

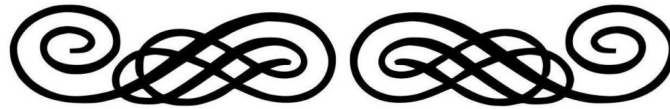
HAPPY DAYS

Posted on September 1, 2022 by Mark Stocker



...by Lillian Broadbridge, with the Revd Septimus Hazard, MA.

You'd never guess, I'm a poetess! That little spark of creativity has always been within me, and I felt I just had to write this, bringing back memories of the good old days when Churchill was at No. 10 and our dear Queen was young and lovely. Ah! I'm no expert poetess, I'm the first to admit, but I thought I would share it with that wonderful Rector of Prawnsby, the parish next door to Radlett and Aldenham (where we still miss Mr. Manley). My Leslie, I'm afraid, would be useless here: you don't hear much poetry in Barclay's Bank. Well, quick as a flash, Father Septimus (who I know likes me) replied "I would be only too enchanted, Mrs. B. Can a man with a second-class degree in divinity possibly lend you a hand? (It was from Oxford, mind!) But, *revenons à nos moutons* as they say across the Channel, would you like me to read your meter?" He indeed did, and was really quite gushing about my talent, as well as the deeper message of this little poem. Who knows, we may collaborate again. Without further ado...



Happy Days

There was a time when children were God-fearing,
Boys were bold and little girls endearing
When our world was wholesome, pure and true
You'd say sorry; please; or, indeed, thank you.
At table you'd neatly handle fork and knife,
Lest Mother scolded—ah, a faithful wife!
She'd put out Father's after-office slippers,
For breakfast there'd be soldiers, even kippers.
The wireless would play a merry tune
The latest, greatest hit from Patrick Boone.
The Morris Oxford, 'twas neat as a pin
Our trusty carriage for the Sunday spin;
That same Sabbath we'd sing the Good Lord's praise...
Oh, can't we please bring back these happy days?

