

## REMEMBER WHEN.....

The billy carts fleet, raced down Salisbury Street,  
In Sydney, circa 1930,  
Hordes of boys with their home made toys,  
gravel rashed and incredibly dirty.

To Casualty they flowed in Missenden Road,  
Where the walking wounded were patched.  
After taking a spill, they'd limp up the hill,  
Their limbs all bloodied and scratched.

So elderly, still spry, a twinkle in his eye,  
remembering carefree days.  
Of boyish anticipation, no thought of litigation,  
No legal eagle to ensure that someone PAYS!

And what about Peter's, the ice-cream king?  
with the empties unguarded by the truckie.  
The flavours that beckoned had them clean in a second,  
The kids who lived near were so lucky!

The Chinese were a target on their way home from the market,  
Asleep from fatigue on his dray,  
The horses were turned, the poor man never learned  
Why the market came twice in one day!