

"...Between Bede Street & Cosgrove Road was Cook's River ("The Creek"), where I used to swim & paddle my "Kid Made Canoe", made from an old sheet of corrugated iron with a piece of wood nailed in each end & sealed up with bitumen I dug out of the road & melted down.

The Pressed Metal Corporation was in Cosgrove Road Enfield, where MGs, Morris, Austin & Land Rovers vehicles were built.

At the back gate to Pressed Metal was a small Wooden Foot Bridge across the creek, for workers on my side of the creek to take a short cut to work, although from memory, the Back Gate didn't last long. I think it may have been a source of "Back Gate Spares".

Some of my mate's Dads worked at Pressed Metal & most walked or rode their Bikes to work. Many families didn't own a car

All of the new cars were taken for a "Test Drive" around the local streets. I knew one of the Test Drivers & occasionally I'd get a short ride in the new cars.

A young Bloke, obviously from a "Very Well to Do Family" used to drive past my home in a Bright Red MGA Twin Cam, with a "Sporty Copper Exhaust", how I loved that sound. On the Rear Bumper was the word "Scorpion" in Bright Red. I reckoned on day I'd get a "Scorpion", maybe I was "Just Dreamin'".

Between "The Creek" & the houses was a huge Paddock, where we built our "Fireworks Night Bonfire". with heaps of Car Tyres & Pine Trees.

At the end of the night, our Dad's would line up along the back fences with garden hoses & we Kids would light up the paddock & let it burn until it burnt out.

Next morning, the nice new cars in the yard at Pressed Metal would be black with soot from our fires.

One year we made a "Bunger Gun" with a piece of steel pipe & loaded it with a "Penny Bunger" & a Marble. Not bad, but we wanted better.

We loaded it with a "Tuppeny Bunger" & a Large Marble & shot a hole through the wall of Pressed Metal from about 100 yards or so.

Fortunately it was the weekend & the factory was empty. The noise & the kick "Scarred the Pants off Us" & we never used a

"Tuppenny Bunger" again. I'm still alive & quietly "Pissing Myself" recalling that one.

The "Do Gooders" sent ALL BUNGERS & most other Fireworks the way of the Dinosaur.

About a Klm downstream, the creek went to a cement canal with a trough running down the centre & we used to ride our bikes for miles down the canal towards the City.

"The Creek" is gone now; it's also a cement canal.

At the end of Bede Street, on Liverpool Road is Enfield Bowling Alley, the first in Australia, built on the site of Harry Mottby's Tennis Courts & it's still there. When it first opened, you often had to book days in advance. In the quiet times, you could book a lane mid morning & play that night after dinner, if you were lucky.

A couple of kms away, at Belfield was the first Pizza Hut in Australia. If you had a phone (most people didn't) & phoned your order through, you got your Pizza without much of a wait. If you went in & ordered, by the time you got your Pizza, you had probably lost your appetite. The Pizza Hut is long gone.

A couple of Kms up the hill at Chullora was Australia's first Drive In Theatre, the Metro Twin. You could line up on Friday & Saturday nights for an hour or so & still not get in. And yes, we could always fit someone into the boot of our Morris Minors for "Free Entry". The Metro Twin is long gone, it's a Shopping Complex.

The Coronation Hotel at Enfield was a very popular Saturday Night Spot. The "Ramrods" was the "Resident Band". Lead Singer & Guitarist Barry Connors, Manager Ex Aust PM Paul Keating.

The Cops didn't have to go far to break up the "Dust Ups", the "Cop Shop" was next door to the Pub.

At Barry Connor's Retirement Send Off about 15 years ago, Paul Keating introduced himself as the "Manager Who Took The Ramrods From Nowhere To Oblivion". After Politics & away from the TV Cameras, Paul was just another Aussie Bloke.

Barry & I have been Mates for around forty years & I catch up each time when I'm on the Sunshine Coast. I saw him last year; he can still "Belt Out a Song With The Best Of Them". Unfortunately his fingers don't work very well these days due to Arthritis & his beautiful Guitars lay silent.

Constable Kane was the "Local Cop" with a Huge Right Boot. Many a young bloke got "A Kick in the Arse" & taken home to his Parent's & probably copped "Seconds" from their father.

Constable Kane certainly kept more Kids out of The Courts than he put before The Courts. It seems these days that the "Do Gooder's" consider The Courts more preferable to Discipline & a "Good Kick In the Arse".

Every school holidays, my twelve year old Grandson Max & I have "Boy's Day" out in "Miss B", my White 1968 MGB Mk 2. McDonalds, Ice Cream, my favourite Coffee & whatever Max desires. I always take him somewhere he's never been before & we have a great bonding time.

Max loves "Miss B" & recons he will be her "Next Owner", not his Father.

Max is "Busting His Neck" to drive "Miss B"; I only hope I'm around to see it.

For the past fifty years I have lived about 20 minutes or so from Bede Street Enfield, however from the time I left, I didn't go back until a "Boy's Day" last year. What a "Culture Shock".

The area has changed so much & most not for the better in my opinion I might add, so I doubt I will go back in a hurry.

Since I started writing this, My Childhood Memories have come "Flooding back" & fortunately, they are mostly good ones."