

SALTASH HERITAGE

Newsletter No. 81

December 2021



Information

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Forthcoming events

Family History Day

Liskeard Public Hall

Sat. 18th June

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www.saltash-heritage.org.uk e-mail info@saltash-heritage.org.uk

Editorial

Our Christmas issue with a special Christmas story written especially for us by Carly Bennett. Read and enjoy. If anyone else would like to try their hand I would love to hear from you. Why not share your memories of life in Saltah or an unusual photograph.. Just sent them to me at bruceehunt@yahoo.com

Bruce

Front Cover

The superb model of HMS Saltash made by James Thompson. This was a 'lock down' project based on drawings and photographs supplied by Saltash Heritage.

Bruce

Chairman's Report



I have begun to settle into my new role of chairman of Saltash Heritage and Local History Centre. It's been a steep learning curve! I now begin to understand how hard all the volunteers work, and how much there is to do.

.It's a bit like the iceberg analogy, people who pop into the museum only see a very small amount of the work that we do.

The local history centre has an amazing amount of material which they can access to help you find such information as who has lived in your house or anything about your Saltash family.

The museum exhibition relies on a large amount of artefacts that can be used for putting these together.

There are specialists for giving talks, taking youth groups on history based walks around Saltash, allow you to dress up.....you name it and we can do it.....well nearly anything!

Finally I am just getting to understand the difference between an archivist and a curator. It just leaves for me to say a Happy Christmas to all our wonderful volunteers and supporters and to wish you a happy and prosperous New Year.

Jean Dent

Steward's organiser



First of all I have to thank all the Stewards for their understanding and help during the last year. Without you the Museum would not have been able to open.

BUT WE STILL NEED HELP!!!

If you are reading this and feel that you can volunteer or know of someone maybe who doesn't see the newsletter but might be interested please get in touch. The telephone number of the Museum is 01752 848466.

One of the committee will then get in touch with you.

Its a good way of meeting new friends, learning more about Saltash and above all helping to keep the Museum open to the public.

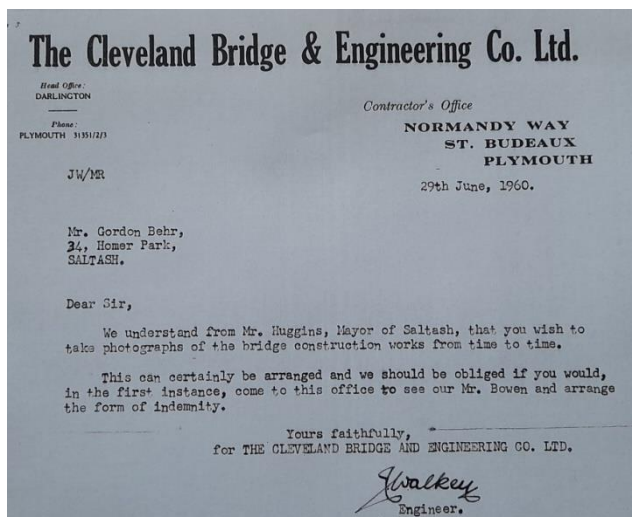
Thank you Marilyn Tait

Building the Tamar Bridge

In the bottom left hand corner of the stationery cupboard of the Heritage office was a box. Ignored by all, it languished for 20 years. I was told it contained a few hundred black and white slides of the building of the Tamar Bridge. Although the slides were in boxes and appeared to be in order they were in a complete muddle. Sorting them manually would have been an almost impossible task so it is no wonder they had been left in the box.

The photographs were taken by Gordon Behr who was a Saltash resident in the 1950's and 60's. He was an active member of the Saltash Camera Club and regularly displayed his slides at Camera Club shows. The slides were donated to Saltash Heritage in 2001 by his daughters.

It appears that one or two members of the Camera Club wanted to take photographs of the work as it progressed. We have in our collection a letter from The Cleveland Bridge Company agreeing to allow Gordon Behr to take photographs, subject to sorting out the necessary indemnity with the local site manager. As you can imagine they would not want to be responsible for a photographer falling off the bridge!



BUILDING THE TAMAR BRIDGE

A Photographic Record



SALTASH HERITAGE

Compiled by Terry Cummings

This year Kevin Hale and I decided that it was about time the slides were digitized so that we could actually see if they were of any use. Kev had earlier created several hundred entries on the Modes catalogue so we could add the images in due course. To our pleasant surprise we found that the slides were actually all in colour and of really good quality and showed aspects of the bridge construction that we had not seen before. The slides showed not only the construction work but also images of many of the workmen.

I suggested that perhaps if there were enough good images we could produce a book. In order to do so I had to sort the images into categories so that we could have a rough chronology of the work. On seeing the result it became apparent that there were enough images to fill at least one book.



The end result is 'Building the Tamar Bridge - A photographic record', a book containing over 150 full colour photographs of the building of the bridge and of the workforce.

The book, priced at £10, is being sold exclusively by Saltash

Heritage and all of the proceeds will go towards furthering our objectives. Copies are available from the museum or directly from me (contact archivist@saltash-heritage.org.uk).

Terry Cummings

SECMF. Family history day

Don't forget to put this date into your new 2022 diaries. So far we have 13 organisations booked in already for the event, and the list only opened three days ago. We are hoping there will be a minimum of 20 different groups displaying their wares for you to look at, ask questions and find answers to your family history queries as well as local history questions.

This year we are being joined by the CWGC that is the Commonwealth War Graves Commission. All these organisations will be linked to the internet and therefore able to offer you some comprehensive information.

We look forward to welcoming you to this brilliant free day out in Liskeard in June next year when we reveal our 5th year of family history sharing.

SEE BACK PAGE

Lizzy



A good spot by Kevin Hale of office chairs going cheap resulted in new chairs for the local history centre. The chrome frames and soft seating is a massive improvement on the old plastic ones which were coming to the end of their life although some will be going to a new home.

Ferry 60

At 11.15pm on the 23rd October 1961 the Saltash Ferry made its last crossing from Devon to Saltash. Sixty years later a weekend of events including talks and displays at Ashtorpe on the Waterside remembered the ferry and the people who worked on it.



The Saltash Heritage display of photographs and artefacts at Ashtorpe included a working model of the ferry that could be operated by visitors.



An illustrated talk covering the history of ferries at Saltash was given by Bruce Hunt, Vice Chairman of Saltash, to a capacity audience. This was repeated two weeks later, again to a capacity audience.



The model of the Saltash Ferry. This was laid out to operate along the length of five tables and moved by chains attached at each end.

The last time the model saw the light of day was at 'Ferry 50' and required refurbishing which was excellently carried out by Ron Lawry.

The last Ferry 1961



The ferry on its last day in service with flags flying. Built by Philip & Son Ltd. of Dartmouth in 1927 it was destined for the scrap yard a few weeks later.



The final staff were:

Superintendent: H.C. Jewell;

Foreman: J. Strike;

Ticket Collectors: G. Truscott, P. Peters, J. Harper, D. Simmons and S. Basset;

Engine Room: H. Hare, W. Mulholland, L. Gould, L. Dobbs and G. Blake;

Deck Hands: A. Dale, K. Dunsford, W. Gould and S. Grigg.

A crew was made up of one man from each department. Crews always lived in Saltash.

Four of the above named became inspectors on the new suspension bridge, eight joined as toll collectors and three as maintenance men.

The final ceremonial crossing, 24th October 1961

At 4.30pm the guests, the Members and Officers of the Council, their wives and children, and the present and past employees of the Ferry undertaking and their wives assembled on the deck of the Philip Ferry 6. An awning had been rigged over the centre of the deck in case of bad weather.

A ticket was issued to each passenger on the ferry as a souvenir of the last journey.

At 4.35pm the Mayor and Town Clerk, preceded by the Mace bearers and Police, accompanied by the Mayor's Chaplain and the Deputy Mayor, and followed by the Mayoress, Town Clerk's wife, Mrs Guest and Mrs Skinnard, walked along Tamar Street and boarded the Ferry. There they were met by the Chairman of the Finance and Establishment Committee, Councillor P. W. Skinnard, and the Ferry Superintendent.

Two of the Borough's five maces preceded the Mayor, and the other three maces were displayed on the ferry.



The ferry bell was rung as the Mayor boarded the Ferry to show, in accordance with Standing Orders, that a journey is about to be made.

The Robed Party, with the Chairman of the Committee, proceeded to a table and took their places with the Mayor centre, flanked by the Town Clerk and Mayor's Chaplain on his left and the Chairman of the Ferry Committee and the Deputy Mayor on his right.

The Ferry Superintendent asked permission to close

the gates for the last journey, and the gates were be shut by two former employees; the Ferry Superintendent, Mr. H. C. Jewell, gave the engine orders for the journey to commence.

During the journey to the St. Budeaux beach there were no ceremonies. The Ferry touched the shore and after a short pause it returned to the centre of the river and stopped.

(The Ferry flag was hoisted and hauled down as necessary by retired employees of the Ferry undertaking.)



The Mayor then addressed the guests, and asked the Chairman of the Finance and

Establishment Committee to speak to the assembled company about the financial aspects of the loss of the ferry to the Council; the Mayor then asked the Town Clerk to talk about the history of the ferry.

One of the two ferry bells (being already on the table before

the Mayor) was handed to the Mayor by the Chairman, and returned by the Mayor to the Town Clerk for safe custody.

The Mayor's Chaplain, the Revd S.A.R. Guest, M.A. was asked by the Mayor to say a prayer of thanksgiving that the ferry rights had been exercised safely over the centuries for the well-being of passengers, and for the general good of the Burgesses of Saltash.

Drinks were then served and three toasts made.

1. The Loyal Toast.

2. His Royal Highness, Charles, Prince of Wales, Duke of Cornwall (proposed by the Mayor).

3. The Loyal and Ancient Borough of Saltash, coupled with the name of the Mayor, Councillor M. Huggins.(proposed by the Deputy Mayor, Alderman W.T.H. Stanlake).

The ferry then completed its journey to the Saltash beach. On arriving there, the Mayor (accompanied by the Chairman and Town Clerk) rang "Finished with Engines".



The prow gates were then opened and the Robed Party left the ferry followed by the Mayoress, the Town Clerk's wife, the wife of the Committee Chairman and Mrs Guest

Bruce Hunt

Christmas Cards

You may recall in the last newsletter we offered our membership the opportunity to purchase a Christmas gift for relatives or friends.

We offered to send to your Christmas recipient, membership for one year to Saltash Heritage. Three newsletters, would be delivered to their doors in April, July and December of 2022, for the cost of £10.

We agreed to make a handmade Christmas card explaining what the gift was, leaving you room to place your personal message and forward the Christmas card to your recipient.

We are now in the process of delivering the Christmas cards to those members who took us up on the offer. We thought you might like to see the cards and inserts we have prepared.

If there is anyone else who wishes to take us up on this offer, we might just have time to organise it before Christmas. If not, you might think it would be a good idea for next year, if so watch out as we will promote this again during the year.

If you wish to know more please contact Lizzy at

secretary@saltash-heritage.org.uk or drop a note into the museum letterbox.



Saltash Station official opening

Saltash Station building has now officially opened and has been named Isambard House.

Four members of the committee attended the ceremony as did representatives from the contractors and many railway organizations that had a part in the refurbishment.

Two awards were presented to the mayor, Pete Samuels, reflecting the quality of the work and the vision of the council in pushing the project forward under guiding hand of Councillor Richard Bickford.



Mayor Pete Samuels receives two awards for the quality of the station refurbishment.



Guests at the opening of 'Isambard House'

The opening was a chance to point out to the train operators that although more trains are now stopping at Saltash there are still many that pass through at low speed. The point was also pressed that the configuration of the station meant that much of the up platform is not used by stopping trains and needs to be extended towards Coombe viaduct.

Bruce Hunt

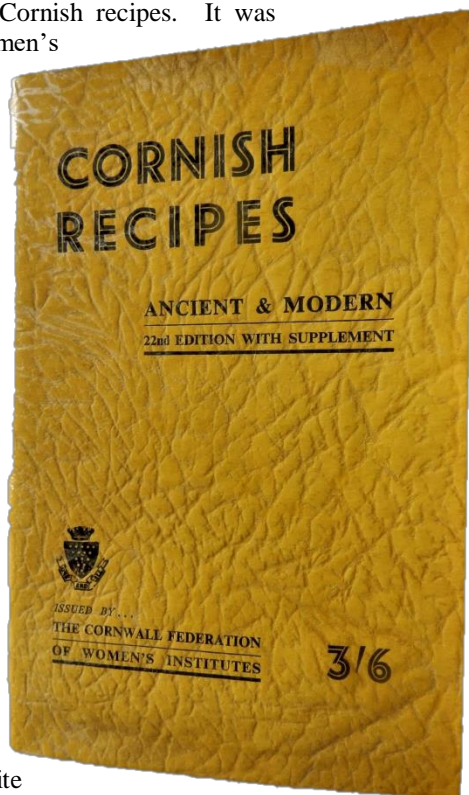
A Glimpse into the past. A Cornish Cookery Book.

A recent donation was a little booklet of Cornish recipes. It was published by the Cornwall Federation of Women's Institutes, first issued in 1929. It is a fascinating collection of old recipes, remedies and hints and tips.

It is a glimpse into the past, and the way in which people lived, ate, and looked after their health, and as such it is a valuable piece of social history, which deserves to be saved for future generations.

The booklet starts with an ode to a Cornish Recipe Book, then provides recipes for all manner of dishes. Some are recognisable today, using well known ingredients, but some less well known, especially in cookery. There are also recipes for homemade treatments, some quite unusual. People had to rely on these, as a visit from a doctor would have been too expensive for most people.

Here are a few examples from the booklet, but come with the proviso that you don't try these at home.



The Pleurisy:

Take the core of an apple, fill it with White Frankincense, stop it close with the piece you cut out and roast it in ashes. Mash it and eat it. An infallible remedy. (From Truro W.I.)

For Toothache:

Lay roasted parings of turnip, as hot as may be, behind the ear. (From Devoran W.I.)

For a Cold in the Head (1)

Steam of warm water alone, or of water in which elder flowers or some other mild aromatic herbs have been boiled, generally affords a speedy relief. (From Penponds W.I.)

For a Cold in the Head (2)

Pare very thin the yellow rind of an orange, roll it up inside out and thrust a roll into each nostril. (From Devoran W.I.)

And finally,

Cider as a Medicine.

Cider was a great standby in the treatment of asthma. This last one, if not effective, would at least have been pleasant, and maybe worth exploring,

O, Cornwall, with your cliffs so grand,
Your beaches, rich with golden sand;
Where waters blue, and clear, and deep,
By granite boulders silence keep.

Oh, hills and dales, O, valleys green,
Ablaze with heather, seldom seen
Elsewhere than midst the Cornish moors,
O clust'ring round her ancient tors.

Where, bordering road, and path, and lane,
The golden gorse is all aflame,
From early Spring to late September,
As if to pray you to remember.

That health abides 'mong Cornish hills,
Where all can find relief from ills;
Where cares and worries of today
Will spread their wings and fly away

And in these pages you will take
Much comfort for your stomach's sake;
For body's ease means rest and quiet,
And here you'll find ideal diet.

Here's Recipes quite polyglot –
Shenagrum, Likky, Eggy'ot,
Star-gazey, Figgy'obben Pie,
And Remedies for Wart and Styel.

There's Cornish Cream and Pasties rare,
And Saffron Cake beyond compare;
So read, mark, learn, digest, and then
Pass on to Tre, and Pol, and Pen.

A.W. Jay

Lauris Richards

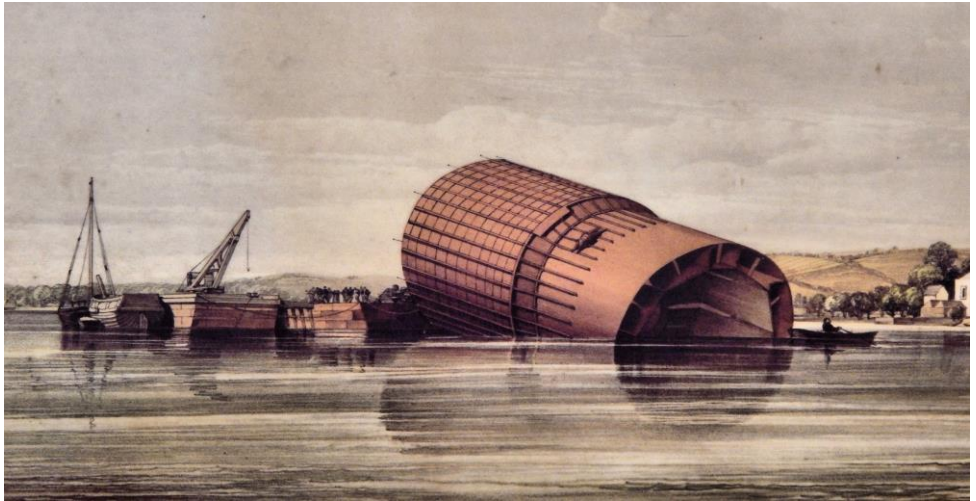
A case of mistaken identity

When I joined the Ministry of Defence Police force in January of 1992 I kept my full “Uncle Albert” beard that I had grown in my earlier career in the Royal Navy. Early one morning sometime, it would have been September of 1993 or 1994 I was on duty at Ferry Gate across in the Dockyard, for those not familiar with the location it is a small vehicular gate just up from the Torpoint Ferry and used to be opened in the mornings to allow extra entrance capacity. Running alongside the Dockyard wall at this location there is a footpath and one of our responsibilities was to show a police presence to slow traffic down and provide assurance to the pedestrians walking this path. Well, I was doing this duty when along the path came a young Mum and her son clearly off to school for the first time in his very smart uniform. Mum pointed at me and asked her young son, “Who is that then?” clearly both she and I were expecting the response “That’s Mr Plod the Policeman” whereupon she could have explained that if he got lost or frightened he should look for someone thus dressed to get help. The young man studied me very carefully for a minute and exclaimed “Its Father Christmas!” Lost for words the young Mum rolled her eyes shook her head and taking the young lad by the hand carried on to school. The young lad was still staring at me so unseen by his Mum I gave him a thumbs up and a long wink, and so for a few years at least there was one young boy living in Devonport who knew exactly what Father Christmas did on the other 364 days of the year.

Kevin Richards

An insight into Victorian working conditions - RAB

To build the centre pier of the Royal Albert Bridge a cylinder was constructed and placed upright on the river bed so that men could work on the foundations but what were conditions really like?



The great cylinder being floated out to the centre of the River Tamar 1854

Two engineers that were directly involved were ‘Bradford Leslie’ and ‘Robert Pearson Brereton’. On the death of Robert Brereton, Bradford Leslie wrote the following letter the Brereton’s nephew:-

6 Florence Terrace
Falmouth 12 February 1895

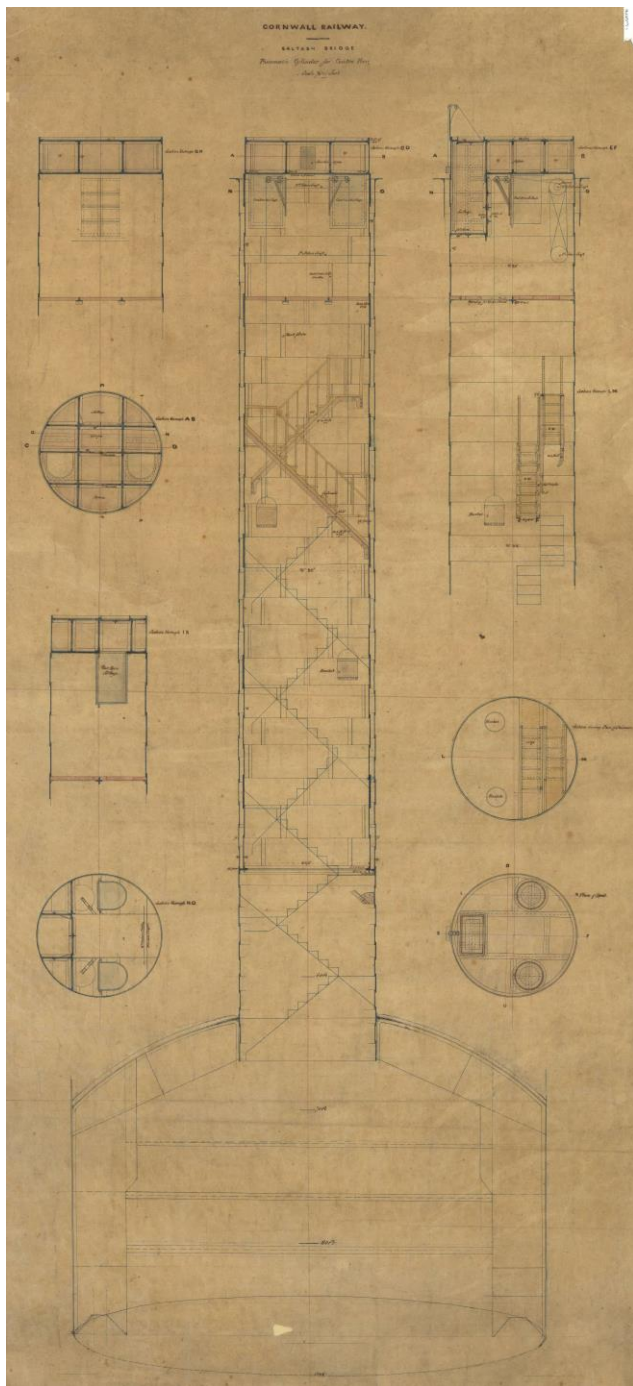
Dear Mr Brereton

I enclose a short note of my recollections of your uncle, which I might have sent long ago. I regret very much that owing to a defective memory I have been unable to give more interesting particulars.

Yours sincerely
Bradford Leslie

My acquaintance with the late Mr R P Brereton began in 1848 when I was appointed by Mr Brunel, and from that date to 1858 when I proceeded to Bengal, I was more or less directly under his command, especially when I was resident assistant at the Chepstow and Saltash Bridges.

As Mr Brunel's time was generally fully occupied with Directors meetings, settling of Contracts, designing and organization of new enterprise, arbitrations, parliamentary committee work and general supervision and inspection, he relied chiefly on Mr Brereton



as his medium of communication with the local and resident engineering staff, and as his executive lieutenant for the practical detailed supervision, and carrying out his most important work. I never knew or heard a single instance of difference of opinion or misunderstanding between them - this was especially noticeable on field days, when Brunel visited the works and assumed command of operations of special importance - the thorough understanding between him and Mr Brereton on such occasions,...the successful fulfilment of the programme, and facilitated the duties of all concerned. On such field days Brunel was generally accompanied by Capt. Claxton, who made all the noise with his speaking trumpet, while Mr Brereton, who seemed to be ubiquitous, saw with his own eye that everything was in order, and watched over all the operations in his quiet manner with noise or excitement.

It was probably due to my position as a subordinate, unacquainted with the evolution of the designs of Brunel's great works, but it appeared to me that Brereton's special aptitude was the most thorough and painstaking investigation of

detail both practical and theoretical - nothing was assumed or taken for granted the adequacy and efficiency of every part of every structure whether permanent or temporary being the subject of exhaustive study from every point of view, whether in design, material or workmanship. At the time I used to be impatient of some of the drudgery that appeared to me unnecessary, but I have since learnt the value of this capacity for taking pains - it was probably by his strict attention to, and mastery of detail, that the confidence and self-reliance, which Mr Brereton prepared in a very high degree of were acquired, qualities which no doubt especially commanded him to Mr Brunel.

The grandest work in which I had the privilege of assisting Mr Brereton was the Central Pier of the Saltash Bridge located in a tideway 70 feet deep. We had some exciting times with the wrought iron cylinder 90 feet long and 37 feet diameter and weighing 300 tons, which served as a caisson for the granite pier. This was built on the east side of the river and launched on slipways. The day after the cylinder was launched and before it was permanently moored, when the top was some 40 feet out of water, a heavy gale from the north acting against the spring tide flowing in from the south, nearly capsized the cylinder, and threatened to break it adrift at its moorings. The cylinder was ricking about in the most unpleasant manner and it was not without considerable difficulty that it was steadied by ballasting and secured with additional moorings. Later on when the cylinder was being sunk by compressed air, the occurrence of a serious escape of air from the cylinder accompanied by a loud report, suddenly allowed the water to rise in the annals or compartments, above the level of the manholes in the partitions, the workmen only just had time to scramble up the air shaft and make their escape. The leak was probably due to slight deformation caused by imperfect removal of the haw rock into which this cylinder was being forced, the bottom of the cylinder being bent inwards in one part and outwards in another part. It was an awkward business as it was impossible to say in which of the eleven compartments the leak or leaks have occurred. The workmen were scared by the sudden inflow of water, and opaque fog which always results from a sudden reduction of pressure, together with the flying off of rivet heads caused by the abnormal strain. However Mr Brereton with one or two of his assistants, who volunteered to accompany him, descended the air shaft, with candles, matches and lumps of clay and under a pressure of 56 pounds to the square inch swam from one compartment to another through the manholes, relighting their candles and holding them round the circumference of the cylinder at the water level, discovered the air leaks by the flame being sucked in by the escaping air, they were then able temporarily to stop the leaks by clay, thus gradually lowering the water level until communication was restored through the manholes in the partitions or bulkheads. The leaks were then caulked by wedges and red lead and after a time the men being reassured the work of sinking was resumed. In all such emergencies Mr Brereton was an equal to the occasion. The rock foundation had some vertical fissures which were bridged over by special stones of extra dimensions, the fitting and setting of every one of these received the special personal attention of Mr Brereton.

In the operations of floating and raising the trusses of the main spans the perfection of the appliances was always ensured by the most thorough personal inspection on the part of Mr Brereton and as his assistants, foremen and workmen knew that no defect could escape his keen observation everything was well done.

Mr Brereton was always kind and considerate on the treatment of his subordinates, and after work was over was ready to join in a swim to get rid of smoke and dirt, and he was a

most kindly and genial companion in the evenings he spent at the workers and consequently he was beloved and esteemed by all whose privilege it was to work near him.

Robert Pearson Brereton came from a Norfolk family that produced other notable Victorian engineers Cuthbert A. Brereton (Sir John Wolfe Barry's partner) and Robert Maitland Brereton (chief engineer on part of the Great Indian Peninsular Railway and advocate in the US Congress for the building of irrigation canals in California).

Brunel's Assistant



Robert Pearson Brereton joined Brunel in 1836, aged 17, and became his chief assistant in 1844, aged 25, and took over responsibility for completing various projects when Brunel died in 1859.

Brereton was recruited by Brunel staff in 1836 to be one of seven resident engineers supervising the construction of the Great Western Railway. He lost an eye in a work accident and is depicted in a portrait with an eye patch. After the Great Western railway was completed, he carried out similar tasks on other railways that Brunel was building. For example, in 1845 he was one of Brunel's resident engineers on the Cheltenham and Great Western Union Railway and was sent to Italy to sort out problems with the construction of the Turin–Genoa railway. He became Brunel's chief assistant in 1847 and remained in this post until Brunel's death in 1859. His signature appears on drawings for the Chepstow Bridge which were prepared in Brunel's London office around 1850.

One of Brunel's major and long-running projects was the construction of the Royal Albert Bridge across the River Tamar for the Cornwall Railway. In 1854 Brereton was sent as Brunel's assistant to

help William Glennie, the resident engineer on the bridge, who was in poor health. Much of his time in the next five years was spent on this project. He was instrumental in developing ways to excavate underwater to prepare for the construction of the central pier. In 1857 he assisted Brunel when the first span was floated into position, and he then supervised the lengthy process to raise it 100 feet (30 m) to the top of its piers. Brunel's poor health increasingly prevented him from attending work in Cornwall, and so Brereton supervised the floating out of the second span in 1858 without Brunel's help. He then saw



Painting of Robert Pearson Brereton with Isambard Kingdom Brunel

through the raising of this span, the completion of the bridge and opening of the line in May 1859.

After Brunel's death in September 1859 Brereton took over his role as chief engineer for many railway companies, designing new works and alterations. He ran his business from Brunel's old office in Duke Street, London, while Brunel's widow Mary continued to reside in the rooms above. Some of Brunel's railways were still under construction, including the....

Bristol and South Wales Union Railway
Cornwall Railway
Dartmouth and Torbay Railway
West Somerset Railway

Brunel described Brereton in 1845 as "a peculiarly energetic persevering young man". The Chairman of the Cornwall Railway, speaking in 1859 following the opening of the Royal Albert Bridge, described him as "always ready, always able, always full of energy."

Brereton has a memorial brass in the church in Blakeney on the North Norfolk coast.

Landulph in the Dark Ages

From pre-Roman times Cornwall, Devon and part of Somerset formed the Celtic Kingdom of Dumnonia, the home of the Dumnonii Tribe of which the Cornish Cornovii were a sub-group. Evidence of the Celts can be found in the foundation of Landulph Church and in some place names still in use in the parish today.

The parish of Landulph is situated 2 miles above Saltash on the Cornish Bank of the Tamar opposite the parish of Bere Ferrers. Landulph Church stands close to the edge of Kingsmill Lake on an ancient Lan site, which were the sacred enclosures of the Celtic Christian Saints, who were very active around the 5th & 6th Centuries AD. Often travelling by water the "Saints" established their Lan close to where they landed and the church yard boundary at Landulph is thought to follow the boundaries of the original Celtic Lan.

It is from this Lan site that the parish takes its name – Landulph - meaning "The Holy site of St Dilph". However the Saints name Dilph has been corrupted over many centuries and was possibly St Dilic, a female Welsh Christian Missionary from the 5th Century.

Other place names in Landulph Parish of Cornish Language origin include Carrecron the original form of Cargreen - meaning Seals Rock. These rocks extended out into the Tamar, and were built on in the 19th Century when the quays at Cargreen were constructed. Penyoke is to the south of Cargreen and contains the common Cornish word "Pen" meaning headland. The placenames -Tinnel and Collogett, are also thought to be of Cornish origin although their meanings are not clear, and they would not have isolated farms, but small communities in a landscape containing thick belts of woodland.

The Anglo Saxons had been trying to infiltrate the East of Dunmonia from around the 7th Century but this was a very slow process involving many battles as they moved westwards culminating in the defeat of a Cornish Viking Alliance at Hingston Down near Callington in 838 AD. The Saxons gradually acquired land holdings in East Cornwall, and divided their lands into manors which became centres of local government. Landulph consisted of three manors: Landelech - Landulph , Tinneltun - Tinnel and Thelbricce - Ellbridge.

They also introduced their language (Old English).

In 997 the Vikings were back in the Tamar, but this time plundering and pillaging and are known to have attacked Tavistock Abbey and Lifton.

A charter of 1018 from King Cnut to Burhwold, Bishop of St Germans, confirmed a grant made by King Edmund of lands in the Manor of Tinneltun in exchange for Throwleigh in Devon. The boundaries of the manor are given in the charter and include:-

Cynges Mylne - Old English meaning Royal Mill or King's Mill as it is now known and is in the South West of Landulph Parish at the bottom of Ziggerson Hill. This name reminds us the mill and manor once belonged to Saxon Kings. A corn mill here operated for over 1,000 years until the late 19th Century.

Thelbricce - was in the area of the parish which is now known as Ellbridge with an Old English meaning of "Bridge of Planks".

Nantnewiou, the old Cornish name for the valley between Ellbridge and Ramsicombe in Botus Fleming parish.

"The Way" presumably followed a similar route to the road in the parish which passes through the hamlet of Wayton and so named by adding the word "Way" to the Old English word Tun, meaning Settlement on The Way.

The River Tamar also has an ancient Celtic river name, first documented in the 2nd century by Ptolemy in his *Geographia*

Other Landulph place names which tell us they were originally Saxon settlements in the parish are Clifton - a settlement on or near the Cliff and Stockadon - a settlement made of and defended by logs.

Our ancient place names reveal a past of two very different peoples who fought and toiled over our lands with blood and sweat, and both leave a lasting legacy in our landscape, heritage and culture.

Andrew Barrett

East Wivelshire

The ancient name for the district around Saltash



All of Caradon is included in one of these two hundreds. East Wivelshire and West Wivelshire (usually known merely as **East** and **West**) are two of the ancient Hundreds of Cornwall. East and West (Wivelshire) must have originally had a Cornish name but it is not recorded (Wivel arises from the misdivision of Twivelshire, i.e. Two-fold shire). There are also Anglican deaneries by the same names but the modern boundaries do not correspond exactly. The area must have formed one

hundred originally but had already been divided into two before the Norman Conquest: they are grouped in Domesday under the head manors of Rillaton (East) and Fawton (West). The Cornish names are: East (Ryslegh); West (Fawy)

Update from the Archives

This year has still been incredibly busy with the archives. As you will know from previous updates most of our time has been spent dealing with Colin Squires' bequest. At last we have just about sorted everything into boxes so that it can all be dealt with over the next few months (years?).



The small office before and after

Space in the museum building is at a premium and we are fast running out of room. The Management Committee agreed that we could hire a storage unit so that office furniture and books, files etc. could be stored until we have a little more space. So everything was moved to the unit and we tidied it as best we could, utilising the drawers where possible. All was well, we thought, until 6.30 pm one Friday evening an email arrived giving notice to quit as the store was closing. As you can imagine we were not best pleased (putting it mildly). Enquiries were made of other storage facilities and a

contingency plan created to move everything back to the bungalow.

Fortunately we now have another unit and everything has been moved there; for a lot longer time we hope. (Is there any significance in the unit number being 666?)

Whilst I was sorting out various piles of documents Mo spent a lot of time clearing out items from the bungalow. It was unbelievable how much 'stuff' could be stored in an airing cupboard. From stacks of printer paper to salt and sugar cubes, in addition to many shelves of clothes and bedding etc.

Every week for the past 2 to 3 months we have been putting out three bags of rubbish for the dustmen and also as many bags of card and paper for recycling that we felt we could get away with. That's besides the 150 or so carrier bags of paper that were taken to the recycling centre.

After removing all the books that we wanted for the Heritage collection and others that could be useful, we put a lot of potentially valuable ones to one side for auction. At the end of October they were taken, along with various items of furniture, ready to be sold at auction. The furniture etc. has been sold and we are currently awaiting the date for the book sale when hopefully a reasonable sum will be realised.



The large office before and after

goods were passed on to Saltash Scrapstore so it will all be put to good use. Several items have been sold via social media (after all one person's junk is someone else's treasure).

Mo and I have spent over 500 hours each clearing and sorting the bungalow and have now decided to hand back the keys and concentrate on the archival side of things. Every single document that we have taken has to be checked against what we already have before being catalogued. That could take us years!

A 'garage' sale was planned for 28th November before a clearance company is called in to completely clear what is left.

I'm now looking forward to catching up with the usual archive work that has had to take a back seat this year.

With the auction items removed and the bulk of the rubbish gone we were left with about a quarter of what we started with.

The attic alone took a full morning with a team of helpers to clear. One side of the garage was utilised to stack everything that has to be thrown out.

Kitchen equipment etc. has been donated to the new Community Kitchen, garden tools donated to the Friends of Tincombe and all the smaller hand tools donated to an outdoor school. The linen from the airing cupboard and all the electrical

Terry

The Button

Christmas Eve 1960

It was the glint of gold which caught William's eye, as he kicked the shingle on the beach. He would regularly pick up pieces on his daily walks along the waterside. But the gold flash got him excited. Picking it up, and rubbing the wet mud away, revealed a button. Turning it over in his palm, he knew it was special, he could feel it. A familiar voice called out "Happy Christmas, Bill! Fancy a swift one?" William popped his treasure into his pocket, hurried up the beach, and followed the voice into the warm glow of the Union. A few hours later, William stumbled out the pub followed by shouts of best wishes and Christmas cheer. The temperature had dropped, but the alcohol kept him warm and was only a short walk to his house on Tamar Street. He hadn't planned on staying so long, but the beer was good, the company was entertaining, and Mary was found under the mistletoe, a lot.

Christmas was never much celebrated in William's house when he was growing up. His mother disregarded the festivities and retreated into her annual melancholy mourning. The closer it got to the day, the sadder she became. She never got over having to watch the demolition of her neighbours' homes and businesses a few years earlier. She died quietly in the autumn, so this was his first Christmas alone. He felt a pang of guilt as he thought of her, and the enjoyment of the evening. Reaching his front door, he shrugged off the thought and went for his key. His fingers came into contact with a cold solid object. William smiled as he remembered his earlier find.

He opened the door and stepped into the house where he was born almost 21 years earlier. The house was dark, quiet and cold. A far cry from the light, noisy and warm surroundings from where he had come. William shivered even though he knew every creak and corner, every shadow and smell. After lighting the fire in the parlour, which had died hours ago, and pouring himself a large Brandy he sank into the chair to finally examine the button. It was battered and tarnished from the tide and sand. He had no idea how long it had been buried - 40 years or more? It wasn't gold, as he first thought, but brass. Disappointed, he rested it on the arm of the chair, finished his drink in one, and closed his eyes.

William woke with a start, there was a man in the room, silent and still, but looking directly at him. He felt time stop. His eyes moved to the Lee-Enfield Rifle by his side and this was the moment fear took over, the fight or flight instinct kicked in and William found himself in the street. While steadying his breathing, he looked around for help. The pub had long closed, and his neighbours were all tucked up in bed. Not sure if he was shivering from fear, or from the cold, he made the decision to go back inside. With trepidation, and the walking stick which was leaning against the wall, William felt ready to confront the stranger. He charged into the parlour, brandishing the stick with a shout. It was empty. There was no man. William fell back into the armchair and laughed! How much Brandy did I drink, he thought, making a mental note to himself to get out more, William took himself to bed.

Christmas day came and went, like any other day, no paper chains, gifts or family. Instead of his normal daily walk along the waterside, he made a sandwich and walked up the hill to St Stephens. Stalling outside the gates he watched as the last people hurried into the church for communion. As the door closed behind them, William slipped round to his

mother's grave. They were never close, but he missed her. The sadness surrounding her was often unbearable, for both of them. The loss of her husband so young and never knowing her father weighed heavy. One man lost in the Great War, the other in the second.

The evening passed without consequence, and William felt relieved the Christmas period was coming to an end. The rest of the year also passed without consequence, apart from the thrill of taking mistletoe Mary in his Ford Popular over the newly built road bridge. These day trips into the city eventually resulted in a winter wedding. William was reluctant at first as Mary began to fill the house with Christmas spirit. He loved watching her arranging the balls on the tree and sewing the stockings. Her joy almost dissipated his guilt. Pushing his mother's melancholy aura from his mind, he embraced his new wife's yuletide delight. On Christmas Eve, William was restless. He couldn't sleep, so went down and poured himself a brandy. As he sat down in the armchair, something hard dug into the side of his leg. A quick search down the side of the cushion revealed something round, cold and brass. His heart stopped for a second as he pulled out the button. The memory of last Christmas Eve's visitor came flooding back as the temperature dropped. William looked up, and in the corner by the tree, stood the man. He was tall and seemed to fill the room with his presence. William's heart slowed down as the man emitted a calmness.



The stranger smiled and winked cheekily. The khaki set off his blue eyes, which sparkled. William smiled back and watched the man stand to attention and quickly fade away. He was alone, but was filled with a strange feeling of contentment. The lovingly wrapped gifts under the tree waiting to be opened caught his eye. Like a child, the excitement rose

up through him, like nothing he had felt before. He woke Mary up, unable to wait till the morning. The couple happily swapped gifts, laughing at the peculiarity of the situation until the Christmas day sun began to shine through the window.

The year carried on the way that Christmas morning went. Full of happiness and surprises. In September two walked into St Barnabas and three came out. Bursting with pride, Bill would push baby Simon along the waterfront, showing him off to everyone that passed. He often wondered if a baby would have made his mother happy, but he would never know now. He had no family, apart from his mother and the only connection he had was being named after his Grandfather. Once again Christmas was upon them. Presents wrapped, decorations up and his family tucked up in their beds, William took himself into the parlour. Shuddering with anticipation, he rolled the button in his palm. A coldness filled the room, and there he was, the man. Without fear, William took the time to examine the soldier in more detail. He was drawn to his eyes again and kind face. A cap badge shone. His eyes moved down to his jacket, something looked wrong. Something was missing - it was a button. William squeezed the hard object in his hand as the soldier laughed. There was something familiar about the way his face lit up, and it made William happy to see it. A few moments later, he was alone.

The years passed in content. Three soon became five, and each Christmas Eve night was spent in the parlour with a Brandy, and the man. He never spoke and hardly moved, but the comfort and joy he felt in his company was indescribable. Mary's Christmas present that year was the announcement of a summer baby. Space became a premium, and it was decided to use the parlour as their bedroom. Hence began a renovation, furniture was moved, and the floor was scrubbed. The sideboard was left until last, being the biggest and heaviest piece. William wanted it left, but Mary was adamant it should go. He believed it was his grandmother's originally. He felt sad to be losing a possibly tenuous piece of his heritage, but the style did not fit Mary's vision for the new modern bedroom. He was dragging the cumbersome cupboard across the floor towards the door, when he heard something drop from underneath it. It was a photograph. Bill held his breath as he picked it up and looked at the familiar face staring back at him. It was black and white, but he knew the eyes were blue and the uniform was khaki. Proud to be wearing the badge of the duke of Cornwall's light infantry, and the owner of a full set of buttons, which he knew would have been as shiny as his eyes. He turned it over and read the cursive script aloud. Dearest Iris, love always and sweet kisses, yours eternally, William xxx. There was a date printed in the bottom right corner which dated the photo in 1917. Bill finally remembered to breathe as he felt the declaration of timeless love flow over him.

The sleeping reshuffle was finished just in time for the arrival of baby Iris. William chose the name, and Mary loved it. The house was full of noise and life, completely different to his childhood. He grew up in the shadows, and became a whisper as to not upset his mother. If it wasn't for a few close waterside friends, he may have vanished completely. Before he knew it, Christmas Eve was upon him. Once he heard Mary's soft snores William shuffled to make himself comfortable on the end of the bed, and took out the button and the photo, hidden in his pyjama pocket. For the seventh time, the temperature dropped and the soldier appeared. The soldier nodded at the photo and smiled in recognition. This was all the confirmation William needed. Suddenly, the man started to move, he had never moved from the corner before. William watched him walk over to the cot, where Iris was stirring. He bent slightly over the waking baby, and smiled as a single

tear ran down his cheek. Her gurgles caused Mary to stir, and as she opened her eyes, the figure vanished.

More years passed in blissful chaotic family life filled with the Waltons and space hoppers. All the children got places in the newly built Burraton school, William walked up to Elliot's store one day to find it closed and William promised he would take Mary on a Concorde once he had saved enough money. Christmas eves continued the same way, once the children were in bed, and Mary was sleeping, William would take out the button. One by one, the children, who were no longer children, left home. The house grew quieter as each one went. The year Iris left was the hardest on William. That Christmas Eve was the first time the soldier rested his hand on his shoulder to offer comfort. That small gesture gave him the strength to push out the sadness and to fill the void with the memories yet to be made. One such memory was the day he took Mary to see the princess. A crowd gathered outside the SHADO centre, cheering and waving flags. She was as beautiful in real life as she was on television. One little girl, about seven years old caught his attention, as she was crying. He asked why she was so sad, and she replied through sobs that she couldn't be a real princess, as she wasn't wearing a sparkly dress and a tiara. William patted her on the head and laughed.

William's 50th birthday was celebrated at home. The children came carrying gifts and grandchildren. The smell of old spice and the sounds of a Nintendo Gameboy filled the room. Luckily his hearing wasn't as good as it was, and the voices levelled into a hum. This hum gave him peace and a chance to reflect on his lot. How different things could have turned out for him if he had never found that button. His annual rendezvous gave him strength and purpose. It was hard to understand, but it was as if the visitor replaced any sadness and doubt and replaced it with a lust for life, which was projected onto his family. William's hair had turned grey, and was starting to thin, his belly formed as the result of the cheeky after work ales in the Union. But yet, the soldier had never changed in the last 29 years, not a single wrinkle nor grey hair poking out from under his cap.

1995 saw the country wide celebration of the anniversary of VE day. Bunting was hung; tables and emergency chairs were brought out and laid with food. The children dressed up as evacuees and soldiers. It was a proper party! He knew this hadn't had been his friends war, but he still felt the sadness and tragedy of that time. He couldn't wait for Christmas Eve. The millennium was brought in with fireworks and champagne. It was a quiet family affair, with only Iris coming to join them. The other children couldn't make it. They couldn't make it a lot. Caught up in their own commitments there were always excuses. Excuses which he knew hurt Mary, but she would never let him see. The next time the family were all together, was when they were standing over her grave. The illness was short, but traumatic. The bed had been moved back downstairs into the parlour like it was when the house was full. Mary gently fell asleep on Christmas Eve in the presence of both men. He couldn't have borne it alone. His friend stayed that night, until the sun began to rise. The first thing he thought, once he was completely alone, was that he never did take her on a concord. They ironically stopped flying the following year.

Years seemed to speed up, he only wished for Christmas Eve to come. One day the world broke, and he became completely isolated. Relying on friendly neighbours to deliver his shopping and trying not to watch the news. Listening to claps on a Thursday night and a failed attempt at a zoom quiz left him tired. That Christmas eve, he sat on the edge of the bed. He never moved it back upstairs. His withered hands held the coin and he waited. His

friend appeared, but something else caught his eye. He reached for his glasses and looked up. There was another uniformed man too. The blue eyes were strangely familiar. When the second man smiled, it was like looking at himself in the mirror sixty years ago. Even though they had never met, he knew exactly who he was. He reached out his hand, and with surprise, William was able to take it. He squeezed it tightly and stood up. Standing, protected, between the two men they all walked out of the room.

*Story Carly Bennett
Picture Anna North*

Coincidence or ?

Anyone who has done any family history research will be aware of the strange coincidences that often occur. We have certainly had several experiences of that recently.

The only way to deal with the mammoth task of sorting Colin Squires' research files was to simply empty the many filing cabinets and sort the folders into two piles, one for definitely keeping and one for looking through in more depth. Once the cabinets were empty we could then check the documents in the files and decide what to catalogue.

Throughout this year we randomly removed a few folders at a time to take home to work on. We decided not to select any particular subject as we knew if we did that we would have all the difficult and less interesting subjects to deal with at the end. So, a couple of files would be taken from each of two or three boxes and we would spend wet afternoons going through them. Then, spookily, a few days later, an enquiry would come in on the very topic that we had just dealt with.

The latest was an enquiry about mining in the Saltash area. Only a week before that we had worked on a file on that same subject so I was able to produce the documents for our visitor who was more than delighted.

Previously we had been looking at files for, amongst others, Llanstephen Cottage, a house in Albert Road and the history of Saltash Baptist Church only to receive an email enquiry a few days after we finished sorting them.

Was it coincidence or was it something else.....?
Were we being guided as to which files to take....?

Terry

Contributors

Jean Dent, Lizzy Sharpe-Asprey, Bruce Hunt, Terry Cummings, Lauris Richardson, Marilyn Tait, Kevin Richardson, Andrew Barrett, Carly Bennett, Mo Cummings for proof reading

Daws Creamery - Milk Churn

A short while ago we received a request from Rich Anderson from Palm Bay in Florida, regarding an old 'milk can' that had been rescued from a home that was due for demolition in Ocala, Florida. The contractor had told Rich that if he had not rescued the item, it would have been hauled off to the dump.

Rich was extremely interested in the history of 'the can' and wondered whether we could help him. He forwarded some photographs which displayed the words 'Daws Creameries Ltd, Saltash Cornwall. England' embossed on the side and the words 'Empty to Totnes' engraved in the centre.

After some assistance from Bruce, I informed Rich, that this 'can' was in fact a milk churn, and that Daws Creamery in Saltash had been set up in 1932 and closed in the late 1970's. That milk from the local farms would have been collected in similar churns and brought by lorry into the creamery where it was pasteurised.

We explained that the Creamery was sited on the banks of the River Tamar, linked to England by our two famous bridges, with Daws Creamery almost underneath one of the bridge supports, looking across the river to Plymouth and Dartmoor beyond.

We then explained that during WW2, when many Americans were billeted in houses in Saltash, they were transported back and forth across the River Tamar from Saltash to Plymouth. On the Plymouth side was a large camp, there was also one in Saltash and many officers were billeted in private houses in the town.



The slipway in Saltash was used by the American patrol and torpedo boats and they were serviced in an area right in front of the Creamery, which they may have used for fresh produce.

Churns and such like were often used for storing fresh water and sometimes fuel. When empty they were very good for storing anything you wanted to keep dry, in rough seas. This might account for why this churn has found a new home in Florida, returning there with the boats which were used here during the Second World War.

USNAAB (United States Navy Advanced Amphibious Base)

The USN opened a base in Saltash in November 1943 which was operated by the 29th division 'Seebees' US Navy Construction Battalion, under the command of Lt. Cdr. T.H. Morriss 111. It included a gridiron consisting of 12 parallel straight piers centred 4.85 metres apart and 34 metres long that slope gently down the intertidal shore and are built of shuttered concrete. The unit specialised in the repair and maintenance of landing craft, patrol boats and

mine sweepers. In January 1944 a camp was built at Vicarage Gardens, Saltash Passage (Plymouth in Devon) which came under the Jurisdiction of the O.I.C Saltash. The base was responsible for servicing, repairing and providing logistical support for flotillas of LCI and LCT along with many PT squadrons and Coast Guard Cutters.

Initially there were 180 Americans billeted in houses and hotels in Saltash. Apparently the US sailors at Saltash were able to mingle freely with their Cornish neighbours and consequently such firm friendships developed that Saltash became a shining example of how to make international relationships function. The base closed on 31st August 1945.

We do wonder if this has any connection to the fact that this churn has now appeared in Florida in the USA.

Rich replied to us that he was delighted with the wonderful insight into the history of his milk churn and did not expect such a detailed history which he truly appreciates. He says it will be cleaned and polished and put on display in his home and everyone will be regaled with its story, about this little piece of Saltash history which has now found a good home in central Florida.

Lizzy

Editor's Note

I received this article from Lizzy about the churn before the photograph arrived and was surprised to see that it is not only embossed NESTLES but is made of copper, or more likely copper coated. The vast bulk of early British churns were galvanised steel and later aluminium, copper churns and copper coated are rare but were more common in France.



A request for further photographs resulted in a photo of the lid which indeed says “DAWS CREAMERY (SALTASH) LTD” and “RETURN TO TOTNES” but the lid looks like galvanised steel that has worn and corroded over time.

The conclusion is that the churn and the lid are from different sources. This is quite understandable as churns were moved in bulk and it would be common for lids to be returned with a different churn.

Daws who also had a creamery in Launceston opened a new branch at Totnes in 1934 which was taken over by ‘Cow & Gate’ in 1936 so the top at least can be dated between those dates confirming it as pre WWII.

Folder full of Newspaper cuttings and photographs

Is there out there, preferably local, someone who might be interested in helping us out with this file of old newspaper cuttings and photographs relating to Saltash Heritage collected by our late President Colin.

As many of you will know we received a bequest from our late president Colin Squires containing all the books in his house and all paper work relating to his years of research into the history of our town. There was filing cabinet after filing cabinet of papers, a library of books and magazines, photographs, maps and leaflets. It has been an amazing consuming time for most of the Committee, mainly I have to say our Archivist. We then discovered there was a roof filled with exactly the same.

Amongst this, was this file of paper cuttings, taken from newspapers from over the last 25 years. They feature some of the displays, exhibitions, talks and other events that hit the headlines about the adventures of Saltash Heritage.

Is there someone out there who would be happy to go through these cuttings, put them in date order and stick them in some scrapbooks, which we could display in the museum. This could be

done at your leisure and we would supply you with scrap books and a suitable adhesive.

If anyone is able to assist, please speak to the Secretary Lizzy or assistant Sylvia. You can email us at the museum or drop in a note or phone the museum. If no one is there you can leave a message and we will get back to you.

Many thanks Lizzy



Fun Palace - 1st and 2nd October 2021

Saltash Library and community Hub

In October several groups joined together for a two day exhibition in the Saltash Library, sharing skills and celebrating local cultures.



The space was shared with 'The Core Youth Club', The Scrapstore, 'Livewire Youth Centre', Saltash Town Band and a Flower Arranging Group.

Saltash Heritage put on a large display of old photographs, some interesting items from our Curatorial store room, maps, leaflets, books and magazines. The laptop was loaded with family history information and we were linked into the internet for further in depth queries.





Two volunteers at a time manned the table to offer advice, and introduce visitors to the contents of our museum. At slack moments the volunteers learnt how to do some flower arranging, discover what the Youth club had to offer, played around with scraps, learnt how to play the trumpet on one day and a trombone on another. (See picture of one of our volunteers Roger, deafening us with his unusual talent) and the opportunity was also there to strum on a guitar and join in with a song.

The most exciting part of the day was when two young men around the age of 16 attempted to make a 1940's telephone work, much to the amusement and laughter of many older generations with superior joy in their faces. (You mean we can work this technology and these youngsters can't!)

The reaction of Andy Rance leader of the Live Wire Club, says it all.

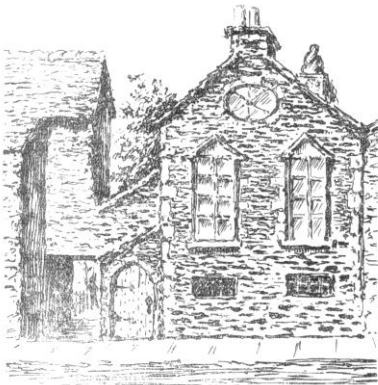
There was some excellent networking that day even if we did not have a huge number of visitors.

Lizzy

Law and order notes

The Police Station close to the Library in Callington Road opened on 10th May, 1971. Years ago, Beadles, Town Sergeants, Parish Constables all had their voice to enforce the law and keep the peace in their turn, armed if necessary with official staff or truncheon. It was the Mayors who were all powerful. What a change today. Even the ex-officio title of Justice of the Peace has gone from them.

Mr Kenneth Hodge was the town's last Mayor to be a J.P. by virtue of his office in March 1969.



Saltash lock-up known as the 'Black Hole' was in Fore Street above the old Guildhall next to 'Marble Arch', today the passage way from Fore St to the car park opposite St Nicholas and St Faith church. It was the kitchen of the Long Room and was fitted up as a prison in October 1834. In spite of efforts to save it, the building was pulled down in 1894 and the site was later built on and is presently the Essa Club. Some prisoners, if not rough, were not kept in the 'Black Hole' at night but taken to the 'Ring of Bells' Inn for food and sleep. The Cornish Times reported on 1 May 1889, "The ancient borough of Saltash is without a suitable 'lock-up'. There is a cell

known as the 'black hole' but it is neither salubrious nor safe, and any prisoners are taken to St Germans for confinement and returned for magisterial examination. If, however, arrests are made at night, the prisoners can only be placed in the 'black hole', and it is desirable there should be a safe place of detention at Saltash which fulfils modern requirements.

A new police station was built in 1891 on the crossroad of Albert Road and Station Road. The station which contained two cells was the end of a block of three, two being police houses; it became a dwelling 21-11-72.

Until the nineteen twenties, all Cornish Police had to attend a place of worship once on a Sunday and many had good voices. Cornwall Constabulary had (and still have) an excellent police choir,

In 1967 Chief Inspector Owen Sivell retired from the force; during the blitz period of the last war he was stationed at Saltash and is remembered as the tallest Cornish policeman (6ft 7in and 17½ stone)

In 1964, the little Watch House at the corner of the gas works next to the Wheatsheaf belonging to the river police was demolished. The Police used to go to the Waterside in twos.

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

An inspector started 1978 and two women police officers came in 1979. The D&C Police brought back police on the beat in May 1979, though Saltash had never lost this angle of duty to the car. Inspector Tossell moved here from St Germans early in 1978 and in the July a Chief Inspector came. No walkie talkie of individuals at start of 1981 but car crews leaving their cars and walking around did have contact - aerial on the library.

The D&C Chief introduced Community police in an area of people. Our first, Con. Wilcox, about the end of 1980 'Specials' known as 'Special Constables and Police Reserve', and this is on the cloth shoe locker flash. Unpaid, they could be called on at any time. They also received blue and white diced cap bands in 1-10-82.

Policeman on the streets of Saltash could be from the far north of Devon making up the local force of 13 Constables and 2 Sergeants, with another and a Detective Constable to come to walk or ride our streets.

The new station in Callington Rd has a better view than the old one, the cells were replaced by one roomy detention room with its fixed wooden bed and fitting-less toilet. This leads out from the interview room, while an asset for the police is a drying arrangement for wet clothes. All in all, the premises were a palace compared to the old one and contained a mess room and a room for the seven 'Specials' which include one woman. There was a telephone in the front wall for 999 calls at night; the ordinary station number remained 3223 (two lines).

While bicycles had gone, the white Panda Cars covered a large area much faster; their area was bounded by Polbathic, Trerulefoot and Paynter's Cross. Unfortunately the village 'Bobby' with his rural beat who knew everyone and what was going on has been replaced by the stranger who rushes in and out again by car.

The new station officially opened on the afternoon: 9th July 1971 by Ald. J.B. Martin of Exeter, immediate past Chairman of the Cornwall & Devon Police Authority. The old station cost £1,400, the new £28,000 built by G.H. Webber Ltd. of Saltash. The Major, Ald. V. Hardin and Councillors were there. The land had cost £1,450.

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Grand Family History & Local History Day

Liskeard Public Hall

West Street, Liskeard

Saturday 18th June 2022

Welcome 10.0am - 3.00pm

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