



# SALTASH HERITAGE

Newsletter No. 83

August 2022



# Information

President			
Chairman	Jean Dent	40 Essa Rd, Saltash	
Vice Chairman	Bruce Hunt	6 Southfield, Saltash	845983
Secretary	Lizzy Sharpe-Asprey	Mill Lane Cottage, North Road, Saltash	847800
Archivist	Terry Cummings	2 Castlemead Close, Saltash	516996
Curator	Andrew Davy	73 St. Stephens Rd, Saltash	847016
Treasurer	Jackie Austin	165 St. Stephens Road, Saltash	844666
Members Sec	Val Singleton		

## Forthcoming events

Cornwall Family History Society Open day.    Sat 24 Sep    Wesley Church    12-3pm

## Contents

Information	2	A donation from New Zealand	20
Chairman's report	3	Captain Leonard Roseveare	22
Ann Glanville family visit	3	A gift for Christmas	25
Ann Glanville painting	5	Dock Dung	26
Cub Scouts visit museum	6	The Travelling Suitcases	28
Larking About	7	The Fast Track Curator	30
Mary the parrot	10	The Early Church in Cornwall	32
41 Commonwealth War Graves	12	Early Police in Saltash	34
Lockdown with Andrew Davy	14	Accreditation	36
Mayors of Saltash 1886 -1971	16	Two War Graves in St. Stephens	37
A visit from my son	18	Saltash Heritage AGM	38
Update from the Archives	20	Grand Family History Day	39
		Cornwall Family History Society	40

[www.saltash-heritage.org.uk](http://www.saltash-heritage.org.uk)    e-mail [info@saltash-heritage.org.uk](mailto:info@saltash-heritage.org.uk)

## Editorial

*The summer edition with, what I hope, is a mix of articles for everyone. They do seem to come round quicker and quicker these days. The next one is due in December and I would like to get it distributed in time for Christmas. This means going to the printers in early December, so maybe now is the time for you to keep an eye out for your next article.*

*Bruce*

## Front Cover

*The collection box of Carly's treasures from her article 'Larking about. Page 7*

*Bruce*

## Chairman's report



It's been a very surprising and hardworking year for the Heritage crew.

Our accreditation has come through at last, so huge thanks to those concerned. When I look at the amount of work this generates I am always grateful to see how we can work as a team to achieve great things.

Thanks to our volunteers the opening of the museum carries on allowing the folks of Saltash able to see what a collection we have. Several groups of uniformed youth groups have visited this year and gone away with lots of information and interest...and a badge!

The Local History Centre carries on with their work hosting visitors from around the globe looking for their local ancestors. The genealogy groups continue apace and speakers go out to many venues.

As you probably know we were incredibly lucky to have been left a legacy from our former president Colin Squires. The work on this area carries on and, with luck this will be brought to a conclusion within the next few months.

*Jean Dent (Chairman)*

## Ann Glanville

In early July we had a visit from three generations of the Glanville family. I had been contacted earlier in the year and a visit had been arranged, unfortunately I had to cancel because I had Covid. We eventually managed to fix a convenient date and it turned out to be a gorgeous sunny day – a few days before the heatwave.

Mrs Patricia Long, nee Glanville is a direct descendent of Ann Glanville. Ann was her Great Great Grandmother. With her were her son Peter and grandson Joe. She had wanted to come to Saltash for several years and the visit finally happened on her 87<sup>th</sup> birthday.

Patricia's grandfather was Ann's grandson and had known Ann and had passed on some of the family stories. The favourite was that Ann knew Isambard Kingdom Brunel and used to row him around and would clip and light his cigars. Apparently no-one could do it as well as Ann Glanville could!

After having lunch in Saltash they walked down to see us and I was able to show some photos of old Saltash (most are from after Ann's time but showed the areas that she would have known). I had also printed out copies of the various family tree sheets of the Glanville family so they could see the exact relationships.



One picture that they were particularly fascinated by is of a painting from 1842. This was an image that we had purchased from Ipswich Museum a couple of years ago, together Copyright consent.



After a thoroughly entertaining visit they wanted to see the Waterside area. As there were roadworks around I ended up travelling with them and giving directions. On the way I was able to point out Mary Newman's Cottage and Ann's Blue Plaque. We walked over to see the statue of Ann and I photographed them sitting with her. When I left them they were heading towards Ashtorpe.

Patricia wanted to buy copies of my booklet about Ann so that she could give them to her children and she ended up with 11 copies. We now only have about three copies left so I think I will have to produce a second edition, especially as there is now more information available, including the Ipswich painting.

*Terry Cummings*

## Painting of Ann Glanville and her crew

In January 2020 we were contacted by a gentleman from Ipswich who has an interest in the history of rowing in that area. He was aware of a painting that was on display in Ipswich museum and on looking at it again had realised that the rowing crew in the foreground was female. It was his opinion that the crew was probably the Saltash ladies, led by Ann Glanville.

The picture was painted in 1842 at the time of the grand opening of the Ipswich wet-dock which was a significant event and reported nationally. There were also reports in the press of a Saltash crew visiting to race at Ipswich that year. Although there is no documentary proof it seems more than a coincidence to see a women's crew in a racing four, dressed identically, at the head of the river with the new wet-dock in the background. Despite research there seem to be no reference to a female crew anywhere in the country at that time.

On looking at a low-resolution emailed image it seemed quite likely that it was the Saltash crew and I made enquiries with the Ipswich museum about obtaining a good quality image.

We don't normally purchase items for the collection but as there is no contemporary image of Ann and her crew it was thought too good an opportunity to miss. Eventually we bought a copy of the image together with copyright consent and at some point we will obtain a print so that the image can be displayed.



*Looking closely at the image it would appear that the first of the rowers is a large lady and probably Ann Glanville.*  
Terry Cummings

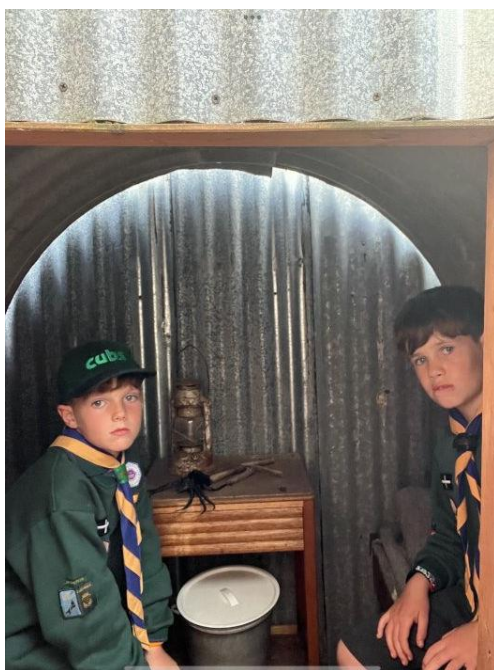
## Saltash Blue Pack Cub Scouts



On the 12<sup>th</sup> July we enjoyed the company of the Saltash Blue Pack of Cub Scouts, who invaded our museum, for a private evening visit. 17 buzzing green kitted-out, young men come into the museum in two batches, along with some senior scouts and parents to view our 'Memories of the 1940s' exhibition, featuring a large collection of war time memorabilia. We had six of our Management team on hand to guide them around those exhibits we thought they might find the most interesting and add some stories to enhance the objects. Having so many staff on board meant we were able to chat with just two or three youngsters at one time. This worked so very well and I have to say we all enjoyed this visit just as much as our visitors did, so thank you Blue Pack. It was a great visit and we hope you enjoyed it. Many thanks also to Jackie, Andrew, Kevin, Don, Myself and Martin.

Also thank you (Scout Mum) Demelza for taking pictures and gaining permission for us to use them. A super couple, of productive hours.

*Lizzy*





# Larking about!

Those who know me, know my passion for history. I have been slowly building up my collection of artifacts with the aim of living in my own museum! I have trawled charity shops, antique shops and of course a well-known auction website. All this has resulted in a substantial selection of books, toys, coins and even kitchen ware. (I am in love with my glass sugar bowl with built in tongs for the cubes). One day, in an antique shop, I was talking to the owner and spotted a basket of bottles. Being £1 each, I bought 3. As I was paying he told me they had all been dug up. At the time, I didn't think much of what he said, but a few days later I realised what he meant. This was the light bulb moment of my newest obsession. Why buy old bottles, when I could simply dig them up! Even being somewhat sensible and intelligent I somehow convinced myself I would walk to a river and discover a plethora of bottles and jars and who knows what else just waiting for me in the mud! With a rush of excitement, feeling like the sixth member of the famous five, I packed a bag. In my rucksack I packed:

A plastic (empty) Chinese tub,

One gardening glove

A plastic bag

Mum's gardening trowel

A piece of cardboard and

An orange Twirl.

I also brought my Dad (in case I ended up in a 999 emergency video, and he could pull me out the mud or phone the coastguard, if needed)



Arriving by the river at Churchtown, I proceeded to run about like a recently freed animal wielding the trowel. With no real plan, I dug a few small holes (which stank), kicked some seaweed away (which stank) and got my shoe stuck in the mud, (which had to go in the bin, as it stank). It started to rain and as a coat wasn't something I put in my bag, my



excitement levels were running low. Then, I saw it. Green glass, covered in seaweed and mud, but it was definitely the form of a bottle. I had done it! I had found my own bottle. Using the cardboard as a steppingstone and reaching with the trowel, I pulled up a complete green bottle. I managed to rub away some of the mud and was able to see a motif engraved in the side. I actually shed a tear of happiness. I ran back (the very short distance) to my dad, shouting that I had found one! I handed it over for his inspection, and the words that came out of his mouth will haunt me forever. "Well done, definitely around 1366, I believe it to be Belgian". I was shocked, I had no idea he knew so much about bottles! Then he continued... looks to me that you have found yourself a Stella bottle". I packed up my bag and we went home. I was even too depressed to eat my Twirl!

I wasn't to be defeated though. I would just have to persevere. I did some research online, joined some groups on Facebook and talked to people. A week later, I convinced a friend to come with me, (with promise of a beer in the Cecil after). This time, we came away from the river and went to a field where I heard had been subjected to dock dung. Due to the years of ploughing and being walked on there was little hope of finding my bottle, but what the field gave up was much more than I ever expected. To most, broken pottery and glass is rubbish, but to me the smallest pattern on a fragment of a plate opens a window into the past. The colours are still as bright as they were when it was a complete piece.



From delicate fine porcelain of a tea cup to the thicker brown pieces of storage jars. all shards can tell a story. Broken cup handles can be held between ones thumb and finger, lifting the missing cup up to your lips. When you hold a bottle neck up to the sun the





body materialises and pipe smoke curls from stemless bowls. Popping glass bottle tops into invisible necks, then shaking them to hear the sound of the glass, or ceramic ball bouncing around from the palm of your hand. Polishing tarnished buttons and coins reveal the shine they had when they were lost. All of these finds, however small, were part of something bigger, something used by real people in their homes and daily lives. Perhaps they were gifts from loved ones, family heirlooms passed down, cookware that fed the family, Sunday best, or old faithful everyday pieces.

The next time I went, I tricked my mum into having a nice walk with the dog, where we “accidentally” ended up in the now named (by me) treasure field. Once, I took my 5-year-old niece on an “adventure”! One, to try and spark some interest in history and two,

to tire her out! Unknowingly, we had different agendas. She had a lot of interest in the rocks...the big rocks... and shells. She stole my poking stick because she needed it, and managed to whack me in the face twice. She was interested in the flint I found, when I explained it was used to start fires. But became less interested when I told her we would definitely not be making a fire! However, after all that she found a tiny doll's arm, which of course now belongs her to her, and not to me! I dragged a few more friends out, but was running out of people to come with me, so started venturing out alone! Walking all the beaches and fields for hours was therapeutic. Sometimes I would find something, but other times I wouldn't find anything. But the thought that history was out there waiting, was enough for me to continue with no pressure.



My favourite find is a little porcelain dog. I know nothing about it's origins. Was it a toy or an ornament, or part of something else? It is definitely a one in a million find. He currently has a place next to little porcelain girl, which was found in pretty much the same place. She does look to be part of something else, but again, I have no ideas. My upcycled display box is home to some of my



favourite finds, (see front cover) and a table is adorned with pieces of pottery. To be used and admired once again, albeit in a different way it was supposed to, is important to me. I feel I have rescued them from the earth, sea and sand, so should do them justice with a new purpose.

Oh, and I did find my bottle! A small brown Bovril bottle, pretty much complete, so it shows that with perseverance and time you can achieve whatever you set your mind too!

*Carly Bennett*

## The Union Inn, Waterside, Saltash. ‘MARY THE PARROT’



This story starts on 19<sup>th</sup> July 1970, a Sunday morning and the Saltash annual regatta is in full swing. The sailing boats are out on the water and the crowds are lining the river bank. It is always traditional for the starting gun to go off at the beginning of each race. The Union Inn was open for business with Fred

Johns, the landlord, behind the bar. On the bar was his prize possession ‘Mary’ his African Grey Parrot, a good talker who Fred had owned for 14 years. Although nervous of loud noises she was contentedly sitting in the bottom of her cage, when an extra loud bang

came from the starting gun. The poor parrot must have had a heart attack as she was seen to fall over in her cage with her feet in the air. An extremely upset Fred Johns, demanded the police be called in, even though he said he did not blame the regatta committee. On duty that day at the regatta was Sergeant Pentreath a very well-known upholder of the law, who stood no nonsense and ran the Saltash Police Station with military precision. Very



*The painting of the 'Parrot' that was on the side of the Union Inn.*

few, if any had seen him actually smile. He quickly took charge and put Fred and the parrot on the front seat of his police car, switched on his flashing lights and siren and quickly drove just up the road to the vets. Being a Sunday morning the surgery was not open, but displayed a phone number for anyone to call in an emergency. Sergeant Pentreath, knowing his town so well, knew where the local Veterinary Surgeon lived and raced up to his house in Frith Road. This being a cul de sac it was rare to see a police car racing round the corner, lights flashing and sirens blaring out. It drew quite a bit of attention of which I was unaware as we lived right at the end of this road. Unfortunately the police car came to an abrupt halt right outside my door. Being the vet's wife and him being out calving a cow, I was a little concerned, as Sergeant Pentreath raced down my front path. Opening the door I looked at

the poor man who had tears in his eyes, I have to say of laughter, and he had to stuff his fist in his mouth, whilst trying to tell me, 'it was a dead parrot, definitely a dead parrot'. I suddenly remembered the John Cleese sketch about the dead parrot which had aired on the television the previous Christmas. He struggled to tell me, that he had Fred in the car holding a dead parrot, and insisting it was most certainly a dead parrot but Fred had insisted it needed to be seen by the vet. Having just had a call to say the vet was returning to the surgery to sterilise his instruments, I told Sergeant Pentreath to go back down to the surgery as he would be seen immediately. The poor Sergeant had to walk backwards towards his police car, as he still had not managed to remove his fist from his mouth from laughter. However, as he reached the gate he took a deep breath and swung round to face Fred and the departed 'Mary'. The police car shot off with lights flashing and sirens blaring out. I understand Mr. Vet was able to calm the proceedings and assure Fred that Mary had died and that there was nothing that could have been done, however he was also assured that she did not suffer.

This is not the end of the story, as the following year, in 1971, at the opening ceremony of the Saltash Regatta, the Mayor. Ald. Vic Harding asked everyone to observe a minute's silence when the starting gun was fired, in memory of the parrot who died of a heart attack at the previous year's regatta. They were also told that the parrot, owned by Mr. Fred Johns of the Union Inn, had since been stuffed.

I hope that answers your queries as to why there is the image of a parrot above the mural painted on the side of the Union Inn, in memory of 'Mary' the well-loved Parrot who died suddenly when hearing the starting pistol at the Saltash regatta.

*Lizzy (Mrs.Vet)*



# The 41 Commonwealth War Grave Commission graves in St. Stephens-by-Saltash Churchyard.

There are 21 WW1 and 20 WW2 Commonwealth War Grave Commission (CWGC) graves in St. Stephens-by-Saltash Churchyard. Some have Commission Headstones (CH); others have Private Memorials (PM) provided by their family.

CH were and are provided, owned, and maintained in perpetuity by the CWGC.

PM were provided by and are the responsibility of the family. The PMs are deteriorating to a condition where they are no longer a fitting commemoration for a Service War Casualty.

Below is an extract from the Commemorations Policy of The CWGC - which draws attention to the fact that the family of the war casualty can request that a Commission Headstone is put on a Private Memorial grave - if it is the CWGC first marking of the grave.

## 10 Private Memorials

Some war graves are marked by private memorial, generally because the casualty's family declined the offer of a CWGC headstone as they had already, or intended to mark the grave with their own memorial. We do not own private memorials and are not responsible for their upkeep or repair. A private memorial is an adequate commemoration if the casualty's initial and surname are legible.

10.1 Replacement of Private Memorial with a CWGC Headstone We will seek permission from the grave owner and/or the cemetery or church authority to replace a private memorial with a CWGC grave marker if:

- the casualty's name becomes illegible;
- the private memorial is removed by the family or local authority; or
- a relative requests a CWGC headstone, regardless of the condition of the private memorial.

The headstone will be provided without charge if it is CWGC's first marking of the grave.

The Commemorations Policy Document is available online at:

[https://www.cwgc.org/media/gjpjaiaac/policy-how-we-commemorate-war-dead\\_current.pdf](https://www.cwgc.org/media/gjpjaiaac/policy-how-we-commemorate-war-dead_current.pdf)

Four examples of CWGC graves with PM in St. Stephens-by-Saltash Churchyard:





If anybody is, or knows of, a family member of a WW1 or WW2 service casualty whose PM is now in a condition unfit to commemorate a service WW1 or WW2 casualty and is willing to have a CWGC Headstone on the grave please can they inform the CWGC.



With Saltash Heritage's help in finding surviving family members Able Seaman George Stone's grave now has a CWGC CH as well as the Family provided small stone cross PM which was found to be broken in half and snapped off at ground level. The CWGC was informed, who with Family and Church blessing and STC aproval provided and installed a CH on his grave.

*Peter Clements.*

Volunteer for the CWGC 'Eyes On Hands On project'.

## Andrew Davy's Lockdown

In the middle of the lock down of 2020, I, like many others, took the opportunity to go for walks around our wonderful town. It was a very eerie time with very few people out and about, and even fewer vehicles on the roads. Most of the shops, offices and pubs were shut, although schools and hospitals were running a limited service. I took my camera with me so that I could record this once in a lifetime (I hope) occurrence. None of the photos were set up, they were just taken at that moment, and these are the results.



*The Union Inn, mothballed like so many other pubs and restaurants.*



*St Stephens School, where they planted a seed for each of their children so that they could watch them grow. I know, because I watered them every day!*





*Fore Street looking like a ghost town.*



*The Tamar Bridge without a single vehicle on it.*



*The A 38 at Latchbrook, usually the busiest route in South East Cornwall*

All this was two years ago, but it is something that all of us who lived through it will never forget

## Borough of Saltash, List of Mayors from 1886- 1971

9 <sup>th</sup> April 1886	Alderman W. Gilbert
9 <sup>th</sup> November 1886	Councillor G. Adams
9 <sup>th</sup> November 1887	Councillor G. Adams
9 <sup>th</sup> November 1888	Alderman W. Shaddock
9 <sup>th</sup> November 1889	Alderman W. Dusting
10 <sup>th</sup> November 1890	Alderman W. Dusting
9 <sup>th</sup> November 1891	Alderman W. Shaddock, JP
9 <sup>th</sup> November 1892	Alderman P.E.B. Porter, SSC
9 <sup>th</sup> November 1893	Alderman G. Adams
9 <sup>th</sup> November 1894	Alderman R.C. Revell, CC, MRCS
9 <sup>th</sup> November 1895	Alderman R.C. Revell, CC, MRCS
17 <sup>th</sup> March 1896	Alderman W. Dusting
9 <sup>th</sup> November 1896	Alderman W. Dusting
9 <sup>th</sup> November 1897	Councillor R.T. Meadows, MD
9 <sup>th</sup> November 1898	Councillor R.T. Meadows, MD
9 <sup>th</sup> November 1899	Councillor F.A. Rawling
9 <sup>th</sup> November 1900	Councillor R. Porter, SSC
9 <sup>th</sup> November 1901	Alderman R.T. Meadows, MD
10 <sup>th</sup> November 1902	Joseph Pryor, Esq.
9 <sup>th</sup> November 1903	Joseph Pryor, Esq.
9 <sup>th</sup> November 1904	Councillor Joseph Pryor
9 <sup>th</sup> November 1905	Councillor W.P. Trood
9 <sup>th</sup> November 1906	Councillor W.P. Trood
9 <sup>th</sup> November 1907	Alderman R. Miller, JP
9 <sup>th</sup> November 1908	Councillor T. Lean
9 <sup>th</sup> November 1909	Councillor T. Lean
9 <sup>th</sup> November 1910	Alderman R. Miller, JP
9 <sup>th</sup> November 1911	Councillor E. Smith
9 <sup>th</sup> November 1912	Councillor E. Smith
10 <sup>th</sup> November 1913	Councillor G.J.L. Lang
9 <sup>th</sup> November 1914	Councillor G.J.L. Lang
9 <sup>th</sup> November 1915	Councillor G.J.L. Lang
9 <sup>th</sup> November 1916	Councillor G.J.L. Lang
9 <sup>th</sup> November 1917	Councillor G.J.L. Lang
9 <sup>th</sup> November 1918	Councillor G.J.L. Lang
10 <sup>th</sup> November 1919	J.H. Pooley, Esq., JP
9 <sup>th</sup> November 1920	Councillor J.H. Pooley,JP
9 <sup>th</sup> November 1921	Dr. H.O. Grenfell
9 <sup>th</sup> November 1922	Eng. Capt. T.H.B. Bishop, RN
9 <sup>th</sup> November 1923	Alderman J. Lander
10 <sup>th</sup> November 1924	Alderman J. Lander
9 <sup>th</sup> November 1925	Councillor Eng. Capt. T.H.B. Bishop, RN
9 <sup>th</sup> November 1926	Councillor Eng. Capt. T.H.B. Bishop, RN
9 <sup>th</sup> November 1927	Councillor J.A. Venn

9 <sup>th</sup> November 1928	Councillor J.A. Venn
9 <sup>th</sup> November 1929	Lt. Col. W.P. Drury, CBE, RM
10 <sup>th</sup> November 1930	Lt. Col. W.P. Drury, CBE, RM
9 <sup>th</sup> November 1931	Alderman G.H. Howard
9 <sup>th</sup> November 1932	Alderman G.H. Howard
9 <sup>th</sup> November 1933	Councillor H.J. Davy
3 <sup>rd</sup> April 1934	Councillor H.J. Davy
9 <sup>th</sup> November 1934	Councillor H.J. Davy
9 <sup>th</sup> November 1935	Councillor H.J. Davy
9 <sup>th</sup> November 1936	Alderman E. Webber
9 <sup>th</sup> November 1937	Alderman E. Webber
9 <sup>th</sup> November 1938	Alderman E. Webber
9 <sup>th</sup> November 1939	Alderman E. Webber
9 <sup>th</sup> November 1940	Alderman E. Webber
10 <sup>th</sup> November 1941	Councillor J.F. Ashton
9 <sup>th</sup> November 1942	Alderman J.F. Ashton
9 <sup>th</sup> November 1943	Alderman J.F. Ashton
9 <sup>th</sup> November 1944	Alderman J.F. Ashton
9 <sup>th</sup> November 1945	Alderman R.H. Hobbs
9 <sup>th</sup> November 1946	Councillor H.J. Roden
10 <sup>th</sup> November 1947	Councillor C.E. Underhill
23 <sup>rd</sup> May 1949	Councillor C.E. Underhill
22 <sup>nd</sup> May 1950	Alderman G.J. Deacon
21 <sup>st</sup> May 1951	Alderman G.J. Deacon
19 <sup>th</sup> May 1952	Councillor W.M. Fearnside (Miss), MBE
18 <sup>th</sup> May 1953	Councillor W.M. Fearnside (Miss), MBE
24 <sup>th</sup> May 1954	Alderman F. Smith
23 <sup>rd</sup> May 1955	Alderman F. Smith
24 <sup>th</sup> May 1956	Councillor J.P. Bidgood
20 <sup>th</sup> May 1957	Councillor J.P. Bidgood
19 <sup>th</sup> May 1958	Councillor W.T.H. Stanlake
21 <sup>st</sup> May 1959	Alderman W.T.H. Stanlake
23 <sup>rd</sup> May 1960	Councillor M. Huggins
25 <sup>th</sup> May 1961	Councillor M. Huggins
21 <sup>st</sup> May 1962	Councillor W.V.S. Seccombe
20 <sup>th</sup> May 1963	Councillor P.W. Skinnard
24 <sup>th</sup> May 1964	Alderman A.R. Batters
23 <sup>rd</sup> May 1965	R.J. Powell-Thomas, Esq.
23 <sup>rd</sup> May 1966	Councillor Mrs. P. Lean
22 <sup>nd</sup> May 1967	Councillor H.G.F. Wreyford
20 <sup>th</sup> May 1968	Councillor K. Hodge
19 <sup>th</sup> May 1969	G.H.E. James, Esq.
18 <sup>th</sup> May 1970	Alderman W.C. Gallagher
24 <sup>th</sup> May 1971	Alderman A.V. Harding
1972	Cllr Alan Coleman
1973	Cllr Leslie Davey (last Borough Mayor)



## A visit from my son



*Dad in his uniform*

I took him to the Box. He was born in Plymouth.

I showed him the dot on the map where my parents' house, 16 East Park, Avenue, Mutley was, near the railway station and had a bomb in the back yard (fortunately) not the house.

My father and his brother were educated at Hoe Grammar school. Their father died in WW1 on HMS Recruit August 1917.

My mum lived in the house until she died about 12 years ago. When we sold it we had 75 years of stuff to sort and dispose of.

I told my son the story of my father walking to Ivybridge to talk to a cousin who agreed to put up my mother, and my brother and I for the duration of the war.

My father stayed in the house, working in security in the Dockyard during the day and playing in the big bands at night at the Duke of Cornwall and the

Embassy. Music was my father's first love and he played the piano, violin, saxophone, clarinet and more. None of us inherited his talent.



*Les Colmer and the blue notes, although it says Embassy they played at the Duke mostly. Dad second from right front with sax.*

He told the story of one clear night he risked the air raids by walking home with his saxophone from the Duke without stopping to take cover in the shelter that was in Portland Place.

The next day he found out everyone in the shelter had been killed by a direct hit. A lucky escape for him but not others.

*Marilyn Read BA  
Steward*

# Update from the Archives

It's nice to at last get back to some form of routine – being at the Local History Centre on Wednesdays and Saturdays at least means that I know what day it is!

Dealing with Colin Squires' legacy and closure because of Covid meant that very little of the routine work has been done for the past couple of years. Now, with the assistance of Kevin Richards and Mo, we have started to clear the backlog. Kev and I had a look at our ways of working and with a few tweaks have managed to streamline the process of accessioning items. It now means that anyone can have a look and see exactly what has been done in relation to an item and what the next step is.

I am continuing to put a post on the Saltash Heritage and Saltash Community Club Facebook pages each Friday evening. For those of you who haven't seen them I put a picture of a Saltash scene and ask people to identify the location. Then, on the Sunday evening, I put another post saying what the location is together with a few details. It is attracting a lot of interest and there's usually around 3,000 people viewing the posts. Surprisingly some of the quite obvious views seem to attract a lot of comments and reminiscences.

## Visits to the Local History Centre

We've missed our visitors.

This year people have started coming back and we have had several visits from families who live in other parts of the country and even from abroad (currently from Georgia and California in the USA, Spain, Australia and New Zealand).

As our opening hours are so limited Mo and I have been opening the Local History Centre by appointment for people from elsewhere. It means that they get a private visit and we can spend quality time assisting their research. We can also do a little research in advance so that we can have things ready for the visit.

It also seems that older people want to visit us – we have a few who are in their 80's, one 90 year-old from San Francisco and a visit is booked for September for a 93 year old.

## Are you any good at organising? Can you help?

As you may know I started a project to digitise all of the documents in the collection, including 'outreach' work transcribing documents. I wasn't able to continue this as the time taken to sort and photocopy etc. meant other things were left. We were making good progress and the results were starting to show.

I am looking for someone to take on the role of co-ordinating the digitisation. It is not complicated at all, just keeping in touch with the volunteers, photocopying and keeping the master list of progress up to date. Could you help?

*Terry Cummings*

## A donation from New Zealand

A couple of weeks ago we welcomed a visitor into the Research room. Ian had flown all the way over from New Zealand to visit family, and had brought a couple of items into the museum to donate to our collection. Ian was brought up and educated in Saltash and visiting the museum found out he must have been at school with a number of the families' offspring, who now worked in our museum as volunteers. He spent quite a long time reminiscing and explaining he had come over to visit his family, bringing with him a number of items relating to Saltash. His offspring had no knowledge or desire to inherit these items so Ian thought he would donate them to the local museum. He had spent many years collecting items relating to the Saltash area. We were particularly pleased to see a



small Bakelite oval plaque which would have been screwed onto a boat and this particular one was for Mashfords, boat builders who had yards down on the waterside for many years during the 1920's and 30's before they moved to Cremyll. (*see last newsletter*) Having just inherited a beautiful model of a clinker built rowing boat from the old Mashford family, this was an intriguing addition to our collection.

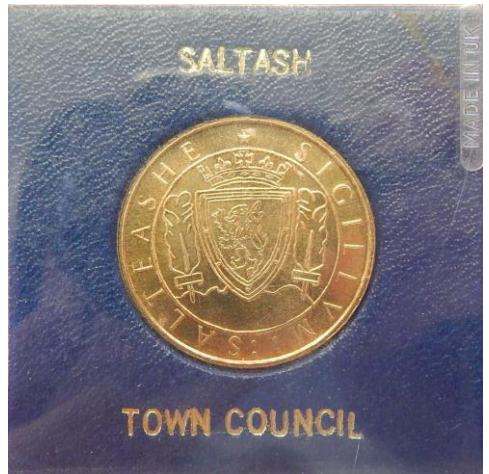
Two weeks later Ian was back again, this time carrying a cardboard box full of china. He stated he would like to donate this to the museum. We rather reluctantly looked inside the box and amongst lots of yes, yes, yes's delightedly unpacked the treasures. These turned out to be cups and saucers, plates and plaques, tiny vases and candle sticks and several other china items, all decorated with images of the Royal Albert Bridge. Apparently these were mainly from the late Victorian period and made to show the design and shape of the bridge and probably sold as souvenirs to the many residents of our town.



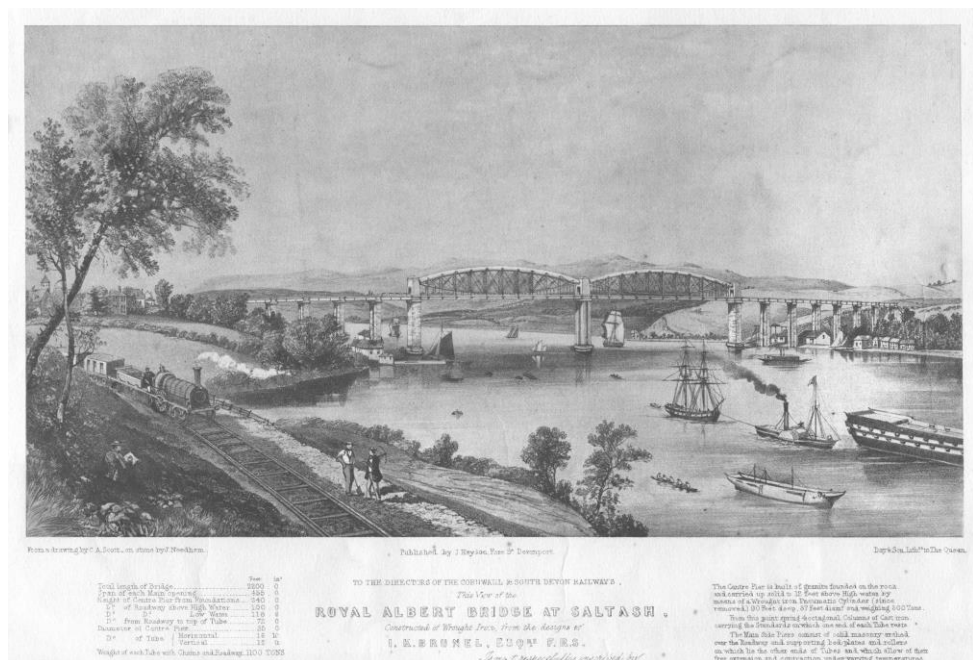
As we did not have any items similar to this, we were over the moon to accept this donation, which had travelled on the plane all the way here from the South Island of New Zealand



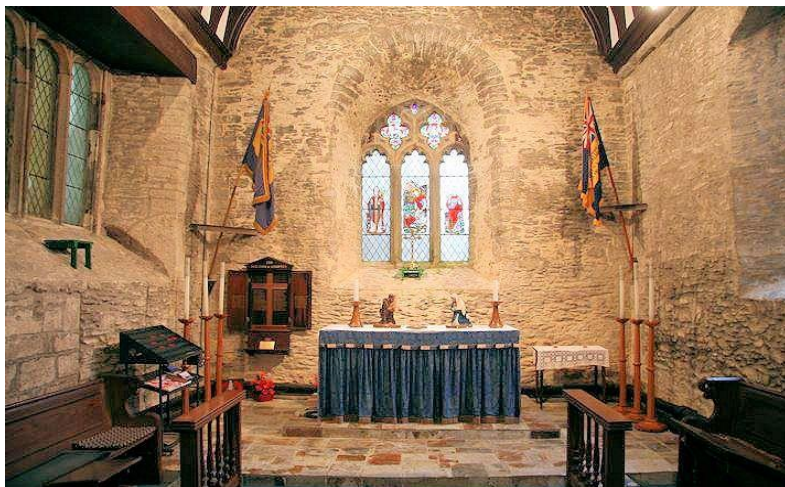
I think that Ian was as pleased to see our delight at receiving this pottery, as we were to take it and add it to our collection. These are tangible pieces of china telling the story of the construction of the Royal Albert Bridge. They are in good condition and typical of the type of souvenir ware that might have been available in our local shops at the time.

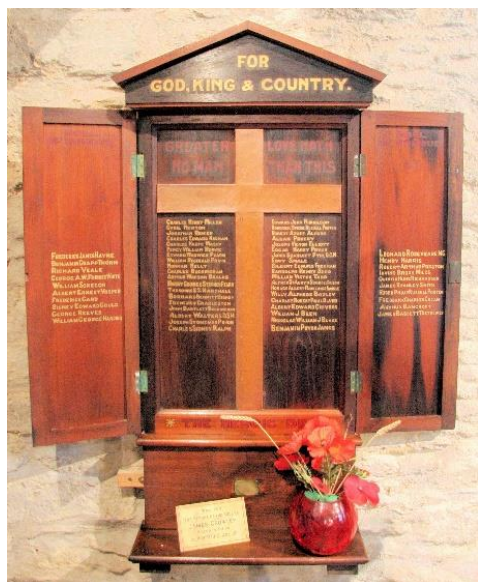






Captain Leonard Roseveare MC. Royal Garrison Artillery





He is not named on the Borough of Saltash WW1 Memorial outside that Church: nor is he 'Commemorated in perpetuity' by the Commonwealth War Graves Commission.

Records obtained from the National Archives and his Birth Certificate obtained from the General Registry Office show he was born on May 31<sup>st</sup>, 1881 at Wearde Farm House, St. Stephens, Saltash.

The 1891 Census show that in 1891 he was then 9-years-old living with his parents and two older siblings at Wearde Farm House, Wearde Quay, St. Stephens. Saltash.

The 1901 Census show he was then a 19-year-old Electrical Engineer Student. Now living at Liskeard, Cornwall.

The 1911 Census show he was then still single, aged 29, employed as an Electrical

Engineer-Power Station, living as a Boarder in London.

He was educated at Dunheved College, Launceston.

In 1913 he married Margaret G Wevill at Launceston. They subsequently had two children: Richard and Patricia.

Cornwall War History Remembered, Royal Artillery Honours & Awards Transcription, Medal Index cards and Imperial War Museum 'Lives of the First World War' show some details of his WW1 Army Service and awards.

In the 1919 Birthday Honours (MC) he was awarded a Military Cross by King George V "for distinguished service in connection with military operations in France and Flanders".

Records of Leonard Roseveare MC WW1 Army service and subsequent death, were obtained from the National Archives *these include:*

1. APPLICATION FOR APPOINTMENT TO A TEMPORARY COMMISSION IN THE REGULAR ARMY FOR THE PERIOD OF THE WAR. (4 pages)
2. Form M.T 348. Report of a Regular Officer of the R.A.M.C. dated 1/12/1914.
3. Army Form B. 103. Casualty Form – Active service (*dates 2/10/15, 25/7/16 & 1/8/16*)
4. 32718/7 dated 20<sup>th</sup> November 1920 which says that "*Captain Leonard Roseveare MC formerly Royal Garrison Artillery – The Army Medical Authorities consider that the stress of military service was the cause of the late officer's state of mind as he committed the act, or sustained the injury, which caused his death.*"
5. 32718/7 copies of a letter dated 11<sup>th</sup> May 1920 signed by Sanford D. Cole The Secretary War Office S.W. With attached statements from Dr. R. W. Stahem, Dr. J. F. Powell, Dr. E. H. Brook and Mrs Roseveare. *All whose opinion was that*



*Captain Leonard Roseveare's mental condition leading to his death was attributable, aggravated, or caused, by his active WW1 Army service.*

6. Letter from R. Whiteside Statham dated 2.5.20. Late Capt R.A.M.C. saying "deceased condition was aggravated if not caused by his active service in the Army".

His Death Certificate was obtained from the General Registry Office. It gives his cause of death as "*Compression of the brain from fracture of the skull caused by throwing himself out of a window during a state of temporary insanity*".

Leonard Roseveare's grave is in St. Stephens-by-Saltash Churchyard. *(He is buried with and surrounded by graves of other members of his family)*

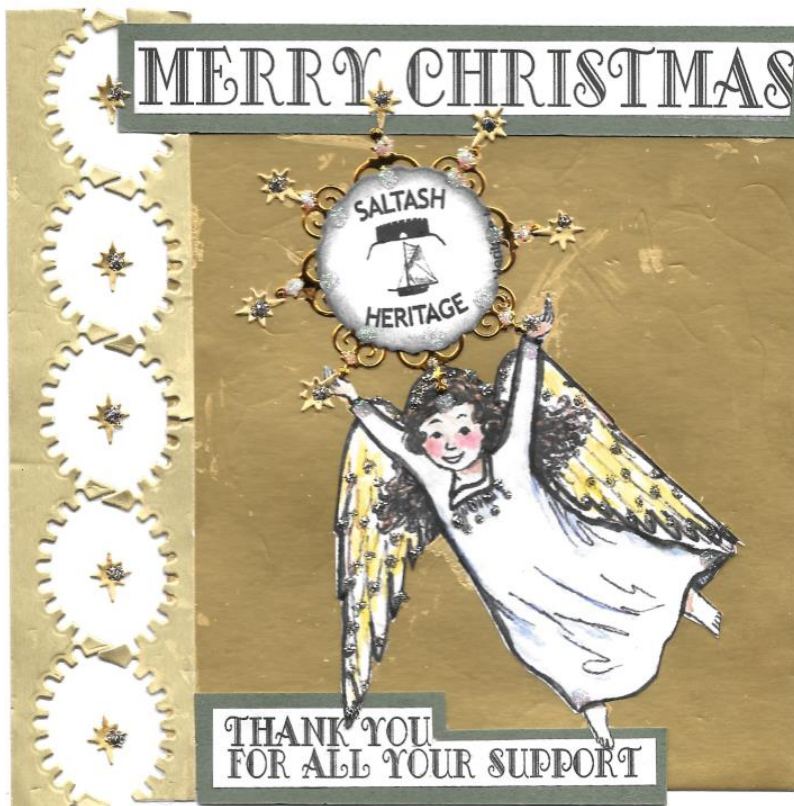


At the start of WW1 Leonard Roseveare applied for and was accepted for appointment to a temporary commission in the regular army for the period of the war. He served through out WW1. initially as a Second Lieutenant, then Lieutenant, then Acting Captain in the Royal Garrison Artillery. He served for 1.25 years at home and 3 years abroad. During his time abroad he was 'in the line' for several months at a time. He was wounded, hospitalised, recuperated and returned to active service on more than one occasion. I believe that he died as the result of wounds or hurts caused by or aggravated by or were attributable to his active WW1 service.

An application has been made to the Commonwealth War Graves Commission requesting that he is 'Commemorated in Perpetuity' and that his grave is recognised as a War Grave.

*Peter Clements*

A Commonwealth War Graves Commission 'Eyes on Hands on' project volunteer.



How about sending the Christmas Gift of membership of Saltash Heritage to a relative or friend,

As well as supporting this amazing, busy little museum & its volunteers, you will be giving the gift of three brilliant newsletters posted directly to the recipient in April, August and December 2023, for just £10.

If you buy this gift before Christmas this year, we will send you a Christmas card from Saltash Heritage. You can give this card to the recipient, telling them about your gift and when they can expect their three super newsletters to arrive in 2023.

Should you wish, you can renew the order in December 2023 for just £10, for the following year.

A lovely thoughtful gift, which will save you postage and wrapping and remind the recipient of you each time they receive their newsletter.

If you are interested please contact me at [secretary@saltash-heritage.org.uk](mailto:secretary@saltash-heritage.org.uk) or write to the Membership Secretary at Saltash Heritage, 17 Lower Fore Street, Saltash, Cornwall PL12 6JQ.

Thank you

*Lizzy Sharpe-Asprey (Hon Secretary)*



# Dock Dung



As a small child and from humble beginnings, after the war, my extremely hard-working parents made do with just the bare essentials, bringing up their three children. I remember well so many things that my father did to encourage good home grown produce of fruit and vegetables, which were still scarce after the war.

I recall my dad going out with his bucket and shovel and scooping up the horse dung left by the delivery dray horses, to place around his rhubarb, strawberries, raspberries, and blackcurrant -, marvellous fertilizer!

In our village at Burraton Coombe, we see the riding horses most days in our lanes, and they leave their dung gifts behind just the same, and it is such a tempting thought to scoop up a bucketful for our home grown produce.

Which brings me on to what an important commodity dung was for over 200 years. Saltash hinterland benefitted greatly in the Victorian times from dung, which was a thriving industry, especially for the farmers, and particularly around the Tamar and Lynher estuaries.

Saltash has celebrated many thriving industries during the 19<sup>th</sup> and 20<sup>th</sup> Centuries, in particular for slate, lime, boat building, fishing and civil engineering of our railway. Yet, sadly little has been written about the importance of dung, which was known, as 'Town Dung' and 'Dock Dung, or even 'Night Soil.'



Dock Dung, around our locality, originated from Plymouth Dock and its composition was from sweepings from Plymouth streets in the days of horse-drawn transport. Dray horses were used for so many industries, including delivering for local breweries and people carriages.



When the 'Dock Dung' was being swept the debris included all kinds of waste, including glass bottles, clay pipes, china and pottery ware, children's toys, and clothing to name but a small selection. Waste from butchers, toilet slops and coal and coke were all in the mix.

Tons of Dock Dung was loaded onto barges and sent further afield from Plymouth quays like Pottery Quay (where my father was born and bred) and Vauxhall Quay. Tons were transported to Forder and Antony Passage and other areas of the Tamar Valley for use in the surrounding fields, market gardens and homesteads as agriculture and horticulture fertiliser and compost; small quays that we can still see today were constructed for unloading. The composite hard cores were sorted from the barges and removed from the dung and thrown into the rivers, fields and gardens in the area.

This plentiful yet pungent industry was phased out in the early 20<sup>th</sup> century due to environmental considerations and changes, motor vehicles and provision of mains sewage.

Walkers in the area of Forder, Antony Passage, Trematon, Trehan and

Shillingham, if they look closely, will still see extraordinary pieces of Dock Dung on quaysides, in the creeks, footpaths, and hedgerows. Last year I found an old meat paste jar at Wearde.

What is quite amazing to me are the mosaic items that can be created from the Dock Dung. At the bottom of Saltash Fore Street is a lovely 'Cup and Saucer' seat created by Chrissy Wallis made from Dock Dung, and is a fine example of a modern piece of art made from historic dock debris.

Notably, there are other 'Dock Dung' Mosaic public artworks in and around Saltash Fore Street, including on the lower Fore Street viaduct frieze panels, there were seven frieze panels, however some were removed due to deterioration. We have the Green Dragon on the outer wall of the Coop and the Birds and Fountain on the Fore Street Royal Mail wall.

Saltash schoolchildren have also recently produced 'Dock Dung' Mosaics for local displays in celebration of HM Queen Elizabeth 11 Platinum Jubilee. The materials were collected locally by the children.

Saltash most certainly acknowledges and celebrates the quite extraordinary history of local 'Dock Dung' with its murals and structures. Moreover, Saltash Heritage Museum hosts a wonderfully interesting range of 'Dock Dung' items which is often exhibited for the benefit and education of our local community and visitors alike.



*Now, where did I put that bucket and shovel?*

*Sue Hooper MBE  
Trustee Saltash Heritage*

## The Travelling Suitcases, which hold many secret memories



So important to Marion's life, these suitcases have probably been in her family for 90 years. They hold the secrets of her growing up from a new born babe, born in a nursing home in Looe with a loving mother called Harriet.

Harriet came from a close, caring family and always wished her children to be brought up in a similar manner.

Born in Warleggan in 1898, Harriet and the family migrated to live in Landrake, where they all lived at Markwell Farm. The suitcases had started their first journey. Undoubtedly popped under the bed or on top of the wardrobe, they were soon to be off on another trip. Harriet's daughter Marion was still a small tot when joined by a new baby brother. Marion started her education at Landrake School, however she was soon to be helping

her mother repack the suitcases, as she and her mother moved to North Pill, where Harriet became housekeeper to widower Thomas H. Stanlake a dairy farmer. Evidence of this was found in the 1939 census. The farm was next door to Pill House, where the Batten family lived and many will remember Derek Batten who was still living there many years later, along with another neighbour Tom Whale at Mill Park Farm. Marion said she had to be very quiet and she was very lonely out on the farm. During this time, Marion attended the Saltash School at North Road. She recalls that during the air raids of the Second World War, the sirens would be going off and the children would have to run through shrapnel on the pavements to reach the air raid shelter and Mr. Vosper, the Air Raid Warden, would be very strict and shout at everybody.

In 1941, after much bombing, the suitcases came out again and Harriet and Marion were forced to set off to stay at Golberdon, near Callington with Mr. Stephens another farmer. Here Marion was able to walk the farm's lovely dogs, who became her best friends.

By 1947 the suitcases once again appeared as Mr. Stephens had bought a property in Landrake, called 'Mooview' and Harriet and Marion returned to Landrake, close to all her extended family again. She continued her education at St. Hilary's School in Fore Street, Saltash next to the old YMCA building. She has fond memories of two of the teachers at this school, Grace Ivory and Phyllis Creber. The school was sited on the area now occupied by the 'Bookshelf and Tea rooms'. Marion has fond memories of a holiday that she and her mother went on, to Blisland near Bodmin. This involved catching a train from

Saltash Station to Bodmin Road Station and then taking the branch line to Bodmin. Here they had to take the cases and climb on to Webber's bus to take them to Blisland. Waiting for them was Marion's aunt and cousins, eager to pick up the cases and take them to her aunt and uncle's house. After a short break the return journey meant packing the cases once again and setting off via the bus and on to the train to return to Saltash.

On completion of her schooling at 16 years of age, fully trained in type writing and Pitman's shorthand, Marion obtained work as a Secretary in Bennet & Palmers, Builders Merchants and Ironmongers which was sited at 63 Fore Street which is now 72 Fore Street. It used to house the Saltash Bakery and is now a hairdresser. Marion worked on the first floor, above the shop and her window looked across the road to the old Midland Bank on the other side of Fore Street. Later she worked for Mr. Davey, an Accountant at 61 North Road, Saltash.

In 1969 Marion married Brian and of course the suitcases appeared once again as they were packed and taken off to a new home in Dawlish. By 1972 Marion, along with two sons returned, with the suitcases, back to her beloved Saltash, as she was so homesick. Marion and the boys moved in with Harriet in Victoria Road.

In 1974 the suitcases were taken out again and filled up with the family memories as Harriet, Marion and the two boys moved to a new home, a Victorian house close to the Town centre. In 1981 Marion and her new love, Fred were married and the couple lived on the ground floor looking after Harriet who had her own rooms on the first floor until she passed away in 1988.

The suitcases remain with Marion who looks at them, carefully piled up in the corner of the room, having shared a whole lifetime of memories with her. They sit there still retaining many secrets that they shared with Marion over many decades.



Marion

Thank you Marion, for sharing a few of your memories with me.

*Lizzy.*



## The Fast Track Curator.



As the old adage goes, 'never volunteer for anything'. Well, I should have taken notice of that!

Four years ago I joined the team of volunteers at the Bridging The Tamar Visitor and Learning Centre over on the Plymouth side. This came about after the loss of my dad Herbert. One of his legacies was a large collection of photographs and slides taken during the construction of the Tamar Bridge. Along with Roy Keith and other members of Saltash Camera Club, he would sweet talk (or bribe with a lb of sausages) the Cleveland foremen, and be allowed to literally clamber all over the construction site, taking memorable images. I donated some of these shots to the bridge Visitor Centre which are now on display, and Saltash Heritage also has a similar

collection in their archive.

Being the same age as the bridge, born over the shop in Fore Street in October 1961, it was only right for me to become one of the team, after all, the bridge has been part of my entire life. A huge variety of people visit the centre, and me being me I like to get chatting to them to get their memories and stories. This has lead to me delivering guided talks as well as researching the stories. I found myself increasingly paying visits to the Saltash Heritage Local History Centre, where Terry and the team were more than delighted to help me out.....I think! It then got to the point where I decided that to research more I should join Saltash Heritage and become an 'insider', rather than being someone just coming in to pick the brains of their archive team.

So picture the scene. One Saturday morning, as I climbed the stairs to the History Centre office and was met by several pairs of eyes which had the look of 'oh no, it's him again!' And I declared my hand. Before I knew it, Maureen sat me down in a chair, Terry put a pen into my hand, Kevin cleared the table, Bruce was standing over my shoulder and Lizzie had thrust a membership form under my nose.

But then came 'The Deal' from Terry. Which was that I could only become a member if I agreed to join the committee, as they were on the look out for younger members. I'm 60!

Having little choice, I of course agreed, so Terry released my twisted arm from behind my back and invited me to the next committee meeting the following week.

At that meeting I listened to the business matters as a guest, as the voting for the new committee members was last on the agenda. During the discussions, the role of finding a new Curator for the museum arose, and for some strange reason those pairs of eyes all looked at me again!!!

I was duly elected onto the committee by a show of hands which went up faster than a Saturn rocket. Then I mentioned an interest in the role of Curator, after all, all it takes is to dust off a few artefacts and put them back on a shelf again.... Doesn't it? Well, another vote was taken, and this time the Saturn rocket hands went into orbit!

Luckily, Don came to my rescue and agreed to be my assistant. So the dream team had been formed, or so we thought. It turns out that we are following in the footsteps of such greats as Colin Squires and David Kent no less. No pressure there then! They had come up with a system of recording and labelling all the hundreds of items which an Enigma Machine would have trouble with. Let me give you an example.

I found some Civil War musket balls on a window sill in the store room which obviously hadn't been put back in the right place. But not to worry, they had a label.

LHC.2.2.1.2.L.QST.2010      Which deciphers as:

Local History Centre

Second floor

Room 2

Shelf unit 1 (none of us can find this shelf unit)!

Shelf 2 (Is that up from the bottom, or down from the top)?

Left hand side

In a Quality Street Tin

Recorded in 2010.

But the system works and woe betide anyone who puts any item in the wrong place. Thankfully though, Terry and Kevin are updating the system at the moment.

So far I have found nearly a dozen rooms, cupboards and buildings around the town where artefacts are stored. This includes the rear half of the public conveniences in Alexandra Square. A couple of weeks ago, myself, Terry, Kevin, Bruce and Ken went to have a look in this building. We did get some puzzled looks from the customers sat in the Railway Hotel beer garden!

All the storage spaces are crammed full with artefacts, with hardly any room to swing the proverbial cat around in. So my mission is going to take quite some time. What you see on display in the museum is but a fraction of what is in storage, with donations coming in all the time.

Please wish me and Don luck. I think we may need it.

*Andrew Davy  
(Reluctant) Curator*

PS. The artefacts aren't really labelled like that!

# The Early Church in Cornwall

The first evidence of Christianity in Cornwall can be found around the Hayle estuary and at Tintagel, dating from around 350-450 AD. Around the year 450 AD a large party of Christian Missionaries from either Ireland or Wales landed in the Phillack area. Sadly, they were attacked by the soldiers of a local chieftain and many were slain.

On the North Coast of Cornwall the twenty-four “Children” of the Welsh King Brychan landed to spread Christianity and there were also many other Christian Missionaries from Ireland and Brittany evangelising the area. Many Cornish Churches and places still bear the names of these early missionaries or “Saints” as they have become known.

Many of the missionaries travelled by water and settled in the sheltered creeks of estuaries, they carried portable altars of stone, which gave rise to the legend that they floated on mill stones.

The structure of the Celtic Church in Cornwall was of a simple monastic nature with the disciples of the “Local Saint” living in a group of huts around a simple church or oratory. They lived lives of seclusion and hardship with periods of fasting, and recitation of the Psalter whilst immersed in cold water.

During the 5<sup>th</sup> / 6<sup>th</sup> centuries AD Saxons from the continent invaded lowland Britain; but the Celtic kingdom of Dumnonia, today’s Devon and Cornwall, managed to retain its independence.

The Anglo-Saxons were pagan until 597 when Augustus landed in Kent with the blessing of the Pope and the Roman Catholic Church. He was granted a residence at Canterbury and baptised King Ethelbert.

The Celtic Church and the Roman Catholic Church were very different and suspicious of each other. Augustus was unsuccessful in his attempts to persuade the Britons to adopt the Roman Catholic ways.

In 705 the Abbot of Malmesbury wrote to Geruntius, King of Dumnonia, requesting that the Celts come into line with the rest of Western Christendom. Unfortunately, his response did not survive.

However, the Anglo-Saxon influence was gradually pressing westward and in 838 they engaged and defeated a Cornish / Viking alliance, in battle at Hingston Down near Callington. This was later followed by the Cornish Bishop Kenstec submitting to the wishes of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

During 931 King Athelstan formed a new Cornish Diocese with its seat at the Celtic monastery of St Germans and appointed a Cornishman: Conan, as its first bishop.

The Anglo-Saxons began the process whereby some of the old Celtic *Lan* sites became the centres of today's familiar parochial system with a church and pastor responsible for the spiritual needs of the residents in a defined area known as the parish.

As Bishop of St Germans, Conan was succeeded by a line of Saxon Bishops until the death of Bishop Burhwold in 1043. He was followed by his nephew Lyfing, Bishop of Crediton, who became Bishop for a United See, with Cornwall becoming an Archdeaconry within the Diocese of Exeter. This remained until the formation of the Diocese of Truro in 1875.



*St Germans Church, the ancient seat of the Bishops of Cornwall*

The original cathedral at St Germans was demolished by the Normans who, in its place, built a Church for the Priory of St Germans with a magnificent West Doorway which can still be seen today. After the dissolution of the monasteries by Henry VIII in 1538 the church became the parish church for St Germans.

*Andrew Barrett*

## Contributors

Jean Dent, Terry Cummings, Lizzy Sharpe-Asprey, Carly Bennett, Peter Clements, Andrew Davy, Marilyn Read, Bruce Hunt, Sue Hooper, Marion, Andrew Barrett.

Mo Cummings for proof reading.



## Early Police in Saltash

The early police uniform was a dress coat, trousers, top hat, great coat and cape, leather belt on which his little old bullseye lanthorn was carried at night, a pair of handcuffs and staff. In 1871 the helmet became the official head dress (a hundred years old this year) and bore a round black badge showing the shield of the Duchy surrounded by the words "Cornwall Constabulary" and a crown above; later this became silvered metal. In April 1881, PC E.T. Thomas, stationed here, was presented with a testimonial from the Mayor and Justices of the Borough in recognition of the satisfactory manner in which he performed his duty. The residents expressed a hope that two constables will in future be stationed in Saltash.

When the new police station was built in 1891 on the crossroad of Middle Street and Chapel Road, now named Albert Road and Station Road the uniform tunic was high necked with a stand collar. The house and land on the south-east corner was in the occupation of some people called Wills and, according to correspondence over many years, was in the ownership of the Kelly family who lived at Magdala House immediately down the hill.

This ownership mystery will pass into history because the last Miss Kelly of this address died some years ago. The Kelly's claimed that the Cornwall Authority unlawfully took possession of land belonging to Magdala House, land that had never been sold by them. In 1946 the County Solicitor said they acquired the Freehold of this property in 1890 from Life Tenant George Adams (thrice Mayor) with his Trustees, Messrs William Grylls Adams and John Teague Hawk. The price they received for the site, though all deeds etc. seem to have belonged to the Kelly's, was £300.



It was similar to other stations of the period but being right on a narrow road could not really be looked at. In fact posts were erected to keep carts off. Until the nineteen twenties, all Cornish Police had to attend a place of worship once on a Sunday and many had good voices. The latter is still the case as can be seen from the excellent police choir. In 1967 Chief Inspector Owen Sivell retired from the force; during the blitz period of the last war he was stationed at Saltash and some still remember him as the tallest Cornish policeman around (6ft 7in and 17½ stone) and his restraining influence on U.S. sailors and other servicemen after a 'drop too much'.

In 1971 Saltash had a new police station. The official opening was the 9<sup>th</sup> July 1971 by Ald. J.B. Martin of Exeter, immediate past Chairman of the Cornwall & Devon Police Authority. The old station cost £1,400, the new £28,000 built by G.H. Webber Ltd. of Saltash. The Mayor, Ald. V. Harding and councillors were there. The land had cost £1,450

The old station which contained two cells was the end of a block of three, two being police houses; it became a dwelling 21-11-72.

Up until the 1<sup>st</sup> June 1966, all Cornish police had lived west of the Tamar, but on that date the force combined with those of Devon, Exeter and Plymouth under a decree of the Home Secretary. Let us hope these 'regional' forces are not extended into a national force; the last vestige of local control would then be gone, leaving us a police force of strangers which could become a powerful political weapon in the hands of the central government.

The first Traffic Warden in the town (Fore Street) started 21 August 1972.

In 1964, the little Watch House at the corner of the gas works next to the Wheatsheaf belonging to the river police was demolished. The Police used to go to the Waterside in pairs. An inspector was based in Saltash from 1978 and two women police officers arrived in 1979. The D&C Police brought back police on the beat in May 1979, though Saltash had never lost this angle of duty to the car.

Inspector Tossell moved to Saltash from St Germans early in 1978 and in the July a Chief Inspector came. There were no 'walkie talkies' for individuals but at the start of 1981 car crews leaving their cars and walking around did have contact via an aerial on the library. The D&C Chief introduced Community Police in areas of higher population. The first in Saltash was Constable Wilcocks, towards the end of 1980 along with 'Specials' known as 'Special Constables and Police Reserve'. These were unpaid; they could be called on at any time. They also received blue and white diked cap bands with the D&C force being the last force to introduce them in October 1982.

Now Saltash has no dedicated police and a policeman whose home is in the far north of Devon can be found in our streets. At one time Saltash had 13 Constables and 2 Sergeants, and a Detective Constable to police our streets but no longer all Cornish.

In the new station, which had more views than the old one, the cells were replaced by one roomy detention room with a fixed wooden bed and fitting-less toilet. This leads out from the interview room, an asset for the police as a drying arrangement for wet clothes. All in

all, the premises were a palace compared to the old one and contained a mess room and a room for the seven 'Specials'.

Although the building still stands and is used by the police it is not staffed.

There is a telephone in the front wall for emergency help.



*Bruce*

## Accreditation

To Saltash Heritage, a letter from Arts Council England –

‘We are pleased to let you know that the Accreditation Awards Panel has agreed to award the status of Full Accreditation. Congratulations on achieving Full Accreditation’.

After a lot of paperwork and mind blowing completion of the forms on line, once again we have our Accreditation updated. We are required, every 3 years, to complete and update our work in line with all major museums in the country. We are in fact one of only 1,700 museums who are fully accredited in the United Kingdom.

This scheme is to encourage all museums and galleries to meet an agreed standard in:- How they are run, how they manage their collections, how they engage with their users, to build people’s confidence in how museums manage collections in trust for Society, and how they manage public resources.

To reinforce a shared, ethical way of doing things for everyone involved in running a museum Arts Council England, want all museums to be sustainable, focused and trusted organisations, who offer their visitors a great experience.

The Accreditation scheme sets out nationally agreed standards, which inspire the confidence of the public and funding and governing bodies. The Scheme is managed as a UK Partnership between Arts Council England, The Welsh Government, Museums Galleries Scotland and Northern Ireland Museums Council. It is run for museums and galleries of all types across the UK.

It becomes an honour to be accepted on to this scheme.

*Lizzy Sharpe-Asprey.*

## Two Commonwealth Commission War Graves in St. Stephens-by-Saltash Churchyard.



William George **Longhurst**. Lance Bombardier 2039704, 468 Bty. 29 Searchlight Regt., Royal Artillery died on 18 May 1943 Age 22  
Husband of Margaret Ellen Longhurst, of Dartford, Kent.



Alfred Vernon Samuel **Masey**. Gunner 2038263, 468 Bty., 29 Searchlight Regt., Royal Artillery died on 19 May 1943 Age 23  
Husband of Elizabeth Catherine Veal Masey, of New Romney, Kent.

### Cause of their death.

Flight Sargent F. V. Peters (1312272) 286 Sqn. on detachment at RAF Harrowbeer, (Yelverton) whilst taking off from the Aerodrome struck an Army Lorry Park on the Aerodrome – three army personnel were killed instantly another died later, Flight Sargent Peters was seriously injured and the aircraft, a Defiant, was completely written off.

There were Searchlights here in Saltash during WW2.

*Maybe Longhurst and Masey were based here in Saltash and at that time their wives were living here, and they wanted them buried near where they then lived and served? But that's just speculation on my part.*



*I don't know why these two were buried in St. Stephens-by-Saltash Churchyard; and why the other two of the four killed were not.*

*I don't know why they were in an Army Lorry at RAF Harrowbeer.*

Longhurst was one of the three killed instantly, Masey died next day.

They are not named on the Borough of Saltash WW2 Memorial. *Maybe that's because as they were not native to Saltash they did not meet whatever the criteria used for inclusion was? But I don't know or can prove that.*

They are 'Commemorated in perpetuity' by the Commonwealth War Graves Commission.

We will remember them.

*Peter Clements*

## Saltash Heritage AGM



A change of location this year for the Saltash Heritage AGM gave everyone the chance to have a look around and admire the Railway Station.

A very interesting talk about the history of Landulph was given by Andrew Barrett, assisted by son Robert who managed to master the technology which defeated everyone else.

It was also nice to see so many people attend including Audry Miller who was celebrating her 92<sup>nd</sup> Birthday.



# South East Cornwall Museums Forum



The South East Cornwall Museums Forum, of which we are a prime member and one of the instigators was formed in 2002. The nine museums in South East Cornwall are the only currently active group of museums in the whole of Cornwall who meet regularly,

liaise constantly, share information and advice and best of all have run the SECMF 'Grand Family History Day' in the Liskeard Public Hall for the last five years.

I have been organising this event for all those five years and after a lull due to the Covid pandemic. We were delighted that this year once again we were able to present a wonderful day of free discovery for Family Historians and Local History Researchers.

On Saturday 18<sup>th</sup> June a sunny day welcomed the 20 Organisations from all over Cornwall who set up their displays in the Liskeard Public Hall. Sponsored by the Cornwall Museums Partnership this event has become a regular meeting place for local researchers. The event was free to enter and there was an enormous amount of enthusiasm with the whole building buzzing this year. The SECMF committee ran the refreshment room, supplying home-made cakes and savouries along with sandwiches, tea and coffee. We were delighted to have made over £100 for further training of the volunteers from our local museums. They were also there to welcome each of the visitors into the hall.

This year we were approached by another of the local museums who would like to join us, as they could see the benefits of belonging to the Forum. Although we only had just over 100 visitors during the day, they stayed for most of the morning and afternoon as the room always seemed to be full of people. The atmosphere was so friendly and nearly all the Organisations came up to me personally to say thank you for such a lovely day, and they were delighted with the response from our visitors. They were also asking if we were going to run the event next year and I assured them that we would do our best to do so.

Many thanks, to all those who participated in making this so special and so welcoming.



# CORNWALL FAMILY HISTORY SOCIETY



## OPEN DAY

### FAMILY HISTORY DROP-IN SESSION

Saturday, 24 September 2022  
Saltash Wesley Church, Callington Road,  
Saltash PL12 6LA

**From 12pm to 3pm**

Including a short presentation at 1.30pm  
on

Using DNA in Family History

Would you like to find out more about your ancestors but don't know  
where to start, or are you stuck and would like help with your  
research?

Come and meet the team for an informal chat, find out  
what we do and the resources we offer

**FREE ENTRY**

Refreshments available

Supported by Saltash Heritage