

Dear Readers

Welcome to the March/April issue of Rowell Heritage Magazine.

Last month we published some letters from local school children to their dinner lady Nora Clayton which has prompted several articles in this edition.

This month we've also started a series of articles about Rowell's pubs (past and present). As you will see, it certainly wasn't a dry town.

And you probably all know where our Library is but do you know what was there before? Turn to page 18 to find out and read about the history of that site.

Finally, thank you again to all our contributors. Without them we wouldn't be able to continue with the magazine so the articles are always very welcome.

Don't forget if you have a story or photographs to share, please let us know. Don't worry about typing it up, we can do that for you. It is lovely to reminisce and it is important to preserve our heritage. Our contact details are shown below.

Address: Rothwell Arts & Heritage Centre, 14-16 Bridge Street, Rothwell, Northamptonshire, NN14 6JW Telephone: (01536) 711550

Open Monday to Saturday 10.00 am – 12.30 pm

Centre Manager: Ray Davis

Editors of Rowell Heritage: Barry and Valerie Panter - editor@rothwellheritage.org.uk

Website: www.rothwellheritage.org.uk

Deadline for submission of articles or adverts for May/June issue is April 12th

Please note that whilst every care is taken to be accurate, no liability will be accepted should any of the contents of this magazine be incorrect.

Front Cover Photo Rushton Hall Gardens

by V Panter

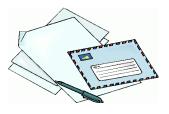
LETTERS by Ann Jones

In the days before computers, mobile phones and i-pads, people would write letters. If it was not for letters written by the Prophets, our bible would be a lot thinner.

In the Rothwell Heritage magazine Jan/Feb can be seen letters written by children at Gladstone St. School in 1981. They were taught how to write Thank You letters for gifts received. This is now a thing of the past. I have a great granddaughter away at university, and I sent her a letter last year to congratulate her on her 1st Honours Degree. She is now 22 years old and she sent me a letter in reply, saying it was the first letter she had ever written.

Young people today prefer to send e-mails and texts, but will they be able to read them in years to come? As I try to clear out my desk, I can find letters written to me from the last century. They make good reading and bring back memories of dear friends. As we get older it is nice to look back at times when we were young. Letters have been found from soldiers fighting in World Wars, who sent loving letters to their wives and families. They must have been read and re-read many times to comfort those at home.

Just a few words written in a Christmas card can help to brighten someone's day, so don't give up writing. Keep in touch the old fashioned way and send a letter to someone who is poorly or alone. We cannot always visit but a letter gives a message that they are in our thoughts.



Where Do You Read Yours?

The magazine is still travelling far and wide. Reader Diane took hers to read on holiday and here she is pictured with it in Padstow, Cornwall.





The Importance of Letters in WW1

Ann Jones mentioned in her piece on letters those which were sent by soldiers and their families during war time. During the Frist World War, one of the most effective weapon used wasn't necessarily the shell or the tank, it was morale. The British Army believed that it was crucial and it looked to the Post Office for help.

The delivery of post was vital for two reasons. Firstly, receiving well wishes and gifts from home was one of the few comforts a soldier had on the Western Front. The majority of them spent more time fighting boredom than they did the enemy, and writing was one of the few hobbies available to them. For some, it was a welcome distraction from the horrors of the trenches.

Secondly, letters served a propaganda purpose as everything that soldiers sent back was subject to censorship. The British Army claimed this was to prevent the enemy finding out secret information, but really it was to prevent bad news from reaching the home front. So the letters from the soldiers had a powerful role, not just in keeping families informed of the well-being of their loved ones but also to maintain support for the war across the home front.

Soldiers sent a variety of different items home from the front lines. Souvenirs such as buttons and matchboxes often accompanied letters, and some even sent silk cards. These took the form of embroidered motifs on strips of silk mesh which were mounted on postcards.

Can you believe that it took only two days for a letter from here to reach the front? The journey began at a purposebuilt sorting depot at Regent's Park. (By the end of the war, two billion letters and 114 million parcels had passed through it).

From there, the mail was shipped to Le Havre, Boulogne or Calais where the Royal Engineers Postal Section were tasked with getting it to the battlefields. Staffed by just 250 men in 1914, the REPS grew to 4,000 by the end of the war.

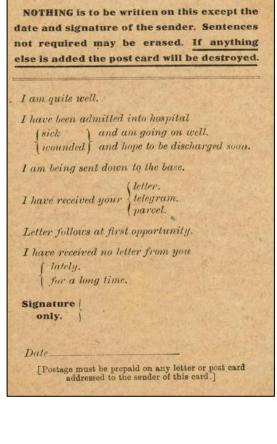
The British Army was terrified that letter writing would lead to sensitive information being leaked and took a number of proactive measures to censor what information made it home from the trenches. They weren't just worried about the enemy intercepting mail, but also the impact news could have on people at home.

The censorship was somewhat crude and forbidden subjects were either ripped out of letters or simply scribbled out. In some cases the censored words remained readable.

A more advanced form of censorship was the field postcard. These were printed cards which gave soldiers a number of multiple choice options which they could cross out if they weren't relevant. They were not allowed to write messages on them.

Yet another form of censorship was the honour envelope. These required the sender to sign a declaration to say that they hadn't disclosed any forbidden information and this meant that their letters would only be read by postal workers on the home front instead of by their superiors in the trenches.

While the field postcard and the honour envelope achieved their purpose, the greatest acts of censorship were actually carried out by soldiers themselves. Many fighting men were keen to hide the realities of war from their loved ones back at home in their letters and simply left out much of what they really went through.



One of our readers, Judith Hall recently brought into the centre some photographs and WW1 medals belonging to her maternal grandfather Harry Woolston.

Harry (pictured right) was born in 1897 and like many of his fellow Rowellians worked in the boot and shoe industry. During WW1 he served in the Middlesex Regiment in France and unfortunately (although probably fortunately for him) he suffered frostbite and lost 4 toes. This meant that in January 1918 he was sent back to England to recover and this probably saved his life. He lived to be 93 and died in 1990.

Amongst Harry's possessions was a postcard (shown below) which was sent to him in France by his family. On the front there is a photo of the Rowell Fair Proclamation. Notice most of the crowd is made up of women (the postcard refers to this) as most of the men were away serving in the forces.





The 'letter' on the back reads:

Dear Harry

We are sending you a card to let you see a little bit what it was like this morning. You will notice a large crowd but the majority of them are females. I will tell you more about it when I write. How many faces can you own? I wish you was on it too. I'm afraid you will want your glasses on to read the chart on the other card. It wasn't taken this year because you will see Mr Willis is reading the charter on the horse in one of the pictures. Have you received the parcel we sent you yet?

With love from all.

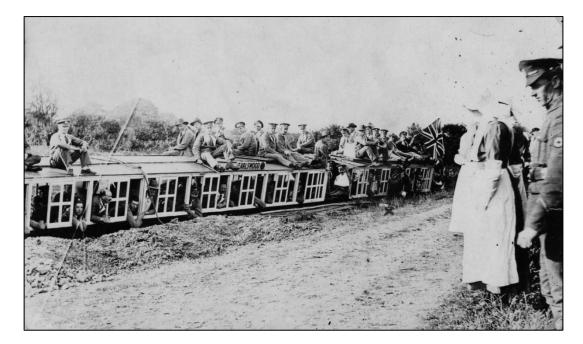
From mum and dad xxxxx

There was also a postcard from Harry to his family. It shows him on a train when he was discharged back to England. He has written on the back:

This was taken at Earlswood.

Can you find me on it? I am sitting out of the window just above the X.

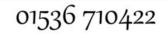
Best love from Harry xxxx



The last two photographs are of two postcards that he had but which were not used. They both depict war time scenes, the first where a soldier is away and the second where he has returned wounded.







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A Right Royal Visit – by Mick Smith

The musical 'Barnum' was playing at the St James Theatre off Broadway in New York. The show was about America's biggest hoaxer, a man who made millions fooling Mr Joe Public and my brother Jim was playing the lead part of Phineas Taylor Barnum.

Jim's dresser was Mr Harry Edwards who had worked with all the best entertainers of the day. He lived in an apartment in the west side of Manhattan and the view from his balcony was amazing. It overlooked the QE2 berth and if you looked directly down you could see on deck of the ship. Anyway, so much for Harry, let's get to the story.

One day, Harry was in Jim's dressing room getting things ready for the evening performance i.e. ironing. The theatre manager walked in and said you have a royal visitor coming tonight – a Lord Ogilvy! Jim said to Harry 'Book a table at Sardi's; I'll take him there after the show'.

Sardi's is a very famous restaurant on 44th street, West New York. It has hundreds of caricatures on the walls and it's where show business people take their special guests, V.I.Ps etc. Harry made arrangements for that evening.

The plan was that after the show Jim would rush to the dressing room to take a shower and Harry would wait for Lord Ogilvy to arrive, and look after him until Jim was ready. Everything was set.

Later Harry stood at the ready when there came a rat-a-tat-tat at on the door. He opened it and found a little man standing there. He was wearing a cap and old raincoat and carrying a plastic bag. 'Hello me duck' he said 'My name is Claude Ogilvy and I've come to see Jim'.

Harry was lost for words and shouted to Jim, who was by now nearly ready. 'Jim, there is a **Claude** Ogilvy to see you' A voice came from the other room. It was Jim. 'Harry, cancel Sardi's'. The royal visit was off.

It turned out that **Claude** Ogilvy was the headmaster at Grafton Underwood School.

The Evening Telegraph got hold of this story – I wonder how? Anyway, they printed it and low and behold, two weeks later there was a reply from guess who? Yes it was from Claude Ogilvy and he didn't seem to see the funny side of the story. He said 'Jim Dale wants to stay put in his tax haven in New York and never return to England again'. What he did not say was how he was looked after that evening and how he met all the cast.

Later, I told this story one evening at a local hall and when I had finished, a lady came up to me, poked me and shouted 'That was my cousin you were talking about'. She glared at me and stormed off. I was speechless and wish I'd kept my mouth shut. Please readers, if any of you know Claude or see him, don't tell him what I've written.

.....

Phineas Taylor Barnum (1810 – 1891) was an American showman, politician, and businessman remembered for promoting celebrated hoaxes and for founding the Barnum & Bailey Circus.

He established "P. T. Barnum's Grand Traveling Museum, Menagerie, Caravan & Hippodrome," a traveling circus, menagerie and museum of what he called "freaks".

In 1835, he began as a showman with his purchase and exhibition of a blind and almost completely paralyzed slave woman, Joice Heth, whom an acquaintance was parading around Philadelphia claiming her to be George Washington's former nurse, and 161 years old. Though slavery was outlawed in New York at the time, Barnum exploited a loophole that allowed him to lease her for a year for \$1,000. Heth died in February 1936 and near the end of her life Barnum had worked her for 10 to 12 hours a day.

After her death he hosted a live autopsy of her body in a New York Saloon where spectators paid 50 cents to see the poor dead woman cut up. She was actually no more than 80 years old.

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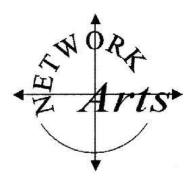
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Network Arts 'Perfect Fit' Art Exhibition

This exhibition brings together a range of quality contemporary and traditional art from emerging and established artists in the region. It features a diverse range of work by members in a variety of media, paintings in oil, watercolour, acrylics; drawings and sketches. Subjects include local scenes, botanical, landscapes, portraits, wildlife, and architecture. All pictures will be the same size of 30x40cm.

Members include a mix of amateurs and professionals interested in and practicing art in Northamptonshire. All work will be for sale, which means the exhibition is an excellent opportunity for those wishing to invest in high-quality art at affordable prices.

At Janet Bassett Gallery, Rothwell Arts & Heritage Centre

14-16 Bridge Street, Rothwell, Northants NN14 6JW

(The gallery is situated on the 1st Floor accessed by stairs or lift)

Saturday 3rd March - Saturday 2nd June 2018

Mon - Sat 10am - 12.30pm (Closed Sunday)

FREE ENTRY

About Network Arts

Network Arts is a group run by artists for artists. The group gives professionals and amateurs the opportunity to practice and enjoy the support of a community of artists by having an annual program of workshops covering a range of media and styles.

As a self-managed and financed Group, Network Arts maintains independence and reflects the views of the members when selecting professional artists to run the workshops and venues in which to exhibit as well as organising visits to exhibitions.

The Group holds regular Exhibitions where artists - at all stages of their careers, are invited to submit work to exhibit.

For further information please visit <u>www.networkarts.co.uk</u>

For further information contact: Network Arts email: networkarts@live.co.uk



Rowell's Pubs - Past and Present (part 1)

As another pub closes in Rothwell I started thinking those which have come and gone over the years. Many of you Rowellians will remember some and can reminisce about your time in them but for those who don't know here is a list. It starts in Kettering Road (opposite Fox Street) and goes round to Bell Hill.

1.	The New Inn	(Formerly The Crown and Boot and now flats)	Kettering Rd
2.	The Rowell Charter	(Formerly The Sun Inn)	Sun Hill
3.	The Sexton	(Formerly The Old Greyhound and now Toro)	High Street
4.	The Crown Inn	(Now S T Flooring)	High Street
5.	The Bull's Head	(Now the site of The Old Bank)	Junction of High St and Bridge St
6.	The Working Men's Club	(Now flats)	Bridge Street
7.	Rothwell House Hotel	(Formerly the vicarage)	Bridge Street
8.	The Horse and Groom	(Now the chemist)	Bridge Street
9.	The Red Lion		Market Hill
10	. The Rifle Band or Tin Hat C	lub (Now flats)	Gladstone St
11	. The Conservative Club	(Originally formed in a house in Crispin St)	Market Hill
12	. The Chequers Inn	(Now Tesco)	Market Hill
13	. The Woolpack Inn		Market Hill
14	. The Blue Bell	(Formerly The Bell)	Bell Hill

We also had the Coffee Tavern on Market Hill which was a tavern but didn't sell beer. There were also Outdoor Beer Houses in Fox Street, New Street and Well Lane and one on Hobbs Hill which was built but never licensed. And to top it all we even had a small Brewery. It certainly wasn't a dry town.

In the next few issues we will give you a bit of history about each one. We've listed the landlords names where known. You never know you might just be related. So we start with the first inn or tavern that one would have seen when entering Rothwell from Kettering or Harrington.

The New Inn

Extracts from records regarding The Northampton Brewery Co. Ltd. held at the Northampton Records Office show that this Inn was built in 1666 and was originally built as a cottage by a carpenter called Jonathon Wells. Then sometime before 1788 the cottage became the Crown and Boot Inn.

In the 1831 William Vialls was recorded as the Publican but the following year on it was purchased by Mary Watson (widow) for £1,075.



By 1836 Thomas Watson is recorded as a victualler at the Inn along with the Gotch Family, who were owners of the Rowell Brewery in the High Street Rothwell (It was later renamed Kettering Rd). In November of that year a mortgage, which included an assignment of brewing vessels, (presumably for the brewery) secured a sum of £1000. In 1840 Mary took out a further loan for £2000 and it was around this time that the name seems to have been changed to the New Inn. This may have linked to the fact there was a separate and nearby pub called the Crown.

In 1840 Thomas Watson is described as the Landlord of the New Inn and also listed as a Brewer. When he died in March 1844 his wife Mary decided to sell the brewery. Six months later it had not been sold, so in desperation she advertised the New Inn for sale on its own. She died in 1845 and because of the earlier mortgages the Gotch family became the owners. The Whellan Directory of 1849 records a Richard Mason as "Manager for Mr Gotch of Kettering" and the position seems to have been for both brewery and inn.

Further Trade Directories list the following as the innkeepers: 1854 Richard Mason 1866 Pateman 1874 William Capp 1890-4 Frederick Young 1903 Harry Phillips 1910-1914 Frederick William Cook 1936 Thomas H Stapleton



Burial Records show that a Mr Ernest Cowley died at the Inn on the 10th November 1949. The advert (above right) shows that Annie Cowley was the licensee at some point and whilst Ernest and Annie were most likely related we can't say for sure if he was landlord at any time.

The New Inn finally closed its doors in 1956, having stood empty for a short time. Oxford Products purchased the property and had to obtain permission the Ministry of Transport to repaint the sign (because Kettering Rd was still classified as a Trunk road) although locals still referred to the building as the 'New Inn'. Then around 1963 Oxford Products moved to new premises on the Market Hill and some years later circa 1978 the building was sold to Mr Roy Wilson for his company Rothwell Building Supplies. Eventually around 1988 the old inn and the building which used to be Ball and Son's Foundry were demolished to make way for the apartments and houses you see today.

Just a bit further up the road and you come to Rowell Charter Inn. Originally built in 1460 as a coaching inn, it was



then called The Sun Inn. It was renamed in 1978 to provide a commemoration of the Royal Charter granted by King John in 1204. This is the charter which is read out at the Proclamation of Rowell Fair.

The 1831 Census reveals a time when a John Green was registered as the Innkeeper. The 1849 Kelly's Trade Directory recorded John Slow as the Licensed Victualler. He was still there in 1881 and the census shows him with his wife Elizabeth and a servant by the name of Lois Knight.

By 1885 two sisters of the Slow family, (Elizabeth and Sarah) later became the Innkeepers and also owners of a small terrace of houses and a shop on Sun Hill situated at the entrance to Wales Street. Sarah is still recorded there in the 1911 census.

According to the 1936 Kelly's Directory Mr Edward Goosey was in residence and during the war years Mr Barker was named as the innkeeper. We are not sure how long after that he was there.

There have been some changes to the building since the 1930s, but nothing to significantly alter the structure of the building and it still has low ceilings and oak beams blackened with age. The two cottages to the right of the building were purchased which allowed space for a dining area and accommodation upstairs for B&B. Stables were once located at the rear of the building but these were converted into an outdoor seating area. It is believed that a spring originally ran under the cellars of the Sun Inn but this has been diverted for some years, possibly when Kettering Road had major construction work done.



In the cellars are two arches set in the walls which appear to be the entrances to tunnels, they are now sealed up and no-one seems to know why they are there, although rumours abound. One is that they lead to the Nunnery!

We now move into the High Street and to **The Old Greyhound** (now Toro) and the first record we have is from the Whellan Directory of 1849 which has Jacob Gillson recorded as a Beer-seller in the High Street Rothwell. In 1854-55 the name changed to Jacob Gibson but it is presumed that this is the same person. The 1871 census actually records him as Publican at the Greyhound Inn.

The Post Office Directory of 1877 reveals that Mrs Hannah Gibson was a Beerretailer, but The Greyhound is not mentioned. It was often the case that on the death of a publican the widow would continue with the licence.



Kelly's Directory of 1890 records Miss Elizabeth Willis - Beer-retailer and then 1894 to 1903 - William A. Willis is at the Greyhound Public House in the High Street.

Records show that William died at The Greyhound Inn in September 1904 aged 35 years. Mrs Sarah Willis carried on as landlord with the help of her family, until her death in 1924. (Incidentally William was the son of Mr Isaac Willis who read the Rowell Fair Charter from 1865 until 1912).



By 1969 Kelly's Directory records that Alfred Hines was the beer retailer at the High Street Rothwell. He married the daughter of William and Sarah Willis and their daughter Brenda was born in the Greyhound in 1926. Brenda recalls many happy days growing up in the inn, one in particular as a child sitting on the high back wall and watching the family and guests playing tennis in the Manor House garden during the hot summer days. Mrs Hines is pictured left with two residents of Jesus Hospital, Mr Chapman and Mr Howlett.

The yard at the back of the inn is enclosed by brick and stone walls and at one time a cottage once stood at the end (home to Mr Samuel York) In later years it was used as a storeroom was even used as a pig-sty. There was a well-head in the yard but was only ever used for drinking water, never to brew beer.

The property was sold in 1956 and Mr John Anderson became the new Licensee for a few years until his death in 1961. The Greyhound then had a number of tenants/owners who we don't have details for.

We do know that Rex Johnson and his wife Kit (parents of Pat, one of our volunteers), took over when they moved from Burton Latimer. Prior to moving they'd been stewards of the Britannia Club there. Kit felt that she had 'come home' since her family in Rothwell could be traced way back.



Rex was born in Desborough and his older brother Irving was also a publican and his sister Olga ran an off licence there.

Pat says Rex was never happier than when he was behind the bar and couldn't be bribed away. He even left Kit to taker her holidays on her own with the Licenced Victuallers Ladies. They remained at The Greyhound until they retired in 1970.

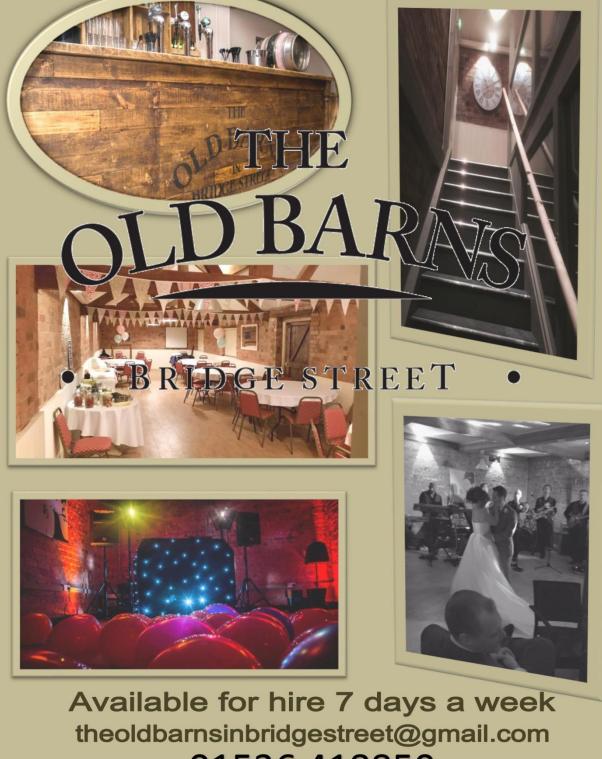
Late 1980's or early 1990's the name was changed to 'The Sexton' and when live entertainment was a regular feature of the pub. It was then empty for a couple of years before being purchased by Kelly's Tavern Company, who changed the name back to the Old Greyhound. Today it is no longer a pub but is now a steak house but still serving alcohol.

To be continued in the next issue.

Information taken from The Inns, Pubs, Clubs and Alehouses of Rothwell by Joyce Griggs. Published and printed by Rothwell Heritage with Rothwell and Desborough Arts Gallery

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Upcoming Events at Rothwell Arts & Heritage Centre

Saturday March 3rd	10.00 - 1.00	Table Top Sale
Wednesday March 21st	2.00pm	Film Club (Singing in the Rain) Free Admission
Friday March 23rd	7.00pm	Cheese and Wine Open Evening
Thursday April 12th	7.30pm	Talk about Morris Dancers
Wednesday April 25th	2.00pm	Film Club (Psycho) Free Admission

Tickets on sale now

	Rothwell Ladies Thurs	day Club Programme
1st March	Harps and Nightingales Nick Penny, a local musician, will play his har	Nick Penny p and give an insight into different aspects of his work.
8th March	A quiz evening	Pauline Toseland
15th March	A Wool Spinning Demonstration Ilona will talk about her new hobby.	Ilona Bickle
22nd March	Rushden Lakes A talk on the local Wildlife Trust by the Nene	Katie King Wetlands Education and Community Officer.
Easter Brea	ak - 29th March, 5 th April and 12 th A	April
Easter Brea 19th April	ak - 29th March, 5 th April and 12 th A Family Tales	April Ann Jones Janice Constable
	Family Tales (Monday) Trudi Claire Fashion Show 1.30	Ann Jones Janice Constable
19th April	Family Tales (Monday) Trudi Claire Fashion Show 1.30	Ann Jones Janice Constable pm

Т

There has been much in the news recently about the closure of some of our libraries, Rothwell included. This led me to think about what used to stand on the site and if people who've moved to Rothwell in recent years know that it was once a school. Here is a brief history taken from an article written by David Coleman B.A. B.Phil. The full document 'Rothwell Grammar School, Five Hundred Years of History' can be seen in the Rothwell Arts & Heritage Centre.

Rothwell Grammar School

The history of Rothwell Grammar School spans five hundred years but sadly today, despite many of the town's other ancient building surviving; all those directly connected with the school have long disappeared.

Throughout its life the school was known by many names: a Free School, an Endowed school, a Grammar School, a National School, a Controlled School and a Church of England School. It can be documented back to 1427 when use was made of 'St. Mary's Chapel' which was built on land to the north-east of the market square close to the junction of Bridge Street and what is now Tresham Street. In 1549 St. Mary's Chapel was described as a Free School having a roof of lead, three small bells and glass windows being painted full of images.

Owen Ragsdale became Master at the school in December 1559 and remained strongly connected with Rothwell throughout his life, living at times both in the school house and in the manor house. Ragsdale also founded the Jesus Hospital (1596). He was elected as Schoolmaster for life and it was agreed that upon his death the nomination and placement of the schoolmaster be the responsibility of Sir Thomas Tresham and his heirs.

Rents from a number of houses and cottages were to be utilised for upkeep of the school, with more property to be added on Ragsdale's subsequent death in 1591.

The school was to remain for the benefit of the town as a free-school, with none paying except 'husbandmen' or 'forenners' (who had to pay two shillings a year for each child's attendance).

In October 1811, the National Society for Promoting Religious Education was founded. Its aim being 'that the National Religion should be made the foundation of National Education, and should be the first and chief thing taught to the poor, according to the excellent Liturgy and Catechism provided by our Church'.

By 1814, both a Free School and a National School were running together on the same site and they gradually merged and integrated.

In 1869 there were problems at the school and the neglected school and schoolhouse were reduced to a state of decay. Fortunately that same year, the Trustees of the Free School Charity agreed that the old and unsuitable school buildings could be demolished and a new school built.

The new building cost £1,100 and was placed slightly to the north of the original chapel-school in what was the former school yard.

A separate house was built for both a school master and school mistress. (This is the double fronted house shown in the photograph right.)

It was opened on the 1st October, 1870 and over 200 children attended.



Both boys and girls were allowed to attend but each had their own separate entrance. The stone gable above the entrances was inscribed, with bold Victorian sentiment, *'Children obey your parents in the Lord for this is right'*. The windows were situated high up in the walls so that light could enter, but the students were unable to easily look out and be distracted from their lessons.

In 1880 a new Elementary Education Act insisted on compulsory attendance for all children aged five to ten years. Poorer families sometimes found this quite difficult as it was often tempting to send their children to work if the opportunity arose to earn an extra income. Attendance Officers visited the homes of children who failed to attend. A later Education Act (1891) provided for the state payment of school fees up to ten shillings per head.

The 1883 Elementary Education (School Attendance) Act raised the school leaving age to eleven (later thirteen) and 400 pupils attended the school in that year. By 1903 the Church School in Rothwell had grown to 439 children, and in 1910, Kelly's Directory of Northamptonshire described the school as the Rothwell Free Grammar School.

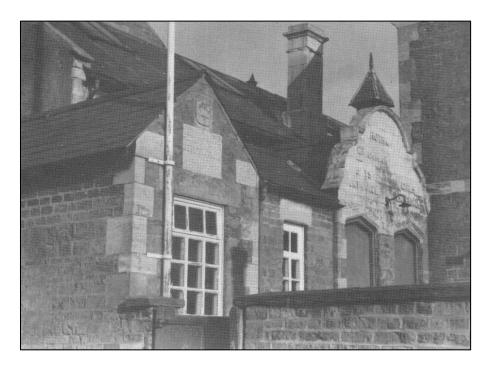
Minor difficulties were recorded in 1940, when after the construction of war-time air raid shelters, problems were found with the collapsing of neighbouring walls. The school had to pay for damage repairs. In 1944 there were only 103 students and the Headmaster, Mr JHT Vicars, was recorded as being away on War Duty. Due to the war there was a severe shortage of teachers and the 1944 Butler Act required the Infant and Junior sections of the school to amalgamate.

At about this same time the Northamptonshire Local Education Authority formed a Plan for the Rothwell and Desborough District. This included the building of a new Secondary School in the town. A Board School had already been built in Gladstone Street (1886). There was also a Board School known as the British School for non-Church of England children. This stood opposite what is now the infant school in the Calvary Building.

In 1955 the old Grammar School was re-organised as a primary school only, and the seniors transferred to the newly built Rothwell Secondary Modern School located in Greening Road. This is now known as Montsaye.

By 1969 the Victoria Infants accommodated the younger children and the Gladstone Street had opened as a junior school. Thus came the realisation and acceptance that the old school could no longer serve the town. There is no record of any organised fight to keep the out-dated Grammar School open and so it finally closed its doors.

The engraved stone (which can be seen in the photograph below) was taken from the old school building and located on an inner wall of the new town library. This is now the only public evidence of the five hundred years life of the school. The photograph also shows the separate doors for boys and girls.



HOW IT ALL STARTED AND THE AUNT I NEVER MET - by Valerie Panter

My involvement with the Heritage Centre began when I visited in search of old school photographs. I have been interested in my family history and had been researching various branches for years and I was hoping to find a photograph of my aunt (Brenda Parker) who died when she was just thirteen. My dad often said how I was like her but no one in the family seemed to have a photograph to show me.

Brenda Kate Parker was born in Rothwell on 14th November 1925. She was the eldest daughter and one of seven children of Fred and Sarah Parker. The family lived in a house on The Rock, Rothwell which is where the Catholic Church now stands.

The family moved to 1 Madams Hill opposite Taylors Shoe Factory (Rushton Road) now Madams Gardens. Granddad was caretaker at the factory and grandma cleaned at the cinema which is now A J Mills, Stonemason.

At the age of 13 Brenda contracted meningitis. She was taken to Kettering General Hospital on 22nd February 1939 and sadly died the same day.

We found one photograph (below) that was taken in 1936, which is now very precious. Brenda is on the front row and is the second girl from the right. It looks like summer so she would have been 10 years old.



Having found this photograph I then decided to search the Evening Telegraph archives for a possible death announcement. I was amazed to find not only that but also a notice submitted by Kettering General Hospital about all

HOSPITAL BULLETINS. To-day's Reports from Kettering General and Isolation Hospitals.

GENERAL HOSPITAL.

Miss Brenda Parker, 1, Madam's Hill, Roth Died 22nd inst. other patients progressing favourably Catherine Smith, Admissions.--Mrs. eld-street. Mrs. Ada Kettering: Starmer Wood-street, Kettering Discharges.-Alan Gebbie, 10, Rutherglen Matthew Thompson, 104, Buc oad Corby: louch-street. Kettering

the admissions and discharges. Can you imagine them doing that today?

PARKER.—On Feb. 22nd, at 1, Maddamshill, Rothwell, BRENDA, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs, Fred PARKER, aged 13 years. Funeral on Saturday, Rothwell Cemetery, 3 p.m. This last piece about her funeral was particularly interesting as it gave me information about her illness and great detail about the mourners and the wreaths. What a find!

This must have been a hard time for my grandparents and particularly grandma as she had already lost two of her brothers in WW1.

Dad is now 96 and I thought it would be good to take him back to her grave again. I remember as a child going to Rothwell Cemetery and taking flowers, so next I set about trying to find it again. I searched and searched but couldn't find it even though I was sure where in the graveyard it should be. Dad and his youngest sister Elma said that there should be a flower vase with her name on but I couldn't find that either.

I had previously checked the records which show that she was buried in plot number 1537 (Salvation Army) on 25.2.1939 but there were no numbers visible. So I contacted the Council who said they would put a marker on the grave for me. They also told me that the grave was 'un-purchased' which is why there was no gravestone. They said it was common practice at that time for children to be buried with others although in Brenda's case there was no one else in the grave.

On my next visit to the cemetery I found the marker and by sheer coincidence as I was looking around I spotted several stone vases all piled together on another grave. Curiosity got the better of me and I'd glad it did, because there was Brenda's vase. It was very dirty so I went home, collected scrubbing brushes etc. and set about cleaning it up. It turned out to be marble not stone.



Once it was cleaned I was able to take dad and his sister to place flowers there once more.

ROTHWELL GIRL'S FUNERAL.

Salvation Army Sunday School Tributes.

The funeral took place at Rothwell on Saturday of Miss Brenda Parker, aged 13. eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Parker, of 1, Madam's-hill, Rothwell. She had on Sunday last attended the Salvation Army Sunday School, where she was taken ill. She entered Kettering Hospital on Wednesday, and died the same day.

Before the interment a service was held at the house, conducted by Major Smith and Adjutant Clark, officers of the Rothwell Salvation Army.

The family mourners were: Mr. and Mrs. F Parker (father and mother), Masters Billy and Gordon Parker (brothers), Mr. W. Parker (grandfather), Miss D. Parker, Miss L. Parker, Mrs. H. Heeley, Mr. Jim Feakin, Mrs. H. Whymant, Mrs. W. Drage, Mr. W. Feakin, Mrs. H. Marlow, Mrs. H. Feakin, Mr. and Mrs. A. Feakin (uncles and aunts), Miss K. Feakin, Mrs. Lamb, Miss N. Parker, Mrs. G. Clements, Miss H. Shaw (cousins).

Miss M. Fox (Sunday School teacher), Mr. H. Baldwin and Miss G. Barratt (friends), also attended, and Mr. J. Allbright and Mr. S. Bull (represented the Sunday School).

Wreaths were inscribed:

To darling Brenda, from her brokenhearted Mam and Dad, Brothers and Sisters-God lent her to us for a while. To fill us with her love, And then he took our darling child, To dwell with Him above; From brokenhearted Granddad, Auntie Doris and Auntie Lil: Norzna and Howard: Aunt Ellen and Uncle Herbert; Aintie Neille and Uncle Tim; From Sonla; Uncle Jim and family; Uncle Walt, Roy, Lily, Kath and Ernie; Iris and Joan; Uncle Harry and Aunt Sellns and family; Hilds, Aunt Kate and Uncle Harry: Uncle Harold, Aunt Lucy, Evelyn and Bert, Uncle Fred and cousins; Joan: Emma and family: Uncle Albert and Aunt Flo and family; Her pal Phyl: Aunt May and Uncle Walt; The teachers and scholars, Gladstonestreet Council School; Salvation Army Sunday School; Mrs. F. E. Hadden: Margaret; Audrey, Rita; Elleen, Enid and Florence; Mr. and Mrs. Millan; Friends and neighbours; Mr. and Mrs. W. Joyce and Alice; Joan Foster, Mrs. Vincent; Mr. and Mrs. Palmer and Graham; Mr. and Mrs. Law and family, Gordon-street; In remembrance of an old friend, Edns Elmes and Charlie. The Tuneral arrangements were carried

out by Messrs. G. Lewis and Sons, The Avenue, Rothwell.

A memorial service was held on Sunday evening at the Rothwell Salvation Army Citadel.

So if you are at a loose end, why not pop into the centre and look at our photos etc. You never know what journey it could take you on. Look at me, I went in to look at photographs and ended up editor of this magazine!

Don't forget you can also ask for help with your Family History research if you need it.



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