5.1972), who all her life seems to have been known as Cissie or Cis. They were written to and for her daughter, Joan Driver, probably in the late 1960s. Some words have now been set in **bold type** to indicate where an item has been explained e.g. The poem from which Cis has quoted. Notes written by the transcriber are in italics or are in frames at the bottom of each page.*

I remember, I remember the house where I was born. The little window where the sun came peeping in at morn, - but I think that is wrong for I am sure the little window faced more west than anything. It would look on old Pendle Hill and Blacko Tower, but Blacko Tower was not built when I was born.

(Note Blacko being Blackpool. The tower was opened on 14 May 1894).

I remember, I remember the house where I was born. The little window where the sun came peeping in at morn,

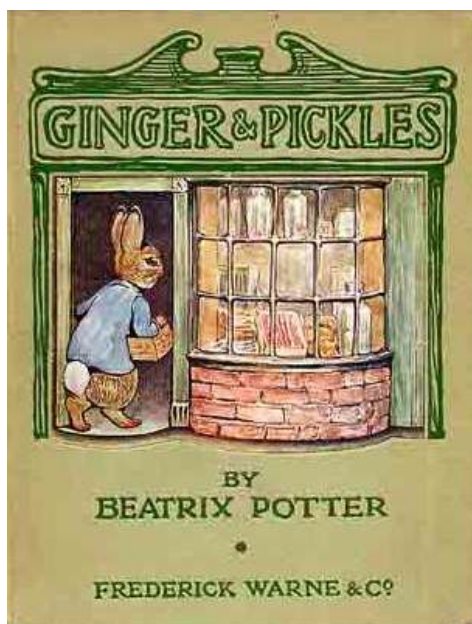
*I remember, I remember
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn;
He never came a wink too soon
Nor brought too long a day;
But now, I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away.*
Four verse poem by **Thomas Hood (1799-1845)**

Now, what else do I remember? I've got a long way to go back. I once asked my sister Margaret why I could not remember much about my mother and she told me mother was in bed for two years before she died. So that would bring me to being four years old when she was about the house.

I remember distinctly my father coming in one day. A button had come off his trousers. No one was at home except mother and me and she and my father gazed at me, what could I do? My mother had her right arm in splints and in a sling, so I don't know who threaded the needle but mother told me how to sew the button on and I did it.

Then when I was five years old my grand mother Pilling died and I remember I had a black dress with a waterfall behind edged with feather trimming – I was taken into my mother's room and didn't I strut round her bed proud of my new dress? I remember having a black velvet dress box pleated and between the pleats pink satin showed. It was years before I understood why the satin was removed and then it dawned on me it was removed because I was in mourning!!! at five years old.

In spite of having three brothers and three sisters I seemed to be a lonely child, but I know I made a lot of imaginary people. I used to be sent errands just across the road and I never went out without stopping at the coat and umbrella stand in the hall and telling myself (there was a mirror) where I was going etc. I never knew my sisters were watching and listening to my tales - they told me years afterwards – and now for the shops. There was Hannah Storith Smith. I had to go up a few steps to her shop – it was very similar to **"Ginger & Pickles"**. Then there was Joseph Hartley – I think his name was Joseph. We got our papers there – I shall never forget going into his shop one day (I was nob* a child then) and I don't know why I went in. There was a man complaining about an envelope having no gum on it and Joseph examined it and said "Why, tha's sliacked it all off" – that's the nearest spelling I can do. Leemings where we bought "Pop" and jelly babies. There was Jane Duerden I think she helped mother at times, and



old Sarah Blackburn, who kept a tiny kind of drapery shop. I loved going there and looking over her basket of coloured wools, 1d per ball.

*Note * possibly “nob” as an abbreviation of “nothing but”.*

Mother was always helping people, she had plenty of hangers on – I remember one old man coming very regularly and he had cake and cheese. He would finish the cheese first and then ask for more to finish the cake. Then the cake would run out and he would ask for more cake to finish the cheese, and so on.

Then came the tragedy of being motherless. She went off to Smedleys Hydro Matlock, but it was too late. Nothing could be done to save her. (*Her mother Elizabeth died 3Q1884*). I can remember my brother Sydney crying his heart out when she was brought home dead. I think when mother was alive we kept in touch with all our relatives, especially hers, she had a few in Silsden. The Wades of Fowler Hill. All gone now except one grandson who still lives at Cringles. (Of course I shall have hundreds of distant relatives, but I don't know one of them these days).

My father took me when he visited his relatives in Trawden. He had an old cousin named Jane Tillotson, I think he would manage her affairs for her, for she was no business woman.

I remember his taking me to some sort of a feast “**Rushbearing**” I think it was called, but I saw no rushes being bourne, - we went to this cousin's house, a queer place tho' it was called Hollins Hall we went there for tea and for some unknown reason to me the men had their tea in the large room and we women!!! had our tea in a very small room. Well I was parted from my father and I was very young. I was given a cup of tea and was going to pour some what I thought was milk or cream into my cup when a woman opposite me emitted a terrible yell and held up her arms in horror. Needless to say I was almost scared out of my wits and I began to cry. My father came to me, but I forget whether he took me to have tea with him or not. The reason for the woman's yell was I was about to pour either rum or gin into my tea. Terrible, very popular and it was called methycrém. When I was six I was sent to a very small school kept by our Doctor's sister. I do wish I could remember more about it. I learnt to read and write, knit and sew a fine seam, but I was never taught how to make button holes or feather stitch, both essential things in bygone days. I remember when we entered the school room the girls had to curtsy. All we did was scrape the floor with one of our slippers. The boys had to bow and do something with

Rushbearing is an old English ecclesiastical festival in which rushes are collected and carried to be strewn on the floor of the parish church. Dating back to the time when most buildings had earthen floors and rushes were used as a form of renewable floor covering for cleanliness and insulation. The festival was widespread in Britain from the Middle Ages and well established by the time of Shakespeare but had fallen into decline by the beginning of the 19th century, as church floors were flagged with stone. The custom was revived later in the 19th century and is kept alive today as an annual event in a number of towns and villages in the north of England.

their right arms. – Whilst I was there I made friends with two little girls who lived very close to me Maudie and Blanche Weyworth. Out of school hours they would stand at our back garden gate and call out “Cissie Pilling. Cissie Pilling. Could our Cissie Pilling come out?” I did the same at their house, but their house was much larger and it was rather difficult for me to be heard, but I remember what happy times we had in a corner of a very large warm room, where we played for hours. “Let’s pretend” was our favourite game and we used to sing hymns. **Jesus loves me, this I know** – and **Oh Happy Day, oh happy day** - but these times were not to last for poor Blanche caught scarlet fever and died. Soon after that the little school was given up and why? The poor dear woman went off her head - then came the removal and we went up higher to 85 (*Albert Street Colne*), instead of 92, and we stayed at 85 for about 11 or 12 years and that was the longest period of my life. Now that I am an old woman and know more about life I feel that my father never got over my mother’s death. He seemed to shut himself up which was extremely wrong of him, here he was with seven

Jesus Loves Me is a Christian hymn written by Anna Bartlett Warner (1827–1915). The lyrics first appeared as a poem in the context of an 1860 novel called *Say and Seal*, written by her older sister Susan Warner (1819–1885), in which the words were spoken as a comforting poem to a dying child. The tune was added in 1862 by William Batchelder Bradbury (1816–1868). Along with his tune, Bradbury added his own chorus, ‘Yes, Jesus loves me, Yes, Jesus Loves me’. After publication as a song it became one of the most popular Christian hymns in churches around the world, especially among children.

Oh Happy Day A 1755 hymn by Rev Philip Doddridge which became high in the international charts in 1969 with the Edwin Hawkins singers.

children and had not the slightest idea how to bring them up - not a word of love or understanding. Poor father - if only he could have lived longer and seen the folly of his ways. Always ruling with a rod of iron – why, why, why? There had to be no beauty in our lives. I know now how he had to work and how unfair it was to put such work on his shoulders. He had to work to keep his brothers and sisters as well as his wife and family and my poor mother had to do without necessities until he had paid off his brothers and sisters.

Whilst we were at “92” three houses were built opposite our back gardens. A very correct girl lived in one with her aunts. Pathania Mary Watson was her name and we called her Phanie. In the middle one lived a family named Hartley, very musical. I forget the name of the daughter, but one evening she sang “Killarney” and to me she sang it beautifully. The son **Wallace Hartley** was also a musician and he was conductor of the orchestra on board the Titanic when she hit the iceberg and sank many years ago.

At “85” I didn’t think the house was any larger than “92” but we had a splendid basement. Large room with sink, hot and cold water and a boiler for clothes, - another large place where we stored coal and heaps of wood and plenty of junk, and then we had two “keeping” places for food. On Saturday mornings I would play butchers shop with the wood till I almost chopped the end of my thumb off and that was the end of that. My brother Sydney also played down there, but his was a different kind. Once he was playing with matches and making a fire on the stone floor but somehow or other a heap of rags in an enormous barrel began to smoulder and the house became full of smoke. By this time Sydney had gone out to play with

Wallace Henry Hartley (2 June 1878 – 15 April 1912) was an English violinist and bandleader on the RMS Titanic on its maiden voyage. He became famous for leading the eight member band as the ship sank on 15 April 1912. He died in the sinking.

his friends. My eldest sister called him in and made him get in the cellar by the “coal hole” and he had to throw all the smouldering things outside.

There was a large attic where the three boys slept. My father had the large front bedroom and two sisters a similar one at the back of the house and my sister Kate and I shared another room. Poor Kate. She did not like sharing a little bed with me, and every night she would want to be comfortable and tucked the clothes round her and left me cold. The result was that I got a dreadful cough, so I was tucked up in the middle of the big bed with my other two sisters. It is a wonder I did not smother. Sometimes as a very special treat when I was still awake when they came to bed, they would sing to me. **“Very high up in the pine trees a little turtle dove built a pretty little nursery to please his little love”** etc. I loved it - treats were few and far between.

One brother and two sisters were married when I was very young. Then we had more room. We could have a resident maid and things were much easier. But happiness did not come to the home. Things were not going as father wanted them to go and there were rows and rows at the dinner table. I remember once there was a terrific row. What about I don’t know, but there was not much eaten and I helped to clear the table, and my father looked at me and I looked at him. I was very upset and had had enough of

rows and I exclaimed “You silly old man” and rushed out of the house. I don’t think he was ever very cross with me but I was always very frightened of him. I had a dreadful bout of toothache one day and I stayed at home from school. Oh my, but he was cross. Toothache was as nothing and I had to go to school. But one day he had it and I could not just remain silent and I asked him what he was making such a fuss about, toothache was nothing. He never

The Little Turtle Dove

High in the pine tree,
The little turtle dove
Made a little nursery
To please her little love.
“Coo,” said the turtle dove,
“Coo,” said she;
In the long, shady branches
Of the dark pine tree.

taunted me again. – Poor old man I wish many times that he could have been alive today – I could have made him so happy.

When I was ten years of age I went to Burnley to school to a “Young Ladies Seminary” and I made several new friends and for five years I was fairly happy. I had to miss much schooling to be with my father. No one else would or could be with him. During the whole of my school life I never had one whole term. One term I never went to school at all. Father was ill and when he went away I went with him. We spent a lot of time in Southport which made me feel very ill. By this time father had had a big operation and he had a nurse. The first one was a man. Dear William, what a man he was and what a comfort to us all. When he was younger he had been a nurse at a private Lunatic Asylum. And the tales he told us. I can see him now knitting long long stockings to keep father warm and I can hear him singing old hymns and father joining in with him “Pom. Pom” keeping time. I only remember one line and that was **“I’ll away to the Sabbath School”**. The three of us spent the most of one winter in Southport.

I’ll away to the Sabbath School

Words and Music by Robert Lowry (1826-1899)

When the morning light
Drives away the night,
With the sun so bright and full,
And the day of rest
Lightens every breast,
I’ll away to Sabbath school;
For ’tis there we all agree,
All with happy hearts and free,
And I love to early be,
At the Sabbath school.

Now William was a Quaker and one Sunday he asked if he could go to a “meeting” and father said “certainly, and we will come with you”. And believe me I did enjoy those services. They were so peaceful and restful and it is only that Southport did not agree with me that I am not a Quakeress today.

When father had his first operation we had a surgeon from London. Also a nurse Nurse Hazeldine – what don’t I owe to her and her influence. We had long walks together and she made me see life from a different angle. Put hope and courage into me and I began really to live. She was very distressed at our home life. She openly said she had never lived in such a loveless household. It was bliss to me to have someone love me and show an interest in me instead of endless scoldings whether we deserved it or not. We were always guilty before we were found innocent, and when we proved our innocence we got no credit for it, and that attitude made us careless. It did not matter what we did we should be blamed if anything went wrong, and that was not only father’s fault, - that was the attitude of my sister Margaret. So I just worshipped Nurse Hazeldine. Have you guessed by this time Joan that Nurse Hazeldine became “Auntie Lizzie Varley”? And we did christen her “old fuss pot”. This is a sort of shuttle story backwards and forwards all the time.

I don’t think I was a very strong child. I suppose to a certain extent I was neglected and I must have been for a few years a very sorry object, - I had sore eyes and sore ears. A miserable object. Poor me. Bathing and bathing and special ointments, and as I write memory comes back and vaccination was blamed for my state. Vaccination was compulsory and our poor doctor was driven crazy for I would not “take” and I am told I was vaccinated four times before it was satisfactory. However I survived and my eyes became quite strong and I don’t think I have suffered any ill effects since.

When I was about 8 years old and onwards I spent a great deal of time at a farm house. I did enjoy going there. In the summer there was the haymaking and the finding of wild roses and honeysuckle and stitchwort, climbing up the hay, watching the cows being milked every evening. In the

winter I spent my time playing with a box of buttons. Wonderful ones I found.

There were a few things I ought not to have witnessed, one was when it was pig killing time. The pig was fastened with a rope down onto a bench. Oh the squealing and its throat was slit. Afterwards the wood was washed and scraped with hot water and some sort of scraper. Even now I recoil with horror at the remembrance of it. I had nightmares for several nights afterwards. The pigs chasing me up and down stairs.

I learnt several quaint words. Wishin for cushion, Thoon for oven, shoon for shoes, witshed for wetshod. That was when we got our feet soaked shoes and stockings wet. Pollie was often called Doy instead of Joy.

There was the farmer, his wife and daughter who was a humped back girl, she had lovely long hair reaching below her waist and she wore it in one thick plait. I had short hair like a boy, not much trouble to look after. How I yearned for long hair. Now I would like it short. Always the way. The girl’s name was Pollie. She used to sing and play, and she would sing “Cherry Ripe” and “The Farmer’s Boy”. I spent one Christmas with them and was very happy. I must not forget to tell their names. Mr & Mrs Thompson and Pollie. This said Christmas they made me a Christmas tree - I had never had one before. It was as a round one of holly and it was suspended from the ceiling. I can still see it all and the room. The piano and over it on the wall a doll in a glass case. On another side the dresser and over it a sampler of I think the child Samuel, - no it was Timothy and his grandmother - I can see it now.

Then there was a big fireplace where we all sat round when the day’s work was done. On the other side there was a big sofa and a window and window sill where my beloved button box lived. Behind this room there was a tiny room which was called the “milkos”. It was years after that I realized it was meant for milk house. There was no such thing as a dairy in those days. Sometimes we would go to chapel in black and listen to Pollie singing in the choir. Other times we would visit other farms to spend an evening – those

were happy days. Mother and father had some friends at Barrowford called Bolton. They had a very nice house and garden, - a big lilac tree hanging over into the road and people passing would pull the flowers off, but they never seemed to harm the tree. We liked going to these people very much and when the haymaking was finished we would be invited over we would be packed into the hay cart and taken to the foot of Pendle Hill. The older children were allowed to climb Pendle, but I was never allowed. In my life I have only climbed it twice, and it is a bit of a strain going up and not a bit nice coming down. But it is a grand old hill and very famous.

Father had his old cronies as well. His cousin John Schofield was a splendid man. He would come nearly every evening and sit with father. He was allowed one glass of whiskey and hot water. The bottle was promptly put away, no second glass for anyone and my father never touched it. There was another old croney, Charles Butler, I think he was something of a tailor for he would come and repair father's suits when necessary. He always had to have a meal with us and it so happened that we had another man for tea who was rather uppish and swelled headed and he would talk about his uncle being a captain of a ship until C.B. could stand or sit it no longer and he burst out with "Aye, of a canal boat". We did not know where to look or what to do, - such consternation in the camp, - we did have laughs at times.

I had four maiden aunts, two on mother's side and two on father's side. Oh dear, we had to have an annual holiday and how could we go and who would look after us, so my two maiden aunts on my mother's side would go with us. I wonder if anyone can imagine our holidays. To be charitable I will say that I think they were afraid of the responsibility of the children and so we had a miserable time. We were scarcely allowed out of their sight, - we were allowed no money, - not a penny a day for an ice cream. Instead one pound of ripe gooseberries were bought. Needless to say I have detested gooseberries ever since.

One day Sydney and I collided and I fell and was put to bed, not because my knee was bruised, but because I had dared to soil my frock, such was

the treatment meted out to us on our annual holiday to Morecambe – never another place did I go to until I was in my early teens and I went to Southport with my father and his nurse. My brother Sydney when he was more than 60 years of age asked what was the unhappiest time of my life – not counting deaths or other sadnesses. I could not think so I asked him what he considered the unhappiest times of his life and he replied "the times when we went to Morecambe with those awful aunts". He had never forgotten them. We used to ask each other which did we dislike the most or the least. We could not say we liked one more than the other because we did not like them at all. My father's sisters were much kinder to me and I always liked to go and have tea with them and they would include me in many an afternoon's walk or picnic or half a day's outing – once they took me to Trawden and some of the natives recognised my aunts and they said "well you don't come oft i' these parts now a days". And one looked hard at me and said "I think you be a Preston" and I said "Oh, no I'm not" and he promptly replied "Then you be Lizabeth's daughter" which was quite true, so I must favour the Prestons more than the Pillings.

In those days they were strange people at Trawden, not much transport then. So the people could not get away very easily. I am told my grandfather used to walk to Bradford on business and carried a revolver for protection for he would have a sum of money on his return journey. One day, I was very very young, we walked to Trawden, my cousins and my sisters and we called to see some people and I remember a little boy sitting on a very small stool. His mother welcomed us and asked us to sit down and then she looked at me and in her Trawden language said "and this is yah youngest" and my sister said "yes" and the woman then looked at this boy on the stool and said "And this is awr youngest, but we wouldn't swop, wod we John Arthur? Ha, ha, ha" fading away into nothing. Years and years after a young man would come and shave my father and cut his hair and my sister recalled the incident of the little boy on the stool and she said "Do you realize this barber is the same child?" I don't think he ever knew we had been in his mother's home in the old days.

One summer I spent in Southport with father and Nurse Hazeldine and I was ill. I had dreadful clothes to wear. It was a terrifically hot summer and nothing but thick woollen dresses to wear. It was cruel. One day I was sent to get some fish when I reached the shop I discovered I had left my purse behind and I just (like **Ellen Montgomery**) burst into tears for I felt I had not the strength for the two journeys - I nearly worried poor nurse out of her wits for she did not know what to do for me, and father began to worry also. He did not like my looks. He said I “stared” and what a pain I had. However I survived and we went home in due time.

And then I had a delightful surprise. I was invited to go with my sister, her husband and baby (Dorothy aged 12 months) to Helmsley (*This would have been Emily & John Close*). We had a grand time. **Playing duckstone** in the lanes, stealing turnips and eating them then and there and they were good. The land lady of the Black Swan Hotel was very very kind and she would pack a delicious lunch for us and away we would go to the edge of the Hambledon Hills to the corn fields, what bliss. We would wander about the village, the Castle, Rievaulx Abbey, Coxwold, Easingwold and goodness knows where. We would go fishing but caught nothing, but I returned home refreshed in mind and body and ready for school. By this time I had gone to another school. Skipton where I renewed the friendship with Minnie Barber, a lifelong friend of mine. I went there as a weekly boarder and I really did like the life. I learnt something for a change. Miss Tucker was a marvellous teacher. Shame upon anyone who could not or would not learn from all she taught, but then dear the following early spring my

Ellen Montgomery was the protagonist of an 1850 best-selling sentimental novel ‘The Wide, Wide World’ written by American author Susan Warner. Ellen has to leave home and is devastated and can find solace in nothing. An old man sees Ellen crying and tells her to trust in God. Discovering that her aunt has withheld a letter from her mother, Ellen runs crying into the woods.

health broke down once more and I had to spend my time out of doors. I am sure that by the time you are receiving this you must be convulsed with laughing seeing what a hefty creature I am even now. Then later on, early summer my father decides to go to Scotland and I went too.

Father had had one operation and our doctor thought somewhere different from Morecambe or Southport would do him good and no more Southport for me just then. So we packed up and nurse Hazeldine as well and away we went to Edinburgh. Can you imagine my delight? Salisbury Crags, Arthur’s seat, Princes Street, the Castle, Grassmarket !!! , a terrible place in those days, High Street, the Closes, Holyrood. All new ground to me. The picture Galleries and Hawthornden and Roslyn Chapel.

Duckstone. A large stone called the Duckstone or Duck-table is placed on the ground, generally with a wall for a background, but this is of little consequence. Players take a stone each. A place, pretty near the Duckstone, is chosen for ‘home’. One of the players puts their stone on the Duckstone, and this person is called the Tenter. The Tenter has to guard the home and catch the other players if possible. Each player, in turn, throws their stone at the stone on the Duckstone and immediately runs home. The Tenter tries to catch that player before he/she can touch the wall or post or whatever is chosen for the home. If the Tenter can catch the player that person becomes the Tenter, and puts their stone on the Duckstone, and the original Tenter takes his/her turn in throwing. One rule of the game is that the Tenter’s stone must always be on the Duckstone when trying to catch a player. So, if the Tenter’s stone is knocked off it must be replaced before the Tenter can try to catch the player running ‘home’. Therefore, the chance of getting home is increased for the player who knocks the stone off.

Nurse and I found ourselves in Grassmarket on the Saturday evening. What a place. Women screaming. Drunken men. Poor things, no more sense. Police standing about in twos and threes. Nurse asked one of them the way out and he pointed the way and said "get out as quickly as you can". Nurse told father where we had been and he was very cross and upset. Of course it was very much by accident we found ourselves there. The Forth Bridge was very new in 1902 and we went in a small boat and were taken under it. That was a thrill. Then I did not know how often I should travel by rail on it in the future.

After all this we went on to Callander, wonders again. The pass of Leny, Falls of Leny, Loch Lubnaig where nurse and I sat on the shore for hours while father had gone off by coach and steamer to Stronachlachar. We had a wonderful week. How I loved Callander and then we went on to Oban. We stayed at a very quiet hotel where father could get special food. We spent most of the time on the water, in the sound of Kerrera. Plenty of jelly fish. We went morning and afternoon and how lovely the sound of the church bells over the water ringing to the tune of the Vesper Hymn.

One day there was a man sitting on the shore of the Island of Kerrera singing "**Oh who will o'er the Downs so free**". I shall never forget all these things. Father wanted to stay at Stronachlachar as well, but Nurse tried and persuaded him not to as it was so isolated. No doctor within donkey's miles if he were ill, so we did not stay there. But he sent Nurse and me to look at the place. It was magnificent. Right at the end of Loch Katrine, but nurse was right it was too far away for safety, so we went instead to Oban.

I was charmed with everything but I was scared of the Highland cattle. It was the first time I saw wild irises and water lilies, but soon a big cloud arose. Father complained of a pain. So nurse made me the excuse for returning home. She said I was missing too much school.

Tho' it was really cruel letting me go back at the spring term and just in time for the year's exams. All the same I didn't do too badly and failed in two subjects. One was literature Chaucer's Canterbury Tales. I could make

Oh who will o'er the Downs so free

by Robert Lucas Pearsall (1795-1856)

O who will o'er the downs so free
O who will with me ride,
Oh who will up and follow me
To win a blooming bride?
Her father he has locked the door,
Her mother keeps the key,
Neither door nor bolt shall part
My own true love from me.

neither heads nor tails of it and I forget what the other subject was, but the examiners were very kind and excused me for the two failures, - I remember it now it was German.

As soon as we returned home father had further opinions and the big man came once more and another operation was undergone, but for the few remaining months of his life father was an invalid and

spent all his time in his bed or on a sofa. He was brought downstairs as long as he was able so that he did not feel left out of everything and he had many visitors.

One afternoon Mr Oyston, the Wesleyan minister came. He was a very good man and good company. At the same time an aunt by marriage, father's sister-in-law, came and she sat by father's side beaming on both men, till father said in a loud voice "Beware of widows" and **like Felix tho' not walking, she went on beaming**. It was not long before father had to be kept petty well under morphia, so that half the time he was very confused and then the time came when he no longer came or was carried downstairs. And one day a telegram came to me and I had neither father nor mother. (*Father died 18 November 1894*).

Like Felix tho' not walking, she went on beaming

Felix the Cat is a funny-animal cartoon character with a black body, white eyes, and giant grin. Jazz bands played songs about him such as 1923's 'Felix Kept On Walking'.

Emily came over and I am sorry to say she was not a soothing influence, - always so bossy. She told Maggie to send my notice to school as she thought I had had plenty of education etc, etc. So I left school at Christmas only half or a quarter educated and nothing to do, - misery. Maggie and I went to Hull for Christmas and John my brother-in-law advised me to find the best school in England and go there for a couple of years. You should have seen Emily's face, I nearly laughed in her face. When we were alone she asked me what I was going to do, so I just said I had made my plans and should abide by them. The chief thing against going to a very good school was lack of money. We had a home to keep up and whether we were at home or not we had to pay our share of the costs - and quite rightly too.

Frank got married and Sydney went off to school in Germany and stayed there until he was 21. I went back to school for one day a week for certain lessons so I could occupy myself a little. Maggie was already engaged to be married. I was sorry for her. She had a long engagement as she felt she could not leave me alone. So she did not marry till I was 19. After that life was pretty dull for a year or two.

A friend was going to America I forget just when that was, perhaps I was 21 by that time, I went to see her off at Liverpool. As I said goodbye I also

expressed the wish that I was going with her. And she opened her eyes wide and gasped out "Why on earth did you not say so earlier on. I have been wishing for some one to go with me". (*This would be about 1899*)

After that I was not going to miss any more opportunities and when a friend just double my age said she was going to the south of France and was going to advertise for a companion, up I got and said "how will I do?" She was delighted and so we prepared for our trip and we went to London only to be told that Queen Victoria had died that afternoon, (22.01.1901). We had to stay in London a few days as Miss Smallpage was getting a suit (a costume in those days) at Peter Robinsons. No theatres, no gaiety. We went to some sort of a service at St Paul's. Within a week we crossed over to Paris. I really forget what we did there, - we did not stay long for it began to snow so we went off to Nice where we stayed three months. We had the sunshine there and we had a good time. It was a quiet little pension where we stayed and some very nice people and we were a happy family, - we walked a good deal for there were not the facilities for getting about. Tram cars, diligences, fiacres. We walked on the Corniche Road to Monte Carlo via La Turbie and the ancient town of Eze perched on a peak. We went a few times to Monte Carlo and I got a ticket for admission and what a shock I got when I read "Mlle Pilling et ses parentes". I think the parents

would have been horrified if they could have seen it.

We went to Cagnes, Antibes, Ville Franche, Cannes and we walked again on the Corniche Road and then climbed down the cliffs to Beaulieu. When I saw those cliffs



many years after it took me all my time to make myself believe that once I had actually climbed down them.

We went nearly every evening to the Casino. We gambled a bit and listened to the orchestra. There were great doings on Shrove Tuesday also Mi-careme. A very nice German artist made a fool of me and then presented me with a Poisson d'Avril and on Easter Sunday a beautiful bouquet of stocks, gorgeous. We had tea parties in our bedroom and everyone enjoyed them.

We went on to Florence sometime in April and we stayed in a pension again and I met my coloured friend Miss Lewing. She was good to us. She showed me the most important pictures in the Pitti Palace and the Uffizi Gallery and the pictures in the churches. Miss Smallpage and I did a lot exploring. We went up to a monastery outside Florence and I bought some green and yellow chartreuse. Fizzole was lovely and we wandered around and lost our way. So I went to a man and said "Dove il tramway?" Stupid of me because I could not understand a word he uttered. But we found our way again and returned safely to Florence.

We went out to Gallileo's tower overlooking the Arno, and as I leaned on the parapet looking down the valley I longed to have someone with me to appreciate all the beauty, when a voice came to me "isn't it a pity I perspire so much under my arms?" Oh dear, I don't know what I wished at that moment. Miss Lewing should have come with us, but on our way to the tram car she slipped and hurt her foot so she returned to the pension. Another day we went to Vallombrosa. "**Thick as leaves in Vallombrosa**" that is all I knew about it. There was a school of forestry where we went and as we sat on logs eating our lunch a big dog came and snatched the

Vallombrosa is a famous Benedictine abbey in the Apennines surrounded by forests of beech and firs.

In the book Paradise Lost John Milton used the words 'Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks in Vallombrosa'.

chicken leg out of Miss Smallpage's hand, - it thought she was holding it out for him.

After three weeks in Florence we went to Venice. What a time we had there. We had the same gondola and the same gondolier, ottante cinque, and we went to several islands round about. There was a carnival one night and Miss Smallpage had a friend who took us to it. A Captain Paponelli and he brought his son for me. St Marks and the Doge's Palace, wonderful places, and the Royal Palace was lovely. We went up the Campanile several times. It would have been a do if it had collapsed whilst we were there. We took a steamer out to the Adriatic one day to the island called the Lido. There were four cars on this island which appeared strange to us after the waterways of Venice. Coming back it was boiling hot in the steamer and I just looked up in the distance and there I saw snow-capped mountains. It was a magnificent sight. I immediately felt cooler.

From Venice we went on a long weekend to Milan. We saw the famous picture by Leonardo da Vinci, The Last Supper, - I wonder if it is in existence now. The hall that it was in was even in those days used as a stable. We stayed in a hotel overlooking the cathedral. A noble building and very interesting. I was admiring the roofs inside and thinking of what wonderful carving there was when over a doorway I saw that most of it was washed away and to my great disappointment I found there was no carving it was all paint. We did not attempt to climb to the highest pinnacle. We went to a monastery called Certosa di Pavia a most ornate monastery. I don't remember much about it but it was very elaborate and a show place.

From Milan we went to the Italian Lakes, our first stopping place was Tremesso on Lake Como. We had several trips on the lakes. The mountains came down quite close to the lake and we felt shut in, which I did not enjoy.

Then we went to Luino on Lake Maggiore, I liked that much better, tho' it may not have been quite so magnificent. I remember a severe thunder storm. The lightning never seemed to stop. The mountains were lit up till the storm spent itself. We rowed out to an island, Bella Ile it was called or

something like that. It certainly was beautiful, - just one lovely garden. We were shown wonderful trees but I only remember the tea tree.

Is exciting crossing the Alps and going through the St Gotthard Tunnel. We got out at a place called Göshenen. It was strange to see flowers growing in the snow. We went in a diligence to Andermatt and came across two American ladies we had met at every place we had visited. My last place to see was Lucerne and I only stayed there a few days, but I had had a very wonderful time.

Whilst I was in Nice I became very friendly with two girls my age, one was a Russian and the other an American. Poor Varinka, she had had bad luck at Monte Carlo, so she and Daisy, the American, went back to Karlsruhe to live quietly and retrench a bit, - many more lost a lot of money. So few people can win, but each one thinks it may be my turn now. But it never comes off. At the Nice Casino I lost almost £10. I did not play at Monte Carlo, - the stakes were too high. But it was interesting watching people. I saw one lady playing and she had hands like claws. It was fascinating watching her gather up occasionally her winnings.

After all I have used the wrong side of the paper. I hope it does not occur again.

I kept up a correspondence with Daisy and then I decided to go out to Germany and join them. I certainly had got the wander lust by then and I don't think I have ever lost the feeling. So the next spring I went to Karlsruhe and I stayed there three or four months. Warinka was engaged to an officer and he had no money, but Warinka had and they decided to go out to South America farming. I would like to know what happened then, - but this is getting on too fast.

We shared a flat in the Karlstrasse and a little woman kept a shop on the opposite side of the road cooked our principal meals. Daisy did nearly all the work. Warinka was a very attractive girl, lovely hair perfectly kept and a very good figure, so her fiancé was proud to take her out on his leaves.

He lived at Stuttgart. Warinka would go and visit his people and Daisy and I would be on our own. One day someone called Karl took us to Heidelberg. We have a grand time. A long walk by the side of the Neckar. We seemed to walk miles. I know I got a nasty blister on my heel. And then we stood in the old schloss listening to the Eolian (*Aeolian*) Harp playing. We lived on the whole quite a healthy life. Occasionally we would go to the theatre and I did my best to understand the conversations but I don't think I learnt much German. Our conversation had to be chiefly French as Warinka could not speak English and I did not know much German and if Daisy and I spoke English Warinka was jealous and thought we were saying things we did not want her to know, and that certainly was not so. I loved the life in Karlsruhe. It was so healthy that it cured me of all my ailments specially **Encemia** which for years would not leave me. Even my long holiday in France and Italy and Switzerland did me no good and I came home as pale as ever. But Germany did the trick and what a relief to go for long walks and up hills without getting breathless.

The Grand Duke of Baden had his castle in Karlsruhe and we often went in the gardens and spent an afternoon there. Occasionally we would have a trip to Baden Baden and have a drive out to various places. Warinka and I went in for various baths. I think the Germans are famous for them. All I know is they did me a world of good.

There was a little dark woman who looked after us and, oh my, she was delighted when I called out to her in my best school girl German "Fraulein, danke sie nicht das ich habe genug gehabt?" that was when I was having a turkish bath. It was a lovely hot summer but the air was always fresh. I spent almost three or rather four months in Karlsruhe, then Warinka

Encemia The impression is that Cis is talking about **emphysema** (it sounds roughly the same when said aloud!) which is a lung condition causing shortness of breath. Usually caused by smoking related damage to the alveoli (small air sacs in the lungs) but in somebody so young it is more likely to be an infective (eg TB) or an inherited condition.

decided to go to South America with her dearest Ernest and Daisy had to go as well as chaperon. I felt like going with them, but Daisy said if I went she would not go. She did not want to go and if I went it would not be necessary for her to go, but I was not going to be responsible for Warinka, so at once I said "No fear, I am not going without you". I had about two letters from Daisy. The first to say Warinka and Ernest were married and the second one to say she (Daisy) had taken a post in a school to teach English and that was the end of our friendship. I would like to know what happened eventually to all of them – I was very sorry for Daisy for she had married a Frenchman who became a naturalised German. He was an officer and had been sent out to China and here was Daisy out in South America. Did they ever meet again?

After W & D & E went to S A I went to Baden Baden for six weeks. What a healthy life I lived there. Baths and massage twice a week, - walks into the country and one day Fraulein Helsen took three or four of us to her country estate. It was only a very small one but it was in the Black Forest. I was warned not to wander off alone as there might be brigands!! in the lonely parts of the forest.

Our pension was really in the forest and I often had my breakfast outside. It was an ideal existence. I would go with Fraulein at 7am to the markets. What a difference now!!!

After the six weeks were over I went up to Antwerp to meet some friends and then we were going to cycle through Belgium. Unfortunately the weather was not too good and the other two girls were not good cyclists so we did not get on very fast much to the disgust of Mr Peretz. How I laughed at him. When he was in a good temper he would say "you girls" and when he was in a bad temper he would say "you women". All the same, I enjoyed the tour. We were off the beaten track and saw lots of wonderful country. I forget a lot of the places we saw, - one where Victor Hugo lived. Then we went to La Roche. I think that is the prettiest bit of the Ardennes and Rochforte was wonderful. I had never seen grottos or caverns and these were very famous so very tremendous. What a thrill I got when we

came to a subterranean lake and we got into a punt and went through several tunnels before we came into the daylight again. We had to cycle very late one night as there was some Kermisse on and we could not get beds in the town we wanted. It was a glorious moonlit night and I felt I could go on for ever. However we did find rooms eventually and what rooms. And Mr Peretz was given the bathroom. I was given a room which upset me very much and I refused to sleep in it. There was a crucifix on one side of the room from ceiling to floor and our Lord, life size, nailed on it. I just could not be in that room and also there was a death's head of Christ. The one that if you looked at it the eyes open and then shut. I insisted that the Peretz had that room and I would sleep with Miss Connel, the other girl in the party. It was a good thing I did insist for in the middle of the night there was a dreadful thunderstorm so I think they would have found a mad woman if I had remained in the bedroom originally for me.

It was very interesting cycling down by the river Meuse, Dinant and the Heights of Namur. We went as far as Luxemburg. Coming back I can only remember Llege until we came to Brussels and back to Antwerp. And once more I was back at home. Soon after that I became engaged (*Probably 1904*) and it is not much use telling my part of my life which you have shared.

There are lots more I could write about and the things we did. I had a cycle tour in Yorkshire which was very nice, - in the Dales, Wensley Dale especially was very pretty. I remember seeing Aysgarth Falls for the first time.

I had another cycle tour when I was 21. I met my cousin Minnie and we met in Manchester. Now that was a summer. We had had a dreadful spring, rain every day and we had no chance of practicing on our bikes, so we were ready for aches and pains. We met in Manchester as I have already stated, and we cycled to Chester. I think the date was May 29th 1899 and from that day till August Bank Holiday not a drop of rain fell. We had a grand time. Cycling through Cheshire lanes was a delight. The scent of the hawthorn, lilacs, elderberry, and all the tree flowers were in full bloom. We went by

Northwich, Newcastle under lime, Birmingham, Warwick to Leamington where we stayed a few days, and then we returned by way of Rugby, Leicester, Loughborough where we enjoyed ourselves in a swimming bath just newly opened. Then we came to Matlock and Buxton and back to Manchester. My cousin Minnie had a very nasty experience a few miles from Matlock. We had been walking up a very long hill and we said "When we get to the top of this awful hill we will ride down if it is like a house side." We did get to the top eventually and we got on our bikes. I was in front when my cousin shot in front of me shouting "keep where you are I am passing you on your left and away she went, with her feet on the rests - this was before free-wheeling came. I was horrified and frightened, for the road was long and winding and she was out of sight in a jiffy. I cycled on wondering what I should see at every turn of the road, then to add to my fear a flock of sheep appeared. That is the finish I said to myself, I am off to America if anything has happened to Minnie. However at last I came to the bottom of the hill and there she was standing by her bike. I hurried up to her and before I could speak she said "Not a word, my chain broke as I mounted my bike and all I could do was to steer." When she saw the sheep she was going to throw herself into the hedge if there were no other way, but somehow or other the sheep did make a way for her. Both of us felt very shaken. We walked the rest of the way to Matlock and found a cycle shop where the man promised to have the machine ready for us when we had had our lunch. We told him what happened and we suggested going by train to Buxton, but he said "no don't do that. If you don't cycle at once you will never cycle again, so go and have lunch and this machine will be ready for you, and good luck to you". We did as he advised and we cycled on to Buxton. No more hills after that, but Minnie never cycled again with the same pleasure and confidence. She developed a throat and the doctor asked her if she had ever had a shock and of course she has and told him the story. So after all she did not escape the nasty after effects.

During my cycling years we had many picnics. It was fun, five of us. I had the kettle jangling on my handlebars and a parcel of cakes and sandwiches tied to my saddle. Another would have a basket of crockery. Another a tin

of fruit tied on somewhere and so on. We would find a nice place near a running brook and a farm where we could get cream and eggs. We would boil the kettle on a stove heated by methylated spirit, make the tea and then boil the eggs in the rest of the water,- the food tasted good.

I loved my bike and my sisters and I were amongst the first women to have them. Sometimes it was rather awkward for us. We had a holiday in North Yorkshire we stayed at a farm pretty near the coast at a place called Skinningrove, quite close to Saltburn. The people here had never seen a woman on a bike and sometimes we were in danger of being pulled off, - and this was before there were any suffragettes. We went to a little fishing village staithe and we were frightened, we thought the natives would throw the bikes into the sea. We have advanced a little since then.

Whist we were at Skinningrove I had a horrid dose of toothache, so I decided to have the horrible tooth extracted. I went to a dentist (?) and he got a kind of hooked instrument and hauled the poor old tooth out of my jaw and then said he was extract it. (sic). Needless to say I yelled and when the tooth was out the dear man said "I won't extract the other tooth till next week, so come then." Is it necessary to say I did not pay the man another visit, but I had got rid of the horrible tooth.

Once we cycled to Saltburn and watched a thunderstorm out to sea. It was very impressive and then we went to the theatre for a Gilbert and Sullivan opera, but I am sorry to say I have forgotten which one it was.

Another holiday I had was in Wales. We had a house in Clynnog. What an advertisement quite close to the sea, (about 2 miles away). Tennis (a ploughed field) and everything on a par like these. Kath was only three months old then and every drop of water had to be boiled for her baths. *(Kath would have been sister Margaret Blakey's first child who was totally deaf from birth).* The owner of the house looked after us, (Did she?) It was no good saying what time we would like our meals. She would watch for us coming in then put the vegetables on to cook, so we were always three quarters of an hour late. We had a spare bedroom and one day she asked

if we would give it up for an old lady who always came every year. Certainly we would. But to our surprise a man, wife and two children came. Poor things, they thought they had taken the whole house. We felt very sorry for them and we gave up our sitting room for them. The woman was well known for her terrible doings and if anyone complained she would threaten them with the law, but an old bus driver told us that she was too well known and no lawyer would act for her. Nevertheless we enjoyed Wales.

More about my school days.

This is a badly written essay, but so far I have written as thoughts have come to me. Up to the end of this I shall miss out a great deal but that cannot be helped.

I have already told about my first school. I was there for two years, from six to eight years old. Then the school was given up quite suddenly. I was too young to go to Burnley where all my sisters had been educated and the education laws were really strict at that time. Now each place of worship has its own day school. So we were sent there the George Street Wesleyan Day School. We were taught very well indeed.

I had five teachers and I can see them all yet and I liked every one. Harry Hartley, Sydney Crewis, Fred Greenworld, Jethro Gott, Dick Sourbutts and Mary Stansfield, all very good teachers. I can still see Harry Hartley walking about with a piece of chalk in his hand tracing the journey of St Paul. We like Jethro very much. Mary Stansfield and Fred Greenword fell in love and they got married and have produced two very clever sons. There was a Mr Baldwin the head master and a Mr Rothwell the second master. Both very good teachers. In my class there were some brilliant scholars. Maggie Hey became a headmistress of a large school and her brother Wilson Hey is one of the foremost surgeons in Manchester. Plenty of others but not so outstanding as these two.

Then when I was ten years of age (c1888) I went to Burnley to Mrs Stroyan, an Irish lady who married a congregational minister. She was a wonderful

woman, very up to date. Sometimes I wonder if she would have been a suffragette. She was very keen on women getting their rights and doing their duty in every way. Her sister Mrs Elliot and her sister-in-law helped her with school work and there was also a teacher called Hattie Payne, - she taught me for a long time whilst I was in the 3rd class. I have no recollection of ever being in the 2nd class, but I was in the 1st class for two or three years and for most of our lessons we sat round the fire. It was there we read Lambs' Tales from Shakespeare and we "did" Julius Caesar time after time, that I almost knew the whole play by heart, also Coriolanus. Then we "did" Henry V and I don't remember any more except the Tempest. That was the first of Lambs' Tales.

Mrs Stroyan ever doing good work. She had lived in Ireland through the potato famine, so knew plenty about poverty. So was ever helping the poor people. There is a story about her that one *day* there was a meeting of some sort in Burnley "a tub thumper" and a man was saying there were no Christians in Burnley, when a man shouted out, "You are wrong, there is Mrs Stroyan". We realize her influence as we grow older. I wonder how many of her pupils are still alive. Her niece married a missionary in India and their little boy was sent to Mrs Stroyan to be educated. Rab – I wonder where he is now.

I received at this school the only prize I ever got. I got it for reading, writing and arithmetic. I can scarcely believe I got it for arithmetic for it was always was a hateful subject to me, and always will be. I made one friend at school. Her name was Elma Landless. We stuck together the whole time tho' I think she was three years older than I. Poor girl, when she first came she had just lost her mother, so we were comrades in distress. She had a very kind father. I met him several times. I missed Elma very much when she left school. She lived at Brierfield and I lost her for a long time. All I knew was she married and had a large family. However I had not to lose her for ever. I met a cousin of hers when we went cruising down or up on the Mediterranean and I told him to be sure to tell Elma he had met me. Eventually I got a letter from Elma telling news of herself and her big family,

seven girls and two boys, - crikey!! One boy was a rover and only wrote home when he needed some money, so she has had her troubles like everyone else. We kept up our friendship until one of her daughters wrote and told me she had died. It was sad news for me

After being five years with Mrs Stroyan I went to Skipton (c1893), a much stricter school. Miss Tucker was a terror, but a marvellous teacher and took no end of pains preparing her lessons. I loved Miss Lerner, - each evening we went into her sitting room, we sat anywhere, - mostly on the floor doing a bit of fancy work and Miss Lerner near to us, - some of the books I remember very well, Timothy's Guest, Ned Kelly, the Last of the Bush Rangers and the Jungle Book. We went to a few concerts and lectures which were very nice and interesting. I should have been much happier if I had decent clothes to wear, - I can't understand why I had to be dressed worse than any work house brat. One holiday I spent some of it with my sister Emily and she gave me a dress which she did not like. It fitted me perfectly and I was proud of it. I took it to school and never showed it to my sister Maggie. You should have seen Miss Lerner's face when I walked into her sitting room dressed up to the nines. As I have said before I can't understand why I had to do without things.

A Miss Hankinson came as art mistress and she taught wood carving. I had to ask my father if I could get the tools. He readily gave his consent and I had the best set in the class. He gave me 2/6 a week (*two shillings and six pence*) and out of that I had to pay 1/10 for my fare every week and Maggie gave me the handsome sum of 6d per week, so I had 1/2 per week for all subscriptions, birthdays etc. We subscribed to a few charities and towards games.

However this condition did not last long as poor father died and I had to leave school. Then the fun began. I began to grow up. Oh, the scoldings I got. I don't know why.

Yes, I think I do know. I never felt well and I had no fight in me. So I just went on and never retaliated until I burst my chains, as related on the next

page. If only I had stood up to her more, perhaps she would have learnt more sense. She seemed to look for evil. I can laugh now about some things. When I was seventeen I got a letter from a man who had seen me walking up the road and the impression he got made him enquire who I was and where I lived and would I meet him. His intentions were strictly honourable. I showed his letter to Maggie. Oh, Moses, what a scene. It was my own fault, etc etc etc and if I had one bit of sense I would ignore the letter and tell no one about the letter. I obeyed her, but to my dismay and disgust I found she had told everyone, round and square. I got my own back once or twice. Once was at Skipton Tennis Dance. It was a terrible dance for flirtations and the supper dance was taken by a stiff little man, great friend of my brother-in-law Charles, so I thought I was in for a dreary old interval. However, he took me onto a landing. These dances were always in the Devonshire Hotel in Skipton. There were two chairs and a gas bracket overhead. The first thing the man did (Giles Bates, he's dead and some now, poor thing) was to push the two chairs together as close as possible and then he put the light out. Meanwhile my heart began to palp and I wondered what I had to do, for I would not possibly have a slight flirtation with him. I was saved, he wanted to smoke, discovered that he had no matches. There was Frank Driver flirting with a Billie Carr at the other end of the landing so Giles said "I will ask Mr Driver for some matches" and while he was away I pushed the chairs away as far as I could. When Giles groped his way he said when he could not find the chair "Miss Pilling, you nearly made me sit on the floor". I never spoke. So he knew he had got the wrong girl. I told Maggie about it when we were having some refreshment, but again I was in the wrong. All I got was "Mr Bateson is not like that you must have encouraged him". No help from that quarter. A little later, we were again having a drink when sister Margaret, very much on her high horse, said to her husband "Charles, you must never ask Mr Bateson again to our house. He tickled my back!!!!" "My goodness" I exclaimed, "how you must have encouraged him". This, I know, sounds very paltry, but then most happenings in my life were paltry. Even after Maggie was married she

tried to govern my life, but, as it so often happens, she overstepped the mark and lost all control over me.

I was very fond of my cousin Minnie and also she was very much older than I. We were great friends and she knew what a thin time I was living in Colne. She gave me carte blanche for visits to her house in Blackpool. I was staying with her one day and a telegram came for me and I told her to open it as I had not the slightest idea what it would be about. Imagine the consternation when the poor girl read out "Come home at once or choose between Minnie and me". All she said was "Well, are you going home?" and I answered no I am not, - and I stayed on longer than I had at first intended. At last I went home, no letters came or went. Dead silence between us. At last one day Charles walked in and he asked me if I would go and see Maggie and nothing would be said. I answered "I should think not. I think sometimes I will go to the Devil and perhaps Maggie will be satisfied then, and I would go but for my own self-respect". I did go and nothing was said. I know that Maggie did regret her action. Minnie never forgave her and they never met again. That was Maggie's loss for Minnie was a real good sort and would brighten anyone's life and always do a good turn when possible.

I seem to have got away from school life so the next few pages will have to be bits and pieces blowing backwards and forwards as forgotten incidents come to my memory. As I have stated I was married in April 1904 and I am not saying much about my married life, as when my dear old boy left me after thirty one years, for a while all those years seemed to disappear and it was to me as if they had never existed, so I locked all my memories up in my heart, my ups and downs, more ups, very many more than downs, - and when I was married (1904) all the people round me were ten years older than I was. First my husband, Dr Crabtree, Mr Berry (the vicar), Harry and Mrs Hardcastle, Enoch Tillotson and last but not least my dear Ann.

I have not said much if anything about her, tho' I could fill a book about her. She was with me for thirty five years and I have often thought if only she had been ten years younger, things might have been very different for

me now. But I must be contented to think about her when she was with me from the beginning of my married life. She was a philosopher of the first water. Two incidents I would tell. One was when we were living either at Grange or at Morecambe and my husband could only have the weekends with us, and once he went back to Silsden and sent me a p.c. "All's well at Moorfield, - peace perfect peace, am going down to the club". I said to Ann "Well this is a nice p.c. to receive, "peace perfect peace without us". "Yes" said Ann "but he is taking good care not to stop with peace perfect peace." Another time was before you Joan were born, about two months before. There was a sale of work in the village in aid of the District Nursing Association and I had promised some roses. It was a very hot day and I gathered a huge bunch and when I got back to the house I just sat in a chair by the kitchen door (we had the little house then) and I said to Ann "I do feel ill, I think I am going to die". Poor Ann. It was a shocking thing to say for we were alone. But she kept her head and said "I will give you a glass of Champagne" and I answered "Oh no, it might kill me". She replied "Well if you are going to die you might as well die drinking Champagne as die without it". And she brought me a glass and I drank. I can still feel the way life seemed to flow once more into my body. What a brick she was. After the Champagne had brought me back to life Ann made tea and I ate with gusto bread and butter and radishes!!! And they tasted good, - fresh from the garden.

Whilst I had all the people ten years my senior I always felt young and when they began to leave me I found myself an old woman. They are all gone now. I suppose I had better begin with when I returned home from Germany in 1902 and Frank Driver came into my life more persistently than ever. He was very patient and faithful, and waited and waited like Jacob seven years until I had made up my mind. I never flirted or gave him any encouragement because I knew he was sincere and if I decided against an engagement I did not want him to be able to say I had encouraged him.

At last there was an engagement and we were married at St Mary's church Lowgate, Hull, on April 14th 1904. Whilst he could he looked after me for

years and years and made life as easy as he could for me. In all our thirty one years of married life he was really cross with me once, and he was cross, so cross that I had hysteria and laughed. It was not without provocation I will admit. Did I ever tell you about it or do you remember the occasion for I think you were at the tea table when I had to sit and be really scolded. My cousin Maggie Woodhouse was staying with me (Minnie's sister) and I had taken her to Malham. It was in the days when cars were not perfect as they are today. Harker was the name of the chauffeur. We saw the cove first then we made for Gordale Scar but the road seemed too steep for safety and we stopped half way down. Harker got the car across the narrow road and we could not move. In trying to move the awful thing, - we knocked a wall down and some of the stones fell on the car and knocked some paint off. We managed to turn round after this and went off home. Poor father, he came home. I ran to meet him to tell him the tale and say how sorry I was, but he was just livid and would not speak so I turned on my heel and left him, - I could do no more. Well during tea the scolding began and it went on and on and I got worked up till I burst out laughing. Poor Maggie was frightened and said "oh don't Cis, don't" and I said "but I will. It is a pity we have come home alive, there would not have been as much fuss had we been killed. I won't ride in a car again, I will always hire a taxi after this". Then I asked questions. "Have I ever knocked a child down? Have I ever knocked a man down? Can you say you have never done these two things?" There was silence.

When we retired that night the poor darling tried to say he never meant anything he had said, but he wanted it to be a warning to me. (I have forgotten to say it was a brand new car, only arrived that day). I replied that if he pretended to be cross when he was not how was I to know when he was serious. I told him I was frightened of my father, I was frightened of my brother, but I would be hanged if I going to be frightened of the man I had married, and that I had based my ideas on a text I had learnt as a child "Perfect love casteth out all fear". I also told him I would never deceive him and I would not teach his children to deceive him, and as far as I know we never had any occasion to do so. And I know that the dear man came to

trust me with everything his life included. I don't think there was anything I did not know about him, tho' some of his friends sometimes tried to shake my confidence, but they were never succeeded and stopped saying silly stupid things.

The years between my leaving school and being married were dull at times, but we did try to justify our existence. There was a Mr Lascelles Wildman and he did a noble work. He was musical and he gave his talent to his town. He collected musicians and formed an orchestral society and in time Colne benefitted greatly by his concerts. He also formed a choral society and we met once a week to practice, and it was great. I remember some of the girls had to help in singing the solo parts with the orchestra and Mr Wildman's sister took a certain part in 'Elijah', but always at a certain part she broke down "and said, "Oh, Lascelles what is it?" It happened so often that we waited for it, - nevertheless she had a good voice. Now I must tell something against myself. The Choral and Orchestral societies gave a little concert and we finished the concert with the Hallelujah Chorus. I had never sung this chorus before but I knew it vaguely having heard it a few times, but I didn't know its pitfalls and we were all told always keep our eyes on the conductor. And so I was singing away and doing my best, keeping good time, keeping my eye on the conductor and I sang a solo, the only time I ever did it in public. Well it was in the wrong time and place. I came out with a full throated "Hall" in dead silence from everyone else. Mr Wildman promptly forgave me because I had kept my eyes on him. It would have been better if I had kept both eyes glued to the score. I loved those days. The whole of Elijah I loved. "Lord bend thine ears to our prayers". A duet with the chorus with the chorus chiming in at times, and the chorus "Behold, God the Lord, passeth by" and lots more that I shall never forget.

There were few dances, never such a thing as a public one except for the hospital and I have told about the Tennis Dances in Skipton. There was also an amateur operatic company and I thought all the players were perfect. They gave Maritana, the Bohemian girl. I shall never forget being taken to a school concert and the boys sang "The Fire Brigade". It was a great song.

We had just got a fire brigade. We had a bazaar to get the money for it. Simple excitements. My sister Maggie was a member of the orchestral society (This is really a chapter of bits and pieces) and she would tell me amusing incidents. One evening Mr Wildman was not satisfied with the way some of the music was played, so he had the members go over it again and again. He noticed one man not playing so he asked the reason and the man replied "well I didn't want to blaw all me puff art before we 'ad to play it right".

There was a reunion of the Sunday School scholars and teachers. Oh what old crocks came and I don't suppose any of them were as old as I am now. We had a great Lancashire (not Yorkshire) tea and then during the interval between tea and evening service we sat in the chapel. Some women came in and recognised each other and this is what we heard. "well if I ever, if it isn't you, nah, ow are yer and where do you live. Are you marrid" "Oh aye, I am, and are yew" "Naw, but I lives in 'opes if I dee in despair". That is another thing I have never forgotten.

As I have already stated, my mother and father died whilst I was young. Now that I am old I feel it was hard on my older sisters to have the responsibility of young children, but they might have been kinder. I was scarcely ever allowed to playout with the children and there were plenty of them and we had lovely fields and meadows at the back of the houses. A grand old ash tree. It seemed to reach the sky, like the pine trees tall and high and we could play hide and seek. I could hear the boys and girls playing and I was alone, well, let me tell you, occasionally I would sneak out and I would not return home till it was dark. I knew I should get into terrible trouble but it was worth it. I would play about till the boys and girls came out again after tea and we would play. Then of course darkness fell and we went to our respective home. And the lies I told. "Where have you been for your tea?" "I have been to Jacks'", (my eldest brother) so I was sent off to bed supperless and tealess, but I did not care. Now what do you think of your mother telling deliberate lies, - how are the mighty fallen, but I had

not very far to fall, for I was never mighty. This all happened before my father was very ill and nurse Hazeldine came.

My brother Frank had a terrible accident at the works. There was a lorry, I think full of timber which had to be unloaded and Frank thought he would unload it as the men had forgotten it and father would be cross. So Frank for some reason or other turned the brake off and the lorry began to run down a slope. So Frank tried to put the brake on and he was caught between the lorry and the wall. Poor boy he really was badly smashed up. He was brought home in cab and walked into the kitchen and told us not to worry. He was told right and he had to lie on the kitchen sofa until the doctor came. I don't know how he survived. One side was crushed. I found his watch in his pocket. The works were pushed out and the glass was smashed to fine powder. However after six weeks he recovered and he lived to be almost 80. I am telling you this because to his life's end he said it was the happiest time of his life. He was cared for and nursed very well and lovingly by my eldest sister Emily and they had a tender feeling for each other ever after. I can hear him saying "Emp". old party, will you get me this or that or the other. Friends were very kind bringing books etc and it was then that I read "The Coral Island" and "Rudder Grange", - lovely books.

I don't think I have much more to add and I feel I do not want to write a lot about my married life, you all know that part. I was lucky in every way and as time went on my family was growing up. It was lovely watching each one develop - I think I can safely say I have three of the best children a mother could have. Each very different from the other, each to be treated differently, - rather difficult at times, but I have never had one moment's anxiety as to their conduct and way of life.

And I have had one greatish wish granted, to live and see them all happily married. That is all I have ever wanted. And now I can sit back and relax and think back over my long life, ups and downs, joys and sorrows, works and plays, good things done and foolish things done, and still memory flows

with lava tide , and so I go on now until I in my turn reach the end of the road.

All my love to you my dear children and your husbands and wife and my two grandchildren, - Darlings all of you.

Elizabeth Driver née Pilling. Born Feb 13th 1878 *Died 17 May 1972, age 94.*

Yorkshire Post (?), February 1958

Former Silsden lady is 80

Yesterday was the 80th birthday of Mrs Elizabeth Driver, who prior to leaving her home at Moorfield, in 1951, to live near one of her daughters, in Glasgow, was one of the leading citizens of Silsden. Mrs Driver is one of the three patrons of St James's Parish church, and has always been an enthusiastic worker for most of the organisations within the church.

For more than 50 years she was a member of the Mother's Union, and last year she received a presentation to mark her 51 years' membership of the Girls' Friendly Society, when the 60th Jubilee celebrations were held. Mrs Driver was particularly interested in work for young people, including the Girl Guides and Brownies, and until leaving the town she was secretary and treasurer of the Silsden branch of the British Sailors' Society.

She was an official of the Silsden District Nursing Association to the end of its existence, and throughout two world wars she worked with unremitting zeal in the Women's Voluntary Services.

The Conservative Club ladies' section was another of her active interests, and, through the unequalled work for sport in Silsden of her husband, the late Mr Frank Driver, Mrs Driver also took a keen interest in the fortunes of the local football and cricket teams. Mr Driver was a founder of Driver Bros., textile manufacturers, of which his son is now the head.

In Glasgow, Mrs Driver continues her church worship and her work for the British Sailors' Society. She is the daughter of the late Mr John Pilling, a well-known loom maker, of Colne.

Ernest Cormie made a few comments:-

When Margaret & I were young and Granny Driver was visiting us, she would read to us in her bed in the mornings and tell us about cycling (in Holland?) and having elastic from her skirts and under her feet to prevent her dress being blown up.

She attended school so infrequently that it was probably quite easy for her to remember the few teachers that she had.

She was obviously very intelligent to make so much from her minimal schooling and to go onto being the pillar that she became in Silsden.

She never told us fully of the hardships that she has written about, just that she was the youngest of the family and eventually she had to look after the rest of the family after her mother died.

The photo of the Driver family standing at the foot of steps in a garden / on a driveway may not have been taken at Moorfield.

I don't know where else it could be but the balustrades at the top of the photo don't appear to be the same as in another photo. *(This might be explained by the change in Moorfield from the original small building to the later large property)*

"My dear Ann" was found in the 1911 census to be Ann Elizabeth Clarkson, born in 1868. From Cis' memoirs we learn that she was with Cis from the beginning of her married life in 1904 until about 1939 when Ann was 71. While originally a servant she became friend and companion and "a philosopher of the first water". It seems likely she died in Leeds in 1942 aged 74. In 1935 she had been left an annuity for life by Cis' husband Frank Driver in his Will.

Harry (and Mrs) Hardcastle appears in Frank Driver's journal and was paying a 'rent' of £1 per month in the early 1920s.

Enoch Tillotson appears to have been born in 1863.

DEATH AND FUNERAL OF MR. JOHN PILLING.

We regret to have to record the death of Mr. John Pilling, which took place after a long and painful illness, at his residence, Sutherland-terrace, Albert-road, Colne, at half-past eight on Sunday morning. The deceased suffered from an internal cancer, and had been attended by Dr. Keay. For many weeks he suffered most acutely, but bore his affliction with great fortitude. He had just passed his 62 year by a month, and was the senior partner in the firm of machinists which, a short time ago, was formed into the limited liability company, entitled "John Pilling and Son, Limited." He was born at Trawden, his father, the late Mr. John Pilling, having commenced and worked up the business of a loom manufactory there, and which was forty years ago transferred to Primet Bridge. At Colne the business continued to prosper, until now it provides work for a considerable number of people, the firm of John Pilling and Sons having gained a reputation both at home and abroad. The deceased was connected with the Albert-road Wesleyan chapel, and in politics was a Liberal. His private business did not exclude him from devoting a good deal of service to furthering the interests of the town of Colne, where he enjoyed for a long number of years the confidence and esteem of the ratepayers. He was elected a member of the Local Board at the first elections in 1875, and continued to sit on the board until July, 1884, when he resigned on account of a domestic affliction. He was re-elected in 1886 and sat for two years, and then finally retired owing to ill-health. In 1887 he was chairman of the board. In addition to the duties falling upon him in this capacity, he fulfilled those of trustee and director of the Colne Permanent Benefit Building Society. His remains were interred

on Wednesday afternoon, in the family vault in Colne cemetery, and the funeral cortege, which started at about two o'clock, was followed by a considerable number of spectators, the blinds in some of the houses en route being drawn, and not a few of the shops being closed. The works, at which he had been so long the head, were closed all the day, and the bearers were men who had been in his employ. A large number of people assembled in the vicinity of Sutherland-terrace to watch the coffin borne into the hearse, and the coffin bore a large quantity of very beautiful wreaths. Mr. John Clarke, New Market-street, Colne, was the undertaker; and Mr. Alexander Smith, Colne, made the coffin, which was of fumigated oak, with heavy brass mountings. Heading the procession were Mr. S. Catlow, J.P.; Mr. A. Varley (clerk to the board), and the Rev. W. Clifford, M.A., rector of Colne, the reverend gentleman attending out of respect for the deceased. Following these gentlemen walked all the members of the board, with the exception of Messrs. J. Schofield and Sydney Preston, who being related to the deceased, rode in a carriage with the other relatives. Two officials of the board, the surveyor (Mr. John Mallinson), and the water manager (Mr. G. Dyson), also walked with the members. Behind these came the representatives of the Building Society, and preceding the hearse was a carriage containing the deceased's medical adviser and Mr. James Carr, solicitor, Colne. There were five carriages containing relatives and members of deceased's family, and three private gentlemen's carriages representing families in the town. Before leaving the house a short service was conducted by the Rev. A. Leppington Barley, superintendent Wesleyan minister, and he performed the first portion of the ceremony over the grave. On being invited by Mr. Barley, the Rev. W. Clifford very willingly undertook the closing portion of the burial service. A great deal of sympathy was expressed for the bereaved relatives.

Nurse Haseldine (Mary Lizzie), later known to the family as Auntie Lizzie Varley, was born in Basford, a suburb of Nottingham, in 1862, and was therefore 16 years older than Cis. She married Robert Preston Varley in 1897 at Basford. He had been born in Burnley in 1866 and according to the 1911 census they were living in Colne, Lancashire, where he was running a plumbing business. They did not have any children.

Miss Felicia Larner of Skipton High School was the school's first headmistress, from its



founding in 1886 until 1909. The school has memorial wrought iron gates named in her honour. School fees for boarders at that time were about £40 per annum.

There is one article which reports that the governors admonished a parent for taking a daughter on holiday away from school during term time.

Mrs Stroyan, - see a paper written by Leslie Chapples of Burnley Historical Society.

Obituary from the Colne Times on 23rd November 1904.