

unfortunately my eyes were not good & in sewing
Class I could not see properly, but through my brother
being so much trouble with his glasses my mother used to
say it was fancy. My Father was the Manager of a boot
Factory so we moved to a new house next door. He always
rang a bell at 6-30 AM for the work people & at 1 PM for
dinner 5-30 PM. Some times they had to work over
until 8-30 PM. Kingwood at that time had many boot
factories & plenty of work. I was still going to school &
my 2nd brother was training to be a teacher. My next
brother 2 yrs older, Oliver, was always interested in books.
My eldest brother got engaged to a Warrington girl, & every
evening after walking home from Bristol used to walk
to Warrington a distance about 1½ miles, after a year or two
my father decided to open a Factory with my Uncle who
had come to live with us after my Aunt's death.
But my father was a wonderful ^{ful} servant but had no
ideal of running the business side, so after a few
years of hard work with no good results, they had to
give up. One traveller they had let them down at
the finish. The factory was closed down with all their
savings gone, so my father got another job as manager.
I had to give up my music lessons & we had to
economise. Soon after this my uncle was taken ill &
my brother nursed him with Bronchitis. He had never
mentioned making a will, but one night he said I will