

Rowell Heritage

The Rothwell Arts & Heritage Centre Magazine



No. 11

March - April 2016

£2

Free to Friends of the Heritage Centre



**Rowell Heritage.
Issue 11.**

We are dependent on advertisers because their financial support is vital to the funding of this newsletter. Your contribution however, is equally important so if you have anything you wish to submit for inclusion in future issues, please send it to either the manager or the editor at the address below.

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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:
Squires Hill

G Davis. 2014

DATES FOR YOUR DIARY

Friday March 11th

7:30pm

Spires and Squires
A talk by Derek Blunt

Wednesday March 16th

2:00pm

Film Club *
Casablanca

Saturday March 19th

11:00am - 3:00pm

Arts & Crafts Fair

Wednesday April 13th

2:00pm

Film Club *
The 39 Steps

Friday April 15th

7:30pm

John Clare
A talk by David Dykes

Friday May 6th

7:30pm

A Schoolboy During the War
A talk by Roy Sharman

*** The Film Club is to be held once a month on a
Wednesday afternoon.**

Showing popular films from the past.

Refreshments will be served.

**Admission is free, all we ask is that you
kindly make a donation to the Heritage Centre.**

Everybody is welcome.

**Films will start at 2 pm.
Full details on our website.**

***Deadline for May - June issue is:-
Tuesday 12th April 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 incorrect.***

THANKS FOR THE MEMORIES

by David Parker

As we get older, short term memory becomes a problem but it's quite amazing how we can remember people and relive events that took place decades ago. When Rowell Heritage editor Geoff Davis kindly emailed me a copy of his first issue of 2016, the photo of my father Ollie Parker drinking out of a jerry pot not only brought a smile but also brought back memories of The Chequers. Sunday night was a treat for my brother Roy and I as we sat in the pub's kitchen with members of the Cosby family and ate a packet of Smith's crisps with its little blue twist of salt.

We were born in New Street just two doors up from the Salvation Army where during the war we had an air raid shelter in the garden, bred rabbits in the shed and our neighbour had some fine chickens. Never used the shelter but did have a couple of runs down to the shelter just off Bell Hill, frantically strapping on our Mickey Mouse gasmasks. Actually we did have a wartime experience when a German plane crashed in a field along Glendon Road.

Another photo that brought back many memories was of a Kettering Grammar School class. I remember all of those masters and it sent me searching for my treasured copy of 'Rothwell – Pictures from the Past'. There I am, the little lad on the right end of the row of boys in the Gladstone Street Class of 1946. I was surprised to realize that I can remember almost everyone's name – like Michael Cotton, Shirley Sumpter, Elizabeth Grocock, Ronnie Woolmer and Anne Glithero. I wonder where they are now? I left Rothwell to move to Little Bowden after marriage to Gwyneth Arney in 1958 – I'm still very happily married to her, and we immigrated to Calgary in Western Canada in 1963.

My growing up in Rothwell was carefree, despite a war being waged. A walk around the road to Rushton and Glendon where a huge rookery was a bit scary, or a cycle ride to Orton and Loddington. We used to dodge gamekeeper Wheats who cared for the Folly. We climbed trees and explored Triangular Lodge back when it was hidden in bushes.

A new book called 'The Railways' was recently published, showing a photograph of boys trainspotting at Tring. We lads spent many a happy hour sitting on the embankment at Blue Bridge, hoping the Royal Scotsman would fly by. Then there was the fun of learning to swim in the always cold water in the outdoor baths at the bottom of the Rec; Saturday mornings with Tarzan at the Oddfellows Cinema at the bottom of New Street; soccer with the Rothwell Corinthians; and calling in to grandma Parker's house opposite the Tin Hat for a slice of bread spread with HP Sauce. We would also go back on Sunday nights for a slice of delicious cold Yorkshire pudding – lots of fat that we didn't know wasn't good for you. Maybe it was the cod liver oil and malt and Beecham's Powders that were cure-alls for the now banned foods we used to enjoy. Remember bacon rind and condensed milk by the spoonful?

Not a lot of nutrition around in those days. Rabbit, offal from the Co-op butchers where I remember watching a pig being strung up and slaughtered behind the shop, – yet we had a roast for Sunday dinner that was cooked at the bakery, and delicious fish and chips from the shop just along from the Woolpack.

I well remember a blue lorry that I believe came to Pentelow's grocery shop that had a decal of S. H. Johnson and a bunch of bananas on the door. Had to wait until after WWII until I actually got to taste a banana.

It was good growing up in Rothwell. Lots of fun times with adventure thrown in; like being caught by Brian Sander's dad for putting lit film through the letter box and being caught by PC Sam Hatter for scrumping apples as we climbed back over the wall of Jesus Hospital gardens. But we also did our good deeds like Bob-a-Jobbing for the Boy Scouts.

Thanks for the memories.

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THUR-FRI: 9AM - 5PM SAT: 9AM - 1PM

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On this page are works from
the
STELLA BENFORD
Exhibition
And our
Present Exhibition
In Gallery One



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During my early days, my father was a worker in Ball's Iron Foundry in Rothwell. One of the products was a huge and very beautiful bacon slicing machine that could be seen in places like Harrods of Knightsbridge and Fortnum and Mason in London.

Dad was an iron foundry worker by trade, a moulder, which meant that he would make a cast in black sand of the object to be copied. When the object was withdrawn, the sides of the mould would crumble slightly, so he used brass tools to replace the black sand until every surface was smooth, very much like that of a sculptor. As a young boy, I remember visiting the factory on casting days. These were the most exciting times to be there and watch as the 'pig-iron' was melted down in a ten feet high vat until it became liquid. Huge molten bubbles would appear on the surface then implode on themselves. When the signal was given, a clay plug was released from the bottom of the vat so that molten iron would spurt out and go along a channel to a container held by two men. Another man, with a plug of clay on the end of a long pole, waited until the container was near to overflowing, then jammed the clay plug into the mouth of the vat - stopping the flow of molten iron. One man held a single long handle attached to the container, and another man held two handles attached to it, which enabled him to tilt the container to pour into the mould. Each man was responsible for pouring the liquid metal into his own batch of moulds which he had created during the week. The place was full of smoke and reeked of burning iron, and every workman looked like a coal miner by the end of the day. Twenty-four hours later, the mould clamps were removed with the help of a small sledge hammer; the moulds were opened and gave birth to rather ugly pieces of rough iron in various shapes and sizes. These were later cleaned and polished and when all were assembled and painted, the finished bacon machine became an object of beauty.

I won't say Dad loved his work - but he was a creator. He was bringing something to life in this dirty environment - albeit a bacon machine - and one could sense a positive pride when he talked of his work.

In those days there were no bathrooms in any house in Rothwell. Every household of an iron foundry worker had a large tin bath which would be placed in front of the fireplace in the living room. The slow job would begin of filling the bath with water boiled in a large pot on the gas stove. Water weighs a ton - and it had to be hand poured into the bath, pint by pint, scooped out afterwards and then poured away down the drain outside the house. This backbreaking chore happened not just once a week but every working day of every year.

I have no idea why we look back fondly on those as 'the good old days!'

*Jim at the Heritage Centre, 12/04/2015.
Photo by Keith Vincent.*



The Ball family – Northamptonshire Ironfounders. *By Ann Mercieca (nee Rutledge)*

The earliest record is of William Ball, born 1766 in Leicestershire.

He married Elizabeth born about 1770, and for a time they lived in Co. Sligo in Ireland.

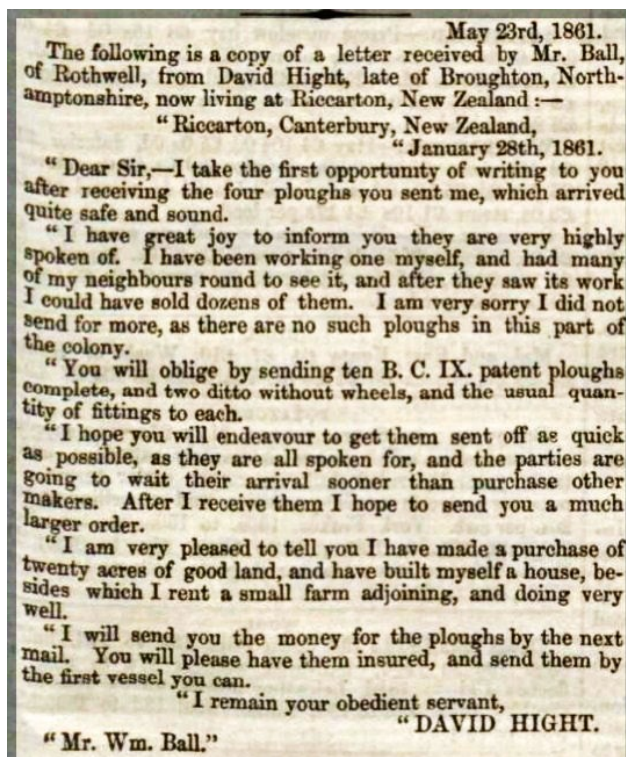
They had a large family, most of whom were born in England. This William founded the famous Agricultural Ironworks in Leicestershire which provided employment for many of the family, as well as the local population. In later years part of the business was moved to



Rothwell in Northamptonshire, the other part continued to be run in Leicestershire by one of William's senior brothers.

After William's death the Rothwell branch was run by his eldest son, also called William, born in 1803. He was my great great grandfather. The Royal Implements Works employed many of Rothwell's population.

As was the Victorian custom, family members were encouraged to work in the family business. William married Mary Ann Holt and they had 14 children, most of whom were connected with the works. Their individual stories make interesting reading. The Criterion plough was one of their more famous items, but carts, harrows and other farm implements were turned out in their thousands. In the Great Exhibition of 1851 the Criterion plough won many prizes. Their products were sold abroad as well as in England. A catalogue published in 1880 even had some of their adverts written in Dutch, as implements were exported to the Dutch East Indies. After William's death, his sons William and Henry were the inheritors of the Ball business. It carried on until the early 1900's when it was sold to the Burgess group. Although the works no longer stands, some streets are named in memory and recognition of this business – Plough Close being one of them.



Editor's note

This letter from New Zealand which was printed in the Northampton Mercury of 1st June 1861, shows the worldwide interest in implements made at Ball's Foundry .

The letter itself took some four months to arrive in Rothwell. I wonder how long it then took to make and transport the ploughs to their destination!

BALL & SON FOUNDRY WORKERS IN THE EARLY 1900s

List compiled by Mr H. Austin in 1989

Wheelwrights & Body Makers

A. Hines, W. Holmes, A. Bamford, W. King, H. Barlow, E. York, R. Fields, C. Austin, W. Adams, P. Adams, J. Adams, W. Cattell, R. Buckby, H. Austin, E. Sharman, J. Burditt, G. Gilbert.

Blacksmiths, Strikers, Moulders, Foundrymen etc.

Blacksmiths : H. Sandy, J. Swingler, A. Norton, C. Norton, T. Crook, B. Brown, W. Munton, A. Austin, W. Crook, J. Corby.

Moulders : H. Perkins, W. Laywood, A. Bates, G. Sandy, F. Frisby, B. York, W. Smith, J. Martin, E. Houghton, W. Sharp, R. Horsley, W. Rowlatt, A. Bowler, B. Smith,

Painters : C. Buckby, J. Quincey, C. Dimpleby, N. Hall.

Stableman : Charlie Clipston.

Office clerk : A.D. Jones.

Foundry Managers : Lancelot Barlow (Owner) and George Cattell.



Photographs from the book 'The World of Joseph Philemon Smith of Rothwell' produced by Trevor & Diana Smith



Rothwell Fire Brigade c1909



The Fire at Ball's Foundry 1913

Both photographs from the collection of Diana and Trevor Smith.

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N.B. This article from the 1980s makes reference to that written by John's brother Christopher which appeared in the last issue of this magazine. John was born in 1914 and was the second child of the family.

Our father, the Reverend J.A.M. Morley, came from Killerton in Devon to Rothwell-with-Orton in 1901. At that time the population of Rothwell was 4193, and of Orton 61. It was a very poor living, worth only about £140 a year, of which £70 or more went towards the curate's stipend. My father (who fortunately had a private income) set about improving it, with the result that when he left in 1925 he was able to report that "the parish now takes second place from the bottom of the list of the value of livings in the Deanery". In addition he carried out a great work of restoration of the church during his incumbency.

One of the claims to fame of Rothwell church is of course, its crypt, and in the vicarage we used to have a framed copy of a page from the 'Daily Sketch' of April 9th 1912, with pictures of the bones, the vicar, and the vergers descending the steps with a lighted candle.

LATE MARRIAGE

The 'Kettering Leader and Guardian' had a column of 'Rothwell Notes' by a correspondent who signed himself 'Miles Boy' and this could be a valuable source of material about the town in the early years of the 20th Century. My father had established himself as a confirmed bachelor and there was some local consternation when in his 44th year, he announced his engagement to a Miss Potter who, Miles Boy assured his readers, "comes from a good family". They were married at Bishopston in Glamorgan on 24th April 1912, and the arrival of their first born on 22nd January 1913 was greeted by a peal of bells. This, according to my mother, was because it was the first birth in the vicarage for a very long time. It also may not have escaped the notice of the bell-ringers that this event had taken place exactly 9 months less 2 days after the wedding, and that their well-loved vicar deserved some congratulation on this account. Incidentally, the church bell was always tolled to mark the death of a parishioner and on hearing it, my mother would pause in her work to wonder who had passed on.

The population of Rothwell was at that time divided between those who went to church and those who went to chapel. The same division was fairly well reflected in politics and other aspects of social life; it was the reason perhaps why the vicarage patronised the local privately owned shops but never the co-operative directly opposite.

BELLOWS

My brother has mentioned the Maunsells who lived in the Grange on the Kettering Road, whose family were alleged to have been the main opponents when it was originally proposed to bring the railway through Rothwell rather than Desborough. He also mentioned 'Tommy' the cross-bearer but not another even more envied character (by us); this was the youth who blew the bellows of the organ and who could be watched from where we sat. The organist, by the way, was a Mr Bloodworth whose name always raised a tingle of apprehension.

Round about 1918, horses were still common in the streets and various small boys used to patrol with boxes mounted on wheels to collect dung for their fathers' allotments. At about midday, the dray drawn by two horses, arrived. This, I think, was a service vehicle run by or for the LMS Railway, onto which goods destined for Rothwell were loaded at Kettering.

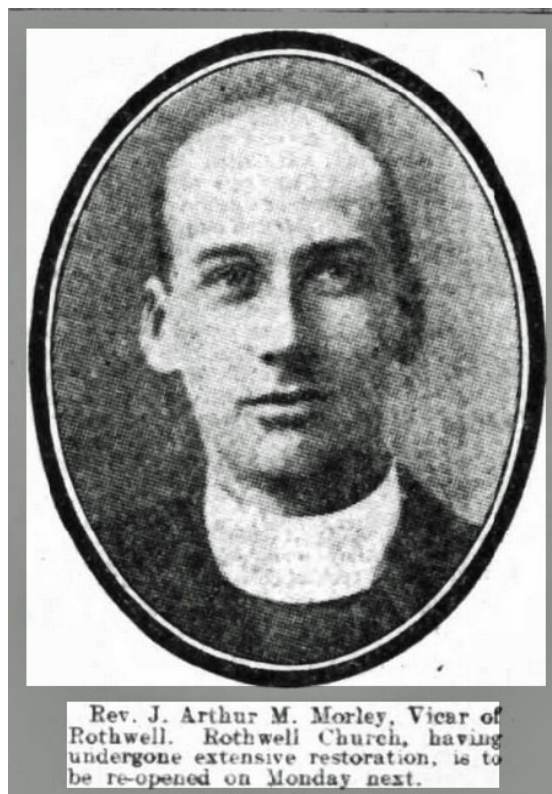
In addition to the annual fair, whist drives at the Oddfellows Hall, parties in the vicarage garden etc., there were annual processions. By whom these were organised I do not know but I vividly remember marching in one, got up as a baker, in company with a butcher and a candlestick-maker, my older brothers respectively!

SCARLET FEVER

The Jesus Hospital pensioners in their uniforms were a familiar sight and one of them used to do odd jobs in the vicarage garden. My brother mentioned some of the shops in the High Street but not one next to the Red Lion which, around 1818-19, was taken over by an enterprising grocer called Hall. My mother came home one day to find a notice in red had been put through the letterbox. It said: 'SCARLET FEVER IN ROTHWELL!' and then below it stated 'No, but a great sale in Hall's Market!' She was not amused but in due course Mr Hall was forgiven and we went to shop there. Almost opposite the vicarage, in the yard at the back of the small greengrocer's shop mentioned by my brother, pigs used to be slaughtered. We were never allowed to see this sight but were warned by our redoubtable nursemaid that we would suffer the same fate if we dawdled!

The field opposite the manor house, then occupied by a family called McCombie, used to be called 'The Mounts'. I have a recollection of playing in the depressions there, said to be former monastic fishponds. I also remember fireworks being let off there on Guy Fawkes Night.

My father retired in 1925, having broken his hip when he fell over a wall in the darkness at the induction of a fellow clergyman at Loddington. The fracture was not properly diagnosed or treated and left him with a permanent limp. He was presented with a canteen of silver at a ceremony on the vicarage lawn, when a leading Congregationalist said they would all remember him as a sincere Christian gentleman who tried to put into practice on Monday what he had preached on Sunday – a tribute I am sure he deserved.



Northampton Mercury 11th Feb 1910

MEMORIES OF THE REV MORLEY

by Eva Chambers (1910 – 1997)

When the church plan was put up at the back of the church for us to buy a stone and help with the funds for the appeal, it reminded me of the time when a plan of the East window, showing all the panes, was placed in almost the exact position to try to raise funds for a stained glass East window, the dearest wish of the then Vicar. The Rev Morley used to visit old Mrs Booth at Glendon Hall (whose daughter Mrs Carter attended Rothwell Church) and hoped that she would pay for one. She said she would give half the cost if the parishioners raised the rest. In the end the Church Council decided it needed the money for repairs and Rev Morley did not get his wished for window. This was before the present reredos was installed.

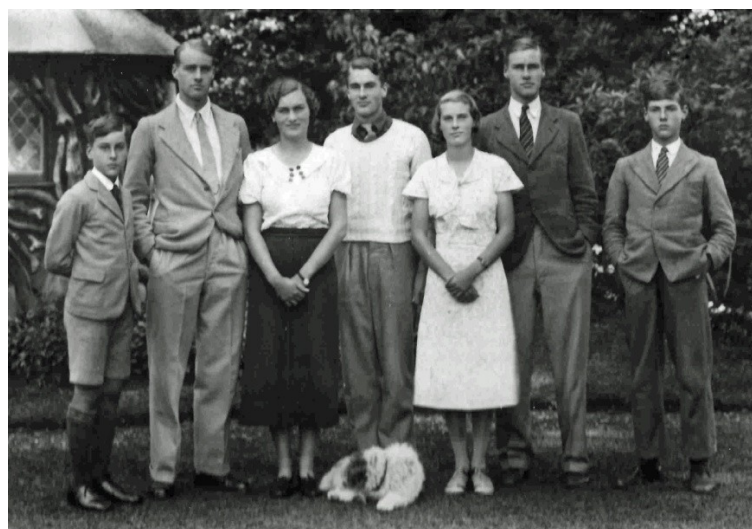
Rev Morley used to have lunch at Glendon Hall and travelled there on his three-speed bike (few people had cars then). Sometimes he forgot to come back to Rothwell for a funeral or wedding. The verger, Mr Joe Hall, would have to get on his bike and go to fetch him.

In **January 2007**, Roger Morley generously made a donation to the Holy Trinity Trust, Rothwell and wrote the following in a letter to Canon George Burgon. :

Over Christmas my younger brother, David, and I met up with up with you shortly after a service. We were parishioners in the early 20's, the 6th and 7th offspring of Arthur and Ruth Morley – my father was Vicar of Rothwell from 1902 to 1925. In March 1924 he had the accident which was to incapacitate him for the remainder of his life. (I still have a vague memory of being taken to visit him in Kettering Hospital). The family moved from Rothwell to Stoneaston (Somerset) in 1925.

*All seven children were born in Rothwell. **Peter** (b. 1913) went to University in Canada and was involved with forestry throughout his life. **John** (b. 1914) a Cambridge scholar, went into Colonial Service (Nigeria, army, Malaysia, Ghana, Colonial Office) awarded the OBE and the CBE. **Christopher** (b. 1915) went into business, war time spent in the navy, farmed in Kenya and Southern Rhodesia. **Susan** (b. 1917) went into nursing, was an army nurse and was married. **Winifred** (b. 1918) went into secretarial work, WAAF. She was very clever and did cypher work in Egypt and the UK and also with the secretariat in Singapore. She also married. Myself, **Roger** (b. 1921) served in the army in the UK, Egypt (El Alamein), Iraq, Lebanon, Italy, and Colonial Service in Nigeria. **David** (b. 1923) became a doctor and an army doctor and served in Malaysia, Australia, Nigeria and London, specialising in Third World child care. He founded the charity TALC (teaching aids at low cost), retired as a professor of Medicine and was awarded the CBE. I am 85 and a bit vague on the past but I hope that is a fair history. David and I are now the only survivors. Between us all we have had 17 children and a fair number of grandchildren, - in my case 4 children and 10 grandchildren. I was able to retire from service in Nigeria at the time of independence in 1962 and returning to this country became a regional organiser for the Association for the Disabled until my retirement in 1986.*

Thanks to Mike & Jean Buswell for these photos of the Morley family taken c. 1926 and 1932.





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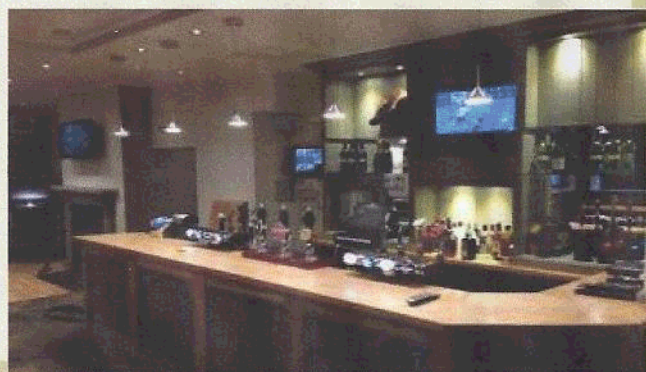
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Childhood Memories of the Fifties

by Helen Brown (nee Chapman)

Can you imagine life without a television, without a computer and Google, without a washing machine, without a mobile phone or refrigerator? Can you imagine life without a car and having to rely on buses to get anywhere out of Rowell? It is amazing that within a period of sixty years, the lives of my generation have been transformed by technology and science.

We first had a television when I was thirteen years old. My friends all had televisions by then and I was green with envy. Then, one day, my dad decided that we had enough money for either a television or a washing machine....he did not believe in hire purchase – he instilled in us that we must save for anything we wanted – so everything was paid for in cash. My two sisters and I desperately wanted a television, but of course mum chose a washing machine. I remember that it was a huge cumbersome beast – English Electric I think, with a mangle that swung out over the sink. Prior to this mum had had a dolly tub – a kind of large galvanised steel boiler, and our sheets and clothing went into this for a pounding with a posser or dolly peg. She used Oxydol washing powder which she kept on a high shelf, well out of our reach. My mum also used a Reckitt's blue-bag in her final rinse of whites –as it prevented yellowing or discolouration. She starched my dad's shirt collars separately in the sink – also using Reckitt's starch; this must have made his collars very stiff and uncomfortable to wear! I remember the scullery being very steamy and hot on wash days and mum was always stressed – I hated it and kept well out of the way. Mum later had a Hoovermatic twin tub that was much easier to use than her first washing machine. However, with this machine, when she transferred the sopping wet clothes from the tub into the spin dryer and pressed down the lid to activate it, the whole machine came to life! It vibrated, juddered and shook to such a degree that it actually moved along the scullery floor!

Before my parents bought our first television, I used to love watching other people's. I remember walking along some of the streets of Rowell and seeing a flickering screen through the windows of some of the houses, and being fascinated by it. Sometimes I stopped and stared through the windows!! I also watched various television programmes at my friends' houses. The arrival of the television meant that playing out in Crispin Street was never quite the same again – I remember Mary Cox (nee Martin) would leave a game of rounders or any other game in order to watch 'Emergency Ward Ten' at precisely 7.30pm....she never missed an episode! She would re-join our game at 8.00pm!

My mother's mum, my grandma Roughton had a television long before us. She had it especially for Princess Elizabeth's Coronation on June 2nd 1953. I would have been six years old. The prospect of live coverage of such an event was unheard of and the debate about whether television cameras should be allowed inside Westminster Abbey was well publicised. My grandma's television was of course just black and white and it had a very small screen – about twelve inches. The Coronation was televised by the BBC – there were no other T.V. channels then. All of my cousins, my sisters, my parents, aunts and uncles, crowded into my grandma's small living room to watch this historic occasion. There were over twenty of us! I sat on my Aunt Ethel's lap for part of the time – the rest of the time I sat with my cousins, on the floor. Someone passed round some chocolate....what a treat. Unfortunately, it set off my cousin David (Page) sneezing non-stop for several minutes. Outside it was raining steadily but we were snug and warm in this crowded steamed up room watching history unfold. The Coronation took place just after the war, there was still some rationing but at last we had something to celebrate. Houses were decked out in red, white and blue, and streets were also festooned; there were street parties and all sorts of wonderful activities down The Mounts, in the Labour Hall and various churches to celebrate this momentous occasion.

Thanks to David Page and Mary Cox (nee Martin) for allowing their names to be used in this article.



We were very pleased to receive some interesting and useful responses to the last issue.

I would firstly like to thank Mary Rose whose late father, Gus Phillips, was a master at Kettering Grammar School. She wrote:

.... It's a bit weird to see my father staring back at me! I'm pretty certain that the teacher at the extreme right is Mr Woodward not someone called Hopkins. I don't recognise the one sitting next to my father who David York thinks is Mr Woodward but I knew all the others, some quite well like Jack Young and Mr Thompson and others just to say "hello" to. I was also interested in the 'Bird and Tree' article. I'd forgotten all about it but we did the same thing at my school (Hawthorn Road, Kettering). I did the willow and the kingfisher.

David York then kindly responded to this information:

Hi Geoff,

It's a small world isn't it? Gus Phillips took us for Latin in my first year at the Grammar. He was a good teacher of the subject and he was also patron of the stationery cupboard so he'd have a friendly chat with you when you wanted a replacement exercise or rough book. On one of my Saturday detentions, Gus was on duty and he gave us the choice of four things we could do and one was a cartoon about a certain subject. I couldn't believe that he meant draw a funny cartoon similar to the ones you see in newspapers so I wrote a comical story about whatever the subject was. On the Monday morning he made a bee-line towards me when he spotted me and asked whether I knew what a cartoon was. I replied in the positive, so he then asked why I didn't draw one. I had to reply that I didn't think that it was the right thing to do. He gave me a wry smile and said that I'd know what to do next time.

Being the organist at Rothwell Methodist from when Mr Barlow died (circa 1961) to when I started work proper in 1965, I would meet Gus and Jack Young when they visited as lay preachers before service as they had to give me a list of the hymns they wanted playing.

Mary may well be right that Mr Hopkins is actually Mr Woodward - I didn't really know what either of them looked like as I rarely saw them and they'd retired by July 1959. I took an inspired guess and have probably got the two mixed up!

*Kind regards,
David.*



1. Joey Young, 2. John Cowell, 3. Gus Phillips, 4. ? 5. C.W. Godfrey, 6. J.K. Dudley (Head),
7. John Wood, 8. T.F. Thompson, 9. A.W.J. Woodward.

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Lacemakers of Rowell.

I read with interest the article in the January/February edition of the newsletter. Having compiled a great deal of research on the history of the lacemaking industry in Northamptonshire I felt I could add some flesh to the bones, so to speak, of what had already been written.

In Rothwell the majority of lace workers were employed in the process of sewing decoration onto machine made net. The few pillow lace workers were on the whole 'foreigners' i.e. had moved to the town from areas where pillow lace was a cottage industry. The east Midlands lacemaking area covered Bedfordshire, Buckinghamshire and large areas of south/mid Northamptonshire, as well as smaller areas of adjoining counties.



Such was Elizabeth (Lizzie) Brown (pictured left) who was born at Wavendon, Buckinghamshire in 1876. Though taught to make pillow lace as a child by her mother, the days when a living could be earned at the lace pillow were gone and she eventually went into service at the local rectory. When the Rector and his family moved to Rothwell in Northamptonshire, Lizzie accompanied them as cook. It was here she met and married Arthur Cross, the local postman and part-time Town Crier. The photograph (left) shows Lizzie sitting making lace in the garden of their home in Spring Gardens, Rothwell, where they lived for over sixty years raising two daughters and three sons. Until quite recently a few older residents of 'Rowell' could still remember Lizzie sitting in her doorway making lace.



(Examples of lace made by Mrs Cross)

During the 19th century many women and children in this area were employed at home in lace work, a few, like Lizzie made 'pillow lace', others doing 'lace embroidery', i.e. sewing a design onto a plain machine-made net stretched over a frame. Others were employed as 'Lace Runners' which involved working a thicker outlining 'gimp' thread around a design on pre-made machine lace.

An item from the Northampton Mercury dated July 1853 reads: 'Report of a petty sessions Court case brought by Jonathan Moore, Rothwell, Lace Agent for Morgan & Co. Nottingham. Charged Hannah Driver, Kettering, with neglecting to work a quantity of net lace which she had engaged to complete in 28 days'. Fashions could, like today, changed virtually overnight and if lace was not to market on time it was comparatively worthless.



Rowell Fair Society

Our traditional Rowell Charter Fair will be in town from May 21st to May 28th this year with the unique Proclamation of the Charter being held on Monday May 23rd starting at 6.am.

Meanwhile the Rowell Fair Society members' evenings are as follows: *(all starting at 8pm in the Rothwell Conservative Club lounge apart from Showmen's Night when it is held in the Tresham Hall above the Club).*

Thursday March 31st: "Northamptonshire Curiosities" - an illustrated talk by Helen Crabtree.

Thursday April 28th: "A Little Extra" - an evening with actor / Emmerdale extra Bobby Civil.

Wednesday May 18th: "Showmen's Night" - to welcome the Showmen and their families and to share memories with Fair films of the past.

All members and guests are welcome to the above; anyone interested in joining the Rowell Fair Society can do so at the Rothwell Arts and Heritage Centre. Subscription is only £2 per person per year.

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
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A photograph of Market Hill showing Pentelow's shop, the old grammar school and The Coffee Tavern. From the collection of Diana & Trevor Smith.

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An interesting old postcard showing Bridge Street with the Cosy Tearooms on the left, c 1920's
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CHERRY CREAMS

THIS WEEK'S PRIZE-WINNING RECIPE

A WELL-TESTED recipe for Cherry Creams has been sent in by **MISS MESSINGER,** The Mounts, Rothwell, who wins our weekly prize of half-a-crown.

Ingredients: Half a pint of milk, one teaspoonful of cornflour, one large tin of cherries, half an ounce of leaf gelatine, one tablespoonful of castor sugar, one gill of cream.

Method: Mix the cornflour with a little of the milk to a smooth paste, heat the remainder and pour on the cornflour, then boil, stirring all the time. Leave to cool. Strain cherries from syrup (remove stones and keep back some for decorations) pass through a sieve or break up very small and mix with the cornflour, adding sugar and gelatine (which dissolve in a little of the syrup), also the remainder of the syrup, and lastly one heaped tablespoonful of cream. Pour into a mould or individual glasses. When set decorate with the cherries and whipped cream.

Northampton Mercury 4th March 1938

TOMATO PASTE

THIS WEEK'S PRIZE-WINNING RECIPE

WITH the advent of the "picnic season," comes the following well-tryed recipe for tomato paste, which wins for

MISS O. MESSENGER, The Mounts, Rothwell,

this week's prize of half-a-crown.

Place four medium-sized peeled tomatoes into a small saucepan with one ounce of butter. Cook until tender, season with pepper and salt to taste. Beat the yolks of two eggs, pour into the saucepan, and simmer until the mixture thickens.

Northampton Mercury 14th May 1937

Olive Messinger was the youngest daughter of Richard Messinger & Eliza (nee Buswell). She was born in Litchborough in 1881 and died in Rothwell on 26th September 1950.

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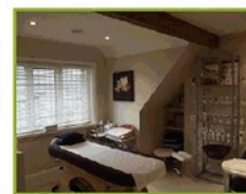
Errand for my dad that had dire consequences

by David York

My dad was repainting the living room and had got his paint made up as a 'cowslip mix' in the hardware shop at the top of Station Road, Kettering (forget what it was called) on one Saturday. He ran out of paint and asked me to get another tin of this 'mix' on the Monday as I passed the shop on the way to school. He went to work as usual. I had to wait for the shop to open at 8.30am and then got them to mix up some more paint by around 8.45am.

It must have been 1963 as I had to get up to the new school in Windmill Avenue and had missed the bus I usually caught. I decided to walk, but it started to pour with rain. I had got a raincoat so I must have expected rain. I rushed like mad as I didn't want to get a 'late' (I'd got several already and three would mean a Saturday detention for me, and three Saturday detentions meant the cane). With all the rush, jiggling up & down, the lid on the tin came loose, unbeknown to me. I was late - the prefect caught me at the gate and he wasn't in the mood for letting me off as he'd had to stand there in the pouring rain himself. I went inside the school foyer and stood by the radiators that blew out hot air so that I could dry out and then join the crowd coming to class from morning assembly. It was then that I noticed the cowslip paint on the floor. I panicked - I instantly knew what had happened. It was leaking out of my satchel where I had pushed the tin and it was all over the radiator and on my raincoat. I knew I couldn't clear it all up with Izal toilet paper out of the loos so I ran to the Matron's office and asked her for help.

Somebody must have come to the rescue as I don't remember getting a 'bollocking'. It may have been the caretaker. Anyway, the paint was all over my school books and satchel. Mr Jackson (form master) would have listened to the tale, noticed the paint or smelt the turps, shrugged his shoulders and have thought to himself "It's York, what else would one expect?" The lid must have been hammered back on the tin as I still had to take the remainder home otherwise dad would have gone ballistic. He had enough paint though, to finish off the job which was my saving grace, but I got a Saturday detention. It was only my second so I avoided the cane.



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