

Tony's memories

One of my 1st memories is running home from Winns Ave school because they made us have a kip in the afternoon. I was there to learn, not to sleep! I was 4 and wish that ethic had stayed with me !! Of course, as an older boy, the High St and the cinema Dominion on a Sunday afternoon. Was it called a monkey or fox parade, or something like that? All the boys and girls parading up and down the High St in their Sunday finery. I used to buy a slim jim tie for 2/6d every Sat from a bloke opposite the Carlton cinema near the Palace. I well remember when IT was bombed. THAT was a bonfire, lit up the whole horizon and made the trees in Lloyd Park look very ghostly.

I used to put the barrows out down the High St for a bloke called Bert. Myself and a mate, Rod Flint. Thurs 5a.m. (Thurs p.m. for the ½ day if on holiday) Friday morn and evening and Sat morn and Sat night. Used to cycle home as fast as I could to Brettenham Rd, jump into me whistle, stiff, starched, detached collar and new slim jim (had a bath and dig in the grave before going to work) and run down the rd to Hoe St to catch the bus over to the Drill Hall in Chingford for the dance. ½ time, over to the Royston Arms for a couple of pints of Charrington's IPA....luvverly !!

Of course the Assembly Hall was also a favourite. The whole of the Town Hall area, in all its Art Deco beauty was and is (well according to Google Earth it still is) is a smashing area. Who remembers chasing the Squander Bug to the pond and ducking him/her(?) on a witches' ducking stool ?????? I was also a Sea Cadet in 347 unit, Bill Walters Commanding. His son Brian is a friend here in NZ to this day. We went guard duty for a beauty pageant and Donald Sinden was 1 of the judges. Great days.

One of our watering holes was the Lord Brooke, a finer glass of Charrington's IPA could not be found. Many a happy night in there with our girl friends of the day.

After a night out "up West" at a jazz club or seeing the latest picture @ the Odeon Leicester Sq we used to treat ourselves to a savaloy sandwich and a big mug of rosy @ Hoe St station

Chris Barber and George Melly @ the Cook's Ferry Inn (now gone I understand, to the insatiable UK traffic flow) I could fill a few pages just remembering the pubs we used to go to. Not that we were big drinkers, didn't have the lolly for it. We did get abahnt a bit tho' !!!

So, with the war memories, the Park (concerts on the island), Epping Forest, Dancing both in the area and "up West" (who remembers the dancing school near Hall rd next to the railway line? Smiffy's I think it was called), Sea Cadets, the private rd on Warner's estate that used to have to close once a year (Rushbrook Cres I think it was called -opp Carr Rd) Later on a night out at the "cherry ogs" with a beer and a bowl of jellied---Come on the 1 dog !!.....Oh joy Oh joy !!

That'll do you for now, my fingers are quite numb. It aint the place it was and on a wet, cold Sunday afternoon it was BORING but it was HOME and we had FUN.

Tony Freshwater
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