

My Life and Memories

Extract from Maisie's story

I was born in Liverpool in 1916, the second of five girls. My father, who was a "good for nothing" left home when I was about eight and we never heard from him again.

I don't remember that much about early life, except that we used to live next door to a Jewish family and every feast day they would build a tabernacle in the garden. My greatest claim to fame was climbing the tree in our garden and falling through the roof of the tabernacle. I can still remember Mr Cohen saying "Mazzola, Mazzola, what have you done?". I also remember the insurance man coming to collect our money and our mother making me answer the door to him. I didn't like to go right up to the door and used to slide the pennies towards him along the shiny lino in the hall. The insurance man used to comment on my sparkly brown eyes and made me laugh.



When I first left school I worked on the chocolate counter in Lyon's. I used to love making those chocolates into pyramids and the other girls and I used to giggle at all the lads who came into the shop. It was there that I met my dearest Arthur.

We married when I was 19 and both moved to Southampton. Arthur got a job as a steward on the ocean going liners and spent long periods away from home sailing back and forth to New York.

He used to bring me back silk stockings and tins with a whole chicken preserved in jelly. He was the kindest and most generous man you've ever met and used to give all his spare pennies to the children of the neighbourhood. I had the happiest of marriages and, to this day, have never looked at another man.

...I'd not been out to work since marrying Arthur but, when he tragically died of cancer in 1960, all that changed. I got a job in Mullards, a local electronics factory, and worked on the line making transistors. The job probably saved my life and gave me many years of companionship and laughter as well as a reasonable income and small pension....

Although Southampton is my home, my heart will always remain in Liverpool. I'll be buried there, alongside Arthur, when my time comes...