

SALTASH HERITAGE

Newsletter No. 77

August 2020



Information

Because of 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
Saltash Heritage AGM		Delayed

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Editorial

This is the second newsletter under covid restrictions. Again it is a bumper issue to hopefully keep you entertained in these strange times. It is also my 30th newsletter which marks my 10 years as editor. You would think it would gradually get easier but in fact the opposite is true. The more you do the less original material is left for future issues without repeating yourself. I rely on input from many sources not just for new material but for different viewpoints and perspectives, so please keep the material coming. Everyone has their own story to tell.

Bruce

Front Cover

The ghost of Brunel looks over the newly refurbished railway station. I think he would have approved.

Bruce

A few words from my chair



A few nights ago I had a dream. It was a bit different, as dreams go. I was sitting in the corner of our living room in my favourite old armchair, surrounded by piles of books. So far so good. All very familiar. It was what followed that took Bob's dreams to a different level.....

Perched on my knee was a little boy with silvery blond hair, staring inquisitively into my eyes. To the best of my knowledge I had never seen him before, didn't recognise him, and wondered distractedly how on earth he came to be on my knee. And then he spoke:

“Grandpa”, he said, “what did you do during the time of the Great Pandemic?”

Well, when one is just a tad confused, as I was in this dream, the only way forward is to go with the flow, so I answered him to the best of my limited ability. It turned out that his name was Rupert, a grandchild to be added to Allan, Louis, Eva, Blythe, Raphael and Gabriel, all of whom I **knew** to be my grandchildren.

“I cannot fully satisfy your curiosity”, I began, “because just now folk keep telling me that we are only in its early stages. Even though Mr Johnson keeps making hopeful noises about Christmas, the noises made by his sage people do not sound anywhere near as positive. But I can tell you about the story so far.

Granny and I had been to Heligan for the day. I remember it well. It was Monday 16th March. It was the day our children decided to lock us up until further notice. They anticipated Mr Johnson's instructions to the nation by several days, and did not allow us to travel any further than the end of our drive until late in the second week of June. On Thursday 11th June, given permission by our children to emerge from incarceration, we returned to Heligan. Between those dates, my diary tells me that I would normally have been out and about, going hither and thither for fifty five days, involved in various activities, mainly to do with church services, visiting friends and

the sick, and having stuff to do with Saltash Heritage. The remaining days would likely have been spent with Granny, either at home or travelling locally.

What actually happened was an experience of a whole new world. Forbidden to venture further than the top of our drive, we discovered that what we would have felt to be utterly abnormal had become our new normal.

Shopping? Organised by your Aunty Mairead, vans would arrive regularly with whatever we needed. I put money regularly into Aunty Mairead's bank account and topped it up when necessary. In fact, even though we don't have to any more (at least for the time being!) we are keeping that going, mainly going briefly into shops only for what Granny calls top-ups. Exercise? In addition to being variously active in the house, Granny the Gardener went into overdrive. Grumpy Grandpa retreated into a quiet room most days to do all sorts of physical jerks, and occasionally outside to clean the seagull poo off the car. Keeping our brains in gear? Granny, when not inventing delicious new recipes for our meals, seemed to be spending a lot of time with Sudoku puzzles, crossword puzzles and jigsaw puzzles. Grandpa knew what he had to do. Some of those books in piles surrounding this armchair had been waiting for years to be read. No longer! All now read, and new authors (new to Grandpa anyway!) have been discovered and enjoyed. Have you ever read any of Terry Pratchett's books? Great fun, aren't they? I particularly enjoyed "Nation". Reading in the sun on the balcony has been a particular joy.

Anyway, as I was saying, we have been allowed out again, but it's not the same as it was. The virus is still around and we have to obey quite a lot of new rules, such as not being too close to other people outside and having to wear something which covers mouth and nose, especially inside buildings. If you walk up and down Fore St you will notice changes. For instance, some shops have not opened again. Some are different. Saltash Heritage, for which Grandpa does a little work now and again, is still closed, although working hard at trying to find a new way of opening up, hopefully before too long, but not until we are sure that anyone going in will be safe. Grandpa's church is open again, but until Grandpa feels safe, he is only "doing church" by email, phone and letter. He can't even visit elderly friends in residential and nursing homes. I only hope that the letters I send to them make up for my absence in some small way.

We are now into August, Rupert. We don't know how long this horrible thing will last, but we all hope for a vaccine that will deal with it. I don't know about you, but I miss being with my family and friends. Skype is alright, I suppose, but it doesn't make up for not being able to kiss and hug my nearest and dearest."

And at that point, dear readers, Fran woke me up with my morning coffee. Funny old dream. But back to the new reality of how we must lead our lives. My hope is that I can be back doing all the stuff that has filled my life for the last several years before retirement calls at the end of the year, and that Saltash Heritage will rise again!

Bob Munro

A Wartime wedding



How long does it usually take to organise a wedding?

In wartime they were often very rushed affairs and by necessity very low-key. A recent enquiry about the occupants of a house in Saltash led us to go off on a tangent and discover reports of a rushed wartime wedding that certainly wasn't low-key. In 1939 Effie Campbell of Pentamar, Coombe Road, Saltash was engaged to Robin Hancock from Looe and they were making plans for their wedding. Unfortunately the war intervened and plans had to be put on hold. Robin was a Sub-Lieutenant in the Royal Navy serving on H. M. Submarine Salmon and Effie was a member of the A.T.S. (Auxiliary Territorial Service) and could only meet when

their leave periods coincided.

On Monday 23rd October Effie's mother received a telegram saying that Robin had three days leave from that Wednesday and could a wedding be arranged for the Thursday. Naturally she went into a flat spin wondering how it would be possible to arrange anything so quickly.

In just three days a wedding dress was made, a reception organised and the couple were married by licence at St Stephen's church on Thursday 26th October 1939.

The only absentee from the wedding was the bride's father Major Roy Campbell, who was serving in France.

Effie was a member of the F.A.N.Y. (First Aid Nursing Yeomanry) a section of the A.T.S. and was a driver for the Duke of Somerset. Her friends from the A.T.S. managed to obtain an army lorry and towed the bridal car from the church to the reception.

Sadly Effie was widowed in July 1940 when Robin was lost in HMS Salmon. Their daughter was born in February 1941.

Terry

Stories from the Storeroom.



How environmentally friendly were we years ago? We can all remember using glass bottles, not Tetra Packs for milk and juice. Of course a deposit was paid on pop bottles and I'm sure many of us can remember returning the bottles back to the shop to collect the threepence, which we could then spend on sweets or comics. Clothes were repaired or handed down to our neighbours

children, the toes of our shoes were cut out so that they could be used for a while longer. Our parents were a thrifty bunch, even to the extent of sharpening razor blades, and we have, in the Museum storeroom, a little machine which did just that.

A marvel of mechanical engineering, the small Kriss Kross Stropper sharpened razor blades, allowing them to be used over and over again, unlike the disposable razors of today, cast into landfill without a thought.

This small machine contained a circular leather strop, inside a metal box, with a small window. The razor blade was inserted into the blade-holder and then the handle turned.



After several revolutions of the leather strop, the blade holder would rise, then rotate, so that the other side of the blade was also sharpened. It's a very sturdy little machine, but if it needed a repair, this would be carried out by the manufacturer by returning the item with a coin for return postage.

Hopefully, one day, this can be put on display in the Museum, for everyone to appreciate one of the ways in which older generations were "green".

Lauris Richards

The Great Storm of 1953

An extract from My Cornish Childhood and Beyond

The journey by coach on that Saturday evening became more and more difficult as night descended and road conditions deteriorated. The strong winds and heavy rain, gave rise to standing surface water in many areas, with debris from overhanging trees littering the roads. It was soon obvious that the journey to Plymouth might come to a complete halt, or at best arrive too late to catch my Saltash connection. My main worry was that I had no means of communicating with my parents and warn them that all my plans were likely to be scuppered, so they would be waiting on the Cornish side, unaware of the traumas of my journey from Portsmouth:(mobile phones had not even been dreamed of in those days). Finally we drew up at Plymouth North Road Station, but half an hour or more too late, for my train had departed on time as was the custom before Mr. Beeching and the Government decided to interfere. There appeared to be only one solution to my immediate situation, which was to find a taxi and persuade the driver to take me to St. Budeaux, in the hope of catching a late ferry across the Tamar estuary to Saltash. An expensive taxi ride across the City was not a pleasing prospect to a penniless Sub-Lieutenant, but as the saying goes, 'needs must when the devil drives' so the first taxi that hove into sight was hailed. When I stated my destination the taxi-driver in his rich Devonian accent said something along the lines of 'You'll be lucky zur, cuz I reckon twill be finished fur the nite in voo of the weather'.

His assumption unhappily proved perfectly correct, for when we arrived at the ferry point, it was closed and deserted, not in the least surprising in view of the conditions; the wind was gusting to almost gale force and the rain was relentless. As we parted he said 'good luck to ee zur, not sure wot yume gwain to do now, but I'll leave ee to it'. Towering above in the gloom from the odd street lamp, I could see the massive outline of the Royal Albert Bridge; Isambard Kingdom Brunel's engineering masterpiece built over one hundred and fifty years ago and which still carries the trains across the border from Devon into Cornwall. The current splendid Tamar Road Bridge had not been in existence at that time, so the car ferry was the only means for vehicles to cross over the border, without having to take an enormous detour of twenty miles or more via Gunnislake and Tavistock.

The ferry's big problem was the fact that it operated by hauling itself across the estuary on heavy chains which passed through the ferry, and being without motive power for steering, was therefore helpless in strong winds which created very rough conditions in the narrow stretch of water. The tops of large waves as they were driven by the storm glinted white, and could be faintly seen in the limited visibility near the shoreline; a wild night if ever there was one. There was no question of giving up, as my parents would still be waiting on the other side, and at a loss as to what they should do on such a wild night, when the agreed time had passed without sign of me. Without the ferry, the only possibility remaining was to attempt to walk across Brunel's Bridge if I could get access to it.

Easier said than done needless to say, and I trudged a long way back the road hoping to find a gap between the houses or a fence I could negotiate, then climb the embankment up to the railway line itself. When setting out that afternoon, I had a light raincoat and the obligatory soft cap which Naval officers wore simply to observe the custom of saluting the Quarterdeck when leaving or boarding the ship. I was soon waterlogged including the

ubiquitous Naval Grip, but eventually I found the opening I had hoped for, and the struggle of crossing gardens, fences and climbing the steep bank with tangled undergrowth was under way. Not the easiest of tasks in virtual darkness in unknown territory but with a great feeling of relief, I was finally standing on the track itself with the glinting rails disappearing in the direction of the bridge. Walking along the track in the darkness with only limited vision was somewhat anxious making, as I had no idea as to how many or what obstacles lay in wait along the way and falling down or breaking a limb was very much in mind. As I neared the bridge the immensity of it was quite overpowering, and the noise of the gale in the massive superstructure at a height of around 150 feet, was simply deafening. The experience of being battered by the gale and the noise around me, in addition to the knowledge of my situation, certainly kept the adrenalin at a high level, which must have increased even further when I felt the rumble of an approaching train from the direction of Plymouth.

All I could do, was to back as far as possible to the side of the bridge, in the hope that there was sufficient room for the metal monster to pass by without me being observed or even worse, mangled. Trains always look on the large side, but from my location at track level this unexpected threat, which turned out to be a goods train, was a veritable monster with eyes, which rushed by with a clattering roar and clouds of steam, sparks and smoke. As its red tail-light disappeared into the darkness around the curve, I resumed my stumbling walk for what seemed an interminable time, until I realised that the end of the bridge was near and the station not far away around the bend. As expected, the station was in darkness and shut down, as all passenger trains had departed long since, so I faced the challenge of getting out, all the time wondering what I should do if my parents had finally decided that there was little point in waiting further.

Stations are understandably fairly well protected from people getting in or out of them without payment, so the task I faced was not easy but at long last I clambered down the final obstacle and stood in the roadway, safe and sound, back in my beloved Cornwall. Not far away, I could see the dim lights of a stationary car, and yes in spite of it all, there were my ever loving and patient parents, who needless to say were much relieved to see their youngest appear out of nowhere. 'Bit late' said Dad, 'we were unsure as to what we should do, but your mother had said if Derek told us we must wait, then wait we must'. (What can one say in the face of such trust?) 'We thought the last train had gone, so how on earth did you get here'. 'Oh I just walked across the bridge' I said, whereupon Mum, after recovering her power of speech, told me it was wrong of me to treat such matters in such an offhand manner as they had been extremely worried. I often wondered afterwards, if they really believed that I had walked across that famous bridge in the storm, and even now when I look back to that time, I find it rather difficult to believe what I had done in such conditions. But there we are, I suppose one could put it down to the determination and optimism of youth, but after all what else could I have done knowing that my parents would have waited till dawn if necessary?

William Derek Woolcock

SALTASH

Station (miracles can happen)



Work has finally finished on the refurbishment of the Saltash Station building and I must say it looks fantastic, inside and out. There is still some fitting out and the removal of the fence on the platform side but that is minor compared to what has been done to change this building from a derelict eyesore to something the town can be proud of.

The interior is a blank canvas at present and can be used in a number of ways; the obvious one is as a display area or art gallery.



The interior, looking towards the Liskeard end. The door on the far left leads into the buffet/refreshment area with toilet facilities while the door on the far right leads into the kitchen area. The old fire place between the two doors has been retained.



The buffet area with the serving hatch. Easy access toilets on the left.



The whole of the main central area is open to the roof with its original timbers the roof is externally insulated with the skylight giving the building a light airy feel.



The east end of the building was in such a poor state it was demolished and replaced with a newly built section that blends perfectly with the old. This has its own access and facilities and it is hoped will be rented out to provide an income to help support the whole building.



The view from the west end looking towards the RAB end with the original chimney breast retained as a feature. The other side of the chimney breast retains its fire place as does the one in the refreshment area.



The platform side of the building has been paved and the fence will be removed giving access to the platform from the main area and also the buffet. This paved area belongs to the council so could be used for outside seating.

When you compare what we have now to what it looked like a few years ago it shows the amount of effort that has gone into this project.



Solving the impossible

A recent enquiry seemed to ask an impossible question but with a bit of lateral thinking we managed to find the answer.

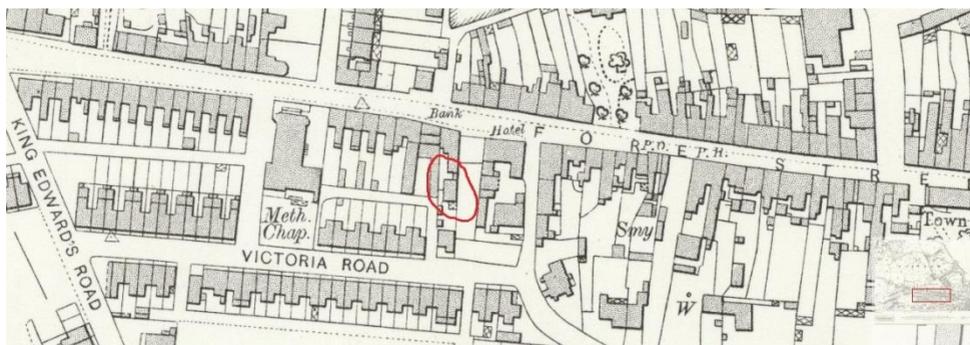
The question posed was “Could we identify a house called “The Cottage” in Saltash in 1907?” The enquirer was trying to identify where his grandmother lived when she was a teenager. He believed that at the age of thirteen she moved to Saltash in 1901 and left in 1909. The only real information to go on were some postcards addressed to her at “The Cottage, Saltash” and one addressed c/o Mrs Gover who may have been her employer.

We had no record of ‘The Cottage’ and couldn’t find anything obvious on maps. Nor could we find anything relating to Mrs Gover. The next thought was to look at the census for 1901 and 1911 under the name of Gover. Result! On both censuses there is an entry for “The Cottage” in Fore Street, shown as being between numbers 90 and 91 and occupied by Mr and Mrs Gover and a female general servant. Number 90 was occupied by the Naval Bank and number 91 was a shop with living accommodation above. (Mr Gover was a Bank Manager, it is presumed of the Naval Bank.)

There is no actual building fronting Fore Street that could have been The Cottage. However from an aerial photograph taken in 1972 it is possible to see a small building that might well have been it. Although there is currently a building on the site The Cottage itself no longer exists.

The building can be identified on the 1905 OS map – see below. The open space to the right on the map was the yard of The Commercial Hotel, now the Brunel Inn.

Identifying the Cottage was not the only result though. As part of our recent digitising and transcribing programme we were able to find that the grandmother had been a member of the Saltash branch of the Girls Friendly Society. The transcription confirmed that she had been employed by Mrs Gover and also gave the date she left Saltash, her new address and her future husband’s name.



1905 OS Map

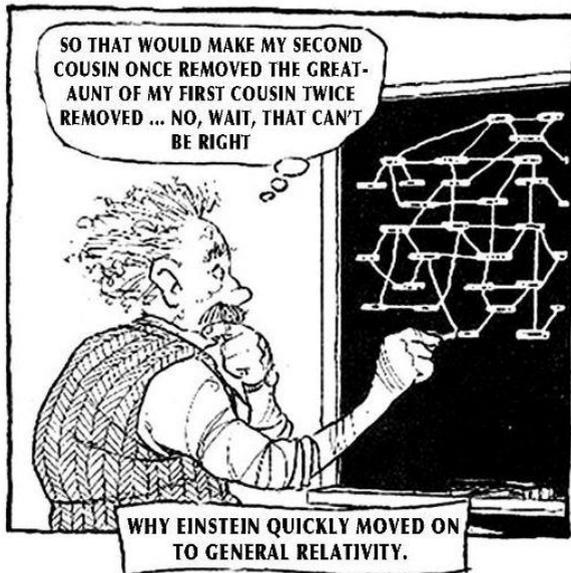


The building probably known as "The Cottage" – photo from 1972

So from a seemingly impossible question we were able to not only confirm the address but also supply previously unknown information about an ancestor.

If you know anything about this building I'd love to hear from you.

Terry



Wearde Camp sign



The two information boards and plaques, one on the Waterside and one at the station, to commemorate the part played by Saltash in training men for WWI have now been joined by a third outside the school at Wearde. This was the location of the training and accommodation camp which later became a hospital run by Queen Alexandra's Army Nursing Service as part of the Ministry of Pensions. The new sign features a timeline and a detailed history of the site along with illustrations.



The new information board at Wearde being erected. There is a lot to read, and watching people who took the time to stop and look, many used their mobiles to photograph it for future study. The Deputy Head, and head of history, along with a class of year ten history students were the first to see the display board before it was put into place.



SDQ

What did you do during the “lockdown” 2020 Mum?



Well, as well as gardening, spring cleaning, jigsaws, zoom gatherings, walking and cycling.....an equally inquisitive friend of mine suggested we attempt to quiz each other with unusual sites within Saltash. Initially within walking distance of the town, then as travel restrictions eased we went a little further afield. Taking a photo on mobile phone of an interesting



nook or cranny in Saltash passing it on to friend and then letting him become a super sleuth and investigate it. So started a regular SDQ - socially distancing quiz - that batted back and forth between the two of us (plus spouses) for the lockdown duration.

We have been stumped by obscure gates, tucked away stone arches, almost unknown memorial stones, sarcophagus, unusual house plaques etc etc. It's been good fun as well as informative and we've made the most of the good weather and really enjoyed finding out more about our town.

Angie Payne-Hanlon

Quarter Days

We have all heard of Quarter Days but have you ever wondered where the term came from. Do you know their dates or what they are called? Along with most people it was something I knew of but never really thought about.

Quarter Days came to our attention when Mo and I were transcribing some leases dating from the mid 1700's. (We have become quite expert now at deciphering old writing). In all of these leases the rent was payable on "the four most usual feasts or day of payment of rent in the year" and they then go on to specify the feast days. These later became known as "Quarter Days" and became the days in the year when servants were hired; school terms started and rents were due. They fell on four religious festivals roughly three months apart and close to the two solstices and two equinoxes and have been observed since the Middle Ages.

The Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary (or Lady Day)

This is the traditional name of the Feast of Annunciation, celebrated on 25 March, and commemorates the visit of the archangel Gabriel to the Virgin Mary, during which he informed her that she would be the mother of Jesus Christ, the Son of God.

Lady Day was a traditional day on which year-long contracts between landowners and tenant farmers would begin and end as conveniently it did not fall within or between the seasons for ploughing and harvesting.

The Nativity of Saint John the Baptist (or Midsummer)

Midsummer is the period of time centered upon the summer solstice and the celebration predates Christianity. It is believed that the summer solstice has been celebrated by human beings as early as the Stone Age. Midsummer originated as such a solstice festival.

The Christian Church designated June 24 as the feast day of the early Christian martyr St John the Baptist, and the observance of St John's Day begins the evening before, known as St John's Eve. As with other pre-Christian holy dates, the Christian Church found it easier to adapt them into Christian holidays, than to stamp them out

Saint John's Day, the feast day of Saint John the Baptist, was established by the undivided Christian Church in the 4th century AD, in honour of the birth of the Saint John the Baptist, which the Gospel of Luke records as being six months before Jesus. As the Western Christian Churches mark the birth of Jesus on December 25, Christmas, the Feast of Saint John (Saint John's Day) was established at midsummer, exactly six months before the former feast.

The feast of Saint Michael the Archangel (or Michaelmas)

Michaelmas, also known as the Feast of Saints Michael, Gabriel, and Raphael, the Feast of the Archangels, or the Feast of Saint Michael and All Angels, is a Christian festival observed on 29 September. The Archangel Michael is the greatest of all the angels and is honoured for defeating Satan in the war in heaven.

In medieval England, Michaelmas marked the ending and beginning of the husbandman's year, "at that time harvest was over, and the bailiff or reeve of the manor would be making out the accounts for the year.

Because it falls near the equinox, it is associated in the northern hemisphere with the beginning of autumn and the shortening of days.

Michaelmas hiring fairs were held at the end of September or beginning of October

Folklore in the British Isles suggests that Michaelmas day is the last day that blackberries can be picked. It is said that when St Michael expelled Lucifer, the devil, from heaven, he fell from the skies and landed in a prickly blackberry bush. Satan cursed the fruit, scorched them with his fiery breath, stamped, spat and urinated on them, so that they would be unfit for eating. As it is considered ill-advised to eat them after 11 October a Michaelmas pie is made from the last of the season.

The Birth of Our Lord God [or Lord Christ] (or Christmas)

Christmas (or Feast of the Nativity) is an annual festival commemorating the birth of Jesus Christ, observed primarily on December 25 as a religious and cultural celebration among billions of people around the world. Although the month and date of Jesus' birth are unknown, the church in the early fourth century fixed the date as December 25. This corresponds to the date of the winter solstice on the Roman calendar.

In addition to Christmas, the holiday has been known by various other names throughout its history as "midwinter". In Old English, *Gēola* (Yule) referred to the period corresponding to December and January, which was eventually equated with Christian Christmas. "Noel" (or "Nowel") entered English in the late 14th century and is from the Old French *noël* or *naël*, itself ultimately from the Latin *nātālis* (*diēs*) meaning "birth (day)".

December 25 was the date of the winter solstice on the Roman calendar.

A late fourth-century sermon by Saint Augustine explains why this was a fitting day to celebrate Christ's nativity: "Hence it is that He was born on the day which is the shortest in our earthly reckoning and from which subsequent days begin to increase in length. He, therefore, who bent low and lifted us up chose the shortest day, yet the one whence light begins to increase."

In the 17th century, Isaac Newton, who, coincidentally, was born on December 25, argued that the date of Christmas was selected to correspond with the solstice.

Recently we were loaned some leases from the early to mid-1700's to transcribe before they are passed to the Cornwall Records (Kresen Kernow). Mo and I have become quite expert now and are able to recognise words that previously were unintelligible. One thing that is common to all of the leases is the days of the year on which the rent was payable. These are stated as being 'the four most usual feasts or day of payment of rent in the year'. They then go on to specify the feast days starting with whichever was the next.

The feasts are listed in the documents as 1) The Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary; 2) The Nativity of Saint John the Baptist; 3) The feast of Saint Michael the Archangel;

and 4) The Birth of Our Lord God [or Lord Christ]. These are also commonly known as 'Quarter Days'. The more common names for the quarter days are: Lady Day (25 March); Midsummer Day (24 June); Michaelmas (29 September); Christmas (25 December).

By tradition the quarter days were the four dates in each year on which servants were hired, school terms started and rents were due. They fell on four religious festivals roughly three months apart and close to the two solstices and two equinoxes. Quarter Days have been observed since the Middle Ages. At many schools class terms would begin on the quarter days; e.g. the autumn term would start on 29 September, and thus continues to be called the Michaelmas term.

Terry

A treasure on the beach

When you look at the array of boats on the beach opposite the Union Inn you may miss this little treasure hidden amongst the hulks.



A Tamar salmon boat built at Goss's Yard at Calstock in 1915 by apprentices. It has been full restored and one of the very few to survive.

Lockdown



Well I don't know about you, but I do not wish to get used to this. I am becoming very fidgety and probably a pain to live with. Like many of you, I am sure you wish we could get back to normal, get on and do something productive. Catch up with friends and colleagues, be able to shake hands and give them a hug and have a good old natter.

Well my garden looks immaculate, my house has been redecorated, the dogs keep being taken for walks, or are constantly being groomed and trimmed, along with my husband, well-trimmed and I still find time to do family history, arts and crafts and managed to get covid (well the Doctors suspect that is what it was for 16 days, very poorly) and now I have just had eye surgery and getting over that quite well thank you.

The management team are being brilliant, our Kev regularly checking the building and dealing with the correspondence passing it over to the relevant team member. Bruce pops in to water his plants and do some jobs and put together our wonderful newsletters. Our Archivist drops in to pick up more work and Jackie our little treasure, is keeping the books straight and paying all the bills. Sylvia is keeping the volunteers up to date with her blog, Sharon is counting her pennies from those fantastic supporters who are still keeping up their annual subs and all the e.mail enquiries are being forwarded and dealt with, queries about people and places and photos required, books to be purchased and posted and family history problems to be researched by various team members. Chairman Bob keeps us up to date with his observations and words of wisdom.

As you can imagine we have been very anxious about opening the museum and have sought advice from the Cornwall Museums Service and Arts council England. It does appear that the only museums that are opening are the very large ones at present, who are able to provide adequate social distancing for their visitors. We are mindful of our responsibility to our visitors and to our volunteers which is why at present we do not feel able to meet the government guidelines to protect everyone sufficiently. Please be sure we are giving it a great deal of thought and as soon as we feel it is safe to do so, we will consider the situation again.

Please do let everyone know that if they have any queries about the museum, the town and its' history or the people and their history, any questions they would like answered any research they would like done to please contact the museum, either by email or by letter and we will see what we can do to assist.

If you have any ideas about how we can let the general public know that we are still working behind the scenes, even though the building is shut, we are still here, we are still working and we will open again no matter what, we would love to hear from you.

Our current exhibition, which none of you will have seen, will be retained for another year. After all the work we have put into this exhibition 'War and Peace'. The 1940's. The South East Cornwall Museums Forum cancelled their Grand Family History Day in Liskeard this year and will be holding it next year on Saturday 26th June 2021.

We have extended a very warm welcome to our new Museum Development Officer Stephanie Clemens, who took on her new role this month. She will be based in Redruth and travel all around Cornwall advising and assisting the many voluntary run museums in the South West. We look forward to welcoming her to visit us in Saltash in the very near future.

We have congratulated Cllr. Pete Samuels and Cllr. Julie Rance who have just taken on the roles of Mayor of Saltash and Deputy Mayor of Saltash. Pete has visited us many times in the museum and attended several of our monthly meetings and we wish them both a peaceful and productive year, which we hope they will enjoy immensely and we look forward to welcoming them into our museum, hopefully before their year has been completed.

Everyone take care of yourselves and do keep in touch

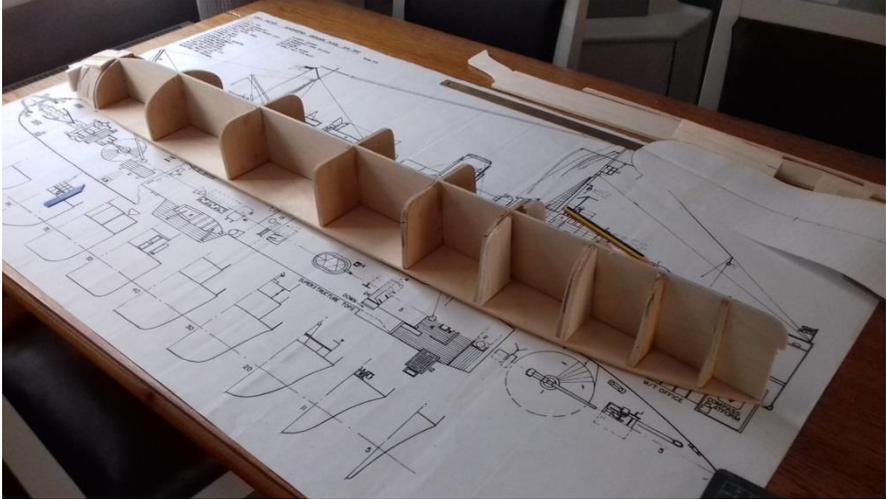
Lizzy

Stay safe...wear a mask

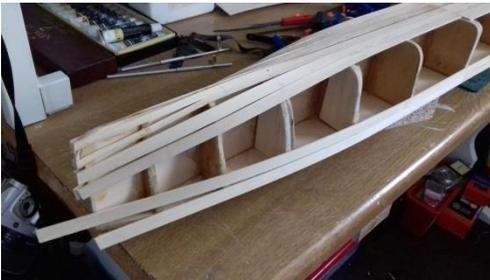


James Thompson - Master modeller & Artist

James lives at the Waterside and is known as a talented artist but fewer people know of his model making abilities. Up in the store room at Saltash Heritage there is a model of the complete Waterside area, built some years ago by James. This latest model is a 1:72nd scale model of HMS Saltash built in the remarkably short time of 3 months, in part due to 'lockdown'. With only a set of drawings and very few parts available James had to 'scratch build' almost every part of the ship from odd bits of wood, lots of brass sheets and micro tubing. This is how he did it.



From scale drawings the first job was to build the keel.



Starting to build the hull



The frame and rudder built out of brass



The funnel made from brass and copper wire



The funnel assembled



The superstructure taking shape and note the funnel now painted and fitted



Parts for the bridge made from old watches, the binnacle is only 10mm in height



Stern of the ship fully fitted out.



Masts made from artist brushes from the Scrap Store



The fine detail aft, all handmade, is quite astonishing



James's finished model of HMS Saltash

So.... What did you make in 'lockdown'?

The games we played



I asked what games you played as children, especially if they were specific to where you were brought up. So, as a Widnes lad from darkest Lancashire, here is my own contribution. Two games come to mind, one called 'Splash' and another called 'Bomber'.

Widnes was the centre of the chemical industry and home to companies like I.C.I., U.S.A.C. (United Sulphuric Acid Corporation) and many more. These companies produced a large amount of waste which was piled up around the town like slag heaps. We young lads called them the 'Alps'. Around these spoil tips there was usually a ditch and a rough dirt roadway full of potholes. There was always a smell of rotten eggs which made your eyes water. That's where we played 'Splash'.



After a shower rain water would permeate through the waste and collect in the perimeter ditch, this was all the colours you could think of from bright yellow and orange to greens, blues and purples. Some of this would overflow from the ditch onto the potholed road forming multi coloured puddles.

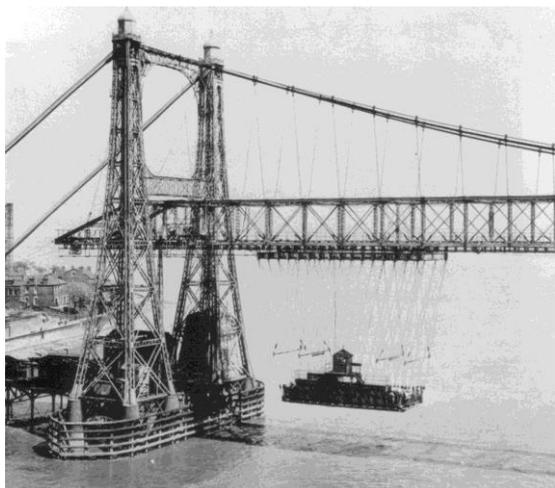
The idea was to charge down this road on your bike and try to splash each other from the puddles. As lads we knew when to lift our feet up high and which colour puddles to avoid. (Yellow always burnt a hole in you clothes and green made big brown stains) The nearer the front of the pack the better off you were, and if you ever fell off your bike.....

Rumour had it that you would glow in the dark.

Families that lived near to the spoil heaps or had parents that worked in the chemical plants always had a strange smell about them.



Sometimes when people talk about the 'Good old days' they seem to forget that life did have its problems. Today most of the spoil tips have been landscaped but not built on and vegetation is limited to the coating of top soil.



Top. *The car of the Transporter Bridge.*

Above. *The Transporter Bridge taken from the foot path alongside the Railway*

On a brighter note the other game that comes to mind was ‘Bomber’; this was a much less risky game (well it was for us). Widnes is on the bank of the River Mersey at a narrow point (about as wide as the Tamar at Saltash) that was easy to bridge. The first bridge was a rail bridge carrying the main London to Liverpool line. The second bridge was a ‘Transporter Bridge’. If you have never seen one, imagine a lattice of steel crossing a river at a height about the same as the RAB with a Saltash Ferry hanging below it on wires.

The railway bridge had a foot path running alongside the track and both cost 1d a crossing, with both structures crossing the Mersey and the Manchester Ship Canal.

To play ‘Bomber’ you filled up your pockets with stones, paid your penny and walked across the railway bridge until you came to the Manchester Ship Canal. There you waited for a ship to pass underneath and the winner was the first person who could drop a stone down the funnel of a ship.

I always thought this was a unique game (after all there can’t be that many places you can play it) but I

was wrong.

Recently I was talking to an elderly lady from Plymouth, and she told me that during the war she and her school mates were evacuated to Truro and went to school there. After the blitz they were allowed to periodically return to Plymouth to see their parents. This was organised as a day trip by the school, usually on a weekend by train, returning the same evening. The school provided them with a packed lunch which contained a bottle of drink. She told me that as the train passed through Saltash they would open the windows and throw the remains of their lunch and empty drink bottles out of the window at people waiting in the ferry queue. Even better, if the ferry was on the Saltash side and the tide was high because then they could reach the ferry. I also heard a story of Argyle fans, on a Saturday trip to watch their team, pelting the ferry queue with toilet rolls, so perhaps our game over the Manchester Ship Canal was not so unusual

Bruce Hunt

Bugler Hodge

A recent enquiry enabled us to find out about one of Saltash's characters.

Ernest Hodge was born in 1875 and spent most of his life in Saltash. When he died in 1961 aged 85 it was said that everyone in Saltash knew him. He was the last survivor of the eight local men who, in 1900, joined the Volunteer Battalion of the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry to serve in the Boer War.

At 5 feet 2 ½ inches Ernest was not tall enough to join as a fighting soldier but he did qualify to serve as a bugler. Times were very different then and the people of Saltash were very proud of their men who volunteered to serve in distant parts. His departure was delayed so that the parishioners of St Stephens-by-Saltash could present him with a silver-plated bugle as a mark of their appreciation. Ever since that time Ernest was known as Bugler Hodge.



May 1901, just after the return from South Africa – Ernest Hodge – front centre

In the First World War he volunteered again and joined the Royal Horse Artillery, taking part in the landing at Gallipoli. He again volunteered in the Second World War when he joined the Saltash Home Guard. He helped to guard the Royal Albert Bridge

before he was ‘gently’ retired. Shortly before he died Ernest said to a newspaper “I reckon they thought I’d done enough volunteering”.

It was a tradition that, at least once during their term of office, the mayor would visit Ernest to be shown his most treasured possession, the silver bugle. Ernest’s chief regret was that because of a chest complaint he could no longer play his beloved bugle.



Time: the era of the Boer War, 1899-1901. Place: Saltash. A young man, Ernest Hodge, is leaving home to join the troops at the front. But the citizens of Saltash are proud of Ernest and they delay him long enough to present a silver bugle inscribed with their feelings. Above: 85-year-old Mr. Ernest Hodge, of 18, Warfelton Crescent, Saltash, a five-medal veteran, holds the bugle that he prizes so much today.

At his funeral in December 1961 there were over 200 mourners, including the mayor, Alderman Maurice Huggins. The bugle, which had been silent for 30 years, was removed from its velvet lined box and a Royal Marine played the Last Post and Reveille as standards from the DCLI Old Comrades Association and South African War Veterans were lowered.

Terry

Theodore Paleologus

A link with the Byzantine Christian Empire at Landulph Church

Landulph Church stands close to Kingsmill Lake which runs into the River Tamar about two miles above Saltash.

The original church was founded by Celtic Missionaries in the dark ages and the current church is built within the boundaries of the original “Lan” which was the holy enclosure of the original Celtic Christians.

The present church dates from around 1420 and has a very rich history. But is most famous as the resting place of Theodore Paleologus, a descendent of the rulers of the once mighty Byzantine Christian Empire, whose body was interred at Landulph Church after he died in 1636.

But how did Theodore come to be in Landulph?

Theodore’s ancestor Emperor Constantine Paleologus fell in 1453 whilst defending Constantinople from the Turks. His brothers Thomas and Demetrius had ruled the Despotate of the Peloponnes, but were driven out in 1460 by Sultan Mehmet II. Thomas fled to Italy, taking with him the presumptive head of St Andrew the Apostle, and presented the relic to the Pope, who awarded him a pension.

Thomas settled with his family in the Adriatic town of Pesaro, where his great great grandson Theodore was born around 1560.

Little is known of Theodore’s early life. He may have been a professional soldier or mercenary and is believed to have spent some time fighting in the Netherlands.

It has been claimed that Theodore married Eudoxia Comnena in 1593 who died during the birth of their daughter Theodora, and that Theodora later married Prince Demetrius Rhodocanakis. However this can’t be verified.

By 1600 Theodore was living in England, and became Rider to the Earl of Tattershall at Lincoln Castle where he remained until about 1614.

It was here that he made an impression with both his learning and equitation on the celebrated Captain John Smith of future “New World” fame.

Theodore married Mary Balls of Suffolk, with whom he had five children who survived to adulthood: Theodore, John, Ferdinand, Dorothy and Mary.

By 1619 Theodore was living in Plymouth where his son Ferdinand was baptised.

Around this time he must have become acquainted with Sir Nicholas & Lady Elizabeth Lower of Clifton, Landulph, who invited Theodore and his family to live with them at their home in Clifton, Landulph.

Lady Lower was from a very learned family, and it is presumed she would have enjoyed studying the classics with the Greek Paleologus, who lived the last years of his life at their home.

Theodore died in 1636 and was interred within the church. His memorial, which is fixed near the vestry door, displays the imperial arms of the Empire of Greece, an eagle displayed with two heads, resting on the gates of Rome and Constantinople, with a crescent for the difference of a second son. The memorial also records Theodore’s pedigree.

Of Theodore's children, Dorothy married William Arundell of St Dominick with the marriage recorded in the registers of both Landulph and the neighbouring parish of St Mellion. They are not known to have had any children

Mary did not marry and was left £10 in the will of Sir Nicholas Lower in 1655. Mary died in 1674 and was also interred at Landulph.

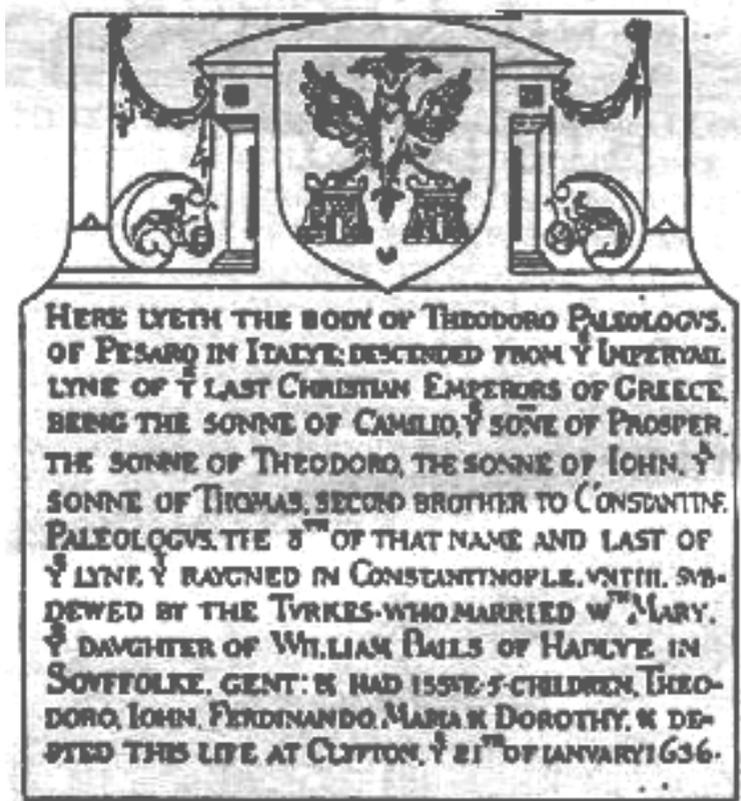
John lost his life fighting for King Charles I at Naseby.

Theodore was living in Tavistock in 1630. He fought for the Parliamentary side in the English civil war and was killed in 1644 and buried in Westminster Abbey.

Ferdinand is listed as a soldier serving in Plymouth in 1638. He fought for the King in the Civil War, and later sailed to Barbados, where he bought a cotton plantation that he named Clifton Hall. In 1655 he is listed as Churchwarden of the Church of St John in Barbados. Ferdinand died about 1678. He did have a son Theodorious who became a seaman and he had a daughter: Godscall Paleologus.

In 1795 the Paleologus vault at Landulph was accidentally broken into and Theodore's oak coffin opened. His body was found to be well preserved, of above average stature, with an aquiline nose and a long beard reaching to his chest.

The Paleologus Memorial in Landulph Church



Landulph Church is very unique in this part of the world to be the final resting place of members of such a noble and distinguished family.

Theodore's memorial plaque has generated great interest and attracted many visitors over the years. It has also been viewed by members of our own Royal family.

The plaque lies next to the memorial of his friend Sir Nicholas Lower in the Chancel end of the South Aisle.

In 2007 Archbishop Gregorios of the Greek Orthodox Church of Great Britain and several of bishops and clergy visited the Church and celebrated vespers in memory of Theodore.



Archbishop Gregorios and members of the Greek Orthodox Church Landulph 2007



Andrew Barrett

Presenting Family History (a personal view)



One of three box files and five folders in a big plastic tub in my loft. Who they are is a mystery

The most frequent request we get is for information on family history. It seems that there comes a time in life when everybody wants to know where they come from. Unfortunately this is usually in retirement and after the death of parents. If only I had asked them earlier is the usual response, and I wish they had written on the back of the shoe box full of photographs. Asked if they have written on the back of their own photographs the answer is nearly always NO.

- Tip 1. Write all the information you know on the back of each photograph now. Don't put 'Uncle Joe' or 'Grandad'. Put their names and how they are related.

Before you start it is worth deciding who you are doing it for. If it is just for you, then as long as you understand it that's fine, but if it's for the children and grandchildren will they know who the people are?

Decide on a format and stick to it. It could be individual branches from the youngest working backwards or the oldest working forward.

Be aware that family history is addictive so try and set yourself parameters. The easiest is ancestors and decedents and that is not always easy. If you start spreading sideways then you will have a lifetimes work. Most people encompass partners and siblings of ancestors and decedents but if you go wider than that and start looking at their families be prepared to spend many long hours at the computer keyboard.

I have noticed that most people are quite good at keeping files, folders and box files on different sections of the family. Also, at keeping files of birth, marriage and death certificates along with reams of census forms but fall over when it comes to cross referencing them to each other.

Many documents contain lots of fringe information

All this boils down to a lot of data about lots of people but very little about the individuals themselves. How they lived, where they worked, education, hobbies, how they got around, their friends, where they shopped. In general what was there life like? To decedents who have never known them these small snippets of information help to bring a person to life.

Photographs don't usually tell the whole story. Before WWII very few people had cameras, so when the opportunity came to have your photograph taken it was probably for a special occasion so you got dressed up and posed. Think of all those birthday pics, new baby with gran, family wedding, Christmas, a holiday (if you could afford one), maybe an early school photograph. Everyone saying cheeeese for the camera. These are not real life and not how people normally dressed or lived.



Left,

.A photograph taken by a travelling photographer in the late 1920's of children who were playing in a garden.. The small girl on the right is my mother. The story goes that my gran was outraged that the photographer had tried to sell her a picture of her child looking so scruffy and made him wait while she washed her, put on her Sunday best and combed her hair, before taking another photograph. The result was the photograph of my mother (right). Gran bought the original photograph so that no one else would ever see it. True or not, it's a nice story and illustrates a point.

Tip 2. Wedding photographs are great for more distant relatives. The further they are away from the bride and groom in the group photo, the less you are likely to know who they are in the future.

Photographs bring your family history to life. But what if you don't have a photograph of the person? The census should give an address, what about a photo of their house or the church where they married from Google Maps.

- Tip 3. Extract the information from documents that are relevant to your family then put them in the loft. You will have the information ready in one place and much less paper.
- Tip 4. Check with other family members, even distant ones, they may have already covered parts of your family tree. Family History web sites may have other people's research on them that overlaps with yours but double check their work. People make mistakes.
- Tip 5. Don't always believe what people say, particularly your parents. No matter how old you are they still think of you as children and only tell you what they think you should hear. I know!



Just one photo from the 'box of the lost'. I would guess 1950's but who? Photos of young children are extremely difficult to identify.

pages anywhere and replace amended page. I have also had it printed, which is very good to give as presents.

My master copy is now full of amendments but I will wait until after the 1921 census release so amendments that it will create can be incorporated before I have it printed again. I do still keep all the relative documents tucked away in the loft. But find it easy to add children and dates of deaths when required to the folder and the digital version.

- Tip 6. Watch out for variations in spelling, many online indexes used OCR (optical character recognition) from original documents and many mistakes were made. Some common ones are double n (nn) read as the letter m, i read as l. - u,v,w changed and c as an e are common ones

We searched a long time for 'Annie Harsant' and finally found Annie as Amle.

- Tip7. Be careful of nicknames or abbreviated names. Charlie as Charles or Chas. William as Bill. Leslie as Les. and many more.

In my case I copied all the bits I wanted into WORD and, because of the size of some branches I took my grandparents as a base line working backwards in time and forwards from them. This kept each section a reasonable size but it does produce an A4 book of 280 pages and still growing. My master copy in a loose leaf folder which makes it very easy to add

Bruce

For King and Country



As part of the scaled back VE Day celebrations in Saltash we were asked to decorate our windows. I decided that I would like to put some photographs of family members that had served in the armed forces during the Second World War at the centre of my display. This led me to my 'family suitcase' searching for a photo of my dad in RAF uniform and also one of his half-brother Fred. As I had plenty of time on my hands due to lockdown I decided go through the letters and other papers contained in the envelope marked 'Fred' to find out a bit more about him.

Frederick John Williams was a Cornish boy (the family came from the Gunnislake/St. Ann's Chapel area). He joined the Duke of Cornwall Light Infantry at the start of the Second World War and went off to France to 'serve King and Country'. Sadly Fred never returned. Letters home ceased in 1940 and my

grandmother wrote many letters to the authorities to find out what had happened to him. She eventually received a letter from the War Office in 1942 stating that Fred had been injured and because of the severity of his wounds and the fact that nothing had been heard from him for two years, it had been recorded that he had 'died of his wounds in a casualty clearing station shortly after 28th May 1940 while serving with the British Expeditionary Force'.

My father told me that Fred died when the ambulance he was travelling in towards Dunkirk was blown up, but I do not know where he got that story from. It could be that his body was being transported somewhere and the ambulance story was true.

Although his death was recorded there was never any record of a grave. The Commonwealth War Graves Commission site states that he is listed on the Dunkirk Memorial which commemorates nearly 4,700 soldiers of the British Expeditionary Force who fell in the campaign in France and Belgium, in 1939-1940 who have no known grave. The memorial was unveiled by Queen Elizabeth, the Queen Mother on 29 June 1957. (My grandmother and my dad were in attendance at the ceremony – this was the only time that

either of them went 'abroad'!) I also had a chance to see his name on the memorial during a visit to the area in 2016.

My grandmother also learnt from the War Office that Fred had been awarded a Military Medal for an act of bravery, which resulted in him being injured. When my grandmother died my father decided that he wanted to give the medal to the Regimental Museum in Bodmin and they very kindly offered to carry out some research into the reason why Fred had received the award. This is the account:-

True extract from 'The History of the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry 1930-1945

By nightfall on the 27th May 1940 the 2nd Battalion found themselves to the east of Kemmel (Belgium), one Company at least having got there on the general instruction to move to Kemmel and then march to the sound of the guns. Their task throughout May 28th was to assist the 5th Division in their mortal struggle to hold the Germans at bay in the area south of Ypres while the remainder of the allied forces fell back towards Dunkirk. The battalion were engaged in very heavy fighting throughout the day, and suffered many casualties, especially in B and C Companies, whose respective Commanders, Captain Farmer and Major Phillippo, were both killed.

Some of the battalion occupied a ridge east of Wyttschaete, from which they could clearly see the close-ranked masses of the Germans pressing northwards with little to molest them, for ammunition was low and there was little available air effort left. By contrast the battalion came under almost constant air attack as the day wore on. The carrier platoon, as had been the custom throughout the campaign, were operating under the direct control of the brigade commander, Brigadier Barker (later General Sir Evelyn Barker), and they also had an adventurous day. With ten carriers remaining to them they were ordered to carry out a show of force from Wyttschaete, through the village of St. Eloi and then back by another route. The total distance was about five miles and the exact location of the enemy was unknown. Captain Pine-Coffin (attached from Devonshire Regiment, Lieutenant Gason wounded and out of action) who at this time commanded the platoon, was instructed by Brigadier Barker to see if St. Eloi was occupied and to shoot up any Germans that might be encountered.

In Captain Pine-Coffin's own words 'We encountered the Germans well before we got to St. Eloi and found them in the village itself too. Fortunately they had only just got there and our appearance surprised and even scared them. They obviously thought we were tanks and ran about in all directions for cover. We took them on with our Bren guns but were a bit inaccurate as the gunners had to stand up and fire from the shoulder. My own gun I remember, chose to be difficult and refused to fire anything but single sounds which undoubtedly enabled many Germans to remain alive. One gunner put aside his Bren and instead tossed grenades amongst the Germans sheltering in the ditch beside the road. (This was **Private Williams** who lost an arm in the engagement and was awarded the Military Medal for his part in the action.) In all the platoon killed at least seventy that morning and our own casualties were one killed and three wounded.'



This scroll commemorates
Private F. J. Williams
Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry
held in honour as one who
served King and Country in
the world war of 1939-1945
and gave his life to save
mankind from tyranny. May
his sacrifice help to bring
the peace and freedom for
which he died.

THE ENCLOSED SCROLL
IS SENT
BY COMMAND OF THE QUEEN



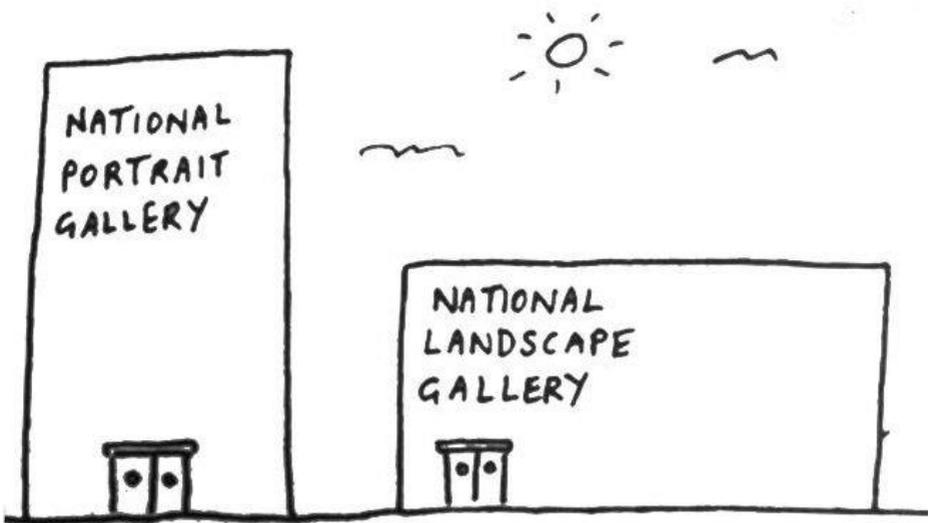
BUCKINGHAM PALACE

The Queen and I offer you
our heartfelt sympathy in your
great sorrow.

We pray that your country's
gratitude for a life so nobly
given in its service may bring
you some measure of consolation.

George R.I.

Jackie Austin



Much more than you ever wanted to know about the Milestones from Callington to Saltash Passage

Each milestone is one of a series erected by the Callington Turnpike Trust which was established by an Act of Parliament in 1764. Eight routes were outlined in the Act, this one is from Callington Town Hall to Paynter's Cross: then via the Saltash Trust 1761 Turnpike to Saltash Passage. All the original Milestones are English Heritage grade 2 listed structures: *including the two 'lost' milestones – but not the two replicas.*

To Callington Town Hall Half Mile
To Saltash Passage 9 Miles



A granite triangular post inscribed with badly worn incised black painted letters on the north side of the old turnpike road leading from Callington. (now the A338). The stone and lettering are very badly worn.

“TO CALLINGTON
TOWN HALL HALF
MILE” (*one side*)



“TO SALTASH
PASSAGE 9 MILES”
(*other side*)
SX36600 69129.

1½ C



*Replica replacing the original 'lost' during road works.
SX37735 68157*

2½ C

This Milestone is not on the A388 but on the unclassified road U6167, very near Viverdon. I assume that at one time what is now the unclassified road U6167 was the Turnpike.

If you do want to visit this milestone by vehicle I suggest that you do so from the direction of Callington – or you could find yourself driving the wrong way along a one way road where the unclassified road joins the A388.



SX38643 66939

3½ C



This milestone is on the East side of the A388, at St. Mellion, opposite the Glebe.

SX38933 65367

4½ C



The Milestone is about 400 feet off the A388 at Paynter's Cross. It is at the junction of what is now the classified road C0249 and unclassified road U6167. It is opposite the Gateway to Pentillie Castle.

SX39966 64213

C 5½ - S 4



This Milestone is on the East side of the A388 about one third of a mile North of the Hatt Roundabout.

SX39871 62633

Unusual for miles on Milestones to be depicted in ½ miles. Probably done to align the Callington Turnpike Trust Milestones established in 1764 with the earlier Saltash Turnpike Trust Milestones established in 1761.

The three 1761 Saltash Turnpike Trust Milestones to Saltash Passage

III (3) miles To S

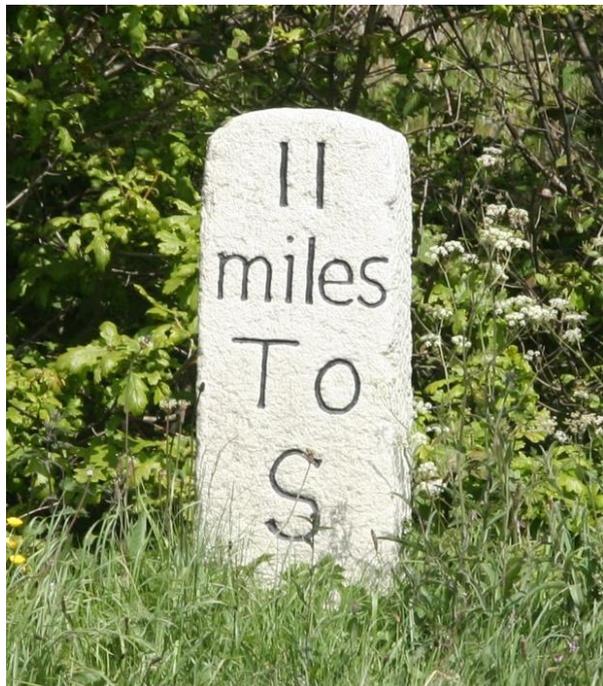


The original milestone was on the bend at the edge of the A388 at SX39902 61176: but as the result of a series of road traffic accidents was damaged and then destroyed.

A replica III miles to Saltash milestone is in a safer position at SX39725 61287: 650 feet from the original position. Opposite the Stoketon Cross road.

SX39725 61287

II (2) miles To S



Between Carkeel Barns and the Waitrose Roundabout. Opposite turning to Carkeel Barns.

SX41212 60378

I (1) mile To S



New Road, Saltash
opposite house
number 341.

SX42112 59432

Compiled by Peter Clements 5th June 2020. A member of Saltash Heritage.

Memories of Moving House Just After the War



Gran Quance

He thinks if Bert didn't turn up the horse could have completed the round on his own! As well as delivering the milk the horse also provided manure for the garden!

I was born 1946 in Lower Fore Street; with my Mum & Dad we shared the first floor of a house with my gran and uncle Bill. There was no running water (water had to be brought upstairs in metal jugs, bathing in a tin bath by the fire) outside toilet shared with the downstairs residents.

In 1951 we were allocated a new two bed semi council house in Plough Green with the luxury of a bathroom, running water and the hot water came from a back boiler behind the fireplace in the sitting room. I will always remember hearing the water, in the tank upstairs, boiling and then someone had to run and turn the hot tap on to drain some water of the boiling water away!

Ken was born in 1945; he lived with his Mum, Dad, three older brothers, Gran and auntie, in a three bed semi in Warfelton!

In 1949 the family were allocated a new three bed council house on the Alamein estate.

He remembers the walls of the house being painted with "distemper" (not the dog infection!) and the woodwork coated with something that resembled "creosote". Some years later his parents could go to the council depot (at Salt Mill) and were given a gallon can of silver colour paint to treat the woodwork and a gallon can of white gloss as a top coat!

He remembers going to visit his gran in Warfelton and seeing the Anderson shelter still there, being used as a garden shed.

One of Ken's earliest memories of living in Alamein was having a milk delivery by horse & cart, the milkman was called Bert Goodman whose brother had a greengrocers in Fore Street (Ken and his three brothers all worked for Bill after school and Saturday mornings, riding the cycle with the basket in front filled with green groceries)



Ken's aunties Warfelton



When Ken and I moved to our present house, which was built in 1938, there was an Anderson shelter in the corner of the back garden which was in the way of where we wanted to build a garage. We dug out as much as possible but the shelter was so deeply buried we had to cut the remainder off with an angle grinder, there is still a bit left buried under the garage.

Also in the middle of the back garden is (now buried under a patio) what can only be described as an “underground bunker”, the walls and roof were of reinforced concrete and over a foot thick, with concrete steps leading down to it. Now, we would love to know when and why it was put there.

Left. Mum, Gran, Fore St 1948

Ken & Rita Wasley

What did you do in Lockdown?

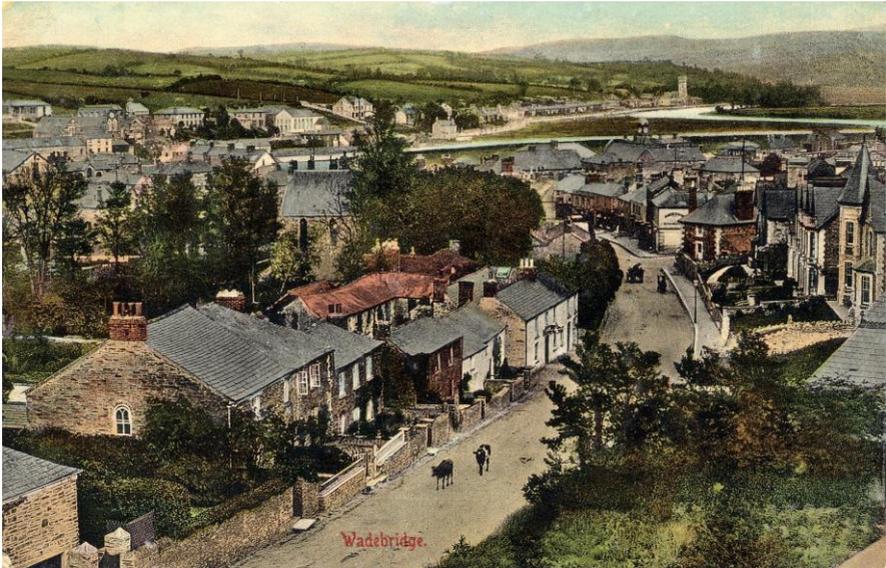


A Postcard and Social History

Every town has a main street classed as the centre of the town. Saltash has Fore Street. In my hometown of Wadebridge it is Molesworth Street named after the local landowner and benefactor. Just like Saltash, Wadebridge was a crossing point in the river and also has a bridge - reputedly to be built on wool. Was it money raised by selling wool or were the foundations sacks of wool? The myth has never been proven. It also has a narrow main street.

All main streets change over the years, Shops come and go, buildings are replaced and new ones built.

Molesworth Street has changed dramatically over the years – especially from this postcard dated about 1910.



Not sure if the cows have escaped or just wandering home! I was born in the in the house with the turret on the right hand side. My grandmother wanted to build a bungalow where the trees are, behind the red roofs. She applied for planning permission, only to be told by the council that this was the route of the new by-pass for Wadebridge. This was in the 1950's and the two-way traffic up the street was becoming impossible even then. By the 1960's it was dreadful, especially in the summer months. It's impossible to imagine two lanes of cars going up and down that road! The by-pass wasn't built until 1999! It did not take the 1950's proposed route. A new bridge was built further down river. Molesworth St was then pedestrianised .

Could Saltash Fore Street be pedestrianised?..... Could we have a new bridge? Anything is possible. We now have blue arrows and hand sanitser stations. Shops have closed but new ones have opened.. Glow Beads and a Micro Pub!

The council compulsory purchased the land that Grandma wanted to build her bungalow on. A residential care home has now been built there. I have told my husband he can put me there if he needs to. I will be home!

Sylvia

Letters

I read through Audrey Miller's article in the last newsletter several times, and every time I get that feeling of not being alone back in those very dark days of 1941/2/3, a period in time one will ever forget. Knowing now that people living miles apart went through those times and remember them so vividly, that feeling of being in the same boat is amazing even after all those years. My sister was eight and I was five in 1940. I also remember that news bulletin on the wireless by Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain "I have not received a reply from: and now we are at War with Germany". Those words still echo in my head as though it was yesterday. Audrey, if may call you Audrey, your article gave inspiration to put pen to paper and write this article reminding me that my family and myself were not alone all those years ago. Thank you, Ron of East Stonehouse at that time.

My Grandma lived in Alton Terrace just off Mutley Plain. We often had to walk from Stonehouse to North Hill to visit her, for then there was no other communication other than a letter. Many times there were no buses due to blocked roads, so we walked, my mother, sister and I. Some days it was a very interesting walk to see all the damage that was rained down on us the night before and some sights that I will not go into just now. We often went to Mutley Plain to shop and I remember buying a book from a book shop in there. It could have been WH Smith and Son, well there you go then, you may have sold me the book, as there were not many book shops about at that time. I bought most of my books at Newton Abbot where we were evacuated, I may add, after the blitz. I, like you, spent many nights in the Anderson shelter, the damp smell of the candle, the spiders also taking refuge with us. That is another very long story for another time. Well, thank you Audrey. perhaps we will meet at the Saltash Heritage at some time and talk over some not so old news.

Ron Lawry.



Facts and Figures

10 Years

30 Issues

September 2010 No. 48. New format. First cover in colour, 16 pages.

The interior was printed professionally but the cover and back page in colour were printed on a home computer. Then all the pages were stapled together at Heritage

March 2012 No. 52 First 20 pages copy.

March 2014 No. 58 First 24 pages copy.

April 2015 No. 61 First 28 pages copy.

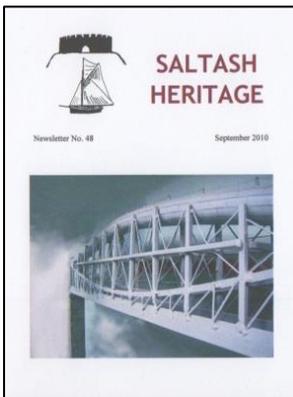
August 2015 No. 62 A new printer for the first full colour satin 130gm paper, stapled and trimmed

April 2020 No. 76 First 32 pages – Dual published print and on line (lockdown special)

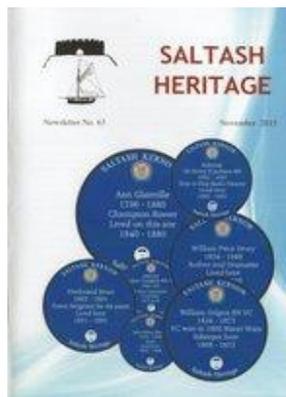
August 2020 No.77 First 52 pages newsletter (lockdown and anniversary special)

The total number of pages in these 30 issues 750

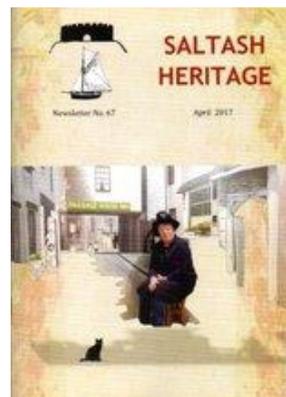
The total number of words is over 200,000



The first front cover in colour



The first front cover with a composite image



My favourite front cover, mainly because the effect was accidental

Thank you.

In the last ten years the newsletter has undergone many changes. I have kept the format the same but streamlined the way it is put together. The quality of the paper it is printed on has got better allowing sharper images and better colour. We changed printing company to one that is more reliable and has given constant quality service, sometimes at very short notice. I do the whole newsletter in an old version of word, including the cover because I understand it. I then save it as a PDF and take it to the printers on a memory stick. I could send it electronically but I prefer the human contact when I can ask questions and get advice. If it wasn't for those people who continually supply articles and photograph we wouldn't have a newsletter so please keep up the good work and keep the stories coming. Thanks

Bruce

The archives during ‘Lockdown’

All has not been quiet on the Saltash Heritage archives front!

Despite the world having come to a halt I have still been busy and have dealt with several enquiries via email, [*probably more than before the lockdown*] including sending a map to Australia. There are still a few outstanding enquiries that I can't answer without accessing original documents etc. in the Heritage building. Some of the enquiries have been quite interesting, so much so that I have written articles about them.

If you use Facebook you may have seen that I was fairly busy asking people to add missing names to photos. I created a rod for my own back there! There was a terrific response (all those people at home with nothing else to do) and I ended up with a couple of hundred names to add to the records.

Kevin Hale and I are still ploughing through the database and have now managed to transfer over 21,000 records. Whilst I have been at home I have been catching up with the newer entries and have even started some that have been put off for a long time. Hopefully by the time you read this I will be well on the way to being up to date.

Mo and I have spent several afternoons (when the sun wasn't shining) transcribing some leases dating from the mid 1700's. I'm now quite proficient at reading 18th century legal documents. The transcriptions will be added to the records so that's another 15 entries!

Towards the end of last year I started a programme of scanning and transcribing the many documents that we have. This will eventually give us details of the content without having to handle some quite delicate items. The programme has already been useful in answering queries as you will see from another article. I am now sorting out many more documents that will be ready for scanning or transcribing when we are able to open again.

So despite everything Saltash Heritage is still going strong.

Terry

Contributors

Bob Munro, Terry Cummings, Lauris Richards, William Woolcock, Angie Payne-Hanlon, Lizzy Sharpe-Asprey, James Thompson, Andrew Barrett, Sharon Lambert, Jackie Austin, Peter Clements, Ken and Rita Wasley, Sylvia Caldwell, Ronald Lawry, Bruce Hunt. Help from- Lynn and Tony Marsh, Richard Bickford. Thanks to Mo Cummings for proof reading.

River Tamar historic upstream salmon counts Gunnislake Weir, Cornwall.

The table below shows the historic monthly upstream counts (counter and trap combined) for salmon at the Environment Agency fish counter at Gunnislake Weir, on the River Tamar, Cornwall.

Month	1994	1995	1996	1997	1998	1999	2000	2001	2002	2003	2004	2005	2006	2007	2008	2009	2010	2011	2012	2013
Jan	20	29	59	42	8	15	-	12	41	18	11	15	32	27	18	20	11	36	24	5
Feb	4	8	1	36	12	4	-	5	1	12	3	4	1	3	8	3	1	15	14	2
Mar	8	15	1	11	9	21	-	4	12	9	43	113	57	6	4	17	12	13	19	2
Apr	119	153	100	125	40	79	98	54	193	136	79	30	68	161	44	89	65	93	34	60
May	293	309	475	244	374	339	294	445	341	354	313	257	325	151	524	327	331	348	153	342
Jun	1375	780	540	451	389	902	664	1114	686	1032	346	246	366	401	819	928	548	818	238	561
Jul	2006	2013	760	796	1253	754	1089	760	1048	968	1548	992	711	97	704	798	1697	484	278	318
Aug	1320	496	735	612	1122	494	964	438	1807	793	945	1962	1617	948	366	467	2826	1364	237	431
Sep	524	564	528	244	322	211	206	148	612	352	894	884	1020	970	337	504	1008	605	107	268
Oct	279	729	467	176	354	234	189	907	919	314	293	936	963	422	280	539	412	223	78	155
Nov	269	400	166	187	144	462	-	154	242	680	168	163	194	285	156	119	243	106	34	50
Dec	78	86	114	34	108	38	-	100	91	117	77	122	104	129	56	42	77	40	11	69
Totals (adjusted)	6295	5581	3948	2959	4134	3552	3503	4142	5993	4786	4720	5724	5459	3599	3314	3854	7230	4146	1227	2263

Note: – indicates no data. Figures in red are provisional. All other figures are final (adjusted for fish pass and counter efficiencies).

Please acknowledge the Environment Agency as the data source if quoting any of the above figures. The information provided is based on that currently available to the Environment Agency. The Environment Agency accepts no liability for any loss, damage, costs or claims arising either directly or indirectly from its use or interpretation.

If you require further information please contact Paul Elsmere 01208 265417 or email: paul.elsmere@environment-agency.gov.uk