

## Clem and Myrtle H

An edited version of an interview made on 28 May 2008

Interviewer: Christine Wilson

Clem: After School I used to go up the park to sail my boat. At times there was no wind and my yacht would be stuck in the middle of the pond and I used to get the park-keeper who had a long cane, about 20-30 feet long, who would come along and retrieve my yacht.

My father was in the bowls club (St Ann's) and I used to have to wipe the bowls for the men involved when they had a match, and especially when it was raining. They were very pleased! *[laughs]* I play bowls myself now but nowadays they don't do that. My wife's uncle, he designed the pitch and putt green. The other thing was when I came out of church on a Sunday morning me and a few friends would go to the park and have a game of putting, that was about 1938 or thereabouts so the putting green was there then – quite a number of years ago.

Also at the end of the yacht pond was a pavilion where the people who had yachts used to keep them until a few years later they got vandalised so they didn't continue putting their yachts there ... I should think that's somewhere round about 1950-55ish. Also on Sundays we used to come up and listen to the band which they had about once every fortnight, usually the Salvation Army. My mother used to come up the park on a Saturday evening, sit on one of the seats provided and take her knitting and watch my father play bowls.

I can remember during the war there was a balloon in the car park, a barrage balloon, and also a German bomber. It was brought on the park during the war. I remember the balloons used to go up during the war when they had an air-raid warning.

We used to watch on Sunday afternoons perhaps an odd cricket match or a game of football. There were quite a lot more [pitches] when the park was built. We used to bring the children up to the swings on the park, usually on a Sunday afternoon and they would play on the swings and roundabouts. It wasn't closed off like it is today.

Myrtle: My uncle was head park-keeper and he lived in a little bungalow just outside the gate. He designed the pitch and putt, the big one. We used to play down there. *[laughs]* The park-keeper, Reggie, you don't have park-keepers today. You ran if you saw Reggie! They keep talking about having a park-keeper. Peggy (a friend): you weren't allowed to ride a bicycle if Reggie was about.