

LEEK STREETS – HOLLYWOOD DREAMS

Hollywood with all the glamour, a far distant place which years ago you imagined, with beautiful women and lovely men, when as a young girl you went to the pictures two or three times a week and lived in a dream world with your friends looking for someone who looked like Dana Andrews, Van Johnson or Stewart Grainger.

It didn't matter who it was, as long as they looked something like them, or you made them like them, you went into a trance and came out of the cinema in a dream, living it all over again and singing with whoever you were with to Frank Sinatra songs. Over the years the grass looked greener and the sun warmer and if it was the moon you'd sing to the moon, make yourself look like Lauren Bacall, hair with a wave hanging down one side, even act like her, until your father gave you funny looks and you felt a fool, even bobbed off school to see Bette Davis and suffered all the threats from school.

Beautiful days, never to come again.

Marion