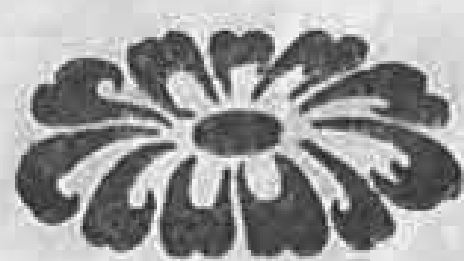


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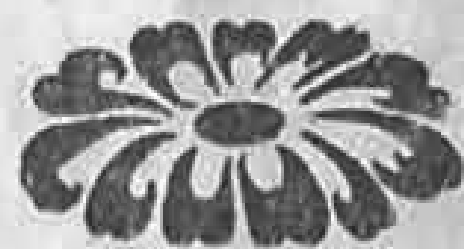
Bradwell Sports Club



A POEM

by

ISAAC HALL.



In bygone days au'd Bradda slept
An' quite enjoyed her snore.
Her's nah bombarded every day,
Sometimes raund hauf-past-four.

But we're non grumbling for we know
What aw this blasting means,
Just well filled packets, well fed kids,
An' Bradda full o' beans.

Through long lean years the Bamford wheels
Spun on, but now are often still.
An' mony village families
Owe much to Bamford Mill.

Let's hope a prosperous sun will dawn
O'er one of our dark spots,
An' soon may all the girls be back
At Bamford, tying knots.

The Sports Committee's working hard,
In fact they dare na' slack.
They know they've got to do or die,
Wi' England at their back.

And now a tribute to a friend
Who recently passed on.
The Sports Club are poorer now,
With Mister Bromage gone.

Though Mister Vigar may have left
The show must still go on.
We know his good work will be missed,
But th' world ne'er stops for one.

Last year the long forgotten wells
Were well and truly blest
And through some local skill and taste
Were beautifully drest.

Tho' Smaada folk knew nowt o' th well
It wor' theer sure enough,
While thirsty folk for years passed by
In search of stronger stuff.

So when the Festival arrives
Let nobody sit on th' fence.
Let's aw join in i' th' fun an' games,
An' show some Bradda sense.

Yo' minstrels mount yer dray again,
Be once more dusky queens,
Let those who conna sing a note,
Just bang their tambourines.

Yo' little kids come on again,
Last year yo' won renown,
An' if yer mums an dads won't help,
Well yo' just scream th' house down.

Some very kind and generous friend
Has gi'en th' sports Club a lift,
Presenting a Pavilion—
A real sporting gift.

An' good awd Ted has gi'en consent
To have it fixed i' th' field.
But Ted has always said "Oh', Ah'
Whenever th' Clubs appealed.

An' Albert Hancock as before,
Has to the rescue come,
An' used his lorry willingly,
To fetch th' Pavilion whome.

Nah look what th' Sports Club team has done
In their first playing year :
They've browt a set o' medals whome.
Theres plenty of talent theer.

Yes Bevis led his dauntless lads
On to that field at Eyam
Wheer Clifton's Stanley Matthews tricks
Smockraffled th' Youlgreave team.

So carry on yo' brave young lads
Who neither sulk nor fear.
So long as her rears kids like yo',
Awd Bradda'll allus cheer.

Now Barker we aw know has shown
An interest in this team,
We hope and trust he'll stick to th' job
An' thus win aar esteem.

When I went down to th' Sports last year
It nearly broke me heart,
When I saw very few young men
Taking an active part.

We conna raise a football team
Baght throwing pounds away,
While theers plenty o' Bradda lads
Who surely owt to play.

We know how Walter was let down
We know how hard he tried.
Just allus ready, allus theer
To play or stand aside.

Nah yo' young chaps wi' shining locks
Of which young damsels dream,
Don't be afraid to ruffle 'em
Theers plenty more Brylcreem.

Don't wear your trousers pockets out
To keep yer dollies warm,
Just use yer hands an' feet an' brains
Yo'll get more good nor harm.

An' when next football season comes,
Sign on, come up to t' scratch
We'll back yo while yo build a team
If yo' lose every match.

Who sez awd Bradda's out o' date,
Who sez her's had her day
Lets show the outside world again,
How we can work and play.

In days gone by folk raced through t' town,
An' wondered wheer they'd got,
But th' Parish Council now have named
This Peakland beauty spot.

Now passers-by draw up on t' bridge
An' slowly scratch their yeards
To see no swiftly flowing stream,
But lovely flower beds.

Now Roy has filled a long felt want
Which needs no Freddie's bell
Wheer ladies unload coffee cups,
An' burdened souls as well.

We've brighter days ahead of us
For winter we've no fears,
Dark nights for us will hold no dread
Our eyes no more shed tears.

No more need we leave t' cosy hearth
No more our slippers shed,
To pidpod up the garden path
Before we go to bed.

An' nah before I dry up, folk,
I've one more word to say,
To fix wire-netting aw round t' ground
To keep Earles' smoke away.

