



Frances Cooke

“They also didn’t like going to bed, which my mum didn’t know what to do with them because my dad got a bit annoyed, especially if he’d had a drink and they were still awake when he came in, and she lent them my doll, which she’d asked me about, it was quite a big doll and I’d had it as a present, because as I say my mam and dad weren’t rich and couldn’t afford to buy it so I’d had it as a present off aunties and uncles that hadn’t got children. It was similar to plastic but it was more brittle and it had a rosebud mouth with an open mouth which you could put what we called a titty bottle in, a baby’s because they had doll’s titty bottles which were about sixpence from Woolworths and they, you could feed it or pretend to feed it, it just showed a few little teeth and a little open mouth. And it was on elastic, it’s arms and legs were on elastic, and so she lent them the doll and off they went to bed. Before long we could hear ‘em saying “ting-a-ling missus, time get up” “ting-a-ling missus, time get up”, so my mam didn’t bother because she thought well they were being good, she wouldn’t interrupt them, so she wouldn’t, so she left them. And when they eventually went off to sleep I mean I didn’t know ‘til the next morning, but she went into the bedroom and they had pulled the legs of the doll so the elastic clipped back to the body, making a pinging noise. And they’d pulled, when the elastic on the arms got too long, they started on the legs. So they pulled the legs until the legs went ping and hit the body and all the time they’re saying “ting-a-ling missus, time get up”, anyway the next morning, the doll had had it.”