

Once Upon A Time in Walthamstow

by Alan Miles, March 2014 [[email](#)]

Warning, some extracts of this book may be mildly explicit, some odd scenes of violence and hours of boredom where nothing happens. This was Walthamstow in 1963 and please excuse the bad English.

Chapter 1

“M m my g g generation”

It was in the middle of November 1963, dressed in my Beatle Jacket, my flairs, and my Cuban-heeled Anello boots, and my floppy haircut a bit like John Lennon’s, I made my way through Lloyds Park I passed the big fishpond, past the boring William Morris gallery (where a mate of mine once smashed an armchair up and we got a bollocking at school for that), I strolled into the gents toilets which led you into Forest Road.

I liked this particular lav as it was always very clean. I stood on the step and began to widdle, a lovely feeling, relief. Now as a bloke, one thing that you had to be careful of, was getting your willy caught in the zip, I have done that twice before as a teenager. Just as I was finishing, the old gaffer who kept the place clean and tidy, as per usual stood behind me, and started to natter. I zipped myself up, turned round, and I said to this very old natterer cause he couldn’t arf go on “I like the way you have kept these pipes nice and clean, and the tiles are nice and clean too” He said “thanks son, I was polishing these pipes at about 7 this morning, then he said “I like to polish a pipe if you know what I mean. You know that yellow old piddle that stains the gully, I have to get on my hands and knees sometimes and clean it off, one of my favourite jobs”

I said “well thanks Pop I’ve got to go now”; I said finally zipping up my flies. As I was about to walk out of the toilet he said “ere come and have a look at this down this toilet” I said “no it’s alright George, I’ve got to go and have some grub”. I dashed across Forest Road into Jock’s cafe, the old boy George was a pervert, and I was glad to get out of it.

I walked up to the counter and Jock, a small articulate Glaswegian said “what do you want laddie?” I ordered my favourite double eggs chips n beans and a bottle of coke. I sat down at my table on my chair next to the jukebox. I started to guzzle my coke a little bit, trying to blot out the memory of the dirty old sod across the road. It was only a few minutes before Jock served me my eggs chips n beans. I loved Jocks eggs they weren’t over fried, a little bit runny, a nice big pile of beans and lovely greasy chips.

Now with that, it was customary to pour special cafe sauce, which was recycled sauce all over your chips. Next thing was to put a couple of chips on your fork, dip chips into egg yolk, and pile a few beans on top of that , it’s what you would call ‘andsome’, that was followed by a gulp of coke, later on you would be shouting “ There she blows”.

At that very moment Billy walked in, I liked Billy, the kid had style. That morning he was wearing a nice tab shirt, nice blue knitted rope tie, Italian style jacket, pale blue with a fine

white pin-stripe , trousers to match , he was now beginning to grow his hair a bit long as I was. As he walked in, he pulled out of his coat pocket a packet of 20 Piccadilly tipped and as he offered me one, said "One Al". Not only was Bill a good and real Mod, he knew how to behave like a mod. For one thing he would often walk along with arm behind his back, with regard to the fags he smoked the best, he had a certain way of standing, he would stand but pose and he was a mod. He walked up to the counter, and asked for a cup of tea as Jock emerged. I called out "Bill" he replied "what", I said "can you get me a cup of tea", he mumbled something under his breath and then asked me how many sugars I would like. I said "four".

Anyway he brought the teas over to the table. I said to Bill "Can you put a couple of records on the jukebox" and good old Bill did. He put on "Glad All Over" by The Dave Clark Five and "Please Please Me" by The Beatles, but unfortunately he pressed the wrong buttons and got one of Jock's personal favourites "A Scottish Soldier".

Anyway, Billy sat down at the table; Billy stretched his legs out in a certain Mod way. Now let me tell you about real Mods, they were permanent poseurs, they would walk in a certain way, and talk in a certain way, and never caught their cocks in the fly zip, that included the girls.

Anyway, Bill began to chat a bit, he was talking about the Assembly Hall on Friday night, (and this by the way was Saturday morning). He said "what a fuckin ruck last night", I replied "what do you mean Bill" he said "that f*ckin Buttons turned up with all his grease, and he started laying in to different people". Billy dragged on his fag, he said "let me tell you this, somebody is already out to shoot that c*nt. I said "I would not like to be the one to try that". I then farted and Bill left the table.

(to be contined....)