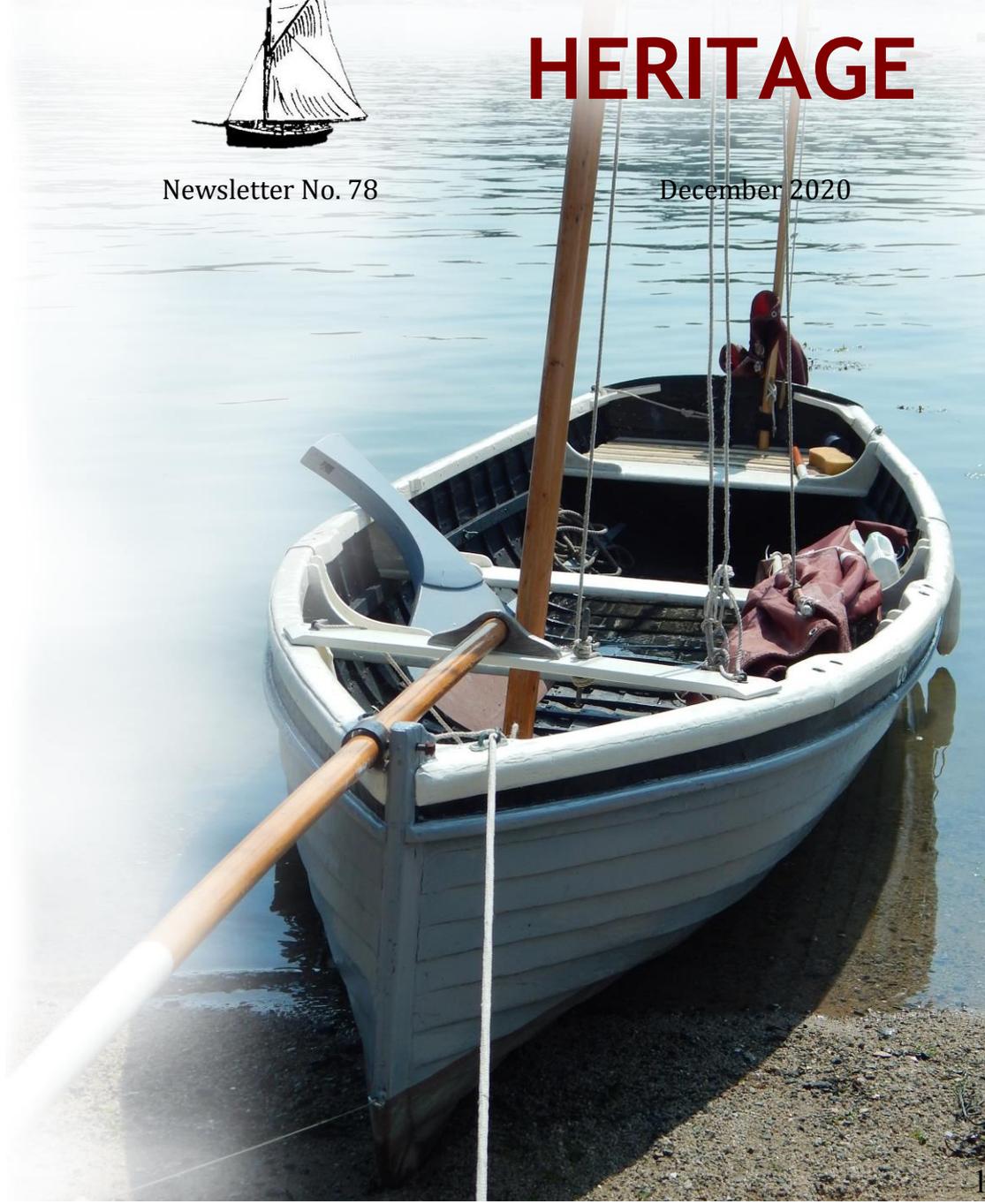




SALTASH HERITAGE

Newsletter No. 78

December 2020





Information

Because if the ongoing situation with the Museum closed to the public Saltash Heritage present their second on line newsletter

Saltash Heritage produces a newsletter three times a year to keep our members updated and informed. A short film of the new exhibition can be seen at:- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=wikpY4ovGP8&t=11s>

Enjoy - and come and see us when we finally open.

Forthcoming events

Opening of museum	Saltash Heritage	Delayed – Easter?
Saltash Heritage AGM		Delayed

Contents

Information	2	Two Waterside women remembered	26
From the chairman	3	H.P. Andrews, served his country	30
Design a business card for heritage	5	Update from the archive	33
Local mines	6	We need your help	33
Sharon, membership Sec	7	Long Long ago (before Covid)	35
Saltash Baptist Church	8	Christmas past in Saltash	36
Bob Munro shares his thoughts	10	Simon Speare from Saltash	38
Matthew Spring – musician	12	Saltash Scholar and Shakespeare	39
Christmas past with the Wasley's	13	What Andrew & Kevin do	42
Dave Kent, Big game hunter?	14	Jackie counts the pennies	43
Cornwall Heritage Awards	15	Covid, an alternative view	44
Sylvia & Martin. What we do	17	Inspiration from a photograph	45
Almost time for the 1921 census	18	What Lizzy does	46
Me - and what I do	24	Oysters, pearls and the law	47
Bob Munro, Chairman.	25	Terry- Archivist	49
		Night before Covid	50

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Editorial

At the beginning of the year a bumper issue of the newsletter seemed a good idea, little did I realise there would be little change by December. To produce a newsletter with nearly twice as many pages as normal takes a mammoth effort, especially as there is little happening to report on. Many people have dug deep to provide the content and I thank you all. Hopefully by the next one in April things will have improved.

Bruce

Front Cover

A boat at the Waterside that most people pass without a second glance but this boat is special. Read 'Long Long Ago' in this magazine

Bruce

Chair's Remarks December 2020



Here are some extracts to remind you of some of my scribblings for this newsletter over the last five years (recently edited and amended), plus a few thoughts on the pandemic and a way forward for Saltash Heritage.

2016 My view of Heritage and its volunteers.

They have both vision and enthusiasm. I note also the persistence of a teamwork ethic, a willingness to step in and cover any temporary personnel gap, a capacity to think outside the box, a resilience which enables individuals and the team to bounce back following the occasional setback, the ability to identify needed skills and to encourage the holder of said skills to come on board. They are characterised also by their stickability, by the way in which they quietly care for each other, by their willingness to go that extra mile, and by their longevity. The team still has members who have been Heritage since its conception. Such folk, with their experience and their

memories, are a priceless resource, and they are appropriately treasured.

2017 Three cheers for Saltash Town Council!

It would be remiss of me not to highlight and underline the much valued support of successive town councils over three decades. They have all understood what it is that Saltash Heritage brings to our town, and they have all contributed in a variety of ways to ensure that its reputation continues to shine and to grow. We may well have some new councillors after May's elections, both at town and county level. We would love to show them around 17 Lower Fore St, to help them learn what it is that is so deserving of their support.

2018 Who is the quietest person on the committee?

It's me! Sitting quietly in the hub of activity that constitutes our HQ, I never cease to be amazed by what is going on around me. My personal contributions rarely extend beyond cheery chat and chairman's encouragement, plus bribery by biscuit, whilst all around me data is being input, accounts are being brought up to date, enquiries are being successfully dealt with, ideas for the future are being bounced around, and visitors with varied agendas put at their ease. And on those days when the museum downstairs is open to the public, our fantastic band of stewards takes their turn on the rota. Incidentally, a huge thankyou to those who both organise the rota and fill any unexpected gaps – a thankless task. Such folk are worth their weight in rubies.

2019 Our president quietly leaves us.

You can mourn a death, or you can celebrate a life, or you can do both. My words this month will be uncharacteristically brief. They will focus on Colin John Squires. The last thing Colin would expect from me would be a gushing appreciation of his contribution to Saltash Heritage. Colin was fastidious in his use of language, a total stranger to exaggeration, but unsurpassed in the degree and quality of his commitment, his willingness to share his skills and his capacity for quiet encouragement – from those early days in the mid-nineteen eighties right up to his sudden death last month, just as we were in the throes of putting together our latest bid for re-accreditation.

His death was a shock to us all, both individually and collectively. That said, the Colin we all knew would expect us not to tarry overlong in grief, but to get on with the urgent matters which are our lot. And we are doing that, because that is what Colin's example has taught us.

2020 How to cope mid-Covid and to maximise our future success.

While the second lockdown is with us, I suggest that we keep everyone up to date with how things are developing. By "everyone" I would include all our volunteers, our faithful members, the good folk of Saltash and the wider world, and use all the electronic gizmos with which I struggle but Heritage movers and shakers thankfully don't, though not forgetting good old-fashioned notice boards and shop windows. We have to maximise our exposure to potential punters.

Looking forward, we have to accept the possibility that our numbers will have declined during lockdown, so recruitment has to become an issue, especially if it turns out that - as some feel - we may lose a significant proportion of our stalwart stewards. There may be some folk still full to the brim with energy, intelligence and enthusiasm who are out of work because of the pandemic and looking for something exciting and challenging with which to fill their time. Let's keep our ears on full alert! There is a positive future out there. We must grasp it.

Bob

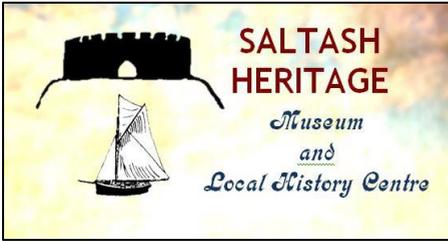
Contributors

Bob Munro, Bruce Hunt, Carly Bennett, Terry Cummings, Lizzy Sharpe-Asprey, Peter Clements, Jackie Austin, Kevin Hale, Martin Lister, John Pearn, Sharon Lambert, Rita & Ken Wasley Alan Lambert, James Thompson, Sylvia Caldwell, Dave Kent, Andrew Barrett.
Mo Cummings for proof reading all our efforts.



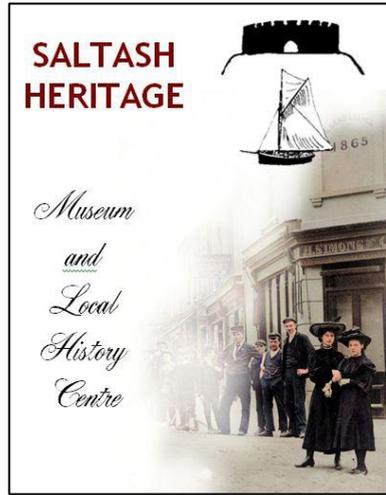


Business Card



We have decided that Saltash Heritage needs a business card and we would like your help. Size isn't critical and it can be either way up. The idea is to have the front to say who we are and on the rear contact information (Address, Telephone, Email etc.), we can make the back compliment the front. It doesn't have to be perfect. It's the ideas we want. Think of eye catching, colourful, different, something to stand out. A sketch would do with a line or two about your design. Try and keep it simple not forgetting we will have to produce it in print quality.

Here are a couple of examples but I am sure you can do better!





Local Mines

Cornwall is well known for its tin mines and there were several in the Tamar Valley around Gunnislake and the Bere Peninsular where arsenic, copper, tin and silver lead were mined. There was also some mining in Saltash and I have seen photos of tunnels that extend deep under the town from mining undertaken here hundreds of years ago.

Old Ordnance Survey maps show a mine chimney and engine house at Cargreen in the mid nineteenth century and there is a capped shaft at Penyoke which is near Cargreen. These mines extended under the Tamar and were trying to connect with the Silver Lead lodes found in the Bere Pensinsular. My Great Great grandfather lived at Cargreen and was a mine labourer at that time. However the mine tunnels collapsed and flooded one Sunday when no one was working and the mines were never re-opened.

At Moditonham near Botus Fleming the chimney stack of the old Wheal Sophia mine can still be seen. This was built in 1851, along with an engine house, and a shaft was sunk. But it does not appear to have been very successful as the machinery was advertised for sale in the mining journal of January 1852. The mine was re-opened a year and a half later under the name of Cornwall South Tamar but no records of any ore being extracted exist and it probably closed after a short time.



The chimney stack of the old Wheal Sophia mine can just be seen amongst the trees in the centre of the photo.

Andrew Barrett

Did you know....

The three newsletters produced in 2020 contain 136 pages and over 52,000 words.
That's more than many books.



The basic role of the membership secretary is to look after our memberships, in particular to invite payment of subscriptions when they become due in April, and to remind those who have not yet paid in July, again in October and for a few in January as well. The membership secretary maintains the database with members' details, changes the addresses etc. when people move house, records the subscriptions, issues membership cards



and generally checks that all is well with our membership systems. It is not an arduous task, so long as I am methodical it runs smoothly, and if I'm not sure about something there are plenty of committee members able and willing to advise me.

In addition it seems to have become the membership secretary's job to run the Gift Aid scheme, encouraging members to sign up to allow Saltash Heritage to reclaim tax paid on membership subscriptions, and once a year to fill in HM's Revenue and Customs forms accurately, which get us the rebate. This has amounted to about £800 each year, a good sum. Again this isn't hard to do, though I have to be sure to submit accurate figures.

I have been in post since 2012 and will not be continuing into next year, as I want to spend more time playing Renaissance music with my sackbut, so we are looking for a replacement membership secretary. If you might be able to take it on I'd be very pleased to discuss the role with you and to help you through the first year while you learn the ropes.

Regards, Sharon Lambert, Membership Secretary for Saltash Heritage

Situation Vacant

As Sharon says, she has been our membership secretary since 2012 and wishes to spend more time with her music. She has everything organised and easy to understand and will go through it all with you. There is plenty of support from the team at Saltash Heritage so if you wish to know more contact Sharon or our secretary Lizzy. Details inside front cover.

The Baptist Church in Saltash

Another recent enquiry was about the Saltash Baptist Church. It appears that the very first Baptist Church was in Silver Street in the late 1700's and seems to have some significance with the early Baptist movement. We have one or two histories of the church but because of the lack of access to our building I have yet to be able to view them.

We are very fortunate to have the Douglas Vosper collection of photographs and documents. Nearly all of the photographs have some historical note written or typed on the back. These have now been added to our database (thanks to Kevin Richards) and we are able to access the historical notes when viewing the photos.



The Baptist Church, Saltash, about 1910

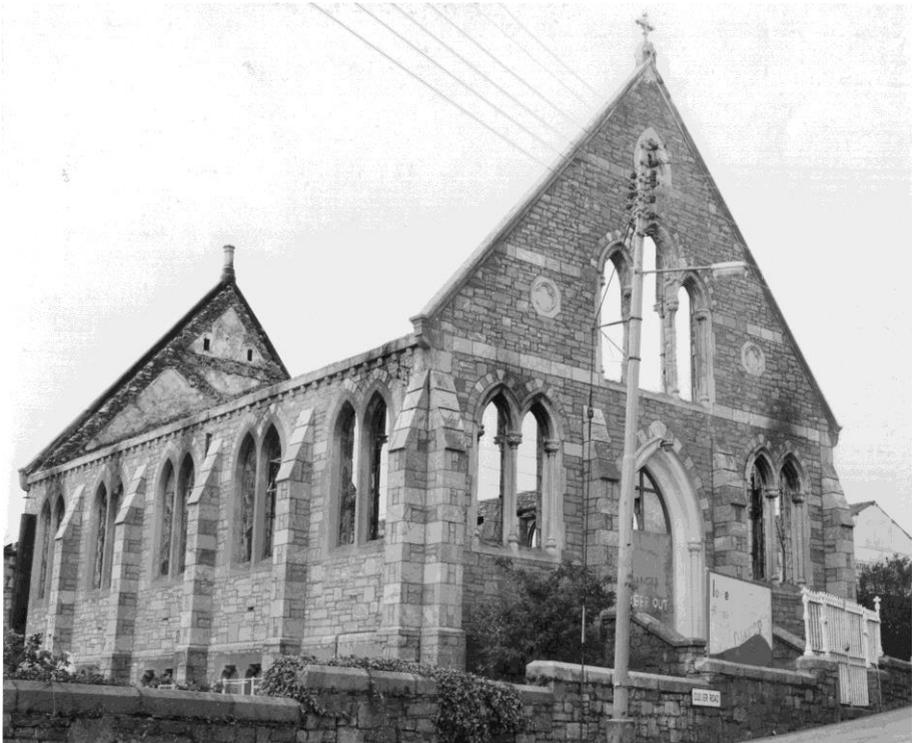
From the notes on the back of this photograph taken in 1910 we find that the Baptist movement in Saltash started in a wooden hut somewhere between Silver Street and Tamar Street in 1782. Preachers would come in open boats from Plymouth Dock, but they were not always welcomed by the Saltash inhabitants. On one occasion the Reverend Isaiah Burt had stones thrown at him and was told to “go back where he came from”.

There has been a church on the current site since 1794, although the graveyard seems to date from around 1780. The second church was built in 1866. It was built by one of two partners who had fallen out. The second partner had built the house Alta Vista, for himself, a little further up the hill. To spite him, the first partner built the church roof very high so as to block the view from Alta Vista!



A new Vestry and Lecture Hall were opened in 1916. The church suffered significant blast damage in April 1941 during the Saltash bombing but was repaired and continued in existence until 25 December 1987 when it was destroyed by fire. The current church was built in 1991.

Interior of the Baptist Church, 1987



The ruins of the church in 1988



From Bob



Here we go again.....but at least it's a different kind of lockdown, and it's (hopefully and fingers crossed) not going to be as lengthy, although I wouldn't put money on Christmas being even close to Christmas as we have known it. We shall see.

Last time, the weather was such that I could sit out on the balcony in the sun, making my way through all those books which had been waiting for me, and wander round the garden admiring the horticultural skills of my beloved. I even succumbed to regular exercise for a while, though I fear that I did not carry on with that for too long.

So what has changed? Well, the weather has, for a start. Cold, wet and windy. Definitely not designed to top up my tan, kick-start my slimming plans, encourage me to slouch around the garden, and emphatically not suitable for balcony bibliographies.

I thought I was on a winner in early September when I was asked to take some services during the last few months of the year. Instantly I looked at the bible readings for the Sundays I had been asked to cover and spent a fair bit of time writing hopefully appropriate sermons. Guess what? After the first two, it was decreed that churches should close until early December. So I am left with a sermon for the third Sunday of Advent and one for Christmas Day (unless this lockdown is extended, in which case I have already preached my final sermon, as retirement quickly follows the festive season).

However, all is not gloom and doom. My youngest daughter has been teaching me all manner of techno-savvy things which would probably never have happened without the arrival of the dreaded coronavirus. I think my children had been planning to upskill me for quite a while, as recent gifts have included a couple of Tablets – not the ones one swallows but ones which seem to me to be much smaller versions of my desk computer. They are also dropping heavy hints about updating my mobile telephone, but I think I am going to dig my heels in at that point. I have a perfectly serviceable little thing made by Doro, which cost me a tenner a few years ago. It still works. I can make calls and texts and receive calls and texts, at a very reasonable monthly fee with Tesco. What more would I want?

Anyway, useful skills that I have been taught are as follows (and very pleased with myself I am!):

I now know how to order stuff online. Most recently I get on my desk computer, and order stuff from Waitrose and others which they deliver. No need to queue anywhere in the cold. Just a need to check availability of delivery slots and then pounce. Magic!

And of course, when I am allowed, I totter up and down Saltash Fore Street to support some of our super local shops.

Also I use one of my Tablets to access ebooks from the Cornwall Library Service for free. All you need to start is your library card. It's a system called BorrowBox. It's amazing. I can access a wide variety of reading matter without even stirring from my old armchair. I just sit there, read a page on my Tablet's screen, poke the screen with my forefinger to proceed to the next page, and so on, to the end. They also do audiobooks, but I prefer my imagination rather than listen to someone else's interpretation. Megamagic!

And that's not all! Our wonderful library service also offers something called PressReader, which enables me to access newspapers, periodicals and magazines from all over the world and in many languages. I restrict myself to French and English, but mainly read a British newspaper which began life as a paper product, but is now exclusively online - The Independent. Just like BorrowBox, it doesn't cost me a penny. Supermegamagic!

Excitement is on the horizon. Family and friends have finally accepted that my long promised retirement is about to become reality. Actually, it will be the fifth (or is it sixth?) time that I will have retired – teaching, management information, hospital chaplaincy, C of E curacy, Cof E PTO (permission to officiate, my treasures). A few months ago the Bishop of Truro, the Archdeacon of Bodmin and the Rural Dean of East Wivelshire graciously, gracefully and gratefully acknowledged early notice of my intent. I shall miss climbing up into pulpits, but am looking forward to sitting in the congregations of the various (seventeen!) churches in which I have served since 1998.....Church was never part of my masterplan. This had been to retire early from my teaching career and retreat to La France Profonde for a carefree life. Clearly, that did not come about, but that is altogether another story!

Over the last forty five years in Saltash, at one point or another I have been part of over a couple of dozen local organisations, but in recent years just two – the Church of England and Saltash Heritage. Five years ago I was invited to chair Saltash Heritage. It has been a fascinating experience – to say the least - and I pay tribute to the hardworking committee for all that they have achieved. That said, the time is appropriate for me to hand over to someone else. The committee are moving into a period that will be exciting, testing and demanding. They need someone in the chair who will have a robust business acumen, drive, energy, stamina and commitment. I used to tick some of those boxes, but with advancing years I am no longer so sure-footed. I am - quite properly in my view - having nothing to do with the choice of my successor, though I have made known my thoughts on the **type** of person needed. I hope they are having some success in the hunt.

Finally, in the last month my closest friend and another close friend have died. Another friend suggested to me that I had “lost” them. I demurred. It is my firm belief that – in the context of bereavement – you cannot “lose” anyone unless you forget them. And I shall never forget my friends Andrew and Bob.

Bob Munro

Matthew Spring

Performer, Researcher, Reader



Matthew was born in Tanzania, and went to Saltash Comprehensive School in Cornwall. After gaining a first in music and history at Keele University, followed by an MMus with distinction at Goldsmiths College London University in ethnomusicology, he then completed a DPhil at Magdalen College, Oxford. He also enjoyed a gap year at Sarah Lawrence College USA, and studied lute and early music performance at the Royal College of Music. Matthew is now a Reader in Music at Bath Spa University. Formerly he taught at London Guildhall University, where he held a three-year Leverhulme Research Fellowship (1989-92), followed by a period as music lecturer at Birmingham University. His *History of the Lute in Britain* was published by OUP in 2001 and won the international Bessaraboff prize from The American Musical Instrument Society (AMIS),

and his edition of the Balcarres Manuscript was published in 2010. He performs with a number of Early Music ensembles and has appeared on over 50 recordings.

Matthew has wide interests in Early Music with a specialism in music for the lute and related instruments. Since working in Bath he has developed an interest in the music of Georgian Bath. Matthew directs a number of professional and student ensembles and has performing experience in world and folk music.

F.J. Pearn

Christmas Past at the Wasley's



The conversation started by what will 2020 Christmas be like compared to our childhood Christmas memories.

Preparations commenced with helping Gran make Christmas puddings, the ingredients included – finely chopped carrots, apples, grating suet which had been purchased from a piece at the local butchers and burnt sugar in a bottle from the chemist. The puddings were finished with all the family stirring for “good luck” and adding the sixpences (if you found one in your pudding it had to be returned to gran for next year!) The puddings were cooked in her gas clothes boiler and stored ready for Christmas.

Many of our decorations were handmade and coloured paper chains the most popular. We also remember the clip on metal candle holders, which were clipped to the end of the tree branches but we don't remember them ever being lit (health & safety in the 1950?) The ‘bought’ decorations were made of crepe paper and could be rolled up and used again next year. One year circa 1950, we had a Santa made of paper mache and the sack on his back was filled with sweets, in subsequent years it was refurbished with fresh red paint and cotton wool for his beard (our sister is the custodian and dear old Santa, who is still with us, is looking his age – see photo)

Parents paid into various Christmas Saving clubs e.g. the butcher for Christmas dinner-local toy shops – also the Saltash WMC for drinks at Christmas (which would have included a bottle of Egg Flip, mum's Christmas treat!) The grocers' savings club provided us with chocolate sweets, crackers etc. especially the box of “who ate the dates”.

Christmas Eve was a busy day, the meat was collected from the butchers, vegetables for a family of seven (mum, dad and five children) including the ‘obligatory sprouts’ had to be bought and prepared.

Visits from an aunty & uncle, who brought ‘sensible’ presents for all the children, which included a very large jar of cod liver oil & malt (we were fed a spoonful before going to school each morning) socks & brylcreem for the four boys but to compensate for that they gave us a Toblerone chocolate Bear each – that was a real treat.

Bedtime was earlier than normal (mum & dad had enough of us by then - 4 sons and a daughter) the Christmas stockings were hung on the posts at the foot of the bed, waiting to be filled with mandarins, russet apples and nuts.

Early Christmas morning dad lit the fire in the ‘front’ room (it was the only day of the year we remember as a family we were allowed to use this room!)

After a traditional Christmas lunch ate in the living room we listened to the Queen's Speech on a Redifusion radio (this radio could not be moved from one room or another as the switch was fixed to the window sill!)

Boxing Day was a real family gathering for tea at Gran's with aunts, uncles and cousins, usually about 20 for - cold meat, homemade mince pies, trifle and more Christmas pudding, making sure you returned the sixpences!

Ken & Rita

What did you do during the Great Pandemic?



During my working life and serving as a volunteer for various organisations and charities I have held numerous titles. However, my latest title was given to me by a family member. Bug Warden. Yes folks, the Museum now has a Bug Warden.

As part of the South West Museum Development Programme our Museum was asked to take part in a survey to monitor the effects of pests when premises are closed for prolonged periods. A bug hunting kit was sent that included the traps needed to catch any invading creatures plus an identification chart of any potential pest threat.

I carry out regular surveys of all the traps, twelve in all, and send the results online to Pest Partners, who are assessing all the results. When you venture into the building you will see bug traps waiting to entrap offensive little creatures. No need to worry - the traps are clearly marked and to date you would not have been attacked by anything other than three tiny spiders and a plaster beetle. All completely harmless and dead!

BUT BEWARE. The only danger is that you may trip over me crawling around the floor with my magnifying glass However, with my new found skills, I might even get a part in Spider-Man films!

David 'Big Game Hunter' Kent

Christmas Past at the Wasley's - (follow-up)



When Rita sent me the original article I did comment that Santa looked a bit evil so I am glad to report that Santa has had a makeover and is now very pleased with himself.



Bruce

Cornwall Heritage Awards 2020



I was forced to brush up well on my techno knowledge in mid-October, when the Cornwall Museums Partnership informed us that we would be having our annual awards ceremony via Zoom. Around 120 museum members from all over Cornwall were permitted access to this zoom experience. Our Chairman Bob Munro came to share the event in our living room using social distancing, and I managed to set up zoom on two machines.

Having been short listed for two of the ten awards available we sat in great expectation and excitement for the event to start. The event was hosted by BBC Radio Cornwall and Daphne Skinnard, and supported by senior museum staff. All viewers were running their computers with their

microphones off and the event commenced promptly on time.

The results of the 'One to Watch' category listed the three short listed entries, one being Saltash Heritage, for their entry celebrating the work done by our young volunteer Robert Barrett. Robert, has been working in the museum for the last three years. He comes in one evening a week to assist with scanning archive documents and even taking some home to work on. Robert is a keen photographer and along with his dad, Andrew, is continually recording events and changes in the town. One particular challenge Robert has taken on is to photograph all the shops in Fore Street, noting the frequent changes of use and





appearance. This is going to be an invaluable record for the future when we look back at the social history, trade and commerce of the heart of Saltash. There was stiff competition this year in all the categories from the 70 museums who applied. In this category Saltash Heritage was highly commended and will receive an award to place on the museum wall and also a very nice cheque to help with our ongoing expenses.

We then came to the category for the 'Well Being Museum'. In stunned silence I suddenly heard the name Saltash Heritage called out and I was asked to switch on my microphone. I nearly forgot where the button was to switch it on, grab a barking dog on my lap and say my piece in response to the fact we had WON this category. Our entry was celebrating the work done by all our volunteers for winning an award the previous year, and I really wanted them to feel they had won a little piece of the award. So, during the year a jigsaw puzzle was made of a picture of the previous award and every volunteer received a piece of the puzzle, writing their name on the

reverse and being told to bring it along to the annual stewards party, where the jigsaw would be put together. At the appointed time earlier this year, before lock down we had our party, where we had photographers taking a photo of all our volunteers together. This is now framed and on display in the museum window. The jigsaw was completed; indicating how the picture would not be complete if there was just one piece missing and how valued every one of our volunteers is to Saltash Heritage. There was a big prize for the lucky volunteer who had the piece which had been secretly signed by Lady Boyd, one of our Patrons, and this was presented to Angie, one of our loyal volunteers. All the volunteers were then surprised to receive a silver jigsaw piece to stitch on their personal lanyards along with a thank you card. We all joined together for lunch and enjoyed an afternoon of entertainment.

During the year, we had a few coffee mornings and learning sessions with our volunteers and thanks go to Sylvia for keeping her monthly blog going last year, and more importantly this year during the pandemic.

I am sure this win will put another smile on the faces of our 65 volunteers who once again have helped out in the winning of this award which will be placed on our museum wall along with a very, very nice cheque for the museum.

At the end of the ceremony our host of the event, whilst winding up, wished to remark upon the amazing behaviour of one dog, who stayed sitting on her Saltash Heritage owner's lap for the whole of the proceedings. So my star for the day, was my little dog Georgie.

A big well done to the organisers of the event and we really hope that next year, we will be able to join together for the 2021 awards ceremony.

Lizzy (Hon Secretary)

Sylvia (Assistant Secretary)



As a volunteer on the desk, Front of House, I always felt that we could do with more information on the day to day running of the museum. Yes we had Bruce's wonderful Newsletter, but more was needed. It was a bit Upstairs/Downstairs, us and them. So when I joined the committee I asked if I could do an Update of what was happening and asking for help etc.

So my Update, christened by Lizzy as Sylvia's Blog was born. According to Google a Blog is: a personal perspective written in an informal style to connect directly with others: I hope it does what it says on the tin!

Since March it has become a very important tool of keeping in touch with all our lovely volunteers. Offering help, letting all know what is going on and how this pandemic was affecting Heritage.

Again, it is thanks to technology that this has been able to be put into action. I shall endeavour to continue to keep all our volunteers informed to the best of my ability.

Sylvia

Martin Lister (publicity & minutes)



Our minutes Secretary and publicity officer has had little call to exercise his first role, since there have been no formal meetings to minute since lockdown (though one socially distanced meeting was held in the treasurer's garden in the summer to help keep members in touch.)

Martin has however endeavoured to continue to publicise Heritage, so that the people at Saltash and beyond are aware that we are alive, active behind the scenes, raring to go when permitted to do so, and to publicise the tribute paid to our wonderful team of volunteers in the recent Cornwall Museums virtual awards ceremony, reported elsewhere in this newsletter.

Martin Lister

Almost Census Time

The census is taken every 10 years and is released after 100 years. The 1911 became available in 2011 so next year the 1921 census will be released followed by a mad rush for information as everyone updated their family history. The 1921 will also be important to historians as it follows the end of WWI. Careful analysis can provide a large amount of information on many criteria. If we look back on the 1911 census taken 2nd April 1911 it can tell you a lot about the place where you live.

Distribution of Population in 1911

Fore Street was the most populous address in the Saltash district. It was the home of 826 people, mostly permanent residents, with some in hotel rooms on the night of the census. There were 3,846 residents in Saltash proper on census night, and Fore St housed 21% of them.

Other prominent addresses were

Location	Households	Persons
Albert Rd	54	235
Brunel Terrace	13	54
Culver Rd	23	78
Dunheved Villa/ Terr	6	35
Essa Rd	31	135
Home Park & Villas Etc	34	160
King Edward Rd	8	29
Lockyer Terrace	31	84
Maristow Terr	11	50
Mt Edgcumbe Ship	1	205
North Rd Terrace	21	97
Port View	38	160
Silver St	39	159
Symons Rd	21	78
Tamar St	52	228
Tamar Terrace	9	40
Tavy Rd	14	71
Victoria Rd	69	264
Total	475	2162

Adding Fore St to the above, 2,984 people lived in the identified Roads, Streets & Terraces, amounting to around 75% of the population of Saltash.

Common names in 1911

Surnames

The Surnames may be of no surprise. Of the first six, Smith can be expected nationwide. Hosking, Hodge and Bennett have had some local presence in earlier censuses. Names more commonly associated with Cornwall and Devon, such as Kitt, are well represented, though Keast, Lamerton Pawley Beer, and Rowe failed to reach the minimum qualification of 40 names.

POSN

1911	NAME 1911	NO 1911
1	Hodge	69
2	Hosking	64
3	Thomas	57
4	Bennett	53
5	Kitt	52
6	Smith	50
7	Nicholson	47
8	Deacon	43
9	Easton	43
10	Harris	43
11	Brooking	42
12	Smale	42
13	Allen	41
14	Ball	40
15	Blake	40
	<u>TOTAL</u>	726

The in 1911, the largest family is that of John and Mary Hosking of Minden Villa, with 13 children.

Marital status

STATUS	NUMBER
Widow	267
Single Female	1,871
Married Female	1,281
Widower	106
Single Male	1,790
Married male	1,198
	6,513



Origins. Places of birth of Saltash townspeople in 1911

	TOWN/PLACE	NO	CUMM	%
1	Saltash	1729	1729	32%
2	St Stephens	1632	3361	62%
3	Devonport	304	3665	68%
4	Botus Fleming	251	3916	72%
5	Plymouth	241	4157	77%
6	St Germans	130	4287	79%
7	Not Known	94	4381	81%
8	Liskeard	92	4473	83%
9	Burraton	82	4555	84%
10	Landrake	71	4626	85%
11	Stonehouse	64	4690	87%
12	Landulph	61	4751	88%
13	Callington	60	4811	89%
14	Launceston	42	4853	90%
15	St Cleer	41	4894	90%
16	St Budeaux	38	4932	91%
17	St Dominic	38	4970	92%
18	Tavistock	37	5007	92%
19	Linkinghorne	35	5042	93%
20	Pillaton	31	5073	94%
21	Portsmouth	31	5104	94%
22	Millbrook	28	5132	95%
23	Torpoint	27	5159	95%
24	Truro	27	5186	96%
25	Falmouth	26	5212	96%
26	Menheniot	26	5238	97%
27	Calstock	23	5261	97%
28	Stoke	23	5284	98%
29	Bodmin	22	5306	98%
30	Bristol	22	5328	98%
31	Exeter	22	5350	99%
32	Stoke Climsland	22	5372	99%
33	Forder	21	5393	100%
34	St Mellion	21	5414	100%
		5414		

The table below is a wider division of the one above. It contains most of the counties and countries from which the 1911 population migrated to Saltash.

COUNTY/COUNTRY	NO	CUMM	%
Cornwall	4,284	4,284	66%
Devon	1,458	5,742	88%
London	187	5,929	91%
Hampshire	79	6,008	92%
Ireland	69	6,077	93%
Somerset	44	6,121	94%
Middx	39	6,160	94%
Kent	37	6,197	95%
Gloucs	28	6,225	95%
Dorset	27	6,252	96%
Lancs	23	6,275	96%
Yorks	22	6,297	97%
Durham	21	6,318	97%
Scotland	19	6,337	97%
Wilts	18	6,355	97%
Suffolk	17	6,372	98%
Warwks	17	6,389	98%
Australia	16	6,405	98%
Staffs	16	6,421	98%
Sussex	15	6,436	99%
Worcs	12	6,448	99%
S Africa	12	6,460	99%
Channel Islands	12	6,472	99%
India	11	6,483	99%
Canada	9	6,492	100%
Wales	9	6,501	100%
Malta	5	6,506	100%
Egypt	5	6,511	100%
Bermuda	4	6,515	100%
Ceylon	4	6,519	100%
Isle Of Wight	2	6,521	100%
Scilly	2	6,523	100%

Inevitably, with so many men away from home in the services, the migratory pattern may be slightly skewed. A large number of men that marry girls from naval ports or army bases, as sailors and soldiers do when coming to cities such as Plymouth, are likely to have been born away from the South West.

Occupations

	GROUP	No	%
1	Not Employed	2786	46%
2	School Children	646	11%
3	Domestic	549	9%
4	Artisan	406	7%
5	Agriculture	382	6%
6	Armed Forces	200	3%
7	Training Ship	193	3%
8	Public Service	110	2%
9	Pensioners	110	2%
10	Independent	104	2%
11	Clothing	100	2%
12	Traders	82	1.3%
13	Waterside	73	1.2%
14	Health	66	1.1%
15	Food	63	1.0%
16	Teachers	48	0.9%
17	Professional	54	0.9%
18	Construction	42	0.7%
19	Catering	35	0.6%
20	Road Transport	20	0.3%
21	Crafts	17	0.3%
22	Comms	15	0.2%
		6101	

The large number listed as 'Not Employed' accounts for children under 5 and many children who were at school were miss listed as not employed.

PROFESSION	No
Accountants	7
Architect	4
Auctioneer	2
Chemist	5
Church	11
Civil Service	5
Clerk	8
Hairdresser	5
Registrar	1
Secretary	2
Solicitor	4

The Professionals

The professional classes amounted to 54 townspeople. The category title loosely, and it includes hairdressers, clerks and civil servants, for want of a more appropriate category to put them in. This still leaves 36 who were employed in the true professions.

The table doesn't include doctors and teachers, who are covered in other categories.

Principle Pubs

Royal Albert Bridge Inn	Albert Rd	Southey	Percy George
Union Inn	Waterside	Bennetts	Edwin Thomas
Holland Inn	Botus Fleming	Blatchford	William H
Passage House Inn	Tamar St	Rositter	Harry J
Railway Hotel	51,Fore St	Ralph	Charles Sidney
Commercial Hotel	92 Fore St	Herring	Florence
Wheatsheaf Inn	Tamar St	Goodman	Henry
Ploughboy Inn	Burraton Cross	Anning	David
Sportsman Inn	St Stephens	Parnell	Robert John
Ferry House Inn	Saltash Passage	James	Leonard
Rising Sun	Botus Fleming	Shears	Emma
The Town Hall	37,Fore St	Frederick	Bowles
The Green Dragon	101,Fore St	Arthur	Coram
The Cecil Arms	St Stephens	Veal	Mary Beatrice
Star Hotel	93,Fore St	Richard	Giles

Popular Forenames

	FORENAME	No	FORENAME	No
	MALE 1911		FEMALE 1911	
1	William	444	Mary	304
2	John	293	Elizabeth	178
3	Thomas	146	Annie	101
4	George	143	Edith	98
5	Fred	137	Florence	78
6	Charles	119	Emily	74
7	James	104	Jane	72
8	Richard	103	Ellen	75
9	Arthur	96	Alice	69
10	Alfred	91	Winifred	64
11	Edward	76	Emma	61
12	Henry	76	Ethel	70
13	Ernest	75	Beatrice	60
14	Albert	67	Dorothy	60
15	Robert	57	Mabel	59
16	Reginald	52	Bessie	57
17			Elsie	60
18			Lilian	51
TOTAL		2077		1574

Bruce (vice chair, newsletter)



As Vice Chairman I occasionally stand in for the chairman, but otherwise my input is usually minimal thanks to Bob. My main input to Saltash Heritage is to produce the newsletter three times a year. It is something I bear in mind most of the time and look out for any opportunity to record events in photographs, not just in the museum but around the town. Photographs don't just record an event, they add colour, and the ability to change a photograph to any size means that every page can be filled.

I love research. To collect facts and information on a subject from multiple and possibly unrelated sources, put it all together then ask questions of it and find an answer to those questions is fascinating. Imagine doing a jig-saw when you have to hunt for each individual piece. There comes a point where you have enough pieces to lead you to other pieces until there

are only a few gaps. You can then step back and look at the picture as a whole and extrapolate what will be on those missing pieces to make the picture complete.

Between newsletters I tend to work on the displays. As a model maker it makes a change to work in 1:1 scale instead of 4mm.

I don't plan things but have a picture in my head of what the end result will look like and, more importantly, to feel like. Things do not have to be perfect but together they must create an atmosphere and be busy, I like clutter so that the eye wonders and gets distracted before taking in the whole scene. The WWI trench and Grandad's Shed worked well.

As a side line I tend to give talks on a number of subjects for Saltash Heritage, and railway related talks to other groups. It is not something I do naturally but I am getting better.

I have written the odd book and helped many others with specialist books and magazines, again mainly railway related. I also run a number of web sites and contribute to many more.

Well that's me, but I should add that I avoid paperwork like the plague, much preferring hands on work and have a very low boredom threshold.

Bruce Hunt

I was at a museum, and I asked the steward if we were allowed to take pictures.

He told me no, as they had to stay on the walls.

Customer: 'I've been ringing 0800 2100 for two days and can't get through to your enquiries, can you help?'

Operator: 'Where did you get that number from, sir?'

Customer: 'It was on the door to the Travel Centre'.

Operator: 'Sir, they are our opening hours'.

Saltash Heritage, Chair Bob Munro 2015-2020

As you will no doubt have heard by now, our current Chair the Rev'd Bob Munro, after five years with Saltash Heritage has decided it is time to pack up his boots and retire from public life, to which he has given many many hours, in fact years of dedication. Bob has decided it is about time that his long suffering wife and family saw a little more of him.

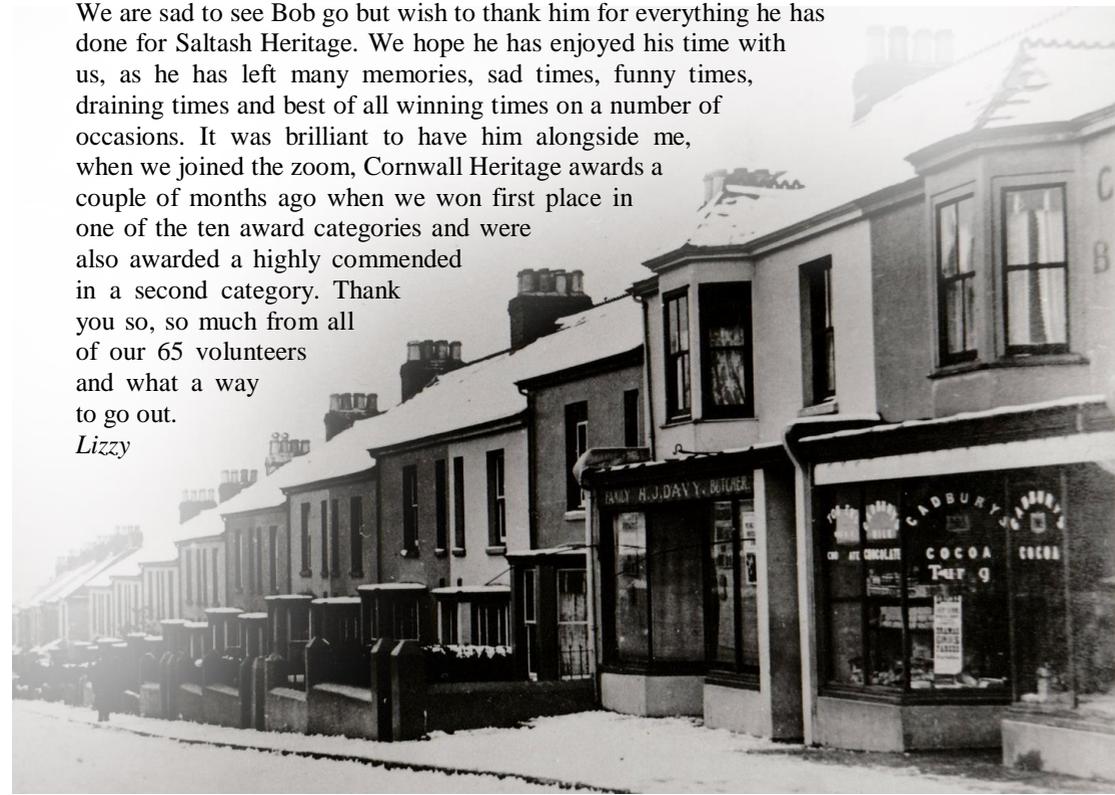
Bob joined Saltash Heritage at a time when the Committee were at a very low ebb, having worked alongside our Chair Martin Gee and supporting him through very hard times of personal illness and losing him so suddenly when still in office. This affected the team a great deal and it took several months for us to approach Bob, and the support, help and love he gave the group just pulled them all right back to their bouncing, annoying selves. Not knowing a great deal about running a museum he very quickly learned the ropes and has been an incredible support and lead to all the volunteers working in our Town Museum.

We are sad to see him go, but mindful that his time will be so valued by his wife and family who he can now devote a lot more of his energies to.

The Management team have spent several months working out the kind of chair we need to replace Bob, someone who can lead us forward with some new ideas support the amazing work that our volunteers already do and actively enjoy taking us into uncharted times, trying out some new methods of sharing our knowledge and experience. We are very lucky we have found a new chair and all will be revealed in our next newsletter in the spring. Meanwhile our valiant Vice Chair Bruce Hunt will be guiding the team into 2021 until our new chair is available to join us.

We are sad to see Bob go but wish to thank him for everything he has done for Saltash Heritage. We hope he has enjoyed his time with us, as he has left many memories, sad times, funny times, draining times and best of all winning times on a number of occasions. It was brilliant to have him alongside me, when we joined the zoom, Cornwall Heritage awards a couple of months ago when we won first place in one of the ten award categories and were also awarded a highly commended in a second category. Thank you so, so much from all of our 65 volunteers and what a way to go out.

Lizzy



Why were two ordinary waterside women interred at St. Stephens with full military burials?

Have you ever been asked the question, “if you could travel back in time where would you go?” Well, for me, there is no doubt that I would love to take a walk down the Waterside in the mid 1800’s. I can imagine, coming down narrow Silver Street into a bustling Tamar Street full of life. People selling shellfish from their windows, ferry passengers disembarking, men falling out of one of the beer houses and a myriad of other people coming and going. Perhaps you would meet Ann Glanville with her 10 children, or the 16-year-old William Odgers running amok in and out of the Union Inn (before later becoming landlord himself). If you went back a bit earlier in time you may happen to meet, a lesser known yet just as important, formidable mother and daughter team; Mary Blake and Mary May going about their daily lives. You may pass them by without a second thought, but a lot was certainly thought of them by a group of people, namely the Plymouth Royal Marines.

Skip ahead to today and if you visit St. Stephens churchyard you may be fortunate enough to come across their headstone, as I did myself. If you stop and read the inscription a marvellous story begins to emerge.



THIS STONE

is erected by the non-commissioned officers and men of the Plymouth Division of Royal Marines,

In memory of

MARY MAY

Who died, 2nd October, 1860, aged 76 years and also of her mother

MARY BLAKE,

Who died 7th June, 1841, aged 80 years.

The mother and daughter supplied the Royal Marines Barracks at Stonehouse, with shell fish for more than half a century, and gained the good opinions of all their customers by their sterling honesty and kind and unassuming demeanour”

Mary Blake was born in Saltash in 1761. George III had just come to the throne, and wasn't yet mad! Saltash was a thriving trader town dependent on the river and on the ferry. Times were tough, many families shared houses, living on top of each other, with basic sanitation and no internet! Through the next few decades Mary watched the town grow, roads were improved, fine town houses erected, the Market House (Guildhall) was rebuilt and (with some local resistance) a Baptist church was founded. She also brought up her daughter Mary May who was welcomed into the family in 1784. Mary, like all the other Watersiders, had to make a living, so she took to selling shell fish. Around the turn of the century, she began supplying the Stonehouse Marine Barracks and the Royal Naval Hospital. Her daughter Mary May joined her and the double act continued their supply. This was particularly comforting to the men who were recuperating from the effects of their time fighting in the Napoleonic wars. I can imagine this taste of home raised their spirits! After many years of making the journey across the river to Stonehouse and back, laden with shell fish, it was almost time for her final journey. Mary Blake died Thursday 7th June 1841 at the incredible age of 80. On Sunday 13th at 4 p.m. eight privates turned up to take her to her final resting place. They were followed from the Waterside to St Stephens Church by family and friends, the band, non-commissioned marines and privates. This incredible scene undoubtedly resulted in more followers up to the church. After the minister's lesson, the band played the Dead March in Saul and a firing party of 19 fired volley shots over the grave. Accounts say there were up to 3000 people who turned up to watch this unusual service.

Diligent Mary May continued the vital delivery and sale of shell fish to the grateful marines. In 1849 there was a second large outbreak of cholera in Plymouth and the surrounding areas. It was discovered on an emigrant ship and spread quickly through the overcrowded and unsanitary areas. The men in the marine barracks didn't escape unscathed from the vile disease and apparently blamed it on the beer in the canteen. However, not even a cholera epidemic would stop Mary May from her trade at the barracks. She continued her work, offering her fresh food to those lucky enough to return from the Crimean war. She was living in a transforming and burgeoning town, the population was growing, as well as the list of trades. There were butchers, bakers, shoemakers and tailors establishing themselves in new 2 and 3 story buildings lining Fore Street, joining the abundance of well-established generational fishermen and women and boat builders. She would have enjoyed the Saltash regatta, which had started in 1835 and maybe taken advantage of a pleasure cruise on the river! The biggest change to the landscape as well as town prospects was the construction of the Royal Albert Bridge. Perhaps she was among the crowd of 20,000 people estimated to have watched in awe the first truss being floated out. Possibly, she even experienced the fanfare of Prince Albert opening the bridge in 1859 (unlike its designer Isambard Brunel, who was too ill to attend). On Tuesday 2nd October 1960, after only a little over a year of living in the shadow of the Albert bridge, Mary May died.

Like her mother before her, on the day of her funeral a large troop of marines, along with the band led a procession from her Waterside home up to St. Stephens Church. The band again played the Dead March in Saul on their instruments which were covered with black crepe. A train with 15 coaches, river steamers and numerous water boats transported

people to pay their respects, or just to watch the bizarre spectacle. It was said that almost 4,000 people turned up that day.

So, it brings us back to the original question of why were two ordinary Waterside women interred at St. Stephens with full military burials? Due to a lack of information we will never truly know. The limited records of grave inscriptions, censuses, newspaper articles can only give us a small insight into someone's life. We can assume things about the way they lived due to social history of the times, and we can also assume these women loved, lost, laughed and cried. But there is no doubt they were tough, hardworking women who provided for their families.

I would like to offer my own idea on how it happened from one piece of evidence. This extract was taken from the Plymouth, Devonport and Stonehouse Herald, 19th June 1841

During her time of visiting these places ...(the barracks) ...she had a desire that after her demise her remains might be borne by and followed to the grave by the Royal Marines of the Plymouth Division. Through her regular attendance and honest principles during the whole of the period above mentioned, the Colonel Commandant was pleased to meet her request and the general wish of the men present at Headquarters.

Through my time researching and reading, I have created a persona of Mary Blake and can quite imagine her joking with the Colonel Commandant about her wishes one day. He and the other men obviously thought a lot of mother and daughter and a relationship



lasting half a century cemented these sentiments. I feel that they wanted to honour an honest woman's wish and repeated the act for Mary May, who continued bringing fresh shell fish to the hungry marines for many years after.

The idea for this article came about due to my work transcribing documents for Saltash Heritage. These typed accounts will be entered into the main database for all to access. This is important work, organised by Terry Cummings, to maintain a safe record for years to come. It has been my pleasure to go on this journey, and I am now looking forward to my next discovery.

Carly Bennett

In St Stephen's Churchyard

In St. Stephen's ancient churchyard there are headstones large and small
Monuments to local worthies that can be read by all.

Set in place among that number is a stone of dark blue slate
To the memory of two women, Mary May and Mary Blake.

More than fifty years they laboured claiming rights from days of yore.
To gather shrimps and shellfish from the seas around Ashtorre
Which they seasoned to perfection and were held in high degree
By the folks in Stonehouse Barracks, men who fought on land and sea.

Men who sailed the seas with Nelson, played their part at Waterloo
Gave respect to those who'd earned it by their dealings fair and true.
When in time the last post sounded, back in eighteen forty-one
Mary Blake's long toil was ended, daughter Mary's still to run.

Then with military splendour in a tribute that's unique
Came the soldiers from the barracks with their band bedecked in crepe.
Slowly throbbd the solemn music playing Funeral March from Saul
As, in step, the soldiers carried one beloved by one and all.

In a final parting gesture, fitting tribute from the brave
The soldiers fired a volley as they stood beside the grave
With weapons more accustomed to be used against a foe
Now fired to mark the passing of their friend of long ago.

In accordance with tradition Mary May her trade did ply
When the barracks was infected by a plague and men did die
Keeping faith with those returning from Crimea's frozen wastes
With a dish they'd often yearned for when "hard tack" had took its place.

When at last in eighteen sixty, Mary left her earth-bound shore
With her death the link was broken, and the soldiers came once more.
Now, engraved in simple language on the stone of dark blue slate
Reads their tribute to two women, Mary May and Mary Blake.

A. E. Blake

H. P. Andrews. On the Borough of Saltash WWI Memorial

Chief Writer. **Harry Pine ANDREWS**. 90598, H.M.S. Vivid, Royal Navy who died on 16th February 1915

His wife was Eliza Andrews, of 175, Acacai Avenue, Rockliffe Park, Ottawa, Canada. Harry was born on 25th March 1860 in Saltash, baptised at the church of St. Nicholas and St. Faith, Saltash on 15th April 1860. He entered the Navy on his fifteenth birthday as a Boy Writer and progressed through the ranks to become the Chief Writer at Dartmouth Royal Navy College. In 1910, with his long experience of naval service, Harry went to help set up the new Royal Naval College of Canada. The Canadian Archives show his position in the Canadian Navy as "Schoolmaster": his British Royal Naval record shows him as a Chief Writer. The loan agreement came to an end on 12th December 1913 and on that date he left the Royal Navy. Then, with the outbreak of war, he was called back to Royal Navy service on 2nd August 1914 and he and his family returned to Saltash. Harry was taken ill and was transferred to



the Royal Naval Barracks at Devonport, so he could be nearer home. He died at the then family home, Holmwood, Saltash, on 16th February 1915, a few weeks short of his 55th birthday. He had served in the Royal Navy for just short of forty years.

During his service career he had also served as a Dartmouth Town Councillor. Harry Pine Andrews is buried in the churchyard of St.

Stephens-by-Saltash, (it is also his wife's grave).

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

Peter Clements



Update from the archives

Digitisation

We decided some time ago that it would benefit us to have an electronic copy of everything in the collection. Probably more than 95% of the photographs are digitised and just a few hundred slides are left to be scanned. Last year the committee authorised me to purchase two new laptops and a scanner so that I could start a programme of scanning the documentary records. Towards the end of the year a couple of volunteers started coming in and we managed to get about half a drawer scanned.

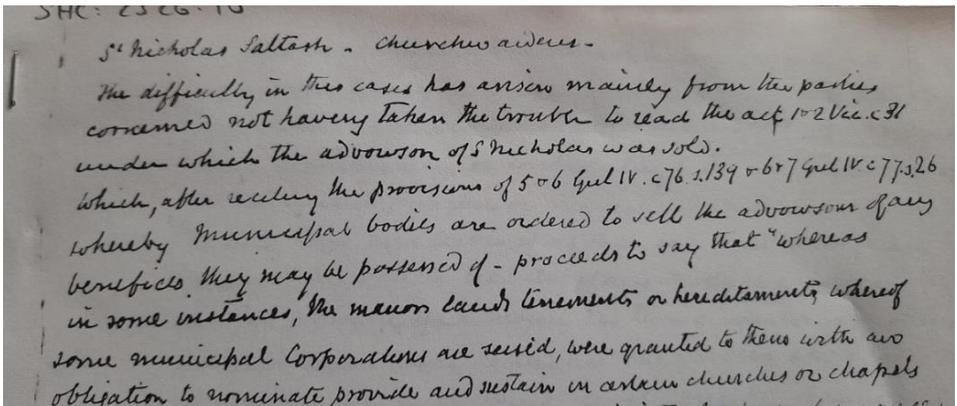
A separate part of the project is transcribing documents, similar to what we did for the very successful Nepean Project of a couple of years ago. Many of the documents are hand-written or typed and not suitable for scanning. As before, I arranged for documents to be photocopied so that volunteers could take them home and produce typed easy to read documents.

Of course, all of this came to a halt in March.

Apart from the odd visit most of the committee have been avoiding the museum building. That has given me the opportunity to start a major review of the archives. We have hundreds of files containing documents, booklets and other ephemera, contained in five four-drawer cabinets. Every item is individually catalogued but because the entries are short and often quite vague no-one really knows what is in them.

Once we were allowed back into the building Mo and I decided to go through all of the files to see what is there and create a list of what needs scanning and what ought to be transcribed. With no-one else in the building we have been able to empty drawers and spread files around the desks and floor. We're currently halfway through and have found some real gems.

As soon as we had some "freedom" Rita and Carly restarted the transcribing project and have been busy poring over documents in the comfort of their own homes. Anthony has also been scanning newspaper cuttings. Mo has taken on some of the more difficult transcriptions and is trying to make sense of the old writing. In a very short time she has become something of an expert on 18th century tithes!



An example of one of the easier to read documents!

Enquiries

I have probably dealt with more enquiries this year than I have ever done before, at the last count it was almost 50. They usually start with a tentative email asking if we can help with anything on a particular place. I then normally reply asking for more specific details so that I can narrow down the search. This has led to several quite detailed searches tracing various local families, often providing us with information we didn't have before. There are still a few enquiries outstanding and when I can spend a bit more time in the Research Room I will be able to sort them out and send replies.

Visits

Visits to the Heritage building are quite strange and unnatural at the moment. We generally notify all key holders of when we are going to be in the building so that we avoid contact with each other. At the doorway I don a pair of gloves and unlock the doors. Only once we are upstairs in the building do I take the gloves off. If there is anyone else in the building then we will wear masks – any visitors are required to wear masks at all times.

On leaving the reverse happens, any surface that we might have touched is wiped down. I don gloves again and exit the building as though I were a burglar, leaving no trace behind me. Then sanitise my hands outside the building.

Towards the end of September we were able to put our Covid plans into practice. We had a visitor from London wanting local information for an environmental study. He was visiting us and Kresen Kernow.

On the agreed day Mo and I were at the Local History Centre in plenty of time ensuring that the tables and chairs etc. were suitably sanitised. The track and trace QR code notices had already been posted in suitable places. All things that were likely to be touched were sprayed with anti-bacterial spray. The tables have been arranged so that there is a suitable distance between us.



Suitably spaced!

On receiving a call on my mobile to say the visitor was at the door I donned my facemask and went down to let him in after asking whether he was showing any symptoms of Coronavirus. Hands were sanitised at the bottom of the stairs. On entry to the Research Room his details were recorded in the track and trace book (the page being destroyed after three weeks).

After about an hour we had dealt with all of his enquiries and he left for what was likely to be a very wet site visit. All the items that we got out were placed in a crate so that they could be quarantined for a week before being put away. Then it was a case of spraying and wiping everything down again.

It was a successful visit and having done it we feel that we have taken all sensible precautions and are ready to welcome individual visitors (maximum of two). Hopefully by the time you read this we might be in a position to open again.

Terry

Can you help?

There are a few enquiries where I haven't been able to give as full an answer as I would like and I wonder whether anyone can give any more information.

Clatworthy's Quay – an enquiry came from San Francisco asking:-

Where exactly was Clatworthy quay? My grandfather, Frank Clatworthy, was the grandson of Thomas Clatworthy, a fisherman of Saltash, who lived @11 Tamar street from the 1840 census to his death in 1882. Though he did not grow up there, my grandfather told stories of the house, with doors opening to a courtyard of sand, where the nets could be mended and the catch cleaned and barrelled.

I would love to know more about the history of the Clatworthy's in Saltash & the history of the Quay itself.

The Quay itself was just to the north of Ashtorre, but we don't have any pictures that show it clearly, nor have I yet been able to find it marked on any maps.

I have been in email correspondence with the enquirer and she has given some information about the family.

My G-Great Grandfather was Thomas Clatworthy (b. 1805 d.1882). He married Ann Mitchell in 1826 and they lived for many years at 11 Tamar Street, Saltash. He was a fisherman and, according to voter rolls, he was the owner of the building. They had four children, three daughters and one son. (It is from the son, John, that the enquirer is descended.)

John married a Cawsand girl and ultimately ended up in London as a Metropolitan Policeman. He did not follow his father into fishing – family stories say that he may have had to 'skip town' due to smuggling, or it may be that he just hated fish!

One of Thomas Clatworthy's daughters, Elizabeth (b.1843) had six daughters of her own and they seem to have populated Saltash with children named – Keith, Hollands, Donovan and Gould.....

Descendants of Thomas Clatworthy lived in 11 Tamar Street until at least the 1901 census, and then the house seems to disappear from family occupancy.

There are at least three separate branches of the Clatworthy family in the local area and we think they may all be linked at some point in the dim and distant past, possibly originating in St Dominic or maybe Devon.

The enquirer's family were due to have come to the U.K. this year to visit the places their ancestors lived but, of course, couldn't do so. I would like to be able to give as much information as I can so as to make their eventual visit more interesting.

Do you know anything about the Clatworthy family? Are there any stories about the Quay?

If you think you have anything that would help please let me know.

(email – archivist@saltash-heritage.org.uk)



Commercial Wharf from Ashtor, Clatworthy's Quay. Circa 1910

Terry

Long Long Ago (before Covid)

In the old days, when you could sit round a table in the pub and put the world to rights, the conversation got round to the beach outside the Union Inn and the array of boats on it. Opinions varied from, 'They make the place untidy, are an eyesore and should be removed' to 'The beach has always had boats on it, they are part of the character of the waterside and it should be left how it is'. The majority were for leaving it as it is but the debate moved on to if it were 'cleaned up' how would you like it to look? Not two people had the same idea so instead of two factions (leave it or clean it) you now had many.

It reminded me of a conversation between two women about the lack in variety of the shops in Fore St, one said, 'I remember when you could get everything you needed there'. I should say at this point, that the conversation was overheard in the queue for the checkout at B & M. The irony was completely lost on them.

This got me thinking. Change is inevitable, it is nearly always done to improve, make something easier or to provide a facility but every time something changes there are consequences, not always foreseen or understood at the time, (or maybe they are and ignored and put down to progress).

The Waterside has changed many times over the years, from a medieval fishing village to a thriving area of commerce. It has been an important crossing point on the River Tamar and in consequence was fought over and mostly destroyed in the Civil War, but over the centuries, with its strategic position, the close knit community have used the beach as a place of work and recreation.

There are now very few places like that left. Free from second homes, tourists and commercialisation. You can sit overlooking the river with a pint on a summer's day or park at lunch time on a rainy winter's day to eat your sandwich, pasty or fish & chips while watching boats on the river or admiring the majesty of Brunel's Royal Albert Bridge. There are also reminders of times past and hidden corners to discover.

In different times ships were built there that went on to circumnavigate the globe or simply fish for salmon or oysters. At all these time the beach was there for the people and for many provided a living.

The front cover is a reminder of those days. Amongst the array of boats this one is easy to overlook but to those who know boats it is a gem. It was built at Calstock by apprentices at James Goss's yard in 1915 and is a traditional clinker built River Tamar salmon boat. It was eventually sold, ending up in North Devon before being discovered in poor condition. A princely sum was paid and the boat returned to Saltash where over a period of time it has been restored using traditional methods. The owner keeps it on the beach because that is its natural environment and believes that as a part of Saltash history that is where it belongs.

The past gives substance to the present and continuity to the future.

Bruce Hunt



Saltash Christmas Past

Christmas has always brought a magic of its own to Saltash – as elsewhere, and no more so than in the 1920's and '30's. Some residents may remember the wonder of those now distant festive seasons and they can be recaptured through local newspapers of the time, the Saltash Gazette, published by local newsagents and printers Dingles. Some copies of these are among the rich heritage of documents held by Heritage in the local history centre.



Saltash was then filled with locally owned small shops as indeed it largely still is, each one of which then, as now, seemed to make a special effort for Christmas. L Bevan, ironmongers of Fore Street advertised in 1927 a variety of useful yuletide gifts including an Aladdin's lamp for 22s 6d or 42 shillings (£1.12 or £2.10). Clarkes Model Bakery in early December was urging Saltash residents to place early orders for their Christmas puddings (posted abroad) and their noted cherry cakes from 1s 8d (about 8 pence)

But children in particular must have thrilled at Dingles of Saltash who in 1929 advertised their array of Meccano and of Hornby trains. Aficionados of these fascinating toys could, in 1937, attend the St Stephens Meccano and Hornby Club exhibition in the Saltash Guildhall which boasted a live steam engine, a rope railway, working models with two model railways and much else to delight any boy – and many fathers. Dingles, as some may recall, were primarily



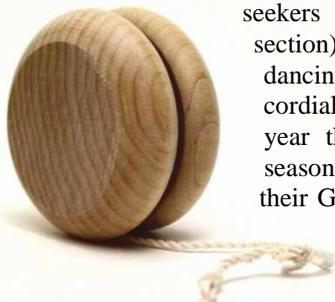
a newsagents and how many will remember being bought for Christmas the annuals that they advertised in 1937 including Rainbow, Film Fun, Bubbles, Triumph and Chicks' Own? Parents were urged to join their Thrift Club to save for such treats.

Meanwhile up the street Biscombes ironmongers (who survived into the 1970's) were in 1937 pushing their

toys and games 'and other useful gifts' for Christmas.

Came the festive season and there was a host of festive entertainment to enjoy in the 1920's and '30's, much political party orientated.

For New Year 1929 one could, for example, attend St Stephens Liberal Social Committee's 'Mr Fitzpatrick's New Year Concert Party' with seventeen turns including songs, dances and an acrobatic troupe, before dancing the night away at St Stephens Hall to Mr and Mrs Rockey's orchestra. More left wing pleasure seekers could opt for Saltash Labour Party's (womens' section) annual childrens' party in the Guildhall followed by dancing to 'a good Plymouth orchestra' (parents and friends cordially invited). No Conservative party was advertised that year though the deficiency was made up the following season. The Liberals also did not forget the children and at their Guildhall childrens' party amid games, dancing and 'a pretty Fairyland scene' Mr Isaac Foot MP and his wife were present 'to wish parents and children a happy New Year',



Isaac Foot was greeted with 'musical honours' when he attended St Stephens Liberal Christmas Social in 1934 together with the Mayor, Mr HJ Davey and two hundred children who must have packed St Stephens Hall. The Mayor who had come to 'wish the children a happy New Year' commented that he had seen several of the children the previous week when they were Conservatives and 'thought that they would like to change their party'. More likely the childrens' idea of a good party was not a political one but one at which they would receive the toys kindly donated and then dance to the Tip Top Orchestra.

Local churches too contributed to the festive spirit. St Nicholas church in 1927 offered 'a forest of Xmas trees given by the Duchy' and entertainment in the Guildhall followed by a dance all for a shilling (five pence).

Now we have our festive lights switch on, lantern parade, and shops filled with Christmas



gift ideas that the children of the 1920's and '30's could never, even in their rich imaginations, have dreamed of. Yet in some ways there is little change, those children of a bygone Saltash doubtless enjoyed the same excitement and spirit of delicious anticipation of Christmas as our own youngsters do today.

Martin Lister

Simon Speare



Simon Speare was born in Saltash, Cornwall, in 1962. He studied at Colchester Institute with Philip Cannon and Alan Bullard and at City University London with Simon Holt. He has written works for many ensembles including the Bingham String Quartet, the Schidloff String Quartet, the Composers Ensemble, Fiddlesticks, Onyx Trio, Jane's Minstrels, Britten Sinfonia, English Northern Philharmonia, the Jupiter Orchestra, Ensemble of London, COMA, City of London Sinfonia and English Chamber Orchestra. His works have been performed at venues including the Bath International Festival, the Oxford Contemporary Music festival, the Barbican Hall, the Queen Elizabeth Hall, and York, Reading and Cambridge universities. Speare's music has been broadcast on BBC Radio 3, Classic FM and national television.

Commissions include Night Song for Opera North, Curtain Raiser for pianist Joanna MacGregor, and The Angels for London Concert Choir (with whom he was Composer in Association for three years 1999-2002) performed with children's voices and the English Chamber Orchestra at the South Bank. The Cornwall and Devon Youth orchestras collaborated for the first time to play Tamara's Leaving, which was specially commissioned to be played as part of the BBC Music Live festival and was broadcast live on BBC local radio stations in Cornwall, Devon, Guernsey and Jersey in May 2000. The following year the London Schools Symphony Orchestra conducted by Martin Pring gave a performance of the newly commissioned work Leal Nevra alongside a performance of The Fields Beyond, at the Guildhall, London. Since 2007 the Purcell School has annually commissioned Simon to write pieces for mixed ability string players as part of their Strings and Things outreach project.

Simon Speare has been appointed Head of Composition and Contemporary Music at the Royal College of Music Junior Department starting in September 2014. He is a teacher of composition at the Purcell School and taught for several years at Royal Holloway, University of London. He is a committed and experienced music educator who has run workshops for students ranging from pre-school to postgraduate level. He has enjoyed residencies at Primary Schools in Tower Hamlets and has been a leader of composition courses for the award winning SPMN Sound Inventors scheme and subsequently for Sound and Music. He is a respected adjudicator and has been a judge for the British Composer Awards. When directing student ensembles he is a passionate advocate of new music. His dynamic, carefully planned teaching programmes have been noted by OFSTED to be 'excellent'. His music has been recorded by Big Noise, the Bingham String Quartet, Fiddlesticks and the British Clarinet Ensemble.

(SPNM Society for the Promotion of New Music)

F.J. Pearn

Saltash Scholar brought Shakespeare to the masses



A Devonport boy who received a classical education in Saltash and walked to London with a few shillings in his pocket while in his teens, became one of the nineteenth century's most famous actor - managers, credited with producing 'the most highly satisfactory educational experiment of the nineteenth century'. Samuel Phelps is renowned for bringing Shakespeare to the people and coming close to his ambition of producing or acting in each one of the bard's plays.

Born in Devonport (or Dock as it was then known) in 1804, the son of a naval officers' outfitters, the young Phelps would have grown up in a busy port dedicated to the overthrow of Napoleon's fleet and with the pressgang haunting its streets. He was clearly a bright lad and was to be educated in the Gentlemen's School for Classical and Commercial instruction, of Doctor Samuel Reece in Saltash, a school of which sadly little is known. Phelps clearly benefitted from his education there, as well as becoming a great swimmer, but he was

orphaned at age sixteen and then went to live in Devonport with his older brother, a wine and spirit merchant with a love of the stage.

It was a love that young Samuel soon came to share and he was soon stealing out to haunt the 'Dock Theatre', now marked only by the 'Shakespeare' public house and Theatre Ope by Cumberland Gardens. In those days it was a rumbustious playhouse whose matelot audiences were not above jumping on stage to 'rescue' an actor who had supposedly fallen overboard from his ship, or furiously chasing the actor who played the murderous Othello, fresh from killing Desdemona, through the streets to that unfortunate actor's lodgings. An evening in the Dock Theatre cost a shilling in the stalls, sixpence (2½p) in the gallery or half a crown for a box.

Prior to and subsequent to the professional performances young amateurs were enabled to show their talents in 'curtain raisers' and 'after pieces', chances of which the teenage Samuel took full advantage in his first public appearance. By day he was a reader for the 'Plymouth Herald' but this did not appeal to him since aged seventeen he set off to walk to London in search of fame and fortune with fourteen shillings and sixpence (around 70 pence) in his pocket.

Here he soon fell in with some fellow thespians and was taken on in 1826 as 'utility man' in a touring company travelling the north of England. The eighteen shillings (90pence) a week that he earned was enough for him to marry on and he wed sixteen year old Sarah Cooper with whom he was to share the next forty years.

While touring he would spend weekends with her, reportedly walking the twenty-five miles from Leeds to York after a Saturday evening performance and back again for Monday rehearsals.

But it was his native West of England that was to give him his big break. Charles Hay, manager of Foulston's beautifully designed and newly opened Theatre Royal, Plymouth, as well as the Theatre Royal in Exeter, took him on as 'leading business' (star role) in 1836 when the Plymouth Journal reported him as rivalling the great contemporary actor Kean, while in Exeter he played to 'crowded and enraptured houses'. Plymouth received especially favourably his Richard 111 and Iago, which were to become favourite roles through his long career, as well as his 'Sir Giles Overreach'. The Plymouth press was more critical of his King Lear ('a distorted skeleton') and his Hamlet ('Too original')



Samuel Phelps as Macbeth

'They did not think too much of me', bemoaned Phelps with due comment on a prophet being unrecognised in his own land. However a tour of Totnes, Brixham and Torquay was reported as 'doing wonderfully well' after which in 1837 he returned to Devonport to play leading role in the Dock Theatre where he had begun as filler-in, no doubt a proud moment for the local boy made good. Samuel Phelps, actor, it seemed, had arrived.

Indeed proof of this came soon since by the time that he moved on to Southampton his fame had spread to London where managers were vying to offer him contracts. The great and renowned Macready was the first to succeed and gave Phelps his first chance to tread the boards on the London stage, his first role being Shylock in the Haymarket.

This was a time of change in the theatre, the centuries old 'patent monopolies' of Covent Garden and Drury Lane were broken giving other theatres the chance to build their repertoires. Phelps took a gamble and decided to take over his own theatre at Sadler's Wells. This was a time when drunken theatre audiences in less reputable theatres regularly pelted the cast with rotten fruit and abuse and Sadler's Wells was especially notorious. Dickens had described its habitués as 'as ruffianly an audience as London could shake together'. But Devonport born Phelps had plans including 'to eventually rendering it what a theatre should be – a place for justly representing the words of our great dramatic poets'. In this he succeeded. From when he took over Sadler's Wells in 1844 and for the next eighteen years he devoted himself to producing what was described as 'the most highly satisfactory educational experiment of the nineteenth century'. Four performances out of six nights each week were devoted to Shakespeare of which one tenth was his favourite, 'Hamlet'.

His portrait in this role was painted by Nicholas Crowley and hangs in Plymouth Art Gallery.

As an all-round actor himself he preferred to play the tragic roles of Othello, Macbeth and Lear, though he was also renowned for the comic parts of Bottom, Justice Shallow and Sir Pertinax Macsycophant. Aiming to produce all of Shakespeare's plays during his career, he managed thirty-one and made a profit from this, this in itself being an achievement, no arts council grants, being then available.

He also edited his own edition of Shakespeare's works and was several times summoned, with his company, by royal Command to play for Queen Victoria and family at Windsor Castle.

Although Phelps gave up Sadler's Wells in 1862 he continued, addicted to the stage, performing until 1878. In that year, while playing Cardinal Wolsey, he spoke the words, 'Farewell, a long farewell to all my greatness!', and collapsed on the stage. He died a few months later.

Samuel Phelps had brought the magic of Shakespeare to generations of audiences. He had also inspired generations of young actors who proudly boasted in later life to have 'played the Wells with Phelps'. One young man inspired by him was John Henry Broadribb, a Cornishman by adoption, born in Somerset but brought up at Halsetown near St. Ives. It was while he was aged twelve that Broadribb watched Phelps play Hamlet at Sadler's Wells and was fired to become an actor himself. This he duly did but so as to not embarrass his Methodist and anti-theatrical family he adopted the stage name, after his hero Washington Irving, of Henry, later to be Sir Henry Irving – a name still renowned as one of the greatest actors of all time. So Samuel Phelps helped to inspire yet further generations with a love of drama and one of England's greatest dramatists.

Not bad for a Saltash schoolboy.



Plaque erected in 1911 by London County Council at 8 Canonbury Square, Islington, London, N1 2AU, London Borough of Islington

Andrew



Before Coronavirus I could normally be found in the Local History Centre on a Friday evening with my son Robert. Like me Robert enjoys local history and has been scanning photos for the collection as well as photographing the changing shops in Fore Street. I have lived in Saltash all my life and always had a great interest in the local history of Saltash and its surrounding parishes, particularly Landulph parish where my father's family lived for many generations. I first became involved with Saltash Heritage as a volunteer in the mid-1990s, before we had the current museum building and annual exhibitions were held in the Guildhall. I served as chairman for a few years after Ron Freeman passed away in 2004, and most recently have been sorting out photos of Fore Street from the collection to use in Facebook posts for the Saltash Community Club pages..

Andrew

Kevin H. (I.T. Manager)



I was an early member of Saltash Heritage, and served on the main committee, and the fund raising sub-committee, assisting at exhibitions and helping to run the Heritage stall at some May Fairs. I then got a job in the fire service control room near Exeter, so moved away and had a break from the committee, although continued to keep abreast of what was happening, and helping when I was available.

A few years later, I re-joined the committee, becoming mainly involved with information technology (posh phrase for computers!) and scanning the thousands of photographs in the collection. We have upgraded the computer systems in various ways over the years, but with the help of a bequest from Peter Bellingham, a former Saltash Heritage Treasurer, we were able to replace all the computer equipment and have them connected via a network

throughout the museum building, all designed and supplied by a professional company. I keep the systems up to date and running smoothly. A couple of years ago, we decided it was time to upgrade 'Modes', our museum cataloguing software, to the latest version. Limitations of the original computer systems when this was first installed meant that files had to be split into 14 different 'subjects' (e.g. 3d Objects, Documents, Photographs of

Saltash town area, St Stephens parish area photographs, Photographs of people etc.) which sometimes made searching for items quite difficult. The current version is much more modern, and has ample storage to get all the records into one file, so the Archivist Terry & myself are copying from the 14 separate files into the new format. Fortunately both Terry & I can work remotely on this upgrade, and add our work to the central version in the museum in batches when time allows. This way of working has been very fortuitous during the lockdown periods we have been enduring. We are a good way through transferring all the old records, but things don't stand still in the collection, and Terry has been adding details of new accessions alongside the old ones. I am also on Saltash Heritage's Health & Safety sub-committee, ensuring the museum and displays are safe for both visitors and volunteers alike.

Kevin Hale

Jackie

The Treasurer's tasks during lockdown



As a great proportion of my work is done at home on my computer I have not found that my task has been impeded by lockdown. We have internet banking so I can print out bank statements to enable me to complete month-ends and can move money between accounts when necessary. Committee members have ensured that all bills have been passed on to me, either by dropping them through my letterbox or sending them electronically.

Thanks to our reserves we are weathering the lockdown well in respect of our finances, but I must thank you all for continuing to support Heritage with your subscriptions and those on the Management Committee who are carrying out research for members of the public. The donations that result from such work are greatly appreciated.

One issue that has arisen is that the closure of our premises has resulted in our insurance company viewing us slightly differently – as empty premises. This has meant that we have to carry out regular inspections of the building and ensure that all security and fire equipment is well maintained and there are no water leaks etc. We have just had all the annual maintenance carried out so are currently adhering to the underwriters wishes and I would like to thank all those on the committee who have carried out inspections and been available to let the various engineers into the building.

Hopefully we will be able to re-open our premises soon and I look forward to seeing some of you on duty in the museum when I call in to 'count the pennies'.

Stay safe Jackie Austin

Covid, an alternative view

1. The silliest thing I ever bought was a 2020 planner.
2. In 2019 we were advised to stay away from negative people. Now in 2020 we're told to stay away from positive people.
3. The world has turned upside down. Older people are trying to sneak out of the house and their children are telling them to stay indoors.
4. This morning I saw a neighbour talking to his dog. It was obvious he thought the dog understood every word. I came into my house and told the cat. We laughed a lot.
5. Every few days we should all try on our jeans just to make sure they still fit. Pyjamas will have us believe all is well in the kingdom.
6. I never thought the saying "I wouldn't touch him with a 6 ft pole" would become a national policy, but here we are!
7. I need to practice social distancing from the fridge.
8. Saying "The curve is flattening so we can start lifting restrictions" is like saying "The parachute has slowed our rate of descent so we can take it off now."
9. Never in a million years would I have thought I would go into a bank wearing a mask and ask for money.
10. Sometimes the thoughts in my head become bored and go for a walk out through my mouth. This is never a good thing.

Sharon

Saltash Heritage Covid Christmas Carol

Deck the halls with disinfectant,

Fa la la la la, fa la la la.

'Tis the rule to be protectant,

Fa la la la la, fa la la la.

Spray the centre, safe to enter,

Fa la la la, Fa la la, Fa la la.

Sing the advert from our mentor:

"Hands and face and lots of space."

See the display rooms before us,

Fa la la la la, fa la la la.

Soon we'll have a happy chorus,

Fa la la la la, fa la la la.

We'll be a free 'n' open museum,

Fa la la la, Fa la la, Fa la la.

Sing the advert with its plea in,

"Hands and face and lots of space."

When Christmas comes, this is our mission,

Fa la la la la, fa la la la.

Opening up the new exhibition,

Fa la la la, fa la la la.

Wearing masks and bringing flasks,

Fa la la la, Fa la la, Fa la la.

Soon we'll open, though with care.

Merry Christmas all, hope to see you there.

Inspiration

The joy of a mobile phone is always having a camera with you. I always keep an eye out for scenes, objects and buildings that I find interesting and may find a use for in the future, particularly for model making (in any scale). Sometimes you come across something that inspires you. For me it is usually to do with railways or something that captures a time, a place or just an atmosphere. This is just a photograph.



To create a room that looks like it hasn't been touched for many years is very difficult. The fittings and décor should be timeless with a hint of decay. Everything should have a purpose or a meaning with the balance just right. Dust settles in a very even layer over everything. If you move just one object the illusion is lost.

If you don't know where this is, it's inside the museum at Cotehele Quay and for me it had that WOW factor.

So..... what photographs have you taken, that for some reason made you go WOW.

Bruce

Lizzy Hon Secretary



The Hon Secretary and Assistant Secretary work together and have fingers in most pies of running the museum and local history centre. We have to know what everyone is doing all the time. We liaise between the Management team, and our connections at Arts Council England, and the Cornwall Museums Partnership. We keep in close contact with other museums in Cornwall and further afield, all of whom are in the same position as ourselves. We have to complete endless forms and account for all that we do. We apply for grants, try and keep our volunteers happy and dream up weird and wonderful ideas to keep everyone on their toes. We join in county zoom meetings and are working with others to put training sessions on video for all to join in.

Sylvia and myself both assist with setting up the annual exhibition, clean the toilets, lug things around and make birthday cakes. Many thanks to Sylvia, for her monthly blog which goes out to all our 65 volunteers.

Over the lock down period, communications have been forwarded to me by Kevin our webmaster who has kept a close eye on the building, whilst continuing to load information onto the museum modes system. All key holders have kept in close contact to ensure only one or two people are working at the same time. Terry has been busy, managing to open the research room to a few researchers, taking very stringent precautions and continuing to work hard at home. Bob sends out emails to keep us on our toes, telling us how great we all are and studying all the endless emails he gets copies of, and still keeping his mind ticking over all the jobs that need to be done. We did manage to have one outdoor socially distanced meeting, which was great. Treasurer Jackie, has been working as normal, dealing with all the accounts at home instead of in the office and keeping in close touch with our Insurers. Many of the team are continuing to work from home but missing the companionship of their colleagues. Bruce has been down doing DIY, weeding his vegetables and feeding the rabbits (all will be revealed next year)

We are all disappointed that we have been unable, so far, to open our new exhibition, but be assured this will be open next year and we have high hopes of getting back to normal in 2021. We have taken the opportunity to clean up, do some maintenance work on top of our usual volunteering work, won some awards and intend not to let this situation get us down.

Very many thanks to all those who have continued to support us by paying your annual membership and to Sharon, who deals with all the members and the paperwork involved. Our huge thanks to Bruce our Vice Chair and Newsletter Editor, who has worked his socks off putting together even more brilliant newsletters for our membership.

Keep an eye on the museum window for updates as well as your emails and please stay safe.

Lizzy

A Case of oysters and pearls of judicial wisdom



Former patrons of the ‘Wheatsheaf Inn’ later the ‘Waterside’, now standing derelict and awaiting demolition, may have noticed a plaque near the door commemorating the great Saltash Oyster Fishing Dispute. The plaque which since the inn’s closure has been held in the Saltash Heritage museum is, together with lengthy transcriptions in Victorian law reports, of ‘Goodman and another v. Mayor etc: of Saltash’ a reminder of a famous and prolonged battle through the law courts of Victorian England.

To the Lawyer, the case is a useful precedent in the issues of prescription, profit a prendre in alieno solo and presumed trust.

But to the layman the story of the Saltash oyster dispute concerns a small but significant victory for the common man in his struggle against the forces of the Victorian establishment.

To these working fishermen, who included Mr. Goodman, Landlord of the ‘Wheatsheaf’, the struggle was against a wealthy Saltash corporation, unrepresentative and elected by a tiny minority of townsfolk, attempting to add to the civic coffers by depriving those fishermen of rights enjoyed by their ancestors from time immemorial.

This ancient right was that of certain Saltash fishermen to dredge the Tamar for oysters during the period from Candlemas (February 2nd) until the end of Lent each winter. The usage dated from before the Reformation and was to provide an alternative to meat during the Lenten fast. This privilege remained prized by the 19th century Saltash fisher folk who faced a perpetual struggle to keep their families from ‘the antechamber to the grave’ as the Torpoint workhouse was described. Henry Goodman could himself augment his income by up to eight shillings a week from the oyster fishing.

This privilege was lost in 1865 when Saltash Corporation leased the oystering to a Herne Bay company for £150 per annum. They guaranteed the company that their own legal advisors had confirmed the fishermen had no rights to legally ‘raid’ the beds for between 50 and 80 days each winter. Matters came to a head in 1876 when the oysters were disappearing and the corporation threatened legal action against any person lifting them from the Tamar. The ‘mute inglorious village Hamden’ who stood up for his fellows was this Landlord of the ‘Wheatsheaf’, Henry Goodman.

How these Saltash fishermen could afford to take the matter, over a five year period, to the highest courts in the land remains a secret, though a wealthy sponsor may have assisted. What is known is that the corporation attempted to baulk the suit by failing to

comply with procedural matters for 15 months until mid-July 1877. In that month the matter came to the court of first instance and the fishermen's rights were rejected. The Court of common Pleas upheld this decision in March 1878, denying the fishermen's claim that the oysterage belonged not to the corporation but to the Crown or the Duchy.

Undaunted the fishermen pursued the matter to the court of Appeal. Here two learned judges dismissed their claims and decided even more favourably for the Corporation. Undismayed by the weight of judicial opinion against them, the fishermen appealed further to the highest court in the land, the House of Lords.

On August 1st 1882 Lord Selborne, one of the most renowned lawyers of all times, gave judgement. Reversing the findings of the lower courts, he decided that a community such as the fishermen, could have and pass on rights as could an individual.

The granting of the fishery to the Corporation was declared as subject to the ancient rights of the fishermen.

What celebrations took place as the tale was told and retold around the bar in the 'Wheatsheaf' history does not record.

But alas, it was largely a Pyrrhic victory. The oysterage rights which the wealthy burghers had tried to seize were being taken by a greater evil that is still with us. Pollution was taking its toll as effluent flowed from tin and copper mines up the river and the oyster beds never fully recovered. The corporation let them, with difficulty, for £40, and with the fishermen exercising their rights during Lent.



Litigation cost the Borough dear, £1,600 costs as well as £900 towards the fishermen's costs. Mr Edmonds, solicitor for the fishermen, is recorded as having levied execution on the Borough's ancient maces, subsequently redeemed. Debts were not discharged until 1918. By 1933, the oysterage was exhausted and the remaining oysters judged unfit for

consumption. By then, of course, the War to end all wars had been fought and the common man was coming into his own due in no small part to these such as Henry Goodman, who had taken on the Victorian hierarchical system on its own grounds and, after resounding defeats, won at the hands of the highest authority of the day.

And let us not forget the solicitor, Mr. Edmonds, who had supported the fishermen in what must have appeared to outsiders as an extravagant and hopeless frolic through the Victorian legal system. He surely, 'well deserved' his gift from the fishermen, a model of an oyster in gold with a pearl at its centre.

Martin Lister

Terry (Archivist)



I have been part of Saltash Heritage since 2013 when I took early retirement. In fact, I was co-opted on to the committee before I had even set foot in the building! It was Mo who started first – she visited and asked if there was anything she could do (at which point the door was locked behind her...). Later she was asked if she wanted to join the committee – not really, but thought I might be interested when I retired. The rest, as they say, is history. I soon realised that we were being “groomed” for the role of archivist when David Coles was showing us how to use and enter items on to the Modes system. It was a vote of confidence when some time later David felt he could safely retire from the role.

So, what does the Archivist do? I suppose I could answer “well what doesn’t he do?”

Every donation that comes into the building is dealt with by me (except for 3D objects). I decide whether we want the item, or if we already have a copy. The correct paperwork has to be completed and a reference number is given to each individual item. The items then have to be filed away securely and in archival quality folders or wallets

Then the items have to be entered on to the computer. We use a database called MODES (Museum Object Data Entry System). The newer version is very easy to use but it can take a long time to do some entries as there are various conventions that have to be followed. Kevin Hale and I are still working on our local conventions as we are finding new things all the time (we should be sorted in a year or two – we only started in 2017...) and will eventually produce a user manual.

As if the local conventions weren’t enough I have to ensure that everything satisfies the conditions laid down by the Arts Council (in something called Spectrum). If we don’t have the correct paper trail, policies, procedures and systems in place then we would not be able to remain an Accredited Museum. It can be very time-consuming role, especially for example when we get a donation of dozens of photographs. But, it is a role I enjoy and of course I am helped a huge amount by Mo (couldn’t do any of it without you Mo!).

In addition to all this, we receive many requests for information on local and family history, which often means a fair bit of research, mostly from home as the catalogue is loaded on my laptop.

Terry Cummings

Twas the Night Before Covid

Twas the night before covid, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse
The exhibits were hung in the cases with care
In the hopes that a vaccine would soon be there

The visitors left and the doors were locked tight
While antibacterial wipes came in sight
And hand sanitizers were dotted around
Hoping happy voices would soon resound

When over the radio came such a clatter
I sprang from my seat to see what was the matter
And over the airwaves there came the good news
That a vaccine was here that we all could use

Looking out of the window I started to see
The visitors queueing, staring at me
Asking "Are you open? I do hope you are
There's so much to see that I've come from afar"

The big bearded driver dressed smartly in red
With his reindeer all harnessed and pulling his sled
Was hoping to see the exhibits large and small
Once his deliveries were sorted to kids one and all

My heart was so lifted to see him stood there
That I had to sit quickly back down in my chair
I opened the door and let him inside
And my chest plumped up with such joy and such pride.

I showed him the alcohol gel for his hands
And pointed out photos from near and far lands
The medals, the stories, the old and the new
His interest was piqued by the stories I knew

And when the time came for him to take leave
I introduced him to our local reeve
Who granted the honour of keys to the freedom
Of our lovely and cherished Saltash museum

"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer and Vixen!
On, Comet! On, Cupid! on, Donner and Blitzen!
To rooftop and chimney, we must set a pace
And always remember: hands, face and space



Life goes on



On 20 August the committee had its first meeting for some time thanks to Jackie having a patio big enough (and enough chairs) for us all to gather and remain socially distanced

HMS Saltash

In the last issue we featured the model of HMS Saltash built by James Thompson. Since then the model has been featured in a national magazine.

You saw it here first.....



H.M.S. SALTASH

Having been told to shield from COVID-19, I quickly became bored and decided to follow on from my Princess 65 model by venturing into warships. As a result, I am sending you photos of my scratch-built model of H.M.S. Saltash. She was a twin-screw minesweeper A class designed in early 1916 and of the improved second group from builders Murdoch & Murrey, Port Glasgow. Launched in 1918, she survived the war and was then sold to Belgium for commercial use in 1947.

My model was built plank on frame to 1:72 scale from 85% wood, plus brass fittings (with just 5% purchased, e.g. the stanchions and bandstand).

All the photographs and drawings used as reference points during the build were very kindly given to me by Saltash Heritage Museum and Local History Centre and I would like to extend my sincere thanks to Bruce Hunt for this.
JAMES THOMPSON
EMAIL

You really have kept yourself busy, James. She's museum quality standard, as I'm sure Bruce Hunt himself would agree. Ed



SALTASH HERITAGE



Happy Christmas
Stay Safe

