

a walking stick, but they signed him fit for service & put him in the R.A.M.C.F., all our young men had been called up. He was sent to Blackpool for 3 mths training, indeed he always thought it helped his health a lot. After that he always had a soft spot for Blackpool. He was sent home for a few day leave, afterwards having to serve in France, I can't say he disliked it as he liked his job which was to see to the food etc, he did not come home for 12 mths which was a difficult time for us all home. The boys were growing bigger & needed a Father's Care but they were good boys.

My brother was a great help & came up every day & saw to everything. My husband's Mother was very good when he was so ill & sent down nourishing things for him. Gertrude his sister had married but Muriel was teaching music. After a little time Grand Mrs Pratten was in Park St one day with her daughter Muriel & was taken ill with violent pain. They managed to get home to Staple Hill & send for the Doctor who was puzzled & thought a Specialist should be sent for. She grew rapidly worse & before the Specialist could arrive she died. We really did not know what it was but think it was Cancer. Then Muriel had to look after the house & her Father. He was a quiet man & took life very quietly. He lived a few years but when out for a walk with his dog one afternoon was found unconscious in Glen Hill Rd. was taken to the Hospital