

Annals of the
MEMORIES.

These are a few memories of a very few of the forebears of the present generation of our large family.

You, our nephews and neices, have expressed interest in the past, and I, your old Aunt Harriet, have tried to gather the faint remembrance of what I was told long ago from people who lived when I was young.

It is thrilling to think of all those who have disappeared and of whom we know just nothing at all.

When you tell your children the names of your great, great grand parents you must add one more "great". But it may be of no interest to them.

The other day, I found a little old prayer book which belonged to your great, great, great grandmother, Hannah Higgs. Her daughter Hannah and Joseph Atkins Pickford were your great, great grand parents, the parents of ^{HARRIET} Hannah who married your great grand father, Thomas Board; and they were the grandparents of Margery Sanger-Davies, and of Vyvyan Board and the other ten children of Emily Marianne and Thomas Joseph Board.

HANNAH HIGGS

⋮
HANNAH - Joseph Atkins PICKFORD

⋮
HARRIET - Thomas BOARD

Joseph T.	Julia
m. E. M. Harding	m. Octavius HARDING
⋮	⋮
12 children	no children

I

The name Olver is traced to pirates from the Lefoten Islands, who in the very early period of Cornish history settled on the coast, carrying on their trade of piracy. By degrees they became more cultured and even in future years were numbered among 'the kings of Cornwall'. A headland Penolver is where they watched for ships. They were disposed of their property in the parish of Morval by Judge Jefferies, because they fought at Sedgemoor for the Duke of Monmouth.

From about the years 1770 or 1780, the name Vyvyan was given to Olver children; but no one knows why. Henry Olver who lived somewhere about that date, was an early Wesleyan in the days when John Wesley had his mission in Cornwall.

Marriages between members of the Church of England and the followers of Wesley often were the cause of friction in family life, and it is probable that a Vyvyan and Olver marriage was one of these. We really do not know, because we cannot get to the registers to search.

Examination of the Vyvyan pedigree at Somerset House would settle the question. The Vyvyan family has lived at Trelowen^{ARREN} for hundreds of years.

Henry Olver was your great, great, great grandfather and had only one son, Henry Vyvyan Olver. The latter married Mary Ann Millear. Thomas and Mary Millear, your great, great, great grandparents lived at Edgarley Lodge near Glastonbury. Being staunch members of the Church of England, they disapproved of the marriage of their daughter to Henry Vyvyan Olver, a young Wesleyan minister.

Some years ago, I asked the vicar of St John's Glastonbury, to let me see the record of the great, great grandparents marriage,

He told me that although the spelling varies, the name is the same. Someone named Millear is mentioned on a board, dated 1700, on the wall under the tower of the Church at Battensburgh, Somerset.

The records in St John's Church are very interesting, padlocked in a beautiful old iron chest. There are many records on unbound parchment or papers, but I only had time to examine half a dozen books, and there were many records of the Millear family.

The first one to interest me much was that of a marriage in St John's Church which was witnessed in 1816 by your great, great, great grandparents Thomas and Mary, but they were not witnesses of their daughter's marriage in 1821 to Henry Vyvyan Olver, on account of their displeasure at it.

It was thrilling to see the writing of this young couple, so cultured and educated, among so many illegible signatures and marks in the ancient book of records.

This book is now kept in a modern vestry, but the sexton took me up a little winding stair to the muniment room over the south porch to see the actual place where your great, great, grandparents signed on their wedding day. I wondered what they felt like as they went together up that w twisty staircase.

They first lived at Clutton in Somerset; their first son, Thomas Vyvyan died there, and they reared a numerous family of sons and daughters, moving about every three years as Wesleyan ministers must do.

Their eldest daughter, Marianne, is of most interest to us, because she married Thomas Harding, your great grandfather. The other daughters were Ellen, Eliza, Mercy, and finally, Lucilla, your great, greataunts.

The sons were Thomas Vyvyan, George, Henry, Richard, and Wesley.

George was the Wesleyan Missionary Secretary at the Central Mission House.

He was a delightful uncle to have and was much esteemed; he was I think a graduate of the London university.

Henry was a Church of England chaplain and graduated at Cambridge. Richard was a brilliant scholar and had a school of his own. He married Frances Conquest, his daughter was Nellie.

The youngest son was so called because they thought he would not live and that it did not matter what his name was. He later was a school master and had five sons.

George married Jane Broadbent. Their son William spent many years in India as a Wesleyan missionary. He married Lilly Larmour and had three children. Gordon who is now married, Mercy and Frances. These are still living.

My Uncle George's four daughters, Elsie, Mary, Annie and Edith Vyvyan all died unmarried.

When Henry was at Cambridge this was the only one of your great, great uncles who had a considerable streak of extravagance. Perhaps that is why in later life he showed in a miserly tendency. His three children Alethia (Neta) Gertrude and Cyril were surprised at his death that they were able to choose how to spend their lives. Their Aunt Eliza had lived with her brother Henry because the wife was a complete invalid. Their childhood was mostly spent in classical study. Alethia became a S.P.G. missionary and settled for forty years in Kuching, Borneo, where she accompanied the Bishop and clergy (one bishop was Dr Danson) on their visits to lepers, and worked among the Malay women. Neta was ordered from Kuching with others at the Japanese invasion. The years of war were spent in Sydney, until there began to be hope that the missionaries could return to Borneo. However she died in a sisterhood in Western Australia.

of Bunbury

The Bishop administered the last rites to her before she died.

Your great, great grandfather's youngest son was Wesley, who married Elizabeth Pryce who was Welsh. They had five sons, Harry, Richard, Pryce, Jack and Arnold. The whole have died leaving sons and daughters.

Harry married Lucy Prescott. He fought in the Gloucesters in the Boer war. His two daughters are married and have children. Bridget Mary was a nursing sister in the airforce during the last war, first nursing at home and then in Iraq in Persia where she met her future husband Philip Matthews, who was at that time Bank Manager in the Island of Bahrain in the Persian Gulf. Their child is Robert.

Suzanne married Rees Whetnall and her first baby is Angela.

Richard has two sons living in Belfast, Denis has three or four children and Harry one son.

Pryce has died and left a daughter and three sons. The daughter Edith Vyvyan is a doctor and she has married a doctor, Dr Goldsbrough. They have two children and live near Wigton in Cumberland. Jack, an engineer lives in Leeds and has one son. Robert Hartley is a doctor. He is married to a charming wife Jeane. They live in Leeds. They have no child. Arthur, a dentist, lives in Leeds. He has two children.

Jack lived in Berkeley, California, where he died leaving Clifton his only son who married an American girl Clare; they have two children. Clare is interested in English relations.

Arnold left a daughter Lona, who married Paul Cuttler an American. They have one or two children.

These are all the descendants of your great, great uncle Wesley Olver.

The widow and children of Thomas Harding lived in Bath.
 Alice Ayerst was Matron of the Government Hospital in Penang, and during the 1914 war, she was acting matron of the Singapore Hospital, where she died. The three girls were not much older than the eldest of the family of their half-sister Emily Marianne and Joseph Thomas Board, your grandparents.

GREAT/GREAT/GREAT GRANDFATHER BUNT

DAUGHTER - great, great grandfather HARDING

several daughters and eight sons.

Thomas Harding
 m. Marianne Olver
 m. 2) Elizabeth Hooker

Mary
 m. -RICHARDS

Octavius
 m. Julia Board

1) Olver, Emily, Arthur, Fred
 2) Bessie, Alice, Katie
 Emily m. J. T. Board

William, Henrietta
 m. his cousin Florence

Tom etc 12 children

Helen, Arthur, Ray, Dora, Margaret RICHARDS

To return to the Millears.

A few of the names picked at random from the Register at St John's Glastonbury, I found(which may or may not have belonged to our family)

Mary Melliar baptised 1760

Betty, daughter of James and Betty Milliar, baptised 1760

Betty, wife of James Milliar, buried, 1775

Eleanor, daughter of James and Grace Melliar, baptised, 1777

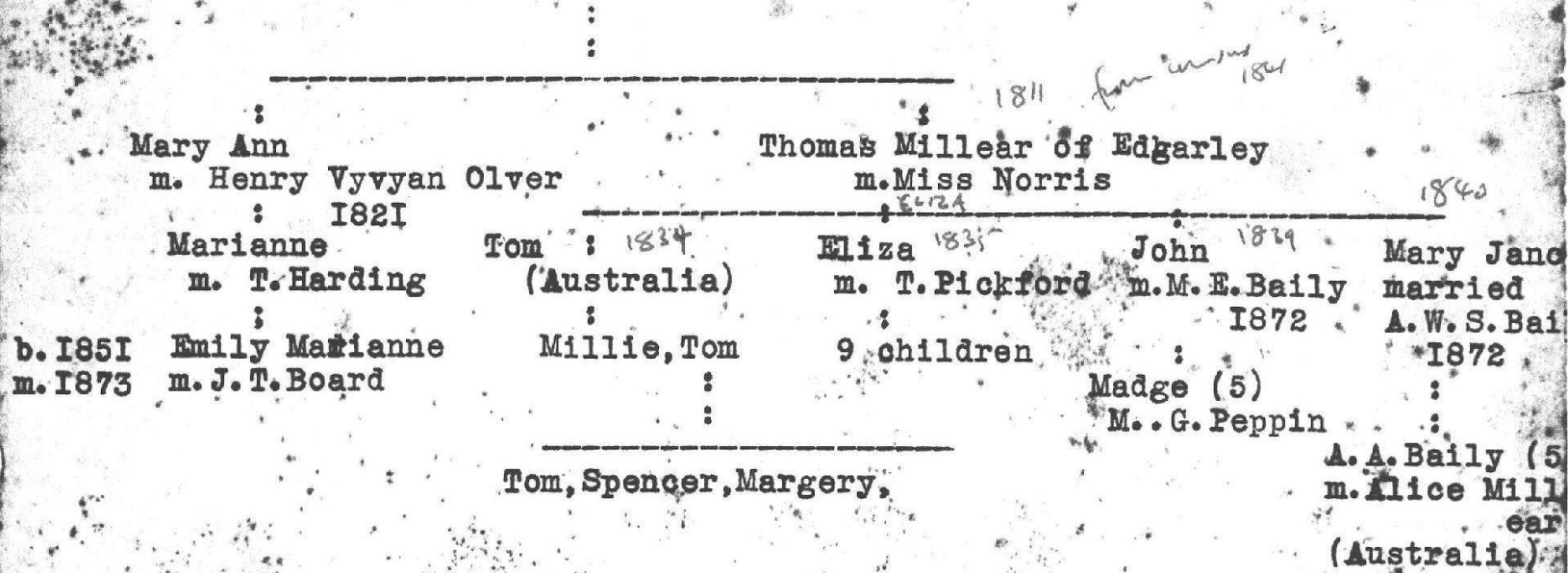
Elizabeth Milliar married Thomas Heal 1804

The name is spelt either with e or i.

Thomas and Mary Millear lived at Edgarley Lodge, near Glastonbury.

They were the parents of Mary Ann Millear, who married Henry Vyvyan Olver, my great grand parents. (This was in 1821)

It must have been their son Thomas who married Miss Norris, Thomas and Mary Ann being the children Of Thomas and Mary Millear. Thomas grand their son was the / father of Madge Peppin.
THOMAS and MARY MILLEAR



The grand father of Joseph Thomas Board had a sister, the grandmother of Frank Merrick, Doctor of Music, whose son, Frank, is well known as a composer and pianist. His brother is a master at Clifton College. They have a married sister.

There is a tablet to the memory of Thomas and Harriet Board over the pulpit in St Philip's Church. They had lived for many years in a lovely old Queen Anne House in Cheese Lane.

Most of this branch of the family have lived in Bristol and the neighbourhood for several generations.

The name Board is often found, in the County of Somerset especially. The origin is doubtful and the spelling varies from Borde, Boord, Board. It is possible that it is of French origin, -so we were told in childhood, and was de la borde from sailors in France where the name is fairly common. A famous doctor in the middle ages was Sir ^{Andrew Borde} Richard Boord of Norman origin. Sir Richard Boord traces his family to him, and he and Sir Vyvyan Board are friends and look upon themselves as kinsmen.

Our part of the Board (or Boord or Borde) family is believed to have been living at Batcombe, Somerset, before many of them went to towns; for example, the branch of the family from which our grandparents came. Tablets to Robert Board and Betty Board are in Burnham Church, Somerset.

Many of the Registers were destroyed in the ancient churches. One was that of your great grandparents Thomas and Harriet who were married in the Church of St Mary le Port, Bristol, now destroyed by enemy action.

Your great grandmother Harriet died in early middle age. She was much beloved, was witty and was considered 'very good company! Some time after her death, Thomas Board married Ann Fowler Long, daughter of Captain

Long, R.N. Their only child is Rose, who at the age of nineteen married Ernest Barnes-Lawrence, a son of Canon Barnes-Lawrence of York, Minster. Her two sons and one daughter are thus half-cousins of the family of Joseph Thomas Board.

Cyril Barnes-Lawrence is a master at Dartmouth Naval College; Marjory lives in London; Harold has married Stephenie Xavier, who is Spanish and Siamese. Their son is Derek.

THOMAS BOARD - 1) Harriet Pickford 2) Ann Fowler Long (daughter of Capt. Long, R.N.)

Joseph T.
m E.M. Harding

Julia
m. O. Harding

Rose - Ernest Barnes-Lawrence
(son of Canon B-L of York)

12 children

grandchildren

great grandchildren

Cyril

Harold
m Stephenie

Marjory

Derek

My Mother's stepmother was like a real mother to her, and the Hooker family became as her own relations. Bath Granny, as we called her, was the mother of Bessie, Alice and Katie; her sister Aunt Sally always came to the rescue if her help was needed, and it was a great joy to stay with her in Bath. Unconsciously to herself she was very quaint and amusing—she said gravely that she had not enough religion to keep a servant. She would not be able to endure having her in the house. Another time she was critical about long prayers and said, "as a child I was always taught 'do not tease' "

Her brother, Dr Hooker, Uncle Edward, married the second time Irene Lyne, the niece of Father Ignatius. He had in his first family three sons and a daughter. Edward only is now living. He has a charming daughter, Evelyn Farrell. She lives with her parents. She would like to know any cousins, I am sure.

We do not know much about our great grandfather, Thomas Board. JAMES
We think the great grandmother's name was Moore.

He had two children Lydia, afterwards Mrs Elliott, and our grandfather another Thomas Board. I think the first Thomas must have lived in the times of the religious revival following that of the Wesleys',

or he may have preached in connection with that great work in Bristol.

Years afterwards, his daughter Mrs Elliott told the grown ups in my presence when I was a child with great powers of listening and putting two and two together, in silence. Great Grandfather was a very holy man, bursting with faith and the desire to tell the world about his happiness. He preached if he got any chance of a place for a congregation to sit. The last night of his life he preached

in a barn and there was such a crowd listening that the doors were removed and listeners stood outside. He told them that he felt certain that he would not talk to them again and that the time of his departure was near- in fact, quite close.

His grandson, John Elliott was sitting close to him and on looking up to him, he saw his grandfather standing in a glorious light.

He did die in a very few hours. I think he was indeed a saint.

Indeed so I think must have been the great great grandmother on the other side of this part of the Board family-the one with the queer name of Higgs. The book of prayers we found is interleaved with petitions in her writing.

Of this period, say about the time of the battle of Waterloo, the masses were uneducated, and it is to me exceedingly pleasing to see the good writing of these ancient forbears of ours.

The great great grandfather, Richard Bunt, lived at Tiverton and he is mentioned in John Wesley's Journal as his friend. He paid for a chapel to be built at Yeovil.

Our family have priests of the Church of England, and many Wesleyan Ministers, men of God all of them. We should dwell on our likeness, not difference. We shall know the perfect way, and we shall be one huge, united family- without dissensions.

I want you to know what a delightful uncle I had in Uncle Octavius Harding who married Aunt Julia, my father's sister. He was also our grandfather's brother. He had no child and simply doted on my mother and her little girl. Sometimes they would invite me to their house. Quite well I remember what a nuisance I made of myself as I sat on a pillow between between them in bed.

calling out, "Is it daylight yet?" In spite of that Uncle was full of tenderness for the small brat, who had not even learnt to button her breeks. He was strictly forbidden by Aunt Julia to make me helpless; one day he found me wrestling with the said breeks and softly crept to help with buttons. We were suddenly startled by my aunt's irate presence and the cry "Crusty, what are you doing?"

The kind uncle had to leave me alone to fight with the buttons. That long time ago, it was very green and beautiful on Redland Green and Lovers' Walk, which was the drive to the much smaller house from which developed Redland High School. Elms grew in a stately avenue and fields with stiles and rippling brooks and the air full of the singing of birds. It made those Sunday afternoons very happy walking hand in hand with that kind man. When I sat with him on Sunday, he was always ready to march me out of doors, to return with fair speed, because there was no one at hand to mention buttons.

He died when I was about eight years old to our grief, leaving a widow clothed entirely in crape and long weeds—a sight of real interest to me.

I should not like you not to know about Aunt Julia and Uncle Octavius, who were so good to us.

It is beyond my power to describe my father and mother, who walked together in paths of righteousness, one in their perfect love. They were supreme as an example of devotion to God, to one another, and to each of their children.

My young parents were often cammanded tom dinner and Gran was not happy leaving her babies behind. Grandfather was very musical and he educated his family to be so too. He took rows of the best seats for all of them to share in musical feativaltreats. When I began to be big enough to listen it was really with joy that I heard Elijah and the Messiah and tried to hum the arias- and I never had even a squeak of a voice and no ear at all. It was funny I loved those big concerts but I did. Not so Billy who at 3½ was taken to the Creation, which he hated and burst into tears, with a consequence, the wasting of two ten shilling tickets.

We were a very happy quartette at Cheese Lane until scarlet fever came to the three big ones and pneumonia to beautiful baby Jim, H. "the only good looking one of all the babies" Gran said. That caused our removal to Clifton, because Billy pined for his little brother and wanted to join him. We never heard him mention Jim once he had seen the furniture vans. So that was a sensible move and a great success.

We moved to 51 Alma Road, just close to Grandfather's house in Whiteladies Road. He often came to see us escorted by Polly and Horton. Laterly he always drove instead of walking. He suddenly died when Rose was 6½ and all our Christmas Day long feativities ceased for ever.

However I have heard my father confide in Mother that he "hated Christmas Day". He was devoted to his father, inspite of the heavy benevolence, whose last words were "my Rose, my little Rose". By this time Tom and Bill had grown to need exercise, and I can to this minute behold with the eye of migg, the fierce head of Mrs Tucker our neighbour through a top window, blowing Tom up for banging the railings. She became an invisible terror to us.

Then to my extreem surprise and delight, I found Daisy in Mds

Mother's bed after a day at Aunt Julia's house in Redland.

The family meeting place was now her cradle or perambulator, for we enjoyed her expression and her manners so much, and we never wanted either of the other two to miss any of her "Ways" After a short time, although we delighted in each new baby as it came, we grew more used to seeing red little babies, guzzling a long tubed bottle or (not heinous in those days) jiggling a dummy in a sleepy mouth. The twins coming was a great event. They lay peacefully side by side on two pillows, Margery nicely covered but Dorothy very thin and wizened. Dorothy soon tired of her meals, but Margery swallowed the contents of her own bottle and then stretched for Dorothy's tube, and concluded the affair.

Just at this time the Sanger-Davies's grandfather came often to see us, and I remember seeing him with a long-robed twin on each arm. He did not know that it was a daughter-in-law he carried. He could not suspect it as it was not until his next visit that he brought his bride to see us.

One visit ~~seen after~~ that Tom and Bill and I heard that he had a little son, Hugh, and that he was to be our father's Godson. ^{years} After his death

Hugh and Margery married at St Mary's Church, Bitton.

My father was a freeman of Bristol City and an alderman. For very many years he was a churchwarden of the Church of St Philip and St Jacob which stood just beyond the old Castle walls. All his children (except Ernest who was baptised at home) went to St Philip's for their Baptism.

Each Sunday we went in a little crowd to Mattins and were much amused but

edified at all the bows and scrapes as we passed the Sextoness Mr Maypowder and Mrs Maypowder his sister, who acted in every way possible feminine job in the church, including bridesmaid. They always stood together at the

westend of the Church. On one Sunday each month, after the congregation had dispersed, loaves of bread were given out to certain poor members.

*To my
Sister's
Children*

As young men, my father Joseph Thomas Board and Joseph Sanger-Davies were friends and worked together among the boys and young men in St Philip's in a night school in Bread Street. They were helped by James Thierry Broad who was Godfather of some of my brothers and sisters. I remember being taken by my nurse to Lizzie Sydney to hear ~~your~~ ^{the Squarer Davies} Grandfather preach; he was visiting my father and mother at the time. It may be specially marked in my mind because my nurse gave me a bag of sweets to eat if I was dull, and I, in youthful generosity, handed it to a little boy sitting beside me and instead of taking a few, he put the whole bag into his pocket. And there was I sweetless, helpless, and dull.

Another event connected with Lizzie Sydney fills me with shame to this moment. When I was between four and five, Lizzie took me one Sunday afternoon to tea with Alice Blackmore, a late cook of our own. I can see now the pleasant kitchen opening into a pretty garden and through a door into the road. As we were preparing to enjoy a very nice spread of cakes and jam, before I took a mouthful a furious mistress surprised the little party and ordered us to leave her house at once. I can still feel the indignation and pride with which I instantly marched through the garden with the road outside, the nurse and I and the humiliated cook, speechless. Other days, other manners! The whole incident might have happened in another world.

I had three small brothers when we spent much of our time in a "pen" at the nursery window in the ancient street, still called Cheese Lane. ^{very old} The streets in that part of Bristol must have supplied provisions for the town. Bread St, Wine St, Milk St.

Our Grandfather Thomas Board then lived in Whiteladies Road with his second wife (called Mrs B. when my parents talked before me in an effort to speak privately. "Who is Mrs B.?" I quite well remember asking and not being answered at all!) Rose their only child was our small Half-aunt, but our real aunt Julia refused to let us acknowledge the relationship. She disliked the thought of a stepmother and refused also to acknowledge that relationship. Just not to acknowledge a disagreeable fact was the act of an ostrich hiding his head.

Grandfather's horse and carriage drew up every day of the week at the door of our Queen Ann house in the lane where lived four little mites in the cheese, Hattie (Finny), Tommy, Billie, Jim. Many were the squabbles with Rose, who came to fetch us for a drive with Horton, the old coachman. We daily went round Durdham Downs and were bored almost to tears even though I hated to march by the prambulator. The only really cheerful drive I remember was when we saw Horton have a fit as he drove us at the top of Park Street. I was much amused to see his top hat, still occupied by Horton's head, touch the seat in front of us. Then came an exciting drive home on top of a horse tram, protected by one of my father's workmen who saw the event. That happened just in front of what is now the Berkeley Cafe. The horse was Polly and Rose claimed her for her own while Tom Bill and I hotly disputed. Rose and I are now very good friends, but then not so— I once hit her on the head with a croquet mallet, and she pushed me through a window in No 3 Whiteladies Road where by the Tom and I came into the world—our kind grandfather always arranged things as he thought best.

Our forebears on the Harding side were descended from a daughter of Oliver Cromwell. The name of your great ,great great grandfather was Richard Bunt. He was a friend of John Wesley. Unfortunately, his daughter Betty gave away the letters concerning this friendship. His grandson, his daughter's son, was your great grandfather, Thomas Harding, who married Marianne Harding (nee Olver) He was born in Usk and had many brothers and sisters. (His brother Octavius married Julia Board)

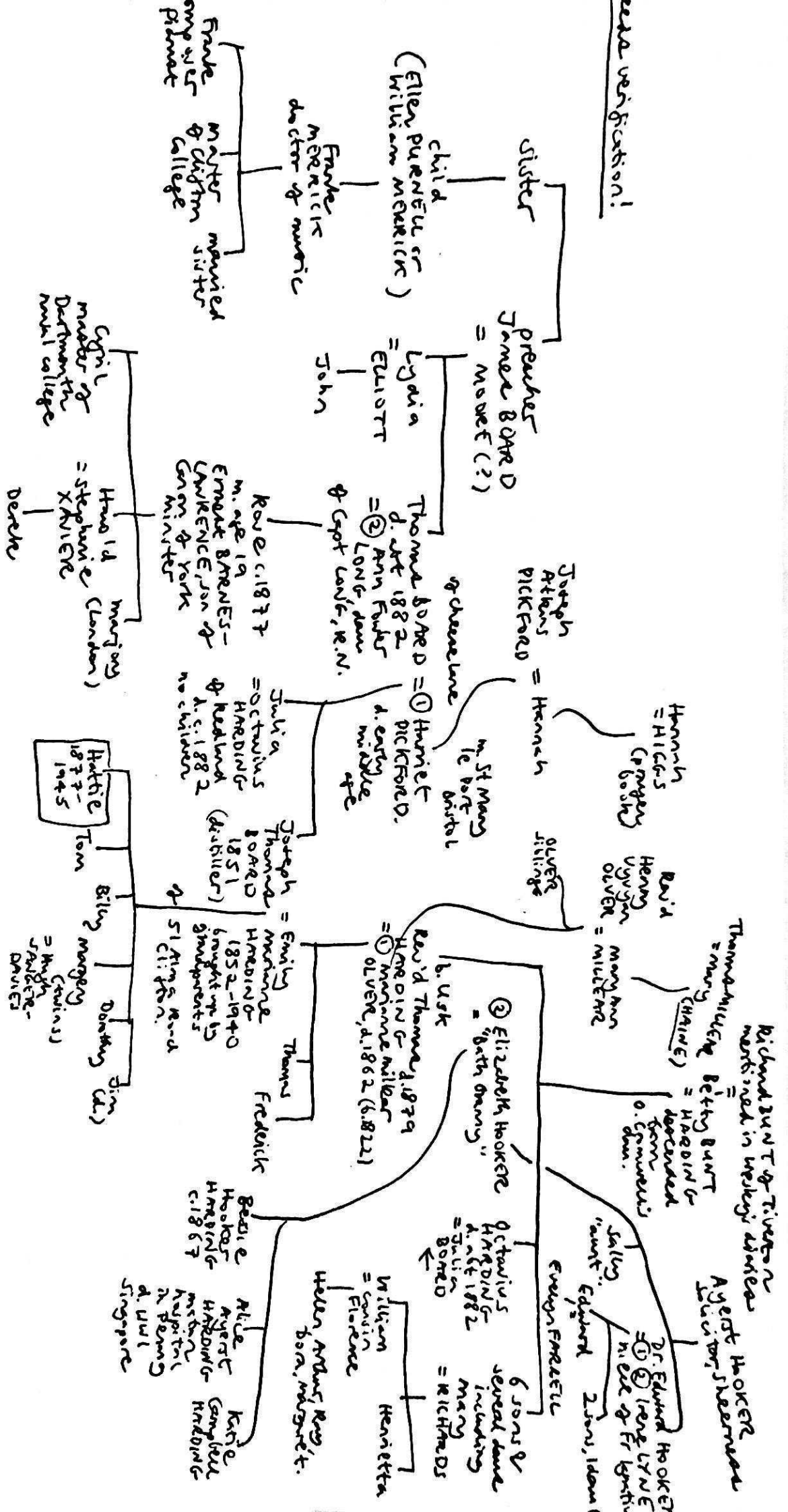
The sons and daughters of Thomas and Marianne Harding were I. Thomas Olver, 2. Emily Marianne, 3. Arthur, 4. Frederic. The eldest was always called by his second name Olver. He was a brilliant scholar, and was senior wrangler and Smith's Prizeman (both) in 1873. Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and a master at Marlborough College. ~~Until he was called to the Bar.~~

Arthur died just before his Mathematical Tripos. Fred died young. Emily Marianne was your Grandmother Board.

Their father, Thomas Harding, was a delightful man and a charming husband and father, 'with a temperment sweetly tempered and happily balanced'. He was a Wesleyan Minister. His first wife, Marianne, died when your Grandmother Emily Marianne, was ten years old, and the four children lived with their grandparents (your great, great grandparents) at Banwell, Somerset, Henry Vyvyan Olver and his wife Marianne.

Thomas Harding's second wife was Elizabeth Hooker, the daughter of a solicitor at Sherness, Ayerst Hooker. Their three little girls were I. Bessie Hooker, 2. Alice Ayerst. 3. Katie Campbell. They just remember the death of their father in the pulpit one Sunday morning at Whitehaven in Cumberland. It was Sunday February 22 1874. Strangely his eldest daughter Emily^M Marianne also died on a Sunday, Feb 22. (1942)

extra verification!



Sexton Mary powles
 "Mrs" Mary powles
 Lizzie Sydney: nurse
 Alice Blackmore: cook
 James Thiers Board