



# SALTASH HERITAGE

Newsletter No. 80

August 2021



# Information

## Forthcoming events

Saltash Heritage AGM

25 August, Church rooms St. Nicholas & St. Faith Church at 7.0pm

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

## Editorial

Welcome to the latest edition of the Saltash Heritage newsletter. I normally stick to articles related to Saltash but have included a couple of articles researched by Carly Bennett about Plymouth; I found them interesting so hope you will. The next newsletter will be the Christmas edition so closing date for content will be early in December.

*Bruce*

## Front Cover

*The demise of another Saltash landmark, but in reality time's change and these days fewer people visit their local and less often. Pubs are no longer the heart of the community and are gradually becoming an endangered species.*

*Bruce*

## Chairman's Report



When I was approached by Lizzy to consider standing for Chairman of the august group that is Saltash Heritage I was, to say the least astonished and, when I thought about it, thrilled.

Having been to some committee meetings as the representative for Saltash Town Council I knew what a great and sympathetic chairman Bob had been, which made it somewhat daunting to follow him.

However I found the committee a hardworking, dedicated, happy group that gave me a very supportive chance to find my feet. Thank you one and all.

*Jean Dent*



## Saltash Heritage Christmas Gift

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

As well as supporting this amazing, busy little museum & its volunteers, you will be giving the gift of three brilliant newsletters posted directly to the recipient in April, August and December 2022, for just Ten pounds.

If you book this gift before Christmas this year, we will send you a 'gift Christmas Card' from Saltash Heritage, for you to send to the recipient telling them about your gift and when they can expect their three super newsletters to arrive in 2022.

Should you wish, you can renew the order in December 2022 for just £10, for the following year.

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

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

Thank you

Lizzy Sharpe-Asprey (Hon Secretary)

# Cornwall Heritage Awards 2020

In November 2020, the recipients of the prestigious Cornwall Heritage Awards were revealed via a zoom meeting followed by several hundred viewers.

Of the seven awards which were announced, two first places were awarded to Saltash museums. One to Saltash Heritage in the category 'Award for Wellbeing' and the other to the Tamar Protection Society for the category 'Award for best festival, event or exhibition'. Saltash Heritage were also highly commended in the category 'One to Watch'.

Due to the Covid pandemic the presentation of these awards, which consisted of a very nice cheque for each of the museums and a plaque to hang on the wall were held in abeyance until June 2021, when the Cornwall Museums Partnership, asked us if they could visit Saltash and make the presentations, using photographs of the event to highlight the next round of these awards for 2021/22.

Brigette, chair of the Tamar Protection Society, quickly suggested we used the Tudor



Garden of Mary Newman's Cottage for the event, which would mean we could socially distance outside with restricted numbers. Saltash Heritage were delighted to accept and 6 members of the TPS and 6 members of Saltash Heritage, along with the representatives from the Cornwall Museums Partnership and our Mayor and Mayoress of Saltash, Cllr Peter and Cllr Mrs. Brenda Samuels joined together, on a sunny afternoon in the Cottage gardens.

The visitors were entertained by two musicians from 'Ilow Splann', Carlton Crouch and Maggie Wilmott who charmed us with beautiful background Tudor music.

Stephanie Clemens, the Museum Development Officer and her colleague presented the awards to Lizzy Sharpe-Asprey for Saltash Heritage, who led the initiative to celebrate and value the work of all the museum volunteers by constructing and putting



together a jigsaw, representing every volunteer in the museum and the work that they do. This was followed up with a luncheon party for the 63 volunteers who put the jigsaw together, and if one person was missing that would mean the whole of the jig saw would not be complete, as the museum would be, if one person was missing. Following a delightful event, when a photograph was taken of all the volunteers together, now on display in the museum window, all volunteers were presented with a silver jigsaw piece to place on their lanyards.



The Tamar Protection Society, were presented with their award which was received by Gerry Sweet who was instrumental in organising an event that provided a flavour of Tudor times, with music, period costume, authentic refreshments and historic remedies in a Tudor house and garden.

A delighted Robert Barrett, from Saltash Heritage, one of our youngest volunteers was presented with a certificate from the Cornwall Museums partnership to congratulate him on all the work he has been doing for Saltash Heritage over the past three years, systematically in his spare time, photographing the development of the Saltash Fore Street shops and the many changes. He has also been scanning old documents and starting to photograph all the objects in our 3d collection. Robert has the most prenominal memory remembering the actual number attached to each of the objects or papers he has scanned. Who needs a computer when we have a 'Robert'.

The Mayor Cllr Peter Samuels presented Robert with another framed certificate on behalf of the Saltash Heritage Management Team, to thank Robert for his tireless efforts still volunteering with our team in the museum.

The afternoon finished with a beautiful tea, courtesy of the Tamar Protection Society and many

photographs were taken of the event by Bruce Hunt our Vice Chair, who later presented copies to the TPS with our thanks.



We look forward to seeing the categories that will be on offer for next year's Heritage awards.

*Lizzy Sharpe-Asprey, pictures Bruce Hunt*

## David Doidge



David Doidge is a full-time member of the Music Staff at Welsh National Opera, where he has worked on a variety of productions with internationally acclaimed conductors such as Carlo Rizzi, Lothar Köenigs and Erik Nielson assisting on works by Bellini, Berg, Puccini and Bizet.

A pupil of Saltash.net, David returned to the school in December 2014 to present Advanced Level and BTec certificates to last year's Year 13 students

He completed his postgraduate studies at the Royal Welsh College of Music and Drama specialising as a répétiteur in opera and vocal coaching. His postgraduate studies were supported by prestigious awards from the Arts Council of Wales, the Musicians Benevolent Fund and the Welsh Livery Guild. In 2013 he was nominated and received one of the first of five Prince of Wales Scholarships awarded across the arts in the UK. Recent awards include a Career

Development award from the Bryn Terfel Foundation.

Whilst an undergraduate, David won first prize in the RWCMD Annual Concerto Competition performing Shostakovich's 2nd Piano Concerto, which included a performance with the Cardiff Philharmonic Orchestra at the BBC Hoddinott Hall, Wales Millennium Centre and with the RWCMD Symphony Orchestra at St. David's Hall in Cardiff. Other awards include the 2010 Mansel Thomas Memorial Prize for accompanists. During his second year as an undergraduate, David was granted a place on Yehudi Menuhin's Live Music Now scheme and has given numerous performances for the organisation across the UK.

David has made regular guest performances at La Mortella on the Italian island of Ischia at the home of Sir William and Lady Susana Walton. He has performed extensively with the BBC National Orchestra of Wales, Welsh National Opera and Only Men Aloud and has accompanied some of today's finest artists in concert and recital, including Sir Bryn Terfel, Nuccia Focile, Rebecca Evans, Judith Howarth, Barry Banks and Lesley Garrett. Recent highlights include accompanying Bryn Terfel at the Bristol Proms and again in a special televised programme to celebrate the singer's 50th birthday for S4C.

*F J Pearn*

## A search for properties occupied by Augustus Dalby and his family.

This was a search to find the location of a house occupied by Augustus Dalby in the early 1800's. The only information available was a conveyance dated 1848 that mentioned Augustus Dalby as having been one of several occupiers.

The property in question is described as a 'house and two gardens' in Fore Street, Saltash (bounded east and west with houses belonging to the heirs of Simeon Palmer, dec'd, south Back Lane, north Fore Street). There is also a list of other persons who at one time had owned the property.

This description was enough to be able to work out the approximate location. Back Lane is now Culver Road and if one looks at a map there is only a short portion of Fore Street that backs on to Culver Road. By looking at the Tithe Apportionment map of 1841 it can be seen that there is a short row of houses and the property must have been one of these. The other clue was that it was between houses owned by the late Simeon Palmer. A search of the Tithe Apportionment schedule shows that Simeon Palmer owned the properties shown as 1b, 2b and 4b. Therefore the house must have been the one numbered 3b on the map.

A further search of the Tithe Apportionment revealed that 3b was owned by Thomas Sanders, who is one of those mentioned in the conveyance. He also owned the garden numbered 11b. The occupier of the house in 1841 was Oliver Henwood and the occupier of the garden was John Hosking, both of these are mentioned in the 1848 conveyance as occupiers.

A check of more recent maps shows that the site eventually became number 94 Fore Street and was finally renumbered as 77 Fore Street in 1987. Sadly the property no longer exists as it was destroyed by bombing in 1941. Another building was erected on the site and that became Davy's butchers, now Spa Dental Care.

The second part of the search was to locate the properties occupied by August Dalby's daughters Amelia, Mary and Caroline who returned to Saltash in 1853 following their father's death in Penzance. The census of 1871 revealed that they were living at 77 Fore Street, otherwise known as Eureka Cottage. This was much easier to find, although again the original building no longer exists. The site was renumbered as 145 Fore Street in 1987 and is currently occupied by Steve Brown Butchers.

The 1881 census shows that the sisters had moved to 4 Belle Vue Terrace, this property still exists and is now 8 Belle Vue Road.

By 1891 Amelia and Mary had died and Caroline had moved to Prospect House where she remained until she died in 1919. A search of the Saltash Heritage records reveals that Prospect House was renumbered as 4 Callington Road. This property is a Grade II Listed Building. Although unoccupied for very many years it has undergone some renovation and is currently for sale.

Interestingly when the term 'Prospect' was entered into the database we discovered that Saltash Heritage holds some original deeds for Prospect House that reveal that in 1817 it was sold as a building plot to Augustus Dalby, Master in the Royal Navy. The Tithe Apportionment schedule confirms that he was the owner in 1841 and that he was then living in St Ives, Cornwall.



The Tithe Apportionment map of 1841 – the yellow arrow points to number 3b.

No. 4. — LONDON: Printed and Published (by Authority) by G. ROUTLEDGE, 11, ...

LANDOWNERS	OCCUPIERS	Numbers referring to the Plan.	NAME AND DESCRIPTION of LANDS AND PREMISES	STATE of CULTIVATION.	QUANTITIES in STATUTE MEASURE.				Amount of Rent-Charge apportioned upon the several Lands, and Payable to the Apportionees.
					a	r	p.	q.	
Thomas Sanders	John Hosking	28	Church Parks	Garden	2	1	6	7	5
		29	Lower Orchard	Orchard	1	1	0	5	1
		30	Higher Orchard	Orchard	1	3	6	5	1
					1	2	16	11	
	Isaac Tozy	31	Part Higher Church Parks	Meadow	7	3	6	6	
	Richard Munday	32	Lower Part of Church Parks	Meadow & Pasture	1	1	1	1	1
	Robert Shires	33	Church Parks	Orchard	3	4	1	4	5
	James Rowie	34	Lower Fields	Meadow & Pasture	1	2	2	1	6
	Oliver Kenwood	35	House and Garden	House & Garden	1	1	1	1	1
	John Hosking	36	Garden	Garden	2	0	0	3	2
									32

Tithe Apportionment schedule.

Terry Cummings

# Heritage help Cornish exile rediscover roots

Having spent his first few years of life in a remote cottage in the Tamar Valley, Mr Robert Bailey, now in his seventies, has long been exiled from Cornwall and is now resident in Doncaster, South Yorkshire.

Back in 2019 he became eager to learn something of the childhood home that he could not remember. He contacted The Cornwall Record Office, who eventually referred him to Looe Museum who then sent him on to Saltash Heritage. Here he liaised with Lizzy Sharpe-Asprey who was able to carry out research enabling him to learn more of his Cornish roots. Fellow committee member Martin Lister, who spends much of his time walking in the Tamar Valley, was able to discover the remote cottage near St. Dominic where Mr. Bailey spent his early childhood while his father was employed on the nearby farm. With the permission of the present owner, Martin was able to send photographs of the property to Mr. Bailey and these now decorate his home.

This year Mr. Bailey, who has mobility issues, was able to travel to Cornwall and stay in Looe with his carers. At his request Heritage was able to arrange for Lizzy and Martin to escort him to St. Dominic where the house owner made him welcome and told him more of the property's history. Her family had farmed the adjacent farm and supposedly originally built the cottage that had been, what was apparently, the Bailey family home, in the 1940's.



From St. Dominic Lizzy and Martin escorted Mr. Bailey and his carer back to Saltash where the museum remained open for his visit. As a former member of the Royal Artillery he was especially interested in the 'War and Peace – the 1940's' exhibition, as well as the permanent display, in particular the reproduction Turner picture of Saltash Waterside. He warmly thanked Heritage for their help in his rediscovering his roots and made a generous donation to heritage funds.

*Martin Lister.*

## Memories of 1961/62

Heather Bellingham and her twin sister Pamela, along with younger sister Rose, as very young girls were often in the limelight following behind their father, the then Town Clerk of Saltash Town Council, the now late Gordon Bellingham at significant events in the town.

She recalls how excited she was to travel on the very last Saltash ferry along with the official party.



Heather's memories of the opening of the Tamar Road Bridge are still very vivid in her mind. Her sister Pamela started a scrapbook on the construction of the road bridge, this lasted a short time, with just three pages completed in her scrapbook. It was then taken over by her mother Muriel, who turned this into four books of memories. Copies of which, we hold in the museum.

Heather remembers the actual official opening of the bridge in

1962 and being a Girl Guide like her two sisters, all three joined the Guard of Honour on the bridge.

Unfortunately all of her father Gordon's arrangements, went totally awry as Queen Elizabeth, the Queen Mother, who was officially opening the bridge, decided to ride across the bridge and not walk, leaving the Town Clerk Gordon Bellingham and the Mayor of Saltash, stranded and the Queen Mother going into the Mayors Parlour in the Saltash Guildhall, saying to Heather's mother Muriel and the Mayoress of Saltash, 'I have left your husbands behind'.

One can understand how upset our Town Clerk must have been as he had suggested that a fleet of cars should have been put on standby. However he was assured that this would be totally unnecessary. As the weather was very hot that day and the Queen Mother was late in arriving, it was felt necessary to utilise the only car available, therefore leaving the rest of the official party to walk across the newly opened road bridge.

Heather's young brother Peter Bellingham, had earlier, presented the Queen Mother with a pat of Cornish butter, this was obviously held on to by a member of the official party, but ended up back in the hands of Gordon Bellingham, (Town Clerk).

One can understand why apparently that evening the Bellingham household was in a rather grumpy mood for various reasons. However Gordon decided to take Heather and her two sisters, to see the Royal Yacht Britannia, which was moored up in the Hamoaze, whilst he took the butter aboard. This cheered the Bellingham girls up enormously.

The memories of a young Saltash Girl Guide, still linger vividly in Heather's thoughts.

*Heather Bellingham.*

# The Tale of a One Hundred Year Old Christening Robe



In April of this year Saltash Heritage received an email from Josie Grey who lives in Manawatu in New Zealand. Her family had lived in Saltash but had emigrated to New Zealand on 9<sup>th</sup> December 1952.

Josie's mum – Joyce Eva Stannett - was born on 27 May 1921 and christened soon afterwards and. Josie was in possession of the christening robe, which she was keen to donate to the museum. Because of the Saltash connection we agreed to take the robe and I started an email conversation with her that led to an interesting discovery.

I decided that it would be better to have her send the parcel to my home as it would be difficult to take delivery at the museum. I sent her my postal address and she replied almost at once saying that the fact that I lived in St. Stephens' Road gave her 'goosebumps' as she had a vague memory of entering that on her family tree!

At this point I needed some assistance so I contacted Lizzy to see if it would be possible for her to do some checking on Josie's family history. After some research Lizzy was able to confirm that the 1901 Census showed the family living at 7 St. George's

Terrace and the 1911 Census confirmed that they had moved to 7 Russell Terrace. I then approached David Coles to see if Russell Terrace was indeed in St. Stephens Road and he was able to confirm that it was. It was the terrace of houses opposite the Spar Shop which had been taken into St. Stephens Road when all the houses were renumbered from the town end, so I was able to go back to Josie and give her all the information I had gathered. She was very surprised to learn that I lived just along the road from her family home and extremely grateful for the family tree and census information that Lizzie had gathered.

The robe duly arrived and will join our textile collection in the museum when I am able to go down and pack it away. I hope that it won't be too long before we are able to display it in the museum. When I emailed Josie to thank her I attached a photograph of my doll wearing the robe – a one hundred year old robe on a seventy year old doll!!

It is surprising what can happen following an inquiry from the other side of the world and I must thank both David and Lizzy for their help with obtaining the information on Josie's family.

*Jackie Austin*

## Membership

Thank you so much to all those, who have renewed their membership for 2021.

We do appreciate your continued support as the funds assist up to keep our museum running. Don't forget that we are open on a Wednesday afternoon and all day on a Saturday, you can pop in and pay your membership if you have not already done so and if you have paid you can pick up your membership card which will be on the front of house Stewards desk.

If you are not local we will put your membership card in the post along with this newsletter. This membership card acts as a receipt for your subscription.

Many of you are now paying by standing order, which assists us enormously with our paperwork.

We are enclosing a form with all the details of paying by standing order; you will find this inside your newsletter.

If you have any problems or queries, do let us know. You can email the membership secretary Val on [info@saltash-heritage.org.uk](mailto:info@saltash-heritage.org.uk) or the secretary at [secretary@saltash-heritage.org.uk](mailto:secretary@saltash-heritage.org.uk)

Membership Secretary *Val Singleton*.

# Memories of George John Powell Thomas



My Grandfather, George John Powell Thomas married Hilda Rennels in 1899 and they had one son, who died at a few months old and five daughters. Sadly Hilda died at a young age and Grandad was left to look after his daughters.

My Grandfather lived in Myrtle Cottage, 6 Albert Road, Saltash. This is on the left hand side of Albert Road (previously known as Middle Street), going down to the River Tamar. Three doors down from this cottage was the house in which Ann Glanville (the famous rower) lived, which is now commemorated by a Blue Plaque and is part of the Saltash Heritage Blue Plaque Trail.

I remember there was an outside toilet and to get to it, you had to come out of the front door, turn right up some steps. There was no back door.

There was a boat house, about the size of a double garage, with all sorts of things hanging on the

walls. To a young boy this was fascinating and I particularly remember the prevailing smell of tar.

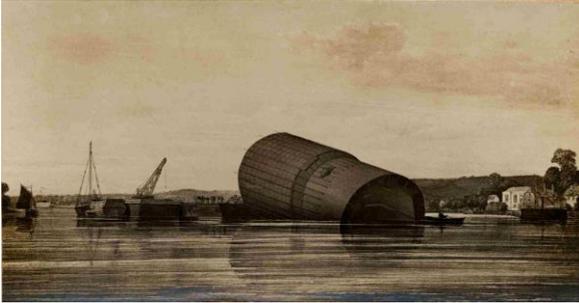
Grandad had two rowing boats which he built and kept in the garden when not in use. One was called 'Anne' and the other one 'John', named after his two grandchildren. Later, when he was unable to maintain both the boats he sold 'John'. As a young child I felt sad the boat named after me was sold but I guess Anne was closer to his heart. Grandad used to go fishing in the River Tamar, and was quite successful. My mother, when she was expecting me, lived on the fish that Grandad caught.

I used to love going to see my Grandad because, as a treat, he would make me a sauce sandwich - bread, spread with butter and then sauce. Grandad only left Myrtle Cottage to live with my Mother when he became ill and unable to look after himself.



*John Singleton*

# 300 years gone in a day



170 years ago locals at the Wheatsheaf Inn would have looked out of the window in wonder as Brunel and his team of engineers started work on building a railway bridge across the River Tamar. Their parents would have enjoyed a pint watching the first steam ferry cross to Saltash from Saltash Passage. Their children would have supported the landlord, Henry Goodman, in his epic struggle on their behalf against Saltash Council to protect the oyster fishermen.



History is not just a building it is the people and community that have used it over centuries.

It took just nine hours to reduce this building to a pile of rubble.

Like most old buildings the Wheatsheaf changed over the years, like many buildings it was originally much smaller with bits added over the years. Its origins are vague but it is thought to originate as a structure dated from around 1740, with additions over the years



Top

*The Wheatsheaf when the centre caisson for the Saltash Bridge was being floated out c1852.*

Middle

*The clearances in the late 1950's*

*2021 and only hours left*



It would appear that the first part of the building (A) was built around 1740 but records of that era are scarce and incomplete. It was constructed from local stone and its use when new is not known but it could have been an inn.



The second phase of its construction was a similar size building (B) in front of and attached to the original structure. This was probably built in the early 1800's and is easily seen from these aerial views. In size and shape it was almost identical to the original building.



The third phase (C) could have been done at the same time as (B) or shortly afterwards with a bay towards the rear of the building.

The final addition (D) dating from the 1960's was a wraparound ground floor extension with a large bay window overlooking the river.

How the internal arrangement of rooms were organised or used over the years is guesswork.



Demolition work started at the front and soon revealed what was the front wall of the original building.

There were some original timbers in the roof but the majority had been replaced, along with the slates at some time in the past.



With the centre of the building removed the outside walls were caved inwards, with timber and stone separated in the process by a skilled machine operator.

The last section of wall about to come down.

*Bruce*



## A Tale from the Storeroom.



The museum has a small display of vintage pen nibs in the current exhibition. I'm sure that those of us of a certain age will remember using these "dip pens" for our school lessons, along with ink wells and blotting paper. Our collection of these little items has now grown, and I decided to carry out some research into their origins.

With the help of a magnifying glass — nibs have very small inscriptions — and the internet I discovered a fascinating history of the rise and fall of a 19th Century industry.

In the 1850's, Birmingham became the world capitol of the steel pen trade. More than half of the world's pen nibs were manufactured there. New techniques were developed which enabled the mass production of nibs, and the low cost of these helped global developments of education and literacy.

Hinks, Wells & Co and William Mitchell were just a few of Birmingham's pen manufacturers. William and his brother John Mitchell were among the first to mechanise the nib making process. Machines were developed which cut the nibs, speeding up the process. As time passed, these two companies merged and became known as "British Pens". After the end of WW2 they looked to the future and started to produce ballpoint pens, a new type of pen developed by Laszlo Biro. The company, now known as Wm Mitchell Ltd, still produce pens in the West Midlands.

Another manufacturer, George W Hughes, started producing pens in 1840. His knowledge of metallurgy was instrumental in enabling his company to produce very high quality pens. The factory is now derelict, a reminder of our industrial heritage, a monument to obsolete technologies.

The new techniques which helped in the mass production of nibs, was also instrumental in the loss of many jobs in this industry. The invention of the ballpoint pen





signalled the death knell of the dip pen and the demise of the industry.

Hopefully we will be able to display some of these little items, engraved with the names of an historic industry that has all but disappeared. But a magnifying glass will be necessary.

*Lauris*

## Naming of Streets

Have you ever wondered how some of the streets in Saltash got their name?

There are the obvious ones like those named after local dignitaries or councillors, golf clubs and WWII events, but what about the likes of St Anne's or St George's Roads, or Parkesway and Briansway?

Whilst looking through Colin's files I came across an article written Dennis Goad, remembering his time working for the local builder George Webber, which gives an explanation.

George Webber built many properties and ensured their names lived on by naming St George's and St Anne's' Roads after George and Anne Webber, the founder of the company and his wife.

Briansway was named after their son, who was tragically killed in an accident.

Parkesway was named for Mr Parkes, the general foreman and Down Close after "Dickie" Down, also an employee.

Dennis hoped that his name would be immortalised when Burraton Coombe was developed, but the council preferred Nancarrow, after the former owners of the land.

Reading his article makes me wonder why the new houses above Church Road are named Fort View, when they look towards Trematon Castle.

*Mo Cummings*

## Mother and Daughter



*Joan had got to the shelter but left it to fetch her Uncle, her father's brother Arthur. Very seriously injured at the same time (recovered).*

*Joan Goad killed in action 28th April 1941. Saltash.*



*Dorothy Goad killed in action Saltash 28th April 1941.*

Dorothy and Joan were among the seven (of nine) Saltash Civilian Blitz WW2 casualties 'killed by enemy action' here in Saltash on the night of 28<sup>th</sup> April 1941, they were buried in St. Michael, Landrake because of unexploded bombs at St. Stephen-by-Saltash. Later three bodies were exhumed and re-interred at St. Stephens-by-Saltash. Dorothy and Joan Goad (and two others) remain in an unmarked communal grave in St. Michael, Landrake Churchyard. (The two other (of the nine) Saltash Casualties are buried in other local cemeteries).

D. GOAD and J. GOAD are named on the Borough of Saltash WW2 Memorial.

JOAN GOAD's name is on the Saltash County Grammar School WW2 Memorial – (now in the mail hall at Saltash. Community School).

All nine Saltash Civilian WW2 Casualties are 'Commemorated in perpetuity' by the Commonwealth War Graves Commission and are among those named in the seven Books of Remembrance of Civilian War Dead in Westminster Abbey.

*Peter Clements*

## Richard Waters



Richard Waters was a third-year student at the Guildhall School of Music and Drama where he was awarded a scholarship to study viola with Mark Knight. He began the violin in Cornwall with Patricia Noall, aged seven, and attended his first National Children's Orchestra course the following year. From 2001 he continued his studies with Patricia at Wells Cathedral School. Richard played as a violinist with all the National Children's Orchestras and with the National Children's Chamber Orchestra before making viola his principal study at the age of fifteen, having been awarded a place in the National Youth Chamber

Orchestra. In 2005 he successfully auditioned for the National Youth Orchestra of Great Britain and was Principal viola in 2006. During this time he performed at many prestigious venues among them the Royal Albert Hall (BBC Proms), Birmingham Symphony Hall, the Barbican, St James' Piccadilly, St John's, Smith Square. Richard has played concertos in Plymouth with the Sherwell Chamber Orchestra and the University of Plymouth Orchestra, under Simon Hole, as well as giving many recitals around his home area of Saltash, Cornwall. He is particularly keen to promote chamber music and regularly performs with chamber music ensembles including the Arnold Camerata's Quartet, and the Oakfield Players. He was Principal viola of the University of London's Symphony Orchestra, and the Jersey Symphony Orchestra, and co-principal of the Arion Orchestra. He has also performed with the Young Musicians' Symphony Orchestra. Richard has



worked with, and been inspired by many eminent conductors including Sir Neville Marriner, the late Richard Hickox, and Sir Colin Davis, and has participated in master classes with Lawrence Power, Phillip Dukes, Matthew Jones and Garfield Jackson.

*F J Pearn*

# My memories that kept me entertained

(Or keeping out of trouble in the school summer holidays circa 1955-1960!)



Whilst attending St. Stephens Primary School, I brought home the wooden box which had a Perspex front for viewing, containing silk worms. The worms needed regular feeding with mulberry leaves, so I had permission from the Vicar of St Stephens Church to pick the leaves from his mulberry tree in the vicarage garden. St Stephens Sunday

School trips to the beach with the family, which always seemed to be a trip to Goodrington. I really looked forward to the train journey, boating lake and of course ice cream treats

In front of the old Grammar School (now St Stephens CP School) stood a structure called a Stevenson Screen, which contained various weather recording instruments and for some reason I had the task each summer holiday of giving it a coat of paint (perhaps because our house backed onto the school field!) A bar of Cadbury chocolate was the reward for my efforts causing much jealousy in the class!





As boys we would go to Saltash Garages (the building was sited under the Tamar Bridge in Brunel Green car park) and get an old inner tube, then visit a hardware shop in Fore street and purchase a puncture outfit to repair it and off we would go to Wearde Quay where we spent many a day swimming in the river Lynher using our inner tubes as floats.

Building canoes at the Boys Club on Waterside was also a favourite pastime.

An instructor came up from Truro and taught us in the evenings and

holidays. The canoes were built of wood and covered with something resembling a tarpaulin and painted (he must have been a very patient man!) We had to wear lifejackets which had been donated to the Boys Club by the MOD, they were the ‘Mae West’ type and some of the jackets were bigger than us!

Further along from the Boys Club stood the Wheatsheaf Inn, and here brought back the memories of sitting outside the pub with mum, dad and sister Jane eating crisps and delicious fresh crab sandwiches.

These are my happy memories of good times, with family and friends and making our own entertainment.

*Ken Wasley*

## Update from the archives

There’s not a huge amount to report on this time. We re-opened the Local History Centre for visitors and a few people came in. At this stage we will continue with appointments only until we think it is safe to re-open fully. Enquiries by email have still been coming in, although not to quite the same extent as last year.

Much of our time has been spent in sorting out the files from Colin Squires’ bungalow. (Have you ever thought “why have I started this”?) Fortunately Colin was very organised and had files for just about every subject relating to Saltash. We have spent hours sifting through press cuttings, documents and photos that cover each of the topics in detail. As a result we have learnt a lot more about our town and have found some incredible additions to the collection. At a rough estimate we have some 2 to 3000 press cuttings to scan and enter into the system – enough to keep me busy for next winter, and beyond.

*Terry*

## An unexpected visitor



In order to encourage bees and other pollinators to our garden this year I heartily embraced “No Mow May” and let the daisies, dandelions, clover and other “weeds” flourish on our lawn. Well that’s my excuse and I’m sticking to it, nothing to do with being inherently lazy (I’ll have to think of a different excuse for not washing the car every Sunday). Early one morning I was surprised when Lauris said to me “You’ll have to mow the lawn soon, there’s a rabbit feeding off our crop of weeds”. I assumed this was a subtle hint that I had maybe left the lack of mowing for too long, but no, as I looked out the window there was indeed a baby bunny nibbling on my crop of clover.

Over the next few days he (or she) was a regular visitor nibbling away (I had hopes that I may never have to mow again) but we were confused as to where he went to lay his weary head at night, there being no sign of a warren or indeed a single burrow nearby.

I was out watching him one morning when a neighbour passed on their regular doggie walking and the bunny skedaddled to hide under Lauris’ car but when it didn’t reappear I was a wee bit confused and on looking under the car no bunny was there. After a bit of head scratching it dawned on me that maybe he had made his way into the engine



compartment to hide, and so it proved to be when we popped the bonnet there he was sat on top of the engine and then he scuttled to a small hidey hole behind a headlight fitting.

We were a bit concerned that he might nibble some wires so to discourage further unauthorised squatting did some Google research on “discouraging rabbits from your car” and learnt that this is quite a common problem and the recommended remedy is a liberal splashing of peppermint oil around the engine compartment (apparently they do not like the smell). We took the precaution of checking the engine compartment before starting the engine when Lauris needed to use the car (the idea of the bunny being caught by the fan or fan belt doesn’t bear thinking about)

It’s been a few weeks since we have seen him around and think and hope he has gone off to find some furry friends but still check the car which still smells nice and pepperminty (and I’m back on lawn mowing duty).

*Kevin Richards*

## Overwork and Depression?

Ruthie Grylls was bought up in moderate comfort alongside her 7 siblings. Her father was a shopkeeper, who hired an assistant, and they had a live-in servant to aid the family. The children all went through school and went on to apprenticeships to learn a trade. (Even the girls). Ruthie became a primary school teacher, and one of her sisters, Edith, was recorded as being an assistant mistress teacher. (Otherwise known as a teaching assistant). Living close to Mutley Plain, Ruthie had a short walk to work each day. She was an infant teacher at Hyde Park School. She had mentioned to her mother that her duties were heavy partly due to being responsible for 50-58 infants. I know I would feel the same! She was generally bright and cheerful, but by the morning of Wednesday 18<sup>th</sup> April 1913 her mood had changed. For a few days leading up to this date, her family had noticed her being depressed and strange in her manner. They put it down to her heavy workload at the time. Ruthie left the house at 8.45, like always, and walked a short way with a fellow teacher until it was time to go their separate ways. The friend said that Ruthie hadn’t mentioned anything untoward or worrying to her that morning and wished each other well as they parted company. Ruthie didn’t come home for lunch that day, as she normally did, which caused a little worry to her father. He made enquiries into her possible whereabouts, but to no avail. Ruthie hadn’t even turned up to work that morning. Due to her melancholy, the week before, she had been prescribed phospherine. (A pick me up tonic). So, she had sought help and had mentioned her feelings to her family. She had even been making enquiries into emigrating to Canada. She had been in contact with the emigration authorities and appeared to be one step away from buying the ticket. Even though she wasn’t having the best time at work, she seemed to be making plans for the future. She had good friends, a close family and receiving treatment for her depression. Things were looking up for 26-year-old Ruthie. So why, two days later, was her body found in a field, off Wring-worthy hill, Mary Tavy?

She was found by Frank Doidge, a mason, on Friday 20<sup>th</sup> April at 8:15 AM. As he was going up the hill in his horse and cart, something caught his eye in a nearby field. As he got closer, he fearfully realised it was a body. A body of a lady in the field. Doidge immediately fetched P C Trigger. On their return they realised very quickly that she was obviously quite deceased. Poor Ruthie had terrible burns upon her body. Around the body there was a scattering of objects. They found a lady's coat, a pair of shoes, a handbag and a hat. In the bag was a piece of cake. In the coat pocket a purse containing 8s. 2 ½d. A pocket-handkerchief bearing the initials "R.G. was also found. More chilling though, alongside the expected personal items, there were four empty bottles. One was labelled "Glacial acetic acid," marked "poison," Another, rather larger, was labelled "Strong acetic acid". The third one, labelled "Glacial Acetic acid" was very small. The fourth was an Irish whiskey bottle, which smelt strongly of paraffin. Finally, about four or five feet away from the body were some false teeth and two spent matches.

Police enquired into the bottles of poison, as they had the names of the pharmacy on them. One of the names was C. J. Park, pharmaceutical chemist, Plymouth. Charles James Park, chemist, said that she came into his shop on Wednesday morning between nine and ten, and asked for two pennyworth of the strongest acetic acid to destroy warts. No one noticed anything off about her, and she acted and was treated like any other customer.

Dr C. C. Brodrick, of Tavistock examined the body, and said, even though poison was found in her stomach, it wouldn't have been enough to kill her. The cause of her death would have been through shock caused by the burns.

The doctor's evidence led to the idea that the unfortunate woman's mind was so deranged as to cause her to take the terrible course of setting herself on fire. The verdict of the Jury was that death was due to Shock, caused by Burns, Self-inflicted by the deceased while in a state of Temporary Insanity.



*C J Park and his employees, taken outside the chemist at 12 Mutley Plain (later renumbered 23) Photo from the Park Pharmacy Trust.*

*Carly Bennett*

# The Royal Train



On Friday 11<sup>th</sup> June I was returning from the Cornwall Heritage Awards at Mary Newman's Cottage with my son Robert when I noticed a gathering of four or five police officers stood on Saltash Train Station overlooking the Royal Albert Bridge. As the G7 summit was being held at Carbis Bay that weekend I wondered if they may be expecting an important train to pass through so we decided to pop down and see what we could find out.

The police officer in charge was a little guarded in his response when I tactfully enquired on the reason for them being at Saltash and would only say that they were on the lookout for G7 protestors. However after quickly realising that we humble Essanians presented little threat and that my son Robert is an avid train spotter, we found the officers to be very friendly and were keen to show Robert their Flying Scotsman photos.

After a while more police officers joined the scene followed by several members of the public who were interested in what was going on and a few who were sure that the Royal Train was due just after 5pm, although the Police were still not able to acknowledge this.

Then at 5.19pm the Royal Train passed through Saltash. Unfortunately the curtains in several carriages were drawn so we did not get a glimpse of the Royal Party, but did see the Royal Insignia on the side of the carriages and "The Queen's Messenger" name plate on the side of the rear engine.

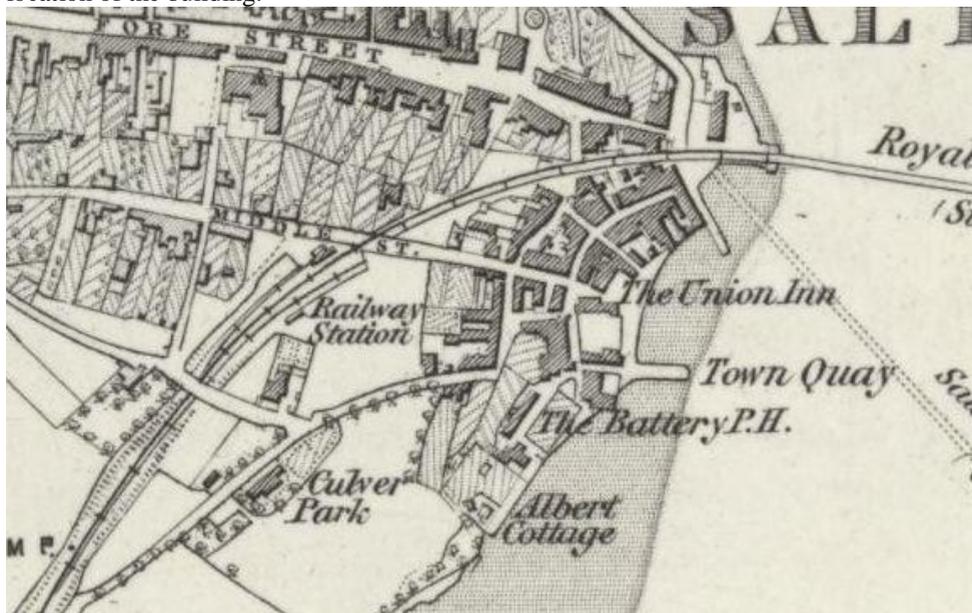
The train continued its journey to St Austell so that the Queen could meet with Princes Charles and William, Camilla and Kate to attend an evening event with world leaders at the Eden Project.

Photo taken by Robert Barrett.

*Andrew Barrett*

## The Battery P.H.

In connection with the demolition of the Wheatsheaf at Saltash Waterside thoughts turn to the pending archaeological survey of the site, in particular the Civil War Battery that was once thought to be located in the area. One clue is that there was a Public House on the Waterside just to the left of the Wheatsheaf and slightly further inland called 'The Battery'. Records revealed very little but the Ordnance Survey Map of 1856 shows the location of the building.



I don't know how the survey decided which structures warranted mention on their maps as the Passage House Inn and the Wheatsheaf, the two largest inns on the Waterside are not individually named, but luckily for us the Union Inn and the Battery Public House are.

A look at the maps for 1883, 1896 and 1908 all show the building still in situ but none give its use. The site became part of Saltash Gas Works but later maps also show a building at the same location up to the 1950's but nothing after the clearance of the late 50's. This would suggest that the building itself may have survived as a structure in some form until then.

Does it shed any light on the location of the Civil War Battery? Not really except that there was probably a battery in the area. They were usually located very close to the water's edge and at prominent points to give the widest arc of fire. The location in front of the Battery Inn had a clear view across the river but also down the river to the Hamoze. Its field of vision would have crossed with that of the battery near Wearde Quay.

There is some speculation if and how thorough any archaeological survey will be, but hopefully it will provide some answers.



Photograph taken across the river c1890 showing the Wheatsheaf on the right and to its left and set back another building which could have been the Battery Public House

*Bruce Hunt*

## How many baths did tenants have? Tribunal hears the versions

DEVON and Cornwall Rent Tribunal was told yesterday that two tenants were having as many as five baths a week with the result that other tenants were without hot water. The two tenants at Hamilton House, Herbert Road, Torquay, Mr. and Mrs. S. Scarlett, denied this and claimed they only had baths once in ten days in the last few weeks. Mr. Scarlett was asking for his rent to be reduced since he considered he was not receiving value for his money in hot water and central heating. —The landlord, Mr. S. Duncan, was charging them £43.70 per calendar month and the couple thought this increase from £37.70 was unfair, because there was hardly any hot water when they got up in the morning or when they came home from work at night. Their rooms were also cold at the same times, they claimed.

"We have never had hot water in the morning for the last nine months," said Mr. Scarlett. Mrs. Scarlett, a nurse, said her profession demanded cleanliness and because she was unable to get a bath for 10 days at a time she had to stand in front of an electric fire and wash all over.

Mr. S. Vincent, one of the other tenants, said the Scarletts used hot water at all times of the day and were vary inconsiderate.

"I never had any trouble getting hot water before they came," he said.

Also tenant Mr. K. Phillips, also a tenant, told the tribunal that the Scarletts kept knocking on the bathroom door when he was using the shower, and he admitted he was abusive to Mrs. Scarlett on one occasion. He maintained the couple and a teenage boy who was living with them were using too much water.

"No one could provide enough hot water for them," he said.

Mr. A. Gordon Bellingham said the tribunal accepted the evidence of Mr. Phillips, the other tenants and of the landlord, that the Scarletts used too much water.

However, he reduced the rent to £8.50 with six months security of tenure, because of the size of the flat and services provided. Rates were to be added and he left the amount to the landlord, but suggested one ninth.

Herald Express. 5 May 1975

*Antony Bates*

## Premonitions and poison.

The following are two stories of mystery, which may leave you with more questions than answers. Even though they take place across the water, the locations and landmarks will be very familiar to you.

### A visitation of God?

On Sunday 20<sup>th</sup> January 1839, Mrs Susanah Davey died at home. The coroner's verdict was "died by the Visitation of God". Believe it or not, this was a very common reason recorded as the reason for numerous deaths. It was attributed to anyone who died unexpectedly or suddenly with no apparent reason. It wasn't until 1874 with the passing of a Births and Deaths Registration Act where it became compulsory to give the cause of death. If she had lived past 1874 her cause of death most likely, would have been recorded as a stroke. However, even though her death was sudden, was it as unexpected as we are led to believe?

68-year-old Mrs Davey was the Landlady of the Ring of Bells on Woolster Street. (Now, Vauxhall street). It was said she ran the place with upmost propriety. Kind and decent, she would always help those in need. Having been a widow for 14 years, she continued to work hard and at the time of her death, it was said that she was the oldest Landlady in Plymouth.

“Photo from the lost pubs project”.



On the morning of the 20<sup>th</sup>, she undertook the short walk from the Ring Of Bells, to Charles' church. She walked through the cemetery and stood in front of a newly erected tombstone. The tombstone was in remembrance of her husband and of her sister. As she stood contemplating the fragility of life, she took suddenly ill. Luckily, a passer-by caught her before she fell to the floor. She was helped into a carriage, which took her home. During this time, she didn't speak a word and seemed not to recognise anyone. Medical aid was given, but with no avail. Susannah died at around 2 o'clock that afternoon, in the place she had worked and lived in for many years. So far, there is nothing mysterious with

this story especially as she was 68 years old, which was over 20 years older than the average lifespan at this time. However, before leaving for her walk to the church, she had asked her servant to air a dress by the fire for her. This white dress, trimmed with lace, was bought a few years before, for one purpose only, it was what she desired to be buried in.

It was typical for women in labour to lay out their chosen burial outfit, in preparation for the unthinkable, yet conceivably possible. However, it was a strange request from a seemingly healthy woman. Did she really predict her own death? Was the morning's trip to visit her husband and sister a chance to tell them she will join them soon?



The Tudor built inn was demolished after suffering the same fate as the nearby Charles church and nothing, apart from a few photos remain. Well, nothing apart from an iconic feature you have probably passed through yourself. The main door's stone arch was moved a few hundred meters to Looe street, where it proudly stands today.



Next time you walk through, think about all the people before you, who had walked under the stone threshold. Take a moment to conjure up the sights, sounds and smells of a busy Victorian inn. Walk under the arch and imagine being greeted by the kind, diligent and possibly prophetic Mrs Susannah Davey.

*Carly Bennett*

# Trematon Pound

An Animal Pound was an enclosed area where farm animals that had strayed from their owners' property were taken by the finder and could be reclaimed by their owner.

Trematon Pound is a small stone built structure sited adjacent to the crossroads, opposite Trematon Manor on the corner of Board Lane and Duck Lane.

It measures approximately 25ft east-west and 18ft north-south. The walls survive to a height of up to 8ft on the north side, but the other three sides have been reduced in the interest of visibility for road users. There is an entrance on the east side. It is shown on the 1st edition OS 25" map of 1880 and subsequent editions.



A recent attempt to have the Pound at Trematon listed by Peter Clements was turned down.

Martin Lister writes...

As Secretary of Saltash Old Cornwall Society I have the file of correspondence relating to the restoration project. As to its history I cannot add much to what is on the plaque in the pound.

It is believed to be centuries old, possibly medieval but this is unknown.

It probably fell into disuse in the early 19<sup>th</sup> century. In early 20<sup>th</sup> century, around 1910 village postman Les Vosper had a tin hut in the pound where he rested and sorted mail.

In 1996 Saltash Old Cornwall Society decided that its restoration would be a society project in accordance with the society motto "Gather up the fragments that none may be lost", with Saltash Town Council support it was carried out.

On the 27<sup>th</sup> of January 2001 Mayor Joe Ellison opened the restored pound, commenting that it was probably the oldest property in Saltash Town Council ownership. He also noted that restoration was carried using mortar and cow dung in the traditional style.

**TREMATON POUND**

This ancient structure is several centuries old. It was used to impound stray animals found within the parish of St Stephens and (earlier) the Manor of Trematon. The owners of the animals had to pay fines to reclaim them. Originally, the walls were rather higher.

Around 1910 local postman Leopold (Les) Vosper used to have a tin hut within the Pound where he would sort the post and stay between deliveries and collection time.

Discover some short country walks starting from Trematon Pound

Trematon Pound has been restored by Saltash Old Cornwall Society with the aid of a Grant from Local Heritage Initiative and support from Saltash Town Council (Owners of the Pound)

Local Heritage Initiative | The Countryside Agency | Heritage Lottery Fund

*Thanks to Peter Clements and Martin Lister*

# My War



I was aged 13 when war was declared on 3rd September 1939. At 1am the Prime Minister, Neville Chamberlain, told us on the radio that 'We were at war with Germany'. After the announcement the National Anthem was played. My Uncle, staying with us at the time, a first world war, soldier, immediately sprung to attention, much to the amusement of us kids. By 2.0pm, my mother had taped all the windows to stop us all being shredded by broken glass when the bombs fell.

We lived in Kimberley Terrace at the time, overlooking what is now the football stadium, but in 1939 was a field full of grazing cows. In our back garden was an Anderson shelter, half sunk into the earth, which we were supposed to crawl into when the air raid siren sounded. Beyond the field of cattle we could see Warfelton sports field, which soon became the site of a barrage balloon, manned by RAF personnel based in the old cricket pavilion. Food rationing was soon introduced and being a vegetarian the rest of my family benefitted from my meat ration, whilst I got stuck into their cheese allowance.

I was still at school at North Road, when Saltash was bombed in April 1941. The school was damaged that night and I never returned as I was then 15 and about to enter the world of work.

The obvious place of employment was the Dockyard, so I took an exam to be accepted as an apprentice, and started my working life in the electrical branch. The first change in life style was the length of the working day. We started at 7 am, which meant getting out of bed at about 5.45am, taking a 15 minute walk to the railway station to make sure we did not miss the 6.35 rail car which got to Keyham station about 650am, allowing me to clock in at my place of work before 7.0.

The lunch break was from 12 to 1.30pm, most of that time spent doing homework for the Dockyard School, attending which was compulsory. We attended the school on three evenings a week, so on those days I left home at 6.15 in the morning and got back there around 9.0pm.

Eventually a youth club was started in Saltash in a hall above the old abattoir in Elwell Road, where we played endless games of table tennis, darts and card games and arranged cycling trips to places like Kit Hill and Looe. It was at the youth club that I met my future wife. Dockyard apprentices had their call up deferred until they had completed their 5 years of training, so I was due to join the services in 1946, but by then, the war was over. However when reaching the age of 18 everyone was required to do some form of service and I became a fireman. Luckily for me this was early 1944 and air raids were long gone. The highlight of the war at Saltash was the dance at the Guildhall every Saturday night. Apart from us locals there were servicemen from various countries, like France, Czechoslovakia and Poland and from late 1943 the Americans.

It all came to an end in 1945, and Saltash counted the cost in lives and structural damage. It had all been an experience which we hope would never happen again.

*David J Coles*

## Station Visit

Early in August the committee visited the railway station for a look round the newly refurbished building and took the opportunity for a group photo, this was the first time since 'covid' struck that we have all met together without restriction.

Luckily the visit coincided with the removal of the fence that for many years had separated the building from the platform so we had the novel experience of walking out of the building directly onto the platform.



*Photo Rachel Ellis*

A new fence will be erected to separate the building from the platform, but it will be a much more sympathetic affair and will have opening sections opposite the double doors to give direct access when required, for perhaps an important visitor.

Deputy Mayor Richard Bickford explained how the building had been restored and what problems the council and contractors had to overcome to maintain the character of the old building, yet bring it up to modern standards. Something we all agreed had been achieved, It really is impressive and will be a great asset to the town which after all is the 'Gateway to Cornwall'.

*Bruce Hunt*

A reminder of how things were



*The interior in 2013*



*The platform side of the building, many peoples first view of Saltash.*

## Letters to an Editor (past & present)

Dear Sirs.

There have been items in recent Heritage Magazines on music celebrities, written by F.J. Pearn. I don't know if there is any connection, but the Organist and Choirmaster at St Nicholas and Faith, when I was a chorister approx. 1939-1945, was Ernest Pearn and whether you would want to research and perhaps publish an article about him if suitable.

Mr Pearn worked in the Dockyard and suffered serious facial injuries and scarring, I think from an incendiary bomb in one of the attacks on the Dockyard.

Choirboys were paid 3/- (Three shillings/15 new pence) per quarter. ie. for 13 weeks, with reductions for missed services and additions for Weddings (one shilling) and funerals (six pence) I believe.

Additional treats at Christmas included a party at Mr. Pearn's house (not far from the church at the top of Lower Fore Street) – his daughter was domestic science teacher at the Grammar School – and a visit to the Pantomime at the Palace Theatre, Plymouth on Boxing Day.

By coincidence in the April magazine was a mention of documents you have from the estate of Warwick Jones who was in the choir at about the same time, although he was a year or so older than I and his father was in the choir at the same time.

This may not be the sort of article you would wish to research and publish, but I have many vivid and happy memories of those times and thoroughly enjoy all the Saltash history that your magazine reveals to me.

Yours faithfully D.S Lane,  
159 Langdale Road, Bakersfield,  
Nottingham NG3 7FE

Dear Sir,

An unknown, 30-foot deep well, full of water, was discovered beneath a cottage( behind No. 33 Fore Street when that cottage was demolished in preparation for the new road to the Tamar Bridge twenty years ago.

Another well was under the back of No. 34, and yet another behind No. 35 Fore Street. The latter was not found although I knew where the remains of the pump were. These three wells are now under the middle of the present road from the Tamar Bridge, near the roundabout.

Two were filled in. If the wheel of a juggernaut goes through the road one day we shall all know where the third well was!

The well behind Mr. Elliott's shop did not conform to the accepted picture of what a well should look like—a round pit. It was an oblong room, about 12 feet by 20 feet, and underneath the floor of the wine and beer store.

There was a removable section—about 18 inches square—cut in the wooden floor and underneath that a two-inch thick slate section, about a foot square. The water level varied

from about three to six feet down, and the depth was unknown—probably about 12 feet. Anyone falling in would never come out alive, for even with torch it appeared pitch dark! There was an old pump in the next building.

My father sometimes threw unwanted articles down there. One day I heard him shout and rushed out to find he had slipped down as far as his shoulders, gripping the floor edge with one hand and with his other arm stretched out over the floor I found that he could hold on while I went next door for help. Had the opening been any wider he would certainly have gone down into the water. As it was he suffered a broken collar-bone!

That was when it became generally known in Saltash that the well was there, but we had known about it for a dozen years before the first World War. No heavy cases were ever put on that part of the floor.

F. E. ELLIOTT.

34 Fore Street, Saltash.

Feb 1980

Thanks to *Anthony Bates*

Sir,

Several Persons having expressed their desire that the re-establishment of a Floating Bridge across the River Tamar, at - the Saltash Ferry, should be effected, and signified their intention of taking shares in the proposed undertaking, Notice is hereby given that PUBLIC MEETINGS will be held, at the

NEW INN, in CALLINGTON, on TUESDAY, the 17th day of OCTOBER, 1843, at One o'clock in the afternoon;

GREEN DRAGON HOTEL, in SALTASH, on WEDNESDAY, the 18th day of OCTOBER, 1843, at Three o'clock in the afternoon;

WHITE HART HOTEL, in LAUNCESTON, on THURSDAY, the 19th day of OCTOBER, 1843, at One o'clock in the afternoon, preparatory to the formation of a Public Company for carrying out the above object, when your attendance is particularly requested.

We are,

Sir,

Your very obedient Servants,

Woollcombe, Square, Stephens, Prance.

Plymouth, 13th October, 1843.

## Contributors

Lauris Richards, Jackie Austin, Kevin Richards, Mo Cummings, John Singleton, Peter Clements, Martin Lister, Antony Bates, Heather Bellingham, Ken and Rita Wasley, David Coles, Terry Cummings, Bruce Hunt, Lizzy Sharpe-Asprey, John Pearn, Carly Bennett, Val Singleton, D. S. Lane, Andrew Barrett, Robert Barrett, Jean Dent, Rachel Ellis.

# Photograph information

How many of you have a box or boxes of photographs from you parents and grandparents. You feel you can't throw them away but don't know what to do with them. At the same time you have boxes, albums and computer files of all your photograph and I bet very few of them are captioned. I know I am guilty but probably not as bad as most.

One man, Douglas Vosper took the trouble to not only caption his photographs but others he had acquired. Not only that, he updated the captions when more information came to light, or when circumstances changed.



*Wall on right made Jubilee Green 1981.* ( ? M.P ) SHC: 501-213

THIS OLD CAR WITH A GOOD LOAD UP WAS TAKEN ABOUT 1907 AND NO DOUBT SHOWS AN M.P. IN THE BACKGROUND STANDS NEWBURY'S "RUSTIC TEA GARDENS" <sup>closed 1973</sup> NOW DAWS CREAMERIES THE BUILDING WAS ORNAMENTED WITH CORK AND PROBABLY HAD OLDER OCCUPATION THAN THAT. <sup>as were the</sup> THE FOUR LITTLE HOUSES OF COMMERCIAL PLACE ON THE RIGHT WERE DEMOLISHED BY A BOMB IN 1941 AND THE END OF BRUNEL TERRACE ALSO SHOWN WAS DEMOLISHED ABOUT 1951 TO MAKE A NEW OPENING FOR THE STEEP <sup>and a man was killed</sup> ~~LANE~~ LANE AS THE CREAMERIES WISHED TO ENLARGE THEIR LOADING BAY.

*To left was a drive up the cliff to Rossett in 1930 this was also removed. Longate closed the creamery in May 1973 when there were 40 press workers and 30 milk tanker drivers. 13 remained producing sterilised milk until end of September. Started in 1932 as the private Daws Creamery famous for its dotted cream. It was taken over by Cow & Gate after the war and then giant Longate food. During the war when milk was short camouflage nets were also made, sables, cheese and 44th hour have also been made.*

*mag made* D. C. VOSPER COLLECTION 8.1 Port Killoth Namagpalamb

*\*Sandways lane Brunel was built lit by bit around 1980  
 X P.C. for line in 1935 when Ashby <sup>colfax</sup> were pulled down for road 1929  
 under Bane Bolow BTH*

His collection is now a valuable source of information and the heart of our collection.

## Saltash Furry Dance

Was part of Pound Day in the 1930's, and the proceeds went to St Barnabas Hospital. This photo, taken from upstairs of Elliot's shop, shows Saltash Working Men's Club Band at the head of the procession, followed by children and staff from the County School, Girls School and the Brownies. And what a huge crowd!

To the left is the archway leading into Alexandra Square, Saltash Sailing Club (now The Essa Club), Stanlake's Dairy and the Railway Hotel.



The children were followed by the adults in this photo at the top of Fore St

# Grand Family History & Local History Day

The South East Cornwall Museums Forum are delighted to announce they will be presenting for the 5<sup>th</sup> year

A **FREE** day when visitors can browse the many stalls in the  
**Liskeard Public Hall, West Street, Liskeard**  
**Saturday 18<sup>th</sup> June 2022**  
**10.0am – 3.0pm**

The hall is booked and we hope to have as many as 26 exhibitors, like the Cornwall Family History Society, the Devon Family History Society & lots of different museums from both, Devon and Cornwall, archive centres and local history groups. We hope this year to welcome the Commonwealth War Graves Commission also.

All the exhibitors will be able to access research material and be able to help you with your research.

Plenty of parking close by and disabled access.

If permitted we hope to have our Naafi canteen open with Tea and coffee, home-made cakes and sandwiches.

So pop the date into your diary and we will look forward to welcoming you.

For further information contact Lizzy at the museum.

