

which sounded funny. Over the road was the *Tin Tabernacle*, the Catholic Church. Made of green painted corrugated sheets it stood in very dark and spooky grounds and was a favourite spot for gang meetings and for kissing the girls. A little further up was the coal yard owned by Mr. Wilson. He was a smart dapper man in polished leather boots and check jacket and he drove an elegant maroon Armstrong-Siddeley car. Over the road lived Mr. Marshall who would signwrite lorries in the street whilst puffing peacefully on his pipe. A few houses further on was Glenister's yard. Mr. Glenister owned a huge incontinent horse which most days dragged a wagon down Villiers Road whilst in the charge of the Welsh Coalminer. It did not appear to do anything useful other than deposit large quantities of manure outside our house. This resulted in an unseemly pail and shovel race between the fanatical gardeners. Despite his years Mr. Monk was upon the steaming pile before the eccentric engineer. Dad tried to cajole us to grab a pail but we refused.

No.47 was the most important house in the road. My grandparents lived there. it was used as field station and front line hospital. My lovely Gran would clean us up, sew up torn trousers, feed and water us before we returned home after a hard day on the dump. We could be up to three hours late for a meal but didn't notice. No.47 was a large house with a big copper boiler in the kitchen, a tiled terrace and two toilets. The garden was wonderful. A huge tank full of fish and lilies, a pond with frogs, derelict glasshouses, outhouses and sheds to explore and it backed on to a field. I could go up the garden and be gone for hours. Over the road were the King's. They had a television set and we were all invited in to watch the Coronation. At the very top of Upper Paddock Road lived the Pine family and the Pearce's. The Pine boys and the Pearce girls were always ready to call names, so we would take the long way round, up the Piggery and through the allotments, just to avoid walking past their houses. If we felt devilish a few pigs could be prodded with sticks and attempts could be made to bomb the fish in Mr. Cox's pond with road gravel. This alley led through to Talbot Avenue and Wilcot Avenue. We thought these were snobby areas because they were avenues and had trees, so they became our favourite places for playing *Hue and Cry* and *Knock-up-Ginger*.