

St Blazey and Par

Our history has always been closely connected with the sea. In the Middle Ages the tide came in as far as St Blaise Church and there was a ring to tie up your boat on the wall of the pub next door. There was a ferry service from Polmear over to Spit and from Tywardreath over to St Blazey.

A mediaeval monk trying to ride his horse from the Priory in Tywardreath over the estuary to St Blazey was drowned in 1301 when the rising tide overtook them. The bridge by St Andrew's Road Pond built after the event has a commemorative plaque stating that there has been a bridge across this stream since early in the 14th century.



The original bridge was built by the monks of Tywardreath Priory.

Constant tin streaming caused silting in the valley so that by 1835 Joseph Treffry had to construct a canal to link Pons Mill with the sea to carry the ore.

The Biscovey Stone, the shaft of a Celtic cross dating to 600AD in memory of a king of British descent,

was originally sited on the South side of the St Austell to St Blazey Road,



near the corner, past Biscovey Post Office. It served as a gatepost for a field near the tollgate, the St Blazey Turnpike gate. It can be found alongside the South door of St Mary's Church, Biscovey.



St Blaise Church was built in the fifteenth century when the area was the centre of the local woollen industry. The industry was transferred from Whitehouse near St Blazey Bridge to the Town Hall premises by the Packhorse Inn. In the east window of the church Bishop Blaise is portrayed holding a staff, a book and a wool comb.

Polgrean



The action starts at Polgrean with a young fisherman's group singing sea shanties. Fishing has long been one of the major industries of the area.



Photo Mike Grose

The group is conducted by "Mrs Moon" of Moon's Laundry one of the largest and best known businesses of St Blazey.



From humble beginnings, the laundry developed and extended its business until in the 1930s and 1940s, it served

the main hotels of Fowey and Newquay, with a delivery service over a very large area.



Moon's Laundry by Curly Rickard

I worked at Moons Laundry, first in the washhouse and then driving the vans. The laundry used to come from all over the place. Thousands of blankets came from St Mawgan and we had all the service men's washing. If a big ship came into Fowey at night, we had to stay on late doing all the American soldiers' washing and someone would deliver it back to the ship.



Photo Mike Grose

Moons Laundry Hooter by Amos Putt

The Moons Laundry hooter would go at 8am (we used to know it was time to get up for school), and then at 12.30pm and 1.30pm. On New Year's Eve it would go at midnight to see in

the New Year. It was Reg Turner who used operate it.



Dry cleaning at Moon's by Eric Husband

The Moon's laundry machines were huge. The liquid was in 45 gallon drums. The girls working on the machines were always larking around. In the summer time there were 6 girls working on the presses, after work we would go to the Capitol cinema in St Austell, catch a bus in and walk home along the cliffs getting fish and chips on the way.



Mr Moon's Coffin by Robin Hendry

They were building Moons laundry and it was so cold outside that the men couldn't work as the cement wouldn't set. So Mr Moon asked the men to build him a coffin instead. He kept the coffin in the house with all the wages in it and no one would ever go in it. He used it as his filing cabinet.



Photo Mike Grose

We progress to the Co-op field towards the fête where we will meet notable people of St Blazey and Par past and present.

The Fête

We meet landowner Joseph Treffry opening the fête



Photo Mike Grose

By the beginning of the 19th century the land to the South of St Blazey had become marshes, caused by centuries of tin streaming. In the 1820s Joseph

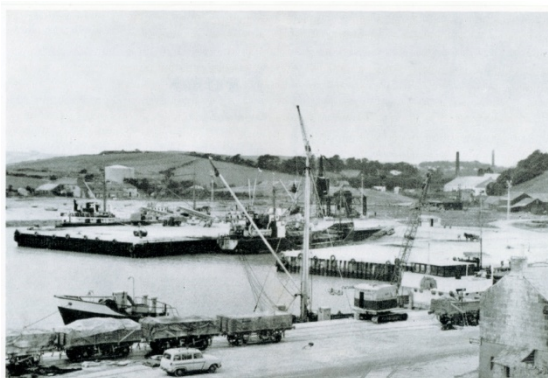
Treffry (born Joseph Austen, he changed his name by deed poll after inheriting the family estate at Place House, Fowey), purchased the copper mine at Lanescot.

Later he bought Fowey Consols mine, and in 1829 he started building a new canal through the Par valley to transport copper and a new harbour at Par (or Porth, as it was called then). By 1835 the canal was complete and Par Harbour had its own blacksmiths, ship repairers, lime kilns, coal wharves, timber pickling pits, smelting works, and later a flour mill.

Par Harbour



Treffry acquired a wide variety of interests including: Par Consols mine above Par Harbour; shipping based in Fowey and Par; granite quarries in the Upper Luxulyan Valley; and clay works further inland at Hensbarrow.



Alderman's Brickworks on Par harbour. The horses would have pulled the trucks of bricks

In 1838 he purchased the (then) tiny fishing village of Newquay on the North Cornwall coast, from which he hoped to export ore and import coal.

Treffry then set about a more ambitious scheme in 1839 called the Carmears Incline. This was a massive inclined plane (powered by a large waterwheel), which rose 300ft from Pontois Mill to the high point on the Eastern side of the Luxulyan Valley.



Luxulyan Viaduct.

It took until 1841 to build, but meanwhile Treffry had commenced another project – the Treffry Viaduct – which would provide access to the granite quarries of Colcerrow. This fulfilled a dual purpose, carrying the

tramway across the Valley to Cam Bridges and Luxulyan, and water from the hills above down to the Carmears Waterwheel and the Fowey Consols Leat.

The Four Lords



Photo Mike Grose

In the vicinity of the church area which dominated the hub of the community, various ancient estates gradually evolved. Prime southern slopes or heights saw the establishment of manor houses such as Roselyon, Tregrehan, Biscovey and Trenovissick. These four manors flourished side by side for some hundreds of years. Roselyon, Trenovissick and Biscovey met the boundaries of Tregrehan at a point now called St Blazey Gate. The public house 'The Four Lords' reminds us of this and its sign depicts the lords

of the four manors ("A Parish Portrait" by Valerie Brokenshire).

Village Fête (Notable personalities past and present)



Photo Dave Phillips

Mr Studley the Mackerel Seller by Marion Pearson

Fish was cheap and some men would go fishing as well as work, of course if there was loads of mackerel it was given away.



Harry Studley's cart. Thelma Rickard and Bandie Grainger on the cart

Mr Studley, the mackerel seller always used to come around. He had a gammy leg which he used to flick when he walked, of course as kids we used to follow him and take the mickey out of him by pretending to walk like him.

I bought the shop where I started my first paper round by Garth Netherton



In 1960 I left the railways and bought the shop in Par. It was the newsagents shop where I had started my first paper round as a 10 year old boy. It was a newsagents, confectioners, stationers and tobacconists and we had a library there too. My wife used to deal with the library mostly and she knew what types of books people liked to read, if new books came in she would let people know. One or two of the customers were a bit deaf and I remember her saying to one customer, 'oh here's a nursing book in that you might like', and the customer said, 'oh I don't read dirty books dear'. It was a small shop and we had a lot of regular customers, they tell you all sorts of things once they trust you not to gossip. They can confide in you. The kids used to tell me all sorts of things.

Shoes in the shed by Sue Bond

Russell Blight who lived in Landreath used to repair our school shoes in a shed in his garden it was 6d a time. He would have loads of shoes in there waiting to be repaired.



Photo Mike Grose

Shrivelled and Shrunken by Phyllis Cloke

It was a very rare occasion to have new footwear. In fact we didn't have footwear until we were about to go to school and then it was lace-up boots. Father crudely kept our boots in repair with an array of hob-nails around the toes and heels and strips of leather nailed across the soles which made walking very uncomfortable. If the laces frayed and broke we had to use string. My elder brother fell into the river and his new boots got soaked. He

put them in the oven of the coal range hoping the boots would dry out before Father realised what had happened! The result was that the boots shrunk and shrivelled up. I cannot record here the consequences!



Phyllis in her boots

Fish and chips by Terry Stephens

On Saturday night you would have a piece of fish, 4d of chips and 2d of peas, that was a real treat.

Roll up for the mystery trip by Robin Hendry

People would pay to go on a Mystery trip on Sunday night, run by Mr Ede (now Roselyn coaches), sometimes if he had room he would let me come along. We didn't know where we were going, Fowey or Mevagissey maybe. Once we got there we got off had a wander round, had a bag of chips and went home, it was great!



Ede's coaches (now Roselyn)

Ice Cream by Terry Stephens

Leonard Cornelius used to have a sweet and ice-cream shop. He used to make his own ice-cream and when I was about 12 I had an after school job selling ice-cream on my bike around the streets. I used to pull a small cart with a couple of tins of ice cream. I had a bell that I used to ring to tell people that I was coming.

Walter

Bailey



Walter Bailey, an enterprising young man, lived in the Terrace at St Andrews Road Par and from there started his business selling corn to local people from a tin bath. At that time many people kept a pig or a few chickens in their garden and he would deliver his feed mix in a wheelbarrow. As his business progressed, a horse and cart

was used as local farmers began to trade with him. As time went on, a small lorry was bought to take on the task of deliveries.

His storage premises at the time were along St Andrews Road. The shed is still there and used to this day, next to St Andrews Road garage. In 1933 Walter had a purpose-built store built on the opposite side of the road.



Photo Lucy Davey

The Memory of the Sea

We progress from the fête to the woods by the canal where we meet some more local personalities and ghostly clay workers leaving their white dust behind them.

Harry & Carrie



Carrie and her son Harry were strolling players. Harry played the accordion,

Carrie carried the collecting bag. Her son wore glasses but Carrie used to lead him around and say that he was blind. They would sleep anywhere along the road.



Photo Lucy Davey

Lamping for rabbits by Terry Stephens

When dad was home we always had a whippet dog, if he was going on night work he would ask 'what's for dinner tomorrow?', he would say, 'right boy make sure the battery is on charge', he would come home at 4.30am and off we would go with the dog and the lamp and we would go lamping for rabbits. We would go across the field and we would shine the lamp on the rabbit, get as close as possible to it, then set the dog on it and dad would leave the dog on the leash, he would say 'right let him go son' and the dog would chase the rabbit and we would have rabbit stew or rabbit pie.



Photo Lucy Davey
The Bunny Field
We meet sea sprites



Photo Lucy Davey



Photo Mike Grose



Photo Mike Grose



Photo Dave Phillips

Where once the tide ebbed and flowed



Photo Mike Grose



Photo Dave Phillips

Playing Field

Here everyone hunts for Puckey's Treasure believed to have been buried somewhere in Par.



Photo Mike Grose



Photo Mike Grose



We move on towards Par Beach passing a ferryman from the past when there was a ferry from Polmear to Spit in the days when the sea came up as far as St Blaise church.



Photo Mike Grose

And onward to the beach to hang our dreams on the large fish on the shoreline.



The singing on the shoreline was a magical experience

Photo **Lucy** **Davey**



Photo Mike Grose



Were they still digging for treasure?



Photo Dave Phillips

Our thanks to Rogue Theatre and the cast for a wonderful production. Now read the stories which inspired the production.

The Memories

School by Curly Rickard

I went to St Blazey School, we couldn't afford a uniform so whatever mother put us in we would wear. When I started school some boy shouted 'Curly' and it stuck until this day. I remember Mr Paul from Golant used to bring the milk, they used to put it around the tortoise stove and warm it up...it was sickly I didn't like it.



1937 St Blazey School –Curly Rickard

War time at school by Curly Rickard

During the war we would go to the Labour Hall and have a hot lunch. Otherwise we would go home. If the air-raid siren ever went off we had to go up along the side of the canal bank and crouch down until the siren was over.

Blue cards by Curly Rickard

At school during the war we were given a blue card which allowed you a fortnight during which you could go out to a farm and pick potatoes. Nine o'clock would come and a farmer would come to the school and say "I need 3 boys to pick up tatties" and the teacher would select who he thought

should go. We would quickly go home and get changed and the farmer would pick us up. The farmer would sign our blue card at the end of the day. We loved it as it got us out of school!

Family life by Curly Rickard

If we needed water for cooking or washing Mum would have to go across the road to the tap in the wall, and for hot water we heated it on the fire. On Saturdays Mum used to take us to the market, she would do her shopping and Butcher Rogers from down Charlestown used to give us a bit of Hogs pudding, that was a real treat that was.

On Sundays by Curly Rickard

On Saturday night Father would chop sticks ready for the fire, then Mother would get up at 5am every Sunday morning to light it, so when we got down from bed we would have hot pasties for breakfast and roast for dinner.

Black Pipe

While we were living on Prideaux Road, after Sunday dinner Mother would take us to a place they called Black Pipe. We would go up there and light a fire and have a little picnic. Father would pick up sticks and put them across the pram to take home for the fire the next day. We used to pick "urts" – whortleberries, they are a bit like small blackcurrants, and take them home and make them into pasties.

Games and singing

On Sunday nights the fire would be opened up, Father used to take us in the front room and we would all sit around the Gramophone and sing. We sometimes played ring board. This was a square board which we hung on the back of the door and we would have several rubber rings each. Each hook would be worth a different number and we used to throw the rings at the hooks. You never cheated with my father around.

“Macky Macky Mackerel” by Curly Rickard

Harry Studley the fishmonger used to come up to Landreath selling mackerel. He used to shout “macky, macky mackerel”, he had a bad leg and he used to flick it. Once when he was up delivering fish to Mrs Riley’s fish shop, I put my sister Thelma and her friend on Harry’s cart and took her picture.



Curly standing beside the photo of his sister on Harry’s cart

Shining Stan Moon’s shoes by Curly Rickard

Stan lived across the road, he used to come to me and say can you give the

Missus a hand, she would have all his shoes lined up and I used to polish them. I also cleaned the floors, and sometimes the pram was in there so I used to rock his daughter in the pram to stop her crying.

Steam Tug Treffry by Mac Waters



The ship with the funnel was the steam tug Treffry, she worked between Par and Fowey. When the sailing ships didn’t have any wind they towed them out of the dock and then they caught the wind. At Pentewan they’ve got a ‘dolphin’ they call it. It’s a stone bollard with a fixed capstan on top. Rowing boats –the hobblers-used to take the mooring rope out and put it on the dolphin and the ship would wind herself out on her own-they would pull her out of the harbour on the winch. There was one other method they used before that. The hobbler would take the anchor, drop it and then they would pull themselves out on the ship’s anchor.

St Blazey Gardens by Mac Waters

As you come over the level crossing in St Blazey there is a granite base with four sides to commemorate the

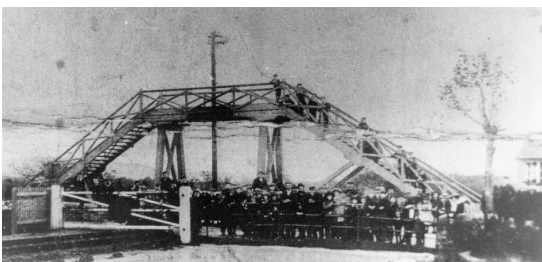
opening of the gardens by Mrs Treffry around 1910.



The one with the fountain is dated 1911



At that crossing there was a bridge over the canal by the gardens and beside that there was a signal box. I remember they opened the gates by hand, they weren't done mechanically- they could pass a pasty up to the driver.



Where all the caravans are now, in Middleway, Turrell built their stuff. There were no buildings across from the Co-op before. That used to be the fairground. I don't remember but I've been told , my grandfather was delivering meat down there and he

went in that leat with the horse and cart. When he came out I reckon he was stinking! You can well imagine!



Bertrand's Shetland ponies in for repair in the foundry yard, St Blazey.

Landreath by Mac Waters

A lot of people from Landreath came from St Blazey Gate originally. Between the carpet shop and the chip shop, there's a lane and there was a complete row of houses all cobbled that we used to go down to. All those people got moved down to Landreath and then down on top of Biscovey Hill there was another row there. All those people went down to Landreath. I saw one of them and he said to me "I'm gonna have some tea tonight " I said "What's that?" He said "we'm gonna have starling pie", he said. I don't know if you know they used to skin a starling.

St Blazey Fair by Mac Waters

This is St Blazey Fair 1903 in the football field and they called a competition for Turnouts-that was a horsedrawn event. Waters Butchers from St Blazey had second prize and the milk float they had first prize. I've got another photo of them in front of

the Packhorse Inn with the Co-op wagon. It's one of my earliest photos of St Blazey I think.



Cobbler for the Queen by Enid Lydiatt

When I was living at Tywardreath I remember a cobbler who lived at 19 North Street. He went to London and saw Queen Victoria getting out of her carriage and stepping in the mud. He took a plaster cast of her footprint, made her some shoes and sent them to her in the post. She obviously liked them because after that all the crowned heads of Europe had their shoes made by him. He moved to London and I believe there is still a little shop dedicated to him in Regent Street.

Soggy costumes by Enid Lydiatt

We had knitted bathing costumes it was terrible as they went all saggy in the water.

Maypole dancing by Enid Lydiatt

Every third Thursday in May the whole village used to come together and we had a maypole dance. We did about 6 different dances, we would put all the chairs in a semi circle, on the bank sat the May Queen. The infants would say

"I am the princess and I have come to greet you oh Queen of the May" and then we would do the dance for the May Queen. We had to scabble around for old wedding frocks. They had a crown which I made to look like the Queen.



May Queen 1937 Cynthia May Barratt

Father Christmas at Coop by Enid Lydiatt

Coop was a wonderful shop. You could go and see Father Christmas there. Upstairs was furniture and clothes and downstairs was groceries.



Beach Huts Par Beach

My Beach Hut by Enid Lydiatt

We had a hut on the beach. There were 100 or more huts on the beach we paid 5 shillings a year for rent. Our hut was beautiful. You couldn't live in it but I used to go there in the summer

after school right from the train. We would swim and hang out together.

The Home Guard by Alec Hambly

Outside of my house there was a farm called Church Carne Farm, Edmond Church lived there and he was in the Home Guard. A man called Mr Dawe would stand outside our house and wait for Edmund to come down to go on their Guard duty together. He would show me his 5 rounds of ammunition with his rifle which I thought was fantastic, now you see films where the Germans throw down 100 rounds a second!

Bookie out the back by Alec Hambly

When Father left Mr Cook's he had a cobbler's shop opposite the football field. There was a complex belonging to Bennett's Brothers the Garage – Jack and Arthur. There was a shop there and Mr Libbey the hairdresser, and then father was on the corner with his cobblers shop. To be truthful Mr Libbey was an unofficial bookie! You could go through the front door of Father's shop and there was also a door out the back and you'd say 'Can we use the back door please Russ ?' and they'd whip you round out the back into Mr Libbey's. Looking back that shop, was also a social gathering place. People would all come in saying "How are you Russ"?

Coop coop everywhere by Alec Hambly

Saturdays I used to go down the shops in St Blazey with father, there were 3 butchers shops.



The Co-op did the milk and coal and bread the whole lot down there. It was on Station Road. There was menswear and furniture, and further down, groceries and ladieswear.



The other side of the road was the Co-op bakehouse, Co-op was everywhere - Landreath, North St Tywardreath. You could get your milk tokens off them and leave the token on the doorstep. They would leave the bottle of milk and take the token. Down St Blazey where Travis Perkins is now there was Bennetts hardware and iron

mongers. They had everything, whatever you wanted Jack Roach had it, tragic it went really, it should have been left as a museum.

Par Regatta by Alec Hambly

It was fairly quiet, the big do was Par Regatta on August bank holiday, in Par Harbour. Quite a bit of the beach was still wired off because of the land mines, it would have been an ideal invasion beach because it was so level. The Par entertainers were just to the right of the café, I vaguely remember them.



St Blazey Carnival by Alec Hambly



After the war the late 40s to early 50s they had really big carnivals in September and a firework display on the football field. A Country and Western singer called Cowell Mcord

who was big on the radio, a motorcycle display team. There was a lot going on because they had a cricket team as well, football finished at Easter and cricket began in the summer.

Threepenny bag of chips by Amos Putt

We used to have a 3 penny bag of chips in a newspaper cone from Mrs Rideout, more than we could eat!

Bennets by Amos Putt

Jack Roach would have a generator in the evening. He had stuff everywhere but he could put his hand on everything.



Bennets which is now Travis Perkins.

He'd say "I will go out back" and then he would go out the back and bring it to you.

It's never too cold to swim by Eric Husband

We used to play in Prideaux Woods or down at the beach.



If we had a half decent Easter we would be sneaking in to get our bathers before mother found out as she thought it was too cold, but we were always keen to go swimming on Par Beach.

Making camps by Eric Husband

In Prideaux Woods we used to make camps. There were lots of mine workings back then and you could walk into some of the adits. We used to play with old bits of tools that were left behind. If anything had gone wrong nobody would have found us.



Spit Beach by Eric Husband

Every family sat in the same place every time they went to Spit Beach, the postman could go down there and deliver a letter, everyone was always in the same place.

Bone Shakers by Eric Husband

We used to have the frames of a bike and we used to put pram wheels on them to make dillies, we would go up to Prideaux Woods and come down the hill. I remember Jack Rideout, he had the frame and the wheels but no tyres, you could hear him coming from miles away, the rattle of the wheels on those roads.

Guy Fawkes by Eric Husband

There was a place up the road where you could get a load of ferns and bracken, and by autumn it had all gone brown. We would be up there for weeks carrying home the bracken and ferns. I had a scooter, the bigger boys would get a sack full, put it on my scooter and I would sit on the top of the sack and come down the hill!

Whortleberry Tart by Eric Husband

There was an old lady who lived in New Road, I think her name was Ethel Hazelton. She used to collect whortleberries up in Prideaux Woods. They were like blackcurrant bushes, but only one berry was found under each leaf, she would be up there all week collecting them and then she would walk into St Austell on Saturday morning and sell them. People would buy them to make whortleberry tart, it was beautiful. They go on about blueberries today but there is no comparison, whortleberries are much nicer

When the bombs dropped on Landreath by Eric Husband

I've got in my mind August 18th. Curly and I were sitting on the pavement with these hazelnuts, it was too early really, they weren't ripe yet. All of a sudden we heard these planes coming over Tywardreath, I said "come on", and we ran across the road, they were coming straight for us, and with that they dropped the bombs on Landreath. When we looked out it had hit the telephone box, I was worried because that's where I live, but it wasn't my house.



Family Games by Eric Husband

We used to play ring board, this was a board shaped like a shield with a number under each post and you had to throw rings on the posts with different numbers. We also played table skittles, they used to run leagues of this in the pub, but we used to play it as a family.

Irresistible chocolate marshmallows by Eric Husband

I remember Mother sending me up to the shop for a bottle of vinegar, you

took your own bottle in and it cost a ha'penny to fill it up. There was a box on the counter of marshmallows with chocolate coating on the outside, when the owner went out the back to get the vinegar I thought "this is no good, I gotta have one of these", so I put the marshmallow in my blazer pocket, the shop owner spotted me and I ran straight through a man's legs and out the door, I was still running when I got home. I never went in that shop again for months.

I'll get Charlie Bowse on you by Eric Husband

There was an old blacksmith who lived on 'Stoney Hill' called Charlie Bowse. Well, I think he never washed after the first time that he cleaned a chimney, his face was the same colour as his bowler hat. If you ever did anything wrong Mother used to say "I'll get Charlie Bowse on you"...he was scary as all hell as all you could see was the whites of his eyes.



Garth Netherton

Coose by Garth Netherton

We used to spend all day in the summer down on the beach. We didn't have any playgrounds, but we had the beach, that was our playground. One game we used to play was called 'coose', where some of us used to hide and others used to have to find them.



Iris pod boats by Garth Netherton

Sometimes we played in the playing fields (where the running track is now), it was a marsh then though so we couldn't play on all of it. We used to pick the iris's and take out the seed pods, then we used to get a couple of match sticks for masts and put them in the river and race them alongside St Andrews Road.

The school orchestra by Garth Netherton

My strongest memory of Tywardreath School was the music. Two of the teachers were very musical and they ran the school orchestra, I played the violin. We started out just playing in the mornings as everyone came into assembly. Soon though we were playing county music festivals and one

year we even went to Cheltenham. To us this was like another country, we went up by coach and slept in the Sunday School there. We were so excited we had never been that far in our lives. When we left Tywardreath School the teachers set up a youth orchestra so we could keep on playing, then we combined with some other schools and became a big orchestra. After the war we were twinned with a youth group in Wolfsburg in Germany. We had two exchange visits and we played in the British residency in Hannover, quite an honour for us kids.

Marbles by Garth Netherton

On the way home from school we'd have a game of marbles along the side of the road. We all carried marbles in our pockets. You could get chalk, glass or metal ones, if you had a metal one, well that was the Rolls Royce of the marble. The chalk ones didn't last long; they were the lowest of the low.

Cubs and Scouts by Garth Netherton

We had a very good Cubs and Scout group; we used to have a very good time. During the early part of the War, we still had the wooden Scout hut, it had a big loft and I remember collecting cardboard and paper for the war effort and bailing it up, that was part and parcel of our scouting duties. I'm not sure where they sent it.

Games by Garth Netherton

We used to play cards, monopoly, bagatelle, snakes and ladders, ludo and

draughts. My grandmother was great at whist drive and bridge!



Fore Street Tywardreath

Childhood clubs and activities by Garth Netherton

We went to church on Sundays sometimes 3 times, Church, Sunday school and Evensong. We used to go on Sunday school outing and choir outings, I remember going to Looe and Penzance and St.Ives.

Work by Garth Netherton

My first job was a paper round when I was 10. My round was up around Trenovissick Road. Nothing would stop us doing the paper round. When I was delivering newspapers I used to get so far on Harbour Road and then you had to walk up to your knees in water. I used to continue though, nothing stopped the delivery. I ended up buying the shop in 1960.

Have the boy thought what he's going to do? by Garth Netherton

I was home for the summer hols in 1942, I remember my grandma was pegging out clothes in the garden, I was with her and the Railway Inspector walked by and he said, "hello, have the

boy thought what he is going to do?" I said "no", well, he said, "there is a vacancy at Par Station in the booking office, if you are interested?" I didn't intend leaving school but I got the job, so we told the school I wasn't coming back and I started over at Par Station on September 14th 1942. Once I was working things at home changed. My chair was put at the table with the workers who lodged in our guesthouse, so I got to eat first before the rest of the family; I suppose it was the transition from boyhood to semi-manhood.



I turned the key in the lock and sadly did not return by Garth Netherton

The shops started to increase the range of goods they sold. The grocers started selling newspapers for example. If we had all kept to our own trades we would have been able to offer more variety, so people wouldn't be going into St Austell and Truro to get what they needed, we could have

kept it local. They thought I was being protectionist, but it would have been doing us all favour because the village could offer as much variety as the bigger places. The Post Office changed hands, first they were a newsagents, but then Costcutters started selling newspapers too, we used to get some good trade from the beach but that stopped when Costcutter opened. I thought about it for some time, and it was a heart-wrenching thing to do, but on Christmas Eve I turned the key in the lock and I didn't return.

Phyllis Cloke

Thick marzipan by Phyllis Cloke

I remember it was winter, lashing wind and rain and it was Xmas Eve. Father was at the Barbican, Plymouth, with his two brothers, they had gone there in their drifter BOY TOM, for herring drifting and would be away for about three weeks. Mother had managed to put up some decorations, but nothing else indicated it was Xmas, no presents, the larder was empty and there was very little money. Out Mother went in the dreadful weather in a last minute effort to get some food – half way home she turned back to the shop and with her last sixpence bought a raffle ticket. To her amazement, the shop owners called later and handed over this huge Xmas cake that had a 2 inch thick top of marzipan – the cake was placed on the top shelf of the bare larder and was not cut until Father returned from Plymouth –well into the New Year.

Heartbroken by Phyllis Cloke

Age 9 -1932- PAR HARBOUR

Betsy, the family domestic pig (and my friend) had been slaughtered and there she was suspended on a tripod contraption, dangling all pink and scrubbed clean and slit down the middle, the sea breeze making her carcass sway.

She would remain there out in the open until the next day when she would be chopped up in pieces and shared amongst relatives and friends.

Subsequent activity - cleaning the intestines, making hogs pudding and the "girty meat", salting the hams, wrapping them in clean white rag and hanging them on hooks from the kitchen ceiling to be cooked and shared at some later date.

I was sent, with the pram, to St. Blazey to collect a large bag of flour from Inkerman Carnes the bakery. There would be fresh bread and yeast cakes now until the "run down lard" from Betsy became exhausted.

Not one morsel of my friend Betsy did I enjoy. HEARTBROKEN

A Friendly Understanding by Phyllis Cloke

It was unsuitable weather for fishing so Father, Uncle and Cousin decided to catch some rabbits. A net had been made for the purpose and rabbits were plentiful and also it was fun. Returning home about one-and-a half hours later throwing the sack of rabbits on the bare kitchen floor, all three proceeded to gut the rabbits and hang them up in

braces. Any spares were hung on neighbour's or relative's door knobs (no freezers or fridges then!) Before night was over, another journey, potatoes and vegetables necessary to complete the main meal, not forgetting scrumping for apples to go with the previously picked blackberries for dessert! The tell-tale marks left as evidence, the farmer knew he would be compensated in due course with some fresh fish or cooked crabs and he never made a fuss if he wasn't! ...A barter system!

Changing Times by Phyllis Cloke

Grandmother Eliza and Auntie Bessie walked behind daughter Victoria as they carefully negotiated their way along the rugged road en route to register the birth of the new arrival Peter. Sleeping peacefully in his hand-sewn, exquisitely embroidered layette and wrapped around with an heirloom crochet shawl passed down by Auntie Matilda, Peter was unaware of their bursting pride. The deep perambulator had large wheels and was poorly sprung. All the ladies were dressed in billowing skirts, high-necked, long-sleeved broderie anglaise white blouses, shining laced up boots, their hair tied in a bun held in place with ribbon and each wearing a bonnet. Grandmother carried her parasol and Auntie Bessie held a handwritten list of forthcoming events to go on the notice board together with recipes for seedy buns, potato cake and rabbit pie.

Grandfather busy on the harbour mending fishing nets, preparing crab



pots chewing twist tobacco. The proud father a stevedore working for his new family. How times have changed!



Par Carnival. Queen Doreen Broad. Attendants Mary Cocking and Pat Robins.

Par Regatta Carnival by Phyllis Cloke

The first Saturday in August held the Regatta in the morning commencing at 9am, water polo, swimming and rowing competitions, sports in the field behind Par Post Office from 2pm and Carnival in the evening with the Carnival Queen and her attendants. Uncle Bill Bobe was head of organising the events. He was in charge of the gas works on Par Harbour.

The Goat by Phyllis Cloke

When I was growing up on Par Harbour in the 1930's, my Mother , Eileen Endean always liked to enter something in the local carnival. One year she decided to make use of our goat and dog. A pair of shafts were added to a pram so the goat could pull it along. Then the dog was dressed up as a baby, with a pretty dress and bonnet. The dog was securely tied into this "cart" as it wasn't too keen on the idea. So off we all went to the carnival. All went surprisingly well until we had to line up for the carnival procession, where we were placed in front of the Torquay Accordion Band. When the band struck up, off went the goat at high speed with my mother in hot pursuit. It was no contest really, the goat was much faster than Mother. When we arrived back home on the Harbour, there was the goat, contentedly munching grass, with the dog still in the cart.

Aunt Poll's Shilling Mangle by Phyllis Cloke

At sixteen and a half years of age I was "courting strong" as it was termed then, when there was a regular boyfriend in tow. My future mother-in-law's washing mangle had decided its rolling days were over and a replacement was urgently needed. Now, Aunt Poll (Polly) lived in Lostwithiel, a wonderful, interesting old lady who dressed in long skirts, broderie anglaise blouses, a waist apron and her hair neatly tied in a bun.

Her cottage was up an alleyway, awkward to get at, but she had a mangle for sale for a shilling. The problem was to get the monstrosity back home. So it was decided to borrow a horse and cart to do the job. The horse was called Jacob and he lived at Castledore. He was not very roadwise and there was a problem with a donkey called Neddy who also lived at Castledore.



We were warned that if Jacob saw Neddy he would come to a halt and refuse to move. Upon leaving the farm on our mission to collect the mangle, we had to make sure that their eyes did not make contact, otherwise the mission was a non-starter from the word go. We successfully avoided the donkey and duly arrived at Lostwithiel, where Aunt Poll was paid her shilling, the mangle was loaded and we made the return journey to Tywardreath

without incident. The mangle was, with difficulty, installed in its new home, Mother-in law to be was suitably impressed! We then had to return Jacob plus cart to Castledore and avoid eye-contact with the donkey! Poor old Jacob had hardly ever been on the road, I don't think he was even shod. However the mission was a success, Mrs Cloke had her new mangle. This was only one of the many occurrences in my courting days and my initiation into the Cloke family. On reflection, I wonder if modern day maidens would have continued their courtship!

Variegated by Phyllis Cloke

The empty cotton reel had four nails driven into the top and I found a long rusty nail-all that needed now was a ball of variegated wool. I saw some in Mrs Tregaskes' shop in Harbour Road at 2d a ball but there was a problem- I did not have the 2d-the only answer was to fetch errands for various folks. It might take 3 or 4 errands at a halfpenny or a penny a time, Grannie Endean might give me a 1d (I was not her favourite). Once I had acquired 2d I set off for the ball of wool-I wanted to know how to do French Knitting, looping the wool over the nails and pulling down the knitting through the hole in the cotton reel, and so began my creative interest in handicrafts, scattered far and wide.

Never 100% by Phyllis Cloke

Mother's kitchen had a coal range, blackleaded and shining. Even without a cookery book meals were wholesome and perfect. A brass paraffin lamp and candles provided the lighting. When I married there too was a coal range. "Simple" I thought. Numerous cookery failures followed secreted in old newspapers and hidden in the dustbin. Yeast always stationary, buns resembling bricks! The rice pudding burnt to a cinder and buried in the garden together with the pan. In time, a new cooker and cookery book but the disasters continued: pasties in spite of many patches continued to sprawl resembling open pies. Despair! I would've run away if there was any way to run to! Half a century later and the art of Yorkshire puddings (leather), pancakes (rubber), scones (flat) was never mastered. Alas it is too late now. The cooker is more or less out of bounds. With years of onslaught on my digestive system it is a miracle I am still alive.

Horse drawn clay trucks by Marion Pearson



I still remember a few horse and carts bringing the clay down from the clay pits. I remember it because my mother used to get very annoyed because they had to whip the horses. She didn't like it.

A tap is a marvellous thing by Marion Pearson

I was born on St Blazey Road it was known as Priors Row. My earliest memory was going across the road to the tap to fetch water for the family. When I was probably 8 yrs old a tap was put outside every cottage, we thought this was marvellous. The toilets remained on the other side of the road until after the war. When the cottages were sold off people put toilets inside. We moved to the other side of the road it was wonderful because we had a tap put in the kitchen and the toilet around the back.

Playing out

We played out in the street as there were very few cars. In fact the first car we saw belonged to a Mr Purcell who

lived up the top of the road, I think he was a magistrate. We used to tie a rope round the gas light and skip around the pole, race bicycle wheels down the street, sometimes a lump of clay would fall off the back of a truck and we would use it to draw hopscotch

We all had gardens and we would make little tents out of hessian potato bags, most of us had a little tea set for Christmas so we would be quite happy playing in our tents. Mostly we just made do with what we had, we never felt deprived because everyone was in the same boat.



Moving pavements by Marion Pearson

Us children used to gather around a local man called Mr Tyson he used to tell us fantastic stories. One time he told us that there would be moving stairs and moving pavements when we grew up. Now whenever I go to an airport I think of him.

Lighting the street lamps by Marion Pearson

I remember a gas lighter coming around and lighting the gas lights in the evening and putting them out in the morning.



Memories of school by Marion Pearson

We went to St Blazey school. I used to walk to school with the older children in the street. And our pastime coming home was jumping the leat, many a time we would slip in! We just played on the way home. At that time the girls and boys were separate. I learnt to write on a slate with a slate pencil. We had those tiny bottles of milk in winter they would put them around the stove. If you were lucky you got the milk that had been near the stove. Our head mistress was very strict.

St Blazey Girls' School 1948

It was next door to the church, when there was a funeral procession we were always made to stand still and be quiet at playtime whilst the procession went through.

Billy the fish and chip man by Marion Pearson

There was a man call Billy Ware he used to come around with a fish and chip van and you could go out and have a penny or halfpenny of chips, well that was wonderful, he would put

spoonful of batter on the top that had come off the fish.



Dillies by Marion Pearson

My brothers used to make' dillies' they would get a box and then get the wheels from an old pram and put it together using some rope to steer. We used to go up by the railways sidings as there was a good slope down there.

Our first wireless by Marion Pearson

I remember we had our first wireless set that was run by battery then, it must have been given to us, the neighbours came in to listen, boxing matches were broadcast then, that was the attraction for the men to come and listen anyway, as children we thought this was wonderful. They used to come around and give you the accumulators and take the old ones away. We played snakes and ladders and ludo. Mother couldn't afford to buy a doll, but she made me a black doll I had it for years.

The Scattered Home, Tregonissey by Marion Pearson

My mum wasn't very well when we were younger and had to go into

hospital for an operation. Friends of the family looked after me but my brothers had to go into a “scattered home” called Tregonissey. Some were orphans and because my mum had no relatives around she had no one to ask, that’s how my brothers ended up there. Evidently they didn’t like it, they decided they would walk home... the vicar picked them up and walked them back. They dressed them in tweed short jacket and trousers and new shoes, but when they came home they took the clothes back, my poor old mother could have done with the shoes and coats; they were out there for about 6 weeks in the end.

A handsome young man by Marion Pearson

I worked in the canteen in the boat yard for about 18 months in the canteen for the workers. There was a lot of work that went on down there. Us young women were interested in each boat that came in as it had a naval gunner on board who was always a young man! I carry the scar to this day as we were in the rest room trying to see which boat it was, I was near the window and the others were leaning on me and I put my arm through the window and cut my arm, it didn’t put me off mind!

Christened by Diane Lawrence

I was christened at St Blazey Church, 24/12/1955. After they had me christened, they filled the bottom of

my pram with drink from the Cornish Arms next door to the Church.

Mary Fisher

School by Mary Fisher

When we went to school there was Anderson shelters outside and there were these horrible big desks we had to crawl into if the air raid siren went off. They were desks that you could get inside, it was metal and it had wire all around it and it felt like you were in a cage. We had loads of evacuees coming to the school, from London and Plymouth. Leekseed chapel was taken over by the school to accommodate all the evacuees.



St Blazey Infants 1940

Nice cold, ice cold milk! by Gwen Truscott

We used to have a 1/3 of a pint of milk in a bottle, and in the winter they used to have the old tortoise stoves in the classrooms, they used to put the milk crates around the stoves and it would be lukewarm... one day they forgot to bring it in and it froze, it was gorgeous. After we drank the milk we used to take the cardboard lid out and use it to make pom-poms.

Trip to Paignton Zoo by Robin Hendry

I used to go to Paignton Zoo on one of these coaches as part of a school trip, they had wooden bench seats inside. I remember leaving the house about 7am we didn't used to get there until about 2pm, then we would have about 1hr there and the teacher would say that we had to come home. My teacher was Miss Wilson, she was Harold Wilson's sister. I remember coming home it was dark, the teacher put our name on a luggage label and hung it around our necks in case we got lost, I felt like Paddington Bear.

Moving Gates by Robin Hendry

We used to come home from school and swap the gates over on Edgecumbe Terrace as a bit of a laugh, we used to get caught sometimes and run off leaving the gates hanging off.



Par Station-change for Newquay

Riding on the footplate by Robin Hendry

My dad was the yard director on the railway. During the school holidays he would say to me "tomorrow morning be over at the signal box early". I would go up onto the signal box and

then I would ride all the way to Newquay on the footplate. All the signal boxes were manned in those days so when we got to certain signal boxes my dad would say "keep your head down (as some of the signalmen were sticklers)" When we got to Newquay they would put me off at the signal box and then pick me back up on the way back. Sometimes at the stations I got to blow the whistle which was great.

Swapping beads by Sue Bond

We used to play in streets, marbles, hopscotch and skipping. We also used to swap beads, we could get any beads we could lay our hands and try and swap them.

Mr Studley by Sue Bond

Mr Studley used to sell fish, mainly mackerel, I remember he walked with a funny leg. I think he used to have a bell that he rang and people would see him coming and go and get their fish. Mum would go out and get fish from him, I didn't like it but mum used to get it. He would wipe his hands on the horse's back so it was covered in scales.



Men in their gardens by Sue Bond

Most the men in Landreath would have a mini allotment in their back gardens where they would grow veg. You could see the men out there, one would have a pipe another with a cigarette, they would be chatting over the fence, meat was scarce then as we were on rations so we ate a lot of veg.

Coal on the dilly by Sue Bond

If we wanted coal me and my brother would go down to the gas works in Par Harbour with our dilly cart. He would pull me down there and we would load up with coal and then we would both pull the coal back home.

Pearl in a balloon by Sue Bond

One of the games was when the teacher put a pearl in a balloon. If you won the balloon in a competition you thought you were the cats whiskers! We all wanted that pearl, it was the joy of getting it. I never did but my sister did one year.

Milk straight from the cow by Sue Bond

We used to have milk delivered but if we ran out we would take a bottle up to Tredenham Farm and Mr Reynolds would fill it straight from the cow, it was lovely.

Sharing Oranges by Sue Bond

At the end of the WW11, my sister Daphne was at school one day and the headmaster asked her to go to the post office. As she was walking back

some American lorries went past and the soldiers threw their oranges at her, they obviously didn't want them! She was really pleased as we couldn't get oranges during the war, she picked them up and shared them with everyone at the school.

Terry Stephens

School by Terry Stephens

We used to walk to Tywardreath School about 1.5miles wearing hobnail boots, you couldn't see any leather on the bottom, filled them up with hobs, little studs on the bottom.

Haircut by the Americans by Terry Stephens

During the war we were up in the mines playing 'coose', next thing we knew these big lorries were coming in with bulldozers and scrapers and dumpers and the Americans arrived. By the end of the day there was a tented village, we watched it go up. We used to go up there and have our haircut and they used to give us food and we used to ride on the "ducks". If they were confined to barracks we would get tonic wine for them and they used to give us their rations. They were very friendly, mum used to have one or two Americans down for Sunday lunch, a lot of them kept in touch - we had a parcel every year when the war was over. A Battalion of Indian soldiers would sometimes pass through with their turbans on their way to Bodmin Moor or somewhere.

Play by Terry Stephens

We played on the road and around the houses, we used to spend a lot of time up at the burrows at Lanescot, it was an old tin mine and the waste was brought up from the mines, we played 'coose' together, a bit like hide and seek all over the burrow and in Prideaux Woods. We played football in the street. We also played all around the local farms, because you could then, the farmers didn't mind. We used to go scrumping apples, but the farmers didn't mind providing we didn't take too many.

Family life by Terry Stephens

All the family used to get together on August bank holiday weekend. There was rowing, swimming and water polo down in Par Harbour in the morning and then athletics in the afternoon, then we would finish up with a dance in the evening. There used to be four or five of us boys, we used to go around all the villages, two or three of us would do running and cycling and athletics, and we would all share the money for whatever we had won. We used to go to the dance in the evening, and we used to go up to Bodmin Moor and Cardinham, all over really.



Water Polo team

Being bombed by Terry Stephens

We got machine gunned at Tywardreath Highway, the plane came right over, we were on the road playing when a German plane came over with a Spitfire and the bomb dropped and over at the level crossing a piece of shrapnel landed in the cottage. There was an old chap Scottie who lived in the bungalows at Landreath, he used to sell kindling wood with his donkey. He kept all this money in sweet jars and when the bomb dropped all the money was blown all down around Landreath, everybody was out picking it up.

Blue cards by Terry Stephens

During the war we were allowed 20 half days to work on the farms picking and dropping potatoes. We had a blue card all marked in half days, there used to be a few rackets going on, back handers from some of the farmers, and we used to spend a lot more than 20 half days in the fields.

Tea and cornflakes anyone? By Terry Stephens

You never had milk on your cornflakes you would have a cup of tea, as you couldn't afford the milk.

Wartime rations by Terry Stephens

During the war the ration, once a month we would have a ¼ lb of sweets, people used to sell their coupons to get more food or exchange them. People would exchange their clothing coupons for food coupons. We used to

buy Ovaltine and Horlicks tablets and we had them as sweets.

Sharing the pig by Terry Stephens

Phil Billen or another local pig owner would kill the pig, and it would be put in a boiler full of scalding water (the type you did your washing in) and you scraped the hair off with “candle sticks”, then he would hang for a couple of days and then the pig would be divided up between all the local pig owners, everyone would share. The fat used to be really fatty and we would cut it up into little chunks and mother would spend days melting it down for lard, the skin that was left was called scallops and that was saved and mum would make “scallop cake.” My job used to be to get blocks of salt, 4inch square, dozen in a pack, and crush the salt and father would salt the hams and then we would eat it when we wanted.

Flicka by Terry Stephens

We bought Flicka for the children and we used to go to the carnivals and gymkanas and donkey derbys and things like that. Down the Market Inn one evening, Ian Botham’s name cropped up- he walked from John O’Groats to Landsend and Dad said “Me and Flicka could do that” and it progressed from there. Local businesses helped- Mid Cornwall Contractor supplied a Land Rover and a horse box and diesel for the trip, ECLP supplied drivers, Baileys and other

people supplied different things and off he went to John O’Groats.



Flicka the donkey and Tom Stephens

He had two little money boxes on the cart, he wasn’t allowed to rattle a bucket nor nothing like that. It took him a month, he used to report back to the Market Inn every night. Dad did the walk; the drivers drove the Land Rover and Flicka’s horse box. Flicka walked all the way, Father walked a lot of the way-he never rode up a hill. When he came back home Flicka was quite a celebrity and they would go off to fêtes and that and they would still collect.

First Job By Barry Kent

I made the first start in my working life at the bicycle factory of a Mr Ayley at his works situated in the old Bodmin Prison yard, this was when I was aged fifteen, but transferred to his bicycle factory in St Blazey, now occupied by Julian Foye.

They made about fifty to one hundred bikes a week, and were taken when finished by van to Plymouth. The bikes were all assembled at the works, with

wheels being spoked up, and balanced, then mounted into their frames.



I got involved with most tasks, and did my share of making tea at break times.

Work On the Railway By Barry Kent

When working for the St Blazey bicycle factory being my first job after leaving school, a friend suggested I try for a job with the railway which I did. The necessary application form being filled, and sent off I got a start. The first work for us youngsters was cleaning, and oiling engines, and general duties, engines had to be filled with water, and coal as it was all steam in those days.



Roundhouse turntable

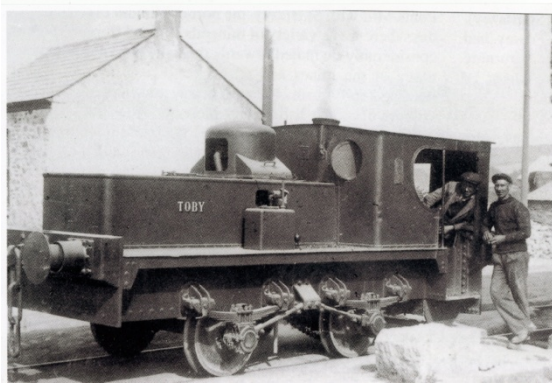
In the yard was an old static engine for power, and the old turntable for moving engines around onto the line needed, that turntable is still there. It was an interesting place to work;

engines were kept in order, with a variety of workers, fitters, tinsmiths, etc with plenty of characters amongst



Pulling Clay Wagons from Fowey to Par on what is now the Haul Road

them. I remember three men all called Varcoe, and all with the first name Michael, one was a Tinsmith, one a Signaller, and one a Guard, there was Alfred Yates, Hooper the driver he passed at Old Oak Common London, also Russell Ball to mention but a few. When I had been at the yard for a year or two, I went up to Redditch for a physical examination, and did a written test at St Blazey to be an engine fireman, I got through both, and made a start, and one of the routine trips was to Tavistock Junction the train was nicknamed "Snail," as it stopped at all stations. I have had breakfast of eggs, and bacon which we would cook on a cleaned shovel in the engine firebox, it tasted real fine, better not say it was more tasty than home cooking. We had plenty of engine types, Saddle tank, 4292's, Pannier tank 7709, 7715's, etc.



Toby the Tank Engine

A Few Shops And Businesses I Recall In St Blazey By Barry Kent

There were a lot more shops to be seen in St Blazey when I was a youngster, one shop that comes to mind was the Ironmongers owned by Terry and Jean Woods they seemed to stock everything needed, from Galvanised Baths to Electrical Plugs, and Sockets they had the lot.

There was Jenkins the Butcher, the International Stores, the two Co-Op shops, not to mention the Photographic Studio.



Kathleen Rundle's Studio

Waz Allen's Nickname

I have been asked many times why I was called Waz, well it all started with me being called Brass, owing to having had a sign advertising the brass cleaner

Brasso falling on my head. The name Brass gradually changed to Waz, and it has stuck over the years I have got used to it, and I don't mind. My father owned the ground now occupied by the Co-Op at St Blazey, he was a wood merchant, and general dealer, and used to deliver using a horse and cart in the early days.

Waz Allen And Friends Machine Gunned

During the war my friends and I, when youngsters, were playing in Middleway, St Blazey, when an air raid started. A plane swooped down, and started firing, we got under a hedge, and laid flat, fortunately we survived to tell the tale. It was during that raid a few buildings were hit with bombs.



St Blazey shops

Waz Allen New Year's Celebrations.

On New Year's Eve a number of years back, local people used to gather in the square at St Blazey to celebrate, they would play various musical instruments, even an upturned galvanised bath, dance and enjoy themselves seeing the New Year in. They would wend their way up Landreath, and those not celebrating soon knew they were there.

Mr James' Taxi by Michael Purches

My Dad Ken Purches often mentioned a Mr James and his taxi service. He was clearly a very careful and diligent driver. So careful that when he pulled up alongside people asking if they required a lift a common response was "No thank you Mr James, I'm in a hurry."

Mr James' Taxi by Phil Lake

Mr James was Edwin James one of my maternal great grandfathers and known in the family as Granfer James. He was born in 1861 at Manaccan moving to Golant some time between 1863 and 1866. He was married in 1887 to Elizabeth Pearce who was born in Holmbush. Her family moved to Polmear in 1879 and her father, James Pearce, was a Beer and Porter Retailer who, we believe, owned The Ship Inn at Polmear. To date we cannot verify the ownership. We do know that Elizabeth's eldest sister and her husband ran the Ship Inn.

Edwin and Elizabeth lived with their children in the house next to Ship Inn. In those days the green in front of Ship was larger and on this Edwin had an old railway carriage where he used to do clock repairs and shoe cobbling. He also ran the local taxi service.

Initially the taxi was a horse drawn cart. The horse was called Sam and was his pride and joy.



Edwin with Sam

Sam had a stable in the field opposite beside the bridge (where there is now livestock kept). Granfer James did not like to put any great strain onto Sam and so if you were wanting to get up steep inclines he would make everyone get out and walk up the hill allowing you to get in again at the top. We know that Polmear Hill was a classic case for this, presumably returning from Fowey was a better proposition. One elderly lady clearly remembered as a youngster having to get out at the bottom of the hill and all of them walking up until Edwin allowed them back into the cart. My mother also had clear memories of this. Edwin then advanced to a motorized service and reputedly owned the first car in Par, a Buick. Photographs we have show that he certainly travelled many miles in this.

