



Granny Helen Shields and Miss Tucker, the governess. Isley Walton. c.1935



Mr John Gillies Shields, in silk hat and morning suit, escorting his daughter Louise May to the church at Isley Walton on the occasion of her wedding. She married Captain Aubrey G de Appleby-Moore MC on 1st September 1917



Mr John (Johnny) Shields was the eldest son of Mr John Gillies Shields J.P., D.C. Born on 1st February 1882 and educated at Derby School he afterwards turned his attention to land agency as well as farming, which he studied on upwards of a thousand acres, his father's property. He was a regular rider with local hunts including the Quorn, Atherstone, Weynell, Lord Harrington's and Foremark Harriers. Among his other pastimes were shooting, fishing and village cricket. He played for Leicestershire county cricket team from 1906 until at least 1913. Summer 1909

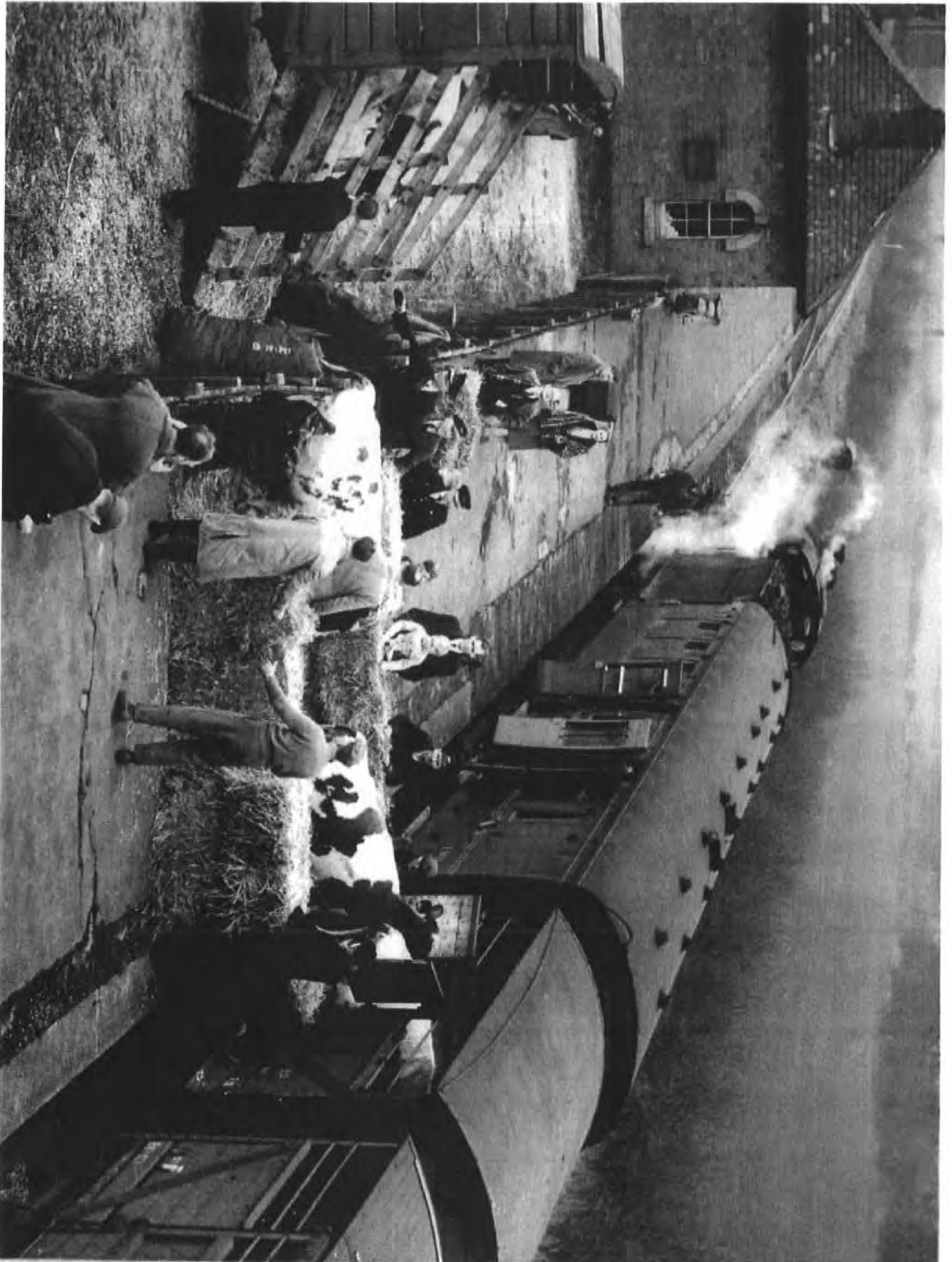
Mr & Mrs JG Shields' grandchildren c.1935 From L to R: John, Charlie, Kathleen, Geraldine, Jean, David, Rosamund, Peter Moore, Gillies and Donald



Captain CF Shields M.C. (2nd from right) parading one of the Leicestershire Regiment's colours through Castle Donington with the colour party. July 1914



Carrying the other colour is his future brother-in-law Aubrey de A' Moore. Both were awarded the Military Cross serving in France where Captain Shields lost a leg. Both were members of the 5th Battalion (TA) Leicestershire Regiment (The Tigers).



Dick and Edith Dibs-Smith moving their cattle from Bredon Brand to Cornwall, Torge Station, 1960.

Helping load the cattle and standing with their backs to the camera are farming friends, Bob Forman from Stenson and Bob's brother in law, Eric Foster from Park Farm



*The railway was single track from Melbourne to Ashby. Tonge Station was really quite pretty. 1955*

Mr and Mrs Dibb-Smith decided to move to Cornwall but instead of having a farm sale decided to take everything with them by chartering a special train. Breedon &



*Tonge Station 1962. Soon after the station closed it was bought by Captain Shields and converted into a dwelling house with dog kennels and began to look quite smart again.*

Tonge station had been closed in 1959 but was officially reopened on 31st March 1960 to deal with the removal. The farm

implements were loaded on the side and end loading docks and the livestock, 35 head of cattle and 7 calves, were loaded over the platform between walls made with bales of hay. The train left at 4.30pm with eight passengers and with one stop to water the cattle, arrived at St Erth, Cornwall to a pot of tea made by station staff. Even the farm cats seemed to enjoy the train ride.

Tonge & Breedon station was very busy during the war moving tanks and lorries to and from the R.A.S.C and R.A.O.C vehicle repair depot at Donington Park and had ramps specially made for loading tanks and tracked vehicles. On one occasion the steam engine drew some wagons loaded with tanks down the shunting neck too fast and couldn't stop. The weight of the tanks pushed the engine through the buffer stops and it fell on its side in the field. Whilst the engineer quickly shovelled out the fire, the fireman jumped to the ground. The engineer followed but landed on a rock and broke his ankle.

*Mick Shaw*

Tonge Station was quite an important link for us with the outside world and transport by rail was really quite efficient. Father could order chickens from a breeder in Cumberland and confidently expect them to arrive the following day at Tonge Station. When the railway opened through to Ashby on 1st January 1874 grandmother said the whole village went on a day excursion and it was very exciting.

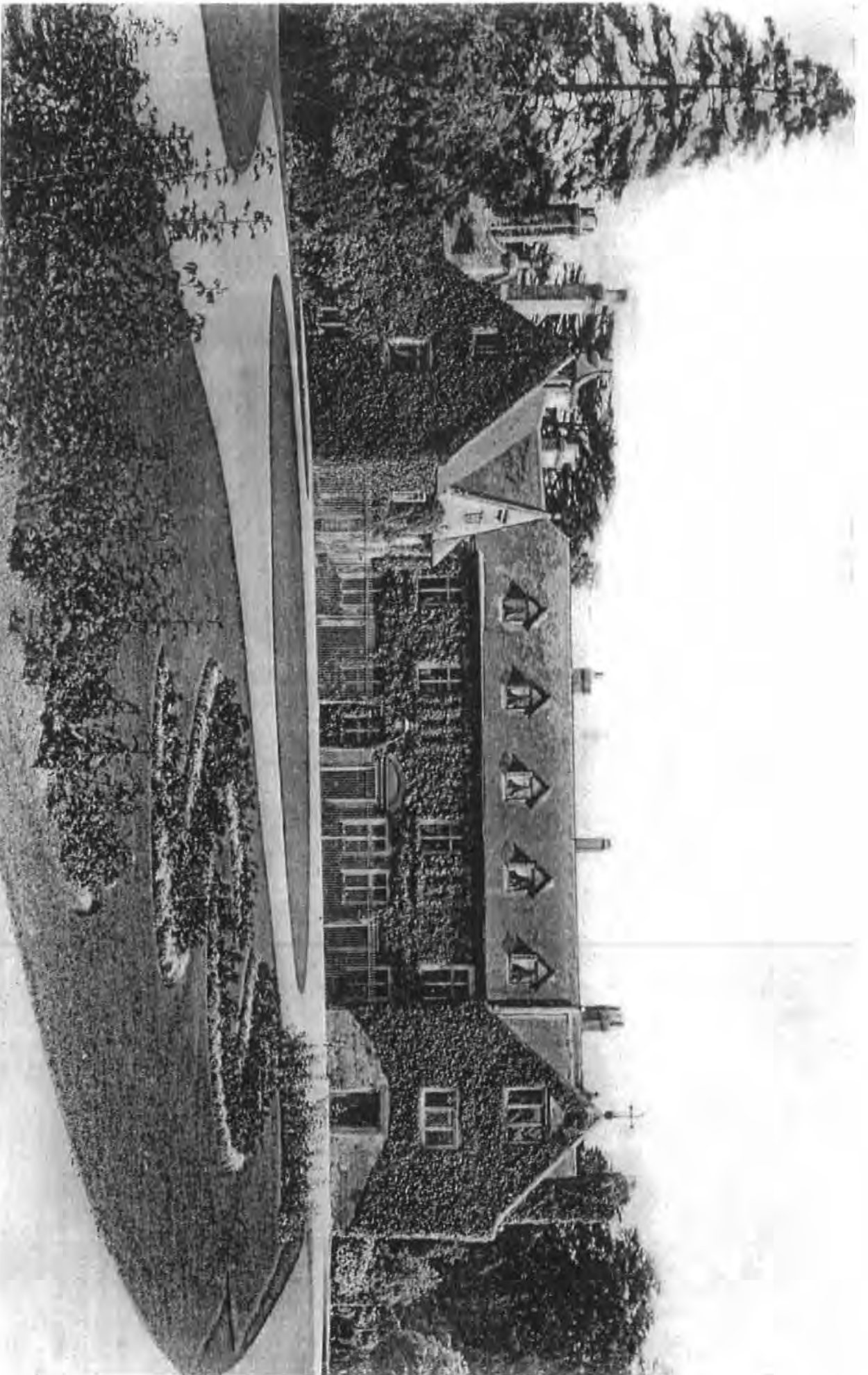
*Mary Sowter*

When I was a little girl I hurt my leg quite badly and had to go to Derby Childrens Hospital for many months. Mother and I would catch the 8.25am from Tonge for treatment at Derby and would not get home again until 4.30pm. It made it a long day but it was the only way we could get to and from the city.

*Mary Lacey*



*Lifting the track in Tonge cutting soon after the line closed. 1980*



There are records of a building being on this site since the 11th century when William and Burgia Pantulf, during the reign of King Canute, founded a small nunnery dedicated to the Virgin Mary. For almost five hundred years it remained a nunnery until 1535 when, at the dissolution of the monasteries, the property passed to the Grey family. 150 years later in 1686, the Greys sold the estate to Richard Cheslyn a Birmingham merchant and the Cheslyn family remained for 143 years.

In 1829 John Shakespear retired as Professor of Oriental Languages and, with his savings, bought Langley Priory. John was born at Lount in 1774, the son of a farmer. He was a clever lad and came to the attention of the lord of the manor, Lord Moira, who arranged for him to receive a good education in London. John went on to become an eminent linguist. Upon John's death in 1859, the estate passed to his

nephew, Charles Shakespear, who lived to the generous age of 88 years, passing away in 1899. He was succeeded by his son Charles B Shakespear and he in turn was succeeded by his son John Hornby Shakespear. John died in 1971 aged 59 without issue and the estate was bought by Mr Hine. He sold the estate to the present owner, Mr J Wagstaff in the late 1980's.



*Langley Priory in 1930.*

*At the end of the entrance hall can be seen a white marble bust of John Shakespear. John lived at the house between 1829 and 1859. The gardens were always beautifully kept by Mr Barber the gardener.*



When I was 14, I left school at Easter. Mrs Barber said a housemaid was needed at Langley and arranged for me to meet Mrs Shakespear. I had an interview during which one of my reprimanders was "Righto". She told me not to say "Righto" but to say "Yes M" or "Yes Ma'am." My mother was told I had to have a morning and an afternoon dress, blue cotton and black silky material respectively, removable white collars for the black dress, large white aprons for mornings and small ones for

afternoons and caps, black shoes and stockings. My mother made my black dress and afternoon aprons. The home-made aprons were not as nice as bought ones but once they had been to the laundry a time or two and come back white and starched they looked alright. My wages were to be £1 10 shillings per calendar month, (£18 per annum) and live in and half a day off a week



*One rose at 6.00am, had a little wash and dressed. The kitchen maid went off to light the kitchen stove and the three house maids collected their boxes containing brushes, polishes etc and set off "through the front." The head housemaid did the sitting room where there was a fire to attend to every day. The second housemaid Lucy Rushon and Amy Simpson with their bicycles at the entrance to Langley Priory. 1919*



*This photograph shows, from the left, Miss Walker the lady's maid, Mrs Bignall the cook, Miss Lois Wright the housemaid and my mother Mrs Amy Barber (nee Simpson). Brother Arthur and I, Mary Sowter, are sitting in front on the duckboard with the parasol. We lived in Tonge and mother would sometimes receive an invitation from Miss Walker, who was very prim and proper, to take tea in the servants' hall. It was great fun. June 1927*



*The gardens were beautifully kept, with neat flower beds and well manicured lawns. 1920*

did the front stairs and the hall and I did the corridor, and an occasional extra was the gun room at the end of the corridor. Evelyn did the dining room too but it wasn't used all that much so it didn't amount to the same work. We swept all the carpets on our hands and knees with a brush and dust pan, thoroughly, then dusted and polished. I worked out I spent 4 hours a day on my knees. We didn't have a Hoover - yes, they had been invented but we couldn't have one. It might have woken the gentry.

There were four in the family. Mr and Mrs Shakespear, Mr John and Miss Roesia. Mr Shakespear led the life of a quiet country gentleman. Mr John went shooting and Miss Roesia went to play golf sometimes, fed the dog - that is, after the bowl had been prepared for her to put down for him, and did the flowers.

We had to be finished "through the front" before they came down to breakfast. We didn't have to be either heard or seen, and if by some horrible mischance you found yourself where you shouldn't be, or in their presence, you lowered your eyes and removed yourself as quickly as possible.

There were 7 of us servants. Cook and kitchen maid, butler, three housemaids and the sewing maid. After breakfast and having finished the front rooms, our work took us to do the bedrooms. Miss Roesia also had a sitting room on the first floor, and that was my job but I didn't have to do any of the family's bedrooms as, being the junior it was my job to sweep and dust the six bedrooms occupied by the servants.

The butler's bedroom was a bit away from the others. I didn't have to go in there. Our six rooms led each one from the other. The cook had the end one so no-one went through hers. I had the first one so everyone went through mine. Our only washing facilities were a jug of hot water brought up with you from the kitchen when you went up to wash, and a jug of cold water on the wash stand. The only toilet facilities upstairs were chamber pots, and we had a kind of sink which slops were emptied down. It was in a dark poky corner just at the foot of the four steps up to my room.

The proper toilets were outside. On the first floor "through the front" the gentry had a bathroom and toilet. We were not of course allowed to use that.

*Ida Wright*



*Charles Bowles Shakespear with his wife Mary Ann rafting on the middle lake at Langley 1908*



*CB Shakespeare and his wife Mary Anne standing by the dining room window. c.1923*



*CB Shakespeare in his study at Langley Priory. 1919*

*Mary Anne with pony and trap and attentive groom. 1935*



John Shakespeare was a very nice man and suffered a double blow during the war. He was captured during a raid on Germany and remained a prisoner of war for the next 3 years.

Tragically during the time he was a prisoner both his mother and his dear sister Roesia died. It must have been a dreadful blow.



*Mary Anne with posed horse. The groom's hand is holding something in which the horse is interested. c.1925*

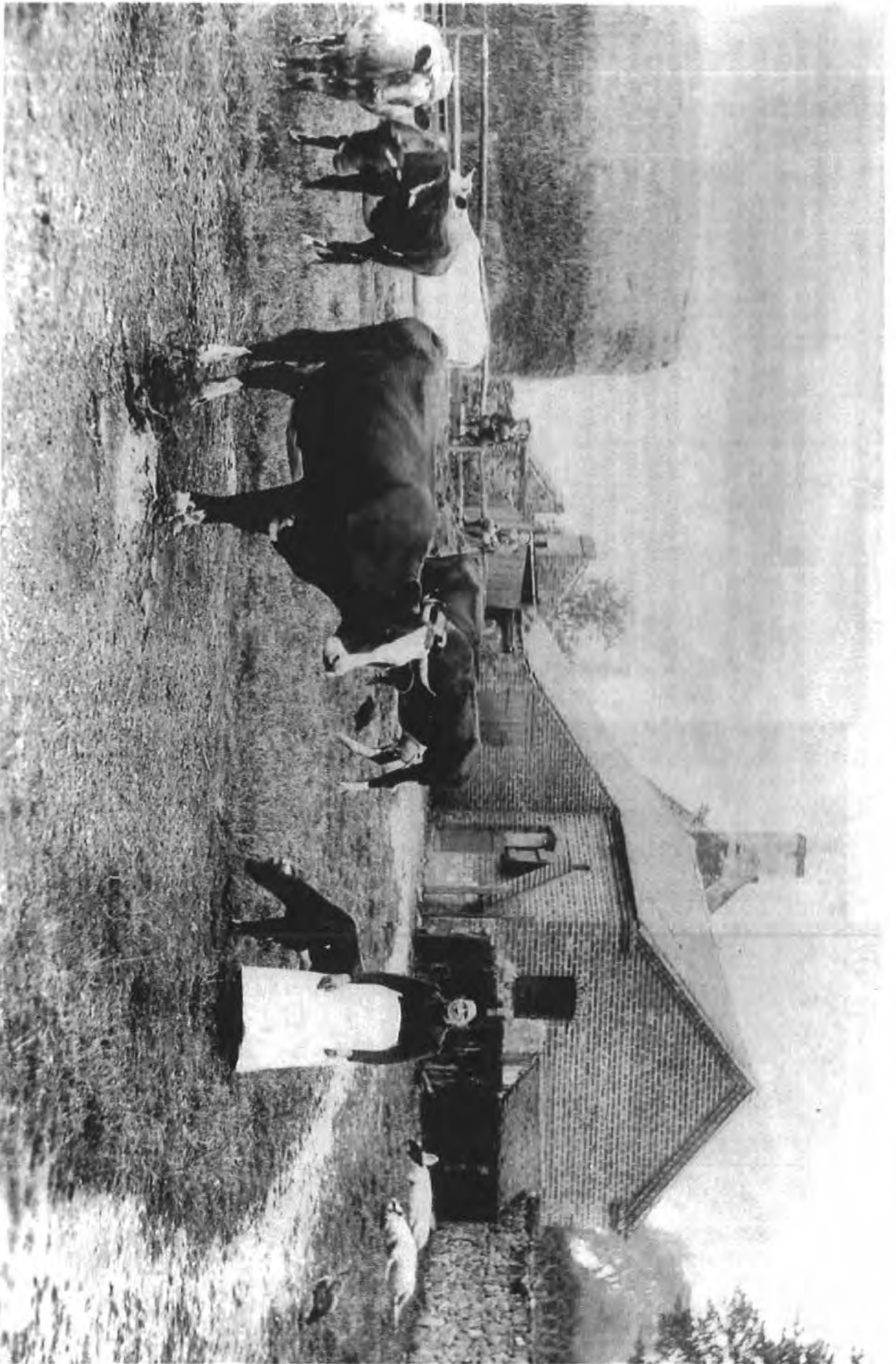
John died in 1971 leaving his entire fortune to Mrs D Bruxner Randall who lived in France.



*Miss Roesia. c.1935*



*Mr John. c.1935*



The Croft next door to Church View collage. This is Mrs Clarke with her animals and two grandsons. August 1900





Moor Lane, Tonge, before the bypass was built in 1966.

Tonge village is believed to have derived its name from being located on the tongue of land between Bredeon brook and Tonge brook.

Our animals were very important to us and were looked after very well. Each of the cows was named, usually after a flower, Daisy, Primrose, Violet and Rose and the pigs were given girls names, Felicity, Priscilla and Angela.

One one occasion I had measles and the doctor called by, as they did in those days. I was quite weak and a little feverish and when the doctor asked me how I felt, the most important thing on my mind was going to see Priscilla's new children. The doctor thought I was delicious but mother explained the pig had farrowed that morning. The doctor wrapped me in a blanket, picked me up and we all went down to the sty to see Priscilla and her new piglets.

We kept three cows and this was more than sufficient for our needs. Unlike today, a calf was allowed to suckle from its mother and when the calf had had sufficient, we would milk the cow for our requirements. After a cow has calved the first milk produced, called "beastings," is really rich and creamy and you have never tasted egg custard like "beastings" thick egg custard.

Mr White at Tonge Hall farm sold milk and this had to be collected from him before 8.30am when the churns were sent to the station for the milk train. If a customer

was too late they went to Bella Newbold's. Bella would call her cow "Ina" from the orchard. Dutifully Ina would stroll over to the kitchen door and wait patiently while Bella milked a jugful for her customer.

Mary Sowler

Bella Newbold was a great village character. She kept a menagerie of animals and I remember old Mr Cartington who lived opposite going across to her and saying "Your calf's been blotting all night and I'm not a-heving it!"

Bill Foster used to cut hair in his wooden shed in his garden on Sunday mornings. He would average about 20 customers in the morning.

Ida Wright

**HOME GROWN TOMATOES**  
only 25p per lb.

**BROOK FARM NURSERIES**  
TONGE, near BREEDON-ON-THE-HILL  
Telephone Mableton 3452

**BEDDING PLANTS** 42p per box  
Mushrooms usually available

Fresh fruit and vegetables were grown and distributed locally. 1966. The Brook Farm Nurseries are still being run today, by Mick Shaw, but produce mainly flowers.



Priscilla Powdrell milking a cow on the Croft, Moor Lane, Tonge. 1830. The Croft was next door to Church View and, as the painting shows, had its own dovecote



Church View Cottage: 1900



*Joshua and Jane Barber in 1877 shortly after taking over the Beer Off-licence in Tonge. Twenty years later Joshua sadly died. Jane then applied to Ashby magistrates and in a special session was granted the licence in March 1898.*

The beer off-licence in Tonge was granted to Thomas Powdrill in 1873 when the "Lord Nelson" public house in the village was partly demolished to make way for the railway cutting. The licence permitted him to retail beer, ale and porter from his cottage. He was also allowed to sell tobacco and snuff.

On 8th August 1877 Mr Joshua Barber of Church View cottage took over the inventory of the beer off-licence from Mr Powdrill. In March 1898 Mr Barber died but his widow Jane determined to continue with the business and applied for the licence to be transferred to her. This was granted at a special session of the court in Ashby.



Their son George Henry Barber who was a gardener at Langley Priority and met and married Amy Simpson, the cook. In time George and Amy took over the off-licence and continued with the business until 1965 when, aged 76 and 70 respectively, they retired.

The beer was kept in large barrels and sold by the jug to the men who worked on the land. At meal times they would bring their food, buy their ale and sit out by the hedge alongside the road.



*Church View Cottage, with Aunt Nellie and Jane Barber at the door. 1900*

*Jane's name is on the board as licensee above the front door.*



*Church View Cottage. 1942*

*A soldier calling at the beer off-licence for some beer.*

I was brought up during the 1920's and 30's in Tonge on a smallholding of approximately eight and a half acres. It was a very happy childhood and we were never bored - usually busy helping with domestic and farm animals, harvesting crops and running a kitchen garden. The smallholding was largely self-sufficient and we produced almost all of our own food. Any food surpluses would be sold or more

usually bartered for any other materials we might need. Until 1932 we had no electricity or mains water supply, so paraffin lamps were used for lighting and we fetched our water from the pump in the garden.

Most animals had names and were part of the family. Tim the collie, Mary Rose the cat, Chirpy the canary, Doodles the tortoise, Billy Boy a large Dutch rabbit and Sandy, Lucy and Jenny the ferrets. Our livestock included 3 cows Primrose, Violet and Daisy who produced our milk. From the surplus, mother would make 22 to 30 lbs of butter each week. There were 25 hens for eggs and for eating, which included Black Leghorns, White Leghorns, White Wyandots and Rhode Island Reds.



The Church View cottage pump which supplied all of our water. 1925



Arthur and me with our poultry at Church View. The varieties include White Leghorns, Black Leghorns, White Wyandots and Rhode Island Reds. 1925



Arthur and me in the meadow with Primrose, one of our three cows. Violet is behind us. 1926.

Our favourite hen was Henrietta, a Rhode Island Red, who lived for many years. She once hatched a brood of ducklings and went frantic when they headed for the brook. Three large black sows called Minnie, Marion and Margaret produced numerous piglets but these remained unnamed as they were soon sold. One pig would be killed each autumn to provide ham, bacon, sausages and pork pies. Once, Charlie, a weanling piglet was raised by hand and he lived in a dog kennel.



Arthur and me hard at work feeding Marion's piglets. Marion was one of our three large black sows. 1927

We had two large gardens and in one grew vegetables for our own consumption and in the other mangolds for the cows, alternating each year. In the orchard were apple and damson trees and soft fruit bushes; gooseberries, raspberries, black, white and red berries. There was a large rhubarb patch and a herb garden with parsley, sage, thyme and mint. Mushrooms would be gathered from the fields in season and hazel nuts from two nut trees. Crab apples were collected for jelly and watercress was harvested from the brook.



*Mother, brother Arthur and me sitting on the brick bridge over the brook in the meadow. 1925.*

Butter was exchanged with Mr Handford the baker for bread and with Mr Bosworth the grocer for tea, sugar and flour etc.. Surplus rabbits were exchanged with Mr Garton for meat, and surplus vegetables with Mr Pass the greengrocer for oranges. Finally, elderflowers, cowslips and dandelions were collected for home made wine. Every scrap of food was used. Potato and vegetable scraps were boiled for the pigs. Fat was rendered down and used for pastry. Dripping from the Sunday joint was used on toast for supper. Fallen apples were stewed and sealed in large brown pots for winter use.



*Arthur and me with our wheelbarrow. 1923.*

Picked apples were carefully stored on racks in a frost free shed. Runner beans were salted to preserve them and tomatoes and gooseberries bottled. Raspberries, currants, blackberries and apples were made into jam, a minimum of 52lbs, one for each week of the year. Beetroot, red cabbage and onions were pickled and stored in the cellar and apples and onions made into chutney.

Any time we had off was spent climbing trees and playing in the brook that ran through the smallholding. We salted home-made boats under the bridge and fished for minnows. With other children in the village, we played cricket, football and rounders. Hop scotch too but only on the railway bridge as the only flagstones in the village were there and skipping was quite a favourite. We roamed the fields to see how many different wild flowers or how many different trees we could find and identify. We did go bird's nesting but did not take the eggs - we only identified them.

At Easter we picked primroses and violets to decorate the church and on Shrove Tuesday as well as pancakes we would receive whips and tops, shuttlecocks and battledores. We rolled hoops with sticks, learned to ride an old bicycle in the fields and played five stones - known as "snobs." And of course we went to school, walking there and back, Sunday School and Girl Guides.

In the evenings by the light of a paraffin lamp we would play cards and make jigsaw puzzles and there was a limited number of books but in the poor light they were not easy to read. We were never bored and our parents encouraged us to take an interest in our magical world. We had our own plot of garden at 4 years old and grew beetroot, carrots, Californian poppies and marigolds, carefully collecting the seeds to sow the following year. We dug and picked potatoes, hoed mangolds and when I was older was allowed to sterilise the milk separator with boiling salt water. Milk from the cows was separated twice a day whilst still warm. Cream for butter making, skimmed milk for calves and piglets and buttermilk for making scones.

We cared for our own animals, ensuring they had food, water and clean bedding. We had our own little brushes to sweep the garden path and part of our duties were to collect sticks for the fire using a little wheelbarrow and a box on pram wheels. We learned to knit and and sew and do French knitting at an early age. Saturday morning tasks included washing the aspidistra leaves with milk to make them shine.

*Mary Sower*



*Mary Rose the cat, and me. 1928.*



*Arthur building a bonfire. 1923.*



*Father, Arthur, a friend and me playing cricket in the meadow. 1923.*



Tonge Hall. 1950



*The side and rear of Tonge Hall. 1942*

Parts of Tonge Hall are thought to date from the Elizabethan era. In 1987, Tonge Hall was sold for £232,500 to Messrs Tricket and Kingdon, building partners from Nottingham. They had a reputation for refurbishing old properties to a high standard. Planning consent had already been granted for the conversion of Tonge Hall and its outbuildings. Two barns and a dovecote were converted into houses, and there was further consent for building a bungalow. Mr Kingdon said "We're anxious to preserve all the character and to embellish it within the period of the house."

Miss Cowlishaw, who lived where Mr Reynolds lives now, lived to be 99 years old and rather confounded the pundits. She had lived with her brother at Tonge Hall until she was 70 but he then sold the Hall to Mr Shakespeare of Langley Priory on the condition that an annuity of £100 pa was paid to his sister for the rest of her life. Mr Shakespeare probably hadn't reckoned on paying for 29 years!!

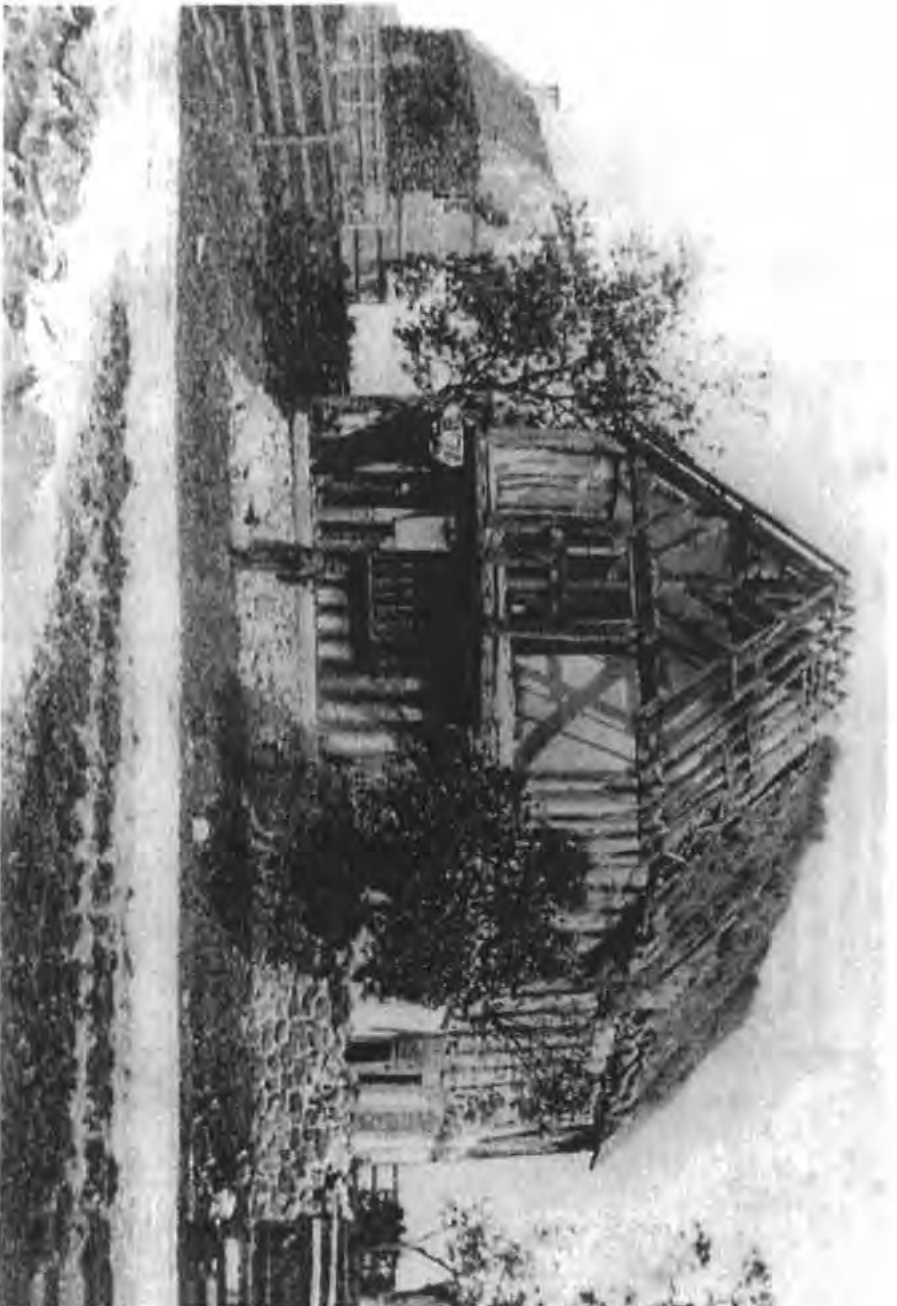
*To the north-east of Hall farm between the railway and the lane is an area of earthwork remains of old village closes. An old map dated 1758 shows two farmsteads, two orchards and a number of closes in this area.*



*The 18th century dovecote, Tonge Hall. 1942*



*A view of Breendon Hill from Tonge. 1830. The hill is complete and unquarried.*



*The Old Vicarage at Tonge lay derelict for many years. It stood at the top of The Knob where the council houses are today. In the background on the left, the Lord Nelson public house was partly demolished to make way for the cutting. The end gable was rebuilt and the property converted into two houses for railway employees. c. 1870.*



*The stationmaster's house and the Old Vicarage. c. 1870.*



*The council houses built on the site of the Old Vicarage. c. 1930.*

We grew up at White House Farm, a smallholding on Breedon Lane which we rented from Mr Joyce. We had fifteen acres and it was sufficient to make a living, but I should point out that life wasn't the consumer society we live in today. Like most people in the villages, our possessions were few. We certainly did not have all the luxuries we take for granted today. No fridge, telephone, television, CD player, dishwasher, electric iron, or washing machine. We grew our own food and entertained ourselves. And we still had dances in the village hall and village teams and societies. Sometimes life could be hard but it was fulfilling and mostly enjoyable. I have very pleasant memories. To give you a flavour of the daily routine here is an extract from my diary dated 27th May 1966.

"My turn for milking and the ground is sodden. I swing the black PVC Mac round me like a cloak, put the Macintosh hat on top of my other woolly hat and begin to trudge up the field. Clasp the collar of the Mac at the throat, I hold the back away from me hoping to stop the rain running into the backs of my wellies. Not succeeding, I'm soon across the second field and, looking over the hedge see the cows sheltering under the far hedge. I give a rough shout "Get up!" They look at my funny outfit. I round up the ones I want, keeping my eye on Sarah who doesn't quite know me in my Macintosh cape and hat. It rains steadily on. Every hoof mark is full of water and water lies everywhere. The cows are now nearing the gate but turn away, loathe to face even the first gateway. "Ho!" and I turn them again. Painfully they plod through the mud, slowly scattering but making in the direction of home. At the next gate one goes through and the rest stop at a nearby gap. Leaving the one, I give a yell or two which moves





White House Farm, Breendon Lane, 1972

there's my wellie in the mud up to the very top. I struggle and struggle and the cows all get through the gate just as I get free.

Sarah is first to be tied - I've never trusted her since she came for us when she calved. The her while she's eating, I put the lids on the buckets, next the pulsators, next the teat cups, attach the pipes, fill a bucket with hot water and I'm ready. The motor hums loudly as I switch on the milking machine. The black Mac has been discarded - can't work in that. I wash one cow's teats, put on the machine, well that's one. I wash the next. She's filthy and has chapped teats. I put some lard on them; what's happened to the proper stuff? My knees are wet and cold. I fetch the other unit shivering all over. May, with weather like this. Soon be June when the sun



Some of our cows coming in for milking in fine weather. 1966

the boss cow through the gap. Now there's only the orchard and the little field. What a pity I forgot to open the gate ready for them to go into the yard. I am now breathing heavily. We're under the last apple tree when the Jersey goes back to strand under the pear tree. "If only I had a good stick, I'd leather you." I gather them with shouts at the gate. One cow squealches to it. I follow. Her feet sink in a foot in places and the water runs back into the hole. I tie her and look for the rest. Has the Jersey gone back again? No. I make a little rush and, splash, struggle and struggle and the cows

on Spot, the devil. Always glad when it's on her. She might kick anytime. Now I'm going back to see if Carol is finished. No she's not. My knees are wet and my coat. I gave sixpence for this coat in a jumble sale. Its about time I went to another. There, she's done. Wash the unit, empty the milk and take it down to the other shed. Two in that shed, five in this. It's nothing. Wash the cow's teats,

put the unit on Morley. Just think if we had twenty five cows in the field in this weather. The mess the fields would be in. Off Morley, on to Sarah. Off Spot, on to Myrtle. Wash, empty, carry, wash. Squelch back up the yard. I wonder if anyone's had their tea. My knees are drying. I turn out the other two and, with shouts and urging, get them through the gate where they stand, chewing the cud, loathe to face the mud again. The mud has dried on the Jersey's teats and washing her is always hard. Milk her, give her calf three pints in its little red plastic bucket, and begin to turn out the rest of the cows. As I finish, I open an air tap and, with relief, stop the machine. I bring with me the last bucket of milk. The last cows reluctantly join the others in the gateway. I don't mind. If I can just shut this gate, pressing it into their heels and backsides, they can stand there all night for all I care. The units are washed with hot water and hung up. Going indoors thankfully I dry my hands and stand with my knees in front of the fire. My trousers are wet almost to the ankles.

After all of that effort, what have we got? One churn of milk - and what will we get for that?

Ida Wright



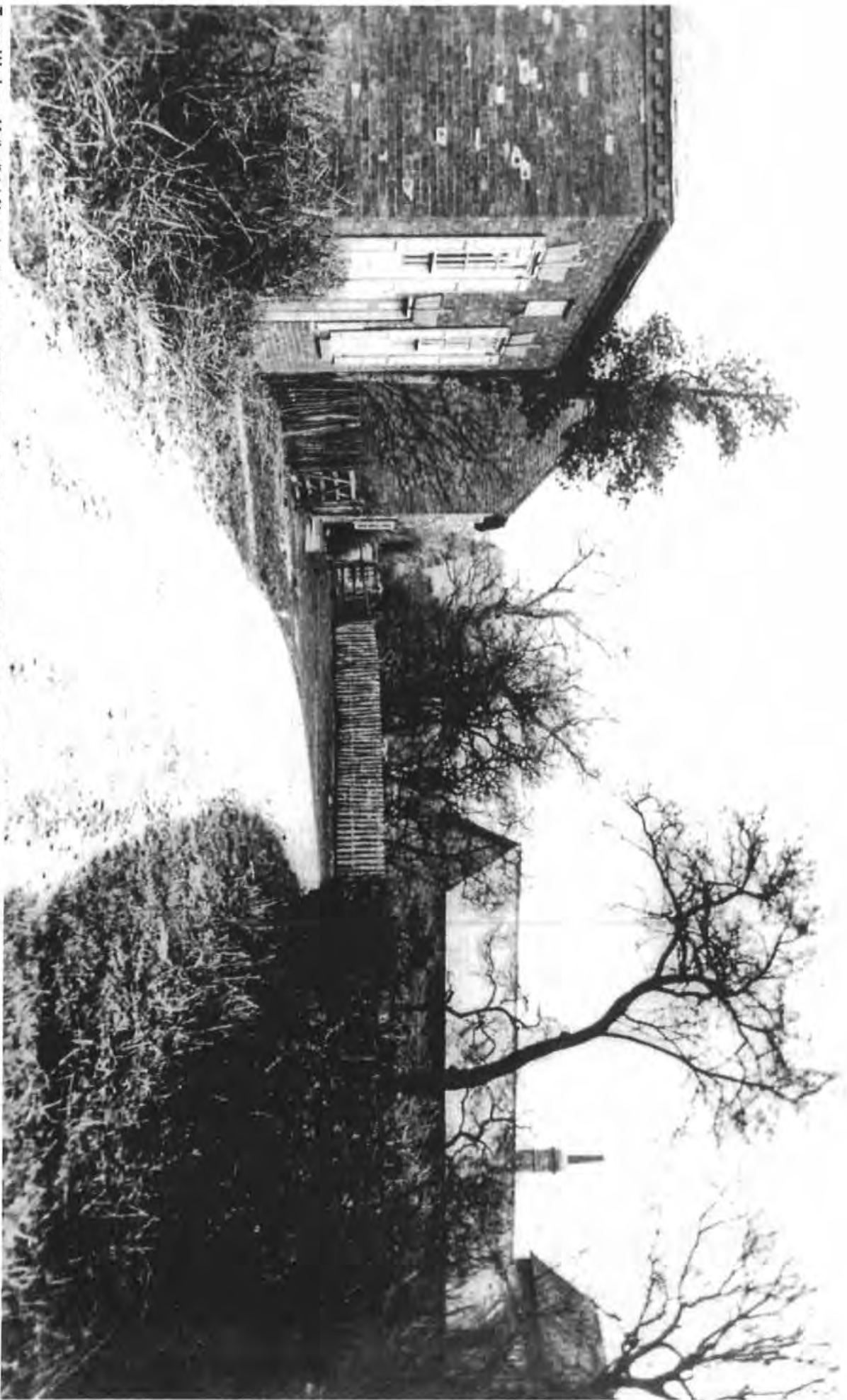
Ida Wright c.1941



Josiah Weston, Ida Wright's father, having just had a wash at the pump in the farmyard. 1942.



Clara Weston, Ida Wright's mother. c.1925



*Tonge Wesleyan Methodists' Chapel on the corner of Breardon Lane. 1900. It opened in 1828 and closed in the 1920's. In the 1930's the chapel was converted into two semi-detached dwellings.*

Methodist services were held at Mr Hall's house in the village until 1828 and it was under the following circumstances that the preaching was discontinued in his house. A gentleman of Nailstone named Mr William Cowlishaw, a Churchman, unexpectedly came into possession of considerable property in Tonge through the death of a relative,

and, wishing to confer some benefit to the village, and to show his gratitude to God for the property he had inherited, he erected, at his own expense, on his own land, the present chapel of Tonge. On the outside may be seen a tablet bearing the inscription: Wesleyan Methodist Chapel, erected by William Cowlishaw, gentleman, of Nallstone, 1828. The chapel is in the Ashby-de-la-Zouch Circuit, and was opened by the late Rev. Theophilus Lessey.

*F Taylor, The History of Brearton, 1906*



*Tonge Methodists' Chapel on Brearton Lane. It has now been converted into two semi-detached houses. 1900.*



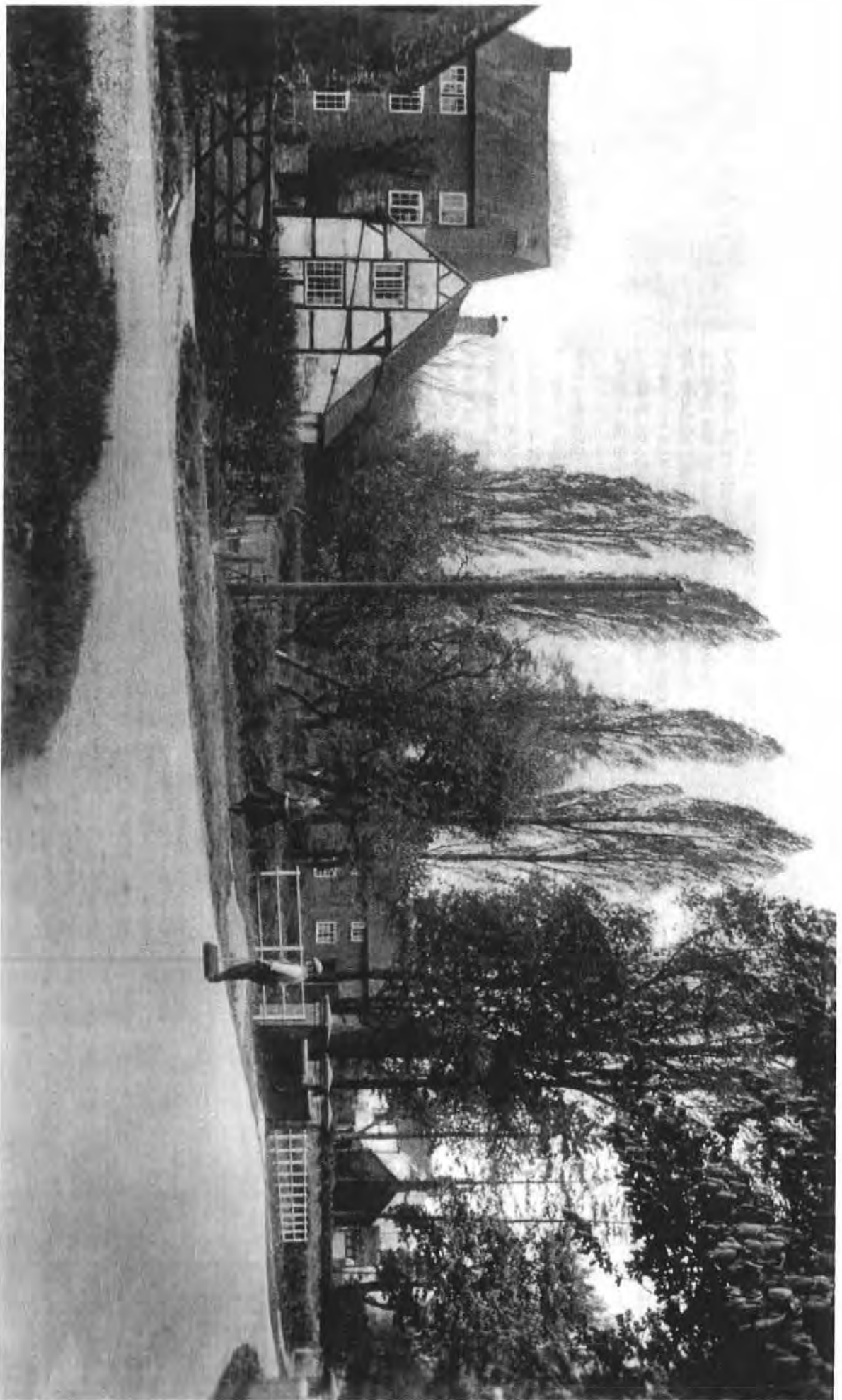
*Mr & Mrs Bancroft in the garden of Corner Cottage just before Chapel Corner. 1900*



*Looking back into Tonge along Brearton Lane from Chapel Corner. Beyond the farmhouse with the cruck gable end is Muggleston's Barn. Corner Cottage is on the right. 1900.*



*Celebrating Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee in Mugglestone's Barn. Tonge Farm, 1897. Fourth from the left is Sarah Ann Muggleston. Behind her, at the back, is 12 year old George Barber, Mary Sowler's father.*



*Jabus Draper, the road sweeper, near the bridge over the brook in Tonge. c. 1925.*

One year, Ivy and I hauled a log from near Cloud Hill down the brook to Tonge. It took us ages. Most days we'd go and haul it another few yards. It was our self-made project for the summer holidays. We called it the "Old Lass." It was a useless thing to do, but fun while it lasted. Other games which occupied us were Cricket, top-spinning, Battledore and Shuttlecock - shuttlecocks were made with hen's feathers and a cork - and all played in the road. Cars were few and far between.

*Ida Wright*



Mr Hall's house where Methodism started in the Breedon area. 1900

Although the chapel was not built until 1828, Methodism had long flourished in the quiet hamlet of Tonge, for in the year 1764 it was introduced by a Mr. Hall who lived in the house now owned by Sir M. J. Joyce, Kt., and occupied by Mr. T. Lacey. There he built a large kitchen in which for many years the gospel was preached.

The Rev. W. Sellon, curate of Breedon, was a lodger at Mr Hall's, and both he and his friend, the Rev. Fletcher, at times spoke from the movable rostrum used on such occasions. Mr. Hall was for over fifty years a staunch supporter of Methodism.

*F Taylor, The History of Breedon. 1906*



Tim Lacey, my great-uncle when he was 45. 1899. He lived in this house for many years. I remember him well. He died in 1929.



A beautiful tapestry embroidered by Elizabeth Lacey when she was 11 years of age and attending Isley Walton school in 1871. It was believed to be a Dame's school which local children could attend for 1d per week?

John William Lacey and his twin sister Sarah Elizabeth Lacey born 6th Sept 1890 photographed on a chair draped with a fur skin at E Martin's Photographic Studio, Melbourn.



My Aunt Annie Lacey. In her teens she went into service in London but occasionally used to visit. 1910

# BREEDON LODGE FARM,

## A VERY COMFORTABLE RESIDENCE,

On the Embodice, Commanding Extensive Views,  
APPLICABLE TO A CARRIAGE DRIVE,

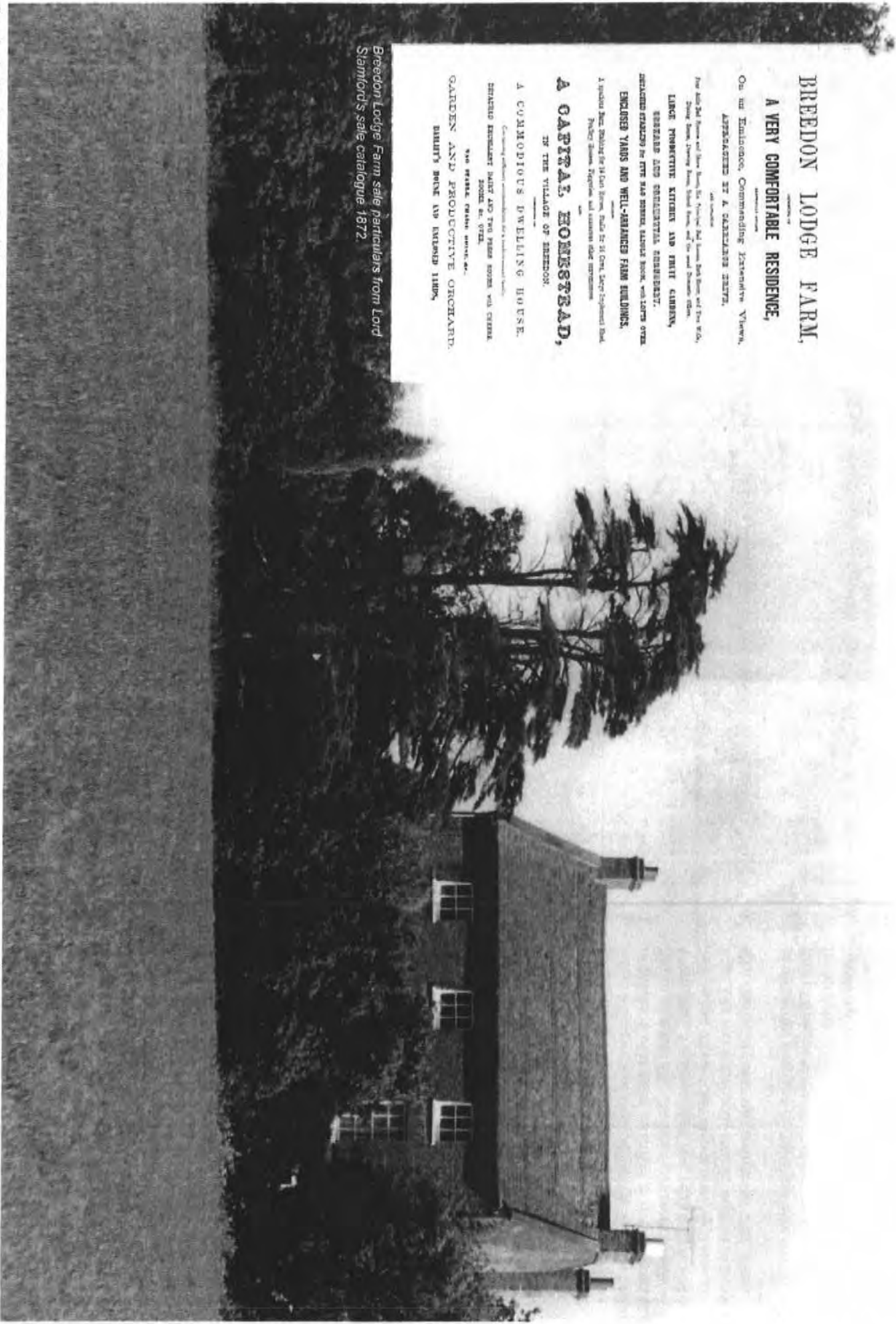
Five Acres and Three Roods, Six Perches, and Four Rods and Two Yards,  
Being Seven, Twenty Acres, Three Roods, and Two and a Half Acres, with  
LARGE PINEAPPLE KITCHEN AND FINE GARDENS,  
REARDED AND CONSIDERABLE RESERVE,  
ENCLOSED STABLES FOR FIVE HAY HORSES, STABLE ROOM, and LOFTS OVER  
ENCLOSED YARDS AND WELL-MANAGED FARM BUILDINGS.

## A CAPITAL HOMESTEAD, IN THE VILLAGE OF BREEDON.

### A COMMODIOUS DWELLING HOUSE.

BRANDED KITCHEN, BATH AND TWO BED ROOMS, with CLOSET,  
SCHOOL ROOM, &c. &c.  
THE FINEST CRACKS, &c. &c.  
GARDEN AND PRODUCTIVE ORCHARD,  
BIRCH'S BOND AND RICHES 11800,

Breedon Lodge Farm sale particulars from Lord  
Stamford's sale catalogue 1872.



Breedon Lodge Farm. 1979. Breedon lodge was a very important place in the 17th and 18th centuries. Half a mile down the hill stood the original moated lodge. The moat is still visible.

The original Lodge in Breedon Park was a large house. A description in Nichols History of Leicestershire of 1652 records just how big.

"All that parcel of ground commonly called or known by the name of Breedon Park with a dwelling house thereon built called the Lodge, consisting of a hall, a parlour, a kitchen with thirteen other rooms below and above stairs; which said Lodge is moated round having a garden, orchard, barn, stable with several other outhousing with a backside or fold yard all of which premises are parcel of the manor of Breedon."

The present house stands higher up the hill and was constructed in the 19th century.



Breedon Lodge Farm built in the 19th century: 1979



Breedon Cloud Wood is being carefully managed and looks now much as it did in medieval times: 1980.



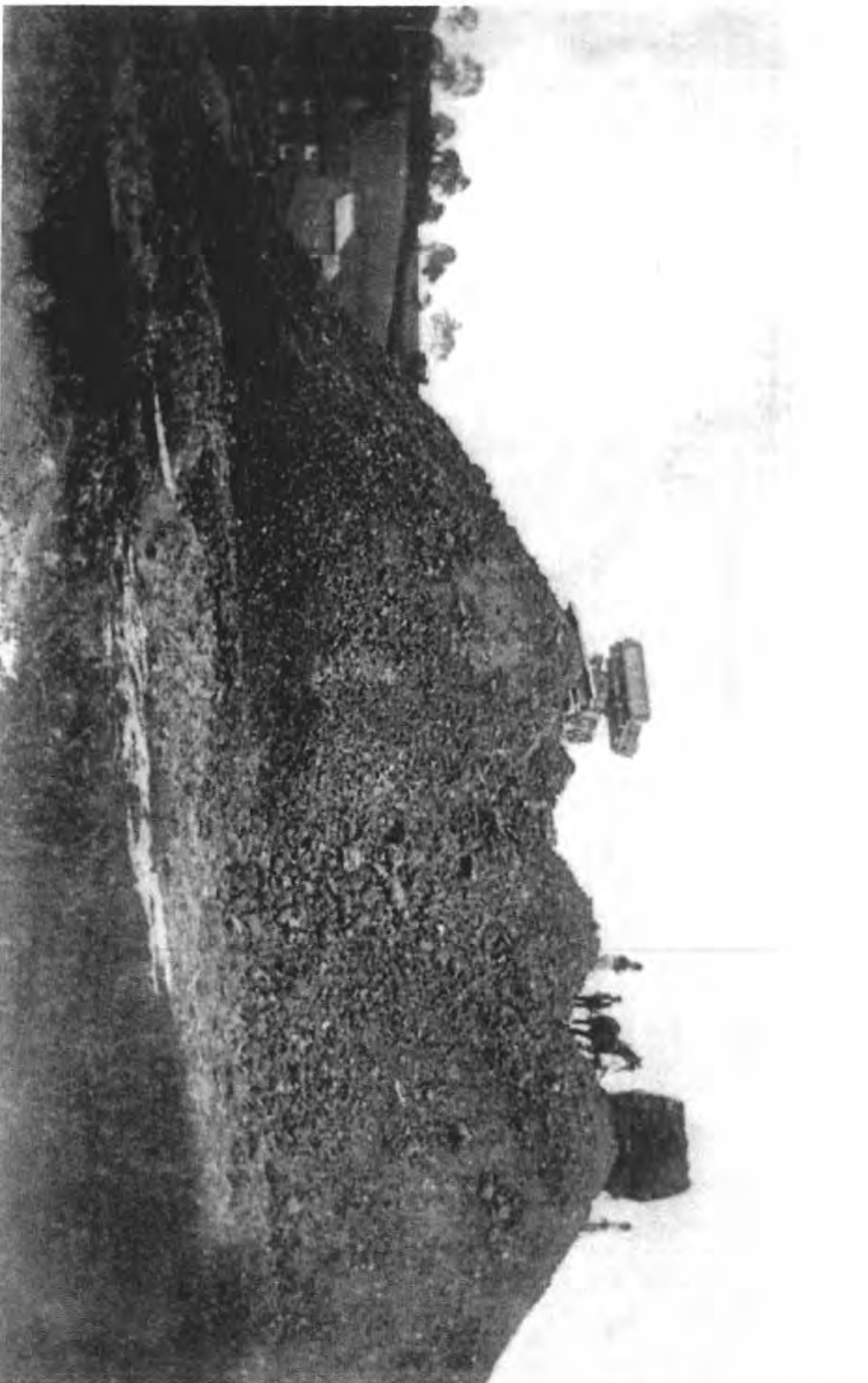
Halfway down the slope from the Grange towards Tonge brook is the site of the old moated manor house. Standing in front of the moat are Kate Hickken and a friend.



Cloud Hill Wood is an ancient wood referred to in the Domesday Book

As part of the war effort, the standing timber in Breedon Cloud Wood was sold by Mr Shields to Harlow Brothers of Long Whetton. The clear felling of timber which then extended to over 110 acres was begun at once. The mature trees were mostly Oak, Wych Elm, Sycamore and Ash with a typical age of 150 years. There were also a few Yew, Lime and Elm. The wet conditions and difficult terrain meant that the felling was not completed until 1945.

In 1956 the remnant of the wood was designated a Site of Special Scientific Interest and was donated by Mr John Shields, for the owners Breedon plc, to Leicestershire & Rutland Trust for Nature Conservation who have drawn up and implemented a long term management plan.

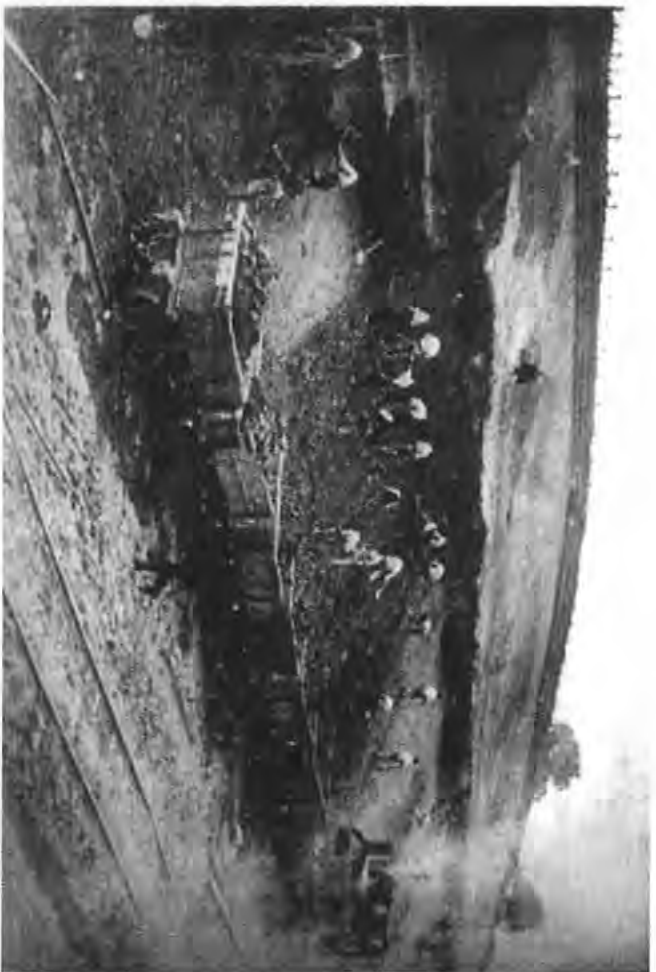


*The Worthington to Ashby section of the Derby to Ashby railway under construction, 1872*

The Derby to Ashby railway was constructed and opened in stages. The first section, from the junction with the main line at Weston on Trent crossing the river Trent on a beautiful cast iron viaduct to Melbourne station, was opened on 1st September 1868. Just over one year later on 1st October 1869 the second section opened as far as Worthington station which also included Wilson and Breedon & Tonge stations. Finally the third section from Worthington to Ashby opened on 1st January 1874.

Due to its close proximity to Melbourne station, Wilson station carried goods for most of its life, but between 1st October 1869 and 1st June 1871 it did handle passenger and parcel traffic. By 1878 a service of 4 trains a day, Derby to Ashby return, goods and passengers was operating. During the 1930's a typical fare from Derby to





*Digging a cutting on the Worthington to Ashby section of the Derby to Ashby railway. 1872*



*A steam navy at work on the Worthington to Ashby section of the Derby to Ashby railway. 1872*

Tonge & Breedon station was eightpence halfpenny (8.5d = 4p). The London, Midland and Scottish railway (LMS) acquired the line in 1923. At about the same time the Trent motor omnibus company introduced a bus service between Derby and Ashby and the resulting decline in rail passenger numbers led to passenger services on the line ceasing on 22nd September 1930.

A 20mph speed limit was imposed through Ashby tunnel from 1947 and traffic through the tunnel ceased altogether in 1955 due to water seepage. Tonge and Breedon station finally closed on 7th September 1959. Worthington remained quite a busy station having sidings open to three large businesses on the line, continuing to handle goods for Newbold pipeworks until 1956 and New Lount colliery and Cloud Hill lime works until 1964. The station closed along with the New Lount colliery and Ashby Station in 1964, but the line to Cloud Hill lime works remained open until 21st May 1980.

Apart from the runaway train (see page 131) two other notable runaway incidents happened on the railway. On one occasion 45 trucks were left while the locomotive went to Cloud Hill to pick up some wagons loaded with stone. The trucks set off on their own, as not all of the brakes had been pinned down, passing through Tonge & Breedon and Melbourne stations before coming to a halt after 9 miles. Another incident happened at Cloud Hill sidings in June 1955 when a number of wagons were damaged.



*Cleaning away the damaged stone wagons after the incident at Cloud Hill sidings. June 1955*



*Looking from Cloud Hill sidings up the line towards Worthington station, 1950*



*The Hoffman kiln being charged with limestone to make lime. 1885*



*Cloud Hill Quarry showing the Bell House, and to the right, smoking steadily, is the Hoffman kiln and some tubs waiting to be emptied into the kiln. The railway runs along the base of the Hoffman kiln to the right and Worthington can be seen in the distance. 1925*

Life in the quarries was hard. A man would load stone into a wheeled tub or skip of 1 ton 2 cwt capacity for it to be hauled to the crusher by pony. The rate of pay for this work which included the hazardous occupation of climbing the rock face to bring down more stone, was 6.5d/tub (2.5p). It was hard labour at its hardest. These tub fillers could expect to fill at least 20 tubs per day for a weekly wage of £3.00. On these typical weekly wages of between £2 and £3 there would be little left for food and clothing for the average family of five people after the rent had been paid. In those days half a pint of beer cost 3d, a packet of Woodbine cigarettes 2d and a box of matches 1d (6d=2.5p).

*Ralph Walker, Parish Times 2001*

Tramps used to overwinter at Cloud Hill because they could always keep warm by the kilns. The resident tramp during the 30's was "Darky" who always carried gold sovereigns and sold copies of *Old Moore's Almanac*. Mrs Richards of the baking family used to sell tobacco and she would give "Darky" any offcuts of Twist and also a loaf and dripping where possible. Another regular tramp was Titch Hopkins who had lost a leg in the 1st World War and received an Army pension. He drank a lot and tended to get into trouble.

On Monday 22nd June 1951, lightning struck a threefold blow at Cloud Hill during a freak storm.

Mr Frank Lakin (24) was standing by his lorry tipping limestone when the strike hit. He was knocked unconscious and was rushed to Derby Royal Infirmary where his condition was later said to be "comfortable".

One hundred yards away from him RH Walker, the works manager, and two brothers Fred and Harold Jordan were preparing charges to blow stone, when the flash beat them to it. Showered with stone chips they were lucky to escape uninjured.

Meanwhile Mr and Mrs Winfield were sitting in their cottage by the fire. Suddenly their quiet afternoon was shattered and Mrs Winfield was blown into the pantry. She too had a lucky escape and was uninjured. Outside, Mr and Mrs Winfield surveyed the ruins of their home. The roof had been half blown off, the gable was down and the chimney was a pile of rubble on the ground. All the food in their pantry was charred but quarry officials replenished their store so a meal could be made.



*The Cloud Hill quarry workforce c.1928. Sitting with his hands on his knees centre front is Jim Barber, the foreman. Three places to the left, also with his hands on his knees, is Arthur Hinsley, the blacksmith and standing on the right in the back row is Josiah Weston, who looked after the Sencornbes lime kiln.*



Cloud Hill Lime Works, Cloud Hill, Worthington, 1946



*The Sercombes Lime Kiln, Cloud Hill, 1905*

During the 1940's, and perhaps before that, Jack Marshall from Newbold, and my father stoked the Sercombes Kiln on alternate shifts. They each worked 12 hours/day and 18 at the weekend (94 hours/week!).

We sometimes went to see dad on a Sunday. We could walk up the railway line as there were no trains on Sundays. It seemed a long way but at the right time of year there would be watercress in the ditch alongside the line and soon we would be under the second bridge, climbing the stile and going into the cabin. There was always a fire in the grate and he brewed hot sweet tea without any milk in it.

He showed us on top of the kiln, a large oval area with a wall around it, and he'd hook the little metal caps off and show us the red hot fire beneath and let us put a shovelful or two of slack down the holes. Each hole had a barrowful of slack against it and I never considered how it got there.

*Laurence Kinsey with his "Osses", Summer, 1947.*



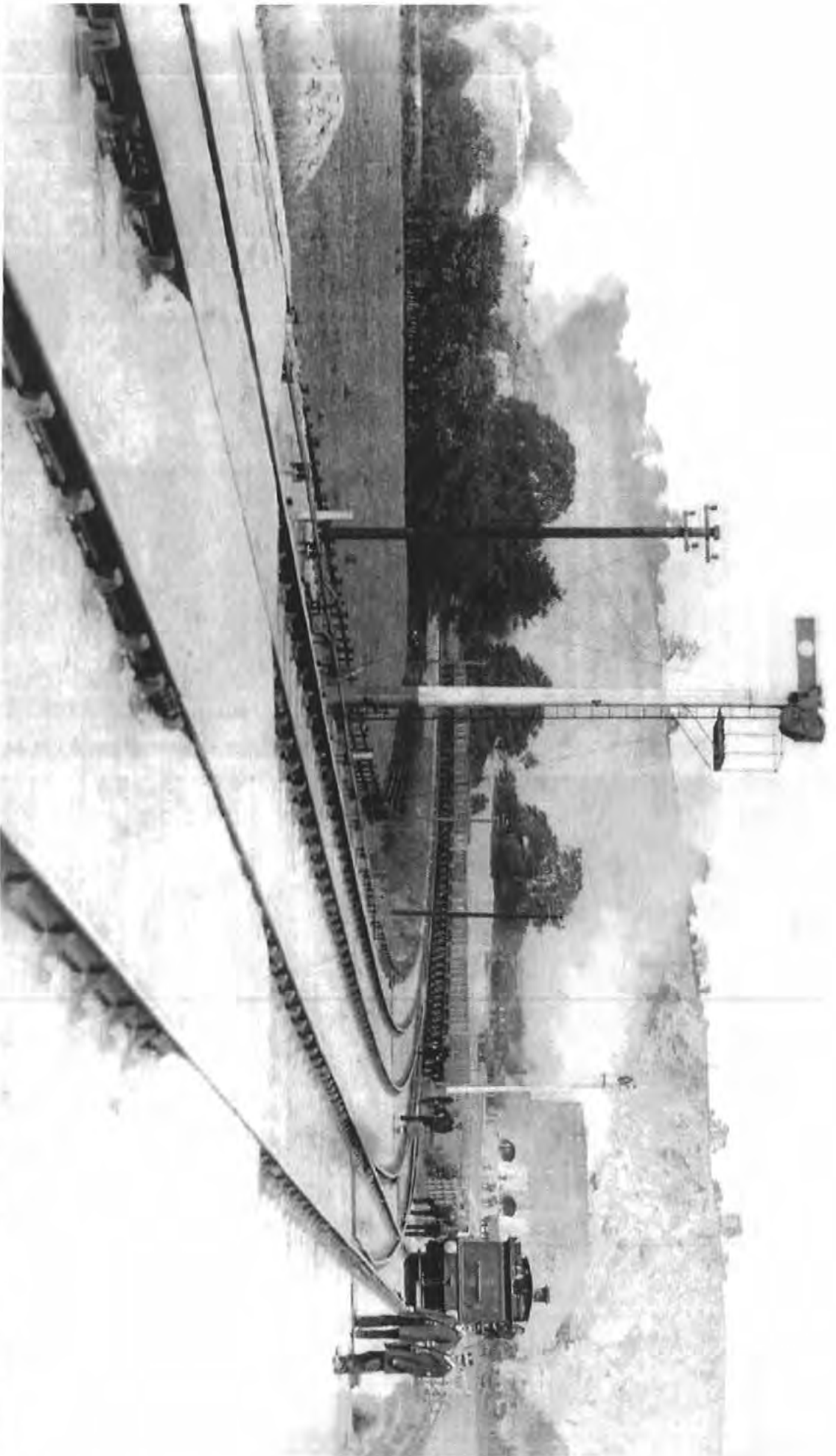
Father, using a wheelbarrow, would wheel a railway truckful of slack a day up onto the kiln. We looked into the doorways around the side of the kiln and some would be plastered up and some would be open where the men would be emptying it of burned limestone or filling it with stone.

One went on little walks around the works and when older, some Saturdays would find us up at Cloud Hill in the quarry having little rides in the tubs. They didn't move that easily and it was hard work to get them to move at all. But one could explore without feeling in any danger.

*Ida Wright*

*Mr Cox's dad, Mr Platt's, Major Dawson and Joe Springthorpe preparing to climb the slope past the Bell House, on their way home for dinner after a shift at Cloud Hill quarry, Summer 1947.*





*The Melbourne to Ashby railway was opened in 1873. This photograph was taken 12 years later in 1885 and shows the entrance to the Cloud Hill Quarry and Lime Works. Behind the locomotive, the Hoffman kiln is smoking merrily away and at the foot of the kiln the right hand one is being emptied. c. 1885*

In October 1942, the Royal Engineers moved from Northern Ireland to take up training courses on the Melbourne to Ashby railway. It became known as the Melbourne Military Railway. Military occupation started immediately south of the main line at the quarry marshalling yard near the river Trent. The yard has now gone but was situated near the river where the railway crosses on a fine old iron viaduct. It contained exchange sidings, locomotive shed and a row of timber army huts which served as railway offices and stores. On this section the permanent way was double track. Kings Newton with its stores dump sidings was three quarters of a mile from Quarry. The next station was Melbourne, one mile further on. Beyond Melbourne and into Ashby the line was single track only. Tonge, three and a half miles out, was much less grand than



*Recharging the Hoffmann's kiln. 1885*

Melbourne amounting only to a single platform. Here there were some sidings and tank ramps used by a nearby tank depot. Up a gradually increasing gradient, five miles out, the next station was Worthington which retained its original timber platforms and shelters. Here there was a passing loop. Trailing in from the east end of the platform were the sidings of the Cloud Hill limestone quarry.

From Cloud Hill and Worthington the railway was on historic ground, the route of one of the plateways of the Ashby Canal, opened in 1802. The plateway was built by Benjamin Outram of the Butterley Ironworks and conveyed the output of Cloud Hill and other limestone quarries down to Willesley canal basin beyond Ashby. Before the opening of the Derby and Ashby line, the stone and lime were taken from Cloud Hill by tramways to Ashby to join the Ashby Canal, by which, in connection with other canals it was conveyed to Coventry and other parts.

The line climbed steeply from Worthington to get on to the Ashby Wouds, first at 1 in 60 for three quarters of a mile and then at 1 in 65 as far as Newbold where there was a facing junction into the sidings of New Lount Colliery. Still climbing the line reached Tricknall sidings eight miles out.

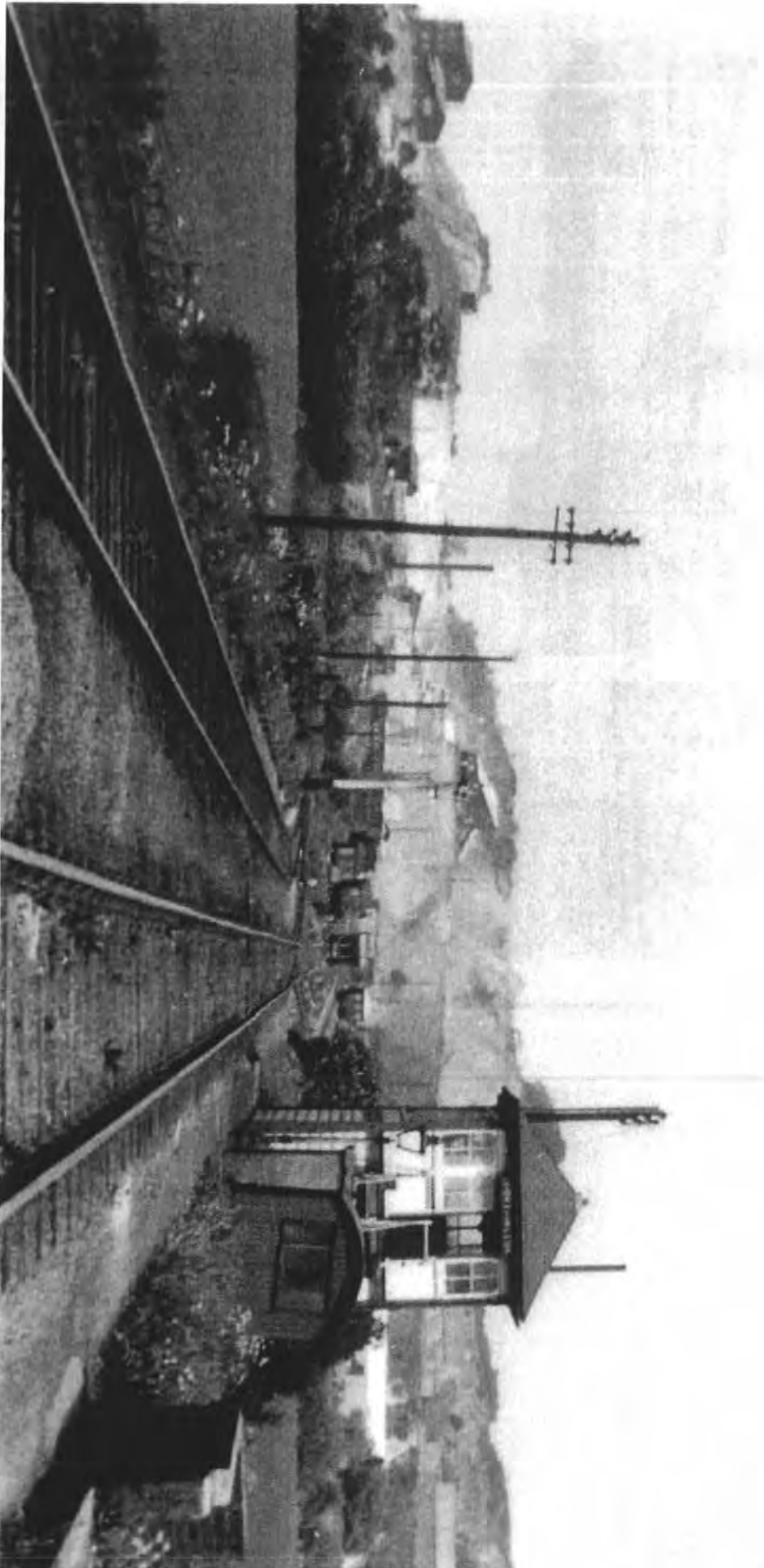
Here we had a spectacular smash in late 1942 involving new rolling stock from the USA. The screw couplings fitted to this stock were mounted a little lower than in Britain and when fully extended were shorter. The stock was at Smolle sidings near Newbold and on this occasion a sergeant was trying to couple a locomotive to a train of three tank cars, a van and a caboose. The engine came up to the buffers of the first car, the sergeant swung the coupling links, missed the hook and the cars started to move away. The engine followed up and the sergeant missed again. He had to walk to keep up with the cars after the second miss and the third time the engine gave them a good push, the sergeant missed the coupling again and the cars were away.

The blockman at Newbold saw the cars trotting by a few minutes later and gave the alarm to the blockman at Worthington who set a straight road through his station and into Cloud Hill lime sidings to avoid a train coming up from Tonge. He telephoned the quarry who had time to set a road to the far end and get themselves out of the way.

After running down from Newbold it was estimated the cars were doing 80 miles an hour through Worthington Station and when they hit the loaded coal and stone wagons there was an immense explosion. Quarry wagons flew through the air and everything was very much a write off.



*Andy Perry surveying the damage at Cloud Hill sidings after the accident. October 1942*



*Looking down the track from Worthington Station towards the Quarry sidings. 1940*

Mr Clarke, the signalmaster, used to cut hair for local people in this signal box. He charged two shillings (10p). Engine drivers and their firemen used to take advantage of this service. When a train was delivering or collecting wagons from Cloud Hill the engine driver would have his hair cut whilst the fireman took the trucks into the quarry. They would then change places so the fireman could have his hair cut.

*John Dawson*

At Cloud Hill, there was one cottage along Middle Brand, two at the far end and the Holly Bush on the slope of Cloud Wood with a nearby cottage. The Bell House, which was almost in the quarry, and two stone houses are all now gone.

*Ralph Walker, Parish Times 2001*





The Stone Houses stood between Worthington and Cloud Hill Quarry, 1960. They have now been demolished. The railway and Worthington station are in the centre of the picture.

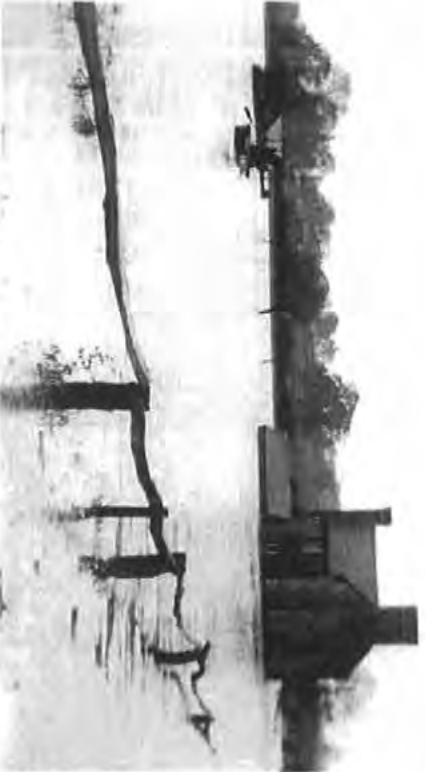


Finally does anyone remember when the Stone Cottages were flooded in about 1931, and a boat had to be brought from King's Mills, near Castle Donington, to bring the occupants down from the bedrooms? We used to walk around Cloud Hill and the railway station and often used to go to Old Chester's Mill, where the brave attempted to dog-paddle along the side of the dam. The less brave and beginners preferred to swim at the end of the mill race. Sometimes we would build a raft and sail on the mill-pond.

*Eric Hinsley, Parish Times, April 2002*



Joseph Ellis (right) of Lodge Farm, Staunton, on Worthington station, c.1921



Mr Fratwell, the Cloud Hill joiner had to be rescued from a first floor window using Tempost, a boat brought in specially from King's Mills. May 1932



The Stone Houses were flooded to a depth of almost five feet. May 1932



Looking down the track towards Worthington station and Cloud Hill quarry, 1942. The photograph was taken from the bridge over Breardon Lane, now demolished.



The Holly Bush public house stood on the edge of the Cloud Hill quarry and in 1965 was pulled down to allow the quarry to be extended. 1955



The Holly Bush public house. Cloud Hill. 1955

"Today, 26th June 1964, marked the end of a long innings when, after an application from the Ashby Petty Divisional Session, the licence was not renewed. Breddon and Cloud Hill Lime Works Ltd who are quarrying nearby and who also own the licensed house soon expect their workings to extend near the house." said Minnie Platts the landlady.

The men who worked at Cloud Hill used to go to the Holly Bush, and on pay days the wives had to go to Cloud Hill for the money or else they never got any. Although the pub was supposed to be licensed it was open all hours and they were getting 20 to 25 shillings a week then (1911/2). Mind you there wasn't much drunkenness. I mean although beer was cheap at 2d a pint, 4d at best, it didn't affect them. Working at the quarry you needed a drink.

Ralph Roberts

When Napoleon was patrolling the Continent pints of foaming porter were being served at the Holly Bush Inn on Cloud Hill. No one can say exactly how old the inn was but when the first register of licensed houses was compiled in the Ashby area in 1842, the year when the first penny post was introduced, the Holly Bush was on the list.



Mr Hines was the manager of the Holly Bush, Cloud Hill. He was a thatcher by trade and would go to Scotland for old Mr Shields to thatch cottages. He was also Mr Cox's grandfather? 1955



Minnie Platts at the door of the Holly Bush. Minnie was a very popular landlady. 1963

The Club Room was used for parties and functions. Here celebrating victory in the 2nd World War are Mr & Mrs Jordan, "Duckie" Platts, Oliver Smith, Arthur Hinsley and at the back on the right, Big Jim Smith. 1945.

(Centre right). The Holly Bush on Sunday, 2nd July 1964, just three days before the public house finally closed its doors on Wednesday 5th July 1964.



In the bar of the Holly Bush shortly after closing time. Amongst the customers are Reg (Wedge) Jordan and OK Hinsley. 1963





Mr A Pollard, clerk to Ashby magistrates said that there had been no violent objection to it. "The truth of the matter is that this inn is well away from the village and Brendon and Cloud Hill Lime Works Ltd who are quarrying nearby and who own the licensed house, soon expect their workings to extend near the premises. He called Police Sergeant AH Illingworth, who said that he made several visits to the Holly Bush. "It is in an isolated position about a mile from Brendon, which has three public houses(!). The Inn does little trade" he said. Sergeant Illingworth said that the greatest number of people he had ever seen on the premises - on a Friday night - was 20.

*Mr Cox, gamekeeper to Lord Dornington, was Minnie Platts' father: c.1900*



*The Quorn Hunt used to meet regularly at the Holly Bush. 1958*

Mr EA Crane, who appeared for the owners and also for the licensee, Mr Thomas Kinsey, said there was no objection to the application. Minnie Platts left on 1st April 1964 and Thomas Kinsey continued as licensee until the public house finally closed its doors on 5th July 1964.

*Charlie Shields with Quorn huntsman George Barker taking a warning stirrup cup in the top yard of the Holly Bush before the off. 1958.*



*The End. A Ruston Bucyrus 30 RB quarry excavator, expertly driven by Derek Hickling, begins the task of demolishing the Holly Bush. 1964*





*The Quorn Hunt passing The Delph on the way to their meet at the Holly Bush, Cloud Hill, 1963*

"I was born in 1918 and brought up in a cottage owned by the quarry near the Holly Bush public house on the Woodside by Cloud Hill Wood. The scene is very different now. The Holly Bush and cottages are gone, pulled down in about 1965. Our cottage stood about where the viewing platform looks down to the quarry bottom.



*The Delph, Cloud Hill. It was a popular climbing place for village lads. 1963*

My father Arthur was the blacksmith at the quarry for more than 45 years. The cottages were on the corner of the Middle Brand and the Woodside. Electricity was installed in about 1935, but up until 1945 when mains water was put in, it had to be carried by pail from a well between the Holly Bush and the cottages. I remember mother making nettle pop and collecting herbs from the hedgerows to make herb beer. Father used to keep two or three pigs, and I remember what trouble it was getting them out of the wood if they once broke in. Cloud Wood was very different then with large oak trees before it was felled during the war. Near to our

cottage at the entrance to Cloud Wood at the end of Middle Brand was a small rock face called the Delph where we picked violets and primroses." A Delph was an area where stone was quarried, and this was a favourite climbing haunt of village lads. And when one reached the top there were sometimes wild strawberries to eat.

*Eric Hinsley, Parish Times, April 2002*



*Three generations of the Hinsley family including K and Arthur, sitting on the garden wall at Woodside cottage. 1953*



*Wallace Hinsley in his garden at Woodside cottage. c.1947*



*Woodside cottage next to Cloud Hill Wood, c.1947. The cottage was pulled down in 1965.*



Wordington  
Church.  
1915



Painted by a German prisoner of war, Hans Heister, who worked in the fields around Worthington during the war, 1946

Hans subsequently settled in the area, started a decorating business and married a local girl. His son still carries on the business in Coalville.

The Ferrers family (Ferraris) were granted land in Worthington and Tonge by William the Conqueror.

Worthington has the distinction of being the first place where coal was mined in this country. As far as we know, nothing in the shape of an obelisk marks the spot; and if anyone thought of that now he might be hard put to find the site. In 1270 Ralph Bozun and his wife gave to Garandon Abbey some lands at Worthington "with appurtenances which included coal mines." Worthington was then a township in the southern part of the ancient parish of Breedon-on-the-Hill. Bozun, a freeholder, was apparently allowed to work coal on the land he held. The Leicestershire Victoria History mentions a judgement delivered between 1295-1332 on an action concerning tithes, when it was stated that Isobel de Hastings had been working coal and iron at three named places in Breedon parish for at least seven years before the time of the action. One of these was Gelsmoor, a former common near Worthington. Dr W. G. Hoskins in his book "The heritage of Leicestershire" gives this coal working as being about 1275, approximately 18 to 20 years earlier than at Swannington or Donington-le-Heath. This mining could have been done at open quarries, after the pattern of what we now call open-cast, or there could have been small shafts. Worthington sits just off the coal measure. There is no mine shaft under it nor will there ever be one

Worthington was known for many miles around as Yawny Box and its inhabitants referred to as Yawny Boxians. Quite why, has been lost in the mists of time but one suggestion is that in the early morning Worthington is often covered by a mist rising from the brook and can barely be seen from Bull Hill. The village appears to be slumbering under this blanket: a sleepy hollow or yawny box.

Place names ending in ing and Ingham are amongst the oldest we have. Ingham usually means an enclosed property, a field. Eckwell has suggested that the spelling in Worthing is from Wurtin (Old English), meaning an enclosure. Tun is the commonest of all suffixes and is also used in connection with an enclosed piece of ground.

*The Leicester Advertiser, June 1958*

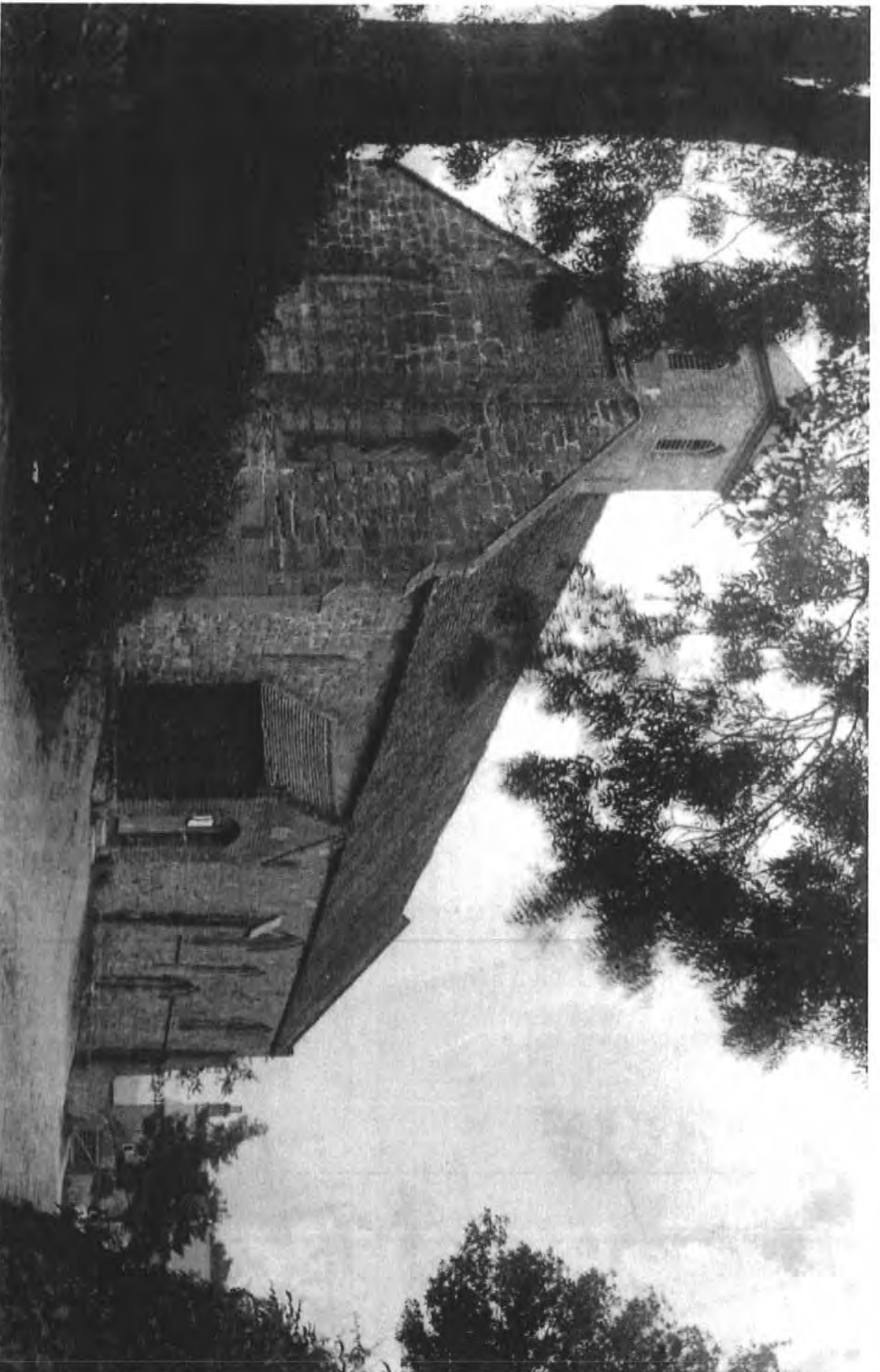
Mr and Mrs John Hacking bought Wayside Cottage in 1957 in unusual circumstances. A business appointment required Mr Hacking to change from Birmingham to Nottingham, but they couldn't quite tear themselves away from Birmingham, where they had many friends. The cottage at Worthington was the compromise. It is about 21 miles from Birmingham and 18 from Nottingham. "Mr and Mrs Hacking could well take out patent rights(?) on Wayside Cottage as an example of how to refresh an old house, to beautify it and make it livable with a distinction and charm that is quite remarkable. The windows and doors are powder blue, the tubs holding the shrubs are red and the shutters natural oak. Inside the main colours are red, yellow and white, and all create an atmosphere of cheer and light."

*The Leicester Advertiser, June 1958*

Mrs Hacking standing by Wayside Cottage as restoration work begins, 1957.



Restoration completed, June 1958. During the 1920's the village reading room was here.



St. Matthews Church, Worthington, 1870

"St. Matthew's, Worthington, a plain stone church, stands by the roadside, a position that adds to its gaunt look; but the interior is more attractive. The vicar is the Rev. Henry A. Dane who has his vicarage in Newbold, Cole-orton." *The Leicester Advertiser, June 1958.*



The church is of simple shoe-box shape with no distinctive separation of chancel from nave, though a later wooden screen performs this duty. The church has three doors. The present main door with its brick porch carries the (almost indecipherable) date of 1781 but the bricks in the upper part appear to be newer than the lower. The main entrance is the south door. There is a north door, which may have led to a burial ground (if there was one), but this is now bricked up - from the field side you can see the rounded head. Behind the choir is a third door, which, if it were opened would send you headlong into the road. This is the priest's door, but you can only see what I am going to tell you from the outside. If you look carefully, you can see the remains of iron bars, one bar down the centre and two across. Clearly at one time this formed an open grille, but the purpose of it is disputed - one explanation being that it was for the Priest inside to hear confessions.



*The Rev. Henry A Dane,  
vicar of Worthington. June 1958*

The nave is said to be the oldest part of the church. The small, deeply splayed, lancet windows and the semi-circular head of the south door, together with the thick unbuttressed walls suggest that this portion was built in either the latter part of the 12th century or early 13th century. This is the transitional period between Norman and lancet.

*Rev. Henry Arthur Dane  
Vicar. 1949-71*

The parish of Worthington lies in the triangle formed by three roads, the A453, the A512 and the A447 - so you are more likely to pass by it than go through it. The parish embraces the hamlets of Worthington, Newbold, Griffydam and Gelsmoor, with an estimated population of 1,500. The church is Norman but the name Worthington is Saxon. The family of Werdien had a settlement or "tun" here. The original Saxon church would have been made of wood and wattle and no trace of it survives. Nor is there mention of a church in the Domesday survey of 1086.

Saint Matthew, the converted tax-gatherer cum disciple and apostle in the Bible, is the patron saint of the Parish church of Worthington, Newbold, Griffydam and Gelsmoor. His feast day is 21st September.

Worthington was part of Breedon parish and as early as 1210 the chapel of Worthington was "served by a chaplain from the mother church at Breedon"

*Rev. Dane's church  
guide. June 1970*



*Rev. Henry Arthur Dane  
Vicar. 1949-71*

Worthington was originally known as Werditone and was accounted for as a member of Tonge. Both were given to Henry de Ferrers by William the Conqueror. The church was dedicated to St. Matthew and referred to as a chapel. It consisted of a low tower, a south porch, a nave and chancel with five old lancet windows. The seats were old and open. In 1552, the commissioners reported that the chapel of Worthington contained two bells in the steeple and one chalice of silver.

*Nichols. History of Leicestershire. 1806*

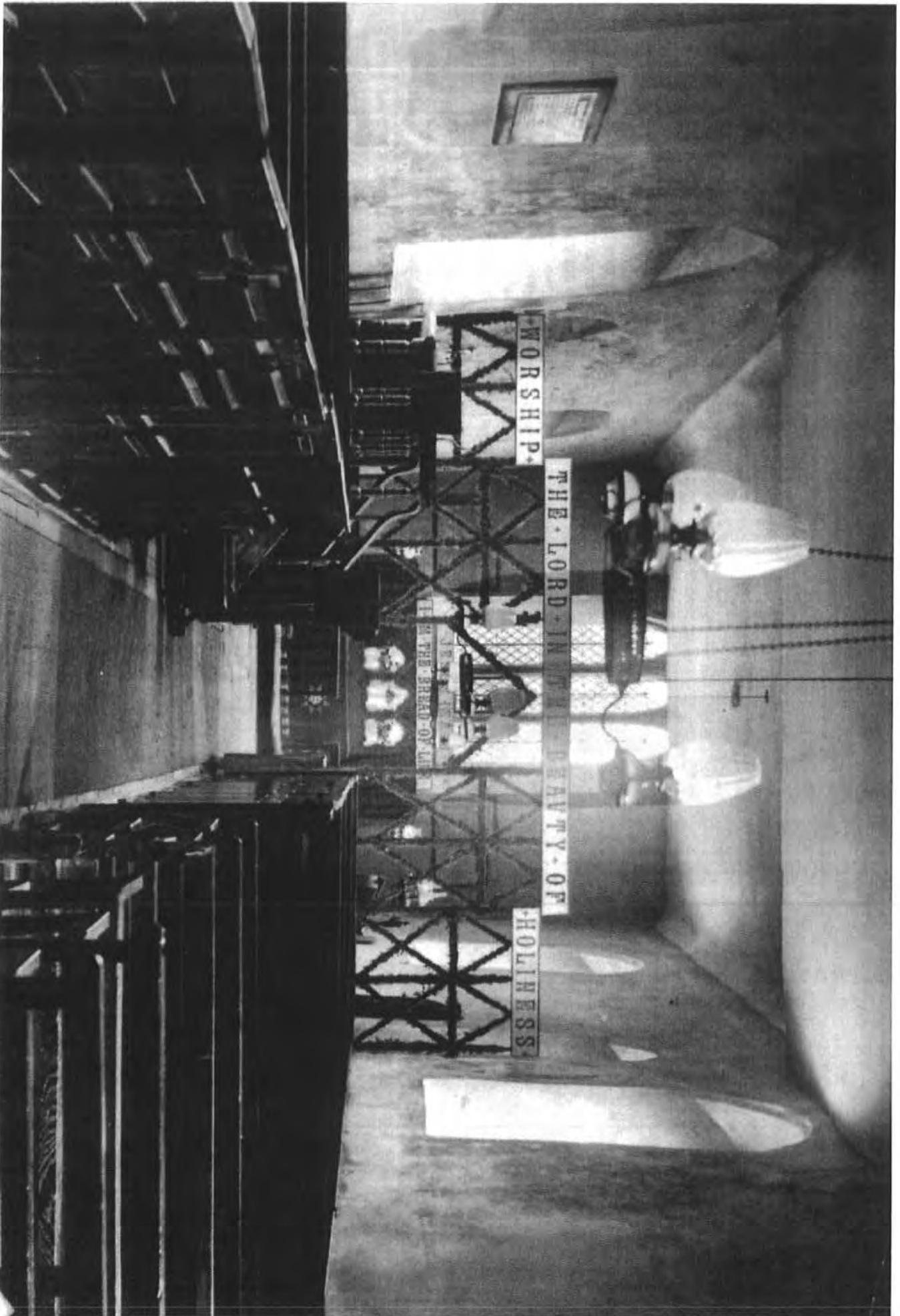
The church and chapel Sunday school anniversaries were always well patronised with children "sitting up" for the sermons and many villagers attending the services. Children were excited as relatives may visit and Sunday tea on this day was a special occasion. Boys were smartly dressed in a suit or jersey and girls had new dresses.

*Ralph Walker. Parish Times. 2002*

In 1978, the Parish of Worthington was reunited with Breedon under the ministry of the Rev. John Carr and today this arrangement still continues. Regular monthly services are held jointly with the Methodist church at alternate venues.



*The first known edition of Worthington Parochial  
Magazine. February 1881*



The interior of St. Matthew's Church, Worthington, 1870. The church was refurbished and restored in 1890 by Temple Moore following a fire which burned the roof. The plaster on the walls was also removed.



*Worthington Church Choir, 1914.  
The choristers are from L to R:- Back row, J Stevenson, H Martin, W Hensley, J Bird, E Cooper, R Sisson, JT Bird, Middle row, B Willeman, W Spare, D Hayward, R Sisson, Reverend HB Greene, F Webb, J Willeman, Mr York, Front row, W Cooper, H Jordan, A Mee, C Stalham, R Clarke, F Harshome, S Knight, D Clarke, W Richards, J Clarke, R Willeman.*

A noticeable and interesting feature of the church is the inclination of the walls. The north side is 5 inches out of the perpendicular at the ends, increasing to 10 inches at the centre, and the south side is similarly out of true. Two explanations are given. One of these is that the walls have slumped into this state, which explains the buttressing. The other is that the church was built to resemble a ship. When we remember that the word "nave" means ship, and the references to "the ark of the Christ's church" in the baptismal service, this is at least plausible.

As you enter by the south door you see the font which at one time stood near the north door. The font is 14th century and is made of sandstone. It is octagonal in shape and on each face is a plain shield with a four foil. Other shields appear on the upper part of the basin. The oak cover was presented by Ashby Holy Trinity church in 1958.

The nave is said to be the oldest part of the church and the chancel is 14th century, showing characteristics of this in the south and east windows, angle buttresses and doorway. There does not appear to be any structural indication of this (ie you cannot see the join) so I suggest another explanation. Worthington has the distinction of being the area where coal mining started in Leicestershire, namely at Gelsmoor in about 1275. This would provide an industrial boom with some local prosperity, so

some modernisation might have been done, ie re-windowing the chancel.

I have the idea that by say 1700 the church was not merely disused but derelict. Towards the middle of the 18th century, that is to say 1740 or 50, perhaps as a result of the Wesleyan Revival, the church was repaired and restored and reroofed. In fact that the upper part of the east wall is completed with brickwork seems to suggest that the upper part of the wall was missing which in turn suggests that there was no roof. Since 1755 there has been continuous ministry here

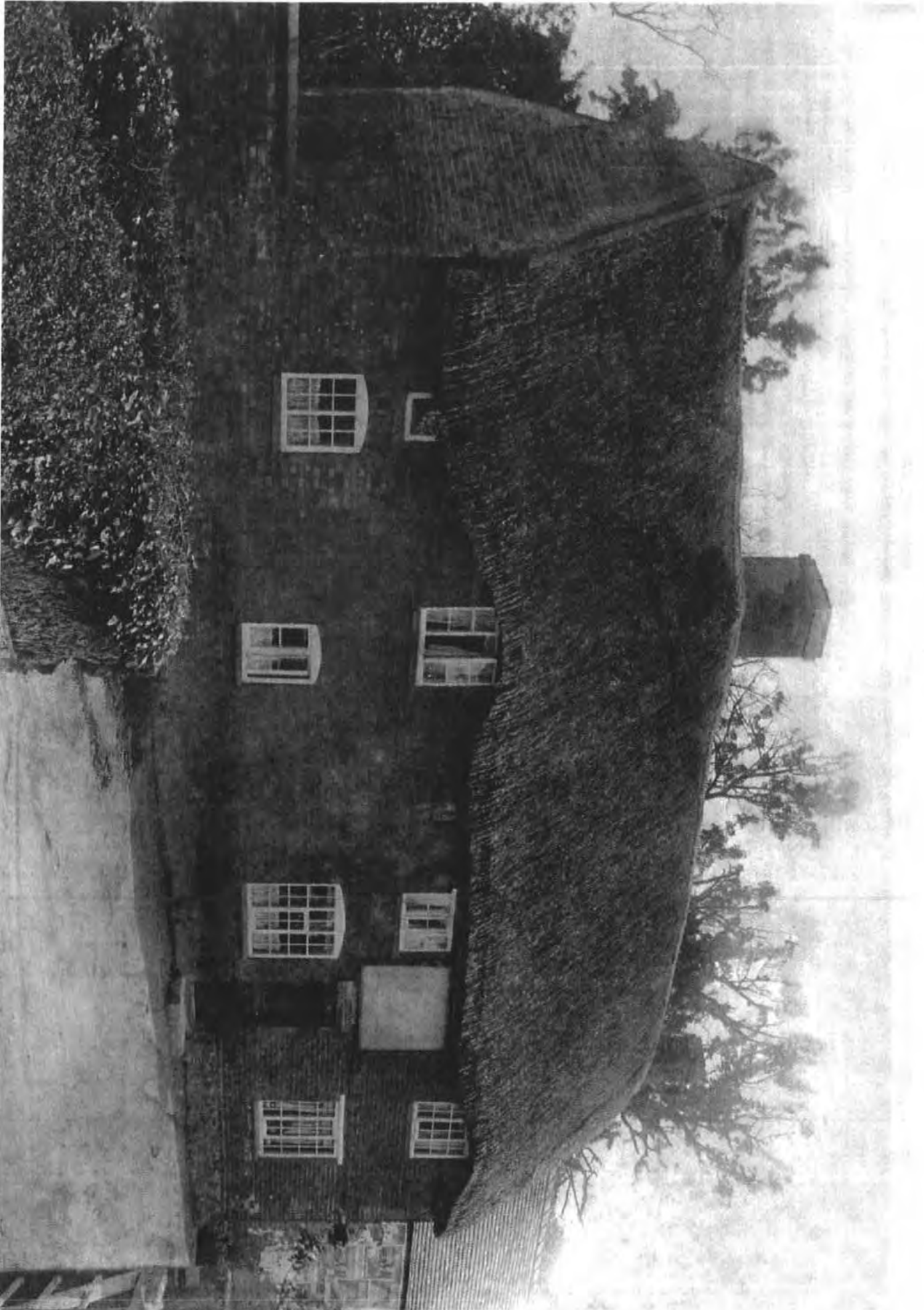
The church was refurbished and restored in 1890 at a cost of £1,200 after a fire had burned the roof. The old box pews were taken away, the family pew for the Scarsdales being used as a reredos, and chairs were used for seating instead similar to those in the church now.

The pulpit is about 150 years old and the lectern carries a plate to tell that it was given by Sarah Nicklinson who died 8th August 1889. On the walls are three memorials which speak for themselves. In the bell-cote are three bells, which nowadays are merely chimed, not rung.

*Reverend HA Dane  
Vicar 1949-71*



*Worthington Young Men's Bible Class, c.1915.  
The photograph was taken outside the vicarage at Newbold. The Reverend HB Greene and Mrs Greene are in the centre of the picture and Thomas Henry Lessson is amongst the Bible students.*



*The Old Swan public house, Worthington, c. 1900. The public house closed about 1994.*



*Taking refreshment outside the Old Swan. 1930. Standing at the back on the right is Mr Cooper, the landlord of The Swan. Others enjoying a drink in the sunshine are:- Front left - Jim Fairbrother, holding the jug is Tom Hicklin; on the right of Tom is Oliver Smith; and on the extreme right is Joe Walker, later to become the landlord of the Mail Shovel Inn.*

In the 1920's and 1930's employment in the area was good for men, youths and young women. Married women did not usually go out to work. Men and youths worked in the collieries of Coleorton and Coalville, the quarries of Breedon and Cloud Hill, the pipeworks of Newbold and Lount or in agriculture. Most would get to work either by bicycle or walk. Young women worked in factories in Coalville and some would be in domestic service at the larger houses in the district. Being "in service" was hard physically and emotionally for these girls and they would live-in full time with the occasional half-day off, for just a few shillings pay. Manual work in the coal mines was hard. The coal seams were often not high enough for a man to stand upright, so those at the coal face would have to wield a pick or hew out coal whilst kneeling or lying down. The usual rate of pay was one shilling per hour, so a typical 44 hour week would produce a wage of £2 4s. 0d. (£2.20).

In 1960, on the afternoon of 2 June at 3 or 4 o'clock, Nichols reports, it turned very dark, "which occasioned many people about Worthington to repair from the fields into their homes. It (a whirlwind) untiled or unhatched many homes, and thence it went to Worthington Hall. There it took away or cast down several bays and wrecked the great barn. It passed on to Spring Wood in cutting a track of torn trees, wrecked chimneys and broken roofs that was three miles in length.

The Quorn Hunt used to meet at the Cross near the Swan Public House.

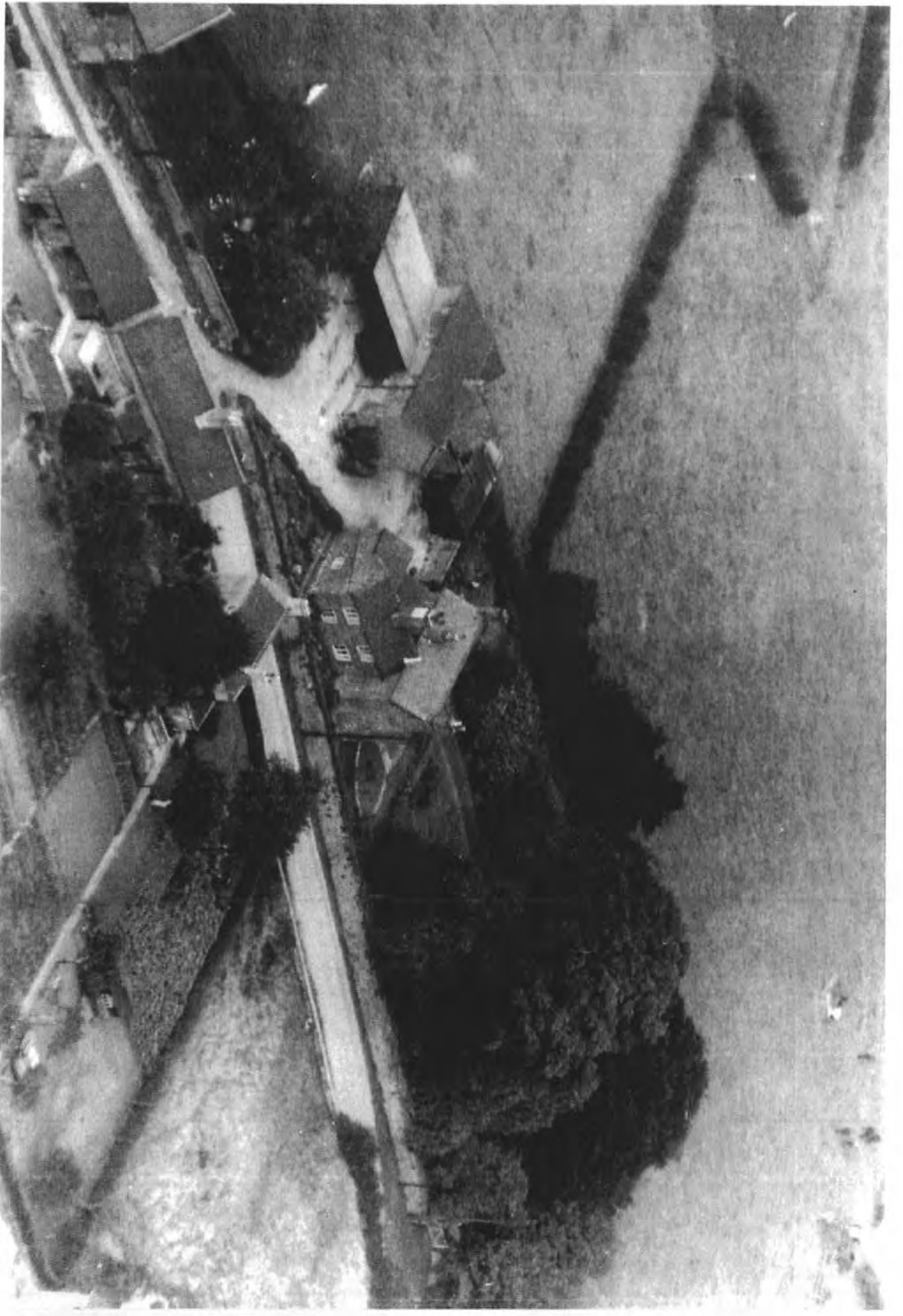
*The Quorn Hunt leaving the Old Swan car park. December 1986*

One woman who lived in Worthington was known as Aunt Jane. She was a real family figure, and surrogate aunty to the people of Worthington. She was a straight talker, could see through most things and would unerringly expose any weakness one had. A great character, Aunt Jane died around 1950.

Other village characters were Big Jim Smith, Polly the Post, Flossie Brookes and Liz Bod. Liz Bod's real name was Elizabeth Bird but after she married Oliver Smith, and took the village shop, she might be referred to sometimes as Mrs Smith or sometimes as Mrs Oliver but to most who knew her before she was married she remained plain Liz Bod. *Ralph Walker, Parish Times. April 2001*

*Aunt Jane standing by the door of her cottage. 1895.*





The Lodge, Worthington, c. 1955. Bottom left is the back of The Swan public house. Bottom right is the Co-op field where St Matthews Avenue was built in 1957/8. The sports field was top right beyond the trees.



The Lodge. 1984. The sports field further down the hill on the left has still not yet been built on.



Playing cricket on the Co-op field, now occupied by St. Matthew's Avenue. 1947



Worthington St. Matthew's Football Club 1913. Top left is Tom Hicklin, the coach.



On the left going down the hill, beyond the Lodge, was the sports field. 1964



*Looking up Church Street towards the church. 1935. St Matthew's Avenue was built in the field on the left.*

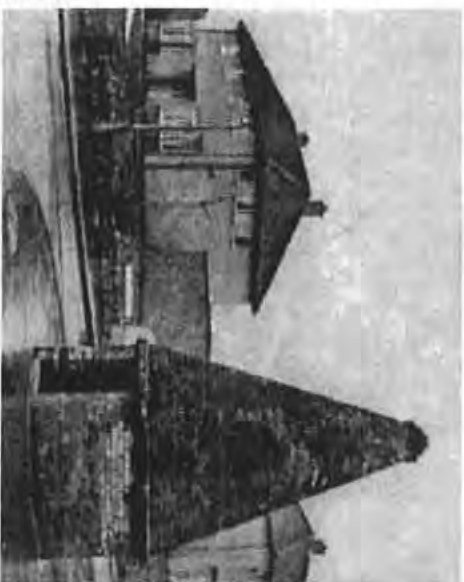
The village lock-up and pinfold. Remarkably, in the 18th and 19th centuries, it was commonplace in the towns for thefts, burglaries and public scenes of drunkenness to occur and in the countryside, for people to be assaulted, watchmen obstructed, shooting outrages to occur and sheep stolen. Sheep stealing remained a capital offence until 1872. The village lock-up was probably built in the 18th century and was used as a place of detention for local rogues and miscreants until they could be removed to a town. The pinfold attached to the roundhouse is where stray stock would be held until claimed by the owner. It was demolished to make way for St Matthew's Avenue. In October 1839 at the County Quarter Sessions, the chairman, Charles William Packe urged his fellow justices to take advantage of the new Police Act of that year to inaugurate a property





The lock-up and pinfold. 1950

constituted constabulary based on the system being used in London. Charles Packe, an M.P. and county magistrate, knew that the current system required reform and upgrading. Up until then maintaining law and order was in the hands of largely untrained parish constables and watchmen. Packe proposed a county force of 25 officers including a chief constable and this was duly established. 31 year old Frederick Goodyer was appointed as chief constable. A policeman's lot in Victorian times was just as hazardous as it is today.



St. Matthew's Avenue soon after being built, with the lock-up in the foreground. 1958



The same view as left, thirty years later, looking up Church Street towards the lock-up. 1965

"St Matthew's Avenue is a bravely planned wide new thoroughfare which winds uphill from the old village and bends back towards it. Ashby Rural District Council has built there 72 three-bedroomed houses: two shops with flats above and three blocks of two bedroomed houses, making all told, 18 flats for elderly people. And the Council hasn't yet finished around St. Matthew's Avenue. Other roads are in the making and more houses will follow. Not long ago the Rural Council completed its 1,000th house and opened it with a special service at Worthington.

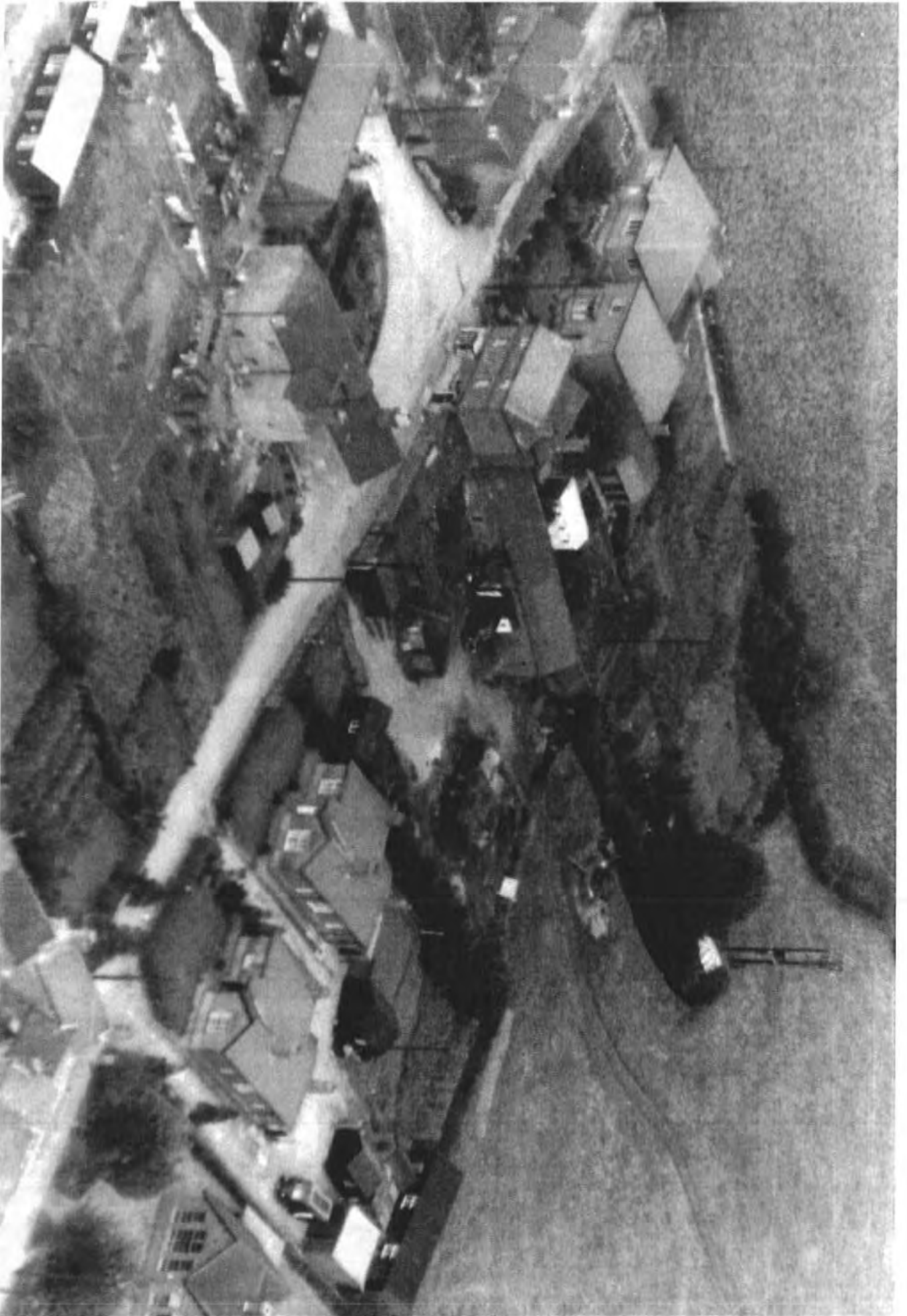


The refuse cart visiting St Matthew's Avenue. 1958



Mrs Kinsey and Pat enjoying the new front lawn

*The Leicester Advertiser, June 1958*



The Cross, Worthington, 1956



Great Granny Weston outside her cottage on The Lane (now Manor Drive) where it meets Main Street. c.1900.

the house. The building, of brick and plaster though restored, retains some interesting relics of its past; for example, heavy timbers, two old bakers' ovens (one inside and one outside); hidden behind plaster in the kitchen a carved oak partition. Some stabling remains and a brook runs through the garden.

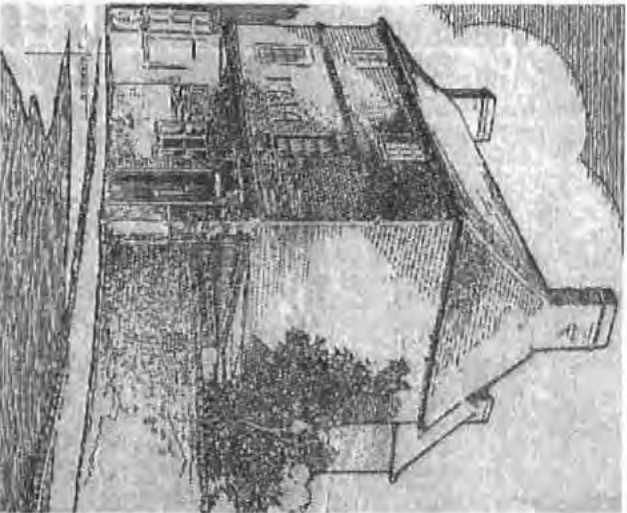
*Loughborough Echo, 1962*



Brothers Percy John and Arthur Spencer carried on the butchery business started by their father, John Spencer. June 1958.



In the slaughterhouse behind the Queen Anne house area - standing left - a young Arthur Spencer, and squatting down front left - Mr Stevenson. c.1906.



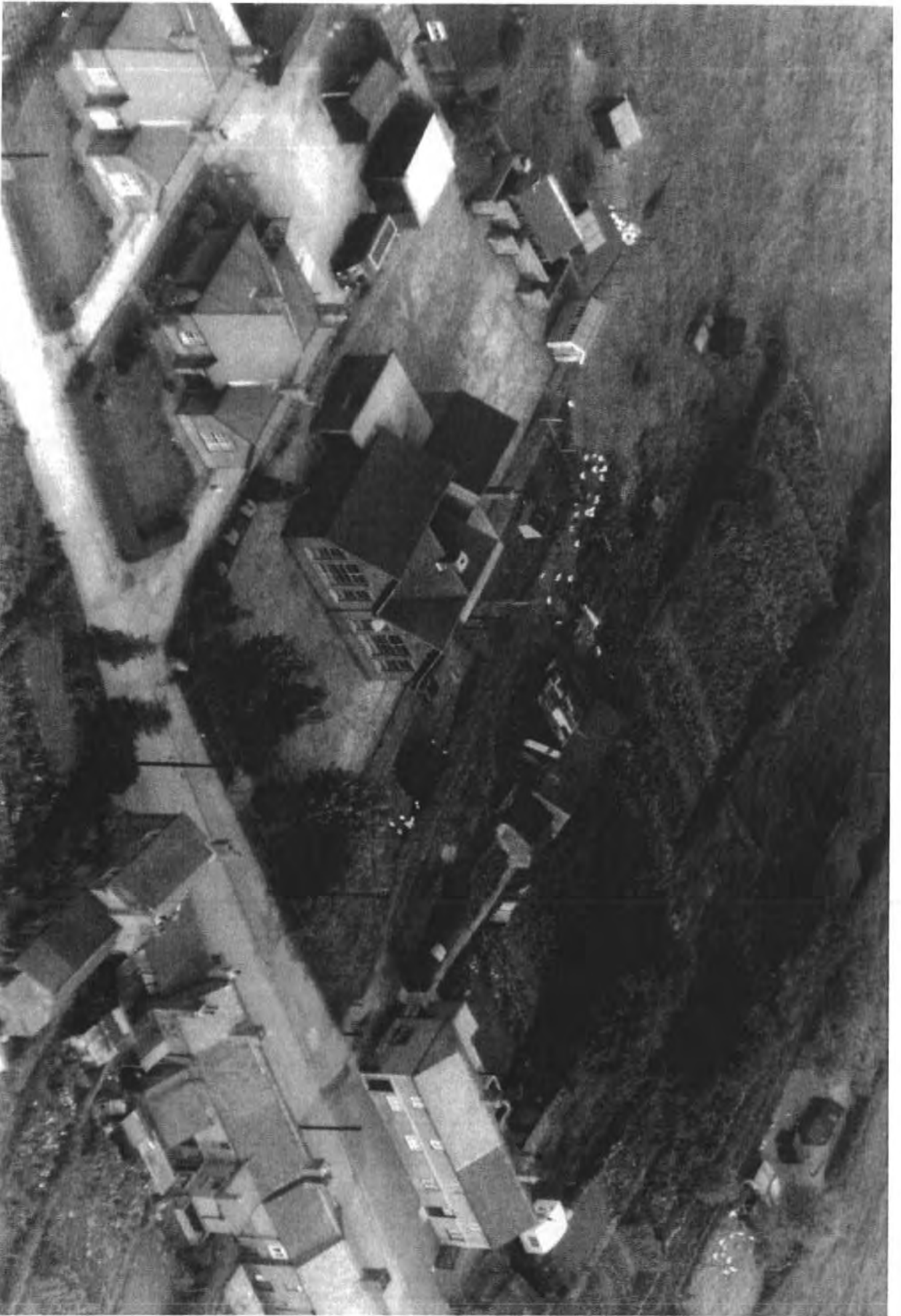
The Queen Anne house dating from 1714. June 1958.

A Queen Anne house in Worthington? In the year in which Queen Anne died, and George 1 ascended the throne, the first stones of the house in Main Street, Worthington, shown in the sketch were laid. During the early 19th century it was a grocer's shop run by Mrs Fanny Tivey, who was mother of Aunt Jane and great grandmother of Ralph Walker. Beyond these details little is known, except that three quarters of a century ago John Spencer, farmer and butcher, went to live there. Here he resided with his wife for 70 years.

About five years ago (1958) it was acquired by Mr Harry Brooks, a farmer, who is its present owner. On the front wall in large characters is the date 1714, indicating the age of



Mr John Spencer with grandson Jack in his trap. Holding the horse is John's son, Percy John, at The Cross. 1922. Behind them is Manor Lane. By happy coincidence John's great grandson, Reverend John Dawson lives at Orchard House which was built in the field behind the trap some 30 years later.



Worthington school on Main Street, Worthington, 1956. The school opened in 1926.



Worthington School, Class of 1926.

The Ford Model T pick-up in the background belongs to Dan Kinsley with which he made deliveries around the village and also underhook local general haulage. Miss Amos, the class teacher is standing at the back. She lived into her 90's and died at Astby in 1980, still Miss Amos. The pupils are:- from L to R - Back row: Ivy Smith, Violet Smith, Jessie Taylor, Ivy Summerton, Unknown, Jack Dolman, Tom Smith, Jack Spencer, Mart Summerton, Unknown, Tom Winfield. Front Row:- Unknown, Unknown, Winifred Collins, Ralph Walker, Unknown, Jack Hodges, Beattie Smith, Henry Brooks, Jack Smith, Frank Winfield. The four unknown pupils were the children of itinerant farm labourers.

I can remember a few events from the General Strike of 1926 and I'm pretty certain this was the year the school in Worthington opened and I began my school days. Before then all the children from the village walked to Newbold to attend school.

The teachers were Miss Amos and Mrs Mawson. At eleven years old it was back to Newbold for most children of the village where the staff at that time (1930) were Mr Burrows, the headmaster, Mr Cuthbert, a student teacher, Miss Mitchell and another whose name I cannot recall.

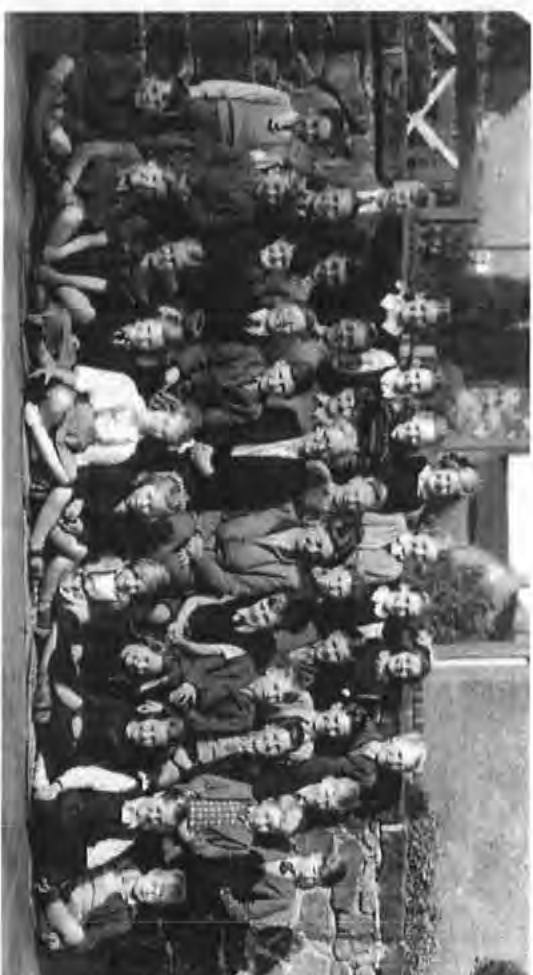
#### Ralph Walker, Parish Times 2002

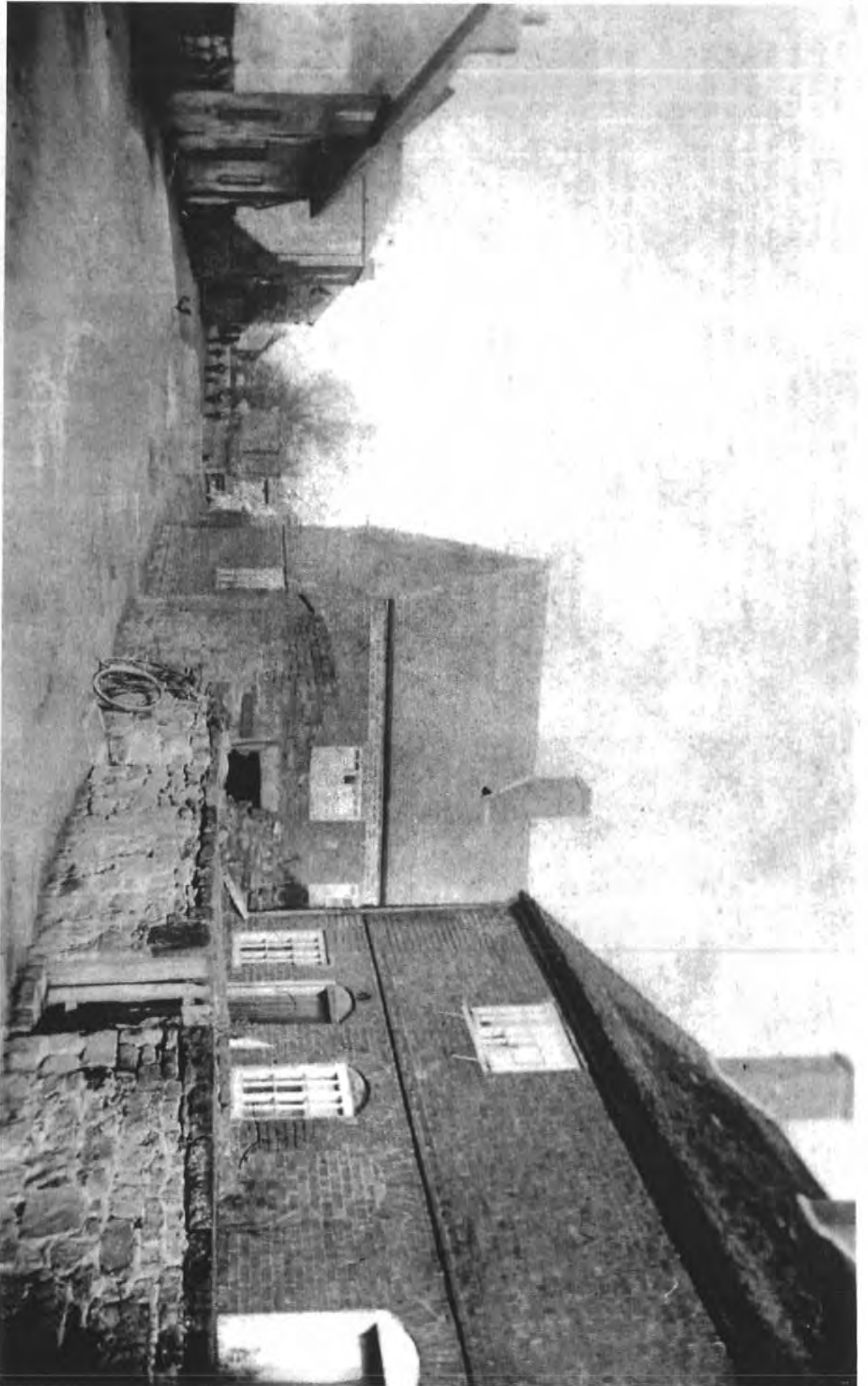
Worthington School, Class of 1952. The pupils include:- from L to R - Back row: Brian Botterill, Peter Jordan, Jackie Smith, Brenda Shaw, Ann Whealley, Kathleen Jordan, Gill Smith, June Wilman, Terence Ward. Third row: Alan Ward, Smith, Brian Tvey, Smith, Tommy Shaw, Graham Collins, Ron Aldridge, Peter Jordan, Brian Jordan. Second row: Michael Camplin, Joe Smith, Dennis Smith, Miss Shortrose, Mrs Holdsworth, John Dawson, Terry Smith, Keith Hicking. Front row: Rich Smith, Audrey & Joan Aldridge, Brenda Collins, Brenda Botterill, Barbara Wilman, Rosie Oldknow, Maureen Salkeld, Ward.



Worthington School, Class of 1940. On the back row, the tall girl with a bow is Edith Summerton and on the right of the row is Arthur Whealley. On the second row, the fifth child is Doreen Summerton.

From L to R : Top row: Sid Smith, Trevor Cartwright, Derek Hicklin, unknown, Joan Malt, John Shaw, Jean Adcock, Edith Summerton, Alan Smith, Arthur Whealley. Second row: Marjory Shaw, Dorothy Shaw, Sheila Jordan, Edith Shaw, Dorothy Smith, Gwen Tvey, Joyce Jordan, Kathleen Richards, Joan Leeson, Sheila Toon, Doreen Aldridge. Third row: Olwin Blood, Betsy McMullan, Nancy Blood, Marion Riley, Edith Smith, Doreen Summerton, Margaret Blood, Muriel Aldridge, Betty Moore. Bottom row: Terry Cooper, Rex Cooper, Donald Moore, Mick Davis, Whyman, Trevor Malt, Wally McMullan, Leonard Shaw





*Main Street looking north, Worthington, 1900. The cottages on the right were owned by "Big" Jim Smith.*

The first house on the left of the street contained Aunt Nell's shop and the Post Office and was demolished in 1976 to make way for the entrance to Chapel Rise. Next door is the Methodists' Chapel. Opposite the Methodists' chapel was a field in which the annual wake was held and chapel sermons were preached. Other than this, the centre of the street remains virtually as it was in 1900. At the far end of the street near The Cross in an area known as The Yard were six cottages, now demolished.



*The Methodists' Sunday School, 1953. The teachers, in the doorway, are Jack Campton and Brenda Shaw.*



*The Methodists' Sunday School, 1953. The teacher is Gwen Tivey.*



*The Sunday school anniversary 1949*



*The Methodists' Junior Club, 1950. The teacher, standing at the back, is Mary Lacey.*

I recall the chapel sermons being held in a tent erected in the field opposite the chapel, but previous to that they took place in the village institute, a long wooden building standing about fifty yards up from the lock-up on the opposite side. This was also the venue for other events such as whist drives and dances, and also the annual horticultural show with a sports day held on the adjoining field, kindly lent by Captain C Shields. Of course after the Highland cattle, which were a feature of Manor Farm, had been moved to a different location. Local schools used to take part in football competitions along with other events.

*Eric Hinsley, Parish Times, April 2002*

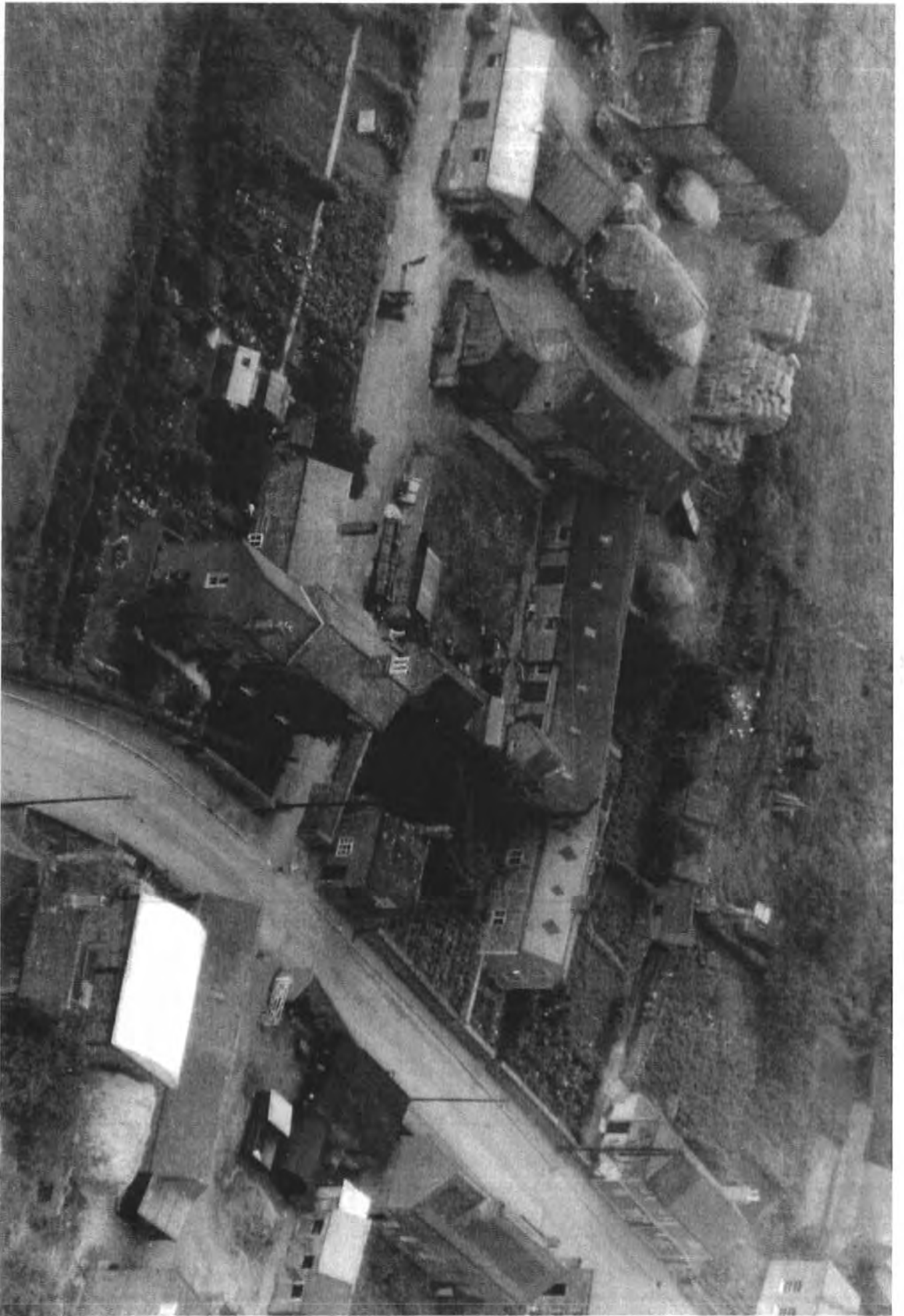
Worthington Chapel, built in 1820, was one of the first Primitive Methodists' chapels built in the area, but it did not flourish and closed some years later. A young woman whose parents were staunch Methodists came to live at one of the farms in the village and decided to reopen the chapel. After saving for many years she achieved her goal, buying the building for £20 and reopening it as a Wesleyan Methodists' chapel. As her wages would have been only £5 a year this was a remarkable achievement. This story was told me by an elderly lady who was born in 1890. She in turn had been told the story by older people when she was a girl. The original

benefactor's name is not known. In 1932 the chapel became a Methodists' chapel and has remained in use since. It is a Grade 2 listed building and the smallest chapel in the Ashby & Coalville circuit.

*Mary Lacey*



*During the 1950's, the Methodists' Chapel played a central role in the community. It ran thriving Sunday schools and youth circles and hosted the annual Love Fast on the field opposite. It is one of the oldest chapels still in regular use. 2000.*



*Main Street looking north, Worthington, 1956. Lower left centre is Pear Tree Farm and in the top right on the road is the old Post Office demolished in 1976 to make way for Chapel Rise.*





*The Mobile Shop run by Mr. William Brookes. He would travel round the villages selling paraffin, vegetables, soap - almost any provisions - in this old Packard van. 1933*

Basic household requirements such as flour, sugar, tea and butter were available from the village shop and villagers were usually self-sufficient in fruit and vegetables from cottage gardens. Other necessary provisions were hawked around the village on horse-drawn floats, and later, delivery vans, by all manner of traders: a baker, a fishmonger, a butcher, a milkman and the Coalville Co-op.

*Ralph Walker, Parish Times 2001*

A number of miners lived in Worthington and cycled to work at the Snibston pit in Coalville, including my dad. During the General Strike of 1926, work was usually just two shifts a week. When they were not at the pit these chaps borrowed a small flat cart from a local farmer and with a strong man in the shafts and others pushing, travelled the lanes in the area, pulling down dead branches from trees with wagon ropes. These loads were brought back to "Big Jim's" yard in the Main Street, where two men operated a cross-cut saw and the logs were sold to obtain a few shillings for the men's existence during the strike.

*Ralph Walker, Parish Times. 2002*

In the hot summer of 1926, a little girl aged four or five who lived in a cottage down "Big Jim's" yard had sunstroke. My great-aunt Jane, the village matron, lived next-door, and was consulted by the child's parents. Village folk did not always understand afflictions or their causes and as there was no obvious reason for the child's distress Great Aunt Jane looked to the heavens and uttered a little prayer for the child's relief.

*Ralph Walker, Parish Times. 2002*

In about 1926, mains electricity came to Worthington. People in Brecedon used to refer to Worthington as "Paraffin City" as up to this time, paraffin lamps were our only method of lighting. I remember the supply poles being erected by the Leicester



*Joseph Henry Walker. 1916. Joe was born in 1899 and served in the Great War as a Royal Artillery horse driver. He captained the village cricket team in the 1920's and early 30's and was also a publican at the Malt Shovel from 1939. Joe is Ralph's father. Joe died in 1956 at the young age of 57.*

Nichols, in 1804, wrote that the old manor had been "for many years ruinous."

A survey of 1817 gave the population of Worthington as 1,134 people living in 246 houses. It was stated that there had been a chalybeate spring (one containing iron) at Griffydam and a petrifying spring on Gelsmoor but both were lost. Lord Ferrers was Lord of the Manor then. He and Mr Bulstrode owned some of the land but most of it belonged to N.C.Curzon. The directory in 1877 gave the area of Worthington as being 1664 acres and included the hamlet of Griffydam, or Griffith's Dam, and the liberty of Newbold juxta-Worthington.

*The Leicester Advertiser, June 1958*

and Warwickshire Power Company in farmer Brookes's field on the south side of Bull Hill. Not all the houses received the new supply - possibly because landlords thought it was too expensive. Our cottage was owned by the Malt Shovel Inn and we had to continue with the paraffin lamp. Downstairs, the lamp stood in the centre of the table whilst upstairs a more decorative lamp would be suspended from the ceiling. In other parts of the house you dodged about in darkness or took a candle with wavering flame with you.

At the end of the summer, everyone looked forward to the Infirmary Show which was well supported and held in a large marquee and the village reading room. All proceeds from the show were sent to Derby Royal Infirmary for the upkeep of one bed.

In these days there was no NHS and so anyone in the village requiring hospitalisation would have to contact the secretary of the show committee for a "recommend", a signed form which would grant admission. No "recommend" or no money to pay the hospital meant no hospital treatment.

*Ralph Walker, Parish Times. 2002*



*Granny Hickling or Mrs Birch. c.1912*



Pear Tree Farm, Main Street, 1920

Pear Tree Farm derived its name from the espaliered pear tree trained across the front of the farmhouse. We believe the tree was producing pears in 1850 and remarkably, 152 years later in 2002, is still bearing fruit. During the lovely summers of my childhood I used to lean out of the garret window and help myself to pears. Father would always notice some were missing and say, "You've been at them pears again Harold" but he didn't really mind. I was born here in 1914, the third of five boys. Joe and Charlotte Brooks my parents were originally from Osgathorpe but moved to Worthington and initially lodged at the Malt Shovel with Charlie Mec, the landlord.



*My father, Joe Brooks, with my mother Charlotte at the farm. Summer 1916. I am dressed in a white lace smock and in front of me are my older brothers Jack, on the left, and Joe. I was one of six children; my younger brothers Henry and Ebenezer and my sister Mary were not yet born.*

Before the development of St. Matthew's Avenue you could count the people who lived in Worthington on two hands.

We built clover stacks for the horses and hay stacks for the cattle back-to-back in the stack yard. As children we'd pull hay and clover out where the stacks joined and make our hideout there. After school we would come home and play in the hideout. Dad did get a little annoyed but so long as we stayed out of trouble he left us alone.

My childhood was hard work but delightful. All of us children had chores to do around the farm but we didn't feel put upon. We knew we all had to contribute towards the smooth running of the household - and it held us in good stead. We grew up knowing how to look after ourselves and able to earn a living.

Over the winter the cows were kept in the farm yard under shelter, where they were fed on hay. In the early spring they were turned out to pasture and would graze on the new, fresh rich grass. As result, when we brought them back for milking in the morning and evening they would create quite a mess on the road. Charlie Mee, the landlord of the Malt Shovel used to look at the street and say to father, "Joe, when are you going to cork the cows?" Father's reply was always the same. "When you do yours Charlie!"



*Mr. Joe Brooks, aged 80 (b. 1878), of Pear Tree Farm, Main Street in June 1958. He farmed at Worthington for 53 years and was parish clerk for 20 years.*

We'd put our milk in 17 gallon churns and take the churns to Worthington railway station for 6.30 every evening for the journey to London. We usually sent four or five churns and our farming neighbours, George and Sissy Buckley, would do the same. Eventually, we found it easier to make an arrangement with the Buckleys to share delivery duties. We'd take both milk consignments to the station each evening for one week and the Buckleys would reciprocate and take them for the next week.



*This is me, Harold Brooks, with our bull, Thomas. August 1926.*

*I am aged 14 and Thomas is aged 4. Although he was a little stronger than I was - he was never a problem. We always treated our animals with great kindness and respect. The newly made corn stack is behind us in the stack yard.*

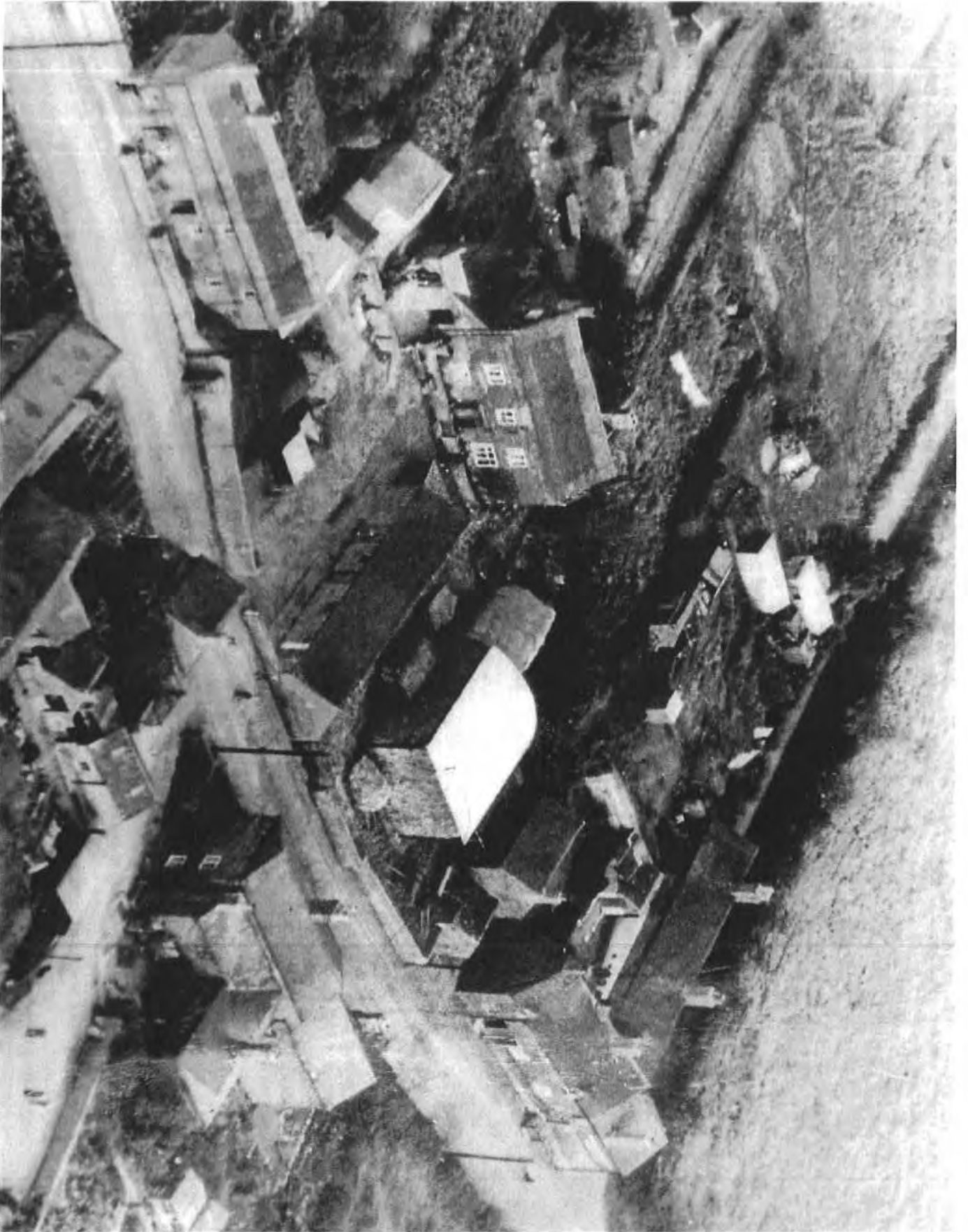
We'd sell our milk to the Express Dairy Co. in London. This arrangement worked quite well and we could be pretty confident about receiving our money - unlike some dairies we had previously supplied. Express Dairies paid us one shilling for a gallon in the summer and one shilling and sixpence in the winter, as feed for the cattle was more expensive then.

*Father on the steam engine driving the threshing machine August 1920.*

*I am the young man standing to the side of the thrasher, very interested in proceedings*

*The two men in the background are standing on the newly made corn stack in the stack yard.*





Aerial view of Main Street and Town End, Worthington, 1956  
The cottages near the Mail shovel have not yet been demolished





*Worthington Home Guard, 1941. In the front rank are:- from L to R:- John James, Johnny Toon, Alfred Jordan, Fredna Jordan, Jack Lacey and George Martin. The three faces visible in the second rank are from L to R, Stan Whyman, Harold Jordan, and Big Jim Smith.*

After Dunkirk, the Government expected Germany to invade Britain, possibly using parachutists as this tactic had been very successful in Europe. The Land Defence Force was quickly formed in every town and village throughout the country to keep a careful lookout for any such invasion. Worthington soon had a platoon of about thirty volunteers and we each wore an armband on our jacket sleeves marked L.D.V. (Land Defence Volunteer). The Worthington platoon together with those in surrounding villages made up a Company with the Company Commander being Major John Shields of Breedon Hall. The Worthington platoon officer was Charlie Platts, a genial character who had served as an infantryman in the First War.

Night patrols on the Top Brand were arranged, which ran from 10pm until 6am. After a short time some equipment was made available. The platoon was given a few rifles and practice on rifle ranges was undertaken. Ammunition was kept at platoon headquarters in the Malt Shovel and we received Army demim overalls as uniforms. It was difficult at the start to try to become a kind of reserve army unit but as time passed and more training was given, the platoon became more efficient and a more serious attitude developed. After some months, the L.D.F. became known as the Home Guard. Our training did have its lighter moments.

We had just arrived on the Top Brand one evening to begin a patrol when we stopped a car. It was unusual to see any traffic out at night and perhaps we thought we

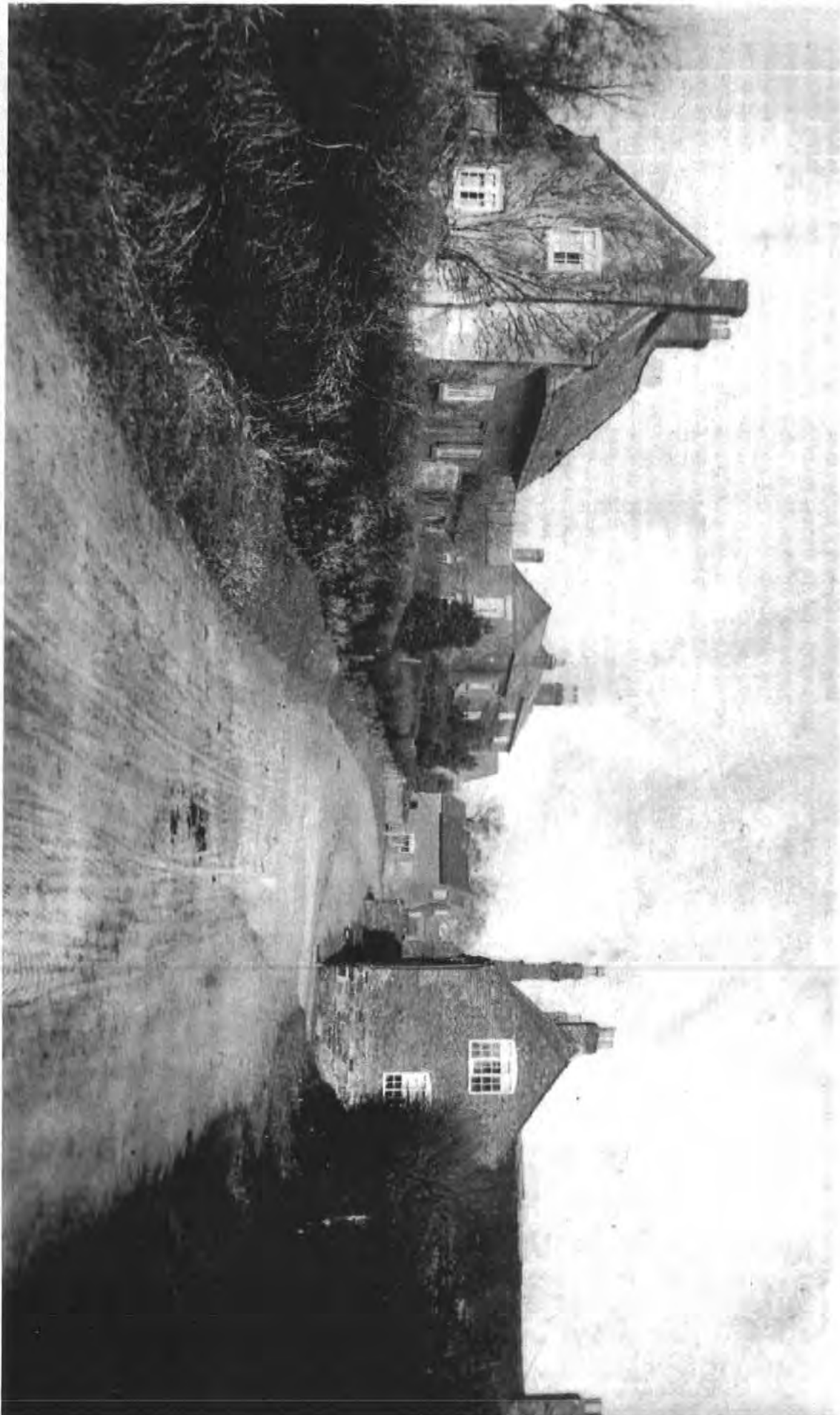
might catch a fifth-column infiltrator. The driver was very English and everything seemed all right. He said he was going to Hinckley. One of the lads asked, "Have you got a German in the boot?" "No" he replied, "but I do have a sister in the W.A.A.F."

On a later patrol on Newbold Lane at around midnight we stopped a lady cyclist. We couldn't have a lady spy roaming the lanes at such a late hour - could we? She said she had been to a dance at Melbourne and was returning home to Coalville. We asked to see her identity card and although she rummaged in her shoulder bag for a while was unable to find it. We asked her to come to the Guard Hut with us where she could continue the search under the light of a farm hurricane lamp. The missing card was found and, as the kettle had just boiled, she was offered a cup of tea before continuing her journey. When she came to go, she couldn't find her bike and we guessed two of our mates who had marched off on patrol to Newbold were playing about. We searched around and eventually found it just over the gate in a small field by Standingdale Lane. The young lady was not the least upset, and as she also had to go towards Newbold, we suggested that if she saw the two responsible she should run them over.

*Ralph Walker  
The Parish Times, November 2001.*



*Worthington Cricket Team, c.1920. They are from L to R:- Back row, Fred Hodges, unknown, Charlie Platts, Mr Cooper, Mr Waterfield, Jim Collins. Front row, Alf Mee, Mr Hicklin, Ernest Walker, Joe Walker (Captain), unknown.*



*Town End, looking back into the village. On the corner with Bull hill is the Malt Shovel. In the middle distance on the left is Pear Tree Farm. Near left is Town End cottage. 1906*

The Worthington of today looks very different from the Worthington of 1906. The village was smaller then with approximately seventy dwellings and it was all very peaceful, not being on a through route. At that time there were eight working farms in the village of which three were on Main Street. There were six cottages round the Malt Shovel, another small cottage at the bottom of Pear Tree Farm yard and on the opposite side of the road from Pear Tree Farm house were five cottages owned by "Big Jim" Smith. Today there are now more than 200 dwellings in the village, just two working farms, one at either end of the village and all twelve cottages mentioned above have been demolished. Two bungalows and an adjacent school were built on the Main Street in 1925 on part of a field and gardens.



*Mr James Fairbrother, aged 74 (c. 1884), of Hillview cottage, Main Street, June 1958. He was occupied with farm-work until a change to the pipe works.*

The first motor car in the village, I believe, belonged to Capt. Shields at the Manor House. There were also two small lorries in the village during the twenties. One, a Model T Ford with solid tyres was used by Dan Kinsey to deliver coal in the area. Dan's wife kept the shop opposite the school. The other lorry was Ernie Chester's and Ernest Cooper's at Worthington Water Mill which they used for collecting corn and delivering flour.

*Ralph Walker, Parish Times 2001*

On 25th March 1844 the cases of Thomas Smart aged 19 and Thomas Cartwright aged 22 were heard before Sir J Tindall at Leicester Assizes. The defendants were jointly charged with stealing on 6th October 1843 at Bredon on the Hill three sovereigns, eight half-crowns, six shillings and three sixpences from Thomas Gibson. There was also another indictment against them for stealing a pair of skates at Packington.

The court heard that Mr Gibson, who lived at Belton, had been paid his wages the night before and had decided to go to Ashby races. There he saw both the defendants, whom he knew, but they were then not together. Gibson travelled back with one of them, Smart, arriving in Worthington at 8 o'clock and they called at the Malt Shovel. The other of the accused, Cartwright, arrived half an hour later and they sat together.

Gibson ordered some ale and by mistake pulled out a sovereign to pay for it instead of a shilling. The landlord returned it saying it was a sovereign, which the accused heard. Gibson left the public house at 11 o'clock, "sober enough to know what I was about", and headed for Belton. The accused left at the same time and walked with him. After a quarter of a mile they prevailed upon Gibson to go a different way which he refused to do. Both of the accused then took hold of Gibson and marched him 100 yards down a lane. Gibson resisted but they threw him to the ground. Cartwright held him down by the throat while Smart removed the money from his pocket. Gibson said "Tom, don't take my money" but Smart replied "I will have it, and if you make a noise I'll knock your brains out." Smart and Cartwright then left. Gibson returned to Worthington and told the policeman of the robbery.

Samuel Richards, the landlord of the Malt Shovel said in his evidence that both the accused had been lodging with him at the Malt Shovel as it was the Wakes week and he corroborated Gibson's evidence. Constable Beales confirmed Cartwright had been apprehended at Packington on 27th October, and Constable Rose confirmed Smart had been apprehended at Nunceaton on 28th October. At his arrest, Cartwright told Constable Beales that he should be receiving £50 on the death of his grandfather and that if he received the money he would make it up to Gibson. Cartwright was also

given a good character reference by Mr Pegg of Melbourne.

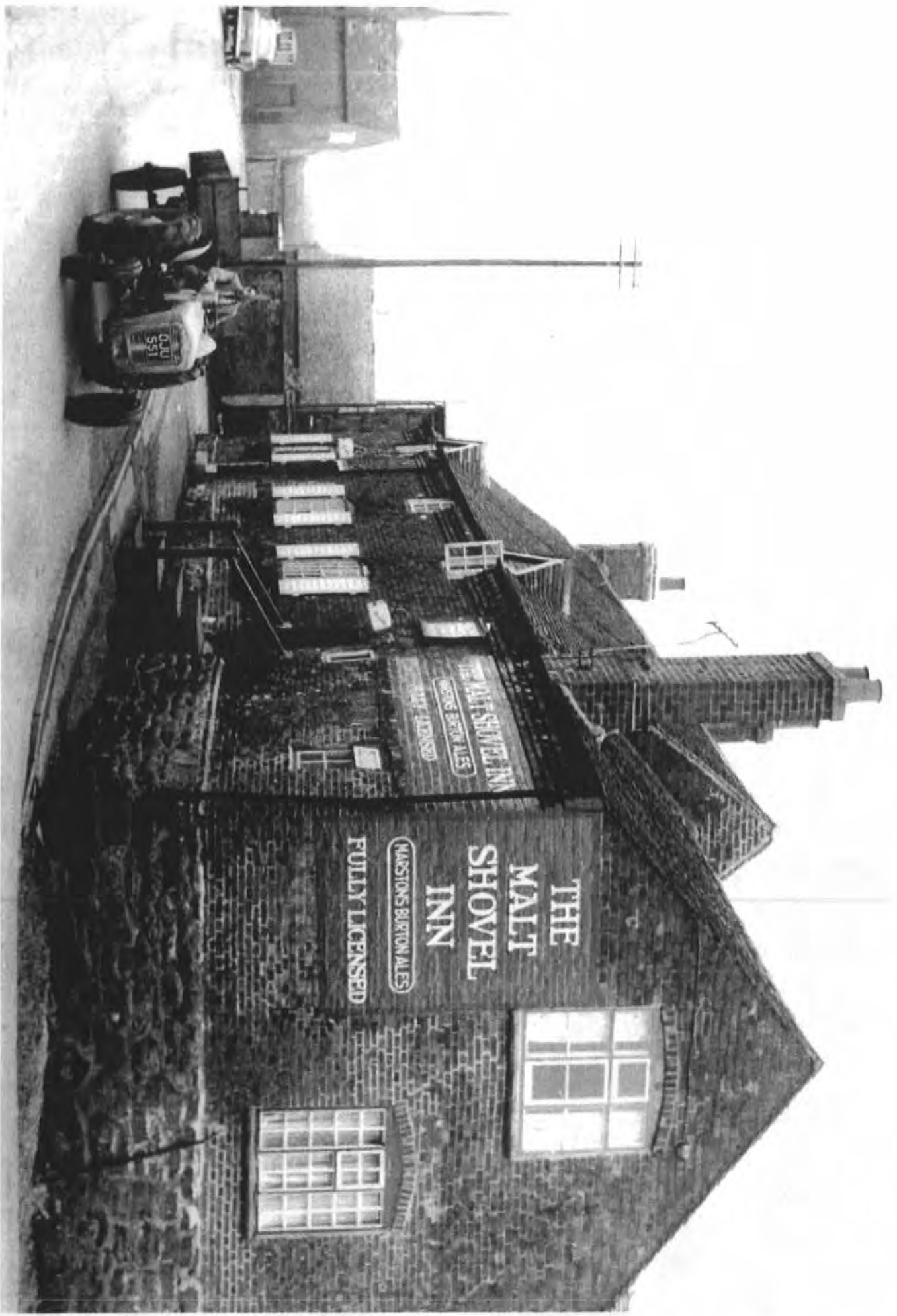
Sir J Tindall, presiding, summed up the evidence, observing that the whole charge must rest on the testimony of Thomas Gibson and it would be up to the jury to consider if he was in a state to be cognisant of what took place. The verdict in both cases was guilty. Cartwright was sentenced to 12 months hard labour, but Smart, having a previous conviction proved against him was sentenced to 15 years transportation. Thomas Smart was sent to a penal settlement in Van Diemen's land, now Tasmania. His convict record shows he was a rebellious prisoner being frequently punished with lashing - receiving between 14 and 30 lashes depending on the seriousness of his misdemeanour - or solitary confinement. He often absconded but was always recaptured.

Ironically, in 1885, forty years after Thomas's transportation, his brother Joseph with wife Elizabeth, son James who was a widower, and four grandchildren emigrated from Bredon to New Zealand to seek new lives. Even though they ended up on the same side of the world as Joseph's brother, it is unlikely they ever saw or heard from Thomas again after he sailed on the prison ship.

*Pamela Lydford,  
Joseph Smart's Great, Great Granddaughter*



*Town End cottage, opposite the junction of Town End and Main Street with Bull Hill, c.1918*



Harry Brooks on his Ferguson tractor passing the Malt Shovel at the corner of Town End, Main Street and Bull Hill. c1955

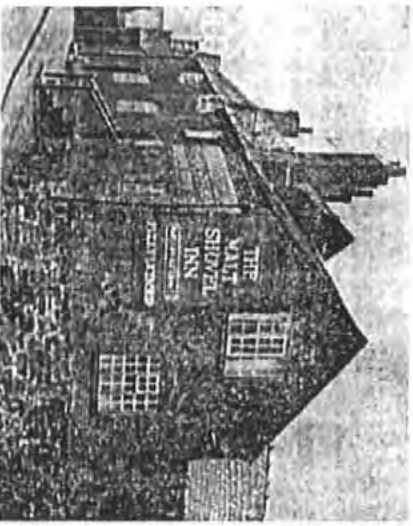




*Master Alan Balesworth closely followed by the beagle pack and Alan Higgins at a country fair. The pack regularly hunted in the fields around Worthington. 1980.*

A barnmaid's job at the Malt Shovel was not quite as easy as it is now. The beer wasn't piped through to you - you had to go to the cellar to fetch it. Serving a pint involved taking the glass through the tap room, croodling down through a small doorway into the cellar and filling the glass directly from one of the beer barrels - and then making the return journey to the customer.

*Kit Walker. 1952*



*The Malt Shovel  
June 1958*

*In the bar of the Malt Shovel with:- from L to R, Damma Watkins, Billy King, Dorothy Woodall (nee Sommerlon), Henry Menzies, and Johnny Brownlow. October 1962.*

*Johnny is trying to hide under the collar of his coat as he should have been working at Lount pit when this photograph was taken.*

*This is Ivy Jordan's mum, Phyllis, and her mum's brothers Jim and Herbert Fairbrother. Phyllis lived in one of the Malt Shovel Cottages at the bottom of Bull Hill. It has since been demolished. October 1953.*





The Traveller's Rest Football Team. 1900. Amongst them are:- Back row from L to R, Mr William Hodges, Mr Sam Shakespeare (Zions Hill), Mr Thomas Hodges (father of Sam Hodges), Mr Jack Stevenson (later landlord of the Red Lion 20's & 30's), Mr Hill (Anchor Lane), Middle Row: Mr Albert Haywood (Broomleys Road), Seated right, Mr Isiah Hodges (uncle of Sam Hodges).



Top Road, Griffydarn. 1960.



In the distance is the huge waste tip or "pit bank" of the New Lount Colliery, viewed from a garden on Top Road, Griffydarn, c. 1960. The tip has since been removed and the area planted with trees.

During the Second German War, the huge waste tip at New Lount Colliery had to be damped down frequently because the residue coal in the waste bank was always burning and this produced a large fire-glow that, at night, may have been helpful to German bombers.



Mick Upton (left) and Jack Hill at the well head. 1934.



Owen Johnson reunited with his very relieved mother. 1934.

In October 1934, two year old Owen Johnson of Bottom Road, Griffydarn, fell 32 feet down his grandmother's well and was dramatically rescued by Mick Upton and Jack Hill, two Griffydarn miners. Mrs Joseph Wesley, the child's grandmother, ran into the garden shouting, "The child's in the well." Mick slid down the rope tearing his hands. He said, "The rope was only fastened to the roller by a staple so Jack held onto the rope like grim death.

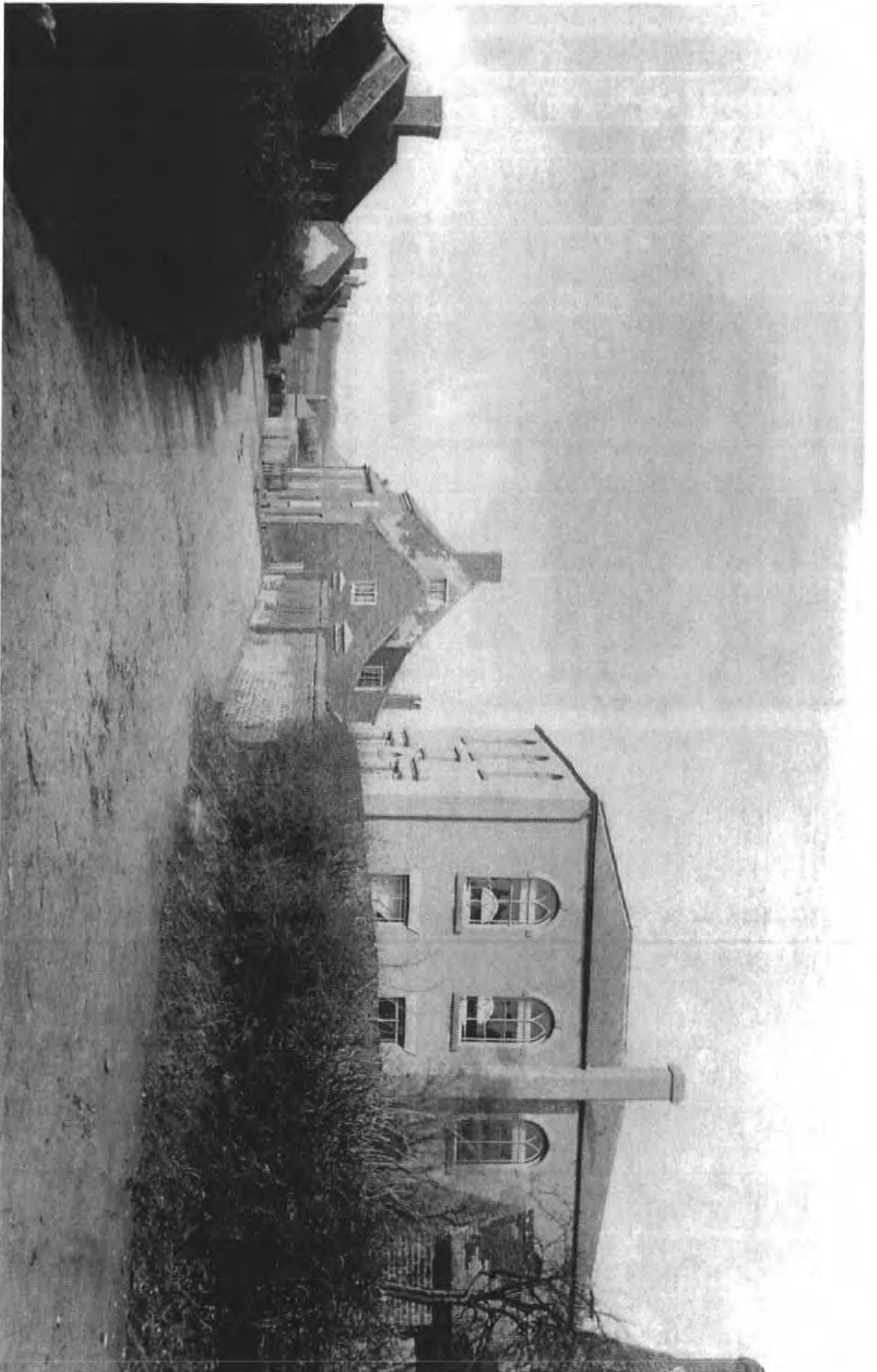
At the bottom, my right foot dropped inside the bucket and my left foot went down into the water, but did not touch the bottom. I felt the child cling to it so I grabbed his clothing with my left hand and Jack started to haul us up. When we got halfway up the boy started to cry.

It is really the most terrible thing I have ever experienced. I don't know how the child is alive." Owens injuries were remarkably light, being just a cut on the forehead and a few bruises.

*Leicester Evening Mail, October 1934.*



Flo Dimmock and her sister Alice at Griffydarn. c. 1930.



*Main Street, Griffydham, now renamed Elder Lane. 1905. On the right is the Wesleyan Methodist Chapel where John Wesley preached and further down the Lane on the left is the Griffin Inn, which closed in 1961.*

John Wesley preached at Griffydham Chapel on at least two occasions - the second being in 1779 at the new chapel when it was only one year old. The chapel was built in 1778, enlarged in 1792 and restored in 1862. On the first occasion there was already a fellowship of Methodists in the area as John's brother Charles, as early as 1743 and

possibly earlier. "had preached the gospel to the poor at Cole Orton who heard it with the greatest eagerness." John was invited by some of the Methodist converts to preach at Griffydam on one of his northern tours.

He stood on the spot from which the photograph of the chapel was taken. News that Wesley intended preaching had spread far and wide and there was a large

congregation. A squire who had great influence among the colliers resolved if possible to hinder the preaching. He primed the men with liquor. Armed with truncheons, the swartly guardians of orthodoxy gathered on the brow of the hill. John Massey, an athlete and renowned pugilist, the terror of every wake and fair in North Leicestershire, was appointed captain of the anti-Methodist gang. No doubt the



Griffydam Methodist Chapel, 1898

little evangelist was aware of the plot against him. Calmly he proceeded with song and prayer. As he was about to commence the sermon Massey looked at him savagely, but thought he would just hear a little of what he had got to say.

Under the spell of that wonderful voice, the athlete's heart began to beat violently, and a big tear rolled down the swartly cheek. The colliers became impatient. One man cried out "John, why dunna ye give the word." John's reply must have come like a thunderbolt. "If any mon touches the praicher I'll straighten wi' him on th' pit bonk tomorrow mornin'." There was not a man who wished to meet John Massey on the pit bank or anywhere else. The converted collier became one of the most useful preachers in the neighbourhood. He and his wife lived at Griffydam to a good old age and were buried in the burial ground to the right of the chapel. John in 1819, aged 87, and Deborah in 1820, aged 84.

*The Methodist Recorder. March 1898*

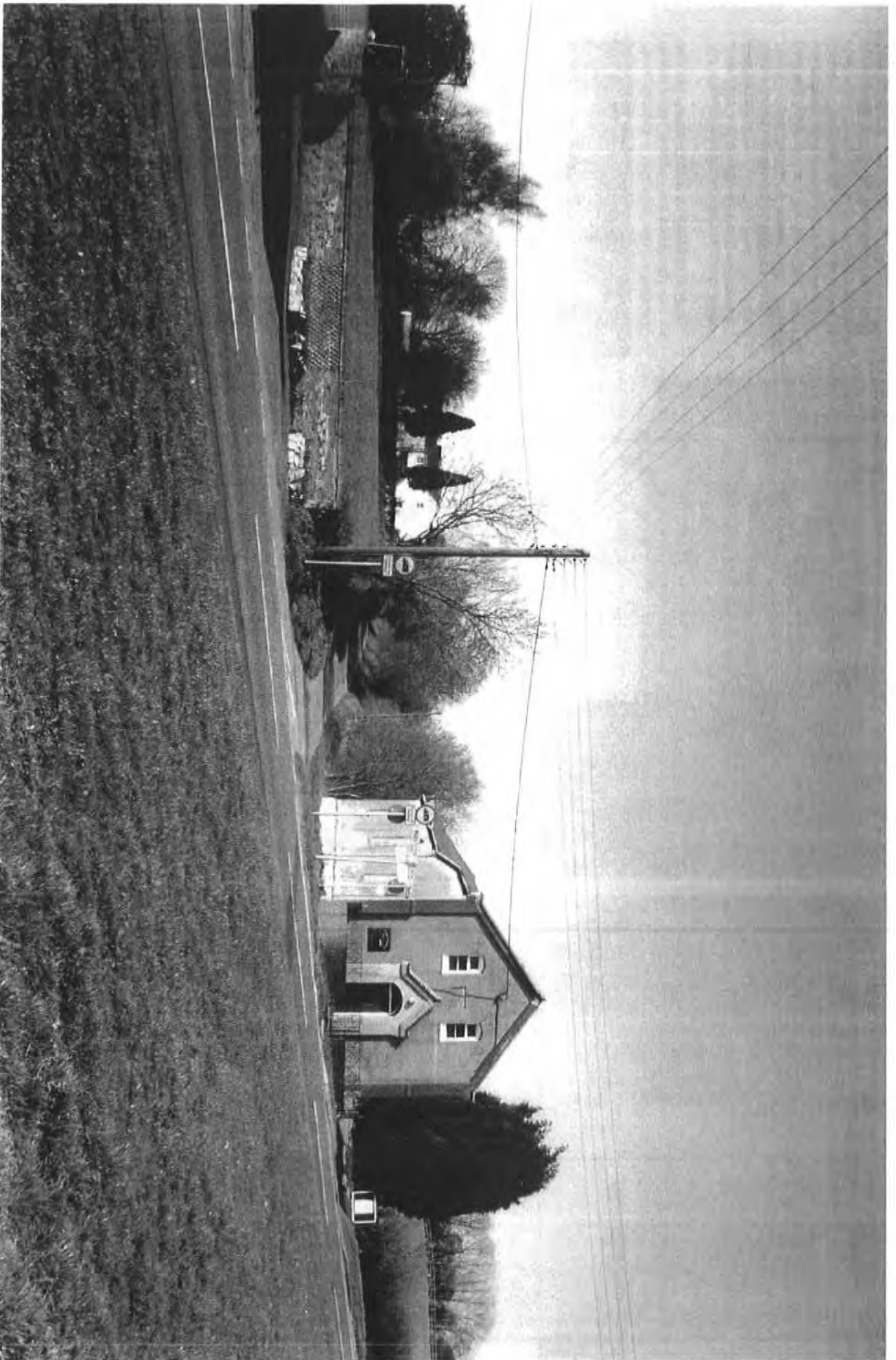
The Griffin Inn, Griffydam, 1931. It was kept by Mr & Mrs Tom Williamson and Mrs Williamson is standing outside with her son. The pub closed in 1961. Mr & Mrs Stone were the last licensees.



The Wesley Guild Parade marching down The Tenias and on to Elder Lane near the Chapel, 1931



The Griffin dominos team, c. 1959. They are:- from L to R, Albert Killy, Jack Hill, Ben Stone, Albert Abbott, Harry Frear, Thomas Hodges and Arthur Elise.



The Wesleyan Reform Church at the foot of Nicklinton's Hill, Griffydarn. The Wesleyan Reform Church came into being in 1849 as a breakaway group from the Wesleyan Methodists. Mrs G Mason of grew up in Griffydarn and with her brothers and sisters attended the Sunday School at the Reform Church from age 5 until she was 13. "We used to look forward to the saturday school treat once a year and also the anniversary services," she said. The lane, centre, is the Lower Brand leading to Worthington. The Wagon & Horses public house is just out of picture on the left. 1996.



Brand Farm and cottages, Lower Brand, Griffydun, 1957. It used to be called Vinegar Hill Yard Farm. Charlie Wright ran the farm from 1939 until his death in 1999, one month short of sixty years. Charlie ran a mixed farm- arable and livestock. He kept 12 cows and delivered milk himself around the district by horse and float, and by motorcycle and eventually by motor vehicle. He was a very popular character. In the 19th century many more cottages were built at the farm, but these were demolished in 1945. Before the war, Tom Toon lived in one of the cottages.



The crossroads at Griffydun with the Wagon & Horses public house on one corner and the Wesleyan Reform Church on the other, c. 1972.

The Wagon & Horses has been a public house since 1898 and possibly earlier. It was once a farmhouse and the farmer obtained an excise licence for his own house. In 1927 the owners, Dorothy Sarah Brearley, a farmer's wife, and Ethel Elizabeth Nicklinton sold the house to Z. Smith & Co, brewers, of Shardlow. Some time after this, Marston, Thompson and Evershed Ltd took control of Z Smith. In 1968 the interior underwent considerable transformation and was said to be "very popular in the locality."



Charlie Wright with Alan Taylor on his float and Billy the horse, delivering milk, c. 1949.



Alan looking after Billy whilst Charlie makes a milk delivery, c. 1949.



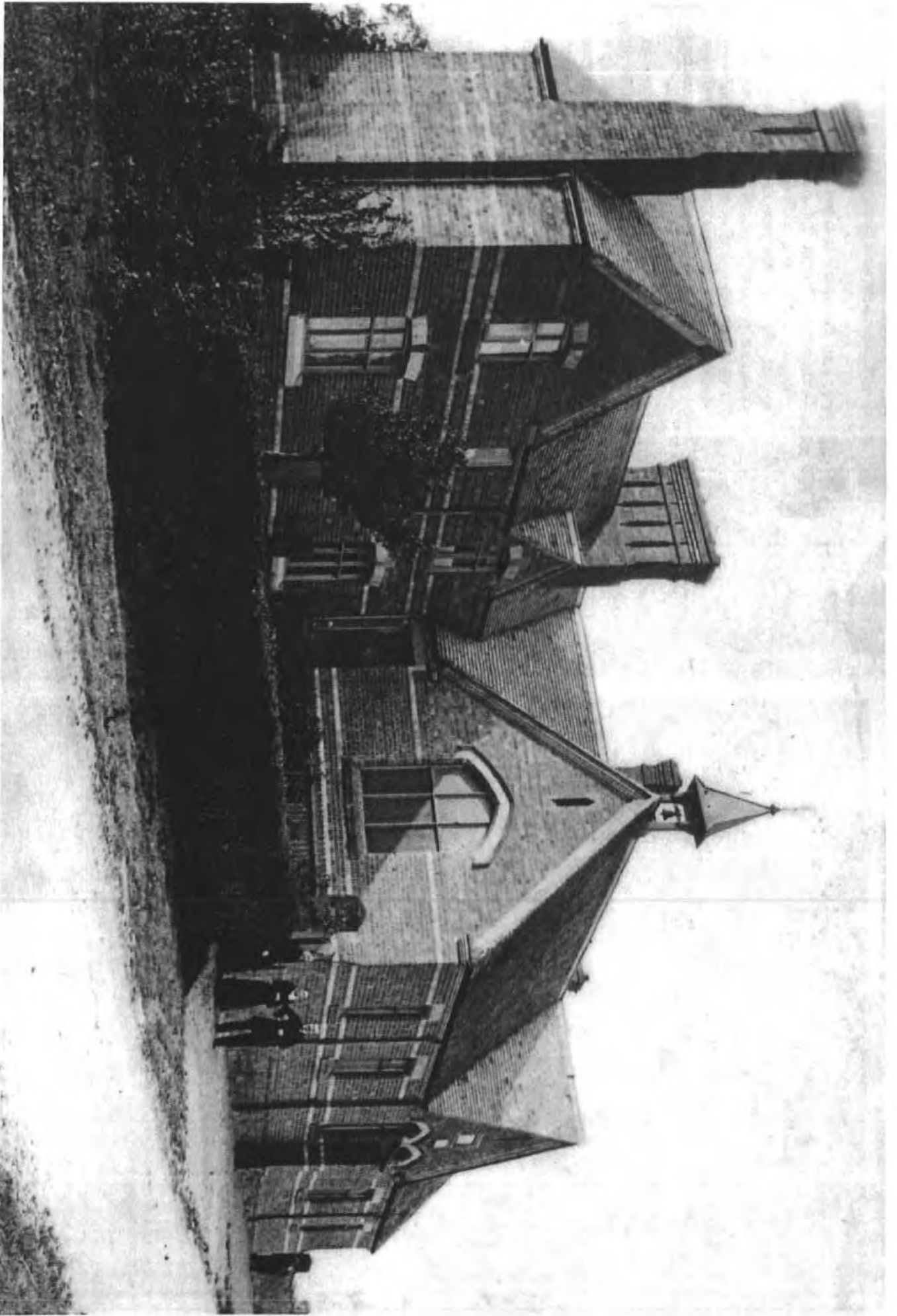
Charlie Wright of Brand Farm delivering the milk on his motorcycle and sidecar, c. 1939.



Sunday School Anniversary at the Wesleyan Reform Church, Griffydun, c. 1968.

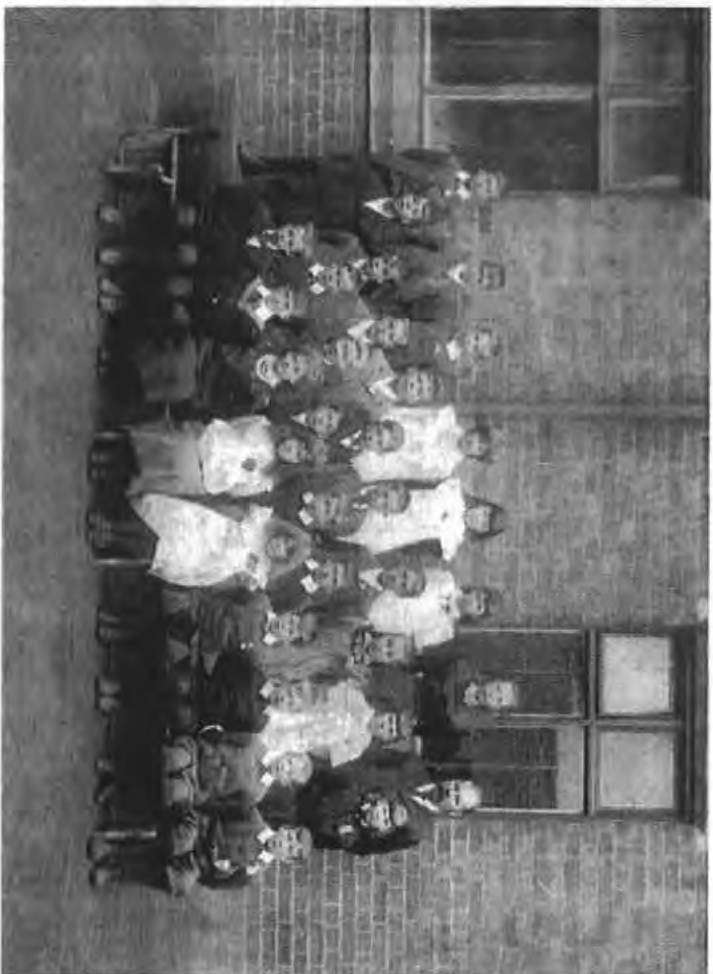


Rev. Abraham Halliday and his wife arriving at the church, c. 1968.



*Newbold School, 1870. Standing outside is the schoolmaster, Reuben Sisson, with his wife and Daisy Statham, the school assistant.*





*Newbold School. The class of 1907.*

Newbold school was built, with a residence for the master, at a cost of £1500 and enlarged in 1899 for 265 children. The average attendance was 180 pupils overseen by the master, Reuben Sisson, with assistants one of whom, Miss Daisy Statham, was a daughter of the boot maker. The catchment area for the school included Worthington and many more outlying areas.

The county primary school at Worthington is already faced with overcrowding. There are plans for additional classrooms, but in the meantime the overflow goes to the school at Newbold, a school which was due to be closed two years ago but has had to be given a reprieve. It is, a better looking school than Worthington's, although it is older.

*The Leicester Advertiser, June 1958*

*Newbold School bedecked with bunting for the Jubilee celebrations. 1935.*



*Newbold schoolhouse and half of the schoolroom. c.1920.*



*The children of Newbold School. c.1955.*



The annual dance of the Leicestershire Colliery & Pipe Company, 1939-41.

Amongst those assembled at the Old Hall are:- L to R, Back rows J Richards, C Martin, Mrs J Richards, Miss W Cooper, G Widdowson, I Taylor, L Tilley, C Spare, G McKay, W Farmer, J Laban, E Hawkins. Middle row: E Court, W Menzies, V Hodges, M Hawkins, D Court. Front row: R Hawkins, E Hodges, S Bolland, D Bolland, T Court, M Hawkins, F Hodges, H Hodges, E Martin, ? Martin, H Evans, S Naisbitt.



Stewart's Shop, Newbold, c. 1950.



The Reverend Henry Arthur Dane standing in the garden of Newbold vicarage: c. 1953. The Rev. Dane was vicar of Worthington from 1949 to 1971.

In the 1920's I remember, when approaching Newbold from Worthington, there were few houses; a solitary stone house on the right, the vicarage on the left and three cottages at the top of Pipeyard Lane. Today, with the building of Forest Terrace, Cloud Hill View and Vicarage Close, this area has now grown from just 5 houses to more than 110 today. I recall one of the three cottages at the top of Pipeyard Lane sold a variety of sweets, including gob-stoppers which were about the size of those large marbles of the time, called Bassy marbles. Four of those or thirty aniseed balls for one penny, which was also the fare for the Trent bus from Worthington to Newbold Well.



The "Gaffer" of the Newbold Haulage Co. G.P.N., with eight of his twelve drivers. 1935.

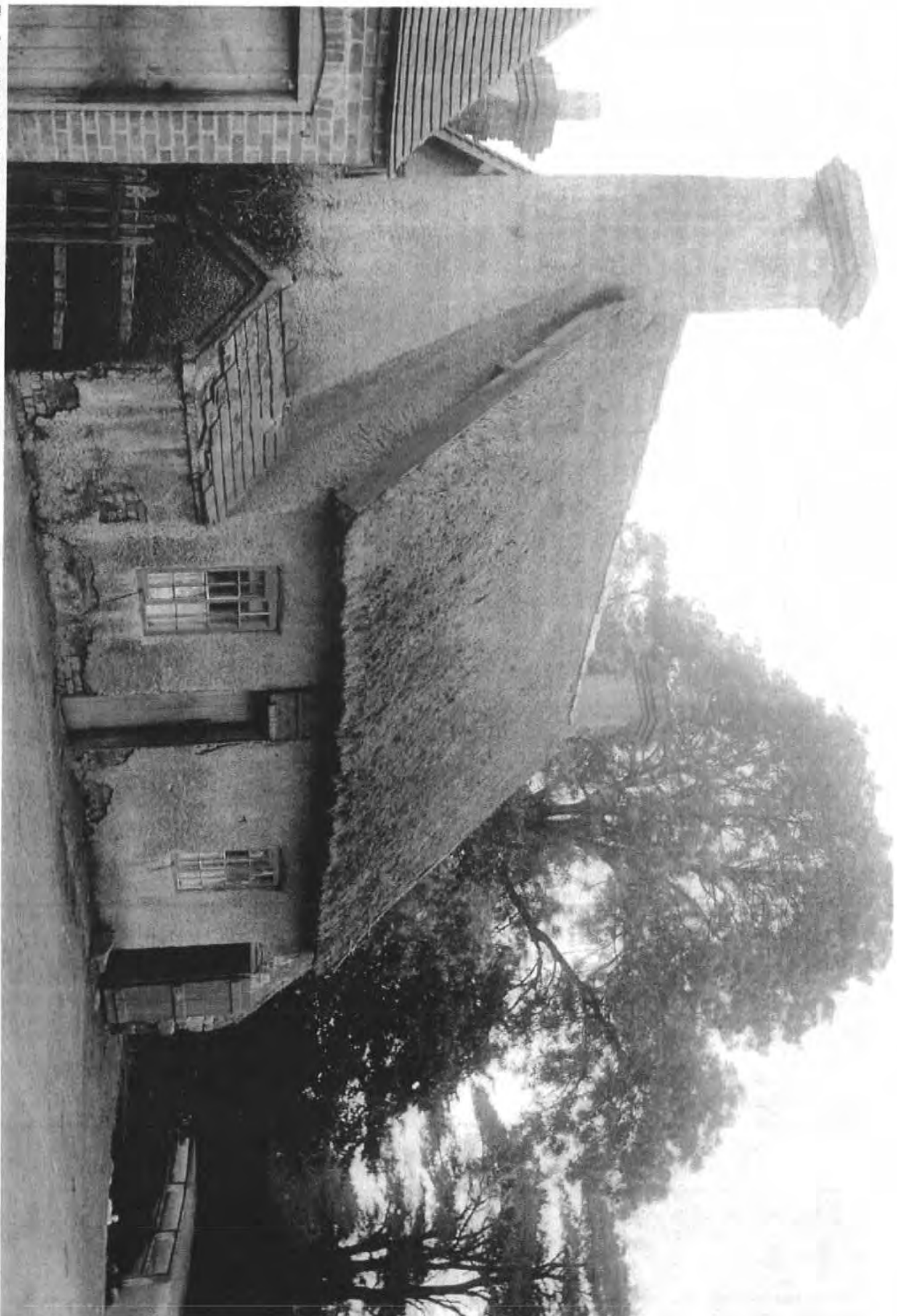
Continuing on through the village, there were half a dozen houses below the Cross Keys. At the junction of School Lane and Ashby Road was a triangle of grass with a well in the centre which supplied water to the dozen houses on the right hand side of the Ashby Road. There were no houses on the left-hand side of Ashby Road nor the right-hand side of School Lane. The houses on the left-hand side of School Lane were not part of old Newbold. To complete the picture, there were a few additional outlying cottages in Melbourne Road, at the end of Ashby Road and Newbold Gate. Today Newbold boasts over 200 hundred houses compared with less than 50 in the 1920's

*Ralph Walker, Parish Times 2001*

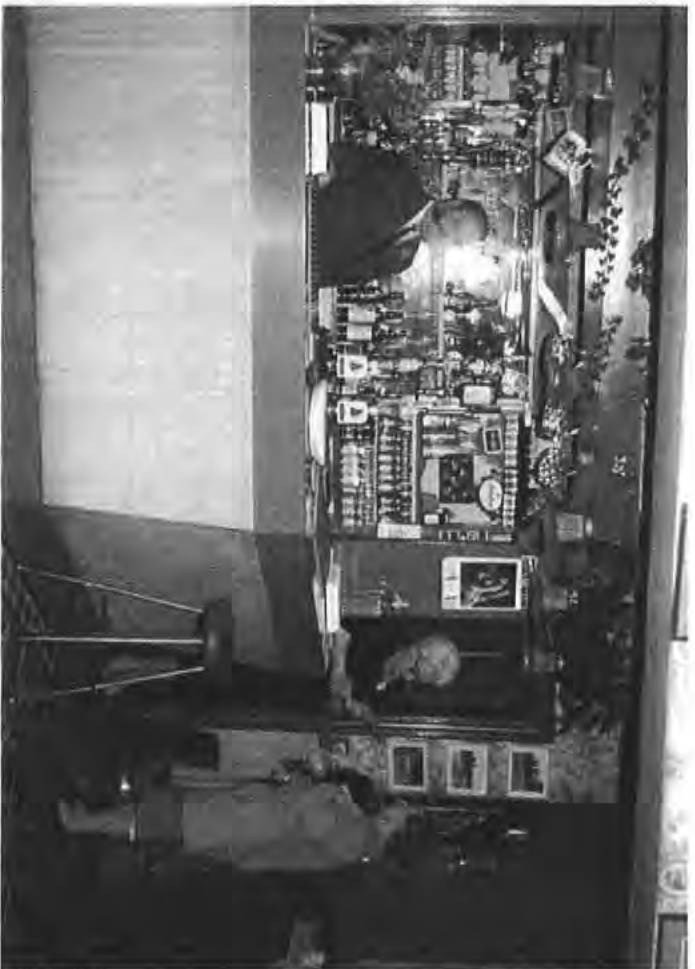
Kelly's Directory of the Homestead published in 1900 listed James Statham as a boot maker and William Crabtree as the keeper of the Cross Keys public house in Newbold. Other notables who received a mention were farmers, Joseph Knight and Josiah Walker. Josiah was succeeded by his son, the delightfully named Noady Walker of Ashby Road Farm. The Rev. Henry Banker-Green lived in the vicarage. In Gelsmoor lived James Leeson, cowkeeper and Eli White was publican at The Railway public house.



Mr James Statham, aged 93 (b. 1865), of Newbold, Coleorton. He was the village shoe and bootmaker. June 1958.



6 The Cross Keys, Ashby Road, Newbold, 1899. The woman watching the photographer from behind the nearside window may be Clara Crabtree, who was landlady from 1899 until her death in 1944 aged 93.



*Licensee Gerald Shaw, complete with handlebar moustache, behind the bar of the Cross Keys. 1966. His wife Joan is talking to Mrs Lirny Shaw, Gerald's mother (and Candy the pooch).*

A remarkable former licensee of the Cross Keys was Mrs Clara Crabtree. She was a licensed vicualler for more than 60 years, keeping the Railway Inn at Gelsmoor between 1880 and 1899 and the Cross Keys from 1899 until her death in January 1944 at the age of 93. A wonderful old lady, Mrs Crabtree retained all of her faculties to the last and only a few days before her death was chatting happily with her customers. She was known as the Grand Old Lady of Newbold and was for many years the oldest licensee in England. Her husband Mr George Crabtree was the village carpenter and he and their three children predeceased Clara. Clara's possessions were sold by auction at the Cross Keys on Tuesday 7th March 1944 and included: Brass and Iron bedsteads, wardrobes, a chest of drawers and dressing chest, wash stand, chamberware, couch, dresser, dining table, 8-day grandfather clock, washing machine and garden tools.

In June 1946, festivities were held at the Cross Keys to celebrate the coming of peace. At the children's party, 104 sat down for a Victory tea at loaded tables, "the strain of which they quickly eased!" Owing to the rain, the sports programme had to be postponed. At the old people's party on Whit-Monday the Victory committee entertained 45 pensioners and their friends at the Cross Keys. Mr Albert Hodges, on behalf of the committee, presented the landlord and landlady Mr & Mrs Coxon with

an electric clock as a token of esteem and affection. A smoking concert followed during which several of the guests sang some of the old songs. The ladies were each presented with a china cup and saucer and the gentlemen with an ounce of tobacco. Towards the close of proceedings, Mrs Fargeter, aged 83, said she was not accustomed to visiting such places as the hotel but she had nevertheless found the evening very enjoyable. She then sang "Abide with me," the capable rendering of which stirred the emotions of all present.

*Coatville Times. 14th June 1946*

Other popular licensees were Gerald and Joan Shaw who ran the public house from 1960 until 1967. Gerald was a real character who sported a full handlebar moustache. He loved to host the Quorn Hunt Meet on the car park and many local people would attend.

*Gerald Shaw the landlord, offering local farmer, Frank Hewitt, a stirrup cup at the Cross Keys, Newbold. 1962*



*The popular Meet of the Quorn Hunt at the Cross Keys, Newbold. 1962.*



*St Matthew's Vicarage, Newbold 1964. The Rev Dame is still in residence. Worthington Lane is in the bottom right of the photograph and in the top right is Vicarage Close in the final stages of construction.*

The vicarage was built in 1869/70 on land bought by the Church Commissioners from Nathaniel Curzon of Lockington Hall. The building was large and required a great deal of upkeep. Servants lived in the northeast upper storey of the house and had their own staircase. Originally a wire bell-pull system was installed to call the servants, which was later replaced by an electrical flag/buzzer system. Each room originally had it's own cast iron fireplace but by the 60's most had been removed. From the front door one



*St Matthew's Vicarage, Newbold, 1980. New owners, Dick and Pearl Thompson had to make extensive repairs the roof and two of the chimney stacks had to be taken down and rebuilt. Pearl's Reliant Robin is parked on the drive.*

The outbuildings consisted of a stable for two horses, complete with mangers, a coach house for a trap or gig and attached to that a room with a fireplace where the stable lad lived. In the photograph on the left, the coach house has been extended at the front to accommodate a motor car. Drinking water was obtained from the well in the stableyard. The well was 55 feet deep and the pump mechanism was at the bottom, connected to a spout in the yard by a feed pipe. A lifting-rod inside the feed pipe connected the operating handle to the pump. Water for washing and cleaning was supplied from a lead-lined wooden tank in the roof, which was filled by rainwater collected from the centre valley of the roof. Other parts of the roof drained into a bell-shaped cistern in the garden and a second pump here could be used to top up the roof tank if necessary.

In living memory, the Rev. Henry Dane lived at the vicarage for 35 years from 1950 until 1975. He was succeeded by the Rev. Whittle but the house was so big and in such a poor state of repair that Rev. Whittle preferred to live in a caravan parked on the south lawn. The Rev. Whittle died in 1977 and the church decided to sell the property.

In April 1978 Dick Thompson, together with his wife Pearl and father Leonard, bought the vicarage from the Church Commissioners. The building was in very poor condition. Small self-seeded trees were growing out of the roof corners and in the central valley. The gutters were choked with leaves and silt and two of the chimney stacks were in danger of collapsing.

entered the hall with its beautifully patterned tiled floor. At ground level, leading from the hall were the dining room (straight on), the study (first right) and the sitting room (second right). Behind a door on the left was a passage which led to the kitchen, cloakroom and pantry. A wide elegant three-directional staircase lead up to a large central landing in the centre of the house, off which were four large bedrooms. The two bedrooms on the south side of the house had a connecting door so that the smaller of the two could have been used as a boudoir by the ladies or a dressing room.



*William the horse with goats, Polly, Shaggy, Esme and others in the vicarage paddock, 1998*



*Clearing the site to build 15 new houses, 1999. The new road was appropriately named Henry Dane Way.*

Essential repairs were done - but although weather-tight, the house was bitterly cold in winter.

"Even after we had installed the largest solid fuel boiler we could find it was still too cold to sit on a cold winter's night without an open fire as well. Despite these rigours we enjoyed living there. Pearl kept goats for milking and I enlarged the stables and began repairing motor cars at the premises including Formula One stock cars which I also raced! Later we kept horses, hens, ducks, geese and pigs. Truly the good life. In 1999 we decided to retire and entered into an agreement with a builder whereby the vicarage would be demolished and the land used to build 15 houses, one of which we would own. In April 2002 our new house was ready and we moved in. The vicarage was demolished in November 2002. It was sad to see it go - but our new house is a lot easier to maintain and a good deal warmer!"

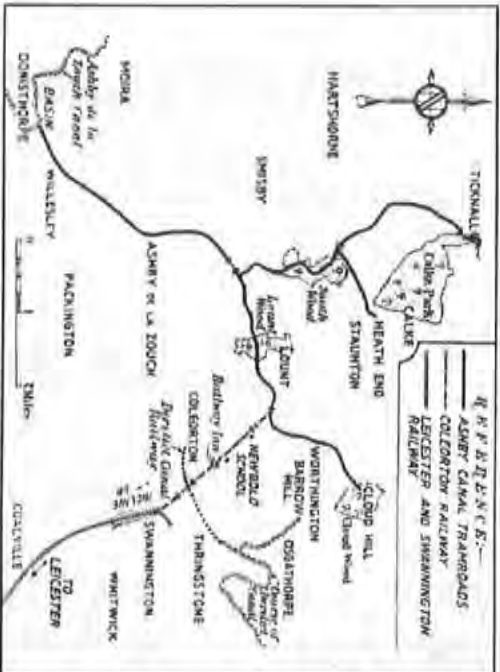
*Dick Thompson*



*The demolition team begin work on the vicarage, November 2002*

In the Middle Ages, Newbold was a very small hamlet and the surrounding area was sparsely populated. The growth and development of the village was the result of materials found below ground, namely coal and clay. Coal deposits near or at the surface were known to have been here for many hundreds of years. Later, freemen of the parish were granted the right to use waste or common land to dig for coal. On the western boundary of Newbold, through parkland and woods there was a great deal of digging for coal. As the men followed the seams down drifts into the ground, bell-pits began to be used. A shallow shaft was sunk from the surface to the seam and coal was excavated at the base in a circular fashion, loaded into baskets and hoisted to the surface.

As with most industries, growth was governed by the laws of supply and demand. Much more coal could be mined here than was required by local villages and towns but coal was heavy and transport to new markets was difficult. The larger markets of Loughborough and Leicester some 12 and 22 miles distant respectively were having to be supplied by pack mules loaded with two pannier baskets and this was expensive. As there was no other way of townspeople getting coal, they had to pay the price asked, but tragically for the local mines the canal revolution at the end of the 18th century meant that coal from the Derbyshire and Nottinghamshire coalfields was beginning to reach Loughborough and Leicester at half the price of the local coal. Mine owners tried to prevent the Grand Union Canal from being allowed to carry coal until the Charnwood Forest Line was built, allowing them to compete in these markets. They failed in their attempts and were forced to relinquish this huge local market and concentrate on supplying Coventry via the Ashby Canal.



Immediately to the west of Coleorton, an important system of tramroads was built with branches to Tocknall and Cloud Hill in conjunction with the Ashby canal, 1794-1833. A special rail invented by Mr. Hallam, the Cloud Hill blacksmith, was used between Tocknall and Cloud Hill.

Lime Works for the railway to be extended to Newbold. This was done and the new terminus was located at Smoile on the western side of the village near Lount crossroads - and this branch was known as the Coleorton Railway.

The Coleorton Railway ran from the foot of the Swannington incline to Newbold village near the Railway Inn and then along an embankment to cross the road below Newbold school. This embankment was used in later years as a footpath to the village by passengers dropped on the main road by the Coalville bus. From the school the railway continued through a cutting and tunnel under the Ashby Road and on to The Smoile. The Smoile terminus was used by the coal companies and a narrow gauge tramway was built the two miles on to Cloud Hill for the lime works. Unloading the narrow gauge lime tubs and reloading into railway wagons at Smoile must have proved to be quite expensive as the tramway was soon widened to allow standard gauge railway wagons to travel through to Cloud Hill.



A tub on the horse drawn tramway on its way from Lount to Heath End. 1972.

It was to Smoile that the later branch of the Derby-Ashby railway line ran and became the marshalling yard for the coal wagons from the New Lount colliery on their way to Derby.

The Leicestershire Colliery and Pipe Company operated an 0-4-0 saddle tank locomotive hauling coal wagons between Newbold School and the LMSR line.

The loco was named "George Stephenson" in recognition of the great pioneer's close connection with the railways and collieries of the district. "Lady Beaumont", named after the resident of Coleorton Hall, arrived soon afterwards. 1924-5



The tunnel on the Coleorton Railway near Newbold School, reconditioned for Lount Colliery use. 1924-5.



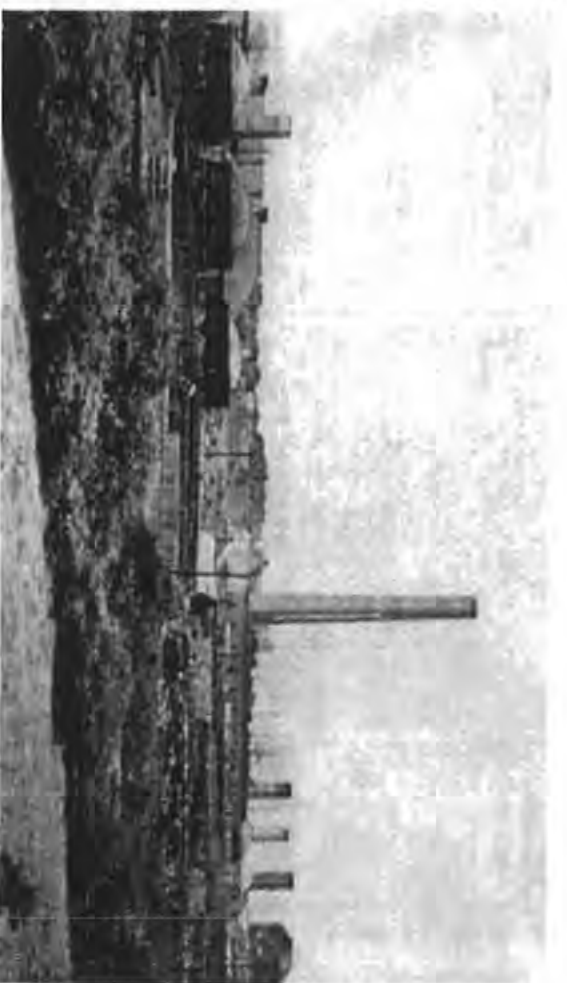


*Jimmy "Mighty" Wardle and his son Willie underground at Lount Pit 1955*

As young boys we used to play near 'The Smolle and in a nearby field known as "The Cylinder" there was an old pit shaft. We were warned to keep away from a small square of fencing because it was said there was a deep hole in the ground there. Some old steel wheels lay nearby. At the bottom of Pipeyard Lane on the left, near the railway, there was another disused pit known as Newbold Glory, but it didn't operate for long due to poor conditions. The last small independent pit, the Bug & Wink, at Coleorton closed in 1932 and I remember seeing the pit ponies which usually lived below ground enjoying the sunshine and grazing on the lush grass in the adjacent fields before being sold.

Shortly before the Bug & Wink closed, New Lount Colliery, the area's most recent mine, was opened. Many miners were employed there and it was a model pit with pit-head baths so that miners could wash and change their clothes at the end of their shift instead of having to go home in their "pit-black." The pit closed in 1972.

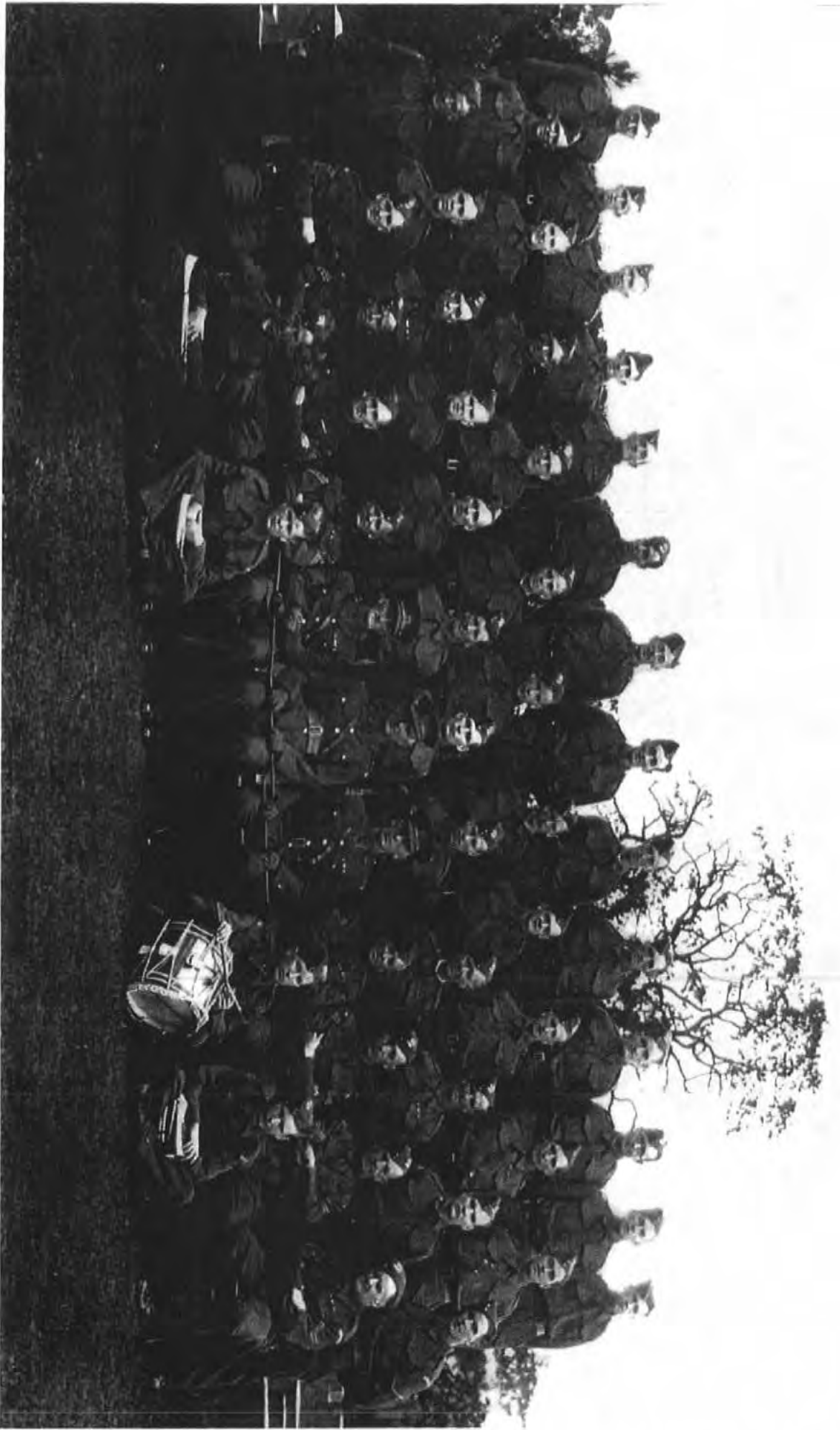
The plentiful deposits of clay in the area provided the materials for both Newbold and Lount pipeyards, where good quality glazed pipeware was manufactured, providing good employment opportunities for the village and surrounding district. The Newbold Brick Company started in the 1930's and they dug their clay from the deep pit at the end of Standingdale Lane. The works closed in 1956 and the claypit is now filled with water. Only the chimney remains to say "we were here." With the influx of people to work in the coal mines, the lime works and the brick works the village grew rapidly.



*The works of the Newbold Fire Brick and Pipe Company, 1958*



*Men employed at the Newbold brick yard works, 1933/4. They are:- from L to R. Back row: B Cooper, Billy Bird, George Kilby, unknown, Sam Hodges, Simon Stacey, Dickie Holland senior, unknown, Middle row: Dickie Holland junior, George Martin, Len Armstrong, Mr Ganner, unknown, Horace Bird, unknown, Front row: Mr Johnson, Teddy Kinsey, Fred White*



New Lount Colliery Home Guard, August 1941.

They are from L to R:-

Row 5 - ?, ?, E Arnold, J Evans, R Grunthit, ?, ?, ?, W Warren, B Webster, J Webster, D Clayton, ?, ?.

Row 4 - D Mee, E James, C Hall, F Hodges, J Widdowson, ?, ?, ?, T Hodges

Row 3 - H Garner, H Dandow, J Stewart, ?, ?, ?, ?, W Rolands, F Griffin, B Williams, A Hodges

Row 2 - F Platts, R Hasley, G Widdowson, C Martin, A Denholme, F Hodges, S Bolland, G Neisbitt, H Rowell, R Hodges, T Haylock

Row 1 - H Broster, A Hawkins, J Neisbitt, G Broster

It was a misty, cold dark night in November 1941. We received a call to arms to engage a Home Guard platoon from Nottingham on manoeuvres. They would be the enemy. As I was only 17 the prospect of an encounter with the "enemy" made me a little apprehensive. Our platoon lay hidden in the wood and in the roadside ditch at Lount crossroads when the transport carrying the enemy arrived. After disembarking from their lorries the first thing they did was to relieve themselves into the ditch, which was precisely where we were lying hidden. Not wishing to betray our position to the enemy we endured the discomfort with true British spirit. In time, the word came down the line for us to pursue the enemy, Sadly, on reaching yours truly the word stopped as I had fallen asleep - so half of the platoon went and the other half stayed put in the ditch. Had it been an actual invasion then I would have been shot.

*Alan Hawkins*

Work down New Lount pit was hard but it was a good life if you could stick it. As young chaps we didn't mind working at the coal face, in fact I enjoyed it, but as you grew older you were happy to take a surface job on the screens or the pit bank. The colliery had three seams of coal at different depths below ground level and each seam was a different size and produced different qualities of coal - so required different techniques to mine. The seam nearest the surface was called the "New Lount". It was



*Underground at Lount Pit. From L to R:- M Richards, A Conkay, T Ralph, A Sikes and P Matchett. 1965*

so close to the surface that at Heath End a few miles away it outcropped. The undermanager, Mr Gregory, looking at the tunnel roof would say to us "If any swedes come through put one or two on one side for me please"! The seam was only 4 feet 6 inches high so we couldn't stand upright and worked on our knees often in water. When it rained on the surface the water soon seeped through and would build up on the roof and then drop down on us as big as "banty" eggs. The best coal came from the "New Lount" seam but it had a number of faults where the rock strata had slipped up or down and this made work difficult. The seam would suddenly disappear and we'd have to angle the cutter up or down until we found it again. The next seam down was the "jacketie" seam which had only an 18 inch depth of coal covered by a seam of clay. We would have to take the clay out first, which went to the pipeyard, and this gave us a little more room to mine the coal. The bottom seam was the "Nether" seam and this produced poorer quality, hard coal like stone. This seam was only 3 feet 6 inches high and so was quite hard to work.

*Jim Dawson*

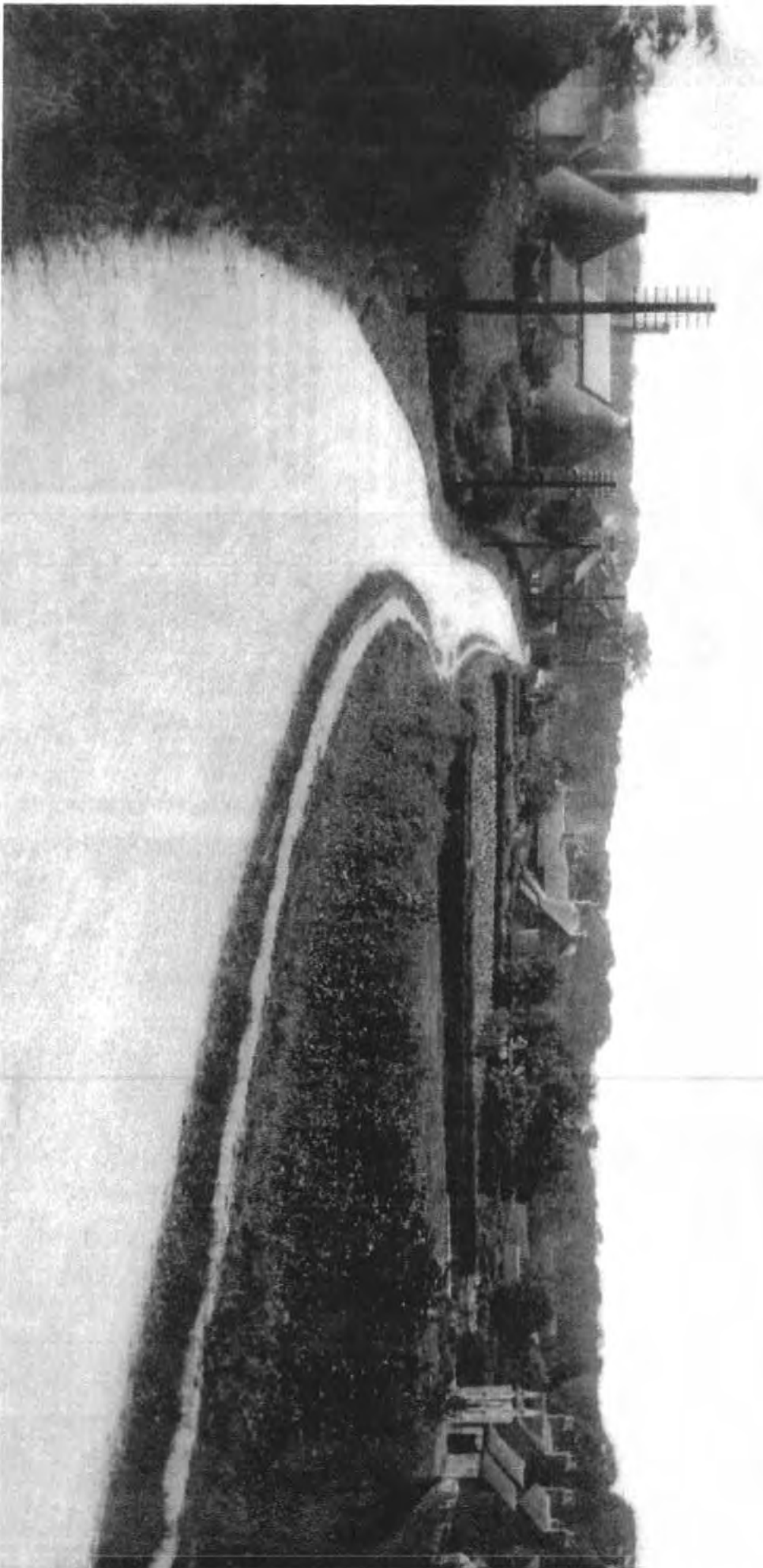


*The Cross Keys darts team with landlord Gerald Shaw (centre) after winning the Ashby-de-la-Zouch Hospital Cup at the Ashby War Memorial Club in November 1966. The team members were all miners from New Lount colliery and are from L to R:- A Partridge, N Fielding, A Conkay and A Popper (captain).*



*Arthur Conkay operating the cutter at the coal face in the New Lount seam, which was only 4 feet 6 inches high. 1965*

Sometimes as the miners dug forward, the tunnel roof behind would sag so much it was impossible to get the full coal tubs out and work would stop whilst the roof was blasted out. Once or twice it closed up altogether and the face workers had to get out through the air vent.



The main A453 in Lount looking towards Ashby. Lount Pottery is on the left and the Ferrers Arms on the right. 1910. The kilns and tunnels to the pottery chimney were great places for us Lount children to play in right up to c.1940



"Old" Joe Labart's V8 Ford Picot outside the Ferrers Arms.  
The elegant lady alongside is the landlady, Doris Jobin. 1956.  
The car was probably converted to a shooting brake at Ernie  
Toon's of Melbourne.

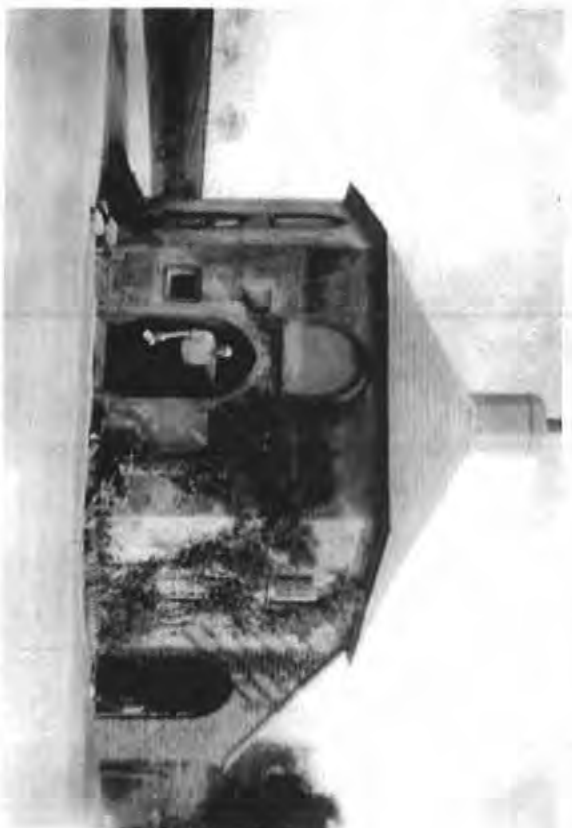
Standing outside the row of potter's cottages are three  
stairwells of old Lount. From L to R- Mr Jobin Senior (Lennie),  
Horace Dunningcliff who farmed Lount Farm for the best part of  
30 years and was noted for calling a spade and "Bill"  
Bailey who was bailiff for Frank Hodges, the owner of New  
Lount Colliery, at Smoile Farm. Bill lived at the "Pottery House"  
at Lount, now demolished. c.1920



This stairwark group of regulars outside the Ferrers Arms are:- from L to R, Tommy Griffin, Bill Hurst of  
New Row, Lennie Jobin the landlady, and "Moggy" Davis from Newbold who lived in a small house, now  
demolished, next to the Cross Keys. The squaddle and two dogs are unknown. c.1958



The turnpike road (A453) in Lount. In the distance, a solitary figure is walking up the hill towards Breardon.  
1910. Roper's Hill Farm on the left was run by the Jobins after leaving the Ferrers Arms in the late  
1950's. Dennis Dunningcliff used to help with the milking in his spare time, when not milking for his dad. It  
is now being farmed by Major Southworth



The Round House at Lount crossroads was demolished shortly after this photograph was  
taken c.1920. It was built as a toll house on the Nottingham/Ashby turnpike road.



*In the cornfields next to the "New Planting" at harvest time. Staunton Harold, c.1955. In the distance is Home Farm. The picture captures beautifully how everyone mucked in at harvest time. These locals are - from L to R, Leonard Hunt (farmer), Ivor Parmham (villager and now married to Eileen Dunningcliffe), Horace Dunningcliffe (farmer), George Archer (farm labourer), Edna Toplis (villager), Bill Bailey (bailiff), Dennis Dunningcliffe (farmer), Fred Dowell (farm labourer), Kath Toplis (villager) and David Mee from Manchester.*

In the days before combine harvesters, harvesting was a very labour intensive activity but despite this, it was for the most part a very happy time. Every spare pair of hands worked long hours in the fields to get the harvest safely in. At the time of this picture, we had not long been equipped with tractors, everything previously being hauled by horses. The cart is a wooden-wheeled horse-drawn vehicle converted for towing by the new Massey Ferguson tractor - just out of picture.



*Young Horace Durniccliffe drawing water for his cows from the pump at the family home "Scottlands" on the Staunton Harold estate c.1956*

*The "Scottlands" is situated on the hilltop between Staunton Harold and Brewood and is believed to be on or near the site of the lost village of Andreskirk.*



*This family group is at Scottlands Farm on the Staunton Harold estate c.1958. They are:- from L to R, Anne Durniccliffe, her husband George Durniccliffe head cowman at the Ferrers' estate, their son Frank and their daughter Polly. Auntie Annie was a marvellous organiser and always kept everything spotless.*



*Geoff Jobin proudly driving this International tractor about the time that his father was both licensee of the Ferrers Arms and a farmer. 1957*



*Photographed outside "Park View" at Staunton Harold, is my grandfather Henry Mee, his wife Fanny and children, Harry and Ida c.1900.*

*Ida married Horace Durniccliffe and two of their children Eileen and Dennis still reside in Lount. Another daughter Joyce moved to Shropshire.*



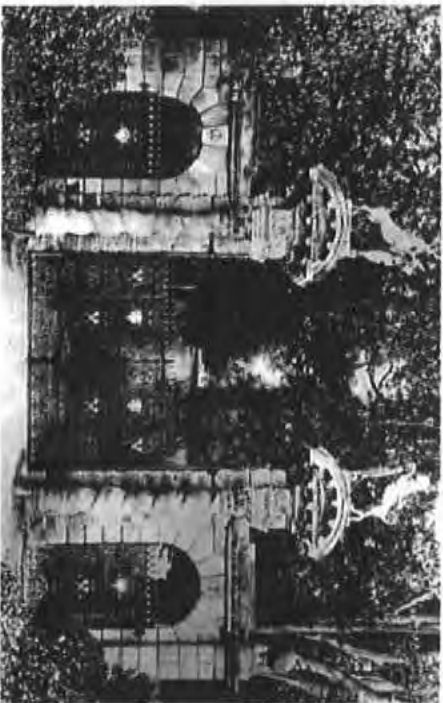
Stanton Harold and Church 1880





The Top Lodge on Mebourne Road, Staunton Harold estate, 1934. The Lodge is now a private dwelling house.

After passing through the Golden Gates, the visitor followed the drive steeply downhill to the left.....



..... and as the drive neared the bottom of the hill turned right along an avenue of majestic chestnut trees. Still descending, but more gently, after 100 yards, the drive arrived at the Golden Gates. Here the visitor would get their first clear view of the hall, the church and the lake.

The Golden Gates and the drive down from the Top Lodge. 1920



Staunton Harold hall, church and lake, viewed through the Golden Gates. 1905

When the Earl Ferrers moved to Ditchingham Hall in 1955, the estate was sold by auction but the Golden Gates moved with him to Norfolk.



Eileen and Dennis Dunicliffe's paternal grandfather, George Dunicliffe, was head corman at Staunton. Here he is armed with milk pail and milking stool. 1934



A Staunton Harold estate party. The Earl Ferrers (hatless) is standing on the left of the photograph looking along the rows. Lord Tannworth, his eldest son, is the tall man standing in the back row just right of centre. Standing next to the Earl Ferrers in a wide bonneted hat is Anna Williams and just in front of the Earl is Joe Laban, the haulage contractor. Walter Dunicliffe wearing his soldiers' uniform is lying on the grass centre front, and above his feet sitting on a chair with a feather in her hat is Lady Ferrers. 1900



Staunton Harold west front, gardens and church. 1880.



*Sir Sewallis-Edward Shirley, 10th Earl Ferrers and his wife, Ina Maude, taking tea in their first-floor sitting room at Staunton Harold, c 1890. When the Sue Ryder home was based at Staunton Harold Hall in the 1980's and 90's this room was partitioned and used by patients.*



*The Earl & Lady Ferrers at Tamworth Castle. 1895*



*Staunton Harold Hall and church. The orangery is just visible behind the large tree on the right of the picture. c. 1905.*



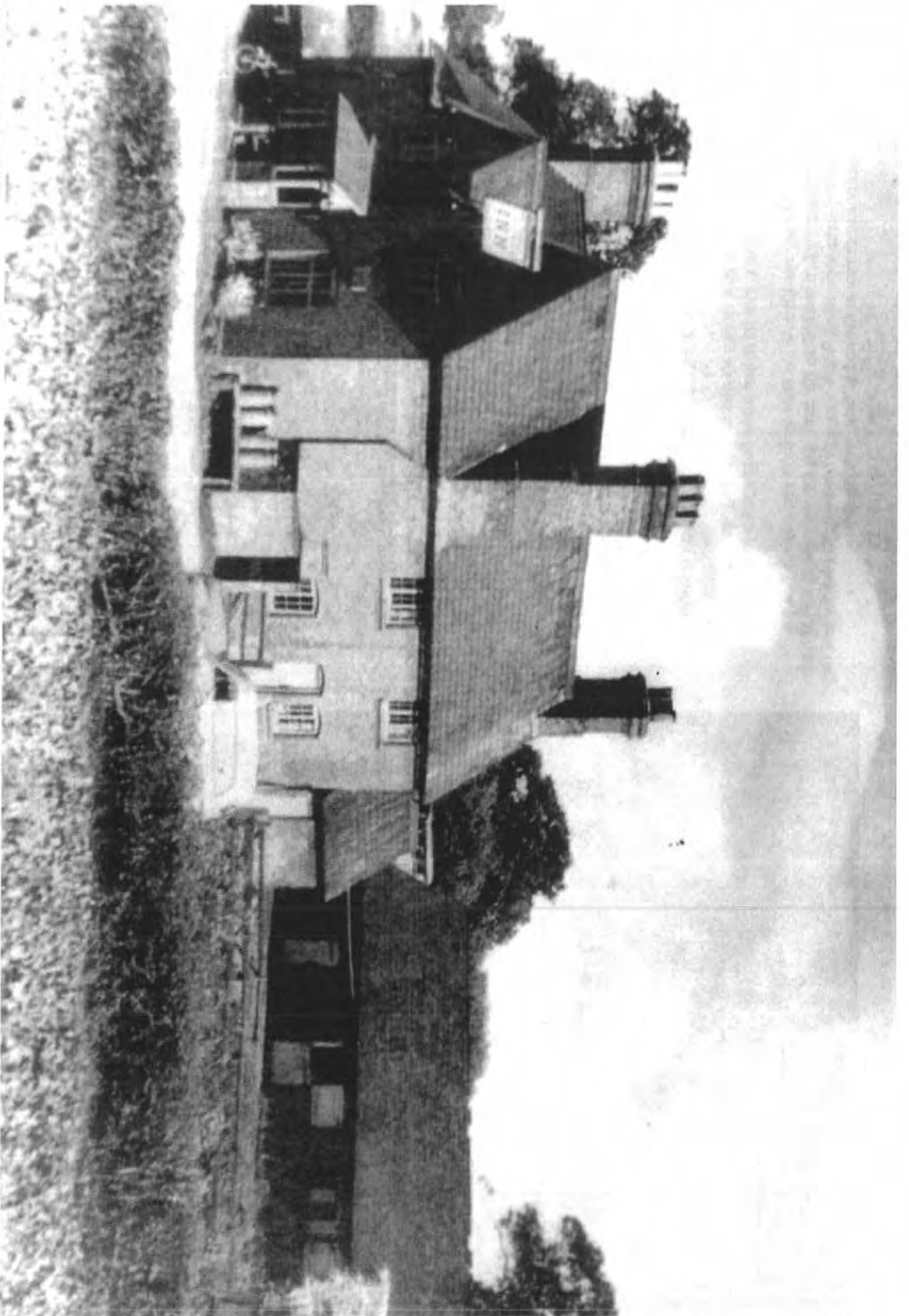
*The programme of the Tercentenary celebrations (1653-1953) held by Earl and Lady Ferrers in 1953.*



*The present Earl Ferrers outside Breeton School. 1968*



*The 10th Earl Ferrers in Norfolk jacket and breeches sitting in the Orangery at Staunton Harold c. 1890. The Orangery was a beautiful structure but sadly was demolished*



*The Saracen's Head public house at the time of the sale of the nearby Staunton Harold estate 1955.*

My father was both a farmer and publican. It was an unusual arrangement and meant our farmhouse also doubled as the Saracen's Head public house, which we ran as a tenant of the Staunton estate until 1937 and then the Calke estate until 1955. As a public house we had a six-day licence which meant we could open from Monday to Saturday but closed on Sunday.

Father worked hard on the farm during the day and served behind the bar during the evening. Mother had a similarly busy life. She ran the public house during the day and caught up with house work during the evening. As children we had a wonderful time with a steady stream of visitors to the house.

A public house was the centre of the rural community. In those days there was no television, computers, music centres, CD's, mini-disc or video players and even if there were - we had no mains electricity supply. The public house gave local people the opportunity to come out and relax with friends and neighbours and play a game or two of darts, shove halpenny or dominoes. Gambling was forbidden in public houses and so card games were frowned upon, but crib was allowed.

We have always served the beer from a jug drawn from a barrel in the cellar. When the Calke Abbey estate was broken up and sold in 1981 we bought the Saracen's Arms from the estate, and have had many happy years here.

Society has changed during our lifetime. As little as forty years ago, when the majority of the local population worked on the land, the menfolk would call in here on their way home to stake their thirst. Work was very hard physical labour and they would be very weary and thirsty at the end of their working day.

*Norman and Anne Gray*



*Mother and father, Mr & Mrs Thorley, with my younger sister, Jean, sitting in the field behind the public house surrounded by some of the thirty free range hens we kept on the farm. During the day hens would congregate around the front porch and ducks at the back door - but they were never allowed in the house. At night they were shut away in their coop safe from prowling foxes. June 1958.*



*Watching the Oakley Beagles move off at the end of season meet at the Saracen's Head, Heath End are, from L to R:- G Shaw, M Shaw, J Dummelow and Ray Wright. 1972.*



*Regulars playing dominoes in the public bar 1960. They are:- from L to R, Tom Dummelow, Mrs Olive Giffors, Fred Dummelow and Eric Kirby.*

# Acknowledgments

We wish to thank the following contributors for their considerable help in compiling this record of local history:-

Harold Brooks  
Margaret Bell  
Richard Clifton  
Charles & Caroline Coaker  
Arthur Conkay  
Arthur Crane  
Cliff & Judith Darby  
Jim Dawson  
Rev. John & Val Dawson  
Dennis Dunncliffe  
Shella Fisher  
Norman & Anne Gray  
Jean Hale  
Sam Hall  
Mr & Mrs M Harvey  
Alan Hawkins  
Barry, Mary and Ernest Hickling  
Peter & Elaine Hill  
Sam Hodges  
Simon & Vanessa Jones  
Brian & Christine Jordan  
Ivy Jordan  
Harold & Nora Kirby  
Mary Lacey  
Marilyn Leeson

Mr John Mee  
Eileen & Ivor Parham  
Mr & Mrs Stan Pass  
Alex Plattis  
Alf Redburn  
Mrs P Roden  
Keith Sharpe  
Mick Shaw  
Gerald Shaw  
John Shields  
Susan & Veronica Shields  
Jack Smith  
Wally Smith  
Mary Sowter  
David Stevenson  
Alan Taylor  
Dick & Pearl Thompson  
Arthur Thrower  
Ron & Beryl Tivey  
Ralph & Kit Walker  
John Weston  
Mr & Mrs Terry Weston  
Jackie White  
Simeon & Emma Wigmore  
Ida Wright