

Where it all began

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I mentioned [my first typewriter](#) this morning.

That no longer exists - being little more than a toy beaten into non-existence by over-use not long after its acquisition, I suspect.

This was the replacement:



This was old when acquired from a family friend when I was about 10. It may be pre-WW2 vintage.

It was portable at that age only if my twin was around to share the weight.

It did invaluable service for a number of years, being replaced by a manual portable in my teenage years when it was apparent that I was never going to stop typing, and the noise from this one was unbearable downstairs in my parents' home.

I still have it. And it still works. It has been through a lot of house moves and must be

the oldest of my own possessions that I still have.

When my sons were young, they were puzzled as to where the screen was.

Typists must have been strong in those days.