CREEKSIDE

Clifford Trethewey

The ebb and flow of life
for a Camel's Head family

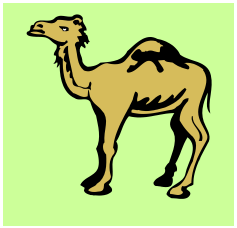
1895 - 1945

An Introduction

This story of Nelson and Flora TRETHEWEY depends entirely on the reminiscences and recollections of some of their six children and this inevitably confines the clearest memories to the years between the two great wars.
We will never know the detail of their domestic life in the first decade of the 20th century. We have no contemporary words from their own hand with which to recreate an image of life that my generation did not experience. Family stories from this period are scant, so I have resorted to illustration to bring a glimpse of understanding to the milestones in their lives. Courtship, marriage, births, houses and jobs form the framework of everyone's life, yet Nelson and Flora did not waste words and saw no reason to record anything so ordinary.

Contents

Camel's Head and its Development



It is not my intention to bore my reader by delving into the dim and distant past, but it is essential to understand the nature of the area that attracted all four of the families of my grandparents – the family WALLIS and TRACEY; TRETHEWEY and KNOTT all found their way, at different times, to the immediate vicinity of Weston Mill Lake and known to most as 'the creek.'

Francis Wallis was probably the first to arrive, before the census of 1881 located him in a cottage at West Ham Terrace, right on the shore line of the creek. His family was a mining family who had gradually moved eastward from west Cornwall until they were enticed from the slopes of Bodmin Moor to seek industrial work in the burgeoning Naval Dockyard. John Tracey's story is completely different. He had come from an agricultural background and rural community in Tamerton Foliot. His father had succumbed to the economic need of labouring in the dockyard, but John found it difficult to leave his love of the land. Eventually his need to compromise and to live closer to his work in the dockyard brought him to the terrace of cottages in Weston Mill Village at the head of the creek. However, it was the Royal Navy that dominated the lives of the other two families. Henry Trethewey arrived in Keyham in the early 1890's to work in the new Naval Barracks before moving to a new terrace facing the water front at Camel's Head. Whilst it was 1913 before the newly married Knott's settled into their house on the Jackson Estate in Bridwell Road, overlooking the Weston Mill Lake.

The old Saltash road

Early maps of the rural area we now know as Plymouth are very sparse and were made predominantly as military surveys.[1] They were preoccupied either by fortifications and gun batteries for the soldier, or by navigational marks and water depths for the mariner. It is not until we reach the latter part of the 18th century, that we begin to see the network of highways and byways that criss-crossed the area. The Old Town Gate on the north side of Plymouth traditionally led to Tavistock, but it divided immediately outside the gate creating a westward highway that threaded its way to the nearest crossing point of the River Tamar at Saltash Passage. In those days there were three major river inlets or 'lakes' on the eastern bank of the Tamar and these sent their tortuous tentacles far inland. Two of these had to be skirted at their head. The first was that of Stonehouse Lake and the road from Plymouth just touched its extremity at Pennycumcuik, before climbing the hill to the crossroads we now know as Milehouse. It would seem that there has been crossroads here for centuries as the road from Stoke to Tavistock is a traditional route. On descending the hill from Milehouse we reach the upper reaches of Keame (Keyham) Lake on our left, so we take the lane to our right and head up onto the high ground in what is now the North Prospect housing estate. The River Tamar is now to be seen away to our left and we then descend to the third and final Lake at Weston Mill Village.[2] It is not certain whether a bridge existed at all three

[1] *Lost Landscapes O f Plymouth* by Elisabeth Stuart an overview of which I have based my statements
[2] *Lost Landscapes O f Plymouth* by Elisabeth Stuart – Map No.179 dated 1784

crossing points, but here at Weston Mill the ancient bridge survives to this day. The road from the village up to Kings Tamerton is steep, very steep and near the top there was a blacksmith's shop for very many years. Shortly afterwards the Traveller's Rest Inn made a very welcome sight as our destination approaches. From Kings Tamerton the lane led along the ridge now represented by the line of Peter's Park Road and Normandy Way, before dropping down to the waterside at Saltash Passage.

The antiquity of this route can be confirmed in the journals of an Elizabethan traveller who passed this way in 1540.[3] He had crossed the Tamar at Saltash and ridden over the bridge at Weston Mill before he wrote, *"the ground between Ashe* (Saltash) *and Plimmouth hath good corn but little wo*(o)*d.* And so it stayed, with its modest collection of country houses for minor gentlemen largely untouched, until the second decade of the 19th century.

The New Turnpike Road

The story of Camel's Head begins when the Turnpike Act of 1823 caused the building of a new country road to bypass the difficult lane we have previously described and we now know that new road as Wolseley Road.[4] This new road was straighter and more level than the old road, but it still had one major obstacle – Weston Mill Lake. This incursion of the River Tamar into its eastern bank was the largest of all the lakes and creeks in terms of its width from north to south and its penetration in land. The new road entailed building along the reclaimed east bank of one of its south facing fingers, but the Turnpike Company was still faced with a considerable inlet to cross. They decided to build a wooden bridge to carry the Saltash Road over the creek and this was completed in 1827. It was constructed of pitched pine with a floor deck of 3-inch planks supported on struts. Rubble was laid on this deck to a depth of 2-feet to form a roadway.[5]

In order to recoup their investment, the Turnpike Companies were allowed to install toll gates and one such gate, with a house, was built on this road. Accounts of its position vary. One says that it was near the bridge,[6] another that it was opposite a house known as Oak Villa,[7] but I am inclined to accept the evidence recorded for the first survey of the Ordnance Survey in 1867. It sites the toll house at the junction of the New Saltash Road (from Keyham) with the as yet unnamed New Turnpike Road (Wolseley Road).

What's in a Name?

When the bridge was built, the owner of Ham House, Mrs. Collins, on whose estate it lay, was advised to build a waterside inn and a foundation stone for it was laid in that same year of 1827. A modern historian has suggested that it was built for the benefit of those labouring on the building of the turnpike. I doubt that, as the landed gentry were normally opposed to

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[3] *Plymouth – A New History* by Crispin Gill page 70
[4] *The Story of Pennycross* by Robert Groves 1964 Page 19
[5] *St. Philip's Church Weston Mill* anon 1963
[6] *The Story of Pennycross* by Robert Groves 1964 Page 19
[7] *St. Philip's Church Weston Mill* anon 1963

the encouragement of any form of drinking among the labouring class.[8] It is more likely that those who knew the area realised that the Traveller's Rest at Kings Tamerton would now have lost its passing trade which would be redirected along the new turnpike.

The new inn was named The Camel's Head Inn as it was believed at the time that this crest formed a part of the coat of arms of the Collins Family and had been in use for 200 years. However, when Dr. Trelawny Ross arrived at Ham House, he found that the crest had been mistakenly attributed to the family. The mistake was not corrected until 1911, but by that time it was far too late to change. The whole area was generally accepted to be named Camel's Head.[9]

So, that was the explanation of the origin of the name. Or was it? A contemporary and prestigious local historian begs to differ. C.W. Bracken proffers a completely different explanation. He suggests that it originates from one John Kemyll, who held land in the area during the reign of Edward I (1272 – 1307). His researches suggested that this name was not only the root of the name Camel's Head (from Kemyll), but also that a variant spelling of the name transposed into Keame, and is the origin of the modern name of Keyham.[10]

In 1828, the Camel's Head Inn was not an isolated building, for a small terrace of cottages known as West Ham Terrace was built at the same time. This terrace survived for about a hundred years when they were severely damaged in a violent storm which led to their demolition sometime between 1923 and 1928.[11] The promenade – or prom – that we knew as children was created from the rubble of our relations' houses.

Two railway companies penetrate the area

The building of the turnpike made it so much easier to travel through a previously unseen area and as a consequence it inevitably attracted the inquisitive visitor and among them would be numbered the opportunistic entrepreneur, but the transport revolution was only just beginning. It would take another generation, almost thirty years, before the stage coaches, horse buses and waggonettes were forced to acknowledge the arrival of the railway.

The South Devon Railway steamed into Plymouth from Exeter in 1848 and having arrived, they stopped. Ten years later the Cornwall Railway Company was heading towards Plymouth from the opposite direction – Cornwall – intent on bridging the Tamar, but to reach their declared destination they also needed to cross Weston Mill Lake. They achieved this on the 4th May 1859, when the first train steamed along the broad gauge, single track and crossed the lake on one of Brunel's standard timber viaducts.

This was 'progress' but it was occurring at a snail's pace. The tides on the river quietly came and went for another thirty years before the navvies of rival railway company arrived. This time it was the Plymouth, Devonport & South Western Junction Railway Company and the year was 1887 when work began on the construction of 22 miles of railway line to link

[8] *Time Draws On* by Chris Robinson circa 1985
[9] *St. Philip's Church Weston Mill* anon 1963
[10] *A History of Plymouth* by C.W. Bracken 1931 page 109
[11] The dates of the only relevant street directories available at the Plymouth Reference Library

Devonport Kings Road with Lydford. By 1889 it had finished its embankment across the Weston Mill Lake and a standard gauge double track was laid across it. The lined opened on the 2nd June 1890 with a magnificent new station for St. Budeaux.[12]

Unfortunately the effect of their engineering work on the topography had some unexpected and unwelcome repercussions. At the point where the lake was bridged by the single span of the steel bowstring bridge, the width of the lake had been reduced to a mere 35 feet to accommodate the foundation of the bridge and the 135 feet length of the bridge itself. This blocked the free flow of silt in and out of the lake and mud banks began to accumulate. The old turnpike's 'Shaky Bridge' began to look decidedly unsteady on its already wayward legs.

1890 – an important year?

Looking back it would seem that 1890 was a year that precipitated change on a grand scale. It had been slow in coming, but the tide of industrial advance could not be prevented from reaching Camel's Head, which had remained much the same as it had been for the last 65 years.
Keyham was already growing. The new Naval Barracks opened its gates for the first time in June 1889[13] and Johnston Terrace was advancing along its perimeter, facing the New Saltash Road. 1890 was also the year in which the Admiralty decided to extend the Keyham Steam Yard so that a new generation of much larger warships could be accommodated. Before that happened, another great industrial phenomenon was swept aside. It took only one weekend to consign it to history. It was the weekend of the 20th -22nd May 1892 when the rails of Brunel's Broad Gauge were ripped up and dumped on the scrap heap. Huge gangs of workmen sweated their way through the area, across the Weston Mill Viaduct and on into Cornwall. This event was the harbinger of another great change to hit the GWR before the curtain was drawn on the century.

The Admiralty secured their Act of Parliament for the Keyham Extension in 1895 and on the 1st January 1896 they accepted the tender of Sir John Jackson, fresh from his knighthood for rescuing and completing the Manchester Ship Canal Project. By April work was under way to fill the Keyham Creek as a first step in creating a whole new dockyard on 118 acres of land only 41 acres of which already existed above the high watermark.[14] The reclamation of the mudflats around the south-western entrance of the Western Mill Lake and the creation of docks, wharves and basins would permanently change the appearance of this once rural backwater. At its peak, over 3500 men would be employed on a task expected to take up to ten years to complete. Ideally, homes would be needed for them and for the workers that the new dockyard extension would employ. This fact was not lost on Sir John Jackson and he would make an allowance for them in his plans.

The Ordnance Survey of the area dated 1895shows the situation in graphic detail, just before the house building boom hits the district. There were only 29 houses in the immediate vicinity of the Camel's Head Inn. The first existing houses occur at the point where the New Saltash Road met the Wolseley Road. Across the road from the fishpond, Oak Villa stands

[12] *The Plymouth, Devonport & South Western Junction Railway* by A.J. Cheesman Chapter 1 pages 4-6
[13] *Devonport Dockyard Railway* by Paul Burkhalter page 36
[14] *Devonport Dockyard Railway* by Paul Burkhalter page 46

on the corner; a semi-detached house and then a detached lock-up shop follow it, before the eight cottages of West Ham Terrace are reached. These seem to be arranged in two groups of three with a semi-detached pair in the centre. Exactly opposite this pair (Nos. 4 & 5) stood the scar of an old quarry, which had probably been opened to provide the stone to build them. Also standing just here and opposite No.5, is the 2-MILE stone from Plymouth which was still there at the turn of the 21st century. After crossing the wooden bridge and reaching the northern bank, the traveller encountered a terrace of 17 houses known as Harbour View Terrace. In all probability these were almost new in 1895 and for the moment they stood alone, overlooking the district's biggest problem – the Shaky Bridge.

The house builders arrive

At the beginning of 1896, the first new houses began to arise on the opposite side of the road to West Ham Terrace. It was named Brooklyn Terrace and the overall plan allowed for four blind avenues to lead up the hill, at right angles to the main road as far as the new railway line, which was now in the ownership of the London & South Western Railway Company (L&SWR). The first of the three blocks of eight houses were already complete. These were numbered 4 to 11, but these were followed by 23 to 26 and I suspect that these were the last block of houses incorrectly numbered. In fact, for a number of years the published Directories seemed to be incapable of portraying this terrace accurately with its regular interventions by the grid of avenues.

By 1897 all 31 houses in Brooklyn Terrace were occupied and on the other side of the bridge Harbour View Terrace had nearly doubled in size to 29 houses which now included Rodney Street. The small terraces opposite them, running down to the waterside, were also complete,[15] so the existing population was now set to grow into a sizeable community clustered around the shoreline of Weston Mill Lake. Inevitably, this placed an increased demand on the use of the main road from one side of the lake to the other and that meant 'that bridge.'

The state of the bridge was discussed at the St. Budeaux Parish Council meeting of the 11th November 1897. Twelve-inch holes had appeared in the road deck which were a menace to both pedestrian and vehicular traffic. The only solution was to remove it and build yet another embankment, but this time an embankment to carry a new road.[16] It was a nice idea. It was the only practical solution, but as is the way in England – it didn't happen.

Electric trams make an appearance on the streets

Within a matter of a few weeks the Devonport & District Tramway Company was registered in 1898 and empowered to build 5 miles of track within the borough. In 1900 the Devonport Corporation secured additional powers to build a further 4 miles of track, one line of which would reach Saltash Passage. The Tramway Company used only electricity supplied by the Devonport Corporation generating station at Stonehouse Creek and a full

[15] *Devonport Dockyard Railway* by Paul Burkhalter photo from page 51 extracted from NA ADM 195/61
[16] *St. Budeaux – Yesterday's Village* by Marshall Ware page 6

service began running on the 26th June 1901 with 25 rich chocolate brown and cream tramcars.

Most of the cars had been built in America at the Philadelphia Works of the Brill Car Company, but the last five cars numbered 21 to 25 were Brush cars bought secondhand from a company in Birmingham. Two of these – 22 and 24 – were allocated to the small 'temporary' shed built at the end of the timber bridge and close to Harbour View Terrace, yet this section was cut off from the rest of the system on the other side of the lake. How did they get the cars over there, if the bridge was too delicate to take their weight? Perhaps they arrived by river and were unloaded at the ferry landing slip at Saltash Passage.

I am sure that the Company's passengers were not at all perturbed by this unusual shuttle service. Travelling from Morice Square in Devonport, travellers had to alight outside the Camel's Head Inn and walk across the 750 feet length of the often windswept bridge to the tram waiting on the other side at Harbour View Avenue.[17] The winter evenings would have made this a dark, dreary and occasionally dangerous excursion which the authorities quite freely admitted, but these were hardened people who were used to walking on surfaces that would make us cringe today. Fortunately their discomfiture lasted no more than two years.

A new viaduct for the GWR

Whilst all this was happening, just a few hundred yards to the west, another huge undertaking had brought both work and chaos to the shores of Weston Mill Lake. In 1899, in spite of modernising its line into Cornwall with the new standard gauge some seven years previously, the G.W.R. schedules were still seriously hampered by the single track out of Plymouth to Penzance. Replacing all the aging wooden viaducts could not be put off any longer. J. Charles Lang, a contractor from Liskeard[18] began the huge task of building a magnificent new bridge to replace the old viaduct.

If the wooden structure had been considered flimsy, then the opposite was true of its successor. The four new latticed, iron girder spans were each about 170 feet long and the total length of the bridge was 1152 feet. It was 47 feet above Spring High Tide and had a wooden slatted footbridge suspended along its length on the eastern (landward) side. The vibrations caused by the passing trains encountered by the pedestrians on the footbridge eventually led to it being renamed 'Shaky Bridge.'
For me Shaky Bridge[19] was a familiar friend, always there and often used, but in retrospect it was truly magnificent. It was unique among the slimmed legged stone viaducts of Devon and Cornwall. It was second only to Brunel's masterpiece at Saltash, but was it necessary to build such a massive edifice? If they hadn't Camel's Head would have been the poorer for it.

A new Keyham Station opened on the 1st July 1900,[20] to celebrate the arrival of the double track railway from Plymouth, but it was another three years, almost to the day, before the

[17] *The Trams of Plymouth* by Langley and Small 1990 Chapter 5 page 30
[18] *Devonport Dockyard Railway* by Paul Burkhalter page 40

[19] *Plymouth Through the Lens* by Brian Moseley Volume 6 page 55
[20] *Devonport Dockyard Railway* by Paul Burkhalter page 41

new viaduct was opened for the transit of passenger carrying trains.[21] It was not until the first trains had begun to run on their new alignment that any attention could be paid to dismantling the 31 redundant wooden spans over its 1200 feet length.

Shaky Bridge disappears

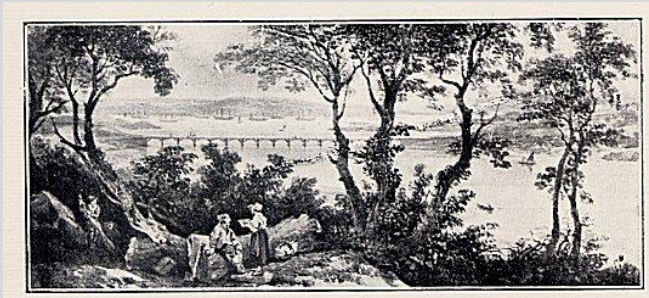
And so the work continued during 1903. As gangs were occupied dismantling Brunel's old bridge, more workmen were busy reclaiming the mudflats in front of Harbour View Terrace, so that a straight and solid embankment could be built to support the road to St. Budeaux and Saltash Passage. It would have been a relatively straightforward task to fill the small area approximating to two acres in front of the embankment of the L&SWR, but it was a clever piece of reclamation to build the new embankment alongside the old wooden 'road' bridge? Its deck may not have been very level, but the OS map shows that its alignment was dead straight.

While all this major work was taking place in the neighbourhood, Nelson Trethewey had courted and married. He had lived in Ireland and Cornwall, but he had returned to Plymouth to live within the sight and sound of the massive developments that would create the world with which he would become familiar. He decided that this expanding creek-side community was the right place to settle. His new wife had been born there and it was a good place to raise a family.

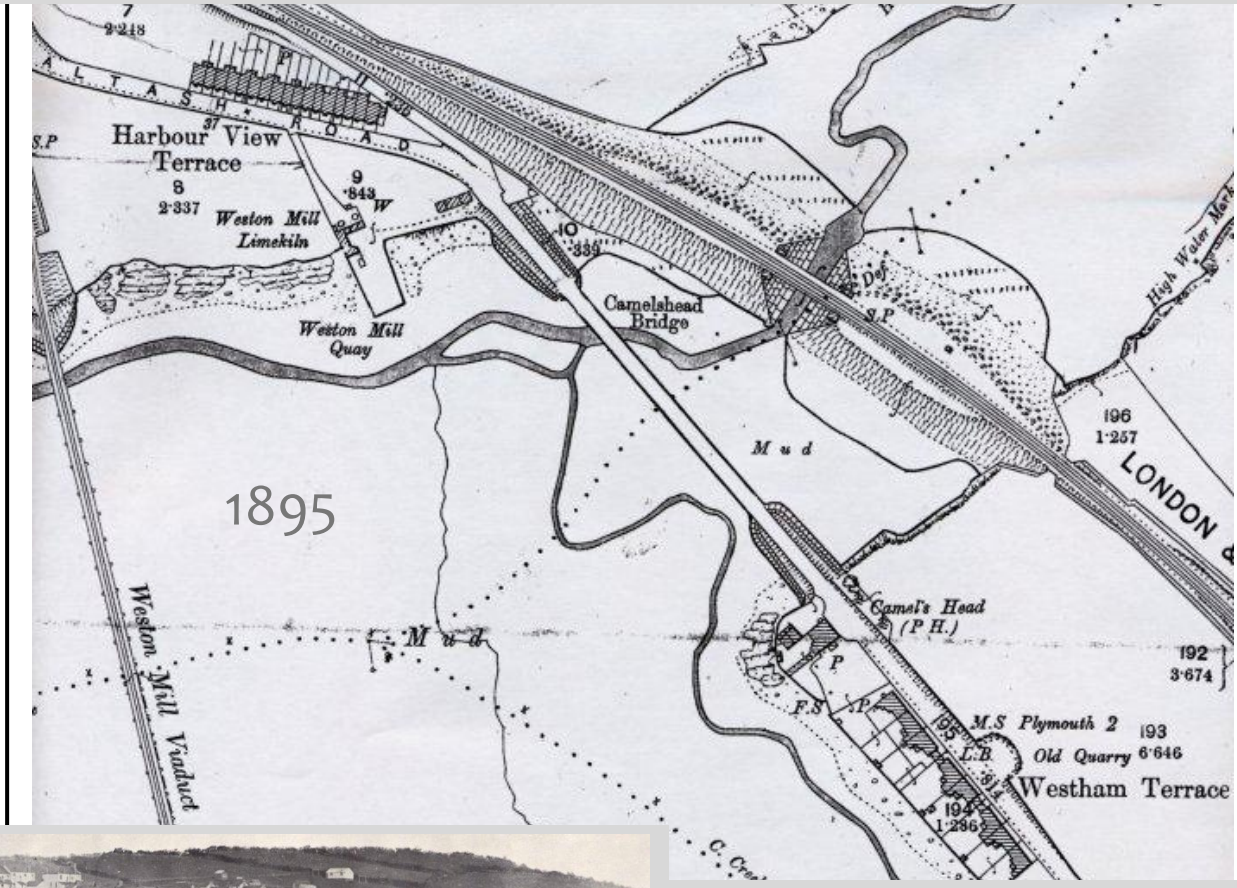
[21] *Devonport Dockyard Railway* by Paul Burkhalter page 43 – Completed 3rd or 5th July 1903

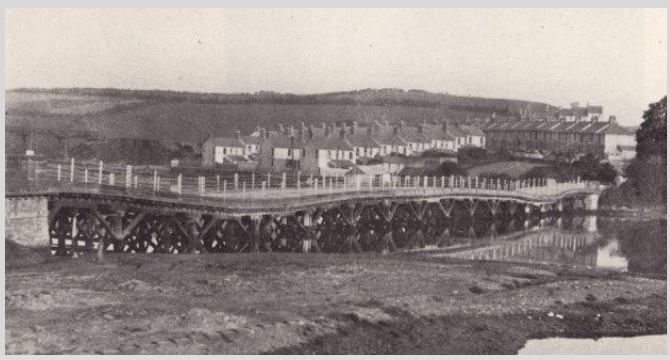
Camel's Head Creek & Shaky Bridge

Looking W from Ham in 1830 (left) and SE towards Ferndale Avenue from Weston Mill Quay (right).



Weston Mill Creek and Wooden Bridge, 1830.





Looking NE from Keyham to the new Jackson Estate (left)
NW towards Harbour View Avenue and Hamoaze Avenue (right and not on map).

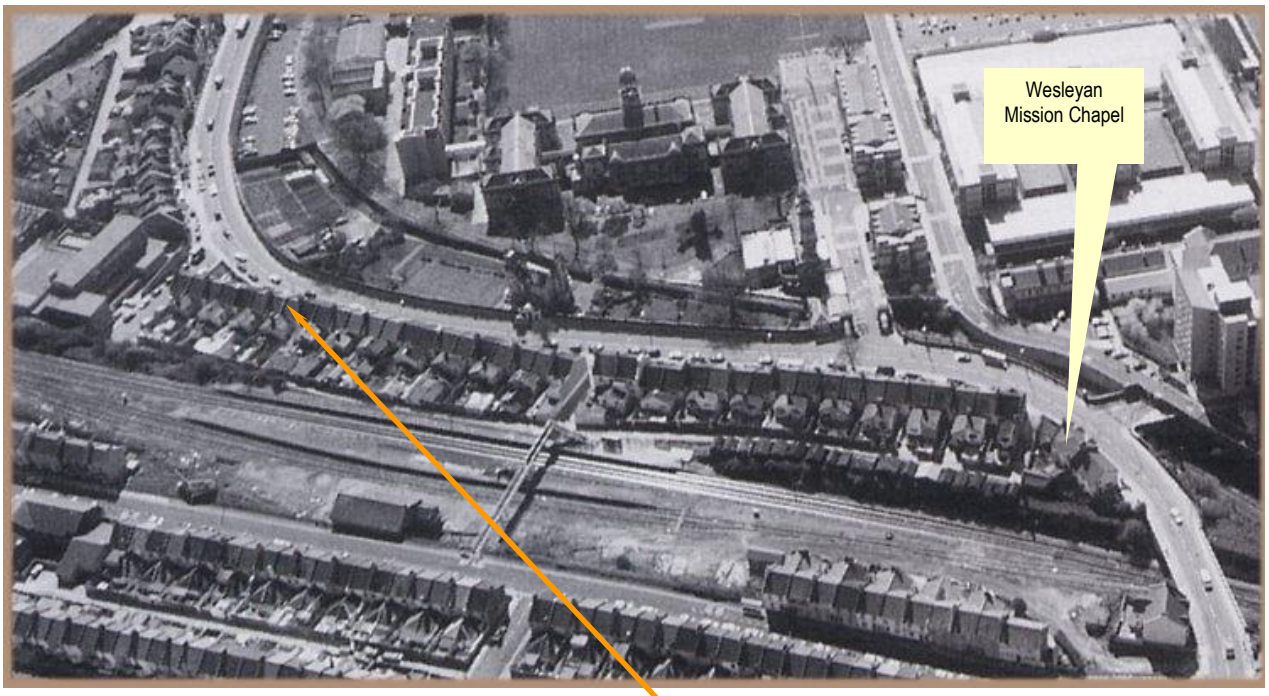
Henry and Jane TRETHEWEY return to their native Town of PLYMOUTH

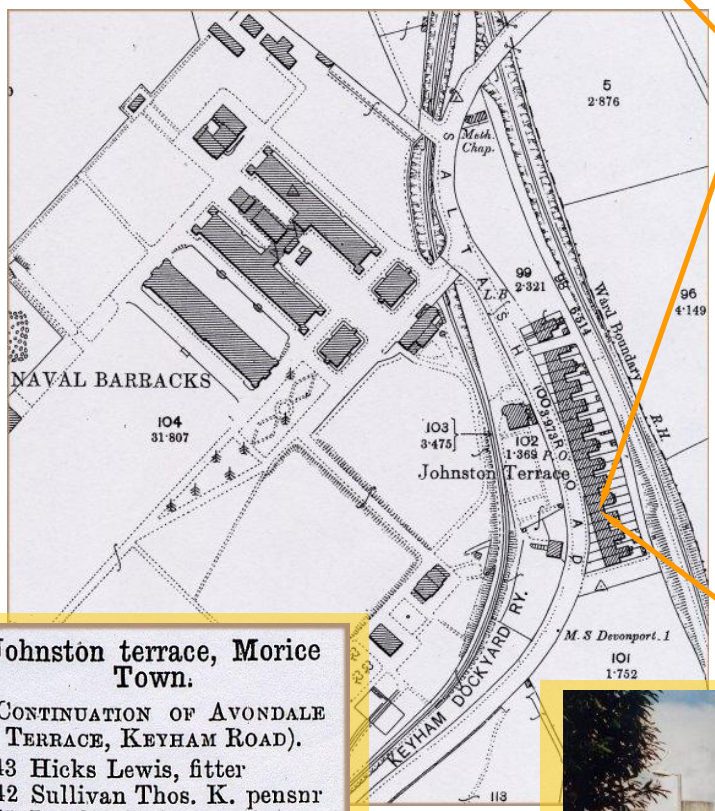
The family settles in Camel's Head and the area becomes home for the next seventy years

Nelson Trethewey was 13½ years old when he found himself back in Plymouth, the town he had left as a two-year old toddler. He had no recollection of it. He had grown up in County Cork southern Ireland where his father had been a Coastguard. He had spent the last eighteen months roaming the wild and magnificent cliffs of the North Cornish coastline around Boscastle until his father's time in the service had run out and the family was faced with leaving their Coastguard Cottage. Fortunately Henry had been offered a place in the newly opened Naval Barracks in Keyham as an Able Seaman on an annual contract and he entered the ornate gates for the first time on the 15th July 1891.

Not one clue has emerged to suggest where the family settled when they first arrived in Plymouth. For six years they remain hidden, but it would seem reasonable to look for them in the new terraced housing that was being built progressively northwards around the perimeter of the Dockyard and Barracks from the Albert Gate. Nelson needed to complete his schooling, but again it is not apparent where he might have done so. The nearest school was attached to the church of St. James the Great, just a brisk walk away along the new Keyham Road towards the Albert Gate. However, I think that we are faced with the possibility that Nelson did not resume his schooling preferring instead to look for a job.

It was not until 1897 that Pensioner Henry Trethewey's name appeared in a street directory for **No.36 Johnston Terrace**, a house that had been listed, since 1893, in the name of W.P Rowe a Carpenter's Mate. The terrace was numbered from 2 to 43 with the latter house being the one whose end wall is facing the camera on the right of the 1890 picture above. Just four doors away from Henry lived John Vercoe and his shop was between the public house and the Post Office. However, shops come and go yet the terrace remains largely unchanged a century later. Even the front gardens have survived intact





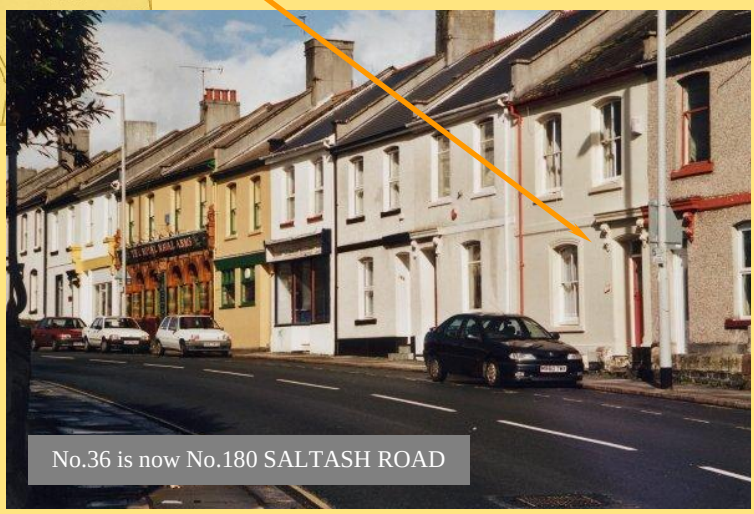
36 JOHNSTON TERRACE

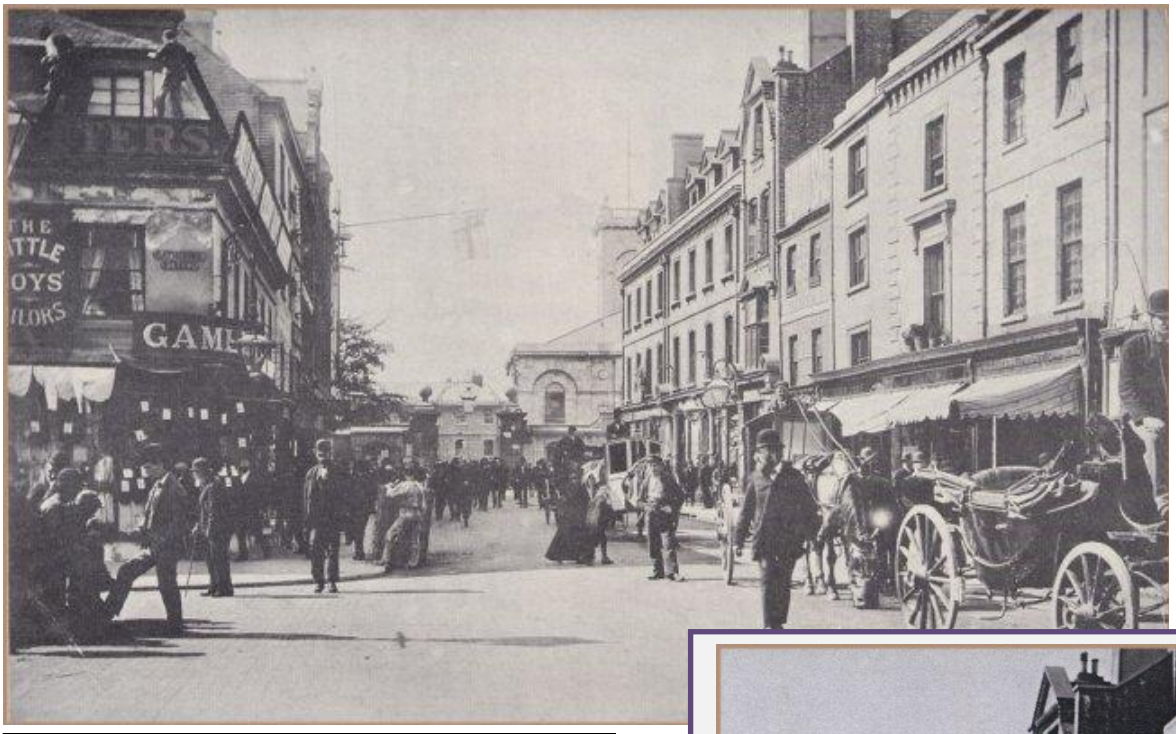
The photo dating from 1890 (*preceding page)* and the map dated 1895 show exactly the same thing. The southern terrace extends from No.43 to No.21 and ends at the gap left for the entrance into the proposed Keyham Station. The northern terrace has just two houses complete, yet the Street Directories for 1885 and 1893 show a different, confusing picture. They suggest that thirteen houses had been built by 1885 and eight years later all but Nos. 24 & 25 were occupied. It is a complete muddle, yet two years later the edition for 1895 shows a complete and recognisable terrace numbered from 2 to 43 with a Wesleyan Mission Chapel at the top.
Only the shop fronts had changed
by February 2002

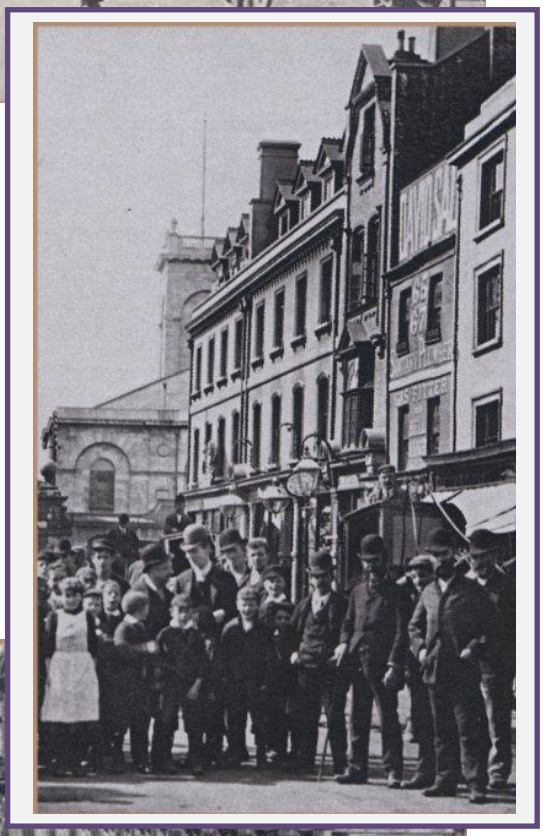
Johnston terrace, Morice Town.

(CONTINUATION OF AVONDALE TERRACE, KEYHAM ROAD).

43 Hicks Lewis, fitter
42 Sullivan Thos. K. pensnr
41 London E. boatswain R N.
40 Taggett Jno. T. pensioner
39 Jordan M. shipwrght R.N.
38 Roberts Mrs Ann
37 Bowen David
36 Trethewy Henry, pensr.
35 Carnes Samuel, pensr.
34 Pound C. T. chf artificrR.N.
33 Murch E. draughtsman
32 Vercoe John W.
30 Bosworthick W. beer rtlr
30 Bosworthick Thos. shop- & P.O.
29 Gordon Jas. artificer R.N.


No.36 is now No.180 SALTASH ROAD

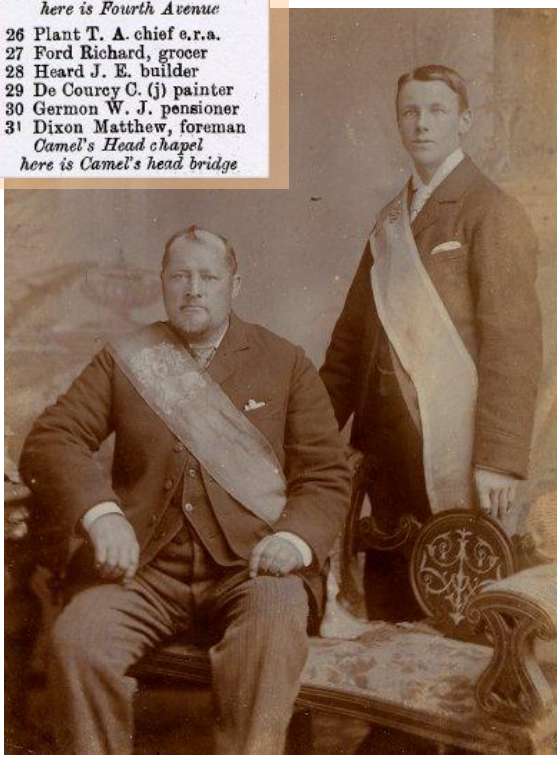




DAVID SALE
Gas Fitter and Sanitary Plumber
65 & 67 Fore Street, Devonport.

Nelson was 15 years old in January 1893, the same year that has been attributed to these photos by the reputed photographer Francis Frith *(top & right).* Nelson is alleged to have served an apprenticeship with this family business, an apprenticeship that he would have completed in 1898/99. It was usual for apprentices to be paid-off once their indenture was complete, but there would have been ample work for a gas fitter in those days. Electric trams had not yet arrived on the streets, so Nelson would have had to walk from home to the shop standing just outside the Dockyard's South Gate and opposite the renowned Agnes Weston's.

BROOKLYN TERRACE
1 Helson Wm. (j) mason
2 Timmins F. J. nvl pensr
3 May Wm. jshopkeeper
4 Payne Chas. J. builder
here is Erith avenue
5 Trethewy Hy. R.N.
6 Maddock Andrew, chief stoker R.N.
7 Lee Wm. (j) stereotyper
8 Stroud Albert, fitter
9 Tomlin Alf. pensr
10 Williams L. labourer
11 Witheridge Geo. (j) silmkr
here is Second Avenue
12 Lyons Richd. w.o. R.N.
13 Pyne W. 1st class p.o. R.N.
14 Rogers J. G. carpntr R.N.
15 Riggs A. dockyardman
16 Fry Fredk. Jas. pensioner
17 Rankin Alexr. inspector
18 Roach Alf. storehouseman
19 Rawdon Jos. dairyman
here is Third Av.
20 Philips Fred. dckydmn
21 Harvey Wm. R.N.
22 Wonnall Elias, pensioner
23 Grigg Mrs Emma
24 Lovelock Fred. R.N.
25 Smith Andrew R.N.
here is Fourth Avenue
26 Plant T. A. chief e.r.a.
27 Ford Richard, grocer
28 Heard J. E. builder
29 De Courcy C. (j) painter
30 Germon W. J. pensioner
31 Dixon Matthew, foreman
Camel's Head chapel
here is Camel's head bridge

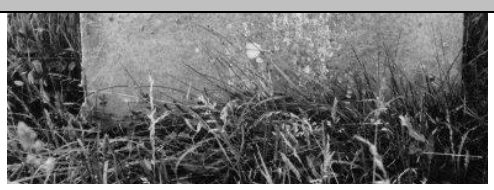


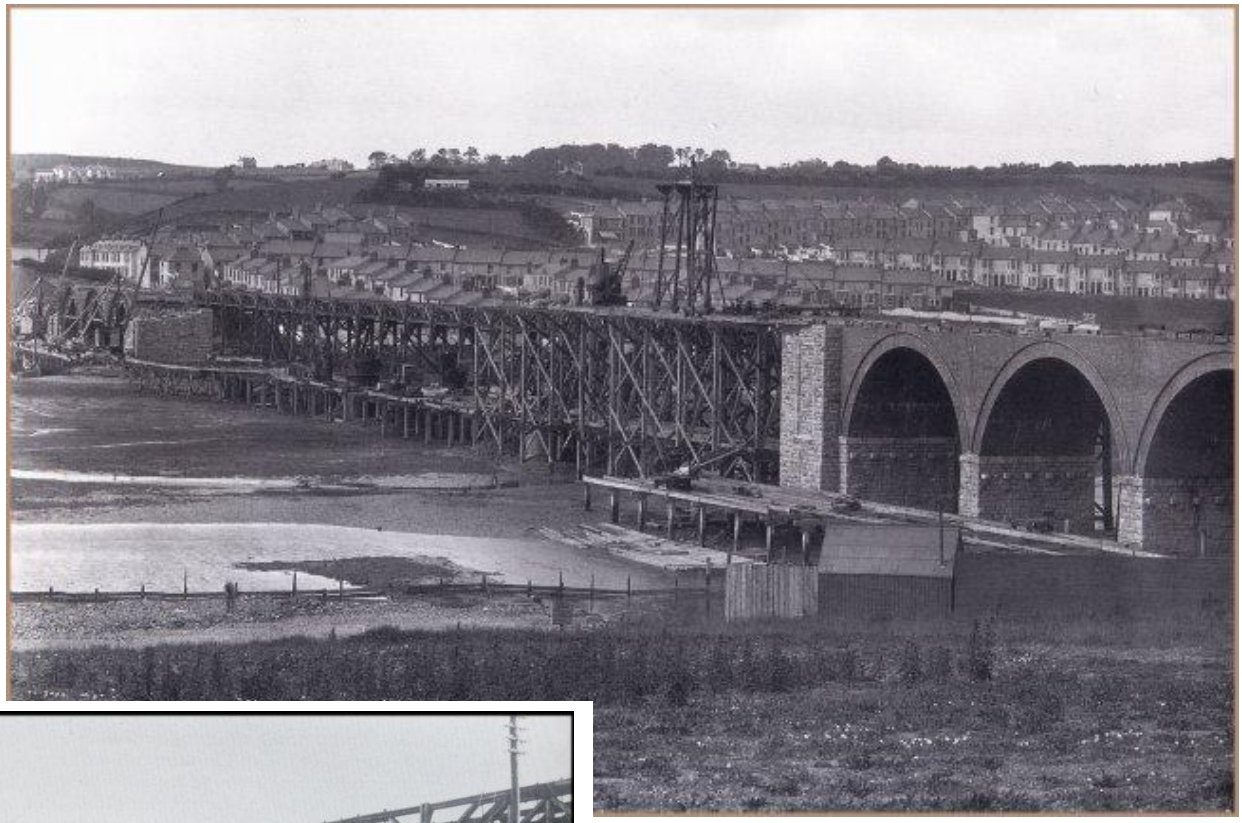
5 BROOKLYN TERRACE

In 1897, when we discovered Henry & Jane Trethewey living in Johnston Terrace, Brooklyn Terrace was still being built, in fact the only houses complete were those in the first block *(above)* now situated between Erith and Second Avenues. By February 1898 Henry had moved his family into No.5. It was next to the end house in which lived a builder called Charles Payne. *Did he build the terrace, I wonder?*
It was a good move, to a new house in a development area, but Henry would enjoy it for only a very short time after the 9th January 1899, his son Nelson's 21st Birthday.

Nelson stands with his father Henry for a birthday portrait in the studios of Mr. J. Grey at 33 Union Street. His mother is not in the group and the wearing of sashes suggests that this *'coming of age'* marked his entry into 'Freemasonry'. A family story suggests that Nelson was associated with the RECHABITES who were a Victorian Temperance Society with links to Methodism
The photo was destined to be the only likeness of Henry to survive for on Tuesday 14th February 1899 he died at home of bronchitis. Two days later, Jane made the following announcement *(right)* in the columns of the WESTERN DAILY MERCURY
Again there is a family story of a 'Naval Funeral', but there is no trace of it in local newspapers in spite of the fact that others were frequently reported. Yet the anchor motif on the headstone must carry some significance.

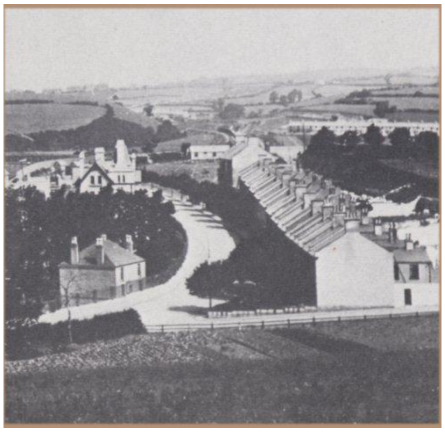
TRETHEWEY – Henry the beloved husband of Jane Trethewey, aged 47, who passed away in Jesus at 5 Brooklyn Terrace, Camels Head on February 14th 1899.
Funeral to leave the house for Plymouth Cemetery at 2 p.m. tomorrow (Friday)

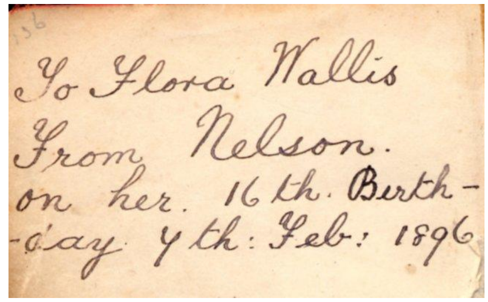




The Weston Mill Viaduct of the G.W.R 1900 –1903

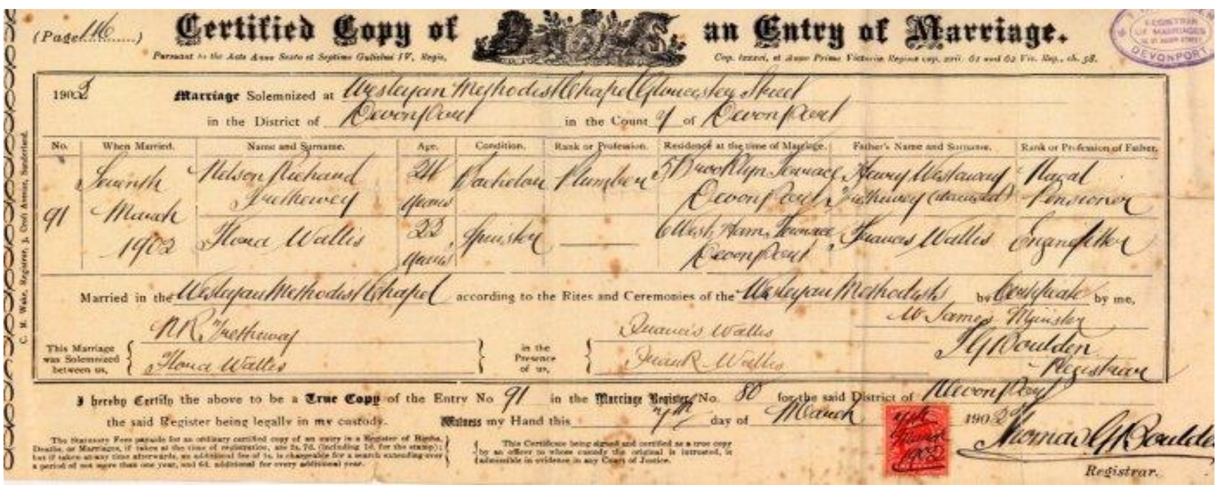
Family legend has it that Nelson worked on the construction of this bridge as a riveter. This is not impossible, but his skills would have been more suited to the installation of the gas main and lighting that illuminated the wooden walkway that was built into the east side of the bridge. No proof of the story has ever been found. All three views are seen from the Keyham shore looking towards the site of the Jackson Estate.





Courtship and Marriage

The inscription illustrated *(above right)* was found inside the cover of a Birthday Book given as a present from Nelson to Flora WALLIS. The book came from the stationer's shop of Wood & Tozer at No. 39 Fore Street and must have been bought whilst Nelson was walking to and from his work at David Sale's. This small and innocent token has survived more than 100 years to bring its story of the courtship that must have blossomed between two people living close to one another. Most young people in those days were very closely supervised and relationships often developed in the churches and chapels of their home locality. We know that the Trethewey family had Wesleyan Methodist connections and that Flora in her youth was keen on the hymns of Moody & Sankey. We also know that there was a Wesleyan Mission Chapel at the end of Johnston Terrace *(above left circled)*, so where better to meet and to talk. At the beginning of 1896 Nelson was already 18 years old and their relationship was to last for more than 60 years. It was a long courtship too, for it was another SIX years before they married in the Gloucester Street Wesleyan Chapel in Morice Town as the new chapel being built in Admiralty Street did not open its doors until the end of 1902.



(Page 116)

Certified Copy of an Entry of Marriage.

Pursuant to the Acts Anno Sexto et Septimo Gulielmi IV, Regis. Cap. lxxxvi, et Anno Primo Victoriae Reginae cap. xxii. 61 and 62 Vic. Rep., ch. 58.

REGISTRAR OF MARRIAGES DEVONPORT

1902. Marriage Solemnized at Wesleyan Methodist Chapel Gloucester Street in the District of Devonport in the County of Devonport

No.	When Married.	Name and Surname.	Age.	Condition.	Rank or Profession.	Residence at the time of Marriage.	Father's Name and Surname.	Rank or Profession of Father.
91	Seventh March 1902	Nelson Richard Trethewey	24 years	Bachelor	Plumber	5 Brooklyn Terrace Devonport	Henry Westaway Trethewey (deceased)	Naval Pensioner
		Flora Wallis	22 years	Spinster	—	6 West Ham Terrace Devonport	Francis Wallis	Engine fitter

Married in the Wesleyan Methodist Chapel according to the Rites and Ceremonies of the Wesleyan Methodists by Certificate by me,

This Marriage was Solemnized between us, N R Trethewey, Flora Wallis

in the Presence of us, Francis Wallis, [illegible] R Wallis

W James Minister

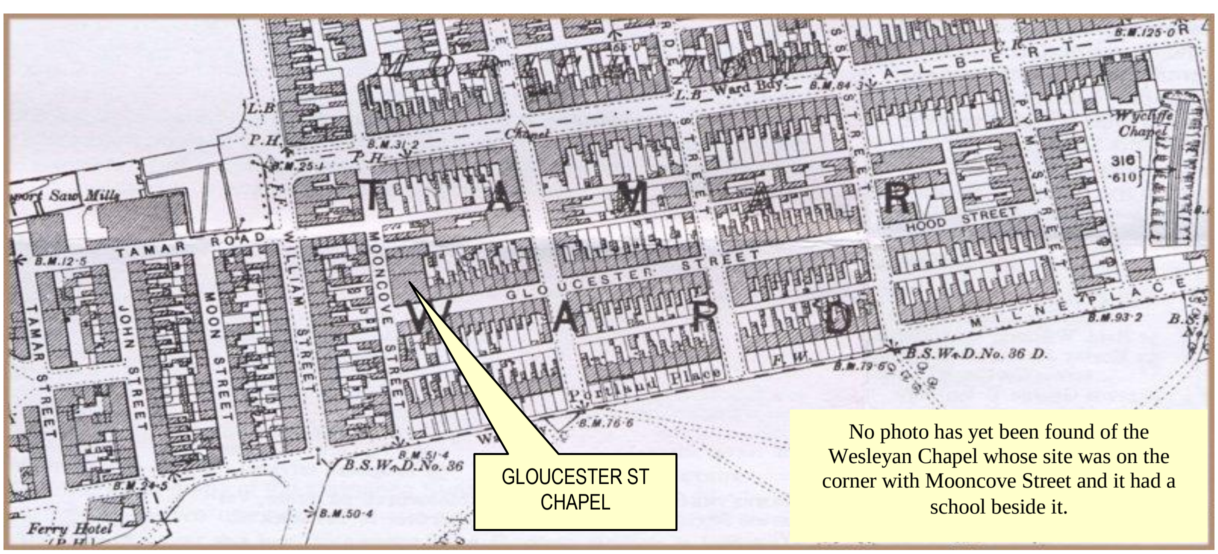
T G Boulden Registrar

I hereby Certify the above to be a True Copy of the Entry No 91 in the Marriage Register No. 80 for the said District of Devonport the said Register being legally in my custody. Witness my Hand this 7th day of March 1902 Thomas G Boulden Registrar.

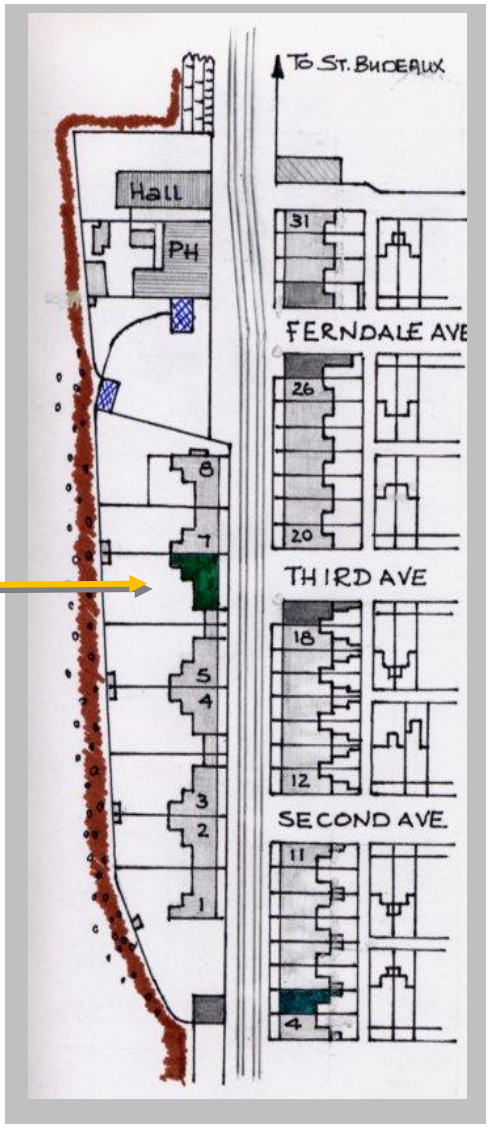
The Statutory Fees payable for an ordinary certified copy of an entry in a Register of Births, Deaths, or Marriages, if taken at the time of registration, are 2s. 7d. (including 1d. for the stamp); but if taken at any time afterwards, an additional fee of 1s. is chargeable for a search extending over a period of not more than one year, and 6d. additional for every additional year.

This Certificate being signed and certified as a true copy by an officer to whose custody the original is intrusted, is admissible in evidence in any Court of Justice.

C. M. Wake, Registrar, 3, Croft Avenue, Sunderland.



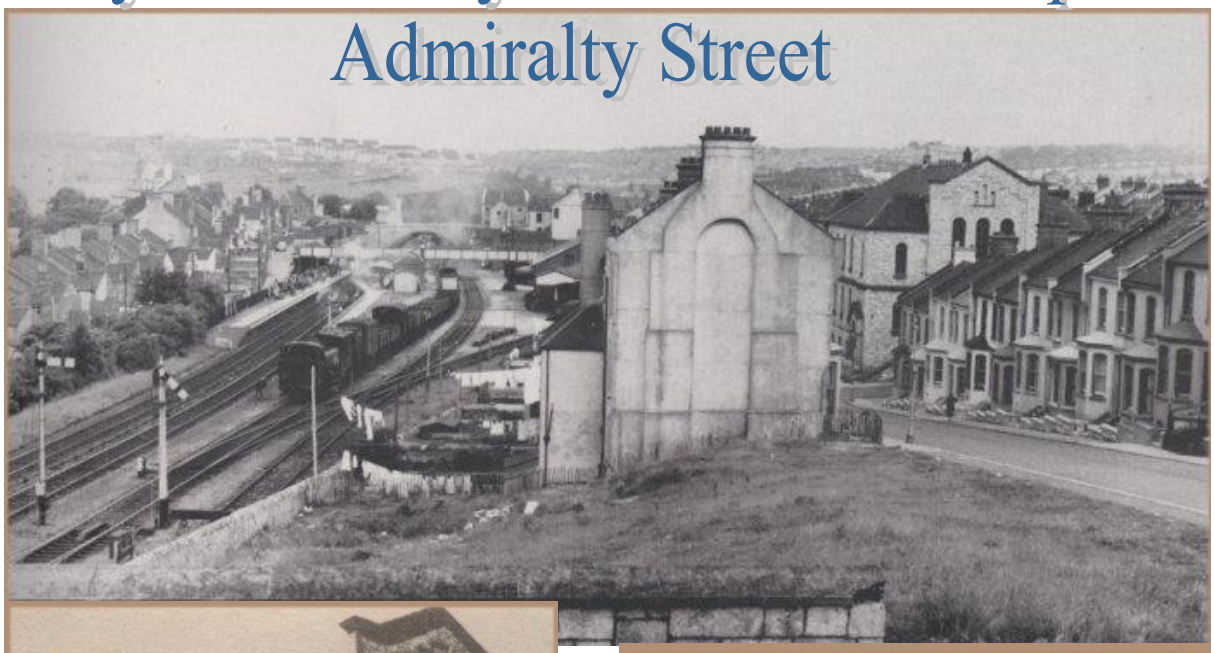
No photo has yet been found of the Wesleyan Chapel whose site was on the corner with Mooncove Street and it had a school beside it.

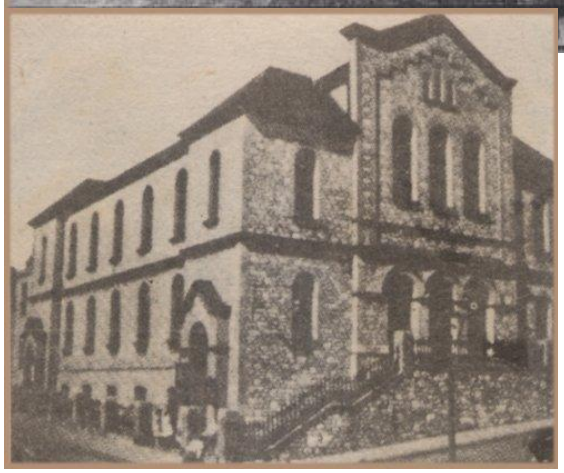


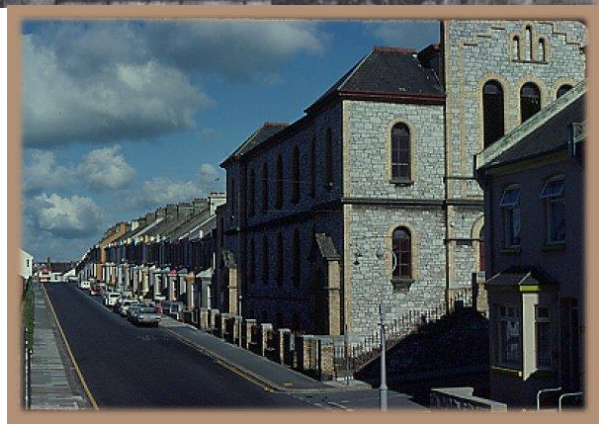
6 WEST HAM TERRACE

When Nelson married Flora in March 1902 their home addresses were no more than a few yards apart on opposite sides of the street, but in which house did our couple set up home together? It would seem reasonable to suggest that they moved in with Nelson's mother Jane, but she had remarried at the end of 1900 and by Feb 1903 Richard Ford occupied No.5 Brooklyn Tce. The Baptism Register on the following page proves that they were living with Flora's parents in the summer of 1906, but we need a sight of their children's birth certificates to fill the missing gaps. The map of West Ham Tce shows that the cottages had fair-sized gardens at the rear and although the children are seen here playing freely on the Edwardian streets, I expect the garden was enjoyed by Millie at least until she was big enough to join the other children. The Wallis family had lived in the terrace for many years and Flora grew up living just three doors away from her Uncle Sol (her father's brother). It is poignant therefore to find them all at rest in Weston Mill Cemetery, just a few yards from one another.

Keyham Wesleyan Methodist Chapel
Admiralty Street





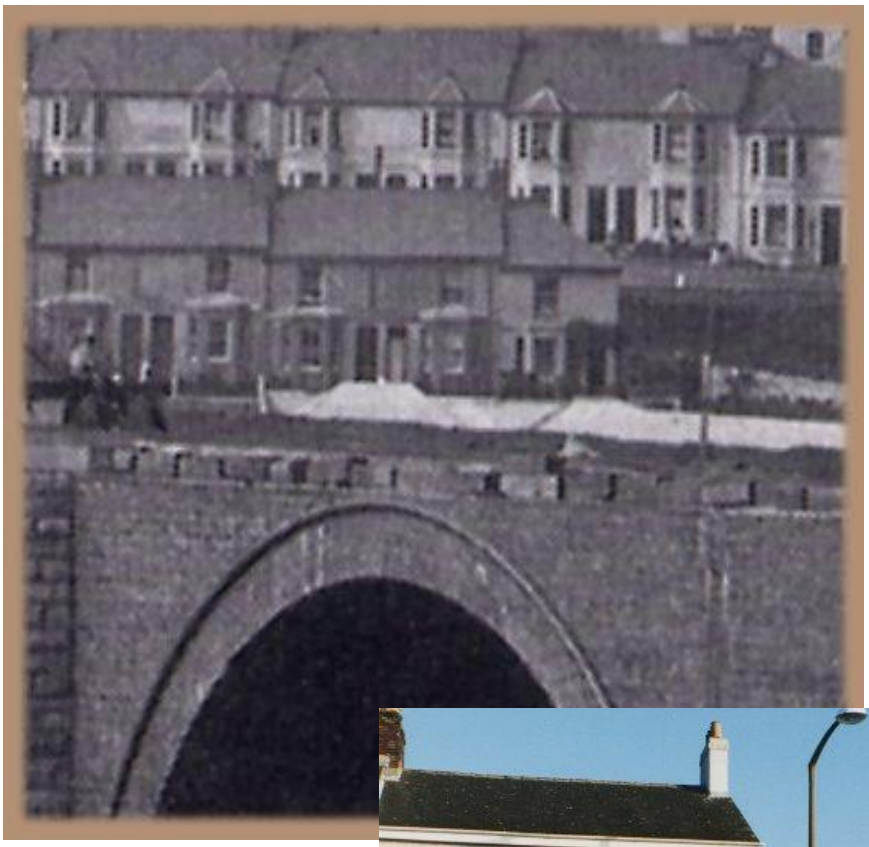


From the Baptism Register

Baptisms solemnized in the Wesleyan-Methodist Chapel Keyham
in the County of Devon *in the year* 19 06

When Baptized.	Child's Name; Son or Daughter.	Parents' Name. Christian.	Parents' Name. Surname.	Abode.	Child's Age when Baptized.	The Minister by whom the Baptism was solemnized.
1906 July 18th No. 69.	~~Stella~~ Frances Henry son of	Nelson and Flora	Trethewey	No 6 West Ham Terrace Camels Head	Born May 22nd 1906	[illegible]
1906 July 18th No. 70.	Amelia daughter of	Nelson and Flora	Trethway	No 6 West Ham Terrace Camels Head	Born December 19th 1904	

The first baptisms took place in this new chapel in November 1902, but the first two TRETHEWEY children were the only ones baptised on that July day in 1906. Frankie was just eight weeks old, but Millie *(Right)* must have been walking. Note the mistakes with the names!



It was said in the family that early in their marriage, Nelson and Flora had a small shop at Harbour View selling gas and plumbing hardware. It was simply an extension of the trade that Nelson had learnt at David Sale's in Devonport. The shop was NOT a success and Flora was NOT an enthusiastic shopkeeper.

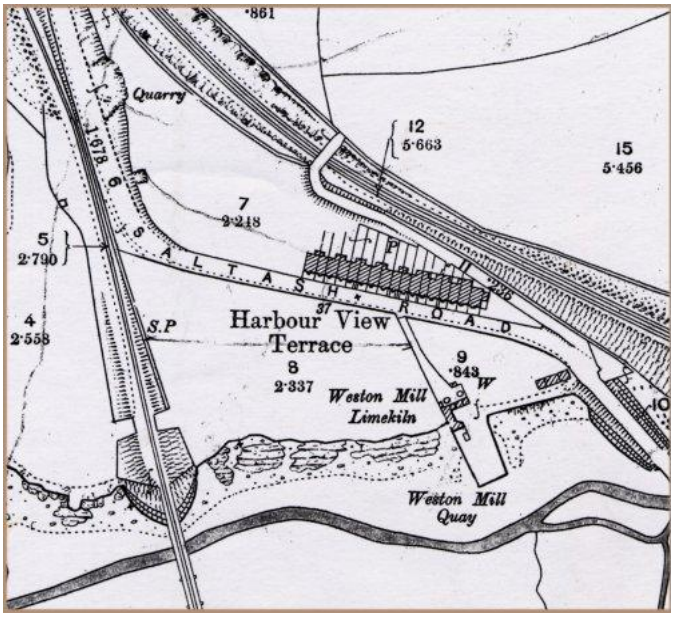
It has always been implied that the shop must have been the premise that we see today as it had been there for as long as anyone could remember. However the earliest known contemporary image from 1902/3 shows a surprising picture (left). The house has been demolished.

1 HARBOUR VIEW TERRACE

The 1902 picture revealed a neat little end of terrace house that must have later disappeared. The lane behind the terrace, known to everyone as 'Stoney Hill' was there in 1895 although at that time it led nowhere. The houses were new and had been built to fit into the space between the road and the railway line. So why was one demolished so soon? The street directories are not very helpful in clarifying the situation, but in 1905 we see, for the first time, reference to a '1A' occupied by the Richards Bros. ***'Saddler & Hairdresser.'*** Now is this the first occurrence of the little shop fronting the main road and clearly divided into two sections? Each successive year its occupants changed. In 1906 it was Richards & Frost – ***Cycle Makers***. Then in 1907 it was J. Rhodes – ***Boot Maker*** and Mrs. Harris – ***Secondhand Clothes***. In February 1908 the new edition showed a Mr. Stiff – ***Butcher,*** but no sign of the TRETHEWEY's, at least, not in 1A. This was also the month that Phyllis was born and it is significant to note that the new resident in No.1 was N.R.TRETHEWEY – Plumber.

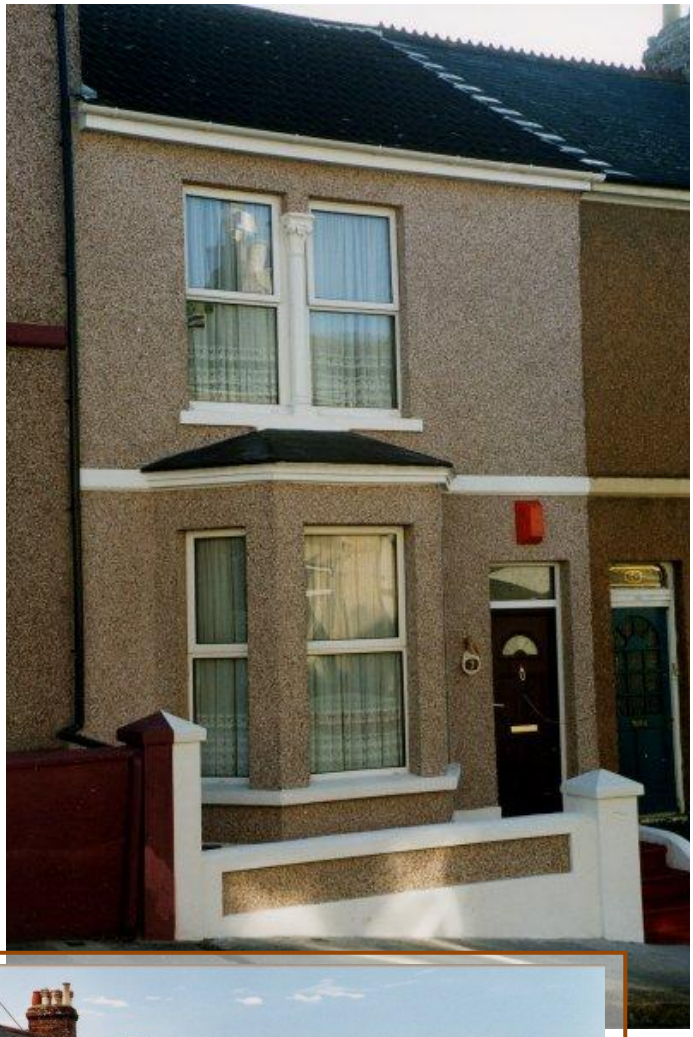
I cannot imagine that meat and gas mantles were compatible, but the shop had embraced two different commodities on more than one previous occasion, so why not now? Note also that the end house has become double fronted. It was altered at sometime before 1914.

Harbour View Terrace under construction in 1895 (below)



7 SECOND AVENUE

Nelson's name appeared at this address for the first time in the directory for 1910 that was published in July 1909 and it was here that the family expanded and grew up. The avenues became like a small village to the children as it provided all their needs. School, shops, 'playgrounds', cinema, water and trams; all were readily accessible, so it is natural that this house should provide the most vivid childhood memories.



Second avenue, Camel's Head.

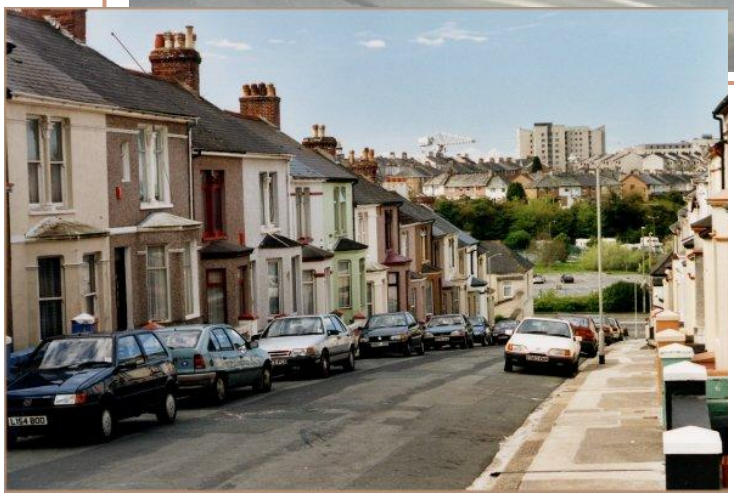
(From 11 Brooklyn Terrace to S.W. Railway)

1 Rendell John
2 Pocock Walter
3 Watkins W. (j) boilermkr
4 Hosking J. dockyardman
5 Norrish W.
6 Hobbs Henry Thomas
7 Trethewey N. R.
8 and 9 tenanted
10 tenanted
11 Walker R. E.
12 Penhallurick Ed. Thomas
13 Hoe Richard
14 Stephens W. shipwright
15 tenanted
16 Bright J.
17 Davis W. labourer

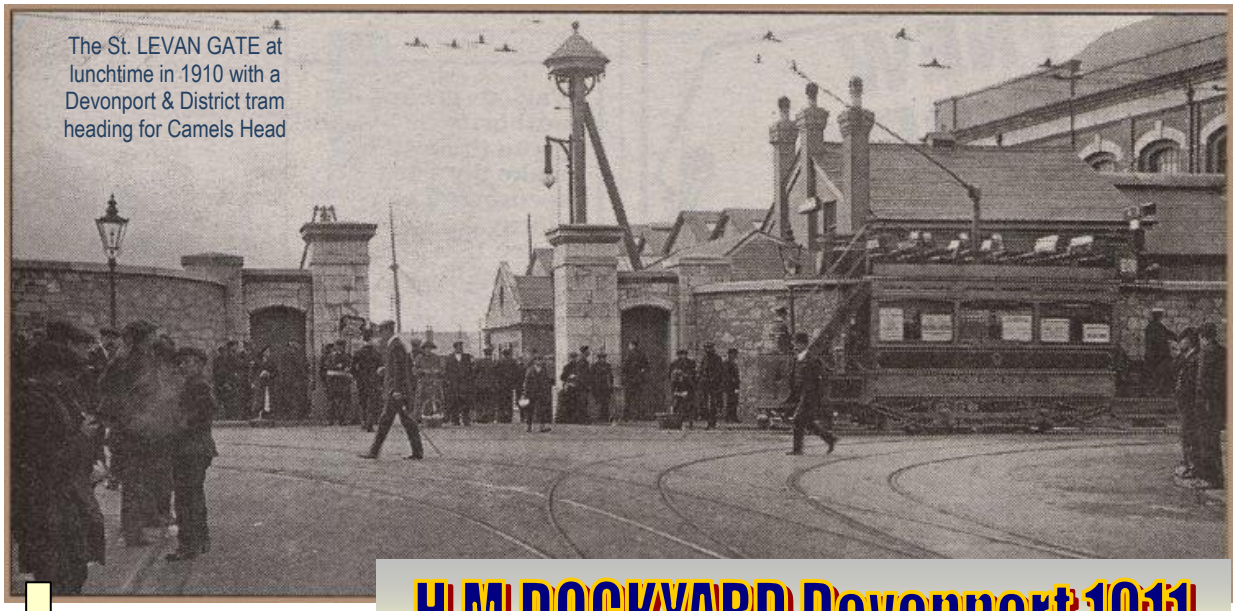
here is Railway.

(return)

18 Bezzell John
19 Vosper E. J. plumber
20 tenanted
21 Hyland J.
22 Arthurs W. C.
23 Stroud Edmund J. fitter
24 tenanted
25 tenanted
26 Billinghurst John
27 Westwood Thomas fitter
28 Hingston George
29 tenanted
30 Oliver F. labourer
31 Osborne J.
32 tenanted
33 void
34 and 35 Parochial office
Brown J. relieving officer

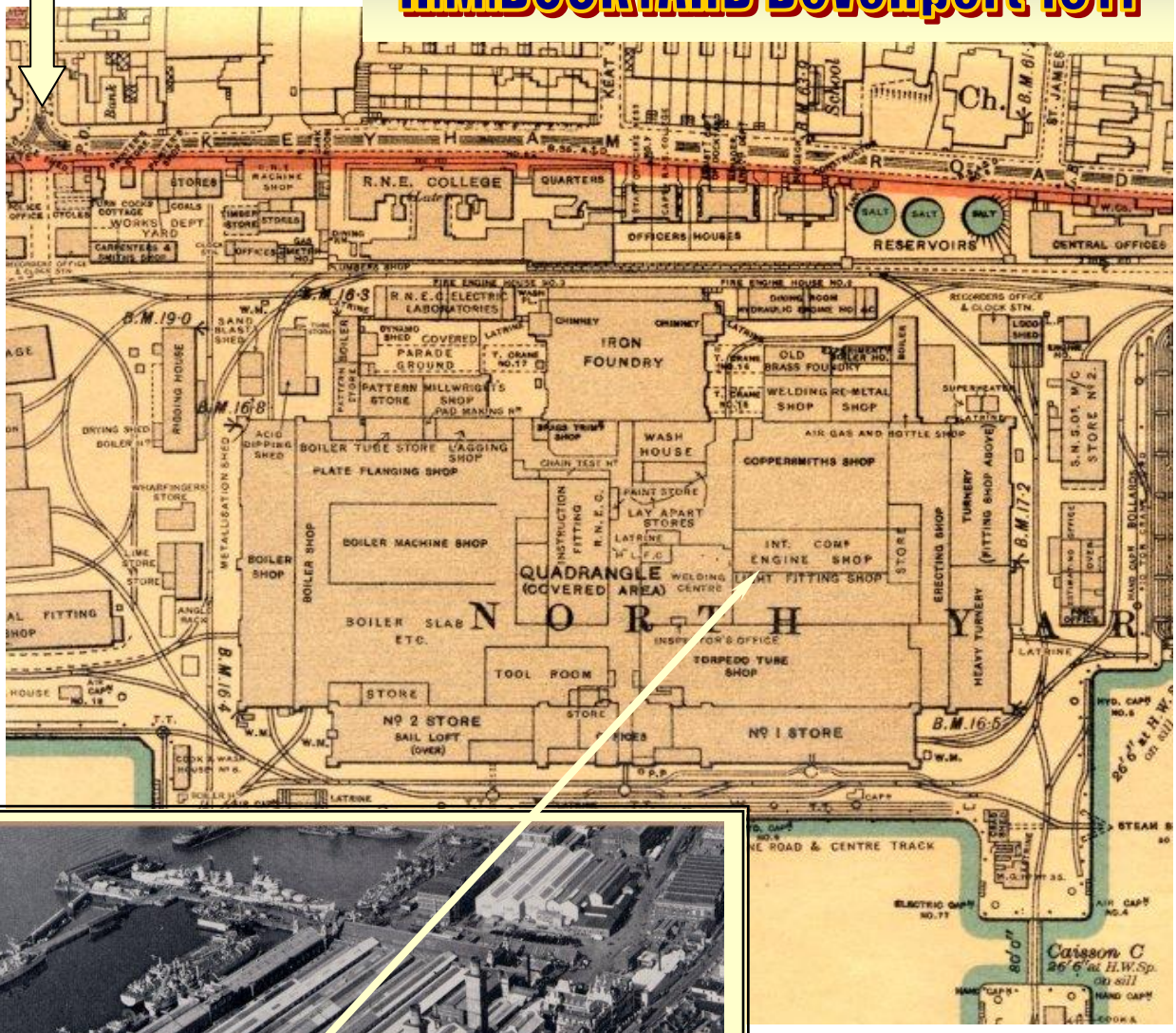


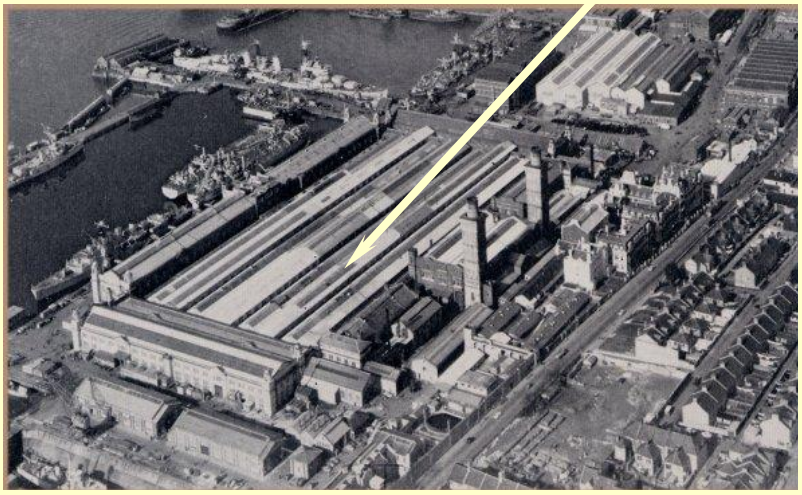
Nelson and Flora never owned the house and they were content to pay rent to a landlord for over 50 years until they finally died in 1961.A visit by the *'Parish Relieving Officer'* from the corner house opposite was dreaded between the wars and is a reminder that domestic hardship was never far away from these avenues. He remained there until the outbreak of the Second World War.



The St. LEVAN GATE at lunchtime in 1910 with a Devonport & District tram heading for Camels Head

H.M.DOCKYARD Devonport 1911



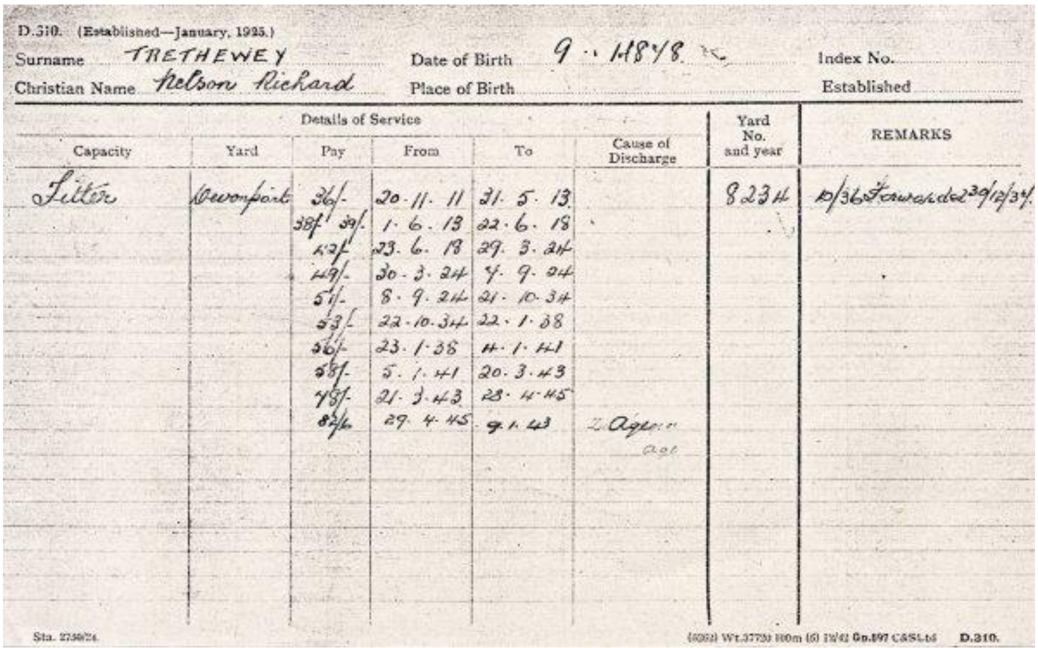


The QUADRANGLE dominates the Keyham Yard and covers six acres, yet no contemporary image has been found to show any of the work of the ICE Shop.

32 years of service – began with a Belsize car

"Father looked after a BELSIZE car belonging to a Captain Franklin and he got him a job in the I.C.E. Shop in the Dockyard." *Quote Nelson Trethewey Junior*

Captain Philip FRANCLIN MVO RN was appointed to HMS VIVID on 22nd June 1911, the day of his promotion to Captain. At that time HMS VIVID was the name given to the RN Barracks in Keyham with its main gate opposite Johnston Terrace. However, this officer was to become Principal of the local War College from the 1st August 1911, a college which I believe was situated within the boundary of the Albert Hospital in Marlborough Street. To be a Member of the Victorian Order also implies a connection with the Royal Family possibly as an Aide or an Equerry, as it is a decoration entirely within their personal gift. So, less than four months after the arrival of this influential officer, Nelson was delighted to be offered a place in what must have been an embryonic Internal Combustion Engine Shop within the Quadrangle of Devonport Dockyard. He started work on the 20th November 1911 as a mechanical fitter. Fifteen months later, on the 27th February 1913 Captain Franclin was appointed to the command of the aging armoured cruiser HMS SUFFOLK. He would not be in need of a car during this commission, for he was due to take her to the North American Station for the next three years.



D.310. (Established—January, 1925.)

Surname TRETHEWEY Date of Birth 9 · 1.1878 Index No.

Christian Name Nelson Richard Place of Birth Established

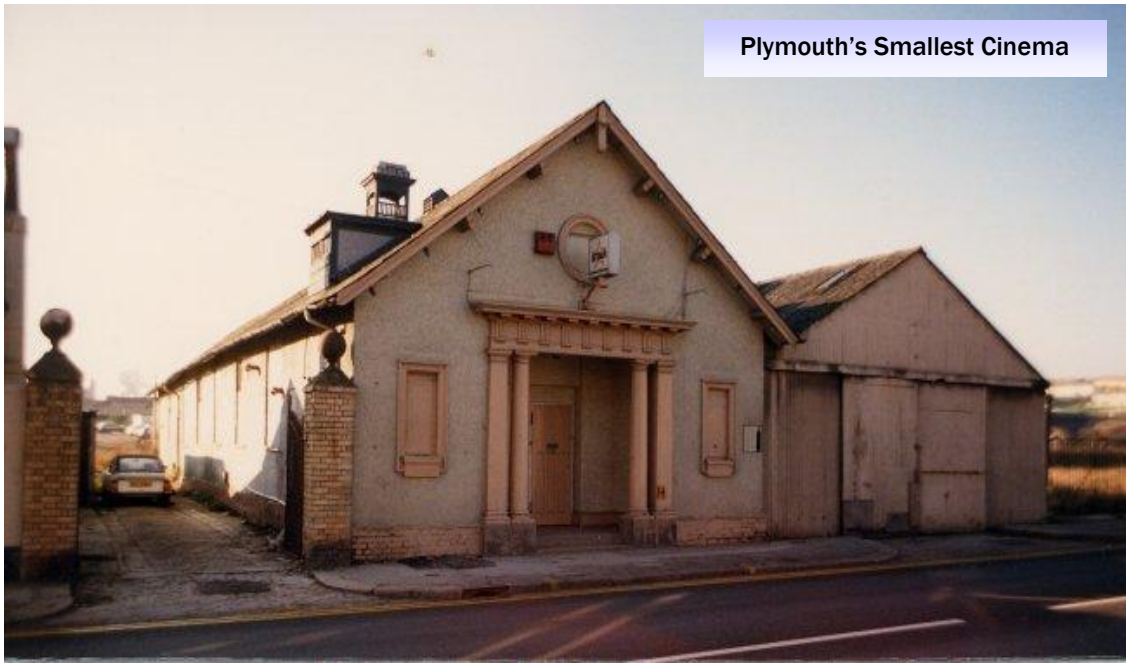
Capacity	Yard	Pay	From	To	Cause of Discharge	Yard No. and year	REMARKS
Fitter	Devonport	36/-	20.11.11	31.5.13		8234	10/36 Forwarded 29/12/34.
		38/- 39/-	1.6.13	22.6.18			
		42/-	23.6.18	29.3.24			
		49/-	30.3.24	7.9.24			
		51/-	8.9.24	21.10.34			
		53/-	22.10.34	22.1.38			
		56/-	23.1.38	4.1.41			
		58/-	5.1.41	20.3.43			
		78/-	21.3.43	28.4.45			
		82/6	29.4.45	9.1.43	Age		

Sta. 2750/24. (6262) Wt.37720 100m (6) 12/42 Gp.497 C&SLtd D.310.

This Record Card was found by chance in the Dockyard Personnel Office in 1978 awaiting destruction. The uniform hand suggests that it was written at one sitting, yet the dates flow through to 1945 which is AFTER his retirement on 9 January 1943 - his 65th birthday. It appears that he retired on a weekly wage of **58 shillings**, an increase of only 22 shillings in 32 years! That is a mere 61% in a working lifetime or one rise every four years, when for TEN of those years there was not a single penny rise!

Two images from different decades show 'men only' outings. Nelson was not gregarious, nor was he a drinker, so he did not belong to clubs. Were these outings for the ICE Shop staff?
There are 23 in the first, but only 12 in the second.

Not much Money, but plenty of Fun



Memory is notoriously fickle, yet reminiscence acquires a status undeserved when not supported by the facts. Millie and Sylvia in particular have very clear memories of the cinema at the bottom of the avenue where their father is alleged to have been the projectionist. Yet, how much of that memory was personal and how much of it was sibling stories, is hard to decipher. To try to date those experiences is contradictory, as the two girls were separated by 16 years. Millie was 18 in 1922 and probably beyond participation. My father also had his memories and together with those of Sylvia they must date from the period 1922 to 1930, by which time Grandfather's interests had moved on to his own cars. However, the 1990s saw a flurry of correspondence in the *Evening Herald* as readers of the right age competed for the 'best reminiscence.' One thing that is certain is that no one is sure whether or not the cinema had a name and no photographs have come to light taken during its existence as a cinema. It makes its first appearance in a Trade Directory for 1920 as the PICTURE PALACE. This changed to the WOLSELEY CINEDROME by 1928.

Fred Hallett was born in 1909 and he wrote to the newspaper in 1996 saying that,

> *The interior consisted of 10 seats each side of a six-foot aisle. The rowdiest kids always raced for the seats against the wall, where the owner, Mr. Davis, could not reach them. He countered this by standing in the aisle with a long pole which he used to knock the head of any troublemaker. The youngsters would stand on the seats shouting warnings as the express thundered towards the helpless Pearl White, tied to the railway track by the bearded villain when suddenly* 'To be concluded' *would be flashed on the tiny screen to howls of disapproval.*

Another correspondent was Pat Ghillyer who was born in 1915 and he says,

> *The projection room was over the main entrance and the window seen in the photograph was the re-wind room. I knew Billy White the Chief Operator. During the mid-1930s he would sometimes lock up the cinema after the last house and cycle home to Hastings Street in the Town Centre. One night on his way home he collided with a car and later died of his injuries.*

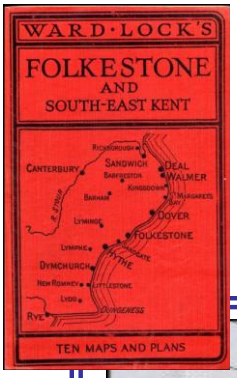
The most comprehensive description came anonymously to the paper in 1989. It said,

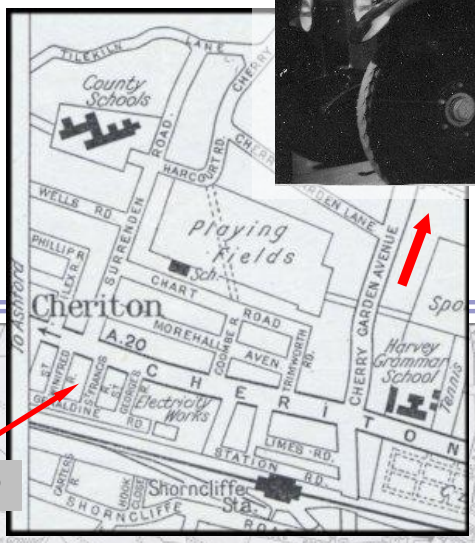
> *The late lamented building was originally called the WOLSELEY CINEMA, but then changed to the NEW WOLSELEY CINEMA, complete with flagpole and flag. I saw many excellent films there, but due to the unreliability of the engine that generated the electricity, one could not always be guaranteed a show. Saturday matinees cost 2d for the afternoon show. Excitement reached its height when the lady pianist walked down the gangway with her music case. Then we knew the show was about to begin. The first three rows were wooden benches, but the magic of the 'flicks' overcame any discomfort. At one period during the silent era, the lessee – Mr. Taylor – played the violin, the piano AND the drums. Among the silent films I recall were* 'Way Down East' *and* 'The Great White Silence' *a film of Scott's Antarctic expedition. The first sound film shown in 1929 was* 'Dark Red Roses' *featuring Stewart Rome and Frances Doble. However the era of the super cinema was dawning. In 1931 the giant Regent opened its doors with its 3254 seats and both the Hippodrome and the Gaumont could offer 2500 seats. So in November 1931 I was present at the last show, when the film* 'On the Air' *was screened.*

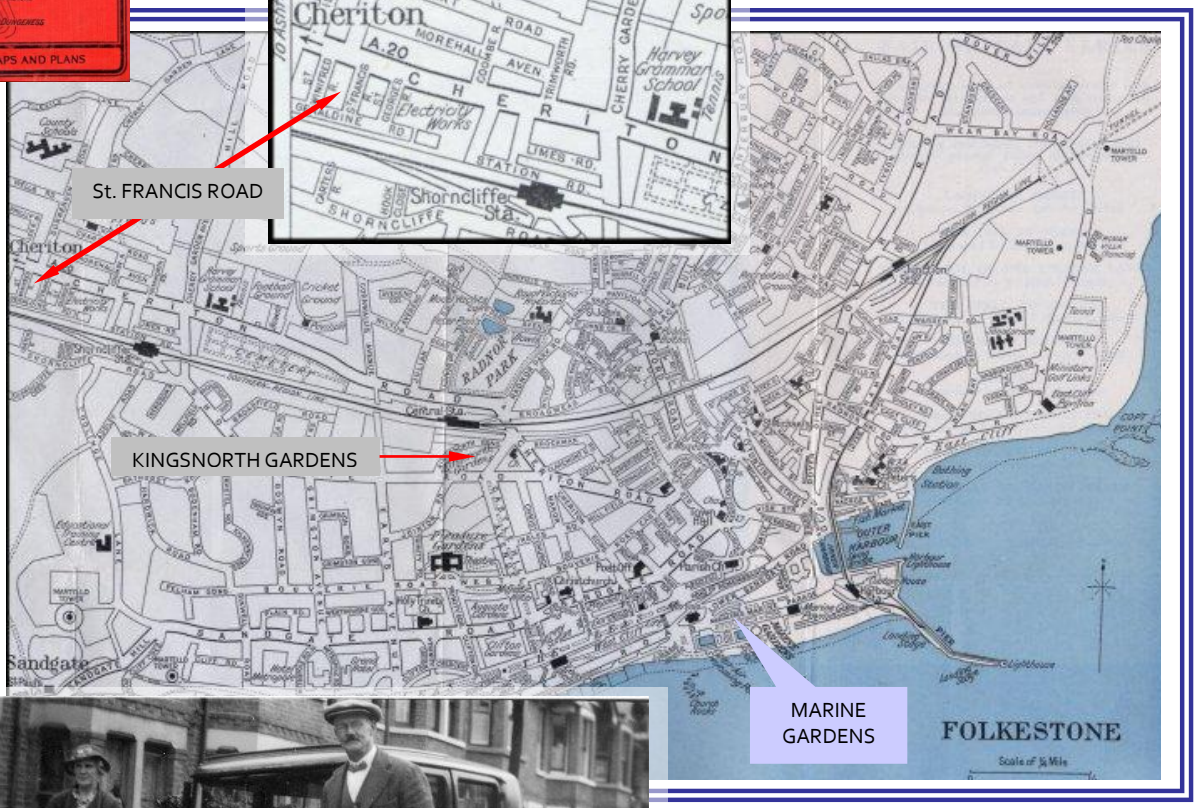
This is a bygone era. The map of 1914 shows the building as an 'Assembly Hall,' yet during those 'roaring twenties' the whole TRETHEWEY family enjoyed its new life as a small cinema to the full.

Summer in FOLKESTONE

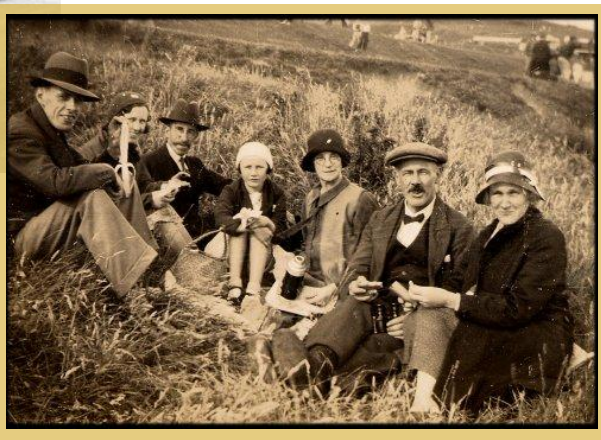
Doris and Millie, Nelson and Flora pose in the immaculate ARROL JOHNSON after having reached St. FRANCIS ROAD safely. The date is reputed to be 1933. I think it was earlier.



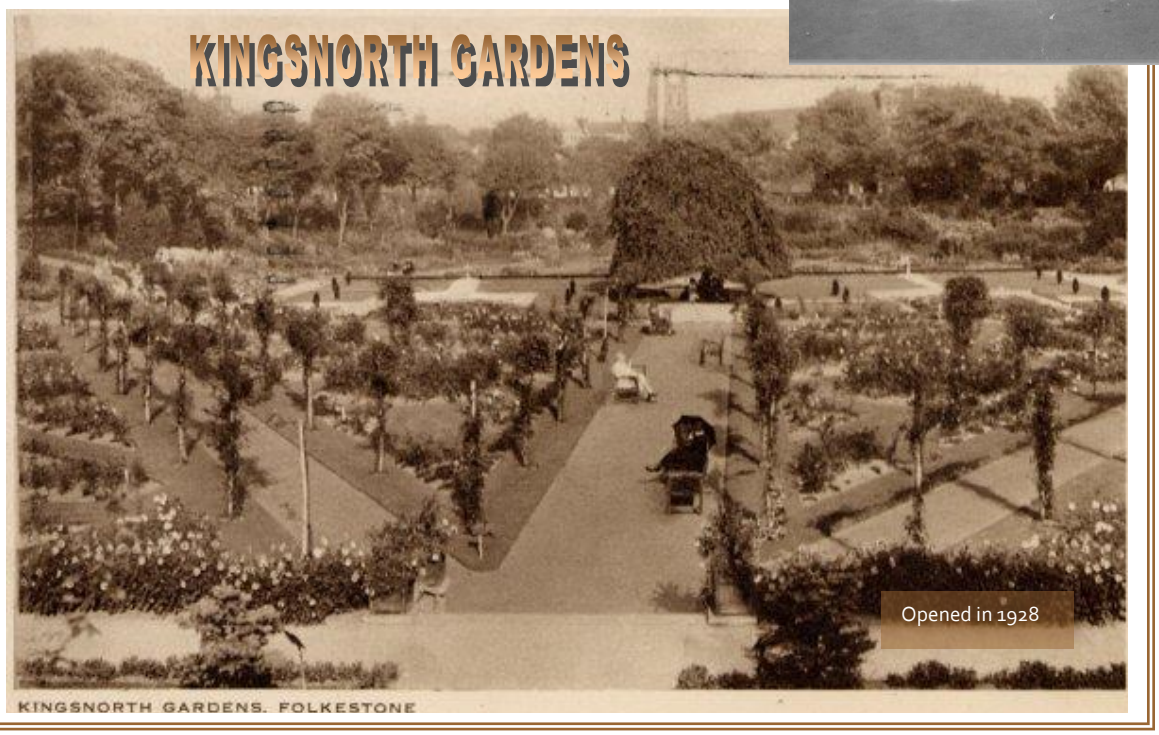




I suspect that this photo was taken in recognition of the SWIFT's first visit to Kent in about 1934. Nelson and Flora stand proudly in front of the car in St. FRANCIS ROAD. Driving up Cherry Garden Avenue gave access to Caesar's Camp, a favourite spot for a picnic with commanding views to France on a clear day. Already the banana is peeled for Frankie while Millie and Sylvia, Fred and Birdie, Nelson and Flora are sharing out the sandwiches. The date c1932.

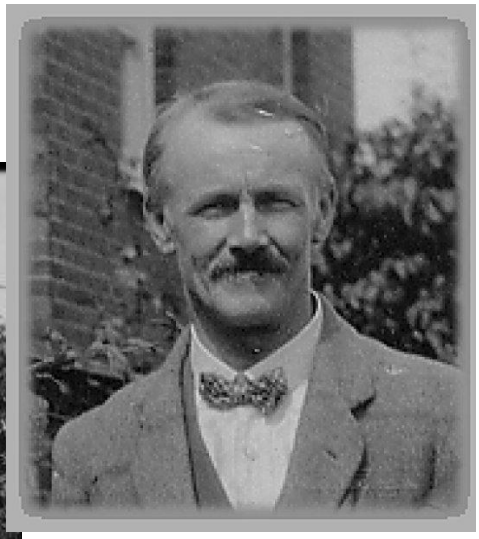


Canterbury Cathedral



August Holiday Time

A Folkestone Gallery



The earliest photo based on Sylvia's age which must be 8-10 years old and therefore 1928 to 1930. Millie is fourth from left next to Fred with the glasses. Birdie kept a summer lodging house, so the others are unknown, except Herbert with 'fag' left. Without a cap, there is some similarity between Nelson and

Flora wore a different hat each year and photos can be matched due to that fact. Nellie has dated this photo 1938, but the location is unknown. Flora has the same hat in the previous photo in the boat in Marine Gardens

These were the days when photographers roamed the promenades snapping away and hoping for a sale. This looks like one such photo. Nellie says it was 1933, but Sylvia could be slightly older 1933-35. Nelson was only 55 years old.

SECTION 3

A MEMORANDUM TO MY READERS

The segments of this anthology were compiled at different times, in different formats using different technologies.

As I approach my 80th birthday I feel impelled to attempt to bring them together under one cover.

It will not read like a book, but it has a time line. If it is halting in places then I apologise for my amateurism.

It embraces two generations and with one exception (Frankie died 1941) I knew them all. This is my heritage and the heritage I must preserve and pass on to future generations, so that they may understand where we came from and what made us what we have become.

The preceding pages are my own work. It is an attempt to understand and to illustrate all that was discussed about the early life of my Grandparents. They did not leave a single word to astonish or admire. Life was all that mattered to them and it was not always easy. It will become clear, however, that they were enigmatic and their pastimes did not follow the stringency of other families.

Grandfather was a colourful character, but he was not an extrovert. He was an independent thinker who was enthralled by all the new technologies of his day, but he also enjoyed being alone, lost in a reverie of possibilities.

The following pages are compilations of conversations and letters generated by myself and my brother Ken with those family members who were prepared to talk of their memories. Millie and Sylvia were the most fluent, mainly because their memories were pleasant memories coloured by their position in their parent's affections. Phyllis, Doris and my father Nelson were less forthcoming. My father was in fact quite bitter about facets of his life and that is revealed in the conversations I had with him. He had an empathy with Doris who was used by her mother as the family's scullerymaid, the lowest order of the servants below stairs. So, it was my mother, Nellie, whose recollections are the mainstay as she became quite close to both Phyllis and Doris. Indeed even in Australia Phyllis was very affectionate and reliant upon Nelson and Nellie for advice and support as we shall see later.

For the moment, this next section begins with a family chart – an essential display in any family history.

TRETHEWEY
Family
Camels Head,
Devonport,
PLYMOUTH

Devised 20-09-2009

HARRY NELSON
Bn 9 Jan 1878
Plymouth
Died
17 June 1961 (83)
South Brent

Flora WALLIS
Bn 7 Feb 1880
Plymouth
Died
31 Oct 1961 (81)
Plymouth

Chart 4

Revised 20-12-2015

Married 7 March 1902
Gloucester St Methodist Chapel, DEVONPORT

Amelia
Bn 19 Dec 1904
Devonport
Died
21 Nov 1988 (83)

FRANCIS HENRY
Bn 22 May 1906
Devonport
Died
30 Mar 1941 (34)
Plymouth

Dora Ellen SNOWDEN
Bn 9 Mar 1907(2Q)
Devonport

Franklin Falconer CLARK
Bn 20 Jan 1907
Plymouth
Died
12 Jun 1980 (73)
Brisbane, Australia

Phyllis
Bn 20 Feb 1908
Devonport
Died
7 June 2001 (93)
Brisbane, Australia

28 August 1933
St. Philip's Weston Mill

Dora re-married Harold MORRIS
on the 11 June 1949 in St. Philip's Church

1931/2Q (April?)
Devonport District

3 children 1931-40

Eric Herbert SANGWELL
Bn 1 Sep 1909
Plymouth
Died
10 Nov 1988 (79)
Plymouth

Doris
Bn 22 Dec 1909
Devonport
Died
5 Jun 1998 (88)

NELSON RICHARD
Bn 20 Aug 1912
Devonport
Died
17 Jan 1992 (79)
Plymouth

Helen Elizabeth KNOTT
Bn 10 Mar 1912
Plymouth
Died
11 Nov 2005 (93)
Torpoint

15 April 1933
St. Philip's Weston Mill

3 children 1938-47

Married 21 December 1935
St. Philip's Weston Mill, PLYMOUTH

3 children 1937-50
CHART 5

Leslie Charles G WESTLAKE
Bn 26 Dec 1917
Plymouth
Died
25 Jan 1966 (48)
Ashburton

Sylvia Flora
Bn 26 June 1920
Devonport
Died
14 Aug 2015 (95)
Buckfastleigh

William J APLIN
Bn 3 Sept 1918
Ashburton?
Died
26 Nov 2014 (96)
Buckfastleigh

3 January 1942
St. Philip's Weston Mill

2 Children 1948 & 53

25 April 1970
St. Andrews Ashburton

THE CHILDREN OF CAMEL'S HEAD

1914-18

Growing up between the wars

1939-45

NEVER A DULL MOMENT

Amelia (Millie) born 19th December 1904

From interviews conducted by Ken Trethewey in the late 1960's and from the conversations and correspondence with Clifford Trethewey (nephews) with additional supporting material.

Auntie Millie was a gentle, lovely lady whose view of life was always positive and encouraging. She always seemed to be interested in anything and everything that other people were doing and she was always 'fun' to have around. However it is patently clear, in retrospect, that she was pampered by her parents and was never expected to become involved in any of the routine household tasks. Consequently she became 'undomesticated' and throughout her life was reliant on other people to provide the daily essentials. This situation, together with her undoubtedly simple view of the world around her, led her to see her life at Camel's Head only from the positive perspective we would expect of her. I am sure that she would have been shocked to read the descriptions related by her brother and middle sisters.

Our Grandfather Harry was thought to have had connections with the Coastguard Service, thus accounting for the birth of his only son in Ireland. He lived in Johnston Terrace opposite the Royal Naval Barracks and was known to have been a Freemason.[22] Unfortunately he died whilst still quite young and his wife Amelia married again to become ROUTLEFF. Harry might have had a brother who went to Canada (not true).

My parents, Nelson and Flora, were both staunch Methodists. Flora played the organ at the mission church in Admiralty Street, Keyham whilst Nelson played the violin. On the 18th July 1906 Amelia and her brother Francis Henry were christened together by the Minister, Alfred Bishop. A newspaper article written at the time of its demolition and rebuilding states that the foundation stone for the Keyham Victoria Wesleyan Church was laid in 1901[23] and its Baptism Register records its first baptism during November 1902. This building was a very large church designed to accommodate 1000 people and it boasted a large hall with a stage in the basement beneath. I visited it just after the demolition workers had taken over and during their lunch break I sneaked one or two internal photographs. It was built to replace a Mission Chapel that stood on a triangle of land just at the point where the Saltash Road crosses over the GW Railway line. *(Editor).*

Amelia describes her father as a man of many interests. Photography was one of them and he would take photographs of the family on a Sunday morning when they were dressed in their best clothes. The plates were developed under the stairs. He was also the projectionist at the Camels Head cinema and all us children had a free pass. I can remember going six nights out of seven. He built his own cinematograph machine and used to show silent films to the children. Carbide lamps were used for illumination and I remember these for their nasty smell.

He spent a great deal of time 'mucking about in boats' and I remember the 'MYRTLE' being built in the backcourt at 7 Second Avenue. It was only a small boat with a petrol engine and upholstered leather seats, but it was too big to get out of the back gate and some of the wall had to be removed.

Later on he acquired an old 'Club Boat' which he christened 'PEARL'. Rowing clubs were very popular at this time and many of the boats used by them had been acquired from the Navy. 'PEARL' acquired an engine and a funnel was made for her at David Sales. She also had a mast on which we flew the Union Jack and at the top of the mast was a brass ball from a bedstead. When she was finished the family often used her to go on camping expeditions and the favourite destination was Lopwell on the River Tamar and long before the dam was built there.

Being a fitter by trade he was always building machines. He built one of the first motor cycles in Plymouth. He worked part-time in a garage in Johnston Terrace and sometimes borrowed a car to take the family out. Eventually he won a Lagonda in a raffle. It had a 'dickey' seat at the back and this

[22] From a photo circa January 1899 he is most likely to have belonged to the ORDER OF RECHABITES

[23] *Evening Herald* 25 February 1982

little car was nicknamed the 'bath' by Frankie. Then came the sky blue Arrol Johnson which in turn was succeeded by the Swift.[24] I well remember that being the eldest and with very small hands I often found myself holding vital pieces in awkward places as father assembled a new machine.

Of course he had a workshop in the backcourt but he was also extremely fond of animals and often kept pets. One favourite was a chicken that developed the habit of sitting on his lathe whenever he was working in the workshop. On one occasion something frightened it and it flapped into the middle of the family bowl of rice pudding. Ironically its liking for the workshop led to its death for it swallowed a ball bearing mistaken for a grain of barley. I recall that at one time he had rabbits but it was the boys who had to feed them and they were not allowed to eat themselves until this was done. As children we were given a little pocket money. At first it was only a halfpenny but later it was one whole penny. On Saturday nights mother would always put a small packet of sweets under our pillow as a Sunday treat.

A certain Miss Mitchell figured in the lives of the family. She lived on her own in Wolseley Road and made clothes for us children. Consequently she always spent Christmas with us at No.7 Second Avenue.[25] Christmas was also a time when we would visit my Grandparents Routleff at Merrymeet. On these occasions father would take his ornate brass gramophone with its enormous trumpet. I remember my Grandmother telling me that when she was a child she was 'stolen by the gypsies' for a short time and while she was living in Ireland, they were crossing a river by boat with a cow when it fell through the bottom of the boat. She was very fond of perfume and had a keen sense of humour.

When Grandmother became ill they came back from Merrymeet to live in a single room in Crozier Road (off Alexandra Road) and when she eventually died of a skin complaint Grandfather came to live at No.7.

Twenty months before her death she wrote the following, "I have very fond memories of my childhood days with two dedicated parents who just missed their diamond wedding anniversary (1962). They could not afford to send me to College, but whenever I applied for a job as a teacher, I was accepted. Father was a talented mechanic. He had a

workshop over the garden at our home in Camel's Head. He converted a club rowing boat into a motor cruiser with a cabin and we travelled up river for camping holidays. My wonderful father was photographer and he processed his photographs under the staircase. He was a musician and he designed the decorative pipes for our organ. Mother was an organist and we sang hymns to her accompaniment on a Sunday. Before the advent of wireless, father entertained us with black and white films on a screen. I think he helped with the projection of films at the local cinema."

His time as the cinema projectionist at the tiny cinema has been covered on a preceding page. What she has not said is that Flora occasionally played the piano during the silent movies.

It never seemed to occur to Millie that the life she described was incompatible with a family income that had to support SIX children.

Among Millie's final musings she reflects upon the beginning of her life when her parents 'could not afford to send her to college.' There is no acrimony just the fact that 'whenever I applied for a job as a teacher, I was accepted.' Some of those letters survive and I have included references to them on the next page.

[24] For a detailed description see family volume - 'A CENTURY OF MOTORING'

[25] There were TWO Mitchells in Brooklyn Terrace during the period. Mitchell J arrived at No. 7 in 1905 and Mitchell W.H. arrived in 1920 and both were still there in 1932.

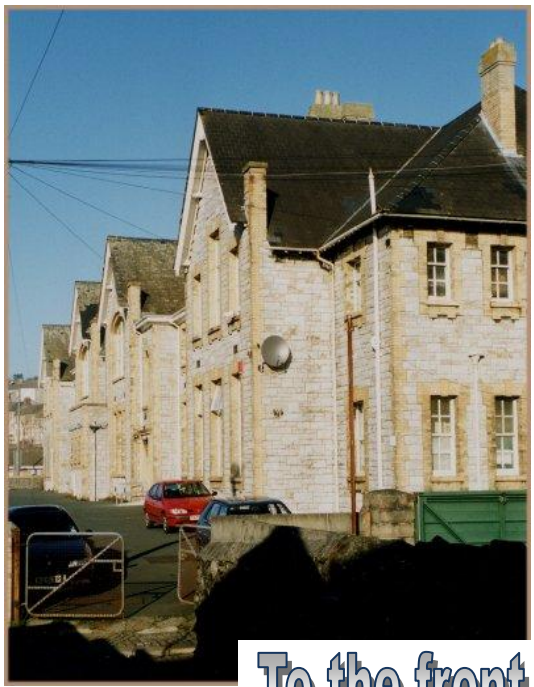
A DOUBLE FIRST AT SCHOOL
YET PARENTS CANNOT AFFORD TO SEND GIRL TO COLLEGE

A tattered school report dated 22nd December 1921 from the HIGHER ELEMENTARY SCHOOL gives a very revealing glimpse into Millie's abilities. She was just 17 years old. It had been a good term. Millie had a secured a 'double first' in both term and examination work in a class of just sixteen pupils. She was good at most subjects and if there is a weakness at all it is to be seen in Geometry. The Higher Elementary School was situated in Keppel Place in Stoke, just off the top of the Albert Road. It was a strange building with its inevitable division of the sexes being horizontal rather than vertical. The boys occupied the bottom two floors whilst the girls had the top two, but their recreational playground was on the roof. This photo of the girls on the roof dates from 1914, but its high railing can still to be seen to this day.

Millie's Dream

The building was opened about 1906 and its tuition was free to those who had passed the Entrance Examination. It boasted a distinctive bronze badge that could be bought at Prynne's in Devonport for one shilling and the girls wore them on their straw boaters. Like most other schools in Plymouth at the time, it was in the hands of the military hospital authorities from 1914 until 1917 and Millie joined the school from Camels Head School which she left on the 27th April 1917.[26]

A Testimonial dated 20th July 1923 written by her form mistress of 1921, Winifred Wavish, states that Millie was a student at the school for 5 years. It continues to describe her achievements in glowing terms and highlights her results in English, Geography, Botany and European History. However, this was only one of three Testimonials that were written in support of her application for a job at the Cawsand Church of England Girls School. So where had Millie been during the 18 months that intervened? For twelve of them she had been a Pupil Teacher in the Girls Department of Camel's Head School. Again, the words of someone who knew her at the school are encouraging. *"She has shown an interest in her work and great care has been taken in the preparation of lessons. Her illustrations are carefully done. She has a bright and encouraging manner with the children."* The third and final Testimonial was written by Herbert Moysey, the Curate-in- Charge of St. Philip's Church in Bridwell Road. It says that she has been a Sunday School Teacher there for *'some time'* and added that she is *'a communicant member of the church.'* This is an interesting piece of information as it implies that she could have been a regular member there since the church opened in 1913 [27] when she would have been just nine years old.



Millie lived in Cawsand and taught at the school there between 1924 and 1934 when she applied for and secured a position at the Exbourne village school where she spent the rest of her life.

To the front of the class from behind the desk

[26] Articles in the *Evening Herald* dated 26th & 29th January 1981 and Camels Head School Admissions Register

[27] Confirmation often takes place at the age of 14 years or sometimes less – for Millie circa 1916 – 1918.

Industrial disease kills talented musician

"He was a victim of the depression" says brother

Francis (Frankie) born 22nd May 1906 and Dora SNOWDEN

From the recollections of Nelson & Helen Trethewey

It began with a photograph. I had never seen a good likeness of Frankie before and the similarity of the face in the book with that of my brother Ken was most striking. We were turning the pages of an album in Doris's front room in Efford in 1988 following the funeral of Eric Sangwell

Frankie's own premature death in 1941 at the age of 34 had obviously affected my father quite deeply. He spoke emotionally of this gentle, sensitive and musically talented man who became a victim of all that was wrong with the 1920s and 30s. His brother describes Frankie's life as follows

In 1921, when he was just 15 years old, he took an apprenticeship in a Brass Foundry in Mill Lane in Plymouth. It was situated just off the Russell Street/York Street area of the Town. The working conditions were appalling. Frankie had to stand for hours at a time at a machine he nicknamed 'the mangle', churning out brass, domestic water taps by the thousand. No attention was paid to the cleanliness of the 'workshops' and no attempt was made to carry away the brass swarf generated by the various machining processes. Consequently the operators stood and walked continuously amid mountains of sharp and dangerous slivers of metal which gradually penetrated their footwear. Saturday afternoons were spent sitting on the scrubbed kitchen table in Second Avenue, while Nelson carefully extracted the bright, sharp shavings which later caused so much suffering.

As the apprenticeship drew to its conclusion (circa 1927), the general employment situation was deteriorating.[28] Employers were increasingly reluctant to pay a living wage and Frankie was offered a job as a Journeyman at £1-10s-0d per week. He refused the offer and was promptly sacked. This condemned him to four years of unemployment in the days of the dreaded Assistance Board.

As a young lad, Frankie had shown an aptitude for the piano and Grandmother and Grandfather arranged for him to have piano lessons with a local teacher. They also bought an upright piano, which was kept in the front room along the back wall, and Frankie was the only one allowed to play it. Then came the dark days of unemployment supplemented only by an occasional, brief labouring job. Frankie was so often unemployed that members of the Assistance Board would visit the house to assess the possessions of the family (means testing) before any financial assistance was agreed. Of course when they saw the piano, the family was ordered to sell it. Nelson and Flora refused. I must assume that they were then given nothing.

Strawberry fields lined the steep sided valley from Weston Mill Village, through Ham woods towards Honicknowle and these provided six weeks of work each year, gathering the crop for market. However, it was the Dockyard that provided the most frequent if short-lived wage packet, but the work was dreadful.

On the 10th April 1930, two newly built sloops to be named HMS HASTINGS and HMS PENZANCE were floated out of the Shallow Dock in South Yard which they had shared, side-by-side, since the previous July.[29] During their final stages towards completion, Frankie was one of a number of men hired to scour the new teak deck which had become scuffed and stained, and return it to a condition acceptable to the Royal Navy. The caustic sodas and scouring materials laboriously rubbed into every inch of these decks removed the skin and nails from Frankie's hands. His brother Nelson recalled that he felt hurt and angry at the sight of those damaged hands that could play a piano with such sensitive skill.

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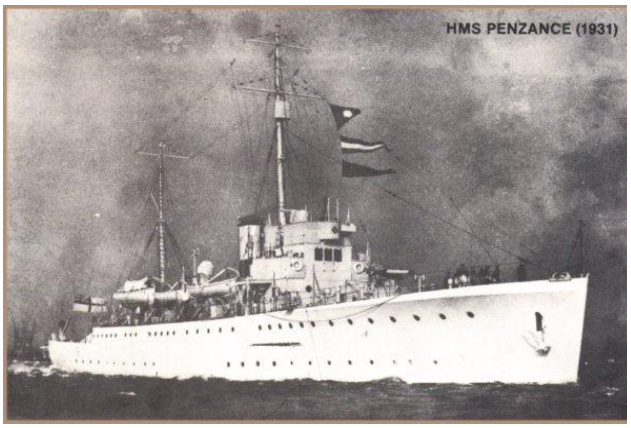
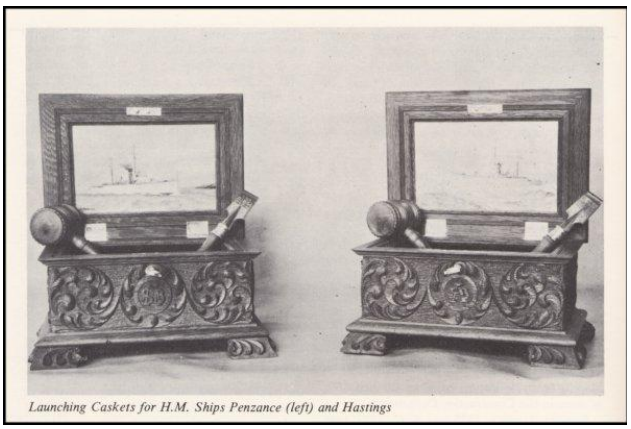
[28] The General Strike lasting 9 days occurred on 4th to 12th May 1926

[29] *Devonport Built Warships since 1860* by Lt. Cdr. K Burns pages 78/80

In 1988 the Admiralty Floating Dock AFD 58 was a familiar sight to me, moored in the NE corner of 5 Basin, but its predecessor provided work, labouring inside the double bottom of the dock, cleaning out its bilge prior to repainting. Nelson, who by this time was familiar with the sight of such labouring gangs, was taken aback by the apparition in filthy canvas overalls and cap whom he encountered walking through the Dockyard one day in the early 30's. Was this really his brother?

It was clear that Nelson held his brother in very high esteem and his concern eventually brought its reward. Nelson was very friendly with a Leading Draughtsman who was in charge of the Record Room and one day during a regular visit as Nelson recounted Frankie's misfortunes to him, he said *"I wish had known that this morning."* It transpired that the Secretary to the Admiral Superintendent was counted amongst this chap's circle of friends. A quiet word in that influential ear changed Frankie's situation dramatically. At last his apprenticeship had been recognised and he was offered a job as a Ship Fitter.




Launching Caskets for H.M. Ships Penzance (left) and Hastings

HASTINGS and PENZANCE were two of fourteen Bridgewater Class sloops launched between 1928 and 1932. These two pretentious mementos of their launching are not symbolic of the damage done to those who had to work their fingers to the bone.

It was the word 'Fitter' that appeared in the Marriage Register for St. Philip's Church on the 28th August 1933, but this was a strange ceremony. Nelson knew nothing of the wedding until the morning of its happening. He is believed to have got up for work (Saturday mornings in those days) and his Mother told him of the event. Certainly she was the only family witness, as presumably her husband Nelson senior was due at work along with everyone else that morning.

It seems strange to me that two brothers could appear to be so close, yet one of them just happened to overlook mentioning that fact that he was getting married. Why was it a closely guarded secret? Why was Nelson not asked to be his Best Man? Was this a wedding in the full sense that we understand it, with bridesmaids, guests and reception? I would guess not. Dora Snowden's parents were long serving caretakers of St. Philip's Church and it is believed that they or their family also looked after the Mission Hall in the back lane before that. However, at the wedding Dora's father, Thomas Snowdon, is recorded as being a 'Driller' – a common Dockyard occupation at that time.

Frankie and Dora had just seven years together. After Frankie died on the 31st March 1941, Dora eventually married again. Her second husband was Harold Morris who was the organist and choirmaster at St. Philip's Church and they married on the 11th June 1949. I remember them well living in No.1 Northumberland Street (on the corner of the back lane) and I have always thought it strange that until I started asking questions in the 1960's, no one had thought to tell me that Dora had been my Aunt.

Unplanned Wedding Leads to Emigration

Phyllis born 20th February 1908 and Frank CLARK born 20 January 1907

From the recollections of Helen Trethewey

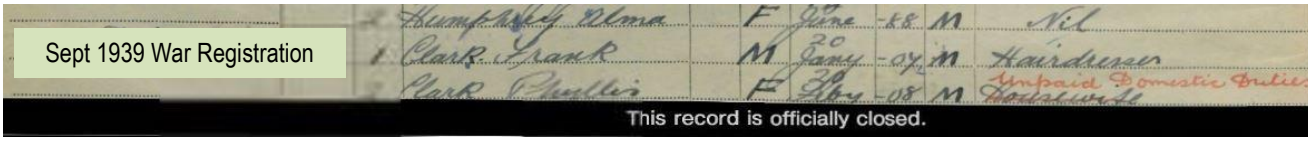
Helen Knott had only just begun courting Phyllis's brother Nelson (*August 1930*) when Phyllis confided in her that she was pregnant. At that stage no one else knew, but eventually when her parents were told, they were totally opposed to the marriage. Frank Clark was the son of their next-door neighbour, so the wedding at Plymouth's Register Office was a 'shotgun' affair and her parents refused to attend it. The baby boy, Terry, was born on 20th October 1931. It happened to be the day before a church bazaar at St. Philip's and Helen Knott was sharing a stall with Dora Snowden. Helen recalls that the news had inevitably become a topic of discussion among the ladies and it distracted attention away from the bazaar itself.

Sylvia recalls that Phyllis had a job as a waitress in the Criterion Café in Garrett Street, Cawsand where she lodged during the week and Millie was in the habit of having meals there after school. It was here that the famous variety artist Gracie Fields would stay when she was appearing in Plymouth and Millie is reputed to have become a familiar acquaintance of hers.

CRITERION HOTEL (Right) 1955

Following their hurried wedding, it was not long before Bill Clark acquired a barber's shop in Garrett Street, just a few yards from the Criterion, where he also sold cigarettes, sweets and ice cream during the week as well as cutting hair. However on Sundays he took his wares to Whitsands leaving the shop in the care of Phyllis. When Shirley was born in 1934, Phyllis couldn't manage the shop, so Nelson and Helen travelled across the water to help by looking after it.

In that same year, 1934, Millie left Cawsand School for a new appointment in Exbourne. It has not been said how much these two sisters valued each other's presence in the village, but it became a brief interlude in their lives which were very different. Phyllis seems to have been quite happily settled in her circumstances. There were three children at home in Garrett Street when War was declared and put an end to everyone's contentedness. (*A post war account follows later*)



No Surprises from Doris

Doris born 22nd December 1909 and Eric Herbert SANGWELL born 1 September 1909

From recollections of Helen Trethewey

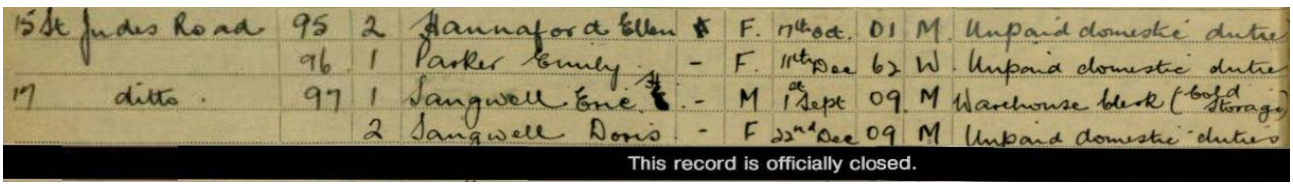
Four months before Frankie's rather unusual wedding, there was a more conventional one in the Trethewey family as Doris married Eric Sangwell at St. Philip's Church, Bridwell Road on the 15th April 1933. Eric was a clerk at Plymouth's Ice Factory on the corner of St. Andrew's Street and Palace Street. This seems now to be a quaint oddity, but in the days before refrigeration technology had become widely accepted and understood, this was the only means of keeping meat and particularly fish fresh for transportation. The business, known as 'BIDGOODS,' was owned by the Modley Family and Eric was destined to work for them for the rest of his working life. Eric's parents lived in Beacon Park. His father, Lieutenant Herbert Sangwell RN, was retired and he was almost contemporary with Lt. Frederick Knott, whose daughter Helen Knott was about to become engaged to Doris's brother Nelson.

For as long as anyone could remember, Eric had a motorcycle and sidecar and this probably played a critical role in their courtship as they did not live near to one another.

Unlike Frankie's wedding, Doris's father and mother were both present as witnesses and Nelson senior had obviously agreed to take the Saturday off on this occasion.[30] However, he would be seeing a lot more of his daughter and new son-in-law as they initially moved in to live at No.7 Second Avenue and presumably parked the motorcycle in the garage behind Ferndale Avenue.

It is uncertain how long they lived at Camel's Head, but they acquired a flat overlooking Friary Station at 17 St. Jude's Road which was quite close to Eric's work at Bidgood's.

This very large end house had a separate entrance from an outside staircase. In 1939 it looks as if they occupied the ground floor with Colin – closed record.



15 St Judes Road	95	2	Hannaford Ellen		F.	17th Oct.	01	M	Unpaid domestic duties
	96	1	Parker Emily	-	F.	11th Dec	62	W	Unpaid domestic duties
17 ditto.	97	1	Sangwell Eric	-	M	1st Sept	09	M	Warehouse Clerk (Bd & Storage)
		2	Sangwell Doris	-	F	22nd Dec	09	M	Unpaid domestic duties

This record is officially closed.

[30] St. Philip's Parish Church Marriage Register has been seen, but is only in transcript on-line

COLD COMFORT REIGNED SUPREME

"We argued about who should scrape out the rice pudding dish."

Nelson born 20th August 1912

From his own recollections

The birthrate of the TRETHEWEY Family before the First World War was at two-year intervals. Millie was born in Hamoaze (West Ham?) Terrace in 1904, Francis in 1906, Phyllis in 1908, Doris in 1910 and myself in 1912. All except Millie were born in 7 Second Avenue, a two-bedroom terraced house with a kitchen and scullery annex, rented from a Jew called Mr. Black. We never ever saw our landlord and he made no repairs to the property to my knowledge. The house was lit by gas mantles and had no indoor water supply. Bathing was accomplished with the aid of a galvanised tub on the kitchen floor and we washed in the scullery.

My first recollection dates from 1916 when I was being taken in a push-chair to Saltash Passage. On rounding the bend in the road that gives the first sight of the huge, grey, tubular form of the Royal Albert Bridge, one of my sisters shouted, *"Look! Zeppelin!"* This produced a frightened yell from me, as I had already become aware of this German airborne threat.

Camels Head Infants School had not long been built,[31] but it was being used as a convalescent centre for wounded soldiers and I distinctly remember the four playgrounds being crowded with men in pale blue suits and red ties. Many of the locals handed bunches of flowers to them through the school gates.

When the time came for me to start school (1917), I had to go all the way to St. Budeaux for the Victoria Road Infants School and I can only vaguely remember trundling to and fro. However, I can clearly remember the excitement of Armistice Day on the 11th November 1918 and the subsequent presentation of celebration mugs in a field in Pemros Road in August 1919, now occupied by the R.C. Church of St. Paul.[32]

Cold comfort reigned supreme in our home. All five of us children slept in the front bedroom. Frankie and I slept together in a small iron bedstead, whilst all three girls shared the larger double bed. We had to undress in complete darkness. Candles were considered to be too dangerous for children. There was a grate in the room, but I don't ever remember a fire gracing its hearth. The call of nature during the night meant a long and fumbled journey out into the cold, blackness of the back yard to a spider infested box toilet. There wasn't even the luxury of a hot water bottle.

The small back room was the only room where any kind of heat could be found as its tiny grate flaunted a miserly excuse for a fire. The large scrubbed table in the kitchen was the place where we ate all our meals and the scullery was the place that housed the wash boiler where Doris always seemed to be struggling with the washing. The downstairs front room was considered to be out of bounds to us children except on a Sunday. Then being the Sabbath, we were allowed inside to listen to Mother playing Moody and Sankey Hymns on the American Organ or to wonder at Frankie tinkling away on the keys of his special prize, the piano.

Of course these were the times when the husband dominated the household and usually controlled the

[31] The foundation stone was laid on the 25th April 1911 but the school didn't receive its first children until 1920.

[32] A similar mug is in the possession of Clifford Trethewey. Bought at a St. Philip's Jumble Sale

purse strings. When Sylvia arrived in 1920, this increased the pressure on the family income and Father, being only an Engine Fitter in the Dockyard, could only provide the bare necessities of life. He was also a very practical man and his interests demanded a portion of the weekly income which reduced the housekeeping allotment. There was little to spare for pocket money for us children. I don't ever remember it exceeding two pennies per week. Often there was a frenzied search of the kitchen cupboards for a crust of bread, followed by a dispute as to who should have the prior claim to it. We also used to fight over the empty, metal baking dishes after a milk pudding had been consumed. The burnt scrapings were considered to be an added delicacy. Having said that, we were far from being starved.

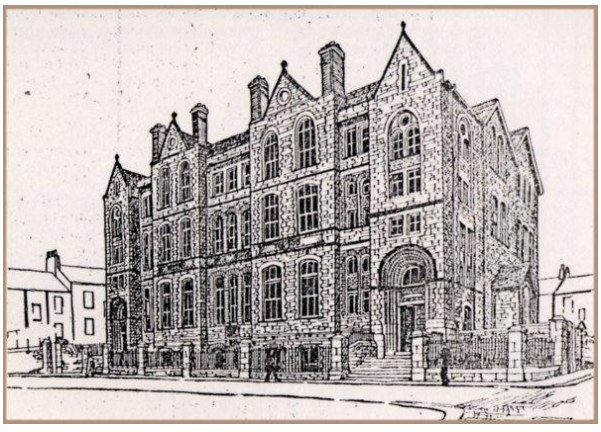
It was also in 1920 that I celebrated my eighth birthday by joining the St. Philip's Church Choir. There were few cars on the road in those days as the tram reigned supreme. They ran along Camels Head to Saltash Passage having come from Morice Square in Devonport, but we could also get a tram to Plymouth via Millbridge. Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays always saw an increase in the number of lorries bringing farm produce from Cornwall to the markets in Plymouth and Devonport. Speed was not an issue. Barely 15 m.p.h. was as fast as they could manage and there was even the occasional steam lorry among them.

The picture I describe is one of largely quiet roads and this allowed all the youngsters of the area to play their games in the streets unhindered. Marbles was a favourite game but they were not the coloured glass variety so coveted, they were a kind of coloured clay, gritty and brittle and we could use them to mark out the limits of the playing area. All the boys collected cigarette cards as almost every cigarette packet carried a card in it. The search for packets absorbed a lot of our time, but we also evolved games with the cards that would allow us to increase our collections. One such game was 'Drop Card'. The rules were simple. A card had to be dropped from an agreed height in an attempt to cover a card already lying on the ground. If it did so, then the 'winner' kept both cards. A more wild form of excitement was indulged when running with a steel hoop and hook down the steep avenues. The adults frowned on this activity because they could anticipate the consequences of a sudden loss of control. The hoop, which was quite heavy, would career off on its own towards the main road at the bottom and a potential accident loomed. At one time I acquired a set of roller skates and I knew that the only way that I was going to be able to keep them, was to hide them. In my naiveté I thought that this would be my secret. It wasn't. It soon got back to father that I had been seen careering around the avenues on wheels and that led to their confiscation.

Of course with so many boys available, teams were easily formed and two teams could become a competition. One team game involved a whole bunch of boys lining up one behind the other and bending down from the waist with a 'headsman' at the front. The other team would then send its members one at a time, to leap onto the backs, as far forward as possible. This continued until there was a collapse. If there was a collapse then the jumping team won, if there wasn't, then the standing team won. Of course all this was accompanied by a great cacophony of shouting and cheering.

Some of the 'games' we indulged were not really games at all; they were dangerous pranks. Jumping on and off moving trams when the conductor was upstairs, was one of the most common. Hanging onto the back tailboard of a lorry was another, but the wildest game of all was practiced in the warm summer holidays, when we would be attracted to swimming in Camels Head Creek. Near the main GWR Viaduct and behind Harbour Terrace there was a small beach and when the tide came in it lapped around an old stone pedestal from the previous bridge. We would scale this pillar and leap off it into the water in total disregard for our safety.[33]

It must have been around 1920 that the Camels Head Primary School became available to us and I now had a much shorter journey to make. In fact it was only a few yards, literally two streets away from Second Avenue. Discipline was very strict and the cane appeared for use on frequent

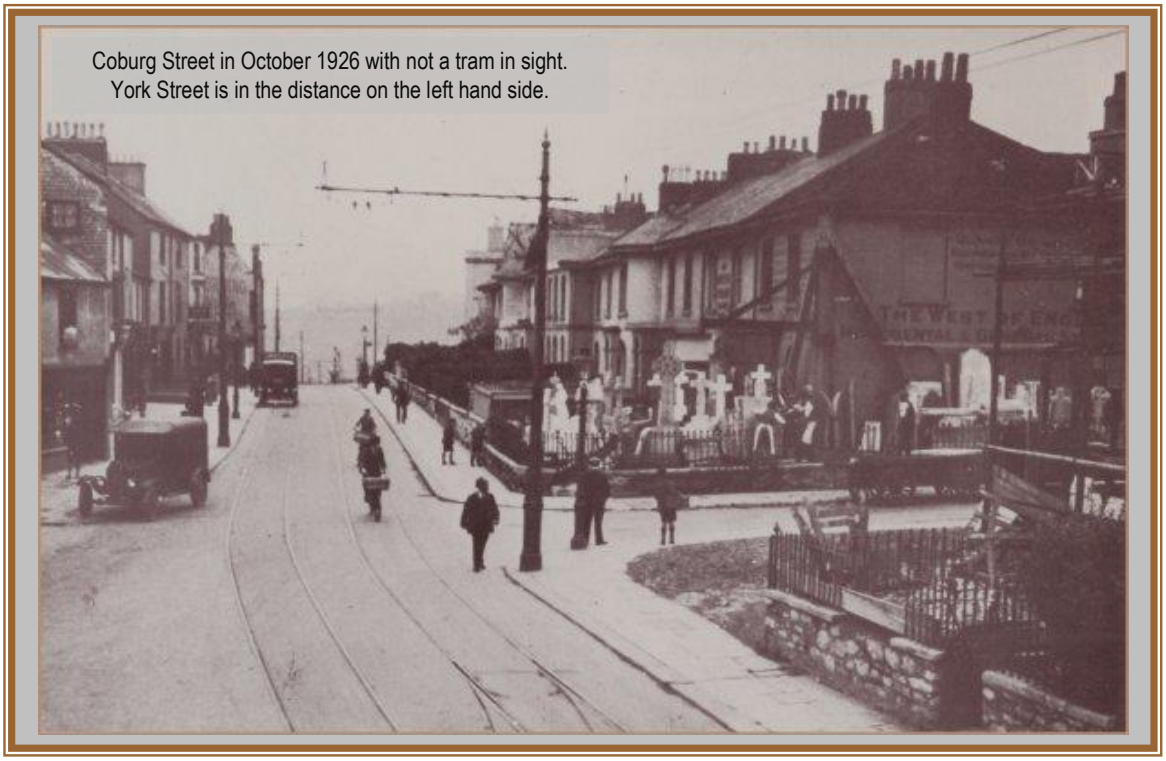


occasions. Then early in 1923 came the 'Scholarship'. We were never told how we had fared in the examination we were simply told that we had 'passed'. My chosen school was Regent Street Intermediate School situated on the other

[33] The line of the old railway was 41 feet above Spring High Tides – the stone piers only supported vertical timber posts.

side of the Town, but transport was a problem. The preferred solution for most of my contemporaries was a season ticket on the GWR. This allowed almost unlimited travel between Keyham Station and Millbay Station for 6/3d per quarter. A ticket was bought for me ONCE! I was then told that the family budget could not run to any more, especially as I had been bought a school blazer and a cap.

So began five years of schooling, but the Regent Street Intermediate School did not survive beyond three of those years. In 1926 it amalgamated with The Higher Elementary Boys School [34] to become Sutton High School. For all but one of the fifteen terms, I had to make the journey to and from school, three times a day on foot. I was given tuppence (2d or less than 1p) to catch the tram from York Street to Camels Head[35] to help me get home in time for dinner, but for the remaining six miles per day I was left to my own devices.[36] These were the occasions when hanging from the tailboard of a lorry became less of a prank and more of a necessity.



Coburg Street in October 1926 with not a tram in sight.
York Street is in the distance on the left hand side.

I was never a bright scholar. My favourite subjects were my best subjects and these were Geography, Art and English, but these did little for my position in the end of term results and I was usually in the middle of the class. Sport didn't figure in my school life, although I have thought in later years that it might have benefited my 4 stone 3½ pounds (less than 60 lbs (*or less than 27 Kgs*). I was in the School Choir and I always enjoyed the Speech Days in the old Guildhall and the School Concerts in the Co-operative Hall in Courtney Street.

In 1928 it was time to think of looking for a job and I found myself sitting the Dockyard Entrance Examination in a schoolroom at the top of Albert Road, Devonport.[37] However, before the results were published I was offered an apprenticeship with an eminent Plymouth sign writer. It was a tempting offer, but I had only one weekend to make up my mind. Mother was the only parent who showed the slightest interest in me and she counselled caution. *"Wait for the Dockyard results to come out,"* she suggested. So, on the Monday morning the offer was refused.

My heart sank when I saw that I was 90th on the results list of the Entrance Examination. It reflected my mediocre endeavours at Sutton High School. Being so far down the list, there was not the slightest chance of me being offered one of the better trades like Electrical Fitter or Engine Fitter. Instead I had no option but to take the trade of 'Boilermaker.' At the meal table later that day, father asked what trade I had chosen. When I gave him the answer, there was a loud – UGH!

[34] From Keppel Place Stoke – see notes on Amelia.

[35] It is not clear why Nelson walked to York Street as Tram Route 14 came along Coburg Street and the full fare from the Town Centre was 4d.

[36] A milestone still extant at the time of writing stands against the wall of 17 Brooklyn Tce – 2 miles to Plymouth.

[37] This was most probably the old DHS for Boys and it is still there at the time of writing.

YOUNG GIRL VISITS PLACES BEYOND THE COMPREHENSION OF HER FRIENDS

Education Authority gives permission for girl's extra holiday.

"After a day trip to France my school friends could not believe where I had been."

Sylvia Flora born 26th June 1920

Written by her own hand during the Millennium Year 2000

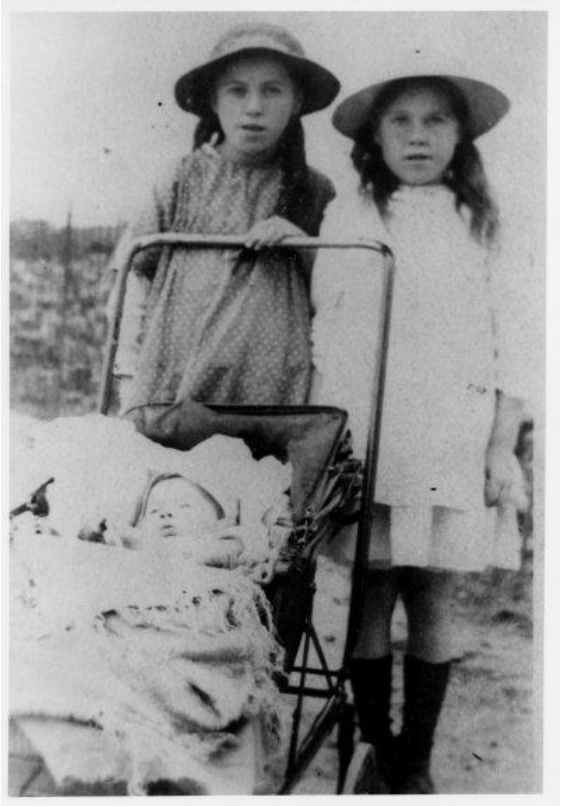
From Pram to Primary School

I, Sylvia Flora, was born at No.7 to Flora and Nelson Trethewey on the 26th June 1920. I was the youngest of six children, two boys and four girls. It was quite a large family for what really was a small house – just two bedrooms. The front room was home to our father's lovely organ (his 21st birthday present from his parents), a piano, violin, flute, fiddle and a gramophone. It was, I guess, our music room. We sat mostly in the back room. Father and mother sat in chairs on either side of the fireplace and there was an old-fashioned couch for us children. Brother Frank slept for many years on a little camp bed against one wall. The view from the window was the backyard. We had a kitchen with an old kitchen range, but I don't ever remember it being used. The old gas stove served the purpose. Around the white wood kitchen table we all had our places for meals and I sat between my brothers Frank and Nelson. NO TALKING was allowed.

Going to the toilet after dark was always a frightening experience for me, as it was a case of going to the bottom of the courtyard from the kitchen. So someone had to stand at the kitchen door and wait. We had gaslight until I was about 11 years old and no water in doors. Water had to be fetched in a large water can from a tap in the yard. Mother did all the washing in what we called the washhouse, a shed in the yard. An old boiler was stoked up using household rubbish with a little coal and this boiled the water. The white items were always 'blued' and some were starched. Mother's rule was

NO WASHING OR SEWING ON SUNDAYS

I started life sleeping in mother and father's bedroom. It was not a big room, so I slept at the foot of their bed. Yes, I mean…in the bed! I can well remember being about 5 years old and having measles and having to have a visit from the doctor - in THAT bed! Being so much younger than my brothers and sisters, they



had to look after me a lot. Phyllis and Doris (12 and 10 years old when I was born) had to race home from Camels Head School each day to do their chores. The first to reach home had to take me out; the other one had the dishes to see to. Needless to say it was a case of who could get home first. The other children knew this, so they would try to impede the first one they saw.

I can still remember being taken up to Keyham Park in my pram by Phyllis and Doris. They would tease me by showing me a funny little dwarf-like woman who seemed to frighten me. When I was about 5 years old, maybe a little younger, Nelson, who was nearly eight years older, was told to take me out on Saturday mornings. It was no ordinary outing for we went in his trolley. It was the same old routine every week. Up the road past the Weston Mill Cemetery, turn left down the lane to Weston Mill village and when we reached a certain gateway looking across a field, he would stop,

catch hold of the side of the trolley and tip me out onto the ground. It was his way of teasing me I guess. However, I survived and remember it vividly.

Memories of No.7 Second Avenue include looking out of an upstairs window and seeing and hearing someone singing for money. Mother would give me a penny to throw down to them. Horse drawn funeral processions would come up the street and one wonders how they coped with turning the horses, cabs and hearses. It was difficult enough for father to turn the car. Butchers, bakers, oil carts, coal carts – all came up the hill drawn by horses.

A Father with many interests

Father was interested in numerous things including wireless sets and anything mechanical. He repaired things for people and he spent a lot of time in his workshop, out in the back yard. He charged wireless batteries and the whine of a dynamo was always to be heard. To listen to the wireless, both mother and father wore earphones so it was quite monotonous for those of us sitting around, wondering what it was like. In later years we had a different wireless that we could all hear.

Our father worked hard in several ways to give us little extras. He had an evening job at the local cinema as a film projectionist. Silent films of course, but a girl who lived just two doors away from us accompanied them on the piano. The PICTURE HOUSE as the cinema was then known, was where the Camels Head Fire Station now is *(incorrect Ed).* Sometimes mother would go in the evening to see a film and the others were left to look after me. One evening I wouldn't stop crying so an announcement was made in the cinema, *"would Mrs Trethewey please go home as the baby won't stop crying."*

Father used to have a lovely lot of slides, which he would show to us on a big screen on the back room wall. Sometimes I could have a friend or two in to see them. It was as good as going to the cinema to us. Christmas was always lovely with a decorated tree that lived in the back yard for the rest of the year. Brothers and sisters invited their friends home on Boxing Day. Mother and father took me to all the pantomimes at Christmas. How I looked forward to going to the Palace Theatre, the Royal or the Alhambrah.

Father had a nice cabin-boat with a punt for carrying all the camping gear. It was kept moored in Camels Head Creek. When I was born I joined the camping expeditions with all the family up the Tamar past the Barracks and the Dockyard to Lopwell. Father would pitch the tent on a grassy plot beside the river. The family all played with balls. A couple had to sleep in the boat's cabin, as the tent was not big enough to sleep everyone. I can well remember mother saying that we had eaten 22 loaves in one week, while the milk was fetched from a nearby farm.

Working sisters

Millie was teaching at Cawsand when I was young and Phyllis worked over there in the Criterion Café and lodged there during the week. It was here that she met Gracie Fields who used to stay in a pub opposite. Mother, father and I went to stay at the Criterion one weekend. It was lovely to look out to sea and to see the big boats.

Millie came home from Cawsand on Friday nights, returning again on Sunday night. She always brought loads of schoolwork with her and we had to help her with knitting and marking books. Frank became quite good at the knitting. Phyllis came home on Monday nights from her job in Cawsand and went back again on Tuesday. She eventually met and married the son of our next door neighbour and he opened up a barber's shop in Cawsand, where they lived until emigrating to Australia in 1949. I spent a lot of time with them. Mother would give me about a shilling for fares and nine pence for a pound of sausages and three pennyworths of bread rolls to take with me to give to Phyllis.

Church and Music

Being born at Camels Head I was christened at St. Phillip's Church on the 12th August 1920 and my Godmother was Clara Polkinghorne, who was my sister Millie's friend. In time she became the organist at the church. From an early age she took me to church with her and I sat beside her on the organ stool whilst she played for a service. I attended both Junior and Senior Sunday Schools and eventually was confirmed in the Royal Dockyard Church, Devonport. Mother was there and I can remember that day so well. Clara Polkinghorne kept to her Godmother's vows and certainly looked after me spiritually. At the age of 8½ years, I was a bridesmaid (one of four) to Clara at St. Phillips Church and 50 years later I attended her Golden Wedding celebration where I met the other three bridesmaids and Best Man once again.

Clara was a teacher of music and lived on Camels Head (Brooklyn Tce.). Brother Frank

had lessons from her and in time he too used to play the organ at St. Phillip's Church. To help him to practice the organ, I used to make my way across the fields from Victoria Road School and go to the church where he would be waiting for me to pump the organ for him to play. When sister Doris was married, Millie, Phyllis and I were all bridesmaids, whilst Frankie played the organ and brother Nelson was an Usher. I wonder who pumped the organ on that day, as we were all involved?

Music played a big part in the life of No.7. Mother played the organ quite a lot and her favourite hymns were *'The Old Rugged Cross'* and *'Abide with Me.'* As a child I would sit on a little ledge on the front of the organ and sing.

Holidays in Folkestone

Holidays at Folkestone arose by a strange chance find. In the days before toilet rolls, the average household used newspapers, which often acted as a distraction in that draughty, courtyard toilet. One day during a visit, Millie noticed the announcement of a marriage between two people, one of whom was known to us - Bertha East. When Millie went back inside she asked mother if she knew anything about it which of course she did not. Apparently Bertha's sister had died and Bertha had taken her place and married her sister's husband. Mother made contact with her again and Bertha invited everyone to Folkestone, where she now lived. This invitation was to lead to many happy holidays.[38]

*As a child I think I had most things that I wanted. I went to places that the children round about had never heard of or been to. It was just wonderful to see father arrive at the front door with a car. Neighbours' curtains would twitch as they peeped out to watch the Trethewey family piling into the car. No one else in the street had a car. When I was about 11/12 we went to Folkestone on holiday for the first time. Father said, "*We'll go over to France for the day.*" So over to Boulogne we went. My school friends couldn't believe where I had been. Doris wasn't with us. I brought her back a nice artificial flower. Another year father wrote to the Education Authority asking permission for me to have an extra fortnight of summer holiday so that I could stay on in Folkestone with Millie and come home by train. That was lovely. Then when I began working in J.C. TOZER'S of Devonport (Fore Street) my holidays didn't coincide with father's, so he wrote to Sir Clifford Tozer asking what could be arranged. Alas, the reply was that he couldn't go against the word of the lady who, shall we say, 'ruled the roost'. There were about 16 of us girls working as cashier/clerks, so Doris, who was already married and living at Harbour View, had to come home to Second Avenue to look after me whilst the others were away at Folkestone.*

(Earlier letter -Ed).

Pen friends overseas

I went to Camels Head School until I was 11 years old (1931) when I moved on to Victoria Road School. There I was given a Pen Friend by what was called the Victorian League. She was a Maori girl called Pare Kura Waanga and her grandfather was a chieftain. After a couple of years her letters stopped and I was given the address of a Canadian girl called Jessie Knight of Loon Lake, Saskatchewan. I was about 13 years old by then. To this day and I am 80 now, I still write to her. It is a wonderful friendship. She has been over to see us twice, the second time bringing her husband Tom. Sadly, he passed away in July of this year (2000) at the age of 97, much older than Jessie, but he was a lovely man. On my walk to school each day, my friend and I would stop and look down on the moored boats, but eventually some envious person went to our boat and tarred the inside of the cabin. That finished our boating days.

My first job

Before I was 15, I left school to work in the shops of J.C.TOZER of Devonport as I have already said. I began in April 1935, employed as a Clerk/Cashier on a 3-year apprenticeship. I was paid 2/6d per week during the first year, 5/- per week for the second year and 7/6d per week for the third and final year and the wages were paid on the 26th day of each month. When I was employed on the cash desk I was paid an extra 6d per day if the money in the till

[38] *Bertha EAST married Frederick HUMPHREY in 1929/4Q in Elham District which included Folkestone and Cheriton.*

J. C. TOZER
Fore Street
DEVONPORT

Two scarce photos show the junction of FORE STREET with MARLBOROUGH STREET and TAVISTOCK STREET. The top photo is looking east with Marlboro' St. on the left with a policeman on point duty in his wet weather cape.

The bottom photo looks west toward the Dockyard's Fore Street Gate. Traffic lights have now replaced the policeman and the street is decorated for the Coronation of George VI in 1937.

The middle photo shows the aftermath of the Blitz in 1941. The remains of Marlboro' St. crosses the photo from L to R and Tozer's shop has been reduced to rubble.

was correct. Oh, I must add that we were given dinners AND teas taken in a big dining room on the premises. The firm employed a cook, housekeeper and maids. The stores that were in Marlborough Street and Fore Street, were a large drapery shop and big furniture store. We closed around 8 p.m. on Saturday nights so father would often be waiting for me outside with the car. (It was only taxed during the summer months). Sadly those lovely shops were bombed during the war. I was the Head Cashier in the Furnishing Store until the outbreak of the war. Sadly the manager lost all six of his children during one bad air raid as he lived locally. So, after starting work in Tozer's in 1935, by the time I left I was earning the vast sum of about 15/- per week minus the Insurance of 1/- and always paid monthly.

Father's work in the Dockyard

Father's job in the Dockyard took him on a variety of work. One day he didn't come home at teatime as usual. During the evening a policeman called at the house to tell us that father had been working on the Eddystone Lighthouse and it was too rough to take him off. Next day, however, when coming down to the waiting boat by rope, he hurt his leg on the rocks and needed hospital treatment. Another time, when doing trials on a boat, the engine caught fire and his hands were badly burned. These were some of the hazards he faced as a motor mechanic. He was wonderful at doing any repair job imaginable whether mechanical or soldering. He would tackle anything. When I see a tap dancer on TV it brings to mind the time when I longed to tap dance but had no shoes, so he put a pair of metal 'taps' on an old pair of shoes. It made my day.

A little about Grandparents

Father lost his father when he was 21 years old and in due course his mother married again to someone we always knew as Grandad Routleff. They lived in a little cottage at Merrymeet, near Liskeard. Over the year we visited numerous times. Eventually they moved to Emma Place in Stonehouse, Plymouth where Grandma died when I was about 11 or 12. Grandad Routleff came to live with us at Camels Head, so there had to be a shuffle of beds. However one day, when I was a young apprentice at Tozer's, I was sent for to go to the Head Cashier's desk. On arrival I found Grandad Routleff there with another lady. They asked me to go somewhere with them for tea the next day. I wouldn't commit myself. I was upset. When I went home from work and told mother and father, I said that I didn't want to go. They said, *"You needn't go. Nobody says that you must go."* I can't remember what happened, but Grandad Routleff left No.7 to marry again and I can't remember seeing him again.[39]

Our lovely Grandma Wallis died in 1931, but Grandad Wallis lived on until 1939 and was spared the hardship of the war. He used to visit us at No.7 and I always saw him off from Camels Head on the bus. As he was leaving he would put his hand in his pocket and produce a 2/- piece and give it to me. It was a lot of money in those days.

The war comes to Camels Head

War looked imminent in early 1939. It was what was called 'The Crisis.' Papers were delivered to houses asking to people to enrol in one of the Services or the Civil Defence. It was just training then. Living near the Royal Naval Barracks gave me the idea of joining the 'Wrens' – it appealed to me. So whilst working in Tozer's during the day I went for training in the evenings at the Royal Naval Port Library, Devonport. When war broke out in September 1939 I was mobilised and commenced duties in the Pay Office of the Royal Naval Barracks where I remained until I was demobbed in 1945. The war brought many frightening experiences.

Being in the Wrens from the outbreak of the war, I went through all sorts of 'happenings' and various things. I was soon promoted to

[39] *William H ROUTLEFF married Emma J HALEY in 1935/1Q Plymouth District*

Leading Wren and then to Petty Officer. It was when the Queen together with the King came to Plymouth to look at the war damage that they came to the Barracks to inspect us. We were all lined up for inspection when an officer came along, stopped, looked at me and told me to step forward. I was then told that I was to 'wait on the V.I.P's' which happened to be the Royal car. A male rating had also been told to wait on the King. For security reasons I couldn't go home and talk about it. The enemy always seemed to be in the background. Just after that occasion I was asked to wait on another V.I.P and I walked behind her carrying her coat. We formed a Guard of Honour for Field Marshall Montgomery. I enjoyed that having heard so much about him. On some Saturday afternoons when not on duty, we were sent on marches in various places to raise money for the War Effort. It was lovely marching behind the bands. Father and mother always endeavoured to be there to watch. Yes, the lovely SWIFT was put to good service during the war. Father loved to spray perfume on the interior of the car. He loved perfume.

During the bad air raids, father would get out the car and take mother and I out on the Moors to sleep. I didn't care for it, as I had to go on duty early the next day and the journey home was sometimes awful. Broken windows, doors blown open, linoleum ripped up. One never knew what to expect when a bomb or landmine had been dropped. At other times we had to take cover in the Anderson shelter which had been erected in the backyard where the workshop had once stood. Sadly we lost brother Frank on the 31st March 1941 due to illness. This was just at the time when we were having dreadful air raids, which made everything seem much worse.

One day I saw something on the old kitchen range that caught my eye. I knew immediately that it was an incendiary bomb. Father said that he had picked it up at the back of his garage *(behind Camels Head School – Ed).* I told the authorities in the Barracks and I was told to bring it with care to have it detonated. So that is what I did. Well, that was a close shave, wasn't it?

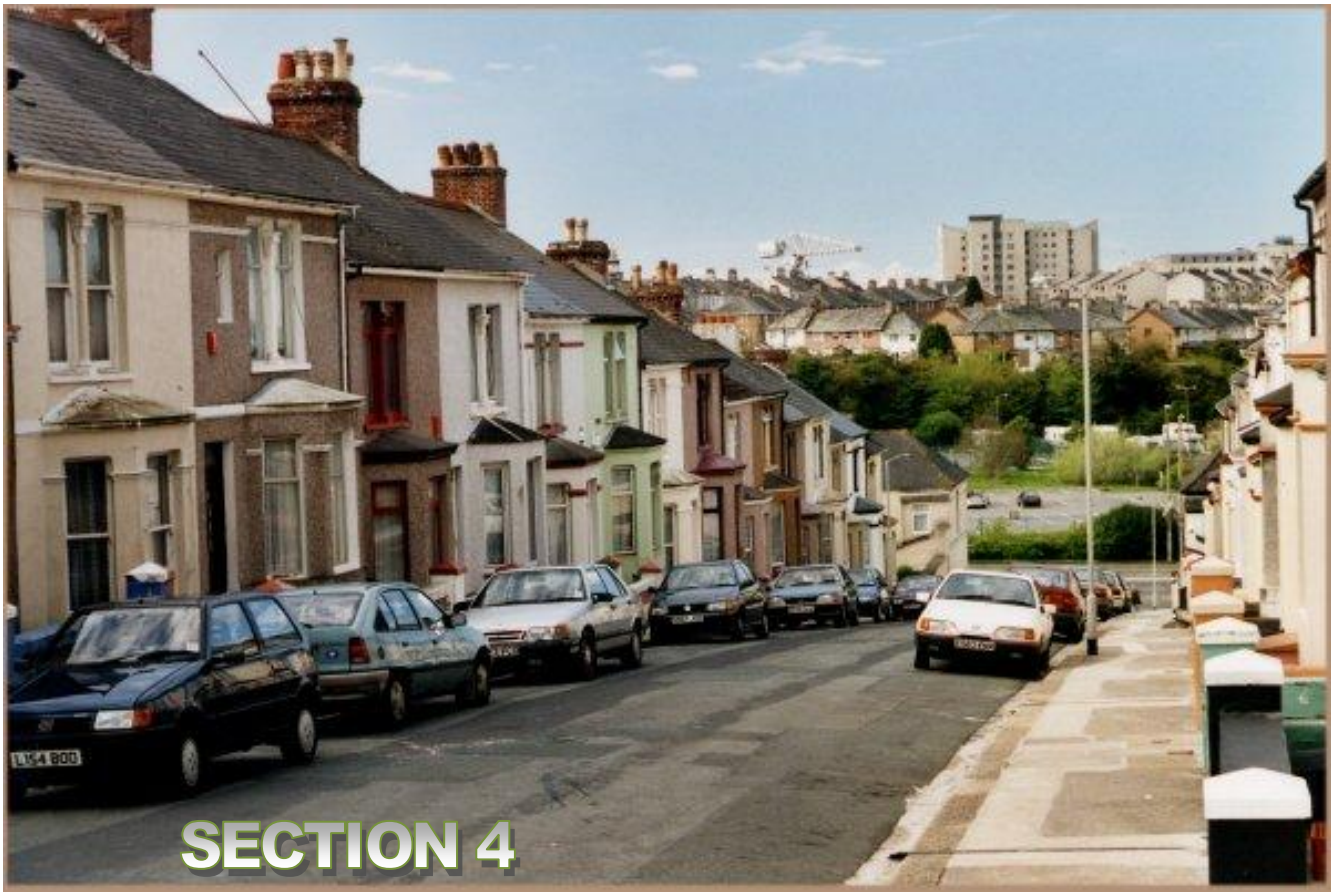
In January 1942 I married Leslie Westlake and left the abode, which I had known for nigh on 22 years. Of course there were frequent visits to see mother and father and at night father always liked to see me go down the street because of the blackout. He would stand on the front steps and wave.

Leslie's father was John (Jack) Westlake and he was a cousin to my Grandfather Frederick Knott through the Hill family. Jack and his wife Daisy lived in St. Aubyn Avenue, Ford. Leslie worked in J.C.Tozer's an outfitter's shop in Fore Street, Devonport and so did Sylvia. When the war broke out Leslie joined the Royal Army Medical Corps and was in the BEF at Dunkirk. When he married Sylvia, my Grandfather and Grandmother were against the wedding and refused to attend. My mother couldn't resist looking into the church to see the ceremony and she said that the only people there were Leslie's family. I (Clifford) was being looked after by my Grandmother and after the wedding my mother caught the bus to town. The date was 3 January 1942. (Ed via Helen Trethewey)

Tailpiece

Certain aspects of the street remain the same, but now there is no water in the creek to view from the front room window. There will be water 'on tap' inside the house and I wonder where the toilet is? I saw the house a few months ago and it has had a facelift on the outside. I'd love to have been invited inside. If only it could talk, what a story it would tell.

In 2015, Sylvia was the last of the family to pass away, but she has left us an unrepeatable piece of history.



Camel's Head in Modern Times 1945 - 1975

AT HOME IN SECOND AVENUE

Victory in Europe Day – VE Day – was celebrated on my fifth birthday, the 9th May 1945. I was in Helensburgh, Scotland with my parents and I can still recall the thrill of the parade along the seafront. It was said at the time that *the lights were going on across Europe*. The relief that the war was over was palpable. It was the same at Camel's Head in Plymouth. The anti-aircraft guns on the promenade were gone. The blackout curtains were coming down. The headlamp shades were being removed from the buses and the fearful wail of the sirens could be erased from the memory.

Mercifully there were no stark gaps in the neat rows of houses in the five avenues that made Camel's Head, unlike Keyham where there were a great many empty spaces with a tragic tale to tell. We glibly called them 'bomb-sites' with no thought to the meaning and the suffering it represented. Life could now resume an air of 'normality,' but it would never be quite the same again. Everyone was older. Families had changed. Familiar faces in the neighbourhood were missing and did not return. It was much the same at No.7 Second Avenue. Nelson and Flora were both passed their 65th birthdays. Nelson was no longer catching the early morning 'special' for St. Levan Gate to walk to his workshop in the Quadrangle. Frankie had died at the very height of the blitz in March 1941. They were – like so many grandparents – on their own and facing a new life together.

For me the new 'normality' began in the Spring of 1946 when we left Scotland and returned to our sadly neglected house at 145 Churchway on the Weston Mill Estate. Having started school in Scotland, I was soon enrolled at the Camel's Head Primary School where I discovered that my Grandfather occupied a large brick coloured 'tin garage' that stood against the rear wall of the school playground for girls and infants. If I was lucky, I could catch a glimpse of him, in his inseparable cap, standing in the air and creating one of his super-slim cigarettes. His presence gave me confidence, something that I was sorely lacking at school. I knew then that I was not alone in the hurly-burly of a new school life, something to which I did not easily relate. Yet how could I describe my relationship with grandparents I hardly knew?

I was not their first grandchild, but their fifth, yet my recollections of visits to 7 Second Avenue are scant and this is more puzzling as they were spread over 14 years from 1946 to 1960. Towards the end of that time I was driving my own car and Grandad and I should have had a lot in common, but I remember nothing of any empathy with a shared interest. The lack of any significant memory must have its root in the fact that any visit to No.7 was a 'cold experience.' Not only was the house often physically cold – and it was often that – but it was also emotionally cold. There was never a friendly welcome accompanied by the chink of china cups as the kettle was put on to boil. There was never an enticing plate of homemade cake or sponge as there would have been at Grandma Knott's bungalow in Pemros Road.

As a young lad in the late 1940s I would sit silently on the hard settee, as it was called then, and fix my gaze on the only two things in the room that I could look at – the clock on the mantelpiece and the picture above it. I daren't move or speak and that has sharpened my recollection of these two items and I will return to them again later. Eventually someone would take pity on me and a small wooden box with a sliding lid would be produced. Inside was a clutch of conical pieces with heads, coloured red and green. I can still see them, seventy years later, but I never knew what they were used for and there was no board to accompany them as some sort of game. So I lined them up on the floor, like soldiers, first this way and then that way, but it was so tedious.

I have a feeling that our visits took place on a Saturday as we were always occupied on a Sunday with church services. Sunday School met in the afternoons in those days and Mum was a class teacher. So, being a Saturday Grandad would have spent the morning down at the garage and by the time we arrived he would have been sat in his chair after dinner and he would still have his cap on. This would provoke the only sentence I can recollect Grandma saying. *Take that cap off you rude man* – as if in deference to important visitors. So for me visits to that back room were totally sterile,

devoid of any conversation, animation, laughter or refreshment. The fact that we were not visitors, we were family, was completely overlooked.

As I grew older and bolder, I would sometimes wander off out of sheer boredom, but I could not go exploring freely. Upstairs was completely taboo, but there was the front room with its door closed but ajar. And then there was the back court a place we had to go to use the toilet. Yes, beside the gate into the back lane was the privy with its bare, fixed wooden seat and sheaf of torn newspapers, just as Aunt Millie recorded in her recollections. Nothing had changed by 1950 and nothing was going to change by the end of their lives. I hated using that place, so I can imagine what it must have been like for the *'Children of the Avenue.*'

The strange enigma in all of this was the aura that enveloped the house. Everyone who lived there talked freely about their 'talented father' and the music that filled the house and the projects with which he was tirelessly engrossed, but where was the evidence for all of this? Where was the phonograph that played cylinders through a trumpet-like horn? Where was the 'cat's whisker' wireless? Where was the projector for a glass slide show? Where were the instruments that he could play? Why was there only a clock and a picture to entertain a grandson? So let me return to these two objects and set down what I recall of them and the most vivid memory is that of the picture.

Lance Calkin 1859 – 1936 The painting is dated 1888
Owned by the Nottingham City & Art Gallery and displayed at Woollaton Hall, Notts

As an 8-year-old boy I naturally thought that this was a representation of Grandfather, but who was the girl? – Millie? Phyllis? Doris? And why was he sad? The fabled truth of the picture was lost on me and it was only very much later that I became aware of the allegory it portrayed. There was a reason for the presence of the dog, the primroses in the trug, the young girl and even the new growth that the Robin is using for a convenient perch and I will explain more a little later

At first I thought that this was the only picture in the house, but later explorations revealed that there was one of my father's paintings in the front room. In itself this is unusual as my father was a prolific painter in his teens and twenties producing pictures that any parent would have been proud to show. For me, however, this picture above the fireplace was burnt into my memory.

Below the picture was the clock, but there was nothing special about a clock on a mantelpiece, everyone had one except that this one had a little engraved plate upon it, the significance of which was lost on me at the time. I was concerned only with the speed at which the hands dragged themselves around its face. Would this tedium never end? It was only later, in the early 1950s, that I realised that this was Grandfather's retirement present from the I.C.E. Shop in the Dockyard and I wish I could see that plate now. It would solve my dilemma in an instant. When did he retire? He was 65 years old in January 1943, but there was no State Pension at that time and neither was there a fixed retirement age. He may have been entitled to a small Admiralty pension, but in order to receive it Grandfather would have had to be 'Established' in Civil Service parlance and that is not known.

Of course, we must not forget that there was a war being fought and 1943 was a critical year as the Allies began to slowly gain the upper hand. Grandfather's expertise and long experience in the Dockyard Factory was essential to the repair and maintenance of petrol engines as I doubt that he included the new diesel in his repertoire. His group of engine fitters was also a relatively small group which would have been the poorer without him. Consequently, I have little doubt that it was made clear to him that he could retire only when the war was won. Certainly the Record Card seen earlier suggests that this was the case. In 1948 the clock had only been on the mantelpiece for three years.

So, I had lined up all the 'men' every way I could think of. I had studied the picture to the point of remembering every detail and I had looked at the clock enough times to know that it was a VERY LONG HOUR. There was only one thing left – make an excuse to leave the room and sneak a look into the 'secret room' – the front room that hid the organ!

As the door opened, the instrument could not be seen because the door opened against it, but there was a mirror on the wall opposite above the fireplace in which I could glimpse its reflection. Every time I looked at it I was awestruck. It filled the entire wall, its pipes reaching almost to the ceiling, but surprisingly I was not unfamiliar with organs. It was not unknown for me to be inveigled into pumping the air for the enormous organ at St. Philip's Church and as a good Cub, how could I refuse. I quite liked doing it as I was hidden away out of sight. So it was not the organ that that had left me awestruck. It was the fact that it was in the front room of a house – my grandparents' house, but why was it there and who played it?

As a teenager I soon acquired the understanding that it was given to Grandfather as a 21st birthday present by his father, Henry Westaway Trethewey, but he was only a humble Royal Navy Able Seaman who died suddenly just 5 weeks after Nelson's birthday in 1899. It was also family folklore that it was Flora who was the organist, playing both at home and at the local Methodist Chapel. Certainly Nelson and Flora were courting in 1899, but what father would give his son such an expensive present so that his current 'girl friend' could play it?

I never saw or heard anyone play it and I was desperate to have a go myself, but dare not touch it. If memory serves me correctly I would say it had two manuals, a dozen or so stops on either side , two large foot pedals like a harmonium (with which I was familiar), but it was the pipes that dominated the room. I don't know how many there were, but there could have been up to 20 visible and all of them were ornately and beautifully decorated in a powder blue overlaid with a gold filigree pattern. In this book Millie says that the decoration was her father's own work and that was almost certainly true.

In retrospect I now know that it would have carried a builder's plate which would have recorded all I needed to know about it. Sadly that opportunity has passed, but I might just be able to approach a likeness of it with the assistance of 21st century technology. The illustration on the previous page is a representation of Grandad's American organ. Its pipes are not tall enough. Its stops are lined along the front rather than at each side and it has lifting handles on the sides which I do not recall. However this organ has only one manual when I believe 'ours' had two. Yet, for all its shortcomings it does convey an impression with which I am comfortable and, of course, my memory may be totally inaccurate. Well, you know what memories are like!

Although he was born in 1950 and is ten years younger than me, my brother Ken also has recollections of 7 Second Avenue that are of interest in this narrative. It was astounding (and comforting) to find similarities to my own, yet unlike Ken, I remember nothing about conversations and certainly no-one spoke to me in that back room. So, let Ken speak for himself as he writes,

> *As Mum and I walked into the house it was like entering a dark cave. We would pass the door to the Holy Sanctuary that was the font room. It was never used, to my knowledge and I only set foot there after Grandad had died in 1961 and Grandma was living with us. We would head straight for the back room where we would say 'Hello' to the two old people sitting there. The rear of the houses to this design was occupied by a long, narrow kitchen alongside a small outside yard and a back gate led into the narrow lane that ran along the backs of all the terraced houses.*
>
> *Grandma and Grandad would never get up to greet us, or show much enthusiasm for our visit. I can honestly say that in the whole of my life I never touched them. Our conversations would cover the usual domestic topics, but Grandad would often lead the conversations towards subjects that interested him. My father would tell us that Grandad was responsible for the telling of tall stories, or 'spinning yarns' as he called it. So when we heard things to the effect that Grandad had been on boats assisting in the relief of the Eddystone Lighthouse and had taken mail to the lighthouse on numerous occasions, we didn't really believe him. In 1959 when the Saltash (Railway) Bridge was celebrating the centenary of its construction by Isambard Kingdom Brunel, Grandad told of the plan to build another giant suspension bridge to carry traffic alongside it. He said that the new bridge would be at least 30 feet higher than the railway line and would join the highest points on either side of the River Tamar. Yet when the new bridge opened in 1961 it neatly fitted his description. Even Dad was shocked and I think he felt guilty about all the things he had said about his father. Today, I am confident that Grandfather's stories were mostly true and that he really did take the mail to the Eddystone Lighthouse.*

Ken's brief account is interesting to me as it is focused upon the late 1950s when my visits had ceased and throws a different perspective on visits to Camel's Head. At first glance my grandparents appeared to lack the slightest interest in babies and young children and No.7 would not have coped with such a visit. In addition to this, my father left England for Hong Kong in April 1951 and was absent for three years. During this period Ken's ability to form lasting memory had not yet developed whilst I had reached my formative early teens and my perception of my expanding world around me had become very acute. But that also contradicts the fact that my memories are scant. However, of one thing I am sure, we visited Second Avenue very rarely as a family during that period and when we did make a visit, I had to push the heavy 'tank' of a pushchair up that dreadful hill.
The very mention of that hill still brings out the sweat in me. The climb began near the bus stop at the bottom of Carlton Terrace, we turned into York Road for a brief, level respite and then we turned left up Keyham Street where right at the top, at No.2, we pushed open the glass door into Aunt Em's hallway. What better place to take a break with a warm welcome and an equally warm cup of tea and maybe a slice of sponge in a friendly atmosphere.

At Home in the Garage in Ferndale Lane

My earliest recollection of visiting the garage was on the promise that Grandad would mend my yacht. It wasn't exactly a yacht, but the scoured remains of a yacht that I had found washed up on a beach as a piece of flotsam, probably at Whitsands' Freathy Beach. It was a battered boat shaped lump of wood devoid of anything but its metal keel. Dad had suggested that Grandad would 'fix it' with a new mast, boom and bow sprit. Well he did exactly that, as I stood at his shoulder and watched. He was never a man of words, but I watched his every move as he selected tools from an untidy bench strewn with a myriad of 'bits and pieces.' I recall that much of the debris was parts from clocks and watches and I learnt later that this was one of Grandad's 'interests.' Wood, however, was not his favoured material, but this was a simple task to any competent tradesman and after an hour in the garage I had something that resembled a yacht, albeit without sails. I was to become very fond of that yacht after Mum had been persuaded to cut out and stitch some material that could pass as a suit of sails. I did the rest by attaching them to the mast and boom and providing some rudimentary rigging and surprisingly it survived well into the childhood of my own two children, but I digress.

I have a much clearer recollection of standing in the garage with Grandfather as he rolled yet another new 'fag,' which he was never without. It was very rarely alight, but he always had one between his lips and his moustache was stained by the nicotine as a result. Making one of these super-slim masterpieces was almost a therapy. He had a little machine consisting of a belt wrapped around rollers and the first step was to extract a paper from a packet of Rizla cigarette papers and insert it into the machine. Then he would open a tin of tobacco or 'tickler' as he called it, in naval slang, and he would spread a tiny amount along the belt in the gap left by the top two rollers. A few deft 'twirls' followed and – Hey Presto – another fag. It was sheer luxury, but it was restricted to the garage. Smoking in the house was totally forbidden.

As I passed 10 years of age and probably during the time that Father was away, I remember making my own way to the garage to visit Grandfather 'at home.' Perhaps I had left Mum in the house with Ken. Perhaps I was simply in area at the time, but I do recall quite clearly walking through the back lanes, which were the main thoroughfares of the neighbourhood. If the garage door was propped open with a pile bricks, then Grandfather was 'in residence,' but there was never any activity or vehicles strewn around the lane as there would be in later decades.

It was from these visits that I can still visualise the layout of the garage in some detail which I have recorded in my book describing his beloved SWIFT. However, the comment I would add in this section is that even in those days I recognised the machinery that he had, but I never understood where he had acquired each item. The lathe; the post drilling machine; the electricity generator and the compressor would not have been out of place in any engineering factory, so where did he get them? How could he afford them? How much did he use them? This last question stems from the fact that I do not recall entering the garage and finding the SWIFT dismantled in any way. I didn't ever see the wheels off the car, yet it must have happened at some time as the car was always in such a beautiful condition. This lack of visible activity even extended to the other cars housed in the garage, the Austin Ruby belonging to Fred Adams and the 3-wheeled Reliant that shared the floor space. I never once saw Grandfather engrossed in a repair, rebuild or refurbishment of any kind, let alone actually turning a new shaft on the lathe or drilling out a new plate for a bracket.

It was here, in the seclusion of the garage that Grandfather talked freely to me. Almost every sentence ended in the word 'booee' which was his version of 'boy' and it did not take me long to realise that he was repeating to me the same stores that I had heard from my father, but that was of no consequence. He was talking to me and I loved it. He was quietly spoken and in no sense could he be accused of being loud or boastful. He was no extravert performing to the gallery and that is why, unlike my father, I always had time for his stories. They were interesting to a young lad and they reflected the knowledge and experience of an old man describing situations about which I could not comment. I just soaked them up. It was during my later research that I began to find that many of his stories were based upon truth. One such story was his assertion that the SWIFT had a radiator made of

'German silver' and this sounds impressive, but it transpired that it was the original name given to chromium plating that had been discovered and used by the German motor industry. Grandfather was using the correct terminology of the day and he was proud to be the owner of such a car because it reflected quality and was in complete contrast to his earlier Arrol Johnson, which was devoid of any embellishment with its cost-cutting painted radiator.

Towards the end of 1957 I passed my driving test and by Easter 1959 I had my own car – a Jaguar. I knew that Grandad would be interested to see it, as it was much younger than the SWIFT at 1937, so one fine Saturday morning I drove up the lane to the garage. On this occasion, I did all the talking, pointing out the quality features like the hidden armrest in the centre of the rear seat, the adjustable steering column and even the fitted tool kit hidden in the boot lid was revealed for inspection. To my surprise – and disappointment – Grandfather never said anything. He just walked slowly around and around the car – gently touching it, almost caressing it, but I was denied any response. I never knew what went through his mind.

At Home on the Road

The annual ritual of preparing the SWIFT for the summer season was not a ritual peculiar to Grandfather. A little research revealed that this was a national pastime and when the Road Fund Licence was introduced in 1921, the government of the day made an allowance for this known practise. The first quarter's licence was set to expire on the 24th March and NOT the 31st March simply to take account of the earliest possible date for Easter on its moving calendar tied to the full moon. This would allow car owners to tax their cars just once on the 24th so that they could be out on the road at Easter in any year with a clear conscience.

In 1935 the rate was set at 15 shillings per horse power and it had just been reduced to encourage more people to buy cars. This date may have a bearing on Grandfather's change of car from the Arrol Johnson, which was 15.9 HP, to the SWIFT which was only 10 HP. This represents a difference between £11-17s-6d and £7-10s-0d for the annual cost of a licence. However buying a quarterly licence would have been £3-1s-11d for the larger car against £1-17s-6d for the SWIFT.

These discs cover the period during which Grandad changed the Arrol Johnson for the Swift 1933/34/35. The centre disc shows the Annual subscription of £10 for a Ford 8 HP car - a 12HP Singer (left) and a cheaper 15HP Morris Oxford (right)

Today, these sums of money seem incongruous, but Grandfather's wage in 1935 was £2-13s-0d each week. However, in retirement, from 1948 the road fund licence for the SWIFT continued to be £10 per year or the slightly more expensive £2-15s-0d each quarter to cover the spring and summer months. However with burgeoning car ownership in the 1950s the politicians soon realised that this was a golden goose that could not be ignored and the Road Fund Licence became an ever increasing target for the Exchequer's budgets.

By the time I was interested in cars in 1956 the annual subscription had reached £12-10s-0d and £3-8s-9d for a single quarter – a sum that is indelibly imprinted on my memory.

I can relate very easily to those couple of weeks in March when Grandad would have fetched an application form from the local Post Office and caught the No.27 bus to Cumberland Gardens, just beyond Fore Street and St. Aubyn's Church. In the 1950s the Motor Taxation Office was hidden away in Duke Street and was upstairs over the Devonport Library. It was a typical, institutional building of its day; cold, stark and forbidding with 'acres' of brown, polished linoleum covering the floor. This huge room had a counter of enormous length surmounted by what can only be called an iron railing. The clerks were silent, severe and unsmiling and they were all men. They scrutinised the paperwork that was handed to them without comment; first the application form, then the car's log book and finally the cash – and only cash was accepted in those days. If it was all in order, the little pad of tax discs appeared from under the counter and the details were hand written on to it. The log book was stamped and I was free to go. My sigh of relief was almost audible as I walked out of that office. I couldn't get away from that place fast enough.

This disc clearly shows the expiry date of the 24th March for the Austin car

So with the ritual completed the SWIFT could now venture out onto the road and Grandad and Grandma could resume visiting their favourite places to see what had changed from last year, but where did they go? I have described their favourite haunts on Dartmoor in some detail in my book relating the story of the SWIFT, but there were at least two other encounters that are worth recording in this section and our journey will first take us along the old A38 to Buckfast Abbey.

This was an extremely popular and well known attraction in the 1950s and was the destination of many 'Half Day Excursions' advertised by the local coach operators. In those days the car park was no more than the forecourt in front of the abbey's main entrance and the approach to it was a very large gateway in the abbey wall. Turning in through the gateway gave access to the car park in the centre of which was an enormous fir tree with a circular seat all around it.

On this particular day, my father had followed the usual pattern of approach, but on entering the gateway the first and only car we saw was the SWIFT parked in the shade of the fir tree. We soon discovered that Aunt Millie was with them and that filled the remainder of the visit with sunshine. Millie was a delightful person to have around. She was full of curiosity and fun and it wasn't long before she wanted to climb the wooden staircase to the tiny shop. It was no more than a wooden shed in the corner of the forecourt approximating to the entrance into the splendid modern restaurant of today. Once inside she was smitten by the colourful array of beautifully crafted statuettes of Biblical figures. She couldn't leave without one and unless I am mistaken it was a figure of Christ dressed in a dark crimson robe and holding a cross.

Buckfast Abbey 1962

Of course we couldn't leave without going inside the Abbey and I remember walking around with Grandfather as he studied the work of the stonemasons and the structure of the Abbey and contemplated the staggering achievement of a handful of monks. In retrospect it was like being escorted by Fred Dibnah[40] neither of whom would have been allowed to wear their caps. This is the only occasion that I ever recall walking anywhere with him.

During the 1920s Exeter famously realised what the effect of holidaymakers driving cars would have on their city and in 1930 approval was given to begin the construction of one of the first bypasses ever built in Britain. It was built in three sections and wasn't completed until 1938 when the onset of war destroyed any thought of holidays in the Westcountry. However this kind of road scheme only 'kicks the can down the road' and in this case it would have been Ashburton and Buckfastleigh. By the 1950s both of these towns had been quick to follow suit and could boast a by-pass of its own, but by this time the Exeter by-pass was not famous, it was infamous for the solid jam that developed there every summer Saturday. This impelled local travellers to avoid the area as much as possible.

Barely three miles east of Buckfast Abbey along the A38 lay Ashburton and the home of Aunt Sylvia and Uncle Leslie Westlake. Ashburton's road layout was simple as the old Exeter road through the town centre was simply West Street, becoming East Street after passing the crossroads in the town centre dividing North Street from South Street. A little way up the hill from the town's centre in East Street the Westlake family flat could be found. It was on the north side of the street and I remember it being on the first floor of a large house and therefore it was a large flat. Unfortunately I do not recall the number of the house.

I know that on this particular occasion we were riding in the Morris Minor (KDR 403) so it must have been 1955/56 and as we slowly meandered along West Street and approached the town centre, I could see the SWIFT parked on the hill outside the flat. What a surprise! Leslie and Sylvia had not always lived in Ashburton as for sometime after the war they had lived in Huddersfield, Yorkshire. Leslie was a butcher and he had found employment in a family owned butcher's shop that faced the town square in North Street and was just a short walk from their flat. Their two children were still quite young and I distinctly remember Heather being 2 or 3 years old to my brother Ken's 5 years or so. Heather had been born on Coronation Day 1953 and at Aunt Millie's insistence she had been given the second name 'Corona.' As far as I was concerned this was a humorous and unfortunate choice of name as it was my favourite fizzy drink. Everyone drank Corona in the 1950s, but this was lost on Millie.

It was quite a large family gathering, in fact the largest Trethewey family gathering I ever remember. It would have made an important photograph – 10 of us in three generations – unrepeatable. In spite of the historical significance of the gathering, my memory of it is quite blurred, yet two things stand out. Firstly, in such an enormous room, I had never seen such an uneven floor. I thought it was astonishing. Secondly, Sylvia seemed to be endlessly trekking backwards and forwards in an attempt at covering an enormous, bare wooden table with food. Again I thought this was astonishing as she could not have known we were coming and she would not have learnt hospitality on that scale at Second Avenue. Perhaps she had learnt it in Yorkshire.

When the time came to leave, I expected no more than a leisurely run home keeping the SWIFT easily in sight ahead of us. This was not unreasonable. The A38 was a twisty, undulating road with only two significant lengths of straight carriageway. The first was alongside the Buckfastleigh racecourse, but it was a demanding pull uphill to Dean Prior and Marley Head. The second straight came immediately following the *Hunter's Inn* at the top of the climb out of Ivybridge and it was downhill past the old Lee Mill camp, but no one expected the SWIFT to exceed 40 m.p.h.

Grandad had left before us, as we inevitably got caught up in lengthy farewells, but we could not have been more than ten minutes behind him. Gradually the realisation dawned on us that he was nowhere in sight. Surely we must see him soon? For mile after mile there was no sign of him

[40] Fred Dibnah 1938-2004 was a Bolton steeplejack who became a BBC TV personality

and father was becoming increasingly concerned and agitated by his 'disappearance.' Where had he gone? Surely he could not have got that far ahead and what of the hills? They must have slowed him down, so why have we not caught him up?

After descending through the Ridgeway at Plympton, it was usual for us to leave the A38 at Marsh Mills and make our way up the Forder Valley and along the Crownhill Road to Roman Way at the top of St. Budeaux and drop down into Churchway from there. We had no idea which way Grandad would go as he had several options, so it was decided to make straight for Camels Head. As we turned into Second Avenue there was the SWIFT. Father was visibly angry with his father, who was unperturbed and non-committal. He was putting on an act. He was silently saying, *what's all the fuss about?* In fact I detected later that he was rather smug about the fact that he had outrun *one of them new cars* and I later overheard him telling someone that he had done the run from Ashburton in half an hour. I knew that it was a gross exaggeration for the 22 miles of the A38 in 1955/6, but that was Grandad. It wasn't a lie, it was a hyperbole made in the best possible taste!

Leaving Home

During 1960 the simple routines of domestic life at Camels Head began to disintegrate. Grandfather had apparently been ill in 1958 but that seemed to pass me by. This was the period when I had truly discovered my independence and during the week once I had left home at 7 in morning, I often did not return until 10.30 at night. Of course weekends were different, but it was still true that no one felt the need to keep me abreast of 'family developments.' Grandma was aging badly and today she would probably have been diagnosed with some form of dementia. Certainly, she often seemed vacant and bemused and she developed a curious nod of the head, but sadly old age comes to all of us. Here was a couple who had married in 1902 and had spent their entire married life at Camel's Head. Grandma had been born there in 1880 as Flora Wallis and she had known little else. If there had been occasions when she had, quite rightly, resented Grandfather's extravagance, then there had been others when she had benefitted from his adventurous spirit. We know that she enjoyed the camping expeditions with the boat and she had travelled to places in one of three cars that very few of her contemporaries could say that they had done.

Mr. Trethewey and his 1929 Swift

82-YEARS-OLD DRIVER AND HIS VETERAN CAR

The SWIFT was taxed as usual for the 1960 summer season and featured alongside Grandfather in a local newspaper article published in July 1960. It encapsulated all of Grandfather's 'yarns' that are now firmly enshrined in family folklore, but by the end of the year Grandad was beginning to fail.

The garage was rarely opened during that winter and on the 30th March 1961 he was admitted to Didworthy Sanatorium on the southern slopes of Dartmoor behind South Brent. The irony of this admission, which was not generally known at the time, was that their son Frankie had been admitted there on the 15th November 1939 and he was not discharged for almost exactly a year to the very day. My father had always insisted that Frankie had died from an industrial disease and that may well be true, but an admission to Didworthy was an admission for a serious chest illness and four months following his discharge – at the height of the Plymouth blitzes – Frankie was dead. Did Grandfather have that on his mind when he realised where he was being taken? Was his illness too advanced for a cure or did he just lose the will to live? Nelson Trethewey never left there alive. He died on Saturday 17th June 1961 (2 years to the day before my wedding to Sandra) and he was 83 years of age. He had enjoyed a long life, a full life and an interesting life and we, his descendants, are probably the better for it.

Didworthy Chest Hospital South Brent

This house was owned by the Woodley Family from the early 19th Century and occupied from 1848 by Captain Augustus Woodley RN with his large family until the late 1890s.

In 1902 it was acquired by the Plymouth, South Devon & East Cornwall Hospital in order to use the pure moorland air to treat victims of consumption later known as T.B.

It had 15 beds in the wards (below) which were pushed outside into the open air.

It closed sometime in the period 1968-71

Francis
TRETHEWEY
Aged 33
15 Nov 1939
16 Nov 1940

Colin
SANGWELL
Aged 19
20 Aug 1957
5 April 1958

Nelson
TRETHEWEY
30 Mar 1961
17 Jun 1961
DIED

Shipley Bridge is a difficult place to reach through the narrow lanes that stagger along the lower slopes of South Dartmoor behind South Brent.

They were not meant for cars with nothing better to do than carry city dwellers to a beauty spot for a picnic, but it was a favourite location of mine.

It nestled in the Avon river valley, two miles north of Brent church and in the lee of Brent Hill. It was idyllic.

Grandfather's death caused my father two significant problems the first of which was Didworthy's location. On the following Monday father had to find the Registrar's Office in Totnes, in whose district Didworthy lay. The second problem was created by Grandfather. It had long been forgotten that he never used the name that he had been given at birth and his death could not be registered until his real name was known. It transpired that he had been registered in 1878 as HARRY NELSON TRETHEWEY, but as early as his marriage in 1902 he was using the name NELSON RICHARD TRETHEWEY, the name that had been passed on to my father, so it had always been assumed that it was 'like father, like son.' However, as can be seen on the certificate below, Mr. John Toogood, the Registrar recorded the death as that of *Nelson Richard otherwise Harry Nelson* and I would have thought that this was not the right way around. It seems to me to be more logical, even legal to record the name given at his Birth Registration first as shown in the General Register (above) followed by the name he had adopted and was always known by, But that was not the way Mr. Toogood saw it and he got the second copy wrong by dating it 6 days BEFORE Grandad's death.

TRETHEWEY, Charlotte Ann	St. Austell	5 c.	118
— Elizabeth Ann	St. Columb	5 c.	104
— Harry Nelson	Plymouth	5 b.	248
— Susan Jane	Tavistock	5 b.	364

XE 767498

CERTIFIED COPY of an ENTRY OF DEATH

Issued at a fee of one shilling in pursuance of and for the purposes of the First Schedule to the INDUSTRIAL ASSURANCE AND FRIENDLY SOCIETIES ACT, 1948.

Registration District Totnes

1961 DEATH in the Sub-district of Totnes in the County of Devon

Columns :— 1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
No. / When and where died	Name and surname	Sex	Age	Occupation	Cause of death	Signature, description, and residence of informant	When registered	Signature of registrar
101 / Seventeenth June, 1961 Didworthy Chest Hospital South Brent.	Nelson Richard Trethewey otherwise Harry Nelson Trethewey.	Male	83 years	of 7 Second Avenue Camels Head, Devonport, Plymouth. Engine Fitter, H.M. Dockyard (Retired).	1a. Bronchial Carcinoma Certified by J. Stipp M.D. Lwow Poland.	N.R. Trethewey Son, 83 Church Way, St Budeaux Plymouth.	Nineteenth June, 1961	J.J. Toogood Registrar

I HEREBY CERTIFY that the above is a true copy of an entry of death in a Register Book in my custody.

Witness my hand this Eleventh day of June 1956 J.J. Toogood Registrar.

Person to whom issued :
Name and surname (in full) Nelson Richard Trethewey
Address 83, Church Way. St Budeaux, Plymouth

Relationship to deceased : child, ~~adopted child, stepchild, grandchild.~~ (Delete those inapplicable.)

CAUTION :—Any person who (1) falsifies any of the particulars on this certificate, or (2) uses a falsified certificate as true, knowing it to be false, is liable to prosecution.

I remember quite clearly the exasperated debate that ensued when Father arrived home in Churchway following his visit to Totnes. He was not amused and he voiced the view that Grandfather was a 'nuisance' to the very end. However, a death – any death – precipitates a chain of consequences that require timely decisions. A process has to be followed and it was soon agreed that Grandfather should be buried in Weston Mill Cemetery with Frankie. Although his burial had been a little over 20 years earlier, in April 1941, the grave plot was still available to the family. It was the obvious resting place. It was almost within sight and sound of Camel's Head School and the Southern Railway and it was there that his beloved garage would continue in the care of his friend Fred Adams.

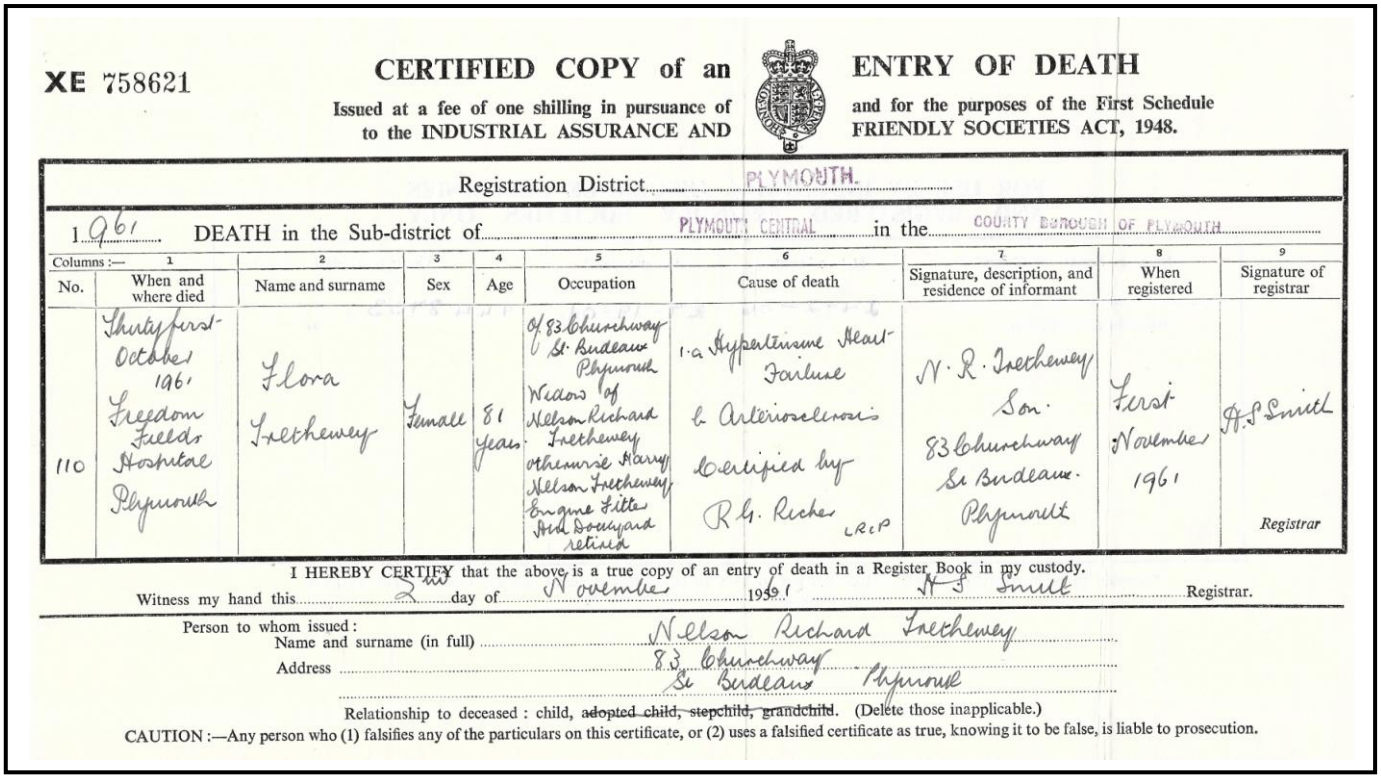
Grandfather's stay at the Didworthy Chest Hospital lasted eleven weeks and during his initial absence Grandma was left alone in Second Avenue to fend for herself. Inevitably that could not last and Doris was the family's first choice to take her in - poor Doris, always the scrubber. After Grandfather's funeral Doris declared that she had had enough and that someone else should shoulder

the burden. Grandma's dementia was one thing, but her incontinence created continuous piles of washing, in days long before washing machines were a household essential in Plymouth.

It was then agreed that Grandma should go to Sylvia in Ashburton for a couple of months before coming to my parents in Churchway. How long they thought that they could keep this up was anyone's guess, but our turn must have come around at sometime in August. At this point I must admit to having no recollection of Grandma being in our house and I resorted to asking my brother Ken if he had any memory of it. He said,

Curiously I cannot remember where she slept. I have a feeling that she lived in the front room and used a commode. I do remember her incontinence creating household traumas because of her 'accidents.'

Eventually everyone had to submit to the inevitable and she was admitted to Freedom Fields Hospital at Lipson in Plymouth. I cannot say how long she was there, but the end came on the last day of October. She died of heart failure on Tuesday 31st October and when Father registered her death at the Registrar's Office in Coburg Street, it was so much easier.



XE 758621

CERTIFIED COPY of an ENTRY OF DEATH

Issued at a fee of one shilling in pursuance of and for the purposes of the First Schedule to the INDUSTRIAL ASSURANCE AND FRIENDLY SOCIETIES ACT, 1948.

Registration District PLYMOUTH.

1961 DEATH in the Sub-district of PLYMOUTH CENTRAL in the COUNTY BOROUGH OF PLYMOUTH

Columns :— No.	1 When and where died	2 Name and surname	3 Sex	4 Age	5 Occupation	6 Cause of death	7 Signature, description, and residence of informant	8 When registered	9 Signature of registrar
110	Thirty-first October 1961 Freedom Fields Hospital Plymouth	Flora Trethewey	Female	81 years	Of 83 Churchway St. Budeaux Plymouth Widow of Nelson Richard Trethewey otherwise Harry Nelson Trethewey Engine Fitter H.M. Dockyard retired	1.a Hypertensive Heart Failure b Arteriosclerosis Certified by R G. Riches LRCP	N. R. Trethewey Son. 83 Churchway St Budeaux. Plymouth	First November 1961	H. P. Smith Registrar

I HEREBY CERTIFY that the above is a true copy of an entry of death in a Register Book in my custody.

Witness my hand this 2nd day of November 1961 H. P. Smith Registrar.

Person to whom issued :
Name and surname (in full) Nelson Richard Trethewey
Address 83 Churchway St Budeaux Plymouth

Relationship to deceased : child, ~~adopted child, stepchild, grandchild~~. (Delete those inapplicable.)

CAUTION :—Any person who (1) falsifies any of the particulars on this certificate, or (2) uses a falsified certificate as true, knowing it to be false, is liable to prosecution.

Although it was necessary to record a medical condition as the cause of death, I would prefer to look at my grandparents in life and recount a phenomenon I have seen before. Flora was Nelson's wife. He was special to her, yet she had spent a lifetime in his shadow. She had done her duty by him and brought up his children. She had enjoyed the occasions that he had created for the family. She accepted his dominant role as the wage earner. She didn't always like it, but she accepted it. They had a fondness and an affection for each other that would be too subtle for today's society, but now that he had gone, what was there left to live for? There is a Westcountry saying that encapsulates this situation and I have heard it a number of times – **she turned her face to the wall** – and that sums it up. Nelson had left her to join Frankie in the grave at Weston Mill. It was now her duty to join them.

Clearing a Home

Both Grandparents were dead. Father now took full charge of the proceedings as Executor of their Last Will & Testament, which had already begun informally with the passing of Grandfather. It was a role that Father took very seriously although as things began to play out there were actions with which I did not agree and they will become clear as the story develops. First, however, I am going to turn over the Death Certificates and reveal some surprising information written on their reverse side

On the 24th February 1936 Grandad took out a life policy with the Co-operative Society to cover both himself and his wife Flora. As they died within 5 months of each other it is tempting to look at their deaths as a single entity, but this would be a mistake. Quite rightly, each was treated as a separate death and the two certificates illustrated were issued specifically to authorise the payment of a sum of money from the policy to the Executor of their Estate.

It was and still is quite usual for individuals to take out a Life Policy to cover the cost of their funeral and I am sure that is what Grandad had in mind when he signed up with the Co-op in 1936. Unfortunately I do not know what weekly payments he made, which is a pity as I do know what was paid out after 25 years and 1317 payments. It was £7-1s-0d. Does that surprise you? It did me.

It represents a penny farthing per week and I do not refer to the bicycle of that name. It was 1¼d paid back for each week of payments over all of those years to pay for a decent funeral. I know that in 1967 a typical funeral cost £57, so it would have been close to £50 in 1961 making the insurance an insult and not worth the years of outlay. Of course, with Grandma's death following just 19 weeks after Grandad's death, the same process had to be repeated all over again AND with the same result. For Grandma the Co-op condescended to pay £7-19s-0d.

So with Nelson and Flora buried in Weston Mill Cemetery with their unfortunate son, Frank, my father could resume the winding up of their estate, a process which had begun earlier in the year with the sale of the SWIFT and my first disagreement with the Executor. It was now, however, that there was another incident that sent shock waves through the family.

Although I do not remember it clearly, I would surmise that initially Grandma stayed in Second Avenue alone after Grandad had been admitted to Didworthy Hospital, because mother was supplying her with fresh meat to cook for her meals. My parents had always taken the view that Grandma and Grandad were poor, so it was their duty to support them – but then it happened!

Father had been sifting through items in the house when he literally stumbled upon a shoebox full of banknotes under the bed. It was classic stuff. Bank accounts were unknown to that generation. A Post Office Savings Account was the height of their aspiration, but cash under the bed? That is ridiculous. When the money was counted, my mother exploded – it was £800!

I must admit to being rather surprised at their reaction, even their naiveté, but it WAS a lot of money in 1961. It was enough to have bought No.7 Second Avenue had it been for sale. It was certainly enough to buy a new car and a good one at that, and still have change. It made the £40 that Father had received for the SWIFT seem insignificant and reinforced my objection to the sale. Yet, even that £40 was as much as a tradesman received in the Dockyard for a month's wages in 1961. And there was Mum buying joints of meat for a poor old lady. I had never heard her more indignant in my life.

The light evenings of the summer months following Grandad's death found Father frequently down at the bottom of the garden fussing and fanning a bonfire. There was nothing particularly unusual about that as Father enjoyed a bonfire, but he was always very particular about the wind direction and whose washing line might lie in the path of any smoke. However, I began to notice that this was becoming a frequent occurrence and it prompted me to ask Mother what it was that he was burning.

Oh! He's burning Grandad's old things, she nonchalantly replied.
Things? What things? I was suddenly aware of what Father was capable of doing. It had happened to me when they moved house and many of my prized possessions 'disappeared,' a disappearance which he could not explain, but I had my suspicions and here he was doing it again. I had to go and see what he was doing.
What have you burnt? I asked bluntly.
Only rubbish, he replied, but he couldn't hide that sheepish look.
Rubbish? I queried.
Well it's of no use, is it? He said deliberately avoiding a direct answer.

I could not discern anything recognisable in the fire, but it was not garden waste and I knew that the only things he wanted to burn were usually on the pile before it was lit, so I left without another word and went back to Mother. She was more malleable.
What is he burning down there? I pressed my point.
I don't know. He doesn't tell me, she stuttered and paused.
He did mention the one-string fiddle, but I'm not sure.
My heart sank. So, my suspicion was accurate.

And that was the way it stayed. I never did know EXACTLY what had been destroyed, in the same way as I never knew exactly what had been found. No information was shared with me. My advice or opinion was never sought in spite of being 21 years old and an aspiring collector. Yet there was one thing that I have never forgotten - the organ – and this has become one of the family's mysteries. As the Executor of the Estate my father was legally obligated to realise the maximum value of the estate and the organ was a part of that value. So how did he do that? What market was there for an American reed organ in 1961? I would have said that there was no market for it as electronic organs were just beginning to make their presence heard. It was not big enough for a chapel to desire it. So, I cannot answer my own question. I do not know where it went, who bought it and for how much. It is a complete mystery.

Fortunately, one or two things did survive. Grandfather's beautiful brass telescope, that went everywhere with him in the SWIFT, is with me now. A beautifully made box of glass lantern

slides also resides in my roof. They haven't been shown for over a century, but they do survive. And finally there is one more thing in my possession that has a story all of its own – the picture from the wall above the mantelpiece in the back room.

It was just over 30 years after Grandfather had died that Father joined him in January 1992. My mother was now a widow and had to spend long hours alone with her thoughts. So in order to mitigate those long hours I began visiting her each week during my long and very flexible lunch breaks from the Dockyard. Gradually I began to notice small ornaments disappearing from their places around the house. Some of them came from Father's time in Hong Kong and I quite liked them. Among them was my favourite rickshaw in ivory and an ivory paper name, but there was also a 'silver' junk which was exceedingly difficult to keep clean. Mother had begun to have her own 'clear-outs' to supply endless coffee morning s and jumble sales at the church. This began to irritate me as I didn't know what she was doing, but at the same time she did appear to have an understanding of my knowledge of collectibles so I just had to trust her not to be silly.

One lunch time she suddenly said to me – *I've got something to show you* – and she toddled off upstairs. When she returned she was carrying a picture with its back towards me. When she turned it to show me, I couldn't believe my eyes. It was THAT picture; the one that had hung on the wall above the mantelpiece in Second Avenue and I didn't know that they had it.

I want you to have it, she said. *Dad was fond of this picture but I never liked it.*
How did she know of my empathy with it? Why had I never seen it before? When I got the picture home and had a closer look at it, the light of understanding shone a little brighter.

In 1983 he had written on the back that the picture had been reframed by Luckhams in Plymouth in 1962 (probably initiated by Father) and the surround that included the verse had been removed. He quoted the verse that varied slightly from the accepted wording, but added an explanation of the allegorical meaning of the picture. However, another sentence had been added that revealed to me his attachment to the picture. It read,

This picture was in the Trethewey family for as long as I can remember.

The original painting by Lance Calkin (1859-1936) is dated 1888 and owned by the Nottingham City Museum & Art Gallery and exhibited at Woollaton Hall. (69ins x 44ins)

POSTSCRIPT – No Longer Home

In 1992, when Father died, Camel's Head had already experienced a major upheaval that had changed the face of the district beyond even that of Grandfather's vivid imagination.

The Southern Railway had closed its mainline access into Plymouth in 1964 and ten years later the bulldozers arrived to remove the railway embankment and – so it was said – restore the contours of the land that had existed before the railways navvies came. Grandad's dearly loved garage was now history – unrecorded history, as no photographs or paperwork for it exists. There are only transient memories and even they are disappearing as the people who were familiar with the location become fewer and fewer. With the railway went the garage and filling station that once served as a tram shed together with its neighbour the 'tin chapel.' Also lying at its feet were the American 'prefabs' which were also dismantled before the embankment could be moved and these gave way to brick built bungalows for the elderly. Only the school remained, but its front playgrounds had become staff car parks – a sight that neither Grandad nor Aunt Millie would ever have thought possible.

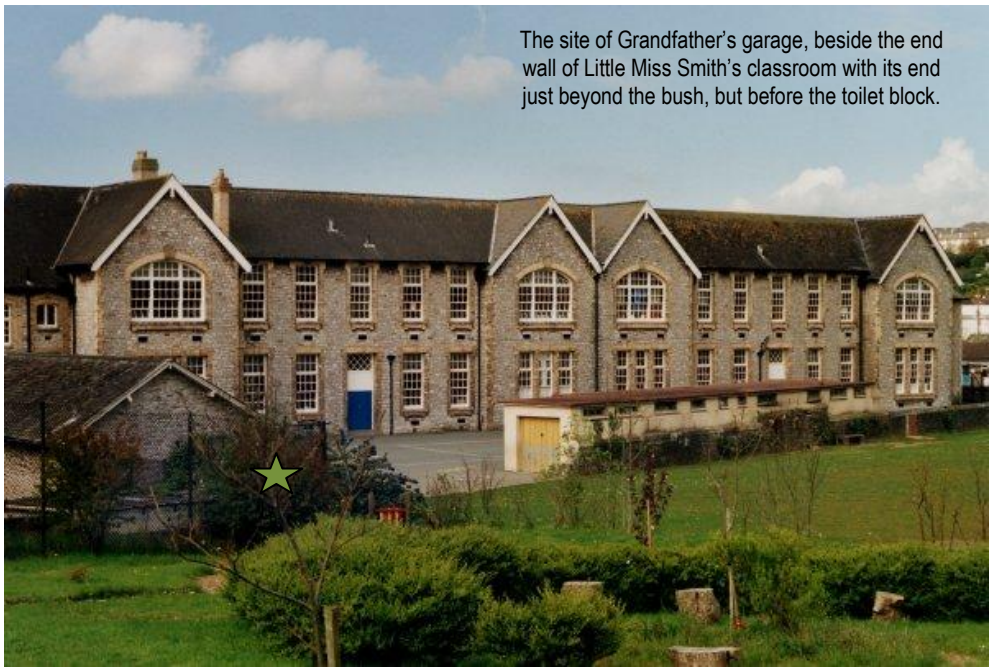
Across the road, where the high tide lapped the railings and occasionally spilled over the edge onto the road, there were no boats, simply a sea of cars resting in one gigantic car park. The creek that features on my cover has gone; pushed out to the far side of the old Great Western Viaduct that my grandparents had seen built. The creek is now the new main entrance into the Naval Base and Dockyard. To make room for the new dual carriageway, the old Camel's Head Inn (lastly named *The*

Submarine) had been demolished, together with its neighbour the old cinema and erstwhile police station of the 1950s. They are now rubble beneath that carriage way. Few people will now recall that Grandad showed the first moving pictures to an awestruck audience from the local avenues in a tiny cinema close to the central reservation in that road.

So, what happened to those avenues during the 'restoration of the contours?' Erith, Second, Third and Ferndale Avenues all had the railway line passing behind and even above them. In 2012 – 50 years after my grandparents had died, they remained remarkably intact, but they were no longer cul-de-sacs hemmed in by the railway. The roads had been extended to meet Ferndale Road which is no longer called Cemetery Road and every piece of recovered land has a neat, modern house upon it. Every avenue is lined with cars, nose to tail on both sides with not a spare space to be found. Today, it is no place for the SWIFT.

Camel's Head was built at the end of the Victorian era for a new century – the 20th century. My grandparents lived there for its first 60 years, during a gentler age when children played on the streets and delivery men used horses and wagons, but urban life has become hard and destructive, yet the avenues have survived. It is still possible to stand outside the house at No.7 Second Avenue in the 21st century, as Aunt Sylvia did, and wonder what it is like inside. The power of the internet can reveal a little of the answer and I wonder what Grandad would have thought of that.

The original Second Avenue comprised 35 houses and 18 of them have been sold at least once since 1995 to the end of 2013. No.29 has been sold 5 times and Nos.13 and 33 have each been sold 4 times. However 17 of the houses have not been on the market at all (18 years) and one of those was No.7. The first house to sell in 1995 was No.32 and it fetched £16,000, but it has not been offered for sale since. At the height of the housing boom in 2007, No.3 fetched £123,000 – a record price – but it was not to last and the prices fell back to the level they are today (2013). Three houses were sold during this year with No.4 being the most recent. It fetched £105,000 on the 22 November and matched the prices achieved by the other two houses – Nos. 28 and 23.



There is perhaps a good case for those that say that one should never go back. The aerial view on the previous page shows just how much has changed. The four avenues are at the heart of the picture, with No.7 arrowed, but would anyone have imagined that the creek would now be a car park and the track of the old Southern Railway has been eradicated? All the avenues are now open ended and new houses abound in every direction. The plot on which Grandfather's garage once stood has been highlighted on the aerial picture and its location is shown above from ground level marked by the bush. Few people who live locally today will ever know that it was there and even fewer will be able to say that they had been inside it. The railway, to which Grandfather paid his rent, with its embankment, bridges, halts and signals are now just a memory consigned to the enthusiast's history books. It demonstrates the reality that life is transient and memories are fickle.

So, how can the Trethewey Family's association with Camel's Head be concluded, as it lasted for most of the 20th Century?

The END of the LINE

SECTION 5 - Introducing the CLARK Family

It had always been my understanding that Phyllis's marriage to Frank Clark had been a step too far from the Tretheweys in spite of them being next door neighbours. This feeling persisted into the post war years and even reached my young ears. Yet they were not neighbours then and they were not neighbours in September 1939. It must have been a difficult time. How long it lasted after 1930 is not known, but in 1939 Percy and Cora Clerk were living at 21 Admiralty Street in Keyham.

Ten years ago when I was looking for Frank Clark's death among Queensland's BMDs I was surprised to see his mother's name included in the record. It was Cora WOOLACOTT. This was an easy name to trace so I checked the 1911 Census to find that Frank (4) was the youngest of three children (Frances Cora Lizzie (7) and Robert James (6). The were living in two rooms at 50 Albert Road, Morice Town, but their father was at sea in the Royal Navy. His wife described him as a Chief Stoker, but also said that she had been born in Exeter in 1869. However, it also revealed that all the children had been born in Dawlish, so I was able to check their births.

The GRO listed them in the Newton Abbot District in 1904/2Q; 1905/2Q and 1907/1Q respectively.
When I checked for a marriage, this too was found in the Newton Abbot District in 1903/1Q between FRANK CLARK and CORA WOOLACOTT.

A search of the Royal Navy Ratings Records at the National Archive confirmed that FRANK CLARK had enlisted as a stoker in 1893, but that he had also been born in Dawlish on the 13 October 1872.[41]

The 1901 census was the next document to be checked. It found Leading Stoker Frank Clark on board HMS TERRIBLE. He was 28 years old and had been born in Dawlish.[42] Cora Woolacott was living in Stockton Cottages, Dawlish. She was 32 years old and as yet unmarried, but living with her blind, widowed mother named Maria. Cora was a dressmaker working 'on her own account,' but her mother, who had been born in Huxham in 1832, was receiving 'parish relief.'[43]

This had been remarkably easy to assemble so I decided to push my 'luck' and see if I could identify the CLARK Family and the WOOLACOTT Family in the 1891 Census and I was quickly led back to Dawlish.

The Clark Family were at home in an unshared house at 7 Town Tree Hill, Dawlish where Robert Clark lived with his wife Mary Ann and their four children. Robert was a mason, born in Kingsbridge in 1839. His wife come from Sourton, born in 1839, and she was working as a laundress. Frank (18) was their eldest son at home, employed as a gardener. Walter was 16 and a billiard maker, whilst Albert was a 14 year-old errand boy. Emily was 10 and still at school, but all four children had been born in Dawlish.[44] Two years later, Frank joined the Royal Navy in 1893.

The Woolacott Family was also living in a house to themselves at 24 Old Town Street, Dawlish. Cora's father was a 58 year-old gardener, but he did not know where he had been born beyond the fact that it was in Wales.[45] So, gardening seems to be the link between Frank Clark and John Woolacott, which possibly led to his meeting with his daughter Cora and uniting the two families.

John WOOLACOTT died in 1900/3Q aged 64 years in the Newton Abbot District
Maria WOOLACOTT died in 1914/4Q aged 82 years in the Newton Abbot District

Frank and Cora CLARK arrived at 6 Second Avenue, Camel's Head sometime after 1911 and Frank was probably retained in the Royal Navy for the First World War period 1914 – 1918.

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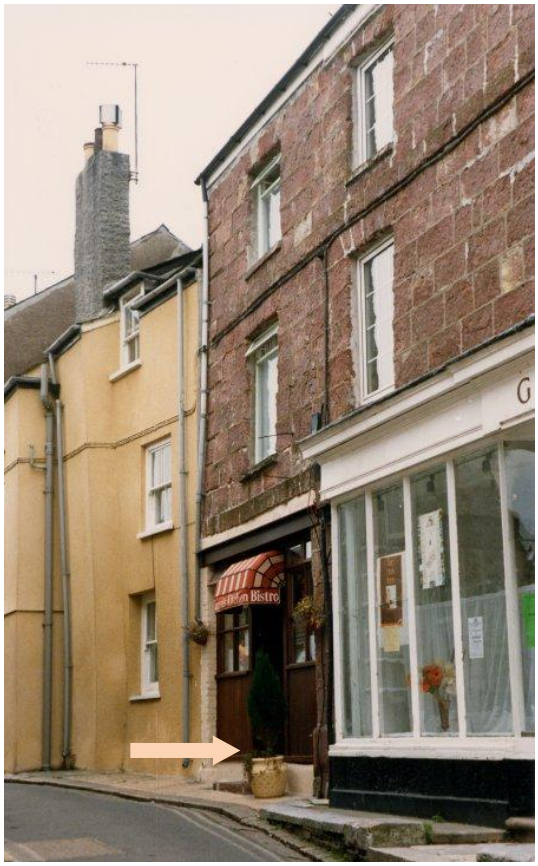
[41] The National Archive ADM 188/289 No.175923
[42] 1901 Census RG13/5334 Folio 45 Page 8
[43] 1901 Census RG13/2049 Folio 106 Page 13
[44] 1891 Census RG12/1695 Folio 42 Page 31
[45] 1891 Census RG12/1695 Folio 8 Page 12

There's No Going Back

When Phyllis Trethewey married into the CLARK Family in 1931, Phyllis was in need of a 'friend' and that person was found in my mother (Helen Knott) who had just met her younger brother Nelson. Her anecdote describing Phyllis's predicament in falling pregnant to Frank Clark is recorded explicitly in another section of this story, but it was from this time that our connection with Cawsand was established. It is also very evident that the relationship between Phyllis and Nellie became quite close and they shared a lot together during the 1930's.

The war brought all that to an end and it was six years before old friendships could be resumed with visits to Cawsand. By this time I was a part of the family and Phyllis had a third child in Barry who was contemporary with me. As a consequence Cawsand was an interesting place for me to visit as Barry would then want to show me all his favourite haunts and secrets.



Cawsand was an extremely difficult place to reach from Camel's Head and the simplest option was to take the No.27 bus to Durnford Street to catch the Cremyl Ferry at Admiral's Hard. It was then a rickety bus ride on a Millbrook Steamboat bus to Cawsand. It was another world; a world of narrow streets, coarse beaches, rock pools and a fort looming over everything.

I recall Aunt Phyllis and Shirley very well and occasionally we might see Terry who was very old at 16, but I remember them clearly in the back room behind the shop. The beaches and the rock pools were for Barry and me – oh! and Tiddles the cat. Yes, he would come with us. He didn't need a lead and he loved the rock pools. He would sit staring into them and every now and again a paw would sweep the water out with a splash in the hope of catching a fish.

These visits could not have occurred more than twice each year and by 1949 it was all over. But it is worth recording simply to emphasise the friendship that existed between the two families. However, the one person who did not figure very prominently was Uncle Frank.

I have a hazy recollection of having my haircut in his shop, yet for all the apparent friendliness there was an undercurrent of feeling within the extended Trethewey family that Frank had to be treated with extreme caution. He could not be trusted. He was a bit of a maverick. As a child I could not possibly 'know' him, so I had no real understanding of the circumstances that had brought about this attitude. Yes, there were the stories, but were they true?

Tiddles in August 1951 with Ken

One that is worth repeating for its humorous side was the time when Frank put advertisements in national newspapers offering to repair watches at a price that could not be ignored, but using Grandfather's name and address. He was inundated with scores, even hundreds of watches without knowing how it had come about. It was an embarrassment and the Tretheweys were furious.

What I do remember was all the talk about Australia. It was something beyond my comprehension and of course I was too young to know anything about the domestic politics. It seems astonishing to realise that Frank held Phyllis to ransom concerning her refusal to emigrate. Had Terry been a little younger, their departure would have been seen as 'abduction' today, and that is the main purpose of the following pages – to show the evidence for the fact that the family were divided and went to Australia separately.

When Frank left Cawsand in 1948, he 'gave' Dad the Rover 10HP saloon that he is alleged to have bought from his winnings from horse racing bets, which was one of his weaknesses and the source of many family stories. The most significant of these stories was his attempt at sweeping the board by placing an accumulator bet on every race on a race card. He got close to a 'fortune' on that occasion by winning every race until the very last one, when it was all lost. I have no idea when Frank Clark bought the car which was not a fabulous limousine and probably cost little more than £50. It was, however, unusual in the late 1940's and typical of Frank Clark – all show and no substance. He wanted it for no other reason than to provide the village with gossip and prove his worthiness to his in-laws. Where he kept it, within the confines of Cawsand, beggars belief.

I remember a very emotional occasion in the back room at Garrett Street. It must have been late in 1949 and must have been our final farewell to the family, as I remember only Phyllis, Shirley and Barry being there, but it also begs the question did we drive there in the Rover? How did Tiddles travel to Churchway? There was neither boot on the car nor sophisticated cat baskets in those days. I have no doubt that he missed his daily casual wanderings as far as the beach, but it also brought to a close my brief relationship with Cawsand and the Clark family. As we were soon to learn when my father was sent to Hong Kong in 1951, there were no quick flights in those days. It took anything up to six weeks by ship to reach Australia. There was no expectation that we would ever see them again.

Phyllis & Doris at Cawsand

Of course these were the days when it was government policy to encourage emigration and Frank Clark thought he could see considerable advantage in starting a new life in Australia away from the Tretheweys in Camels Head. The Clarks were to become what was disparagingly called *'Ten Pound Poms'* which was OK by Frank. He had no money anyway.

S.S. SOMERSETSHIRE
BIBBY LINE
Captain H. KERBYSON
Liverpool to Brisbane Australia
12th November 1948

P.M.21.

Name of Ship S.S. SOMERSETSHIRE — *Date of Departure* 12th November 1948

Steamship Line—**ORIENT.** — *Where Bound*—**AUSTRALIA.**

NAMES AND DESCRIPTIONS OF **BRITISH** PASSENGERS EMBARKED AT THE PORT OF ~~LONDON~~ LIVERPOOL.

(1) Contract Ticket Number.	(2) NAMES OF PASSENGERS.		(3) Last Address in the United Kingdom.	(4) CLASS (whether 1st, 2nd, or 3rd)	(5) Port at which Passengers have contracted to land.	(6) Profession, Occupation or Calling of Passengers.	(7) AGES OF PASSENGERS: Adults of 12 years and upwards. Accompanied by Husband or Wife. Males	Accompanied by Husband or Wife. Females	Not Accompanied by Husband or Wife. Males	Not Accompanied by Husband or Wife. Females	Children between 1 and 12. Males	Children between 1 and 12. Females	Infants. Males	Infants. Females	(8) Country of Last Permanent Residence.* England	Wales	Scotland	Northern Ireland	Eire	British Possessions	Foreign Countries	(9) Country of Intended Future Permanent Residence.*
234213	Charlesworth	Miss G.M.	19 Lillywoods, Broughton, Brigg, Lincolnshire.	A	Brisbane	Nurse			36						1✓							Australia
234214	Cheverton	Mr. D. A.	79 Washington Road, Worcester Park, Surrey.	A	do.	Fitter	24								1✓							do.
	Cheverton	Mrs. S.F.	do.	A	do.			21							1✓							do.
	Cheverton	Miss M.D.	do.	A	do.									8m.	1✓							do.
234215	Christie	Mr. W.	72 Walker Road, Torry, Aberdeen, Scotland.	A	do.	Driver-mech.	32										1✓					do.
	Christie	Mrs. J.J.	do.	A	do.			33									1✓					do.
	Christie	Miss F.M.	do.	A	do.							7					1✓					do.
	Christie	Miss B.J.	do.	A	do.							4					1✓					do.
234222	Clark	Mr. F.	Garrett Street, Cawsand, nr. Plymouth, Devon.	A.	do.	Hairdresser			39						1✓							do.
	Clark	Mr. T.M.	do.	A	do.				17						1✓							do.
234217	Clark	Mr. J.A.	82, Canning Road, Highbury, London, N.5.	A	do.	Painter			48						1✓							do.
234218	Corbitt	Mr. T.J.	123 Drakefell Road, Brockley, London, S.E.4.	A	do.	Farm Worker	28								1✓							do.
	Corbitt	Mrs. T.	do.	A	do.			23							1✓							do.
	Corbitt	Mstr. D.J.	do.	A	do.							5			1✓							do.
234219	Cordiner	Mr. G.E.P.	14 Morningside Terrace, Aberdeen, Scotland.	A	do.	Clerical worker	29										1✓					do.
	Cordiner	Mrs. D.	do.	A	do.			26									1✓					do.
	Cordiner	Mstr. B.G.	do.	A	do.							2					1✓					do.
	Cordiner	Miss D.	do.	A	do.									10m.			1✓					do.
234220	Coward	Mr. W.J.	110 St. James Road, Mossley Park, Prescot, Lancs.	A	do.	Insulating mach.op.			24						1✓							do.
234221	Cowper	Mr. J.S.	14 Lawrence Saunders Road, Coundon, Coventry.	A	do.	Cellulose Sprayer	30								1✓							do.
	Cowper	Mrs. K.M.	do.	A	do.			30							1✓							do.
234223	Crawford	Mr. J.C.	50 Craigleith Hill Gardens, Edinburgh 4, Scotland.	A	do.	Ticket or signwriter	43										1✓					do.
	Crawford	Mrs. M.S.	do.	A	do.			37									1✓					do.
X	Crawford	Miss J.R.	27593 do.	A	do.							10					1✓					do.
	Crawford	Miss L.S.	do.	A	do.									4m.			1✓					do.
234222	Clark	Mr. F.	Garrett Street, Cawsand, nr. Plymouth, Devon.	A.	do.	Hairdresser			39													
	Clark	Mr. T.M.	do.	A	do.				17													
	Dobson	Mstr.R.J.	do.	A	do.							8			1✓							do.
	Dobson	Miss V.	do.	A	do.					15					1✓							do.
234225	Dunford	Mr. F.T.	73 Middleton Hall Road, Kings Norton, Birmingham 30.	A	do.	Motor Mech.	34								1✓							do.
	Dunford	Mrs. P.	do.	A	do.			33							1✓							do.
234226	Dunphy	Mr. E.	129 High Street, Golborne, Nr. Warrington, Lancs.	A	do.	Fitter			35						1✓							do.
234229	Flynn	Mr. G.E.	42 Cavendish Drive, Leytonstone, London E.11.	A	do.	Telephone Lineman	35								1✓							do.
	Flynn	Mrs. I.M.	do.	A	do.			30							1✓							do.
234230	Ford	Miss [illegible]	185 Long Lane, Broughty Ferry, Dundee, Angus.	A	do.	Shop assistant				23							1✓					do.
234231	Gifford	Miss [illegible]	14 Russell Street, Peterborough.	A	do.	Clerical worker				25					1							do.
234232	Gillard	Mr. W.J.	49 Larkhill Lane, Lapham, London, S.W.4.	A	do.	Lineman	34								1✓							do.
	Gillard	Mrs L.D.	do.	A	do.			31							1✓							do.
234233	Goodhew	Mr. [illegible]	45 Stevedale Road, [illegible]	A	do.	Electrician			28						1✓							do.

SOMERSETSHIRE was built in Belfast by Harland & Wolff and launched on the 24th February 1921.
She was requisitioned for WW2 and served as a hospital ship being returned to her owners in 1947.
She was then converted to carry 550 passengers and entered the Government's emigration programme to Australia making her first voyage from Liverpool on the 12th November 1948 with Frank & Terry among the 500 passengers embarked. She docked in Brisbane on the 5th January 1949.
She made 4 return voyages each year until

S.S. RANCHI
Peninsula & Orient Line
Captain A.G. JENKINS
London Tilbury to Sydney Australia
19th August 1949

Form No. 1910/329b. P.M.21

Name of Ship "RANCHI" Page 6. *Date of Departure* 19th August, 1949.

Steamship Line—P. & O. *Where Bound* SYDNEY

NAMES AND DESCRIPTIONS OF **BRITISH** PASSENGERS EMBARKED AT THE PORT OF LONDON

(1) Contract Ticket Number.	(2) Port at which Passengers have contracted to land.	(3) NAMES OF PASSENGERS.	(4) CLASS (whether 1st, 2nd, Tourist or 3rd)	(5) AGES OF PASSENGERS: Adults of 12 years and upwards. Accompanied by Husband or Wife. Males	Females	Not Accompanied by Husband or Wife. Males	Females	Children between 1 and 12. Females	Infants. Males	Females	(6) Last Address in the United Kingdom.	(7) Profession, Occupation or Calling of Passengers.	(8) Country of Last Permanent Residence.* England	Wales	Scotland	Northern Ireland	Eire	British Possessions	Foreign Countries	(9) Country of Intended Future Permanent Residence.*
	Sydney	COONEY, John	Trst.			21					132, Twickenham Road, Kingstanding, Oldham.	Poultry Fmr.	1							Australia
	"	~~CONNELLY, Helen G.~~	"				23				55, Household Road, Mitshill, Glasgow.	~~Stenographer~~			1					"
	Melbourne	CROKER, Walter	"			24					125, Poole Road, Coundon, Coventry.	Fitter	1							"
	Sydney	CADWALLADER, Charles W.	"	42							Meadow View, Ringwood Road, Bear Cross, Bournemouth.	Labourer	1							"
	"	CADWALLADER, Grace	"		46						-do-	Housewife	1							"
	"	CADWALLADER, Frances G.	"					9			-do-		1							"
	"	CLARK, Phyllis	"				42				Garrett Street, Cawsand, nr. Plymouth.	Housewife	1							"
	"	CLARK, Shirley	♀				14				-do-		1							"
	"	CLARK, Barry	"					10			-do-		1							"
	"	COLLINS, Frank 34528	"	47							33, Donnington Avenue, Coundon, Coventry.	Coach Painter	1							"
	"	COLLINS, Nellie	"		45						- -do-	Housewife	1							"
	"	COLLINS, David F.	"			12					-do-		1							"
	"	CASEWELL, Edgar J.	"			33					52, Lewisham Road, S.E.13.	Carpenter	1							"
	"	CLEGG, Joseph	"			44					55, Rockfield Rd., Liverpool.	Plumber	1							"
	"	CLIFTON, Walter	"			42					82, St. Georges Sq., S.W.1.	Clerk	1							"
	"	COMPTON, Joyce	"				22				107, Spruce Hills Rd., E.17.	Stenographer	1							"
	Melbourne	CARNEGIE, Andrew	"			31					Mains of Hallhead Corse, by Lumphanan.	Farmworker			1					"
	"	~~COFFEY, Michael~~	"			27					88, Sellons Avenue, N.W.10.	~~Labourer~~	1							"
	"	CUMMINGS, Raymond P.	"			29					10, Alfred Street, Harpurhey, Manchester.	"	1							"
	"	COOPER, Ernest M.	"			23					31, Cloverfield Gardens, Bucksborn.	"			1					"
	"	CLELAND, William H.	"			26					30, ForrestStreet, Shotts.	"	1							"
	"	~~CAMPBELL, Joseph~~	"			28					32, Glenealy Road, Whitehall, Dublin.	~~Plant Op.~~					1			"
	Sydney	COCKELL, George	"			24					17, Meadway, Streethouse, nr. Pontefract.	Textile Wkr.	1							"
	"	CULLEN, George 34529	"			17					66, Axminster Road, N.7.	Station Hand	1							"
	MELBOURNE	COWLISHAW, Pauline F.	"				18				30, Park Ave., Plymstock.	Housewife	1							"
	"	~~CLARKE, James~~	"	36							115, Sherwood Park Road, Mitcham.	~~Labourer~~	1							"
	"	~~CLARKE, Constance M.~~	"		33						-do-	~~Housewife~~	1							"
	"	~~CLARKE, Pamela A.~~	"					8			-do-		1							"
	"	~~CLARKE, Janice H.~~	"					6			-do-		1							"
	"	CAPPELLO, Roasrius J.	"			39					39, Cadley Causeway, Fulwood, Preston.	Carpenter	1							"
	"	CAMPBELL, Elizabeth	"				27				18, Torbane Drive, East Whitburn.	Nurse			1					"
	Melbourne	CAMPBELL, Joseph O.	"			24					Hampden Club, Polygon Road, N.W.1.	Labourer	1							"
	"	COHEN, Woolf	"			35					3, Thirlmere St., Manchester.	Designer	1							"
	"	COX, Jack	"			23					33, Barker Street, Rood End, Oldbury, Birmingham.	Mech. Fitter	1							"
	Sydney	COCK, Audrey M.	"				28				47, AvenueRoad, Park Lane, Norwich.	Housewife	1							"

(28) AUS 25 3

"	CLARK, Phyllis	"	42	Garrett Street, Cawsand, nr. Plymouth.	Housewife	1	
"	CLARK, Shirley	♀	14	-do-		1	
"	CLARK, Barry	"	10	-do-		1	

RANCHI was built for the P & O by Hawthorne Leslie at Newcastle on Tyne and launched on the 24th January 1924. She was requisitioned for WW2 and returned on the 18th July 1947.

In 1948 the P & O signed a 4-year contract to carry UK emigrants to Australia. On the 17th June 1948 she sailed from Tilbury with 950 £10 POMS. During the next four years she made 15 return voyages. Phyllis CLARK boarded SS RANCHI at Tilbury, London and sailed on the 19th August 1949. She disembarked at Sydney Australia on the 17th September 1949

20 Years have Passed – The World is Changing

I was quite taken aback by Millie's enquiry to me. It was 1969 and she was aware that technology was just beginning to move from the record player to the tape recorder and she was fascinated by the idea of recording people in conversation. The problem was that the first tape recorders in the shops in the 1960's were very large, very heavy and could barely be described as portable.

Was it possible, she asked, *to buy a tape recorder that was small enough to carry like a shoulder bag?*

I put that question to our two leading photographic stores in Plymouth – Molland's and Frampton's both in Cornwall Street and the answer surprised me. It was YES! Forty five years later, I still have that little PHILIPS tape recorder and all of Millie's tapes.

Millie left Exeter for Paddington by train on Thursday 24th July 1969 and her BOAC flight for Brisbane was due to leave Heathrow on the following afternoon. In her description of her arrival[46] in Australia she writes,

> *0930 a.m and I am so excited that I do not fancy breakfast. We touch down and the thrill of seeing my sister and her family, whom I have not seen for 20 years, is overwhelming. There they are waiting for the plane - 2½ hours late. Phyllis and Frank; Shirley my niece and her Australian husband John (Smith) and my dear nephew Barry. What a lovely welcome. I feel like a V.I.P.*

Eight years later, in 1977, it was the Queen's Silver Jubilee, but we also learnt that Frank and Phyllis were intending to visit the family in Devon. They planned to emulate Millie's adventure, but time was running out. Millie had been 65 years old when she visited Australia, but Frank Clark would be 70 in 1977 and Phyllis was not a lot younger.

Although I was not entirely aware of the domestic arrangements that were intended to take place, the final outcome was not initially a great success and the focus of everyone's attention was Frank. No one really liked him.

I recall that their visit was almost a re-run of the situation that occurred with Grandma Trethewey. Doris was expected to take on the burden, but with no car and a difficult man, Doris was soon at the end of her tether and demanding that someone else should put them up. I am not sure whether or not Sylvia participated, but it seems rather strange to me that my parents seemed always to stand on the touch-line whilst others struggled and then came to the rescue and took all the praise. Father especially, was incredibly tolerant in allowing smoking in the house, providing ash trays that were not a part of our household bric-a-brac. He provided endless packs of 'tinnies' and even escorted Frank to the local pub – *The Weston Mill Hotel.*

However, my recollections of meeting Frank are not pleasantly nostalgic. He complained more or less continuously about most things, but I do remember him boasting about the life in Brisbane and the fact that the air fares had cost him £1000. Phyllis was a thoughtfully different person and I think that the visit, although welcome, thoroughly unsettled her. Frank died three years later, in 1980 and this brought Phyllis's brief return to England into sharp relief.

[46] Fully documented in Millie's story entitled 'Global Traveller'

It was in this period of his retirement that Father had engrossed himself in the production of a number of oil paintings and I remember it being said that Father had promised to paint a picture of Cawsand and send it to Shirley. I volunteered to go over to Cawsand to capture an image to be copied, but the day I chose was a typical Cornish coastal fog during the summer of 1987. The two images are reproduced here and I well remember the relief engendered at

No.83 when Shirley's letter arrived announcing the safe receipt of an undamaged picture,[47] but I doubt that it did much to assuage Phyllis's regret at ever leaving these shores.

Phyllis's letters of 1981/84 that follow this short text are full of poignancy, yet the younger generations settled into their Australian way of life without difficulty. The exception was Terry. The stories I heard were disturbing and Phyllis conveys her concerns for him quite forcibly. I believe that his troubled life ended tragically. I think I am right in saying that he was found drowned in a lake.[48] No one was quite sure whether it was suicide or an accident brought about by a drunken stupor. Yet Terry held a very prominent position in Phyllis's affections. Shirley and Barry were settled with families of their own, so Phyllis had a number of grandchildren (at least 8), yet the relationship between her children seems to have been difficult.

It is not my role in this story to draw conclusions and often my words are based on no more than vague recollections. Suffice it to say that the TRETHEWEY family from Camels Head in Plymouth has spread one finger across the world to Queensland, Australia, and one day perhaps one of those descendants will ask the question – where do I come from?

[47] Sometime in 1988. This was possibly the last picture that Dad attempted.

[48] There is a very large lake close to Carina Heights that is the result of a major quarrying operation.

183 Winstanley Street, Carina Heights, Brisbane 4152,
Queensland, AUSTRALIA

The following are letters written by Phyllis Clark (née Trethewey) to Nelson and Nellie Trethewey

13th May 1981 *(Phyllis didn't write the year which has been added later by Nellie)*

I have received your sad letter telling me of dear Jim's condition. I myself feared it was cancer when he wrote and told me he had an ulcer. I am very upset at the news. I am very fond of Jim. He has been like a good brother to me over the years. I have enjoyed having him here to stay with us. Jim not eating for quite some time was just like Frank when Jim was here. I think Frank's illness and death affected Jim very much more than I knew. Jim was here for the last six months of Frank's life. I am very thankful for that. He has been gone nearly a year now. I still miss him very much. I think of him every day. Life's not the same now. What does Jim ramble about? Can the doctor understand what he talks about? I would like to know.[49]

I am keeping pretty well. I keep myself busy with housework and garden. I had quite a problem with Terry. When he first came home he was suffering from malnutrition. He just didn't bother about eating when he lived alone. He was so thin and kept saying he was dying. I suppose that's how he felt. He had also taken to drink and would come home drunk. That upset me. I am not used to that. I never had a problem like that with Frank or Barry and I told him so. But with quiet talks with him and patience, he is better now and no longer comes home drunk. He has put on a lot of weight and everybody tells him how well he looks.

Barry and Mary have been very good. They come home during weekends. Mary also phones me nearly every day to see if I'm alright.

I sincerely trust that Jim pulls through. If he is awake when you visit him, tell him we all send our love and best wishes. Our thoughts are with him. Thank you Nelson and Nellie for all you have done. You are both so kind. I am also pleased to know that Millie is alright *(all right).* She is often on my mind.

Fondest love - Phyllis

Sunday 27th *September?* 1981

Thanks for your last letter telling me about Jim's funeral and thanks for having an announcement put in the Evening Herald on our behalf. It was very thoughtful of you. I still find it hard to think that Jim is gone. He was so good, a perfect gentleman. The solicitor sent me out Jim's Will. The amount to be shared is £1981. So much has happened to me in the last eighteen months.

I have not seen Shirley for months. John, her husband, is the trouble. To cover up his guilt he has told the family a lot of lies about me. Loretta came here some time ago and told me what he had said and it wasn't very nice. I never dreamt he could do that to me. I have always been good to them in the past. Shirley's attitude has hurt me very much. I have not been too well lately. I have to go to hospital on October 16th for a couple of days for an operation. It's nothing serious, but it has to be done.

I often see Barry, Mary and Jason. They were here last weekend and Barry took some photos. Jason is one year old now. He is not very big, but is very active. Terry is still here with me.

I am so glad that Millie came to stay *(with you)* for a few days. I had a letter from Eric and he said that Millie was looking well. It's nice to know that.

Love and Best wishes - Phyllis

[49] 'Jim' was Frank's elder brother Robert James CLARK born 1905/2Q Newton Abbot District for Dawlish (21 February). His death is registered in Plymouth in 1981/3Q

14th July 1984

I do hope you are keeping well, as for myself I am well apart from a few aches and pains. Old age I suppose. I am on my own now. A week ago Terry moved out to live with a Yugoslav woman, sharing a two bedroom flat at $114 per week. I think he's mad. I wonder how long it will last. I never see Shirley and her family. I think her husband has seen to that. I haven't seen Barry and Mary for a few weeks now. Mary did ring up a couple of days ago now and said that her children had heavy colds so I won't be seeing them this weekend. Life is rather lonely these days. I often think of Millie, she too is on her own, but she has church interests and that helps.

The weather here is beautiful, bright sunshine and cool. It's lovely. They gave out on the radio today that 256 people have been killed on our roads so far this year. That is in Queensland alone. It's a lot of people. I cannot understand it as we have lovely wide roads. It must be the speed. Our street is a main street and the traffic is very bad. So different to the way it used to be. I suppose that's progress.

I dread the nights. They are so long. If only I could have foreseen the future I would never have left England. I am hoping that Terry will come back, but I doubt it. He has taken all his clothes. I am sorry this is not a cheerful letter, but I will close now.

Fondest love - Phyllis

12th August 1984

First of all 'Many Happy Returns of the Day' for the 20th. I sincerely trust that you are both well. I am living on my own now Terry has moved out to live in a two bedroom flat with a Yugoslav woman. The rent is a hundred dollars a week and they pay half each. The lady rang me up yesterday (Sunday morning) and invited me out to the flat for the day. Her name is Ellen. She is very nice. I think she feels a bit guilty about my being alone.

Saturdays Barry comes to pick me up to take me down to his place for the day which I enjoy very much. Barry's two little boys Jason and Timothy are now 4 and 2 years old. It's about a half-hour drive from here. I haven't seen Shirley and her family for months and months. I think her husband has seen to that. It doesn't worry me, not one bit. I often wish I were home with you. Well, dear Nelson, I will have to close now to get ready to catch the bus to post this letter away.

Fondest love - Phyllis

It has been more than ten years since I first found Phyllis's address on Google Earth and it was a bit of a surprise. Carina Heights is now considered to be a neighbourhood in decline, but a recent visit courtesy of Google Earth seems pleasant enough. The house has a bus stop just across the street identified as Bus Stop No. 47 Macalister Street, but a modern bus map does not replicate that earlier information. The area is about 6 miles from Downtown Brisbane and is roughly in the centre of a four pointed star shaped conurbation with a major river winding through it. This picture is from 2009 whilst on the next page are pictures from 2020.

As with the previous picture, it is uncertain which house is No.183. The grey bungalow is unidentified, whilst the mail box in front of the green roofed bungalow is frustratingly indistinct and could be either 185 or 183, so I have captured BOTH houses.

45 Camlet Street, Mount Gravatt, Brisbane 4122, Queensland, AUSTRALIA

Sunday 24th June 2001

At last I am taking time out to write this letter which is a bit difficult to do. As you are so far away I will try to give you an insight into Mum's passing and the happenings surrounding her death.

John and I last saw Mum on Sunday 3rd June. She looked really good, John even passed a remark on how well she looked. Mum was sitting in a chair as usual and I gave her some food and drink. She seemed fine, but the Sister did tell me that Mum had a sore back. I wasn't in the least concerned as she seemed so relaxed and well.

Wednesday came around and John decided that we would go down to the coast for the day. We arrived home again about 9 p.m. and the phone rang. It was Barry. He had been trying to reach me all day. Then he told me that Mum was very sick and confined to bed. I told Barry I couldn't believe it as she looked so well a few days ago.

Anyway, we got up early on the 7th and drove out to the Nursing Home and went straight to Mum's room. As soon as I saw her I knew this was the end. You can imagine, Auntie, the feelings that were going through me. I notified my family to come and say 'Goodbye' to their Nanna. John and I sat with Mum all day until my three daughters arrived. John went home to take care of the young ones. The four of us sat with Mum holding her hands and gently stroking her hair until she took her last breath at 7 p.m. Mum passed away so peacefully. I will always be glad that we were there.

The next day Barry, Mary and I went to make the funeral arrangements, here at Mount Gravatt. I had to fill out Mum's family history dates and names etc. I hope Grandma's name was Flora Wallace! I chose Mum's casket, a red colour with lovely trims and had it lined with pastel blue, her favourite colour. We also ordered blue and white flowers. I had to make sure that Mum was buried with her wedding ring and gold cross that Dad had bought for her when he was in the Army. It was her wish and I had made this promise to her many, many years ago.

As it was the Queen's Birthday long weekend, the funeral had to be delayed until the 13th June, a Wednesday at 10.30 a.m. Barry requested a 'Graveside Service,' not in the chapel. Barry and I had to give and take on ideas. As Barry has the 'Power of Attorney' over Mum, he had the last word, but that was fine.

Wednesday the 13th June was a beautiful sunny winter's day. Every single family member was there with some friends of the family. The Minister was a really friendly, sociable man and marvelled at Mum's age. He gave a really lovely service. I wrote Mum's Eulogy and Trudi, my youngest daughter, read it for me. Jessica, the girl in your kitchen, read Mum's favourite poem on behalf of the Grandchildren and Great Grandchildren. Mum had learnt it as a child and had passed it down to all us girls in the family. It is called 'Butterfly in the Church.' As Mum was being lowered to join Dad, I requested the song 'Three Times a Lady' to be played and Barry's song was 'Crying in the Chapel.' That was the end of a very sad, but if I may say, a beautiful funeral. If Mum could have seen it she would have said that it was lovely. Everything went perfectly and just what Mum deserved.

After the funeral everyone was invited back to the house for coffee, tea and eats – you know how hungry teenagers can get – but Barry declined to come. I wish he would have come back, it would have been nice for his boys to have met all their cousins, but not to be.

I hope I have explained everything in a way that you can see a picture and not be upset in any way. As I said before, it is difficult to write. Your letter, Auntie arrived on the 15th June, quick going, and your beautiful flowers arrived on the Saturday evening. They were really a lovely large bunch of many varieties of flowers with vibrant colours. As the flowers came from my local shopping centre, I went down and personally thanked the lady, as I am often buying flowers from her. She had made me a lovely arrangement of native flowers earlier in the week which I had bought for Mum from you, as I know that you would have liked that. I carried them to the funeral and placed them on Dad's plaque.

As they are native flowers, in water they last a long time. They are still there, whereas all the rest are dead.

I received a card and a short letter from Auntie Sylvia to which I will send a 'Thank You' card shortly. Thank you Auntie for notifying her. What would I do without you? You have been so good to me over the years and I appreciate everything that you have done for me from the bottom of my heart. You gave Mum and Dad a wonderful holiday when they stayed with you and Uncle. It was one of the highlights in their lives. The hospitality you gave my son Stephen on his visit, he will never forget.

Lots of love – Shirley and John

Shirley and John SMITH married in about 1951 and had SIX children
Loretta c1952 – Stephen c1955 – Paul – Katrina c1963 – Trudi c1966 and Mark 1968

This family is not recorded anywhere else and lacks exact information

Mount Gravatt was south of Carina Heights. The houses were less than 3 miles apart.
This is Shirley's house at 45 Camlet Street, Mount Gravatt in Brisbane in 2009 (above) and 2020 (below) and the sign on the fence says it all. Shirley may no longer be with us.

What dost thou here, thou shining, sinless thing
With many coloured hues and shapely wing?
Why quit the field and open summer air
To flutter here? Thou hast no need of prayer.

'Tis meet that we, who this great structure built,
Should come to be redeemed and washed from guilt,
For we this gilded edifice within
Are come, with erring hearts and stains of sin.

But thou art free from guilt as God on high;
Go, seek the blooming waste and open sky,
And leave us here our secret woes to bear,
Confessionals and agonies of prayer.

Published in 1922 in a book entitled
The Book of American Negro Poetry
Edited by James Weldon JOHNSON (1871-1938)

This aligns with the possibility that it was the one she learnt as a child.

Three Times a Lady

written by Lionel Richie

Recorded by the Commodores on the 1978 album *Natural High* on the Motown label

Crying in the Chapel

written by Artie Glenn in 1953

Recorded by Elvis Presley in 1965

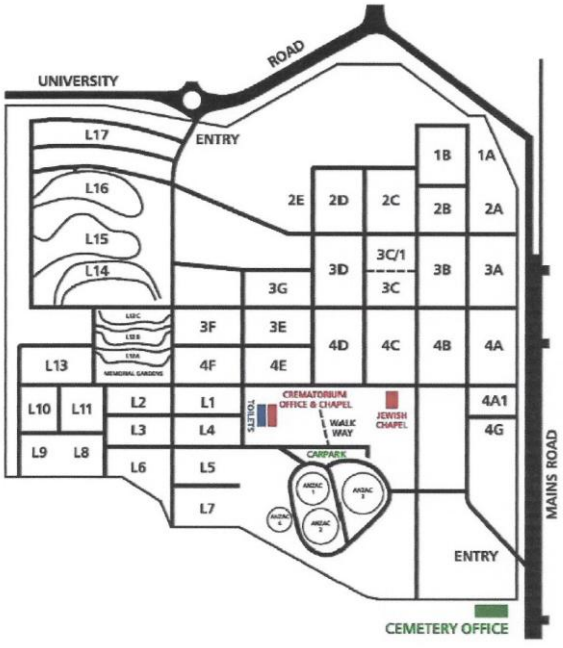
Researched by Cliff Trethewey (nephew) in 2009

Frank CLARK
1907 – 1980
Aged 73 years

Terence Martin CLARK
1931 – 1990
Aged 59 years

Phyllis CLARK (née TRETHEWEY)
1908 – 2001
Aged 93 years

Mt Gravatt Cemetery map



582 Mains Road, Macgregor, BRISBANE, Queensland
It includes the ANZAC Memorial (centre bottom)

In MEMORIAM - A Friendly Face – A Familiar Voice – ALL are now gone

NELSON & FLORA Wallis

Nelson lived at Camels Head for over 60 years. His marriage to Flora fell just short of a Diamond Wedding. He died soon after he was parted from his beloved SWIFT, but that is too simplistic. The reality was that he succumbed to years of rolling his own 'ticklers.' He died in 1961 from a form of lung cancer with no one at his bedside. Only my father had a car and the moor behind South Brent was inaccessible. Flora died soon afterwards. I would like to believe that she could not envisage life without her beloved husband. Her end also came in 1961 at the Freedom Fields Hospital and they were soon re-united with their son Frankie in the Weston Mill Cemetery, almost within sight of Second Avenue, their home for over 50 years.

AMELIA

Sacrificed herself to the school and parish church of the village of Exbourne in mid-Devon. She never married for reasons she didn't divulge, but she gave herself to generations of country children who returned her affection in large measure. After 34 years at the school and a further 20 serving the church she succumbed to personal neglect at the Castle Cottage Hospital in Okehampton. In November 1988 she was buried in the parish churchyard within earshot of the playground of the school she loved.

FRANK & DORA Snowden

Frankie was the family's first great loss and it coincided with the first Blitz on Plymouth in March 1941. He was a treasured brother to my father Nelson and it was from him that I learnt of his life and talents, yet Frankie's marriage to Dora was enigmatic. He didn't tell his brother he was getting married and no one ever told me that Dora was my Aunt, yet she was a familiar figure in the avenues around St. Philip's Church. Frankie lies with his parents in Weston Mill Cemetery whilst Dora married the church choirmaster in 1949, but her end is unknown.

PHYLLIS & FRANK Clark

It is of no consequence what the family thought of Frank Clark, Phyllis was devoted to him. Despite Phyllis's fears, she did see her siblings once more, although Millie made it twice by visiting her In Brisbane, Australia in 1969. Phyllis and Frank came to the UK in 1977. It was the Queen's Silver Jubilee and it was a very long and expensive flight. It did nothing to expunge Phyllis's regret at leaving England. She doggedly refused to take Australian Nationality. Frank died in 1980 and Phyllis endured 20 years of lonely widowhood and was never entirely at ease with her three children. She is buried with her beloved husband in Brisbane – forever Australian.

DORIS & ERIC Sangwell

They made a very straightforward and devoted couple with no pretensions. Neither of them were educated people, yet I suspect that they were quite outgoing, and they complemented each other perfectly. Doris kept a neat and orderly home in a new prefabricated Council house on Blandford Road, Efford from soon after the war. They were not embarrassed by all that the Council did for them, much to the chagrin of her brother Nelson. In retirement they were often seen together enjoying window shopping in the new City Centre and it was always a pleasant and rewarding time spent in their company at home. Eric died 11 days before Millie in 1988 at the Meadowside Nursing Home in the Plymbridge Road, Plympton and Doris could not accept widowhood. Life was not the same without Eric. She eventually died in the same home in Underwood, Plympton in 1998 and they are now buried together in Efford Cemetery and forever close to Blandford Road.

NELSON & HELEN Knott

They will have a story all of their own, but they spent almost their entire married life in one street - Churchway, Weston Mill and close to St. Philip's Church, which Nelson joined in 1920 as an 8 year-old choir boy. He always exhibited a great concern for his sisters, but I am not sure they were always willing to heed the advice that was always on offer. In retirement he rediscovered his love of painting and he took to the challenge of oils with impressive success. He died in St. Luke's Hospice in 1992 with his family around him, but his loss to Helen never healed. She soldiered on because that is what he would have wanted. It was difficult to persuade her to leave Churchway, but Ken succeeded where I failed and she briefly enjoyed the comfort of a lovely bungalow at Torpoint where she died in 2005 in the Greenacres Nursing Home. They both had their ashes scattered within the garden of St. Philip's Church not knowing that the church was doomed to demolition. They are now embedded into the soil of the locality that was home for their lifetime.

SYLVIA & LESLIE Westlake

When I first devised this book Sylvia was the sole survivor. Indeed she provided the impetus for the book and contributed significantly towards it. That was in 2009. In 2015 Sylvia died and closed the book on the Trethewey Family. Sylvia was a war-bride and Leslie was a quiet unassuming man that I wish I had known much better. He had survived Dunkirk, not as a fighting man, but as a medic in the RAMC. He never spoke of it or his subsequent war and when it was over his one objective was to have a settled family life. They found that together in Ashburton, but it was not to be a long life. Leslie died in 1966 not far short of his Silver Wedding. In 1970 Sylvia married again. She was very happy with Bill Aplin and they were married for 44 years. They both died in the same Rock Care Nursing Home in Buckfastleigh in 2014 and 2015.

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