



'Summer holidays called for serious planning'....
back row: Keith Goddards (1), Tony Knife (2),
 Mr Boughton (3) Colin Smith (4); *front row:* Jill
 Garvin (5), Jenny Clements (6), Vic (Rolston)
 Goddards (7), Martin (Bunny) Bundock (8),
 Ann Knife (9), Pam Keen (10).

the adventure to the Devils Drinking Trough on the Wye Downs. Off we would go on our bikes with a vast sum of money to buy some biscuits and a bottle of Bing with a flip action top, 3d (that's 1.1/4p) back on the empty. Bing was never the same when production shifted from Canterbury and went to a plastic bottle.

The purchases were made at Waltham Post Office and we would go in one by one to buy our bottle of Bing and select biscuits always from the bottom of the stack. For the younger amongst you, biscuits were loose in tins—they did not always come in wrappings that you can't open without breaking the biscuits. The Post Master knew we were having a joke with him but never showed it, but then he must have liked us - he smiled taking our money.

AUTUMN and Guy Fawkes kept us going as the days turned dark and cold and November the 5th was an important date in the diary. We started collecting all the unwanted combustible materials around the neighbourhood to build a giant of a bonfire. There were rivals in the road, but the one at the Haven was always the biggest. We collected for weeks and built a triumph of art and engineering, only for my father to pull it all down and build it more safely.

Pocket money was saved for fireworks, which were purchased from Manklows paper shop in Wincheap, sadly no

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longer there. These were bought weekly and built into a fantastic collection. These fireworks were the business and didn't the bangers then go BANG! On the night, the dads lit the bonfire and managed the fireworks and mums would bake potatoes in the ashes, each a memorable occasion.

DECEMBER AND CHRISTMAS - even more excitement kicking off with Pam Keens' (33 NHL) birthday on the 22nd and a kids traditional party with games and excellent food, even though times were austere. What a wonderful start to the season.

All the above comes with a health warning. There were only about 10 or 12 regular vehicles using the roads and four of them were the butcher (Mr. Hills) the milkman (Hambrook's) the baker (Ron Evans of Hoppers) and Buttons (now Bookers) delivering to the store. The ironmongers (Goodman's) sold cleaning materials and paraffin that were delivered by horse and cart; and Wincheap farm still had a horse and cart operated by Mr. Sexton, known to us as Baggy Trousers.

Laws and times were different then and awareness of danger different also. I presume our parents knew the risks but were prepared to take them. And appeared, most of the time at least, to trust us. I'm not sure I would have!