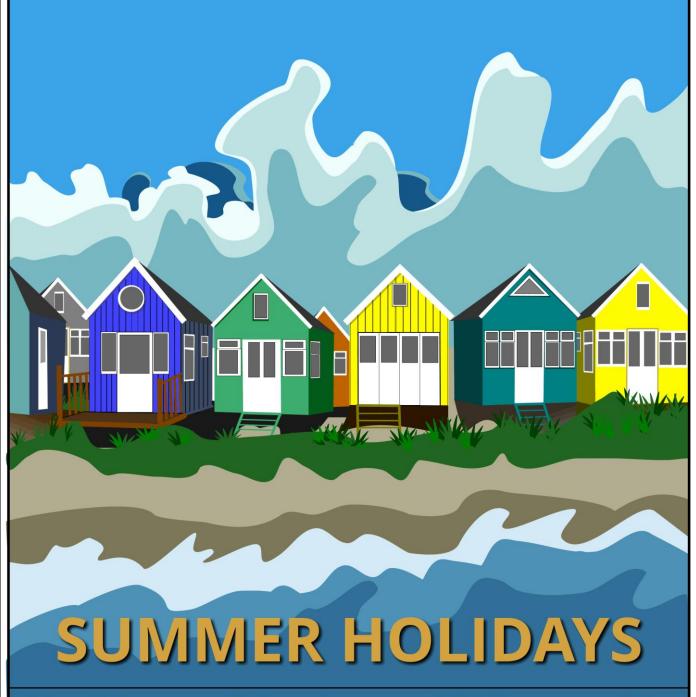
Rowell Heritage

Rothwell Arts & Heritage Centre



No: 25

July - August 2018

£2

Dear Readers

Welcome to the summer edition of Rowell Heritage Magazine.

We start this issue by remembering Margaret Read, a well-known and much loved member of our

community who sadly passed away recently. She was one of our most loyal supporters and her sister

Janet has written a piece about her life which we are sure will stir fond memories for many of you.

Do you remember a few months ago we published an article about the old Grammar School? It

prompted one of our readers, Jean Buswell to write about her time as a pupil there.

We also have photographs from our recent Rowell Fair Tart competition and the next part in our

series on Rowell's Pubs Past and Present.

Finally we'd like to welcome a new member of the volunteer team in the centre. One of our artists,

Peter Watts has recently volunteered to be our new Gallery Co-ordinator and has just set up the

new Summer Showcase exhibition. Have you visited the Janet Bassett gallery recently? If not, why

don't you pop in and have a look and maybe stay and enjoy a cup of coffee in the vintage tea room

too.

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 Sept/Oct issue is August 17th

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 by Barry Panter

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Jean Margaret Read (1942 – 2018) by Janet Squire

Tuesday, May 22nd saw Rothwell mourn one of its most loyal citizens.

Jean Margaret Read (always known as Margaret) was born on March 29th at "Ashgate Cottage", School Lane, Rothwell, where she lived all her life. She was the elder daughter of Les (coal merchant and farmer) and Kathleen (Speech and Drama teacher), and eventually sister to Geoff and Janet.

Educated at Rothwell Victoria infant and Gladstone Street Junior Schools, Margaret went on to Kettering High School and eventually to the Leicester Domestic Science College, training to be a teacher. The death of her Father in 1963 brought Margaret back to Rothwell and to a post a Kettering High School (now Southfield) where she remained for the rest of her career. Many local families still benefit from her useful kitchen tips, and her recipe for lasagne lives on!

However it is as a pillar of the local community that Margaret will be best remembered.

She founded the local branch of Girl's Brigade (linked to the Methodist Church) and was a stalwart member of the



Methodist Players, established by her Mother in the 1940's. She was a founder mender of the Rothwell Preservation Trust, and supporter of the Heritage Centre from its beginning. She served as a Governor to Rothwell Infant School, continuing to attend regularly after her term of office to help with reading practice and support other school functions.

Relying on her prowess at cooking, Margaret delighted one year in winning the "Rowell Fair Tarts" Competition, later becoming a judge. She never missed a proclamation of the Fair, and after retirement, the Rowell Fair Monday coffee mornings at Ashgate Cottage became a regular fixture. Many people have benefitted from her generosity in providing bespoke Wedding, Christening, Anniversary or Birthday fruit cakes, and using her creative sewing skills to make dresses, run up curtains and knit jumpers for all shapes and sizes!

Further afield, she was heavily involved with the annual Kettering and District Eisteddfod, serving as Speech and Drama Secretary for over 20 years, and still in post at the time of her death. She was an early member of the Cavendish (now Seagrave) Singers, contributing poems and readings to their concerts along with the singing. And she was a keen supporter of all local Arts initiatives.

In all these activities, Margaret was always the same: an unchanging presence in an ever changing world. She was reliable in whatever she did, and was the same to whoever she met, always fair, but encouraging, her attitude to Life was underpinned by her strong Christian Faith, rooted in the Methodist Church.

She was a devoted sister, aunt and later great-aunt, full of understanding and enriching all family gatherings with her sense of fun. Offering friendship to many, everyone was welcome at Ashgate Cottage for tea or coffee. Her generosity extended to encouraging friends and family to use her sea-side chalet near Cromer for convalescence, R&R or simply a welcome break.

Her sudden death, at home, on April 17th brought an end to a full and happy life, and the end of an era for many. We shall all miss her.

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Rothwell Church School 1949-1956 – by Jean Buswell

On a September day in 1949 I started in the infants' class at Rothwell C of E school, aged four-and-a-half. The Second World War had been over only four years. Petrol, food, confectionery and sugar were still rationed, and clothes had just come off the ration.

This is an earlier photo of the infants' classroom, taken about 1915, with my father Leonard Buswell on the back row, third from the left. The classroom hadn't altered much by the time I started there – only the pictures on the wall had changed. And the children's fashions.



During my time at the Church School, Jack Vickers was the Headmaster. His wife Gwen (née Barrs) had been a friend of my mother since they were both single and used to catch the same bus to work in Kettering, Mum at Learner and Woodward Drapers Shop in Rockingham Road, and Gwen Barrs at Rockingham Road School for Girls on the corner of Dryden Street. Both the shop and school are long gone, though the school building now operates as 'The Business Exchange'.

Jack and Gwen Vickers lived in the School House, a solid structure built of ironstone that adjoined the school, on the site where the Library now stands. The entrance to the infants' class was through a gate between the School House and Poole's tobacconist's shop, up some rather dank stone steps and along a yard paved in blue brick.

The infants' entrance led into a cloakroom with rows of coat pegs and benches running along the wall. Underneath was something that intrigued me – a wooden maypole. It must have been used in the playground in earlier years, but never in my time. I rather fancied dancing round the maypole, but it was not to be.

On my first day at school, Mum took me into the infants' classroom where I was registered by Jack Vickers. The only other thing I remember about my first day was that I was astonished to see some of the new pupils crying when they were left there by their mothers. I had been so keen to go to school that I was quite blasé about my mother going.

The school was very small with just one infants' class and three junior classes. The infants' teacher was Mrs Norton, a motherly type. There was a section of the classroom nearest the door equipped with small chairs for the tiniest infants, and further down the room were rows of desks where the children sat in rows facing the teacher, as shown in the 1915 photo. Beyond this, under a high window, was a clear area where we stood for morning assembly and at Christmas we held our nativity plays. Heating in winter was provided, as in all the classrooms, by a cast-iron coke stove. The caretaker must have had to get to work quite early to warm up the classrooms before we arrived.

On the wall behind Mrs Norton were displayed the letters of the alphabet in capitals and lower case versions, in a loopy style that would now be regarded as old-fashioned. The numbers one to ten were also illustrated, showing the appropriate number of dots set out like the symbols on playing cards. Even now I think of the figure 5 as four dots in a square with a fifth dot in the centre.

Our exercise books were cut in half so we could fill them more quickly using the pencils that were our writing implements. I was later told that I had objected to being given half an exercise book and asked for a proper, full-sized book, but I don't remember the incident.

There were three playgrounds, one for the infants, one for junior girls and one for junior boys. The toilets were outside, in the girls' playground, and were used by all the children. There was a boys' urinal behind a wall at the top of the playground, and at right angles was a row of individual cubicles for use by boys or girls. In these, each toilet had a wooden plank seat with a hole cut in it and a trough of water running underneath along the whole row, with some sort of automatic flushing arrangement. The wooden seats were well scrubbed, and perhaps because the cubicles were out in the fresh air, I never remember them being smelly. They had not changed since my father attended the school at the beginning of the 20th century. He told tales of making paper boats which the boys set fire to and dropped into a toilet upstream of the girls' cubicles. Apparently they counted it a success if they caused the girls to scream and vacate the toilets in a hurry.

In the infants' class, as well as starting to learn the three Rs, we did simple embroidery, made windmills (pinwheels) out of paper pinned to sticks for ourselves and calendars for our parents. On a piece of card we stuck coloured paper, green for grass and blue for sky, with a square house, smoke coming out of its chimney, and lollipop trees. We attached a small printed calendar on a piece of ribbon to hang down underneath. The calendar had a month to a view and the dates were in tiny type. We took our creations home, but my parents thought mine was useless as the calendar was far too small to see the dates.

Jack Vickers came and visited the class from time to time. When we were standing in the open space at the far end of the room for singing lessons he would come round and listen to each child to make sure we were hitting the right notes. I suppose that was to catch any problems early, as I don't remember any child being classed as 'tone deaf'. Another memory was, when learning to read, we were told to pronounce words starting with 'h' by huffing on to the back of our hands and making sure we could feel the air, to ensure we didn't drop our aitches. We took part in nativity plays with the Angel Gabriel in a long white nightie and the boys as Wise Men or shepherds wearing dressing gowns, or animals in the stable. One year I was a fairy (how did fairies get into nativity plays?).

At six-and-a-half, I went up to the Lower Junior Class where our teacher was Mrs Buckby. At that time the teacher for the Upper Junior class was a Mr Turnill, though he left before I went into that class, and his place was taken by Mr Noel Manthorpe. I think Mrs Kilborn later took over the Upper Juniors. The top class was taken by Jack Vickers the Headmaster.

There was an empty classroom between the Infants' and Junior Classrooms that was used only occasionally, as when the nit nurse came to comb our hair and examine our heads. I never remember nits being discovered on any child, even though in those days we had far less washing and bathing facilities than we have nowadays. The room was also used for the sessions when we bought National Savings stamps to stick into our savings books in an effort to encourage us to 'save for a rainy day'. The stamps were of two denominations, the more expensive featuring a photo of the young Prince Charles and the other showing a baby Princess Anne, her head covered in blond curls, looking like the bubble-blowing boy on the Pears Soap posters.

There was a glazed folding partition between the Lower Juniors' classroom and the top class, and this was pulled back every day for the morning assembly which was basically a religious service led by the Headmaster, with hymns and prayers and a little homily. Not all children went to the parish church; many were members of the Chapels or the Salvation Army. The idea of non-Protestant children, or even non-Christian pupils, was sufficiently strange not to occur to me at that time.

In the Lower Junior class after morning assembly a blackboard was put up which had the multiplication tables written out, and we would chant them all — 'one two is two, two twos are four...' up to 'twelve twelves are a hundred and forty-four'. This chanting by rote achieved two things — it drilled into us the multiplication tables and I got quite skilled at yawning without opening my mouth too obviously.

Occasionally we would chant similar tables based on the pre-decimal monetary system:

'Twelve pence: one shilling,

Twenty pence: one and eight pence,

Twenty-four pence: two shillings...' and so on.

From time to time we would model with plasticine. I never realised that plasticine came in different colours – the stuff we used had been rolled together and re-used so much that it was all a uniform purplish-brown. Another thing we did occasionally while sitting at our desks was 'drill', when the teacher would call out commands for us to follow – 'hands on heads', 'hands behind your back', 'arms folded', and 'arms folded behind your back'.

After we had been in Mrs Buckby's class for a year or two we went up to Mr Manthorpe's class. By that time we had graduated from pencils to writing in ink with our dip-in pens.

Jack Vickers's wife Gwen was normally a stay-at-home housewife, but would occasionally act as a supply teacher to cover the absences of the regular teachers. I remember her, in that capacity, telling us the story of the casket scene in Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice*, with its 'all that glisters is not gold'. Fortunately we didn't have to cope with Shakespeare's language at that stage.

There was one classroom upstairs, which we accessed by way of a covered outside staircase for occasional lessons. I remember doing needlework there, and I expect the boys had alternative activities.

I remember the occasional caning, which I think was confined to the older boys, presumably because the teachers found them harder to control. Caning was a stroke or two on the hand, not on the bottom. At the time I occasionally thought this a rather harsh punishment, but it seemed to be a fact of life and we took it for granted.

In about 1953 Rothwell had an influx of Italians who came over to Britain to work, mainly at Stewart and Lloyds steelworks at Corby, and a number of children joined the school who initially spoke no English. This was my first experience of people from another country and culture. The children soon picked up English and often acted as translators for their parents when they came into my parents' shop. They were Catholics, which seemed exotic - at the time there was no Catholic Church in Rothwell – but they joined in the hymns and prayers with the rest of us. In about 1955 I remember a couple of American boys, whose fathers were serving at one of the local air bases, also joined our class for a short time.

The top class was taught by Jack Vickers, and we did projects such as 'Famous Sons of Rothwell' which fostered knowledge and appreciation of local history. Of course, there weren't any Famous Daughters in those days — no doubt they were too busy looking after the Famous Sons, as the idea of their being famous in their own right would have been discounted as ridiculous.



Photo above shows Mr Vickers with the top class in about 1955. We are sitting in the infants' playground. Behind the railings can be seen the junior girls' playground with its old brick-built air raid shelter

The conditions at the school were fairly Spartan by modern standards, but we didn't notice as most of our homes didn't have central heating or other 'mod cons', and I don't think I could have had a better primary education.



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Coincidentally, shortly after Jean submitted her memories of the Grammar School, Stuart Irons sent us this newspaper article which was taken from the Evening Telegraph on 26th July 1962.

A CHAPTER ENDS IN ROTHWELL'S HISTORY AS SCHOOL SHUTS AFTER 400 YEARS



Photo caption: A Fond farewell from headmistress Mrs R. C. Kilborn and staff to some of the children of Rothwell Church of England School which closes tomorrow. Left to right: Mary Vandrill, James White, Mrs E. Buckby, Mrs E. M. Norton, Michael Willis, Ruth Wilson, Mrs Kilborn, Mrs E. Blake, Thomasco Franco and Mrs G. Saxton.

For as long as Rothwell people can remember they have seen from time to time the spectacle of scholars from the Church of England school going in procession to the Parish Church for a service. Yesterday they saw it for the last time. After 400 years of history, the school closes tomorrow.

The school was built by Owen Ragsdale, builder of Jesus Hospital. It is believed that it once formed part of a monastery and that at one time it housed a grammar school.

The building was condemned in 1927 but it was allowed to continue until the upkeep of the building became too great. The 115 pupils are to be transferred - the older children to Gladstone Street County Junior School and the younger ones to Victoria Infants School. The headmistress, Miss R. C. Kilborn is taking a post as headmistress of the village school in Twywell. Mrs E. M. Norton is retiring and Mrs G. Saxton and Mrs E. Buckby are to continue with their classes at the other schools.

Yesterday's service, to mark the school's closure, was conducted by Canon G. F. Turner and was attended by Mr J. F. Thorne, the Divisional Education Officer, Mr T. J. Kelly, headmaster of Rothwell and Desborough Secondary School, Mr J. H. Davis, the headmaster of Gladstone Street County Junior School and all the school managers.

A final treat is being provided for the children today. A programme of sports and games has been arranged in Abington Park, Northampton. The school has been open this week to allow old pupils and parents to look round for the last time.

The staff were particularly proud this year to have a pupil who passed straight through the eleven-plus to a grammar school. This is the first time that the school has had a pupil pass without first having an interview and it provides a fitting end to a school which has been in existence for so long.

The Great Rowell Fair Bake Off

On Saturday 26th May the Arts & Heritage Centre held its annual Rowell Fair Tart competition organised by Ann Jones and Sue Johnson. We had an amazing 28 entries – 21 adults and 7 juniors and competition was fierce.

Our judges were Brenda Austin, Linda Thrower and Sharon Davis pictured together below left.

Prizes were presented by Frank York (Rothwell Bailiff), Paul Johnson (President of the Rowell Fair Society) and Ann Jones (Co-organiser and provider of the recipe. All are pictured below right.

Many thanks to all those who entered, supported and donated prizes to make the event such a success.





Adult Prize- winners:

- 1st Pat Hill (pictured below left receiving her prize and the silver salver which the winner keeps for one year)
- 2nd Gemma Ellson
- 3rd Carl Hill



Junior Prize-winners:

- 1st Matilda Guyett (age 11)
- 2nd Megan Marlow (age 13)
- 3rd Rowan Smith (age 10) pictured below left receiving his prize

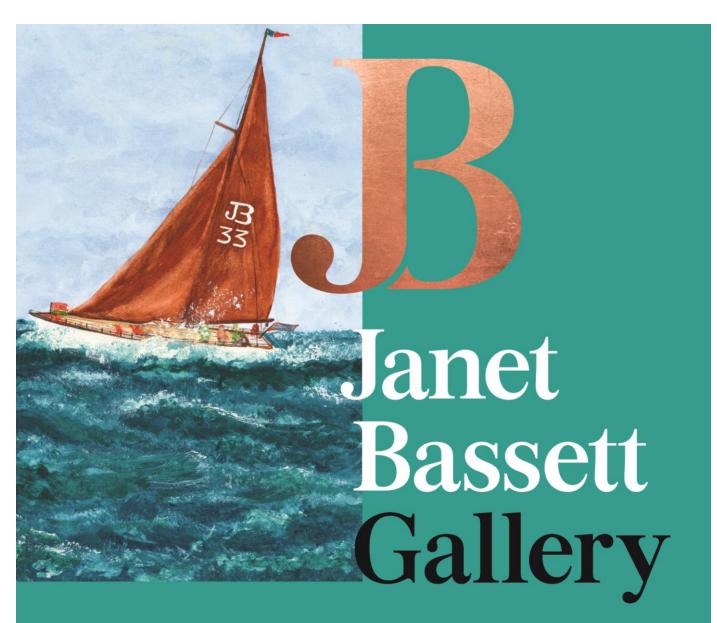




Above right Sue Johnson, Sharon Davis, Pat Hill, Carl Hill, Paul Johnson and Ann Jones

Below: Judges and competitors all together





Rothwell Arts & Heritage Centre

Summer Showcase 5th June — 8th September

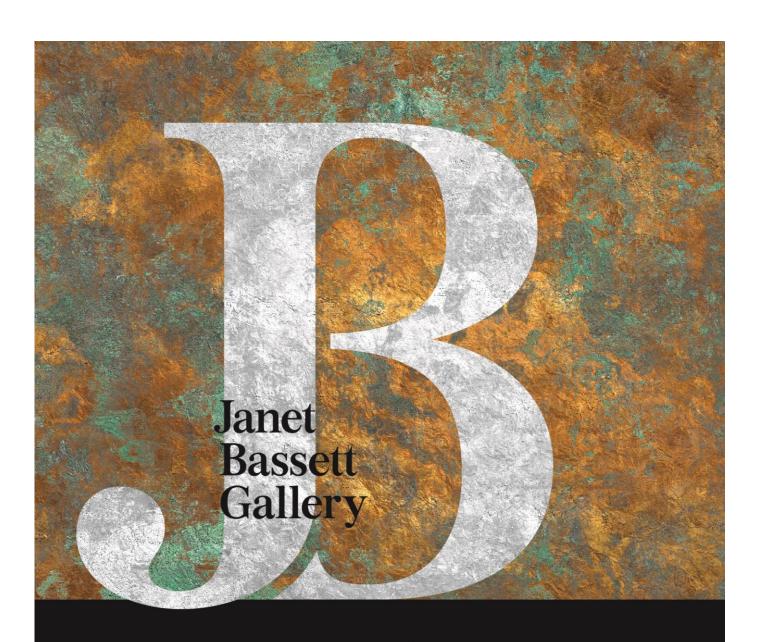
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Rowell's Pubs - Past and Present (part 3)

We continue our story of Rowell's pubs with Rothwell House Hotel.

This is a listed building and although the actual date is unknown, the design suggests 18th century. For many years it was the vicarage and the residence of a succession of clergymen of the Holy Trinity Church until a new vicarage was built nearer to the church in 1957-8. It later converted to be used as a hotel.

There once stood a row of cottages at the rear and a lawn extended behind what is now the Post Office. Parts of those stone cottages were incorporated into the building at the rear.



Between the years 1220-1998 there were 52 vicars ministering to people of Rothwell. How many of these actually lived in this building as a Vicarage is not really known.

The Reverend Richard Morton M.A. was the Vicar 1855-1894 and was recorded in various directories as vicar but with no address given. In 1890 he was actually recorded as living at the vicarage. Others that followed him and also resident here were:

1894 - 1902 William Sackville Parker M.A.

1902 - 1925 John A. Malcolmson Morley M.A.

1925 - 1936 James Mallory

1936 - 1947 Thomas Payne Adler

1947 - 1951 James Frederick Collins

1951 - 1962 George Frederick Turner. (He lived at the vicarage until it was sold in 1957-58 when he moved to the new one next to the church)

The building was purchased from the Church authorities by a Mrs Ida Andrews (previously Kimbell) but it is not certain whether she acquired it as a family home or a business. Apparently there was a clause in the contract saying, 'No alcohol to be served on the premises'. This clause must have been rescinded or ignored by the late 1960s as a local resident who frequents the hotel regularly thinks that beer was being served in the Bar around the 1970s.

Over the years several Owner/Managers struggled to achieve a successful business often to no avail and the building suffered. There were attempts to enlarge the premises and modernise the interior even installing an indoor swimming pool which was later removed. In the early 1990s the business went into receivership and the building was left to decay and at one point part of the roof had collapsed. It was then purchased 'The Crown and Cushion Hotel Company Limited' who made a complete transformation of the interior. Today it has around 20 en suite bedrooms, a restaurant and bar.

On the other side of the road from this building once stood another pub – The Horse and Groom

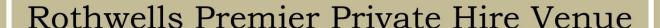


A very old photograph of Bridge Street shows the Red Lion Sign clearly and then very faintly further down the street, a swinging sign which could be that of the Horse and Groom at 17 Bridge Street.

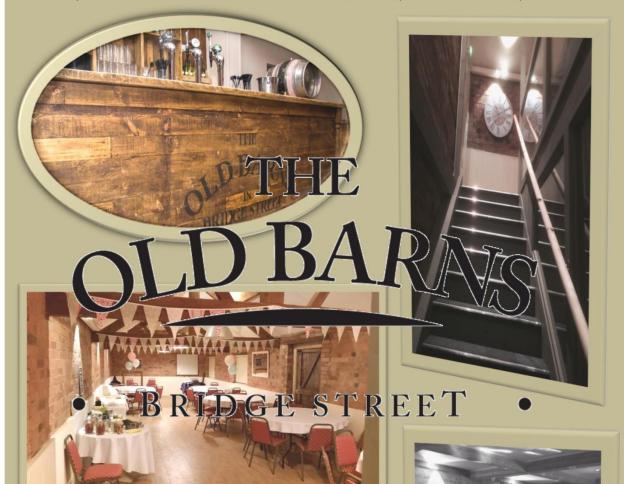
Very little is known about the Horse and Groom, the earliest records to be found are in various trade directories. The Piggots Directory of 1830 stated that Samual Thompson was the publican of the 'Old Horse and Groom', but thereafter subsequent directories have used the title Horse and Groom.

The Welland Directory of 1849-66 shows William Corby as victualler. By 1869 Job Smith had become the licensee until 1874 when William Wilson took over.

The next record we have is the census of 1881 which shows John Wilson as the licensed victualler. Three years later in 1884 and according to the C N Wright Directory, Jno Page-Frisby is in charge.



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Kelly's Directory of 1885 shows Silas Boddington as the innkeeper and in the years 1890-1910 it lists Eli Thomas Sumpter, John Dormer, Earnest Perkins, William Burdett.

Ernest Perkins is recorded there in the 1901 census with wife Annie and George Scales in the 1911.

The 1914 Kellys directory does not list an innkeeper but the Northampton Brewery refers to Campbell Praed Brewery supplying the Horse and Groom with beer during the years 1914-1916 and again in the 1930s.

Sometime prior to the 1940-45 war, date unknown, the Horse and Groom closed its doors, and the Co-operative Society who had a branch of their business next door, purchased the property with a view to expansion in the future.

Meanwhile the building was rented to a Mr Staples followed by a family evacuated from London and finally occupied by Mr Noble and his family, a local Farm Manager who also delivered milk to Rothwell houses.

For a short period of time before the final demolition of the building the Co-operative store redesigned the interior and used it for their furniture department until the sad day when fire destroyed the majority of the furniture. Finally the building was demolished and a new chemist was built and is still there today. Two more old photographs below show the building.







Moving along Bridge Street we come to **The Red Lion** on Market Hill.

It was situated on a corner of the Market Place with the entrance to the stable yard in Bridge Street, which probably had a well which supplied water for drinking and brewing the ale.

The Red Lion building as you see it today was built about 1900.

This replaced an earlier building which was more of a cottage style similar to most of the Rothwell Inns of about 1600. (see photographs on next page)

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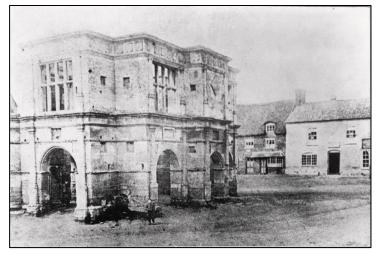
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In 1672 Justinian Isham of Lamport Hall, wrote in his diary, about the Rothwell race course at Slade Valley and visits made by members of the court of King Charles II and noblemen of the day. It is locally believed that the King and his courtiers stayed at the Red Lion during his visits.

The census of 1831 names William Beeby as the innkeeper and Kellys Directory of 1849 records Vincent Aldwinkle, as licensed victualler. Other names are:

1854 George Goodfellow - licensed victualler (and also from 1866 – 1869)

1874 - William Capp was also a licensed victualler

1874-1894 Ephraim Willis was recorded as innkeeper. During that period the 1881 Census also included his wife Emma Willis and eight children.

1898 Mr Robert Chettle was named as Hotelier.

Kelly's Directory of 1903 records that the Red Lion was a Family and Commercial Hotel & Posting House with William Henry House as the proprietor. He was also Agent to the Midland Railway Company. The Red Lion was classed as a Principal Hotel with a bus service to and from Desborough Station to meet all Principle Trains. (The Railway Station was originally intended to be built in Rothwell but the hilly terrain between Kettering on the south west of Rothwell brought about a change of plan in favour of stations at Desborough and Kettering, by-passing Rothwell to the East).

Rothwell Burial Records also list the deaths at the Red Lion of Alan Dines in 1923, Jane Dines in 1927 and Jenny Muir in 1929.

Frederick Walter Beal was named as the Proprietor from 1936 to 1945 and Les and May Reynolds took over.

When he left, Bill Carroll and his wife took over and he was helped by his daughter in law Norma and husband Gordon Brown. There is a record of a Charlotte Carroll dying there in August 1969 and when the Carrolls and Browns moved out Mr Tierney became landlord.

Over the following years there was a great change in the entertainment world that had a considerable effect on the old 'Beer and Skittles' atmosphere of the local pubs and many old inns fell by the wayside. For some, the cinemas, dance halls and eventually the Bingo Halls were too much competition and changes had to be made. Out went the dartboards and skittles and in came the Disco's and a younger, sometimes more rowdy clientele. It would seem that the Red Lion was a victim of these changes and closed its doors to the public in the autumn of 2005.

The building remained closed for some time whilst various restoration works were carried out. After some months and a further change of ownership, the Red Lion was in business again with a Grand Opening in December 2006 and with completely new décor operates as a Free House.

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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Over 50 different type of batteries in stock to fit any make of watch or clock.

Watch Repairs

Any make of watch repaired with free estimates on all repairs.



Watch Straps & alterations

Strap alterations and repairs including new pins, buckles and clasps on metal & leather straps.



Watch Batteries

Watch Batteries



watch/timepiece

We also repair and buy second hand quality watches



















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Ring re-sizing, stone repacements, necklace & bracelet repairs on any Gold, Silver and precious metals.

Free Estimates, all repairs fully guaranteed.

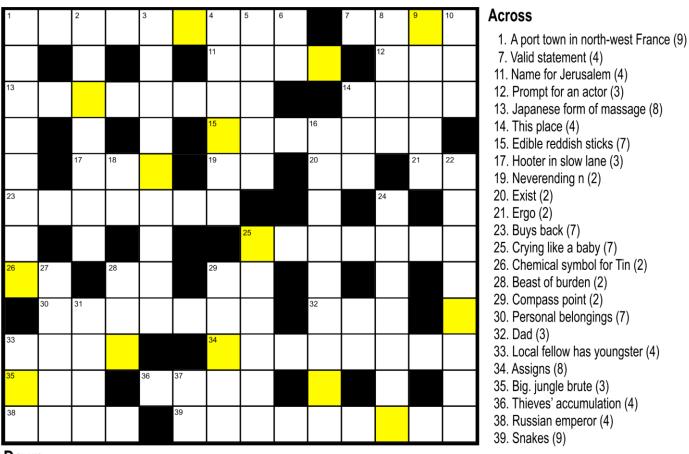


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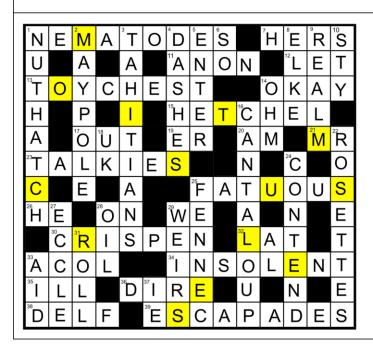


Down

1. Artificial reservoir (8) 9. Restricts (5) 25. Evening bell or prayer (6) 2. Serial part (7) 10. Golf peg (3) 27. Low tides (5) 3. Domineering older women (9) 14. Cured pork leg (3) 28. Absent, on leave (3) 4. Seizes a throne (6) 29. Plant support (5) 16. Punt propeller (9) 5. Hindu sage (5) 31. leaping insect (4) 18. Two of us (2) 6. Leave, depart (2) 33. Ocelot, for instance (3) 22. Rejected people (8) 8. Maple genus (4) 37. Preposition (2) 24. Castle trap for anglers (7)

Rearrange the yellow squares to spell something in a parade (8,6)

Answers in next Issue



Answer to last issues crossword Summer Solstice

Where do you read yours?



This month the magazine has travelled to Malta. Two of our readers, Pam and Sharon Hill are pictured outside the Hotel Phoenicia in Valletta.

They tell us that the afternoon tea was delicious. But was it as good as that served in the Vintage Tea room at the Heritage Centre?



Leading Ear Care Specialists achieving amazing results time and time again

From the moment of the hearing aids being switched on Mr Barton said he could hear his wife talking to the dog in the kitchen!

Mr Barton shares his full experience at Hear4u and how his new hearing aids have changed his day to dav life.

With new clients at Hear4u and we always aim to

For your Free Hearing Assessment call Rothwell 01536 713775

Mr Barton has suffered with a hearing loss since the young age of 8 years old, so has been using hearing aids for most of his childhood and adult life. Just before Christmas he accidently dropped his hearing aids in the toilet (we are almost all guilty of dropping objects such as mobile phones down the loo). Panicking on how he would manage to carry on through his day to day life without his hearing aids,he used some

15 years old NHS hearing aids that have been in the draw to see him through - unfortunately having no luck, continuing to struggle.

Hear4u ordered Mr Barton some Unitron Moxi Fit 600 as requested by the customer. These were received next day and Mr Barton was booked in for a home visit delivery as soon as possible.

Our fantastic audiologist arrived at Mr Barton's house prompt with all the equipment needed, including his new hearing aids! Paris professionally fitted the hearing aids and made sure Mr Barton was comfortable with the fit and settings of the aid. From the moment of the

hearing aids being switched on Mr Barton said he could hear his wife talking to the dog in the kitchen. Mr Barton had not heard certain sounds for a long time, for example if people are in a different room having a conversation. He could also hear the wind and the rain on the conservatory roof again something he could not hear with his old hearing aids.

Fabulous home service available

Mr Barton was delighted he was receiving his new hearing aids in the comfort of his own home, not having to go outside of his comfort zone or worrying how he will travel to his appointment. Paris was very thorough explaining procedures and the technology of the hearing aid, for example; how the hearing aids work, plus how to change wax traps, batteries, domes and what is included in the Hear4u package. Mr Barton is over the moon with his hearing aids, how they fit, how they look- they are smaller, sleeker and better

sounding compared to his old

hearing aids.

Hear4u Rothwell:

28 Bridge Street, Rothwell **NN146JW**

Come in today for a **FREE** consultation and hearing test. www.hear4u.co.uk

Rothwell Ladies Thursday Club

We generally meet in the Methodist Church, every Thursday evening during School term time, at 8pm. All new visitors and members are very welcome. Admission for members is £2 and for non- members is £2.50 (includes tea/ coffee and biscuits.

Our programme for July/ August is:

July 5th National Trust Gardens. An illustrated talk by Margaret Hawkins

July 12th What's in a name? The street names of Rothwell by Ann Rowlett

July 19th Visit to Glendon Hall Gardens Rosie Bose

August 16th An informal coffee evening.

We meet back on 6th September with a talk entitled Mary's Meals - a scheme to send paperbacks to children in Africa.

For more information please contact Janette Rowland on 01536 711012 or email janetterowland@hotmail.com

Rothwell Ladies Raise Money for Air Ambulance Service

In April, the Rothwell Ladies Thursday Club held a fashion show to raise money for their chosen charity, The Air Ambulance Service. It was a resounding success and raised over £800.

Following the event, Keith Brown from The Air Ambulance Service went along to one of their meetings recently and gave a talk on the work the Service. Afterwards, he was presented with a cheque for £811 by the Thursday Club Chairlady, Barbara Farmer.

Keith said "We are very grateful for this donation. It is actions like this that keep the Air Ambulance saving lives".

Well done to all involved in organising the event and thank you to all who supported it.



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