

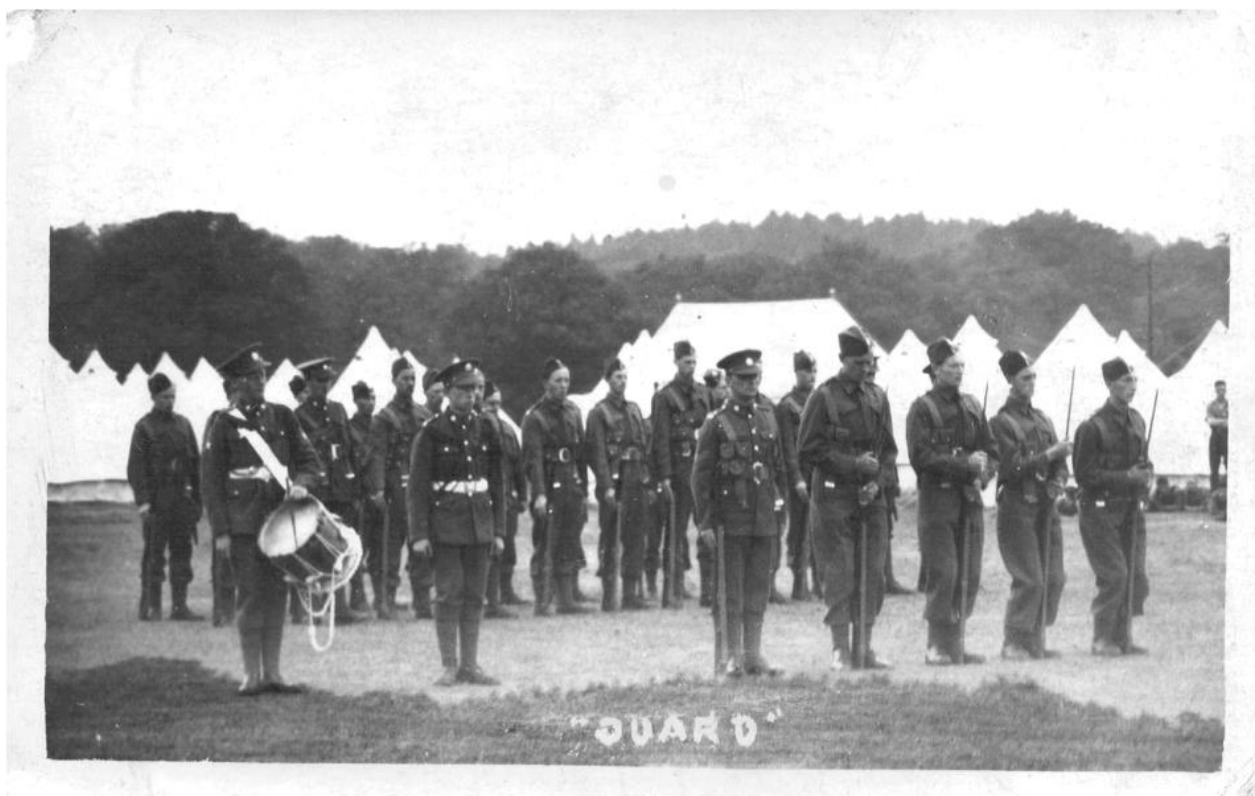


# **CHADESDEN HISTORICAL GROUP**



**[WWW.CHADESDENHISTORICALGROUP.CO.UK](http://WWW.CHADESDENHISTORICALGROUP.CO.UK)**

Newsletter #35, February 2013



Troops at Rettemoy Farm in the 40's.

This picture is part of a collection given to our archives by Gordon Carran of Oakwood.

## **Editorial**

On the 10<sup>th</sup> of November, after a couple of date changes, we held our first Archives Day in the United Reformed Church School Room on Reginald Road South. The first change was due to a very important wedding appointment and the second was due to us helping out Chaddesden WI who experienced a clash of dates for the venue. There was a constant flow of very interested people and it looks like we are going to have to repeat the event. Our Christmas Party followed and I am assured that a good time was had by all. A special thank you must go to all who helped at both these events. The web statistics for 2012 have arrived and showed that we had 560,000 hits last year which puts our total hit rate since launch at well over a million, so a special thank you to all our followers. The website would be no good without the contributions of a few very dedicated and committed people who contribute articles and research to its pages. Rita's work on James Ashworth amongst others and Peter's articles on early Chaddesden landowners and the cemetery landslip are all excellent pieces of research and help make our website what it is today. The coming year already sees us preparing to do a presentation for 90 year six pupils, a talk to Age UK, a display on the last day of the old library and a walk and talk around Chaddesden Park in May. We are also putting a walk and talk together at Nottingham Road Cemetery so stay tuned for the dates. *AJB.*

## A Canadian Mystery.

In November 2012, St. Mary's Church here in Chaddesden was given an intriguing puzzle to solve. The parishioners of another church, St. Mary the Virgin, Oak Bay, Victoria, British Columbia, Canada, celebrated their centenary in 2011, and while sorting through their archives had discovered an ancient key about seven-and-half inches long. Attached to the key was a typewritten label and you can imagine their surprise when they read the wording on it and discovered that the key had come from Chaddesden Parish Church, Derby, England.



Naturally they wanted to know more about the key – was it as old as it looked, and what was the connection between Chaddesden and their part of British Columbia? Might the fact that Oak Bay has a road called Wilmot Place where an early twentieth-century property by the name of Wilmot House is still to be seen have anything to do with it?

Looking at the photograph of their key I was able to confirm that it was probably mid-to late-Victorian in date and certainly bore a close resemblance to one of our old church keys, although the bit was of a different pattern. As a further point of similarity their key, just like ours, unscrewed half way down its length – this was probably a feature intended to simplify the manufacturing process.

The next part of the mystery was to explain how the key had travelled many thousands of miles from Chaddesden to Oak Bay, which is located on the southern tip of Vancouver Island, and is said by some to be “more English than England”. Here I was able to suggest a couple of possible connections. First of all, the Wilmot family's Chaddesden estate was sold in 1918, the very same year in which its owner Sir Ralph Henry Sacheverell Wilmot (6th Baronet) died leaving two young sons, Sir Arthur Ralph Wilmot (7th Baronet) and Henry Frederick Wilmot and a daughter Ada Snowdrop Wilmot. In 1946 Henry Frederick married Patricia Wall, the daughter of Thomas Wall of Nelson, British Columbia, which is only some 270 miles away from Oak Bay. As a young boy, Henry Frederick had certainly lived at Chaddesden, for the 1911 Census records him (aged 3 months), his older brother and sister and their mother all living with Miss Constance Wilmot at Chaddesden Hall. Perhaps someone gave Henry Frederick Wilmot an old obsolete church key as a memento in 1918, when he was seven or eight years old and watching his family's possessions at Chaddesden being packed away. Years later in Canada could he have visited Oak Bay, attracted by the fact that it had a road and a house which bore his family's name?

Secondly, there is also the chance that the key might have made its way to Canada in the possession of the daughter of a former Vicar of Chaddesden, Rev. Edward William Northey (1832–1914). Rev. Northey ministered at Chaddesden between 1872–1879, after which he succeeded his father as the owner of Woodcote Park, Epsom, Surrey – a large country mansion. One of Northey's daughters, Florence Isabel, married Frank Richardson in 1889 and died in British Columbia in 1941. Maybe she visited Oak Bay after hearing about Wilmot Place and Wilmot House.

One final thought which occurred to me as I looked at the photograph of the Canadian key was the fact that the label mentions 1347 A.D., the date of the earliest documentary reference to our church. Now, before our church's 600th anniversary in 1947 references to this date are few and far between, but afterwards it tends to be mentioned more frequently, so perhaps the key was given to the church at Oak Bay sometime after 1947.

If you happen to know more about this key and how it made its marathon journey to St. Mary's Church in Oak Bay, British Columbia, do please get in touch with Chaddesden Historical Group – we would be fascinated to hear from you.

© Peter Cholerton, 2012

*The complete and unabridged version of Peter's excellent article can be found on our website. AJB*

## Recollections of Chaddesden by Mike Mosley

I was born in Germany in the early fifties as my father was a military man, who originally hailed from Derby; British troops were there in abundance in the early years after the war. By the mid-fifties both he and my Northumbrian mother had returned to the UK along with myself and older brother and taken up residence in Springfield Road on the extreme eastern edge of Chaddesden. At the bottom of our garden were fields where Oregon Way and Enoch Stone Drive now are – and beyond more fields leading down to the railway and old canal.

As a kid I went to Cherry Tree Juniors and am pleased to say that some of my first friends from there are still amongst my best pals today and we still enjoy a pint or two together when we can. Like a lot of boys I enjoyed playing football and various games but my other passion was trains. By the time I had moved to senior school at Spondon House over the fields, I was a keen train spotter, something I enjoyed immensely especially as we had a summer holiday most years in London where I was able to see engines from other parts on the country.

At senior school a group of us were train mad and we spent evenings spotting at Chadd sidings and further afield at weekends. Myself and another pal who lived nearby often set off early on a Saturday morning over our garden fence through the fields by the old creamery at the top of Raynesway and then on to Spondon to catch the first train of the day. Often the short hop to Derby was our Saturday slot but if we could afford it we set off for Crewe, Newark or much further.

When I left school I opted for an apprenticeship at Derby loco works which has stood me in good stead for employment ever since. As I write this I'm still employed in the rail industry in another part of the East Midlands and still engaged primarily in diesel traction. Around the same time as my transition from the world of school to work we moved to Derby's 'West End' and my mates and I had to visit one another by bike. Bikes were the normal mode of getting around for youngsters in the sixties and a pal and I cycled to Crewe and back one summer day back in 1967. A number of times when I was an apprentice I hitched a lift on a friend's milk float on the way to work and put my bike with the empty crates.

Life moved me on into the Merchant Navy for a while where I experienced much more of the world. My first ever ship was boarded at Barry in South Wales and my new employers were amazed that I knew exactly where the location was. Barry had been a massive dump for redundant and withdrawn steam engines in the sixties and of course it was somewhere I had previously visited. Thankfully most of the locos taken there were preserved and now puff along Britain's heritage lines in a fully restored state.

Returning from the high seas I rejoined the rail industry and have worked in it ever since in one capacity or another. Quite a few of my old fellow 'Chadd Lads' joined the Railways too although there is very little rail presence in Chaddesden these days. I would love to see a light rail or tramway system linking central Derby with Pride Park and other points but doubt it will ever happen despite the Derby area having more experience than virtually anywhere else – it works well back in the country of my birth and other venues in the UK – why not in Derbyshire?

Chaddesden for me holds many special memories both of the place itself and the people I once knew and in many cases still do. In conclusion I have to state that being a 'Chadd Lad' isn't such a bad thing!!



*Michael Mosley – Summer- 2012*

### Disclaimer.

*Whilst every attempt has been made to trace original ownership of photographs, pictures and articles used in this Newsletter we apologise for any acknowledgement that we have failed to make. Neither the editor nor committee of Chaddesden Historical Group guarantee the accuracy of items submitted for publication in this newsletter. The Committee wish to thank West Park School, Derby Local Studies Library and Derby Telegraph for their continued support in the production of this newsletter. AJB.*

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### **Jean Moss**

*Admin Support and Research*

### **Pam Helm**

*Museums Liaison/Minutes Sec*

### **Mary Adelman**

*Researcher/Minutes Sec*

### **Committee Meetings for 2013**

Our committee meetings for this year will be held in the Fire Station Community Room on the last Monday of the month. The only exceptions to this will be May and October when the last Monday is a Bank Holiday and the meetings will be held on the penultimate Monday. If anyone has any issues or matters they wish the committee to address please contact any committee member with details.

### **Members Meetings**

Our monthly meetings will continue to be held on the first Thursday of the month in the Jubilee Club. As in previous years the December meeting will be the Christmas Party and that will be held on the second Thursday (12 Dec 13). The doors open at 10-30 for a start at 11-00 and we normally finish at 13-00 except for the Christmas Party which will finish by 14-00.

### **Speakers for 2013.**

Jan 3<sup>rd</sup>. Stephen Flinders

Feb 7<sup>th</sup>. Mark Edworthy

March 7<sup>th</sup>. Jonathon Wallace

April 4<sup>th</sup>. Jean Moss

May 2<sup>nd</sup>. David Templeman

June 6<sup>th</sup>. Mike Kelly.

July 4<sup>th</sup>. Bruce Townsend.

August 1<sup>st</sup>. Joan Ward

Sept 5<sup>th</sup>. Robert Mee

Oct 3<sup>rd</sup>. Alan Roberts

Nov 7<sup>th</sup>. Richard Stone

Dec 12<sup>th</sup>. Trevor Lee

### **So you think you've got problems.**

I decide to water my garden and as I turn on the hose in the driveway, I look over at the car and decide it needs washing. As I head towards the garage for the car shampoo I notice mail on the kitchen table that I picked up from the postman earlier. I decide to go through it before I wash the car so I put my car keys on the table, put the junk mail in the recycling box under the table, and notice that the recycling box is full. I decided to put the bills back on the table and take out the recycling first. But then I think, since I'm going to be near the mailbox when I take out the recycling paper anyway, I may as well pay the bills first so I take my cheque book off the table and notice that there is only one cheque left. My new chequebook is in the living room, so I go into the house where I find the cup of coffee I'd been drinking. I'm going to look for my cheques but first I need to push the coffee aside so that I don't accidentally knock it over. The coffee is getting cold, and I decide to make another cup.

As I head toward the kitchen with the cold coffee, a vase of flowers on the worktop catches my eye - the flowers need water. I put the coffee on the worktop and discover my reading glasses that I've been searching for all morning. I decide I better put them back on my desk, but first I'm going to water the flowers. I put the glasses back down on the worktop, fill a container with water and suddenly spot the TV remote control. Someone left it on the kitchen table. I realize that tonight when we go to watch TV, I'll be looking for the remote, but I won't remember that it's on the kitchen table, so I decide to put it back where it belongs, but first I'll water the flowers. I pour some water in the flowers, but quite a bit of it spills on the floor. So, I put the remote back on the table, get some towels and wipe up the spill. Then, I head down the hall trying to remember what I was planning to do.

At the end of the day:

The car isn't washed, the bills aren't paid, there is a cold cup of coffee sitting on the kitchen work-surface, the flowers don't have enough water, there is still only 1 cheque in my cheque book, I can't find the remote can't find my glasses, I don't remember what I did with the car keys. Then, when I try to figure out why nothing got done today, I'm really baffled because I know I was busy all day and I'm really tired. *Andrew.*