

Memories of and Old Bradda-ite

Rob Wharton, who in 2020 was living in Australia with his father Brian wrote: This contribution is at the request of my father, Brian Wharton. He's 87 and doesn't own a computer however looking through the content of Bradwell Down Memory Lane (on Facebook) together has brought the memories flooding back for him.

Dad was born in Church Street, the 'nipper' of a family of nine, and despite having spent over 25 years in Australia, he still considers himself very much a Bradda-ite.

Sadly, Dad is rapidly approaching the end of his journey, and has moved into palliative care, however he managed to jot down a few memories of growing up in Bradda in the 1930's which he asked me share. The eyesight is failing but his memories are good ones and a testament to much simpler times.

I hope it's of some interest and prompts others to reminisce.

Sadly shortly after this post Brian Wharton passed away.

Brian's memories

Watching the little water voles swimming on Bradda Brook as it flows through the (*can't make out the word*).

Watching the Bullyheads, minnows and sometimes baby trout on that same Bradda Brook.

Bowling anything circular that can be pushed along by hand or stick – the 'Rolls Royce' being a blow up bicycle wheel.

Playing 'Tin Lurky' in Church Street.

Sally Andrew's well-stocked sweet shop later run by Lily Hallam, her daughter.

Ernest Eales Paper Shop in Church Street.

Ernest Pearson cutting hair at his cobbler's shop on a Friday night (that lovely smell of leather).

Polly Wood who lived with her brother Walter (postman) with pins, needles and bobbins of cotton and anything to do with sewing from her front room.

Emptying our outside toilet through the house every other Wednesday.

Hedley Bradwell's home made ice served in your own dish with wafer biscuits.

(Edwin) 'Roberts' home made pies and gravy and lovely home made cakes served from their little shop laterly Aylwyn Daniel's betting shop at the 'bottom of the town'.

Headmaster Millard came on Monday morning.

Miss Hilda Fischer's ruler any day of the week.

All of the older boys falling for Dorothy Eyre (?) the infant teacher.

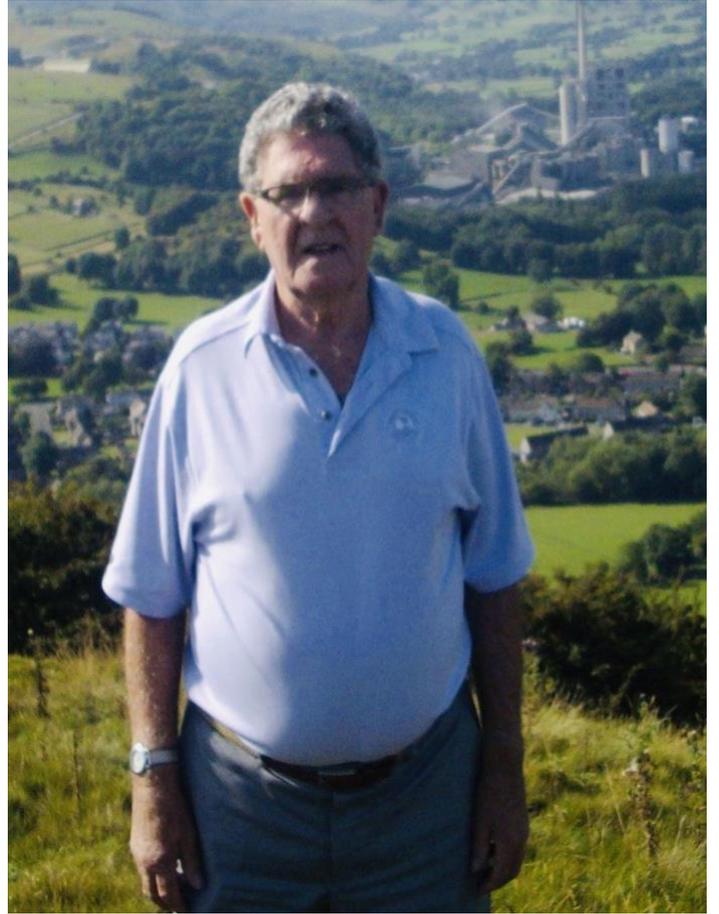
Trying to knock the horse chestnuts off the trees too early when it gets to conker season.

Seeing who could make the best paper plane or kite.

The floods in Church Street when the grating at Spencer's blocked up by the extra flow of water and debris from Wortley mine.

Rowland's quite large shop at the end of Church Street where we bought our rations of tea, butter in jar etc

The steam driven lorry they used when building the new Main Road that by passed Church Street.



Two ages of Brian Wharton