

Quality

Soul of the Chapter

Gessler Brothers and the Art of Boot Making

The author had known the shoemaker for many years because he used to make boots for his father. Mr Gessler was the shoemaker who lived with his elder brother in their shop in London. The shop didn't have any signs apart from the name of the Gessler Brothers. He used to make boots only on orders. Once the author questioned Mr Gessler if it wasn't awful to make those shoes perfectly fitting into the feet they were meant for. The man answered with a heavy German accent that it is an art.

Mr Gessler will be engrossed in his boot making art most of the time and won't talk much with his customers. He strongly admired every piece of materials he used to work with. The boots made by Gessler brothers were of supreme quality and lasted very long. But in once occasion the author had a different experience. He complained about it to Mr Gessler. To this the old man promised that he will repair the shoe and if couldn't he will return the money to the author.

Nir Gessler's Grief and the Hard Times is his life

On one occasion while placing an order for a shoe, the author was a bit absent-minded. He was wearing a pair of boots bought in an emergency from a large shop. Mr Gessler looked carefully and pressed at a point where the left boot wasn't comfortable. With a sad face he commented that it hurts the customers but still the big firms don't have any self-respect. They lure customers with their advertisements and not with their works. Because of this Mr Gessler was losing on business. The author has heard such things for the first time from Mr Gessler he felt bad and ordered many pairs of boots instantly. After several months he went to their shop again, but this time he mistook Mr Gessler for his elder brother. After a while he realised his mistake and learnt that the elder brother had passed away. He again ordered many pair of shoes and soon after that he left for abroad. After returning back, he went to his favorite boot shop again. This time Mr Gessler looked more aged this time, only a year had passed but from his face it appeared as though he has covered a journey of a decade.

The Artist's End but with a Bitter Truth

Mr Gessler failed to recognise the author. The author as usual placed his orders

and this time the boots were better than ever. The author one evening went personally to thank Mr Gessler for such a splendid work. But the name plate was missing from the shop. He found an Englishman inside. The man informed him that Mr Gessler had passed away and they have taken up the shop. The man further added that Mr Gessler died of starvation.

The man used to make all the boots himself, he never allowed anyone else to touch them. Used the finest quality leather and worked hard day and night to complete the orders in time. He made the best boots in London with the finest leather yet he lost it to competition. Everything that he earned went on paying rent for the shop and on buying leathers. He skipped his meals working for hours for each pair of boots.