

# **Book 3**

**“Once upon a time”**

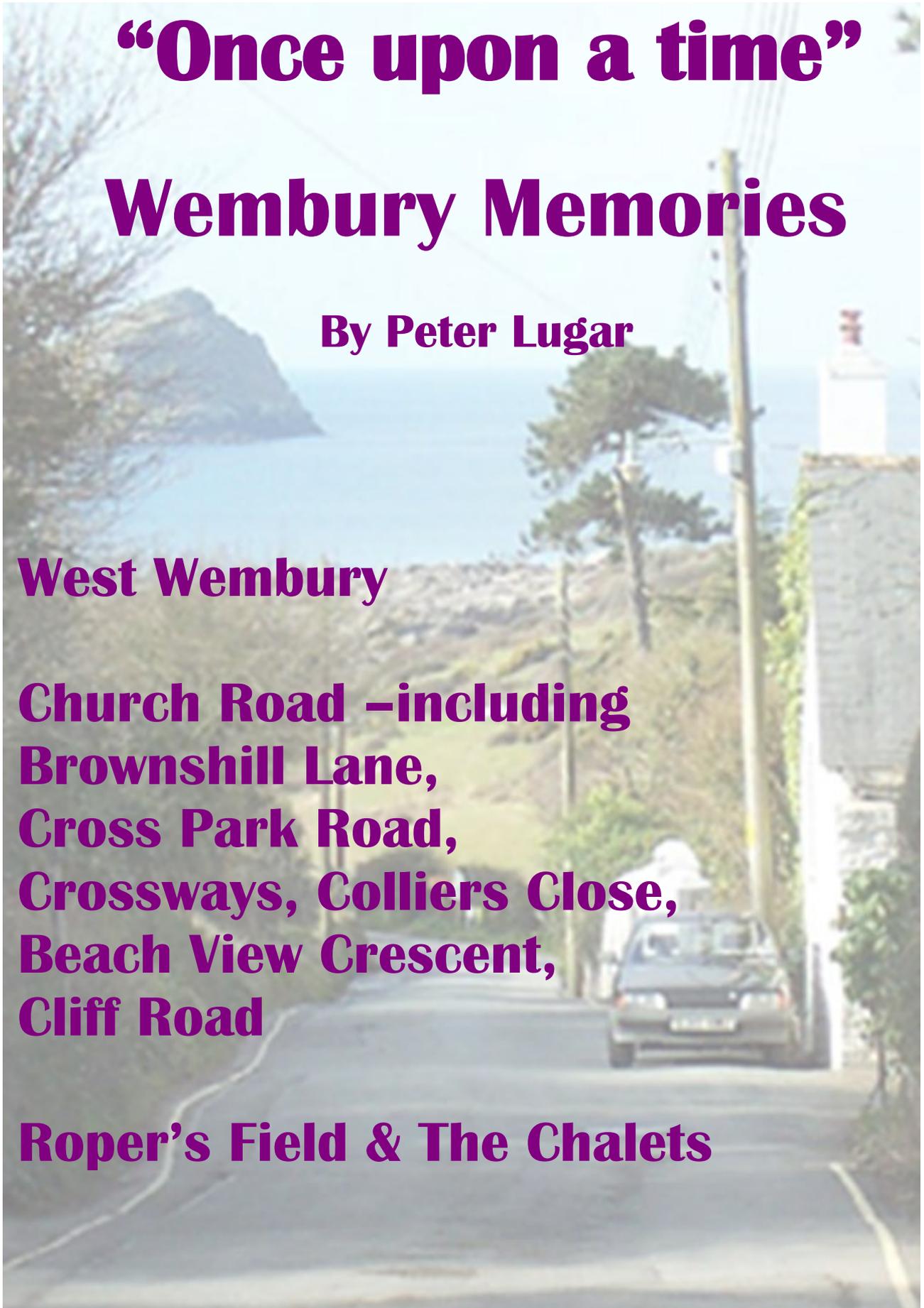
## **Wembury Memories**

**By Peter Lugar**

**West Wembury**

**Church Road –including  
Brownhill Lane,  
Cross Park Road,  
Crossways, Colliers Close,  
Beach View Crescent,  
Cliff Road**

**Roper’s Field & The Chalets**



# WEMBURY MEMORIES

## Foreword

These books, which now number ten, started about five years ago when I decided that photographs which were scattered all over the house should be brought together in one place. I then decided that each photograph should have a little written account of the scene or event. After filling one quite large photograph album I decided that the system needed to be more flexible where pages could be added and the categories altered as the system expanded. The A4 clip folders and punched pockets proved to be absolutely ideal for this purpose. As more and more memories came flooding back the written work was beginning to far outstrip the photographic work. I also realised that there were now very few of us left in Wembury who had been born here and grew up in the village in the 1940s and 1950s and that really a record needed to be made of what life was like in those days just after the war when we were going through our 'austere period'.

Quite a lot of the photographs were in my parents' collection and I have accumulated a lot more. Some have been lent to me to copy by friends, some have come from the internet. I have augmented these with quite a lot of new photographs. The 'Memories' are now interspersed with 'Snippets of History' and in some places my own observations and ideas. I don't think that I would have attempted this project without my 'I Mac' computer which has proved to be a godsend, although I always had it in mind to write an account of what it was like to be an eight year old in Wembury right in the middle of the twentieth century.

**Peter Lugar**

**November 2005**

**“Once upon a time when the bird shit lime  
and the monkey chewed tobacco .....**”

**These books are dedicated to Elsie,  
and many others like her, who have  
gone before us in this place.**

**(The story of Elsie may be found in books 2 and 9)**

# WEMBURY MEMORIES – BOOK 3 - CONTENTS

## WEST WEMBURY, CHURCH ROAD, ROPER’S FIELD, CHURCH WOOD.

3/001 View of West Wembury .doc  
3/002 West Wembury Cottages 1900s .doc  
3/003 West Wembury Cottages 2006 .doc  
3/004 West Wembury Cottages .doc  
3/005 The Toogood's Car .doc  
3/006 The Toogoods .doc  
3/007 West Wembury Farmhouse .doc  
3/008 West Wembury Farmhouse 1995 .doc  
3/009 West Wembury Farm 1927 .doc  
3/010 West Wembury Farmhouse - Granite Quons.doc  
3/011 West Wembury Shippen .doc  
3/012 West Wembury Shippen 1997 .doc  
3/013 The Old Post Office then & now 1960/2005.doc  
3/014 The Post Office & Square 2005 .doc  
3/015 Wembury Stores & Post Office 2009 .doc  
3/015a The Square 1978 .doc  
3/016 Air Raid Shelters .doc  
3/017 "Sylstan" .doc  
3/018 "Little Sylstan" .doc  
3/019 "Willowhayes" .doc  
3/020 "Sunnydale" .doc  
3/021 Punch & Rocket .doc  
3/022 West Wembury Cottage 1952 .doc  
3/023 West Wembury Cottage 1995 .doc  
3/024 West Wembury Cottage and Square .doc  
3/025 West Wembury Cottage Re-roofing 2008 .doc  
3/026 The Drakes at West Wembury Cottage .doc  
3/027 Private Sydney Oliver .doc  
3/028 Memories of Ruby Oliver .doc  
3/029 Church Road, The Square to Greenbank doc.  
3/030 Brownhill Lane.doc  
3/031 Church Road from Earlville to Hill Crest .doc  
3/032 Cross Park Road .doc  
3/033 Colliers Close .doc  
3/034 Crossways and Valley Drive.doc  
3/034a Looking up Church Road.doc  
3/035 Hillcrest to Beach View Crescent .doc  
3/036 Harvest Scene .doc  
3/037 Beach View Crescent .doc  
3/038 No.26 Beach View Crescent .doc  
3/039 No.24 Beach View Crescent .doc  
3/040 No.20 Beach View Crescent .doc  
3/041 Beach View Crescent in the snow 1961 .doc  
3/042 Windy Ridge 1961 & 2005 .doc  
3/043 Windy Ridge 1937 .doc  
3/044 Windy Ridge 1947 (1) .doc  
3/045 Windy Ridge 1947 (2) .doc  
3/046 Beach View Crescent, Snow 1947.doc  
3/047 Beach View Crescent, Brownies 1947.doc  
3/048 Alta Vista (1) 1940s .doc  
3/049 Alta Vista (2) 1940s .doc  
3/050 Alta Vista (3) 1940s .doc  
3/051 Alta Vista (4) 1940s .doc

# WEMBURY MEMORIES – BOOK 3 - CONTENTS

## WEST WEMBURY, CHURCH ROAD, ROPER’S FIELD, CHURCH WOOD.

3/052 Alta Vista (5) 1940s .doc  
3/053 Alta Vista (6) 1940s .doc  
3/054 Alta Vista 1950s Swinging Seat .doc  
3/055 Alta Vista 1950s, Back Garden .doc  
3/056 Alta Vista Garden 1950s.doc  
3/057 Nina & Windy Ridge 1950s .doc  
3/058 View of Beach View Crescent from Cliff Road 1960 .doc  
3/059 No.8 Beach View Crescent .doc  
3/060 No.6 Beach View Crescent .doc  
3/061 No.7 Beach View Crescent .doc  
3/062 No.5 Beach View Crescent .doc  
3/063 No.3 Beach Biew Crescent .doc  
3/064 The End of the Road .doc  
3/065 Beach View Crescent to Cliff Road.doc  
3/066 Cliff Road .doc  
3/066a Wooden Asbestos & Corrugated Iron Dwellings.doc  
3/067 Cliff Road to Bay Cottage .doc  
3/068 Bottom of Church Road 1900s .doc  
3/069 Bottom of Church Road 2005 .doc  
3/070 Bottom of Church Road 1920s & 1940s .doc  
3/071 Bay Cottage 1909 & 1960.doc  
3/072 Bay Cottage .doc  
3/073 Bay Cottage Views 2008 .doc  
3/074 Bay Cottage 'Pill Box'.doc  
3/075 Bay Cottage Advertisement 1970 .doc  
3/076 Roper's Bungalow 1949 & 1978.doc  
3/077 Roper's Bungalow and Field .doc  
3/078 Plan of Roper's Field 1950s .doc  
3/079 Roper's Field from the North - 1940s .doc  
3/080 Roper's Bungalow 1996 &1997.doc  
3/081 Roper's Field,The End.doc  
3/082 Langdon Mill, Dora's Picture .doc  
3/083 Wembury Church from the Water Meadow .doc  
3/084 Wembury Church from the Valley .doc  
3/085 Wembury Bay from Beach View Crescent .doc  
3/086 Wembury Bay with Church & Mewstone .doc  
3/087 'Wembury' by Laura Calmady .doc  
3/088 Pump Hill 1949 & 2005 .doc  
3/089 The Chalets .doc  
3/090 The Chalets 2008 .doc  
3/091 Bovisand Lodge Advertisement 1970 .doc

## VIEW OF WEST WEMBURY - 1920s

This view of West Wembury was taken from the higher fields of Train Farm sometime in the 1920s. It is nearing the end of the harvest, there are only a few stooks left in the field, most have already been taken in for threshing.

On the extreme left in the mid ground can be seen West Wembury Farmhouse and the two large barns. The left hand one has lost its pitched roof, it now has a flat corrugated roof, and has been made into garages. The right hand one has been made into a dwelling and occupies the corner of the site and dominates the east end of the 'Square'. Moving right, the next block of buildings are the calving houses which were made into the Post Office, shop and living accommodation. Next to that is what is now West Wembury Cottage, and the farm building to the right and further down the slope is what is now 'Sunnydale'. Above this, and in pristine whiteness, is the Parish Room which at the time had only been in place a dozen or so years. The large building on the right is the School which was built in 1874 at a cost of £934, and served the village up until the early 1960s.

Some development has taken place further up Church Road on the skyline, and the telephone had arrived which is evidenced by the telegraph poles at intervals going down towards Ford, these continued up the other side of the valley to Mount Pleasant where the telephone exchange was sited.



## WEST WEMBURY COTTAGES - 1900s

The photograph below shows West Wembury Cottages as they were in the early 1900s.

The left hand pair are quite recognisable to day. The one on the far left (“Ruskin Cottage”) has its front door on the extreme left with a canopy over. In the 1940s this doorway was made into window and the door moved around to the side. The one next door (“Radcot”) has since gained a canopy over the front door which can be seen in the more up to date photograph.

On both cottages the upper windows have now been enlarged and made into dormers with little pitched roofs. The chimney in the photograph is a central one serving both of these cottages.

The right hand pair have changed dramatically. In 1910 they were rebuilt in the Edwardian style and the left hand one of the pair is named “Coronation Cottage” in honour of King George V whose Coronation took place that year. The thatched roofs are gone and the roofline has been raised, the arrangement of windows and doors has also been changed, and there are now chimneys on the gable ends.

The right hand one the pair was named “The Cottage” but recently (in 2004) has been renamed “Leafy Cottage”.

The little lean to shed on the right of the picture is still there although the pitch of its roof has been reduced so that it is now higher at the front (a 1960s innovation).



## WEST WEMBURY COTTAGES - 2006

The photograph below shows West Wembury Cottages as they are today, and should be looked at in conjunction with the photograph from the early 1900s.

The hedges have been allowed to grow unchecked so a lot of the lower detail is not visible. The left hand pair of cottages are largely as they were in the earlier photograph the main difference being that the upper windows have been enlarged and made into dormers. On the lower level, "Radcot" has gained a canopy over the front door and "Ruskin Cottage" on the extreme left has lost its canopy and the door has been made into a window. I can remember this being done in the 1940s just after the Russells moved in. The central chimney is still there and has gained a couple of pots. It is now almost blocked from view by the higher roofline of the two right hand cottages.

The right hand pair have changed dramatically. In 1910 they were substantially rebuilt in the Edwardian style, the left hand one of the pair being named "Coronation Cottage" as it was the year of the coronation of King George V.

The little lean to shed on the right of the picture has had the the pitch of its roof reduced so that it is now higher at the front (a 1960s innovation).

UPVC windows and doors have also made an impact on all but "Coronation Cottage".



## WEST WEMBURY COTTAGES

The photograph below was taken in March 1995

These cottages were always collectively known as West Wembury Cottages even though each one had it's own name They were named from the right: "The Cottage", "Coronation Cottage", "Radcot" and "Ruskin Cottage". Now they are also numbered 6, 8, 10, and 12 Church Road, respectively.

The first two cottages are double fronted and are quite substantial being of a much later date than the other two. They were built in 1910 in the Edwardian style. Hence the name "Coronation Cottage" in honour of the Coronation of King George V in that year. There is a photograph of about 1900 showing much older cottages on the site, more in keeping with the others.

In the 1950s they were occupied by:

The Cottage - Mr and Mrs Toogood (Ken and Violet) They had two daughters Maureen and Sonia. Mrs Toogood was involved with the St John Ambulance and used to run a group on a weekly basis in the Parish Room. Quite a lot of the village children attended where they learnt how apply dressings, bandages and slings, how to splint broken limbs, and give artificial respiration (this was before the days of mouth to mouth resuscitation!). Mr Toogood I think was a fitter in the Dockyard. In the early 1950s Maureen got married to Mr Basil Humphries who lived in 'The Nook' down Church Road. They had their wedding reception in the old village hall (the hut). As children, we had never seen a wedding before, so there were several small faces pressed up against the windows watching the proceedings going on inside! Firstly they lived in rented accommodation in Plymouth and for while, in my parents cottage, No.2 Watergate, later on they had the first bungalow built in "Crossways" off Church Road (which is actually now the second bungalow in on the left hand side). In 1953 Sonia got married to Roger Harris, who was a Petty Officer in the Royal Navy, he went on to become an Officer, and in the 1970s was the Navigating Officer in the Royal Yacht Britannia. They also had a bungalow built in Crossways, next door to Maureen and Basil (third one in on the left). The foundations had to be sunk to about 14 feet as the bungalow was built over a filled in wartime bomb crater.

Ken died in 1964 aged 66, Violet outlived him by 20 years, dying in 1984 aged 82.

'The Cottage' now in 2005 is renamed 'Leafy Cottage', which is a little more imaginative!



Coronation Cottage - Mr and Mrs Beer, he was called Arnold, I do not what her name was, but she was a "Milden" before her marriage. They had lived in Coronation Cottage for many years, and were now in retirement. They had a grown up daughter called Lilian, who I think got married later on quite late in life. I do not know what Arnold did for a living but rather suspected that it was something to do with the land. They were an old Wembury family, in the 1881 census there was a William Beer aged 67, Farmer, Miller, at Wembury Mill and another William Beer, Farmer, aged 33 with a wife and son living in 'a cottage at Knighton' Arnold died in 1970 aged 83, and is interred at Drake Memorial Park.

Radcot - Old Mr Wood lived here, he was the father of Bert Wood, who was married to Muriel (née Drake) and lived in the School House, and they had a daughter called Maureen. He never seemed to be the happiest of people, always coming out of his door like a thing possessed and shouting and waving a huge stick at us children on our way home from school, if we were making a noise in the road outside. (which was invariably the case because of the never failing reaction) When he died, the Russells (in Ruskin Cottage, next door) bought Radcot and whilst not converting them completely into one cottage, had them interconnected, so that Mrs Russell's sister could come there and live and still have a certain degree of independence. In the 1950s after Mr Russell died, the cottages were put back into two separate dwellings and Radcot was sold to Mr and Mrs Staples (Mervyn and Edna) from Plymstock. They had two children, Marilyn and Andrew. They had a television set and we children used to look in wonderment at it through the window as we went by on our way home from Scouts. Mervyn was a marvellous craftsman in metal, and did the most beautiful wrought iron work, he was also a gifted artist. He could make roses out of sheet metal that were so delicate, that when he expertly painted them, they were hard to tell from the real thing. Unfortunately Mervyn was not always in the best of health so his wonderful gift had to remain as a hobby. I think that he was only in his late forties when he died. Edna died in her fifties, she had gone into hospital for a routine operation and very sadly died on the operating table. Marilyn then sold the cottage, as she was by then married and living in her own house in Southland Park Road. Recently (2003) the cottage was bought by her daughter Debbie, who now lives there with her husband and little daughter.

/ Ruskin cottage .....

The Photograph below, shows the cottages viewed from the west, was also taken in March 1995.



Ruskin Cottage - Mr and Mrs Russell lived here, (Walter and Mary). They had a daughter called Joy, who was a nurse. The Russells had a lot of work done to the cottage after they moved in. The window on the left at the front of the house, was at one time, the front door, which led into a passage that went the depth of the house with the living room opening off it. They had this made into a window and the side door became the only door to the house. The passageway wall was taken down to enlarge the living room, and an extra window was put into the side of the cottage, to bring more light into the newly enlarged room, above it a little oriel window was inserted to bring extra light into the bedroom. Mrs Russell worked at the village school as caretaker, she also helped out with playground duties and with school dinners, and was much loved by all the children.

Mr Russell died in 1950 aged 63, Mrs Russell outlived him by 28 years, dying in 1978 aged 77. Joy died in 1986 at the quite early age of 54, her ashes are interred with her parents.

The Photograph below, shows the cottages viewed from the west, was taken in June 2005.



## THE TOOGOOD'S CAR

Ken and Violet Toogood lived in the westernmost cottage in the row comprising West Wembury Cottages. Ken was a fitter in the dockyard and retired in the early 1960s, in the late 1950s he bought a car which was his pride and joy. A hard standing was made for it in front of the cottage by removing the garden wall to the right of the gateway and concreting over that part of the garden. The photograph to the left shows Ken posing alongside the car on the hard standing.

After Ken died in 1964 the car was sold, the garden wall rebuilt and the garden reinstated. The photograph to the right shows the same view taken in March 2007.



The bottom photograph was taken in 1960 and shows Ken's Son-in-Law, Basil Humphreys, posing alongside the car on the road in front of the cottage.



## THE TOOGOODS

More snapshots from the album of the Toogoods who occupied the westernmost one of West Wembury Cottages, which was named "The Cottage"! Working clockwise from the top left:

Top Left - Mrs Toogood and Sonia in the garden of "The Cottage", they must have going somewhere 'posh' judging by the best frocks and hats being worn! The field behind them is now built over and forms part of Mewstone Avenue and quite a lot of Barton Close.

Top Right - Mrs Toogood in Church Walk Wood in June 1960 with two of her grandchildren, Martin and Steven Harris, sons of her daughter Sonia. See the church in the distance, and behind to the right, one of Bob Stansell's original chalets built with timber from trees that had been felled on site.

Bottom Right - Chimney sweeping at "The Cottage" in 1953.

Bottom Left - Mrs Toogood with her St John Ambulance Brigade in 1948. She is in the back row wearing a beret, the other lady in a hat is Mrs Ayre from "Four Corners".



## WEST WEMBURY FARMHOUSE

This photograph was taken in March 1995. West Wembury Farmhouse is Grade II listed, and is a very substantial stone built house with a slate hung front elevation.

For many years now it has been in the ownership of the Smallridge family, and the farm, which was quite extensive, was worked up until the late 1970s. In the early 1930s John Henry Smallridge took over the farm from Mr and Mrs Pursley and ran it with his son Jack. In the 1950s we remember Mr Jack Smallridge and his wife very well, also his son Godfrey who still lives in the house, Godfrey married Muriel in the 1950s and I think that there were two daughters. There was another son called Harry who we didn't know too well, I think that he lived out towards Brixton or Plympton.

Most days the cows were taken past the school on their way to and from the pasture for milking. Sometimes they had to be taken to pastures via Church Road which always caused havoc with the traffic, usually with the bus getting involved as well!

I can also remember '*Rocket*' the carthorse, who always seemed to be grazing in one the fields off Church Road. At one time there was another horse called '*Punch*'. Back then most farms in the village had large draft horses, my Father had two, '*Ben*' and '*Blossom*', and I know that Fred Rowland had one called '*Lion*'. I am Sure that Ben Clifton had at least one, and there was also one at the Smithy.

On the far end of the farmhouse was a self-contained flat, which back then was occupied by the Gilbert Family. There was Jack and Nancy, I can't really remember what Jack did for a living, he was a very accomplished pianist, and gave piano lessons. He also played the organ at the church which prior to 1952 had to be hand pumped, it was a bit later in the 1950s that there was a great falling out between him and the vicar and he resigned the post, (in the middle of the Sunday Morning service, if rumour is to be believed) which was then taken on by Miss Maynard the Headmistress at the School. He and Nancy had two sons, Roderick, who was about the same age as my older brother, Jim, and Julian, who was a couple of years younger than me. I believe that they eventually went to live at Hooe.



## WEST WEMBURY FARMHOUSE

This photograph was taken in March 1995.

West Wembury Farmhouse is Grade II listed, and is a very substantial stone built house with a slate hung front elevation.

The stone wall in the foreground now fills the old gateway through which the cows were taken to and from their pastures twice a day for milking. The old farmyard is very much overgrown, and the recent bungalow development can be clearly seen behind the farmhouse. The row of conifers on the right of the photograph is relatively new, and is presumably there to maintain a certain degree of privacy.

I can remember a hand made sign to the right of the gate advertising fresh farm eggs for two shillings and sixpence a dozen (twelve and a half pence in today's money).



## WEST WEMBURY FARM 1927

This photograph was taken in 1927 for the Sales Catalogue for the sale of the Langdon Estate which took place after the death of Richard Wallis Cory in December of 1926.

His only son and heir, George Wallis Cory who was a Captain in the Royal Artillery, tragically died in 1907 aged 23, he was unmarried. On the death of Richard therefore, the Cory dynasty in Wembury was brought to an end.

The Farmhouse is Grade II listed, and is a very substantial stone built house of the 18th century, with a slate hung front elevation, granite quoins, and 19th century sash windows.

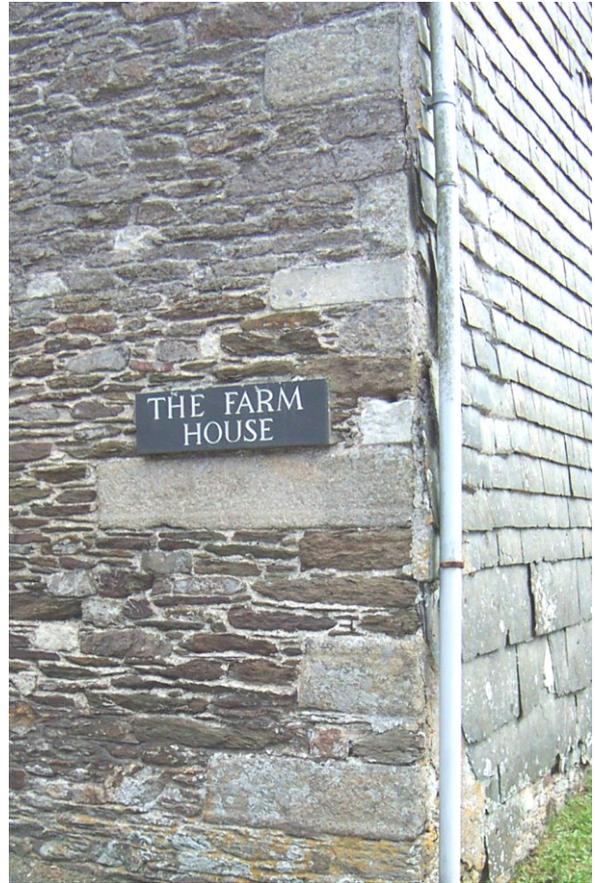
The large barn on the left is still there but now has a flat roof, and seems to have been converted into garages. The old shippen to the extreme left has been converted into domestic accommodation and is now called "Shippen Cottage".

The farmyard used to open out on to the square, and all of the buildings shown in the picture could be clearly seen. Since then the gateway has been blocked off and the growth of trees and shrubs etc., has now almost obscured the yard and farmhouse from view.



## WEST WEMBURY FARMHOUSE – GRANITE QUOINS

The photographs below, of the north gable of the farmhouse, shows clearly where recycled pieces of granite have been used as corner stones. These probably came from the original Wembury House which had been allowed to fall into ruin in the 17<sup>th</sup> century and provided a ready supply of worked granite used in many applications throughout the village.



## WEST WEMBURY SHIPPEN

This photograph was taken in February 2006

On the left is the old shippen at West Wembury Farm which was converted into residential accommodation in the 1970s

On the right is 'Havannas' which is now a beauty parlour, whilst the shop and post office are now contained in the extension on the side. The ground floor window straight ahead used to be the entrance to the Shop and Post Office in the 1940s and 1950s. There was a simple corrugated iron shelter outside which contained the Parish Notice Board and the bus timetable. The sill of the upstairs window was much lower (at floor level) and it was in this part that Vic Smith had the Post Office moved up to in the late 1940s. Also up there were postcards, stationery, and haberdashery items, sweets, china and glassware, candles and wicks for oil lamps and other non-food items

The garden of the shop occupied the space now taken up by the first two bungalows, and extended out to about halfway between the two broken white lines in the photograph. The corner of the garden was just about opposite the corner of the shippen and it was here that there was an enormous yew tree that used to foul the telegraph lines before they were put underground. The wall continued up to the gate by Ruskin Cottage and the area enclosed was a part of Mr Smallridge's field. This field contained yet another bomb crater, but not as big as the one in the field behind the old Village Hall.

At this end of the shippen, the low wall continued at the edge of the road all the way up to the small gate into the farm, there was no pavement. There was a gateway right by the shippen and this went into a large open area outside of the big window which was then occupied by a set of black wooden doors, as was the window above. In this space, towards the extreme left of the photograph, there was a large red brick air raid shelter. The window openings down the side of the shippen were filled with black wooden ventilation slats, which could be slid open, and above each, an opaque glass panelled section. On the wall of the shippen there used to be an enamelled plate indicating that Mr Smallridge's herd had been Tuberculin Tested.



## WEST WEMBURY SHIPPEN

This photograph was taken in July 1997

This was the old shippen at West Wembury Farm which was converted into residential accommodation in the 1970s. The gate into the farmyard used to go through where the stone wall is in the photograph, in fact the line of the left side of the old gateway can clearly be seen in the wall.



### WINDOW DETAIL

The photograph below illustrates how well the shippen at was constructed. The segmental arch over the window opening is beautifully formed using alternate long and short stones. This is one of three windows on the north side of the building. They were originally filled with wooden sliding ventilation shutters of vertical slats, painted black, occupying the lower two thirds of the space. The remaining third was filled with a three light horizontal fanlight of opaque glass. At the east end of the building are two more graceful arches, the lower one of an even wider span where the loading doors used to be.



The quality of these buildings, originally constructed for farm animals, were in many cases, far better than many of the cottages that the labourers had to live in.

THE OLD POST OFFICE - THEN AND NOW (1960 / 2005)

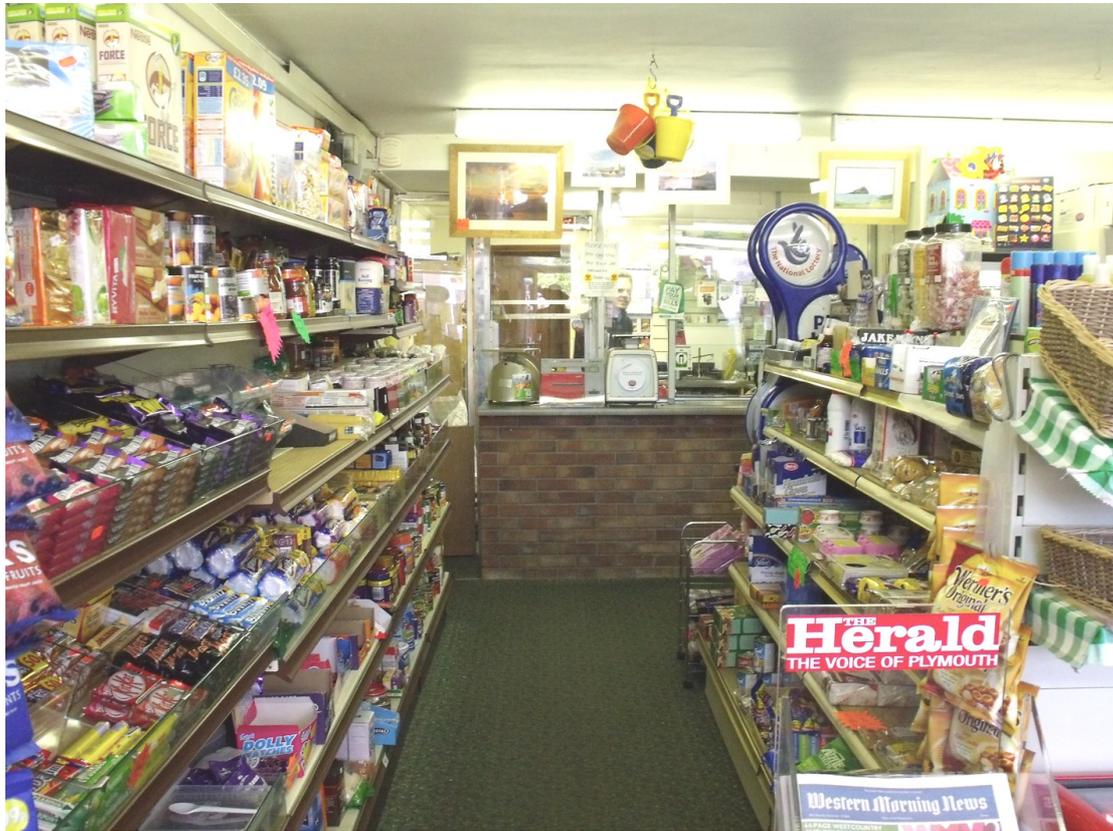


THE POST OFFICE AND THE SQUARE 2005



WEMBURY STORES AND POST OFFICE - 2009

We are deeply indebted to Chris, Kay, and our young Postmaster James, for the friendly service they provide for us at the Post Office.





## THE SQUARE 1978

This view of The Square was taken by Christopher Drew in 1978. It was originally a coloured slide which I have converted to a photograph, so any lack of clarity is attributable to me rather than Christopher!

West Wembury Farmhouse on the right of the photograph, is now Grade II listed, and is a very substantial stone built house with a slate hung front elevation.

The gate to the yard is open, through which the cows were taken to and from their pastures for milking. This ritual took place twice daily when the cows were brought from whichever meadow they were in, to the shippen. This usually meant that drivers had sit patiently in their vehicles whilst the herd was moving on the public roads.

The milk crates stacked up against the wall of the shippen are nothing to do with the farm. Every day the Milkman, Dennis Little would off load crates of empty bottles from the milk float here, so that the full crates further in became accessible. When I worked for him in the mid 1950s, we used to do another off load halfway down Church Road but the crates back then were made of heavy duty galvanised steel wire, not plastic. The crates would be picked up on the return trip to the Dairy

I can remember a hand made sign to the right of the gate advertising fresh farm eggs for two shillings and sixpence a dozen (twelve and a half pence in todays money).

Now of course the gate is gone, and sadly the farm is no more, there are no more milking herds, and the shippen has become a dwelling.



## AIR RAID SHELTERS

This is one of only about four air raid shelters left in Wembury, there were at one time over a dozen of them.

They were of redbrick construction with a flat roof in reinforced concrete. The walls were eighteen inches thick and they usually comprised a narrow passage with two rooms coming off it. Depending the shape and size of the site they were either arranged as a shortish passage with a room on each side, or a long passage with both rooms coming off one side. The latter seemed to be the preferred option. I think that the idea of the two rooms was to segregate the sexes, how this worked in practice, I have no idea. Where the two rooms were together on one side of the passage there was an opening between them. At the end of the shelter remote from the passage there was a 'soft spot' in the outer wall so that in the event of the entrance being cut off by debris the bricks could easily be removed to effect an escape. In the case of those shelters with a room on each side of the passage, there had to be two 'soft spots'

This one is to the left hand side of the Parish Room and is the long passage with two rooms coming off one side variety! I can remember going into this one when I was about thirteen years old for an illicit smoke before catching the school bus one morning, there were two or three of us and we thought that we were being quite daring.

The house peeping over the top of the shelter was the first house to be built in Wembury after the war. It was built for the Cutchees, Sylvia and Stan, who called the house "Sylstan". As children we used to stand there for ages on our way to and from school to watch the building work in progress. It was something that we had never seen happening before!

Mrs Cutchee was the first cook at Wembury School when it went over to self-catering. She and Stan were both very involved with the Wembury United Football Club in the 1940s and 1950s.



## “SYLSTAN”

The photograph below was taken in June 2005

This was the first house to be built in the village after the War. On our way to and from Wembury School we used to stop and watch the work going on for what seemed ages as we had never seen anything like it before. Things like the cement mixer chugging around on its little two stroke engine, and men carrying hods loaded with bricks up the ladder onto the scaffolding. Small off cuts of timber and discarded nails were often taken home

The house was built for Mr and Mrs Cutchee, Stan and Sylvia, hence the name Sylstan. I don't know what Stan did for a living but he became very involved with the Wembury United Football Team. Mrs Cutchee later became the head cook at Wembury School when it went over to self catering in the mid 1950s.



## “LITTLE SYLSTAN”

The photograph below was taken in June 2005

In the late 1950s Stan and Sylvia Cutchee found that “Sylstan” was too big for just the two of them so they had a smaller house built on the adjoining plot. On this plot used to stand one of the school air raid shelter which was for the use of the girls in the event of an air raid. The one at the other side of the school for the boys had been demolished as soon as the war was over, but this one remained for quite a few years afterwards, in fact Mrs Woods who lived in the School House used to use it as a chicken house.

The plot was very steep as was the one that Sylstan was built on. and because it was quite narrow as well, the garage had to be incorporated into the house, and in fact was in the part that projects out on the right of the building. Because the plot is so steep the ground floor is well below the level of the road, and therefore the garage went into the upstairs of the house. We all thought that this was quite novel, but then found that in places like Newton Ferrers and Noss Mayo this is very often the case!

As the house was a lot smaller than the one they had vacated they called it “Little Sylstan”



## “WILLOWHAYES”

This photograph was taken in June 2005

My first memories of Willowhayes are from the late 1940s when the house was occupied by Mrs Nicholas, who was by then retired but had been Headmistress of Wembury School from the late 1920s to the late 1940s. She was friendly with my parents and I remember going to the house on a few occasions for tea. We children were allowed to roam freely in the garden leaving the grown ups to their social intercourse. I remember especially a big black water tank that there was behind the house, and the imagination ran riot speculating on the sort of creatures that might be lurking within. Mrs Nicholas had a daughter called Elaine who was a lot older than us, and she married Bob Giles, the son of Robert Giles of Princes Farm at Down Thomas. Mr Nicholas had died in 1941, he was cremated, which was not the norm in those days and his ashes scattered on Wembury Beach.

Mrs Nicholas died in November 1948, and the house was sold. The next people I remember being there was in the mid 1950s, and that was Commander and Mrs Goodge, He was in the Royal Navy, electrical specialisation, I believe. They were both very striking people in that they were both very tall. I don't remember seeing any children around, although if there were any they would probably have been at boarding school. They were very nice people and got involved in village life, as regular churchgoers, and Mrs Goodge running the Girl Guides. He got involved with the electrical wiring of the old stable outside of the church when it was converted into a Sunday Schoolroom in about 1956. They would always stop and offer a lift if they were in their car and you were at a bus stop (cars were not too plentiful in the village back then). Later in the decade or in the early 1960s, he was promoted to Captain and was appointed to a post outside of the area and so the house was sold and they and moved away.



## “SUNNYDALE”

The photograph below was taken in June 2005

At one time the buildings comprising Sunnydale, West Wembury Cottage and the Shop and Post Office were all part of West Wembury Farm.

In about 1926 it was bought, along with a lot of other cottages in Knighton, by a Mrs McMenemy who converted the buildings in the square into a General Store with living accommodation, and the other part of that ‘L’ shaped block, into a separate dwelling, which was very imaginatively named “The Bungalow”. It was, in fact, a single storied dwelling so was probably the forerunner of all the bungalows that would be built in Church Road in the following years.

The buildings on the other side of the West Wembury Cottage (the east side) were made into another dwelling which we now know as Sunnydale.

In the 1940s and 1950s Mrs Hilda Loram lived in Sunnydale, she was a tailoress by trade, and did much work for people in the village. She had a son, Donald who sadly was killed during the war and whose name is on the War Memorial in the Church. Her daughter Joyce was a few years older than me and worked in the offices of Spooners of Plymouth. She married Roy Burgess in the late 1950s and they set up home in Sunnydale with Hilda. Mr Loram (Charlie) for some reason did not live in Wembury but preferred to live in Devonport, and this he continued to do until after Hilda died (1966), and when he was too old to look after himself, he moved into Sunnydale with Joyce and Roy who by this time had a couple of children. Joyce very sadly died in 1989 at the age of 55, Charlie had already gone to meet his maker, ten years previously. Roy eventually remarried, sold the house and moved on.



## PUNCH AND ROCKET

This photograph of *Punch* and *Rocket* the two farm horses at West Wembury Farm was taken in the early 1950s.

They are shown with Mr Jack Smallridge on Upper Ford Road the Parish Room and West Wembury Cottage can be clearly made out in the background.

Back then most farms in the village had large draft horses, my Father had two, *Ben* and *Blossom* at Old Barton and Thorn, and I know that Fred Rowlands had one called *Lion* at Train Farm. I am sure that Ben Clifton had at least one at Knighton Farm, and there was also one at the Smithy.



## WEST WEMBURY COTTAGE - 1952

A familiar sight in 1952, the cows being taken back to pasture after milking. This photograph is of Mr Smallridge's herd of Friesians and Ayreshires passing West Wembury Cottage on their way back to the fields below the old school. This scenario was repeated all over the village with herds of cows being taken from their pastures for milking twice daily, and being returned again afterwards. Knighton Hill, Train Road, Ford, Hollacombe, and often parts of Church Road were affected, motorists just had to sit it out patiently until the ritual was complete.

Mr and Mrs Robert Moon and their daughter Jean lived in West Wembury Cottage at this time. He was a director and partner of Moon & Sons, Piano Manufacturers of Plymouth and Exeter. By 1952 the firm had branched out into radio, television, records etc., hence the very early television aerial on the chimney! (one of the first in Wembury). Their Plymouth shop used to be at the Old Town Street end of Ebrington Street at the junction with Drake circus. In the early 1950s it moved to the top of New George Street in what is now "Macdonalds". It was a lovely shop with the Radio and Television departments downstairs, and Pianos, Music, and Records upstairs. Before the war they also had a shop at Fore Street, Devonport.

The telegraph pole (at a jaunty angle) is a reminder that back then the telephone service was supplied by overhead lines carried on poles throughout the village.

The car (or brake), a "Trojan" belonging to Vic Smith (proprietor of the Post Office) can be clearly seen parked outside of the shop. This was eventually bought by Haydn Jones who used to take Mary and his five children away to Wales every year in it, no mean feat in those days!



## WEST WEMBURY COTTAGE - 1995

This photograph taken in March 1995 shows that not a lot of change has taken place since the earlier photograph of 1952. There are no more cows to be taken up and down the lanes, as there are no more milking herds in the village, which is really quite sad. The cottage has hardly changed at all, there are more creepers now and the chimney on the left hand single storied extension has been removed.

On the other side of the road from the cottage used to be the kitchen garden with its gate right opposite the front door. This was sold off for development in the 1960s as "Highfield Drive" so the road now widens out for access to the 'new' bungalows. Until then the road was the same width as at the narrow point, as shown in the photograph, for all of its length.



WEST WEMBURY COTTAGE AND THE SQUARE – 2004



WEST WEMBURY COTTAGE – RE-ROOFING – OCTOBER 2008





The cottage was re-roofed in October 2008. Mary Dyer the present owner grew up in Wembury and lived in Brownhill Lane, in a bungalow called “Laneside” where her father had a smallholding. Alas all of this now lays under the tarmac, bricks and mortar of Mewstone Avenue.

This photograph shows her as a teenager on her pony outside of the cottage where she is about to give a riding lesson to Jean Moon, the daughter of the then owner.

## THE DRAKES AT WEST WEMBURY COTTAGE

Thomas William Drake the son of Wiliam and Ann Drake of Newton Ferrers married Elizabeth Jones who was from Aberdulias in Wales. Thomas who was born in 1843 was more than twenty years older than Elizabeth who was born in 1867. He was a butler and she was also in domestic service, which is how they met. They got married in 1885 when Elizabeth was 18 years old. In 1886 Elizabeth gave birth to her first child, a girl who they named Elizabeth, and who would be the first of eight children. Elizabeth was born in Wales, but by the time Edith, the second child was born in 1888, they were living in Stow-on-the-Wold. Whilst Edith was an infant Thomas returned to Wembury bringing his young family with him.

Thomas William Drake



They rented West Wembury Cottage from the Pursleys who at that time farmed West Wembury Farm and it was here where they had the remainder of their family.

There was Francis born in 1890 but who only lived for 3 months.

There was Kathleen, year of birth unknown, but we do know that she married Harry Coles, a gamekeeper at Langdon Court, and had three children, Betty, Muriel and Barbara. When the estate broke up they move to Sir John Kelway's Estate at Exeter, and lived at Larkbeare.

There was William born in 1898 but who only lived until he was 17 years old, dying in 1915. He was an invalid and very artistic. It was for his benefit that the window in the east end wall of the cottage was lengthened so that he was able to see the goings ons outside from his bed.

There was Lily, year of birth unknown, who married Harry Bowden one-time gardener at Thorn. They had a daughter Josie who married George Carroll

Elizabeth Drake

There was another daughter Hildred who was born in 1901, she married Leonard Baston from Exeter. She met him when she was a Monitor Teacher at Brixton School and he was an apprentice gardener at Wembury House. He later became Head Gardener and they lived in the Lodge at Wembury House. Later they moved to Budleigh Salterton where he was the Head Gardener at the Rosemont Hotel. Hildred died in 1982 and Leonard in 1989, they are both buried at Wembury.

Muriel was the youngest, born in 1902. She married Albert Wood and had one daughter, Maureen. For many years they lived in the Old School House, eventually moving to Colliers Close in the late 1950s. Maureen married Glyn Davies and they had three children, Morgan, Hughie and Michelle. Albert died in 1972 and Muriel in 2000 at 98 years old. Sadly Maureen died 1995 at 60 years old, and Glyn in 1999 at 65 years old.

Elizabeth the eldest, worked as a cook for a family in Newton Ferrers who owned a tobacco company. She rented a cottage near her work but at the weekends would come across on the ferry to Wembury where she would be met by her siblings and they would walk across the fields to West Wembury. On the Sunday they would walk back with her to catch the ferry back to Newton Ferrers. When her mother became a widow (1922) Elizabeth moved back. In the 1930s the



Pursleys sold the farm and the family had to move out of West Wembury Cottage. They bought the two cottages at Watergate that fronted on to Train Road which they made back into one dwelling and named it "Aberdulais". After her mother died in 1943, Elizabeth continued to live at Aberdulais until the 1970s when being no longer able to look after herself properly she moved to Colliers Close with her youngest sister Muriel.

Edith, the second child, became a nursemaid to two children at Hartley, then a kitchen maid at Langdon Court, working her way up to Assistant Cook, later becoming Cook to Dr Clay at Wembury House. In 1916 She married Sydney Robert Oliver, who was a coachman at Langdon Court, but had joined up for War Service with the 1<sup>st</sup> Worcester Regiment, they got married whilst he was home on leave, Edith wore grey as she was still in mourning for her brother William who had died the previous year. They had two daughters Ruby and Hildred. In his War Service Sydney was wounded twice, he went through the Battle of the Somme, and was in the heavy fighting at Ypres, also the last of the three battles at Arras, and took part in the heavy fighting at Cambrai. He was present at the great German push at the battle of St Quentin fighting from 4am in the morning until 8pm at night. He was taken prisoner on 21<sup>st</sup> March 1917 and removed to the prison camp at Heuburg (Baden).

Elizabeth Drake and Grandchildren



Elizabeth in spite of having eight children was very involved in village life. She acted as the district nurse being called to assist at births and for the laying out corpses at death. It was said that she washed the face of a dying farmer in beer because he was too ill to go to the Jubilee for a drink. She helped with whist drives, sang in the church choir, and helped out with the Sunday School, accompanying them on Sunday School treats when they were taken by horse and cart to Bovisand Beach.

In the photograph on the left she is shown with some her grandchildren. From left to right, in the back row Barbara, Ruby Muriel and Betty; in the front row Hildred, baby Maureen, and Josie.

William Drake 1898 - 1915



## PRIVATE SYDNEY OLIVER 202275

Sydney Robert Oliver married Edith Martha Drake on 3<sup>rd</sup> June 1916

Sydney met Edith at Langdon Court when it was in the ownership of the Corys. He was a coachman and lived in rooms over the stables, Edith was Assistant Cook. She would hear the horses coming up from the stables and wave to Sydney from the kitchen, and he would wave back with his whip. Sometimes he would be in his finest livery and in the best carriage driving round to the front of the house to take the ladies into town. Other times he would be in the dog cart, which had special insulation, to drive the seven miles into St Andrews Street in Plymouth to the ice works, to get ice to bring back to Langdon. This was kept in the ice house and used to make their own ice cream.

Edith started at Langdon as a kitchen maid and worked her way up to be second in charge. The Head Cook was Mrs Donaldson, a fearsome woman! She was an excellent cook, but ruled the roost in the servant's parlour and was not too popular with the Butler or Footmen because of her overbearing manner. She was extremely put out when Edith was asked to make a soda cake in her absence due to illness, and it turned out so well that Edith was always asked to make it in future.

In the First World War Sydney joined the Worcester Regiment earning 6d (2<sup>1/2</sup>p) a day. He and Edith married in June of 1916 when he was on leave. Edith wore grey as she was still in mourning for her brother William who had died the previous year aged 17 years, and who lived in West Wembury Cottage. In September 1916 Sydney went to France, he was wounded twice, he went through the battle of the Somme, and was in the heavy fighting at Ypres, also the last of the three battles at Arras, and took part in the heavy fighting at Cambrai. He was present at the great German push at the battle of St Quentin fighting from 4am in the morning until 8pm at night. He was taken prisoner on 21<sup>st</sup> March 1917 and removed to the prison camp at Heuburg (Baden). He was repatriated in 1918. The account that appeared in the Illustrated Western Weekly News of 4<sup>th</sup> January 1919 is at the end of this article.

On his return he worked for Collier's Stores in Plymouth. This was similar to an Army Navy Stores, and he was still able to work with horses as he had at Langdon Court, because all the deliveries were made by horse and cart. One of the Collier Brothers went in to wines and spirits and Sydney stayed with him driving and caring for the big Shire Horses. The stables were under the Citadel and every Sunday without fail, Sydney would go in to water, feed and walk the horses only joining the rest of the family at Wembury for the afternoon.

Edith became Cook at Wembury House when it was owned by Doctor and Mrs Clay. He had a practice in Lockyer Street in Plymouth, and one of Edith's jobs was to wash all the money he received from patients to make it germ free so that it could be used again!

Sydney and Edith had two children, Ruby and Hildred. Although they lived in Plymouth, they spent every weekend and all their spare time at Wembury staying with Edith's parents at West Wembury Cottage. Ruby was actually born there on 2<sup>nd</sup> February 1920, during one of her mother's weekend visits.



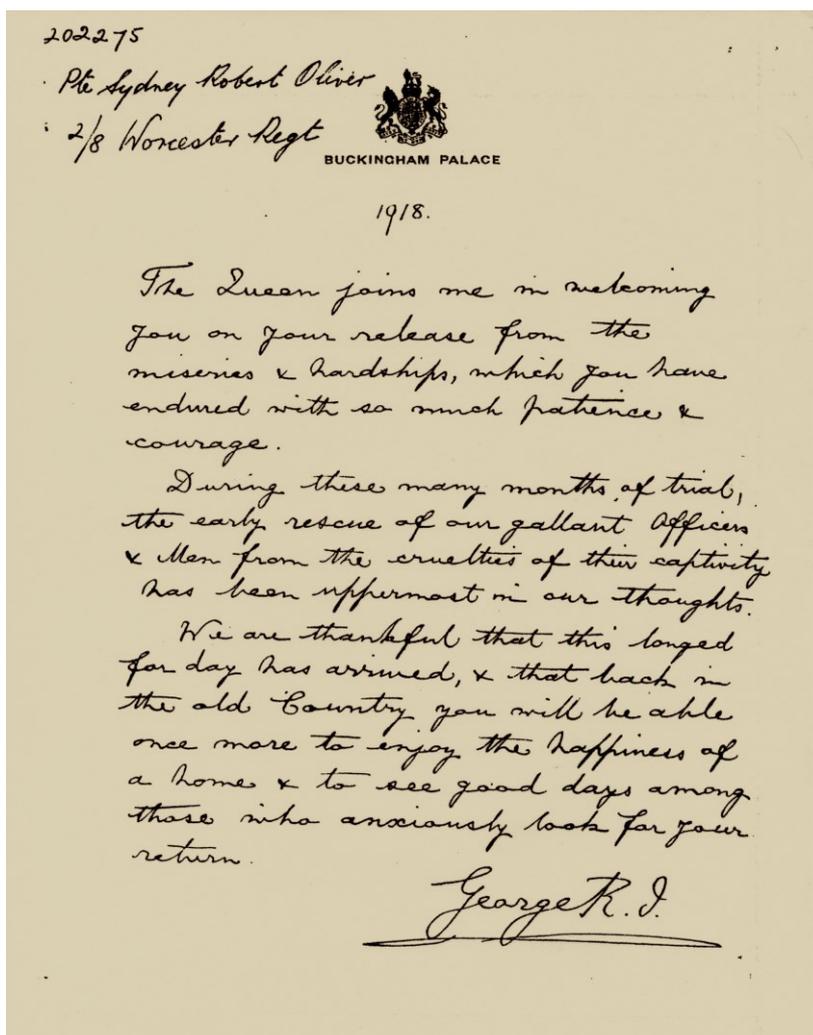
Sydney & Edith on 4<sup>th</sup> June 1916, the day after their wedding

## WAR EXPERIENCES

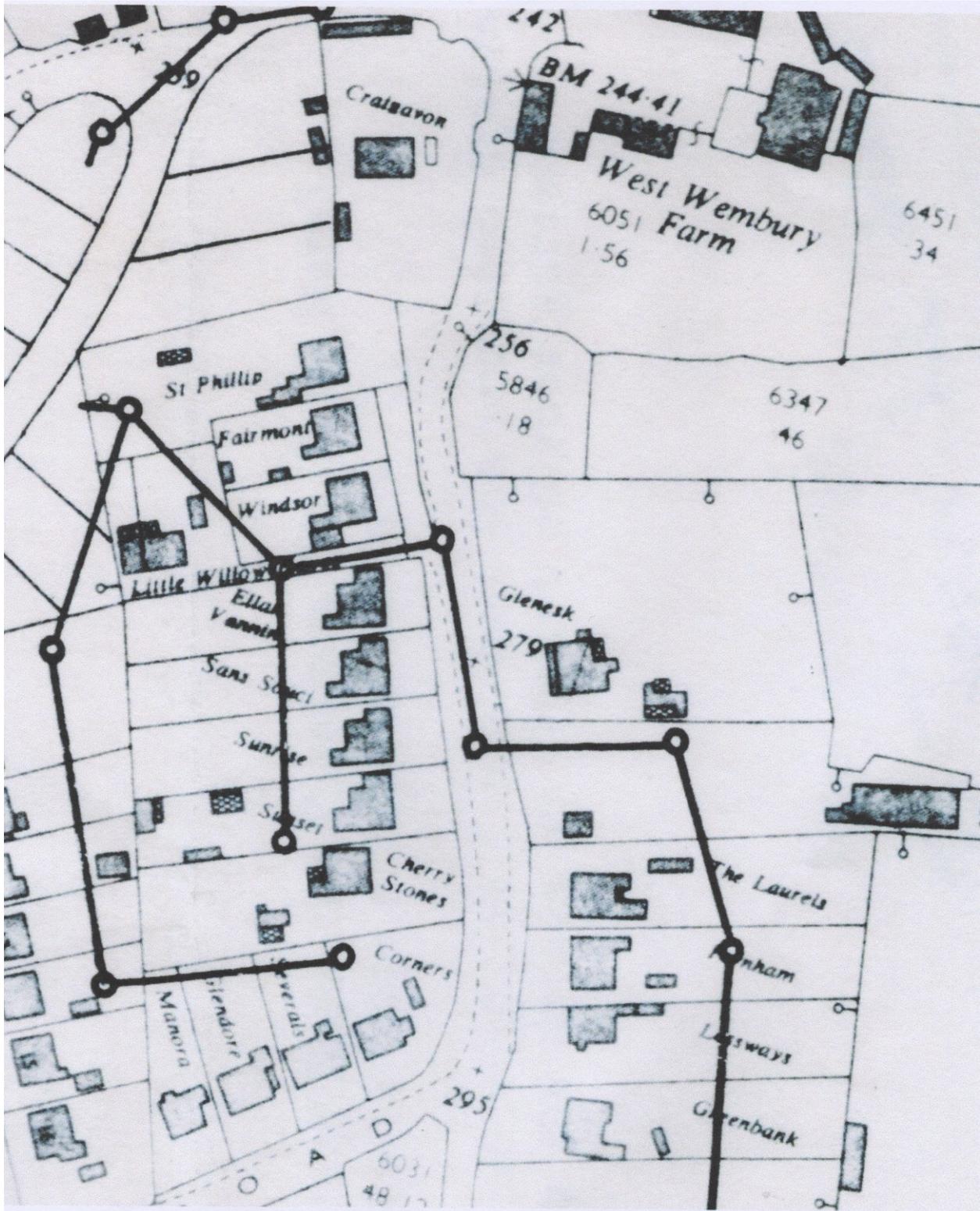
### WEMBURY MAN'S TALE

After being a prisoner in Germany for nine months, Pte Sydney Robert Oliver, Worcesters, has returned to Wembury. Before joining the army he was employed at Collier's Stores, Plymouth, and at an earlier date at Langdon Court. He went France in Sept 1916, and was wounded some weeks afterwards, being in hospital for six weeks. He subsequently went through the battle of the Somme without injury, and was in the heavy fighting at Ypres. Wounded in the shoulder in the last of the three battles of Arras, he again spent a period in hospital. On recovery he took part in the heavy fighting at Cambrai. Next came the great German push, and he was present at the battle of St Quentin, fighting from 4 o'clock in the morning to 8 o'clock at night. He was taken prisoner on March 21<sup>st</sup> and removed to the prison camp at Heuburg (Baden). The earlier portion of his captivity was spent at Camp Cassel, and the major part of the remainder at Heuburg. During the last portion of his sojourn in Germany he was working in a stone quarry at Steinach, his working day consisting of ten hours, inclusive of meal times, and for this labour he received 3d per day. During the first two months of his captivity he experienced a rough time, the food provided by his captors being totally inadequate. Boiled mangolds and about 6oz of bread formed the staple diet. The Germans themselves were hard pressed for food, a condition of things which they confessed over and over again to be due to our blockade. It was only when parcels of food arrived from the Worcestershire organisation for the relief of prisoners of war, that the condition of the captives under amelioration. Parcels arrived at the rate of six per month for each prisoner, and proved a Godsend. The prisoners were kept at work some days after the armistice was signed and it was not until they saw some English soldiers who had crossed the Rhine that they became aware of the signing. Thereupon the prisoners "downed tools". They were kept at Steinach for three days, thence sent on to Heuburg and Lake Constance, enroute for Paris, and ultimately arrived at Canterbury. From the time they came under the charge of an English officer at Constance they were treated right royally, through the agency of the British Red Cross Society, and wanted for nothing. They were received with open arms everywhere on the homeward journey.

On his repatriation Sydney received this letter from His Majesty King George V



## CHURCH ROAD - FROM THE 'SQUARE' TO BROWNSHILL LANE JUNCTION



Above is an extract from a map of Wembury of 1967. The heavy black lines indicating the routing of the mains drainage system that was to be laid in the next couple of years.

### Craigavon

'Craigavon' was the name of the bungalow on the piece of high ground opposite the shop (Post Office). It was built in about 1958 for Tom and Margaret Greig, and replaced a large wooden dwelling that had occupied the site for many years, and in which they had lived since the end of the war. The entrance to the site was originally around to the left in Church Road itself, but with the increase in traffic and the difficulties in getting

in and out, the present access down on to the Square was made. Margaret used to work in the shop when Vic Smith had it and later for the Baskervilles, I am not quite sure what Tom did for a living. They had one son called Richard, who was a Roman Catholic and so went to Holy Cross School in Ebrington Street instead of the Village School. He used to come out with us on our jaunts over to Langdon Woods and the duck ponds which usually took in the Tithe Barn as well (which we all referred to as 'The Haunted House'). This was until one occasion when he managed to fall into one of the ponds, which of course had to be the middle of the winter, and was never allowed to come with us again!

(Photograph below 'Craigavon')



As one goes up the hill from the shop, at the first kink in the road there is a bit of a grassy bank on the right with a path going up to the bungalow which was called 'St Phillip' but is now 'Little Tor', and which is numbered 32 Church Road. The Duttons lived there, they were Roman Catholics and used to take Mrs Ridgewell (Tap Cottage) to church with them on a regular basis. The nearest Roman Catholic Church back then, was Holy Cross in Ebrington Street in Plymouth. On the grassy bank, which used to come further out into the road than it does now, there used to be a hollow tree (Ash), which we as children used to get up inside of, and of course do all the usual things, like springing out of the top like a jack-in-the-box, and frightening old ladies going to and from the Post Office. Opposite the hollow tree was one of the two street lights between the square and the top corner of Church Road

### The Narrows

When we were children, we never ever considered this as being part of Church Road. To us Church Road ended at the top of the hill at the Brownhill Lane junction. None of the roads were marked back then, it wasn't necessary, It is only when the new areas off Church Road were built that it was felt that it was needed. We used to refer to it as 'Post Office Hill', and older people referred to it as 'Brown's Hill', which I suppose is logical with 'Brownhill Lane' being at the top.



Further up the hill on the same side, was the road access to 'St Phillip' (Little Tor) and two other bungalows alongside of it. There were at one time two cream painted concrete gateposts at the access entrance, the outer (right) one with 'Little Willowhayes' painted on it and a direction arrow pointing the way to what is now No. 40. Between the inner (left) one and the first bungalow going up the hill there was the second of the two lamp posts between the square and Brownhill Lane junction at the top.

#### No.34 Church Road

The bungalow next to 'St Phillip' (No.34), back in the early 1950s, was called 'Thelma' I can see it now, in gold letters on the glass over the front door. Sid Smith and his wife Jo lived there. Evidently Thelma was an old friend of Jo's who she named the bungalow after. They had a daughter called Angela who was about the same age as my younger brother. There was also a boy, called Roger. Sid was the brother of Vic Smith who ran the shop and post office, I can't remember where he worked, but he was a qualified jeweller, and he made the ceremonial silver key that was used to open the new village hall in 1956. He did watch and clock repairs at home, so I think that he was also a qualified horologist.



Later on in the 1950s they moved to the Mill Cafe on the beach, where they went on to have, I think, another child, Martin who was the same age as my youngest sister.

Later again they moved to Paignton to run the restaurant at the Zoo. Following them into the bungalow were the Vineys. Who re-named it 'Fairmont', Mr Viney worked for 'Tecalemit' at Marsh Mills, Mrs Viney had a bit of a London accent, she also had two black spaniels that were terrified of our cat! There was a daughter called Gwen, who must have been in her late twenties or early thirties, who, also worked at 'Tecalemit'.

The photograph below shown No.s 32, 34 and 36 ('Windsor', 'Belmont' and 'Little Torr') as they look today (2005). In the 1950s they were three identical bungalows of the 1930s. Two bedrooms on one side of the hall, two living rooms on the other side, bathroom straight ahead, and a kitchen tagged on to the back. No 36 did have a garage, on the side, with concertina doors, very much a home made affair, by Mr Hambling! They were of concrete block, cavity wall, construction with whitewashed stucco rendering, under an asbestos tiled roof. All of these bungalows and the ones on Church Road proper had large gardens. Most people, back then grew most of their own vegetables.



### No.36 Church Road

The bungalow nearest the road entrance, and which is now, No.36 Church Road, was in the 1950s, called 'Windsor' and was occupied by Mr and Mrs Hambling. They were a lovely old couple, Mr Hambling loved working with his hands, and used to busy himself in his garage, making all manner of things, usually of thin sheet metal or tinfoil with immaculately soldered joints. His daughter and son-in-law, Mr and Mrs Pridham used to come and stay with them. The son-in-law, Frank, was in the Navy, and I think that the daughter stayed with her parents whenever he was posted away. They had a little boy called Francis, who was about the same age as my younger brother. Mr Hambling built him a pedal car, which was the envy of all the other children around, as, due to the war, such things were not readily available in the shops just yet. When Frank got a posting to Egypt for two years, his wife and son went with him. We all thought that was marvellous having just learnt at school all about Joseph and his coat of many colours, and Moses, and all the business about the children of Israel etc., and rather imagined Egypt to be very much the same as it was in biblical times. Many years later when the Hamblings died, Mrs Pridham inherited the bungalow and she and Frank came there to live permanently.

### No.40 Church Road

Down the side of No.36 there is a bit of lane going down to No.40 Church Road, this is 'Little Willowhayes' and back in the 1950s was two houses. The first was occupied by Mr and Mrs Morton, I think that he was a Naval Officer, or maybe Merchant Navy. They had a little girl called Janet. The other house was occupied by Mrs Morton senior. It is now occupied as a single dwelling by Michael and Marilyn House, Marilyn lived in Radcot before she was married, she was the eldest child of Mervyn and Edna Staples.

### No.42 Church Road

Back out on to the main road now, and proceeding upwards, the next bungalow on the right which is now No.42 Church Road, was back then called 'Elan Vannin', and was occupied by Mr and Mrs Keckwick. They were employed by the Eagle Oil Company who moved into Langdon Court after being bombed out of their London Offices during the war. After the war they stayed on in Wembury. They were amateur musicians, he would play the piano and they would sing duets together, he in wobbly tenor voice, and she in an equally wobbly soprano one! Many is the time that we used to hear them on a Sunday evening as we passed the bungalow on our way walking home from Evensong at the church. We used to join in from out in the road, which I don't think was entirely appreciated.



### No.44 Church Road (above)

This bungalow, which is now called 'Horseshoes', was, back in the 1950s called 'Sans Souci'. I don't know who lived there in the early part of the decade, but the Pomeroy's moved in, in about 1956, and it was they who

named the bungalow 'Sans Souci'. Mrs Pomeroy was a nurse, I don't know what Mr Pomeroy did. There were two children, David who was about the same age as my older brother, and who had a very predominant chin, and then there was Kay who was about the same age as myself, a brainy girl who went to the Grammar School.

They, like us, were in such things as the Church Choir and the Young Communicants Guild, which all sounds very worthy but really (in my case, that is) was just a front for misbehaviour going to and from the Church or Parish Room! They had moved to Wembury from a bungalow on the Billacombe main road which was called 'The Nest', opposite which was a terrace of very nice Edwardian houses which were swept away in the so called road improvements on the Billacombe main road, one of the houses was called 'Lorna Doone' which always sticks in my mind.

#### No.46 Church Road

The next bungalow, No.46 and which was called 'Sunrise', was occupied by the Olivers. I don't know much about them except that they were parents-in-law to one of the Hardings family (Hardings of Drake Circus, Furniture Store, which in recent times has reinvented itself as Fairway Furniture). This bungalow doesn't look a lot different now than it did back then. It was one of the few with a garage. There used to be some wooden articulation which spanned the space between the two bay windows creating a sort of portico over the front door area. In fact all of the bungalows on this side of the road were the same, but No.50 is the only one that still has it.

Photograph below: 'Sunrise' taken in 2005 looking very much as it did in the 1950s.



#### No.48 Church Road

Next is No.48, Church Road, which was called 'Sunset'. I seem to remember Beatty Rushbrook living there in the late 1940s before she moved up around the corner into 'Marconi House' (now the Vicarage) to run it as a guest house. She was a widow (twice over) and had a daughter, Valerie who was the same age as myself and whose father Walter was killed in the war. His name is on the War Memorial tablet in the church. There were also two sons, James and Raymond, by her first marriage to Mr James Vincent who died in 1938 aged 24.

The next people to move in were Commander and Mrs Lynch, they talked ever so 'cut glass' and got themselves involved in the Church and the PCC, and were there when the electricity was laid on to the church in 1952. He bought the old hanging oil lamps with their beautiful wrought iron cradles, at a knock down price, just to 'take them off their hands', he knew what he was doing!

They were followed by the Greep family Ron and Lil, he was a builder (Greep and O'Leary). They had two sons Brian and Barry. Later on they moved down to a new bungalow, which Ron had built, next to Bay Cottage, above the quarry, and overlooking the beach, they later had another son called Jonathan.

### No.50 Church Road

No.50 was occupied by a teacher, I cannot remember what she was called or what the bungalow was called. In the mid 1950s the Galloways (Gill and Bob), moved in and promptly renamed the bungalow 'Cherrystones'. He was something to do with RAF Mountbatten at Staddon Heights, and she later became head of catering at Wembury School when Mrs Cutchee retired. They had two daughters Gillian and Lindsey. Gillian was an absolutely beautiful girl, but in her mid teens she developed some kind of illness which we did not understand but which we assumed had something to do with a blood deficiency. She was confined to bed in the house. Her parents were always pleased to let us visit and we all spent many hours with her in her room which became almost like a youth club. Amongst other things in her room to keep her occupied there was a sewing machine, and one evening she tapered my straight legged trousers down to 14" bottoms which was all the rage back then. It was an impulse decision instigated by her, and I remember being in dread of her parents coming into the room whilst I was there in just my shirt and underpants! Luckily there was somebody else in the room as well. We were all very pleased when she recovered from whatever it was, and was able, once again to join to us on outdoor pursuits, trips to the beach etc. Very sadly though, in her early twenties she once again succumbed to the same complaint, and died. Her sister Lindsey was much younger than us and so we didn't really get to know her well, I believe that she went on to university, and became a teacher.

### No.43 Church Road

On the opposite side of the road where there is now a small close of bungalows called 'The Heathers' there used to be a single bungalow with a glazed verandah at the front overlooking the road. This was No 43 Church Road, In the 1950s it was called 'Glenesk' In the 1940s and early 1950s it was occupied by the Mr (Harold) Willcocks and his wife and their son John, they later moved up to 'Greenbank' when Bob Phillips moved out. The next people to live there were the Brimblecombes. They had a daughter called Diana, with whom we boys seemed to be constantly engaged in a running battle! Being very nice children, we used to call her 'Bramble Jam'! After the Brimblecombes moved away, the Elsons moved in, I don't know what he was called but she was called Hazel. There was a son called Roger and an older daughter, whose name I can't remember. After Sid Badcock left the village, Hazel used to cut our hair. She was still there in widowhood right up to the mid 1990s.

Where No.s 45 and 47 now stand was part of a field in the 1950s.



### No.49 Church Road

No 49 on the left hand side of the road was 'The Laurels' and was occupied Mr and Mrs Thomas he was called Lew and he was a baker specialising in pasties. They had a son called Vivian ('Viv') who was much older than us, he must have been in his twenties back then, and I don't think that he got married until the early 1960s. Many years previously, when they lived in Plymouth, Lew started off his pasty business by making them at home. In the evenings he used to take them around to the pubs in Plymouth and sell them from a wicker basket. Pubs did not do anything in the way of food catering in those days, so Lew was on to winner by filling a hole in the market, and in this way he built up his business. It must have been quite hard graft though. Back in the 1950s, Lew's pasties invariably made an appearance at the different events in the village.

### No.51 Church Road

No.51 was called 'Fernham' and was occupied by Mr Edward Smith and his parents. Edward owned the field behind the village hall and so it was he who had be approached for permission to use it for the different events, he always was most forthcoming though. Also living there with Edward and his parents was Edward's friend, George Whiting. George was the village road sweeper and kept all of the roads in the village in an immaculate condition.

He used to keep his wheelbarrow and tools in the 'valve shed' which was on the brow of the hill opposite the new village hall. This was part of an irrigation system installed during the nineteenth century whereby water was pumped by overshot water wheel pumping stations at Ford, and in the woods over at Langdon, up to a reservoir the top of Knighton Hill. From there it was gravity fed to feeding troughs in the fields and to communal water taps in the village. The valve shed contained the manifold and stop valves for distributing the water around

The system. George swept all the roads on a rotational basis, from Ridge Cross to the bottom of Church Road, taking in Train Road, and the road going through to Old Barton right up to the Warren lane. There was no supervisor, he just got on with it, and by the time he reached the bottom of Church Road it was time to start again at Ridge Cross. Of course it was basically just one road back then, Cross Park Road, Colliers Close, Crossways, and Beach View Crescent were all unadopted roads.



### No.53 Church Road

In the 1950s Number 53 was called 'Sabrina', I do not know the origin of the name but always believed that it had something to do with Greek or Roman mythology, but have never found anything to substantiate that. Later in the decade, when television started to infiltrate the village, we found that Sabrina was a big busted blonde lady who appeared regularly on TV! The bungalow was an asbestos and wood construction on brick piers, and with an asbestos tiled roof laid lozenge wise. I remember Mrs Patrick and her daughter Ann living

there, I don't remember there being a Mr Patrick, I think that at one time they lived in one of the huts in Ropers Field. I last remember them living in one of the 'Aberdulais' cottages at Watergate (when they were two cottages). Later in the 1950s Maurice Dawes and his wife moved in from 'Bay Cottage' which they had run for many years as a guest house. The re-named the bungalow 'Lessways'. Maurice was great car enthusiast and there were always cars in various states of repair or reconstruction in the garage at Bay Cottage. He also had a facility for recharging accumulators for those without mains electricity to run their battery driven 'wirelesses'.

When Bay Cottage was up for sale in 1958, my parents went to look at it as we were fast outgrowing the cottage at Watergate. The asking price was £7,500. My parents decided that the cheaper option was to have the cottage at Watergate extended, and also to take over a bedroom from the neighbouring one, which they also owned.



### No.55 Church Road

No.55 'Greenbank'. My earliest recollections of Greenbank are from the 1940s when Bob Phillips lived there and ran the cobblers Shop from the extension on the side. I remember calling in with my father on various occasions and being intrigued by all the buffing wheels and brushes spinning around. Also living there with Bob was his wife Elsie and Daughter Pearl. Bob kept a few cows out the back and ran a smallholding from there as well. Later they moved into Merton House for a short while, and then down to what is now 'Colliers Close' into a wooden dwelling which stood on the site of the bungalow now called 'Mewstone View'. I think that this was temporary arrangement whilst their new bungalow was being built on their land at South Barton, at the end of Brownhill Lane. Bob originally came from the Channel Islands, he had come over some time before the war to find work, he was a cobbler by trade and of course on getting to this country headed straight for London. He soon found that there wasn't much prospect of doing well in the capital as there were many other cobblers there struggling to make a living, as well. He headed for the provinces and found himself in Leicester, where I think he was doing quite reasonably well, and it was there that he met Elsie and got married. I think that the opportunity of owning his own shop brought him and Elsie to Plymouth, where over a period of time he built up four cobbler's shops in the city. I am not sure as to when they moved to 'Greenbank' but he set up the cobblers shop in an extension on the side of the bungalow. Come the war, the shops in Plymouth, one by one, were destroyed in the blitz. So he ended up with just the little business at Wembury plus the livestock that he had built up. His brother and young sister (I think that her name was Gyda), escaped from Alderney during the war. His sister, was only about 8 years old at the time, and they escaped by capturing a boat from the Germans, not without some excitement, which resulted in the death of one of the Germans.

Evidently at Wembury School she was given celebrity status! After the war she and her brother returned to Alderney, Bob remained on in Wembury.

At Greenbank Harold Wilcocks and his wife moved in from 'Glenesk', just down the road. They had a son John, who was much older than us, he was a grown up and went to work. Harold also ran a small holding from the bungalow, keeping a few animals in the sheds at the back. I don't really remember a lot about Harold except that he was in the group of my fathers drinking friends at the Jubilee Inn. In the late 1950s, Harold bought a butcher's shop in West Hoe in Plymouth and they moved in there to live. Joe and Pat Haines bought Greenbank and moved into from No.4 Uplands. This was when Pat's father 'Granfer Boobier' died and gran had to move in with them. They converted the extension, which had contained the cobblers shop, into a granny flat.

In the front garden there was for many years, a round tank about 12ft high, and 7ft diameter which, I believe, was kept constantly filled from the water main to act as an accumulator when there were heavy demands on the system. It was not unusual for houses in Beach View Crescent and up on the cliff to be without water when demands were heavy.

There was very much the same problem with electricity. So many houses in the village were going over to electric cookers, that on a Sunday morning there used to be a noticeable drop in the voltage. I remember my mother having to put the Sunday roast in earlier in order to get it cooked in time for lunch. There was also some concern at the church, where, being on the end of the line there was often insufficient power for the organ blower.

On the corner outside of Greenbank was another street light, the third one after the square. there were only five more between here and Cliff Road junction



#### No.52 Church Road

On the corner of Church Road is No.52 which in the 1950s was called 'Corners' It was almost completely shielded by yew trees and there was a goldfish pond in the front garden. It was occupied by a Mr and Mrs Smith.

### Roads coming off Church Road

In the 1940s and 1950s, the only other roads coming off Church Road were Brownhill Lane, Cross Park Road, Beach View Crescent, and Cliff Road. , None of them were adopted, and Brownhill lane still isn't. All of them served a lot fewer houses than there are today.

Colliers Close and Southland Park were just fields in which there were a couple of wooden dwellings. Hill Crest Close just served the one bungalow and a couple of wooden huts in the field behind. None of the other roads or houses that we know today existed.

### Street Lights in Church Road

Apart from the three already mentioned, there was one on the opposite side of the road below the entrance to Cross Park Road, one by the entrance to 'Outlook' (where Laburnam Close is now), one opposite the entrance to Hill Crest, one opposite the entrance to Beach View Crescent, and one opposite the entrance to Cliff Road

In the late 1950s another one was put at the bottom of Church Road, by the open bit at the church drive and beach road junction, and later on again one was put at the very top of Knighton Hill. Now we have them everywhere and the place is lit up like Blackpool throughout the night, a tremendous waste of power and a not inconsiderable contribution to the detriment of the night sky by light pollution.

## BROWNSHILL LANE - (NOT BROWNHILL)

(I do wish that the council would give it its proper name and put the 'S' back in)

As one enters Browns Hill Lane, immediately on the right, on the corner was an open gateway entrance. It didn't have a gate but sometimes there was a piece of galvanised water pipe that would span the gap to deter would be trespassers. It was an enormous plot which was mostly in vegetables and which covered the sites of three of the present-day houses. Against the lane hedge was a railway carriage, which was used mainly as sleeping accommodation. Next to it was a wooden hut, which was used as the kitchen and living room. This went under the name of 'Labri' and was all occupied by Harold Heath and his wife and two sons Michael and Raymond. Harold was ex Royal Navy and was keen that his two sons should also go into the Navy which they did. They were a lot younger than me and I never got to know them all that well. We didn't really see a lot of them after they went into the Navy. Harold was a drinking man and spent a lot of his spare time in the Jubilee Inn, and I think that all in all his wife had quite a lot to put up with. Anyway, quite appropriately, one evening, Harold died of a heart attack in the pub, this must have been in the late 1960s. Mrs Heath disposed of the plot and moved back to her home town of Portsmouth, and who could blame her.

(Photograph below - 'Merton House')



### No.3 Brownhill Lane

The first house on the left in the lane was 'Merton House', which I think is now No.3. In the late 1940s early 1950s Mr and Mrs Davies and their children Vivienne and Rodney lived there. Vivienne was my age and in the school photograph of the juniors in 1952, she is standing next to me, Rodney was the same as my younger brother, he was quite a funny lad and used to keep us all highly amused. I am not sure what Mr Davies did for a living but later in the decade they moved to Redhill in Surrey as his job took him to that part of the country



### No.5 Brownhill Lane

The next house, No.5 which is now called 'Redcroft', was, in the 1950s, called 'Sunningdale' and was occupied by Cyril and Nancy Soppett, and their daughter, Pamela. Cyril was at RAF Mountbatten. As a civilian in the meteorological department. He bought up odd parcels of farmland in the parish and gradually went into farming. Later on they had a new bungalow built on the site which is now No.1 Brownhill Lane, into which they moved and sold Sunningdale. Eventually Cyril bought Leyford Farm at Staddiscombe, and moved over to there, much to the chagrin of Nancy as they hadn't been in the new bungalow for very long, where everything had been done to their own specification, and were now having to leave it to go and live in a big, old, draughty farmhouse! Pamela, the daughter went on to University and then on to Medical School and became a doctor.

### No.s 4, 6, & 8 Brownhill Lane

On the other side of the lane, No.s 4, 6, and 8 occupy the site formerly occupied by the railway carriage and hut. The thing that I have never been able to figure out, is how the railway carriage was brought to the site, bearing in mind that the roads were nothing like as we know them today. The village itself was a single street comprising of Knighton and West Wembury. The road was very narrow for all of its length, the narrowest point being at the corner of the Jubilee Inn. There was a right angle turn into the road at the top of Knighton Hill and another right angle turn at the bottom in the Square. The hill going up from the Square up to Brownhill Lane has the 'kinky' bit near the bottom which I very much doubt would allow for a railway carriage to negotiate. Could it have been brought around by sea? That seems to be bit more feasible, it could then have been brought straight up Church Road, the only problem with this being, how would it have got from the beach to the bottom of Church Road? The only other explanation that I can think of, is that it could have been brought out in pieces and reassembled on the site, although I am not sure as to whether railway carriages lend themselves easily to being dismantled and rebuilt, it still seems quite a mammoth task.



#### No.7 Brownhill Lane

Next on the left after Redcroft is 'Dormers' which was built by Terry Yabsley, and occupied by him and his wife Joyce, and their children, Andrew, Jonathan, and later Timothy. It is an absolutely lovely house, which I think was a labour of love on the part of Terry, but was never actually completed. I know that quite a lot of it had to be done as and when money and materials became available. In that period just after the war, there wasn't too much of either, I know that for some time they were without a staircase, and had to make do with a builder's ladder. In the late 1950s Terry's building firm folded and he was obliged to take a job which meant that they had to move to Somerset. So the lovely house had to be sold.

Photograph below - 'Small Trees'



### No.9 Brownhill Lane

Next to Dormers is another house that Terry built in the mid 1950s, which is now No.9. It was a square house with a square pointed roof and a central chimney, and was called 'Small Trees' the plainness of the front was broken by a large central bay window at ground level with a hipped tiled roof. There was a single storied extension to the back which contained the kitchen, utility and garage. None of this could be seen from the front and so the house had this look of glorious isolation sitting in the middle of a large expanse of lawn. The Bartons lived there, I believe that he was in the RAF, they had two daughters, Ann who the same age as me, and Katrina, who was the same age as my younger brother, Thomas. Ann went to Plymstock School and we were in the same class, and she, rather daringly, smoked cigarettes! She also had a lovely singing voice, and was supposed to be going on to train professionally, I do not know whether this actually happened. The house has been rather spoiled since by some rather ugly extensions to each side, neither of which do the building any favours whatever, and have ruined the visual impact of it sitting in the middle of its plot surrounded by lawn.

### Nos 11 & 13 Brownhill Lane

The pair of semis next on the left, No.s 11 and 13, were also built by Terry. These were occupied by:

No.11 – 'Fourwinds' The Gilbert Family, I don't know very much about them except that there seemed to be a lot of children, the youngest being a little girl called Susie.

No.13 – 'Strathaird' Will and Eileen Johnson, she was a cousin to Mrs Loram who lived in the house between West Wembury Cottage, and the Parish Room. Will was either retired or near to retirement, and worked in the Dockyard as a painter and decorator. Eileen, earlier in her life, had worked for Spooners of Plymouth, the Department Store (now known as Debenhams). There were no children.

The field that No.s 7,9,11 and 13 were built in belonged to Joyce Yabsley's parents, Mr and Mrs Hunt (Granny and Grandad Hunt as we knew them). They had a green wooden hut just about where No 13 now stands where they used to come out from Plymstock for the weekends.

Photograph below - 'Channel View'



### No15 Brownhill Lane

Next on the left, and back in the 1950s, the last dwelling on that side of the lane, was No.15. This was a small detached bungalow called 'Channel View', it is still there and has hardly changed. There was a young man in his teens, who lived there, and who was friendly with, and about the same age as my elder brother, Jim. I believe that he was called Den Thomas, he was into rabbiting, and the keeping of ferrets, and other suchlike countryside pursuits.

Going back to the other side of the lane, the large plot with the railway carriage ended just opposite the entrance to 'Dormers', and there used to be a broken down part of the hedge there where the Heath children had made an easy access out onto the lane.

Next on that side was 'Bay View' but which was only accessible from out on Church Road (No.61).

### No.12 Brownhill Lane

Next to that was 'Devonia' in which lived George and Thelma Smale, their daughter Angela and Thelma's mother Mrs Stevens. Up until the bungalow was built they had all lived in next door in the bungalow called 'Hadleigh'. Thelma's brother, Lawrence, lived there as well. George ran a vegetable round in the area, but started off his working life at Percy Leskins the Gentleman's Outfitters in Old Town Street, Plymouth. Mrs Stevens died in the late 1950s and George and Thelma remained there until the late 1960s when they moved to the dormer bungalow on the hill near Bay Cottage, above the old quarry, and overlooking the beach. I think that it is whilst they were living there that their son Paul was born. Much later on they moved into Valley Drive where George still lives as a widower. Devonia was bought by Ron and Pat Greig, Pat was a daughter of Sammy Little who ran the Wembury Diary from 'Trescan' at the top of Knighton Hill. Ron was an Artificer in the Royal Navy. They had a daughter called Paula. Ron had a brother called John who was also an Artificer in the Royal and who married Pat's sister Norma. The bungalow has been much extended and is now in fact, a house. The entrance drive has been moved across to the other side of the site and the house is now called 'Chey Andrea'.

### No.14 Brownhill Lane

The next bungalow on that side is 'Hadleigh' (No.14), which, as stated above was occupied by Mrs Stevens, her son Lawrence, and her daughter and son in law Thelma and George Smale who had a daughter, Angela. When 'Devonia' was built everyone with the exception of Lawrence moved into the new bungalow. Lawrence still lives there, with Pearl his wife, who was the daughter of Bob Phillips, who had lived in 'Greenbank' at the end of Brownhill Lane, and later at 'South Barton', which would eventually become 'Veasy Park'. In the garden of Hadleigh there was a small wooden dwelling that was rented out, Edna Pitts (sister of Doreen Morris) lived there for a while after she got married

Right next to the entrance to 'Hadleigh' was a field gate going into a field now occupied by the lower part of Mewstone Avenue. In the middle of this field, in glorious isolation, was a bungalow called 'Laneside'. The bungalow. As I remember it, looked like any of the other 1930s bungalows in Church Road except that it had a flat roof. It was occupied by Mr and Mrs Towill. They were a very nice couple but one hardly ever saw her as she had a medical condition that kept her confined to the house. I used to take milk to them in the mid 1950s, when I had a weekend job with Dennis Little (Wembury Diary), and found them to be most kind, and she was always quite jolly. They had a daughter, Mary, who I remember was very much into horses, and in fact still is and now (2004) lives in West Wembury Cottage as Mrs Dyer. The bungalow was demolished in the late 1960s to make way for the Mewstone Avenue development. Mr Towill (William), used to keep the coastal watch during the war from the little buildings on the higher side of the Mill on Wembury Beach. The beach at that time was covered by coastal defences to deter a beach landing, and there were two 'pillboxes' (gun emplacements), one each side of the beach, the remains of which can still be seen.

(Photograph right - Continuation of Brownhill Lane)

The lane, which is now sliced through by Mewstone Avenue, then continued almost uninterrupted for the remainder of its length. On the immediate right was the field gate which led into the Towill's bungalow, 'Laneside'. There was a field hedge on each side of the lane and the trees met over the top in the middle. Facing down the lane from where it takes a right angle turn to the left, there were the tall green gates of 'South Barton'. Behind the gates and in the middle of the field stood the bungalow. South Barton was a small holding which belonged to Bob Phillips, he and Elsie had the bungalow built and moved in from their temporary dwelling in what is now Colliers Close. I remember when my father was threshing at South Barton for Bob in the early 1950s, the harvest lunch was held in the unfinished bungalow, which I thought was a very nice way to start off one's tenure in a new place. In the late 1960s the field was sold for development as 'Veasy Park' so Bob and Elsie moved into a new bungalow on higher ground so that the first bungalow could be demolished for the new development.



## CHANNEL VIEW 2009 AND 2016

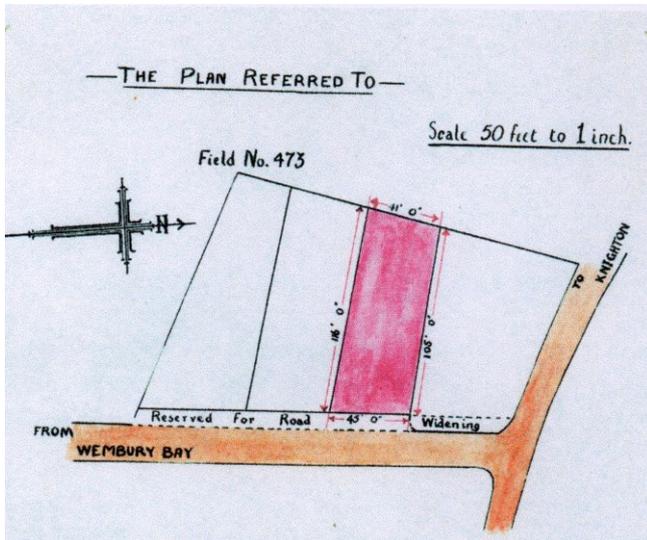
Since 2009 when the first Channel View photograph was taken, it has been sold and the new owner has redeveloped site with a stunning dormer bungalow as illustrated. The old building was meant originally to be a purely weekend and holiday retreat for somebody from Plymouth, as were many of the huts and shacks that were sited on Church Road, Brownhill Lane, Cliff Road and Hollacombe, up until the 1960s and 1970s. After the bombing of Plymouth many of these buildings had to be pressed into service as permanent dwellings. Channel View was really a cut above most as it was of concrete block construction, whereas many of the others were of wood , asbestos or corrugated iron construction!



The New Channel View – February 2016

## CHURCH ROAD FROM EARLVILLE TO HILL CREST

In the 1950s, before all the roads were given names, Church Road, to us, began at the junction with Brownhill Lane, and ended at the bottom below Bay Cottage. The section going down to the Post Office we all referred to as Post Office Hill, or older people used to refer to it as Brownhill. The road from the Post Office towards the Jubilee Inn was always known as “Church Hill”



The bungalows from No 32 to No 58 Church Road, and the bungalows on the eastern side of Cross Park Road were all part of Field No.473 on the Ordnance Survey Map for 1927. The field was called “Patchcross Park”. “Crosspark” was actually the next field down Church Road where “Crossways” and “Valley Drive” are now.

At the break up of the Langdon Estate in 1927, the field was sold and divided up into plots to be further sold off for building. The corner plot No. 126, part of Field No 473, was bought by Reginald Jolliffe who subdivided it further into four plots, No 54 Church Road, as it is now known being the one marked pink on the diagram. Reggie also bought up quite a lot of other plots and was responsible for the first development of Church Road in the 1930s.

Electricity wasn't laid onto the village until 1928, so up until then there had been no incentive for development. I have been very fortunate in that the present occupant of No 54 has allowed me access to the deeds and it can be seen from the following how the selling price of the bungalow increased over three hundred fold in 70 years.



### No 54 Church Road

Built by Reginald Jolliffe in 1934, it was a Mrs Louisa Eliza Marshall who paid £515 for it to be built, and called it 'Wanderlust'. In 1937, by which time the bungalow had been renamed 'The Severals', she sold it to a Mr and Mrs J H Rushworth for the sum of £495, the Rushworths had to take out a £350 mortgage with the Halifax Building Society in order to buy it. In 1945 they sold it on to Mr R C J and Mrs L W Jinman of Plymstock for the sum of £1,100, for which they took out a £300 mortgage with the Trustees of the "Services Lodge" of the Ancient Independent Order of Oddfellows. In 1949 the bungalow was sold yet again, this time to Charles and Florence Armstrong for £1,975 for which they took out a mortgage of £1,400 with the Co-operative Permanent Building Society, repayable at the rate of Six pounds, Fifteen shillings, and Four pence per month (£6.76). In January 1954, Charles Armstrong died, and Florrie, his widow, took solace in going to Jubilee Inn for a couple of Guinesses most nights. She eventually sold the bungalow as being too much of a burden, and became a lodger. She tried two or three places but they didn't work out mainly due to her constant visits to the pub! She finally ended up staying with Pat Haines in 'Greenbank', Pat by this time was also widowed, her mother who had lived with her had passed away, and the two sons David and Peter had gone their own ways in the world, so I think that she was glad of the company. The bungalow was sold in 1961 to Mr T R and Mrs S M Horwill, for the sum of £2,000 for which they took out a mortgage of £1,800 with the Co-operative Permanent Building Society. In 1966 they sold it on to a Mr George Dowling for £3,600, who changed the name to "Ladram". In December 1975, George died and the bungalow passed on to his sister, Sybil. She was a spinster but in 1978, at the age of 64, she got married to an 81-year-old widower, Mr Frederick Champ, who was living in Mewstone Avenue. They made "Ladram" their marital home but their married bliss was short lived as Frederick died in the early 1980s. Sybil lived on alone there in widowhood, until she herself died in 2003. The bungalow passed on to her sister Edith Bromwich, who sold it in June 2003 to Terence and Susan Elizabeth Andrews for £157,950.



### No 56 Church Road

This was called 'Glendore'. In the 1940s Reggie Jolliffe himself lived here before moving, later in the decade, to a new bungalow that Reggie had built at the bottom of Cross Park Road. By this time, he had in built quite a lot of the bungalows in Church Road, and all of the ones in Cross Park Road. This bungalow (in 2004) still looks very much as it did in the 1940s and 50s. The burglar alarm is a recent addition, and the front door has been replaced, I think that the windows have been replaced with UPVC but have been done very much in keeping with what was there before. The gates were wooden with scalloped tops and vertical bars in the upper



the beach was afternoon and evenings. When it was high tide in the afternoon and evenings, time was usually spent at the gully. At low tide, the main beach was favoured.



Photograph above – ‘Earlville’

#### No 61 Church Road

Next door to them, No.61, was called ‘Bay View’ and in the 1940s and early 1950s was occupied by Bill Hannaford and his wife. Bill was a jobbing builder who undertook various jobs in the village. He did quite a lot of work on No.3 Watergate Cottages for my parents in 1947/48. In those days, just following the war, building materials were very hard to come by, and so much of his work was done using recycled materials from bombed buildings (or ‘reclaimed’ as it was termed back then). The only available paint colours were green, brown, black, cream or white, any other colours had to be specially ordered. I think that grey was also available but was usually avoided in case people thought that it had been ‘knocked off’ from the Dockyard. After the Hannafords the Louis family moved in. He was called Pierre and was Belgian, she was called Jean and they had a little girl called Linda. Later on they went on to have twins. Pierre’s mother also lived with them, I used to take milk in to them when I worked for Dennis Little at the weekends, I could never understand a word Mrs Louis senior said but just kept smiling and hopefully nodding at the right time. Pierre worked for Tecalemit at Marsh Mills. In the 1960s they moved up to Hollacombe and started the egg farm.

#### No 63 Church Road

This is now the Vicarage. Back in the 1940s and early 1950s it was ‘Marconi House’, a guest house run by Mrs Beatty Rushbrook who was a widow. She was a sister-in-Law to Reggie Jolliffe, and it is believed that her father, Joe Channing built Marconi House, as he like his son-in-law Reggie, was also a builder. Beatty’s second husband, Walter, had been killed during the war leaving her to bring up three children, Jim and Raymond, from her first marriage, and Valerie, who she had, whilst married to Walter. Her first husband was James Vincent and he died in 1938 aged 24, leaving her with the two boys. Valerie was about my age as and we are both in the Wembury School photographs of 1952. Raymond Vincent was the same age as my older brother, and Jim Vincent was older again. Beatty was the sister of Mrs Jolliffe of Cross Park Road, and their parents Mr (Joe) and Mrs Channing lived at Hollacombe, There was also a brother, Stan, who was a bachelor, and another sister, Wyn Radmore, she had a daughter called Margaret. She and her husband and daughter plus Stan lived with the parents at Hollacombe. Incidentally, in the mid 1950s, the Channings were the first people in Hollacombe to have television.

One of the permanent residents at Marconi House was Kurt Holman. He worked at Old Barton Farm, not for my parents, but for Miss Neil and Miss Wardrop, who bought the farm from us. In about 1951 he was tragically killed when the tractor turned over on him whilst working one of the fields overlooking the Yealm. Originally from Czechoslovakia, I think that he was German Prisoner of war, who had been employed on one of the farms in this area, and had elected to stay in this country after the war. My father had six POWs working on our farm (Old Barton) but Kurt was not one of them. Some people said that he might even have been Jewish, anyway he was given a good old Church of England funeral in Wembury Church and is buried in the graveyard. I am sure that God didn't mind if he was 'put on the wrong bus' it was all done with the very best of intentions. Bob Phillips and my father had to take their tractors to the field to pull the overturned tractor upright so that Kurt's body could be removed. Bob organised the funeral and the provision of the gravestone, I think largely out of his own pocket.



Photograph above – 'The vicarage' one time 'Marconi House'

Early in the 1950s, Beatty married for the third time. This time a Scotsman called Mr Green who we all knew as 'Jock'. Marconi House was sold to the Church Commissioners to become the new Vicarage. After selling the house Beatty, her new husband, and Valerie went off to Scotland to live, and I remember that a couple of years later when they came back to Devon, Valerie was speaking with a broad Scottish accent!

In 1954 The Revd Davidson was the first vicar to take up residence in the new vicarage. He was a retired Army Colonel who had taken Holy Orders on leaving the Army. He served a Curacy in Bath Abbey before being offered the living of Wembury. His wife was called Peggy and she was a very sweet lady; there were two daughters, Jane who was at university and Judy who was at boarding school. Having completed a full Army career, Mr Davidson was in his fifties by the time he came to Wembury, for his first job as a Vicar.

The house could hardly be seen from the road, as there was a hedge of yew trees across the front and a short avenue of yews on the quite narrow driveway. There was a lawn on each side of the drive with herbaceous borders. Since the 1950s the site has been opened up, lost its yew trees and front gardens (sacrificed to the motor car God). The house has also lost a chimney, but gained a dormer window on each side.

#### No 65 Church Road

This was called 'Trenona' and was occupied by Mrs Minnie Baggott and her 'husband' Josie. It turned out later that they were not actually married, but in those days there could be no such thing as 'partners' or

'cohabiting' with persons of the opposite sex, or more especially, of the same sex! We all knew that it happened and that there instances of at least of one of each combination in the village, it was just not talked about in polite society! The utmost discretion was exercised. Minnie was very much a 'busybody' and I regret was not the most popular person in the village. She would walk into the school and waylay Miss Maynard and start accusing children of 'calling after her', which I am afraid many did - things like "Minnie Baggott is a faggot" (this was, of course, long before American jargon became more well known in this country), and other things quite a lot worse. When the 'thermometer' appeared in the square asking for donations towards the new Village Hall, to try and offset the shortfall in the funds available to complete the building, there was alongside a list of names of those who had donated with the amounts given. I don't think that there were many donations over £5, which in those days was quite a considerable sum. Minnie made donation of £50, which was very generous, but not very discreetly done, and which regrettably did nothing to enhance her status in the village.



Opposite No 65 is the entrance to Cross Park Road

#### No 67 Church Road

At the end of a very long front garden stood the bungalow, which was called 'East Anglia'. Behind the bungalow was another large plot with apple trees and chicken houses. The bungalow was occupied by Mr and Mrs Loads (she was called Harriet); they hailed from East Anglia, hence the name of the bungalow. They were an elderly couple and had a married daughter, Mrs Mary Cambridge, who I believe had been a nurse during the war. Mr Loads had a white goatee beard and bred terriers, but was not blessed with much in the way of a sense of humour, and it was rumoured that he made her life hell at times. Mrs Loads was an excellent cook, but I found when delivering milk, that the kitchen, unfortunately, left much to be desired in the way of hygiene. Dogs and chickens wandered freely in and out, mixing bowls were put down for the dogs to lick out before being washed out and used again. Yet the most wonderful cakes appeared at the various Mother's Union, Church and Village Hall events. Occasionally she would give me a bun when I delivered the milk, which always tasted wonderful, and I found it quite easy to put thoughts of that kitchen out of my mind whilst eating it! Mrs Loads also did Bed and Breakfast throughout the summer months, I would think that the kitchen would have been off limits to the guests. After Mr Loads died Harriet got friendly with a gentleman from Plymouth called Gerald Maxted. He was courteous and kind and treated her with affection, something that she hadn't had for many years. People in the village were scandalised, all sorts of things were said, "He was not of her class", "He was only after her money",

anyway I am sure she knew that these things were being said but she stuck to her guns and they got married, she must have been in her mid 70s by then. The Daughter was absolutely shocked and stunned and rumour had it that she called him a “dirty old lecher”. Harriet sold East Anglia and had another smaller bungalow built on the other side of the road, which they called ‘Edenroc’ where she and Gerald had a few years of happiness together before he predeceased her in the mid 1960s. It is quite noticeable on Gerald’s grave in the churchyard that there was room for an extra inscription for when she was to join him, but obviously ‘others’ made sure that this did not happen.

To the right of the entrance to East Anglia was sited the second street light from the top of the hill.

#### No 69 Church Road

This was ‘Penhellis’. In the late 1940s Mr and Mrs Coles lived there, I can’t recall much about them except that they had a daughter called Mary who belonged to the youth club that my mother used to run at the Village Hall. Back then it was the only activity provided for the youth of the village, although there were the Cubs and Brownies, the Scouts and Guides packs did not get established until the mid 1950s. I remember there being some uproar about Mary supposing to be at the youth club, or giving her parents the impression that she was, when she was in fact out on a date. Her parents inferred that my mother was in some way involved with this deceit, but they were put right in this assumption in no uncertain terms! The upshot was that Mary was not allowed back to the youth club either by her parents or by my mother.

When the Coles moved away, sometime in about 1950 or 1951, Freddy and Dillys Collier moved in. The bungalow was in the corner of an enormous plot, which was virtually a field. There were a couple of wooden dwellings on it, which fronted on to the rough track, which is now Colliers Close, one was occupied by Bert and Hilda Perry. The other one by Bob and Elsie Phillips, only for a short while, and then later on by Mrs Manley. The remainder of the plot was given over to the growing of vegetables and the rearing of pigs. There was a redundant air raid shelter in the corner where ‘Yonderwood’ now stands. Freddy was a builder and built four bungalows at the back of the plot and tidied up the track, laying pavement kerbstones each side, and for obvious reasons named it ‘Colliers Close’. The road wasn’t actually made up properly until it was adopted by the council a few years later. ‘Yonderwood’ was the largest bungalow and was built on the corner plot bordering Church Road and Colliers Close. Fred also went on to build two more bungalows just below Hillcrest and fronting onto church Road. I remember on one occasion that Fred’s garage caught on fire quite late one evening, and there was great excitement as the fire engine raced into the village. We were rushing up Jubilee Hill to try to follow it but were thwarted by my parents, who just happened to be coming down the hill! Fred had a soft spot for dogs and usually had a couple with him wherever he went, they were very often strays that had befriended him. Dillys, I don’t think, was quite so keen, and in the late 1950s she left Fred and moved into a flat in Plymouth. I am not quite sure what eventually happened to Fred, I do believe that when he got too old to look after himself he threw himself on Dilly’s mercy and moved back in with her, dogs and all!



### No 64 (Velden) and No 66 (Edenroc)

Where these two bungalows now stand was a field, which extended down behind the bungalows of Cross Park Road and also took in part of what is now Valley Drive. In the centre of the field, in glorious isolation, was a small wood and asbestos constructed dwelling called 'Shirley'. From the front it looked just like a child's first drawing of a house. It was single storied, the walls were cream painted, in the centre was a green front door with a little porch over, each side of the front door was a window, also painted green. The roof was of red asbestos tiles and offset to the right was a chimney with a single pot. The front door opened directly into the living room, which was on the right and occupied two thirds of the front, the remaining third to the left of the front door was the bedroom. Around the back was a lean to section, which contained the kitchen and the lavatory. There was electricity and mains water laid on. Most of the plot, I seem to remember was given over to the production of vegetables. In the late 1940s Mr and Mrs Goad lived there, he was called Noah. He, I believe dealt in scrap, and as a couple I think that they were what would be called a pair of 'rough diamonds'. Noah in his scrap dealings always had masses of car, lorry and tractor tyres in great heaps against the front hedge of the plot. Each year for the village Guy Fawkes bonfire at Knighton he would let us have some for the core of the fire (which would probably be very much frowned on these days). This was great fun, as we had to wheel them from his place to the bonfire site in Knighton (where Knighton Stores now stand). The highlight of this operation was to let them go on the hill going down to the Post Office, and watch them bound down the hill and bang into the front of the shop just beside the plate glass window. In those days the shop was so arranged inside that the counter came away from the window at a right angle, with the customers on one side and the staff on the other. One can imagine the panic that ensued when they saw that they were in the path of these tyres speeding towards them. Of course, there were high-level discussions with parents as a



result. Various punishments were meted out such as, being kept in, or early to bed, and in some cases, a clip around the ear. Promises were made that this would never happen again, but of course by the time the next Guy Fawkes was due, most of us had conveniently forgotten!

After Noah moved out of Shirley, there were a variety of tenants, I know that when I used to do the milk round in the mid 1950s, Dennis Thornton lived there for a while with his first wife Margaret.

### No.68 Church Road

Further down the road on the same side was the bungalow which is now No 68 Church Road. This, I remember had a peculiar name 'Ijora' I think it was. It was occupied by Mr and Mrs Fox, she was called Lila and was a sister to Miss Lottie Perring and Mrs Annie Horwell who ran the Jubilee Inn. There was a son called Frankie who was severely disabled, I believe that he was a spina bifida case, and of course in those early days there was very little available in the way of specialist treatment. He was a lot older than us and was confined to a wheelchair, and they kept him hidden from view all of the time. I don't think that he left the confines of the bungalow until after Mrs Fox died in the 1970s and he had to be taken into care. They owned the field in which the bungalow stood and when it was sold for development it was on the proviso that the plots adjacent to it would not be developed until such time as Frankie died or they moved away.

### No 70 Church Road

I think that the most difficult part of building 'Yonderwood' was the demolition of the air raid shelter, which occupied the corner of the side. This was a pick and shovel job, there were no compressors or pneumatic tools available. The construction was of solid brick about 18 inches thick and the roof was of concrete about a foot thick with steel reinforcing rods going through, the base was also of solid concrete. The plot itself was quite large and the bungalow was nicely centred on it. I remember a Mr and Mrs Dennis living there, he was an officer in the RAF and was based at RAF Mountbatten. There was a son called Robin who was very good looking and set all the girls in 'a bit of a dither', I seem to remember that he went to Plymouth College. There was also another boy called Tim Bevan who lived with them, he was Robin's cousin and I believe that his father was also in the RAF but had been posted abroad, and Tim had remained in this country in the interest



of his education. They, like us, were in the church choir, and we used to call in for them up on the way to Evensong each Sunday evening. It was the Dennis's who had the sun lounge built on the south side of the bungalow shortly after they moved in. They seemed to be there for quite some time, a lot longer than the normal RAF posting, I think that they rather liked it and decided to settle for a while.

This was the last and biggest bungalow that Fred Collier built in Collier's close. It doesn't look a lot different from back then, except that it has gained a dormer window, and the right hand end of the main roof has been 'gabled' whereas it was 'hipped' when the bungalow was first built. This was probably done to accommodate the room in the roof with the balcony on the roof of the sun lounge. The posh iron gates are a recent addition.

#### 'Outlook'

Next to Colliers Close, going down Church Road, all by itself on an enormous plot of land was 'Outlook', which I seem to remember as a pebble dashed bungalow with a glass conservatory across the front and all the woodwork painted maroon. It always seemed to be deserted. The hedge was very thick and overgrown and the whole of the plot waist high in grass and brambles. The driveway, which was behind high maroon painted wooden gates, was always quite tidy, so obviously somebody must have gone in and out at some time. Eventually it was bought by Mr (Tom) and Mrs McGubbin. Mrs McGubbin was Lydia Humphries before her marriage. Her sister Pearl and her Father used to live further down Church Road in 'The Nook', which belonged to Mr Towill. Her brother Basil had married Maureen Toogood from West Wembury some years earlier, they had the first bungalow built in "Crossways". When Pearl got married she and her husband built a house on the plot next to Outlook. The rest of the field was eventually sold off for building and is now Laburnum Avenue. The actual bungalow 'Outlook' itself seems now to have disappeared (2005), quite a posh bungalow occupies the site, whether or not Outlook forms the core of it, I don't know.



Photograph above - bungalow occupying the site of 'Outlook'

#### 'Rhoose'

Next to the field, which is now Crossways, and Valley Drive there was a gate and a long lane going down to a bungalow called 'Rhoose'. Mr and Mrs Foley lived there, they kept a few chickens and it was quite nice and isolated off the beaten track. I used to have to take milk down to them when I worked for Dennis Little at the weekends. I remember that there was a bit of a furore between Mrs Foley and my Mother when our dog 'Nipper' went down and violated their bitch, something that he was well known for throughout the village!

#### Southland Park Road and Southland Park Crescent

Neither of these existed in the 1950s, it was all fields. The field abutting onto Church Road was set out like a market garden at the bottom of which was a wooden dwelling without electricity or mains water. There was a water tap at the top of the field by the little gate next to the entrance to Hillcrest. Jimmy and Dot Jude lived there, with their two sons John and Graham after they moved out of the hut in Ford Orchard. Jimmy Jude used to go to the beach every week and fill a sack with winkles, which were then sent by rail to Billingsgate Market in London. Dot one was one of dinner ladies and helpers at Wembury School and was hardly ever seen without her navy blue beret. She was also a member of the Darts Team at the Jubilee Inn, and who, I know from personal experience, threw a 'mean set of arrows'!

Near the end of the decade the field was sold for building and the Judes moved back to Ford Orchard, later they were rehoused by the council, I think it was at Billacombe, which of course, back then, like Wembury was a part of the Plympton Rural District (The South Hams area didn't start until one got past Ermington in those days!).

It was a Mr Turner who was developing the field, I think that he was called Eli. It was to be a select development, a small close and all the houses were to be built of Devon Brick and roofed in Devon Slate, or so the hoarding proudly stated. The first house, which he built for himself, was the first one on the right. He spent quite a lot of time telling everybody how wonderful it would be. After all the hype it was not at all what we thought, in fact it was quite a nondescript looking dwelling, the windows seemed too small, and there was an awful cedar clad balcony at first floor level, which was solid and which was so high that one would need to be quite tall in order to look out over it. The only nice thing about it were the chimneys, but they were altered by a later occupant! I think that he built perhaps two or three more and then somebody else took over. The

development then grew and expanded into the neighbouring fields. The total construction of Devon Brick and Devon Slate seemed to die a natural death.

At about the same time the field behind Bay Cottage was sold and was also being developed as 'Mewbury Mount' by Cyril Soppett. The two eventually met up and Mewbury Mount became a part of Southland Park Road. Southland Park Crescent was formed out of the western part of the original field and linked with Southland Park Road at both ends. Beach View Crescent was also extended to join with the new road, and the Church Road entrance, which had hitherto been the only way in to it, was closed off to traffic.



#### Seaview Drive

This did not exist in the 1950s, this was field with a high hedge against Church Road. In the corner of the field adjacent to the entrance to 'Penvro' was yet another air raid shelter of exactly the same construction as the one that stood in the garden of 'Yonderwood'.

The Photograph above shows the area now covered by Mewstone Avenue, Hawthorn Park road, and Seaview Drive coming in from the left.

## CROSS PARK ROAD

Cross Park Road along with Church Road is where the development of the village started in the late 1920s. Mr Reg Jolliffe built most of the bungalows and lived in one of them himself (No. 56. Church Road). Later he moved a bigger and better one that he had built at the bottom of Cross Park Road (No.10). Cross Park Road and the bungalows in Church Road going up to the corner opposite Brownhill Lane all stand on what used to be a field called "Patchcross Park". "Crosspark" was actually another field further down Church Road which is now occupied by Crossways and Valley Drive. The photograph below was taken on 21<sup>st</sup> September 2009, and looking at it one would think that we had some kind of sub tropical climate here in Wembury, the last couple of summers have certainly proved that not to be the case.

In the 1940s and 1950s the road was not made up and consisted mostly of rubble and the arisings from the building which had taken place. For the few people with cars it was a rather bumpy ride, and in wet weather was a mass of puddles and mud. Wellies were an essential clothing item for the residents! In the 1960s the was made up and 'adopted' so that the local council were then responsible for its maintenance, along with this came streetlighting, up until then the only street lights were Knighton Road and Church Road and there were only about 15 of them in all, from the top of Knighton Hill down so far as Cliff Road..



### No.1 Cross Park Road

The first people I can remember at No.1 were the O'Connors there was Ken O'Connor and his brother Fred. I know that Mrs O'Connor was there as well but I can't remember whether Mr O'Connor Senior was still around. Ken was a keen electronics engineer and the bungalow was the first in Wembury to have a television set. Ken built it himself, I never actually saw it for myself, but was told that there was no cabinet, the components were fixed to a home made chassis and spread out on a table. I know that there was a very high mast in the garden, at a jaunty angle, supporting a television aerial. Ken married Gwenda, in the, late 1940s and Christine, their daughter was born whilst Ken was on a posting to Singapore with the Royal Naval Stores organisation, and was baptised in St Andrew's Cathedral in Singapore City. Jonathan who was born profoundly deaf came along later in the 1950s. Actually I think that he was born after they had moved out of No.1 and into the rebuilt bungalow (No.14), on the other side of the road, that had burnt down in about 1949. One of Ken's best friends was George Body at Mount Pleasant Farm and they were friends from childhood up until George's untimely death in 1960 at the age of forty.

The photographs below show George with Ken outside of No.1, and also George giving Gwenda who was Ken's fiancé at that time, a big hug! George was seldom seen without his wellington boots, it was said that he even wore them to dances at the Village Hall.



It is quite interesting to see the bungalows in the background of the photographs as many have now been shorn of their chimneys and have had all manner of extensions built on. Also the road was not made up until the late 1960s and the weeds grew in great profusion where the pavements would have been!

When the O'Connors moved out of No.1, Mr and Mrs Jones, Gerry and Gladys, moved in with their two daughters, Pat and Christine. I think that they were originally from Plympton St Maurice, but had been living in Ceylon (as it was then), for a few years, where Gerry had some kind of managerial position in a hydro electric project that was being put in place. They were highly popular because Gerry was a keen amateur film maker and had a considerable collection of 8mm cine films that he had made in Ceylon. We used to think it was marvellous going to their house of an evening to watch the films - just like the 'pictures' in town! The films were of course, silent but there was plenty of commentary provided by Gerry and Gladys.

Gladys became involved with the Church Choir and both of the girls joined it as well. My younger brother and I were both members, David Haimes, Nina Densum, Geraldine Thomas and Christine Clifton were all in it as well. We used to look forward to Evensong Services in the winter when we used to create all sorts of mayhem walking home in the dark afterwards!

Jerry died in 1958 at 58 years of age, he had a history of intestinal problems and had undergone major surgery in the past.

The photograph below of Cross Park Road, was taken in September 2009. The bungalows are basically the same although they have lost their chimneys. No.1 has gained a dreadful loft conversion, which looks as though someone has dropped a packing case on it from a great height.



#### No.2 Cross Park Road

This was occupied by Mr and Mrs Bickford, he kept bees and used to sell the honey, which was delicious, my mother used to buy honey from him occasionally. He also had beehives in the garden at Wembury House. He was a keen gardener, and used to grow quite a lot of lavender, more for the benefit of the bees than anything else, I think. The gardens both back and front were always immaculate. He usually entered a selection of vegetables, flowers and honey in the Wembury Garden Show each year and did quite well. He did however, have a bit of a reputation as a 'voyeur'.

#### No.3 Cross Park Road

Mr and Mrs Perring, lived here, he was called Alf. They had a son called Brian who was much older than us and who was a member of the Youth Club that my mother used to run at the Old Village Hall. Alf was a regular at the Jubilee Inn but was not actually related to Miss Perring the licensee. It was quite confusing to strangers as Miss Perring's father was called Alf and she also had a brother called Alf, who was never talked about very much, as I think that he was a bit of a 'black sheep'.

#### No.4 Cross Park Road

Was owned by an old lady who was either the daughter or widow of somebody who had been involved in Colonial Service, probably guarding one of the far-flung outposts of the British Empire (which we are supposed to be ashamed of these days!). The bungalow was furnished with many pieces of either African or Indian origins, Tiger skin rugs and other such non PC Items. One day she decided to go off on her travels once again, and so put the bungalow up for rent. Vic Smith at the Post Office was charged with the job of collecting the rent and banking it at the Drake Circus branch of Lloyds Bank (now long gone). Shortly afterwards Mr and Mrs Barnett moved in They previously were living in the hut at the top of the steps ("Seaview") opposite Cliff Road. They had two children Penny, who was about my age and was very pretty. She had a younger brother who I cannot remember the name of. Mr Barnett was a chef in the Royal Navy, a Petty Officer I believe, and rented the bungalow whilst he was on a Devonport posting. He used to make the most lovely iced buns in the shape of snowmen for the school Christmas party. There were only ever about a dozen of them and such was their popularity that names had to be drawn out of a hat for them. They had cloves for eyes which I found didn't taste very nice. The rest of the bun was superb. The other children, mainly those who didn't get one, told me that I would die because I had eaten the cloves, as children would!

Sometime after the Barnetts Mrs Cora Jenkins moved into No.4. She became the first President of the Wembury branch of the Womens' Institute when it was formed in 1957. Cora moved away in the late 1960s to be near relatives, "up north" somewhere, I believe. Then Dennis and Mary Thornton moved in with their two daughters. They were there for some considerable time, until the marriage hit the rocks, Mary remained there on her own for a while and then, it was rumoured that the relatives of the old lady claimed the place back, after what must have been about 30 years, and put it up for sale.

#### No.5 Cross Park Road

Was not there, The plot contained one of the many red brick air raid shelters which were scattered throughout the village.

#### No.6 Cross Park Road

Was not there, the site was a part of the garden of what is now No 7

#### No.7 Cross Park Road

This was occupied by Mr and Mrs Ball, Ted and Hilda. There was boy called Everett who was brought up as their son but in truth was their grandson. I think that they had adopted him so that their daughter would be free to marry. The war had brought about many such instances as this. Ted was a manager for Hardings of Drake Circus, the house furnishers, and was also Vice Chairman of the Village Hall Committee. When Ted retired, they had a new bungalow built at the top end of Plymbridge Road in Plympton and moved there, which I always thought was a strange thing to do as Wembury seemed to me, to be the perfect place to be retired in.

#### No 8 Cross Park Road

Was not there, I think that the site was a part of the garden of what is now No.10.

#### No.10 Cross Park Road

This was occupied by Mr and Mrs Jolliffe. Mr Jolliffe, Reginald, was a builder and had built the bungalow himself, as he had most of the others in Church Road and Cross Park Road. This one was a departure from the usual design of rooms opening off from a central hallway, and a bathroom at the opposite end to the front door. They used to live in what is now No.56 Church Road opposite 'Marconi House' which is now the Vicarage, and where Mrs Jolliffe's sister, Mrs Beatty Rushbrook lived. There were three daughters Elsie who was much older than us, Josephine who was a couple of years older than me, and Marjorie who was a couple of years younger than me, and who we always, for some unknown reason, called 'Nell'. It was in the early 1950s that Elsie got married to George Fierne, a policeman. They had their wedding reception in the Old Village Hall, with all us children outside with our noses pressed up against the glass of the window watching all that was going on, as we had never seen such a thing before.

#### No.11 Cross Park Road

This was built by Mr Jolliffe in part of their garden and then sold off. I remember a Mr and Mrs Peters living there, I don't really know very much about then but used to deliver milk there when I worked for Dennis Little at the weekends. I believe that the bungalow was called 'Snowdonia'.

#### No.12 Cross Park Road

This was called 'Kingston' occupied by Mr and Mrs Webber Jack and Steenie, who it transpired were not actually married until many years later when one or the other of them was legally free to remarry. They were a very pleasant and devoted couple. Jack worked in the building trade, Steenie had some kind of incapacity which kept her almost housebound, but was always very cheerful. Jack was for many years on the village Hall Committee and also a Parish Councillor. Just after the new village hall opened there were a lot of problems with debt, and finding enough money for fitting the hall out, Jack worked tirelessly through thick and thin to keep its head above water, there were no handouts or grants available in those days. Jack and Steenie both died within minutes of each other one Sunday morning in the early 1980s

#### No.13 Cross Park Road

I cannot remember who lived here in the 1940s/50s

### No.14 Cross Park Road

In the late 1940s it was occupied by Lily and Jimmy Milden. One summer night it burnt down leaving just the walls and chimneys standing. I think that the cause of the fire was reckoned to be an iron which had been left switched on, a lot of the older irons in those days didn't have thermostatic cut-outs. Jim and Lilly moved to several different places on a temporary basis, I suppose whilst insurance etc., was being sorted out, and for a while lived at No.6 Watergate Cottages. The bungalow stood as a ruin for a couple of years and then Ken O'Connor bought it and had it rebuilt and moved into it from No.1. The photograph shows Ken and Gwenda's two children, Christine and Jonathan, in front of the bungalow in February 1961



In the recent photograph (below) it is very recognisable but has changed in that the two front windows have been replaced with bowed windows and the front door has been moved around to the side. The faint outline of where it used to be between the two front windows can just be made out showing through the rendering.



### No.15 Cross Park Road

I can't remember who lived here in the 1940s/50s

### No.16 Cross Park Road

In the 1940s the Littlejohns lived here. I can't remember Mr Littlejohns, I think that they had split up at the end of the war. She was called Mollie and worked for Spooners of Plymouth. There was a son, Richard, who was about my age, and in the same class as me in the infants at Wembury School. They moved into Plymouth to live in the early 1950s. I can't remember who lived there next, but they cleared up the large garden on the side of the bungalow which up until then had been rather overgrown, and installed a fishpond as well. The bungalow itself had quite a lot of work done on it. I seem to remember steel framed windows being put in to replace the wooden ones. Towards the end of the decade, the Ballantyne family moved in. There was Mr, Ken, Mrs and two sons whose names I can't remember. I know that the oldest son married Christine Brown. but the marriage didn't last. I remember that Mrs Ballantyne died at quite an early age. Ken did later remarry, she was a very nice lady called Mary, who was a widow, and lived in 'Four Square' one of the bungalows next to the Post Office. They sold the two bungalows and went up to Hollacombe to live.

Below is a recent photograph of No.16 (September 2009)



## COLLIERS CLOSE

In the late 1940s Colliers Close was un-named and was just a rough track into a field, where the road is now. On the right hand side, just about where the first gateway is, there was a wooden dwelling in the middle of a large plot, and another one on the left hand side of the track just by where the car in the photograph is. I think that these were originally built between the wars. There were many such places up and down Church Road, and on the cliff, and in Beach View Crescent and very often just a single dwelling in the corner of a field. In a lot of cases they were owned or rented by people from Plymouth who would come to stay for weekends and holidays. Due to the housing situation during and after the war many of them came to be lived in permanently even though some lacked mains services. Although not considered to be “in keeping” with the area, they possessed a charm of their own. As time has gone by they have been replaced with permanent dwellings, and in most cases the replacement dwelling has overwhelmed the site and rather destroyed the charm.

The dwelling on the right was occupied by Bob and Elsie Philips for a short time whilst their bungalow was being built at South Barton. Later on, in the mid 1950s, a Mrs Manley lived there, I used to take milk to her when I worked for Dennis Little at Weekends. It was a very cosy little place, I think that it had electricity but lacked indoor plumbing. In the years that it had been there it had grown some unofficial little extensions, like a lean to bit on the back as a kitchen/scullery, and a small conservatory on the front. I think in the end that the Plympton Rural District Council condemned the place but kindly allowed Mrs Manley to live out the rest of her life there.

The little dwelling on the other side was very much the same. It was called ‘Alpha’ and was occupied by Bert and Hilda Perry, both of whom had thick Birmingham accents; they had come down to Wembury after the war to live in retirement. Bert was not the most cheerful of people, and with the build up of the cold war in the 1950s, was always full of doom and gloom, about Wembury being in the direct firing line with it being so close to the Naval Dockyard at Devonport. Like the little place on the other side of the road, this little dwelling had grown a couple of extra rooms, and a conservatory, plus an Anderson Shelter which had been added to the side with great resourcefulness and made into a kitchen. The little place was kept very well maintained, and the garden was immaculate. The bungalow called ‘Baystone’ now occupies the site. I have no idea as to owned these places, but when Freddie Collier bought what is now No.69 Church Road, from the Coles, I think that the field, including the two huts must have gone with it. For a while it he had it in cultivation and kept pigs as well.



A little later on the rough track was made into a road, (no tarmac) which Fred named “Colliers Close” and he built four bungalows over on the far side.

No.1 was occupied by Bert and Muriel Woods who moved in from the Old School House.

I can't remember who occupied No.2.

No.3 was occupied by the Nicholls family, they had two children, a son, who was about the same age as my elder brother, Jim, and who later became an Artificer in the Royal Navy, and a daughter called Sue who was about the same age as my sister, Angela.

No.4 was occupied by the Grubb family, they had two daughters, the eldest one Sheenah, was about the same age as my sister Angela, and the younger one, Fiona, was the same age, and best friend of my youngest sister, Nichola.

No.5 "Armardor" was one of the first self build bungalows in Wembury, built by Arthur and Doreen Beavil. I think that the plot had belonged to Doreen's father, Cecil Moorhouse. This must have been in the mid 1950s, just about when they were married. I remember very clearly the striking stained glass panel, depicting a galleon, being put into the front door, which is still in place. Later when they had their son, Mark, they named the bungalow 'Armardor'

Photograph right of 'Armardor' with the galleon forever sailing across the front door

Mr Walser a Plymouth Builder bought the first plot in on the left, and built a bungalow 'Aveley' for himself and his wife, for their retirement.

Mrs Manleys little place eventually gave way to the present bungalow on the site, which is called 'Mewstone View'. The hut was positioned behind where the garage is now, the rest of the plot was all garden

Photograph below of No's 1 & 2 with additions that they have accumulated over the years,



Photograph below - 'Baystone'



Photograph below - 'Mewstone View'



Photograph below – ‘Aveley’



The last bungalow that Fred built in Colliers Close was ‘Yonderwood’ which occupies the corner site and which also fronts onto Church Road



## CROSSWAYS AND VALLEY DRIVE

### Crossways and Valley Drive

In the early 1950s Crossways and Valley Drive was a field. The hedge was level with the front of 'Ijora' and the gateway into the field was just about where the centre of the road is now. There was a bomb crater in the field to the left of the gate and about 50 yards in. The third bungalow in on the left (now called 'Tenby') was built over it, and had to have specially strengthened foundations.

In about 1955 Terry Yabsley had bought the field from Mrs Fox and started to develop it. The conditions of the sale were such that he was not allowed to develop any plots adjacent to 'Ijora', Mrs Fox's bungalow, until either she died, or she moved away with her severely disabled son Frankie, or Frankie was taken into care.



The first bungalow to be built was No.2, the second one in on the left, for Maureen and Basil Humphries, who at the time were renting our cottage at Watergate. It was quite revolutionary for the time as it was built without fireplaces; Basil and Maureen intended that it should be an all-electric house. I seem to remember that they named it 'La Casa'; I have no idea what it is called now. A few years after it was built, Basil installed a chimney to serve a fireplace in the sitting room and a Rayburn stove in the kitchen. In the 1950s, the electricity supply in the village could be quite unpredictable, especially in the winter, and I think that Basil and Maureen discovered that a solid fuel, as an alternative, was a very practical idea!

The next one to be built was No.3, which was built for Maureen's sister Sonia Harris, and her husband Roger, and which they named 'Shangri La'. This one was built over a bomb crater from the Second World War, which has been filled in with some of the spoil when the roadway was bulldozed through, but the bungalow still had to have specially strengthened foundations. Sonia and Roger were married on New Year's Day in 1953, he was a young Petty Officer in the Royal Navy who later became a Commissioned Officer, destined one day to be, Navigating Officer of the Royal Yacht Britannia.



Some Happy snaps from the Harris family album whilst at 'Shangri La'

Sonia and Roger had their two sons Martin and Steven whilst living at No.3. Later on with Roger's Naval postings it made sense that the family should move to be together so the house was sold.

Photograph below - No.3 now called 'Tenby', as it looks today, it has lost both of its chimneys and gained a dreadful dormer extension on the back which makes it look rather like a lean-to which has lost its main building!



The corner site, No.1, adjacent to Church road wasn't developed until 1958. Mr and Mrs Sam and Ivy Rodgers who had lived at "Seacrofters" at the bottom of Cliff Road, had move to Brixham a few years before. Sam was a Commercial Traveller for Auto Factors Ltd, which was based in Plymouth. His job took him all over Devon and Cornwall to all of the independent garages and workshops that there were at that time.

In 1958 he came off the road to a desk job in Plymouth. This meant that a move back to the area would be the most sensible thing, so they decided to come back to Wembury. They bought the corner plot and Terry Yabsley built the bungalow, which they named "Dolphin Cottage". Terry built No.4 and shortly afterwards the business folded and the remaining sites were sold to "Lemon and Bunker" who continued with the development.

The photograph below shows No.1, as it looked in 1961. The road was still unmade and remained so for quite some time afterwards. After a few years Mr and Mrs Rodgers heard that the two sites opposite might be developed as shops, so to prevent this happening they bought them. They had a house built on the corner and moved across the road taking the "Dolphin Cottage" name with them



The Rodgers's hailed from the Midlands, Sam from Gainsborough, and Ivy from Stoke-on-Trent where her father was a foreman in one of the potteries. It was through this connection that the specially fired Coronation Mugs were obtained for all of the children in the village, with the Wembury stamp on the bottom. The Rodgers's had originally come to Devon to escape the smoke and smog of the Midlands, which had been detrimental to Mr Rodgers's health.

By the time Mr Rodgers retired in the late 1960s, the "Clean Air Act" had been in place for some time and the Midlands was a much healthier place to live. This combined with the fact that they had several older relatives in the Midlands, who needed them to be close by, persuaded them to move back to the Midlands, which is what they did in the early 1970s.

On the other side of the road next to the "new" Dolphin Cottage, on the big corner plot of Crossways and fronting on to Valley Drive. Jack and Ruth Everitt had a large double fronted bungalow built, called 'The Chines' with an "annexe" as they called it back then, which, today would be a "Granny Flat". This was to be for Ruth's Mother, Mrs Woodward, who had been recently widowed. They had lived in "Woody Bay" just a bit further down Church Road since just after the War, Jack worked for British Railways and cycled to and from his work in Plymouth every day. I think that this was the bungalow that Terry Yabsley started and Lemon and Bunker finished.

Photograph below – No.1 as it looks today, very much extended out to the left, and almost completely hidden from view from the road.



Photograph below – the “new” Dolphin Cottage



## LOOKING UP CHURCH ROAD FROM CROSSWAYS



Where the tops of the two trees meet over the road just above 'Ijora' on the left, it gives some idea of the width of the road before development had taken place. The hedge in front of 'Ijora' (just behind the electric post) continued on down the left hand side of the picture.

The gate into the field where 'Crossways' is now sited was just about where the square patch is in the tarmac. The field was actually called 'Cross Park'. The field further up where 'Cross Park Road' is now sited, was 'Patchcross Park'.

On the right hand side of the road, the hedge had been moved back when 'Outlook' was built in the 1930s, it originally lined up with the projection just above 'Colliers Close'. In the 1950s the grassy bank was a lot wider and had a footpath on it. Since then 'Outlook' has disappeared and 'Laburnam Close' occupies all of the site.

## CHURCH ROAD - HILL CREST TO BEACH VIEW CRESCENT

### Hillcrest Close

Back in the 1940s and 1950s, Hillcrest comprised of only the one bungalow just inside the entrance on the left. It was pebble dashed with dark blue paintwork, and was almost obscured from view by an evergreen hedge. It was occupied by Mrs Stokes, there was a grown-up son who lived with her, and who was very keen on motorbikes. He very often went roaring up through the village on his latest acquisition. When Minnie Baggott's relationship with 'Josey' fizzled out he moved in with Mrs Stokes, which set many tongues a wagging! Minnie remained at Trenona and resumed her proper name of Moore.

There was a track that went in and around to the left of the bungalow where there were a couple of wooden dwellings in the field. I think that these were mainly for summer use only but there was a time when one was occupied permanently by the Stone family. They weren't here for very long, I cannot remember any of their names except for the youngest who was called Fred and was in our class at Wembury School. He had an older brother and sister who went to Plymstock School and there was another older sister who was working. Fred had a withered arm, and a couple of fingers missing as well, but on the whole had hardly any problems at school with it, although some of the girls were a bit reluctant when it came to picking partners for country dancing. The hut they lived in was just a single room not more than 8ft by 12ft, this was augmented by a small caravan. There was no electricity, and water was available from a tap in the field.

Later on in the 1950s another bungalow was built on the other side of the track from Mrs Stoke's bungalow. I can't remember who lived in it back then, but I know that in the 1970s Bill and Gracie Drake lived there.

Photograph of "Hillcrest" the original bungalow in the corner of the field from which the 'Close' now takes its name.

Later on in the 1950s Freddy Collier built two bungalows behind Mrs Stokes' bungalow fronting onto Church Road, the higher of the two was named "Tresco" and was occupied for many years by John and Connie Atkins.



Later on again Mr Woolridge came and built a couple more, one of which was for himself, which I seem to remember was called "Outspan". I think that he died at quite an early age, he had a son called Maurice who used to join in with our gang on the beach in the summer. Sadly he died in May 1963 at only 43 years of age.

Since then more bungalows have been built forming now what is known as "Hillcrest Close"

### Penvro, Woody Bay and The Nook

These three bungalows opposite Hillcrest stood here in glorious isolation in the middle of Church Road for many years



### 'Penvro'

The nearest one in the photograph was, in the 1940s and 1950s, occupied by Miss Wyn Maynard, headmistress of Wembury School. She was a keen gardener and both the garden and the bungalow were always kept in immaculate condition. Back then there was a very large back garden, which was mostly laid to lawn. I remember that she bought an electric Qualcast mower, which most people thought, was a trifle extravagant. It was a huge green thing with a grass box on the front, this was before the days of hover mowers and suchlike. She also had a Staffordshire Bull Bitch called 'Chinkie' which she took to school with her every day, and who used to spend most of the time in her basket by Miss Maynard's desk. She was wonderful with the children, and all of us adored her. It was long after I had left the school when Chinkie died and I remember the great sadness when we all heard the news. From the front the bungalow looks very much the same as it always did, it has lost its chimney but gained a skylight, there are a couple more around the side. There is now quite a large extension on the back, and part of what was the back garden now contains another bungalow.

Outside of Penvro was the fourth street light from 'Greenbank' at the top of the hill, and beside the bungalow, in the corner of the field, which now forms the entrance to Sea View Drive, was another air raid shelter.

### 'Woody Bay'

In this one lived Jack and Ruth Everett, they had two children Jimmy and Jennifer. Jack worked for the railways, in what capacity, I am not sure. He used to travel to and from work on a bicycle in all weathers. Ruth had one leg shorter than the other, a condition that she was born with. She steadfastly refused to wear a built-up shoe, and was a familiar sight with her lolloping gait as she went up and down to the village about her business, her skirt swinging as she walked. It always looked to be most uncomfortable, especially if she was carrying shopping, but she seemed perfectly happy, and able to cope with the situation. I never knew her to be anything other than cheerful. Jimmy was about the same age as my younger brother and Jennifer was younger again. He wore glasses from a very early age which made him look a bit of a swot, we used to call him 'Professor'. He did actually do very well at school and went on to the Grammar School, and I think that Jennifer followed in his footsteps. In the late 1950s Ruth's father died and her mother came to live with them. Obviously Woody Bay was going to be too small for them all so they had a new bungalow built in Crossways on the corner of the junction with Valley Drive. I can't remember who moved into Woody Bay but I do know they had young children and he got himself involved with the recently formed PTA at Wembury School, of which my mother was a member.

### 'The Nook'

The Humphreys lived in this one, there was Mr Humphreys and a grown-up son and daughter Basil and Pearl. They rented the bungalow from Mr Towill of Laneside, in Brownhill Lane. There was another daughter Lydia who married a Mr Tom McGubbin and I think that they had gone to live in Scotland. Very early in the 1950s Basil married Maureen Toogood from West Wembury, and after some time in rented accommodation, they had the first bungalow built in Crossways (which is actually the second one in on the left) and moved in there. Pearl and her father remained at 'The Nook' for quite some time and then I think that Pearl got married and moved away, and her father went with her. The bungalow stayed empty for some time and then the Pascoe family moved in, Mr and Mrs, I think that he was something to do with the Plymouth photographers Pascoe and Munday. There was a son called Alan who was about my age and another younger one whose name I can't remember.

### The Road to Beach View Crescent

From here to Beach View Crescent there was a high hedge on each side of the road, and the trees had grown so high that they touched in the middle overhead, it was like walking through the nave of a huge cathedral. The field hedge used to abound with glow worms, we used to see their little lanterns glowing in the dark. Often we would catch one and take it to school in a matchbox to show everybody but always made sure that it went back to where we found it. The photograph gives some idea as to how narrow the road was. The hedge on the left hand side came right in to the edge of where the grass verge is now, and it continued like that right down to the bottom of Church Road. Just here where the road opened out by the three bungalows was the only passing place for cars, as the road was the same width going back the other way as well, until one got past Cross Park Road. When walking, one very often had press ones self into the hedge so that cars or the bus could get by. Wheeling the pushchair to the beach in the summer with my little sister embarked could be quite hazardous for my mother, especially with three other small children with her as well, plus the picnic and the swimming gear!

Opposite the entrance to Beach View Crescent was yet another street light, the fifth one from the top of the hill. Under the street light was a Parish Council Notice Board, next to which was a field gate with a path going up the side of the field to 'Homeleigh' another wooden dwelling in the corner of a field. It was painted green with a corrugated iron roof, along the front, which faced towards Church Road, there was open verandah with white painted fence in a criss-cross style and white wooden posts up to the roof. My first recollection is of a girl called Primrose Holland living there she was much older than me and went the "Big" school, Next I remember the Spencer family there before they moved into one of the newly completed Council Houses in 1951. Later the Gillings moved in, there was Gilbert who worked in the carpet department in Spooners, Mrs Gillings, a daughter, Geraldine and a son. That dwelling was replaced by a permanent building which is still there, now fronting on to Hawthorn Drive.

Back in the 1950s Beach View Crescent was a cul de sac accessible only from Church Road. At the top end it terminated in an air raid shelter and a field hedge.



## HARVEST SCENE 1940s

This bucolic scene dates from the 1940s and is on Jack Smallridge's field on the south side of Church Road between Hillcrest and Beach View Crescent. The roof of the bungalow in view on the right is that of "The Nook" which was one three in isolation in the middle of Church Road. The rick is built against the hedge, which abutted Church Road, and the group is sitting in the area now occupied by the garden of No.97 Church Road.

At harvest time tea was taken out on the field, every farm seemed to have the big black kettles from which the hot sweet tea was dispensed, there was usually a variety of sandwiches, and cake and very often pasties as well. Lunch was usually taken at the farmhouse. Most of the farmhouses had large kitchens with a table where at least fifteen people could sit down to lunch. Children were usually accommodated together at another smaller table.

Shown in the photograph are Bill Woods, Mrs Waite, Bill Towill, Mrs Blanche Smallridge, Harry Smallridge and Olive Smallridge.



## HARVEST SCENE 200

In this recent photograph of the same area it is not possible to get into the same position as the photographer of the 1940s without trespassing onto somebody's garden.

The field hedge would have run down against the grass verge, and would have encroached as far the white line in the centre of the road. The narrow grass verge on the opposite indicates where the other hedge would have been. The parked car on the right is just about where the rick was positioned and the group of workers would be just to the right of it inside the garden of No.97 facing to the right. The roof that can be glimpsed through the trees on the right of the photograph is the same one as in the earlier photograph.



## BEACH VIEW CRESCENT - 1940s/1950s – GENERAL

Photograph below taken in April 2005 of the Church Road entrance to Beach View Crescent. This now is pedestrian only but until Southland Park Road came into being in the late 1960s this was the only entrance for both pedestrians and vehicles.



It was a small cul-de-sac accessible only from Church Road, and as its name suggests, in the form of a crescent giving access to a handful of bungalows and a variety of holiday type dwellings, made from a variety of materials, wood, stone, asbestos, and corrugated iron, one even utilising an old bus body. The road was not made up and there were no street lights. The road was terminated at the brow of the hill by a field hedge, and in front of it, a red brick air raid shelter. The last bungalow, on the seaward side of the crescent was the one that is now numbered No.2, and was called 'Blue Haze'. The field hedge formed the right hand side of the drive going down to it.

That bungalow I first remember being occupied by the Skinners they had a son called Trevor who was about my age and went to Wembury School, Mr Skinner was a butcher by trade and I remember him being the manager of the butchery in the food hall in Spooners of Plymouth. They moved into Plymouth to live in the early 1950s. The next people were the Luggs, Jessie taught at Plymstock School and was, before her marriage, Miss Porter. She and her husband went on to have two children, girls, and in the mid to late 1950s moved to Furzehatt Road in Plymstock. Then the Roberts family moved in Flo and Rob, the thing that stands out most about them is they had a pet monkey. There was a son called Frank who was about my age. I am not sure whether there were any other children.

The next bungalow which is now No.4, was called 'Sandown' and was down another long drive, it was occupied firstly, as I remember it, by the Morrells and then later by the Burgesses. The Burgesses had a son called Roy who in the mid 1950s married Joyce Loram who lived at 'Sunnydale' in West Wembury next to the Parish Room. He was, for a while, the captain of the ringers at the church. There was older son called Alf who was married and lived across the road in 'San Remo' (which is now No.5), his wife was called Doris who was an usherette in the Plaza Cinema in Plymouth.

In what would have been their back garden was a small green wooden dwelling, which was permanently occupied, and to augment the meagre accommodation provided there was always a bell tent pitched alongside

of the hut regardless of the season. This has now been replaced by the bungalow called 'Kushy Kot', now No.6.

The next bungalow down another long drive was a very small place, was called 'Maldon' and was occupied by the Mountjoys. He was called Bert and sung base in the church choir and also carried the cross in procession. He and his wife were grand parents-in-law to Dennis Little the milkman, Dennis's wife Ruth was their grand daughter. When I worked for him at the weekends, he would spend ages there, I think that they used to give him lunch. I would have to deliver the milk to the rest of the crescent during this time.

In what was, I suppose at one time, their back garden was a small concrete built bungalow called 'White Cot'. It has since been extended and I notice now is called 'Casita Blanca' which I believe means the same thing! In the late 1940s and early 1950s Millers lived there, Mrs Miller was called Daisy, they had a daughter, Jessie who got married in the church in 1947 to somebody called Gordon (Christian name). I think that this was one of the first post-war weddings. In those days there were not very many weddings in the church, the population of the village was quite small, and lack of transport made it quite an inconvenient venue for others, and besides the rules back then were a lot stricter about who was allowed to get married there. White Cot gave directly onto the road on that side of the crescent. All of the other places were at the ends of long driveways, with enormous back gardens. Years later most people sold off their gardens as building plots which accounts for the other dwellings on that side, that now give directly on to the road. After the Millers moved away, the Passmores bought the place, which that they only used at first for holidays, but later came to live there permanently, and made it into the concrete jungle that it now is.

The next bungalow down the end of another long driveway was 'Alta Vista' which is now No.12, and was occupied by the Densums, Fred and Nina, they had two daughters, Wendy who was the same age as my older brother Jim, and Nina, who was just a bit younger than me. Nina and I were particularly good friends at school and we still are now (nearly 60 years later), we laugh at the same silly things now (2005) as we did in 1950. Fred was a schoolteacher who had served in the Navy through the war as an Instructor Officer. He and Nina both hailed from the Torquay area. They moved into Alta vista just before the war. In the 1950s they had much work done to the bungalow, which included building the glass enclosed verandah across the front, and the creation of the room in the roof, with the dormer window looking out to sea. I think that this must have been one of the first, if not the very first 'loft conversion' in the village! Fred died in 1972 and Nina in 1982, their daughter Nina sold the house in 1983, in order to 'downsize' and it was bought by Ian and Kay Riley.

The next bungalow was 'Dolphin Villa', it is now No.16, was also down a long drive, and was occupied by the Alexanders. Mr Alexander was 'in tea', I think that he bought tea in huge quantities for Liptons. That is all I know about them, their bungalow, being the last one in the row, instead of looking out to sea looked out across the valley, where it had a totally uninterrupted view, back then. In the garden on the 'sea' side there was a wooden hut, which was let to some people called Driscoll. They had a son called Colin who married Pat Sergeant, who lived in 'The Steppes' in Church Road, he was her first husband.

The next people I remember living there were called Bray, I believe that he was in the Navy and that they rented the bungalow. I used to take milk to them when I worked for Dennis Little. The only other thing that I remember about them is that there was a rather precocious little boy who I think was called Jeremy, and who always referred to me as 'Milk Boy' which endeared him to me no end!

Then came the Delle family who moved in from Billacombe, Dickie and Gloria, There were two daughters, Monica, who was a bit younger than me, and one younger again, Katrina. There was also a younger brother whose name I can't remember. I believe that Dickie was something to do with the motor trade. Later on in the 1960s the bungalow was bought by somebody called Dawe (no relation to the Dawes at Windy ridge). They had 'Hunters Moon' built in the back garden for themselves, and after moving into it, sold off No.16.

No.16 was the last bungalow on that side of the road. The rest of the area going right down to Church Road was mostly overgrown with grass and brambles. There were a couple of huts and a caravan, and the little wooden dwelling 'Seaview' at the top of the steps opposite Cliff Road. One of the huts was green and stood just about in the middle of this area, and was used by people called Macnamara who came from Billacombe, they had a boy with bright ginger hair. There was also a black hut, which seemed to have a regular habit of having its roof blown off.

No.24 was built in the very late 1950s, for the Jacksons, Horace and Marion. He was something 'high up' in the Dockyard and had designed the bungalow himself. Up until this time the site had been part of a great expanse of grass and brambles mentioned above. They had a most precocious brat of a daughter called Josephine who used to be most rude to them when they were out in company. They were quite an odd family, Marion would sing "You do something to me" in a very loud voice if she thought that George Hill, who lived next door was within earshot.

No.20 was built in 1959, for George and Dorothy Hill, they had moved to Wembury from Cardiff where George had run a fish and chip shop. They had a daughter called Christine. The green hut belonging to the Macnamaras disappeared at this time so presumably it had occupied part of the bungalow plot. I think that it was after the Hill's time that the bungalow was very imaginatively named 'Chatsworth' probably by Mr Mostin who was a later owner.

In about 1960 the bungalow 'Kirkstone', which is now No.26 was built for the Thomasons. He was a chemist, I am not sure what she was, could very well have just have been a housewife, many women were in those days. There were two daughters, Joy and Margaret; Margaret was a couple years younger than me, Joy a couple of years older. There was also a younger brother who I can't remember the name of.

In the 1950s this was all a part of the plot belonging to 'Seaview' the small wooden dwelling at the top of the steps opposite the entrance to Cliff Road, which was owned by Mrs Whitburn from Plymouth. In the 1950s she allowed the Brends, Flo and Jack, to put their caravan, which they used in the summer and at weekends, on the site.

Later on in the 1950s a Mr and Mrs Spencer had a bungalow built behind 'Seaview' called 'Sea Mist' accessible via a long driveway from the crescent.

On the other side of the Crescent, starting at the entrance, just off Church Road.

The first bungalow immediately on the right was called 'Higher Howden' and was occupied by the Joneses. Leslie Jones was the headmaster of a school in Plymouth, Mrs Jones always reminded me of Dame Flora Robson the famous actress of the 1950s. There were two daughters Madge, who married Ron Jessopp who was something to do with the radiology department in the Plymouth Hospitals, and Jill who later in the decade married a farmer from Cornwall. There was also a younger son called Martin. They were all well involved in village life, Leslie was Honorary Secretary of the Village Hall Committee, the two girls were involved in church things, and Martin was a bellringer. I believe that this bungalow is now No.106 Church Road

To the right of their bungalow and actually going into the bottom of the Hillcrest field, there was another bungalow 'Lyndhurst' Later renamed 'Knoll Cott', which was occupied by the Johnsons, his initials were J H K but used Ken as his first name, he was involved with the Village Hall and was Vice President of the Village Hall Committee. He was the manager of the carpet department in Dingles of Plymouth. I can't remember what Mrs Johnson was called, there was also a daughter called Susan. They moved away near the end of the 1950s when I believe Ken became the general manager of a large department store. The house was bought by Mr and Mrs Allison, she was a piano teacher, I don't know what he did. When Miss Maynard retired as Headmistress of Wembury School, she sold 'Penvro' in Church Road and moved in with the Allisons as their lodger. The bungalow is now numbered No.104 church Road.

Just to the left of the gateway of Higher Howden there was a piece of what looked like waste ground, which had a little green wooden hut on it. Madge and Ron Jessopp lived in the hut whilst their bungalow 'Dorking' was being built in church Road, in part of what was Mrs Burrows's Garden. The site of the hut is now occupied by the garage of Higher Howden.

Around the corner on the same side of the road is a small bungalow, now No.13, originally called 'Martinshaw' and now named 'Daressa' which was built on what was always like waste ground and seemed to be part of the site of the hut mentioned above.

What is now No.11 was a small holiday type bungalow called 'Four Winds' which I believe, was occupied by Mrs Shackelford. Apart from that I remember nothing more about it.

We then come to 'Windy Ridge' which started life as a converted bus body brought to the site and made into a little dwelling which I believe was only used for holidays and weekends.. Since the late 1930s, Frank and Lil Dawe had lived there permanently with their two children Ron and Ruth. The old bus body was gradually replaced by the bungalow which is still very recognisable today. It is now No.9

Next to Windy Ridge was a new bungalow that was built in the early 1950s by Jack Davis. Previously the site had been occupied by a large wooden hut, which had belonged to Mr Roy Ferguson and his wife Ruby who used it for holidays and weekends. Roy owned 'Ferguson's Mineral Waters' who with 'Mason's Mineral Waters' just about cornered the lemonade market in the area. I do believe that it was Fergusons who invented 'Vimto' a well known fizzy drink to all of us children in the village. The new bungalow was very large and grand and had a crazy paving driveway. It was called 'Kathmacot' and is now No.7.

Another Mineral Water company was 'Biscombes' Mr and Mrs Biscombe were neighbours of ours when we lived at Gabber. I well remember Dot Biscombe as a widow in the mid 1960s. Biscombes dealt more with the Public Houses, their distinctive soda syphons were a regular sight in the pubs in the area, and for us as children it was a great treat to have a bottle of Biscombes lemonade or ginger beer brought home for us from the Jubilee Inn.

Next to 'Kathmacot' was another large bungalow, slightly older, but with many similarities. It was Called 'San Remo' and was occupied by Mr and Mrs Burgess (Alf and Doris). He was the elder son of Mr and Mrs Burgess senior who lived across the road in what is now No.4. I don't know what Alf did for a living but Doris was an usherette at the Plaza Cinema in Plymouth. She had jet-black hair and wore very red lipstick. We often used to see her going in on the afternoon bus for an evening on duty. It is now No.5.

Next was a large, old, pebble-dashed bungalow behind a huge privet hedge called 'Mendora' which belonged to Elsie Hutchings. I don't recall ever seeing much of her, so always assumed that it was not permanently occupied. It is now No.3.

And that brings us back to the air raid shelter!



Site of the Air Raid Shelter. The hedge went straight across from where the yew tree is on the left and the air raid shelter sat in the middle of where the road now is. On the far side of the hedge was a field. To gain access to the driveway on the left, one had to manoeuvre around the end of the shelter.

## BEACH VIEW CRESCENT - 1940s/1950s - No.26

The photograph below was taken in July 2005

In the 1950s this was all a part of the plot belonging to 'Seaview' which was a small wooden dwelling at the top of the steps opposite the entrance to Cliff Road, and which was owned by Mrs Whitburn from Plymouth. In the 1950s she allowed the Brends, Flo and Jack, to put their caravan, which they used in the summer and at weekends, on this site, just about where the garage is in the photograph.

Jack was the manager of the Co-op Stables at Peverell and was responsible for the horses that pulled the bread vans and milk carts around Plymouth. They lived in a very nice house in the Bakery Yard at Peverell. They had a son called Bernard he was the same age as myself and we were great friends. We used to go off and spend the whole day up the Yealm at Connor's Cove or at the 'Tomb'. In 1954 the Co-op went over to all motorised transport and closed down the stables, so poor old Jack was made redundant and homeless. However he managed to land the exact same job, but in London looking after the horses for Whitbread's Brewery, who found it more economical to use the horse drays to deliver to the pubs in the City of London. This meant that they had to move to London but they still kept the caravan at Wembury and managed to get down most summers. Mrs Brend, Flo, was the sister of Mrs Booth at Ford Farm.

In about 1960 the bungalow which was called 'Kirkstone', and is now No.26 was built for the Thomasons, He was a chemist, I am not sure what she was, could very well have just have been a housewife, many women were in those days. There were two daughters, Joy and Margaret, Margaret was a couple years younger than me, Joy a couple of years older. There was also a younger brother who I can't remember the name of.



BEACH VIEW CRESCENT - 1940s/1950s - No.24

The photograph below was taken in July 2005

This bungalow, I believe was built in the very late 1950s, for the Jacksons, Horace and Marion. He was something 'high up' in the Dockyard and had designed the bungalow himself. Up until this time the site had been part of a great expanse of brambles and long grass punctuated only by a couple of wooden huts and a caravan. The Jacksons had a very precocious daughter called Josephine who seemed to delight in being being downright rude to her parents when in other company, and for whom my own mother decided that she would have benefited greatly from 'a damned good smacked arse'.

I met up with them many years later in Gibraltar when Horace had been appointed to the Dockyard there.



## BEACH VIEW CRESCENT - 1940s/1950s - 'CHATSWORTH'

The photograph below was taken in July 2005

In 1959, George and Dorothy Hill had this bungalow built, It was the first one to be built fronting on to the crescent itself on that side of the road. There was a green hut belonging to the Macnamaras, who used to come out from Billacombe, on the site, which was removed

The Hills had moved to Wembury from Cardiff where George had run a fish and chip shop. They had a daughter called Christine. I think that it was after the Hill's time that the bungalow was very imaginatively named 'Chatsworth'. The Hills later moved down to one of the new bungalows on the lower part of Southland Park Road, which at that time was called 'Mewbury Mount. It was a Mr Mostin became the next owner of Chatsworth.

The bungalow which is No.20, was very extensively altered in the 1980s when it was bought by Mark Little. The hipped roofed section to the right, containing the garage, was added and there was also a very large extension built onto the seaward side. The left gable is as originally built, but the pillared porch with pediment is part of the 1980s remodelling.



## BEACH VIEW CRESCENT - 1961

This view of Beach View Crescent was taken in the snow in 1961 from the garden of Windy Ridge.

The bungalow to the right of the picture is Alta Vista (now no.12 Beach View Crescent), which at that time was occupied by the Densums. The next bungalow, which is now No. 16 Beach View Crescent, was occupied by the Delle family, who had moved to Wembury from Billacombe.

The bungalow 'Chatsworth' to the left of the picture was built in 1959 for George and Dorothy Hill for their retirement. They moved to Wembury from Cardiff where they had run a fish and chip shop. They had a daughter called Christine. They later moved into the lower part of Southland Park Road.

Since 1961 so much development has taken place that the two bungalows to the right are now not visible from this position, neither is the church or the Mewstone.



BEACH VIEW CRESCENT - WINDY RIDGE - 1961 AND 2005

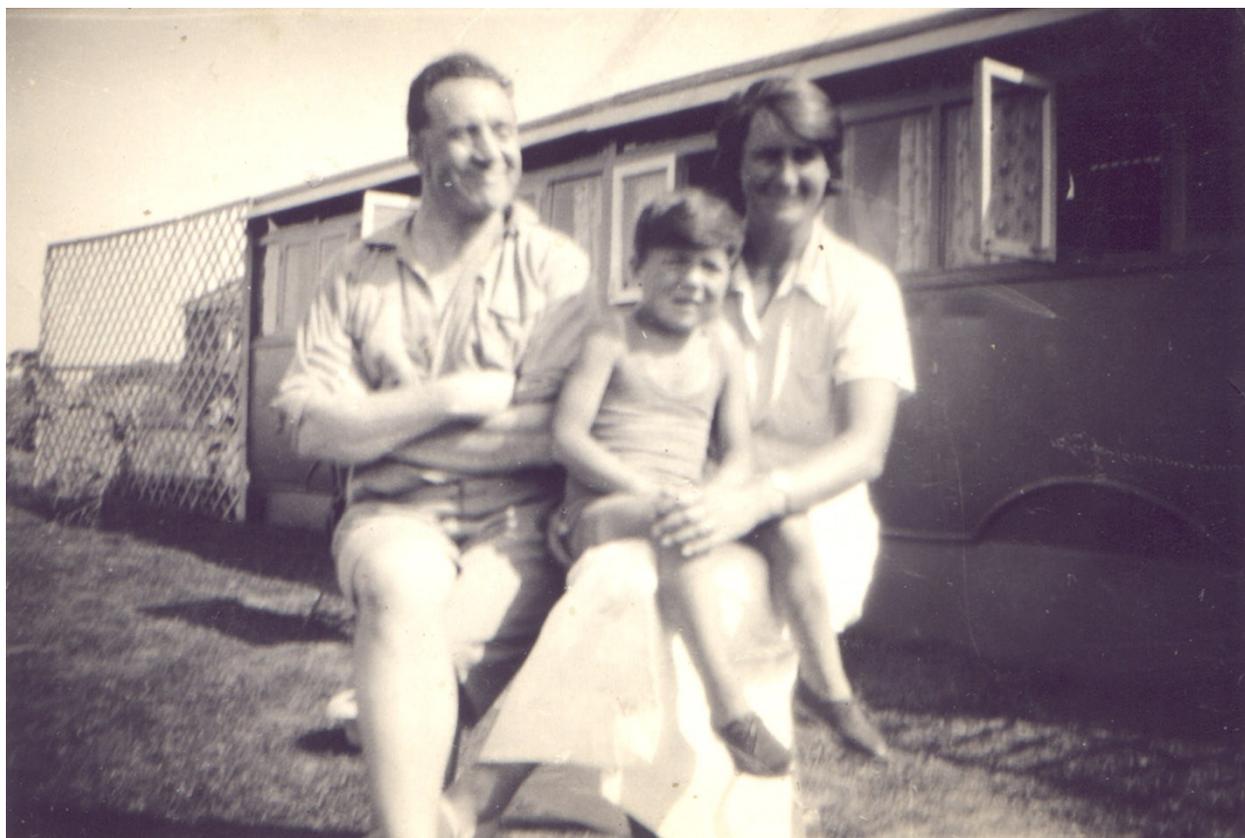
The top photograph was taken in 1961 when there was snow on the ground.  
The bottom photograph was taken in June 2005.



BEACH VIEW CRESCENT - WINDY RIDGE - 1937

The photograph below was taken in 1937 in front of the converted bus body that served as the dwelling, "Windy Ridge" in Beach view Crescent until the bungalow was built. The wheel arch of the bus can just be made out to the right of the photograph

In the photograph are Mr and Mrs Dawe (Frank and Lil) and their son Ron



BEACH VIEW CRESCENT - WINDY RIDGE - 1947

The photograph below was taken in 1947 and shows a collection of children and pets gathered in front of the converted bus body that served as "Windy Ridge" until the bungalow was built

Mr and Mrs Dawe, (Frank and Lil) and their two children Ron and Ruth occupied the dwelling.

The identity of the boy holding the cat cannot be remembered, but the others in the photograph moving from the left are, Wendy Densum, Lassie the Densum dog, Ruth Dawe and Nina Densum.



BEACH VIEW CRESCENT - WINDY RIDGE - 1947

The photograph below was taken in 1947 and shows a collection of children gathered in front of the converted bus body that served as "Windy Ridge" until the bungalow, which can be seen being built behind the bus, was completed.

Mr and Mrs Dawe, (Frank and Lily) and their two children Ron and Ruth occupied the dwelling.

The children, working from the tallest on the right down to the left have been identified as follows: Barbara Jones, Ruth Dawe, Wendy Densum, Boy not known, Nina Densum, Boy not known, Robert Jones.



BEACH VIEW CRESCENT - SNOW- 1947

The photograph below was taken in the winter of 1947 in the snow, in the garden of Windy Ridge, in Beach View Crescent

Identified in the photograph are: tall girl - Barbara Jones, then left to right Wendy Densum, Nina Densum, little girl not known and Ruth Dawe.



BEACH VIEW CRESCENT - BROWNIES - 1947

The photograph below was taken in 1947 and shows Ruth Dawe and Wendy Densum in their Brownie uniforms, ready to right wrongs, and help old ladies across the road, whether they want to go or not!



## BEACH VIEW CRESCENT - 1940s - 'ALTA VISTA'

The photograph below was taken in the early 1940s, and is taken from the front (seaward side) of the bungalow

Alta Vista was one of the few 'proper' dwellings in Beach View Crescent in the 1940s. Most were only holiday homes and were constructed from a variety of materials: wood, asbestos sheeting, corrugated iron, concrete blocks and liberal amounts of roofing felt. In one instance a bus body had been brought to the site and made into a dwelling.

The bungalow would go on to have an annex added to the left-hand side, a glass enclosed verandah across the front and an extra bedroom in the roof space with a dormer window above the front door. I think that this must have been one of the first loft conversions in the village. At the back of the bungalow the dining room would be extended and French windows put in. A new kitchen would also be built on.



## BEACH VIEW CRESCENT – 1940s - ‘ALTA VISTA’

Yet another photograph of ‘Alta Vista’ taken in the late 1940s.

The ‘annex’ on the left hand side can clearly be seen, originally in wood, it was later rebuilt in concrete blocks, rendered, and pebble dashed to match the rest of the bungalow.

The photograph was taken on a nice summers day, the swinging seat had been put out, and the lady occupying it was Mrs Densum’s mother, Mrs Bernard. The little doll’s pram belonged to Wendy, the eldest of the Densum girls, and puts the date of the photograph into the late 1940s.

The storm doors on the porch are open. Mr Densum had these put on as back then there was nothing between the bungalow and the sea, and the front used to get quite a battering from the prevailing westerly winds and gales.



BEACH VIEW CRESCENT - 1940s - 'ALTA VISTA'

This photograph was taken in the late 1940s, at the same time as the other one featuring the doll's pram and the swinging seat.

The little pram is occupied by Wendy Densum, whilst her grandmother, Mrs Bernard, looks on.



## BEACH VIEW CRESCENT - 1940s - 'ALTA VISTA'

This photograph, once again depicting Wendy Densum, was taken in the front garden of 'Alta Vista' in the early 1940s. It is interesting because it provides a glimpse of the adjoining property.

The next-door bungalow 'Dolphin Villa' (now No.16 Beach View Crescent), which was the last one in the row, was built to look across the valley rather than out to sea like the others. In the 1940s and early 1950s it was occupied by Mr and Mrs Alexander, they were quite elderly (in their 50s), I can't remember whether there were any children. Mr Alexander was in 'tea' and I seem to remember that he bought tea for Liptons, who were in those days, a very well-known high street grocery company, I suppose the equivalent of Sainsbury's today.

The wooden hut in their front garden was just like the many others in the village that were permanently occupied at that time. Just a couple of rooms with a lean to bit on the side containing a very basic kitchen. This was let to the Driscolls who lived there with their son, Colin. Colin later went on to marry Pat Sergeant who lived in 'The Steppes' just below in Church Road.



BEACH VIEW CRESCENT – 1940s – ALTA VISTA

The photograph below is thought to have been taken in 1940.

It shows Mrs Densum with baby Wendy in the front garden of Alta Vista. Who said that baby walkers were a modern invention?

Noticeable in the photograph are the storm doors which have been fitted to the front arch of the entrance porch.



BEACH VIEW CRESCENT - 1940s - 'ALTA VISTA'

'A TRICYCLE MADE FOR TWO'

This photograph was taken in about 1948 and shows Nina Densum sharing her tricycle with Robert Jones who lived in the bungalow opposite Alta Vista, which was later called 'San Remo' and occupied by Alf and Doris Burgess.

Robert's tricycle can be seen to the left of the photograph, but is not such a 'flashy' model as Nina's!



## BEACH VIEW CRESCENT - 1950s - 'ALTA VISTA'

This photograph must have been taken in about 1949 or 1950. I have no idea as to what the occasion was for Nina to have nine of her friends visiting. Possibly her birthday as that falls at the end of June.

The swinging seat had been put up in the back garden. The only children recognised are Angela Smith, the one standing in the back row, and to her left, Nina and then Marjorie Jolliffe. In the front row, on the extreme left is Penny Barnett, next to her Vivienne Davies, and on the extreme right, Ruth Dawe.

Mr Densum's greenhouse can be seen on the right of the photograph, in which he used to grow grapes. He used to grow a lot of other things as well, but it was the grapes that were especially remembered, as he usually provided bunches of them for the Harvest Festival at the Church, and at the School. Back then the only other place I had ever seen grapes was in Greenbank Hospital, and thought that they must have had some kind of medicinal purpose. Fresh tropical fruit was something that we had yet to encounter, the only peaches we ever saw were in tins, oranges were only seen at Christmas. Apples though, were to be had in abundance!

The driveway can be seen to the left of the photograph behind the clothes line post, and the bungalow 'San Remo' beyond. The area immediately to the right of the drive was Mr Densum's vegetable garden. This was later sold off and the Dormer bungalow, No. 14 Beach View Crescent, now occupies the site.



## BEACH VIEW CRESCENT - ALTA VISTA - BACK GARDEN - 1950s

This photograph was taken in the mid 1950s looking up across the back garden of Alta Vista

Fred Densum was a very keen gardener and the back garden at Alta Vista kept well cultivated. Soft fruit and seasonal vegetables were produced in great quantities, he even grew grapes in the greenhouse.

When Fred was unable to maintain the garden, it was sold off as a building plot, and the dormer bungalow which is now No.14 Beach View Crescent was built on the site.

Sadly this also meant that the flowering cherry trees on the left of the picture had to come down as well.

The bungalows in view are:

On the right, 'Windy Ridge', the Dawes' bungalow that replaced the old bus body.

In the centre, the bungalow built by Jack Davis to replace the wooden hut which belonged to Roy Ferguson, and which for while was called 'Kathmacot'.

On the left 'San Remo' which had been built in the early 1950s and was occupied by Alf and Doris Burgess.



BEACH VIEW CRESCENT - ALTA VISTA - GARDEN - 1950s

This photograph was taken in the 1950s in the back garden of Alta Vista

Before one got to the vegetable garden, and the drive, there was the back lawn and flower beds, the greenhouse and the garage

The picture shows Mrs Nina Densum working on one of the borders.



BEACH VIEW CRESCENT - NINA & WINDY RIDGE - 1950s

This photograph was taken in the early 1950s from the drive gateway of Alta Vista, with the gatepost clearly in view on the right. It is the right-hand part of a much larger photograph which unfortunately got damaged.

On the left of the picture is Nina Densum on a pony, she must have been about 12 or 13 years old at the time. Behind her is the wooden hut that once belonged to Roy Ferguson but which had been sold to Jack Davis who was in the process of building the new bungalow that is rising up behind it.

The bungalow on the right is 'Windy Ridge' which Frank and Lil Dawe had built to replace the bus body conversion that used to occupy that site.



## BEACH VIEW CRESCENT – VIEW FROM CLIFF ROAD – 1960

This photograph was taken by Ken O'Connor in April 1960, from the pathfield by Cliff Road and takes in beach View Crescent, Hillcrest and part of Church Road. At this time the entrance to Beach View Crescent was from Church Road as Southland Park Road had not yet been created.

'Higher Howden', (just to the right of the electric post) which is now No.106 Church Road was occupied by Mr Leslie Jones and his family, he was the headmaster of a school in Plymouth. Just to its right is 'Lyndhurst' now No.104 Church Road which was occupied by the Allisons. Mrs Allison was a music teacher. Before them Mr Ken Johnson and his family lived there. He was the buyer for the carpet department in Dingles of Plymouth, and was very involved in the Village Hall. Both of these bungalows were a part of Beach View Crescent in 1960.

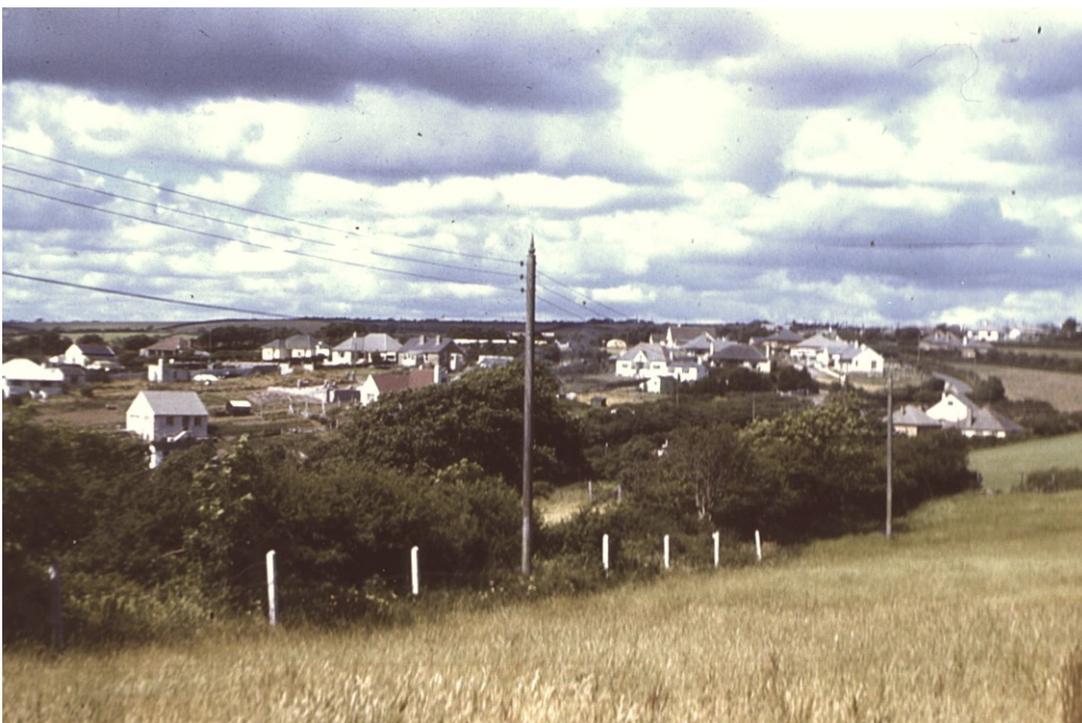
Just in front of Higher Howden is a little green hut, this was a part of Higher Howden and was occupied by the Joneses's daughter and son-in-law Madge and Ron Jessep, whilst their bungalow, just below in Church Road, was being built.

The bungalow with the red roof (just to the left of the electric post), which is now No.24 Beach View Crescent, was built by the Jacksons in about 1959. Next to it the foundations are being laid for George and Dorothy Hill's bungalow 'Chatsworth' (No.20), who were retiring from Cardiff after a lifetime in the fish and chip business.

Further over to the left, the big white bungalow on its own is 'Sea Mist', now No.22 is accessed by a long driveway between No's 20 and 24. It was built by the Spencers in the mid 1950s. Just in front, peeping over the hawthorn, can be seen the corner of the little wooden dwelling called 'Seaview' that was at the top of the steps opposite the entrance to Cliff Road.

On the other side of the crescent between 'Windy Ridge' and 'Higher Howden' was a small holiday dwelling 'Four Winds' which has now been replaced by a permanent dwelling (No.11) and an empty space now occupied by No.13 'Daressa' which was originally called 'Martinshaw'.

On the extreme left of the picture is what is now No.16, 'Dolphin Villa', this was, for many years, the last dwelling on that side of the crescent. It was built to face across the valley rather than out to sea, although I believe that situation has now changed with subsequent alterations.



## BEACH VIEW CRESCENT - 1940s/1950s - 'WHITE COT'

The photograph below was taken in July 2005

Behind 'Maldon' which is now No.10, in what I suppose, at one time, was part of their back garden was a small concrete built bungalow called 'White Cot'. It stood quite alone surrounded by grass, with no particular effort in attempting at making it into a garden. I think it was originally just used for holidays and weekends.

In the late 1940s and early 1950s Millers lived there, Mrs Miller was called Daisy, they had a daughter, Jessie, who got married in the church in 1947 to somebody called Gordon (Christian name). I think that this was one of the first post-war weddings. In those days there were not very many weddings in the church, the population of the village was quite small, and lack of transport made it quite an inconvenient location for others, and also the rules back then were a lot stricter about who was allowed to get married there.

White Cot and the little hut next door (now No.6) were the only dwellings that gave directly onto the road on that side of the crescent. All of the other places were at the ends of long driveways, with enormous back gardens. After the Millers moved away, the Passmores bought the place, which was only used at first for holidays, but later came to live there permanently.

It has since been extended, the right-hand section with the apex being part of the original bungalow, the long section and the car port with the roof utilised as an observation platform complete with the access ladder are all later additions. The garage and horse boxes behind are also later additions. So the velvety green sward with the little white bungalow has been turned into a bit of a concrete jungle.

The bungalow is now No.8, and I notice has been renamed 'Casita Blanca' which my very limited Spanish tells me is the same as 'White Cot'!



## BEACH VIEW CRESCENT - 1940s/1950s - 'KUSHY KOT'

The photograph below was taken in July 2005

In the 1950s this site was occupied by a small green painted wooden dwelling. It was permanently occupied, I cannot remember by whom, but what does stand out in one's mind is that, regardless of the season, there was always a bell tent pitched alongside, to augment the meagre accommodation offered by the hut.

Now No.6, I do not know whether it had a name back then, I think that the name 'Kushy Kot' coincided with the bungalow being built.



## BEACH VIEW CRESCENT - 1940s/1950s - 'KATHMACOT'

The photograph below was taken in June 2005

'Kathmacot' was built in the early 1950s by Jack Davis. Previously the site had been occupied by a wooden hut which had belonged to Mr Roy Ferguson and his wife Ruby who used it for holidays and weekends. Roy owned 'Ferguson's Mineral Waters' who with 'Mason's Mineral Waters' just about cornered the lemonade market in the area. I do believe that it was Fergusons who invented 'Vimto' a well known fizzy drink to all of us children in the village. The new bungalow was very large and grand and had a crazy paving driveway. when I used to deliver milk there in the 1950s, it was occupied by the Murphys.

The bungalow which is now No.7, is basically the same as it was in the 1950s. The main changes being the loft conversion, and the extra room that has been built over the garage. The entrance porch. I think is also a later addition.

The crazy paving drive has gone and been relaid with paviers, and the front garden which previously was just a huge expanse of lawn has been softened with some shrubbery planting.



## BEACH VIEW CRESCENT - 1940s/1950s - 'SAN REMO'

The photograph below was taken in June 2005

'San Remo' I believe was built in the late 1940s, and I remember it from the early 1950s when it was occupied by Mr and Mrs Burgess (Alf and Doris). He was the elder son of Mr and Mrs Burgess senior who lived across the road in what is now No.4. I don't know what Alf did for a living but Doris was an usherette at the Plaza Cinema in Plymouth. She had jet black hair and wore very red lipstick. We often used to see her going in on the afternoon bus for an evening on duty.

I used to have to deliver milk there when I worked for Dennis Little at the weekends, I remember the kitchen being very large, with cream coloured fitted units, and quite a lot of bright red employed in unit handles and other accessories.

The bungalow which is now No.5 is basically the same as it was in the 1950s, the loft has been converted and an extra room built on top of the garage. The front garden which was mainly laid to lawn is now planted with shrubs, the driveway has been widened and a parking bay formed to the left of the gateway.



### BEACH VIEW CRESCENT - 1940s/1950s - No.3

The photograph below was taken in July 2005

'Mendora' was the last dwelling on the right when Beach View Crescent was accessible only from Church Road. It was a large, old, pebble-dashed bungalow which belonged to Elsie Hutchings and was almost completely obscured by a huge privet hedge.

I don't recall ever seeing much of Elsie, so always assumed that the bungalow was not permanently occupied.

The bungalow remained unaltered right up until the early 1980s when Elsie died and it was sold. It was completely renovated and extended. In the photograph, the shell of the old bungalow is contained within the left section under the hipped roof, with the two storied later extension to the right.



## BEACH VIEW CRESCENT - 1940s/1950s - THE END OF THE ROAD

In the 1940s and 1950s, Beach View Crescent came to an end just past where the electric pole is on the left of the picture. The field hedge, which still forms part of the boundary of No.2, and can be seen to the left of the pole, extended right across where the road now is, and on past the privett hedge. Everything on the other side of the hedge was greenfield, and was part of the field that dropped down to the floor of Church Wood Valley. On this side of the hedge, in the centre of where the road is now was a red brick air raid shelter.

The road was completely unmade, and there were no pavements. This was not a problem as at one time the only person with a car in the crescent was Mrs Densum at Alta Vista (now No.12), and the only other vehicles to use the road were delivery vehicles.

Every October and November the children of Beach view Crescent used to collect up all the combustible materials that they could find and store them in the air raid shelter in readiness for building the Guy Fawkes Bonfire. This was either built in front of the air raid shelter or else in somebody's garden, notably that of 'Windy Ridge'.



## CHURCH ROAD - BEACH VIEW CRESCENT TO CLIFF ROAD

Between Beach View Crescent and Cliff Road, going down the road, there was nothing on the right-hand side except for high hedge that comprised mainly elm and brambles.

### 107 Church Road

This is on the right-hand side of the road opposite the entrance to Beach View Crescent and now goes by the name of 'Foxdale House'. Back in the 1940s and 50s it was called 'Greystones'. There were two dwellings. One was a small wooden dwelling of three or four rooms just about where the garage is now sited. It was painted chocolate brown and I remember that there was one large window at the front facing up to the road. There seemed to be a lot of people in there on short lets.

The other more substantial dwelling was sited exactly where the present bungalow is. It was of concrete block construction with large windows in the front and a flat corrugated iron roof, it was colourwashed cream with chocolate brown paintwork. The only person I can recall living there was Mrs Chalkey who we knew as 'Madame Louise'. She owned a hat shop in Plymouth called 'Madame Louise Hats'. After being bombed out of her pre-war premises up in the Old Town Street area, it was now in one of the temporary Nissen hut shops that were put up in what is now the Civic Centre car park, facing on to Royal Parade. It was next door to 'Searles' the shop where one could purchase Cub and Scout uniforms and other associated accoutrement. She was a melancholy person, who expressed an undying love for the black singer Paul Robeson, and whose gramophone records she avidly collected. I seem to remember that she eventually took her own life

### 109 Church Road

This was called 'Mewcot' and was a very small bungalow of concrete block construction with flat roof and a single chimney. It was colourwashed cream and the paintwork was in green. It comprised a living room at the front and a tiny kitchen behind, and next to it a bedroom at the front, with a tiny bathroom behind. Right across the front a conservatory had been constructed of asbestos, wood and glass, definitely a homemade job! It was accessible only from the outside and there was only just enough room inside to squeeze between the front wall of the bungalow and the shelf which contained dozens of cactus plants, some of them quite enormous. This little dwelling was occupied by Mr and Mrs Waterton. They were a retired couple and she was wheelchair bound. I am not sure as to which part of the country they were from, I think it was somewhere in the north of England. She was a nice old lady but always seemed to be sitting in the garden waiting to waylay anybody that went by, for a gossip. Many was the time that my mother managed to get waylaid when we were on our way to the beach, which was quite frustrating for us children dying to get to the beach and in the water. The bungalow was condemned in the mid 1950s and the Watertons were rehoused in the Almshouses, which had only just been refurbished, and now had electricity, piped water and flushed toilets added to the back (this was the first major refurbishment since they had been built in the sixteenth century!).

### 111 Church Road

This was called 'Wendy Cottage'. It was right at the back of the site under the hedge and was another concrete blocked, flat corrugated iron roofed construction, with large windows in the front, what these places must have been like in the winter, before the days of double glazing, and other insulating materials, God alone knows! It was colour washed white on the outside, and the paintwork was in black. It was occupied Captain and Mrs Burrowes, they moved from London during the latter years of the war, where she had been a teacher. She got herself involved in the Church and the Village Hall and became a bit of a busybody. She did some very good work, and all voluntarily, which was very commendable, it's just that it was all done with the air of enlightening 'peasants' in the village. I thought this most extraordinary as they were living in a virtual shack and we were living in a Georgian farmhouse. She also ran the Sunday school which took place in the Parish Room on Sunday Afternoons. When we went to Church on Sunday mornings we had to sit in the front two rows, which were set-aside for the Sunday school. If my brother and I had misbehaved, as was usually the case, my mother will have heard about it before we reached home because Mrs Burrowes would have got straight on the telephone when she got in. There were very few telephones in the village in those days, but they were better than any jungle telegraph!

One Sunday morning my older brother, Jim and the Vicar's daughter had a fight during the service, which brought proceedings to a halt "I will continue with my sermon when my daughter and Jimmy Lugar have finished their fight." is what Mr Tagg said. I remember another occasion, quite soon after Christmas one year,

when I had a referee's whistle, which had come out of a Christmas cracker. It was a proper one with a 'pea' in it. Whilst sitting in church waiting for the service to be there was quite a hubbub of noisy conversation going on, when it suddenly occurred to me that at Wembury School, Miss Maynard or Miss Axworthy only had to blow the whistle and a great silence would fall upon the place. I thought that I would give it a try in church! The result was immediate and devastating. Silence fell upon the place, quickly followed by me being pounced upon by Mrs Burrowes and a pair of her Lieutenants, and the whistle being wrested from my grasp, I never saw it again! Needless to say the news had reached home before we did, and there was no way of getting into the house without avoiding the hand ready to deliver a cuff alongside the ear.

Mr Burrowes had some kind complaint, I think it must have been thrombosis, which necessitated him having a leg amputated. Of course we children had never seen such a thing before, and couldn't help staring when he attended church with only one leg whilst he was waiting for his new one to be made. Imagine our surprise when one day he arrived at church with two legs once again! He died in April 1952 aged 68, she outlived him by over 18 years dying in August 1970 at 88 years of age.

#### No.113 Church Road.

Wendy Cottage had a huge garden on one side of the path that went as far as the road. In later years, when she was a widow Mrs Burrows sold off the piece adjacent to the road to Ron Jessep who had married Madge Jones, whose parents lived in 'Higher Howden' in Beach View Crescent, for them to build a bungalow. It was very standard, nothing adventurous! Two bedrooms one side of the hall sitting room and kitchen/dining room on the other side and the bathroom directly opposite the front door. Ron actually built the bungalow himself, they named it 'Dorking' for reasons best known to themselves.

#### 115 Church Road

This was a wooden hut, which was painted yellow, and had a black roof, which I think was, corrugated iron. It was called 'Cartref'. I can't remember anybody living there on a permanent basis. I do remember people using it during the summer months for holidays.

#### 117 Church Road

This bungalow was called 'Marina' and doesn't look a lot different now as to how it looked in the 1940s. The roof has been altered to accommodate a dormer room, and it has also lost its chimneys. The windows have been changed but the little verandah down the side has been retained. It used to be almost hidden from the road by two enormous hydrangea bushes one each side of the pathway in front. I can't remember who lived there back in the 1940s, but in the mid 1950s the Martins moved in. They were an elderly couple with a grown-up son called Ian.



### 119 Church Road

This large bungalow set towards the back of the plot was called 'The Steps' and there was a huge flight of steps up to the front door. This was occupied by the Sergeants I always remember Mrs Sergeant as having a mass of grey hair in tight curls. Her husband, Arthur, was a coal merchant. He was amongst my fathers group of friends that used to drink at the Jubilee Inn. "Sarj" as they used to call him, had a glass eye, which I am told he used to take out and place on the bar to watch his pint whilst he went out to relieve himself. There was a daughter called Patricia who later married John Jude from Ford. Mrs Sergeant had a sister who was severely mentally handicapped and who lived with them. She was called Muriel (Hoskin) it was said she witnessed her twin sister dying in an accidental fire at a very early age, to which they attributed the cause of her condition, but I am not sure as to how true this was. She would walk down to the beach most days and sit on the car park wall, totally engrossed in her own little world. She would go on errands to the shop for Mrs Sergeant, and also attended Church quite regularly. Unusually for children, we were all very kind to her, and most protective if strangers dared to mock her. She died in late 1961 after a spell in hospital. The photograph below shows 'Marina' with 'The Steps' just to the right, and the much later development of Hawthorn Drive behind.

### 121 Church Road

This was a little wooden chalet just inside the gateway on the left, against the road hedge. This meant that the southerly aspect got the sun for most of the day. It was painted green and cream, I seem to remember a lot of trellis work, and it was called 'Lewenzo'. It belonged to some people from Plymouth who came to stay in it for the summer holidays and the odd weekend. I don't know what their surname was, but they were called Lewis and Emma, and they had a daughter, Zoe, which accounts for the strange name of the chalet. The rest of the plot was under cultivation mostly vegetables with a grassed area in front of the chalet. There was no electricity laid on, but there was a water tap in the garden. Later on in the mid 1950s Tim Crago who was the caretaker of the new village hall, lived there on a permanent basis, but I don't think that it was for very long. It was later replaced by the dormer bungalow 'Springtide' which now occupies the site.

### 123 Church Road

I think that this was an empty plot before the present bungalow 'Tideways', was built in the late 1950s. Mr and Mrs Bendle lived there, they had a son called Roger who was about the same age as myself and went to Plymouth College.

### 125 Church Road

There was a small flat roofed holiday bungalow called 'Louisville', towards the front of the plot painted cream and green, I can remember it being occupied through the summer. It is actually still there with a garage built onto the side of it, and looks as though it is used as an ancillary building. A modern bungalow has been built towards the back of the plot. I seem to remember Bill Hannaford being there quite a lot, whether he owned it or not, I don't know. He was a bit of a jobbing builder in the village, and did a lot of work for my parents at Watergate Cottages, but back then, in the late 1940s he lived in 'Bay View' at the top of Church Road.

### 127 Church Road

This was 'Rosevale', a little tiny bungalow of only a couple of rooms, plus a minuscule kitchen and bathroom, but properly built and finished, it had a pitched slate roof with a proper chimney, and was smooth rendered, and had sash windows. In the 1940s it was occupied by an old lady called Mrs Currah, I don't know much about her at all. I remember a jumble sale in the old village where there were a lot of books with the name 'Iris Currah' written in the front of them, so would think that she had died and some of her unwanted goods had found their way into the jumble sale. In the 1950s it was occupied by a Mr and Mrs Turner, They had a vegetable stall in the Pannier Market in Plymouth, she was foreign, Belgian, I think, and was the moving force in the business. Very sadly in January 1959 she died quite suddenly, and he was absolutely devastated without her. In August of the following year, he followed her to the grave, having taken an overdose of sleeping pills. I think then that Mr and Mrs Hayward moved in from Roper's Field, Mrs Hayward's daughter Irene (Knight) was about the same age as myself. Margaret Smith who lives there now in widowhood was another daughter of Mrs Hayward.

### 129 Church Road

This bungalow was called 'Longlands' which was actually the name of the field in which all of the dwellings in the area were built. It was occupied by Mr and Mrs Richards, who seemed to have been there for ever. I don't remember seeing much of Mr Richards, but she was a very nice lady always with a smile and a cheery

word. I used to take milk in to them when I work for Dennis Little at the weekends, there was always the ritual of having to pour the milk from the bottle into her jug and take the empty bottle away. The kitchen was in a lean to section on the back of the bungalow and she used to do all of her cooking on a little Baby Belling cooker. The garden was always well cared for; I think that they used to grow most of their own vegetables. I don't know when Mr Richards died, but she still lived there right up to the end of the 1990s. She regularly went to the beach with a sack picking up wood for the fire this is something that she had always done and continued to do so right up until she died.

The photographs below are 'then and now' shots: -

Mrs Richards (2<sup>nd</sup> from right) with family in the 1970s



The same view in 2009, notice how the bungalow (No.127) directly behind has been altered



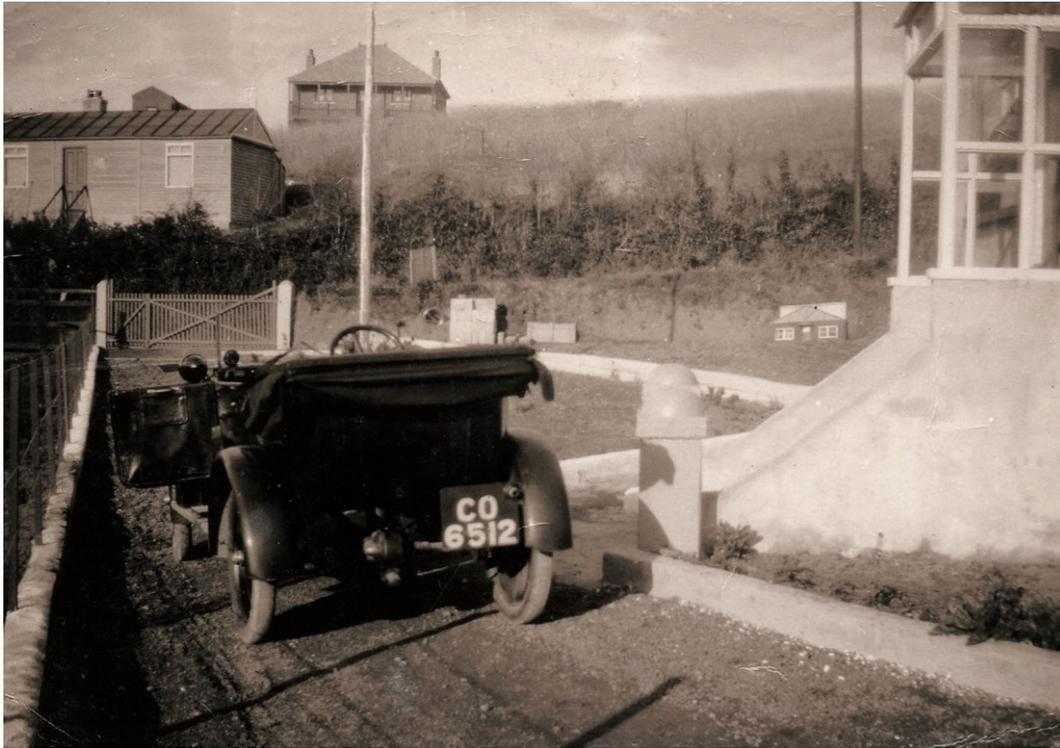


Longlands in the 1930s



Longlands in 2009

The next two photographs are taken from the driveway of Longlands looking north towards Beach View Crescent, the top one in the 1930s and the lower one in 2009. In the upper one the house on the horizon is still there but much altered and now known as No.16 Beach View Crescent. The wooden hut 'Seaview', which stood for about 50 years has now been replaced by the more permanent structure with the mansard roof, as shown in the lower photograph, but still has the name 'Seaview'. In the lower photograph, the house behind 'Seaview' is 'Sea Mist' No.22 Beach View Crescent, which was built in the mid 1950s



### 131 Church Road

In the 1930s 'Longmead' belonged to the O'Connor family, who would come out from Plymouth for weekends. Mrs O'Connor set the garden out with chairs and tables and would sell teas to the visitors. The O'Connors eventually moved permanently to Wembury in the 1940s to No.1 Cross Park Road. The accommodation at Longmead comprised three little wooden huts joined together to make one dwelling. In the early 1950s it was bought by Sam and Ivy Rodgers who lived next door in "Seacrofters". They refurbished it, had electricity installed and also proper plumbing, and then used to let it out during the season for holiday lets. In the mid 1950s they sold the chalet with Seacrofters, when they moved away to Brixham to live. Mr and

Mrs Rose bought the properties, and like the Rodgers' before them lived in Seacrofters and let the chalet. They then found that it was more lucrative to live in the chalet and let Seacrofters which is what they did. Mrs Rose continued to live in the chalet in widowhood and her daughter, by this time had moved into Seacrofters. When Mrs Rose died the chalet was sold as a potential building site. The chalet is now gone and a huge dormer bungalow now stands in its place. A very nice building, but totally overwhelms the site on which it stands, looking as though it has been shoe horned in.



'Longmead' was the last of the old shacks on church Road. This one survived until the death of Mrs Christine Rose in 1997. There were three huts altogether, another one behind the one shown, another one to the right of it, which can just be made out behind the trees, and the lean-to section which linked them all together.



Longmead in 2009 rather overwhelms the site once occupied by the three tiny huts

Opposite Cliff Road entrance there was the last street light in Church Road. There was also a flight of steps that gave access to a little wooden dwelling called 'Seaview' immediately on the right at the top of the steps, the footpath continued on to the fronts of the properties further up in Beach View Crescent.

### Seaview

This was a small wooden dwelling painted green, with a red asbestos tiled roof laid lozenge wise, and a proper chimney. When I was at Wembury School the Barnett family lived here for a while, he was a Petty Officer in the royal Navy and the daughter, Penny, was in my class at School. Later on they went up to live in a bungalow in Cross Park Road. Through the 1950s I remember Mrs Whitburn from Plymouth as owning the place, they used to come out and stay during the holidays and at weekends. It was quite a large plot, which also fronted onto Beach View Crescent. At the Beach View Crescent end, Mrs Whitburn had let Flo and Jack Brend put a caravan, which they used in the summer and at weekends. Jack was the manager of the Co-op Stables at Peverell and was responsible for the horses that pulled the bread vans and milk carts around Plymouth. They lived in a very nice house in the Bakery Yard at Peverell. They had a son called Bernard he was the same age as myself and we were great friends. We used to go off and spend the whole day up the Yealm at Connor's Cove or at the "Tomb". In 1954 the Co-op went over to all motorised transport and closed down the stables, so poor old Jack was made redundant and homeless. However he managed to land the exact same job, but in London looking after the horses for Whitbread's Brewery, who found it more economical (and still do actually) to use the horse drays to deliver to the pubs within the City of London. This meant that they had to move to London but they still kept the caravan at Wembury and managed to get down most summers. Mrs Brend, Flo, was the sister of Mrs Booth at Ford Farm.

## CLIFF ROAD

At the bottom of Cliff Road just in on the left was yet another air raid shelter

### Seacrofters

The first dwelling in on the left was 'Seacrofters' already mentioned above. Sam and Ivy Rodgers moved into this bungalow at the end of the war. Sam was a commercial traveller for Auto Factors Limited who had a large depot in Exeter Street in Plymouth. (which I believe is now an exhaust-fitting centre). They actually came from the Midlands, Sam from Gainsborough and Ivy from Stoke on Trent. Sam had served in the Royal Navy during the war. Ivy's father was a foreman in one of the big potteries, and it was through this connection that the special Coronation mugs were made for the children of Wembury. Underneath they were stamped before firing with the stamp of the Wembury Coronation Committee



In the mid 1950s Sam and Ivy sold Seacrofters and Longmead and moved away to Brixham. Later on in the late 1950s moved back to Wembury again. They had "Dolphin Cottage" in Crossways built, which was the first bungalow on the left, but in the 1960s moved across the road to the first house on the right taking the name with them.

Photographs below - Wembury Coronation Mug



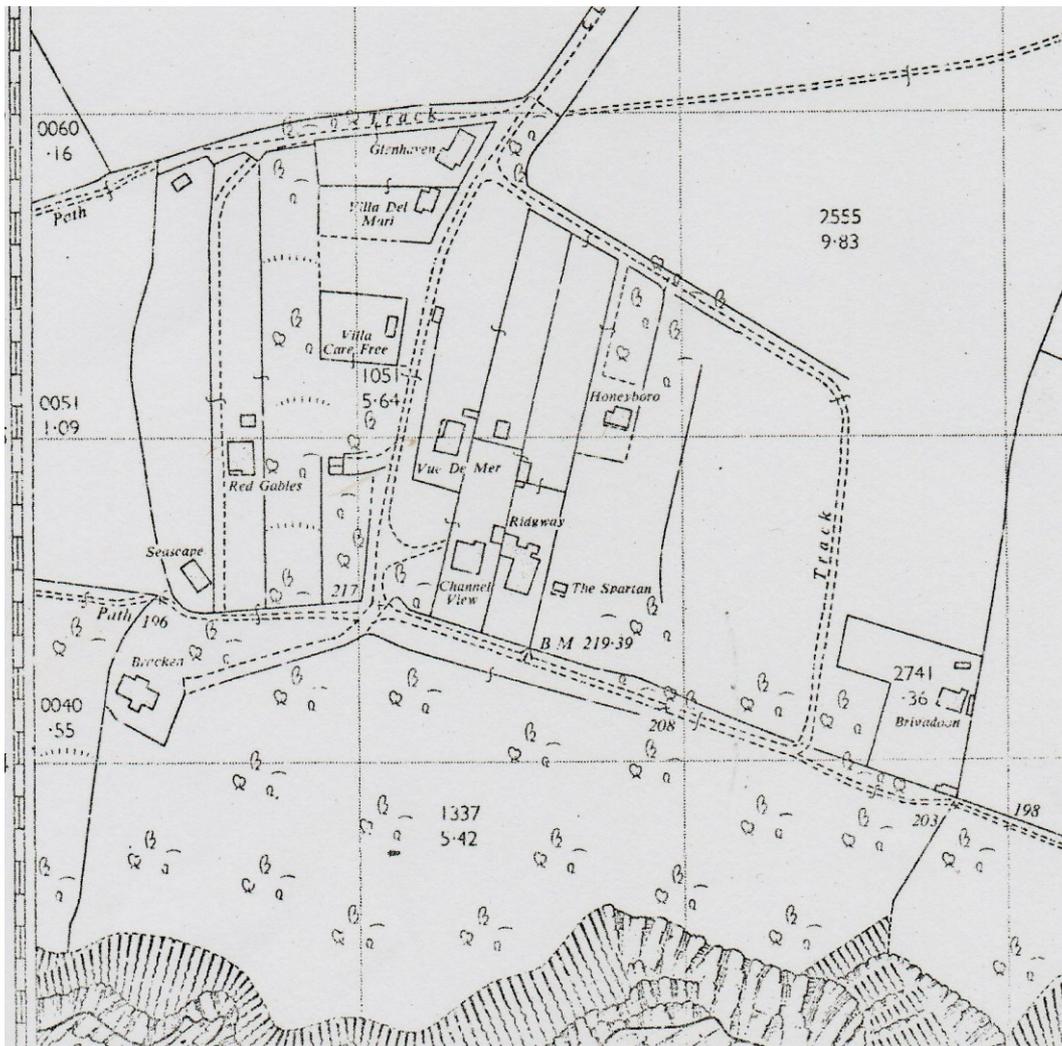
### Clover Cottage

Opposite Seacrofters was 'Clover Cottage' This was lovely little house but has been ruined by a myriad of sprawling extensions. In the 1940s it was occupied by the Misses Carey-Elwesses, who were two spinsters, sisters. The gardens were beautifully kept and, the little house was immaculate, all quintessentially English. When the old Vicarage at Thorn was put up for sale by the Church Commissioners in 1954, they bought it and move up there. Mr and Mrs Durnford bought Clover Cottage, and moved in with their young daughter Susan. They had another daughter called Anne who was married and who later moved into what was then 'Cliff Cottage', and which then became 'Bracken', I don't know what it is called now! Mrs Durnford was a keen all the year round swimmer and could be seen going to the beach each day winter and summer. Sue eventually flew the nest, and later on after Mr Durnford died, Mrs Durnford lived on there in widowhood until shortly before she too died.

### Wembury Park

This occupied the corner site on the right fronting on both Cliff road and Church Road. It was a modest black and white bungalow and was occupied by Mr Frank and Mrs Violet Bowen. I don't know a lot about them, they had two grown up children, a son also called Frank, and a daughter who moved to America to live. Frank senior was a collector of antiques and the bungalow was full of them. When he died Violet lived on there for many years on her own but as she got more infirm neighbours got worried about and got in touch with the son, Frank, to get him to come and sort things out. Before he had a chance to do this he himself died unexpectedly. The upshot being that the daughter came over and took Violet to America where she ended her days in the warmth and sunshine, and being such a lovely old English lady, was treated as a celebrity. I don't know what happened to the antiques!

The road was completely unmade, as Hawthorn Drive didn't make appearance until the 1970s. It carried on to the top of the cliff where there was a collection of bungalows and shacks of varying sizes.



### Glenhaven

The first one on the right, where the track forks downwards towards the Church, was called 'Glenhaven'. It was a tiny square bungalow, with a perfect pyramid roof, broken only by the chimney. In the late 1940s it was occupied by the Wordsworth family, I think they rented it. There were at least two children, I know there was a boy about my age at Wembury School I think that he might have been called Christopher. Anyway they eventually opted for the travelling life, Mr Wordsworth managed to get hold of a redundant Western National bus, which he set about making into travelling home. It was all very makeshift, no fitted units. The bus seats were removed and the furniture from the house fitted was in as best it could be, so there were windows blanked out by the backs of the larger pieces of furniture, with no attempt made to fill them in or even opaque them with a coat of paint. Other windows were blocked out with curtains fixed up in a very rudimentary manner. There was no insulation and the windows ran with condensation. The bus spent quite a time at parked the bottom of Cliff Road next to the air raid shelter, with the family living in it. I think that they eventually had to move on after complaints by neighbours, and a visitation by officials from Plympton St Mary District Council.

The bungalow is now called 'Brambles'. The photograph below shows it as it looks today (2010), the original bungalow is that part to the left of the conservatory with the two smaller windows, half of the pyramid roof still remains.



### Villa del Mari

The next dwelling on that side another small bungalow slightly larger than Glenhaven was 'Villa del Mari'. I don't remember anybody living there on a permanent basis until later in the 1950s when Hilda Beckerleg moved there from Roper's Field, she had a son called Paul who was about the age as my sister Angela. Mr Beckerleg, I believe had died, as Hilda and Paul lived with his parents in Roper's Field. The move up to the cliff was prompted by her remarriage to Mick Collins, a long distance coach driver. They later moved to Stanborough Road in Plymstock. They had a daughter who sadly died in infancy from a genetic brain disorder.

### Vue de Mer

On the other side of the road was 'Vue de Mer'. This was quite a substantial bungalow with two, maybe three bedrooms, I remember going there to a birthday party in the early 1950s. The Gardeners were living there then, their son Dennis was the same age as myself. I think that Mr Gardener must have been in Colonial Service as there were many artefacts of Asian origin in the house. I especially remember there being a real tiger skin rug with tiger's head complete with teeth, and brass candlesticks in the form of rearing cobras ready to strike, the coiled tail forming the foot, and the candleholder on top of the head of each one, and other things that would be considered totally 'non PC' today, like an Elephant's foot waste paper bin for instance. The bungalow comprised a large living room which went from front to back, and opening off it from each side, the

bedrooms, the kitchen and the bathroom. This bungalow is now called 'Toby's Rest' and has been greatly extended. It is now hidden behind a high wooden fence so it has not been possible to take a photograph.

The photograph below shows 'Villa del Mari', how it looks today, it is now called 'The Villa'. The far right section is the original bungalow, the centre section is a later extension, and the left hand section containing the garage is a more recent extension.



#### Villa Carefree

This was next door to Villa del Mari and was a small concrete block construction with a flat roof, it was rough cast rendered, and whitewashed, the woodwork was painted green, and there was a black band around the edge of roof presumably indicating where the bitumen roof covering ended. I don't remember anybody living there on a permanent basis.

The photograph below is of the dwelling which now occupies the site of 'Villa Carefree'; there is no recognisable vestige of the original building so I imagine that it must have been completely removed. It would only have occupied about 10% of the area covered by the new building. A part of the privet hedge still remains to the right of the picture, at one time it extended right across the front of the building completely obscuring it from the road.



#### Red Gables

Back on the other side of the road, on a very long site in front of the other three properties was Red Gables. The site went from the church footpath on the north side to the coastal footpath on the south side. It was a quite a substantial wooden bungalow, painted cream, with the window frames, doors, and bargeboards painted bright red, hence the name Red Gables. It was a very nice bungalow and beautifully kept and was occupied by George and Katrina Welch. She was Spanish and very dramatic, he was a few years older than her and a very accomplished photographer. I know nothing of what they did before coming to Wembury. We always referred to her as 'Lady of Spain' as there was a song of the same name in the hit parade in the 1950s.

### Seascape

In front of Red Gables, and adjacent to the coastal footpath, set at an angle facing the Mewstone, was 'Seascape'. This was a long wooden dwelling, single storey, with an asbestos tiled roof. In the 1950s the occupant was Mrs Scott, who I believe was a widow. When I was a young teenager I had a weekend job worked for Dennis Little at the weekends delivering milk around the village. Mrs Scott always had a pint of Channel Island non-pasteurised (you had a choice in those days), and I always delivered to her on Saturdays and Sundays. By the time we got to the cliff it was usually around lunchtime, on Sundays Mrs Scott always did a proper roast lunch, regardless of the season, and regardless of whether she had company or not. Very often I would come away from Seascape armed with one of her lovely individual Yorkshire puddings, warm from the oven, and liberally spread with golden syrup or jam. The photograph below shows Seascape as it is now (2010). The weatherboarding was covered in a fine wire mesh and then Tyrolean rendered, and the roof retiled. The wooden windows have been replaced with UPVC and the left hand section with the porch is a later addition, apart from that it still occupies its original footprint.



### Bracken

On the seaward side of the coastal path, and on the steep slope heading towards the cliff edge, was 'Bracken', a house of concrete block construction, rough cast rendered and painted white, which always looked as though it was about to slide down the cliff and into the sea. I first remember the house when it was called 'Cliff Cottage', in fact I still refer to it as that over fifty years later! There was, at one time, the Sharples family living there, they had a son, Anthony, who was the same age as myself, I remember him falling on the rocks and breaking his arm. They were not there for very long and, I think, moved across to Newton Ferrers or Noss Mayo. Later came the Wheatcrofts, who renamed the house 'Bracken', I used to deliver milk to them as well at the weekends. They always had a quarter pound of cream on Sundays, which in those days came in waxed cardboard tubs with a 'pull-off' lid of the same material. I used to think that it was rather extravagant as it was two shillings and three pence a quarter (2/3), which worked out to nine shillings (9/-) a pound [454 gr], (45p in today's money). Coming from a farming family where there was usually an abundance of it, I thought it was a bit of a rip off!

Photograph below – 'Bracken' formerly 'Cliff Cottage'



### Channel View

Back on the cliff top, and on the corner just past Vue de Mer was 'Channel View', another substantial wooden bungalow painted cream. It was later clad in cedar shingles. In 1955 Mary and Haydn Jones moved up to there from Roper's Field. At that time they had three children Michael the oldest and then twins Gareth and David who were born in 1951. It was in Channel View that they had their second set of twins, Hugh and Howell. Very sadly, David one of the first set of twins died in 1962 aged only eleven. Later, in 1970, when all of the children had grown up and just about left the nest, Mary's mother, Mrs Rolfe, came to live with them. She was a lovely lady who involved herself in the church and Mothers' Union. Later again, I think, after Mrs Rolfe passed away, Mary's widowed sister Gwyneth came to live. Mary and Gwyneth still live there (2010), Haydn passed away in 2008 aged 93.

The photograph below is of 'Ridgeway' later renamed 'Jogram' and later again 'Start Line House'



### Ridgeway

Next door to Channel View was 'Ridgeway', quite a substantial bungalow, double fronted with bay windows and a dormer. It was pebble dashed on a brick base. It was owned by the Youngs, Charlie and Lil. Charlie had been a postman, and later was caretaker of the church. Also living there was Lil's sister, Ann Dixon, with husband, Harry, and daughter, June. Harry had seen Naval Service in the War and was later employed by the Ministry of Defence, He eventually became one of the civilian staff at HMS Cambridge. The bungalow

advertised 'Bed and Breakfast' on a sign outside, also teas, which were served in a conservatory extension to the side, and also on sale, lemonade and Wall's ice cream. Ann Dixon was a bit of a D I Y person so rooms were liberally wallpapered, and some minor building tasks undertaken as well. I can't exactly remember the reason for them eventually leaving, I think that Charlie Young died and Lil being quite a bit older than Ann, wanted to downsize. They moved into Plymouth in the early 1960s. Later owners renamed the bungalow 'Jogram', and it has since been renamed again as 'Start Line House'

Directly in front of Ridgeway on the other side of the track was one of the Wartime air raid shelters. Further down the slope, were the remains of a large house even more precariously perched than 'Cliff Cottage' ('Bracken'). I have no idea what this house was called but it had received a direct hit during the war, and the ruin remained for many years, with its windowless wall looking out to sea and a great gaunt chimney stack pointing heavenwards.

The photograph below shows the development taking place on the cliff in 1938. On the far right is the house that was bombed, next in is 'Cliff Cottage' now 'Bracken' just by the path is 'Seascape' in the course of construction, the gables are in place, but the roof has yet to go on. The next buildings with gable end is "Red Gables" and over to the far left one can be see 'Vue de Mer' now 'Toby's Rest'.



### Spartan

Next Ridgeway on a huge plot was 'Spartan', I cannot remember anyone living there on a permanent basis but it was usually occupied throughout the summer. It was a green wooden hut with a pitched roof covered in black roofing felt. It has now been replaced by a chalet type dwelling in dark stained natural wood.



## Honeyboro

Opposite Glenhaven there was a track which passed behind the dwellings on the cliff front and joined with the coastal path a few yards east of Spartan. Off this track was 'Honeyboro' which stood in a plot of its own behind Spartan. It was a small wooden dwelling of two rooms with a miniscule kitchen tacked onto the back. It belonged to the Bowens who lived in Wembury Park at the bottom of Cliff Road. It was usually only used for summer lets, there was electricity laid on but no mains water or drainage. In the 1950s the Drew family, due to unforeseen circumstances, found themselves having to live there on a permanent basis.



The photograph shows Honeyboro as it is today, the weatherboarding has been clad in concrete render, and UPVC windows have been put in but other than that it is quite unaltered.

Here follows Christopher Drew's account of life in Honeyboro in back then. Christopher was a couple years younger than me, and one of my best friends.

*"Honeyboro comprised two rooms, separated by a narrow hallway, with a small kitchen at the rear. One of the rooms served as a sitting room and had a fireplace whose chimney always smoked. This and the bedroom had windows overlooking the 'lawn' that ran down to the lane, and a window at right angles in the corner, for such a small dwelling there was almost an extravagance of light. The downside of this arrangement was the increase of draughts that found every gap and made the house chill. The hallway became my bedroom.*

*There was no running water and thus no real kitchen: rainwater was stored in a large rusty tank just outside the door and when this failed we were sent to the neighbours with buckets and a watering can. How it was that we ever bathed successfully I don't know, but this was normally accomplished in a green hip bath. Heating the water, even for such a small bath was a major effort. Cleaning ones teeth at the tap on the tank, at eight in the morning on a cold winter day, was horrible. There was no flushed lavatory either and the awful Elsan lavatory, with nearby cesspit, completed a set of circumstances that were, in today's terms, third world".*

There were many other people in the village for whom this way of life was the norm. In Roper's Field where there were more than fifty such dwellings, they didn't even have electricity.

The track going past Honeyboro carries on to the east and then turns south to meet up with the coastal footpath just east of Spartan. At this junction, on the east side, is 'Sea Call' which was, until quite recently occupied by Dr John Ingram and his wife Marjorie, until Marjorie, in widowhood, moved up to Crossways into what was 'La Casita'. In the 1940s and 1950s the Wilds lived there were two children, the younger, Peter, and Margaret his sister who was a couple of years older. Margaret and myself were in the same class at Wembury School, and she lived up to her name (Wild) she was a bit of a tomboy, and was always getting into trouble for larking about which usually involved another person who had been persuaded to assist! I remember having to stand at the front of the class with her, with our hands on our heads, for what seemed like hours, for some misdemeanour or other that we had jointly committed. I cannot remember what the house was called back

then but in the late 1950s the Carters moved in, they had two children, David and Dawn who became very friendly with my younger brother and sister. They renamed the house 'Brigadoon' I cannot remember who came after them, or when the named was changed to 'Sea Call'.

Photograph below – View of the Yealm Estuary from the track in front of Start Line House.

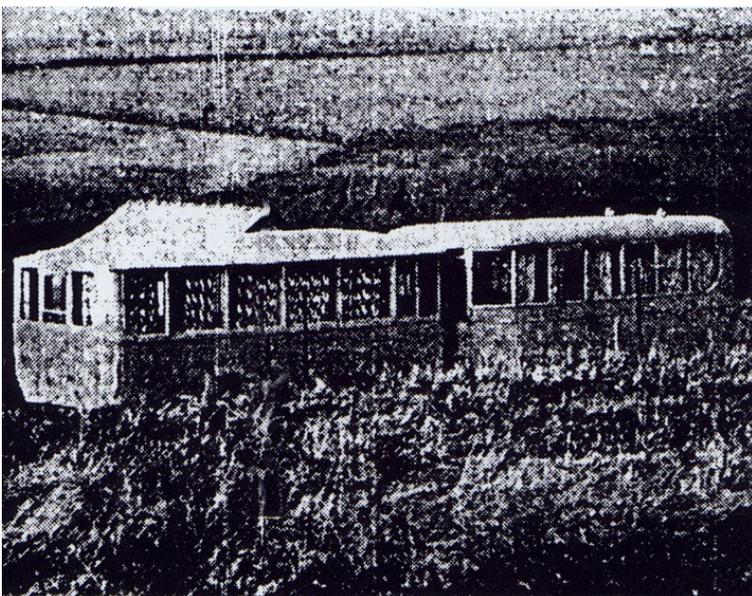


## WOODEN, ASBESTOS & CORRUGATED IRON DWELLINGS

In the 1940s and 1950s there were a great number of wooden, asbestos or in some cases, corrugated iron dwellings in the village mostly concentrated in the Church Road area, there were also quite a lot of them in Hollacombe. I can think of at least thirty of them now replaced with modern bungalows or houses. In addition, there were more than fifty in Roper's Field. In some ways I am not quite so sure as to whether their replacement has been a good or bad thing. The little places themselves did not make that much of an impact on the landscape and most were very tidily kept. The buildings which have replaced them have, in many cases, been far too big for the plots, and have rather overwhelmed them. The original buildings were mostly put up by people from Plymouth, who were able to purchase a plot of land and erect a holiday dwelling. They were not connected to the mains services, and planning permission was not required.

They were only ever meant to be used for weekends and holidays in the summer. The number of these buildings springing up all over the place did cause some concern in the 1930s and gave rise to this newspaper article of 1932. I can remember a railway carriage in Brownhill Lane, being lived in permanently, and also a converted bus in Beach View Crescent. Vic Smith had an old bus behind the Post Office which he used as a store. Harry Booth had some old Co-op horse drawn bread vans on the farm at Ford, as chicken houses. Then there was the Wordsworth family on the cliff who moved into a bus from their tiny bungalow in the 1950s, but that is another story. The photograph below shows a couple of old busses joined together to make a dwelling on Cliff Road. This was later replaced by a flat roofed, concrete block construction with white roughcast rendering, called 'Villa Carefree'. The roof and gable just peeping over the top of the busses is that of one of two huts that at one time occupied the site of Red Gables

The heavy bombing of Plymouth during the Second World War and subsequent loss of houses, meant that many of these little places had to be pressed into full time service as dwellings, which evolved into them being replaced in later years with permanent buildings.



### BUNGALOID GROWTHS AT WEMBURY BAY

#### THREAT TO A LOVELY SEASIDE SCENE

##### ACTION BY PLYMPTON COUNCIL

WEMBURY BAY, BETWEEN THE mouth of the Yealm and Wembury Point, has always been considered to be one of the most beautiful stretches of coastline in Devon.

Now, however, it is in danger of being spoilt by the erection of variously-coloured wooden structures graced by the name of "bungalows," which clash hideously with the beauties of the landscape.

The spot chosen by the builders is the high ground behind the ancient parish church of St. Werburgh. This weather-beaten old church stands immediately above the foreshore. Overlooking it, a hundred yards or so away, are about a dozen of these "bungalows," which are used, apparently, by "week-enders" from Plymouth and elsewhere.

Some are quite roomy, and, though they certainly do not tone with the landscape, appear to be well built. But others do not! Greens and sickly pinks and reds on boards and corrugated iron, and old oil drums turned into water butts; the remains of a wooden shanty (which looks as though it might have been blown down in a gale) with broken glass lying around; old bus bodies, perched on concrete blocks; a railway carriage which has been converted into a habitation—these are features of the landscape.

If this sort of thing was allowed to continue, Wembury might soon become known as Shanty-town.

## CHURCH ROAD - CLIFF ROAD TO BAY COTTAGE

Between Cliff Road and Bay Cottage there was nothing on the right hand side of the road except for high hedge that comprised mainly elm and brambles.

Immediately to the left of the steps opposite Cliff Road was a gate giving access to a very steep field, which later became a housing development called 'Mewbury Mount', which later became the lower part of 'Southland Park Road'. The field belonged to Maurice Dawes at Bay Cottage who had let it to Jack Smallridge, who had only ever used it as pasture. The steep entrance and awkward gradient made it very difficult to get machinery in to till the field. Maurice Dawes sold it to Cyril Soppett who in his wisdom had it ploughed and sowed with corn. Come the time of the harvest, one of the new Massey-Ferguson Combined Harvesters was brought in. I think that this was the first time that such a piece of equipment had been brought into the village. It was incredibly long, extremely heavy, very red and bristling with newness. The narrowness of the road combined with the steep ascent into the field served to cause this huge piece of equipment to become lodged at an angle across the road effectively cutting off Cliff Road and the bottom part of Church Road from the rest of the village. One can imagine the chaos that ensued especially in the height of the summer. The road remained blocked for two or three days until a large enough vehicle could be brought lift or tow the combined harvester out. People going to or leaving the beach had go via Pump Hill. The bus had to terminate at the square as there was no way it could turn around in any part of Church Road, except for its usual turning space right down at the bottom. Mr Rose who owned Longmead which had an entrance on to Church Road, and also one on to Cliff Road, kindly provided a diversion for pedestrians and the residents of Cliff Road through his garden, but I don't think that this invitation was extended to vehicle users.

Cyril eventually got the field passed for building and he and his brother Dennis started the development 'Mewbury Mount'.

### Holiday Huts - now replaced by 'Pendarves'

On the left hand side there was an opening just below the garden of the bungalow called Wembury Park, which went into a clearing which contained four wooden chalets, painted green, with black felt roofs, and which were only used for holidays and weekends. They were called 'The Cabin', which was just inside on the left, and the on the right there was 'The Isle', 'It'll Do' and 'Peacehaven' most weekends during the summer we used to deliver milk to them. They were very well looked after and very well established having been there for many years. Most of them had neat gardens with evergreen hedges and wicket gates. None of them were connected to mains electricity, and the water supply was outside to the left of the entrance and was just a pipe coming out of the hedge which ran permanently. I can never ever remember it running dry.

This site is now occupied by the house called 'Pendarves'. I seem to remember that there was a right of way through the site for the occupants of Clover Cottage, and as far as I know, it still exists.

There was nothing else further down on that side until the late 1950s when the dormer bungalow 'Homer Boro' was built for Mrs Elliot, one time organist at Wembury Church.

In those days the bus went right down to the bottom of Church Road and turned around in the space at the bottom of the Church drive. In the summer, People waiting for the bus used to wait on the path that comes around the front of, and below the garden of Bay Cottage. Some days the queue of people waiting to catch the bus back to Plymouth would stretch back to the quarry.

In the late 1950s an extra street light was put at the bottom of Church Road, which was a great help to us walking home from the Church after evensong on Sunday evenings in the winter, where it was complete darkness until one got to the bottom of Cliff Road to where the first street light was. Also in those days there was very hardly any light pollution from Plymouth, so when it was dark it was very dark!

## BOTTOM OF CHURCH ROAD - 1900s

This photograph was taken in the early 1900s on Church Road, just above Bay Cottage. The gable end of the stable block is in view in the right mid-ground, the chimney that can be seen is actually that of Bay Cottage itself further down the road. In those days the next sign of habitation after Bay Cottage would have been West Wembury Farm.

The hazel hedge on the left is still there today (2004). Running down that that side of the road is the stream, which was culverted and channelled at the bottom of the road to provide water for the millrace for the mill on the beach.

The man on the right of the photograph and the man on the cart look as though they are related, and look remarkably like members of the Booth family to me. When we were children Harry Booth lived at Ford Farm, he and his wife Winnie had four children, Doreen and Jim, who were quite a lot older than us, Judy who was a bit older than me, and Henry who was the same age as my younger brother, Thomas. Harry grew up in the village and attended the school in the early years of the century. I think that one of the men in the photograph could very well have been Harry's father.

The road in the photograph is unmetalled, so getting to and from church for the people of Knighton and West Wembury must have been quite problematical, especially in the winter.

Farm workers with horses and carts would have made regular visits to the mill to deliver corn for grinding or to the beach to pick up seaweed, which was used as fertiliser on the land.



## BOTTOM OF CHURCH ROAD - 2005

This photograph was taken in March 2005, one hundred years after the one with the horse and cart.

So we go from Horse and cart to the modern motorcar. Apart from the change in the mode of transport there are surprisingly few differences in the two photographs

The stable block is still there but now used a garage, the roof of which is still the original. The chimney of the cottage is now concrete rendered and painted white, and sports a different pot arrangement. Telegraph and electric poles have of course, made an appearance, and a large Douglas fir has grown up in the garden, the dry stone wall to the right of the photograph is still there.

After Langdon Court, Bay Cottage was the second house in Wembury to have electricity installed. The generator was in the stable. On one occasion, George Bannaford who was the Gardener, had to spend the whole evening with his foot on the breaker to keep it closed, as they were entertaining in the house to show off this great wonder, and had every possible light switched on to make an impression. A power failure, of course, would have been most embarrassing!

Whereas one hundred years previously there were just fields between Bay Cottage and West Wembury Farm, there are now upwards of two hundred dwellings



## BOTTOM OF CHURCH ROAD – LATE 1920s & 1940s

The top photograph was taken in the late 1920s. The electric post on the right of the picture would indicate that this would be sometime after 1928, as that is when electricity was brought to the village.



The lower photograph was taken in the late 1940s. Not a lot has changed. The hedge has been allowed to grow. The electric posts and telegraph posts are the same, although the extra crossbars on the telegraph posts would indicate an increase in telephone subscribers.



## BAY COTTAGE 1909

This photograph was taken on 1909 when Bay cottage stood in grand isolation at the bottom of Church Road. It was the only building between the Church and West Wembury Farm.



## BAY COTTAGE IN THE EARLY 1960s

This unusual view of Bay Cottage was taken in the early 1960s by Kenneth O'Connor from the field opposite. It shows the house before the dormer window had been put in, and before any development had taken place on the field above.



## BAY COTTAGE

The photograph below was taken in August 1995. This very substantial house was built at the bottom of Church Road in 1832, or so it was inscribed on the slate slab that used to be visible on the side of the porch. This was obscured by the Guest House sign for some years, but is now rendered over and an alternative date painted on, 1836, I think.

There were extensive gardens going up the hill from the house and these were all terraced with dry stone walling as retaining walls. The stone to build the house, and for the drystone walls was quarried very near the house just off the footpath that goes through to Ford. The quarry is still there. For many years it was the only house on Church Road, the next nearest being West Wembury Farm.

My first memories of Bay Cottage go back to the 1940s when it belonged to Maurice Dawes. He and his wife took in Bed and Breakfast, but this was only on a casual basis. They used to have a big brass ship's bell hanging up by the front door as a door bell, when we were children, several of us were tempted to ring it and run away, but this was not easy as, in order to gain access to it, one would have had to pass by the window of the room that they seemed to use the most.

Maurice was very much into cars and there was usually a couple in various stages of rebuild in the garage, just up the road from the house, which had at one time been the stable. On fine days he would wheel one out into the cobbled courtyard and work on it outside. He also provided a battery charging service, and those without electricity, used to bring their accumulators for their radios, to him for charging.

In 1958 Maurice sold the house and they moved to the top of the hill to 'Sabrina' the bungalow next to 'Greenbank' by the entrance to Brownshill Lane. My parents went to look at the house when it was for sale, as we were fast outgrowing the cottage at Watergate. The asking price was £7,500, they were undecided for some time, but eventually decided to have the cottage at Watergate extended instead. The people who bought the house started to develop it more as a guest house, and it was they who had the dormer window put in.



## BAY COTTAGE VIEWS

Bay Cottage south side, taken 6<sup>th</sup> June 2008. The event prepared for was Cream Teas to raise funds to finance the forthcoming Flower Festival at the Church in September.



View of the Bay from the front lawn, taken on the same day.



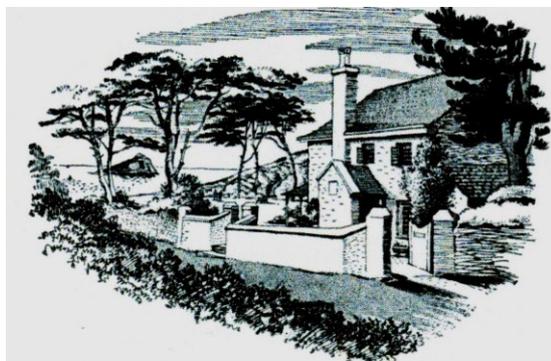
## BAY COTTAGE – WARTIME ‘PILL BOX’

In the garden of bay cottage is a ‘Pill Box’, a relic from the war it is now almost entirely covered with ivy, probably better camouflaged than it was when it was a going concern!



BAY COTTAGE ADVERTISEMENT - 1970

The Advertisement below appeared in the souvenir programme that was published in 1970 for 'Mayflower 70' commemorating the 350th anniversary of the Pilgrim Fathers' voyage to New England.



## 'Bay Cottage'

GUEST HOUSE

150 CHURCH ROAD, WEMBURY

S. DEVON

Wembury 317

Centrally heated throughout  
Spring-interior mattresses

Hot and cold in principal bedrooms  
Television lounge      Garaging five cars

Bay Cottage was built by the local squire in 1830 on an excellent site with lovely views of the sea and Great Mewstone. The house has considerable charm and character, with a large garden so sheltered that it is ideal for early or late holidays. It is perfectly suited for family holidays, being a mere stone's throw from the beach and the beautiful coastline which is protected by the National Trust. Dartmoor is only nine miles away and, with many other noted historic and beauty spots within easy striking distance, Bay Cottage is conveniently sited as a base for a touring holiday. For those without transport there is a local bus service to Plymouth, with its modern shopping centre. Bathing, fishing, horse-riding, boating and sailing are readily available, while the area is famed for its lovely cliff walks. Within the house, the aim is to provide a friendly, informal atmosphere, to make you comfortable, to feed you well - in fact, to help you relax and to enjoy whatever type of holiday you prefer

OPEN AT EASTER

CLOSED MID-SEPTEMBER

*Brochure from Resident Proprietors: MR. & MRS. P. CARR*

## ROPER'S BUNGALOW 1949 AND 1978

The upper photograph was taken in 1949 by Sam Rodgers and developed by him at home. At the time the bungalow was still occupied and the garden well tended. In the 1930s it operated as 'The Wembury Bay Guest House', with Mrs Roper listed as the 'Proprietress'. The ice cream kiosk which remained in operation for many years can be seen behind the telegraph pole.

The lower photograph was taken in 1978 by Christopher Drew, around about Eastertide. Just above the bungalow to the left can be seen one of the many brightly coloured wooden huts that went around the perimeter of the field. Many were used by people who came out from Plymouth, just for weekends and holidays. They usually put their own huts on the site, but had to pay ground rent. Mr Roper kept a strict control over what was erected. There were quite a few of them that were occupied permanently. The telephone box was a relative newcomer, having been put there in the 1960s when it was decided that a public telephone near the beach could be quite advantageous in the event of an emergency.



## ROPER'S BUNGALOW AND FIELD

The photograph below, taken in the 1940s, shows the bungalow, which belonged to Major Trevor-Roper and who claimed kinship with the famous historian Hugh Trevor-Roper. The bungalow, at this time, was still occupied and the garden well tended. The ice cream kiosk, which remained in operation for many years, can be seen to the right of the photograph. In the woods above the field, Bob Stansell has made a start on the development of the wood as a holiday camp "Church Walk Wood Holiday Hamlet". Some trees have been felled ready to be sawn into timber from which to build the chalets.

In Kelly's Trade Directory for the County of Devonshire 1939, the bungalow is listed as "Wembury Bay Guest House, Proprietress, Mrs Roper"

The bungalow itself was most attractive being wholly constructed of red brick under a slate roof. The front was in three bays the centre one being extended outwards by a three-sided construction, larger than a normal bay window would be, with French windows in the centre section and a window in each of the return slopes. Above it was a castellated parapet giving the impression of a balcony, and in line with the main front of the bungalow was a white painted gable, punctuated by a central window with gothic articulation. The front door was on the north side facing towards the woods; this was also given the gothic treatment by being housed in a portico behind three pointed arches.

I can remember going to the bungalow many years ago with my parents, I think that we were at Old Barton Farm at the time, so it must have been the late 1940s. I cannot remember the reason for the visit, but whilst they remained inside conducting their business, I was allowed to roam the gardens. I remember clearly the glorious colours, and the terraces and steps, which gave it all great interest. Outside of the front of the house was a terraced area with a wooden windbreak fence, on the seaward side of which, was a plantation of pampas grasses. The stream had been made into a water feature with ponds waterfalls and bridges.

The field behind the bungalow contained a number of brightly painted wooden huts or chalets around the perimeter. I seem to remember there being an old fashioned gypsy caravan amongst them as well. Major Roper always insisted on high standards and they were all very smartly painted with well-tended gardens. Many used by people from Plymouth who came for weekends and holidays, and quite a few by families who lived in them permanently. The whole settlement became known as 'Roper's Field'.

None of the huts had mains services; in the field there was a communal tap for water. Heating lighting and cooking was by oil stove, candle and primus; toilets were of the Elsan chemical variety. I don't think that they were ever meant to be lived in on a permanent basis, but the housing situation was such, just after the war, that any accommodation of any kind was pressed into use.



Those that I can remember from the 1940s and 1950s who lived in them permanently were:

Mrs Le Pla and her son Patrick, she seemed to be incredibly old to us, more like his grandmother. He was older than us and used to carry the Cross at Sunday services in the church. He used to 'go out' with a girl called Primrose Holland who lived in 'Homeleigh' another chalet in the corner of a field halfway down Church Road, which was accessed by going through another field (Hawthorn Park Road now passes by the front door!).

Hayden and Mary Jones lived in two huts joined together as they had three children, Michael, their eldest, and Gareth and David, their first set of twins, and needed the extra room. I took my little sister there once to the twins' birthday party and remember how immaculate it was, and lovely and cosy with the oil lamps and candles. It must have been extremely hard work for Mary with no electricity, to have to wash and do for three small children. There was a communal tap for water, and by 1952 some of the larger chalets had their own water tap, pure luxury! In 1955 they moved to 'Channel View' up on the cliff where they still are, a move prompted by Mary having found out that she was expecting another set off twins.

Stan and Dolly Carn lived there in one called 'Gorselands', which was normally accessed via the footpath that skirted Bay Cottage, went past the quarry and on to Ford. They had three children, and they were there until they were able to move into one of the new council houses in 1951. Previous to that it had been occupied by the Drews. Mrs Drew, had four children, Avril, by a previous marriage who was much older than the others, twins Christopher and Carol, and another younger child called Sharon. She later became Housekeeper at Wembury House, and the family moved into the staff flat there.

There was a family called Halfpenny, who insisted that is how it was pronounced and not 'Ha'penny' (at that time, a coin of the Realm). They had a boy called Anthony who was about my age, and a little girl whose name I can't remember but we all called her 'Penny' for obvious reasons. I don't think that they stayed for very long.

Mrs Patrick and her daughter Ann lived there for a while. Later moving to 'Sabrina', at the top of Church Road, and much later on to 'Aberdulais'.

There were the Beckerlegs, Hilda, a widow, and her son Paul. They lived there with her in-laws. Later she married Mick Collins, a long distance coach driver and moved to 'Villa del Mari' in Cliff Road. They went on to have a daughter who very sadly, died in infancy from a genetic brain disorder..

Mrs Marks and her daughter Kay also lived there. Kay was younger than me and her mother had recently been divorced when they came to the village, this was a great novelty to us children, as there were only two other single parent children in the school, and that was due to their fathers having been killed in the war.

Ernie and Eliza Wills lived there for a while before moving to 'Seaview' at the top of the steps opposite Cliff Road.

The Haywards also lived there Mrs Hayward had a daughter called Irene Knight, from a previous marriage. They later moved to Church Road into 'Rosevale' now No.127. Another daughter, Margaret Smith, still lives in Rosevale, in widowhood. Irene married a Naval man who later transferred to the Australian Navy, and so they emigrated.

There were also quite a lot of other people who came and left again quite quickly, very often Service families. There were a lot of Service people around at that time, as there was a big presence of all three services in Plymouth. Coupled with this, there was also a drastic shortage of housing in the area, not only for Service personnel, but for civilians as well.

Among those who came to stay during the summers were:

Mr and Mrs Timmoney, they were very nice people, they were Roman Catholics and I think they lived at Keyham. There was, what seemed to be, a huge brood of children, all boys, except for the youngest who was a girl, called Kathleen and who was about my age. The next older one was Patrick and those were the only

two who I really got to know as all the others were far too old to consort with us children, some of them must have been as much as twelve or thirteen years old!

Later on in the 1950s, Michael Cowley and his stepbrother Lenny Edgecumbe, and friends Paul Martin and David Fairbrother, used to come out from Devonport and stay in Michael's mother's chalet. Michael was considered to be old enough to be trusted to take care of the place. I can remember that there was always a panic on a Sunday morning to get the place tidy in case his mother decided to visit!

Mrs Roper died in June 1951, and Major Roper in May 1966. It was about this time that the bungalow (and field) started to go into decline, as there never seemed to be anybody permanently living there, apart from occasional people who seemed to be in a caretaking capacity. There were two daughters, one was married to a Mr White and they had a shoe shop at Ivybridge, for many years they came out to Wembury with their boat to go fishing. The other daughter, Margaret, now lives in Leicester.

In the mid 1970s it was bought by Alec Parnell, who used to own one of the biggest haulage companies in Plymouth. It was thought only to be a speculative purchase, as I think that he had hoped to remove the huts and develop the whole thing as a holiday village, but could not get planning permission (although rumour had it that the bungalow was to be for a 'close' lady friend of his). In the midst of yet more wrangling with the planning authorities, Alec died, his wife had no interest in the project and so it went further into decline until in the mid 1990s the whole lot was in a state of dereliction. The bungalow by this time had been boarded up to deter squatters and vandals, as can be seen in the later photographs.

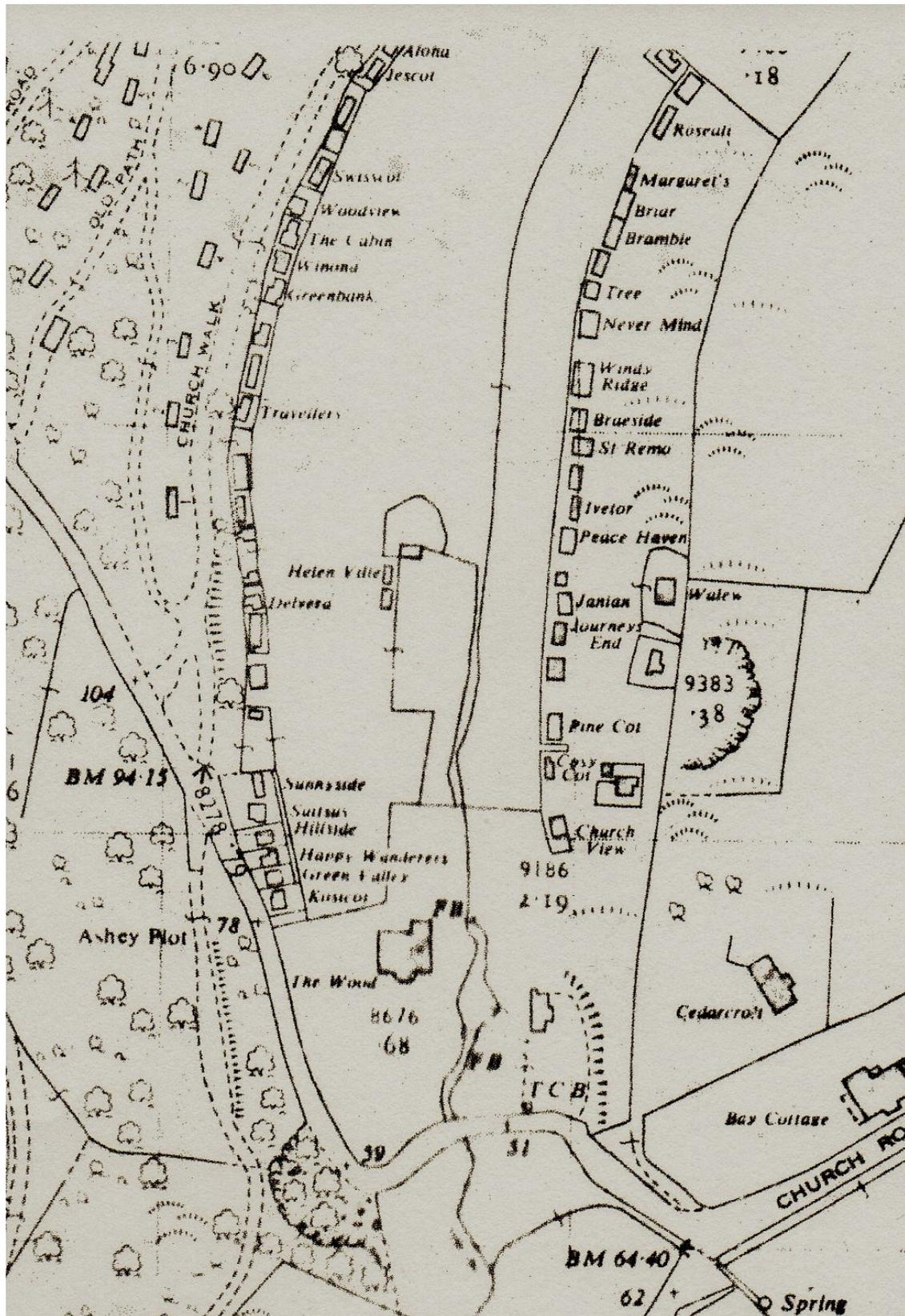
In the late 1990s the bungalow finally succumbed to the vandals and was burnt down, shortly after this the National Trust took the whole site over and returned it all to green field. Well, that is what they said their intention was, in fact, after removing all of the buildings, it has just been left for the brambles to take over.

Langdon Mill once stood on the site, but was demolished by the Calmady family sometime between 1820 and 1860. The stone used to build the causeway across the valley so that the grand carriage drive could be completed from Langdon Court to Wembury Church.

The photograph below was taken in the 1960s. When compared with the 1940s photograph it can be seen that quite a few more huts have been added plus a few caravans as well. The Church Walk Wood Holiday Hamlet, by this time, was well established as can be seen by the number of chalets in the woods behind.



ROPER'S FIELD  
FROM AN ORDNANCE SURVEY MAP OF THE 1950s



## ROPER'S FIELD FROM THE NORTH – 1940s

The photograph, taken in the late 1940s, shows Roper's Field as seen from the north.

There were in excess of 50 little huts mostly around the edge of the field. The Roper's rather substantial bungalow can easily be seen at the far end in the centre.

They were originally intended as weekend and holiday accommodation, mostly for people from Plymouth. As a result of the Second World War and for quite a few years afterwards, most of them had to be pressed into service as permanent dwellings due to the destruction of many homes in Plymouth during the Blitz.

They were mostly just single rooms. Some had built on an annex containing a small kitchen. There were no mains services, in most cases water had to be fetched from a tap in the middle of the field. Lighting was by candle or oil lamp, and cooking by the ubiquitous 'Primus' or 'Valor' oil stove. Heating was by oil heater but there were never any incidents or accidents involving candles or oil heaters in spite of many children being accommodated.

The children went to Wembury School and seemed quite happy with their lot, in fact some of us were quite envious of them living so close to the beach!

Many of the huts had quite outlandish names. There was 'Kosicot', 'Green Valley', 'Happy Wanderer', 'Hillside', 'Sunnyside', 'Delvira', 'Helen Villa', 'Travellers', 'Greenbank', 'Winona', 'The Cabin', 'Woodview', 'Swisscott', 'Aloha', 'Jescott', 'Roseall', 'Margaret's', 'Briar', 'Bramble', 'Tree', 'Never Mind', 'Windy Ridge', 'Braeside', 'St Remo', 'Ivetor', 'Peacehaven', 'Janian', 'Journeys End', 'Pine Cott', 'Cosy Cott', 'Church View', 'Gorselands', 'The Channings'.

Major Roper was a stickler for tidiness, and carried out regular inspections of the whole site, and occupants would soon be told if the appearance of their hut, or the plot on which it stood, did not come up to the required standard.



### ROPER'S BUNGALOW – 1996 & 1997

The top photograph shows the bungalow in 1996, in a very sorry state having been boarded up to keep out vandals and squatters.

The lower photograph shows it in 1997 after it finally succumbed to the vandals and was burnt down. It was a great pity that such a nice building had to suffer such a final indignity. Shortly after this photograph was taken the site was cleared.



## ROPER'S FIELD – THE END

The end came in May 1999 when what was left of the remaining shacks was finally swept away

# Bulldozers move in on Trust site

**BULLDOZERS** moved in this week to start flattening a derelict holiday camp at Wembury.

It is the first step in the National Trust's restoration of the four-acre site known locally as Roper's Field.

The trust recently bought the 'eyesore' site which has been abandoned for many years and has been a

major source of complaint from local residents.

The demolition of a burned out bungalow and 24 chalets is the start of a long process of regeneration of Lower Mill Meadow, which forms part of a small combe running back from Wembury beach and lies within the South Hams area of

Outstanding Natural Beauty.

The meadow will be returned to grassland through natural regeneration with the ultimate aim of grazing the meadow to increase its nature conservation value.

Improvements will also include the landscaping of the coach park on the site, serving the Marine Information Centre.

The Malborough, Kinesbridge

# Blitz chalets blitzed



As reported last week, the demolition work on the chalets at the derelict Wembury holiday camp is well under way.

The land, known as Roper's Field, was recently acquired by the National Trust. The demolition work is part of their regeneration of the site.

## LANGDON MILL - DORA'S PAINTING

Langdon Mill which stood in the area where Roper's Bungalow once stood, can be seen in this 1820s view of Wembury Church by Dora, who it is believed lived locally but was not essentially an artist. It shows the mill to have been of the same type as the one on Wembury Beach (Wembury Mill). It had the same kind of overshot wheel, which was driven by the waters which came from Knighton and Langdon, met at Ford, and then flow through the valley towards the beach, which they still do. It must have been demolished at some time after 1820 (the date of Dora's picture) and before 1860, as it does not appear on the six inch OS maps for that year. It was demolished by the Calmadys so that the causeway could be built across the valley to complete the drive or 'walk' from Langdon Hall to the Church. The stone was most certainly re-used in the building of the causeway.

The waters to drive the Mill on Wembury beach came from the stream which runs down beside Church Road, part of which can be seen on the opposite side of the road just above Bay Cottage. At the bottom of the hill it was culverted under the road and into the field, and channelled down the side of the field, alongside the lane, towards the beach, culverted under the sloping track to beach, and into the 'launder' above the mill wheel. This little tiny part, complete with a right angle turn, above the position of the wheel is the only part now in existence. The rest was destroyed, partly when the lavatories were built, and partly when the mains drainage was put through.



## VIEW OF WEMBURY CHURCH FROM THE WATER MEADOW - LATE 1800s

This water colour view of the church from the water meadow was painted by F J Snell (1862 - 1935). Actual size of the picture - 8 <sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub>" x 5 <sup>1</sup>/<sub>4</sub>".

We know that Langdon Mill was in place for Dora's painting of the 1820s, but had gone by the 1860 revision of the Ordnance Survey map, having been swept away to build the causeway across the valley.

It is thought that the picture was painted in the latter years of the 19th century.



## VIEW OF WEMBURY CHURCH FROM THE VALLEY - LATE 1800s

Another water colour view of the church by F J Snell (1862-1935), from the south side of the valley, in the field above the water meadow.

We know that Langdon Mill had been removed in the early part of the century to build the causeway across the valley, which is clearly visible in the picture

Thought to have been painted in the latter part of the 19th century, the picture is the property of Miss Barbara and Miss Pat Snell, of Hollacombe, who are great nieces of the artist, and who very kindly allowed us to photograph it.



## WEMBURY BAY FROM BEACH VIEW CRESCENT

This photograph was taken by Nina Densum, in about 1959, from the dormer window of “Alta Vista”. The dormer house at the bottom left (‘Homer Boro’) had just been built, and Ron Greep had just built his bungalow (‘Cedarcroft’) on the slope behind Bay Cottage, the new roof and chimney can clearly be seen. A chimney and a bit of the gable of Bay Cottage can just be made out. The field in the foreground became the lower part of Southland Park Road (originally called Mewbury Mount before the two were joined together).



The photograph below was taken from the same position almost twenty years later in the 1970s. The bungalows in the foreground were originally part of the Mewbury Mount development, which later became the lower part of Southland Park Road.



## WEMBURY BAY WITH CHURCH AND MEWSTONE

This photograph was taken by Samuel Rodgers in 1949, and developed by him at home.

It was taken from the footpath in front of Beach View Crescent, adjacent to where the Wembury Club now stands. The whole of the field in the foreground is now part of Southland Park Road. The development was originally called 'Mewbury Mount' before it was connected through, and became the lower part of Southland Park Road.

In the valley can be seen the roof of Bay Cottage, and the electricity poles going to the bottom of Church Road.



‘WEMBURY’ BY LAURA CALMADY - 1846

This drawing by Laura Calmady the second daughter of Charles Biggs Calmady of Langdon Court, is dated 24<sup>th</sup> May 1848, and measures 7.25” x 5.25”.

It is entitled “Wembury” and is a view through the valley to the church and Wembury Bay in the distance. I am not quite sure as to where her vantage point was for the church tower to feature so prominently from what seems to be so far back in the valley.



## PUMP HILL 1948 & 2005

The top photograph was taken by Samuel Rodgers on Whit Monday 1948 and developed by him at home. It has changed very little, today the woods to the right now contain the Church Wood Holiday Camp and a larger entrance gateway into the camp has been made above the ornamental gatepost, which can just be made out in the centre of the photograph. The other gatepost is to the extreme right of the photograph, covered in ivy, and it was between these that the 'walk' or 'drive' continued through to Langdon Court. Hence the woods being called, 'Church Walk Woods'.

The bottom photograph was taken in March 2005. Compared to the 1948 photograph, only the right hand gatepost now remains. The higher area on the right hand side of the road has been opened up to create an easier vehicular access to the holiday camp.

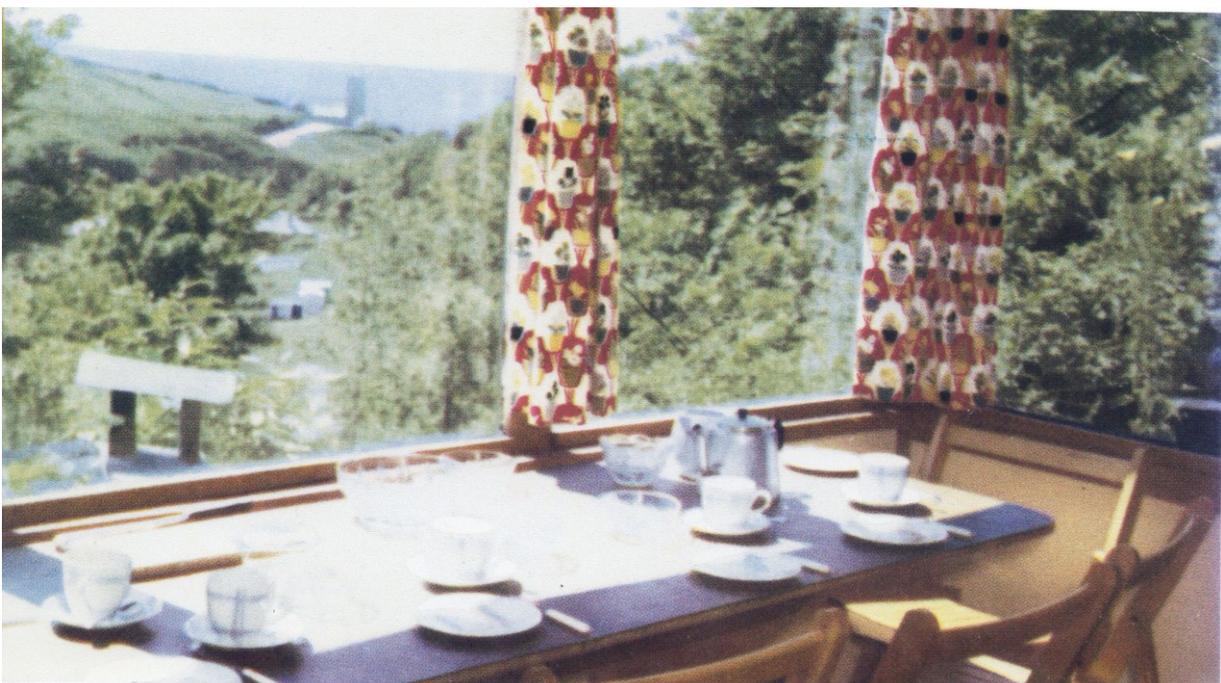
The Holiday Camp now known as "Church Wood" has been shortened from "Church Walk Wood", which was so named as the 'walk' or carriage drive to transport the occupants of Langdon Court to the church, passed through the woods.



## THE CHALETS - 1950s

'The Chalets' as they were referred to in the village, or 'Church Walk Wood Holiday Hamlet' as they were officially known as, started in the early 1950s. The name 'Church Walk Wood' went back to the time when the Calmady Family would walk through the woods from Langdon Court to get to the church. The 'Walk' was actually a wide carriage drive, which was surfaced with shingle from the beach, and it ran from the gateway at the Ford end of the woods to the lower gateway on Pump Hill, where one of the gateposts is still in place. Thinking of the distance involved and the steep incline on the return trip from church, in all probability the carriage horses did most of the walking!

The postcards shown below were available in the 1950s at the estate shop for happy campers to send home to their loved ones, showing them the rustic log cabins on their naturally wooded hillside! The lower one gives a view to the church and the English Channel in the distance, and in the valley, Roper's Field with its array of little huts



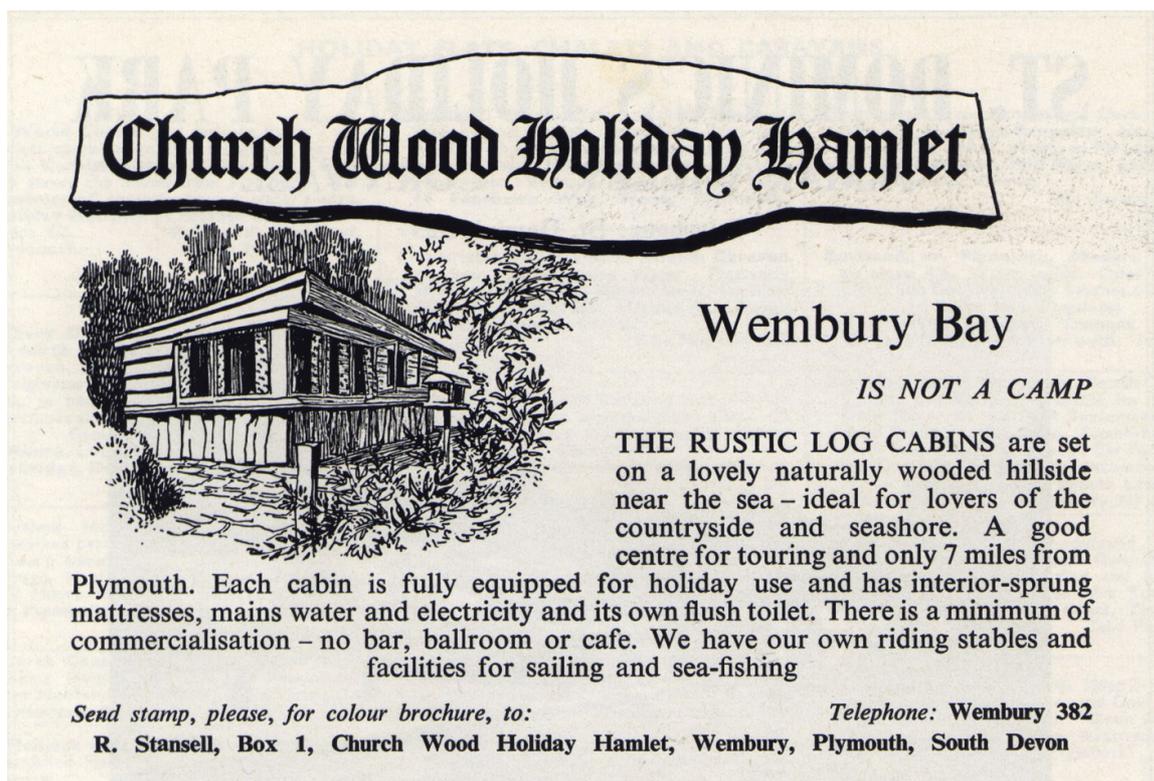
Bob Stansell bought the woods from the Plymouth Hospitals who then owned them as part of the Langdon Estate. The idea was that the chalets would be hidden by the trees and so would fit in with their surroundings and go virtually unnoticed.

In reality Bob needed to cut down the trees in order to get the timber with which to build the chalets. So the concept of the chalets being hidden by the trees was lost. I believe that he bought one factory built chalet and had it brought on site and this he used as a pattern to build the rest of them, using I suppose what would be called these days 'locally sourced materials'.

The estate was basically laid out in three roads, which fanned out from the Ford end of the woods just past the Estate Office and Shop. The roads were logically named Upper Road, Middle Road and Lower Road. The Chalets were pretty basic; they had no bathrooms or toilets. There were communal toilet and shower facilities dotted around, but not too many as I recall. By the late 1960s, outdoor privies had been provided at each chalet. At first the chalets were only allowed to be occupied between May and October, which was perhaps just as well as there was virtually no insulation, and they were really quite inadequate for winter habitation.

From the mid 1970s the old chalets were gradually replaced with factory built units incorporating all 'mod cons', as people had now come to expect as standard in holiday accommodation. It also meant that they could be occupied all the year round.

The Advertisement below appeared in the souvenir programme that was published in 1970 for 'Mayflower 70' commemorating the 350th anniversary of the Pilgrim Fathers' voyage to New England.



**Church Wood Holiday Hamlet**

**Wembury Bay**

*IS NOT A CAMP*

THE RUSTIC LOG CABINS are set on a lovely naturally wooded hillside near the sea – ideal for lovers of the countryside and seashore. A good centre for touring and only 7 miles from Plymouth. Each cabin is fully equipped for holiday use and has interior-sprung mattresses, mains water and electricity and its own flush toilet. There is a minimum of commercialisation – no bar, ballroom or cafe. We have our own riding stables and facilities for sailing and sea-fishing

*Send stamp, please, for colour brochure, to:* *Telephone: Wembury 382*

**R. Stansell, Box 1, Church Wood Holiday Hamlet, Wembury, Plymouth, South Devon**

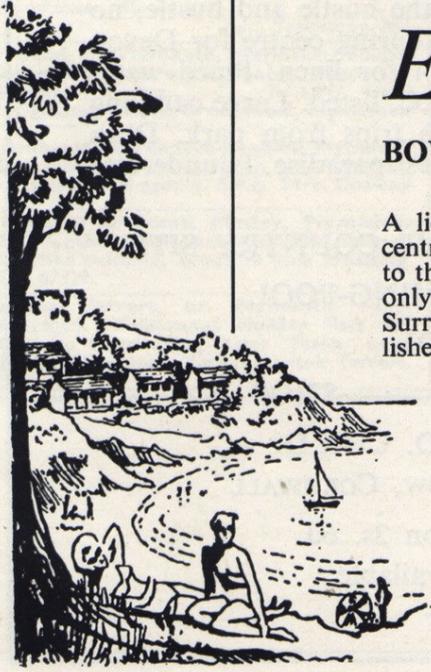
THE CHALETS 2008

The photographs below were taken in April 2008



BOVISAND LODGE ADVERTISEMENT – 1970

This advertisement appeared in the souvenir programme that was published in 1970 for “Mayflower 70” commemorating the 350th anniversary of the Pilgrim Fathers’ voyage to New England.



# *Bovisand Lodge Estate Ltd.*

**BOVISAND, near PLYMOUTH, SOUTH DEVON**

A licensed chalet and caravan park, about five miles from the centre of Plymouth, in an unspoiled wooded valley running down to the sea. It offers the appeal of the quiet woodland scenery that only Devon can provide, and safe bathing on sandy beaches. Surrounded as it is, both sea and country may be enjoyed. Established site, well maintained, flush sanitation, mains water, car park, shop. No dogs allowed in holiday accommodation

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