

BRADWELL HISTORICAL SOCIETY



NEWSLETTER NO. 10 DECEMBER 2021

Introduction

This month we've brought together three pieces with a Christmas theme.

Up-coming event

The main event of this month of course is the Christmas meal at the Shoulder of Mutton at 7pm on Tuesday 21st December. Many of you will have indicated you will be coming and placed your order with John Monahan. If not there are a limited number of places available. Please contact John on 01433 621708.

Correspondence

Thank you to Neil Roberts for providing the answer to the question posed in Newsletter No. 9 on the meaning of the word 'holmes' (singular 'holm'). The definition can be found in the Oxford English Dictionary that tells us 'a piece of flat ground by a river which is submerged in times of flood'.

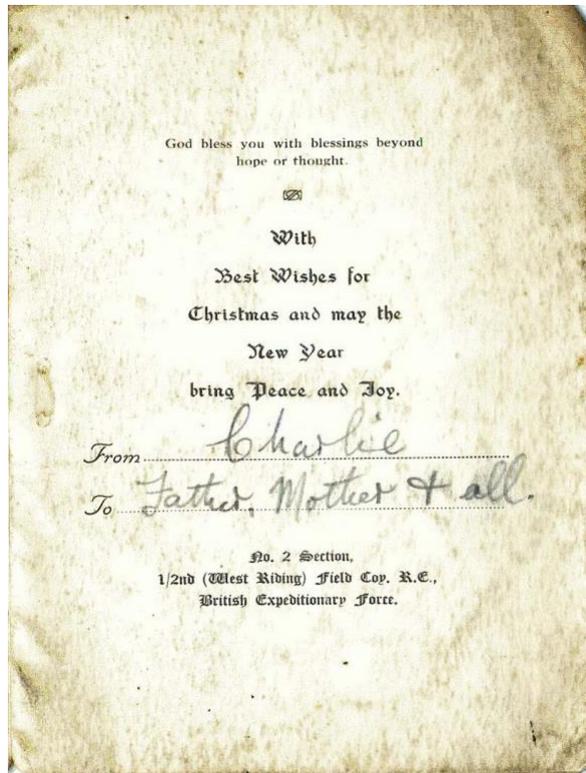
Society Christmas tree for St Barnabas

We are delighted to report that Gordon Scott and Jennifer Lockhart have agreed to mount the Society Christmas tree in St Barnabas again. We won't reveal this year's theme but do urge you to go and view it and all of the other village trees. These will be visitable from Sat 11th December up until Christmas Eve, afternoons 3 – 5 pm. But this may be subject to the availability of marshals.

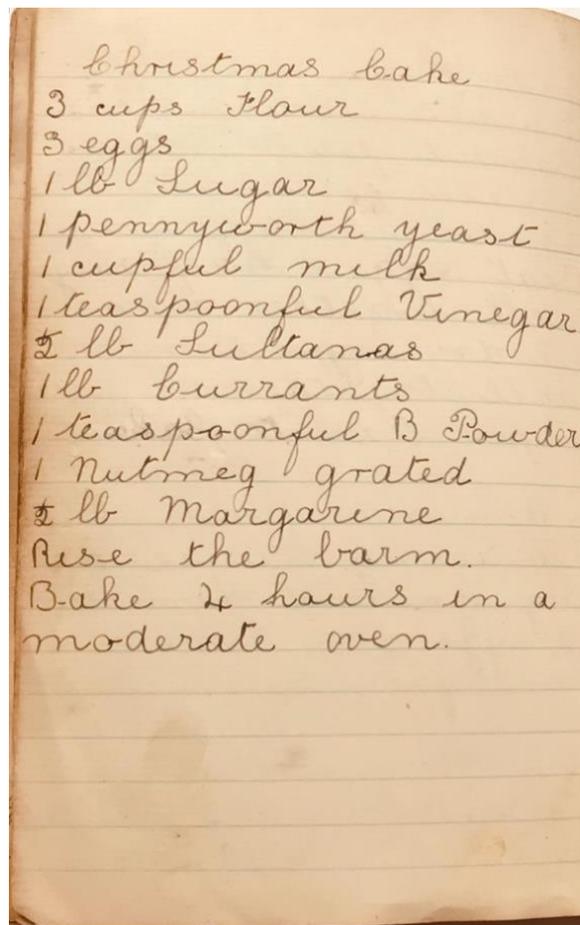
Don't forget to visit the Society Website at www.bradwellhistoricalsociety.org.uk

Next month you'll be able to preview the papers for the AGM scheduled for 18th January 2022 here.

A Christmas card from the front dated 1915.



From an unknown author: dated 1897. Sounds very simple, but would anyone like to try it either in the baking or in the tasting?



Poet's Corner

Betty Bancroft wrote this poem in December 1989 for the Radio Sheffield Sunday Morning Show.

Christmas Past

When we were young on Christmas
Eve,
In Santa Claus we did believe,
That kindly man, in coat of red
Would leave some presents near our
bed.

We'd hang our stockings in a line,
My, mother, father, brother and mine,
I'd written names in childish hand,
So Santa Claus could understand.

He knew exactly what to leave,
And we were grateful to receive
These little gifts, each one a treasure,
They gave us all a lot of pleasure.

A glass of wine and mince pie sweet,
A well earned rest to ease his feet
Then off again, with yet more toys,
To take to little girls and boys.

On our tree with candles lit,
A bird with silken tail would sit,
A little trumpet we could blow,
And cotton wool to look like snow.

Our parties now were in full swing,
And for our tea we would sing.
We played at games, like Postman's
knock
And stayed there late ,, 'til eight o'
clock!!

Those magic days all played their part,
And surely in our heart of heart,
We wish all children everywhere
The happiness that we found there.