

They would bring huge parcels to buy house & I had
to dry out, then they would be repacked & sold like
new. He did well with that. Again he bought bags
& used to get handles put on & stitched, people
would be only too glad to buy anything after the
war as everything was so short. I was very glad to
help & earned our \$100 for helping him. I know it
paid for a wireless I had & several other things.
One thing led to another & he persevered with the
paper trade. There were 2 vans now, I went with him
some days & watched him go into perhaps a dozen
shops & come straight out, then go into another shop
& come out with a good order. He sold paper bags
greaseproof, tissue paper & was doing very well, he
had a gift for business when his health began to get
worse. He could not lift anything & his breath was
very bad. Now they were living in a nice big house
at Kingswood & carried on business from there.

Cleff went up every day, he did the packing & went in
the van, he was delighted to help. Grace always knew
he was in a serious state, but I never thought he was
so bad. He & Grace went to several specialists but they
could give little hope. Then the great blow fell, we were
staying there sleeping & he had to stay in bed, even
then I did not know he was going to die. I shall