

HOW TIMES CHANGE

By Tricia Dyer

*Only 15 miles from London
Half an hour if you've got your skates on,
Dormitory town, though not too sleepy.*

*Once its streets were lanes, all leafy,
Transport then was horse and cart,
Next the trolley bus played its part -
Now it's limos fast and sleek,
With compound dashboards, made of teak.*

*Cinemas - they came and went
Where our teenage time was spent.
But the churches keep their beauty,
Standing as on sentry duty.
Routes all altered up the town,
Hard to find one's way around.*

*But have you seen the Broadway Centre?
Lined with trees and lamps, you enter,
Pedestrianised, and just the ticket,
Give it a whirl, you must not miss it.*

*But the planners, out of spite
The Clock Tower left for our delight!
Standing there in doubtful glory,
If only it could tell its story.*

*Where is this place so heaven sent?
It's Bexleyheath in north-west Kent.*

CHANGING TIMES: 100 YEARS OF THE BROADWAY, BEXLEYHEATH, 1912-2012



Bexley
Historical Society
Est. 1951

