



Greater Wigston Historical Society

White Gate Farm, Newton Lane, Wigston Magna, Leicester.

BULLETIN 87



THE CLAB-MAKER.

JACOB.

PROGRAMME OF MEETINGS – SEPTEMBER 2010 TO FEBRUARY 2011

Wednesday 18th August 2010

Leicester's Pre-fabs – Brian Johnson
7.30p.m. U.R. Church Boys' Brigade Rooms.

Wednesday 15th September 2010

Research for the book *This Gallant Steelback, W.E. Boulter VC* – Derek Seaton
7.30p.m. U.R. Church Boys' Brigade Rooms.

Wednesday 20th October 2010

Packhorses & Packroads – Dr. Wendy Freer
7.30p.m. U.R. Church Boys' Brigade Rooms.

Wednesday 17th November 2010

History & Operation of Radio Leicester – Russell Hobbs
7.30p.m. U.R. Church Boys' Brigade Rooms.

Wednesday 15th December 2010

Social evening with Quiz & Local Picture Show – Mike & Linda Forryan
7.30p.m. U.R. Church Boys' Brigade Rooms.

Wednesday 19th January 2011

The Green Bicycle Mystery – Gerry Broughton
7.30p.m. U.R. Church Boys' Brigade Rooms.

Wednesday 16th February 2011

A.G.M. followed by 'Where I worked' contributions from members (Part II)
7.30p.m. U.R. Church Boys' Brigade Rooms.

Please note – Tickets for the Mystery Coach Trip on Wednesday evening 21st July 2010, have now all been sold. However, a reserve list has been started and members are welcome to ring Tricia (0116 2880156) and have their name added to this and so take advantage of any cancellations.

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The Bulletin is published three times a year on 1st March, July and November. Articles etc. (which are always welcome) should be submitted to the editor, Tricia Berry, three clear weeks before publication date please.

The Society's website is: www.wigstonhistoricalsociety.co.uk
Chairman Mike Forryan's e-mail is: chairman@wigstonhistoricalsociety.co.uk

FRONT COVER

Jim Colver's drawing this time features a clog maker. The word clog covers any sort of wooden soled shoe. Clogs could be made entirely of wood, a type particularly associated with Holland, or with a wooden sole and leather upper, as generally found in England and Wales. They are known to have been worn by all classes of people in the Middle Ages, but later were more commonly used for work in factories, mines and on the land, especially in Wales and the north of England. They were very warm, practical and long lasting, their thick soles with iron rims keeping the wearer's feet clear of wet, muddy conditions.

Village clog makers would often make a pattern and shape the soles to each individual customer's measurements, but the clog factories of Lancashire and Yorkshire would only produce standardised versions in different sizes, as shoes are today.

Clog making required a timber not prone to splitting, and easily shaped. It also needed to be durable in wet conditions and completely waterproof. Willow, Alder and Sycamore were often used. After rough cutting the blocks were layered into conical stacks, so that air could circulate to aid drying, and left outside for several months. The individual blocks were then shaped using a long clogger's knife with a hook on the end which attached to a work bench, as shown in the drawing. This was a highly skilled procedure. Work with other knives smoothed the surface and cut a channel all round for fitting the upper.

The leather for the uppers was cut from patterns, stitched and stiffeners inserted at the heel. Lace holes and eyelets were then added. When completed the upper was stretched into shape on a last, and finally hammered to the sole with flat headed nails. Replaceable grooved irons were nailed to the sole and heel and a copper or brass tip tacked to the front.

The trade had virtually died out by 1939, but the skills are still practised by a few craftsmen who sometimes give demonstrations at country craft fairs.

MARCH MEETING

Gerry Broughton our March speaker gave a most interesting and personal account of his subject, Along the Gartree Road. This road is part of the old Roman road named Via Devana which went from Colchester via Leicester to Chester. Leicester was a garrison town of some importance in those times. No traces of the route exist to the north of Leicester but from Leicester to Medbourne the way can be identified. From Medbourne it runs south west of Corby and parts of this can also be identified, but there are only traces at Thrapston, Huntingdon and Cambridge, most of it probably having been lost in upgrading to form the present A14. There is, however, a 20 mile stretch of Roman Road south east of Cambridge which is still marked on some maps. It merges with the A1307 just west of Haverhill and so continues on to Colchester.

Gartree Road shares its name with one of the Leicestershire Hundreds. These were created in Medieval times by grouping together 800 to 1,000 parishes each of which had to supply 100 able bodied men who could be called on in times of trouble. The name is obscure but could refer to a certain type of tree, the 'Gar' part of the name could come from a wheat 'gere' (a fine bushel of wheat) or a triangle of land which was known as a 'gore' or 'gare'.

The section known as Gartree Road started from Leicester in the present New Walk at a point near the Museum. It continued up the walk, and crossed London Road into Evington Footpath. From there it followed a route into Beckingham Road, Devana Road (which reflects the earlier road name), Kimberley Road, then probably Romway Road (Romanway?) before crossing what is now part of Leicestershire Golf Club, to join the presently named Gartree Road just to the west of Shady Lane. It continues past Stoughton Grange Farm, then to the south of Leicester Airport, through Great Stretton, just to the south of Illston Grange, and past Carlton Curlieu Manor House. Where it reaches Shangton Holt, and crosses the B6047 Market Harborough to Melton Road we ran out of time and most regretably had to stop. It had been intended to cover the route onwards as far as Corby.

The talk was much enhanced by Gerry having walked the route and talked to people and searched out interesting facts and places. These ranged from stories from the Priest at Holy Cross Church, (the first Catholic Church in Leicester), to a resident in the night shelter in New Walk, the scene of the Green Bicycle Murder, a picture of the Kaiser on the wall of an old stable and a tree some 200/250 years old. Gerry will return in the future to finish the remainder of the route.

Afterwards the Chairman, Mike Forryan, thanked our speaker for a really interesting and original talk.

APRIL MEETING

In April we welcomed Peter Liddle, Community Archaeologist at County Hall, who told us what it was like Working with the Time Team. The Time Team programmes are broadcast on Channel 4 on Sunday evenings. They are very popular and already in their 15/16th series. The process starts with people from the programme ringing round the counties asking for suggestions for projects. Counties are then invited to submit detailed applications for consideration, which may receive a rejection, or sometimes no response at all. If an application is successful things start to move.

A date is agreed and a three day plan compiled. Landowners and tenants are identified and permissions obtained. Nearby hotel accommodation for approx. 50 people is booked. Each programme takes five days on site. On day one the logistics arrive, diggers, tools, TV cameras, audio equipment etc., the team are assembled and initial interviews recorded, a slow process often requiring a number of re-takes. Days two, three and four are for the actual filming of the excavations and more interviews. On day five checks are made that everything has been done, photographs and site notes completed, and equipment removed.

Work starts at 8.30a.m each day. The personnel include three camera teams, producers, archaeologists, sound experts, and a catering team as well as the actual presenters Mick Aston, Tony Robinson and colleagues.

The Team naturally like to feature different types of site in order to maintain interest; they also want ones which have a strong chance of revealing as yet undiscovered remains. When they were seeking an Anglo Saxon site Peter and his team put forward one at Stonton Wyville. This long thin parish had already been field walked and the location of pottery and other findings plotted on a map, but no sign of where the people lived had yet been found.

The application was successful and the team arrived. Pretty well all the villagers of Stonton Wyville kept visiting to watch events unfold. Much to the relief of the Leicestershire archaeological team the first scrape of the bucket revealed postholes, indicating the position of an Anglo Saxon building.

As well as Stonton the Time Team have also recently excavated at Groby Old Hall, and there is another project to come, these should be featured on the TV this coming winter.

After some questions and discussion the Chairman, Mike Forryan, thanked Peter for a really fascinating evening.

MAY MEETING

Our first outing this year was to the Rothley Court Hotel and the attached Knights Templar chapel, both of which are Grade I listed buildings. Our speaker was Rothley resident and keen local historian, Terry Sheppard, who gave a most interesting account of the history of both and some of the notable people associated with them.

Terry told us that during the first Crusade a small order of French knights was formed to protect pilgrims on their way to Jerusalem. They were given some land near the gate of the Temple of Jerusalem and from this took the name Knights Templars in 1118. They became famous for their feats, attracted the nobility to their ranks and became very wealthy. They first came to England in 1128 establishing themselves firstly at Old Temple, Holborn before moving in 1185 to Fleet Street where we have the Temple Church and Middle Temple Hall of the Inns of Court.

In 1231 King Henry III granted them the Manor and Soke of Rothley which included many other villages in East Leicestershire as well as Rothley. About 1240 they built Rothley Temple or Preceptory (now the hotel) and the chapel as a regional centre to recruit funds and knights for their continuing commitment to the free passage of pilgrims. By 1307 many leading members were on trial for heresy, and their property including Rothley was confiscated. In 1312 the Pope dissolved the Templars and ordered their lands should be handed over to The Hospitallers or Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, an order formed at the same time as the Templars.

At the Dissolution of the Monasteries in 1540, the Hospitallers were wound up and their lands reverted to the Crown from whom it was let to the Babington Family. In 1565 Thomas Babington purchased it and developed the buildings into a family home,

keeping the chapel intact. A descendant also named Thomas 1758-1837 was the last of the family to live there. He met Thomas Gisbourne 1759-1846 and William Wilberforce 1759-1833 at Cambridge. The three friends with Babington's brother-in-law Zachary Macaulay, formed a close knit group who spent many long hours at Rothley putting together a case for Wilberforce (who became an MP at age 21) to persuade Parliament to pass a bill to abolish the slave trade. This directly resulted in the passing of the Act of 1807.

The estate was bought in 1842 by Thomas's son-in-law Sir James Parker who died in 1852. The manor was then tenanted until Sir James' son Harry sold the whole estate in lots in 1893. The Manor, house and chapel were bought by Frederick Merrtens, a cotton merchant, who modernised the house. In 1949 it became a retirement home, but in 1953 was bought by Clive Wormleighton and converted into an hotel.

After some questions and discussion the Chairman, Mike Forryan, thanked Mr. Sheppard for a most interesting talk, we then had a look round this truly historic little chapel before moving on to the Wilberforce Room in the hotel for an excellent meal.

JUNE MEETING

Our June visit to Gumley was blessed with lovely fine, warm weather. We met Derek Lewin, our guide, at St. Helen's Church and went inside to hear a most interesting account of the village and its people. The church ground was once pagan, the church is a Saxon saint church built in 14th century. The Aisle was rebuilt in 1870s.

The village's undulating landscape was formed in the ice age when ice one mile thick covered the ground. It has been inhabited from the Stone Age, and the area was chosen because it was on high ground, as villages generally are. There are a number of wells, and Gorse bushes were planted to keep grazing animals away and allow seeds to grow. Later settlers were the Romans, Anglo Saxons, then the Danes. It is known that Mercia Council meetings were held here. After the Norman Conquest it was given to the Countess Judith.

When the canals were planned there was an argument with Sir John Palmer who didn't want them to be cut through his property. Eventually he was bought off and Foxton Locks was built on part of Palmer land. There are a number of specimen trees in the parish which were part of the planting done by Rev. William Hanbury who was a very keen arborist, and run out of space in his own parish of Church Langton.

The land was enclosed in 1772. Gumley became an estate village and the Hall was built in 1774 by Joseph Cradock who was a merchant interested in the arts. He built a theatre in the grounds and created a chalybeate spring watering hole which attracted actors and other visitors.

The Hall passed to Sir Edmund Hartopp Cradock a relative of Joseph and after this there were several owners, one of whom built the tower and stables in 1870. Col. Murray-Smith, Chairman of the Midland Railway Co., lived there from 1897 until 1940 when it became a centre for training spies for infiltrating foreign areas. Then Sir Leonard Cheshire took it for a while as a home for injured servicemen. It was

converted into flats but later dry rot was discovered and a farewell Ball was held in the Grand Saloon before it was demolished in 1964, there being no heir.

Gumley was excellent fox hunting country and this drew many well known people to the area including: Elizabeth, Empress of Austria, members of the Cunard family (shipping), Mr. Fernie (founder of the Fernie Hunt), Lady Zia Werner (niece of the Grand Duke of Russia), Sir Julien Cahn (philanthropist and great cricket enthusiast). Also a lady known as 'Skittles' whose origins were a mystery but who was very much part of the scene up until the 1920s.

We then took a walk to the impressive Old Rectory complete with ice house and lake, built away from the village on what was part of the Hall land. It is now a private residence. Then down the interesting main street past the Bell Inn to admire a huge 40 acre field, said to be one of the best in England. After which the Chairman, Mike Forryan, thanked Mr. Lewin for a most enjoyable evening.

OBITUARY

Sadly we have to report the death on 15th June of Jean Bale. She and husband Michael joined the Society in 1998 when they retired from farming at Highfield Farm, Newton Lane, Wigston and moved to Fleckney. Jean was born in Wigston and there were a number of 'old Wigston' families, members of the Society, representatives of other groups, as well as family present at her funeral at All Saints' Church. Afterwards all were invited for refreshments at the Framework Knitters Museum. Our sincere condolences to Michael and their son Anthony, who now runs the farm, to daughter Suzanne and the grandchildren.

People of Wigston

Our Society believes that History started yesterday and that every small detail is important to record for future generations.

It would have been great if the Wigston residents of the 1900's had jotted down a few bits of information about their grandparents for us to read today. Little bits such as their names, where they lived, what they did as an occupation and short stories about their lives.

The Society has set up a new project that aims to record present memories for future reference. We are asking people who have lived in Wigston or had relations living in Wigston to jot down some notes about the individuals. It doesn't matter if it is only a couple of lines it does give some knowledge of these people.

Here are some ideas for the information:-

- Full names
- Where and when born
- Details of marriage
- Picture of person
- What they did for an occupation
- Where they lived. Describe the building and give a location.
- Any stories about them

Just scribble the notes down and pass them to Mike Forryan who will turn them into a short document and return the notes and pictures to you.

Every little helps even if the person only lived in Wigston for a few years.

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Mike has also begun a Wigston time line. People often ask when was this built or when was that pulled down? When did so and so happen etc. All contributions will be gratefully received.

SCHOOLS IN THE LATE 1940s AND EARLY 1950s

Reading this will bring back memories for many, but will be quite foreign to those in education today. Seeing the February item ‘Where I worked’ in the programme took me back to September 1947 when I began my first teaching post at Hinckley Westfield Primary School. At that time, your first teaching post was decided by the Education Authority. Teachers for infants’ schools were in demand so I was lucky to be appointed to a Junior School. The building was ‘modern’ a red brick two storey box set in a large playground with a separate adjacent infant and senior school. The building consisted of classrooms with sliding, dividing screens allowing for large gatherings e.g. morning assembly, cloakrooms where children hung up caps, coats, and berets etc. on entering and a small head teacher’s room. Toilets were in the yard!

Few people had cars and I travelled by train from Glen Parva Station. School started at 9a.m. and the train, when on time, which it usually was, arrived giving me plenty of time to reach school before the bell rang. Preparation was done after school and in the evening. If the train was late Miss Tansey, who was the Head said that we, (another teacher also on the train) should make ourselves a cup of tea in her office.

My classroom was upstairs. Desks had lift up lids and seats and had heavy iron frames which were difficult to move. There was no Blutack or Sellotape so work displayed was held in place with drawing pins which was hard on the fingers. Dustless chalk did not come in until several years later and I hate to think of the chalk dust I created. A board monitor took the board rubber outside and knocked it on the wall to clean it.

Classes were large and I had to teach 50 children of 8 to 9 years of mixed ability. This was not easy, but even those of limited ability were reading 'Nip and Fluff', a tale of a cat and a dog. A large blackboard enabled me to teach them in ability groups.

Each Friday we had to submit a detailed account of what we intended and hoped to achieve in the following week. This was handed back on Monday with comments from the Head.

The school was a happy friendly place. Very few children had to be corrected though the cane was occasionally used by the Head. Children came with the idea of learning and teachers were respected and supported by the parents.

Although I enjoyed teaching in Hinckley the travelling became a chore and when I saw a vacancy advertised at Oadby Gartree School I applied and was accepted.

This was a very different environment. The school was in a Victorian Building (now Launde School on the A6). Windows and ceilings were very high. Paintwork was a gloomy sludge green, fawn, or grey with a band of black dividing top from bottom. Gloss paint was used throughout so it could be washed. The woodwork and cookery rooms formed the centre, together with the hall and with a wing of classrooms on either side. There were cloakrooms and upstairs a classroom and a staff room.

All the children in Oadby from 7 to 15 years apart from those few at Grammar School attended this school. The infants went to Sandhurst Street School which is now demolished.

A council estate had been built on the Wigston Road so many children had to cross the A6 which was considered busy even then. There were no crossings or traffic lights so at school times a policeman was on duty to allow the children to cross safely. My route to school passing Tinkers Thatch and the church was very pleasant but it was quite an effort cycling up New Street with bags of marking.

My room this time was wide and narrow with a high bench dominating the room as this had once been a science room. A blackboard extended across the longer wall and there was also a blackboard and easel.

Once again I had to teach a class of 50 children. When I explored the large cupboard I found a pile of slates and a tin of slate pencils. The desks had lift up lids and seats and they all faced the front. Inkwells had to be filled with an ink made up from powder and the children used dip in pens. Thinking back they were very skilled with them.

Teachers marked the register twice a day (no biros then) and filled in attendance forms which were collected each week by an attendance officer who called at the homes of the absentees.

Mr. Burton was the Headmaster, an ex-army man. Everything had to run like clockwork in a very ordered way. Children were expected to work and behave or else there was trouble. The swishy cane was often used and was in full sight during morning assembly which was taken from the 'Schools Prayer and Hymn Book'. Music was provided by a member of staff who played the piano. After notices

children filed back to their classrooms. No one sat during morning assembly and the 7 year olds stood quietly as did the 15 years olds.

We were given a timetable and we had to adhere strictly to it. Inspectors called infrequently but unannounced and would talk to the children and look at their books. I remember Mr. Halifax asking me if he could look at the books on the windowsill which I had marked the previous evening. The school policy was that all spelling mistakes should be crossed out or underlined. I did not agree with this. I felt it should depend on the ability of the child as to how much correction should be made. How distressing to try hard and have most of your work crossed out! He agreed with me. Mr. Burton was strict but also very kind as children who behaved knew. He always supported his staff.

I asked permission to move some of the desks so they were in groups. Children then did not work in groups but answered teachers' questions or asked questions of the teacher. They did not discuss with one another. There were text books which were used but they were very dull by modern standards. There was a graded reading scheme.

Painting lessons were difficult because water had to be carried in buckets from the cloakroom. Jam jars had to be dipped in and then balanced on the desks which were covered with newspaper. Powder paint was put into bun tins. Paint was mixed in another dish. The dirty water had to be tipped back in the buckets and tipped down the outside drain.

Many mothers worked in Hinckley but few did in Oadby. Fathers grew flowers and vegetables in their gardens and teacher was often presented with a bunch of flowers which were displayed in jam jars on the classroom windowsills which were high up. Children could not look out of the windows. There were no foreign children in the school and only one was of divorced parents.

We had an occasional visit from the 'nit nurse'. The children lined up and had their hair examined. The nurse would then visit homes to offer advice to those in trouble. There was a scare when a member of staff contracted T.B. and the whole school, staff and children, were tested.

Milk was delivered daily and brought in crates to the classrooms. The third pint bottles had cardboard tops. A milk monitor put a straw into each bottle. At playtime each child drank the milk before going out to play. Teacher could go to the staffroom for coffee.

Mrs. Cotterill was the domestic science teacher. She was a lovely motherly lady who helped many a senior lad with his problems. She taught the senior girls to cook meals and it was a treat to be invited to have lunch with them. She held an evening class which I attended and I still use some of those recipes from my notebook. Mr. Grey was the woodwork master and he taught the senior boys to make proper joints. They took home book racks, small tables, boxes etc. which they had made.

In spite of the rigid regime we were a friendly staff. I remember one year when it was Nell Barwell's (later Mrs. Print) birthday, several of us arrived very early. While I

drew flowers and Happy Birthday on the board, others were hanging up paper chains before she arrived. We also played childish tricks. Altering names on the monitors lists in the classrooms was one but to find your gloves full of pencil shavings was not very pleasant! The sports teacher was Miss Parker.

There was no grass for the children to play on but two playgrounds, one for juniors and the other for seniors, and the teacher on duty patrolled both. When the whistle blew all stopped and all was quiet. The children formed in lines when the second whistle blew and then walked into school in an orderly fashion. During break it was a lively place. Children brought balls, skipping ropes and whips and tops and snobs or five stones to use. They played singing games and running games, leap frog too. In winter, when it was icy there were lovely long slides. Despite all the activity there were few accidents. Children then seemed far more hardy.

There were many forms of punishment. The Head and his deputy Mr. Mellor could use the cane, but teachers sometimes smacked children, some used a slipper, children often wrote lines at playtime. I used to give the child a map of the British Isles and he/she had to search for a town for each letter of the alphabet. This did not seem so time wasting as lines. Sometimes, during a lesson a child was sent outside the room. If he (usually a boy!) was seen there by the Head, he would be certain to get the cane. I don't remember girls being caned.

Sometimes Mr. Burton would knock on my classroom door and those of my two neighbours to give us information. Our doors would remain open during this time and silence prevailed as the children continued with their work. I guess modern day teachers wish the children were as obedient. All this seems incredible today; it certainly was very repressive.

While I was there Mr. Burton retired and Mr. Coggins became headmaster. He was a family man with two daughters, Stephanie and Frances. I taught them both. With a new head, rules changed, staff were consulted in meetings, and the atmosphere changed. Children in the primary classes still took the scholarship examination for grammar school. Change was in the air. Advisers were appointed by the Authority. Some visited schools with advice on modern techniques and some ran courses after school or in holidays. 'Teachers' World' a magazine for teachers became popular and there was 'Pictorial Education' with pull-out wall charts.

The population of Oadby was growing. Two new schools were built, Gartree High School in Ashtree Road and Langmoor Junior School on what became known as the industrial site.

One morning, all the junior children, each carrying a brown cardboard tidy box containing their writing books and a reading book, pen, pencil and ruler set off with their teachers, me pushing my much prized green Raleigh bicycle with them. We were off to our new school, one I had passed as it was being built, the first new primary school in the county of Leicestershire. Mr. Mason, the Director of Education, had chosen the colour schemes used in the classrooms etc. We had classroom sinks and indoor toilets, each door a different colour! You could see out of the large windows! The blackboards were green and we used yellow chalk!

Shortly afterwards, Mr. Morris, the headmaster said 'Goodbye' to the cane. A new chapter had begun.

Stella Tweed 2010

EYE WITNESS ACCOUNT OF A GERMAN BOMBING RAID ON LEICESTER
IN 1940. Recounted in a letter from Pamela E. Brodie, 6 Carisbrooke Avenue to her
daughter in Canada.

You have asked so often about the blitz we had about two years ago and as its now such a long time since it happened I might as well give you a few details. Up to then, and for a long time after, we got lots of small raids, a few houses hit here and there in town and district but nothing much near here. We've had absolute peace now for a very long time, though as you will know, there are a few bombers over and near the coast now and again, but not many. This raid lasted from sirens at 8p.m. till all clear at 6a.m.! We always went to bed and stayed there, unless the noise was too bad, because it's so cold and we have no shelter we would rather take the very remote chance of stopping one than the much greater risk of chills etc. though if we had children to consider, we would have a shelter, if only for the moral effect.

I was lying there, hearing bomb after bomb, nearer and nearer, and had just decided that I couldn't stick it lying down any longer, when there came a terrible rending crash (it was a landmine in Knighton Road just at the top of the hill behind here which devastated everything around there). At the same moment, the windows and doors flew open, some windows broke, cracking sounds in the roof and H and I popped out of our respective doors, like those little men and women in the clocks - only we were both moved the same way and got downstairs in record time, not waiting to gather up slippers, dressing gown, gas masks etc., which were laid out in readiness every night. (Next morning we found everything covered with tiny metallic flakes). There were some more deafening bombs and then a lull, during which H fetched some clothes and made tea. We wrapped ourselves in rugs and stayed in the sitting room, all night - many bombs falling and now and again a welcome lull. It is a horrid sound, to hear them whistling and an unpleasant sensation, wondering where that one will stop! But I think excitement perhaps prevents one feeling really frightened at the time. One fell in the road opposite the tennis courts 100 yards away (a split second in time from us) and no buses ran that way for a fortnight; another buried itself so deeply in the garden next to the tennis courts, that it didn't explode but threw up a mass of earth which blocked the road. We were lucky to escape entirely and by so little. Many streets and houses quite near were wrecked and so many killed. Some of those big houses in roads at the top of the hill (Carisbrooke Road) were so devastated that literally not one brick was left upon another and people were buried under all this in their cellars - I won't dwell upon horrors. For weeks afterwards one saw pathetic things - a baby's cot hanging up in a high tree, fragments of silk underclothing waving about on the wheel of a motor or lodged in the fork of a broken tree, a solitary wall still standing with bedroom fireplace and mantel, with vase still standing on it, and such freaks of chance.

Many of these sites are now cleared and flourishing gardens take the place of the wrecked buildings.

The house where the Clarke Family lived (Kerrwick in-laws) was completely wrecked, but they all got out in time. Many districts got it much worse and of course fire added to the destruction and drew further attacks. One of the mistresses from the Collegiate got a medal from the King afterwards, for walking through all this from near here to the Infirmary to give a blood transfusion. No trams could run up London Road for three weeks because of time bombs about. Captain Davies the famous bomb expert of St. Paul's fame came down to advise about them.

Among many buildings you'd remember, which are gone, that Pavilion in Victoria Park with clock in the tower was wiped out and such a crater left that it has been converted into a water tank for the fire service – next night fires were still raging, but not in this district. We got it off and on for eight hours.

Since then no raids have ever occurred anywhere near here and few at all inland, though the coast and coastal districts get some, but not on a big scale.

You remember my telling you about the death of Mr. Allen's sister, Mrs. Beazley whom you know. I didn't want you to know at the time, but that was from shock in an earlier raid, just from the noise. The Ellson's (next door neighbours) father was so horrified at their being here through this, that he came next morning and insisted on their going to Kirby Muxloe to his house. That night, Kirby Muxloe got its one and only raid – worse for its size than anything we got here! So one just feels that one may as well take a chance one place as another. There were some touches which roused a grim sense of humour (afterwards) here and there. A tall derelict was in a heap of ruins near the station, upon which a large poster still clung 'Where's George' (this was a play running at the Little Theatre). A battered shop still trying to carry on with 'Open – even more than usual'.

Wasn't it strange that we should escape untouched, through all this around, whilst Bert should get one of the only 2 or 3 bombs which ever fell on his town, and then not devastating ones. No-one even hurt. It was a great advantage being one of the 2 or 3 damaged because he got all the sympathy and help – that was a lucky escape too, as he was actually in the house and asleep! And what a chance that Cecily and Michael were away.

One side of Lower King Street was practically destroyed with bombs and fires – Auntie Bessie, who lives in Upper King Street never awakened! Having given orders that she was not to be aroused for raids. (As she would not go down to their shelter anyway so she might as well sleep). Of course Upper King Street is away from Lower, at a different angle but still!

THOMAS COOK'S NEW TEMPERANCE HOTEL

NEW TEMPERANCE HOTEL,

(ADJOINING THE TEMPERANCE HALL)

GRANBY STREET, LEICESTER.



This new and beautiful edifice has been erected with adaptation to the special character of hotel business. It comprises superior COMMERCIAL ROOM, DINING ROOM, COFFEE ROOM, SINGING ROOMS, and numerous BED ROOMS, all newly furnished in style corresponding with the general appearance of the house.

The design of the Proprietor is to have the establishment conducted as a first-class Temperance Hotel, at the following extremely moderate charges:—

COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT.		COFFEE ROOM.	
	S. D.		S. D.
Breakfast and Tea, with Meat.....	1 6	Small Tray of Coffee, with Toast, Roll, or Bread and Butter.....	0 4
Ditto, plain	1 0	Ditto Tea, with ditto.....	0 5
Dinner at Ordinary Table	1 6	Tray of Coffee, without eating	0 2
Ditto, specially ordered	2 0	Ditto Tea, ditto.....	0 3
Single Beds	1 0	Chops, Steaks, or Plates of Meat	0 6
Double ditto	1 6	Bread and Vegetables to ditto	0 3
Waiter, Chambermaid, and Boots, per day (not including Porterage)	0 9	Gingerade	0 2
Lemonade	0 4	Lemonade	0 3
Gingerade	0 3		

Families, Boarders, and Regular Diners accommodated on Special Terms.

Parties, Soirees, and Public Festivals,

AT THE TEMPERANCE HALL,

PROVIDED FOR ON STRICT TEMPERANCE PRINCIPLES.

THOS. COOK, Proprietor.

N.B.—MRS. TIVEY'S TEMPERANCE HOTEL, Corn Market, DERBY, is conducted on similar principles, and at corresponding Rates with the above.

**COOK'S
CHEAP PRINTING OFFICES,**

AND RAILWAY EXCURSION OFFICE,

IN THE TEMPERANCE HALL AND HOTEL YARD.

Every facility is afforded, and assistance rendered, to parties engaging the Temperance Hall, for the intellectual and moral improvement, and the rational gratification of the public.

This advertisement for Thomas Cook's hotel is taken from Melville & Company's Directory and Gazetteer for Leicestershire 1854. The ground floor of the building was converted for retail use many years ago but the upper floors are largely unchanged. The building is now under threat of demolition, amid many protests from historical groups and concerned individuals. We wish them well, surely such a significant building should not be lost; even to retain the facade would be better than nothing.