



IN TIME

Ely U3A History Group Members'
Newsletter



Edition 8

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Welcome to issue eight of IN TIME. This week we have more memories of VE Day as well as penny farthing racing, a fascinating 18th century letter, an important 8th century village, and of course Petty's Pick of the week. We are also starting a new series which we hope you will enjoy and be able to contribute to.

It is great to read all your articles please keep sending them to me - Maggie Haverson

[More memories of VE Day](#)

["When The Lights Go On Again" - Charlotte Milliken](#)

I was 5 years old on VE Day 1945; born 8 weeks after war was declared, so I had never known anything but "the blackout". My father was still away in the RAF, with Fighter Command.

I remember my mother, sister and I walking into the centre of my home town of Stirling, Scotland early that evening, through lots of people smiling, singing and dancing- it seemed so noisy. What's more I didn't have to carry my "Mickey Mouse" gas mask!

We eventually arrived at The Black Boy fountain; a local landmark and favourite meeting place. There were fairy lights festooned all around and although they had been hanging there all through the war I had never seen them lit. To an impressionable little girl with her head full of stories it was like FAIRYLAND. It was the lights I remember most, the lights.

The Black Boy Fountain was originally erected in memory of those who died of the plague. The fountain was renovated in 1997.



[Racing on a Penny Farthing Bicycle - Roger Orr](#)



My great grandfather, Samuel Orr, rode and raced on a Penny Farthing bicycle in the 1880s. Samuel lived in the vibrant market town of Ballymena in County Antrim, N. Ireland. One of the largest social occasions for the town was the Ballymena Athletics Sports Day, held in the grounds of Ballymena Castle owned by Shafto Adair, whose main residence was Flixton Hall in Suffolk. In 1882 Samuel was a competitor in one of the cycle races although the very uneven surface together with the tight bends of the race track resulted in only one of the competitors finishing the race! Samuel was more successful the following year, winning one of the races at the same venue with a prize of a cruet set.

Bicycles increased in popularity through the 1880s though they were still relatively expensive. In 1886 the Ballymena Cycle Club was formed. Samuel was one of the founder members and was elected Secretary. The attached photograph shows Samuel in the livery of the Ballymena Cycle Club standing proudly beside his Coventry manufactured, fifty-six inch Rudge cycle. His finances must have become stretched in 1887 as he was forced to advertise the 'reluctant' sale of his bicycle for £8 5s, the equivalent of around six months wages for an agricultural labourer at that time.

Samuel continued his involvement with cycling in Ballymena for many years, officiating as judge and time-keeper at a number of races, some of which drew crowds of several thousand spectators. Ballymena became the location for the first purpose built cement cycle track in Ireland in 1897, complete with banked curves. The Ballymena Cycle Club in its various forms has produced many of the top cyclists in Ireland over the years.

[An 18th Century Letter – Peter Lee](#)

My son acquired through the previous owners of Hockwold Hall, a collection of about hundred letters mostly to Cyrill Wyche written between 1729 and 1775. Most of his letters are from the family, especially that of his sister, who was married to the Reverend Robert Wright at East Harling. This is an example:

Harling Rev'd Mr R Wright May 31 1746

to Cyrill Wyche Esq at Hockwold

Dear Sir

Our intended visits on monday we must beg leave to postpone by reason of poor Becky's being indisposed with a Fever attended with a Sore Throat and Eruptions, symptoms likely smallpox, but Mr Faulkner was here yesterday & calls it Eruptive Fever - she has by his order a Blister and has been blooded & is reduced very low - This has given great uneasiness to all parties as it occasions us to defer our Journey till next Thursday when (God willing) we will we hope we shall be able to travail (sic)

My wife sends her love and & the children and their Duty & believe me to be your most Obliged friend & very Humble Servant

R Wright

There were no envelopes so the letter was simply folded and sealed, and the address written on the outside. There were no street addresses so 'Cyrill Wyche Esq at Hockwold' would do, and postman has written his receipt in the corner. At that time dates were commonly written month-day-year, which we now associate with America (it is we who have changed). The elaborate closing salutation was quite normal.

Later on, we have a letter from Becky, so she survived both illness and the treatment, but did not marry, so perhaps she was scarred.

[Dore Village - Heather Carruth](#)

Dore Village, a pretty, affluent community of large houses, immaculate lawns and generous gardens exploding with a rainbow of old-fashioned blooms, nestles between hilly moorland and the busy streets of the nearest town, Sheffield of which it is now a suburb. On the evidence before you, you could be forgiven for thinking nothing much ever happened here, but you would be wrong.





Long ago, the nearby Limb Brook, River Sheaf, and Meers Brook marked the boundary between the Anglo-Saxon kingdoms of Deira (later Northumbria) and Mercia. In fact, the name *Dore* derives from the same root as *door*, signifying a 'gateway' or pass between two kingdoms. In the year 829, King Egbert (of Wessex), having conquered the Mercian kingdom, that is all the land south of the Humber, then led an army as far as Dore to receive the submission of obedience and subjection of King Eanred of Northumbria, thereby establishing his power and authority over the whole of Anglo-Saxon Britain.

It can therefore be reasonably argued that Egbert, became the first overlord of all England at Dore.

In this 8th Century Map of Britain, Dore can be seen in the centre just below the brown line that crosses the country. The inclusion of Dore on the map shows its importance at this point in history. It may be of interest to note that the county we

call Cornwall forms part of Wales in Anglo-Saxon Britain and is identified as West Wales.

[We're starting a new series!](#)

[The Disrepair Shop !](#)



Those of you who, like this household, are addicted to the TV series “The Repair Shop” will be familiar with the format. For the benefit of those with Netflix and no TV license, this is a show where folk take a cherished but broken object to a workshop staffed by amazing experts in their fields, who restore, replace, and generally work wonders on the object. There is always a back story. The grandfather clock was always owned by great aunt Gemima who always carried it with her through the Peruvian jungle in her travels distributing prayer books to the natives, or the teddy bear was won at a fair by couple when teenagers now about to celebrate their diamond wedding The story is told by a piece to camera by the clients, and the segment ends with “The Reveal”, at which there are amazed gasps all round, much appreciation, and many tears from everyone present!

It's worth watching for the amazing skills of the craftsmen and women, who seem to be able to do anything, and can call on collaboration with each other to solve all problems.

It set me thinking, what would I take to the Repair shop? Better still what would you take! We've all got something stuck away in a drawer



or cupboard somewhere that has memories (it doesn't have to be broken!). Could be a loved toy, an ornament, instrument, anything that has a cherished memory attached to it, so dig it out, photo it, tell everyone about it, and why it is or was important to you or yours.

You won't get it repaired, and you don't have to cry, you won't get on telly but we will try and feature one every week in "In Time". It need only be a few words and a photo, so here's a great chance for those of you we haven't heard from yet. Here's mine to get started - Roger

[My Grandfather's Watch – Roger Haverson](#)

I never knew my paternal Grandad. I suspect my Dad didn't know him very well, he rarely spoke of him, never to say anything of consequence, except that he was a master plasterer who travelled a great deal to work on the ornate friezes and ceiling decorations of stately homes. Travel he did, in a fit of family history enthusiasm a few years ago we found him in a different location on almost every census, but he certainly seemed to get home sometimes, as he fathered nine children. They lived in Coronation Square, King's Lynn, a site now demolished where Hillington Square flats now stand.



This watch, which is his only known remaining possession, was left to his oldest son Tom, and subsequently passed to my dad, his second youngest. It is an American made watch, apparently lots were imported early 20th century, it still works, but it needs a good clean and a service. It has its original tiny key attached by a leather thong. The case is silver, hallmarked Birmingham 1901. It has no great value, (it's a rule of Repair Shop that nothing is valued!) But I am the last male of this Haverson line and so the name dies with me, and I value this watch as a valued possession of an ancestor none of us met, and of whom we know little. I will pass it to my daughters.

[Petty's Pick of the Week](#)

Every day Mike Petty posts on his Facebook group "Fenland History on Facebook" a number of newspaper clips from his massive archive of local events reported "on this day" <https://www.facebook.com/groups//1026849820769556/>

Knock-out slaughter – Ely Past Snips May 14th 1973 This story appeared in a Cambridge newspaper on this date.

Over 5,000 people - umbrella-ed, rain-coated and overcoated against a cold drizzling afternoon - packed into Ely's park for the BBC "It's a Knock-Out" between Ely and Hertford. It turned out not so much of a knockout as a slaughter as Ely won by a record 19-1.

Now Ely have won themselves a trip to Arnhem in Holland for an international "Jeux-sans-frontiers" heat in August. Genial Eddie Waring - sharing commentating duties with Stuart Hall said "It is a remarkable performance and I think the biggest margin we have ever had". Team manager, David Cornwell said, "I don't believe it"

