

BRADWELL HISTORICAL SOCIETY



NEWSLETTER NO. 2 APRIL 2021

Introduction

Together with a reminder about the April Zoom meeting and some background information on the subject matter of the talk this month's Newsletter will present pieces of verse written by three Bradwell Poets. There is also an apology about an error in the March letter. The central panel of the triptych was a view from Gore Lane not from Hugh Lane as was stated.

Up-coming event

The next talk for the Society will take place at 8 pm on Tuesday 20th April via Zoom. The speaker will be Brian Gillham and his subject will be 'A Barber family of Bradwell' (nothing to do with hairdressing but one or two close shaves!). You will receive an email before the day giving you details of how to join the talk. All you will need to do in preparation is to make sure you have the Zoom app. on your computer, laptop, tablet or phone.

The talk will stretch back to Benjamin Barber who Seth Evans referred to as a 'Methodist Pioneer'. The main subject of the talk will be John (Jack) Barber, his Danish wife Ellen Katty and their three sons John (Noel), Ken and Tony.

Correspondence

Alan Pittam wrote to say that when his mother was in Moorland House, Hathersage she occupied the room next to Juliet Berry. Sue Pittam added her recollections of the visits to Moorland House: 'When I did the 'Art in Derbyshire' talk at the BHS I showed the allotment picture of Pamela Mann at the end as I brought the subject back to artists in Bradwell. Pam must have copied some of her paintings as both the allotment and the village picture were hung on the corridors of Moorland House.....and I hope they are still there. Juliet's art work on the wells is beautiful but she used to talk about her social work to us not her art and was interested in work I had done with young offenders. Doreen Cameron Murphy in the Tuesday walkers often chatted about Juliet and Pam. Doreen's work also had similarities to theirs and mine. It was she who arranged for Bishop Tutu to phone Juliet after her 80th birthday. Doreen phoned his secretary in South Africa and after a little while Juliet got a phone call, she was thrilled to bits!!

Poet's Corner

Betty Bancroft Betty wrote the following pair of poems for inclusion in '*After Seth*' but pressure of space meant they didn't appear in the book. Its a pleasure to reproduce them now.

In Seth's time

Imagine you lived at Bradwell
A hundred years or more ago
When life was lived more leisurely
And everyone there, you would know.

Imagine the house you lived in
With no running water or light
Just an oil lamp and some candles
To light you to bed every night

Imagine a new born baby
All wrapped in a fine woollen shawl
Then placed in a wooden cradle
Never to see day light at all.

Imagine your first day at school
With a penny or tuppence to pay
Before being given a new clean slate
To practise your letters each day.

Imagine a pile of washing
To boil and to poss and to rub
Then starching the collars and cuffs
Before emptying the washing tub.

Imagine a once-a-week bath
In front of a big roaring fire
The water being heated in pans
Then tempered to one's own desire.

Imagine a walk down the path
With newspaper cut into squares
Sometimes there was more than one loo
So then you could go down in pairs!

Imagine milk being delivered
And brought to your door in a churn
Then measured into your own jug
An everyday business concern.

Imagine the small corner shop
With butter and tea and with bread
You could spare some time for a chat
And pass on what so and so said!

Imagine that each Friday night
When pay day at last had come round
One would try to make their ends meet
And juggle with two or three pound.

After Seth

Imagine if you can Seth's face
If he could see Bradwell today
For our mode of life is different
From both aspects of work and play.

Imagine if he saw your house
With hot and cold water on tap
Saw the tele in the corner
And computer sat on your lap.

Imagine the baby bouncer
Complete with the baby on board
Surrounded by numerous toys
To prevent him from being bored.

Imagine Seth going to school
And able to stay for his lunch
He'd see the latest equipment
Operated simply by touch.

Imagine, not Seth, but his wife
As she looks at the washing machine
Does this really do the washing
And will it come out nice and clean?

Imagine Seth in the bathroom what
Would he make of the shower
And could he really bathe each day
By just turning on the power.

Imagine a modern small room
With decor bang up to date
Seth would certainly be impressed
And no doubt think it was great.

Imagine Seth being astonished
To find milk delivered at dawn
In bottles with bright coloured tops
To pour on his crisp flakes of corn.

Imagine a trip to the shop
And pushing a trolley about

His mind would truly be boggled
By the time he reached the check out.

And the checking the numbers
To find he had made a good score.

Imagine buying a ticket
For the weekly lottery draw

E.C. Bancroft 2006

Charles Bradwell Ashton His poem on the Battle of the Somme appears on p 222 of 'After Seth'.

Cannon Street

The hot gold sun, this sweet June day,
Is not so bright and golden as the buttercups
Enriching the long unkempt grass of the croft.
Spangled with drifts of white cool moonpennies,
Overhung by tall, quiet trees, backed by tawny hillsides,
And bounded by moss-grown walls,
Lovingly tended for many long years.
Better tended than the ancient cottage door,
Tight shut now, as on other hot Summer days
Through countless years, back to times that were slower,
Quieter and deeper, as deep as the mid-Summer grass
Which stands unscythed and untended.

For the sun-bleached paintless door is tight shut,
No smoke curls from the chimneys. Summer heat,
Kept out from old, dim, thick-walled parlours,
Small windowed, stone flagged, walls rough and lime-washed.
No fire now, no life to need warmth. Doors shut.
Grass high, uncut, and sweet with moonpennies.



Cannon Street ran from Bessie Lane behind the Hat Factory and in front of cottages.
Photograph dated about 1930

Charles Bradwell Ashton 1964

Jimmy Barber. James Page Barber was one of seven children (five girls and two boys) of John Barber and Annie Elizabeth Leech. His brother was Jack Barber. More about this Barber family will be heard at the April Zoom meeting. The poem tells us of the village blacksmith John Hall.

The Village Blacksmith
A Tribute to the Memory of the late John Hall

I have a story to relate
Of Bradwell's village smith,
Who in his prime was ta'en by fate
From 'mongst his kin and kith.

Activities of every grade
Proved his ability:
He handled tools of many a trade
With like facility.

His customers brought what they chose-
He'd put it right, of course,
He'd ring a pig, or mend a plough,
Or shoe a restive horse.

He e'en possessed a dynamo,
And used electric light:
Which in a village then, you know,
Was quite a novel sight.

The loafers round the door would lurk,
Nor were they driven off:
They liked to see the lathe at work,
And hear the engine cough.

The water-turbine's soothing purr,
Quite free from jerk or jar:
The petrol engine's rapid whirr,
The home-made motor car.

His skill included cycles, too,
Of every type and stamp,
Anon, above the hubbub, you
Might hear the blazing lamp.

And often bore both iron and steel
The imprint of his might:
For, broken share or damaged wheel,
He'd quickly put it right.

Our drinking water was his care:
Where'er the frost would point
A weak pipe out, he soon was there

To make the plumber's joint.

And in the village chapel may
His handiwork be seen:
He took the old oil lamps away
And brought acetylene.

All kinds of schemes he organised
With skill that made him famous:
His erudition oft surprised
Some town bred ignoramus.

His quiet thoughtful way was such
As indicated power:
He handled with a master's touch
The business of the hour.

But while his strength was at its height,
Fate struck the cruel blow:
Although he made a gallant fight
'Gainst the relentless foe.

His mighty frame withstood the shock
Of Death's first icy touch:
But human frailty death may mock
When once we're in his clutch.

At first it took his speech away
No more his voice was heard
And though he lingered many a day,
He uttered ne'er a word.

His once strong arm, now withered up,
Hung limply by his side:
And to the dregs, the bitter cup
He drank, of humbled pride.

Though paralysed, he fenced with death,
And struggled neath its yoke:
But later on it stayed his breath
Beneath a second stroke.

James Page Barber 1915