Written by Mrs Pat Hunt for the Womens Institute (Circa 1970/1980's)

The name Newbold Verdon is of Norman origin, it relates to one Bertram de Verdun, who had the tenure of the village in the twelth century. The prefix Newbold means new built or new buildings. The population seems to have averaged some twenty cottagers and their families. Over the years Newbold Verdon has grown into a large thriving village, not picturesque, somewhat scattered, but for friendly character it takes some beating. (1)

Gone are the days when half the village had the name of Statham and you had to put a nickname on (Whiskey Statham esq. Main Street) if you wanted to be sure a letter was delivered to the correct person. But the older inhabitants mix well with the new and so the village boasts a variety of clubs, Womens' Institute, Mens Keep Fit, Scouts, Football, Guides and Brownies, Something for everyone, men, women, boys, girls, young and old.

We have a number of shops, Hairdressers, D I Y, Chemists, Optician and most important our own Doctors Practice.

The village school has grown with the village, it has three successive halls each larger than the last, each time the previous hall becoming a teaching area. Now the school is a mixture of old and new but is a bright and lively place offering the children a wide range of activities, both in and out of school hours. Currently the village is fund raising to turn the unused kitchen into a community centre.

It is not known when the Church was first built but it is likely the building was erected in the late twelfth or early thirteenth century. In 1666 Newbold de Verdun sent a subscription towards the rebuilding of Saint Pauls Cathedral in London, after the great fire. Newbold Verdon Church was rebuilt in 1898 in celebration of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee, at the estimated cost of £2786. The architect was Mr. H. Goddard of Leicester and the contractors were Scurr and Jowett of Barrow on Soar. There was not enough money to build a tower at the time, so this was finally put up and dedicated in 1960. This is the well cared for Church, dedicated to St. James that we see today.

Taking out of the past of Newbold, we choose the decade 1935-45 to remember three well known characters. The connection between them is that they all rode bicycles for travelling to their work, or as part of their work.

Big Bill Culpin was a very tall quiet man with a long beard. His job was night soil cart driver, collecting lavatory pans throughout the village, a smelly job but essential. He was subject to humiliation when his horse reared up and tipped him

into the cart at the back. Kind folks threw buckets of water over him and wrapped an old blanket around his bent shoulders till he could get home and change. Home was a caravan in a secluded spot beyond Newbold Heath, called Foxcover Lane. If his job was not too enviable his surrounds must have been, a haven of flowers, trees and little creatures. He kept goats and folk would buy his milk. He had bird song to awake him and the rustle of trees to send him to sleep. He spoke very little and children were scared of him as he rode his bicycle into the village for groceries. He must have been on one such errand when a sudden illness overtook him, he was found on the grass verge not far from his home, his cycle alongside his body.

Another useful and lovable cyclist was our Nurse Greaves. Rather portly, she rode her 'sit up and beg' bicycle to the aid of anyone who needed her. We would knock on her door for advice. She would come back with you if you were in real trouble, navy coat and hat thrown over her uniform. The Doctor from Desford would be sent for if things looked serious but she must have saved him many hours by seeing to the problems she could solve herself. She was proficient at bed baths, puffing a little with heaving patients over to make sure every place was washed. She spread cheer, comfort and cleanliness everywhere she went.

Our last character became important during the war as an A.R.P. warden, his name is Walter Preston. His job was to blow his whistle whilst riding around the dark village streets on his trusty bicycle. First to warn of an approaching air-raid, then to blow the 'all clear' two sharp blasts if I remember rightly. He and the Headmaster of the Primary school ran our local Dads Army, with the headmaster as Chief Fire Officer. They manned a searchlight and patrolled the area, including out lying farms. One of these farms was hit in the home field by an oil filled fire bomb, which was rendered safe by Walter and his men. He carried home the iron casing of the bomb much to the annoyance of the Chief Fire Officer who said that was his job and to hand it over. One of their joint Manoeuvres was to see how long it would take to put out a large fire, so one was built and lit during daylight hours on the Dragon field. By the time Walter cycling furiously round to collect the men together had actually got them on the spot, the fire had gone out. We only had three bombs during the war, so perhaps speed and efficiency were not needed to any great effect. After the war Walter was Chairman of the Parish Council along with some of his fellow A.R.P. men, they helped the village expand with the first two large housing estates. They also purchased the playing field making friendship and sport the heart of the Newbold Verdon we know today.

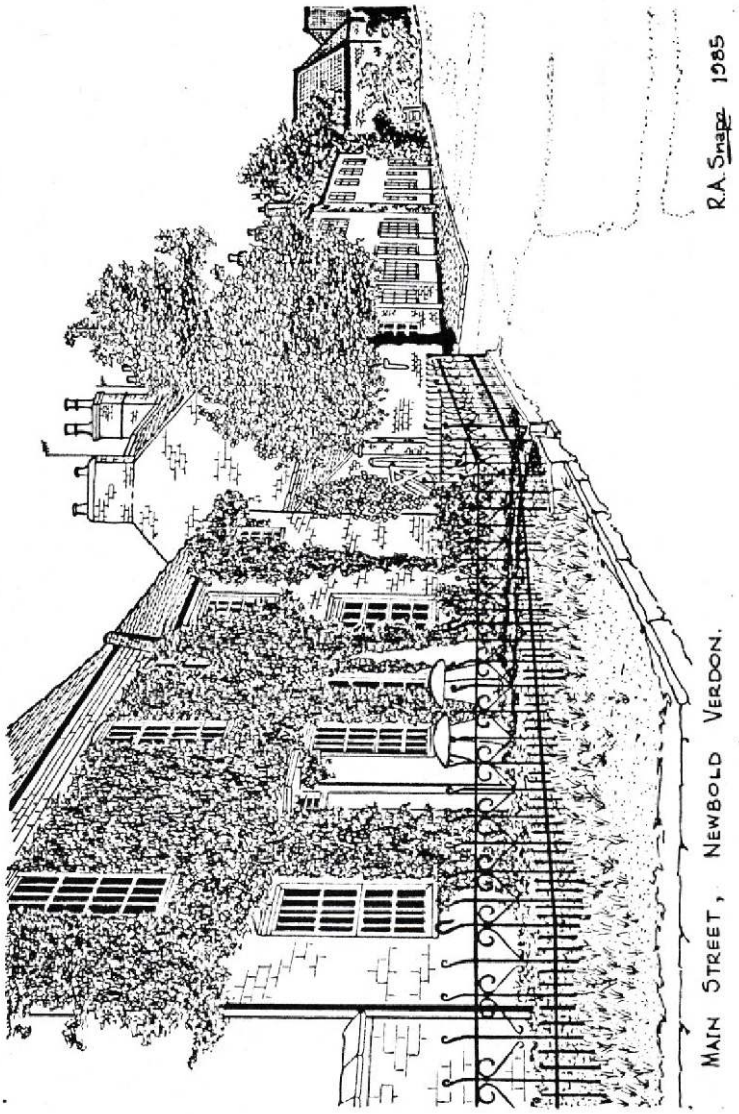


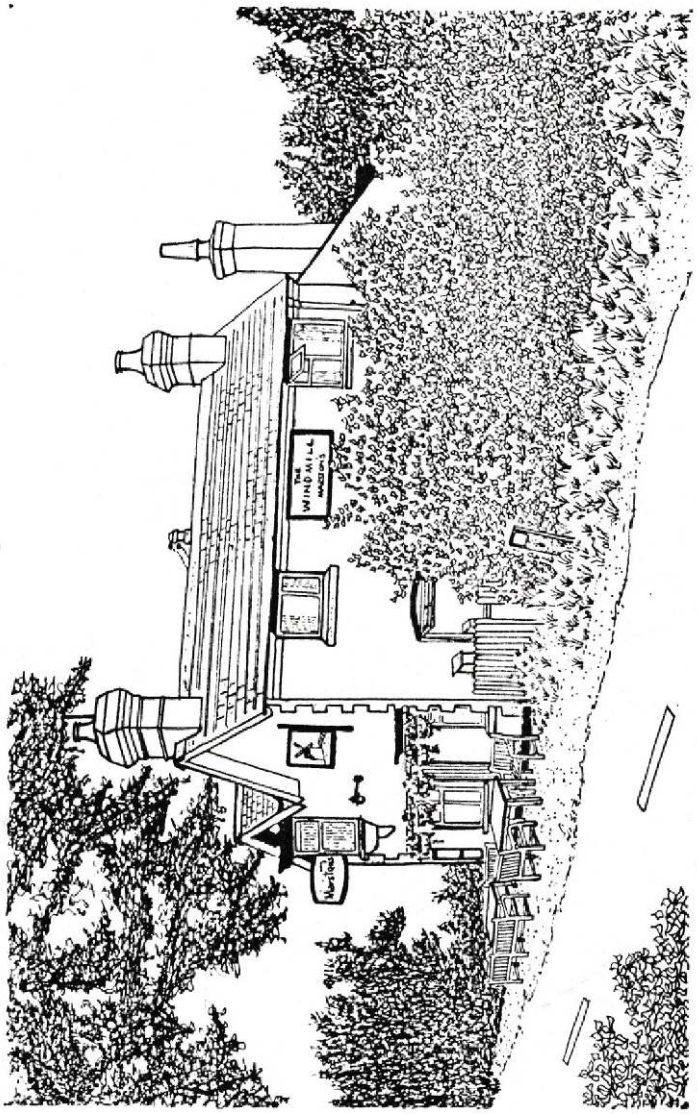
MAIN STREET, NEWBOLD VERDON.

R.A. Snape 1985



ST. JAMES CHURCH, NEWBOLD - DE- VERDUN. R.A. Snape 1984


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MAIN STREET, NEWBOLD VERDON.



THE WINDMILL, BRASCOTE LANE,