Scouse Sonnet - Number 1 - 1940's Nostalgia General Living Conditions

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Memories from my Childhood, in Post-War Liverpool, Bombed and Broke. But People didn't wallow in Self Pity, they would much rather share a Joke. Churches, Shops and Houses, so many scarred and damaged by the Blitz. No one had heard of 'Health and Safety', They simply got by 'on their Wits'. Terraced Houses, a Century old, most with Backyards and Outside Loos. Many stood in sorry disrepair, though a few looked Posh, with Vestibules. Along our Lobby was the Parlour, kept Locked, but always 'Spick and Span'. To impress Important Visitors, such as the Clergy, Doctors and Clubman. A clothes Pulley hung high up in the kitchen, a meshed foodsafe in the back. Abrass Companion Set shone on the hearth, by a smoking fire of Nutty Slack. I used to count the Sacks of Coal for Mum, we had delivered to our Cellar. So our Coalman never 'Sold Us Short', because he knew that I would tell her. Large families were commonplace, perhaps a Dozen lived in a Tiny House. But they grew up Strong and Healthy, fed on 'Pea Wack Soup' and 'Scouse'.