

FROM "CALEDONIAN" TO BERMONDSEY - WITH HAROLD BERRIES

Now there's a coincidence! Here I am taking a look-see at the barrer business. S'matter of fact, it's London's ole Caledonian Market. Only this time it's in Bermondsey. Don't ask me why - all I know is that my ole pals wot used to be North of the river are now South of it. I once knew a feller wot lived on the river. He was the Volga boatman. Remember what the old Caledonian used to be like before the war, eh? Mind you, when me and my barrer rolled up to market then, things were all proper and ladylike. Talk about an orderly procession! Trouble was you had to get up with the milkman to get your pitch right - or else you'd had it.

Remember dem hats? It was one of them that first made me notice me ole trouble and strife. "Pleased to meet you" she said - and I've never been the same since. Mind you, in this new lark down at Bermondsey, things are very pesh. All wot's missing is the jellied eels, and I ask you wot's a market without eels? It's like 'ampstead with de Heath. Hark at me - Wot a geezer!