

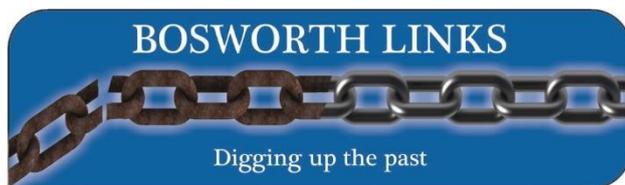
# MARKET BOSWORTH SOCIETY

July 2022

Dear Member

I hope you will enjoy reading your newsletter. It is your newsletter so be sure to let me have any items you think members would find interesting. I will start with....

## Good News!



Made possible with

**Heritage  
Fund**

## **Bosworth area community archaeology project given grant from The National Lottery Heritage Fund**

Villages around Market Bosworth are to host community archaeology weekends made possible by a grant from The National Lottery Heritage Fund. The archaeology will take place over one weekend each year for three years. The first dig will happen on the weekend of 10<sup>th</sup> and 11<sup>th</sup> September 2022. The grant of £117,000, made possible thanks to National Lottery Players, will give members of the public the opportunity to learn more about the area's history by taking part in an archaeological dig and learning how to identify what they find.

The project is being organised by Bosworth Links which are part of the Market Bosworth Society. Society Chair, Nigel Palmer, said 'We are absolutely delighted to have received a grant from The National Lottery Heritage Fund. Our previous digs have been incredibly popular, and this will give many more people the experience of time travel through archaeology.'

Market Bosworth has been the setting for community archaeological digs before. However, this new project aims to explore the relationship between the surrounding villages and their central market town. It appears that the Black Death, in the 14<sup>th</sup> Century, had a major effect on Market Bosworth but was this also true of its neighbours? Some of the villages were mentioned in the Domesday Book but others were not, so when did these villages develop? Bosworth Links hopes to answer these questions and many more with the help of volunteers.

Residents will be given the opportunity to host 'test pits' in their gardens during the dig. Finds from the digs will include pottery and worked flint which will help provide fascinating insights into the lives of those who lived in the area many centuries ago. The first villages to take part will be Carlton and Coton and the project's organisers would love to hear from anyone in those areas who might like to host a test pit.

Bosworth Links is also looking for volunteers to take part in September's weekend dig. Absolutely no previous experience is required, all you need is some enthusiasm and a desire to have a go at some hands-on archaeology. To register to take part or to find out more, please email: [bosworthlinks@themarketbosworthsociety.com](mailto:bosworthlinks@themarketbosworthsociety.com)

## About The National Lottery Heritage Fund

Using money raised by the National Lottery, we inspire, lead and resource the UK's heritage to create positive and lasting change for people and communities, now and in the future.

[www.heritagefund.org.uk](http://www.heritagefund.org.uk)

That is good news and the Bosworth Links committee have not been hanging around! We have selected Carlton and Coton for this year's digs and are in the process of recruiting dig hosts and volunteers. If you live in Carlton, you will shortly be receiving a letter inviting you to take part. If you want to take part in the dig and are already a volunteer, we will be in touch with you shortly. If you have not previously volunteered, or cannot remember, pop over to <https://marketbosworthsociety.com/volunteer/> and fill in the form or email [info@marketbosworthsociety](mailto:info@marketbosworthsociety) to check we have you registered.

Here are some important dates for your diary:

4<sup>th</sup> August 2022 7:30 Community Meeting St. Andrew's Parish Church, Carlton.

3<sup>rd</sup> September 2022 Masterclass – Pottery and flint identification with Peter Liddle MBE St. Andrews Parish Church, Carlton.

10<sup>th</sup> & 11<sup>th</sup> September Dig Weekend Carlton, Coton and Far Coton.

## Now some more news....

[View this in your browser \(Ctrl & Hover\)](#)



Market Bosworth Parish Council  
**Bosworth Vision Planning Group**  
(A Working Group of the Parish Council)



Gladman has submitted a **new** speculative planning application (ref 22/00167/OUT) for outline planning for a development of up to 125 houses on Shenton Lane. This is in addition to their original application to develop land by the cemetery.

The proposed development would cover the area between the back of the houses on Stanley Road and Shenton Lane, with access to the site just south of the allotments on Shenton Lane.

The proposed development is for up to 125 houses on an area of land in open countryside outside the town's defined settlement boundary and contrary to the overwhelming wishes of the residents in consultations held prior to the Neighbourhood Plan.

You may have received a leaflet through the post, produced by the saynotogladman group. Whilst this takes a similar position to the Parish Council and BVPG it is not a PC or BVPG document.

Residents are aware that the Owl homes development by the canal is underway and a planning application for the Station Field development is anticipated shortly. These two developments on the south side of Station Road, together with the additional windfall sites already permitted or completed (infill on spare land, conversion of Ambion Court etc), will more than meet our housing needs requirement until at least 2026 with capacity for our requirements to 2039 based on current figures.

This latest application and other recent speculative development proposals would triple our housing requirement and add almost 300 unnecessary houses and a further potential 400+ vehicles to the existing congested Station Road traffic.

Please bear in mind that

- This is a new application and any previous comments you may have made relating to this site will not be taken into account by the planning department. Do not be confused that many of the documents on the HBBC website are dated February 2022; it has taken until now to complete the formal application process.
- This is an initial application only to seek permission to develop the site and gain access to it from Shenton Lane. The rest of the information in the application is subject to change – so don't assume that any development would be like that suggested in the application.
- If this application is approved, it will be impossible to stop the development at a later stage.
- Many of the 'benefits' mentioned by developers (biodiversity, open space etc) are nothing more than legal requirements which any developer needs to provide.
- The proposed development is outside the settlement boundary. It is in open countryside and the views from Shenton Lane would be severely impacted.
- The extra traffic generated on Shenton Lane and Warwick Lane would exacerbate an already exceedingly difficult traffic problem and have a negative impact on pedestrians.
- The proposed development ignores the wishes of residents expressed in the Neighbourhood Plan, which was based on extensive consultation with residents and stakeholders and was supported by 89% of respondents in a referendum prior to its adoption.

Market Bosworth residents are not opposed to more housing development, but they are opposed to **this** housing development. The Neighbourhood Plan positively supports development of more housing, including affordable housing, if it is careful not to undermine the character and rural feel of our small town. It designates a site for development of 100+ houses south of Station Road and plans for that development are expected shortly.

The application can be viewed on the HBBC website at: [hinckley-bosworth.gov.uk](http://hinckley-bosworth.gov.uk), select Planning – Simple Search and enter reference 22/00167/OUT.

### **What can you do?**

Object to this application on the HBBC planning portal or by email to [planning@hinckley-bosworth.gov.uk](mailto:planning@hinckley-bosworth.gov.uk) with a copy to [clerk@marketbosworth-pc.gov.uk](mailto:clerk@marketbosworth-pc.gov.uk) (Include your name and address so that HBBC knows that you are a resident) and include the planning reference 22/00167/OUT as soon as possible.

The published date by which comments need to be received is **Thursday 28th July**, though it is likely that this will be extended due to being the holiday period. So please comment as soon as you are able.

### **What else can you do?**

Pass this email on to anyone you know in Market Bosworth who may want to object and ask them to do so and to register to be kept up to date on this website at [www.bosworthvision.org.uk](http://www.bosworthvision.org.uk)

## Summer Visit Report – didn't we have a lovely time the day we went to Newbold!



I was delighted by the response from members to attend the Summer Visit to Newbold Verdon. We had a limit of 30 and achieved that. Roger King has built up a huge amount of information about the village and used that to excellent effect. Roger is able to explain the development of the oldest part of Newbold Verdon from 1900's. He was able to say what the buildings were used for at that time, a surprising number of pubs and butchers, and details of the lives of the people who lived there. Roger has written a book which he referred to on the walk. Very generously, Roger has sent to me a PDF copy of the book which he is making freely available to members. I have placed the PDF on my Google Drive and you can access it and download it here: <https://drive.google.com/file/d/1tBHC9A3a2iLCHrHetU6MxtO6E8pDs-um/view?usp=sharing> (you will need to hold the Ctrl button whilst hovering or will need to copy and paste into your browser) I have also added a link to the Latest News page of the MBS website.

Sandwiched between two walks was a cream tea at Libertas Coffee Shop. Rich and Tracy made us exceptionally welcome, and they worked hard to make it a most enjoyable social occasion. I have added a few pics and if you are not in them, sorry. I was multitasking at the time and as you well know that is not something at which I excel. It was a lovely afternoon, and I am sure that the members who came enjoyed their walk as much as Lynne and I had done last year. If you cannot use the link, please let me know and I will email a copy of the PDF to you.

## Summer Visit 18<sup>th</sup> August 2022 Taylor's Bell Foundry – Loughborough.



### **The Full Foundry Tour will be from 13:00 and includes the following:**

- A short introductory talk and film in the Old Laboratory from one of their highly knowledgeable expert guides
- A tour of the main Works Hall where bells from across the world arrive and dispatch for repairs
- A visit to the woodworking shop to see how bell wheels are crafted into their unique shape
- A visit to the tuning shop to learn about how the magical Taylor's sound is created
- Access to the viewing platform overlooking the spectacular Victorian casting hall
- The chance to touch and ting bells from across the centuries in the museum

Full Foundry Tours last approximately two hours. Please note that Taylor's is a working foundry, so what you see on the day will vary according to current jobs.

**Taylor's have asked me to emphasise that they can only allow visitors onto the factory floor if they are wearing flat, completely closed shoes. There are 20 steps to the viewing gallery** (visitors are not allowed onto the foundry floor because it is too dangerous). There are handrails available to help.

The tour costs:

Adult: £12.50

Concession (Student, 65+): £10.50

It will be helpful if you could have the correct money available, which will be collected on the day.

**The closing date for attendance is the 3<sup>rd</sup> August 2022. Confirm or register now!** Please use [info@marketbosworthsociety.com](mailto:info@marketbosworthsociety.com) or 07930149408.

## Can you Help May 2022



Karen Measures shared this photograph with us in May and asked if we could identify the people and where it was taken. We have managed to name the people and where it was taken.

Glynis contacted with more information.

With reference to the Larry Gains photo, I found the following information from Bernard Heathcote:

*Hetty Granger's thatched cottage near the present-day High School. The tall man standing with his back to the cottage is believed to be Larry*

*Gains - the world-famous heavy weight boxer of the 1930's.*

*This is a print showing Mrs Grainger leaning on the garden gate. The machine appears to be a vintage motor bike and is being regarded with some amusement by Larry Gains. This famous boxer lived and trained at the Dixie Arms in Bosworth. In the mid-1930s, Larry Gains and his sparring partners were a common sight running and training in the town. One Bosworth man remembers watching a sparring session at the Dixie Arms between Larry Gains and Lord Douglas Hamilton - a descendant of an ancient Scottish family. Lord Douglas was a keen amateur boxer but hardly in the same league as Larry Gains!*

Hope this is of interest.

Glynis

Very much of interest, thank you Glynis.

The thatched cottage is sadly no more as it was demolished but we can take a look at it thanks to our intrepid reporter Phil 'Scoop' Tebbutt.

Hot on the trail Phil tracked down a copy of a painting by Richard Cook dated 1985. I am not sure if the painting was constructed in 1985 or if it was made from a photograph but here is the cottage in question.



Thatched cottage drawing by R Cooke dated 1985. Kindly lent by John and Anne Cooling and arranged by Phil Tebbutt.

## John Jacques

### **This has been an interesting journey and yet another famous old boy of the Dixie Grammar School.**

It started with an email Marion received which she forwarded to Walter Baynes as Archivist of the Dixie Grammar School Association. *I have been contacted by a gentleman (Michael Lund) from the states. He visited Dixie some number of years ago and has kept in touch with me. His ancestor (John Jaques 1827-1900) was a student way back in the 1800s, his biography used to be in the archives. His message read that he had been contacted by a professor at Brigham Young University who will be attending a conference at Oxford University for the next few weeks. He is interested in researching the teaching methods used at the Free Grammar School at Market Bosworth during the 1830s and would very much enjoy visiting the Dixie School, most likely on the 12th of July. He asked if I knew how he might arrange such a visit?*

Walter responded and then received an email from Professor Korth.

*I am a researcher and religious scholar of early childhood learning. I am doing some research of a pupil that attended Bosworth Grammar School (now the Dixie Grammar School) in Market Bosworth. The pupil (John Jaques) attended the school approximately 1834-1840. Reverend Arthur Benoni Evans was the headmaster at the time, who I understand was the founding master in 1829.*

*After completing his education at Bosworth Grammar school (also referred to as Free Grammar School), John Jaques completed an apprenticeship in the art of cabinet making in both Ashby-de-la-Zouch and Burton-on-Trent. During this time his interest in religion grew and he converted to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints (sometimes referred to as the "Mormon" church) in 1845 in Market Bosworth at the age of 17. In 1854 he wrote a catechism that was largely used for early religious study and learning in the Church during the late 1800s. I want to learn of his religious education during his formative years.*

*Who might I contact to inquire about the grammar school during the time he attended, particularly the nature of religious study and learning (textbooks, curriculum, etc.)? I would also be interested in learning whether there are any records pertaining to this pupil? I will be conducting a research fellowship at Oxford University the first week of July, after which I will be traveling to various locations in the UK for research purposes and will be coming to Market Bosworth on Tuesday July 12.*

*Thank you for your time and attention. I very much look forward to your reply.*

*Respectfully,*

Byran B. Korth, PhD

Associate Professor

Church History & Doctrine

Brigham Young University

When Walter asked me if we had any information in the Archive I immediately turned to Glynis. It did not

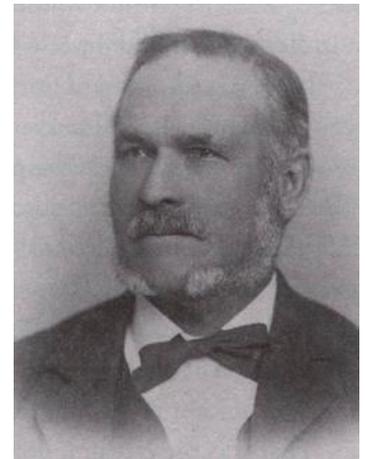


take her long to identify an article in the Archive about John Jacques (the surname is often spelt Jaques without the 'C') Glynis not only turned up information about John Jacques but also a photograph of him on a penny farthing (left).

Subsequent research gave rise to the photograph of John in his middle age (right).

There is more information to come, and Walter is working on some interesting events in John's life which I hope to share with you when complete.

In the meantime, Walter sent this to me to share with you.



From a letter of 1856 from John Jaques himself. It is labelled "Unpublished".  
*"I've got a five-gallon keg of liquor with me, and I seem to be running all kinds of hazards with it. At one place the conductor called it freight and claimed a quarter on it. At Rock Island this very morning I was told that the probability was that I should have the keg taken from me on this side of the river. In consequence of the respect the people have in Iowa for the "Maine Liquor Law". Now it will be too bad, after bringing this all the way from St. Louis, to lose it here. I say nothing to nobody, but keep it in the car with me, under careful supervision. I do not recollect that I ever before was under the necessity of being such a firm and undeviating friend to intoxicating drink. If I am questioned about this firewater, I must say that it is for medicinal purposes in a camp of emigrants across the plains and get off the best way I can."*  
Credit to Graham Rawlings (DGS Association Member [www.dixiegrammarschoolassociation.com](http://www.dixiegrammarschoolassociation.com)) who found it.

Whilst here professor Korth wished to visit the Grave of John's father, Thomas Jacques. I started to research the internet and produced the following:

The Life Summary of Thomas. When Thomas Jacques was born on 31 August 1793, in Market Bosworth, Leicestershire, England, United Kingdom, his father, Thomas Jaques, was 27 and his mother, Sarah Sketchley, was 27. He married Mary Ann Heighington on 17 May 1813, in Market Bosworth, Leicestershire, England, United Kingdom. They were the parents of at least 5 sons and 5 daughters. He lived in Leicestershire, England, United Kingdom in 1861. He died on 29 March 1867, in Market Bosworth, Leicestershire, England, United Kingdom, at the age of 73, and was buried in Market Bosworth, Leicestershire, England, United Kingdom".

At the time of Thomas's death, the churchyard would have been considerably different to how it is now. He would have most likely been buried in the Southwest corner, near to 'Holy Bones' and the new rectory. There are few monuments remaining. It is possible that he did not have a monument. There are no church records depicting where his grave was situated.

It is always possible he was not buried in the churchyard or at Market Bosworth at all. Despite the best efforts of Robert our St. Peter's Parish Church expert we could not find the grave.

If any member has any information about Thomas or John Jaques do, please get in touch.

## **No Quiz this month so this instead**

Moments of clarity

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As I sat, strapped in my seat waiting during the countdown, one thought kept crossing my mind .... every part of this rocket was supplied by the lowest bidder.  
-John Glenn

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When the white missionaries came to Africa, they had the Bible, and we had the land.

They said, 'Let us pray.' We closed our eyes.

When we opened them, we had the Bible, and they had the land.

- Desmond Tutu

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America is the only country where a sizeable proportion of the population believes that professional wrestling is real, but the moon landing was faked.

- David Letterman

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I'm not a paranoid, deranged millionaire. I'm a billionaire.

- Howard Hughes

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After the game, the King and the Pawn go into the same box!

- Italian proverb

The only reason they say 'Women and children first' is to test the strength of the lifeboats.

- Jean Kerr

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I've been married to a communist and a fascist, and neither would take out the rubbish.

- Zsa Zsa Gabor

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When a man opens a car door for his wife, it's either a new car or a new wife.

- Prince Philip

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A computer once beat me at chess, but it was no match for me at kickboxing.

- Emo Philip

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Wood burns faster when you have to cut and chop it yourself.

- Harrison Ford

---

The best cure for sea sickness, is to sit under a tree.

- Spike Milligan

---

Lawyers believe a man is innocent until proven broke.

- Robin Hall

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Kill one man and you're a murderer, kill a million and you're a conqueror.

- Jean Rostand.

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Having more money doesn't make you happier. I have 50 million dollars, but I'm just as happy as when I had 48 million.

- Arnold Schwarzenegger.

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We are here on earth to do good unto others. What the others are here for, I have no idea.

- W. H. Auden

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If life were fair, Elvis would still be alive today and all the impersonators would be dead.

Johnny Carson

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I don't believe in astrology. I am a Sagittarius and we're very sceptical.

- Arthur C Clarke

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Hollywood must be the only place on earth where you can be fired by a man wearing a Hawaiian shirt and a baseball cap.

- Steve Martin

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Home cooking. Where many a man thinks his wife is.

- Jimmy Durante

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America is so advanced that even the chairs are electric.

- Doug Hamwell

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The first piece of luggage on the carousel never belongs to anyone.  
- George Roberts

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If God had intended us to fly, he would have made it easier to get to the airport.  
- Jonathan Winters

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I have kleptomania, but when it gets bad, I take something for it.  
- Robert Benchley

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The weather person is the only person that I know, that can be wrong 99.9 % of the time, and still have a job the next day.  
-Johnny Carson

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Thank you Walter I enjoyed reading them and some made me chuckle.

No Quiz this month so this instead 2

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## No Quiz this month so this instead 2



Can any member identify anyone in the photograph?

Or perhaps when it was taken?

There is a clue I think with the man standing about where the security gate and entrance to the Dixie Grammar School now stands.



Similarly with this one. Can anyone date the photograph? There is a car in the background, and I get the feeling that something might be missing?



Who are these ladies? Where and when was the photograph taken.



No prizes for naming this man but when and where was it taken? Big River, perhaps.



Finally, who are these young ladies. My guess is that they were the Dixie Grammar School Hockey Team. Who are they and when was the photograph taken?



## Market Bosworth & Desford Free Churches

invite you to

The Big BBQ

(And to say farewell to Jim & Eileen)

at

The Dixie Sports Ground,

Barton Road, Market Bosworth, CV13 0RL

on

Saturday 27<sup>th</sup> August 2022

from 3pm – 6pm

Something for everyone – sit and chat, or join in the games, quizzes, and fun for all ages.

Bring a picnic rug/chairs and drinks (if required).

Food & tea/coffee/squash provided.

RSVP by Wednesday 24<sup>th</sup> August:

Mob: 07501150082

Email: [marketbosworthfreechurch@gmail.com](mailto:marketbosworthfreechurch@gmail.com)

Please advise any special dietary requirements

No charge but donations welcome for the mission & outreach of the church

It does not seem long ago that I was at a Barbeque where Jim and Eileen were being welcomed and now it is time for them to leave. Do please get to the Barbeque if you can. The food is always excellent, and you are welcome to bring a beer or two (it is within walking distance of the Town Centre so no need to drink and drive).

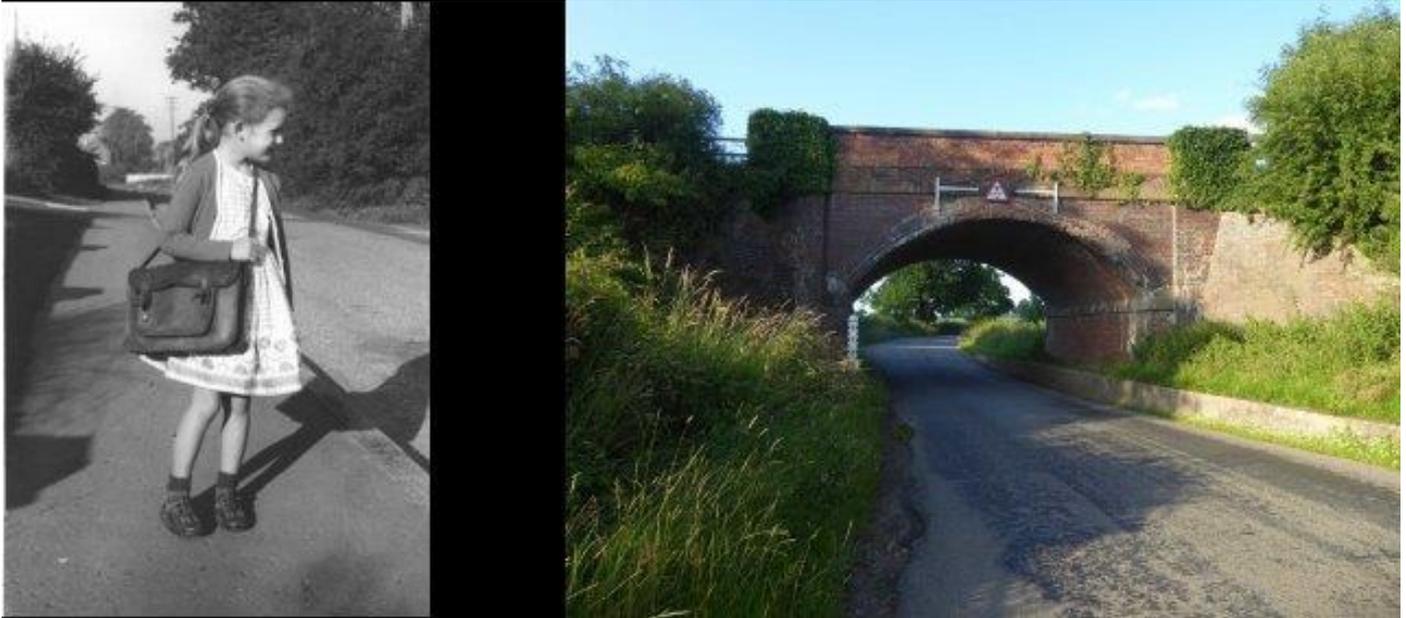
Please RSVP to [marketbosworthfreechurch@gmail.com](mailto:marketbosworthfreechurch@gmail.com) by the 24<sup>th</sup> August. Be lovely to see you there.

Glynis sent this to me, and I thought I should share it with you. It is a splendid example of recording one's memories and as I remember Janina at school it prompted a few memories of my own. It is available on the Carlton Parish Council Website <http://www.carltonpc.co.uk/carltoninformation.php> Take no notice of the Not Secure warning they have not got an SSL (secure sockets layer certificate as they do not need one as they do not capture sensitive information such as card payment details).

Hope you enjoy the read!

**A Carlton Childhood:  
Walking down memory lane – quite literally**

Janina Holubecki



L: Off to School, looking west down Main St., 1968. (No houses on the N. side!) R: Carlton Bridge.

“Where does that lane go then?” I casually asked Mum one day when we were out on a bike ride around the neighbouring villages of Congerstone and Barton in the Beans. I can still hear her shocked answer: “Your local geography really is appalling!”

It was the 1970s and I would have been in my early teens. And it was probably true that I didn't know where things fitted into a 'proper' map of my local area. I had no need of maps: I'd roamed the woods and little fields near our home (no-one seemed to mind then) and knew them like the back of my hand.

My little Carlton world consisted of:

- The Spinney (beyond Dobson's field at the end of our garden).
- The Pond.
- The Woods ('Bottleneck Wood').
- Stoney Brook.
- Main Street, eventually leading to the railway and canal bridges and then Congerstone, where our great friend 'Auntie' Joan Kirby lived; ☒ The road to Bosworth.

Like many children, I was tuned in to the world on a more close-up, detailed level. I think my childhood freedom allowed me to develop a deep love and appreciation of nature and, later, a delight in local exploration. I spent all my childhood and teenage years (from 1960-1980) in Carlton. I then moved away to go to college. My ties with the village were severed shortly afterwards by my parents moving up to Wensleydale, Yorkshire to retire there. Mum had always wanted to return to the Dales, where she grew up – but had nevertheless grown very fond of Carlton and kept in touch with several of our village friends.

Now, after 40 years away, I'm back living in Leicestershire (Loughborough to be exact) and I've been able to 're-connect' with childhood places through a favourite activity – walking. I've made up for my teenage deficiencies and my local geography of the area where I grew up isn't 'appalling' anymore. The feeling of

familiarity I have when walking in this landscape has also made me realise that I must have made deep connections with it all those years ago.

So, in July 2020, on my first 'Carlton Walk' since moving back to Leicestershire, it was very nice to speak to a total stranger who remembered the name Holubecki; and even nicer to chance upon one of our neighbours, Barbara Cooper, with her son Michael and his children in the churchyard. And, after this, to take the footpath away from the church and meet Tania and Bill Sharp in their garden. All after 40 years!

### My Carlton Landmarks

I'll start my walk down Memory Lane – perhaps it should be called Memory Main Street – at the **post box** on Barton Road. I can't pass it without thinking of all the yellow envelopes of Kodachrome film I must have put in it for Mum, addressed to a mysterious PO Box in Hemel Hempstead. (Kodachrome doesn't fade as fast as other films, which is probably why our family photos from the 1960's and 70s look so fresh to this day.) It was always so exciting when the box of processed slides, with their as yet unseen images, plopped onto the doormat a couple of weeks later. Quite unlike today's 'instant' digital photography.



Left, L to R: Me, Jackie Weager – my Carlton School friend – and my little sister Mary (1967). Right: Mary and me skiing in our garden on Dad's home-made skis (1970).

The **Gate Hangs Well Pub** on Barton Road brings to mind a story Mum used to talk about her great friend, our Vicar Bill Quinney, a keen game bird shooter. He once turned up at the pub wearing a gun belt full of cartridges, toting an (unloaded) shotgun – and told the astonished lunchtime drinkers that he was “just rounding up his flock!”

**Orton's Garage** on Main Street is now 'Orton Close.' Apart from buying petrol from 'Young Mr Orton', we had another reason for going there: during the summer, we bought all our tomatoes from 'Old Mr Orton.' We would follow him into his greenhouses to fill brown paper bags, which were then taken back to his kitchen to be weighed. The smell of tomatoes 'on the vine' still takes me right back to Mr Orton's greenhouse.

At **Red Roofs** (still called that, I think) lived our next-door neighbours, 'Uncle' Fred and 'Auntie' Mabel Burnham. Their house was built at the same time as ours. They had two grown-up children called Harry and Ruth. Fred was the Headmaster of Congerstone Junior School and, on his way to work, sometimes used to give me a lift to Carlton School at the other end of the village. Mabel worked at Leicester Forest East Services on the M1 and drove there every day in her little blue mini.



Far left: Me with Fred and Mabel at Red Roofs, Main Street in 1961. (Note - no houses opposite!) Left: Seen from the rear, our house (L) and Red Roofs (R) in 1966.

We lived at 'Ellerkin'. My parents bought the house 'off-plan' and moved in shortly after they married in 1959. (Mum named the house after her favourite hill in her beloved Wensleydale!)

In the 1960's and 70s, the Holubecki family (Mum, Dad, my little sister Mary and me) stuck out among Carlton's Alcocks, Brems, Dobsons, Oldacres, Ortons and Prices. The vast majority of Poles who, like my father, had settled in the UK after the war, lived in towns and cities. However, my mother, being from a Yorkshire farming family, wanted to raise her children in the countryside.



The garden that came with the house was already a good size, but an opportunity to buy a piece of the adjoining field came up, courtesy of Mr Dobson, one of Carlton's dairy farmers. (It was 'ridge and furrow' - a remnant of the medieval open field system. Playing tennis on it was tricky!)

Mum wanted more room for fruit and vegetables. My Research Engineer father had other ideas: he built a miniature railway around the extra plot! 'Carlton Light Railway' is probably one reason my parents, Ann and Bish (short for Zbigniew), are still remembered in the village to this day. The other is that my mum was extremely involved with the village community, particularly with the PCC (Parochial Church Council) and village events – and also started the 1<sup>st</sup> Carlton Brownies, becoming their first Brown Owl.



**Friends in the garden, 1967 and 1970 (Bottom Right).**

Top Left, L to R: Paul Cooper, me, Susan Hunt (Driver), Cousin Liz, Mary, Cousin Jane, Jonathan Cooper.

Top Right, L to R: Cousin Liz, Paul & Jonathan Cooper, me, Cousin Jane, Mary, Susan Hunt.

Bottom Left, L to R: Paul Cooper, me, Jane, Liz, Mary, Jonathan Cooper, Auntie José, Susan Hunt.

Bottom Right, back L to R: Cousin Liz, Anthony Faulknall, Paul Cooper, Cousin William. Front: Mary & me.

I'm not sure I ever knew our Main Street house number. In the 1960's, there were as many gaps as houses. But, as I grew up, the gaps gradually became new houses. A big field pond in the gap nearest to us was, sadly, filled in to prepare for development. That summer, we found we had a newly evicted moorhen and her chicks nesting in our prickliest rose bush. Someone who lived further down the village came to our front door carrying a jet-black chick with bright red beak, found wandering in the road. "I think this is yours!" he said. I've never worked out how he knew where it had come from. (Unless he just thought we were eccentric and therefore the most likely suspects.)

Neighbours' opposite, in houses built in the 1970s, included the Liddington and Harris families. Jan Harris was a 'puppy walker' for Guide Dogs for the Blind and, wanting to become at least partly self-sufficient, had rabbits and chickens, too. We didn't have pets, so I loved going over there. One very rainy night, Jan turned up on our front doorstep with a chicken so that Mum – with her farming background – could show her how to humanely wring its neck!

Our other next-door neighbours were **'Uncle' David and 'Auntie' Kathleen Price**. Their magnificent garden with its pristine lawns and vegetable beds was much tidier than ours. Uncle David was a miner: at election time, the Prices put up a small red poster in their porch window and my parents put up an almost identical blue one in ours. Nothing was ever said. After the election, both posters quickly disappeared. David kept in touch with Mum until she died in 2013 and sent her the 'Aspect' magazine every month. David and Kathleen's house has recently been demolished to make way for a new one.



Me with David and Kathleen when I visited Carlton in 2010.

We always bought our eggs from **Edmunds' Farm**. Robert Edmunds (who was about ten years older than me) once held a sale of his old toys from a horse box in the farmyard! I bought some of his 'Britain's' farm animals to add to my collection.

My sister and I went with Dad to the little Catholic church in Market Bosworth – while Mum went to **St Andrew's Church** in the village. However, we all went down to St Andrew's for things like harvest festivals and carol services. Around the age of six, I remember singing a solo in 'Away in a Manger'.

Harvest Festival coincided with 'conker' time. While Mum and her friends were busy getting the church ready, we kids would be collecting conkers from the big horse chestnut tree that used to tower over the graveyard. We also liked collecting the decorative green glass chippings from the graves – until we were told, in no uncertain terms, to put them back!

One school day, aged about seven and on my way home for lunch, I saw there was a funeral about to take place at the church. The coffin was being carried from the hearse. It was, quite simply, **THE BEST THING I HAD EVER SEEN** and I stood, open-mouthed with awe, on the pavement opposite. The mourners kept giving me sideways glances as they followed the coffin up the path to the church door. I eventually got home – far too late to eat – and Mum demanded to know where I'd been. When I excitedly told her I'd been watching a funeral, Mum was horrified because she knew everyone there would know whose child I was.

There are many names from my childhood in the graveyard now. As it says on their memorial, the Alcock family ran **Carlton Shop and Post Office** for almost 100 years. I remember the three sisters, Dolly, Gerty and Cissie Alcock. They were easy to tell apart. Two of them had dark hair but, while one was a very slender lady, her sister was the complete opposite.

With her white hair in a neat bun, Dolly seemed the oldest of the three sisters. She wore callipers on her legs, due (Mum said) to a childhood illness. Dolly was usually the one serving customers. She would let us get sweets from the 'Penny Drawer' behind the counter. Sometimes the Fruit Salad and Blackjack chews were more soft than chewy – but these were the days before sell-by dates!

I went to **Carlton School** when I was four. The Victorian schoolroom had two solid fuel stoves – one at each end. The toilets were outside the main building – and chemical! Our 'dinner lady' – Mrs Price – came in to heat up lunches for those who'd brought such things as baked beans to have on toast.

There were up to twenty pupils, aged four to eleven, all in the one room. When the time came for the oldest children to sit their Eleven Plus exam, a folding screen – the wheeled sort you see in hospitals – was put round them while the rest of us just carried on making our usual din.

Mrs Dunicliffe had been teaching at a much larger school but was approaching the end of her working life. Carlton School was at the end of its 120-year working life and she was to be the last of its teachers – there for the final 12 years.



This and many more interesting historical documents are available from the Carlton Parish Website, <http://www.carltonpc.co.uk/index.php> under the left-hand pane Carlton History.



Below, Mrs Dunicliffe's Retirement Presentation.  
L to R: Stephen Peel, John Earp, Paul Cooper, Marilyn Cope, Mrs Dunicliffe, me, Jackie Weager.

Above (from memory!) back row L to R: Alison Jones, Marilyn Cope, Sandra Bream, Alison Rogers, Mrs Dunicliffe, Brenda Maslin, Christopher Bream, Anthony Faulknall. Front row L to R: John Earp, Matthias Johnson, me, Jackie Weager, Paul Cooper, Stephen Peel, another Johnson? David Jones.



I loved school. Mrs Dunncliffe was a wonderful teacher and made us ‘little ones’ hand sewn workbooks with covers made of wallpaper offcuts and, inside, her own hand-drawn illustrations for us to copy, label and colour in. Our play times – and sometimes even lessons – spilled out beyond the school’s tiny yard and schoolroom into the surrounding countryside.

Mrs Dunncliffe often had a lunchtime nap in her Triumph Herald, parked on the road outside the school. She left the ‘Prefects’ (who were just the older girls) in charge. During one particularly ‘lively’ lunchtime, I was alleged to have bitten a Prefect and from then on had to walk home for my lunch – hence the spectacle of the funeral.

We were busy learning about gills, chains, furlongs, pounds, shillings, and pence when, one day, a lorry arrived from County Hall – bringing decimal learning aids! It was 1968; there were big changes ahead – and not just in the way we measured and paid for things. A brand-new junior school had been built in Market Bosworth – and this was to be where Carlton children would be educated in future.

Carlton school was converted to a house many years ago, but when I walk past now, it’s hard not to imagine faint, childish voices still singing ‘Morning Has Broken’.

The Coleman family lived at **Bank Farm**. They generously hosted village fetes and – most memorable of all – the Queen’s Silver Jubilee celebrations in 1977. There were sports and games, followed by a barn dance in the evening. To get the party started, we all paraded down Main Street towards the farm in fancy dress. I’d decided to be Paddington Bear, in a duffel coat – which was rather silly of me, given that it was a hot summer’s day.

In the 1960’s, on the right just before the railway bridge, there were **water meadows** with a stream meandering through. In spring they were yellow with cowslips. If you see a yellow field today, it will either be rape or, at best, buttercups. Wildflower species such as cowslips went into a steep decline as traditional, old meadows like these were drained for arable use. (We have now lost 97% of our wildflower meadows.)

There also used to be a thick hedge – containing many species – along this part of the lane. Ancient hedgerows like this were ripped out to make the fields bigger and to accommodate the larger, new machinery. But, in the 1970s, Carlton farmers were merely following a trend as, all across Britain, these agricultural ‘improvements’ were being made in the name of increased productivity.

Mum hated to see these changes in the landscape and said so. She thought it was a terrible idea to farm in such a way as to cause harm to wildlife. She didn’t use the word ‘environment’ because no-one did in those days. But she was still ahead of her time.

When we were little, we used to walk down to the **railway bridge** with Dad, who was attracted to anything to do with trains. It was only much later, when the ‘Battlefield Line’ was re-opened, that trains ran over it once more. But we still thought there was something magical about the redundant bridge and used to like making echoes as we walked under it. When I walk under the railway bridge now, I shout and listen for the echo, perhaps hoping I might hear Dad’s voice booming back at me.

What a lovely collection of recollections shared by Janina; I well remember some of the people mentioned. I remember the Ortons very well, lovely people. When I worked for Jim Lampard on the Saturday butchers van in the early 70s, we would visit them. Mr and Mrs Orton Senior were retired by then but still keen gardeners. Does anyone remember the self-service petrol pump which took £1.00 notes? If you do, I would love to see some photographs and read your memories. Mine are not that positive as I could never get it to accept more than £1.00 before jamming but in those days, petrol was around 35p per gallon or just less than 8p per litre!

Why not write your own stories and memories down? We would love to have them in the Archive. How splendid in a few hundred years’ time to be able to read someone’s memories. If petrol is still on sale, then I wonder how much it will be for a litre?

## And finally.... Road Closures

Street_Name	Team_Name	LA_area	TM_Required	Abandon_Len gth	Lay_Length	Services	Duration (wks)	START	END
Station Road	Burnside	LEICESTERSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL	3 Way	921.95	921.95	93	5.7	11/07/2022	19/08/2022
Weston Drive (TM)	Burnside	LEICESTERSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL	Closure	0.00	0.00	0	1.0	11/07/2022	18/07/2022
St Catherines Avenue	Burnside	LEICESTERSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL	3 Way	0.00	0.00	0	1.0	18/07/2022	25/07/2022
Heath Road (TM)	Burnside	LEICESTERSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL	Closure	0.00	0.00	0	1.0	25/07/2022	01/08/2022
Springfield Avenue (TM)	Burnside	LEICESTERSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL	Closure	2.14	2.14	0	1.0	01/08/2022	08/08/2022
Access from Station Road to odd numbers 257 to 267	Burnside	LEICESTERSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL	Some C/W Incursion	0.00	0.00	0	2.0	08/08/2022	22/08/2022
Godsons Hill (TM)	Burnside	LEICESTERSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL	Closure	0.00	0.00	0	1.0	08/08/2022	15/08/2022
Heath Road (TM)	Burnside	LEICESTERSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL	Closure	0.00	0.00	0	1.0	22/08/2022	29/08/2022
Heath Road	Burnside	LEICESTERSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL	Some C/W Incursion	175.36	175.36	17	4.0	22/08/2022	19/09/2022
Spinney Hill	Burnside	LEICESTERSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL	Some C/W Incursion	164.94	164.94	24	4.0	29/08/2022	26/09/2022
Ambion Rise	Burnside	LEICESTERSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL	Some C/W Incursion	90.29	90.29	12	2.7	05/09/2022	23/09/2022
St Catherines Avenue	Burnside	LEICESTERSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL	Some C/W Incursion	291.88	291.88	29	3.7	12/09/2022	07/10/2022

**Contact Details** Please see the website [www.marketbosworthsociety.com](http://www.marketbosworthsociety.com) for information or email on [info@marketbosworthsociety.com](mailto:info@marketbosworthsociety.com) or if you would like to call MBS then 07930149408. Correspondence can be sent to Market Bosworth Society, c/o 29 Warwick Lane, Market Bosworth, Leicestershire CV13 0JU.

If you have any items you would like to preserve for future generations, please contact MBS, or any Committee member.

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Nigel Palmer  
Chairman