

# Memories

I've always been stirred  
By the stories I've heard  
From people back home  
And abroad.  
Of where they have been  
The things they have seen  
And the memories that they have stored.  
To break out of the chains  
Of a city-bound life  
Industrialisation gone mad  
With no need to hurry or worry or flurry  
The yearnings I've had since a lad.  
To leave right behind  
The rest of my kind  
And find solace in nature's embrace,  
To step out for the hills and the valleys beyond  
With time to admire each place.  
How can life in the raw be classed as a bore  
With distant horizons to reach?  
The sun at its height  
The air has a bite  
Of the salt from the neighbouring beach.

*Reggie Drew*













I drove a tank in the Second World War. We were once ambushed in Burma. We lost a lot of men. I had to crawl out of the jungle on my belly as a sniper was firing at me. I remember feeling the heat of the bullets as they flew past my head.















ceased to know that you  
our one hundredth  
August, 2018. I send  
and best wishes to  
special occasion.

*Lyahel*









SUPERDRY

If somebody said they had taken a ride in a car you'd say, 'Go on, who do you know with a car?'























Oh, I love tea. I drink eight cups each day.













# In Remembrance

## Poem 1

My darling, I promise you a life that's free  
From worry, care, anxiety.  
When I come back across the sea - all this I promise you.  
And in return I ask of you  
To be the girl I always knew  
For that's how I remember you.

## Poem 2

My darling though you're far away  
I'm thinking of that special day  
I placed a ring upon your finger.  
Of all the things I've ever done, that surely was the greatest one  
And the memory will linger.

*Reggie Drew, to his wife, Marjorie*

Painting by Reggie Drew - 'Marjie'

















We didn't have electricity, only gas. In those days a Lamp Lighter used to light the street lamps at night.





















The time came when you could hear people speak in films. People would ask if it was really them speaking.





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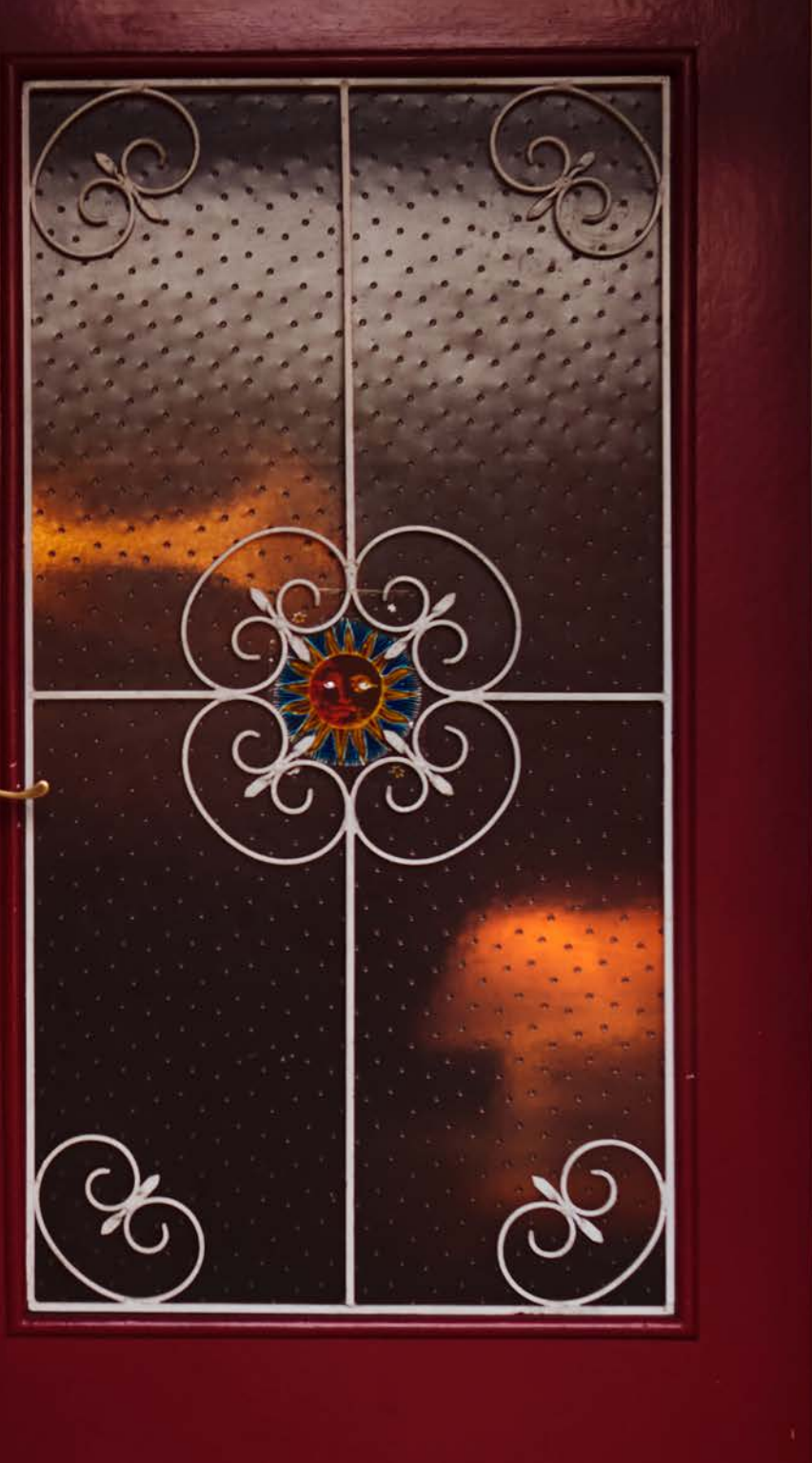












One trick I used to do on Alfred Street was to hang from the lamp post by my toes.





 ALFRED ST. 6













# An Ode To Granddad Reggie

My Granddad Reggie's an amazing fella  
He's the most brilliant story teller  
His stories truly are one of a kind  
Just like the man that he is inside  
'Cause here's the thing about all of his tales  
They're all about the mountains he's scaled  
You see my dear Reg is a hundred years old  
(Between you and me that's older than old!)

In his long life he's done such a lot  
And it's far too remarkable to be forgot  
So much has happened and so much he's seen  
He's even been written to twice by the Queen!  
From days on the road cycling plenty of miles  
And meeting dear Marjie and all of those smiles  
And then of course those days in the war  
Which at least gave him the chance to explore  
Back then to home for a new kind of life  
Of babies and bottles and a wonderful wife  
There was sign writing, printing and bingo galore  
And the very best tale of an eel at the door!  
There's so many memories that light up his eyes  
And now Granddad Reggie is wiser than wise  
He knows what's important, the best thing you see  
Is to sit with a smile and a good cup of tea  
And when the chance comes he's a story to hand  
Of his fabulous life  
Oh my ain't it grand!

*Emilie*

