

## Memories Are Made Of This Flo's Letter

Here are some stories of olden days remembered by our readers. We start with a poem which **Dudley Hopkins** remembers his mother telling him in 1919 when he was sitting on her knee aged 6! As far as Dudley knows, the poem has never been written down. It came to his mind quite suddenly when he was recently in hospital; here it is as dictated!

“A dear little baby brother  
had come to live with Flo,  
she wanted him brought to the table  
That he might eat and grow.

‘You must wait for a while’, said Grandma,  
in answer to her plea,  
‘for a little thing that hasn’t teeth  
can’t eat like you and me’.

‘No teeth?’, said Little Flo,  
‘they must have been forget,  
can’t we buy him some like Grandad,  
I’d like to know why not!’



That evening Flo went to the table  
with paper, pen and ink,  
saying ‘don’t talk else you’ll spoil my fink.  
I’m writing a letter to heaven  
And this is what I will say:

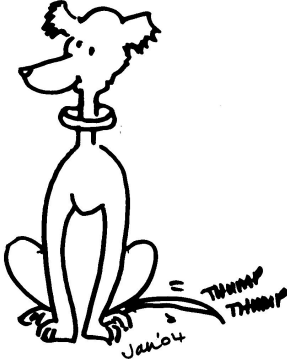
Dear God the baby you sent us  
was awfully nice and sweet,  
but because you forgot his toothies  
the poor little thing can’t eat.

So that’s why I’m writing this letter  
‘a purpose to let you know  
so please come and finish our baby.  
That’s all’, from Little Flo.”

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## Memories Are Made Of This Gordy's Stolen Poem

**Gordon Warner (Gordy)** recalls that he used to write poetry. One day at school he pinched a poem from a book and won first prize! He had to hide the evidence afterwards! He can still remember every word, perhaps because he felt so guilty!

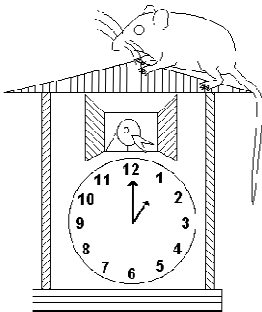


“I had a little dog  
His name was Sandy  
His nose was straight  
His legs were bandy  
And when he begs for sugar lumps  
His tail upon the ground he thumps!”

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## Hickory Dickory Dock

**Marie Moss** remembers that when she was 5 years old, she and her two younger brothers lived in a flat above a shop. They all had whooping cough so Mum had gone to get some medicine. As she left, she told them NOT to touch the fire. Predictably as soon as she had gone, one daring brother stuck a piece of paper in the fire and it caught alight! He tried to throw it out but it caught the curtains- setting them on fire. All the children were horrified and frightened of Mum's reprisals so they shot up onto the landing. They didn't know what to do, so when Mum returned, she found them peering through the bannisters and singing “Hickory Dickory Dock” in a vain attempt to prove their innocence! Fortunately all ended safely, but Marie remembers every word of that old nursery rhyme!



“Hickory dickory dock!  
The mouse ran up the clock  
The clock struck one,  
The mouse ran down,  
Hickory dickory dock!”

If any of our readers have similarly enjoyable stories, poems, or experiences we would love to publish them so that they are not lost to posterity.