

“Memories”

written by Sonia, Sheila, John, Josie and Doreen from Elburton Heights Care Home.

Remember when we used to go scrumping apples and fruit,
Oh, we thought it was a real hoot!
Then cherry knocking on the way home,
we always hoped to chew on the beef joint bone,
that Mum had cooked for our Sunday dinner,
with Bisto gravy! A real winner.

We often had ginger beer to drink,
it certainly made us all wink.
Mum had always made it herself,
bottles of the stuff, lined on the pantry shelf.

Oh, the cups of Oxo with dry bread to dip in,
we felt we were eating a real sin.

Then out to the street for a game of conkers,
I'm sure the neighbours thought us bonkers,
the boys with their marbles,
the girls with their hop-scotch,
not one of us had a good wristwatch.
So we were often late you see, but still in time for our ovaltine and tea,
Birds custard, good and thick,
poured over the hot spotted dick.

We'd often sit around the fire with Mum,
sticking green shield stamps in her book,
Oh! What fun,
Picking out things we could have for the home,
instead of using the tallyman or loan.

Our house was a pre-fab, built after the war, they provided cheap housing for sure.
We were happy kids and easily pleased,
and when the fun-fair arrived, the budget was squeezed.

Mum and Dad gave us ten bob!
There! That should do the job,
plenty of rides on the helter-skelter,
dodging the rain and running for shelter,
into the ghost train, oh! What a fright,
then back out into the cold windy night.

We scuttled back home for hot dripping on toast,
I think we all loved this the most.

It's a shame, the kids of today don't know what they've lost,
we must hang on to our memories at all cost!