

We met, we married a long time ago,
We worked long hours when wages were low.
No TV, no wireless, no bath, times were hard.
Just a cold tap and a walk in the yard.
No holidays abroad, no carpets on floors.
We had coal on the fire and didn't lock doors.

Our children arrived, no pill in those days.
We brought them up without state aids.
They were safe to go out and play in the park.
Old folk could go out for a walk in the dark.
No valium, no drugs, no LSD,
We cured most of our ills with a good cup of tea.
No vandals, no muggings, there was nothing to rob,
We felt very rich with a couple of bob.

People were happier in those far off days
Kind and caring in so many ways.
Milkmen and paper boys would whistle and sing.
A night at the pictures was our mad fling.
We all got our share of troubles and strife
We just had to face it, that's the pattern of life.

Now I'm alone and I look back through the years
I don't think of the bad times, the troubles , the tears.
I remember the blessings, our home and our love
We shared them together, thank God above.

It depends on your age whether this fills you with
nostalgia or disbelief!

Anon.

THANKS

There is an old saying "You never miss the water till the well runs dry".

The well spring of my life ran dry recently when my husband died after a road traffic accident and others will know how deeply painful it is after more than fifty years of marriage to be without the one who has always been at your side. But I have been sustained by the milk of human kindness so readily and generously given by friends and neighbours, especially my neighbours and I would like them to know that I and my family will always remember their sympathy, kindness and practical help in so many ways and to say "Thank You" to them all.

Marie Summers.