

More memories

Frank Valentine, he was quite stout,
A tailor by trade, there is no doubt
At Chapel each week he could be seen
His house looked over Goose Green.

Alf Stanley, he did work for Hopcrafts,
Made the coffins for folk that popped off,
Taught us each week at Sunday School
Tho' we to him were very cruel.

Eli Walker could be heard
At camp meetings preach the word.
And he loved the hymns to vamp
I knew him well he was my gramp.

Len Springall used to tie the hay
Tried to tie a rick a day
On his bike he travelled round
Wherever his work could be found.

George Cox he had a pleasant way
Worked on the farm to earn his pay
He'd lay a hedge or build a fence
And cut your hair for just threepence.

Jack Malcher was the butcher man
Carried meat in from the van
He looked so strong or had the knack
The weights he carried on his back.

Stanley Hall a garage had
And with much grief he lost his lad
Ran the buses in fine style
Charged about one pence a mile.

Tom Holiday he had a car
Would taxi people near and far
He drove me on my wedding day
And that is when I went away.

To new folks of Deddington I must be a bore
But it's the older, I really write for
I hope you enjoy your Deddington stay
Just as I did, before going away.

Don Walker