

ELLEN GILL'S DIARY

December 31st 1961

The first house I remember living in was at 13 Stockdale Terrace, Institution Street, Woodhouse, Leeds. There were 15 houses in this Terrace, my Grannie Adams living at No.15. As most of the families living here had families, we had many friends. In front of each house was a long garden and we had to go up to the top of the garden to a row of W.C.s shared by two families to each one. Also we had to take all our rubbish to the dry ashpits which adjoined the W.C.s; water closets were installed later. I was the eldest child, born January 12th 1888 - my name, Ellen Calvert.

Every two or three years a new baby arrived and as far back as I can remember, I had to help mind the baby, or help with the other children. On each occasion when a new baby arrived my Grannie looked after us and my Dad helping with little jobs when he finished work.

I do not remember Willie, Clifford and Harry being born, but remember Arthur being born on August 7th*. I was staying with my Aunt Ruth who was my mother's stepsister; she lived at Bramley. I had been there about a week and was thrilled at being there for a holiday. Dad came to tell us about baby Arthur and to take me home. At this time I was attending St. Mark's Church School in Raglan Road and stayed there until I left school when I was 13 years old. I loved school and never stayed away if I could help it. I remember my anxiety when having to take my youngest brother to school and fearing I should be late. One year I was the only scholar with a full attendance. In those days prizes were given, and the headmistress said I could choose one of three things for a special prize - a book, a work-basket and I think the 3rd was something like a manicure set. Being fond of sewing I chose the work-basket.

Dad worked at Miers Leather Works, in Barrack Street and Meanwood Road. When he had to work over, my mother packed his tea, and I used to take it after school, walking of course. Mother put the hot tea in a tall can with a lid on and a handle to carry it by. Also I or one of my brothers used to take my Grandad's dinner to Sam Kirk's up Shay Street. We took this in a basket with a lid on that fastened up with a skewer that was pushed through two holes.

Grandad Adams was not my mother's own father, being Grannie's second husband. Mother's father was called John Atkinson Makin, and he died two months after mother and her twin sister were born. He was in hospital when they were born and never saw them. He was a policeman and his mother lived in one of the Almshouses in Wade Lane. When she died she left £20 each to my mother, Margaret Ann and her twin sister Mary Ann. I think she died not long before mother was married, as she told me it came in useful to buy part of their home.

When I left school at 13 years I went to work at a large tailors called Campbells near St. George's Church. Our hours were 8 a.m. to 6-30 p.m. with one hour for dinner, for which I took something from home as the cookhouse only supplied us with hot water to mash our own tea. My wages were 3/- per week for one month, while I learnt to be a "Finisher". After this I was on "Piece Work" when I couldn't possibly earn even 3/- per week. Our work was mostly boys' coats; we had to baste and fell two sleeve linings for 1d and had to do the same on small sailor suits, make a ribbon bow and sew it on for 3d. Most of my work as a beginner was sewing on buttons for which I was paid 3d per 100. The forewoman marked places for buttons with a chalk cross. We had to buy our own cotton which was 4 1/2d for 1000 yards, so fortunately it lasted quite a while. When I had been there a few months, I suffered from indigestion and Dr Bell told my mother, a more active job would be better for me. Result, an aunt got me a job at Peter Laycock's Mill to learn to be a "Piecener" to work on a "Mule" and perhaps when I got older to become a "Weaver" like she was.

The hours were 6 a.m. to 5-30 p.m. with 1/2 an hour for breakfast which was 8-30 to 9 a.m.; dinner one hour from 12-30 to 1-30; Saturday 6 a.m. to 12-30. My wages were 2/6d per week while I was learning which turned out to be until somebody either left or died! Consequently I was there over a year before there was a vacancy, when I was given a place at the bottom of the Mule at 7/- a week. We moved up in the same way and when I left at 21 years I had 9/- waiting for somebody to leave, have a baby, or die! The highest paid job was at the head of the Mule when you had to "mind the chain" for 10/- a week. When I was learning I was glad to earn 10d a week extra. For this I had to clean 4 or 5 lavatories for the women, 2 or 3 very dirty men's and one at the bottom of the yard used by the office staff. I had to collect 4d a week from the weavers in turn and the office paid 6d, the men evidently were let off.

I never liked working at the Mill and wonder now why I stuck it so long but in those days jobs were not so plentiful. One or two bright spots came when we earned a little extra. If somebody was off work ill, our foreman somehow arranged that we shared her wage, as of course we had to do her work.

When I was about 15 years we removed to - 9 Midgley Terrace lower down Institution Street to have an extra bedroom, as I now had six brothers. When I was 18, my sister Edith was born, which pleased me very much, and three years later the twins were born. We called them Frank and Fred so I now had eight brothers and one precious sister. Dad suggested that I had better leave my job at the Mill as Mother would need me at home. I was very pleased to do this, as I had a good lot of housework to do as well as my job. By this time we had a sewing machine and I was able to make my own dresses and clothes for the younger children. When I left the Mill I had 9d a week pocket money which continued until I married.

Dad had a lot of slack time and by now "Miers" had removed to larger premises at Beeston; we were very hard up at times. I have known Dad go by tramcar to Beeston to see if there was any work to do and come back cold and disappointed - no work and no money. I remember that some weeks my mother cried because there was no money to pay the rent, which in Stockdale Terrace was 3/11 a week including rates. When she was able she paid 3d a week extra to clear the debt. Sometimes we were in debt at Mrs Farrer's shop where we paid weekly for the groceries. Dad's cousin, who was more like his brother lent Mother and Dad a few pounds to clear the debt. They were then able to shop at the Co-op and with the dividend pay off what they owed cousin Sam Calvert.

We had some very happy times as a family. In happier times Dad used to say ours was the ever open door, as we all had friends calling for us. One of my first friends was Nellie Houghton; her father kept a Boot and Shoe shop near us and Mr and Mrs Houghton and family went to Trinity Congregational Church in Woodhouse Lane. I and my brothers went to the Sunday School there for a few years, also I went to services with Nellie and later to her wedding there when she married John Moss. They removed later to Armley and for a time, I had another friend Jenny Gowland who worked near me.

I then went with Jenny, her sister Emmie and other friends to All Souls Church at the top of Cambridge Road. I never remember being interested in any of the sermons. When I was 19 years I was very friendly with Nelly Walsh who worked next to me. Nelly told me that they had arranged a ramble to East Keswick from Woodhouse Carr Wesleyan Chapel, on Easter Monday and asked me to go with her, also Jenny. I at once felt at home with the young folk who were very friendly. This was the first time I saw Arthur Gill who later became my husband, although I don't remember speaking to him. After this ramble I couldn't keep away from Woodhouse Carr and went to everything I could with Nelly Walsh and made two new friends Nellie Heshon and Eliza Bruce. In the December of that year we had a three day bazaar, starting on Boxing Day as far as I can remember. I was now very friendly with Arthur Gill and shortly afterwards deserted my friends. Later Nelly Walsh married Arthur Denison and Eliza Bruce to Ernest Ryall and Nellie Heshon to Edgar Brook so it all ended happily.

When I was nearly 23 years our little Frank died of Bronchial Pneumonia following Measles. This was the first death in our family and a great trouble to us all as he was nearly 2 years old; we missed him very much.

Up to now I have not mentioned Grannie and Grandad Calvert. They lived in Marsh Square, Dial Row near St. Mark's School. Grandad died when I was about 12 years old. He was a Stonemason and worked in streets flagging and paving. I didn't know him very well except that he spent most of his time after work in the "Swan with Two Necks" in Raglan Road. When it was bad weather and they could not work, as no money was coming in, they were often short of food. When Grannie was left a widow with no money, she was allowed 2/6 per week from Town Pay, my Dad allowed her 1/6, her son-in-law Isaac Kelly 2/- and Dad's brother supposed to send 1/- but he often missed. I know all this as Dad collected it and sometimes sent it with me. Grannie had always fancied a little shop and once when Grandad was in a generous mood he gave her 10/-. My Dad told us that she bought a few things to sell again including some parkin pigs. Grandad came home drunk and knocked them all on the floor and broke them.

Anyhow Dad took me with him to Leeds Market one Saturday to buy a few things wholesale, and Grannie started a little shop in the house displaying tea, candles and toffee on a long table scrubbed snow white. She also sold bundles of firewood which she kept under the table. I once asked her for her toffee recipe which I have often made. By this time she lived in a smaller house about 2/6 a week and another old lady Mrs Redfearn came to live with her. She steeped dried peas and boiled them in a pan on the fire and sold them. Children used to come with a pot for 1d or 1d worth.

After a few years Grannie went to live with Aunt Harriet who lived at Armley. As they were poor Aunt Annie Kelly asked her to live with them at Beeston later. Uncle Isaac and Aunt Annie were comfortably off as Uncle was now Manager at Miers. Grannie could have anything she wanted and they were very good to her, but she finally persuaded them to let her go back to Harriet's and she stayed there until she died of old age. I remember my Dad saying it said "Senile Decay" on her death certificate. Sometimes Grannie would come to tea from Beeston and I always took her home. Although Dad was by now a teetotaler he would ask me to fetch Grannie a gill of beer from an off licence shop before she went. She was a brave woman and kept her house spotless, and did her best to make ends meet. Her name was Ellen and Grandad's Sam, short for Samuel.

Another relative I loved and admired was my Grannie Adams' sister Margaret Skilbeck, always called just Auntie who lived at 4 Stockdale Terrace. John Skilbeck was her second husband and her first was William Buckle who was her cousin, and died when he was about 28 years. Cousin Lizzie was a baby and her grandparents James Buckle and his wife took her to live with them, I think when she left school probably, at either Burnt Yates or Nidd Bridge. James Buckle was in business for himself as a joiner and I understood that he made the table that Auntie Skilbeck gave me just before I was married. When her grandparents died Lizzie came back to her mother and when I remember her, she was "Housemaid" at Wilson's 17 Blenheim Terrace.

As my Grannie and Auntie were both left widows very young they lived together in Woodhouse Street just below Delph Lane. My mother told me that they kept hens in the cellar at night and sent them across the road on to the Moor during the day. They also kept a pig in Bussey Court, and mother and Aunt

Mary Ann had to find it before going to school. Uncle James used to buy a little pig for them and bring it by train to Leeds. Part of the pig was sold to buy another and the remainder provided the family with bacon etc. Grannie went to work at Gaunt Hudsons "Cap Makers" and I think Auntie went out part-time "charring" and looked after the home.

When Mother was about 13 years old and in service Grannie married Herbert Adams, a widower with three boys and two girls. He and Grannie and Auntie were members at Nether Green Congregational Chapel. Auntie married J Skilbeck who was retired from the army and had a pension, which he mostly spent on himself. He dressed very smartly and spent a lot of time in the "Black Bull". He also worked at Sam Kirk's but they often had slack time. Lizzie used to buy her mother clothes and was very good to her, but did not get on with her stepfather. Uncle died 2 or 3 years before Auntie and I have heard Dad say that Auntie had at last gained her freedom, and I remember Dad going with her to Woodhouse Picture House soon after it opened. Auntie used to slip up on a Sunday morning (when uncle had gone out) to help Maggie a bit; she would wash up and tidy the hearth. Her own home was very tidy and orderly and she was a good housewife. When Auntie had a "stroke" Lizzie gave up her job and stayed at home with her mother until she died, and my Mother and Dad used to go to help Lizzie get her out of bed etc.

When we lived in Stockdale Terrace I and my brothers used to go to Woodhouse Temperance Hall which was quite near to the Band-of-Hope. We used to sing from a "Melody Book" such as "My drink is water bright" etc. We used to learn special melodies for Good Friday which was a very special day. All the Band-of-Hopes in Leeds used to walk in procession headed by decorated vans and a banner; ours had Woodhouse Temperance on. We all went to Leeds Town Hall and assembled on the steps and sung our melodies led by one or more brass bands. After this we walked back to a tea and concert - 4d for children. Mrs Farrer had a stall outside her shop and among other things sold pea-shooters and grey badgers (peas).

On Easter Sunday the children said recitations and some formed a choir. I was in the choir and said a recitation - "When wilt Thou save the people, etc." My Dad came to hear me and he once told me it made him think and later he signed the pledge although he and my mother didn't drink much. They decided to give it up and attend Woodhouse Temperance, and they had many happy hours there for many years.

Later when the children grew up they were both in the choir (not very high class) and they enjoyed singing Sankey's hymns and once part of "Messiah" - Dad bought a copy. Before I was married Woodhouse Temperance bought a new harmonium and Dad bought the old one for 10/-. Both Dad and I fiddled out tunes on it and in time I was able to play a few hymns (both hands! - what a thrill) We almost had a family choir and I remember on Sundays, one of the family would strike up a hymn and we would all join in without any music played, as at that time we had no musical instrument. Later after I was married, Mother and Dad were able to buy a piano and Edith had lessons. Dad used to say "Come on now, let's have 607 whether we know it or not", a great favourite of his in Sankey's. We all sung the different parts at the top of our voices, all going on with any job we were doing. Mother and I were sopranos and would perhaps be getting the dinner ready. I don't know what the neighbours said about us, but we were all happy and didn't mind.

All these years after I met Arthur Gill (six) he was saving up to get married; as I had no money, he had to buy the household linen which I ought to have provided as was the custom in those days, called the bottom drawer. Arthur did it very cheerfully and we got married on March 11th, 1914.

A couple of years or so before this I went to classes at night school at Woodhouse Temperance. Leeds Education Committee rented the rooms downstairs for this purpose. Dad paid for me to go (at this time we were living at 6 Jackman Square) about 4/- a winter session. The first year I learnt to draft patterns for plain sewing and made a princess underskirt trimmed with needlework and ribbon which I wore on my wedding day, also other articles of underclothing. The year before I got married I was in the dressmaking class and drafted a pattern and made a brown dress for Mother to wear at my wedding. Miss Futrell was very interested and asked Mother to go one night for a fitting. It looked very nice! Afterwards I made Edith a white dress trimmed with needlework and a navy velvet suit with a small lace collar for Fred to wear on March 11th 1914. As I was keen on having a sewing machine when I got married, I suggested to Arthur that it would be more sensible to buy a sewing machine for me, instead of an engagement ring. He agreed to this and we never regretted it, as I was able later to make suits and coats, dresses etc., besides patching sheets etc.

To go back a bit, when I was about 18 years old, I longed to go away on holiday like some of my friends at work did. I persuaded my mother to let me go to North Shildon, near Newcastle-on-Tyne, where My Aunt Mary Ann had lived for a few years. Mother and Dad scraped up the fare and a bit of pocket money, and bought me a straw hamper for 2/6 to carry my luggage in. Dad saw me in the train and Uncle Harry met me at Newcastle station, and took me across the Tyne in a ferry boat. I went on Saturday until Tuesday at Bank Holiday, as I think we only had Two days holiday then. What an adventure! I shall never forget the thrill I got out of it. One day Uncle took us all to Tynemouth on the electric train.

The next real holiday I had was about 2 years before I was married. Arthur and I went with his father and mother to Scarborough for a week. I shared a bed with Mrs Gill and Arthur and his Dad shared another, as this reduced expenses. As far as I remember we (Arthur paid for me) paid 4/- a night for each bed, and this included service and I think the train fare would be about seven or eight shillings return. I know it was 2/3 for a half day trip and 3/- for a day. We had a lovely time!

We decided to get married on March 11th 1914 as we were able to rent a house a few weeks before. It was a nice scullery house with a garden in front at 10 Wharfedale Grove, near Woodhouse Ridge. I think the rent was 5/2 per week including rates. We cleaned it from top to bottom and Arthur did the decorating and Will his brother helped with the painting. Arthur had saved enough to furnish our new home with about £20 left in the bank. This came in very useful later (or part of it) as about October Arthur was off work for several weeks with neurasthenia, brought about with overtime at work. At that time no wages were paid for time off for illness or holidays. Enough of this though! We were very proud of our new home, when it was ready for March 11th, and we were married at Woodhouse Carr Wesleyan Church on Wednesday. Quite a lot of friends and relations almost filled the church downstairs. I was dressed in a pale blue cashmere dress and a short white veil, and Arthur in a morning suit and tall silk hat.

Arthur's sister Mabel and Nelly Walsh the bridesmaids were in pale pink, and my sister Edith in the white dress mentioned earlier. We had two carriages, one with a pair off grey horses and the other, one brown horse. Arthur's brother Will was best man and of course my Dad gave me away. We did not go away but Arthur had a few days holiday from Wednesday until the following Monday which we enjoyed in our home. As Arthur would have holiday for a week at Bank Holiday, we decided to go to Bridlington then instead. I shall never forget that holiday as on August the 4th war was declared and I heard from my mother that my brother Harry had been called up. He had only joined Leeds Rifles a short time before so that he could go camping during his holiday, and it wasn't very long after that he was sent to France. I remember that people were buying stocks of food and I bought a couple of stones of flour. Later we had to queue for groceries, especially margarine and bacon. Mr Kirk our next door neighbour rushed to join up as like a lot more, he said it would only last a few weeks.

On December 14th, 1914 Walter was born at 305, Wharfedale Avenue, the home of Arthur's parents. The reason for this was that Arthur had not been well for about 3 months although he was back at work, and Arthur's mother and father wished to help us and did all they could to make us comfortable.

After awhile two of my brothers had to join up. Willie in the Artillery and Arthur a private in the army. Harry by now was a corporal in the Machine Gun Section; Clifford and Sidney on munitions. Mother and Dad were very worried when three of their sons were in France. Also they missed their help financially and were only allowed about 8/- a week for both of them as Arthur and Harry were apprentices on low wages. The rule was to give more to parents if their children were earning more, and Mother and Dad had been trying to help them to learn a trade rather than big wages with no future.

By about June 1916 Arthur had to join the army and my allowance was 12/6 and I think it was 5/- for Walter. As I was expecting another baby in a few months I was advised to apply for help to a certain fund and was given in the region of 4/- a month extra. One of the men who interviewed me suggested

that after my baby was born, I might be able to get a job and earn a little. I felt like asking him a few questions as to who would look after my children etc. Arthur was allowed 7/- a week but as a married man, 3/6 was deducted towards his wife's allowance. As Arthur was Grade 3 he was not sent abroad for which I was very thankful, and I managed to keep our home going without getting into debt - or going out to work! Later Arthur was made an officer's batman and he was given 10/- a month extra which he sent home to help our expenses. When he was at Brockton, Staffs. I went to stay near him for a holiday in 1917.

Our second baby was born on October 28th 1916 - his name Arthur. It was when he was 9 months old that I went to Brockton taking him with me and Walter stayed with my mother. I now had a few shillings extra allowance for Arthur junior.

I ought to have mentioned before this that Arthur was stationed at Whitley Bay and I was able to get digs there for 3 weeks taking Walter with me; this was in the August before Arthur was born. While I was there a Zeppelin came over and dropped some bombs at Whitley Bay, which frightened me and kept me awake at nights a lot during the last week I was there. Arthur was not allowed a sleeping out pass and they were often sent into the trenches on the coast during the night.

It was a struggle sometimes to keep cheerful, especially when Walter and Arthur had Whooping Cough and I was on my own at nights with them. The bright spots were when Arthur came home on leave and in time the war ended and it was a great day when Arthur came home for good. He went back to work at Roberts at his old job, ticket and showcard writer.

After awhile my three brothers were demobbed and came home from France. Harry had a shrapnel wound in his hand which partly disabled his thumb and finger. Arthur lost a part of one finger, and Willie my eldest brother came through alright. By now Willie and Clifford were married.

After the war my Mother and Dad had another worrying and hard time. Harry and Sidney were out of work for months, as they had both been learning to be mechanics in engineering, and when munition work finished there was no work for them. They had to draw the "dole" which wasn't much at that time. On top of this my Dad especially worried about their future; also he wasn't very well and felt his job was too hard for him. He managed to get a job under the Leeds Corporation and stayed there until he had to retire when he was about 60 years I think, owing to ill-health.

By now Mother and Dad were living at 18 Miles Hill Crescent, a nice house with a garden which Dad took an interest in. As the younger end of the family were all working at different jobs they were able to manage financially with care.

When they were old enough Walter and Arthur went to Woodhouse Carr Sunday School and we joined up again. For a short time I was able to teach in Sunday School again, until 1921. On October 14th of that year Betty Doreen was born. This was a great joy to Arthur and me, as we wanted a daughter as we already had two sons. I forgot to mention earlier that our son Arthur was born at The Maternity Home, Hyde Terrace, as of course it was during the war. Walter was Cared for by Mother while I was in Hyde Terrace. Betty was born in our home at 10 Wharfedale Grove, and Cousin Lizzie stayed with us about three weeks as arranged and looked after us all very well. By now Walter and Arthur were attending Quarry Mount School. Arthur had left Roberts to work at Clifton and Gill, Sign Writers, the latter being his brother William. Arthur was able to do his own class of work and posters; also learnt to do small signs and gold work. We were able to buy a piano in a few more years. Walter and Arthur started having lessons with Auntie Emmie, also Betty later. When Walter was 11 years old he won a scholarship and went to Central High School; only four were awarded that year in Quarry Mount Boys' School. Arthur tried two years later but was unsuccessful, mostly on account of nerves.

Shortly after this as my husband had not been well again and Dr North had advised us to try and get a house more on the level, we removed to 26 Cliff Mount, Delph Lane.

When Walter was 15 years he passed his exam for "School Certificate" with very good marks, but not quite "Matriculation". There was a serious slump in trade at this time and Walter was quite a time before he was able to get a job as office boy at 7/6 a week.

Arthur left school at 14 years and for a time worked for uncle Arthur Jarman and later went to Wigoder's, a Dental Surgeon to learn to be a Dental Mechanic. Arthur started then going to Night School three nights a week. Mr Wigoder suggested Arthur should come a few weeks for no wage to see if he liked the job. After this he gave him 5/- a week for a year, 10/- the next year, then 15/-, and the last year £1. During this time Walter had gone to Gordons as office boy at 10/- a week with a view to becoming an Incorporated Accountant. Walter also went to Night School. Betty won a scholarship and went to Lawnswood Grammar School and was able to have music lessons under Miss Froggatt.

During the slump trade was very bad at Clifton and Gill's especially in Arthur's line, so Arthur started on his own and worked at home, gathering up trade work from Clifton and Gill's when they had any. Bit by bit he built up a little business at home, but it was hard going at times. In the second World War Arthur did work for Roberts during the day at home and went to work at the Post Office as a telephonist in the evenings and very often Sundays as well. In September 1939 when war was declared again, Walter was at Didsbury College, Manchester in his third year training to be a Methodist Minister. Arthur was a Local Preacher and had decided to offer as a candidate to become a Methodist Minister. In 1940 although Arthur passed all his exams, he was not accepted for the Ministry. Very few were taken that year owing to war conditions. He continued to do other useful church work as a Youth Club Leader, Local Preacher and later as Sunday School Superintendent.

Betty was in the sixth form at Lawnswood. Nearly all the schoolchildren were evacuated to safer places and I shall never forget that awful weekend Betty went with Lawnswood School to Ripon with her gas mask and small amount of luggage. At first she was billeted with a family and later lived with Rev. Leslie Cocks. On the Sunday Woodhouse Carr Sunday School was almost empty. By now I was a Sunday School Teacher and Arthur my husband was Sunday School Superintendent, an office he held for many years. Later I also was Superintendent and a Junior Class Leader.

We didn't see Betty for quite a few months, as we were advised not to travel for one thing, but we wrote to each other at least once a week. While the School was at Ripon, Betty was made Head Girl which was a great honour. After about a term at Ripon and no serious bombing Lawnswood School came back to Leeds. Betty gained her Higher School Certificate and went back to Ripon Training College to train for teaching. In the meantime Walter finished at Didsbury and went as a Probationer to Audlem, Cheshire.

In March we had a bad raid on Leeds; a bomb dropped in Cliff Road demolishing a house, but fortunately none of the family were hurt, as they were in the next door shelter. We were in the coal cellar and I remember hearing the swish of the bomb. About 6 a.m. I went to Woodhouse Street Sunday School as a member of the W.V.S. to see if I was needed and was surprised to find so many people there. A few bombs had fallen round about damaging homes and a few people were killed in Woodhouse. We had tins of food etc. ready for any emergency like this and by late afternoon homes had been found for all the homeless. Naturally some of the people were very frightened and we did our best to comfort them, and I was as frightened as any of them, but didn't show it. Betty heard all sorts of rumours about it in Ripon and of course nothing could be published in the newspapers; at least sometimes a district or town would be vaguely mentioned. Betty was very relieved when she heard from us that we were all safe. Whenever the sirens went I could never stay in bed as some people did and we used to come downstairs and many a time I did a bit of wool rug that I was making to pass the time. I am glad to say that was the only raid on Leeds.

Arthur continued his work as a Dental Technician leaving Wigoder's at the end of his apprenticeship and for awhile was out of work. Later he worked for Mr Taylor at Rothwell, a Dental Surgeon who was studying for a Doctor at the same time.* When he passed he became a Medical Officer of Health and sold his practice and Arthur stayed on for awhile. On August 30th 1941 Arthur married Kathleen Abrams and they lived with us for a few months. Later they paid a deposit towards a house at 12 Hartley Grove. They were married at Woodhouse Carr, Kath in white, and Betty and Edith Mountain in blue as bridesmaids. Walter and Margaret Lorraine Weatherby were married at Manchester on January 1st 1944 this being the first day Walter could marry. At that time Methodist Ministers were not allowed to marry until they finished four years probation, after being three years at College.

After being at Audlem a year Walter went to Delph near Oldham and was in digs at Mr and Mrs Fishwick's. Dad and I spent a week there for a holiday. When Betty was at Training College we went more often to see her, going on Saturday morning and having lunch at the City Café - a real treat as food was rationed and meals at a Café did not need coupons.

In September 1944 Walter and Margaret went to their first Manse at Failsworth. At Christmas we were all invited to stay with them; trains were very crowded and many had to stand or sit on their luggage. Things had been very quiet and not many raids, but the Germans had started sending flying bombs mostly over London. On Christmas Eve when we were in bed the sirens went and after hearing a bang or two we all came downstairs. Some flying bombs had come to Manchester and two or three people were killed in Failsworth. On Christmas Day Mr and Mrs Weatherby came to tea from Manchester where they lived and two Italian prisoners from a camp nearby were invited. We had a very nice time together.

On March 9th 1945 Lorraine Margaret Gill our first grandchild was born in Manchester Hospital and I went to stay at Failsworth for a week or two. In the same year October 31st Helen Elizabeth was born to Arthur and Kathleen. In 1942 Betty finished training and in September started teaching at Woodhouse Street Junior School. In August before this Betty went to the Isle of Man for a holiday to stay with Rev. and Mrs Leslie Cocks and their little boy, as they had now left Ripon. On October 1942 Betty was 21 years but agreed not to have a party, as we had paid her expenses to Isle of Man as a celebration instead.

March 12th 1964

Before writing about our "Golden Wedding" which was yesterday, I would like to mention our "Silver Wedding" in 1939. To celebrate this Dad and I and Betty went to see Walter at Didsbury College. For some reason Arthur was not able to go with us. We enjoyed seeing the College for the first time. Walter had planned for us to have tea together in his study. Matron heard that it was our Silver Wedding and provided a very nice tea for us.

The Golden Wedding

Dad and I were told some weeks ago that Betty and Charles were arranging a Family Party at their home at 441 Otley Old Road. It was to be on Saturday March 7th as that was the most convenient day for everybody. Walter was planned to preach at Sheffield on the Sunday March 8th so Charles offered to take him there in time for morning service, so that we wouldn't have to rush away on Saturday. Dad and I invited Walter, Margaret, Tony and Lorraine (who came from Sheffield University) for dinner before going to Betty's for the Party. Charles called in his car about 3-30 p.m. and in two journeys took us to 441. Walter had brought his "Ciné Film Camera" and kept taking shots of us and the rest of the guests, 22 altogether :-

Dad and I

Walter, Margaret, Lorraine and Tony

Arthur, Kathleen, Helen and Diana

Betty, Charles, Elizabeth and David

Auntie Mabel and Uncle Arthur

Auntie Emmie and Uncle Harry

Auntie Edith and Uncle Walter, Joyce and David

Auntie Doris and Mrs Abrams

(Helen came from Bradford Teachers' Training College)

The food was set out beautifully, including a lovely cake in Gold and White - a lovely surprise for Dad and me as it had been kept a secret - thereby hangs a tale and Betty can tell all about it far better than I can. Enough to say that Betty made the very nice cake and had it iced professionally - a square one. It gave me great pleasure when Betty told me that I was to be given a piece for each member of our "Women's Meeting" of which I happen to be President,

After tea, during the evening the Cake was cut up and Charles, Helen and Diana wrapped 45 pieces in Gold and White serviettes and packed them in a large tin ready for the following Monday, which happened also to be Lorraine's 19th birthday. We had lots of fun including an act by Arthur Jarman and Walter Clayton and much conversation.

From Walter, Margaret, Lorraine and Tony a real novel present which was a box covered with gold paper, tied up with gold ribbon. It was full of all sorts of useful things, gold colour or gold on the labels. A lot of thought and care had gone into it. Also Tony had painted a picture for us which we shall value very much.

From Arthur, Kathleen, Betty and Charles, a lovely Coffee Table which they had joined to buy for us.

From Helen and Diana, a Non Stick Pan.

From Elizabeth and David - a Waste Paper Bin, which Elizabeth had chosen and wrapped up herself.

Harry and Emmie £1 to choose something ourselves.

Doris, a Marcasite Brooch for me, a Parker Ball Pen for Dad.

Mrs Abrams, a plant with a gold flower,

Harry and Joan (Salford) Two Hand Towels.

Mrs Savage and Mr Hamer Savage sent a lovely spray of flowers, and a Telegram of Good Wishes from Mr and Mrs George Boys.

After supper Arthur played the piano and we sung well known songs. Later Betty played and we finished up with a selection of our favourite hymns. Charles took Mrs Abrams and Auntie Doris home, and then Dad and me later. Walter, Margaret and Lorraine slept at 441 and Elizabeth slept with Diana at 449.

Next morning (Sunday) Charles again using his car took Walter, Margaret and Lorraine to Sheffield and arrived in good time for the morning service. In the afternoon Charles took Helen back to Bradford. Betty remarked that fifteen of the guests at our Party were able to play the piano. Later we bought Household Scales with the money from Harry and Emmie.

March 11th 1964. The Golden Wedding Day

Dad and I received 34 cards and 1 telegram from relations and friends.

In the afternoon Mabel and Arthur (Jarman) called with Dorothy (Husbands) bringing a lovely plant in bloom with purple flowers and an Opel Casserole with Lid. Dorothy had bought us a large bunch of Lovely Freesias and Tulips a fortnight ago, as they were removing to Birmingham and expected to be living there before March 11th. Before this we received (on March 11th) another beautiful Spray of Flowers From Harry and Millicent and Kathleen (Gill)

We were very pleased when later in the afternoon, Rev. Arthur Bott our Minister at Cambridge Methodist Church called. He brought a very nice spray of all golden flowers with warmest wishes from Arthur and Sylvia Bott, how very nice of them! Arthur Mabel and Dorothy had a cup of tea with us. About 7 p.m. our son Arthur came straight from Bradford and shortly after Kathleen came. Betty, Charles and Elizabeth had been to Speech Day at West Park Secondary Modern School and called on their way home. Diana was sitting in with David. We all had a cup of tea etc. together and Charles was able to take Arthur and Kathleen home in the car with them. Thus ended a perfect day.

March 12th 1964

During the evening Harry, Millicent, Andrew and Kathleen called to see us. We had cake and ginger wine and they were pleased to look at our cards, flowers and presents. Most of all they were glad to see us looking so well and happy. Edith, Walter, Joyce and David brought us a lovely Table Lamp.

* Editorial notes:

Dates of birth of the Calvert family

William (Ellen's father)	5th August 1866
Margaret Ann (mother)	12th November 1867
Ellen	12th January 1888
William	15th February 1890
Clifford	14th July 1893
Harry	19th October 1895
Arthur	7th August 1898
Sidney	28th November 1900
Samuel	22nd April 1903
Edith Mary	4th April 1906
Frank	10th February 1909
Fred	10th February 1909

Page 13. Dr A L Taylor was, in fact, already a doctor of medicine but was studying for the Diploma of Public Health, which subsequently enabled him to become Medical Officer of Health for the district.

Ellen Gill

Unpublished autobiography, excerpt.

Ellen Gill (nee Calvert) was born in Woodhouse, Leeds, in 1888, one of ten children of a leather-worker. She attended a Church elementary school to thirteen, leaving to work first for a tailor and later in a woollen mill. She married Arthur Gill, the author of the excerpt on gold-beating and sign-writing.

December 31/1961

The first house I remember living in was at 13 Stockdale Terrace, Institution Street, Woodhouse, Leeds. There were 15 houses in this Terrace, my Grannie Adams living at No. 15. As most of the people living here had families, we had many friends. In front of each house was a long garden and we had to go up to the top of the garden to a row of W.C.s shared by two families to each one. Also we had to take all our rubbish to the dry ashpits which adjoined the W.C.s, water closets were installed later. I was the eldest child, born January 12th, 1888 - my name, Ellen Calvert.

Every two or three years a new baby arrived and as far back as I can remember, I had to help to mind the baby, or help with the other children. On each occasion when a new baby arrived my Grannie looked after us and my Dad helping with little jobs when he finished work.

I do not remember Willie, Clifford & Harry being born, but remember Arthur being born on August 7th. I was staying with my Aunt Ruth who was my mother's stepsister, she lived at Bramley.

I had been there about a week and was thrilled at being there for a holiday. Dad came to tell us about baby Arthur and to take me home. At this time I was attending St. Marks Church School in Raglan Road and stayed there until I left school when I was 13 years old. I loved school and never stayed away if I could help it. I remember my anxiety when having to take my youngest brother to school and fearing I should be late. One year I was the only scholar with a full attendance. In those days prizes were given and the Headmistress said I could choose one of three things for a special prize - a book, a work-basket and I think the third was something like a manicure set. Being fond of sewing I chose the work-basket. Dad worked at Miers Leather works in Barrack Street and Meanwood Road. When he had to work over, my mother packed his tea and I used to take it after school walking of course. Mother put the hot tea in a

tall can with a lid on and a handle to carry it by. Also I or one of my brothers used to take my Grandad's dinner to Sam Kirks up Thay Street. We took this in a basket with a lid on that fastened up with a skewer that was pushed through two holes. Grandad Adams was not my Mother's own Father, being Grannies second Husband.

Mother's Father was called John Atkinson Makin , and he died two months after Mother and her twin sister were born. He was in hospital when they were born and never saw them. He was a policeman and his mother lived in one of the Almshouses in Wade Lane. When she died she left £20 each to my mother, Margaret Ann and her twin sister Mary Ann. I think she died not long before mother was married, as she told me it came in useful to buy part of their home. When I left school at 13 years I went to work at a large tailors called Campbells near St. George's Church.

Our hours were 8 a.m. to 6.30.p.m. with one hour for dinner, for which I took something from home as the cookhouse only supplied us with hot water to mash our own tea. My wages were 3/- per week for one month, while I learnt to be a "Finisher". After this I was on "Piece Work" when I couldn't possibly earn even 3/- a week. Our work was mostly boys coats, we had to baste and fell two sleeve linings for $\frac{1}{2}$ ^d and had to do the same on small sailor suits, make a ribbon bow & sew it on for $\frac{3}{4}$ ^d. Most of my work as a beginner was sewing on buttons for which I was paid 3^d per 100.

The forewoman marked places for buttons with a chalk cross. We had to buy our own cotton which was $4\frac{1}{2}$ ^d for 1000 yds, so fortunately it lasted quite a while. When I had been there a few months, I suffered from indigestion and Dr. Bell told my mother, a more active job would be better for me. Result, an Aunt got me a job at Peter Laycock's Mill to learn to be a "Piecener" to work on a "Mule" and perhaps when I got older to become a "Weaver" like she was.

The hours were 6 a.m. to 5.30 p.m. with $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour for breakfast which was 8.30 to 9. a.m. dinner one hour from 12.30 to 1.30. Saturdays 6 a.m. to 12.30. My wages were 2/6 per week while I was learning which turned out to be until somebody either left, or died! Consequently I was there over a year before there was a vacancy, when I was given a place at the bottom of the Mule at 7/- a week. We moved up in the same way and when I left at 21 years I had 9/- waiting for somebody to leave, have a baby, or die! The highest paid job was at the head of the Mule when you had to "mind the chain" for 10/- a week. When I was learning I was glad to earn 10^d a week extra. For this I had to clean 4 or 5 lavatories for the women, 2 or 3 very dirty mens and one at the bottom of the yard used by the office staff. I had to collect 4^d a week from the weavers in turn and the office paid 6^d, the men evidently were let off. I never liked working at the Mill and wonder now why I stuck it so long, but in those days jobs were not plentiful.

One or two bright spots came when we earned a little extra. If somebody was off work ill our foreman somehow arranged that we shared her wage, as of course we had to do her work.

When I was about 15 years we removed to - 9 Midgley Terrace lower down Institution Street to have an extra bedroom, as I now had six brothers. When I was 18, my sister Edith was born, which pleased me very much, and three years later the twins were born. We called them Frank & Fred so I now had eight brothers and one precious sister.

Dad suggested that I had better leave my job at the Mill as Mother would need me at home. I was very pleased to do this, as I had a good lot of housework to do as well as my job. By this time we had a sewing machine and I was able to make my own dresses and clothes for the younger children. When I left the Mill I had 9^d a week pocket money which continued until I married. Dad had a lot of slack time and by now "Miers" had removed to larger premises at Beeston, we were very hard up

at times. I have known Dad go up by tramcar to Beeston to see if there was any work to do and come back cold and disappointed - no work and no money.

I remember that some weeks my mother cried because there was no money to pay the rent which in Stockdale Terrace was 3-11 a week including rates. When she was able she paid 3^d a week extra to clear the debt. Sometimes we were in debt at Mrs. Farrer's shop where we paid weekly for the groceries. Dad's cousin, who was more like his brother lent Mother and Dad a few pounds to clear the debt. They were then able to shop at the Coop and with the dividend pay off what they owed cousin Sam Calvert. We had some very happy times, as a family. In happier times Dad used to say ours was the ever open door, as we all had friends calling for us. One of my first friends was Nellie Houghton, her father kept a Boot and Shoe shop near us and Mr. & Mrs. Houghton and family went to Trinity Cong. Church in Woodhouse Lane. I and my brothers went to the Sunday School there for a few years, also I went to services with Nellie and later to her wedding there when she married John Moss. They removed later to Armley and for a time I had another friend Jenny Gowland who worked near me. I then went with Jenny, her sister Fannie and other friends to All Souls Church at the top of Cambridge Road. I never remember being interested in any of the sermons. When I was 19 years I was very friendly with Nelly Walsh who worked next to me. Nelly told me that they had arranged a ramble to East Keswick from Woodhouse Carr Wesleyan Chapel, on Easter Monday and asked me to go with her, also Jenny. I at once felt at home with the young folk who were very friendly. This was the first time I saw Arthur Gill who later became my husband, although I don't remember speaking to him. After this ramble I couldn't keep away from Woodhouse Carr and went to everything I could with Nelly Walsh and made two new friends Nellie Heshon and Eliza Bruce. In the December of that year we had a three day bazaar, starting on Boxing Day as far as I can remember. I was now very friendly with Arthur Gill and shortly afterwards deserted my friends. Later Nelly Walsh married Arthur Denison and Eliza Bruce to Ernest Ryall and Nellie Heshon to Edgar Brook so it all ended happily.

When I was nearly 23 years our little Frank died of Bronchial Pneumonia following Measles. This was the first death in our family and a great trouble to us all as he was nearly 2 years old, we missed him very much. Up to now I have not mentioned Grannie and Grandad Calvert. They lived in Marsh Square, Dial Row near St. Marks School. Grandad died when I was about 12 years old. He was a Stonemason and worked in streets flagging and paving. I didn't know him very well except that he spent most of his time after work in the "Swan with Two Necks" in Raglan Road.

When it was bad weather and they could not work, as no money was coming in they were often short of food. When Grannie was left a widow with no money, she was allowed 2/6 per week from Town Pay my Dad allowed her 1/6, her son-in-law Isaac Kelly 2/- and Dads brother supposed to send 1/- but he often missed. I know all this as Dad collected it and sometimes sent it with me. Grannie had always fancied a little shop and once when Grandad was in a generous mood he gave her 10/-. My Dad told us that she bought a few things to sell again including some parkin pigs. Grandad came home drunk and knocked them all on the floor and broke them. Anyhow Dad took me with him to Leeds Market one Saturday to buy a few things wholesale and Grannie started a little shop in the house displaying tea, candles and toffee on a long table scrubbed snow white. She also sold bundles of firewood which she kept under the table. I once asked her for her toffee recipe which I have often made. By this time she lived in a smaller house about 2/6 a week and another old lady Mrs. Redfearn came to live with her. She steeped dried peas and boiled them in a pan on the fire and sold them. Children used to come with a pot for $\frac{1}{2}$ ^d or 1^d worth.....

..... When we lived in Stockdale Terrace I and my brothers used to go to Woodhouse Temperance Hall which was quite near, to the Band-of-Hope. We used to sing from a Melody Book, such as "My drink is water bright" etc. We used to learn special melodies for Good Friday which was a very special day. All the B-O-Hopes in Leeds used to walk in procession headed by decorated vans and a banner, ours had Woodhouse Temperance on. We all went to Leeds Town Hall and assembled on the steps and sung our melodies led by one or more brass bands. After this we walked back to a tea and concert 4^d for children. Mrs. Farrer had a stall outside her shop and among other things sold Pear- Shooters and grey badgers (peas).

On Easter Sunday the children said recitations and some formed a choir. I was in the choir and said a recitation - When wilt thou save the people, etc. My dad came to hear me and he once told me it made him think and later he signed the pledge, although he and my mother didn't drink much. They decided to give it up and attend W. Temperance and they had many happy hours there for many years. Later when the children grew up they were both in the choir (not very high class) and they enjoyed singing Lankey's Hymns and once part of Messiah, Dad bought a copy. Before I was married W. Temperance bought a new harmonium and Dad bought the old one for 10/-. Both Dad and I fiddled out tunes on it and in time I was able to play a few hymns (both hands! - what a thrill. We almost had a family choir and I remember on Sundays, one of the family would strike up a hymn and we would all join in without any music played, as at that time we had no musical instrument, later after I was married, Mother and Dad were able to buy a piano and Edith had lessons. Dad used to say, "Come on now, lets have 607 whether we know it or not," a great favourite of his in Lankeys.

We all sung the different parts at the top of our voices, all going on with any job we were doing. Mother and I were sopranos and would perhaps be getting the dinner ready. I don't know what the neighbours said about us, but we were all happy and didn't mind. All these years after I met Arthur Gill (six) he was saving up to get married, as I had no money, he had to buy household linen which I ought to have provided as was the custom in those days called the bottom drawer.

Arthur did it very cheerfully and we got married on March 11th, 1914. A couple of years or so before this I went to classes at night school at Woodhouse Temperance. Leeds Education Committee rented the rooms downstairs for this purpose. Dad paid for me to go (at this time we were living at 6 Jackman Square) about 4/- a winter session. The first year I learnt to draft patterns for plain sewing and made a princess underskirt trimmed with needlework and ribbon which I wore on my wedding day, also other articles of underclothing. The year before I got married I was in the dressmaking class and drafted a pattern and made a brown dress for mother to wear at my wedding. Miss Futnell was very interested and asked mother to go one night for a fitting. It looked very nice! Afterwards I made Edith a white dress trimmed with needlework and a navy velvet suit with a small lace collar for Fred to wear on March 11th/14th. As I was keen on having a sewing machine when I got married, I suggested to Arthur that it would be more sensible to buy a sewing machine for me, instead of an engagement ring. He agreed to this and we never regreted it, as I was able later to make suits & coats, dresses, etc. besides patching sheets etc.....

.... We decided to get married on March 11th, 1914, as we were able to rent a house a few weeks before. It was a nice scullery house with a garden in front at 10, Wharfedale Grove, near Woodhouse Ridge. I think the rent was 5/2 per week, including rates. We cleaned it from top to bottom and Arthur did the decorating and Will his brother helped with the painting. Arthur had saved enough to furnish our new home with about £20 left in the bank. This came in very useful later (or part of it) as about October Arthur was off work for several weeks with Neurasthenia, brought about with overtime at work. At that time no wages were paid for time off for illness on holidays. Enough of this though! We were very proud of our new home, when it was ready for March 11th and we were married at Woodhouse Carr Wesleyan Church on Wednesday. Quite a lot of friends and relations almost filled the church downstairs. I was dressed in a pale blue cashmere dress and a short white veil and Arthur in a morning suit and tall silk hat.