

Book 7

“Once upon a time”

Wembury Memories

by Peter Lugar

Thorn & The Yealm

Old Barton Farm

Almshouses

Wembury House



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)

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THORN LODGE

There is almost as much of this house below ground level than there is above. On the left hand side the ground falls away steeply so that on that side it is a full two-storied house. In the 1940s and early 1950s the Thorn estate belonged to Dr Stanley, except for the farmland to the left of the drive, which my grandfather had bought in 1938 from Mrs Sebag-Montefiore. The lodge was usually occupied by a member of the estate staff.

In the late 1940s there were proper lodge gates, the gateposts were taller and closer together, than the ones in the photograph. The right hand one was good way in from the wall, enough for there to be a side gate, between it and the wall. The left hand post was further in as well, its inner side in line with the side of the house. The gates were of white painted cast iron, they were never ever closed, but as children, on hearing a car coming up the drive, we used to close one of them and run away! We thought that this was a great trick until one day when the car in question was our father's! When we lived at Old Barton Farm, the Pedericks lived at the Lodge, he was called Frank, I can't remember what she was called. There were two daughters, much older than me, in fact I remember seeing them in Plympton Grammar School uniforms when I was about four years old. I do believe that one of them eventually married into the aristocracy.

They were followed by Albert and Mary Parsons, who also had two daughters, Kathleen, and one that I can't remember the name of. I have an abiding memory of Kathleen with her hair in 'rags'. Mothers used to wrap the individual tresses around with strips of rag, and when the rag was removed the hair would hang down in ringlets, I am not exactly sure how this worked, but it did! In fact some girls even went to school with their hair in rags. In about 1949 the Parsons emigrated to Canada, where they went on to have another daughter.

After them I remember Dennis Little and Ruth, his wife living there, they had a daughter Denise, they lived there for many years until Dennis had a bungalow built on, Wembury Road from where continued to run the Wembury Dairy. Up until then it had been run from the dairy buildings at 'Trescan', his father's house, on the other side of the road. He and Ruth went on to have a son, called Mark.

At the 1881 census, the lodge was occupied by The Head Gardner, William Harper, his wife, Emma, and their seven children, ages ranging from three, to thirteen years.

The walled garden on the right of the photograph was part of what was the Vicarage garden. I can remember church fundraising events being held in the garden. It was a long way for the people of the village to come for a garden fete.



AIR RAID SHELTER

The photographs below are of one of the very few 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 at the top of Thorn Drive, and is the short passage way, with a room off each side variety! It has been adapted for other uses. The window in the side is a much later addition making it into quite a useful shed or workshop, and at the other end the wall has been knocked out and replaced by a wooden door, and a section of shiplap boarding. Although the building has been put to good alternative use, it still doesn't fit in very well with its surroundings.



THORN – HISTORICAL NOTES

In 1938 my grandfather bought that part of the Thorn Estate, which comprised Old Barton Farm and the farmland at Thorn. The Thorn farmland occupied the area from the field on the higher side of the Almshouses to as far down as Thorn Drive and extended down the valley to include the Model Dairy that Mrs Montefiore had built for her Jersey herd. The bigger part of the estate which included Thorn House, the stables, the woods, walled garden, tidal fishpond, and staff cottages were all bought by Doctor Stanley. Newton Woods on the other side of the river, and the old coastguard cottages went to other purchasers.

The house, originally known as Lockyer's Cottage, was built on the foundations of a much older building, and was used as a summer residence by the Lockyer family who lived in Wembury House. The Lockyers had rebuilt Wembury House from a virtual ruin in 1805. The name was changed to South Wembury House when the Lockyers sold Wembury House to Sir Edward Thornton in 1822 and made South Wembury House their permanent home,

When Richard Cory bought the Langdon Estate in 1876 he bought South Wembury House at the same time. All of the land of the Manor of Wembury was attached, some 536 acres in total.

The Corys had a billiard room and ballroom erected, in a separate building to the south of the house, and there is a 1903 newspaper report of Mrs Bessie Cory celebrating her daughter's coming-of-age there. It must have been quite a substantial building as it was reputed that there were about three hundred people in attendance. There is now only a fragment of this building remaining. Bessie was the second wife of Richard Cory and when he died in 1904 she made South Wembury House her permanent residence, but not for long, as she later married General Gore, one of her husband's old shooting partners, and went to live with him at Starcross, near Powderham. Richard Cory's son, Richard Wallis Cory, assumed his late father's position and took up residence at Langdon Court, which had hitherto been Langdon Hall, but was granted the title "Court" in honour of King Edward VII's visit for a shooting weekends in the early 1900s, and also earlier visits as Prince of Wales in the 1890s.

The photograph below dates from about 1891 and was taken from the Newton side of the river Yealm.



In the 1919 William Arkwright, great-great-grandson of Richard Arkwright, inventor of the spinning frame, which had been the cause of riots during the industrial revolution, bought the estate and renamed it 'Thorn'. This brought to an end years of confusion between Wembury House and South Wembury House. He was a man of strong character and held some eccentric views. Born an Anglican, he later converted to Roman

Catholicism, then later became disenchanted with Christianity and declared himself an Agnostic. Later on again he embraced Islam, and had a minaret or dome built on the roof of the house! (No photographs of it exist). He was a great horticulturist, and developed the gardens at Thorn to such an extent that they were reputed to be "The richest in Devonshire". He travelled the world seeking plants for his famous shrubbery, even as far as the Indian subcontinent. There are in the garden four very large urns of Italianate design with ram's head handles these stand about 10 feet high. They are known as the "Trentham Vases" as they originated from Trentham Hall in Derbyshire, were bought by Arkwright in 1911 for his previous house Sutton Scarsdale Hall in Derbyshire, and from there brought to Thorn.

I can remember the great plantations of Rhododendrons and Azaleas at the bottom of the drive and going up to the house. Near to our farm buildings there were these plants which were like gigantic rhubarb but the stems were very hairy, the leaves must have been about ten feet across, I never did find out what they were. For all I know they might even still be there. At the top of the drive there was the Bamboo plantation. This was not part of the exotic planting, most big houses had a bamboo plantation to provide bamboos for ordinary use in the garden. When we were children, we used to love hacking our way through them pretending that we were in some tropical forest or other.

Down on the river, aground in the mud, there was an old Chinese barge that we used to play in as well. We used to remain on it for as long as we possibly could whilst the tide was coming in. I seem to remember that it was predominantly turquoise in colour on the outside, but red internally, with a red dragon's head protruding out for about three feet from the bow, with a great open mouth and a wavy tongue.

In 1923, after Arkwright had died, the house was bought by The Hon Mrs Sebag-Montefiore, who had the house enlarged by adding an extra storey, which meant the removal of Arkwright's dome. She had extensive work done outside which included the planting of several broad-leafed trees on the higher side of the drive. She also had the Model Dairy and Milking Parlour built, in the bottom of the valley adjacent to the walled kitchen garden. This was for the Jersey herd, which she had established at Thorn.

She was Jewish, and was widowed in 1915 after only four years of marriage to Robert Sebag-Montefiore, a Captain, presumably killed in the First World War. She had two sons, the younger one, James, in poor health, which was her reason for coming to Thorn, and Arthur the eldest son. Tragically both of her children predeceased her, James in 1931 aged 18 years, and Arthur in 1935 aged 23 years. Arthur left a wife and two children. Mrs Montefiore herself died in 1940, she was only 50 years old.

Whilst at Thorn she entertained lavishly and it is said that Rudyard Kipling, was often a houseguest.

In 1935 she offered 50 acres of cliff land on the Yealm Estuary to the National Trust on the condition that they obtained rights to prevent development of the adjacent 58 acres thus preserving the whole area for posterity.

This was finally completed in 1938, when she decided to sell the rest of the estate, which at that time also included the coastguard cottages on the Yealm, and Newton Wood on the other side of the river. The house and gardens and the woods were bought by Dr Stanley, also included with this package were all the cottages down at Thorn and the tidal fishpond. My grandfather bought Old Barton Farm and the fields at Thorn including the Model Dairy. The Old Coastguard Cottages, on the Yealm and the Newton Woods on the other side of the river went to other buyers. Old Barton was, at the time, tenanted to a Mr Slade, we moved in from Gabber Farm when Mr Slade vacated in 1945.

Doctor Stanley had been a surgeon in Paris, and I think that there was a South African connection somewhere along the line. He didn't seem to do a lot to the estate apart from keeping it ticking over. He was a widower and had two grown up daughters who lived elsewhere, presumably married. There was a son called Trenor (yes that is the correct spelling!), who was at school in America and only came home occasionally. He was just slightly older than my older brother, and we would often go expeditions deep into the woods with him. Kay Udell was the housekeeper at Thorn and was friendly with my mother.

Quite unexpectedly, in the late 1940s Dr Stanley remarried, putting Kay out of a job, suffice to say her parting was not amicable. The new Mrs Stanley was not happy at Thorn so the estate was put up for sale.

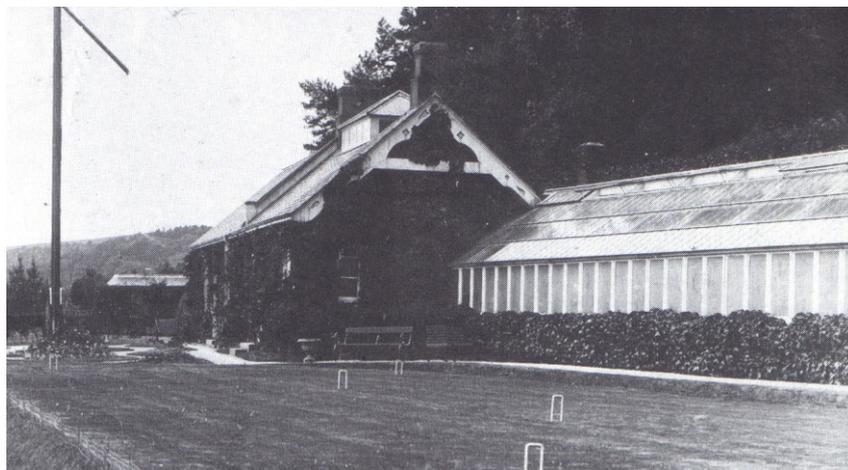
This time the purchaser was a Mr Simonds, reputed to be a member of the brewing family, but there was never anything to substantiate this. He carried out what was considered at the time to be drastic alterations to the house, demolishing part of it. I remember pink marble pillars lying for quite some time beside the road at the bottom of the drive.

Then followed the gradual breaking up of the estate, firstly the stables were sold off for residential development, then one by one the cottages were sold off, and finally the walled kitchen garden.

The Trehaire's bought the house, in 1956. Nicholas Trehaire owned Farley's Rusks, whose factory was in Plymouth, in Outland Road, the company had been founded by his family. I think it was later sold to Glaxo Foods. He and his wife Bobbie were both keen gardeners and set about restoring the gardens to something approaching their former glory, a job which in their own words was "never ending". They were also very much involved in church life, Nick was a Churchwarden for many years, and Bobbie one of the leading lights in the flower arranging organisation, and the bi-annual flower festival. In the early 1980s Nick and Bobbie decided to sell, I think that Anno Domini was beginning to take its toll and they wanted something smaller and easier to maintain.

Since the early 1980s John and Eva Gibson have lived there and in the time have had their three children and seen them all grow up. John a brain surgeon and Eva also a doctor, still maintain the gardens to an excellent standard and most certainly re-echo the Trehaire's sentiments in that it is "never ending".

This photograph shows the ballroom and billiard room which was built as a separate building in the latter part of the nineteenth century when the Cory's were in residence.



This photograph was taken from the river in the early 1900s. Thorn House is over on the left. Down on the riverbank can be clearly seen Boathouse Cottage, Fishpond Cottage, and Rose Cottage, with the long boathouse and above them, the stables

We are told that Richard Arkwright renamed the house "Thorn" in 1919 and that is how it appears in the Trade Directory for that year. In all previous entries it is referred to as "South Wembury House" until one gets back to 1850 when it is shown as "Thorne", so it would seem that Arkwright gave it back its original name.

THORN – EARLY PHOTOGRAPHS

The photographs below were taken in the early years of the 20th century, when the house was still known as 'South Wembury House'. Well before Mr Arkwright's addition of a dome, and Mrs Sebag-Montefiore's addition of another storey. In the upper photograph the chimneys of the house can be seen showing above the trees to the right of the picture.



THORN HOUSE FROM THE NORTH AND SOUTH

These photographs were taken on 2nd May 2009.

The top photograph shows the north front, which is the main entrance front of the house. The bottom photograph shows the south, or garden front of the house.



GARDEN VIEWS AT THORN

These photographs were taken on Easter Sunday 2006 (16th April).

The top photograph is of the main lawn looking south from the house. The bottom photograph is looking along the grass terrace towards the end of the garden.



THE ROSE GARDEN AT THORN

These photographs was taken on 2nd May 2009.

The areas shown, at one time, were occupied by the ballroom and billiard room, built when the Cory's were in residence at the end of the nineteenth century.



FAIRIES AT THORN

This photograph was taken in the gardens at Thorn in the late 1940s. I have no idea as to what the occasion was, or what tableau is supposed to represent.

Recognisable in the picture is Josephine Jolliffe, to the right of the old gentleman, Jennifer Clifton to the left, and Wendy Densum on the plinth to the left of the large stone urn.



THE TRENTHAM VASES AT THORN

This photograph was taken in the gardens at Thorn on Easter Sunday in 2006 (16th April).

It is lovely to see that sixty or so years after the “Fairies” photograph was taken, the four Trentham Vases, each at 10 feet tall, are still there.



In 1920 “South Wembury House” was bought by William Arkwright, great, great grandson of Richard Arkwright who had invented the famous water frame, which kicked off the Industrial Revolution, and made the family’s fortune in cotton spinning.

Upon purchasing it he re-named it “Thorn” and extensively remodelled both the house and gardens. The four Trentham vases, each ten feet in height and made of Italian Marble, were transferred to Thorn from his previous house, Sutton Scarsdale Hall, in Derbyshire. Their actual origin is unknown although Arkwright had bought them in 1911 from the demolition sale of Trentham Hall, which was quite near to Sutton Scarsdale Hall, and which up until that time had been the seat of the Duke of Sutherland.

FAIRIES AT THORN

This photograph was taken in the gardens at Thorn in the late 1940s.

Those recognised are:

Second from the left - Jennifer Clifton
Second from the right - Wendy Densum
Extreme right - Josephine Jolliffe



THE GARDEN AT THORN LOOKING NORTH

The area now occupied by the rose garden and south lawn was the site of the ballroom and billiard room built when the Cory's were in residence at the end of the nineteenth century.

The upper photograph was taken on Easter Sunday 2006 (16th April), and the lower one on 2nd May 2009. These were both "Open Garden" days with cream teas in aid of church funds.

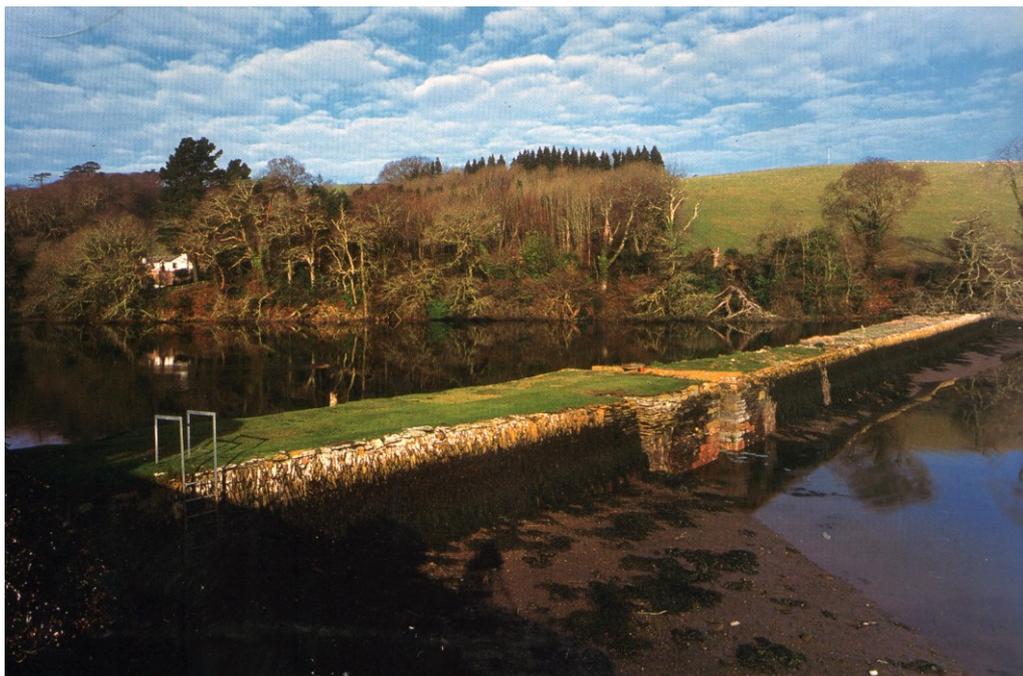
It shows what a difference two or three weeks can make when one sees in the lower picture, taken in May, the lovely copper beech in full leaf.



THE TIDAL FISHPOND AT THORN

The tidal pond was built by John Hele who built the original Wembury House. The pond would fill with water on the incoming tide and consequently with fish as well. There was a sluice gate which could be closed to prevent them returning to the river on the outgoing tide. This meant that they could be caught as and when required for the table at Wembury House. I suppose that this must have been a very early version of fish farming.

When we were children we used to spend quite a lot of time down there as my father owned the farmland in the valley. Back then the sluice was permanently open and the pond just filled and emptied with the tide. Many fish still went into the pond and a massive pike used to position himself in front of the outflow pipe to devour the small fish as they came out of the pond on the falling tide.



THORN - RIVER VIEWS

These photographs were taken on 2nd May 2009.

The top view is looking up the river towards Kitley and Yealmpton. The bottom view is looking downstream towards Newton Ferrers and Noss Mayo.



THORN - VIEW ACROSS THE RIVER

This photograph was taken on 2nd May 2009, looking across the river from the southernmost end of the grass terrace. The large Spanish style house occupying left of the centre ground of the photograph was built in the 1950s. It was owned by the Berker family of “Berkertex” ladies fashions fame. It was called “Castel Gondolfo”, why it was named after the Pope’s summer residence is not known! I am not sure as to whether it is still called by that rather outlandish name, it could well have changed by now. Back in the 1950s it enjoyed quite a solitary position but since then other developments have taken place around it.

In 1906 it was planned to run a branch line to Newton Ferrers coming off the Plymouth to Yealmtpon railway line which was part of the South Hams Light Railway. The track was to run just above the shore line following the river around to Newton Quay where the station was to be. Quite a lot of the excavation and laying of the track bed had been completed before the scheme was abandoned later in the same year. The dormer bungalow on the extreme left sits on what would have been part of the railway track.



THORN HOUSE ON THE RIVER YEALM
PAINTED BY WILLIAM GIBBONS 1869

Son of an Exeter shoemaker, born in 1841, he had no formal training as an artist. He moved to Plymouth and worked from a studio on the old commercial wharf, above Whittaker's Smoke House, an establishment for the curing of fish. He died in 1886 in a mental institution and is buried at Ford Park Cemetery in Plymouth.



RIVER YEALM FROM THE WARREN LOOKING TOWARDS THORN

This photograph which is a section of a full panorama of the river from Thorn to the Mewstone is thought to have been taken at sometime during the very early years of the 20th century, the photographer standing on the high vantage point on the Wembury side of the river.

On the Newton Ferrers side the Yealm Hotel stands in glorious isolation, and further up the river on the Wembury side, Thorn House can clearly be seen.

The hotel was originally built as a Railway Hotel as it was intended to run the railway line along the river bank from Steer Point into Newton Ferrers. Quite a lot of preparatory had been done, trees cut down, excavations carried out in readiness to build the station and lay the track bed.

It was also planned that in the region of 200 houses would be built on the land surrounding the Yealm Hotel and displacing a great deal of Newton Wood. In the plan it was all divided up into lots, the Yealm Hotel actually occupies Lot.197 in this great plan.

The plan was abandoned in 1906, which was the same year as work commenced, presumably for reasons of finance. The intended station and track site was sold, to be later developed residentially.

The mast just in view at left hand edge of the photograph is part of the Coastguard Station that used to be on the Wembury side of the river. The cottages, which are still there are now privately owned.

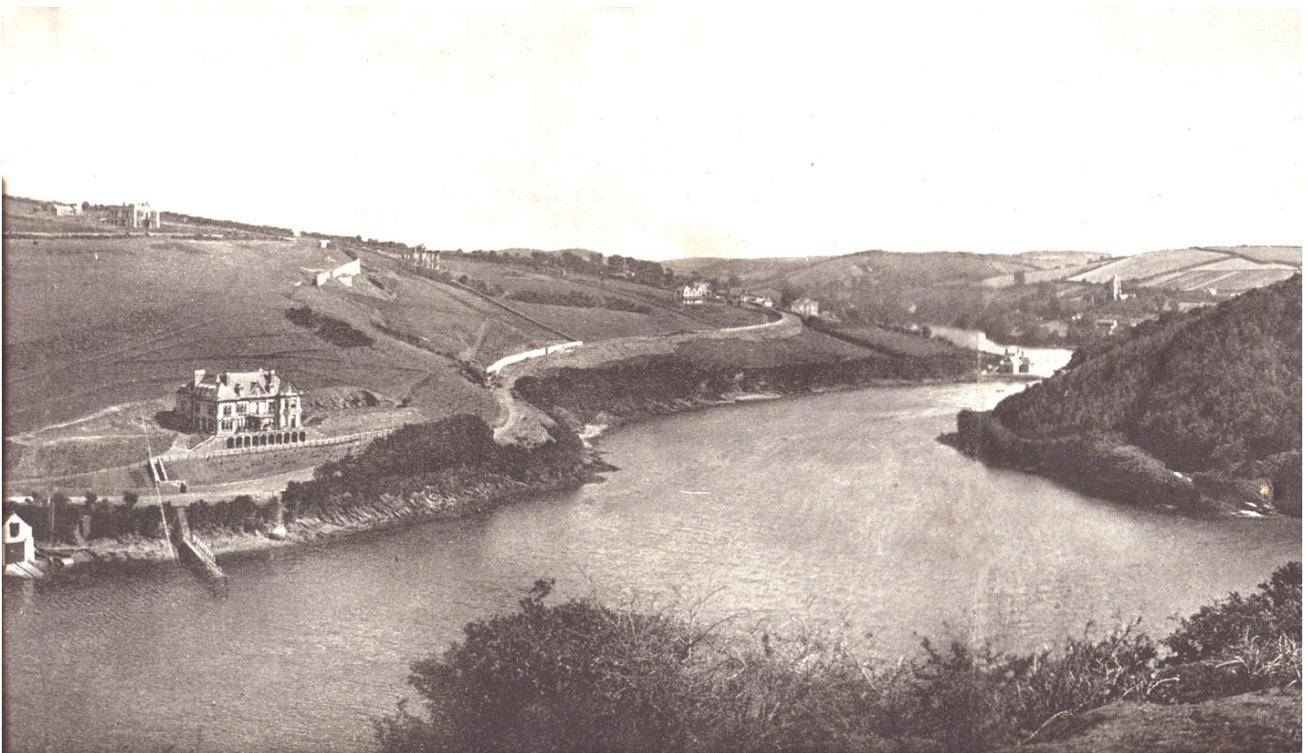


RIVER YEALM AND NEWTON CREEK - EARLY 1900s

This photograph which is a section of a full panorama of the river from Thorn to the Mewstone, is thought to have been taken at sometime during the very early years of the 20th century, the photographer standing on the high vantage point on the Wembury side of the river.

The Yealm Hotel stands in glorious isolation, and further up the creek Newton Ferrers and Noss Mayo can be seen as tiny hamlets. The hotel was originally built as a Railway Hotel as it was intended to run the railway line along the river bank from Steer Point into Newton Ferrers. Quite a lot of preparatory had been done, trees cut down, excavations carried out in readiness to build the station and lay the track bed. I think that the scheme finally ran out of money, and the intended station and track site was sold, later to be developed residentially.

I always wondered whether this was a speculative thing to do with the proposal to turn Wembury Bay into a huge commercial docks complex, and the need which would arise for more housing in the area. A projected housing plan for 1910 shows a proposed layout for about 200 houses in Newton Ferrers in the vicinity of the railway. The Wembury Docks plan was not finally abandoned until 1909.



STEER POINT FERRY TO NEWTON FERRERS RAILWAY - 1906
THE STATION PREPARATIONS

The Railway Magazine of July 1906 ran an article stating, "The new Railway from Newton Ferrers to Yealmpton, the first sod of which has been recently cut by the Mayoress of Plymouth, is to be constructed by the Devon and South Hams light railway. Although termed a light railway, it is to be of standard gauge, and will be three miles long, branching the GWR's Yealmpton line at Puslinch about a mile from Yealmpton, and running along the east bank of the river Yealm to Newton Ferrers".

The photograph below looking eastwards towards Newton Ferrers Village, show the workmen preparing the site for the Newton Ferrers Station



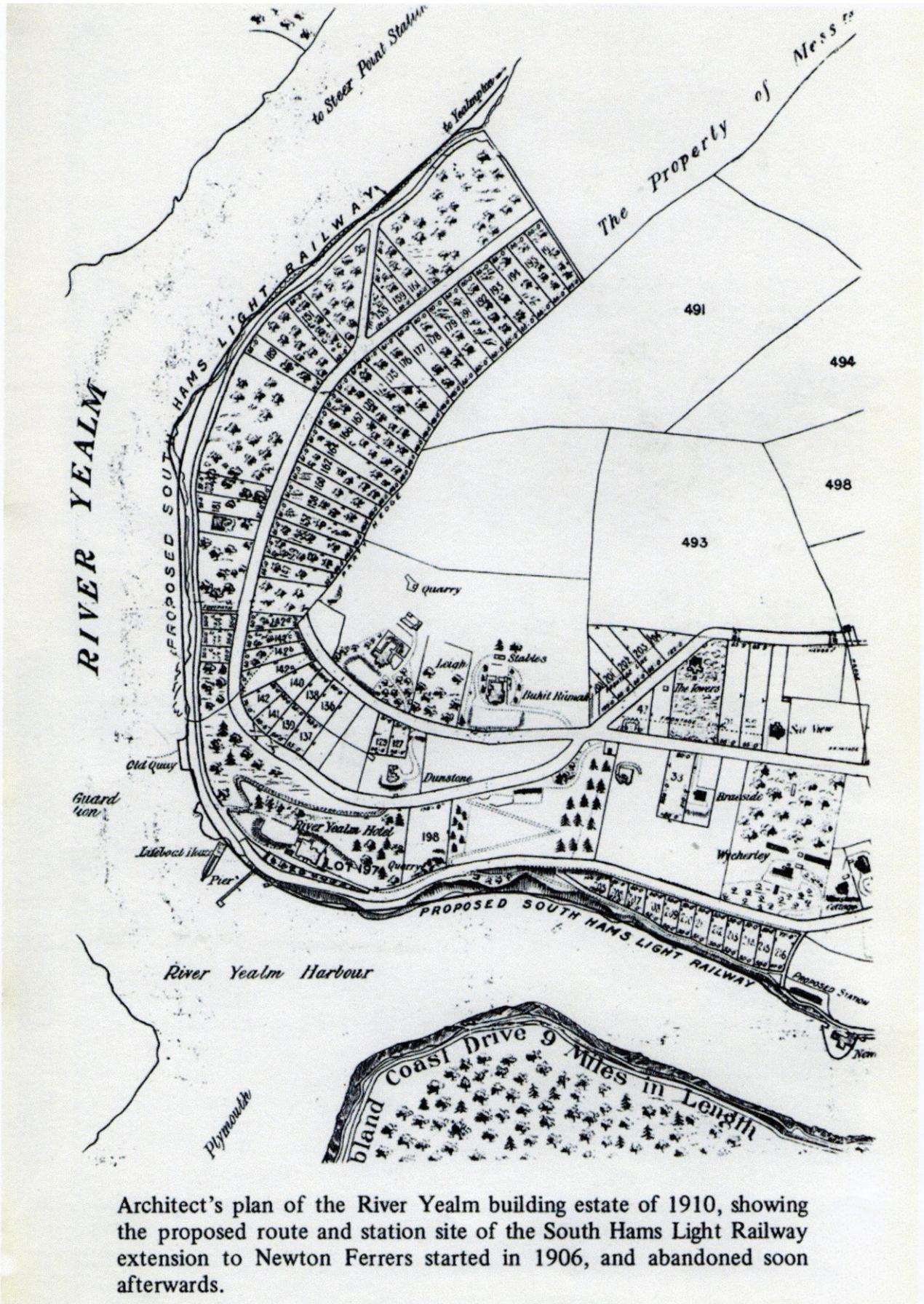
STEER POINT FERRY TO NEWTON FERRERS RAILWAY - 1906
THE TRACK PREPARATIONS

The photograph below looking westwards toward Wembury Warren, shows the workmen preparing track bed between Newton Quay and the River Yealm Hotel.

We are told that the work was started in 1906 and was abandoned shortly afterwards, presumably due to reasons of finance.



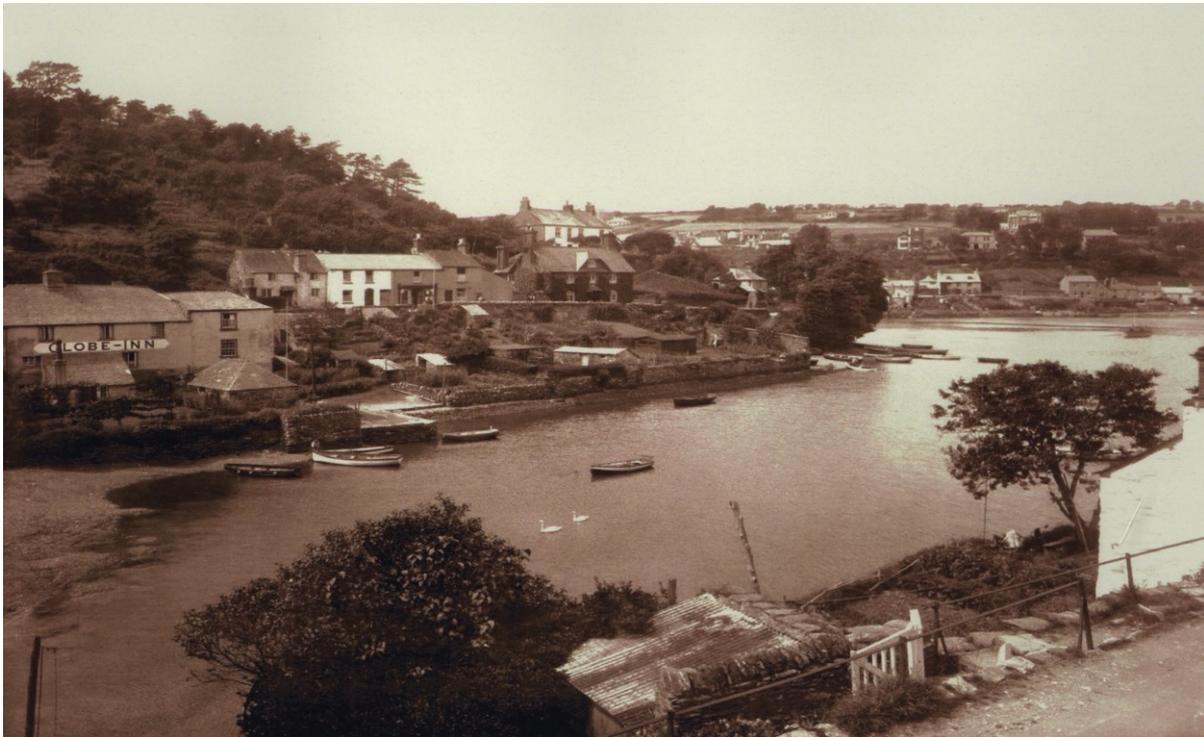
STEER POINT FERRY TO NEWTON FERRERS RAILWAY – 1906
ARCHITECT'S PLAN



Architect's plan of the River Yealm building estate of 1910, showing the proposed route and station site of the South Hams Light Railway extension to Newton Ferrers started in 1906, and abandoned soon afterwards.

THE CREEK AT NOSS MAYO - 1930s

This photograph of the creek at Noss Mayo was taken in the 1930s. From the east side of the creek and looking out towards Newton Creek with the River Yealm around to the left. Note the sparseness of development at Newton Ferrers.



THE KITLEY BELLE EARLY 1920s

This view of Newton Creek shows the Kitley Belle turning to come alongside at Newton Quay to allow her passengers from Steer Point to disembark.



NOSS MAYO VILLAGE AND CREEK- 1930s

This photograph of the creek at Noss Mayo was taken in the 1930s. From the west side of the creek and looking out towards the main village with the Swan Inn in the centre ground and Revelstoke Church on the hill above.



CHILDREN ON THE YEALM

This photograph was taken sometime around about the turn of the 19th/20th Centuries. Probably by R. Rugg Monk, the well known Plymouth photographer of that time



RIVER YEALM AND NEWTON FERRERS

The top Photograph was taken in 1949 by Samuel Rodgers, and developed by him at home

The rather idyllic scene is still basically the same, although further development has taken place on the other side of the river.



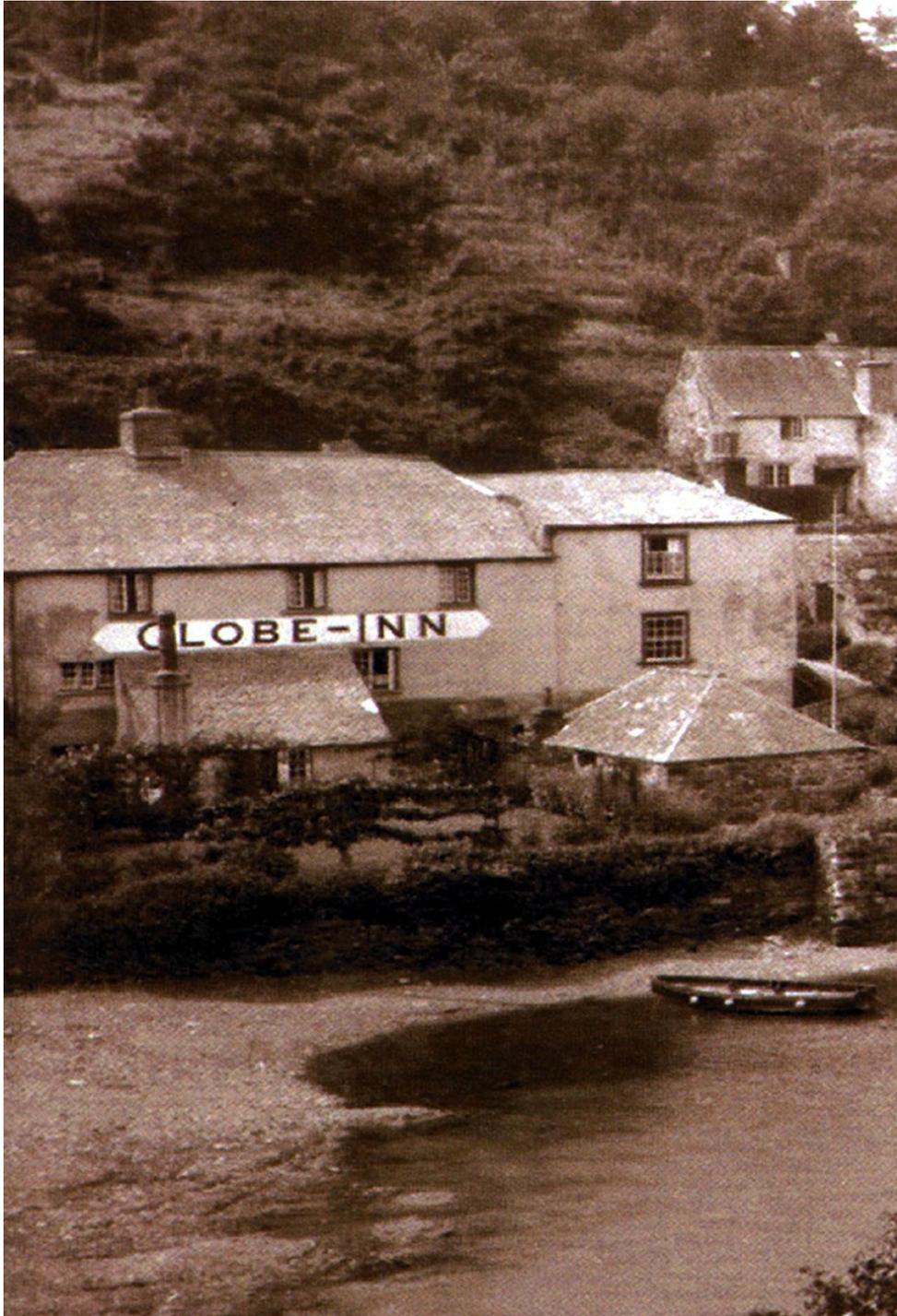
The photograph, left was taken about ten years later than the one above. More development has taken place on the other side of the river and there are many boats moored on the river, an indication perhaps, that we had at last emerged from post war austerity.

The children in the photograph are Martin and Steven Harris, sons of Sonia and Roger Harris. Sonia (Née Toogood) grew up in Wembury and lived at 'The Cottage' West Wembury (now called 'Leafy Cottage').

GLOBE INN, NOSS MAYO - 1930s

This photograph of the Globe Inn was taken in the 1930s. It is now, of course, known as The Ship Inn. I well remember it as the Globe when it belonged to the parents of our History Teacher at Plymstock School, Miss Marion Scadden.

I think she took it on for a while after her parents died, but it was sold in the early 1960s and was renamed 'The Ship', completely revamped, and started going in for catering in a big way. I think that it was about this time that a lot of pubs started to re-invent them selves as 'eateries'.



THE SHIP INN, NOSS MAYO - 2004

This photograph of the Ship Inn was taken in 2004. It is barely recognisable as once being the Globe Inn as shown in the 1930s photograph.

The only really recognisable part is the right hand section with the two sash windows and coincidentally in both photographs the top one is open!

The main section with the three dormer windows extended the main roof down in front of the old 'Globe Inn' sign, to form the existing restaurant and bars in place of the 'lean to' section and garden. What remained of the garden was removed altogether and made into a patio area with improved access to the river.



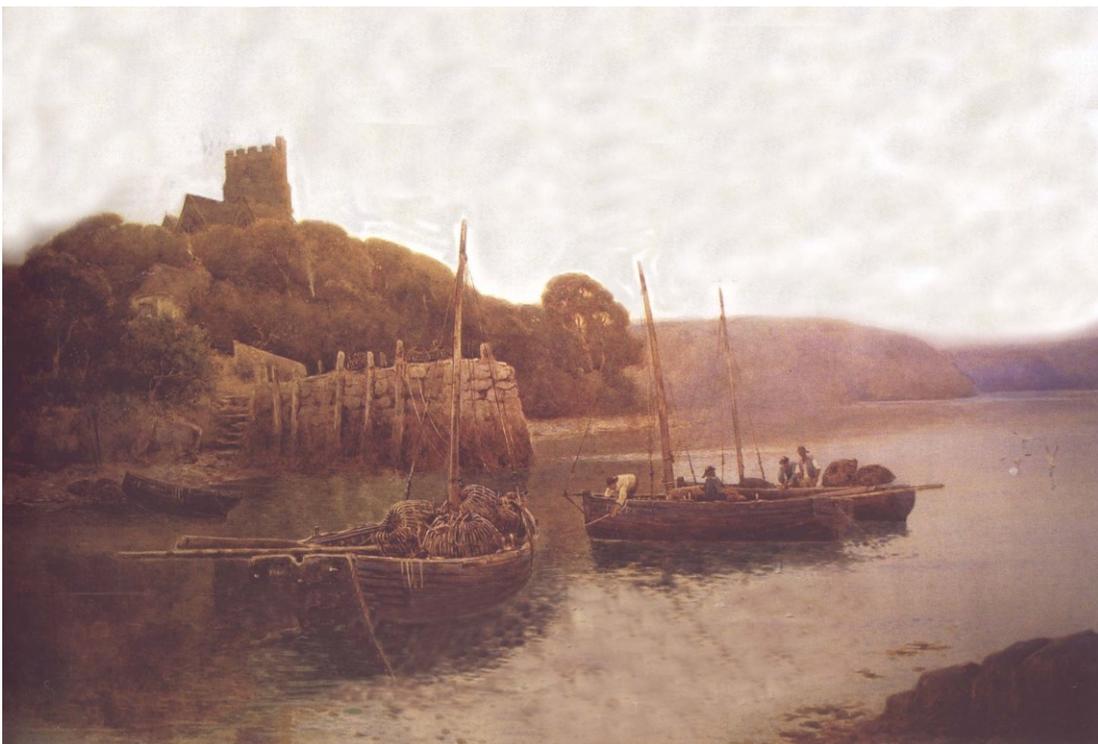
RIVER YEALM - NEWTON/ NOSS CREEK PAINTING - 1826

This picture by J Bate was painted in 1826. I think that the view is from Noss Creek which runs from just in front of the Swan and Ship Public Houses out into Newton Creek and then the into the main river around to the left, the church tower being that of Newton Ferrers.



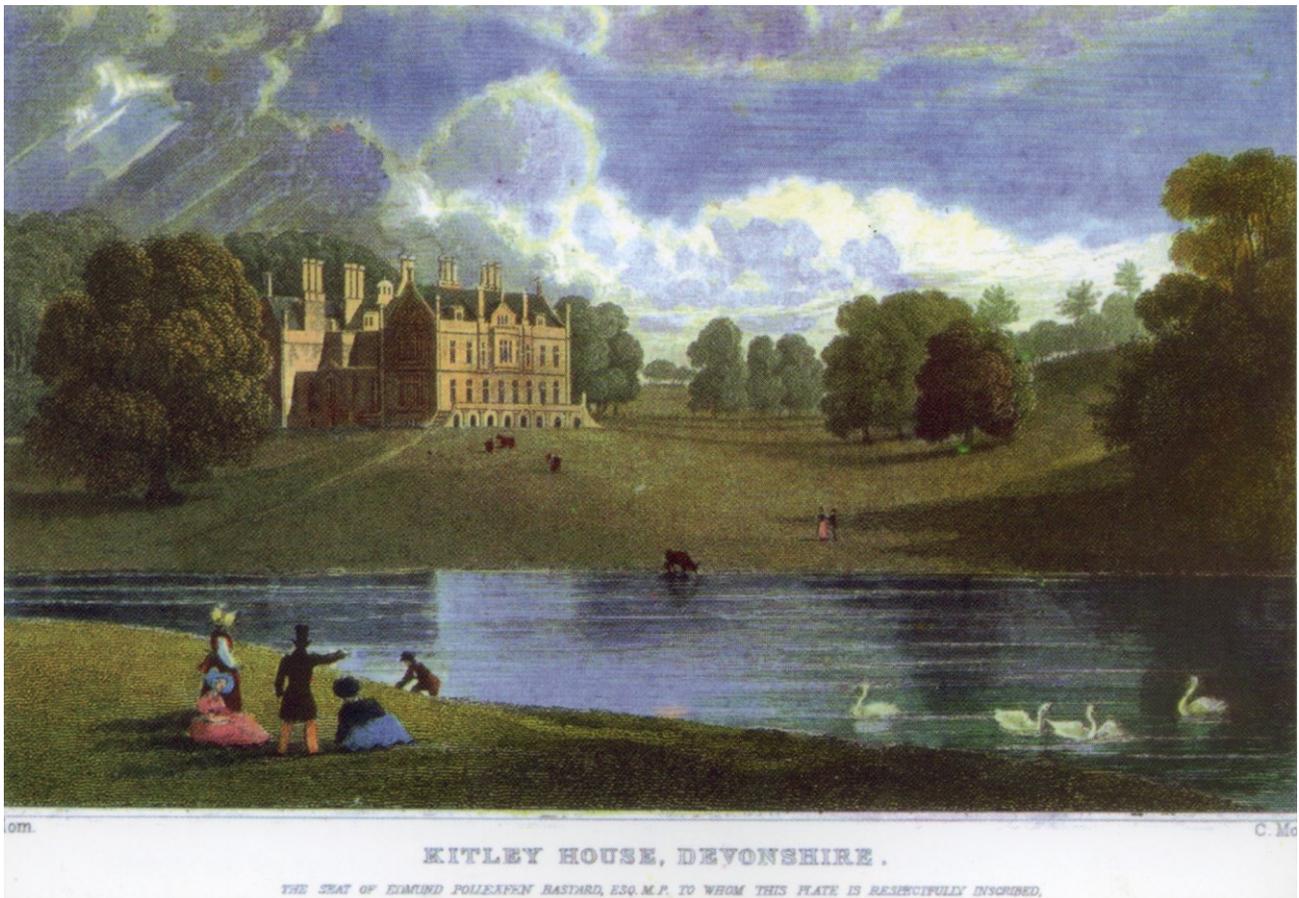
YEALM CRABBERS NEAR NOSS MAYO

This water colour actual size 30" x 50" (76cm x 127cm) was painted by Walter Stuart Lloyd R.B.A.fl. 1875 - 1929. One must assume that it was painted sometime around about the turn of the 19th /20th Centuries.



KITLEY HOUSE - PRINT

18th century print of Kitley House with the man-made lake in the foreground, which is filled by the stream that runs down from Lyneham Woods and empties into the River Yealm.



“The Seat of Edmund Pollexfen Bastard Esq. M.P. to whom this plate is respectfully inscribed”

So runs the inscription under the plate above. In the mid 18th century the Pollexfens of Kitley and the Calmadys of Langdon became united in marriage. Francis Vincent Calmady married Elizabeth Pollexfen. They had five children, four daughters and a son, Francis John. Sadly Francis John died before he could inherit Langdon so it passed to his sister Pollexfen, yes, she had been given her mother’s family name as a Christian name.

From Pollexfen the estate would have passed on to Captain Warwick Calmady, from another branch of the family. Sadly he also died before he could inherit. In 1783 Pollexfen had married her second husband, Admiral Charles Holmes Everitt, who in 1788 took the name Calmady by royal assent to ensure the continuance of the family name.

Their son Charles Biggs Calmady inherited the estate in 1807. Charles married Emily Greenwood in 1816 and they had six daughters and a son, Vincent Pollexfen. Vincent married too late in life to produce an heir, so on his death in 1896 aged 71 years, the line died out. By this time the Langdon Estate had been sold (1876) to Richard Cory, a wealthy ship owner and coal merchant.

SWAN INN, NOSS MAYO - 1930s

This photograph of the Swan Inn was taken in the 1930s.



SWAN INN, NOSS MAYO - 2004

This photograph of the Swan Inn was taken in 2004.



THE KITLEY BELLE 1900s

This Photograph of the “Kitley Belle” about to off load passengers at Steer Point, was taken sometime in the early 1900s. I think that our friends from “Health and Safety” might express concerns today as regards passenger numbers!

The boat was owned and operated by Mr George Hodge, and was licenced by the Board of Trade to carry 78 passengers, and ply within the Yealm. She never went outside of the river, and was surveyed regularly by the Board of Trade

At suitable tides she started the trip to Steer Point from Noss Mayo, picking up passengers at Kiln Quay, and the Yealm Hotel at Newton Ferrers, and calling also at the Warren and Thorn on the Wembury side.

there was a station at Steer Point on the Plymouth to Yealmpton line (The South Hams Light Railway). People could go on to Yealmpton , or into Plymouth on the train. Alternatively passengers could be picked up at Steer Point and taken to Newton or Noss. Sometimes, depending on the state of the tide, the boat would have to lay off, and the passengers would then be ferried in or out by rowing boat.



This ferry service ended with the closure of the railway line. The “Kitley Belle’ was sold to a Plymouth firm who after modifications renamed her the “Tamar Belle”, and for many years she operated as a pleasure boat within the breakwater, taking people on trips up the River Tamar, and also to Cawsand.

THE KITLEY BELLE 1920s

This Photograph of the Kitley Belle casting off in Noss Creek was taken in the early 1920s. Holy Cross church can be seen on the top of the hill looking out over the houses of Newton Ferrers.

The Kitley Belle was owned by Mr George Hodge; prior to that he operated the ferry service, with a partner, in a small boat called "Puffing Billy". The partner had to give up through ill health, and George was left to run the service on his own. He had the Kitley Belle built and ran a regular service of six trips a day, Sundays included, with the help of his three sons. "Kitley Girl" and "Pioneer" were later added to the fleet to cope with the summer crowds.



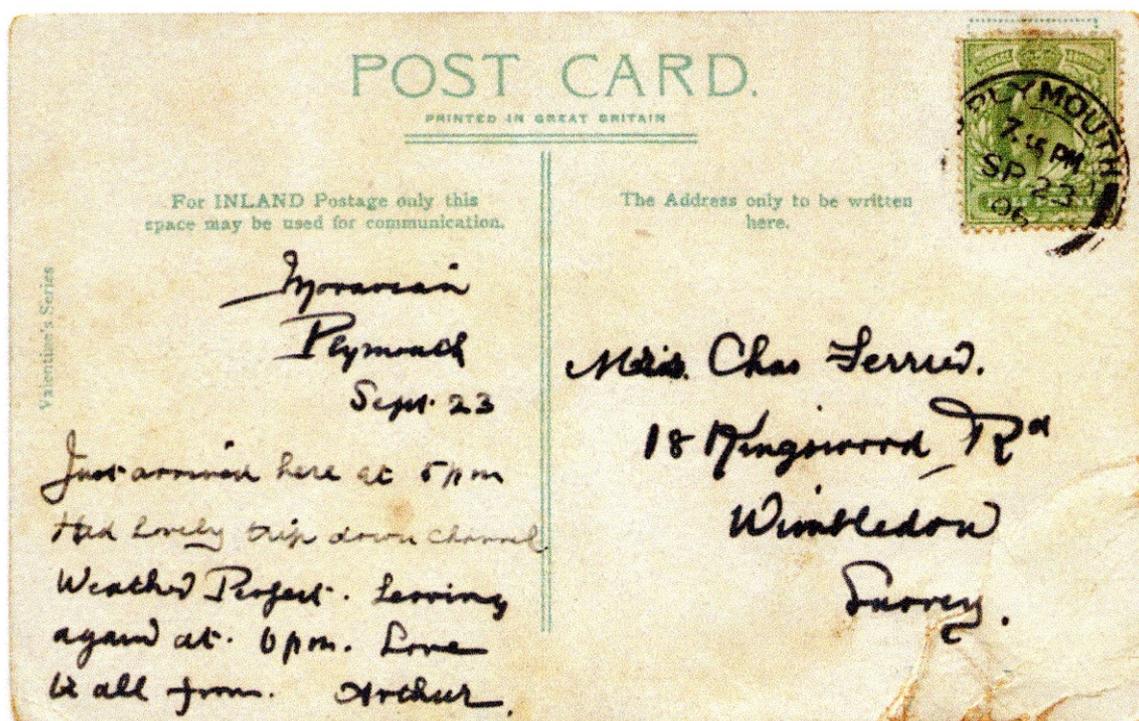
NOSS MAYO -STEER POINT FERRY – 'PIONEER' -1920s

The photograph below dates from the 1920s, I think by this time, George Hodge had retired and the service was being run by his two sons Elliot and Ernest. It shows "Pioneer" one of the ferryboats that used to ply between Noss Mayo and the station at Steer Point, to embark and disembark passengers for the railway. The service was mostly operated by "Kitley Belle" the two other boats, "Kitley Girl" and "Pioneer", were brought into service during periods of high usage, usually in the summer. In the early part of the twentieth century, the most expedient way of getting to Plymouth from Newton and Noss was by using the river and the railway. School children who attended schools in Plymouth had to make the journey daily.



NEWTON AND NOSS POSTCARD 1906

These photographs are copies of a post card that was postmarked 'Plymouth 23 September 1906'. It was a black and white, hand tinted, photograph which is evidenced by the abnormal number of red tiled roofs in this area of grey Devon or Cornish slate! The senders address is obviously the boat he was travelling in, the name of which is impossible to decipher! The card is destined for Wimbledon in Surrey, before it got swallowed up by "Greater London"! The stamp on the card is a Halfpenny, (Ha'penny) as we ways called it. The modern day 5p piece is derived from the old Shilling, which comprised of 24 Ha-pennies. Just imagine how many postcards you could have sent for the price of a second-class stamp today!



COASTGUARD STATION & COTTAGES ON THE YEALM

This photograph was taken in 1938 when the cottages were a part of the Thorn Estate and were being offered for sale by the then owner of the estate, The Hon Mrs Sebag-Montefiore.

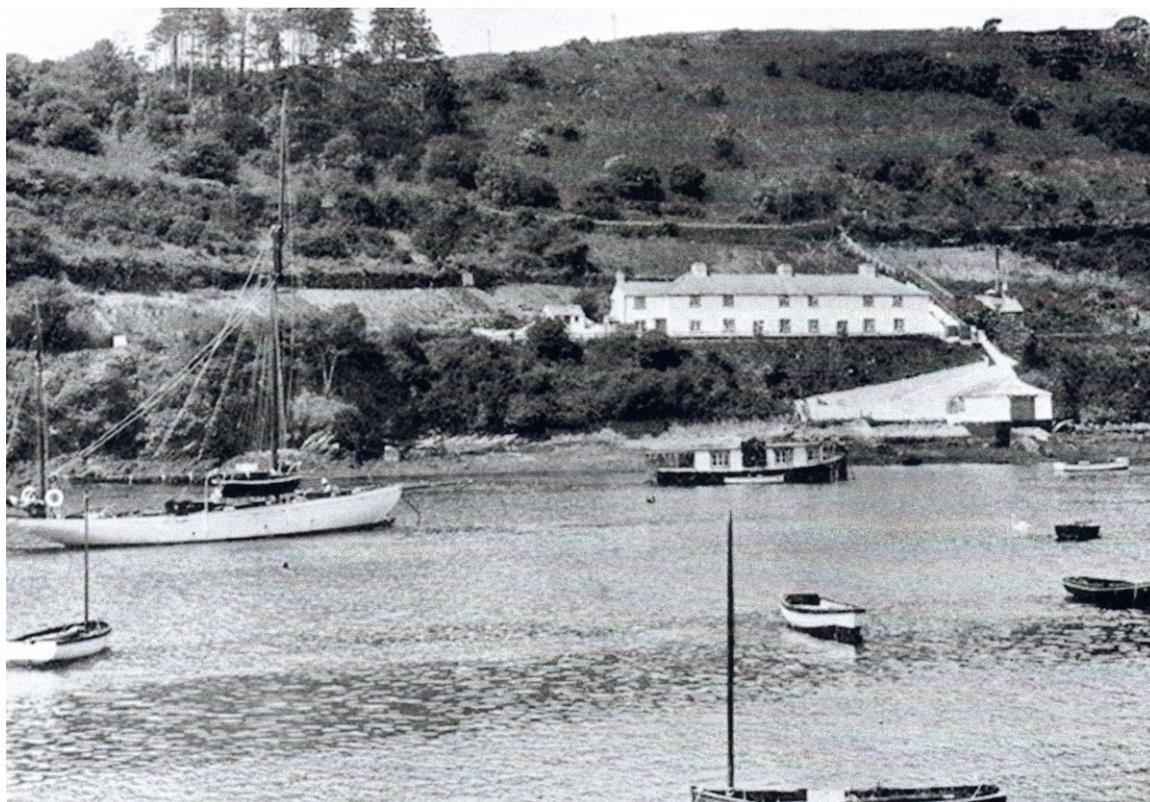
Wembury had a Coast Guard station, on the River Yealm comprising six cottages, with a Watch Room attached. This was listed as "Coast Guard Buildings" in the 1851 census. There were five Coastguards with a Lieutenant, Royal Navy, in command. They were not local people but were full time members of the Coastguard Service, which at the time was under the control of the Royal Navy, and would be drafted in for a tour of duty. They lived in the cottages, collectively known as "The Prevention Houses" with their families. Originally known as "The Preventative Water Guard", the title was changed to "The Coastguard" in the early 19th Century.

Those occupying the cottages at the 1851 census are shown as:

Name	Occupation	Born	Place of Birth
Robert O'BRIEN	Lieutenant, Royal Navy	1809	Galway, Ireland
Edward BARTER	Comm. Boatman Coast Guard	1801	Isle of Wight, Hampshire
Samuel STEDIFORD	Boatman Coast Guard	1813	Scilly, Cornwall
William SPENCER	Boatman Coast Guard	1821	Sidmouth, Devon
William JOHNSON	Boatman Coast Guard	1815	Down, Ireland
James GOGGIN	Comm. Boatman Coast Guard	1805	Ireland

Although on the Wembury side of the river the occupants, even in modern times, have considered themselves more as residents of Newton Ferrers, finding it easier to go across by boat to there for their essentials, rather than the long haul up across the Warren into Knighton.

The Coastguard Station closed down in 1923 and moved over to the other side of the river. By 1938 the six cottages had been made into four.



THE COASTGUARD

The origins of the Coastguard go back some 200 years, and it was instituted to combat a threat to the country's economy, i.e., smuggling. Ever since taxes were introduced on exports and imports smugglers have sought to evade them by running goods ashore wherever they could. The forerunners of the Coastguard, the Customs Revenue Officers searched cargoes and collected the relevant revenues in harbour. At sea, Revenue Cruisers kept a look out for vessels exchanging contraband. Off shore, (or on the cliffs if the weather was particularly bad) Riding Officers patrolled the coast to apprehend smugglers as they attempted to land illegal cargoes.

Smuggling was not only a drain on the country's economy but also a threat to security. In spite of French ports being blockaded during the Napoleonic wars, British smugglers carried on a thriving trade with the Napoleonic regime, also carrying spies and trading information. In 1809, the Board of Trade formed "The Preventive Water Guard" to combat this problem, by patrolling every bay and cove around the British Isles. Eventually there were 151 stations divided up into 31 districts which form the basis of the Coastguard organisation today.

Their job, was, in those days a thankless task carried out against a backdrop of fear, threat and corruption, and most importantly against the many tragedies taking place at sea involving a great number of the small ships and coasters which took on the role of moving goods around the country, a task nowadays mostly performed by road transport. The Preventive Water Guard, having control of all of the coastline, were well placed to respond to any emergency calls and in the 1820s their role was extended to give them responsibility for shipwrecks and the guarding of cargoes from looting. They were also trained in the use of modern lifesaving equipment of the day, with the apparatus being supplied to every station by the mid 1880s.

Control of the organisation passed from the Board of Customs, to the Treasury, back to the Board of Customs, then to the Admiralty. Under the Treasury the Preventive Water Guard became "The Coast Guard" Under the Admiralty the uniformed and disciplined aspects of the service were reinforced. The officers being first line naval reservists and recruited from ex naval officers. When advancing technology in ships and armament systems made this reservist role obsolete, the Coast Guard was almost disbanded, but the public, the Board of Customs, and the Board of Trade recognised their worth in saving lives successfully got the service retained, although their role of protecting revenues was now getting increasingly less important.

In 1921 the service was officially recognised as the 'eyes and ears' of many organisations with coastal interests and had accumulated responsibility to many government departments over the years, including, The Admiralty, Hydrographer of the Navy, Board of Customs and Excise, Board of Trade, The Post Office, Lloyds, Department of Fisheries, Department of Agriculture, Air Ministry, RNLI, and Trinity House.

In 1923 and under the Board of Trade, the role of the Coastguard was dedicated solely to life saving, salvage from wrecks, and administration of the foreshore. From being somewhat of a 'Jack of all trades' with responsibility to several government departments with the inevitable dilution of interest, the service could now concentrate on what had become its primary function, that of saving life at sea.



LEMUEL PARKIN & THE YEALM SMUGGLERS

In 1767 sixteen year old Lemuel Parken left his home in Wilmslow, Cheshire, and walked to Portsmouth to join the Royal Navy, not knowing that he would one day create a legend in the village of Brixton in Devon.

With a letter of introduction from Captain Drury, a shipmate of his father the Reverend George Parken, Lemuel was accepted into the Navy as a Volunteer First Class. Having been educated by his father, it did not take long for his superiors to discover he could read and write, was good at mathematics and knew the classics, Greek and Latin. Thanks to his Menorcan mother, he was fluent in Spanish and inherited her swarthy good looks.

His promotion was rapid and at the age of twenty he was rated Master, making him responsible for ship navigation, pilotage and midshipman's training. As such he was the senior warrant officer on board.

A young Cornish Midshipman, Edward Pellew, then came under his care and became this country's most successful frigate captain Sir Edward Pellew, Viscount Exmouth. When Pellew was appointed to his first command he insisted on Lemuel becoming his ship's master and together they spent several years capturing many enemy ships and enjoying the high rewards of prize money.

His fortune made, Lemuel was introduced to Edward Pellew's brother, who was Controller of Customs. Lemuel was invited to leave the Navy and join the Revenue Service as a Commander. His first mission was to clear the Yealm River and its estuary of smuggling and illicit trading with the Bretons. He discovered that their link was a woman known by the colourful name of Black Joan, who was able to signal from the Mewstone at Wembury. So widespread was the smuggling situation at the time that even a Royal Navy frigate had been caught in the act.

Lemuel was given command of an American-built cutter "The Foxhound", faster and more heavily armed than a normal Customs vessel. Raising a crew from ex-shipmates and using all of their past experience, they discovered the source of the smuggling ring to be at Cofflete Creek at Brixton Torr. One cold wet November night in 1785, the "Foxhounds" laid an ambush and on the given signal attacked the smugglers, capturing no less than forty of them in Cofflete Creek Mill. The prisoners, including ten Bretons, were brought to trial in the Assize Room above what is now "The Foxhound" Public House.

The local magistrate found them guilty and they were submitted for sentence at Plymouth, from whence they were transported to the Colonies for life. Black Joan was banished to Looe Island in Cornwall. So pleased were the authorities with this result that they rewarded Lemuel by giving him the lease of the premises for his own use. He made them into a successful coaching inn, which he named "The Famous Foxhound Inn". In time, the "famous" was dropped from the name, and the origins of the inn became confused with hunting.

Retiring to his mother's birthplace, Es Castell on the island of Menorca, Lemuel lived to the grand old age of eighty-nine and lies buried in the English Officers' Cemetery above the town.

Edward Boyle
April 1999

THE OLD VICARAGE AND OLD BARTON

Revd Richard Lane was Minister to the parish from 1848 to 1882 during his incumbency he became perpetual curate, in effect, first Vicar of Wembury. He lived in Brixton but is listed in the 1841 census as owning 35 acres of land in Wembury. He was followed by Charles Burgess as Vicar from 1883 to 1923. As the parish now had its own Vicar, a suitable house had to be found for him to live in (although there are early records of the 'Minister' living at Langdon Barton Farm).

There was no such house available in West Wembury or Knighton, consisting for the most part of small cottages for estate and farm workers. Thus the rather substantial "Wembury Cottage", sandwiched between Old Barton Farm and Thorn Lodge, became the Vicarage, with Charles Burgess becoming its first occupant as Vicar. It is interesting that it was still referred to in records as "Wembury Cottage" right up to the end of Anyon Herbert Duxbury's incumbency in 1936. The First mention of "Wembury Vicarage" seems to be in Kenneth Tagg's time 1941-1954.

In 1954 it was decided that a vicarage less isolated and a little nearer to the church was needed!, and so the present vicarage, (a former guest house called "Marconi House") in Church Road was bought.

The old vicarage with its four distinctive chimneys occupies the centre of the photograph. Behind it are the Old Barton farm buildings dominated by the great barn which contained a static threshing machine. The gable of the farmhouse can just be made out behind the trees. In front of the vicarage and to the left is Thorn Lodge, with its very tall single chimney. The gateway on the left foreground led into Old Barton Orchard.



THE OLD VICARAGE AND OLD BARTON - 2005

This photograph was taken in March 2005 and shows very little difference when compared with the one taken nearly 100 years earlier.

The Douglas firs have grown up to the left of the great barn, and the great barn itself has sprouted chimneys, having been converted into a dwelling. The gateway on the left no longer leads into an orchard, as my father had the apple trees grubbed out in the late 1960s, which I thought was rather sad. Just above the old orchard gateway can be seen a flat roofed building which is one of the very few almost intact air raid shelters remaining from the war (in this day and age it could very well become 'listed!').



THE OLD VICARAGE 1996

The photograph was taken in July 1996.

The Old Vicarage, originally known as “Wembury Cottage” is actually built close to a high bank, almost a cliff. This was formed by quarrying operations. It was from here that the stone was quarried to build the original Wembury House. This quarry extended for quite a long way down the side of Thorn Drive, where the cliff got progressively higher. As children we used to play on the cliff, there were lots of climbing places, and overhanging trees. At the lower level, near the top of the drive, was the bamboo plantation, where the bamboos were grown for gardening purposes. We used to have great fun fighting our way through this imagining that we were in some tropical jungle, or other. It did cover quite a large area, and was very dense. Opposite the entrance to the Vicarage and Old Barton was a smaller quarry, I think that this one was brought into being for the building of the present Wembury House.

The Vicar, Kenneth Tagg and his family lived there when we were at Old Barton Farm. The water supply for the Vicarage came from our land. There was Gentleman’s agreement in place that it wouldn’t be turned off! The Taggs had two daughters, one about my age called Juliet, and a younger one called Aenone (“Nonie”), who sadly died in about 1951. They later adopted another little girl and called her Felicity. The Ropers lived in the staff accommodation on the side. Mrs Roper helped out in the house, I am not sure what Mr Roper did, I know that he had a proper full-time job, I think as an electrician, but he also helped out as handyman/gardener as well,

When Kenneth Tagg left in 1954 the old vicarage was sold by the Church Commissioners. It was considered to be too large, too expensive to heat, too isolated from the village and too far from the church, and so the present vicarage, (a former guest house called “Marconi House”) in Church Road was bought. The Revd Davidson and his family moved into the ‘new’ vicarage towards the end of the year in 1954.

The old vicarage was bought by the Misses Carey-Elwes who up until that time lived in Clover Cottage at the bottom of Cliff Road. They renamed the house “Careymead” and lived there very happily for many years until old age got the better of them. They sold the house on, and moved away. The house has changed hands two or three times since then and also changed its name as well. I do believe that is now called ‘The Old Vicarage’



BY DIRECTION OF THE HON. MRS. SEBAG-MONTEFIORE

SOUTH DEVON

Situate in the parishes of Wembury and Newton Ferrers, overlooking and adjacent to the River Yealm, and within about seven miles of Plymouth

*Particulars of Sale of the
Residuary Portion of the*

THORN ESTATE WEMBURY

Extending to about 230 ACRES

Consisting of OLD BARTON FARM, NEWTON WOOD,
FOUR COASTGUARD COTTAGES and BOATHOUSE

TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION IN THREE LOTS BY

VINER, CAREW & CO., F.A.I.

in conjunction with

KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY

(having jointly sold the residential portion)

At the ROYAL HOTEL, PLYMOUTH

On Thursday, July 21st, 1938,

At 3-30 p.m.

Solicitors: Messrs. WALTONS & CO., 101, Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.3

Auctioneers: Messrs. VINER, CAREW & CO., F.A.I., Prudential Buildings,
Plymouth. Telephone: Plymouth 60046 (two lines)

Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square,
London, W.1. Telephone: Mayfair 3771

LOT 1

(Coloured Pink on Plan)



A Capital Dairy and Stock Farm

known as

“Old Barton” Farm

Situate in the parish of Wembury, comprising an area of about
187 acres 0 roods 31 perches

The Superior Farmhouse

is of stone and slate and contains two Sitting-Rooms, Living Room, Kitchen, Scullery, Dairy and Pump House, four Bedrooms, Bathroom, two Attics.

The Buildings

are also stone and slated and in good order. They comprise Yearling House with loft over; Trap House; two-stall Stable; Calf Box; Cider House and four-stall Stable with loose box and barn over; Cow Shippen, tie four, with calf box and loft over; two-bay Cart Linhay; Yearling House; Engine House; Cow Shippen, tie ten, with feeding path; Mangel House; Cow Shippen, tie sixteen, with Meal House and loft over; four Piggeries and Calf Box. Erected in timber and corrugated iron is a Fowl House.

The Capital Range of Off Buildings

situate at the Southern end of Enclosure No. 505a pt. are all built of brick and slate and comprise Cow Shippen, tie eight; Yearling House; Implement Shed; two Loose Boxes; Spacious Hay House; Meal House with small range and copper; two Piggeries; Calf Box.

Cottage

containing four rooms at Watergate, in the village of Wembury.

The Land

is principally rich pasture, with a stream running through the centre, with some good arable on the higher part.

SCHEDULE

<i>Ord. No.</i>	<i>Description.</i>	<i>Area.</i>
<i>In the occupation of Mr. J. Slade</i>		
601	Arable	9.396
576a	Do.	14.730
576b	Do.	13.603
575	Do.	17.012
575a	Do.	16.253
574	Do.	12.966
574a pt.	House, Buildings, Orchard, etc.	1.854
574b	Meadow	7.879
573a pt.	Part of Road794
548	Arable	9.441
545a	Meadow	5.308
543a	Do.	7.174
541a pt.	Orchard	6.417
540a	Garden285
537 pt.	Meadow	4.922
507a	Do.	8.646
505a pt.	Do.	6.497
503a	Do.	10.754
502a	Do.	8.317
501a	Do.	5.986
500	Do.	11.339
313a	Do.	5.155
290a pt.	Cottage027
<i>In Hand</i>		
504a	Wood	2.437
		A. 187.192

Let as to 184.755 acres to Mr. J. Slade on a seven years' lease from September 29th, 1932, at an informally apportioned rental of £284 6s. *od.* per annum, the Woodland being in hand.

This Lot is sold subject to the right of the Owner of Thorn House and adjacent property of taking a supply of water as heretofore from the tanks on Ord. Nos. 503a, 504a and 537 pt., and from any tanks which may be substituted for the same and from the springs supplying such tanks and from the springs on Ord. Nos. 548 and 576a and (if any) on Ord. No. 313a, and of inspecting and repairing the tanks, springs, pipes, etc., as provided in the Conditions. The Tenant claims certain fixtures.

This Lot is sold with the benefit of a right of way over Ord. No. 547a and a portion of the drive which is comprised in Ord. No. 615a for the purpose only of access to and egress from the off-farm buildings in Ord. No. 505a pt., such right of way to be confined to passage on foot and with motor-cars and motor vans and agricultural carts and wagons only (but not with any other vehicles or with tractors or with cows, bullocks, sheep, lambs or other cattle).

This Lot is sold subject to the right of drainage into the cesspool on Ord. No. 537 pt. in favour of Thorn Cottage (described on the plan as Methodist Chapel) and land adjoining the same and to the right of repairing and cleansing the cesspool and drain as mentioned in the conditions of sale.

The above-mentioned rights are more particularly specified in the conditions of sale.

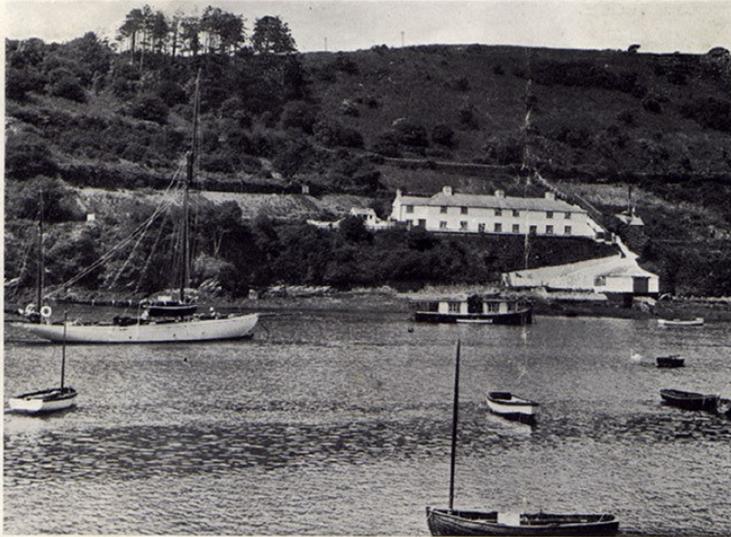
A temporary supply of surplus water which rises in Ord. No. 574a pt. has been piped to the Vicarage (described on the plan as Wembury Cottage). This supply can be withdrawn at any time.

The electric light mains pass through the centre of the Farm.

Tithe Redemption Annuity on Ord. No. 290a pt, 1s. 7d. per annum.

LOT 2

(Coloured Yellow on plan)



A Block of Four Attractive Cottages

known as

Coastguard Cottages and Gardens

Situate in the parish of Wembury, on the West bank of the River Yealm, with important river frontage, being Ord. No. 604a on plan, and containing an area of about

1 acre 2 roods 6 perches

The Cottages are substantially built of stone, slate hung, with slated roofs, originally forming accommodation for Coastguards.

No. 1 contains Sitting Room, Kitchen, Back Kitchen, and four Bedrooms. Also attached is a Watch Room formerly used by Coastguards.

In the occupation of Commander J. P. Burton on a quarterly tenancy at the low rental of £5 10s. 0d. per quarter (with the exception of the Watch Room, which is in hand).

- No. 2 contains similar accommodation.
In the occupation of Mr. B. M. C. Marshall on a quarterly tenancy at the low rental of £18 per annum.
- No. 3 contains Sitting Room, Kitchen, Back Kitchen, and two Bedrooms.
Now vacant.
- No. 4 contains Sitting Room, Kitchen, Back Kitchen, three Bedrooms, and Washhouse.
In the occupation of Commander E. T. Marshall on a quarterly tenancy at the low rental of £1 16s. 8d. per month.
Tenant pays rates in each case.

A Large Boathouse

well built of stone with slated roof and paved slip-way, having 26 feet storage accommodation, and In Hand.

This Lot is sold with the benefit of a right of way on foot only (if and so far as the Vendor can grant the same) to Warren Cottages, between the points marked A and B, and to a point adjoining the Life-Saving Apparatus House between the points marked C and D, also between the points marked D and E and E and F on the plan.

LOT 3

(Coloured Green on Plan)



THE VALUABLE FREEHOLD

Building Land known as Newton Wood

Situate in the parish of Newton Ferrers on the eastern side of the River Yealm, with important river frontage and containing an area of about

42 acres 1 rood 28 perches

The Lands

which are ripe for immediate development, occupy a warm and sheltered position. Electricity and main water available.

SCHEDULE

<i>No. on Plan.</i>	<i>Description.</i>	<i>Area.</i>
454 pt.	Woodland	38.713
427	Do.	3.713
	A.	42.426

The whole of this Lot is in hand and vacant possession will be given on completion of the purchase.

Tithe Redemption Annuity, £1 16s. 10d. per annum.

This Lot is sold with the benefit of the following rights, more particularly specified in the Conditions of Sale, viz.:—(a) Rights of way over the roadways or tracks coloured brown on the plan between the points marked G and H, and I and J, and (b) a Right of way (so far as the Vendor can lawfully grant the same) over the roadway or track leading from the point marked K on the plan to the highway to Newton Ferrers, subject to the payment of a proportionate part of the cost of repairing and keeping such roadway or track and the gate across same in repair in accordance with the user thereof.

Stipulations

(which shall be deemed to form part of the Conditions of Sale under which the property is offered)

1. TENURE

The Estate is Freehold.

2. SALE PARTICULARS

The Plan and quantities are based on the Ordnance Survey. They and these particulars are believed to be correct, but their accuracy is not guaranteed and no claims can be admitted for errors or discrepancies.

3. TENANCIES

Lots 1 and 2 are sold subject to the existing tenancies and Tenants' rights and to all claims the Tenants may have by Law Agreement custom or otherwise.

4. SPORTING RIGHTS

The Vendor has reserved the Sporting Rights from the lands let, but these are included in the sale.

5. TIMBER

All growing timber, plantations and such under wood as belongs to the Vendor will be included in the sale. All felled and fallen timber is excluded, and the right is reserved for the Vendor and all others authorised by her to remove the same before the completion of the purchase.

6. TENANT'S FIXTURES

Only such fixtures as are the property of the Vendor will be included in the Sale.

7. RESERVATIONS

The Vendor reserves the right to sell any lot or part of a lot privately.

8. VIEWING

The property may be inspected by permission of the respective Tenants.

OLD BARTON FARM - FROM 1938

The photograph below is of the farmhouse as it was shown in the sale catalogue in 1938, it doesn't really do it justice as it is an attractive old house, and holds plenty of happy memories for me. The granite steps on the left went up to the lincay loft which went right over the boot room and the kitchen. The tall chimney on the left was for the big black "Cookandheat" range in the kitchen. The door on the extreme, left down a flight of cobbled steps, led into a small dairy and the kitchen. There was another larger dairy at the back of the farmhouse at the other end.

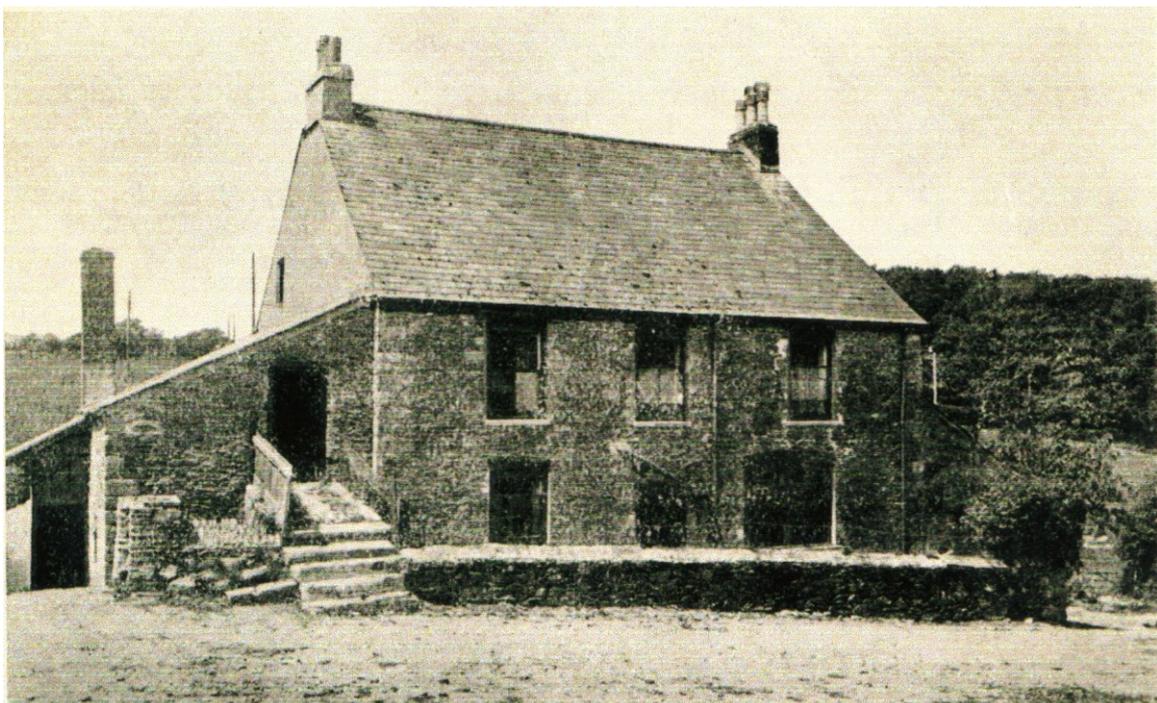
My grandfather bought Old Barton Farm from the Thorn Estate at an auction in 1938. The farm stretched from the Warren, up to and including the field on the upper side of the Almshouses, and almost down as far as the river Yealm.

The Thorn Estate, at that time was in the possession of Mrs Sebag-Montefiore who lived in Thorn House. The House and the immediate area of woods, and the marvellous gardens with the rhododendrons and azaleas, plus the cottages down at the riverside had been sold to Dr Stanley. This particular sale was for the residuary part of the estate.

My parents at that time were farming at Gabber Farm, over at Down Thomas. Old Barton had a tenant Mr Slade, £284 - 6s - 0d, (£284.30) per annum. It was on a seven year lease which was due for renewal at Michaelmas 1939. This must have been renewed, as the Slades remained there throughout most of the war.

My grandmother died in late 1942, not long after I was born, and after a period of indecision, my grandfather decided in 1944 that he would come and live with us. By this time my parents had two children, my older brother (Jim), myself (Peter), and my mother was pregnant for my younger brother (Thomas). Clearly the farmhouse at Gabber was not going to be big enough to accommodate us all. So it was decided that we would move over to Old Barton. This, of course, meant giving notice to the Slades, which was done, but regrettably, not without a certain amount of acrimony.

The sale of Gabber Farm to Joe McBean was going through, but nothing had yet been signed when my grandfather suddenly died. My parents were left in a bit of a quandary, there was now no longer any need for the bigger farmhouse, and as they were perfectly settled and happy in Down Thomas should they stay where they were? Or, now that they had vacant possession of Old Barton, and they had gone so far down the line with the McBeans, were they morally bound, to continue? They decided on the latter, but I think that secretly my father always regretted it.



We moved in 1945, my older brother was 6 years old, I was 3, and my younger brother was yet to be born. Even though I was very young I have plenty of happy memories of life at Old Barton. It was a lovely old farmhouse with two huge attic rooms where we used to play a lot. We had proper rocking horses up there which I think came from my fathers childhood home. I can remember apples being stored in one of the rooms and I also remember the two huge water tanks that were in the corner of the other room. One winters day one of them split, I remember going and telling my mother that it was raining in the dining room, but she didn't seem to make anything of, but I insisted, and I think that she thought I had taken leave of my senses. Well of course I was vindicated later on when she went into the dining room and found that I had been telling the truth after all. The water had come down through the house, through the ceilings of my parents bedroom and the dining room, luckily neither ceiling collapsed. We children thought it was all very exciting, but my mother thought otherwise, especially when trying to move soaking wet carpets and get them hung up in the barn to dry. The pride and joy in the dining room was the dining table and chairs, which had been wedding present from my grandparents. My grandfather had bought them from W.D and H O Wills the tobacco people in Bristol, and which had hitherto been in their boardroom and of course great precedent was given to getting it all removed to safety.

On the farm we had two girls from the Womens' Land Army, Edna Sly and Hazel Bachelor, Edna later married one of the German prisoners of war who came to work for us, Alfred Bojanitz. There was Mrs Gibson 'Fanny' who used work in the house, and she lived in the farm cottage at Watergate. There was Mr Gosling who was sort of a labourer/handyman and amongst other things looked after all the tack for the horses, and I remember used to polish our shoes for school. At the end of the war we had five German prisoners of war working on the farm, they were brought over daily from the camp at Kitley, there was Heinz, Johannes, Carl, Kurt and Alfred. My father did not segregate them in any way, in his usual good natured and generous way they came in and sat down with us for meals, which I think was greatly appreciated by them. My brother and I were taken to the camp at Kitley quite regularly to get our hair cut. They always made a great fuss of us giving us sweets or other titbits from the cookhouse.

At the end of the war we only needed two of the men, so my father elected to retain Heinz and Johannes. Heinz because he was a farmer in Germany before the war, and Johannes because he was good with the horses. My father had to get special permission from the Home Office to allow them to live in the farmhouse rather than commute each day from Kitley. This he was allowed to do on the proviso that he accepted full responsibility for them and would be answerable to the authorities in the event of either of them escaping. This never seemed to be a problem they stayed with us until 1948. They moved freely about the village, they would ride down to the Post Office on my mother's bike to do the shopping and post their letters home, they attended church, they even visited the pub although I think that it was supposed to be off limits! The people in the village got quite used to seeing them, and after the initial curiosity, paid them little attention.

BY DIRECTION OF THE HON. MRS. SEBAG-MONTEFIORE

SOUTH DEVON

Situate in the parishes of Wembury and Newton Ferrers, overlooking and adjacent to the River Yealm, and within about seven miles of Plymouth

*Particulars of Sale of the
Residuary Portion of the*

**THORN ESTATE
WEMBURY**

Extending to about 230 ACRES

Consisting of OLD BARTON FARM, NEWTON WOOD,
FOUR COASTGUARD COTTAGES and BOATHOUSE

TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION IN THREE LOTS BY

VINER, CAREW & CO., F.A.I.

in conjunction with

KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY

(having jointly sold the residential portion)

At the ROYAL HOTEL, PLYMOUTH

On Thursday, July 21st, 1938,
At 3-30 p.m.

Solicitors: Messrs. WALTONS & CO., 101, Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.3

Auctioneers: Messrs. VINER, CAREW & CO., F.A.I., Prudential Buildings,
Plymouth. Telephone: Plymouth 60046 (two lines)

Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square,
London, W.1. Telephone: Mayfair 3771

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There was another, Kurt, who worked on the farm during the Slades time, he was Kurt Holman and he lived in the village in Marconi House which was a guest house. He was from Jablonec in Bohemia and came over before the war. He worked again at Old Barton for the people who came after us, Miss Neil and Miss Wardrop. In 1951 he was tragically killed in a tractor accident on one of the fields out on the Warren. I think that Bob Phillips arranged his funeral and saw to it that he had a head stone. Actually he could very well have been Jewish, but was given a good old Church of England funeral, I am sure that God didn't mind as it was all done with the best of intentions.

Heinz and Johannes used to make us the most wonderful toys. We had little wooden handcars which were painted red, I remember these appearing one Christmas morning. There were these things like a table tennis bat that had four chickens on it, from each chicken there was a string which went through the bat and all came together underneath fixed to a weighted ball. By rotating the bat and getting the ball to move in a circular motion, one could get the chickens to peck in turn at the corn painted on the bat. They made me a most wonderful working windmill driven by a wind-up gramophone motor. They used to put ships in bottles, the most amazing patience needed, especially as in one there was a river bank, not unlike the Yealm, with houses and trees as well as the ship. We also had ships in clear light bulbs, beautifully made table lamps and painted lampshades. Their room was across the landing from ours and we often used to go in and watch them painstakingly painting the little houses and sailing boats which were to be inserted into light bulbs or bottles.



Heinz was quite a bit older than Johannes, I think that he was in his thirties, whereas Johannes was in his early twenties. Johannes family were in the Russian sector after the war and according to letters from his wife, life was wonderful under the Russians. However it transpired that things were not as wonderful as it seemed. A letter from another relation was later smuggled out to say that his mother and sister were living in conditions of virtual slavery at the hands of the Russians, while his wife was living with a Russian Officer. This affected Johannes very much and he had to leave us. I think that by 1948 they had all been repatriated.

The farm was a lovely place for young children to grow up. We used to spend hours on the tractor with my father when he was harrowing or rolling, He had a wonderful set of 'Cambridge' rollers which comprised of one large centre one and two outriggers. He also had a set of harrows on the same principle. Also we all used to love the grass cutting machine, this was converted from a horse drawn one so it still had the seat for driver, we used to like sitting in the seat whilst it was being drawn behind the tractor, I don't think children would be allowed near to such a thing now. Just the same as we liked to ride on the pile of hay that was being picked

up by the hay sweep. The corn cutting machines or 'binders' as they were always known were also converted from horse drawn, they were quite ingenious and fascinating to watch, as they cut the corn, and carried it on canvas rollers to the next stage, which was to gather the corn into sheaves, automatically tie them, and then eject them from the back of the machine, where the labourers coming behind would stack them in stooks. I don't think that the binders were designed to operate at the speed imposed upon them by the tractor, as the sheaf tying mechanism seem to foul up with monotonous regularity, meaning that everything had to stop whilst it was sorted out.

In the great barn there was a static threshing machine which had its own oil engine in an adjacent building on the upper level. The engine was also used to drive a circular saw in the same building, the horses would drag the great baulks of timber in to be sawed up into planks or logs. There were enormous doors on the west end of the barn where carts could come and unload onto the threshing floor. There was also a set of doors on the south side of the barn where the straw of the threshed corn could be removed, to be made into a rick. The rick or ricks, as quite often there were two of them, were usually quite close to the barn, I remember one year that I was responsible for one of the ricks catching fire, although 'spontaneous combustion' was given as the official cause!



In the linhay on the north side of the farmhouse there was a cider press, at one time people from all over the parish used to bring their apples for pressing. Sadly I remember seeing it being dismantled and taken away for scrap. I remember being in that same linhay when my father slaughtered and processed a pig. (he was also a master butcher). A few years later I remember him doing the same thing down at Thorn, I think that this was probably against the law at the time, so perhaps I had better not dwell on it!

The linhay on the south side had an upper and a lower level. The upper level was accessed by a flight of five granite steps, which when one thinks back on it was probably more pieces from the original Wembury House. In this linhay, from what I can remember, was stored sacks of meal, the sack trolley and the scales for weighing sacks of corn, and quite a lot of junk as well. It was a huge room which went the full width of the house. On the lower level was the small dairy (there was a bigger one in the main part of the house), also the kitchen with a huge black lead range, which bore a metal plate with the name "Cookandheat" engraved upon it. Next to the kitchen there was a large room, which we called the boot room, I think because apart from a lot of other things like saddles and tack, it is where all the boots, and the wherewithal for cleaning them, was kept. I seem to remember that Mr Gosling spent quite a lot of his working day in this room. This lower level was accessed

by a flight of brick cobbled steps going down with a brick cobbled area going towards the back door. I fell down this flight of steps when I was about four years old and still have the marks in my forehead to show for it



We had some very nice neighbours:

At New Barton Farm, the Partridges had recently moved in, Joan was a daughter of Robert Giles of Princes Farm, Down Thomas. Mr Partridge rejoiced in the unusual Christian name of 'Judson'.

In Thorn Cottage there was Mr and Creber and their son, Billy (whose train set was passed on to my older brother and myself).

In Monckswood lived Captain and Mrs Murray, she actually designed the house and Mrs Walker had it built in the mid 1920s. She was also an artist, and used to tell my mother every time that they met, that she wanted to paint her, anyway, this never came to fruition. It was whilst we were at Old Barton that the house was leased to the Royal Air Force and became 'RAF Monckswood', the official residence of the local Air Vice Marshall, and remained as such up until the late 1970s.

In Wembury House there was Mrs Walker, she was the widow of Dr Cecil Walker who died in 1925. She had a butler called Mr Henshaw, who was in my Father's Squad in the Home Guard. (Dad was the Sergeant), and he used to drive Mrs Walkers big old Daimler. In 1948 Mr and Mrs Henry Studholme came to live in the house, he was Conservative MP for Tavistock, and in those days Wembury was in the Tavistock constituency

At the end of our drive was the Vicarage in which lived Revd Kenneth and Mrs Tagg, they had two daughters, one about my age called Juliet, and a younger one about my brother's age called Oenone, which was pronounced "Nonie" she was a sickly child and was never seen outside of the Vicarage. Sadly she died in January 1950, and was laid to rest in the churchyard in the grave now marked with a little angel. They later adopted another little girl and called her Felicity.

In Thorn Lodge there was Albert and Mary Parsons. Albert was a Wembury boy born and bred, Mary was Scottish, I think that Albert met and married her at the beginning of the war. They had two daughters, one, Kathleen, who was my age and a younger one whose name I can't remember. In the early 1950s they emigrated to Canada where they had another daughter.

In Thorn House lived Dr Stanley, who had been a surgeon in Paris. He was a widower, and had two grown up daughters, there was also a younger son called Trenor (no! it is not a spelling mistake), who spent most of his time away at school, I think in America. We were quite friendly with him and would all go off on adventures in the woods around Thorn House. Kay Udell was the Housekeeper, and was very friendly with my mother, regrettably (for her that is) Doctor Stanley remarried and she found herself out of a job. Doctor Stanley was very good when my brother had pneumomonia in 1947. On occasions when our family doctor was unable to get to us because of the dreadful weather conditions, he came up from Thorn House daily. This was before the days of the NHS!

All the cottages at Thorn belonged to Doctor Stanley and were occupied by estate staff except for Boathouse Cottage which was let to Archie Nelder. The first large cottage was where the head gardener lived, his children used to walk to and from Wembury School every day, I cannot remember what they were called. We owned the farm buildings at Thorn, which were built for Mrs Sebag-Montefiore, for her Jersey herd, and of course got to know everybody down there, but regrettably cannot put any names to them.

In the Almshouses, they all seemed incredibly old. The only ones that I remember by name were Mr and Mrs Cobley, Mrs Davey, who was a very tall woman, and Mrs Avent who was a very short woman, but the pair always went around together. I think that they lived together, in fact I think that it was encouraged for widows to cohabitate, both for company, and to improve the availability of the houses for couples. There was another old lady who chided us for working on the Sabbath day, I think that we were pushing a handcart up the hill at the time.

The photograph right, shows a binder is very much like the ones earlier described that my father had at Old Barton. Unfortunately no photographs of those exist.

The one in the photograph belonged Bert Camp (pictured) of Ley Farm at Aveton Gifford in the early 1950s.



OLD BARTON FARM

The photograph below taken in June 2005 shows, from the right, the Lodge at Wembury House, the Almshouses, and then the farmhouse and buildings of Old Barton Farm, with the Old Vicarage (white painted) in the dip.

When my Father farmed old Barton it comprised of all of the land to the left of the Lodge, including the foreground, and right over the horizon and almost down to the River Yealm.

The field in the foreground on the higher side of the Almshouses, is one of the longest and flattest in the parish. During the War, The War Office felt that this could be used by the enemy for the landing of small planes or gliders. Obstacles were placed across the middle of the field in the form of sections of concrete sewage pipe of about four feet in diameter, and six feet in length, stood on their ends and filled with sand, and placed about eight feet apart. There were there until the late 1950s. I think that one of Harry Penny's fields at Spirewell was given the same treatment.



OLD BARTON FARM - 1996

This photograph taken in August 1996 shows the farmhouse and farm from the south west, looking down the recently created access drive.



OLD BARTON BARNS - 1996

The photograph below was taken in July 1996. The great barn and the buildings have been converted into a substantial dwelling. The great disadvantage with this is that the main elevation, as shown in the photograph, faces north. This means that the rooms formed by glazing in the arches would be quite dark, especially as on the other side (south) the ground is level with the upper floor.



OLD BARTON FARM - VIEWS

The top photograph taken in June 2005 shows Old Barton Farm as seen from the Rookery at Wembury House.



The photograph below taken in October 2004 shows the farm as seen through the hedge by Thorn Cottage.



OLD AND NEW BARTON FARMS FROM THE AIR

Top photograph - Old Barton Farm looking north towards River Yealm and Dartmoor.

Bottom Photograph - New Barton Farm looking north from the mouth of the River Yealm.



OLD AND NEW BARTON FARMS FROM THE AIR

Top photograph - Old Barton Farm looking south west to New Barton Farm

Bottom Photograph - New Barton Farm looking towards Yealm Estuary and English Channel



NEW BARTON FARMHOUSE

The photograph below was taken in 1995 when the farm, along with Old Barton, was put up for sale by the then owner, Mr John Rogers.

I first remember New Barton in the late 1940s when it was farmed by Mr Partridge, who went by the unusual Christian name of 'Judson'! the Partridges had purchased it in 1947 from the Nelders. Mrs Partridge was called Joan and she was one of the daughters of Robert Giles who at that time farmed Princes Farm at Down Thomas. There was another daughter, Elizabeth and a son called Robert. In the late 1940s Robert married Elaine Nicholas the daughter of Mrs Nicholas the Headmistress of Wembury School.

Of the Nelders I remember Archie who I think was one of the sons of Arthur, the previous owner. Archie lived down at Thorn in 'Boathouse Cottage' he was very much involved in boats and the river, and I believe was also quite heavily involved with the organisation of the Yealm Regatta.

Archie had a sister called Maud, who was married to Mr George Erscott the head gardener at Wembury House, and they lived in the Lodge at Wembury House. There was some kind of family connection with the Brocks Firework people, but that might have been through the Erscotts. I think that it was through this connection that Archie was able to organise fireworks for the Yealm Regatta during that period after the war when such things were very hard to come by.

My first 'hands on' experience at New Barton was when I went there in 'Bob a Job' week in the 1950s. Mrs Partridge set me to work on a huge patch in the garden lifting out a load of plants with a fork, loading them onto a barrow, dumping them on the compost heap, and then raking the ground over to level it for the next planting. I thought during this slog that it was a hell of a lot of work for a shilling, but she was very fair and paid a shilling for lifting the plants, a shilling for each barrow load, a shilling for dumping them, and a shilling for raking the ground over, so it was quite a profitable afternoon, except, of course for the fact that the money had to be handed over to the Scouting Movement. I earned as much in that afternoon as my weekend job paid for two days!



THORN COTTAGE

Top photograph - The cottage viewed from the north

Bottom Photograph - Cottage side view (west)



THORN COTTAGE

Thorn Cottage was once a Wesleyan Chapel which opened in 1871, and was recorded as having 91 seats. It seems an odd thing about Wembury that the places of worship were sited nowhere near where anybody lived! The Church in great isolation on the cliff, the nearest house, Bay Cottage, and then nothing until West Wembury. The same with the Chapel, the nearest house, Old Barton Farm, and then nothing really until Knighton, a walk across three fields if the weather was good, or else a trek up Knighton Hill, and along the road that skirts Wembury House. The chapel closed in 1913, probably due to its remote position, and was converted a dwelling, "Thorn Cottage".

The first I remember of it was in the 1940s when Mr and Mrs Creber and their son Billy lived there. Billy was a lot older than us and my brother and I were lucky enough to get his Hornby clockwork train set when he got too old to play with it. In the 1940s a lot of 'horse trading' and bartering went on between parents to get hold of toys in the shortages following the war.

Billy went into the dockyard as a shipwright apprentice. He sustained rather a nasty accident during his apprenticeship. Whilst moving a trolley load of heavy gas cylinders in South Yard with some other apprentices, I think that there was a certain amount of tomfoolery involved, the trolley went out of control and Billy got impaled through the upper part of his leg by the handle of the trolley. There was, of course, an enquiry, but without the witch hunt that one would expect today. I think that it was put down to being an unfortunate accident through misadventure. Billy made a full recovery and did very well in the Dockyard eventually being appointed to the Ship Design Authority at Bath.

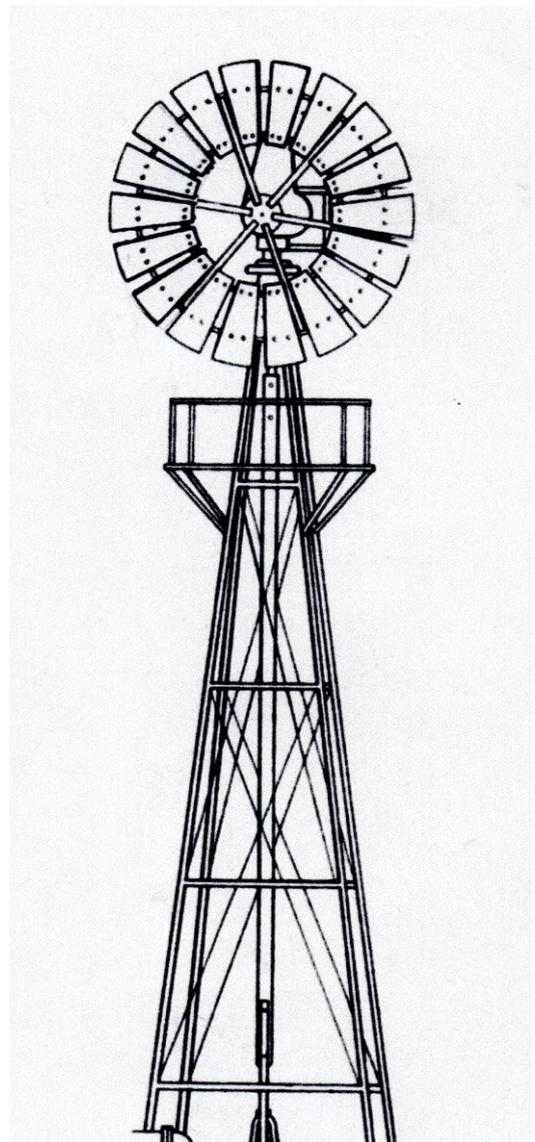
When we lived at Old Barton, the Crebers, along with Mrs Walker at Wembury House, Captain and Mrs Murray at Monckswood and the Taggs at the Vicarage, were our next door neighbours, a very select bunch! I think that there was gentleman's agreement regarding the septic tank for Thorn Cottage which was on our land.

Opposite the cottage was the kitchen garden accessible through an iron gate. At the end of the garden was the 'Wembury Windmill' which was sited over a well, and was there to drive the pump to bring the water to the surface. This seemingly ran non-stop for years, It made very gentle fluttering sound as the impeller was driven around, and the large vane at the back of the assembly brought it in to line with the prevailing wind.

The Crebers left in the early 1950s and the cottage was bought by Fred Rowland at Train Farm to house his labourer, Bob Pemwill. Bob had a son called Leonard who was just a bit younger than me, I can't remember whether there were any other children.

The windmill I believe, was taken down in the 1970s, by which time the cottage had been connected to the mains water supply.

On the north side of the cottage there still remains the old chapel porch, which has now been put to another use. On the side facing the road there is the front door to the cottage with a small porch. This I believe, was put in the when chapel was converted and took the place of the centre window on that side, although I have never seen any photographic proof to substantiate this.



KNIGHTON CHAPEL / THORN COTTAGE

Thorn Cottage was originally built as a chapel in 1871 by a Mr Bluett. He vested it in three trustees and it was open to any Trinitarian Protestant denominations. Such a vague administration soon proved impractical and eventually, Mr Spurrell of New Barton was the only trustee living locally. He was a member of the Plymouth Brethren and inevitably, the chapel was taken over by them.

Mr Spurrell proved to be too broadminded for the Plymouth Brethren who discontinued sending a preacher, leaving Mr Spurrell as the sole lay preacher. He became old and deaf and with a failing voice the chapel became a "scene of impiety" and the congregation dwindled to one. Mr Stanley Edwards a Master at the Corporation Grammar School, in Plymouth, who was also a Non-Conformist Minister began conducting meetings, and the chapel's fortunes revived for a while. In 1895, Mr Spurrell, who as the sole remaining trustee, was the virtual owner of the building, and made it over to the Plymouth Ebenezer Methodists.

New Trustees were appointed and for a time it thrived, firstly as a primitive Methodist Chapel, the later as a Wesleyan Methodist Chapel. It was popular with the Church of England people for, no matter how devout they were, there was a great temptation to turn inland to the Methodist Chapel rather than brave a walk to the Parish Church in the teeth of a south westerly gale! However, through lack of regular support and the distance for preachers to have to travel, the chapel failed again and in 1913 services were finally discontinued. In 1914 the Trustees disposed of the fixtures and fitting, hymn books and the harmonium were sold and other items of furniture were transferred, presumably to other chapels in the area. The possibility of selling the building for £150 was explored.



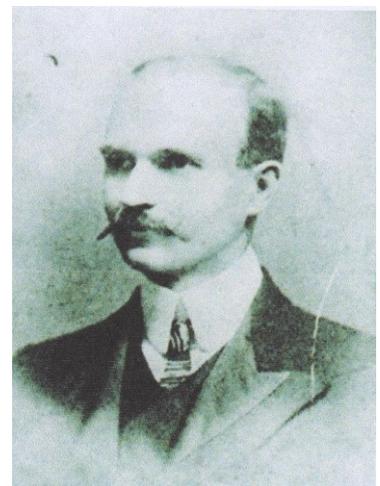
For a time Mr Nelder, the farmer at New Barton, rented the chapel for £3-10s-0d (£3.50) per annum, as a barn. In 1917, with the consent of the Methodist Conference, it was sold to a Mr Bruriton, of Hammersmith, for £85, for conversion into a dwelling house, as it remains today.

Left – A not very clear photograph of the Harvest Festival decorations in the chapel in 1905. Note the floral decorations on the wall in the form of the letters K H F standing for Knighton Harvest Festival.

Below right – A photograph of Stanley Sowton, a local photographer connected with the chapel. He produced a set of postcards of Wembury in 1905.



Three Little Maids from the Knighton Wesleyan Sunday School



THE HELE ALMSHOUSES

SIR WARWICK HELE'S CHARITY

Sir Warwick Hele, Knight, by will, dated the 1st June 1625, appointed and ordained 10 poor people to be kept and maintained in his Almshouses at Wembury for ever, to be chosen and appointed by him that should be owner of South Wembury House for the time being: and he gave yearly, for the maintenance for every of them, £3 a piece, to be distributed weekly, by 12 pence a piece, except in Easter, Whitsuntide, All Saints and Christmas weeks: and in every of those weeks they were to have 2 shillings a week a piece, and 4 shillings a piece yearly, in wood against winter, to the payment whereof he gave all that is rent of £24 and odd money yearly going out of the Sheaf of Holbeton, and as much rent yearly out of such lands and tenements as he had purchased in fee of one William Slaning, living in Nasse-Mayho and Revelstoke, as would make up the said £24 and odd money to the net sum of £30 yearly; and he desired that divine service might be read to the poor people daily in the chapel there.

The undermentioned gentlemen pay annually the sums affixed to their names, in respect of the great tithes of their respective lands; viz.

John Bulteel Esq. for his land at Holbeton	£13	4s	11d
Henry Row Esq. For his lands	£4	1s	4d
Mr H Ligassick for Mothycombe	£4	1s	4d
Rev John Yonge, for Combe	£1	11s	2d
Sir John Perring, Bart. For Canstone	£1	17s	0d
The same for rent out of his lands at Revelstoke	<u>£5</u>	<u>4s</u>	<u>3d</u>
	<u>£30</u>	<u>0s</u>	<u>0d</u>

THE HELE ALMSHOUSES

These charming little houses, three on each side of a small chapel, were built in the 16th century for the deserving poor of the Parish of Wembury. Sir Warwick Hele founded his charity in June 1625, and although the central chapel has the date 1682 above the door, the buildings were certainly in existence by 1625 and are thought to date from about 1590 contemporary with the original Elizabethan Wembury House. Sir Warwick Hele was the son of Sir John Hele who built the original Wembury House. He had married a Courtenay (Earl of Devon's family) but died without an heir, so the estate passed to his nephew another John Hele. His will made provision for £30 per annum to keep 10 people in the almshouses for ever, also £24 per annum to give the inhabitants 12 pence each per week (24 pence for feast days), and 4 shillings per annum for fuel (wood). In today's money this would be 5p 10p and 20p respectively.



This photograph was taken in the 1920s and shows weeds growing on the roof, no gutterings except for on the nearest house (No.1) where it is hanging off. The slate hung sections that are now under the upper window of the chapel and the house on either side were not put in place until the 1930s when they became necessary to cover the reinforcing steelwork that was inserted.

The single trustee was the occupant of Wembury House, it was he who decided who should live in the almshouses, also the lot seemed to have fallen upon him to keep the property in good repair. In 1812 the buildings were in a dilapidated state, and needed a considerable sum spent on them. Mr Lockyer advanced the money, without interest, hoping in some way to reimburse himself from the charity, whether this happened or not, is not known. A report of 1821 stated that since 1809 Mr Lockyer had expended the sum of £67 – 9s – 3d in repairs, had made another advance of £5 – 13s – 3d, and there were still further repairs necessary. He had also at various times allowed his own labour and materials to be used in the repair of the buildings. In about 1880 Mr Ralph Dawson the then occupant of Wembury House, incurred a large expense in renewing the roofs. Dr Clay also carried out his duty of keeping the houses in good repair. He also collected the £30 yearly from the tithe-holders, which was divided equally between the six houses, £5 for each. Mrs Walker had the water supply brought nearer the houses in 1926, she also got the chapel licensed for Holy Communion Services, and provided new furnishings for it.

In 1930s they were considered to be in structurally dangerous condition. On the east side (back) towards the north end there was a serious bulge in the outer wall. On the west side (front), in the area of the chapel, the wall was out of plumb, and bulging out at the bottom, so that the whole of the chapel was leaning eastwards. Remedial works were put in hand. This entailed putting mild steel channels on the both sides of the building tied back through the building with steel rods, On the west side, the ends of these steel works were covered by

the slate hung sections that were fitted below the upper windows of No.s 3 & 4, and the chapel. A permanent shore, also of mild steel channel, was erected against the east wall of the chapel to arrest the movement. The total cost of this work was £117 – 19s – 11d, for which there was not enough money in the fund, Mrs Walker, the owner of Wembury House, made up the shortfall of £14 – 16s – 3d.

Regrettably, the endowment set aside by Sir Warwick Hele in 1625 to provide £30 per annum, plus £24, to keep six couples in free accommodation, and to give them pocket money as well, was by now, totally inadequate.

The houses were of two rooms, one up and one down; there was a small black leaded range in the living room for cooking. Occupants were permitted to construct their own lean-to sheds against the back walls of the houses for extra storage. These were not to protrude out any further than the east wall of the chapel, and were not to impede ladder access to the roofs for maintenance. By the 1950s these were quite a motley selection of constructions in various states of dilapidation.



This photograph was taken in 1955 during the renovation work to stabilise the building, make it watertight and provide the basic amenities that had become necessities rather than luxuries, i.e., electricity, mains water and proper sanitation. The slate hung sections on the chapel and the house on either side had been in place for 20 years, and were there to hide the reinforcing steel work inserted in the 1930s.

Up until the mid 1950s the houses were virtually unchanged from the time that they were built. There was no mains water, no electricity, and no sanitation; there was one communal lavatory at the bottom of the back gardens, a single room fitted with a plank over a ditch. The plank had three holes, two large and one small. This was occasionally flushed by pouring wastewater from the houses down them; fresh water was far too precious to be used for such purposes! Up until 1926 residents had to draw their water from a tap down the hill from the houses, opposite the walled kitchen garden. In 1926 Mrs Walker, had water laid on to a pump just opposite the houses. This considerably improved the lot of the residents, although they still had to carry their buckets of water across the road.

In November 1951 another survey of the fabric took place, and a report was prepared and forwarded to the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings in January 1952. This report stated that the condition of the outside walls had very much deteriorated over the years, and much remedial work was necessary. The west wall, (front) was now way out of plumb and leaning inwards quite dangerously, this was particularly noticeable on the chapel gable. There were no gutterings or down pipes and so the rainwater ran straight off the roof and onto the wall, due to it being out of plumb, thereby accentuating the general dampness of the building. The east wall was considered to be in a better condition, being on the lee side. There was however a large bulge between houses No.s 1 & 2 at first floor level, which needed immediate attention. There were gutters and down pipes, on this side, but they were so badly broken and misaligned so as to be virtually useless.



The backs of the houses, to the north of the chapel, as they were in 1955, prior to the renovation work. The 1930s horizontal mild steel channels on to which the tie rods going through the building were bolted can be clearly seen. Also the two raking shores erected in 1951 to arrest the bulge in the wall between houses 1 & 2, a makeshift roof was put across them to deflect the rain away from the wall.

A list of proposals were included in the report, which included structural repairs and waterproofing as necessary, provision of a W.C. and a larder for each house in a lean to extension on the east side, the provision of a sink and piped water in each house, a new cooking stove (solid fuel) in each house, the provision of a septic tank and other such sanitary arrangements required. The approximate cost of the works was estimated to be in the region of £1,000, although there was no mention of the installation of electricity.

Electricity would need to be laid on from Knighton, as at that time there was no electricity in the Lodge Houses either. Wembury House, Old Barton and the Vicarage all derived their supply from a totally different source, which for some reason could not be extended.

Of course the charity did not have the money to carry out any of these recommendations, although work of a temporary nature was put in hand to arrest the serious bulge in the east wall. Raking shores were erected either side of the bulge to prevent any further movement, and a makeshift roof put across them to direct rain water away from the wall.

In January of 1953, after a year of deliberations, application was made to Plympton Rural District Council for a grant to carry out the work. Further deliberations must have ensued, as work did not actually commence until 1955.

The roof was renewed, and on the west side the eaves and window hoods were extended outwards to give more protection to the west wall. Down pipes and gutterings were provided, and because of the nature of the roof, had to be in several small sections, each with its own down pipe.

A lean-to extension was built on the east side (back) containing a small bathroom with W.C. and a fuel store either side of a small lobby for each house. This extension also provided much needed buttressing for whole of the east wall. The slope of the roof was extended downwards to conceal the new work. In each house a new solid fuel cooking stove, with a back boiler, was fitted, and a sink with hot and cold water on tap. The broken and uneven flagstone floors, which were very damp, were taken up and replaced with concrete. The residents much appreciated the new innovations when they moved back in, but found that they would now have to pay a small rent instead of the hitherto rent-free arrangements. This was set at 5/- per week to start with, and was to establish a fund for future maintenance. If all of the houses were occupied this would raise some £78 per annum. It was considered no longer acceptable for the occupant of Wembury House to keep footing the maintenance bills from private income.

By 1975 times and expectations had moved on, and the work of the 1950s was now considered to be quite utilitarian, and was badly in need of upgrading. Another refurbishment programme was embarked upon. This time a grant for only part of the work was possible, and for the shortfall, a loan was obtained from the South Hams District Council repayable over 20 years. The 1955 extensions to the backs of the houses were demolished and replaced by larger extensions containing a small kitchenette and bathroom for each house, and the roof slope was further extended to conceal the work. The plumbing and electrical wiring, was upgraded, and electric storage heaters installed to replace the redundant solid fuel stoves, as electric cookers were installed in the new kitchens. The eradication of woodworm and dry rot was another priority and resulted in all the staircases and much floor boarding and joists being replaced.



Photographs taken in 1975, showing the innovations of the 1950s. The new cooking stoves and the sink with a supply of running hot and cold water was something only dreamt of before 1955. This was all in the small living room, through the door in the left hand picture was a small lobby with the toilet and fuel store.

The houses now are highly desirable little residences, a far cry from when they were the last step on the way to the workhouse. I think the residents from the 1950s would be surprised to see such things as television sets, telephones, washing machines, electric cookers, in the houses, and would be even more surprised to learn that a portion of the field behind had to be acquired to make a car park!



Photographs of the inside of No.5, taken in January 2009, by kind permission of Mrs Avril Blogg.



My first memory of the Almshouses goes back to the mid 1940s, when we lived at Old Barton Farm. The Cobleys, Avents and Daveys were some of the people living in them then, they all seemed to be incredibly old to a small boy!

Mrs Davey moved into the Almshouses (No.1) with her crippled daughter in 1946, her daughter spent quite a lot of time away in Exeter where she was learning her trade as a seamstress. Mrs Davey used to attend various things in the village with another lady who lived at No.4, Mrs Stevens, who I later learned was her sister. They had a brother, Ernie Pitts, who lived in Desiree Cottage on Knighton Hill, with his wife, Beatrice.

I seem to remember that Mrs Cobley (Emma) was in state of bad health most of the time, they had moved into the Almshouses (No.2) in 1938 from the village. Mr

Cobley (Philip) had been a farm labourer and on retirement, had to move from his tied cottage. There were two daughters both of whom were married. One became Mrs Hocking, and named her son Philip after his grandfather. Both daughters visited their parents regularly and saw that they were well cared for. Mr Cobley died in 1957, aged 87 years, Mrs Cobley then had to be taken in care, and she died the following year aged 87 years.

Mrs Yabsley (Emmelina) lived in No.3, she and her husband, Richard, had moved in, in 1938. He died in 1941, aged 69 years. She lived on alone there until her own death in 1951, aged 81 years. They were just about the last of the Yabsleys in Wembury, one of the oldest village families. There were other relations living at Newton Ferrers and Brixton.

Mrs Stevens (Bertha), who was very rheumatic, lived in No.4, she and her husband (Arthur) moved in, firstly to No.1 in 1941, and then into No.4 in 1944. She was a sister to Mrs Davey, who followed them into No.1. Arthur worked for many years as a van-man for Colliers of Plymouth (wine merchants), until his eyesight failed. After an operation for this he went to work for Mr Nelder at New Barton Farm, and then later for Mrs Walker in the kitchen garden of Wembury House. He was taken ill in the summer of 1947 and died in June of 1948, aged 65 years. Bertha lived on alone there until her death in 1969, aged 92 years. Many years earlier they had adopted a crippled son of Mrs Davey's, who was now married and lived in Plymouth. He and his wife came regularly to visit them.

Miss Avent (Jessie) moved into the Almshouses (No.5) with her parents in 1928. She looked after them until they died, her Father (Joseph) in 1932, aged 87 years, and her Mother (Elizabeth) in 1938, aged 94 years. Jessie was a sister to Mrs Axworthy on Knighton Hill (No.1) whose daughter, Florrie, was the infants' teacher at Wembury School. There was also a brother, Thomas Avent, who lived on Knighton Hill, (No.3). Jessie died in 1960, aged 77 years, she was 45 years old when she moved into the almshouses to look after her elderly parents. I remember that she once told me off for working on the Sabbath Day. At the time I was wheeling a small handcart from one of my father's fields to another, which meant passing the Almshouses!

In the late 1940s Edward Keane moved into No.6 from Rose Cottage at the bottom of Knighton Hill. For him it must have been like jumping from the frying pan into the fire, as at that time Rose cottage had no electricity, but it did have a water tap outside the kitchen window. For some reason all of us children used to call him "Johnnie". He was an Irishman, and a Veteran of the First World War. A bachelor, he had lived in Wembury for many years, in fact, I think, since returning from his war service. At one time he drove busses for Bill Newton at Down Thomas, and later worked in the gardens at Thorn. He stayed in No.6 until he died in 1954, aged 78 years. For some reason, that I could never fathom out, his medals from the First World War were kept on show in the Jubilee Inn.



The Almshouses as they are today. In the photograph above, the slate hung panels under the upper windows, put in as part of the 1930s work, look as though they have been there all the time.



These photographs show the “new” work, and should be compared with the earlier photograph of the backs of the houses prior to 1955. The steel shore erected to arrest the slope in the east wall of the chapel can be seen and is now the only part of the reinforcing steelwork of the 1930s that is visible. Appropriately, it is in the form of a cross.





The Chapel is not church property and neither is it consecrated, although in 1926 Mrs Walker got Bishop Masterman, the then Bishop of Plymouth to grant a licence for Holy Communion Services to be held in it. It is not a public place of worship, the Founder of the Trust wished for prayers to be said there, and it is solely for the use of the Occupants under the Trust, and their friends.



The Chapel roof looking east showing some very interesting plaster relief work in the tympanum above the east window. This is considered to be contemporary with the building of the chapel.

THE ALMS HOUSES' CHAPEL

The Chapel set at the centre of the building is flanked by three houses on either side. It has a gabled front extending to the full height of the roof. There is a round-headed door with imposts and keyblock, and a hood mould with the date 1682. The date is misleading, as the houses were known to have been in existence in 1625 as they were mentioned in the will of Sir Warwick Hele who died in that year. Experts put the date of the building at about 1590, contemporary with Sir John Hele's original Wembury House. The 1682 date is thought to refer a time when the Wembury Estate went into decline and the Trusteeship passed to the Calmadys at Langdon. It probably reverted back to the Wembury Estate when the present Wembury House was built in 1805. Before 1539, the land on which the Alms Houses and Wembury House stand belonged to Plympton Priory. It is thought that a granary (or grange) occupied the Wembury House site.

The door is flanked by two small single light, stone framed windows with leaded glass. Above the doorway is a three light, stone framed window, also with leaded glass. Above this, near the apex is another small opening fitted with ventilating slats. Below the upper window is a slate hung section, which extends across the front of the house on either side. This dates from the 1930s and was put there to cover the reinforcing steel works that were inserted to stabilise the building

Inside the internal dimensions are 18'6" x 14'3" (5.6m x 4.3m). There is a wagon roof with lath and plaster infill between the ribs. In the east wall, over the altar table, there is a four light, square headed, window, filled with leaded glass. In the tympanum above there is a plaster relief in triplicate showing a person before an altar in flames, this is surmounted by three fleur-de-lis, and is similar to a plaster relief in Buckland Abbey, showing Abraham and Isaac, which is known to be late 16th Century.

The floor is laid with slate flagstones. Along the north and south walls, at a height of about 7' (2m), there runs a strip of mild steel, which is painted to merge in with the walls. These are two of the tie rods that were inserted in the 1930s to stabilise the building. The bottom of the west wall was bulging outwards whilst the gable was leaning inwards. Steelworks were inserted to arrest this movement, and since the extensions to the backs of the houses were built, are all concealed, save for the two strips in the chapel, and the mild steel shore outside against the east gable.

The provision of a chapel in such a small set of houses is thought to be due the their considerable distance from the Parish Church. In those days of unmetalled roads and no private transport, a visit to the church from such a distance would have been a massive undertaking for old people.

The Chapel is not consecrated, nor is it church property. The Founder of the trust wished for prayers to be said there and it is intended for the use of the occupants under the Trust and their friends, not for general use of the parish.

In 1924 the Chapel was used for readings to the old people by the Vicar, The Revd A H Duxbury, and his wife, but it was not furnished for services. Mrs Walker, the occupant of Wembury House at that time, asked Bishop Masterman, the then Bishop of Plymouth, if he would grant a licence for Holy Communion Services to take place there. This he did in 1926, and on the strength of that, Mrs Walker furnished the Chapel. The Revd Duxbury ministered to and visited the occupants constantly, and held services there for many years. After his death in 1936, Mrs Duxbury presented several gifts to the Chapel. In 1941 the Chapel closed for the duration of the War, and was reopened in 1948. The Vicars who followed the Revd Duxbury continued holding services there, The Revd Tagg, Revd Davidson, Revd Bronham and Revd Gray. In 1967 the Chapel closed for regular worship due to lack of support, it would seem that the occupants were not very interested, a few stalwarts from the village still attended, but those for whom the Chapel was intended seemed to have lost interest. On October 25th of 1967 the Altar silver was handed over to the safe keeping of the Parish Church, where it is still (in 2009) in regular use. The red Altar frontal, which was adapted to fit the Altar at the Church, is also still in use.

In 1975 when the Alms Houses underwent a complete refurbishment, most of the Chapel furniture was found to be so badly affected by woodworm that it had to be destroyed. The Altar table and the oak credence table went to the Parish Church. The credence table is still there, but the Altar table was also found to be badly infected with woodworm, so it too was destroyed, rather than let it infect the lovely oak woodwork in the Church.

2 Credence table cloths
1 Large linen cloth with centre embroidery

1938	1 Corporal 1 Pall 1 Veil 1 Veil (smaller) 3 Purificators
1927	1 Pall 1 Veil 1 Veil 1 Corporal 14 Purificators, embroidered with cross
Older	1 Pall 1 Corporal, Fleur-de-lis embroidery 1 Veil 1 Veil

(N.B. I think that the “Veils” referred to were probably Lavabo Towels)

On 25th October 1967 The Revd Kenneth Gray took the following items into the care of the Parish Church acknowledging that they were the property of the Trustees of the Sir Warwick Hele Almshouses.

1 Silver chalice	}	These items being in their own oak case with lock and key.
1 Silver paten	}	
1 Pyx	}	
1 Cruet, glass with silver stopper	}	
1 Altar cloth with crochet insertion and edge		
1 Red altar frontal		
1 Fair linen cloth		
2 Palls		
1 Purificator		

Of the above items the Chalice, Paten and Pyx are still in use in the Parish Church. The glass cruet unfortunately got broken in the 1970s, and the silver stopper stolen. The wooden case is still in the church. Of the other items, the red Altar frontal was adapted to for the Altar in the Parish Church. The remainder have been expended in use.

MR AND MRS COBLEY 1938

This photograph of Mr and Mrs Cobley (Philip and Emma) was taken in 1938. We remember them very well as residents of the Almshouses in the 1940s and 1950s.

In the 1960s their grandson Philip Hocking married Ruth Dawe of “Windy Ridge” in Beach View Crescent.

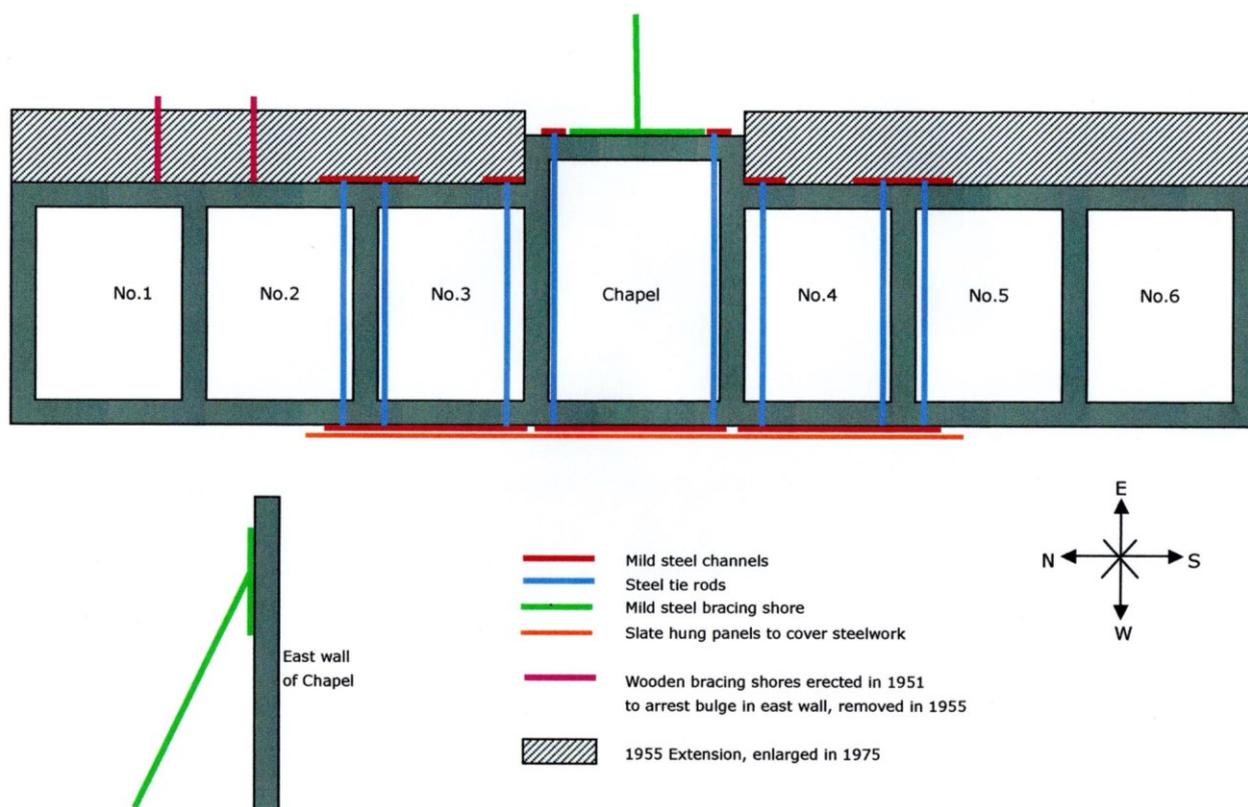


STABILISATION OF THE ALMSHOUSES

In the 1930s the building got into such a condition that remedial works had to be put in hand. The west wall (front) was bulging out towards the bottom, the worst part being in the area of the chapel, this had caused the gable of the chapel to lean inwards, thereby transmitting the problem to the east gable at the back of the chapel. Just about the whole of the west wall was out of plumb, and with there being no gutterings, rain water ran straight off the roof and onto the wall at first floor level. The weakening of the wall was attributed to its exposure to the elements, also the large number of openings, 29, whereas there were only 7 in the east wall, and the weakening of the core of the wall due to constant wetting by defective gutters or the lack of them. To stabilise the building and to arrest any further movement, mild steel channels were fixed to the front and back walls level with the dividing floor and joined with tie rods through the building. Quite effective, but not very beautiful. To overcome this the steelworks on the front of the building were covered by slate hung panels, which by the 1950s looked as though they had always been there. On the east side of the chapel a mild steel bracing shore was erected against the gable to arrest any further movement.

THE HELE ALMSHOUSES, WEMBURY

Schematic diagram of reinforcing steelworks inserted in the 1930s, and wooden shores erected in 1951



In 1946 action was taken to try and eradicate the damp from houses No.1. Of all the houses it was the most damp as the field on the north side (which at the time belonged to my Father) was in contact with the north wall up to the level of the first floor. Mrs Walker had a drainage trench dug, and whatever retaining measures put in place that were required to keep the soil away from the house. At the south end of the building, the exposed stonework of the south wall, which was vulnerable to the prevailing weather from the south west, was hung with slates during the 1955 renovations as a damp proofing measure.

In November 1951 Mr Alan Reed B.A. A.R.I.B.A. inspected the Almshouses, and January of 1952 submitted his report to the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings, Great Ormond Street, London. He said that the steelwork inserted in the 1930s appear to have been successful as there no sign of recent marked movement. He felt that all of the defects could be put right without spoiling the character of the building, and that the

steelwork could be removed. This would have been a very expensive course to take and as the almshouses' fund was virtually exhausted, and work in the past had been financed from other sources, it would only be possible to deal with the most urgent matters.

Gutters and downpipes – “These should be fitted on the west side as a matter of urgency to prevent rainwater running off the roof directly onto the wall”. This was done but was not without problems owing to the nature of the roof, and the varying levels of the upper windows and eaves. Eventually it had to be done in eight sections each with its own downpipe. On the east side it was much more straightforward, only needing one run of gutter and one downpipe on each half. This was not done owing to the fact that in 1955 the houses were extended to the east and the roof slope continued to cover the extension thereby rendering the old gutters redundant.

Wall repairs – “The bulge in the east wall, at first floor level, between No.s 1&2 requires immediate action. The inner face of the wall appears to be sound. Temporary raking shores need to be erected each side of the bulge and remove the outer part of the wall without disturbing the inner face. Clear out the core of the wall and build up again using weak concrete (5:1) and lime mortar”. The raking shores were certainly erected and a makeshift roof put across them to prevent any further wetting of that part of the wall. They stayed in place until the refurbishment project of 1955, so probably the work was done then.

In January of 1953 application was made to Plympton Rural District Council for a grant to carry out the necessary remedial works and also to bring the accommodation up to date by the installation of a piped water supply, proper sanitation and electricity.

The work was eventually taken in hand in 1955.

MONCKSWOOD

Mrs Walker who lived in Wembury House, had Monckswood built in the 1920s. It was in fact designed by a friend of hers, Mrs Murray, who some people thought was her sister, but I don't think this was the case. Mrs Walker had it built, and Mrs Murray and her husband (Captain Murray) lived in it. It has a Spanish air about it especially in the entrance hall and staircase. Mrs Murray evidently had a love of all things Spanish, and the round-headed windows of the drawing room were going to be left unglazed, in the Spanish style, just fitted with ornamental metal gratings and heavy curtains and wooden shutters on the inside. After the first winter however, this idea was dropped! There is a miscellany of other windows, which makes one rather think that they were reclaimed from other buildings.

The house was built on the site of some old stables and the exercise yard for Wembury House. The big field behind the house was divided into three paddocks. The purpose of the gate at the back of the house, which is still there, was for access to the paddocks from the exercise yard.



Mrs Murray was also an artist, and used to tell my mother every time that they met, that she wanted to paint her, anyway, this never came to fruition.



Captain and Mrs Murray lived there until there was a conflict between them and Mrs Walker. The Murrays then moved on to Yelverton where Mrs Murray had designed yet another house for them to live in, but nothing more was heard of them after that. Monckswood was sometimes referred to as the "Dower House" but it was never ever put to that use.

It was whilst we were at Old Barton that the house was leased to the Royal Air Force and became 'RAF Monckswood', the official residence of the local Air Vice Marshall, and remained as such up until the late 1970s.



The photograph above was taken at a fundraising event at the house in June 2010. The variation in window styles can be clearly seen.

At the bottom on the right there are round headed full length, wooden framed windows in the drawing room, whereas above them, is a three light, granite framed, window with plain arches and a dripstone above, leaded and glazed with lozenge shaped quarries.

Above the round headed doorway in the centre, is a single light, granite framed, window with a trefoil arch, under a dripstone, leaded and glazed with oblong quarries.



The remainder of the windows on this side are standard 'Crittall' steel framed windows, leaded and glazed with oblong quarries.

Pictured left is the west side of the house. Previously a window, the door out onto the paved area wasn't created until the 1970s when the house was sold after being vacated by the Royal Air force. The windows on this side of the house have all been replaced with UPVC.

GENERAL GEORGE MONCK , 1608 – 1670

George Monck, 1st Duke of Albemarle, lived from 6 December 1608 to 3 January 1670. Also known as the Earl of Torrington, and Baron Monck of Potheridge, Beauchamp And Teyes, Monck was an English soldier who served as Cromwell's military governor in Scotland and who later brought about the restoration of Charles II. The wider picture in Scotland at the time is set out in our Historical Timeline.



George Monck was born near Torrington in Devon, the second son of Sir Thomas Monck. He began his military career at the age of 16, joining the English expedition against Cadiz in 1625. Back in England, Monck stabbed the Under-Sheriff for Devon after he had arrested Monck's father for debt. To escape prosecution he returned to the continent, taking part in English attacks on La Rochelle in 1627 and 1628. In 1629 he volunteered for the Dutch Army under the Prince of Orange fighting against the Spanish in the 30 Years' War. He spent 9 years in Dutch service before returning to England to take up a position in King Charles' army in the Bishops' Wars against Scotland as lieutenant-colonel in the Earl of Newport's regiment. He distinguished himself at the Battle of Newburn by saving the English Artillery from a Scottish attack.

In the Irish Rebellion of 1641 Monck served as colonel of Lord Leicester's regiment, though his subsequent

appointment as Governor of Dublin was overturned by Charles I. Charles did, however, give Monck command of the Irish Army brought over to support the Royalist Cause in the English Civil War. In January 1644 Monck was captured by Roundheads at the Battle of Nantwich, and spent two years as a prisoner: time he put to good use writing his book *Observations on Military and Political Affairs*.

On his release, Monck was given a command in the Parliamentary Army and sent unsuccessfully to quell a rebellion in Ireland. In 1651 he took part in Cromwell's conquest of Scotland, commanding *Monck's Regiment of Foot*. This had been formed on 23 August 1650 from elements of existing regiments which had been unhappy to be led by him because of his Royalist background. Monck and his regiment both distinguished themselves at the Battle of Dunbar on 3 September 1650.

Monck was given command of the Parliamentary army in Scotland to complete the conquest of the country after Cromwell had pursued Charles II's main army to England. Monck was in charge of the Parliamentary troops that took Stirling Castle on 14 August after a 10 day siege, and captured Dundee on 1 September. He made an example of the latter city, standing by while his troops sacked it, killing up to 2000 of its 12,000 population and destroying the 60 ships in the city's harbour. In 1652, the last remains of organised Royalist resistance in Scotland was overcome, and Dunnottar Castle became the last stronghold to fall to Monck's troops, on 26 May 1652..

Under the *Tender of Union* then imposed on the Scots, they were given 30 seats in a united Parliament in London, and General Monck was appointed as the military governor of Scotland. During the Interregnum, Scotland was kept under the military occupation of an English Parliamentary army. To keep a tight grip in spite of a number of Royalist uprisings in Scotland, Monck placed strong garrisons across the country in key centres such as Inverness and Ayr. Resistance was only finally quelled after he began to ship prisoners as slaves to the West Indies.

In 1653 Monck took charge of the English Navy in the First Anglo-Dutch War, a war that was the beginning of the end of the supremacy at sea of the Dutch, and the start of the ascendancy of England as a naval power. In the course of the campaign he introduced many technical and tactical ideas (such as signal flags and the line of battle) that were to influence naval tactics for centuries to come. In April 1654 General Monck returned to Scotland to defeat the Royalist uprising under the command of Major-General John Middleton, who had arrived in Dornoch from Holland earlier in the year. The crucial Parliamentary victory took place on 19 July 1654, when Monck's forces surprised Middleton at Dalnaspidal near Loch Garry.

Oliver Cromwell died in 1658, and a number of competing factions struggled for power in England while Monck quietly watched developments from Edinburgh while keeping in touch with Charles II in Holland using the architect William Bruce as a go-between. On 24 November 1659, Monck was appointed the commander in chief of all Parliamentary forces in Britain. In December 1659 he gathered an army of 5,000 foot and 2,000 horse at Coldstream, right on the Scottish-English border. The troops included *Monck's Regiment of Foot*, which as a result later adopted the title of the *Coldstream Guards* and which survives as one of the world's oldest military formations. On 1 January 1660 Monck started his march south, arriving in London on 2 February. He kept his intentions entirely to himself, but having assumed effective control of London, he recommended to Parliament on 1 May that they should invite Charles II to resume power. When the king landed at Dover on 25 May he was met by Monck.

Charles II was duly grateful to the man who had masterminded the Restoration without blood being spilled, rewarding him with a vast pension of £7,000 per year and a one-eighth share of the Province of Carolina. Monck died on 3 January 1670 and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

GENERAL MONCK'S CONNECTION WITH WEMBURY

Sir John Hele died in 1608, leaving eight sons. The eldest, Sir Warwick Hele, married a Courtenay, but had no issue, so his estate passed to his nephew, another John, he left a daughter, Jane, who married Sir Edward Hungerford, a baronet impoverished by the Civil War, who sold the Wembury estate in 1686 for eleven thousand pounds to the Devon-born General George Monck (1608-70), Duke of Albemarle. Monck was a canny politician as well as a ruthless General, who had not only served Cromwell, but also played an important role in restoring Charles II to the throne--for which service he received his dukedom. His son, Christopher, the 2nd Duke, was less effective and performed badly against the Duke of Monmouth's rebels in 1685. (14) Shortly afterwards he sold Wembury to John Pollexfen, a member of an old Devon family, the MP for Plympton and also a London merchant (his elder brother had been Lord Chief Justice).

WEMBURY HOUSE - A POTTED HISTORY

Wembury House as we know it today is a mere shadow of the great Elizabethan mansion that was built at the end of the sixteenth century by Sir John Hele. The present house is the third house to occupy the site and could well be the fourth building on the site, the original building being a 'grange' or 'granary' for the Priory of Plympton.

The area, as with most land around these parts, was under the ownership of the Augustinian Priory at Plympton. The Priory was founded in 1121 by William Warelwast, a nephew of William the Conqueror, who would go on to be Bishop of Exeter. He made sure that the Priory was very well endowed, and Wembury was a part of that endowment.

At the Dissolution of the Monasteries in 1539, Wembury was granted by the Crown to Thomas Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, who was a royal favourite, and who was the recipient of other properties as well. On his death in 1550 it passed to his son, the Second Earl, who sold it to Thomas Chamberlayne in 1579. Twelve years later in 1591 it was sold to John Hele, a Lawyer. He was a Devon man part of a large a large family from a Hamlet called Hele a few miles north of Exeter. John studied law at the Inner Temple where he got himself a great reputation. In 1592 he became both Member of Parliament and Recorder for Exeter. In 1594 he was back in London as Serjeant at Law to Queen Elizabeth I. King James I promoted him to Principal Serjeant, and Knighted him in 1603. He represented the King at the trials of Sir Walter Raleigh in 1603-1604.

The legal profession, in those days, just as today, could be highly lucrative and John amassed a great fortune which was reckoned to be in the region of one hundred thousand pounds. By todays standards this would put him into the multi millionaire bracket. With this great wealth he built himself a magnificent house, on his land at Wembury, worthy of one in his position.

The house must have been enormous, the Devon Hearth Tax returns for 1674 give some indication of its size. In those days when gentlemen were taxed on the number of hearths that they had in their house, we are told that the house contained forty two, the largest number by far recorded for any house

Photograph below: The tidal fishpond at Thorn



in Devon! The dining room chimney piece was of particular note being valued at no less than five hundred pounds. It was constructed of polished marble and carried a carved representation of two armies drawn up in battle. It is said that the carvings were most lifelike and contained every detail even down to the nails in the horseshoes. The cost of the house was reckoned to be in the region of twenty thousand pounds. It is said that the house had a delightful prospect both to land and sea. The delightful prospect to land is self evident, the prospect to sea is a little harder to believe. There is clear view of the River Yealm to the east from the present house, which undoubtedly was the same from the original house. but this could hardly be called a seaward prospect. Even with the 'mount' not being in position on the west side of the house, which it wouldn't have been at that time, I would have thought that a western prospect of the sea, from the house. would have been difficult. (I have been up on the mount myself on several occasions and cannot ever recall being able to see the sea, even from that elevated position). There seems to be no pictorial evidence of the house, and any written account seems to be quite scant. A Great Hall is described in one such account as being like a Roman Temple, which was reached by a great flight of balustraded steps. The gate house was described as being big enough to accommodate a large and genteel family. Where then would the gate house have stood? It would seem logical to me that it would be where the present lodge is, but the main approach to the house was from the south west, presumably via Brownhill Lane, as I am led to believe that the road from the lodge to the top of Knighton Hill was not in existence at that time.

A peculiar feature of the estate was the tidal pool on the Yealm which filled with water on the incoming tide and consequently with fish as well. There were floodgates which could be closed to prevent them returning to the river on the outgoing tide. The substantial part of this structure still remains down at Thorn, but the pond now just fills and empties with the tides. We used to spend many hours down there when we were children. There used to a massive pike that would position himself in front of the outflow pipe to devour the small fish as they came out of the pond on the falling tide.

Sir John Hele died in 1608 leaving eight sons. The Eldest son Sir Warwick Hele inherited, in his will of 1625 he endowed the almshouses (1590) which stand to this day opposite the lodge. He was married to a member of the Courtenay Family (Earl of Devon) but had no heir. On his death the estate passed to a nephew, another John Hele.

Photograph below: Top of the mount showing mullions being used as coping stones

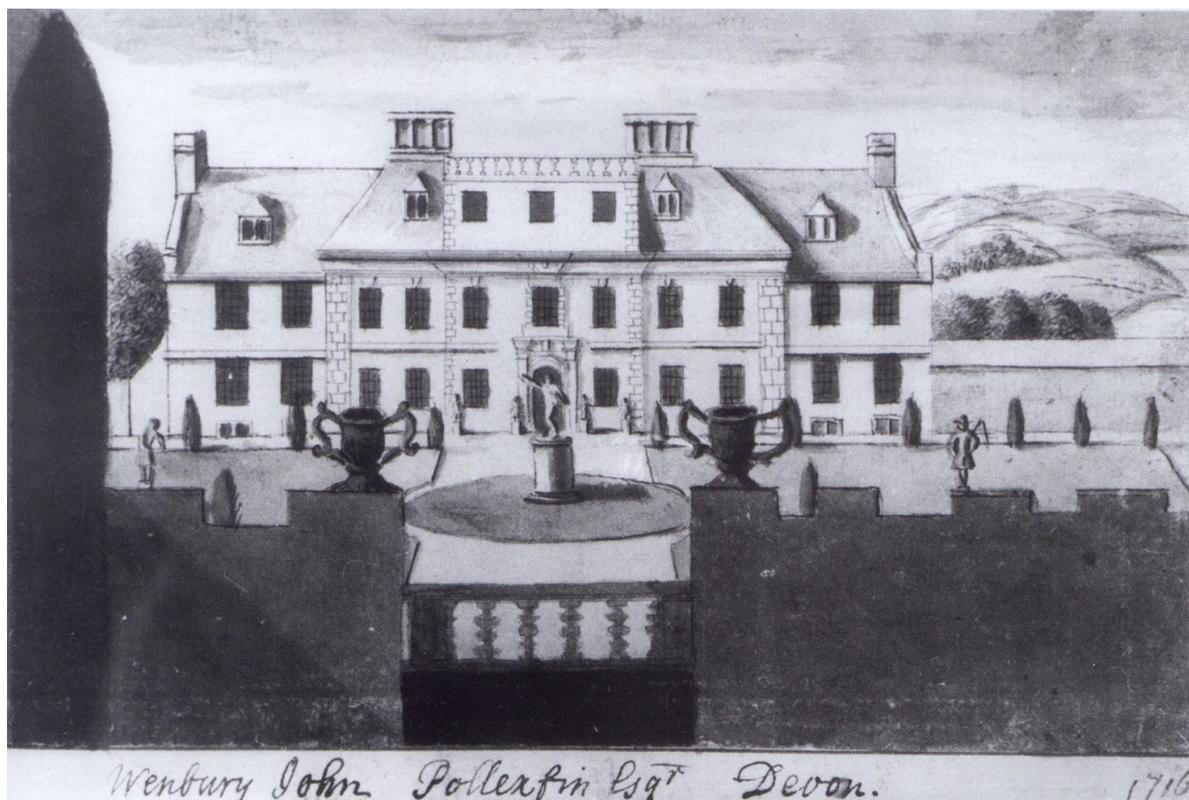


When this John Hele died the estate was left to his daughter Jane who married an impoverished baronet, Sir Edward Hungerford. He sold the estate in 1686 to General George Monck, Duke of Albermarle, a Devon man, who was both ruthless and canny in that he served Cromwell, but also played an important part in restoring Charles II to the throne (for which he received his Dukedom). His son Christopher the second Duke was much less effective, and performed badly against the Duke of Monmouth's rebellion in 1685. He sold the estate to John Pollexfen, a member of an old Devon family, who was the Member of Parliament for Plympton and also a London merchant (his elder brother had been Lord Chief Justice).

Pollexfen had the house rebuilt and I think at it was at this time that the 'mount' was built. The new house was smaller and of a different style to the old one. I am led to believe that it was faced in limestone and had gilded sash windows. This would mean that much of the granite and other stone used in the construction of Sir John Hele's house would have been surplus to requirements, and judging by the earlier description of the house there would have been a considerable amount of it! In those days there would have been no effective or easy way of removing all of this extra material from the site. Therefore I think that it was at this point that it was decided that it should be piled up at the west end of the garden and made into what we would call today 'a garden feature' namely 'the mount'. This served not only as a privacy measure but also to keep the public footpath away from the west front of the house. I do not think that it was intended as a fortification. It would have been a bit like putting all of one's eggs in one basket to fortify just one small fraction of the perimeter of the property and to leave the rest wide open to all comers!

Careful examination of this structure, especially the steps and the parapet, and also the buttresses on the west side abutting the public footpath, will reveal many pieces of finely dressed granite quoins, coping stones, etc., from the original house. Many pieces of granite were taken for other building projects in the village. When we lived at Old Barton Farm in the 1940s the fireplace in the breakfast room was constructed from some beautiful pieces of dressed granite far too ornate for an ordinary farmhouse. Also the steps going up to the south linhay were of large single lengths of granite which I think now were probably window mullions. At our drive entrance there were more pieces sunk into the ground on the corners like bollards to protect the stonework from damage by carts etc., turning into the drive.

Photograph below: Prideaux's print of Wembury House in 1716



Hugh Meller's article "Wembury House, Devon - a house of legendary grandeur" describes this second house as having a main facade which follows a conventional late seventeenth century 2-3-2 bay rhythm beneath a hipped roof, with, to the rear, two more bays on either side. At the centre of the house is raised a three bay attic storey with a balustrade while marking the corners of the three bay frontispiece and the two bay elevations on both sides there are heavily rusticated quoins. From that description it sounds to me to have been a typical country house of the Queen Anne period.

John Pollexfen died in 1715 and the house passed to his son, another John. It then descended through the female line until it was sold in 1757 to William Molesworth of Pencarrow in Cornwall. His daughter Frances inherited it, and in 1785 married the first Marquess of Camden whose father, the first Earl, had been Lord Chancellor. He was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in 1795 where he was deeply unpopular, in 1804 he became Secretary of State for War, and by all accounts wasn't too good at that job either.

In 1803 he sold the house to Thomas Lockyer, a Plymouth merchant and sailmaker, for twenty six thousand pounds. This was a cheap purchase because by this time the house was a virtual ruin. It had been noted in 1793 by the diarist John Swete that the house was "in a state of great decay, if not entirely dilapidated".

Lockyer decided that the best course of action was to pull it all down and start again. He sold the materials for eight hundred pounds, which included the portland stone facings to the walls and the window frames. The new house was much more modest in scale. It is built of rubble stone with ashlar dressings and stands on a granite plinth (the basement storey). The red brick lintels over the windows are actually painted on (*trompe l'oeil*). The main house is of five bays with a service bay to the north. It is of two storeys with an attic storey behind the parapet, and a basement, which contained the main service area. There is a central staircase hall with the main rooms opening up off it on both sides. In the north service wing there was a secondary staircase, The Hanburys (the present owners), had most of this staircase removed so that it now only serves the basement and ground floor. Most of the main rooms have marble fireplaces and all of the doors are of Spanish mahogany. The fireplace in the hall was of granite, I remember it very well because as a young child one could walk right inside it. When the Studholmes came to the house they had it taken out. All of the ceilings in the principal rooms have modillion cornices, and in the drawing room there is the addition of a central medallion motif from which a chandelier is hung.

Thomas Lockyer, regrettably, never saw his house completed. In 1806 he was involved in a coaching accident in which his leg got caught in the wheel of his carriage. The wounds became gangrenous and he died on 9th August 1806 aged 49 years, and was buried at the Church on 15th August. His son, also Thomas, concluded the work but in 1822 moved to South Wembury House (now known as Thorn), which he had built down by the River Yealm.

Sir Edward Thornton then became the owner, he was a retired diplomat and a Privy councillor. He had served abroad during the Napoleonic Wars, mostly in Sweden and Denmark. He was, for while, Ambassador to Brazil, and then was posted to Portugal, where the King invested him with the title 'Count of Cassilas'. Sir Edward died in 1850, and his son sold the house three years later.

It then went through various owners, Mr Ralph Dawson, who had the cottages built at Watergate for estate workers. Dr Robert Hogarth Clay, who was in the house at the turn of the nineteenth century, and who was an eminent Plymouth surgeon

Dr Cecil and Mrs Walker had the house from the 1920s up until after the war. It was rumoured that there was some family connection between them and the Walker Art Gallery in Liverpool. I know that they did appreciate the fine arts and that the principal rooms of the house were hung with their collection of tapestries. It was during their occupancy, that sometime in the 1920s the kitchens were brought up from the basement to the ground floor and moved into what had been the music room in Dr Clay's time. My first memories of the house are of when Mrs Walker lived there in widowhood. Mrs Walker also had Monckswood build on the land to the south of the mount and west lawn. It was designed by a friend of hers, a Mrs Murray, who lived in it with her husband, Captain Murray until, I believe, that there was some kind of falling out between the two

ladies, and the Murrays moved to Yelverton where Mrs Murray designed yet another house! Some people reckoned that the two ladies were sisters but I have never heard anything to substantiate that.

The Studholmes bought the house in 1948, it also included Monckswood which at that time was leased to the Royal Air Force. We were still living in Old Barton Farm at the time, and I remember it quite clearly. Mr Henry Studholme, who was Vice chamberlain to King George VI and Queen Elizabeth II, was also the Member of Parliament for Tavistock, and back then, Wembury was in the constituency, he bought the house with thirty five acres for thirteen thousand pounds. In 1956 Mr Studholme was Knighted in the Queen's Birthday Honours List. Over the years he added Knighton Farm and then Old Barton Farm to the estate, and finally Thorn Farm which he bought from my Father. Sir Henry retired as a Member of Parliament in 1966 and he and Lady Studholme took up permanent residence in the house instead of commuting to and from London on a weekly basis. When the Royal Air Force lease expired in the late 1970s, Monckswood was sold off separately. In 1987 Sir Henry died, and Lady Studholme moved to Amesbury Abbey in Wiltshire to be nearer to family, and the estate was sold. Firstly to a speculator, who I think found that he was not free to do exactly as he thought he would be, with the estate, so it was then sold on again very quickly, this time being broken up into several lots.

The house and immediate parkland was bought by Mr Tim Hanbury who has made it into a family run, family home. Quite a few alterations have taken place all of which have had to be within the Grade II* listed building consent. These have included the removal of the raised terrace on the east side of the house, thereby opening the view eastwards from the basement windows. Installation of a swimming pool in the old sunken garden to the south of the house. Changing the main entrance from the west side to the east side by building a double granite flight of steps (or 'perron') up to a new front door which has replaced the sash window of the hall. Piercing the south wall of the house to create four new windows overlooking the new swimming pool area, two at ground floor level fitted with French doors, and two at first floor level to admit light to the new rooms created by partitioning larger rooms. Other minor changes have been carried out to the internal layout of the house, but all done completely in keeping with the original work.

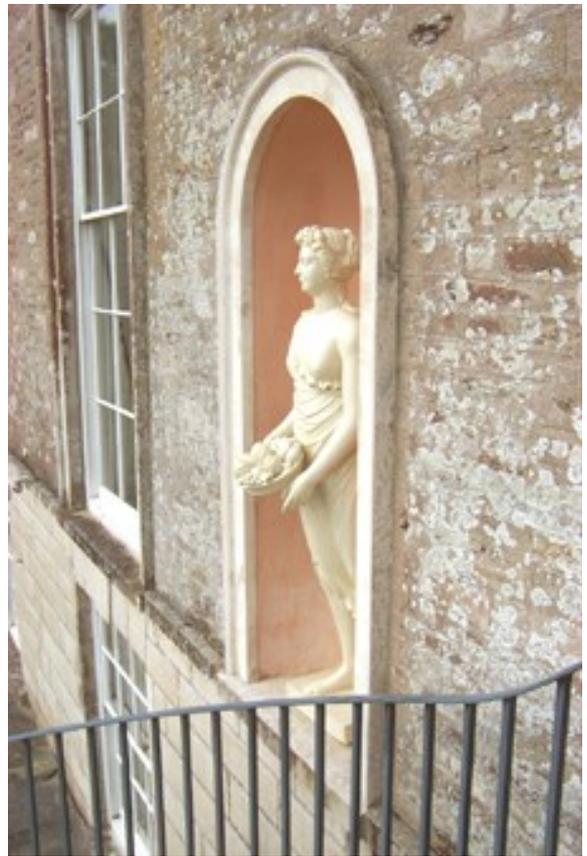
The photograph below, taken in June 2005, shows the newly constructed double flight of granite steps (or 'perron') ascending to the newly formed front door on the east side of the house.



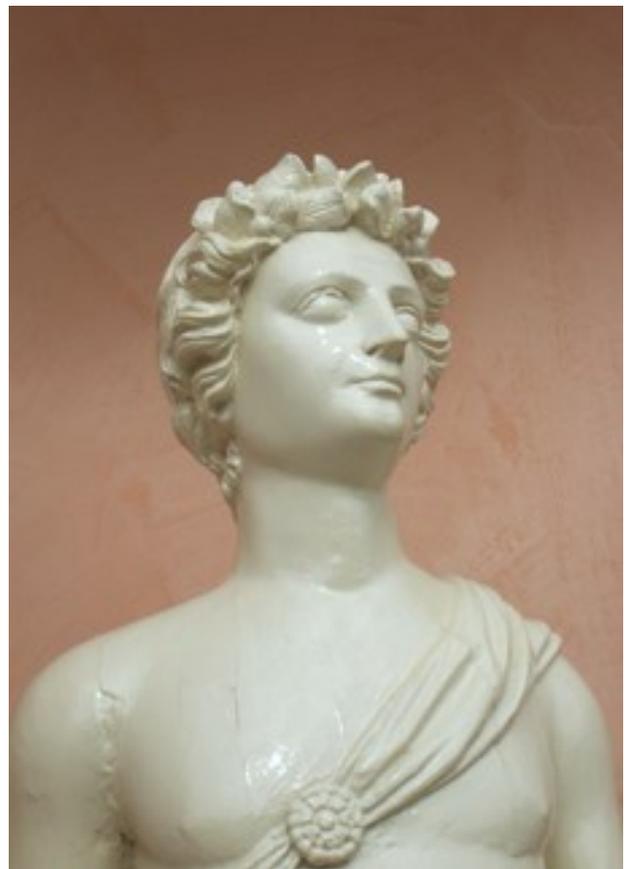
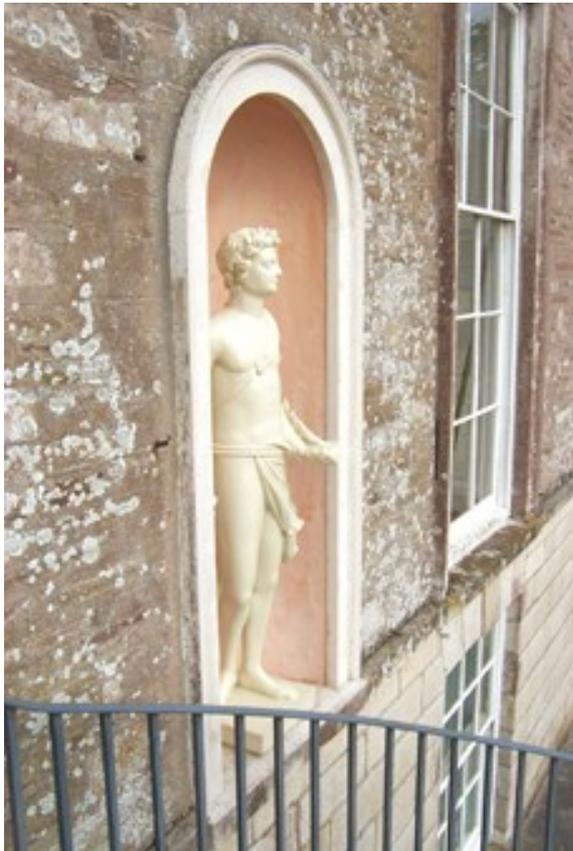
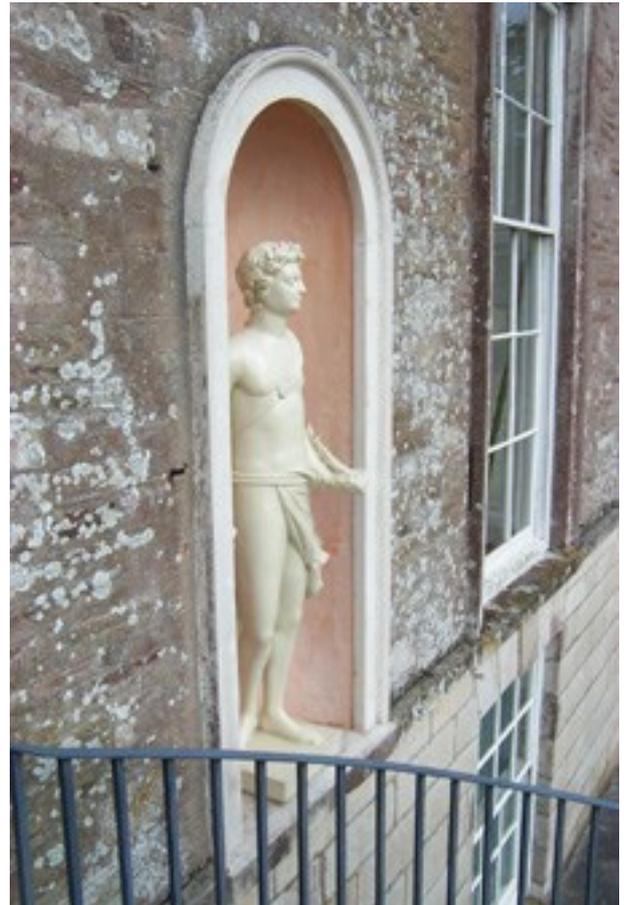
WEMBURY HOUSE - EAST FRONT STATUE - SOUTH



These photographs were taken in April 2005 when the statues had been returned to the niches after being away for conservation and repair. they are made of wood, and are described as “classical figures bearing floral attributes” I am not sure of the type of wood, I know that pear wood was favoured for statuary because of the ease of carving it. They had been in place since the house was built, but have now swapped sides!, I don't know whether there is any significance in that.



WEMBURY HOUSE – EAST FRONT – STATUE NORTH



WEMBURY HOUSE LODGE EARLY 20TH AND EARLY 21ST CENTURY

These photographs of the lodge were taken about one hundred years apart. The monochrome one taken on a winters day, shows many more large trees around, and very close to the lodge, which could have not been very good for the foundations. The main house is almost obscured by large trees. In the modern photograph the lodge looks quite resplendent in it new pink livery! (I don't think that I would have chosen that colour myself). The avenue of chestnuts, flanking the drive, is still very much at the sapling stage, but should be very impressive when matured.



WEMBURY HOUSE LODGE FROM THE SOUTH

My first memories of the lodge are from the late 1940s when we lived at Old Barton Farm, and I went to play with the little girl who lived in the house which overlooked the Almshouses. All I can remember is that she was called Sandra and 'play' involved the taking of tea in a miniature tea set, which for me coming from a family of all boys at that time, I found most intriguing. I can't recall going there many times, nor can I remember whether the visits were of a voluntary nature or forced! I don't know what their surname was but I know that a Mr Day was the butler at about that time so it could well have been them.

Later on Jim Taylor and his wife Rosie lived there. Jim was a short stout man with a red face, he was employed as a gardener, and also polished shoes as required at the house. Rosie helped out in the house as required. She was a sister to Miss Axworthy (later Mrs Algate) who was our teacher at Wembury School, and also a sister to Violet Dummett who lived in the showman's caravan at the top of Knighton Hill. Violet helped out in the house when extra help was needed, and her husband Fred was employed as a bit of a handyman and kept his pigeons out near the chicken runs.

Later on again, in about 1953, Mrs and Mrs Gifford and their daughter Ann moved into that part of the lodge Mr Gifford being a gardener and Mrs Gifford helping out in the house as required. Their daughter Ann was the same age as me and we were both in the same class at Plymstock School.

(Photograph below - Wembury House Lodge from the south, taken in the 1980s)



WEMBURY HOUSE LODGE FROM THE WEST

The Lodge house is actually two houses back to back, and in the 1950s were occupied by the gardeners.

Mr Urscott and his wife (George and Maud) lived in the one facing on to the drive. George was the Head Gardner, and had previously been head gardener at Langdon Court when it was a private house. Mrs Urscott was a sister to Archie Nelder who lived in Boathouse Cottage at Thorn and before that at New Barton Farm. I seem to remember that there was a family connection with the Brock's Fireworks people. By virtue of the fact that their house gave onto the drive they were sort of semi official gatekeepers to the estate. There was a bit of a furore in 1953 when the lead was stolen from the roof of the Orangery, in that the lorry had been given access to the estate on the pretext that it had a delivery to make at the house (in the middle of the night!). Of course there was no way of checking back then, there was no telephone at the lodge and the only one in the house was in the library, so nobody in the staff flat would have heard it ringing anyway.

In the mid 1950s when George Urscott retired he and Maud went to live in the cottage at No.2 Knighton Hill, which the Studhlomes had bought for them to live in, in retirement. Mr (Frank) and Mrs Yeabsley then moved in with their two children Cynthia and Francis. They hailed from South Milton near Aveton Gifford where my maternal grandfather came from, and we found that Frank and my mother were distant cousins. Frank was also a keen bellringer and rang at Wembury Church most Sundays.

(Photograph below - Wembury House Lodge from the west, taken in the 1980s)



WEMBURY HOUSE LODGE – 2009



WEMBURY HOUSE

This rather charming late Georgian house was built by Thomas Lockyer on the site of an earlier house. Thomas was a successful merchant and sailmaker in Plymouth, and had 11 children. In 1803 he bought the estate upon which stood a derelict manor house, which had in fact replaced a much earlier Elizabethan house in the eighteenth century. Such was the state of the house that he had it demolished and the present house erected on the site. The house was completed in 1806 but Thomas did not live long enough to enjoy his new home. In the same year he was involved in a coaching accident in which his leg got caught in the wheel of his carriage. The wounds became gangrenous and he died on 9th August 1806 aged 49 years, and was buried at the Church on 15th August. Thomas's third son, Edmund, born in 1784, was commissioned into the Army as an Ensign in 1805 with the 19th Regiment of Foot. In January 1827, by this time a Major, he hoisted the Union Flag for the first time in Western Australia, claiming the remaining third of Australia for the Crown.

The original Elizabethan manor house, in its heyday was considered to be the most magnificent house in Devon. It had been built in the late sixteenth century at a cost of twenty thousand pounds, a phenomenal amount of money at that time. It was occupied by the Hele family the principal members of whom wielded great power in the land and invariably held prominent positions in government. Sir John Hele, whose tomb is in Wembury Church, was Sergeant at Law to Queen Elizabeth I and King James I.

The house was replaced in the early seventeenth century by a smaller house in the Queen Anne style. It is believed that it was at this time that "The Mount" was constructed at the west end of the west lawn, mainly to use up the stone left over from the original house. By 1803 this second house had become a virtual ruin and was bought by Thomas Lockyer Esq who had it demolished, sold the materials, and had the present house built on the site.

(Photograph below - The west front taken in 1956 by Matthew Fairhurst, Butler to Sir Henry Studholme)



I first knew Wembury House in the 1940s when we lived at Old Barton Farm. The house was then in the ownership of Mrs Cecil Walker, who it was rumoured had a family connection with the Walker Art Galley in Liverpool. She had some very fine tapestries in the principal rooms of the house. I remember going over to the house on 'official' and 'unofficial' occasions, the gates through to Monckswood were always open, so it

was no problem for a small boy to go on a journey of discovery. She had a lot of work done on the house in the 1920s, mainly bringing the kitchens upstairs to the north west corner of the ground floor from where they had always been in the south west corner of the basement. The area at present taken up by the kitchen and the butlers pantry was originally one room which was divided by a large round headed arch, there is also quite an attractive ceiling cornice. According to people who used to work at the house, in Doctor Clay's time this was the music room. In the room below the new kitchen a coal fired boiler for the central heating, which was also installed at this time was fitted. Later on in the Studholme's time the heating was changed over to oil fired and a new bigger boiler and oil tank was installed in the old kitchen under the library, utilising the chimney of the old kitchen range. The surround for the range was still there in the early 1960s.

There was a lobby off the old kitchen which led outside to a sunken area to the south of the house that not many people realised was there. There was the old laundry room off the lobby, and outside were various outhouses lining the west wall of this very large area. which were roofed by a huge lead lined water tank. When Matthew and Miriam Fairhurst lived in as Butler and Cook to Sir Henry Studholme, they had this area as their garden.

(Photograph of the front door taken in 1956 by Matthew Fairhurst, Butler to Sir Henry Studholme)

In Mrs Walker's time, she let the school have their sports day on the west lawn, as there was no school playing field. She also allowed other charity and fund raising events to take place on the west lawn and in the park. I do remember a Fete, I am not sure as to what it was in aid of, it was not long after the end of the war. The stalls were out in the park on each side of the drive. There were bran tubs for lucky dips, and coconut shies without the coconuts, as we were still on wartime rationing, which of course meant there was no ice cream either! In spite of these deprivations, we still enjoyed ourselves, I think that most people by then had got used to making do with very little, and of course, to young children, what we had never had we didn't miss.

During the war Mrs Walker organised the collection of pots and pans and other redundant items for the war effort, and Wembury House was the collecting point, and from there it would be taken into Plymouth by Mr Henshaw. Mr Henshaw was the butler, and in addition to his other duties, he used to drive Mrs Walker around in her ancient Daimler.



She also had the lawns ploughed up and put into vegetable production for the War Effort. They were put back into grass again as soon as the war was over but I think that for quite a few years afterwards the odd struggling vegetable would break through the velvety surface.

In 1948 Mrs Walker sold the house along with Monckswood which she also owned. Monckswood was in fact designed by a friend of hers, Mrs Murray (who some people reckoned was her sister). Mrs Walker had it built in the 1920s. for Mrs Murray and her husband (Captain Murray) to live in. It had a Spanish air about it and the windows of the drawing room were left unglazed, just fitted with ornamental metal gratings and heavy

curtains. After the first winter, however, the windows were glazed! Captain and Mrs Murray lived there until there was a conflict between them and Mrs Walker. The Murrays then moved on to Yelverton where Mrs Murray had designed yet another house for them to live in, but nothing more was heard of them after that. Monckswood was sometimes referred to as the “Dower House” but it was never ever put to that use.

Mr and Mrs Studholme bought the house from Mrs Walker in 1948 and moved in with their three children, a son Paul, a daughter Henrietta, and a younger son, Joe. Paul had gone into the Army and I think was at Sandhurst, Henrietta and Joe were still at school, Henrietta at Hatherop Castle, and then later at Powderham Castle undergoing a domestic Science course with the Countess of Devon, Joe was at Eton. Joe, I believe, later went into Merchant Banking.

In 1953 Henrietta married Captain Tom St Aubyn. They had a three daughters, Sarah in 1955, Caroline in 1957, and Judith in 1962. Captain Paul (as he was by then), married Virginia Palmer at St Margaret’s, Westminster in 1957. They had two sons Henry (Harry) in 1958, James, who was actually born in Wembury House in 1960, and a daughter Anna, in 1965. In 1959 Mr Joe married Miss Rachel Fellowes, this wedding took place in Sandringham Parish Church they had three sons, Andrew in 1962, Henry in 1967, and Hugo in 1968. Captain Paul and his family moved into the family home at Perridge, near Exeter.

The Studholmes also brought with them “Nanny” who I think was a Miss Chiltern, she had been nanny to the three children and lived on with the family in sort of semi retirement after her charges and flown the nest. She used to busy herself with sewing and some ironing, and continued to live in her own quarters on the top floor next to the nursery. However when the children got married and started bringing grandchildren to the house, she found herself back in the thick of it! She, of course, rose to the occasion, but freely admitted that it was a lot more difficult second time around, especially with the greatly increased numbers! She remained with the family, and continued living at the house up until she died in the mid 1980s

Mr Studholme was the local Member of Parliament representing Tavistock, Wembury at that time was in the Tavistock constituency. In 1956, Mr Studholme was created a Baronet in The Queen’s Birthday Honours List, and of course then became Sir Henry Studholme. When he eventually retired as an MP, Mr Michael Heseltine became the Member for Tavistock. Many thought that he would be moving into Wembury House as a consequence of this!

(Photograph below - Taken from the south west corner of the west lawn, in 1956 by Matthew Faithurst, Butler to Sir Henry Studholme)



In the early 1950s Mrs Drew came to the house as cook/housekeeper to the Studholmes. Her Husband was in New Zealand preparing for the family to eventually join him out there. Many people thought that this was highly dubious, and suspected that in reality he had left her, and that the New Zealand story was a face saving exercise! He actually did return many years later. By that time he had been away and on his own for such a long time, he and his wife found that they could not live together, so without any animosity, he went back to New Zealand alone, where he eventually died. There were four children, a daughter called Avril who was much older than the other three and had a different surname 'Lecun' which indicated that she was from a previous marriage, then there were twins, a boy and a girl, Christopher and Carole, and another younger daughter called Sharon, who had a mass of golden tresses and was very pretty. Carole had a strange permanent bruise over her right eyebrow, which we, being unusually polite for children, never ever asked about, or were ever told about. Christopher was just a bit younger than me and we were very good friends. They lived in the basement staff flat which was on the north east corner of the house mainly under the dining room. We used to have great fun playing in the plantation, and the old tennis court and, and in the outbuildings area to the north of the mount. Their leaving was very sudden, one day they were there and the next had left, and were living in temporary accommodation on the cliff 'Honeyboro' which was a small chalet only really suitable for summer letting. Later they moved into No.4 Watergate Cottages. where they stayed for a couple of years. Mrs Drew found employment at Beer Ferrers and went there leaving the children in the care of Avril her eldest daughter, until she managed to organise accommodation in Beer, then Avril and the children moved there to join her.

In 1952. There was a County Scout Jamboree held in the park. Mrs Studholme was very involved with the Scouting Movement in Devon, in fact she was the County Commissioner at the time. It was a huge event and involved quite a lot of organisation. A tented city grew in the park with cooking and toilet facilities capable of catering for the hundreds who were to be there. There was also a small fairground with different rides, a coconut shy and shooting galleries. The main event was to be on the Saturday was to be when the Scouts would be partaking in a series of competitions. There was a Royal Visitor at the House who was to be the Guest of Honour, Princess Marie-Louise, the last remaining grand-daughter of Queen Victoria. Her Royal Highness officially opened the proceedings, and the youngest Brownie and Cub from Wembury (Penny Barnet and Christopher Drew), presented her with a bouquet.

(Photograph below - Taken from the north west corner of the west lawn in 1956, by Matthew Fairhurst, Butler to Sir Henry Studholme)



Matthew and Miriam Fairhurst came to the house as Butler and Cook in about 1954. They had been in the employ of Sir William Ferguson-Davey at Creedy Park near Exeter, but after Sir William's death there were uncertainties regarding their future there, so they decided that it was time to move on. Miriam was wonderful cook and Matthew an excellent butler, the house was always in an immaculate condition. They didn't have any children of their own, and were pleased to welcome us into their flat, and eventually we became involved in much that went on in the house. Miriam hailed from St Breward in Cornwall and had many nephews and nieces, some of whom came to stay during their holidays.

In those days Sir Henry and Lady Studholme only used the house at weekends or when Parliament was in recess. During the week they would stay their Knightsbridge flat travelling up to town on Monday morning and down again on Friday evening. Hampers of produce from the kitchen garden used to be taken into to the Station in Plymouth and sent up to Paddington for collection by the staff of the Knightsbridge flat.

The kitchen gardens were to the east of the house and offset slightly to the north. There was a small copse planted between them and the house to hide them from the view of the principal rooms. The gardens were surrounded by a high stone wall with a pair of imposing gates giving access from the road. The gate piers were of granite blocks, and each was topped by a huge granite ball. Inside was a little kingdom ruled over by the Head Gardener, Mr George Urscott and later, when he retired, Mr Frank Yeabsley. There was also an assistant gardener, Mr Jim Taylor and Mr Gifford at various times filled this post. Fred Dummett also helped out as a sort of handyman, and there was another labourer who we only knew as "West".

Inside the garden, good order prevailed. The greenhouses with their mechanical window openers, which we thought were most intriguing, were against the north wall, and contained the more exotic things, peaches being one of them. There was also a hot bed where it was attempted to grow pineapples, I believe that many years earlier there had been some friendly rivalry with Langdon Court to see who would be the first to succeed, I regret that I do not know what the outcome was.

(Photograph below - West Front from the top of the Mount showing West Lawn and Orangery)



There were formal paths of pea shingle, edged with terra cotta, pie crust, edging, and the beds divided up with miniature box hedging. There were fruit trees espaliered against the west and south facing walls, cold frame for the cucumbers etc., beds for asparagus, and all of the other vegetables also beds for flowers that were to be cut for use in the house. Soft fruits had their own area which was completely netted over to keep the birds off the fruit. Small muslin bags would be tied over the individual peaches and figs to keep the wasps off them.

There was the potting shed, and the tool shed and another shed where I think that the seedling boxes and plant pots were stored. There was a boiler house for the heating of the hot beds and greenhouses during the winter months.

Each day the Head Gardener would have a conference with the Cook, to decide what was available and what was needed. So that she could go armed with this information to her Ladyship when discussing the menus for the week.

The gardeners not only maintained the kitchen gardens, but also the ornamental gardens around the house as well. There were the east and west lawns that had to be mowed, there was a further lawn on top of the mount, and a croquet lawn to the north west of the house on the right of the drive from the cattle grid gate. This lawn was later made into an orchard, and I think now contains the tennis court. The old tennis court used to be further out to the north on the edge of the plantation. There were masses of shrubs and herbaceous borders all needing attention. There was also the large round pond to the south east of the house that had to be kept clean and weed free. It was indeed a full-time job for the gardeners.

On the north side of the west lawn was the Orangery, a rather elegant structure which had huge south facing windows set in a semi-circle. It was built at the same time as the present house, and was heated by a piped hot water system, from its own adjacent boiler room. It could be accessed from a door in the wall from outside of the garden by the croquet lawn. There was some sort of area just inside the door where the gardening tools, gloves and secateurs were kept. I do not remember any oranges ever being grown, it seemed to serve mainly as an area for wintering plants. To the east of the Orangery between it and the double garden gates were the beehives which used to be attended to by Mr Bickford from the village.

(Photograph below - The kitchen garden wall taken in 1978 by Christopher Drew)



At the west end of the west lawn was “The Mount” which was built from the stone that remained from the original Elizabethan house. From close quarters it can clearly be seen that many very nice pieces of dressed granite have been used in the construction. The parapet stones, for instance, being for the most part, granite window mullions.

Many other pieces of dressed granite can be discovered in the surrounding area being used as gateposts, steps etc, which all came from the original house. For instance, the pathfield steps, to the south west of the house, by Monkswood, are constructed from window mullions.

In front of the house, on the west lawn are the two huge yew trees which pre-date the present house several hundred years. As they are not symmetrically positioned in front of the house, but they are believed to have symmetrically positioned in front of the original Elizabethan house built by Sir John Hele in the sixteenth century, which gives some idea of its comparative size.

(Photograph below - The Orangery taken in 1956 by Matthew Fairhurst, Butler to Sir Henry Studholme)



(Photograph below - The Mount, taken in 1956 by Matthew Fairhurst, Butler to Sir Henry Studholme)



WEMBURY HOUSE – EARLY PHOTOGRAPHS

Two photographs of the west front taken in the 1900s when the house was in the ownership of Doctor Hogarth Clay.



WEMBURY HOUSE - EAST AND WEST FRONT - 1980s

Top Photograph - The west front from across the west lawn

Bottom Photograph - The east front from the park



WEMBURY HOUSE - THE WEST LAWN - 2005

These photographs of the west lawn were taken in June 2005, looking from the north. It can be seen in the top photograph that the carriage drive has been removed and the lawn extended right up to the front of the house, making the whole area into a private walled enclosure. The lower photograph shows the little formal garden, and the orangery on the right, and the view across the lawn with the roof of 'Monckswood' just visible.



WEMBURY HOUSE – 2009 PHOTOGRAPHS



Top - West Front
Above Right – The Orangerie
Above Left – West Front door
Below Right – Game Cocks

WEMBURY HOUSE – 2009 PHOTOGRAPHS



Top – East Front with Perron
Bottom – The Mount

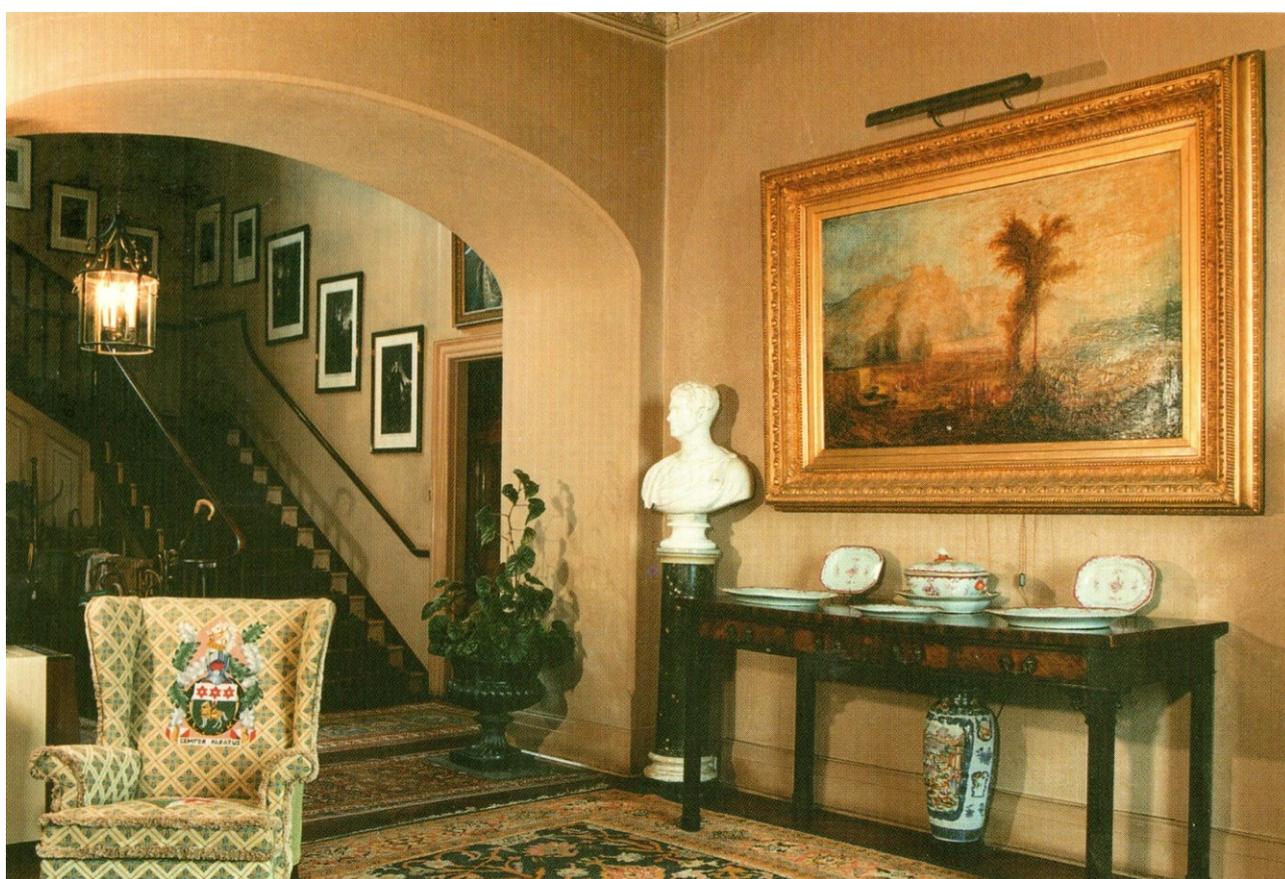
I am very much indebted to Mr Tim Hanbury for allowing me free rein to wander at will, and photograph the house and grounds.

WEMBURY HOUSE - THE HALL

This photograph was taken in the 1980s. The Studholme Family had occupied the house since 1948, after purchasing it from Mrs Walker, who had lived there from just after the first world war. Sir Henry, or Mr Studholme as he was then, was the local Member of Parliament, Wembury at that time was in the Tavistock Constituency. He was also Vice Chamberlain to George VI and the present Queen. He was created a Baronet in the Queen's Birthday Honours List of 1956 in recognition of his service to the Government and the Crown.

The back of the chair to the left of the photograph has the Studholme Coat of Arms worked into it with the motto 'Semper Paratas', this was done by Lady Studholme who was an outstanding needlewoman. There was, on that side of the hall, out of shot, another chair and a settee also worked by her. There was also another large painting, on the opposite wall, to balance the one in view.

Just to the right of the large painting, and out of shot, are the double mahogany doors leading into the dining room. The door at the bottom of the stairs leads through to the butler's pantry and kitchen areas. Behind the photographer would be the double mahogany doors leading into the drawing room.



WEMBURY HOUSE - THE DRAWING ROOM

This photograph was taken in the mid 1980s. This very elegant room occupies the south east corner of the ground floor. Two full length windows give easterly views out over the ha-ha, and the valley to the River Yealm in the distance.

There are, once again examples of Lady Studholme's needlework in this room, the chairs each side of the lamp table on the left of the photograph were worked in a Chinese style, the one nearest the window having been inspired by the Chinese wallpaper at Saltram House. The little footstool in the centre foreground, and the chair in the left foreground were also worked by her. In the shield shaped firescreen under the painting to the left of the fireplace, she used some of her daughter's hair in the central motif.

Further around to the right and out of view was the lovely Bechstein grand piano, Sir Henry was an accomplished pianist. It was always a sign of him being in a good mood if he spent a couple of hours of an afternoon at the piano.

When all of the family were at home, or there were visitors, afternoon tea would be taken in this room at four p.m. If it were just Sir Henry and Lady Studholme, they would very often take tea in the library on the west side of the house which was a lot smaller and cosier.



WEMBURY HOUSE - THE DINING ROOM

This photograph was taken in the 1980s. This lovely formal room occupies the north east corner of the ground floor of the main house. There are two full-length windows offering views eastwards over the ha-ha, and the valley to the River Yealm beyond.

The walls are hung with family portraits, the large one on the end wall is of Lady Studholme and was painted in the 1920s. The frame of Sir Henry's portrait can just be made out on the far side of the window on the right just above the bronze bust. Around to the left-hand side of the photograph, on the fireplace wall, and out of shot there is a portrait of Oliver Cromwell, who is an ancestor of Lady Studholme.

At one time in this room, there was a long, three pedestal, Regency dining table, in mahogany, with rounded ends, and the top inlaid with tulip wood and rosewood. To go with this there were about twelve or fifteen ribbon backed Chippendale chairs including two carvers. In later years when they didn't entertain quite as lavishly, these all went to Perridge House, the family home near Exeter. The table and chairs shown in the photograph are the ones that were in the Knightsbridge flat. The Turkey carpet measured 34 feet by 18, and filled the room completely

Luncheon and dinner were always taken in this room, even if there were only Sir Henry and her Ladyship in the house. They always dressed for dinner, which was at seven pm, I remember the first time I saw this I was a very young boy, and just a bit naive, I thought that they were going out to somewhere 'posh' for the evening!

Breakfast was also taken in this room. Sometimes high tea would be taken in the book room where there were the lovely Chinese Chippendale chairs and oval regency table.



WEMBURY HOUSE - THE NORTH EAST BEDROOM

This photograph was taken in the mid 1980s. This was Lady Studholme's bedroom on the first floor and just north of the central window on the east side of the main house.

The bedcovering and hangings are yet more examples of her needlework, there were also matching curtains and pelmet made for the single full-length window of the room. The applique panels are all of classical Greek scenes, one on the bedhead, five on the counterpane and a further four on each of the curtains. These are interspersed with swags and bows all worked by her.

Sir Henry's dressing room was through the door which is to the right of the bed but out of view. Through there his various changes of clothes to fit in with his daily programme would be laid out on the bed just before he was due to change into them, so a good knowledge of his daily programme was essential!

Also for Lady Studholme there could be at least three changes of clothing in one day. If she was going into Plymouth in the morning it would probably be something tweedy and sensible. If somebody was coming for tea in the afternoon, this would mean a change into a day dress, and of course, in the evening, a change into an evening gown for dinner.



STUDHOLME



Arms: Vert a horse statant arg., caparisoned or, on a chief of the second three mullets of six points pierced gu. **Crest:** A horse's head arg., bridled and charged on the neck with a spur or. **Motto:** *Semper paratus* ('Always prepared'). **Creation:** Bt. (UK), 3 July 1956.

Sir Henry Gray Studholme - 1st Baronet (created 3 July 1956), CVO (1953), DL (Devon 1969).

Born 13 June 1899.

Educated Eton and Magdalen College, Oxford.

Married 10 April 1929 Judith Joan Mary (died March 2002), only daughter of Henry William Whitbread, of Warminster Wiltshire.

Died 1987

Children Paul William Henry - born 16 January 1930 (later to become 2nd Baronet)
Joseph Gilfred - born 14 January 1936
Henrietta Mary - born 24 December 1931

Sir Paul William Henry Studholme - 2nd Baronet

Born 16 January 1930

Educated Eton and RMA

Married 2 March 1957 Virginia Katherine (died 1990), younger daughter of Sir (Herbert) Richard Palmer KCMG, CBE, of Knightsbridge

Died 1990

Children Henry William - born 31 January 1958 (later to become 3rd Baronet)
James Paul Gilfred - born 10 February 1960
Anna Katherine - born 23 February 1965

Sir Henry William Studholme - 3rd Baronet

Born 31 January 1958

Educated Eton and Trinity Hall, Cambridge

Married 1 October 1988 (Sarah) Lucy Rosita Deans-Chryshall, only daughter of Richard S Deans, of Christchurch, NZ

Children Joshua Henry Paul - born 2 February 1992
Jacob William Richard - born 11 June 1993
Lorna Jane - born 1 June 1990

Joseph Gilfred Studholme - 2nd son of Sir Henry Gray, 1st Baronet

Born 14 January 1936

Educated Eton and Magdalen college, Oxford

Married 5 September 1959 Rachel, younger daughter of Captain Sir William Albermarle Fellowes, KCVO

Children Andrew Gilfred - born 20 August 1962
 Henry Alexander - born 6 January 1967
 Hugo William - born 10 November 1968

Henrietta Mary Studholme - Only daughter of Sir Henry Gray, 1st Baronet
Born 24 December 1931
Married 21 November 1953 Major Thomas Edward St Aubyn

Children Sarah Elizabeth - born 28 June 1955
 Caroline Mary - born 12 September 1957
 Judith Claire - born 14 September 1962

James Paul Gilfred Studholme - 2nd son of Sir Paul William Henry, 2nd Baronet
Born 10 February 1960
Educated Eton and Reading University
Married 1992 Charlotte Serena, twin daughter of Jeremy Gwynne Pilcher, of
 Weetwood

Children Arthur James Gilfred - born 22 July 1996
 A son - born 21 April 1998

Anna Katherine Studholme - Only Daughter of Sir Paul William Henry, 2nd Baronet
Born 23 February 1965
Educated St Mary's, Calne and York University
Married 1992 Duncan M Watts younger son of T C Watts of Rottingdean, East
 Sussex

SIR HENRY GRAY STUDHOLME BT CVO DL
(Born 13th June 1899 – died 9th October 1987)

My father was born in South Island, New Zealand, but the family returned to Perridge House, near Exeter in 1904 and he always considered himself 'a Devon man'.

He went to school at Eton and joined the Scots Guards at the age of eighteen in 1917, exactly a year after his brother Paul, who was one year his senior, had been killed at Paschendale. My father was himself badly gassed at the Hindenburg Line, which affected his health for the rest of his life.

After the war he went up to Magdalen College, Oxford and subsequently travelled extensively before going into business, where his linguistic skills were particularly valuable.

In April 1929 he married Judith Whitbread with whom he had two sons and one daughter.

He started his political career in 1931 as a conservative member in the labour dominated London County Council. In 1942 he was returned unopposed under wartime regulations at a by-election for the Tavistock Division in Devonshire. He briefly held Junior Government Office as PPS to the Under Secretary of State for Air before joining the Whips' Office in 1945. When the Conservatives returned to power in 1951, in addition to his Whip's duties he became Vice Chamberlain of the Royal Household and Treasurer of the Conservative Party. He retired from the House in 1963.

He was made CVO in the coronation honours in 1953, and created a baronet in 1956. In 1969 he was appointed a Deputy Lieutenant for Devon.

My father was a very modest man and much loved. He was not politically ambitious and enjoyed his work as a constituency MP, regarding it more as a social service rather than a stepping stone to high office. His majority went up in each of the parliamentary elections he fought.

He and my mother bought Wembury House in 1948, where he created a famous garden, and enjoyed all aspects of country life. He lived there happily, taking an active part in village affairs, till his death in 1987.

J Studholme

November 2003



In this photograph taken in 1966, at a Conservative 'do' at Bay Cottage, Sir Henry is second from the right and Lady Studholme is second from the left.

The event was held so that Sir Henry could introduce his successor, Michael Heseltine, to the local members of the Conservative Party. In the photograph, a bouquet is being presented to Mrs Anne Heseltine. Michael Heseltine remained the Member of Parliament for the Tavistock Constituency, of which Wembury was a part, from 1966 until the Constituency was abolished in 1974.

A lot of people were under the impression that Michael Heseltine would be moving into Wembury House as a consequence of becoming the local MP, they thought that Wembury House went with the job!

The Drews in Wembury 1947 - 1955



by Christopher Drew

The Drews in Wembury 1947 - 1955

Foreword

I am much indebted to Christopher Drew who very kindly wrote these notes to assist me in my work on “Wembury Memories”. They are so excellently written that I have decided to include them as an article in their own right.

Christopher’s Mother worked at Wembury House on an ‘ad hoc’ basis from 1947 until 1949. In 1949 she was engaged as the full-time Cook/Housekeeper, which was a ‘live in’ position. She and her four children moved into the staff flat at Wembury House where they stayed until late in 1953. They finally left Wembury in 1955

These notes cover the whole of that period and give a very good insight into life in the ‘Big House’ as well as in the village.

**Peter Lugar
May 2005**

The Drows in Wembury 1947 - 1955

My parents met during the last war, probably in Plymouth. My father's family had lived there since at the end of the eighteenth century, in the area around the Barbican and later at Holborn Street, where the road to Exeter now leaves the city. Father had retired from the Royal Navy in 1935 and was widowed in 1942. We were his second family: my half brother Norman was born in Devonport in 1922.

I don't know when my Mother arrived in Plymouth. She had been nursing near Epsom, in Surrey, during the late 1930s and had been at Budleigh Salterton during the blitz on Exeter. Mother and Father married in Paisley and by the time my twin sister and I were born, in 1944, they had moved from Liskeard, in Cornwall, where father had lived with his first wife, to a flat at Shaftesbury Villas, Mutley Plain, Plymouth. My youngest sister Sharon was born in 1946 and sometime shortly after that, probably in Spring 1947, following their separation, we made our first move to Wembury.

We moved to a chalet, a summer holiday home, called "Gorselands", which was entirely appropriate as the rear of that building was encroached upon by a dense thicket of that plant. The chalet seemed large and was on a platform, looking towards the beach. The exterior was painted grey and the frame of the large window, that dominated the sitting room, was white. The internal arrangements were simple and dominated by the plain wood finish. The chalet stood beside and just below a path that led to an old quarry and further on to Ford Farm, home of the Booths. I remember father cutting turf in the quarry, presumably to make a lawn around the chalet. He also trapped rabbits there. I also remember a walk on this path when Carole and I were dressed in our siren suits, a fashion made popular by Winston Churchill.

In the absence of any drains, a bucket was used for waste water and this was emptied by throwing the contents into the gorse bushes. On one occasion Mother's wedding ring went that way too for it had fallen un-noticed into the slops. It was later recovered when there was a summer fire, burning the gorse and threatening the chalet with destruction. Happily when cooled the black ashes were a perfect foil against which to see the glint of gold and the ring was found.

We spent a summer and a winter at Gorselands. The land was owned by Major Roper, who claimed family with the famous historian, Hugh Trevor Roper. He was also the owner of the small kiosk that stood at the entrance to the car park, where he sold refreshments. I remember incidents on the beach and also spending part of Christmas at the Roper house (red-brick bungalow with a good garden, beside the stream, pampas grass was featured in the planting). The beach incident concerned our shoes, mine and those of my twin sister, newly bought Clark's Sandals, the type with the T strap and the cut outs on the upper. Our honorary Aunt Vivvy returned from Plymouth with us, from the shopping expedition when the sandals were bought, and whilst she and Mother talked after lunch, I put Carole into a push chair and headed for the beach. There I managed to move the pushchair across the pebble beach and walked into the sea, for the tide was out and an area of sand was revealed as usual. The water was shallow with tiny waves running in and it was on one of these that Carole's left shoe floated off and away. A middle-aged woman with dark, permed hair and a purple and pink dress gathered up to her knees, asked me if she could retrieve it. I said no, and remarkably the woman did not insist, nor did Carole. With my new sandals full of water and Carole wearing only one, we began the return journey, meeting about halfway along the access road to the beach, Mother and Vivvy coming towards us. I

don't remember much of the remainder of that day but it has been generally believed that the presence of Vivvy spared us punishment. I can only imagine that the lost shoe was recovered, dried out and lasted as long as mine did.

At this time, and well into the fifties, the beach was still littered with wartime debris: the two hexagonal pill boxes remained intact, damp and smelling of salt water. One of these was under the cliff beside the Old Mill and the other, facing it, below the path to Heybrook Bay. The area was punctuated by looped metal rods, draped with rusting barbed wire that had barred the beach during the hostilities. The beach was never very nice, but the rock pools and the stream that coursed through the pebbles, were sources of much interest where we played for hours, even in wintertime. We always had some string with us and if clothing was wet after a morning spent playing in the water, some hurried drying might be attempted on our 'washing line'.

It was during this time that Mother first went to work for the Studholmes, at Wembury House. As we knew later, there were several part-time employees, required when the house was full of their family and friends, so it is possible that she filled a role such as that.

She sometimes walked to work, on the paths that crossed or skirted the big fields. Between two fields, just outside the ramparts of Wembury House, some young trees were planted at about this time. To safeguard them from damage by cattle grazing, the fields they were enclosed by a double fence of barbed wire, with the intervening ground growing wild, around the saplings. One day Mother returned home in some disarray: scratched legs and possibly arms, and maybe damage to her clothing. She had been chased by some bullocks and had taken refuge in this enclosed area. the bullocks had persisted in following her so she had to traverse the whole field within this cage. As this was one of our routes to the beach, we were always mindful of this event and either kept an eye on any grazing animals or laughed about the spectacle of poor Mother struggling through the briars and barbed wire. She joined in too.

Following this, our first period in Wembury, we moved to Craffhole, just across the Tamar, in Cornwall. In the last year of the war Mother had found difficulty in obtaining, amongst other things, teats for our feeding bottles. Our Member of Parliament was Nancy, Lady Astor and it was she who found, not only these, but later helped to obtain our twin pram, the first one ordered proved to be a single only when it arrived. Mother met and befriended Cynthia Harvey, another Mother of twins, sons Colin and Trevor (perhaps experiencing the same problems with teats and prams) who lived in Plymouth and then at Craffhole. It was this friendship, (one that was sustained for thirty years) that prompted our move to Cornwall. We remained in Craffhole, in a green corrugated iron house, just like that of the Harveys, and many others on the coast, for about a year. Here wood was also the dominant theme inside the house, but this time it was a rich brown and had perhaps been varnished. The house stood on the edge of a golf links that ran for about a mile alongside the road. We often walked along the road to reach the Harvey house and it was a special treat to find the golf balls that had failed to make the green, on the other side of the hedge. Sometime in the early summer of 1949, Mrs Studholme came to find Mother, presumably having found her a good worker during her first period with the family, and offered her the job of cook/housekeeper at Wembury House and we moved back to Devon.

The Studholmes, Henry and Judith, had three children: Paul who was in the Coldstream Guards; Joe, at Eton and Henrietta at another school, probably as a boarder. Mrs Studholme was the Whitbread heiress and Mr Studholme, Member of Parliament for the Constituency of Tavistock, of which Wembury was a part.

He received his Knighthood in July of 1956, in the retirement honours list of Sir Winston Churchill as Prime Minister, in recognition of his services to the Country and to the Sovereign.

Wembury House was built in its present form at the beginning of the nineteenth century on very much older foundations. Certainly the rustic ramparts that close the gardens on the west side are Tudor in origin. The massive, buttressed walls supported a long elevated and enclosed space that was then grassed. Three flights of steps led down to the garden side to the main lawn, just recovering its velvety smoothness after a wartime period as a vegetable garden. There were terrible problems with plantains and other tenacious weeds and the Atco mower failed to cut them. At the bottom of the steps set in to the ramparts there was an ochre painted niche that held a cast iron bench. This niche was the source of the echo that amused us so.

At right angles to the ramparts, later walls enclosed the garden, leading towards the gravelled drive in front of the house. Banks of earth rose above a path encircling the garden. From this path there was access to the Orangery (sadly no citrus fruit, but always a strong smell of geraniums, as the plants were over wintered there) then a small, sunken rockery garden, with a stone trough full of tadpoles and weed, under a large yew tree. On the other side a grove of bamboo flourished, before the best and most superbly planted herbaceous border began. Two ancient yew trees grew in the lawn, spaced to create a frame for the view from the house.

Between the orangery and the drive, the bank still rose towards the wall and here the beehives were sited. The maintenance of the hives and the extraction of the honey with the centrifuge, were fascinating side shows for us. The beekeeper veiled and gloved, smoking the bees to calm them and then the production of the combs, robed in the teeming life of the hive; the imminent danger of the sting, and the joke when Mr Bickford came to say that he needed to use the lavatory because a bee had made its way into his trousers!

Behind and under the Orangery, built into the thickness of the wall was the potting shed. A strong smell of creosote was the chief characteristic of this place that always seemed airless. Shelves stocked with bottles of oil (and not cider, as we found one day); garden tools; bulbs and tubers; sturdy gloves and old gardening clothes; secateurs and wires for supporting individual plants in the borders cluttered every corner. The three gardeners who worked the estate were George Erscott who lived with his wife Maud in one of the two dwellings at the Lodge; Jim Taylor who with his wife Rose also lived at the Lodge, and West who lived elsewhere. He a small man, the colour of a turnip and I don't think that I ever saw him without his cap on. From time to time students of horticulture from Bicton, near Newton Poppleford, came on placement as part of their training.

Access to the potting shed was from the rockery, beside the Orangery, in the main garden. A second entrance was from a sunken path, running beside the wall outside the garden. This path was overhung with very large, and probably very old, *Fatsia Japonica* trees, so large and sturdy that where they hung down over a bank, it was possible to sit on the trunks and bounce up and down. So long had this happened, that one trunk was quite bowed in the middle and very polished. The bank sloped down on two sides to a level lawn where croquet was played. It was here where we spent a most engaging afternoon while Paul Studholme was home on leave with some of his army friends. He was trying to persuade us that by pushing matchsticks into the bank and then lighting them, match trees would soon grow. Tired by our scepticism or lack of interest, this group then turned their attention to the dustbins and spent the rest of the afternoon 'blowing these up' by placing lighted distress flares in the empty bins, closing them and running through the acrid orange smoke after the lids blew off. It was said that stern words were heard between father and son in the hall that evening.

The croquet lawn reached the drive, near the white gate, where the cattle grid had been installed after another of Paul's adventures. He had left the gate open and the cows in the field beyond had entered the garden, their hooves making terrible holes in the newly restored lawns. Getting them out of the garden took an age, for their timidity in the face of a group advancing on them, brandishing everything from brooms to old ski sticks, caused much panic and greater damage to beds and borders. More cross words.

The cattle grid was an irresistible attraction as it made so much noise, even when a cycle was ridden over it. One day, having ignored the strictest instruction to be quiet, as somebody was ill in bed and not to be disturbed, I received a sound thrashing. I had ignored this stricture and ridden my tricycle backwards and forwards across the grid for hours. I augmented the rattling of the bars and the metal strip (that had been welded across the centre as a sort of footpath) and the ringing of my tricycle bell, with another more offensive noise for I had hung an old bell from the servant's hall, over the handlebars and as this retained its curled metal spring, it rang furiously.

Overhung with lilacs, this gate marked the beginning of the garden proper. From this point a substantial hedge of *escalonia* closed the fourth side of the croquet lawn. This was also a marvellous place for games for the plants were old and sturdy. Dens could be constructed, trails pioneered and when hot and exhausted we could retire to our improvised tent, made from an old blanket, pitched under a weeping willow at the other end. Beside this tree, a path came to another iron gate on a level several feet above the croquet lawn. Alongside the path was another border where we had a small enclosure for our own garden. We grew a few flowers and some peas but I don't remember the project being of much interest when there was so much else to do and this attempt at containment was a failure.

This garden lay beside an old wall from which rose a small, square tower, over a well. Beyond the wall was the chicken run, a place where there was always something of interest, for there were old lean-to sheds, full of wood and the discarded, but potentially useful debris of a hundred years of activity. Old slates and pieces of marble leaned against the walls; rusting iron stood in drifts of nettles and clucking around and through this jumble, the hens. Searching for eggs laid in the gaps between the contents of these sheds was hazardous, and some escaped detection entirely so that the sudden appearance of previously uncounted newly hatched chicks was often the only sign that there had been any. It is astonishing that they survived at all as rats were often seen here.

Every spring the hatching of the chicks engaged our attention. Not only were there wire caged runs on the croquet lawn but often the bottom oven of the Aga was used as an incubator. We delighted in the sight of the first tentative piercing of the shells and later feeding of the chicks once they had been moved outside. The bottom oven of the Aga was also the place where the empty eggshells were dried before being ground down to grit, with a rolling pin, and then fed back to the hens.

Two substantial chicken houses had been built, although when the population dipped one year, we cleaned one out and used it for our own purposes: a horrible job and not really successful as the smell of chicken and wood preservative persisted. The roof of one house was the refuge from the terrible cockerel, a savage bird that had once attacked me when I slipped on the mud. I had to ward off its pecking and its flapping wings and I was never again entirely happy when it was near me, although this fear did not prevent us from chasing the bird around the run until it became enraged when we retired to the roof of the coop to watch developments.

The other hazard of the chicken run and sometimes the croquet lawn, were the four Chinese geese. These are beautiful birds with bad habits. The gander of this quartet was even more ferocious than the cockerel. Head down and hissing horribly, it would advance leading the others in what I suppose one would call a show of strength. Mother showed him who was in charge for the gander had snapped at her bare leg. Without hesitation, wielding her empty saucepan like a tennis professional, she caught the unfortunate bird at the side of its head and laid it out. It survived but was always rather wary of her after that.

The other inhabitant of the chicken run was the annual pig; annual because a new piglet arrived every spring to be fed, fattened and finally butchered. Following the slaying the carcass, professionally attended to, hung in the basement boiler room for several days. Mother was then busy making brawn and processing all the other parts of the beast. One year the pig had been given the name Percy. He was a most disagreeable animal. The day arrived for its slaughter but during the preparations it escaped from the sty. The chase around the chicken run was probably comic, for the pig was cornered eventually but in its panic jumped into the cistern in the corner of the yard, below the tower. We had tried to clear this out and discovered all sorts of rubbish. Having removed planks of wood and various objects, we found the rest of the contents to be black water and mud, full of worms. It was from this that the pig was hauled, still protesting, black specks trapped between its bristles and reeking.

By the time November came round an enormous pile of garden debris had accumulated in the chicken run and this was the basis of our Guy Fawkes bonfire. Often associating this event with Sharon's birthday, on November the second, Mother would throw a party with tea in the big kitchen, before we all trooped out for the fire and fireworks. Perhaps as many as a dozen children would come and there might also be games afterwards as well. If we were alone we still had a fire and perhaps some sparklers. The spooky walk through the dark gardens, lighting our way with mangold wurzel lanterns, was something we might have attempted to recall, perhaps in drawings, at school the following day.

Beyond the chicken run, running along the wall bordering the estate on the west, a small wood was also a favourite place for playing. In the shelter of the wall the first spring flowers were usually found: primroses; primulas in delicate pinks, mauves and beige; violets and later hundreds of daffodils. This wood bordered the tennis court on one side, separated by an iron railing. Here the daffodils flourished in huge numbers. No one played tennis, but the wooden summer house beside the court was another place to pass part of the day. Having cut the nettles with my father's naval sword, I left it here in this wood: perhaps it is still there, rusted into its scabbard, the bright gilt cage of the pommel a tangle of unidentifiable wire.

This delightful wood was also the place where the full horror of the fox's raid on the geese was revealed. The morning after Reynard's visit, the pathway bordered by the decapitated birds was a terrible sight.

The cattle grid, at the white gate, became something of a hazard, especially for creatures like toads and hedgehogs. The pit below the grid was about two feet deep but enough to trap a creature permanently. I remember one morning coming to the gate to find Mrs Studholme on her knees, bottom in the air, showing a stretch of pink knickers, trying to extract a very cross hedgehog. I was dispatched to find a gardener and to return with some gardening gloves so that the creature could be grasped.

On the north side of the gate an area of the garden was largely covered with trees, over coarse grass. A path to the kitchen garden crossed this area and also intersected with one of the two glades that extended the rear lawn on each side, leaving the ha-ha open, with its prospect down the valley to the River Yealm. When the family were at home we were forbidden access to the main lawns but the glades were on limits, especially the northernmost one. This was much more secluded and we particularly liked the huge bank of St John's Wort that grew on one side. We literally threw ourselves into it and rolled around and down the bank, often for hours on end.

The other glade opened out into an open space where the ground was mostly covered with ivy or pigsqueek. Dark shrubbery edged this area and two great and often sinister features were to be found: the quarry opposite the then vicarage, where the Taggs were living, and the circular pond or tank, for it was constructed entirely in concrete. This was a great place for frogs and toads: the surface was shaded by trees and covered with slimy algae: it never completely dried out. When the water level was low it was possible to get down onto the floor of the tank. but there was a menacing and unplumbed opening at the other side, a dark submerged rectangle where the last water always gathered and where childish imaginations placed some dreadful menace.

This was a favourite place and frequently visited. Here there was also a small potato patch. We clogged the bathroom drains when trying to peel our haul from here. The dogs were buried in this corner too and when Jane, the black Labrador was buried it was possible to feel the ground yield slightly if you walked over her grave. It was also here on another occasion that I ran across Paul and his friends. They were shooting rooks and unaware of my presence fired a volley quite close to where I was. The falling around me of terrible black and red things - rooks shredded by buckshot - combined with the reports of the guns, gave me the fright of my life.

Below the ha-ha the field sloped down to the unseen road to Old Barton. Here was the Lugar's orchard and next to it the magnificent kitchen garden. Two stone piers topped with balls punctuated the enclosing walls, built of the local stone. Inside, the kingdom of George Erscott spread before one. Against the northern wall were greenhouses, with their vines espaliered on whitewashed stone. Here at the appropriate season were to be found trays of seedlings for vegetables and for the herbaceous borders. Order was paramount; paths were swept and all arranged beautifully. There were raspberry canes; strawberry beds, blackcurrants; redcurrants; asparagus beds; indeed almost anything that was available at that time was grown, even peaches. The demand was high, especially when the house was full and three meals and tea were required every day.

Erscott came to the kitchen every day for a conference: what was needed? What was available? When agreement was reached he went back to his domain to return later with trugs over both arms or perhaps a wheelbarrow piled up with trugs or punnets. His suits were in tweed that seemed to have a life of its own and he wore sensible, old fashioned shoes. He always smoked a pipe of strong tobacco and the rituals of this intrigued me. He seemed sometimes to be made of separate parts, for like West, the other gardener, he rarely took his cap off but when he did the pale top of his head did not accord with the ruddy face below with its network of broken veins in a perpetually suntanned complexion. Of course he was an Edwardian and continued to live with the values of that era.

In the summer extra help was required. My sisters and I spent hours, picking fruit, for the table and for bottling, our clothes streaked with fruit juice and feeling perhaps a little queasy having eaten too much of the crop. We climbed ladders to place small muslin bags over individual figs, to protect the fruit from the wasps. We staggered back to the house with enormous marrows. Then the days of bottling began; the aluminium pressure cooker working overtime and the larder shelves filling with Kilner jars of fruit in syrup and pots of jam.

The production and preservation of food was a very high priority, for rationing was still operating and many things still in short supply. Mother certainly bartered produce for that which could not be produced on the estate. It always seemed odd that she went shopping with more than she returned with. During the weekend of the house parties, consumption was at its peak. I don't know how many people would have been invited but the number of bedrooms that were prepared each time, the help that was brought in from the village and the extra cooking at these times, suggest that perhaps as many as ten people would have been house guests with perhaps another ten or so invited for lunch or dinner.

Often guests were of a very high order: Randolph Churchill came and made himself very unpopular as he drank much of the whisky in the house. Anthony Eden was a visitor, before he became Prime Minister. High ranking military personnel were often at table, stationed at Plymouth or at Wembury Point for the Royal Navy. The Air Force was next door at the dower house, Monckswood, where the Air Vice-Marshall was the tenant.

On one occasion we found a stranger in the grounds, cutting down a large beech tree. It transpired that he was a Russian Count. Being exiled and broke he was working for his keep as he was a tree surgeon.

Another visitor was the American artist Molly Gayon. She had arrived in London at the time of the Coronation to paint the "Queen's Beasts". She was also a portraitist and was engaged by the Studholmes to paint a portrait of Henrietta. This was obviously a success of a sort for she was then commissioned to paint the portrait of the horrible little white terrier, Tossie. I was involved in this and was employed during the sittings in keeping the dog still, so that Miss Gayon could work without interruption. I don't remember much about the picture except that the dog was painted against a green background, in a fairly loose style, and being very impressed by the yellow highlights that so cleverly, I thought, delineated the buckle on the collar. I believe that the behaviour of Tossie and Mother's reaction to it became a significant factor in the events that led to our leaving the house sometime in late 1953.

The house was very well suited to large scale entertaining for the public rooms were imposing and beautifully furnished. The table in the dining room was superb and a magnificent sideboard was topped with two imposing urns that held knives. Mrs Studholme was an expert embroiderer and examples of her work were found throughout the house. The drawing room chairs, of Hepplewhite or Sheraton provenance, were covered by her impeccable petit point. Four poster bed curtains had been worked by her. Her own bedhead, in pink, was topped by a bronze crown.

Whitbread ancestors, or British worthies, or both, gazed down from a series of engravings on the main stairway. On the first floor a wide landing area ran the full width of the house: the first room on the right was the study where a beautiful desk was covered with precious things including a Garter Star. Beyond that was Henrietta's room and dressing room, allegedly haunted by the ghost of a baby, brutally done to death on the floor of the attic room above, where a "blood stain" could be seen. It was said that Henrietta was woken on one occasion by something passing through her room in the middle of the night, causing the chains that hung around an antique screen to rattle.

Opposite this, another corridor led away to the back stairs and giving access to the bathroom that we used. It was here that Mother found Avril with her head stuck against a mangle. Avril's hair was very long and having washed it late one evening, she decided to hasten the drying by passing it through the mangle that stood in the corner. It went well at first but then as the hair was pressed back against itself it began to tangle. As a result Avril found it impossible to reverse the direction of the rollers to release herself. She was stranded alone two floors above where we lived, and when eventually found in this state, Mother had to cut the hair to release her. The first room on the corridor, at the left, was that of Mr Studholme's sister, Mrs Winter-Gray. I know nothing about her but as she had a room designated permanently, she probably visited often. One spring when she was expected, staff started to clean the room and discovered that a swarm of flies had over-wintered behind the curtains and pelmet, and was furious when disturbed. Flit guns were produced and the armed cleaners went to work again.

When the family was at home the routines of the house were unceasing: every morning in the summer, the large round library table was covered with an oilcloth while the flowers, from the kitchen garden, were arranged or re-arranged. The quantities of silver cutlery were also given attention, being cleaned with a mixture of jeweller's rouge and methylated spirits. Vacuum cleaners were heard every day and everything dusted

constantly. All of this activity meant that the house seemed perfect and the smell of the main rooms, a delicious cross between pot-pourri and polish. The sounding of the gong at mealtime punctuated the day. When the windows were open it could be heard from quite a long way from the house so regulated our time as well.

Miss Chiltern, the old family nanny, whose charges, all grown up had left her behind to do a little washing and ironing, lived on the top floor in her bedroom and sitting room. Her room was very nice and we sometimes called on her, for she always had some peppermints. She was reticent in manner and rather slight of stature with grey hair worn in a bob. My sister Avril helped with the ironing here too. Joe Studholme's bedroom was on the same corridor and that of his brother, Paul, on the same level but at the front of the house, the two parts being separated by glazed doors.

We had shared some of this floor when we first arrived at the house. The plan had been that we would live in the Lodge, that part later occupied by the Taylors, Jim and Rose, but at the time of our arrival occupied by the butler, Mr Day and his wife. They were still there however, and so we moved into the main house. We had stuffy bedrooms on the top floor. When having been sent to bed, too early we thought, the light of the summer evening, combined with the heat under the eaves and perhaps the noise of a party downstairs made sleep impossible.

Our first sitting room on the ground floor had been the staff room in previous days. It was dominated by a huge mirror but otherwise dark and smelled of food, for it was next to the kitchen. This corner of the house was overhung by an enormous ilex tree and when later, our flat in the basement was ready; this same tree darkened our bedroom. During gales the ferocious noise from this evergreen vegetable was extraordinary and when one Easter holiday we lay in a darkened room for a week, recovering from chicken pox or measles, the rattling, rustling and creaking of the tree drove us to despair.

The bedroom was one of four rooms that made up our flat. It was a large and almost square, with a fireplace in one corner. Next to that was the kitchen and another small room, separated from the kitchen by a wooden partition. This extended to just above door frame height and the rest of the space to the ceiling was closed by wooden bars, for it had served other purposes before the flat was made. This was my bedroom so that I was always aware of noises after bedtime as Mother or Avril would come and go between the sitting room (next in the linear arrangement of the rooms) and the kitchen. I often lay awake listening to Radio Luxembourg or the Light Programme. For many years I thought that the half heard words of the song "So long, It's Been Good to Know You", were part of an advertisement on Radio Luxembourg for "Spingood's Ammonia".

The sitting room was also large and fairly light, considering that we were living below ground level. The floor of wood had been installed over the original flagstones. A step in the corridor had a riser pierced with holes, to ventilate the space below. One corner by the window was rather damp and an oil-filled electric radiator was used to keep this as dry as possible. The other corner by the door was dominated by a red brick fireplace. A chimney fire in the flue was the occasion of a visit by the Fire Brigade, from Plymstock, for the chimney rose up through the whole house and fear of a spark penetrating somewhere higher up was very real. The brigade came to the house from time to time to rehearse evacuation, especially of the upper floors. In the gully that ran around the whole of the main house, wire ladders lay rolled up: during a drill these were thrown down and someone, on one occasion Mother, had to demonstrate the viability of this escape route. As the ladders were very narrow and swung dangerously, we considered her a real heroine.

One of the problems with the original layout of the flat was the lack of access from the kitchen to the main bedroom. This involved a long trek from the sitting room along part of the corridor that ran the whole length of the house. This was particularly disagreeable when it was cold and at night, the many corners made for a spooky walk. Two branches of the corridor opened immediately outside the sitting room: one led to a general store room, full of old models of ships, redundant sports equipment (hence the ski sticks for chasing the intrusive cows) and almost anything that had no immediate use. The boot room was on this corridor and it always smelled sweetly of polish. Here Jim Taylor would polish shoes for an hour or so every morning when the family was at home.

The next corner led to an old boiler room and into a sunken courtyard, given over to weeds. It was partly covered by an enormous lead lined water tank. This was the most unvisited part of the house for it had a sinister aspect, not least for the suspicion that the secret tunnel to the church started here. Smuggling

associations were the most obvious reason for a tunnel but its existence was never proved. Here there was a door into the area below the west front of the house, Then came the stone steps up to the vestibule. Next along the corridor was Mr Studholme's lavatory, a place of great comfort and endless reading, for a table was covered with books, such as "The Specialist" and annuals of Giles cartoons. Then came the new boiler room smelling of coke and combustion, a great pile of coke or anthracite sprawling across the flagstones. The stairs to the back door were ahead, then a small under-stair cupboard, our lavatory and finally, the bedroom door.

A decision was made to create a door, between this bedroom and the rest of the flat, and it was soon apparent that the early foundations of the structure, predating the current house had been found. The wall pierced had no direct relationship with anything in the dining room above. When eventually a breakthrough was made, the 'tunnel' was over six feet long. The County Archaeologist was called in and pronounced the work to be earlier than the seventeenth century. The tunnel was lined with two old doors on either side, placed edge to edge and these had the aspect of panelling when arranged in this manner. A door was fixed at one end and floor finished in blue and white marbelised rubber. In view of the thickness of the wall, Mother expressed the opinion that it was no surprise that she heard nothing of us, once we had been sent to bed, for even screams would have failed to penetrate that slab of masonry.

Annually the arrangement of our flat was disrupted for the New Year celebration. A ball was held and reels were danced. To ensure that everything remained where it was, the ceiling and of course the floor above, were supported on scaffolding and so a forest of metal pipes arose across our sitting room and closed part of the corridor outside, as this was below the hallway where most of the dancing was to take place.

As well as his parliamentary responsibilities, Mr Studholme was also an equerry to the Queen. In the recording of the broadcast of the Coronation he can be seen following her and her maids of honour, from the Abbey. He is wearing the white breeches and heavily embroidered coat of an equerry and carries the equerry's wand of office.

The Studholmes hired a television for the week around the event so that the staff could share something of the excitement generated. It was our first opportunity to see television and we enjoyed the broadcasts. The television, hired from Moons, in Plymouth (the Moons lived in Wembury between the post office and the school) was set up in the hall against the great window. I don't know how many people came to the house on the morning of the Coronation, but it must have been very difficult for some of them to see much on such a small screen. I remember that the picture had a mauve cast and lacked contrast, but it had such novelty that these considerations are those of hindsight. We sat up until the end of broadcasting that day, with just a break to attend the village celebrations, and in the following days became familiar with Macdonald Holey, Sylvia Peters and Muffin the Mule.

On their return Mrs Studholme (addressed by staff as Madame) came into our flat and told us about their experiences in London. Very generously, she brought cut out books of the event, so that I made up virtually the whole of the procession, in three dimensions: she had found a book about the history of the Coronation (I still have it) and showed us one of the cushions from the seating in the Abbey. In fact she was always very kind and nice to us all and I suspect good fun.

I wish that I had kept some of the things that she gave us for Christmas, especially a ray gun in black and red plastic. The red, bulbous end had sort of clear lens and by moving a lever, coloured filters could be brought across so that the light emitted might be green, blue or red. I think that it also made a noise. It was certainly very useful for lighting effects in a model theatre constructed from a box in which a Ewbank sweeper has been sold.

She sometimes took us either to Plymouth or to church in the car. The problem with the church visit came after the ceremony when she spent, what seemed like an eternity talking to everyone gathered outside. On one Sunday this went on for so long that she forgot about us entirely and we had to walk home.

Mrs Studholme was very involved with the Scouting Movement in Devon (she may have been the Commissioner for the County) and in Coronation year decided to hold a Jamboree at the house. This was a huge event and must have involved a great deal of organisation. A large scout camp was established in the Plantation, along the margin of the estate: a tent city set out in rows, with cooking places and latrines. In the

area in front of the tennis court there was a fairground, with rides and stalls, coconut shy and that sort of thing. It was very exciting to have so much activity on our doorstep. The scouts were there for about a week, around the main day of the event, and every evening there was singing around the enormous fire, at the centre of the camp. I loved to wander early in the fairground, for at eight in the morning the site was deserted and all the attractions could be used at will, even if every surface was wet with dew.

There was also a large house party, for the Princess Marie Louise, grand daughter of Queen Victoria, was to be the guest of honour. Many tall men in suits, even on the hottest of the days, for the weather was perfect, drifted around the grounds attending to details. The highlight of the event were scheduled for Saturday afternoon when the scouts would be demonstrating their achievements in a series of competitions. But before this came the presentation: the Princess was to be given a bouquet by the youngest brownie (Penny Barnett) and the youngest cub (me).

Mrs Studholme had bought me a new cub pullover for the occasion and Penny and I were both very well turned out. The official party had assembled inside a small enclosure of white posts and ropes or a small picket fence: the Princess came forward and introductions were made. Then it was our turn and Penny curtsied and presented the flowers. The Princess thanked her and shook her hand and then turned to shake mine. In the Scouting Movement the protocol was to shake with the left hand and so I presented this for her consideration. She chided me for not knowing how to shake hands, using the right hand. But I insisted and in the second that followed, something was whispered, by one of the tall suited men, and she beamed, apologised and took my left hand.

I suppose that HRH stayed the whole weekend but I didn't see her again. The household was severe in its critique of this visitor, mostly because she had no appetite and despite all the trouble that was taken to prepare and serve food fit for a Princess, all she habitually wanted was a boiled egg.

The usually peaceful grounds were thronged with people. There seemed to be something happening at every turn and when the band of the Navy or Marines arrived and marched through the garden, sunlight glinting on the brass instruments, it all seemed very wonderful. At about 4 pm, we were hanging around the white gate: I believe it was Juliet Tagg, the Vicar's daughter, who conceived the idea of charging people to come into the garden from the field. We had taken quite a lot of money before we were stopped and sternly spoken to. It was not the first time that our entrepreneurial ideas had attracted unfavourable remarks: earlier in the year we had successfully sold large bunches of Studholme daffodils, in the village, before being discovered.

Typically busy days, especially in the summer when the house was full, were often followed by carefree evenings. Staff would be eating late around the large kitchen table. The remains of a curry or an orange and lemon soufflé might make a supplement to our earlier dinners. There might also be a stroll along the drive, to walk home to the Lodge with Rose Taylor, who served at table when required. One of these evenings Rose caused a sensation when she tried to ride one of the cows home. She had climbed onto the iron railings, near the white gate, and tried to mount the animal from there. She almost succeeded but of course the animal became frightened and Rose landed on the ground. She was generally very amusing, if a bit reckless. Her husband Jim was a huge man with a very red face. Their daughter had married a carpenter called Adams, from Plymstock or Plympton, and their son Paul was at school with us. Mr Adams made a very useful sewing box of oak for Mother and also made a cane table more useful by fixing a flat, wooden top to it. The sewing box still exists. Jim Taylor used to take me to the barbers in Plymstock. We caught the bus at the top of Knighton Hill and got off in Elburton, for Jim knew a short cut across the hill, via a flight of steps that passed behind gardens and probably led us to Stanborough Road.

Rose's sister, Violet had married Fred Dummett, and they lived at the top of Knighton Hill in a green painted structure: perhaps a wooden house or an immobilised caravan. Fred worked at Wembury house too and always seemed to be hanging around the chicken run. Violet caused a great deal of trouble on one occasion. We had been to Plymouth for the day and returned to the house to find the police there for she claimed to have discovered evidence of an intruder. Someone, she said, had been sleeping in one of the attic rooms (it might have been Joe's) and the impression made by the head could clearly be seen in the pillow. I suppose that the police initially took the matter seriously, for this was the home of a prominent citizen. There had been no intruder, for the detective who spoke to Mother, who was technically responsible for the house in the absence of the family, said that the depression had been caused by someone pressing their two hands into it. By a

process of elimination it was decided that the only person who could have done this this was Violet, who was never really trusted afterwards, although she escaped censure.

A family called Paltridge also lived on Knighton Hill in a small white cottage with green window frames and front door. It was next to the old forge. The Paltridge's daughter Ann was at school with us. She was an asthmatic child, probably physical frail, slight and pale. She had come to tea with us at Wembury House, and afterwards we walked to the top of the hill where we met her mother who had come to meet her. That was the last we saw of her. The following morning, as arranged, we called at the cottage to walk to school with her. On the doorstep stood an imposing policeman who could not tell us why, but did know that Ann would not be going to school that day as the family had gone away. It later transpired that Mr Paltridge had attacked his wife, it was said, with an axe, and thus was charged with attempted murder. He went to prison and had certainly not returned to Wembury while we were there.

In the summer of 1949, when Carole and I reached the age of 5 years, we were sent to school. Our reluctance to go was partially overcome with the promise of a delicious picnic lunch that we took with us. This included strawberries and ice cream wafers. We did not eat it at the school for we were turned away and told to return in September. When we did start school full time, later that year, we had to start early for the walk to the village was a long one, whichever route was taken. If dry there was the path from the chicken run gate that led towards Church Road, past Andrew Yabsley's house. An alternative, leaving by the same gate, led along the path, outside of the estate to the kissing gate. A second route to this point involved crossing the field to the tennis court and climbing the wall, using some well placed stones, built in for this purpose. From here a short walk across the field brought one to a sunken lane, behind the newly built Cornish Unit council houses. These routes were fine in the summer or when the ground was dry: otherwise conditions were awful, the mud sucking at our boots and splashing the hems of our coats. The alternative was the long walk to Knighton Hill and then down into the village.

On this route we often met our teacher Mrs Algate, who lived on the hill. She was rather forbidding with a mannish aspect, dark corrugated hair and glasses. Her wardrobe was free of anything 'fancy': hand knitted cardigans, rigid fabrics, sturdy shoes, and lisle stockings were her style and she strode rather than walked. Her pace was fast and we always difficulty in keeping up with her. She was a clever teacher and at that time typically disciplinarian, but kindly too.

I spent the first few months at school sitting at a desk next to a beautiful stuffed red squirrel. An alphabet on square, printed cards illustrated appropriately - A for apple, and so on ran like a frieze around the room and one of our exercises involved sitting up on our desk lids and reciting it. The tables from 2X to 12X were on large cards and we recited these as well. There were also lithographed illustrations of verses and lines from stories. The one immediately above my desk was that of the story of the three little fishes. It was well that there was so much visual stimulation for the windowsills were high, and all that could be seen through the gothic arched window was part of the bank on the far side of the road, and a branch of the oak tree that grew there. Teaching must have been very difficult to organise for there were several year groups within each classroom. Mrs Algate dealt with those up to the age of seven years and Miss Maynard with the rest up to the 11+ examination. She would have three or four year groups in the same room, and yet it all appeared fairly seamless and I don't remember feeling that we did not get the attention that we needed.

I think that we were mostly fairly literate and I remember when later, at the Primary School at Beer, being surprised that so many of my contemporaries could not read, or read badly. We also had the radio broadcasts for schools, so there were music and readings and bracing talks that impinged on our history or geography work. We also had craftwork and I remember modelling the Royal Yacht, Britannia, in plasticine. We had spent sometime on the cliffs hoping to catch sight of her as she headed up the Channel on her return from a Royal Visit but failing to do so.

We learned to write with the terrible nib pens that were dipped into inkwells set into the desktop. I had practiced longhand by copying a greeting on a Christmas card but what had seemed easy with chalk on the a blackboard, was not so with a scratchy point and a rusty pen nib-holder to manipulate. We followed Miss Maynard's example of carefully drawn script, based on "copperplate", between ruled lines on her blackboard. We also learned and repeated the differences between *to*, *too* and *two* as well as *knight* and *night* and all the other confusing points of spelling that we encountered, as our reading became more sophisticated.

We did see the whale on one school outing. This had been washed ashore and stranded on the rocks between Wembury Beach and Wembury Point. It lay on the waterline, the sea washing in and out of its great mouth. Its size was extraordinary but by the time we saw it, it had been disfigured by those who had cut their initials into its side or taken pieces of its skin. Someone was there pulling out the 'teeth' of the beast, and we went home with these trophies; cream coloured rectangles with a deep fringe of fibrous material. The most potent memory is that of the terrible smell, that worsened during the weeks that the creature lay there. It was finally blown up by the Army, parts of it remaining festooned in the cliff-top trees for several months afterwards.

The nature ramble was another outing enjoyed during the spring or summer. We walked in crocodile down the steep hill towards Ford Farm and from there dispersed into the woods to pick armfuls of bluebells, primroses or eglantine, depending on the season, and to taste the dangerous sweetness of the foxglove flowers.

As well as the Booths, at Ford the Jude family lived in this beautiful valley. Mrs Jude helped with the school meals and her son Graham, was my age and a pupil. The Judes had very good apple trees and in the autumn Mrs Jude would bring large quantities of these to school for us. I particularly remember a small apple with the most delicious pink flesh.

Henry Booth was a good friend of mine and we spent a great deal of time at Ford where there was a tree house and all sorts of other places to play, whether this involved the building of a bridge, damming the stream or messing about in the hayloft. It was from the hayloft that Mr Booth threw us down into the farmyard, without our shoes, and whilst lying prone in the mud squirted us with warm milk from a cow that was on its way to be milked, by hand, of course. Henry had two treasures much envied by some of us: a First World War bayonet (I swapped this for something but was obliged to return it) and a hand grenade, minus its pin: presumably safe.

I often had tea at Ford and Henry came to Wembury House. On one occasion he walked home across the fields with me and all my sisters. At some point in the walk, feigning madness, he started to lift the crusts off the cow pats and began to eat them. I can't remember whether he did have tea with us that day. On another occasion he did for we travelled from the village in the post van, as this went to Wembury House at about tea time. My sisters and I often had this lift and the smell of hessian still provoked a memory of those journeys, hanging on to the side of the van as it hurtled around the bends in the road. Mother was often surprised by sudden teatime visits from ones friends and I'm not sure how she managed to feed us.

At some point in late 1953 something happened that led to our hasty departure from the comfort of Wembury House to the unlovely and spartan Honeyboro, another wooden holiday chalet, pressed into service at short notice. I have a recollection that the separation from Wembury House was the result of a disagreement over, of all things, the terrible "Tossie". What occurred will probably not be known for none of us recall the events that went on upstairs. Wembury House was a fantastic place in which to grow up and I have always held a particular attachment to it.

By contrast, 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 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.

Many holiday homes had been built on the cliffs, during the twenties and thirties and I suppose that everyone knew which was likely to be empty at any time. Mother may have found this one because she knew an elderly couple who lived nearby, George and Katrina Welch. We had first met George when we lived at Wembury House. On our way to the beach one morning, just as the path opened up to reveal the full panorama of the

bay, with Mewstone and Wembury Point, we were addressed by a tall, elegant man who engaged Mother in conversation for several minutes. We were rather surprised when later that day he approached us on the beach and further pleasantries were exchanged. I don't know when the first home visits were made but I do recall evenings at Wembury House when Mother played the piano and George, in a tenor voice, sang such ballads as "Oh Promise Me" and "Come into the Garden Maud". Katrina, who was much younger than George, had artistic pretensions as well. They had no children and it seemed that they seized upon us. With our participation, Katrina realised, what I suppose she would have done with her own offspring, had there been any, a series of instructive events which included lunches and teas, where conversation - not just talk - was expected. George was an accomplished photographer and many of his prints hung in the house. He sought our opinions on these and perhaps told us what we should think of them. Finally, she produced the three of us, Carole, Sharon and me, as the three witches in Act 1 Scene 1, of "Macbeth". Gathered around a fire, constructed over a red light bulb, we performed, word perfect, for the Welch's and for a startled Mother and Avril who knew nothing of our preparations and intentions. So short was the piece, and such a surprise that Mother asked for it to be repeated. It seems that this was not to be countenanced, as a repeat might have dulled the polish on the shield of art, and so we all went home feeling rather let down.

The other neighbours, in this cliff-top enclave was a family whose lives seemed completely chaotic, even from the viewpoint of our curious and unsatisfactory arrangements. They owned a bungalow at the junction of Cliff Road and a footpath that led to the church and beyond. The house was very typical of the area and the period in which it was built, but in poor condition. Mr Wordsworth decided to renovate the property and to achieve this moved the family accommodation into a bus which was parked between the house and the garage. The bus had been prepared as a dwelling by removing the seats and hanging some rudimentary curtains. I remember that we were intrigued by the new arrangements as the family gradually removed itself from the bungalow to the bus, as the former became less habitable. It must have been misery in the winter for the bus was not insulated. The sight of sagging temporary curtains, behind windows dripping with condensation, made even the hardships of Honeyboro pale by comparison. A story of the Wordsworths at this time was often told when we were children: early one morning, Mrs Wordsworth emerged from the bus, carrying a brimming chamber pot. With a practiced throw she hurled the contents over the hedge, bordering the path beyond the garden. A startled cry was heard from the other side of the hedge. "My God" said Mrs Wordsworth, in surprise. "No, not your God", came the smooth reply, "just your vicar". Poor Mr Tagg, drenched and smelling of Wordsworth on his way for the first service of the day.

Another family, our immediate neighbours, were the Dixons. I can't remember if there were two or three generations in this household but the youngest, June was our contemporary. She was an excitable, perhaps hysterical child and involved us in two incidents that caused my Mother to panic. On one occasion we were playing in a stream that bordered Church Road. It was perhaps a Sunday afternoon as there were a number of strangers in the village. At some point June seems to have made some kind of a gesture at somebody passing on a motor cycle and this then came to a halt, turned around and started towards us. For reasons that were never explained, June thought this significant and ran away in panic. We spoke to the motorcyclist; I don't know about what - maybe a direction - and then started to follow June. As we reached the brow of the hill we met Mother and Avril, probably Mrs Dixon as well, rushing towards us, for June had returned home and said that we were being kidnapped.

She repeated this story on another occasion when, returning from the beach, a helicopter had flown quite low over the church and car park and then hovered above us. There was still military activity in the bay and planes, towing targets for gunnery practice, flew overhead often. A helicopter was a rare sight but there was really nothing particularly significant about this event. June thought otherwise; for several weeks afterwards the perfectly ordinary goings on in the beach area were imbued with dramatic significance. Strangers were spies or smugglers; we were going to be abducted as we had seen something we should not have. Actually I remember the arrival of strangers in the summer; the first canoe on the beach, brought by people from Plymouth; the children arriving for the day, who wanted to know about the pill boxes and those parts of the stream that were already dammed.

The area around the church and the cliffs immediately above to be quite separate communities and detached from the village, with just the umbilical cord of Church Road linking the two. On Church Road lived "Minnie Baggott", a name to delight the children but probably twisted out of shape by us. Further down the hill lived Miss Maynard, the Headmistress, and then Jimmy Everett whose father was a train driver and took us to the

engine shed, in Plymouth and onto the footplate of a locomotive. A field separated his house from a group of wooden houses, probably built around the same time as Gorselands and Honeyboro. Here lived a friend of Mother's who was a milliner with a business in Plymouth. She might have been called Mrs Chalkey but her professional name was "Madame Louise". Her original premises had been bombed so when we knew her, and visited her in Plymouth, we went to a row of nissen huts facing onto Royal Parade. Her workshop was full of wonderful things like coloured feathers and we were sometimes left with her while Mother shopped. She gave me some feathers that were kept, with a collection of pen nibs and various pieces of coloured metal foil, in a John Player cigarette tin. I should have washed the foil that had wrapped a cheese, for quite soon the whole collection became imbued with a terrible, rancid smell. I believe Mrs Chalkey was a sad person and it is possible that she committed suicide. Her melancholy was perhaps prompted by her love of the singing of spirituals by Paul Robeson, whose recordings she collected and whom she thought to be the best singer in the world.

Our days at Honeyboro ended when we moved to Watergate Cottages, in the middle of the village. We were at number four of six cottages and lived next to the Lugars. The cottage was in its original, poor condition. There was a sitting room and a kitchen with a narrow scullery on the ground floor, with two bedrooms on the first. I suppose that some of the furniture was ours but was mixed up with what was already there. The beds were ours, for I still slept in the one where I was born. The other possession that had followed us from Wembury House was the piano and both Peter Lugar and I wanted to play. I could pick out the line of a melody and play chopsticks but progressed no further. Sadly, when we left Wembury the piano remained there.

Watergate was in the valley, below the main road through the village. There was a stream that ran through some soggy ground behind the house and a sort of a spring that emerged in a basin at one end of the road in front of the cottages. The landowner cleared the land behind the cottages and this led to flooding of the house. The widened stream carried more water in spate and this could not pass under the bridge at the Train Hill end of the road, leading to a huge back up that ran through the ground floor rooms.

We had known the Lugars for years and had also played on their property near the River Yealm at Thorn. Here a metal pole, perhaps a scaffolding pole, hung in a barn and we spent a whole morning striking this to great effect, probably breaking a few things and finally being very unkind to Peter's younger brother Tommy when on the way home, we took off his trousers and pushed him into some nettles. At Watergate under a large ash tree, Peter had built a den with a stone and mud wall, with window, and a roof and outer wall made from a folded metal bedspring base. This was HQ and the other play areas, such as the stream, were nearby. The balance of all this changed slightly when the playing field was made, for there the delights of the swings were especially interesting.

Living more centrally in the village meant that we were also on hand for the evangelical meetings, when a tent was erected next to the village hall. Henry Booth surprised the leader of the meeting who had taken up position at the flap of the tent to say goodbye to everyone, by shaking his hand and saying, "Goodnight, see you on the ice at midnight, and don't forget your skates". Despite this we attended every meeting, not so much for any fervent religious belief but simply because of the novelty of the event. We had previously played churches at the Clifton's Farm, for the two daughters had established a "church" in a bush and quite realistic rituals were performed and convincing vestments worn, but evangelism was the real thing and thus I supposed, more appealing.

The village hall was also where Charlie Chaplin films were projected by an enthusiast whose collection seemed endless and where some sort of Youth Club was attempted. At the other end of the village, at another hall, the meetings of the Cubs and Brownies were held. For a brief period Avril was the Brown Owl of the Brownie pack until she shattered the wooden toadstool that stood in the centre of the circle, formed at the beginning and end of every meeting. The Cub group was run by Pat Smith, (daughter of the owner of the Post Office and Village Store) until she married and moved out of the village. Then a man, who was part of the military at Wembury Point took over and was helped by Mrs Gibson, who had also helped out at Wembury House. Once when the Scout Jamboree was held at Ashburton, the cubs and Mrs Gibson walked from Wembury to Elburton for the coach that would take us the rest of the way. We also walked home from Elburton that evening.

Life was a carefree affair and despite June Dixon's wild fantasies, we were always safe, well at least from strangers. I nearly killed myself by falling of a tree trunk that had been pivoted with a rope to swing widely and I suppose that we fell and cut and grazed ourselves. Carole badly hurt her fingers at a party at Patricia Tansy's house where a see-saw was put up during the afternoon. Her hand slipped on the edge of the plank and as it came down on the trestle support, her fingers were trapped in the pinch. We were also mostly content with what we had and the only time that I recall being discontented was usually following a visit to the cinema. After an afternoon in the company of Robin Hood and Rob Roy, our meagre recreation with cardboard visors pinned to the brims of our cub caps, seemed very unsatisfactory. Even if we ran full pelt down a slope, crying faux Celtic oaths, or dressed entirely in green, with real bows and arrows, stalked the woods of the plantation, our imagination failed to close the gap between what we had seen at the Gaumont or Odeon, and what we had created.

I do remember being terribly busy always with activities of no particular significance but absolutely absorbing. Once the rage for pom-pom making took us over and even while watching a partial eclipse of the sun, through smoked glass, we wound wool furiously over pairs of milk bottle tops before securing the loops with the central cutting and tying. Building and destruction projects were enjoyable and the seasonal delights of scrumping and mushroom picking filled empty stomachs or put something extra on the plate for breakfast, if after an hour in the wet grass dealing with cobwebs and damsel flies a few fresh fungi could be borne home.

We wore outrageous jewellery and pirate masks, cut from the back of the cereal packet and swanned about wearing crowns and huge rings until they fell apart. We had a cat called Modbury but no other pets. The age of the gerbil and hamster were in the future and I had to wait until we lived at Beer before I had an aquarium and goldfish. There were some dogs but the only one, apart from Tossie, that I remember was an Alsatian that once followed Carole and me home from the village. The animal was large, young and boisterous and barked and snapped at us all the way. Our progress was severely hampered as we were carrying a gallon can of paraffin from the Stores and following a very unhappy hour we eventually retired to a tree until the wretched thing lost interest in us and went away.

In 1954 it was necessary for Mother to find other work and she took a job at a hotel in Seaton, in East Devon. This was residential and relieved her of the awful journey from Wembury to Plymouth where she worked in Mutley. She had even walked the eight miles to work in the aftermath of a blizzard. During her absence Avril looked after us but this was not going to be possible in the long term and thus it was decided that we should follow. On a terrible day in January 1955 in the middle of a snowstorm, a flat back truck from Pioneer Haulage, arrived to take our furniture and effects to our new home in Beer. Jimmy White, whom we later knew, was alone on this trip and had difficulty with some of the larger things. Inevitably the piano was left behind as no one could be found to help to get it onto the lorry. Delays caused by this problem, the late arrival of the lorry and the weather meant that we couldn't leave Wembury that day and spent the night with the Gibson Family on Knighton Hill.

We returned to Wembury for a short holiday in the late summer of 1956, staying again with the Gibsons and spending some time with the Erscotts, who came to Beer the following year. I did not return until Easter 1978 but then found that little seemed to have changed in the higher part of the village, during those twenty or so years. In the Church Road area the spread of new houses had begun and by the time of my next visit in 1996 much had altered. Wembury House was still a private house but under different ownership. The old Primary School had been changed to residential use, and developed as two or three dwellings. Comparisons between two groups of photographs reveal small changes in old buildings as well the further spread of the new. The National Trust's control of the coastal area means that this has remained largely unchanged. It was here during an early morning walk that I made on the cliffs, detouring from my route between Plymouth and London, that the past seemed at its closest. It was only the effort required to take the steep path up the hill, past the church, that underlined the fact that more than forty years had passed since the Drews passed part of their childhood in Wembury.

WEMBURY HOUSE SALE 1987 AND 1988

Top - Stratton & Holborow's brochure for the 1987 sale

Bottom - Savill's brochure for the 1988 sale

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WEMBURY HOUSE - SALE ADVERTISEMENT

This is a copy of the sales advertisement which appeared in the Western Morning News when the house was put up for sale in 1988.

It had been sold with the farms in 1987 to somebody who I believe was a 'developer' but found that he was not able to 'develop' it in quite the way that he wanted. So he obviously thought that the best way out was to off load it all as soon as possible.

The farms were sold off separately and the house and lodge divided up into two other lots. Fortunately they were both bought by the Hanburys, therefore keeping the house and the parkland intact.

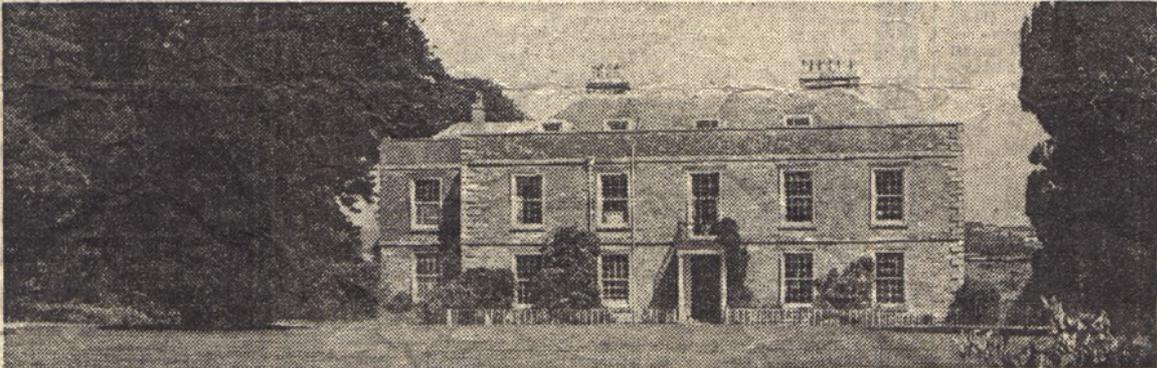
The Hanburys had the house completely renovated which entailed having a new roof put on and having the whole house re-wired and re-plumbed. The south wall of the house was pierced and four additional windows inserted all beautifully done, and entirely in keeping with the original Georgian work. A new entrance has been created on the east front with a double flight of steps going up to what was the central window, which has now been formed into a new entrance door.

On the side where there was the sunken garden, a swimming pool has been put in, which is accessible from the new French windows, in the drawing room and the library. Other works have been carried out in the gardens and park.

So the dear old house was spared being vulgarised for some money spinning venture.

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WORKED STONE RE-USED IN OTHER PLACES

This series of photographs show where worked stone from the original Wembury House has been put to use in other places.

The top photograph shows where a piece of triangular coping stone has been used in the construction of one of the buttresses of 'The Mount'



The photograph, right shows where three pieces of triangular coping stone plus a large slab have been used in the construction of one of the buttresses of 'The Mount'



Below are two more photographs where a pieces of worked stone have been used in the construction of the buttresses of 'The Mount'. All of these pieces can be clearly seen from the public footpath behind Wembury House.



Here is another two examples where worked stone has been used in the construction of ‘The Mount’.

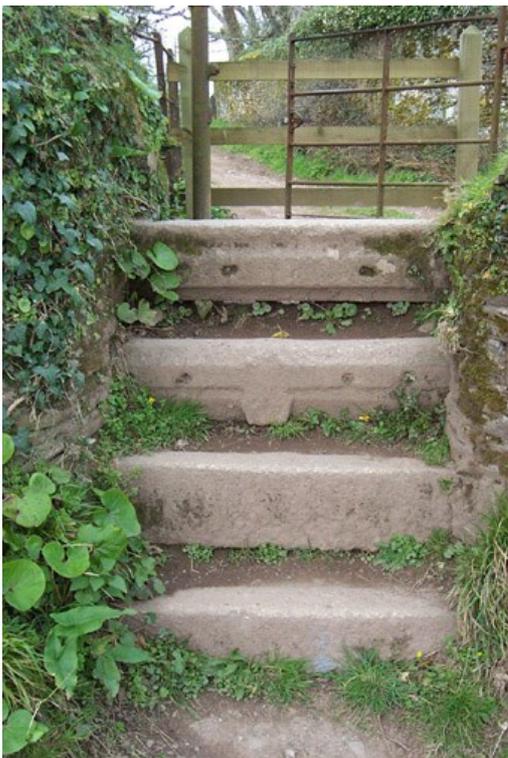
‘The Mount’ is a ramparted structure about 40 feet in height which stands on the western edge of the garden of Wembury house. It backs onto the public footpath that goes through the old paddocks, en route to Old Barton and the Warren. Built in the early 18th century as a means using the spare stone left over from the original house, providing privacy for the occupants, and directing the public footpath away from the house



The photograph below shows where window mullions from the original Wembury House have been used as coping stones on 'The Mount'. This structure is approximately 270 feet in length and 30 feet wide. About 120 pieces of mullion have been used for coping stones which gives some idea of the size of the original house.



The two photographs below show where worked stone has been re-used to build steps on the public footpaths. The left hand set are made from granite window mullions, the holes for the glazing bars can clearly be seen.



The photographs below show where pieces of worked stone have been used in gateways.



The next four photographs show where worked stone has been re-used in the construction of buildings as corner stones and lintels at Langdon Barton, West Wembury Farm and Monckswood.



More worked stone used in the general construction of walls and gateposts.



In the top photograph there is yet another piece of worked stone being used in a gateway. In the lower photograph the piece of granite, which looks like it at one time formed part of a doorway or archway is in the entrance to Old Barton Farm. There was once a taller piece alongside of it and they were positioned on the corner to prevent cartwheels damaging the wall as they turned into the driveway.

