

Rowell Heritage

The Rothwell Arts & Heritage Centre Magazine



No 10

January—February 2016

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**Rowell Heritage.
Issue 10**

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I hope you enjoy this edition of Rowell Heritage. I would like to thank all our sponsors and contributors for their support.
Editor

Cover Picture:
Winter Wonderland
Janet Bassett.



In Loving Memory of
Janet Myrtle Bassett

30th August 1933 - 1st December 2015

It is with sadness that we report the sudden passing of one of our dedicated volunteers - Janet Bassett. In November, after retiring from her role as Gallery Co-ordinator, she gave me the following letter and asked me to publish it in the next magazine:-

Thank you to Ray and fellow volunteers who have always been friendly and willingly helped in any way when I needed aid, also the artists who supported the Gallery and I hope they will continue with Christine Wilkinson who has taken over from me.

Special thanks to Norma who has volunteered for many years and helped keep the gallery in order.

My main supporter has always been Conrad who has done more for me and the gallery than he gets credit for, arranging dates, printing and posting mail-outs, also hanging exhibitions. Without his help things would not have gone so smoothly.

Thank you Conrad.

Will still be a volunteer, just taking a break.

Wish everyone a Happy New Year.

Janet Bassett

**Deadline for March - April issue is:-
 Friday 12th February 2016**

Please note that while we take every care to be accurate, no liability will be accepted should any of the contents of this magazine be



JANET

In the early days of the Gallery at Rothwell Arts and Heritage Centre Janet saw the need for someone to set a few ground rules. She felt that instead of artists bringing in their work and removing it at random, a more organised approach was necessary. Tentatively, Janet took on this role and she surprised herself, "I found I could do it!" And she did, on and off, for a decade. She encouraged a wide variety of local artists to exhibit their work and she had an intuitive eye for display which was invaluable when it came to hanging a new exhibition. "No, not there, try it over here with these...." She was always right.

She handed over co-ordinating the gallery finally, in November this year. "That's it, this is my last time," she announced to me as she went down the stairs to go home. We had hoped that now she would be able to spend more time painting and that we would see her new work hanging in her gallery for years to come. Sadly it was not to be. The gallery thrives today because of her energy, enthusiasm and commitment - it won't be the same without her. We will miss her more than these few words can say.

Conrad Johnson

Janet's family kindly asked for donations in her memory to be given to Rothwell Arts & Heritage Centre and as a result of this we have received the generous sum of £310.00.

Gallery 2 is to be renamed the Janet Bassett Gallery as a tribute to her, and a commemorative plaque is being produced. This will be unveiled at a future date.

The spark that brought back memories of my 11+ Kettering Grammar School entry interview

by David York

I have one school photograph of my senior school in my photograph album and in order to fit it in I had to cut it into three separate sections. I did this long ago, perhaps around 1980. The picture was taken in April 1962 and is a full school photograph of Kettering Grammar School in Bowling Green Road when I was in the 4th year with John Cowell as my form master. He's seated in the picture along with all the other teachers at that time, more or less at random on the third row, with the Head, J.K. Dudley in the centre and the Deputy Head, John Wood alongside him.

What is missing from the photo are the teachers that I knew between September 1958 and March 1962 and also those teachers who subsequently joined before I left, which included those from the Central School when the two schools merged to form the new and larger Grammar School premises in Windmill Avenue at the beginning of September 1962. This has now been demolished and replaced by Tresham College of Further Education but the old Bowling Green Road building still remains.

Just recently I was taking a look at the Old Cytranganians Association website (basically the KGS old boys/masters club) to see if there were any new or updated postings and sure enough there were some new school year line-ups from April 1954, 1956 & 1958. I spotted one or two school lads who I'd known, by sight anyway, in the 1958 picture and a lot of teachers that I'd known in all three of the photos which included Mr K.C. Horton who I'd completely forgotten about - he taught me French in the third year but left after the second term in Easter 1961. I was really getting on well with the subject under his tutoring but after he left it all went downhill for me in that topic. Also I spotted Mr P. Wilson whom I'd known - I used to see him around - he always wore his mortarboard well after it became optional dress code and always carried a brolly with him when he crossed the schoolyard. He was the most academic looking person of all the masters - a bit like Bamber Gascoigne in his younger days.

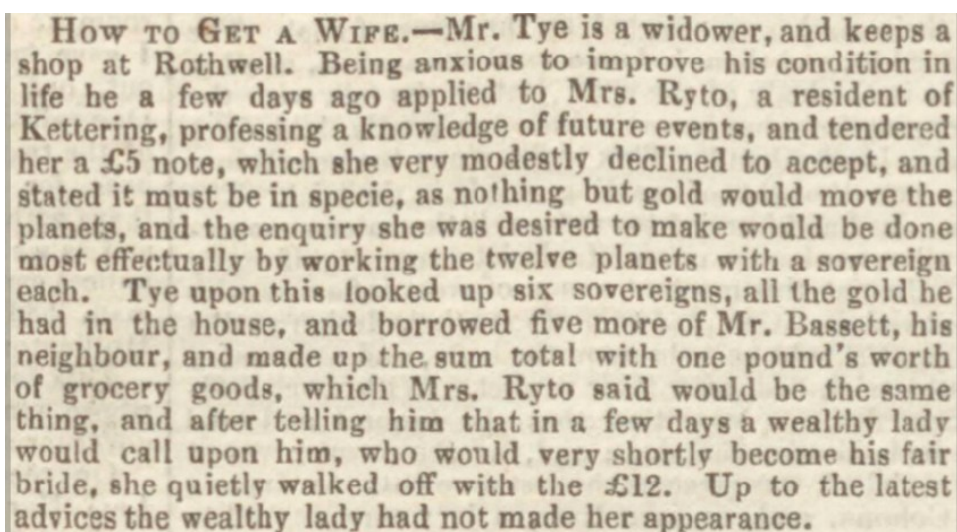
But it was the 1954 line-up that interested me most of all. Mr J. K. Dudley was appointed head in 1952 and I suppose this was his first full year school photograph. He appears to have deliberately chosen his most senior masters and probably his most respected advisors to sit alongside him.



The staff from L to R are: Joey Young (French), John Cowell (Latin/History), Gus Phillips (Latin), A.W.J. Woodward (Senior English Language master), C.W. Godfrey (Senior English Literature master). Then there is the Headmaster J.K.Dudley followed by his deputy, John Wood (Senior Latin master), then T.F. Thompson (English Language & author of the school Grammar Handbook) and finally R. Hopkins (Senior Maths master). Mr Godfrey retired in 1956 and was replaced by D.H. Greenwood, who married a Rothwell lass. He is also pictured in the 1958 line up.

On closer inspection of these masters, it dawned on me that I hadn't seen much of A.W.J. Woodward, R. Hopkins and D.H. Greenwood around the school at the time. They were there along with me so they must have been hidden away in several of the top floor classrooms tutoring sixth formers in the classic 'A' level subjects of English Language, Maths & English Literature. Their faces seemed familiar though, and then it registered - two of these masters were at the 11+ entry interview that I had had in April 1958 along with John Wood and the headmaster who I knew had interviewed me.

It all came flooding back - the interview was to take place in the hall shared by both the boys from KGS and the girls from the adjacent KHS. On pastoral duty that day outside the hall, was John Cowell looking after the interviewees including myself. I was sitting by the cloakroom/P.E. changing room when a hand bell was rung manually right in front of me. I heard doors banging, then there came a rush of teachers dashing from one class to another all in gowns and mortarboards, the optional dress code not yet applied. I remember seeing Mr E. J. Ward ("Pinhead" to most) who taught English Language & Literature, only I didn't know that at the time. He stopped to chat to Mr Cowell. They both seemed a bit fierce looking compared to our Victoria Infant & Gladstone Street teachers (Miss Briggs excepted). Then it was my turn and I was asked by Mr Cowell to go into the hall. I saw four desks - one in each corner- quite daunting for an 11 year old who'd only just learnt to go on a bus by himself from Rothwell to Kettering. At the first desk sat A.W.J. Woodward (a kind of Dave Brubeck look-a-like) who gave me a comprehension test. At the second was R. Hopkins, with his hair divided in the centre, who gave me a mental arithmetic test. At the third was John Woods who gave me a friendly general interview and told me we did Latin at his school and what did I think about that. I can only guess how I answered that question - I may not have known what that was so I probably covered myself by saying "Oh that's nice". At the fourth table was JKD (the Head) who gave me a more intensive interview. I guessed I hadn't done too well in the comprehension test but I told JKD that I wanted to be a teacher. I think that nailed it for me, but I wasn't to be of teacher material, being rather reserved, and I finished up as an accountant.



HOW TO GET A WIFE.—Mr. Tye is a widower, and keeps a shop at Rothwell. Being anxious to improve his condition in life he a few days ago applied to Mrs. Ryto, a resident of Kettering, professing a knowledge of future events, and tendered her a £5 note, which she very modestly declined to accept, and stated it must be in specie, as nothing but gold would move the planets, and the enquiry she was desired to make would be done most effectually by working the twelve planets with a sovereign each. Tye upon this looked up six sovereigns, all the gold he had in the house, and borrowed five more of Mr. Bassett, his neighbour, and made up the sum total with one pound's worth of grocery goods, which Mrs. Ryto said would be the same thing, and after telling him that in a few days a wealthy lady would call upon him, who would very shortly become his fair bride, she quietly walked off with the £12. Up to the latest advices the wealthy lady had not made her appearance.

Northampton Mercury 19th April 1851



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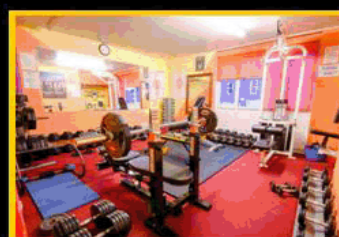
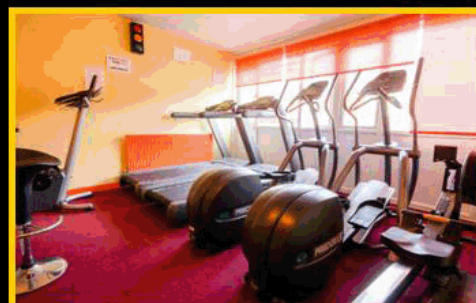
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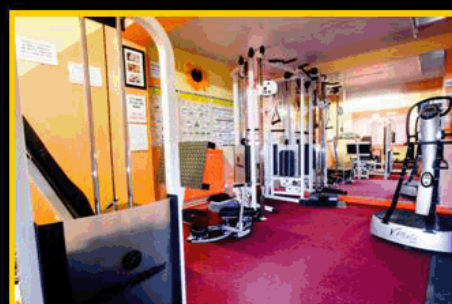
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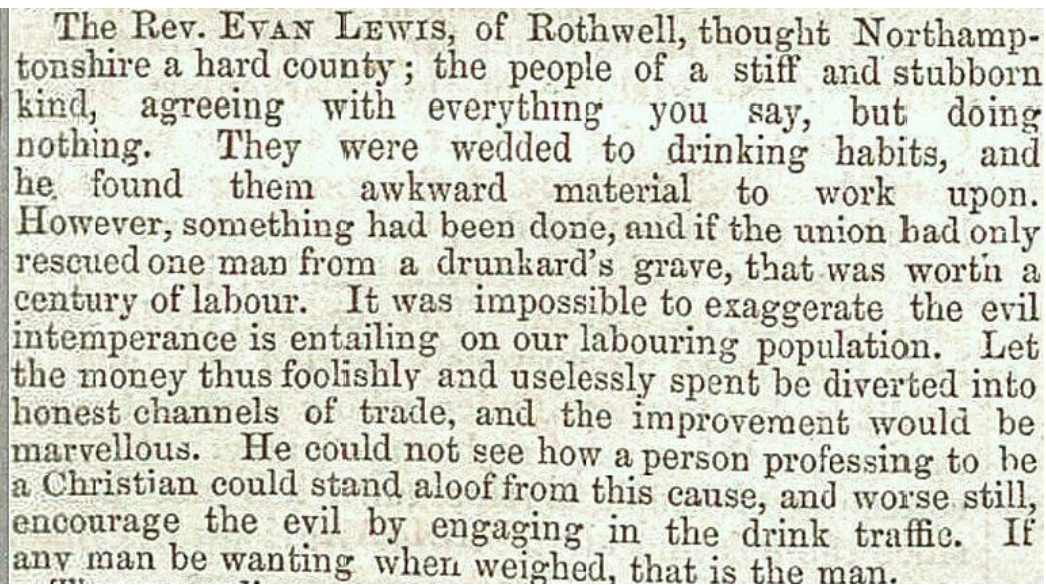


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In October 1858 the Reverend Evan Lewis became pastor of the Independent Chapel in Rothwell following the death of Rev. Walter Scott. He was a Welshman who married Sarah Lowden in 1854 and three of the couple's four children were born in Rothwell. The family later moved to London and Rev. Lewis died aged 45 in February 1869, just 3 months after taking up his post as the minister of Offord Road Chapel, Islington. Fundraising took place to provide financial support for his young family and the pastor was buried in Abney Park Cemetery, Stoke Newington.

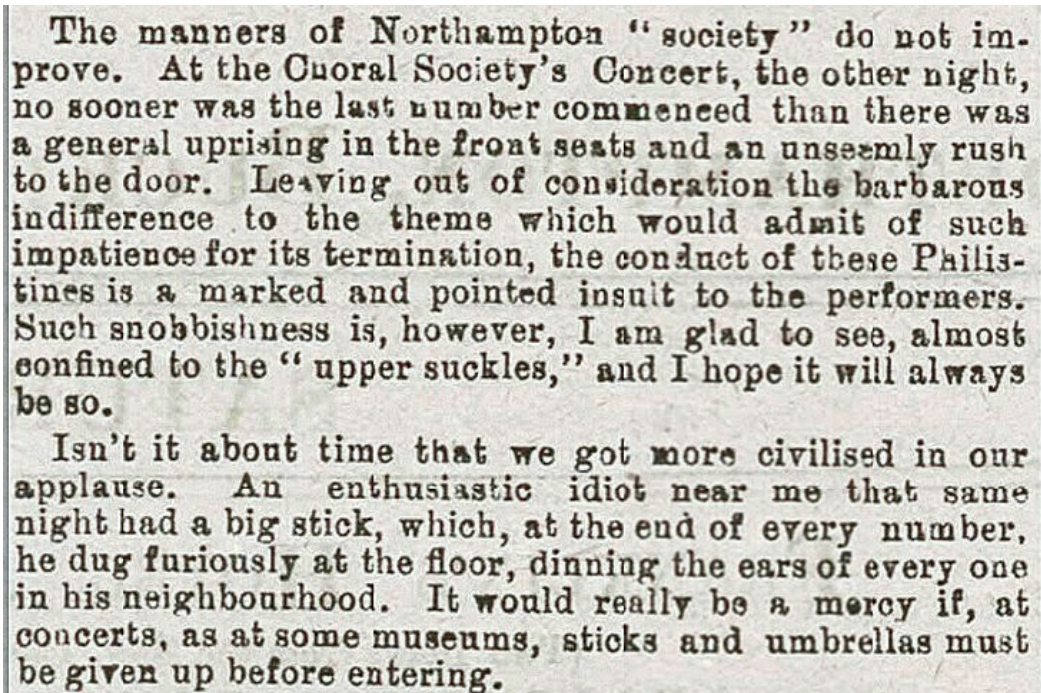
Whilst living in Rothwell, the Reverend Evan Lewis gave the following speech to the Northamptonshire Temperance Union on the occasion of its 5th anniversary in 1861:



The Rev. EVAN LEWIS, of Rothwell, thought Northamptonshire a hard county; the people of a stiff and stubborn kind, agreeing with everything you say, but doing nothing. They were wedded to drinking habits, and he found them awkward material to work upon. However, something had been done, and if the union had only rescued one man from a drunkard's grave, that was worth a century of labour. It was impossible to exaggerate the evil intemperance is entailing on our labouring population. Let the money thus foolishly and uselessly spent be diverted into honest channels of trade, and the improvement would be marvellous. He could not see how a person professing to be a Christian could stand aloof from this cause, and worse still, encourage the evil by engaging in the drink traffic. If any man be wanting when weighed, that is the man.

Northampton Mercury 28th Sep 1861

In 1866 a reporter who had attended a concert, deplored the behaviour of some members of the audience:



The manners of Northampton "society" do not improve. At the Choral Society's Concert, the other night, no sooner was the last number commenced than there was a general uprising in the front seats and an unseemly rush to the door. Leaving out of consideration the barbarous indifference to the theme which would admit of such impatience for its termination, the conduct of these Philistines is a marked and pointed insult to the performers. Such snobbishness is, however, I am glad to see, almost confined to the "upper suckles," and I hope it will always be so.

Isn't it about time that we got more civilised in our applause. An enthusiastic idiot near me that same night had a big stick, which, at the end of every number, he dug furiously at the floor, dinning the ears of every one in his neighbourhood. It would really be a mercy if, at concerts, as at some museums, sticks and umbrellas must be given up before entering.

Northampton Mercury 13th Mar 1886

From 'Local Chit Chat', extracted from The Northampton Daily Reporter.

There was some rather complicated bad behaviour in Rothwell in 1881.....

Fresh Troubles at Rothwell.—Samuel Ambler, grocer, of Rothwell, was charged with assaulting Ephraim Willis, innkeeper, on 28th Sept.—A cross-summons, in which Ephraim Willis was charged with assaulting Samuel Ambler, on the 28th ult., was also taken out; and the same Ephraim Willis was further charged with threatening the life of Samuel Ambler, at the same time and place.—Mr. Thos. Wright, of Leicester, for Mr. Willis; and Mr. Rawlins for Mr. Ambler.—The facts appeared to be as follows:—On the 28th September the defendant in the first case (Mr. Ambler), who had that day been successful in obtaining the conviction of a number of persons residing in Rothwell, amongst them being some relatives of Mr. Willis, for damaging his premises a few days previously, was returning home with his witnesses from Kettering. Having occasion to pass by Mr. Willis's public-house in order to return the horse and trap in which he and his friends had travelled to and from Kettering, the opportunity was taken by one or both the parties to throw out some insulting remarks. After leaving the horse and trap with its owner, Mr. Ambler again passed Willis's house, in order to reach his own home, and Willis crossed the roadway in order to salute Mr. Ambler. Taunts were indulged in, and from words resort was had to blows. The magistrates dismissed the charge against Mr. Ambler, but Mr. Willis, who had gone out of his way to interfere in a matter which did not intimately concern himself, was fined £1 and £1 0s. 6d. expenses.—The charge of threatening was withdrawn.

George Paybody, publican's son, Loddington, was charged with assaulting Mrs. Louisa Mullis, on the 7th October.—Complainant is housekeeper to defendant's father. On the day in question a dispute took place between the parties over a cup and saucer, and defendant threw a pail of milk over complainant.—Fined £1 and 10s. 6d. expenses.

Northampton Mercury 15th Oct 1881

.....and way back in 1706 an entry was made in a church register book by the vicar of Rothwell at that time, Rev. Joseph Cattell. The book, entitled '*The Regester booke for Rothwell*' (and the name Rothwell rather than Rowell was used), comprised 200 bound parchment pages and was found amongst the papers of a former churchwarden who died in 1869. It was handed over to the Reverend J. Arthur Morley who was the vicar of Holy Trinity in the early 20th Century.

The book was mentioned in a Northampton Mercury article on 25th Oct 1907 and this excerpt was included:

is responsible for the following marriage entry:
Francis Coles of Great Okeley and Anne Baxter of Rowell were married June 17 1706 and did behave themselves very rudely, and interrupted me severall times whilst I was reading. Jos. Cattell.

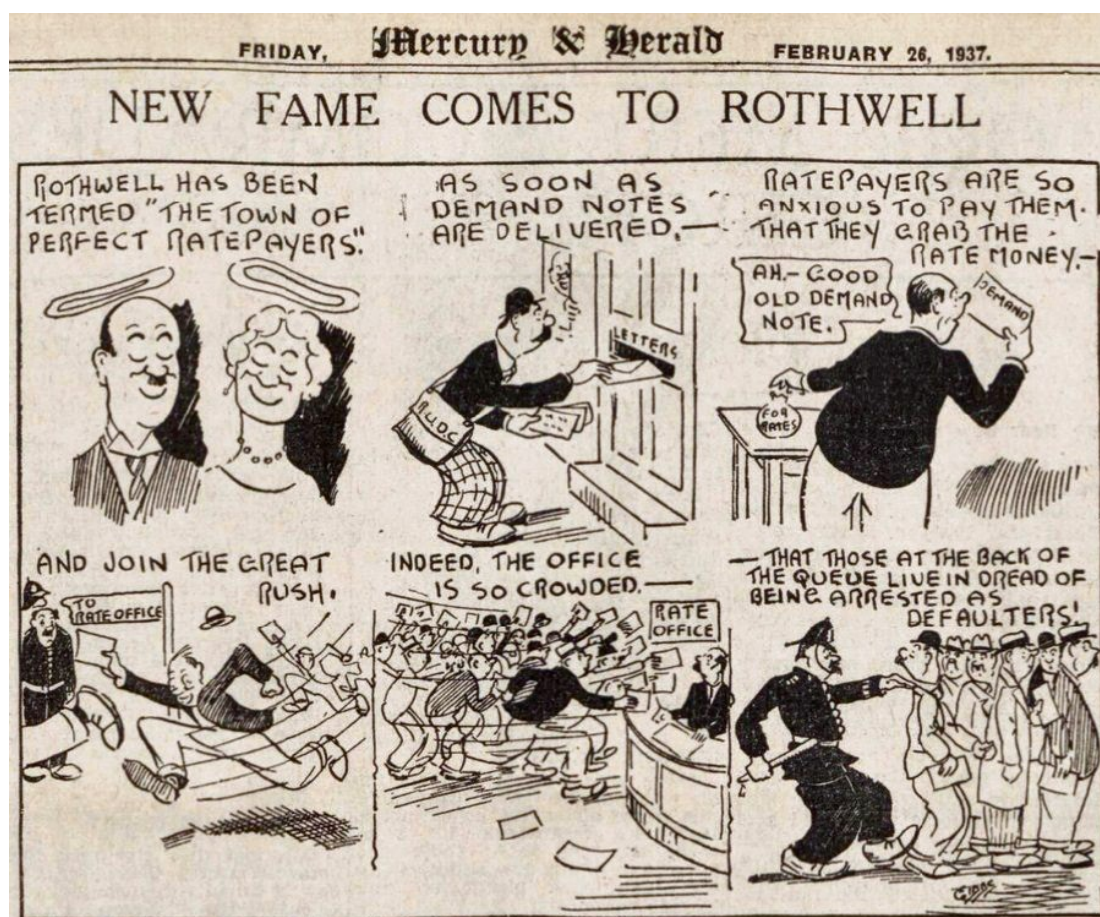
In 1937 it was newcomers to the Kettering district who were blamed for the increase in drunkenness:

NEWCOMERS BLAMED FOR INCREASE

During the year there had not been a charge against licence holders for permitting drunkenness on the premises. The two convictions recorded were for permitting consumption after hours, and in both cases the licences had now changed hands.

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Northampton Mercury 5th Feb 1937





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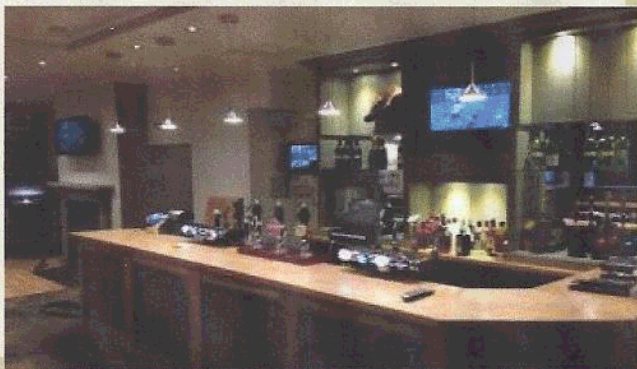
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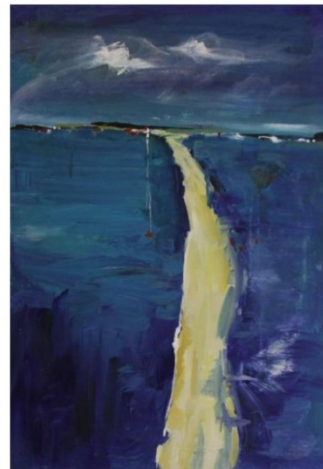
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This picture of Bridge Street was taken during the 1920's.



A photo (date unknown) showing cattle being driven past the Nunnery on Desborough Road.

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Windmill Cottages.

These were a Rothwell landmark for many years. Demolished in the 1970s.

They stood above the cemetery on the A6 (Windmill Hill).

The name recalls the windmill that once stood nearby.

This photograph by Gary White dates from the late 1960s.



This photo was submitted by
Roy Parker.

His father, Ollie Parker, is pictured
in the middle, drinking beer from a
chamber pot.

Roger Cosby is second from the left.

It is believed to be a celebration
following a skittles match in
The Chequers.

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year and the other men involved,
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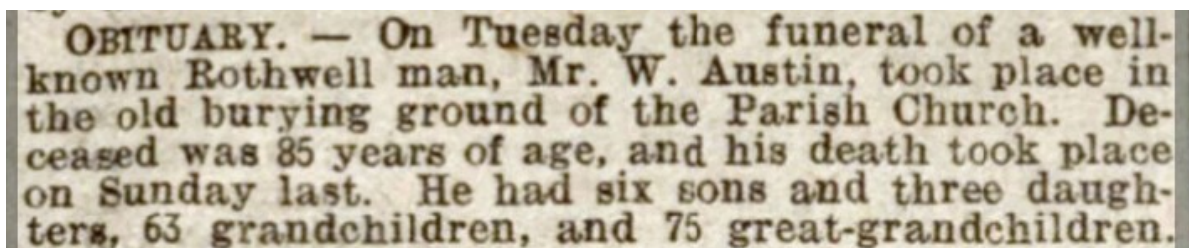
BIRD AND TREE COMPETITION AT GLADSTONE STREET SCHOOL *by Helen Brown (nee Chapman)*

When we were in Mr. Woolston's class, some members of our class entered a competition called 'The Bird and Tree Competition'. Thanks to Susan Hill's (nee Austin) research I have found out that it may have been sponsored by the R.S.P.B. Approximately ten class members were asked to do an in-depth study of a bird and a tree, which we could choose for ourselves and which all had to be different. We had to watch and observe them throughout the various seasons and also gather as much information about them as we could. This invariably meant borrowing books from the library as there was no internet help all those years ago! The small 'Observer' books were invaluable for this study. Then we had to create a folder which included drawings and paintings of our chosen bird (male and female) and tree at their various stages.

Most of the children involved in this project took great delight in observing their chosen bird and tree. I chose the lime tree and the blackbird. There were lots of lime trees down The Folly (now called Shotwell Mill Lane) and I remember doing bark rubbings, measuring the circumference of the trunk, drawing the buds, leaves and tiny fruit of this tree. Patsy McKinnon (nee Chapman) remembers clearly that she studied the blue tit and the silver birch tree. Michael Pateman only remembers the tree which he studied - an ash tree on the Harrington Road - he cannot remember the bird. However he did comment that the ash tree was a poor tree to study because it is one of the last trees to get leaves and by the time the buds of the leaf had opened, the competition had closed! He said it was "unbelievably boring" as the tree never seemed to change!! He did say however, that he got a lot of exercise riding on his bike to look at the tree on the Harrington Road each week!

I remember that some of us won a book token for our efforts and we were all awarded a medal. I also remember that Mr. Woolston held an Open Evening for all the parents of the children who took part, and displayed their work around the classroom. I cannot imagine that such a project would inspire enthusiasm in youngsters of today - after all, any information required is so easily accessible via the internet and there are so many other distractions for them to enjoy. I really appreciated this study, which I think engendered a love of the countryside for years to come.

William Austin, farmer of Wales Street and the head of an exceptionally large family



Northampton Mercury 9th October 1903

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Why not look at our website for available dates in 2015.



In this edition we are taking a brief look at lace and the art of lacemaking. It was an industry carried out in the home by women in Rothwell during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. The nature of the industry changed with the introduction of machine made lace.

There are a number of types of lace and they are classified in the way that they are made. Examples are *Needlepoint Lace* made using a needle and thread and *Bobbin Lace* made using bobbins and a pillow. Lace of both types is a textile fabric with open-work grounds with both the ground and ornament, or pattern, being produced by the lacemaker. Needlepoint lace makes use of a pattern drawn on paper or parchment.

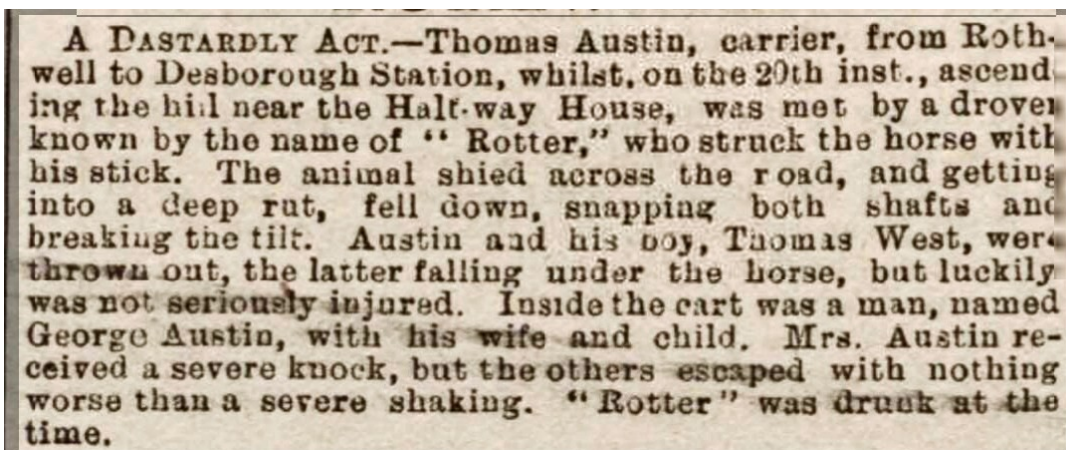
Although an ancient craft, true lace was not made until the late 15th and early 16th centuries, there being no documentary or reliable evidence to prove the existence of lace before the 15th century. Lace is defined as a thread which is looped, twisted or braided to other threads. It is independent of a backing fabric.

Needlepoint lacework is essentially a transition from white thread embroidery. Embroidery is needlework done on a ground. The development of patterns brought about more complicated forms of embroidery, not using a ground, but done "in the air". Thus the creation of lacework.

The 17th century saw a big expansion in the use of lace in the making of clothes, especially for men. Male attire was embellished with great collars, turned back cuffs, gloves, doublets and even boots. Furniture was liberally adorned with lace, especially beds.

However, the use of lace was seen to be getting out of hand and in 1629 Louis XIII promulgated an edict "Regulation as to Superfluity in Costume". Too much lace!

I hope this short article has been of interest.



A DASTARDLY ACT.—Thomas Austin, carrier, from Rothwell to Desborough Station, whilst, on the 20th inst., ascending the hill near the Half-way House, was met by a drover known by the name of "Rotter," who struck the horse with his stick. The animal shied across the road, and getting into a deep rut, fell down, snapping both shafts and breaking the tilt. Austin and his boy, Thomas West, were thrown out, the latter falling under the horse, but luckily was not seriously injured. Inside the cart was a man, named George Austin, with his wife and child. Mrs. Austin received a severe knock, but the others escaped with nothing worse than a severe shaking. "Rotter" was drunk at the time.

Northampton Mercury 28th October 1882

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MEMORIES OF ROTHWELL 1918-1925

by Christopher Morley

I was born at the Old Vicarage (now Rothwell House Hotel) on 20th December 1915, the third child of the clan raised by the then vicar, Rev J. A. M. Morley. My mother had seven children born there between 1913 and 1923. Soon after the last war it was her proud boast that she had at least one child in each continent in the world. Despite this we were a closely knit family; six were in the services during the war.

My earliest memory, slightly incredible, is of German Prisoners of War marching along Bridge Street on their way back to camp. We children used to watch them from the top left-hand window of the vicarage, which was the nursery, and we were allowed to wave to them and they waved back. I think it must have been a regular route and they, starved of the sight of their own children, must have got some satisfaction from seeing us.

CHURCHGOING

Churchgoing is of course, another memory, - sitting in the third row on the right-hand side behind the Maunsells (droit de seigneur?) where my father could check on our and the nursemaid's presence from the pulpit. A Mr Kingston was the curate but of him I can recall very little. Old man Hall was the vergier, he either died or retired, and Reggie, his son, considered by many to be too young, took over the reins which he evidently handled most efficiently. He married one of the girls who assisted my mother in looking after us, so there were good 'comms' as they are now known, between the two families. The other one who impressed us was Tommy, surname unknown, who was the cross-bearer and led in the choir, done with such decorum that I am sure he had an 'alter ego'. Walking back from church (which either had to be done via the Market Square or past the Manor House as there was no short cut), and the sight of cloths covering the Sunday roast being brought back from the bake house, these are all my memories.

My mother was a leading light in the Mothers' Union, a devoted church worker and a pillar of strength to my father who cycled everywhere. He went to Orton, (as I remember it a little church perched on the top of a hill up which the road ran through an unfenced field) and to Glendon. I can remember watching mother cutting white bread very thin, rolling it out flat and dividing it into small squares, wafers for the Holy Communion. A small saving but characteristic of her economy.

COUNTRY WALKS

We were all good walkers as our nursery maids walked for miles, with prams and pushchairs as the ages dictated. The vicarage could be easily left via the gate in the wall behind the lawn onto the road and then it was quickly into fields or along back roads, - traffic was negligible in those days. One walk was to the bridge below Desborough hill. This involved going across fields and through a light railway cutting where the iron ore trains worked; - there was always the possibility of seeing one. They travelled very slowly so there were no risks.

My mother used to keep hens in the backyard to provide the many eggs required. Any slackening in the egg producing tempo was quickly noticed by her and she told my eldest brother that one was for the pot due to its declining effort. He took this to heart, went up to Orton and bought an egg with his pocket money, then slipped it in the nest thinking he had fooled Ma. He hadn't, but she could not let him know, so the hen had a respite. Pocket money started, I think at about the age of five, at a halfpenny a week increasing by a halfpenny each year, but eggs were cheap too!

There were occasional additions to this weekly grant. We were sometimes sent down to the cellar below the dining room to pick the sprouts off the potatoes stored there. An afternoon stint probably earned another halfpenny.

TRANSPORT

Electric light did not reach the vicarage in Rothwell until about the time I went to boarding school in Sussex (1924). We used to go to Kettering for dancing classes but for little else. Before there was a regular (double decker I think) bus service, there used to be the 'Midland' bus which connected with the Midland railway, the precursor to the LMS which in turn faded to British Rail. This bus was very much a doubtful starter and probably had solid tyres. Its departure point was most convenient, being in Bridge Street opposite the Red Lion.

The church organist was a Mr S (?) who was commissioned to start us on the piano. I think he had had some sort of success with my two elder brothers but once I had two hands to look at, my coordination failed and I was given up as a bad job.

THE THREE R's

Our initial education was given us by a Miss Buswell who lived with her brother next door. This was most convenient because if one party could not make it, a shout over the wall sufficed. Miss Buswell was one of those gems who nowadays rarely exist. She was devoted to teaching, to her pupils and to the three R's (Reading, wRiting, and aRithmetic) which she instilled into us. No one could have had a better grounding. Together with the sons of the architect and the doctor who lived on the Kettering Road, she taught us in the schoolroom which was used occasionally for parish duties and was on the other side of the yard, above the washhouse and coal cellar. My father used to come in during the winter mornings to stoke the stove and if one of us had been put in the corner for some misdemeanour, Miss Buswell quickly relented when his steps were heard on the stairs, - in time for the culprit to take his seat. Washday was a great occasion below, there was a 'copper' stoked up by Grocock the handyman and out of masses of steam, a large wash lady occasionally emerged. There was an enormous wooden mangle which we were sometimes permitted to turn.

A birthday was suitably celebrated by the purchase of a couple of bottles of 'pop' (in bottles with glass marble stoppers which are now museum pieces) from a lady who ran a small greengrocer shop opposite. Next door to her there was a sweetshop where I remember being taken once to watch in a back room, vast amounts of pink fudge (?) being poured out into trays and then cut into segments. On the same side as us and right next door, was Mr Willis from whom we occasionally purchased ice cream in cornets. However, we were rather afraid of him as he used to shout at us (quite rightly) when we scaled the ivy-clad wall dividing our two properties. He had a dog which was muzzled; - there was probably a rabies scare at the time.

TOWN SHOPS

There was a Mr Messinger who kept a grocery shop on the Kettering Road. I loved watching his bacon slicer at work. There was Greys the chemist in Market Square with the large red and green bottles in the top of the windows and a little hatch inside from where your prescriptions were passed. Behind this was the holy of holies and I was very pleased when I penetrated into this. I had a septic thumb and Mr Grey and his assistant used to dress it every day for some considerable time. Near Mr Grey's shop was a house where there was what is now known as a radio 'ham'. Then you tickled crystals and I remember my father once taking two of us to listen through headphones to the marvels of the Crystal Palace/Daventry. There was also a Mr Ringrose who had a shop in the High Street and among other things was a photographer. He had an old plate camera with a dark cloth and the rubber bellows to actuate the shutter at the correct moment. He took the annual family photograph on the lawn, which went into the family album to record the additions thereto; the first five children arrived at unfailing eighteen month intervals. We were once taken into Ball's Ironworks and saw molten metal poured into moulds.

I can never remember being bored and feeling there was nothing to do. We had a tricycle given us by an aunt but otherwise we made our own amusement. There were only two trees to climb, - the apple tree at the top of the lawn survived despite our ministrations....if you poured water in through a hole at the top, it came out at the bottom through another. Later on the three of us and mother became Mah-jong devotees. Father saved his energy for the whist drives which were a popular form of entertainment in those days.

KETTERING ATTRACTIONS

I think we must have been taken to the cinema in Kettering in our later years but I cannot recall it. All I can remember is being enthralled by a film presumably put on by Gibbs Dentifrice (a popular toothpaste/powder) showing the wicked knights invading the Ivory Castle.all in the Oddfellows Hall which I believe still exists. Mum was away for a day or two one summer, so with the younger members safe with the nurse, Dad was so bold as to take the three of us boys to Wicksteed Park to row on the lake, go on the funfair etc. He also overdid the goodies and the ice-cream so we were all violently ill in the bus coming home. I don't think he lived that down. It had been a big effort on his part as he was normally the austere and rather remote parent until we became considerably older.

ALWAYS SUNNY

Once a year in the summer, and I can only remember sunny days, there was a large bun fight on the vicarage lawn under, I believe, the auspices of an organisation called 'The Band of Hope'. Anyhow, the trestle tables were erected and there was a lot of hammering etc. for the two previous days while we helped (?) and generally got in the way. Urns and urns of tea were heated, presumably in the washhouse while the ladies took over the schoolroom and prepared sandwiches and cakes etc. However, the only direct communication between the schoolroom and the lawn below was a ladder set against a window. It was the privilege (and pleasure) of the young Morleys to man that and pass down the plates of provender to the attendants below. The status of this job was such that it was only attainable as the more senior left the scene to go to boarding school.

Last but not least was the annual Fair. The excitement of watching the big pantehnicons coming down Bridge Street, then the assembly of the hurdy gurdies, the roundabouts with their galloping horses all powered by a steam engine, whistles and music too from the steam organ. What could be lovelier for a child? There was also a thing called a 'cake walk'. My mother nearly had a fit when she saw one of her older sons holding onto it. The parade beforehand with the man on the horse making some proclamation, - all could be viewed from the nursery window.

FOND MEMORIES

These are the memories left sixty years later after a visit to the house in which I was born, the church in which I was baptised and some of the streets along which I was, no doubt sometimes unwillingly, dragged for walks. As I write this in the warmth of an African wintry sun, I realise how lucky I have been.

Mazowe
Zimbabwe
July 1987

Editor's note. This was from the Heritage Centre archives.

A future issue of 'Rowell Heritage' will include an article written by John, another member of the Morley family.

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







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A tractor & trailer pass the junction of High Street & Fox Street, with Wm. Ball & Son Royal Implement Works in the background.

Both pictures are from the collection of Diana & Trevor Smith.

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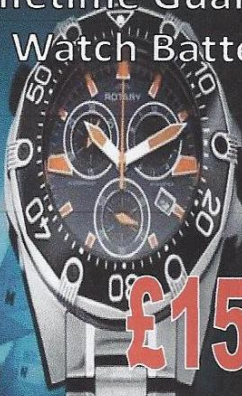


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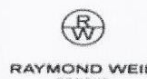
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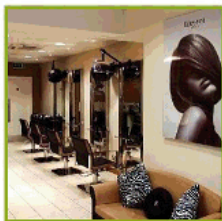


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Thank to everybody who has supported the Rothwell Arts and Heritage Centre during 2015. Every purchase of the magazine is important in raising funds to help in the preservation of this town's wonderful history.

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