

Do You Remember?

I was born in thirty-four
The post office stood right next door,
Over the road there was a shop
Where I could buy a lollipop.

Mr Doddeswell baked the bread
But only half the village feed
The cakes he made were rather sticky
For his nickname, we called him Dicky.

Haywards shop it still stands there
Selling veggie or peach and pear
Near narrow passage Tchure called
On either side were gardens walled.

Who remembers Tickey Wells?
Sold clothes and shoes and prams with bells
Travelled villages far and near.
Pay next week you can my dear.

Co-op service was very slow
No one rushed just to and fro
Time it seemed to stand quite still
While they totted up the bill.

Tuckers Stores, a quaint old place
Standing in the Market Place
In that large window I did spoon
And I remember the manager, Mr Boon.

The forces men they came to stay
In the house we called Wychway
They said it's because the war is on
It seemed so quiet when they were gone

Smith was the butcher in High Street
Selling steaks to the rich, to us sticky pigs' feet
Hopcrafts the other a much bigger place
Sandy we called him he had a red face.

A grocer named Lewis his first name was Jack
To those out of work he paid dole round the back
Bill Holliday kept the motorists store
All sorts of parts scattered the floor.

At the Priory lived Saunders, his first name was Walt
In the war time a shortage but it was not his fault
Selling of sweets to earn him a bob
Sorting out coupons a terrible job.

Cannings sold oil and things for the sink
I did not like that shop, my, how it did stink
Weavers a grocer in Chapel Square
A wee bit expensive, we did not shop there.
In New Street a chemist, a nice looking place.
A barber behind it who would lather your face,
A real shop of oddments was Runnicles
For nails and screws I think he sold rules.

Then there was Fowlers sold not much at all
A very frail lady and not very tall,
And Comptons. the greengrocers, their son's name was Bill.
Can't think how they managed and never will.

The blacksmith named Tibbets where horses were shod
He mended the traces or straightened a rod,
Served people with petrol from a hand pump
Then back to the anvil where he did just thump.

The other baker was named Bill Course,
Delivered with hand cart which he pulled with much force,
He cooked Sunday puddings for half a p
Now people of Deddington, that's history.

Don Walker

[Don's poem was written some years ago which explains several differences - *Ed*]