

Hi everyone,

I hope you enjoy reading about my memories from probably over 50 years ago.

I guess that seems a long time ago to you, but time really does pass very quickly, so follow your dreams.

On May Day at our junior school we always celebrated, girls and boys, by dancing around a may pole, we could make different patterns with the ribbons, and if you were picked to be May King or Queen it was a great honour. The boys had to wear white shirts and long trousers and the girls a white dress. We had a parade and had to carry a paper daffodil. It was always a very exciting day.

The roads weren't so busy years ago and it was safe to cycle into the countryside. We had lovely days out in bluebell wood and we also picked a few of them, although not sure we were really allowed.

I also remember going on holiday when I was about 7 and insisting I could manage a boat on my own on a boating lake, well of course I couldn't and I had to get my sister to help me back to the side. Needless to say I got told off, but was very relieved to get back out of that boat!

I have a good friend now who I have known for 65 years! When we were young we were always doing crazy things, so one day we decided to run a piece of cotton from her bedroom window to mine, so say to pass messages! Of course it never worked, the cotton kept breaking! Good fun trying though.

Another memory I have from my school, where we always had to wear our school hat home otherwise you were given a detention, was of the children from another school waiting on the roadside to knock our hats off as we cycled home. They thought it was funny, but we didn't!!!!

In the early 80's the church I attended was picked to go to sing at the Albert Hall with the singer Cliff Richard, ( he has just had his 80<sup>th</sup> birthday, so it was along time ago). Anyway the choir had to audition and although I can't sing very well I managed to get myself picked. It was so exciting, and to be in the choir at the Albert Hall was amazing, an experience I will never forget.

In the 1960's I lived in Singapore before it become westernised, where we had rats as big as cats running around in the monsoon drains, ugh! Also we had huge red ants running along the washing line, which had to be cleared off before we could hang the washing out. We had great fun though, we went to lots of dances and I played netball, even in the humid and very hot weather.

It was a huge adventure then to travel so far away from my family, especially as when I was young holidays were nearly always taken in England, you had to be quite rich to travel abroad, luckily my husband was in the RAF so travel was free!

I hope you find a little of this letter interesting. and sending best wishes to you all.  
Ros.