

GRANDPA REMEMBERS.

Naa. When Aw wor a lad things wor niver su bad
 Fer we allus hed summat tu eyt.
 An we'd lots o' gud fun when awr wark wor o' dun
 An geet by wi'out evvin tu feyht.
 Tho' we hadn't su mitch we wor reely quite rich,
 we'd enuff but hed little tu give.
 But we geet along grand like sum mudlarks i'sand,
 Fer the Motto wor -- "Live an Let Live".



But as time passed mi by, Aw wud ask missel why
 Aw fun trust allus on the decline?
 Sum aloof wi ther greed plainly swanked wi'out need
 An owd comrades wud try tu outshine.
 O' the sweet an the kind Aw'd now sadly tu find
 Turnin sour as Aw grew tu a man.
 Aw'd tu wurk like a horse wi' no sign o' remorse,
 Fer the Motto wor -- "Live if Tha Can".



But. Now Aw'v grown owd, Awm quite constantly towld,
 It's not safe tu walk out into t'street.
 It's nu longer a lark tu walk out after dark,
 We mun only gu out when it's leet.
 Or sum mugger he cud tek awr muneey an blood,
 Leave us t'gutter in t'street fer a bed.
 So. At neet it's a guide tu keep allus inside,
 Or sum mugger may see that -- "We'r Dead".



By Thomas Singleton. 1993.
 Born in Whitechapel,
 brought up at Moss Side, Thornley,
 lived later at Crumbleholme Fold
 and Eccles Moss, Whitechapel;
 now at Great Harwood.

POLICE RAID ON COCKFIGHTERS AT WHITEWELL

About 10.40am on Tuesday Acting-sergeant John Stephens, Chipping, received information that a cock fight was to take place at Whitewell that morning. In company with Police-constable Clements, also of Chipping, he proceeded to Whitewell on a cycle. Upon their entering the village, about 1.50, it was seen to be in a state of excitement. Vehicles from Ramsbottom, Bury, Accrington, Blackburn and Clitheroe were in all directions, whilst crowds were parading the streets. In a close proximity were found several hampers and a large box, containing about 30 game cocks, their necks plucked and ready spurred; in fact, just in fighting order. The police, who were in disguise, proceeded about half a mile above the Whitewell Hotel to the place reported as the rendezvous, and at the back of a high bank found a party of about 150 men formed into a ring, with their birds ready to do battle. Police-sergeant Stephens, and his assistant Police-constable Clements, immediately stepped into the ring and imparted to the astonished circle that they were police officers and that the gentlemen present had better stop the game at once. Murmurs of discontent were heard, but prudence prevailed, and the crowd melted away.

From Rossendale Free Press. Sat July 1st, 1899.

