

# *Childhood Memories*

Some childhood memories from the 1950's...by Sandra Jackson

1...Sitting on grass - talking with family and friends, searching for four leaf clovers. Picking buttercups and seeing if there was a yellow colour reflected on the chin...



2...Flit...a sort of baked bean sized tin with a pump that pumped out poisonous, smelly, gassy air/stuff that killed off any insects, fleas, flies and ect...

3...Flypaper with what seemed like hundreds of dead flies stuck to it within a few hours... usually hung somewhere near where you were eating!

4... Singing along to songs such as "I'm a pink toothbrush, you're a blue tooth brush", "Love and Marriage, go together like a horse and carriage", "Busy Bees", "Mud, Mud Glorious Mud.."then there was "Catch a falling star and put it in your pocket"...

5...Because of the thick fog in London, not being able to see the number of the bus until it was nearly at the bus stop, and wearing scarves or handkerchiefs around your nose and mouth because of the smog and you could actually see yellow where you had been breathing on the material...

6...Because there was no central heating in houses, once you had left the warm living room to go to the toilet, you could see your breath in the winter....

7...Making toilet paper out of brown paper bags or newspaper and making a hole in the paper and hanging it up by string...(Toilets often got blocked)...

8...Mending your own shoes with stick on soles, or hammering on Blakeys (little metal pieces) to make the soles of shoes last longer....making inner soles for shoes out of cardboard or weetabix boxes, if you had holes in the soles of your shoes and you didn't have stick on soles....

- 9...People were always sewing or darning holes in socks or woollen stockings and using a mushroom shaped object to hold them in place while mending..
- 10...Unravelling outgrown knitted garments and visitors to household sitting with arms outstretched with skeins of wool around them being made into balls of wool to be re-knitted....and people knitting their own dishcloths...
- 11...No wall to wall carpets...floorboard painted and rugs were made by the family with wool woven through canvas with a wool hook....
- 12...Painting by numbers, or making gnomes with Plaster of Paris and a rubber mould, while family sitting around a table listening to The Billy Cotton Band Show or The Archers on the radio ....
- 13...The vicar calling round to see families were OK.....
- 14....Sunday School seemed the normal place to go on Sunday Mornings...and brownies or cubs during the week....and joining The Sooty Club!
- 15....Pass words and I spy books, swopping cigarette cards...comparing French knitting lengths, (Dad's usually hammered in the 4 nails into the wooden cotton reels for French knitting....making raffia mats...stamp collecting from all over the world...and being excited soaking stamps off envelopes, drying them and getting the almost transparent strips to stick them in Albums....
- 16...Loving having a pen friend...
- 17...Having frog spawn and watching it grow into frogs...then making a home for them...we used cardboard boxes and put a bowl of water and a large stone in it for the baby frogs...the trouble was when the frogs jumped out of the water and off the stone onto the cardboard they dried up and died....
- 18...Loving having simple imaginations.....making shadows with your hands...theatres out of cardboard boxes.....making Guys out of old clothes on fire work night in the hope of getting a penny for your Guy....
- 19...Making toast in front of a coal fire, while making stories up out of the shapes of the dancing flames..
- 20... Cleaning the mud off your shoes on a rusty old iron anvil, the shape of an upside down foot, pushed into the earth by the front door step...

“Memories weren't about needing loads of money...memories were smells, making things out of stuff around you, making music from a comb and tissue paper, whistling and just simply being alive.” Sandra Jackson