

## BRADWELL HISTORICAL SOCIETY



NEWSLETTER No 56 October 2025

### Up-coming events

For our penultimate talk of 2025 we will be once again gathering in St Barnabas Church at 8 pm on Tuesday 21<sup>st</sup> October when Richard Cornish will be presenting 'A return to the tales of the toybox - the stories behind some popular toys and games'. A follow up to his very popular earlier talk (making this one Toy Story 2?). Richard writes : 'In my talk I go back to the toy box to tell the stories of the origin and history of some more popular toys and games'.

### The Great Snow Storm of 1947

#### **Owd Bradda Hasna' Had it Yet**

**A local poet tells how Bradwell fared during the great snow-up  
Three pence Each  
Proceeds for the Men's Effort  
Easter 1947**

WELL, folk, how are yo' liking th' storm,  
How are yo' fixed for coal,  
An how's th' owd chilblains getting on,  
Are awe yor limbs still whole?  
Folk talk about th' awd fashioned storms  
They had in days of yore,  
Eh dear! if this is one o' them,  
I hope to see no more.

I'd like to sing the praise of aw  
Who helped us thro' those days,  
For these brave men and women too  
Deserve our highest praise.  
When th' New Nook lay engulfed in snow,  
One farmer proved a brick,  
For neither blinding snow nor drift  
Could stop the Clarence "click."

We heard that awd familiar "click"  
Above the raging wind,  
Then Clarence and his sledge appeared  
Wi' milk for aw mankind.  
George Andrew with his yead lapt up,  
Fra' th' Within ploughed a track,  
He meant to serve his customers  
Or break th' awd chestnut's back.

An' how they get fra' Berrystall  
Nobody'll ever know,  
I'm sure Miss Critchlow must ha' trudged  
Up to her neck i' snow.  
Joe Wilson and his bonny lass  
Just ploughed their way fra' Brough  
Tho' th' snow in Stretfield lay yards deep,  
Th' Green Van must do its stuff.

And Willoughby joined in the fight,  
He didna sit a' whom,  
He'd one advantage over Joe,  
He'd non as far to come.  
To try and get to Hartle Moor  
Folk said wor just a joke,  
But Cyril Bradda bravely went  
And browt th' milk down for folk.

King David was no braver mon  
When he faced th' Philistines,  
Than David who fra' Hazelbadge  
Took th' milk to th' railway lines.  
Our bakers didna let us down,

When outside transport stopped,  
They turned out mony a hundred loaves,  
An' baked until they dropped.

And Eales with his brave little lads  
Browt th' papers night an morn.  
I'll bet that mony a time they wished  
That they had ne'er been born.  
And Rowland with his gallant staff  
Achieved what they strove for,  
Brave Jack and Mary climbed the heights  
Crying "Excelsior."

When brave Lol landed with his stuff  
The queue streched for miles they say,  
I'm sure kind-hearted Mrs. Firth  
Saved mony lives that day.  
Some stood wi' faces black and blue,  
They say some nearly died,  
Some stuck it to th' bitter end  
A few went whome and criued

John Middleton and Alfie tramped  
O'er th' moors their sheep to reach  
For what they went through these brave chaps  
Deserve a medal each.  
Why Merlin ever tried to get through  
I'm sure I dunno know,  
Why did he slide fra' Paradise  
Into this vale of woe.

Sometimes I tak' a walk up th' Rake  
To friends at th' Lordship Farm,  
I wonder if they're living yet  
I hope they've ta'en no harm.  
Beneath Great Hucklow's alpine shroud  
"Othello" lies in sleep,  
While play and players, empty stalls  
Their anxious vigils keep.

The play's the thing so Shakespeare said,

And so the bards all sing,  
But up i' th' Peak o' Derbyshire  
Just now the Snow's the thing.  
It's grand in see th' awd Pensioners  
Each Friday on the job,  
Pidpoddin through the snow to fetch  
Their six and twenty bob

An' I'm sure th' angels up above  
Now sing a sweeter song,  
When they look down and see th' awd folk  
Go toddlin' along.  
"You've had it" is a common phrase  
Yo' often hear today,  
But Bradda hasna' "had it" yet,  
An' never will. I say.

Tho' storms may rage and fires dee out,  
An' th' electric leet be gone,.  
While we've a tato and a cow,  
Owd Bradda 'll carry on.  
So as we talk on top o' th' waws  
An' view the landscape o'er.  
Let's think we're two yards nearer Heaven  
Than we've e'er been before.

Note : Someone who identified himself as A Bradwellian sent a copy of this verse to the Derbyshire Times with an explanation of who some of the characters mentioned were. He wrote:

I thought you might be interested in the enclosed poem written during the 1947 snow, by a well-known Bradwell man Mr Isaac Hall who wrote verse in local dialect. At Bradwell the men of the Methodist Church have an Easter Effort and copies of this poem were sold at 3d a copy for Church Funds.

It is surprising to note how many local farmers were delivering milk in Bradwell at that time. Mrs Mary Redfearn of Thornhill, daughter of the George Andrew mentioned in Verse six of Within farm has only recently retired from delivering milk in Bradwell. The Rowland mentioned was the postmaster and Lol a greengrocer and Mrs Firth allowed him to stand in

her doorway. Mr Merlyn Poynton lives at a farm called Paradise. Othello was the performance at the Hucklow Theatre associated with L du Garde Peach. A most interesting thing to note is the old age pension of 26 shillings.



