



# A Tale of Aldridge Rotary



I'll tell you the tale of a village:  
(Though some say it should be a town)  
The name of the place is called Aldridge  
Full of houses, two up and two down.

There were factories as well as the houses  
And 'The Avon' catered for arts  
And men and their children and spouses  
Moved into the town from all parts.

And then in the mid nineteen-fifties  
Whilst chatting one night in the pub,  
A group of professional worthies  
Said 'Let's start a Rotary Club'

So they wrote to some fellows in Walsall,  
(A much bigger place up the road)  
Who gave them advice, just a morsel,  
And that's how the first seeds were sown.

There were Doctors and Lawyers and Vicars  
And some called themselves Engineers  
And together with Bankers and Priests  
It was enough to keep going for years.

Now the names of the worthies I mentioned  
Are of those we should never forget.  
They were full of ideas and intentions  
Whose qualities stay with us yet.

There was Tector and Nichols and Reany  
All names with a ring to them still.  
And Hilditch and Edwards and Rowley  
And Doc Sterling in case they got ill.

Now the years rolled on by without slowing  
For that is what years tend to do  
And our Rotary Club kept on growing  
Our triumphs and influence too.

Now it's not just about raising money,  
Though cash, to be sure, plays its part  
But while some folks may think this is funny  
It's our actions that set us apart.

So what have we done with such prodigies  
That sets us apart from the rest?  
We give prizes and grants to young students  
To make sure that they all do their best.

We helped to start Probus in seventy-three,  
A club which still thrives to this day,  
And the links which we formed, are quite plain to see,  
And can never be taken away.

Our efforts have raised lots of money to send,  
To good causes, both home and abroad:  
Shutterbox, Agnabor and schemes without end,  
To help spread the Rotary word.

There's a corner of town, not far from the pub,  
Which deserves a much closer inspection.  
It's a credit to all in our Rotary Club  
And is known as 'The Garden of Reflection'.

There's a Rotary Wheel and a peace-post  
And a sundial to tell us the time,  
But the thing that we like and which means most,  
Is the feeling of calm so sublime.

The Club's not the same as it was way back when,  
The original members first met:  
For now we have ladies as well as the men,  
Which makes it a better Club yet!

Could we put to our founders the promise:  
"Are our last sixty years a success?  
Have we built on your first overly promise?"  
Well I think that the answer is "Yes!"

So let's raise our glasses to them and to us  
And continue the work which we do For  
the next sixty years, without fear, without fuss  
And the rest of eternity too.

