

YOUR KING AND COUNTRY NEEDS YOU

One of the first of my childhood memories goes back to 1919. I was three years old. I cannot remember seeing my father until then when my Mother took me to meet him after he was demobilised from the military. We moved from where I was born in the village of Topcliffe, we came to live with Dad's Mother in Oxford Road Guiseley.

I was taken to Guiseley Providence Chapel in Otley road near to where Morrison's now stands. Sunday school at 9.30am and then to Morning Service from 10.20 to 11.0am. We sat at the front and if we talked the lady behind would poke us with her umbrella.

I used to stare at the beautiful shiny wooden War Memorial on the front of the pulpit and read the names yes there two Waddington's, but it was the words around the Memorial that I studied until I knew them by heart, and still do. "Greater love hath no man than this that he lay down his life for his friend." My Father wouldn't talk about the Great War; he said "that it was too awful, only to say that he was told that it was the War to end all Wars. I only hope they are right."

Alas they were wrong. Mankind goes on and on destroying itself in more and more horrible ways. Now some person in an underground bunker can press a button and an unmanned missile can completely wipe out any capital city in the world. War has now become a war on civilians.

On a brighter note. At the top of Rawdon we have two specially prepared sites for Public Seats. For years they have been an eyesore with weeds and debris. But no seats. I have been in contact with Leeds City and Rawdon Parish Council requesting them to clean up the site and provide two Public Seats in memory of the "THE HEROES of 1914-1918.

Compiled by Stanley Waddington
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