

FRANK EYRE SR. SHARES

He wanted others to know a small part of HIS LIFE

In the year about 1875 Grandfather George Baghurst was the Wine Taster for the King of England. He often indulged in tasting too much wine. The King called him into His chambers and reprimanded him about indulging to much wine. He was demoted to a Doorman. Grandad could not stand this so He resigned. He started a shoe making factory and was a success but He still had trouble with the King. He became a gentleman's adventurer. He came to America and looked things over several times. Eventually he purchased a property in Clementon New Jersey, a one hundred sixty (160) acre farm. In a few years He gathered ALL the Family together, which was forty six (46) persons. An so they all came to America and landed at the Farm in Clementon New Jersey.

Among the bunch was Abel Bottoms, "So Edward headed in Ardmore Pa. now He has passed away"

Mother and Frankie went to Camden N.J. and started a second hand store; they made out fairly well. I think that is where Melie Gramer got Her start in the Antique business. She also had a store in Camden on Federal Street about the years 1895-96.

George Mumbarfield started a store in Clementon and so in a few years They had all settled in America.

So I came along on September 21st. 1883, FRANK EYRE had been going over since. I started to work at the age of 12 and received \$1.50 a week for running errands in Philadelphia 10 hrs. a day, 55 hrs. a week. Later I got a job on DeLancey

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Street, at \$1.50 a week, Shoeing and Showing horses. Sold young horses for Doctors. Almost got killed a couple of times.

One day, March 1st, 1900, Grandad came to our house in Canton and said he was going to Pennsylvania to look the county over. The first day he landed in Sellersville. Went to the Almont way and up into the rocks. He bought 4 properties that day. One was located next to Almont Cemetery. Father and Mother landed there in June of 1899.

I was 17 then so Uncle Able gave us an Old White Horse. George A. Baghurst made a farm wagon out of an old milk truck (wagon). Anyway we started for Sellersville with a 12 year old leg along for company. We caught the 12 o'clock train from Camden to Philadelphia. Going out Broad Street the Guys stopped us at every corner to inspect the contraption as the horse had a game leg and hobbled along.

Well we arrived at Spring House. There was a lot of fellows on the porch. We asked them how to get to Sellersville. They sent us in a different direction, we stopped at a farm house and the Lady sent us back to Spring House and there were all the Guys making fun of us. What could we do but take it we were scared. They were just horseplaying.

The Liberty Bell Route (trolley tracks) we had to cross it several times, the old wheels use to screech. Well we arrived in Sellersville around 5 o'clock and stopped at Moyer's Livery Stable. Abe Moyer was the stable boss. He

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said, I'll take care of your horse, You go into the hotel for the night. I said why can't we sleep in the stall next to the horse, He asked, have you any matches? I said, no he said alright so I spent my First Sellersville Night. The Livery Stable has since become a Movie House.

Next morning we started for the Fremont Horse Show. Arrived at the place around Ten o'clock.

After a couple of weeks I started to look for a job with no success. At last I got a job working on the road at \$1.00 a day. For 10 hrs. work. A couple years later I managed to get a job at Sellersville Box Factory at \$1.25 a day for 11 hours a day. In a couple of years Tailor Shops started up this way. Maria Brown started one in Parkside. I got a job there and soon was given to Fremont's job. I took an interest in my work. The business grew and one day Mrs. Brown said, Frank I am going to start a shop in Sellersville, who would you suggest to put down there to run it. I said, George Heider a good worker, I believe he was the best for the job. Mrs. Brown said, okay so she and I got started on placing machinery. In a couple of weeks we were ready to go. Everything was working good then Mom Brown got to drinking and in a few months things started to go bad for her. Later she decided to give up the business. Frank did in a hurry. Lea Schwank bought her out and ran it for awhile with out much success. Then Poppy Lutz came along, he was a Real

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Estate Men that started a tailor shop at Ambler.

He got Robert Weizer and Myself to go and run it. So I went and stayed several months. I told Poppy later you can't do any thing with the hair here in Ambler. I said to him go to Sellersville, the 3rd floor of the Doultry Thom is empty. It would make a good shop. Right the next day he came down and said, I rented the place. So we closed Ambler down and moved to Sellersville. The business was good up here. In a year or two the place was not big enough. He wanted to rent the Eisenhower building. I told him it wasn't suitable for a Tailor Shop. So he goes and buys ground on Park Avenue and built a fine factory which is still operated by His Sons.

I had purchased the Westmire Farm at Auction, which was on the road to Almont. In 1927 I built my own tailor shop and was open for business, which was good until the depression hit. Work was very slow for the next several years. Then came the N. R. A. and the Unions. Business picked up and was good until 1954. I finally closed the business in 1955.

EDITORS NOTE: THE NEXT SEVERAL PARAGRAPHS ARE THINGS THAT HAPPENED BUT ARE NOT ALWAYS IN THE ORDER THAT THEY TOOK PLACE. THERE WERE NO DATES ON THE PAGE.

I got a job at the drug store running the Telephone exchange. Do any of you remember the Golden Union Mill? What a time Sellersville had. their yards were used and a crowd of people spending up and down the street. The money

FRANK EYRE SR. CHANCE

He wanted others to know a small part of the story

Hotels made a big profit in Grandfather George's days and
the Six-months later the Company asked for more money, which
put the KABOSH ON MOTHER JOOSE'S OIL.

I got a job at the Keytown Bakery. I baked at night
and drove wagon during the days. I was interested in the
owner's daughter, Mary Reilly. One day Mr. Reilly's wife
and sister-in-law rented rooms at 121 & Walnut Streets.
My friend being German soon got acquainted with them. They
wanted my girl friend and me to go with them after the
factory was built. My future father-in-law didn't like it
very much so we did not go.