

Reflections on the Life Experiences
of
Winifred and Fernley Dawe

Resident at Lanoy Cottage, Coad's Green

1945 – 1956

The Dawe Family of Coad's Green (Resident 1945 – 1956)

Assembled by Vernon Dawe – January 2021

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1. Introduction

My name is Vernon Dawe, eldest son of Zarephath Fernley Vivian Dawe (known as 'Fernley') and Winifred Dawe (Winnie). My parents have now passed and I am the oldest surviving family member able to directly recall our life in Coad's Green between 1945 and 1956. This narrative seeks to explore and record aspects of our lives during this period as far as my memory and some records allow.

A few Christmases ago, a granddaughter gave me a rather surprising present – a 'family life' record book, full of pre-printed but pertinent family-related questions and empty pages for me to provide responses, the book being returned on completion. Drafting responses to questions raised in this book required that I too remind myself, with the help of my younger brother Mervyn, of the actual facts.

The 'family life' book referred to above is not designed to capture the bigger picture. Therefore, I need to construct a more comprehensive life record, of which our Coad's Green connections, this narrative, will form a part.

A single, but huge, mistake has made my task difficult, this being that I failed to discuss any detail with my parents and grandparents whilst they were alive. This is my strongest motivator in wanting to provide my grandchildren with our overall family story, to the present day. They are unlikely to do it themselves at this time.

It was whilst seeking to discover any relevant facts by way of internet searches, that I hit upon the North Hill Local History Group and received an invitation to contribute material of potential interest on the group website. I am optimistic that readers will be able provide extra insights or corrections, regarding the facts and some assumptions provided in this narrative.

This account scopes aspects of lives during the period that my family resided at Lanoy, Coad's Green. The story is told from memory, surviving family records and with additional recollections and information provided by my brother, Mervyn, John Panter from Lewannick (who knew Fernley) and Ken Ripper of the North Hill Local History Group.

2. The beginning – Immediate Family Overview

Born 1927, Winifred Cole was the daughter of Fred and Ethel Cole, resident at No 1 Jubilee Cottage, Trebartha between 1943 and 1950, according to Ethel's surviving blue Identity Book.

Fred Cole's occupation was mostly associated with horses and hunting hounds, as described below. Ethel Cole raised her family of 2 children (Kenneth and Winifred) whilst undertaking the household tasks normal at that time.

1945 was the year Winnie Cole married Fernley Dawe in St Torney's Church, North Hill and set up home at Lanoy Cottage, Coad's Green.



Fernley & Winnie at their wedding in 1945

At the time of his marriage, Fernley lived with his widowed mum, Alice Dawe, in a rather small, old house in the centre of North Hill village. He was employed by Mr Tom Harvey at Stonaford Farm*, near Trebartha, before commencing married life at Lanoy, Coad's Green.

Alice married twice, having 3 daughters - Frida, Lily and Corelia (known as 'Winnie') from her first marriage and a son, Fernley (my dad) from her second marriage to Harry Lang.



Ethel & Fred Cole



Alice Dawe, around 1952

* Information recalled by John Panter

3. Family Backgrounds

Winnie's Mother's Family

My family had a general background of working on the land. My maternal Grandmother's family worked as farm labourers although some family members worked in the forestry sector. Born Ethel Balsdon, she was one of the five children of Ann (nee Titball) and John Balsdon. John had passed before I was born but I always remember my Great Gran (Ann) as living in Black Torrington, Devon.

Winnie's Family – The Cole Family

Ethel Balsdon married my maternal Grandfather, Frederick James Cole (originally from Bratton Clovelly), in 1920, when he lived at Lower Moor, Germansweek.

This, in fact, was Fred's second marriage, according to the certificate of his marriage to Ethel, which records that Fred was a widower aged 26 years at this time. *[Note - Efforts to reveal the facts of Fred's first marriage continue with useful information provided by a friend, David Dawe and Ken Ripper of the North Hill History Group.]*

Fred and Ethel had a son, my Uncle, Kenneth (WW2 photos later), born 1922 and a daughter, Winifred May, my mum, born 1927. It seems that Mum was nicknamed as 'Girlie' by many in her youth!

Following their marriage, Fred and Ethel moved jobs/locations several times but I do not have any clear details of their home/work locations between 1920 (their marriage year) and 1943, although the 1939 Register records that Fred & Ethel lived at Panscrasweek, near Holsworthy, at this date. Mum would have been 12 yrs old.

It is possible that after 1939, they moved from Panscrasweek to Trebartha, where I know that they were living, in 1943, at No 1 Jubilee Cottage, as recorded on Ethel's blue Identity Card issued 1943.

In 1950, Ethel and Fred moved from Trebartha to Lewdown and subsequently to Launceston (1951) to No 1 Windmill Terrace, where Fred worked as a taxi driver for Truscott's garage. His taxi 'rank' was adjacent to the White Hart Hotel.

Grandad Fred was a horse enthusiast. Fond of foxhunting, fully at ease with the hounds, he attended various events, as illustrated in the following pictures: -



Fred Cole takes a fence, and with foxhounds

The picture (right) shows Fred Cole at the War Memorial in the Town Square, Launceston, in which he appears to be wearing a formal riding/hunting rig. Although direct evidence has not emerged, we believe Fred held a formal title associated with hunting and 'Keeper/Master of the Hounds' springs-to-mind. However, more research will be needed to confirm his role in this activity.



Fred here appears to be around 50 years of age, which would date this photo as possibly being around the 1940s.

Winnie's Family – Lily Balsdon and Cyril Sleeman

The 1939 Register for Launceston identifies Fred and Ethel's son, Kenneth, as living with Lily (nee Balsdon) and Cyril Sleeman at Chapel Park Terrace, and employed as a motor mechanic apprentice. Lily was a sister of Ethel Cole and so Lily and Cyril were 'Uncle and Aunt' to several members of our family.

Chapel Park Terrace in Launceston is very close to Truscott's Garage, where Kenneth was apprenticed before joining the RAF as a mechanic circa 1941. The fact Kenneth was lodging with his Uncle and Aunt does imply that his family's home at this time was some distance from his workplace in Launceston – such as Panscrasweek - from the 1939 Register discussed earlier.

There are reasons to suppose that Fred Cole and Cyril Sleeman knew each other as young men (note the sawmill photo discussed below). If confirmed, it would suggest that their families lived in the same neighbourhood at the time the photograph was taken - maybe around the Launceston area.

The reason that I have provided details, such as I am aware, of Cyril Sleeman is that I am rather hoping that a reader of this account might be able to provide more information here on his family background, homes etc.

Specifically, I have some memory of Grandad Fred taking us to view the remains of a 'saw bench', sited on a wide roadside verge. My recollection is vague, I was only around 5 or 6 years old, but there was a good-sized saw bench in the long grass, together with several remnants of left-over tree trunks scattered around. There was no traction engine etc, and so it resembled an abandoned facility – although the arrival of a tractor and belt drive would probably have readily permitted further operation.

I have always believed this seemingly abandoned saw to be at Trebartha itself, but accept it might have been anywhere. So, more research on this is needed too!

My mum had [the photo below of a power saw](#) in her photo collection. It appears to be something of a transportable saw bench set-up. If so, it seems likely that the traction engine towed a trailer to carry the equipment from site-to-site.



Annotations on the rear of this photo record that Fred (assumed to be Fred Cole) is with the horse/cart whilst 'Cyril' (assumed to be Cyril Sleeman), is at the saw bench. The photo is undated.

I only recall Cyril working as a postman in Launceston. The London Gazette records his being appointed as a postman in 1936, suggesting that the sawmill pictured predates 1936. I assume that Cyril would have been disinclined to continue with such hard labour after acquiring the well-regarded postman job.

Fred would have been aged 42 in 1936 – perhaps a little too old for the 'Fred' in the photo? If the 'Fred in the photo' looks around 25-30 yrs. old, then this photo would have been around the time Fred married Ethel – in the 1920s perhaps?

John Panter recalls the Trebartha sawmill located at Stonaford to have been water-powered and, therefore, a static facility and not the one in the above picture.

That completes my overview of my mother's family and background. We now move on to examine more details of my dad's family (Fernley Dawe).

Fernley's Family – Hooper/Dawe

Fernley's mother, Alice (nee Hooper from the St Neots area) was initially married to Isaac, son of John Herring Dawe from the Bolventor area.

Upon being widowed, Alice re-married in 1924, to another son of John Herring Dawe, Harry Lang Dawe. When he married Alice he was a widower. He died before I was born. Fernley and his mum, Alice, moved from South Priddacombe Farm around 1939 to North Hill village, according to surviving newspaper cuttings.

Harry Lang had 7 children from his first marriage to Elizabeth Stevens. I cannot provide full details on this strand of the family – no domestic records found at all. However, I have succeeded in contacting the family of one daughter, Dorcas. Dorcas married George Burnard in 1925 and emigrated to New South Wales, Australia, on SS Demosthenes. The surviving family have provided details of their new life 'down under'.



Fernley with half-sisters Winnie Finnemore on the right and Frida Giles on the left. (Late70s / early 80s).

Alice, had 3 daughters from her first marriage to Isaac Dawe and one son, Fernley (my dad) from her second marriage to Harry Lang Dawe. So, Dad had 3 half-sisters. I can only recall two, my Aunt Winnie, married to Jack Finnemore, who lived in North Hill village and my Aunt Frida, married to Clarence Giles, who I believe took over South Priddacombe Farm at Bolventor (*confirmation needed*). Winnie and Jack's home in North Hill village doubled



Auntie Winnie and Uncle Jack (Finnemore) who lived almost opposite the parish church in North Hill village.

as the doctor's surgery (Doctor Healy). Jack worked for Mrs Davey who had a poultry business before working for [corn merchant J Carne & Son](#) (*recalled by John Panter*).

The above completes an introduction and overview of immediate key family members. We can now move on to Fernley & Winnie's arrival at Lanoy, Coad's Green, following their marriage in North Hill Parish Church, referred to in Section 2.

4. Life at Lanoy Cottage

Fernley and Winnie commenced their married life in 1945 at Lanoy Cottage, Coad's Green where Fernley had secured a job as an agricultural labourer with Mr Rowe at nearby Lanoy Farm. I was born in 1946 at Lanoy Cottage. My brother Mervyn was born in 1948. The family would remain at Lanoy until 1956, as explained later.

Shown here are photos of 4 generations of my 'Balsdon' family branch. In the first, seated, is my Great Grandmother, Ann Balsdon, a daughter (my Grandmother Ethel) rear left and a Grand Daughter, my mum Winnie (rear right). I am on the right side of Ann and my brother

Mervyn is left side in the picture. The likely date is early 1950s and taken at Black Torrington. The second is another



Lanoy Cottage – my first home. This photo was taken around 1994 but the cottage has remained essentially unchanged externally from the 1950s.

photo from the same occasion, but includes my dad, Fernley.



My Balsdon family

Mum was a competent seamstress and knitter of garments, such as the cardigans my brother and I are wearing in these pictures. The low incomes coupled with post-war rationing and availability of clothing, made knitting and sewing skills rather essential in those years. Mum had an old, hand driven sewing machine – it was always in use!

Working on The Local (Lanoy) Farm

As a general farm labourer, Dad was required to undertake a wide range of tasks and would be especially busy at certain times of the year, particularly at harvest time. He was, of course, very familiar with typical tasks from his early years at his family farm at South Priddacombe, Bolventor, although this small farm, on Bodmin Moor, would not have supported cereal production.

Fernley's day-job on the farm involved many challenges as a general farm hand. I recall Dad repairing a seriously damaged hedge row in the field directly opposite Lanoy Cottage. It was a complete stone wall rebuild of the hedgerow gap – no cement mortar used here!



This surviving photo shows Dad at work on the wall.

I particularly recall the arrival, one harvest period (circa 1955) of an amazing machine. This was a silver- coloured, self-propelled field vehicle, with workers standing on the top deck handling collection sacks for the harvested cereal. The straw was discharged at the rear. High technology indeed and almost a fully-fledged combine harvester!

The Smallholding and Cottage Garden

Lanoy Cottage had an adjacent orchard that Dad was permitted to exploit. To supplement the low wages for an unskilled farm labourer at the time, he developed what was essentially a basic smallholding enterprise, within the orchard field and cultivated the sizable garden surrounding the house, assisted by my brother and myself.

These ventures would enable Mum and Dad to earn additional income to support the new family. My parents invested in some poultry and a pig or two, which they would eventually breed and sell on. My brother and I helped with the garden work and care of the livestock, although we were wary of the pigs as they could be rather erratic at times.

A particular event that I recall related to Dad wanting his sows to be serviced. All of us had a role to play in transporting the sows to a boar owned by a farmer a mile or so down the road past Lanoy Farm, somewhere towards Newtown. 'Transporting' meant 'walking' the sow(s) there and back again after the servicing had been completed. I am unable to recall exactly how many sows made this trip but maybe just one or two – it might have been just the one - my memory has faded here on the detail (but note following photos of piglets – 2 lots and so 2 sows?)

Walking the sow(s) had frustrating moments, but between us all, we made it back home that day - just in time for Dad to listen to a fairly new radio programme – 'The Archers'. It was important to Dad that he knew what Dan, Gabriel and the livestock were up to at Ambridge!

The pictures below show a successful outcome of the sows' visit to the boar.



Note that the photo on the right captures a hen near the piglets. Hens enjoyed better free-roaming rights than the pigs. Dad seems well-satisfied with his new children in this picture. These photos appear to be of different piglet families.

The breed here, I think, is the 'Large Black' but we also eventually had a few 'Saddlebacks'. Dad constructed decent 'sties' for the animals from corrugated iron sheets and concrete floors. A happy pig will be a tasty pig!

Pork Production

With one exception, pigs were sold live to a Harris factory located in Calne, Wiltshire.

The exception that I remember, related to an arrangement, I believe with our local butcher, maybe assisted by others, to slaughter one of the pigs with the butcher retaining cuts as payment for services rendered. This, I recall, still left quite a pile of pork cuts for my parents to store until needed. Of course, various family members would be gifted joints over time, but the immediate task of storage preparations had to be performed in short-order, as they say.

We did not have a refrigerator in those days, and do not recall that my parents had much hands-on expertise of the work required, but Granny Alice did and so she was duly recruited.

Alice took control of the kitchen and all processing steps, mostly salting of the joints with, I think, nitre. Salted joints were placed inside a 'stone/cement' storage container, located inside the 'walk-in' pantry room, in Lanoy cottage.

The last job, left to Alice to complete, related to processing of the pig's head. Alice seemed 'at home' on the process of boiling the head and reducing it all to a product called brawn. Actually, this was OK to eat once it cooled and was sliced.

Interestingly, my wife won a work-related meat raffle some years ago but was less than impressed with her prize – a pig's head in a bag! When a work colleague offered to relieve her of her prize, she accepted instantly. I dread to think what Granny Alice would have made of this.

Although Dad bought meal, pellets etc. for feeding chickens and the pigs, from time to time other options for pig food presented themselves, such as fallen orchard apples (the pigs did forage as free roaming animals) and poor-quality vegetables from the orchard and garden (albeit, in modest quantities). My brother recalls an exceptionally good crop of potatoes from our cottage garden, many of which spent too long in the ground that particular year, becoming badly damaged as a result and so were boiled-up in a large 'copper' in an outdoor shed. This was normally used to wash/boil our clothes.

He also recalls that the boiled potatoes were rather tasty and a pity that only the pigs would really benefit. I have no such recollections of pig-food quality tasting.

Chickens and Geese

As well as the pigs, rearing poultry on the informal smallholding was an important aspect of income generation. The hens provided a good supply of fresh eggs most of the time and the nature of 'bird care' allowed this enterprise to be run by my mum, ably assisted of course, by my brother and myself. We often collected the fresh eggs. Occasionally, a chicken would be culled for that special roast dinner.

Oddly, I have been unable to find any photos of our hens or geese. They roamed fairly freely around the orchard but in mobile fenced areas. Certainly, all birds were inside houses/coops etc. overnight to protect them from the roaming foxes. I recall wing-clipping at times – the animated film 'Chicken Run' clearly illustrates why this was done.

My brother recalls an event one Christmas in the 1950s. A deal was struck between my parents and our (mobile) butcher, a Mr Frank White*, to buy most of our geese, plucked and prepared for sale. On this particular Christmas, Mum and Dad worked all night preparing the geese (with the aid of a Tilly lamp). On completion, they retired to bed, exhausted. The prepared geese were laid out on a table with the window left open for a cooling air flow – no fridges available. Mr White turned up at a sensible time to collect the geese. However, he was completely unable to awaken Mum and Dad. Spotting the birds on the table through the window and using initiative, he fully opened the sash window, climbed in and collected the geese. The reader will understand the panic our parents were in when they eventually awoke and discovered all the birds had gone!

The Cottage Garden

It was, of course, commonplace in the 1950s for families to grow a range of vegetables to be used for meals. The ongoing ration book restrictions made home-grown anything, a necessity for most families.

We all assisted with garden work one way or another, a lot of which could be done by Mum, Winnie whilst Dad performed his day-job on the farm. The plot surrounding the house was generous and capable of meeting our needs. Here we are, in the vegetable garden at Lanoy. Grandad (Fred Cole) is providing guidance and general help. My brother, Mervyn is asking for something and I am in the foreground carrying some goodies to Dad and Grandad, to keep them working. We will soon have runner beans galore.



In the vegetable garden at Lanoy, around 1952.

In later years, both Mervyn and myself rented allotments – we had the knowledge!

Unwelcome Health-Related Events and Some Abracadabra

I can recall looking forward to a village outing to a circus in Plymouth and another year, a trip to see a futuristic cinema film show called ‘Cinerama’. My brother and Dad succeeded but Mum missed out owing to my becoming ill - mumps for one event and scarlet fever for the other.

Then, somehow, I managed to acquire ringworm on one hand. Ringworms happened from time to time. I recall a lad in school wearing a cap to hide his shaved and treated head. However, my infection began to cause concern when, in spite of our doctor’s efforts, it did not respond to the treatment of the day and it just grew bigger and bigger. In the end, my parents took a rather radical step – a visit the local charmer for a bit of magic!

** John Panter has informed that his family also sold geese to Butcher White.*

I recall the location of the charmer – one of the Hornicott cottages near the River Inny bridge, on the Launceston road. Mum informed me that my ringworm was about to be ‘charmed’ to get rid of it and that it was important that I should not say ‘thank you’ when the job had been done. Clearly Mum had lost faith in the NHS treatments of the day. I am fairly certain that no fee was involved here. We entered a cottage, where the ‘charmer’ put us at ease, produced a florin coin, and moved it in circles around the ringworm area. He might have been ‘talking’ whilst doing this, I am uncertain now. On completion, he gave me a chocolate bar, resulting in an immediate moral dilemma for me – should say ‘thank you’ but had been told not to! Well, that was that and we returned to Lanoy.

I remember, quite well, breakfast the following morning. Suddenly, I found it just about impossible to hold my spoon because of intense ‘itching/pins & needles’ in the infected hand. This was very real. Within days, the ringworm had gone – abracadabra indeed!

Play Related Activities at Lanoy

Now back to proper play activities. A few illustrative examples are described below.

I certainly recall a number of ‘rural’ ventures that my brother and I engaged in – probably without Mum being fully aware of what we were up to.

Climbing the larger apple trees, in the orchard already mentioned, was ‘fun’ and challenging and so allowed certain skills to be honed and with a built-in reward, top-quality apples. My favourite was the Russet and I still like them.



Here we are (Mervyn to the left), at a tender age, with a toy plane.

Then there was that walk to a nearby, abandoned and unsecured, ochre mine. With real carts, running on narrow

rails and working well enough to permit my brother and me to push a cart up a slope, jump on and ‘take a ride’. Of course, this was not a frequent escapade (just now and again when older). I imagine Mum would have been horrified had she realised what we were doing, after all, we had only been out-of-sight for a relatively short time.

Also, a fairly short walk away, was a fascinating piece of equipment housed in a rather crude wooden (I think) enclosure, sitting in a brook (with watercress I recall). This emitted a loud ‘thumping’ sound at regular intervals. It was obviously ‘doing something’ all on its own, in the middle of nowhere. I would later learn that this magical equipment was a form of self-powered pump using the flow of brook water, probably providing water for cattle troughs or similar on higher ground. This was known as a ‘Ram’. Almost perpetual motion.

We also constructed toys ourselves, the actual fun being the fabrication itself. For example:

- Bow and Arrow - we constructed our own bow and arrows from suitable wood cuttings found in hedgerows and abandoned binder/reaper twine

- Whistle - a straight length of sycamore, bark removed by gently sliding it off the core, which then had a 'flat' and 'pit' fashioned before replacing the bark. A good one could be quite loud when blown.
- Wind-up mobile toys - constructed by feeding a suitable rubber band through an old cotton reel, attaching each end to a used matchstick. Simply winding the matchsticks/reel and then 'letting go' provided a self-propelled toy. Cost = zero, play value = on a par with Lego (which was not yet available locally).
- Homemade Musical Instrument - A further example of a home-made toy, taken into school to show-off to teacher, was a crude musical instrument that actually sounded brilliant. All that was needed was a discarded fruit punnet (the ones made from real-wood shaving at the time) and an appropriate selection of old rubber bands (different thicknesses), simply stretched around the punnet. So, several 'notes' available but the rich sound, resonating out of the wooden punnet, was brilliant.

So, we perhaps see that music would begin to play a part in life at Lanoy - discussed next.

5. Village Activities and Ventures

Music at Lanoy & Coad's Green

Fernley enjoyed music. He could produce a tune from his harmonica, banjo and accordion although I do not think that he had any formal music lessons – just played by ear, as they say.

There were piles of old sheet music lying around the house, which Dad used for banjo, in the main. Mum had an old, but working, piano in the house. It was a Collard & Collard and was 're-purposed', circa 1963, as a rather nice display cabinet by a carpenter friend – who informed that much of the timber was actually decent rosewood.

We also had a 'wind-up' record player, or gramophone as it was usually called and a substantial collection of 78s - old, brittle records. These were played fairly frequently but I recall them falling out of favour rather suddenly. The reason was almost certainly the move towards a new kind of music, as played on the radio and the beginnings, perhaps of the 'hit record'.

I recall Mum going a little 'nutty' over a new record being frequently played on the radio. It was 'I See The Moon, The Moon Sees Me' by The Stargazers. Before long, Mum acquired a shiny new record of the song, albeit still a '78'. It did get well played. Some readers may recall the need to replace the gramophone 'needle' at frequent intervals.

But this was to prove the death knell for our battered collection of 78s, as Mum 'repurposed' many of them as 'plant pots'. Using heat from the Rayburn stove, the records were softened and moulded by hand to yield the pots – all with a nice drainage hole in the correct place. Anyway, moving on ...

At some point, about the age 7 or so, it was determined that my brother and I would be required to walk, or cycle after we had bikes as a present, down to North Hill village where Mum would spend time with granny Dawe (Alice) and Mervyn and I would leg it over to Miss Hibbs, the music teacher who resided close to the village shop, for piano lessons. Can't say I found this riveting, it was too much like hard graft. Scales seemed a punishment for some past error during the week.

But we did our lessons, then bought a 'proper' Weston Wagon Wheel in the corner shop (Mr Hall) and returned to Granny Alice's home nearby.

However, we did practise at home and made use of some of the sheet music lying about, as some of the tunes were pretty simple and sounded good. I particularly remember bashing out 'What Shall We Do With A Drunken Sailor' over and over. Of course, Coad's Green did not have anything as outrageous as a pub and I would not have known what the word 'Drunken' actually meant; indeed, it would be many years before I found out.

Dad played the banjo and accordion well. I remember him and some friends practising and singing mainly 'cowboy' style music (how about – 'Home On The Range') in Lanoy Cottage. A friend, Francis Dymond, who lived in the village itself, contributed a good quality tenor voice.

My brother, Mervyn, has vague recollections of a close harmony singing venture in Coad's Green but have found no evidence about this. It is possible, I suppose, that the music/singing evenings at Lanoy Cottage were, in fact, such an activity.

Note - I do not think that the person with Fernley in the photo opposite is Francis Dymond, but could be wrong. Perhaps a reader of this narrative could assist here?

The Coad's Green Cowboys

The village boasted a reasonably large group of performing musical talent that titled themselves as the 'Coad's Green Cowboys'.

Publically, the whole group performed at village events such as fundraising for

St Johns Ambulance Cadets. This newspaper cutting records details of the venture to establish a St John Ambulance



Fernley with banjo and an unknown person. Information on the unknown person would be welcome.

Cadet Corps at Coad's Green and one such event. It identifies the members of 'The Coad's Green Cowboys' group around 1965, these being:- F. Dymond, F. Dawe, C. Maunder, G. Downing, E. Brent and B. Palmer.

LOCAL TALENT PLUS TWO.
 The Schoolroom was packed on Friday for a concert, produced by Mr. F. Cornish in aid of the St. John Ambulance Cadet Corps Fund and given by local talent, with the exception of two artistes: Mr. T. Simmonds, of Callington, who gave some accordion solos, and Mr. "Mac" McIntyre, also of Callington, who entertained the audience with his singing, accompanied by his playing of the Spanish guitar. The Coad's Green "Cowboys" (Messrs. F. Dymond, F. Dawe, C. Maunder, G. Downing, E. Brent and B. Palmer) were as well received as ever, as they sang some of the old favourites, accompanied by Mrs. P. Downing (piano) and Mr. F. Dawe (banjo). Two humorous sketches were presented by the young people. The first, "Wanted, a wife," sad as its cast Mrs. B. Palmer, Misses U. Alford, K. Werring, R. Andrew, R. Palmer, Mr. J. Sandercock and J. Panter. "Blatherwick's Diplomacy" was the final sketch, the characters being portrayed by Misses B. Hawke, J. Werring, B. Andrew, O. Downing, Messrs. T. and C. Bartlett, H. Fynnamore and C. Parsons. During the interval Mr. F. Dawe (Cadet officer), gave some explanatory remarks regarding the cadet movement and its aims. He proposed a vote of thanks to all who had given so generously of their time to make the evening a success. Proceeds amounted to £16 10s.



Fernley, with the very same banjo, myself with accordion and brother Mervyn with guitar (c1965 - roughly a decade later).

Fernley was heavily involved in the Ambulance Cadet Corps at Coad's Green, as will be explained later.

Village Craft

I still retain some memories of specific Coad's Green village activities. Mum joined a 'hobby' group, this may have been the WI, I think, but might have been another similar group, in the mid-1950s. I certainly recall that she learned canework and fabricated several small wicker 'baskets', into which plastic salt, pepper, & mustard containers (cruet sets) were placed, to yield Christmas presents for relatives. I also recall a much more ambitious wicker cane construction, a large sewing basket, nicely lined and with a lid.

Game Evenings

I rather vaguely recollect going to Beetle Drive(s) up in the school (*must have been?*) and also attending a Whist Drive - just for fun, there was no gambling allowed here. I might be confused about this as I have read somewhere that such activities were not allowed in the school buildings at Coad's Green. Anyway, I know I could play the card game but had no experience at the time of having a game partner. I vaguely recall some instruction on this, especially the advice "do not trump your partner just because you can". It would be much later in life that the true meaning of teamwork became important.

The Littlewood's Catalogue Agent

I recall that Mum, probably as an income initiative, operated a Littlewood's Catalogue service whilst at Lanoy and I believe this was kind of welcome amongst village residents, as it was a means of spreading the cost of 'nice to have' items in those difficult post war years.

6. The Importance of Education

My family were always motivated to learn and apply knowledge as much as possible. However, in the real world, gaps between aims and outcomes can develop – and they did. But the whole family did the best that could be done’ at least, most of the time. Mum was not academically inclined, preferring more artistic outlets. Nothing survives from Mum’s early life. There are no school reports, no anything really. But I still have several items of Mum’s knitwear surviving from the past – the Arran pullovers remain in useable condition – just need to lose a bit of weight now.

Dad, Fernley, was driven by a desire to build his academic as well as practical knowledge and so it is appropriate to overview his educational endeavours.

Fernley the Bolventor School Scholar

A collection of Fernley’s Bolventor school reports still exists, providing evidence of a motivated lad, generally improving year on year. However, these school reports ceased in 1936, when Fernley was just 11 years old. Assuming that reports have not gone missing, the circumstantial evidence is that this was the year of the end of his formal school education.

Fernley’s dad, Harry Lang Dawe died in 1937, not long after the last surviving school report. Dad and his mum, Alice, moved to North Hill in 1939. A possibility is that Fernley was obliged to abandon formal education, upon the death of his father, to assist on the family farm, at South Priddacombe. This was before moving to North Hill and securing employment at Stonaford Farm until his marriage to Winnie in 1945, as referred to earlier. There is no evidence that he attended North Hill School.

Continuing Education - The Correspondence Course

At some point, probably soon after commencing full-time employment at Lanoy (circa 1945 and when he would have had some disposable income), Fernley signed up for a correspondence course with the Bennett College in Sheffield. His final examination college certificate, scoping ‘Husbandry and Farm Management, Agricultural Law and General and Commercial Arithmetic’ still survives, dated 1949.

We can reasonably conclude that Fernley’s aim was to continue his education part-time from home. The nature of the subjects that he studied does suggest an ambition to secure advancement in farming but a step at a time. I do recall that he was interested in attending an agricultural college. However, being married and a father would not help in such a quest.

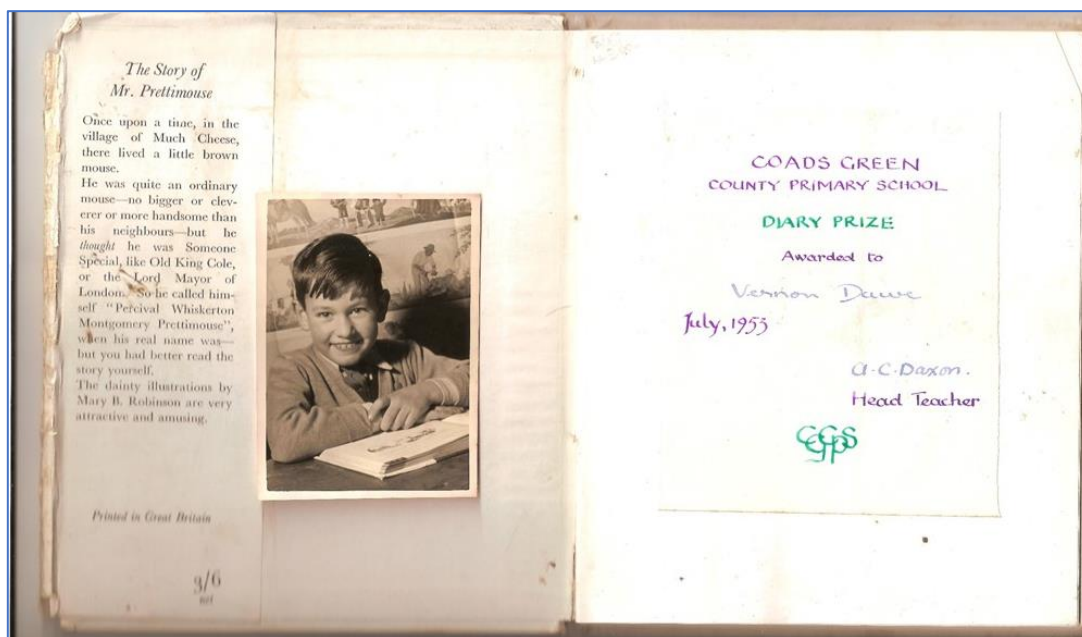
Of course, such studies would not have been a waste of time, education rarely is. It is not difficult to see that his Bennet College course provided a theoretical foundation that, together with his practical farm experience, would be invaluable in moulding a knowledgeable agricultural employee, with potential for advancement and so higher wages.

In particular, his acquired knowledge would have been very useful, possibly essential, in achieving success with his pig-rearing endeavours, described earlier.

Educating the Children – The Beginning

Coad's Green school, in the 1950's, combined infants and juniors. The features that I can broadly recall were an old, but solid, building with 2 main classrooms – one for infants, the other for juniors. The junior room had an old, coal-fired cylindrical stove with the flue rising straight up and out. There was a safety cage surrounding this heater, the hotplate of which would glow cherry-red when fully fuelled.

Each day required pupils to write a diary entry. Pupils were expected to become competent at cursory writing, using the dip-nib and inkwell provided at every desk. I actually became pretty good at neat, copper-plate(ish), writing, as did most other pupils. And the reward one year was, a 'prize for diary' which I still have – see below. We also can note that the Head Teacher was Mrs Daxon, who actually taught the infant children. Miss Kirkman (Mrs Daxon's sister, I think) taught the junior pupils



Here we have official pictures of my brother Mervyn and myself in the infants' classroom. Suspect these were taken at the same time, as the book we are both reading has the same page picture. Note how we both clearly loved being at school – just look at those smiles!



I cannot recall that Coad's Green School had a uniforms policy (for juniors) in the 1950s but this picture of me attired in a smart blazer and equipped with a rather nice-looking satchel, waving nervously to Mum as I set off up the road to the school, does infer that there may well have been guidance on outfits.



My 'Official' Education

I consider that I worked hard whilst attending Coad's Green school and could read and write reasonably well before the age of 10. These were skills that the school pushed constantly. However, a surviving end-of-year report (1955) suggests that there was room for improvement in most other subjects!

My Unofficial Education - Experimental Electrical Toys & Knowledge

One rather surprising outcome of being a reasonably competent reader, was my ability to absorb a rather grown-up book that lurked in our Lanoy home. This was an Odhams technical book entitled 'General Electrical Engineering' and was intended to support the training of engineering apprentices around the 1930/1940s.

This probably explains how this unlikely book came to be in our house. I recall that Mum's brother, Kenneth, was a mechanic apprentice with Truscotts in Launceston in the late 1930s. Such a book would support his training at the time (around 1940).

This book was riveting stuff for me, providing useful insights. I do recall being reprimanded by Mrs Daxon for demonstrating, to surrounding children, how to light a torch bulb under water, using broken torch parts from home. Using a wash-room basin filled with water, a torch light bulb, a U2 battery and a length of wire (a strand of old clothes line wire), the submerged torch bulb lit up with a fantastic underwater glow with the moving water producing shafts of dancing light. However, this live demonstration (during playtime) was completely unappreciated by a passing Mrs Daxon, who went on and on about mixing electricity and water. Of course, my awareness of such points was zero – after all, Coad's Green, in my time, was an electricity-free zone.

In fact, the village was being cabled-up for mains electricity at the time my family moved away in 1956. Work was underway probably from circa 1955 when we all went to the village to be educated on things electrical, especially the domestic items then coming onto the market. The demo-show involved a cinema screen at the rear of the demo lorry. Electric irons would replace the standard flat iron, washing aids, radios without batteries, instant lighting and so on.

The Family Radio Set

Unsurprisingly, I was fascinated by the radio set at home. Of course, it was operated sparingly owing to the batteries needed. Used mostly by my mum, I remember Mrs Dale's Diary and I think 'Woman's Hour' too. The Archers has already been mentioned. However, my main interest related to how the radio worked – more abracadabra!

Our radio was quite old, probably from the 1920s and likely acquired at a house sale or similar. We did not have mains electricity and I particularly recall the need for multiple batteries for the radio to work. There was a tappable 9V battery that lasted forever, a large 120V battery that did not last forever and which was expensive to replace – a good reason to ration use of the radio.

Then there was that rechargable battery, to make the valves glow. This required recharging frequently and so there was a weekly 'used battery' collection/recharge service, possibly operated by Martin's Radio in Westgate Street, Launceston.*

On moving away from Coad's Green in 1956, into a house wired for mains electricity, my parents purchased a range of basic items (iron, kettle, cooker) and a new Philips radio, at which point, the battery driven radio outfit became mine to explore - nice! I believe all of this investment in electrical items was funded from the sale of remaining livestock, upon vacating Lanoy Cottage in 1956.

* *Information recalled by John Panter*

7. Instilling A Savings Mentality.

My parents recognised the importance of instilling a 'savings culture' into our minds. Here is a copy of my very first Post Office Savings account. Yes, I still have it - but the money has gone.

The very first entry was for 5 shillings in 1950. A handsome sum for a 4-year-old, equivalent to £35 today. Good behaviour clearly paid off!

The end result was good, as I came to be a prudent spender at all times. When I started earning wages, I saved up for purchases that I wished to make, although sometimes this took rather a long time – such as my accordion (*see photo above*) that finally I bought c1965.



8. Miscellaneous Activities in 1950s in Coad's Green

The Annual Sunday School Excursion And Other Trips

It is appropriate in this narrative to take a look at what families did to occupy their free time around Coad's Green. My recollections include the following Chapel-related events. I recall well the annual Sunday School trip to the seaside. This was exciting for all the kids. After all, very few had cars and so trips to places like Looe, Newquay or Paignton relied on the Chapel outing to deliver that 'day out' on one day in the year.



We are off on an outing - or so we all thought! I can remember the tyre puncture incident but cannot recall the purpose of this particular trip. The driver with the repair mechanic is wearing just a shirt, so not freezing perhaps.



For some reason, we are off the coach here and clearly seaside bound and so probably a Sunday School outing. Note that I am not smiling here- clearly unhappy about something.

I recognise faces in the adjacent photograph of this village trip. The lady (with girl) on the left was a great friend of my mum. I think she was called 'Jenkins'. The name 'Dorothy' is in my head right now. I have a vague recollection that they lived near Trefuge, on a shortcut from Coad's Green to North Hill.

I think the lady on the right was also a good friend of Mum/Dad; perhaps she was Mrs Evelyn Dymond, wife of Francis of the Coad's Green Cowboys?



I am unable to recall the names of the middle two ladies in this picture – maybe a reader can?

The overcoats worn do suggest cold weather, so maybe they're not going to the seaside.

The St John Ambulance Cadets Established in Coad's Green

Dad had an interest in 'first aid' and invested much effort into personal training to support the St John Ambulance Association. Surviving qualification certificates are copied below.

These indicate that Fernley commenced his St John Ambulance activities in North Hill around 1943, the pink certificate shown was issued in the year of his marriage in North Hill

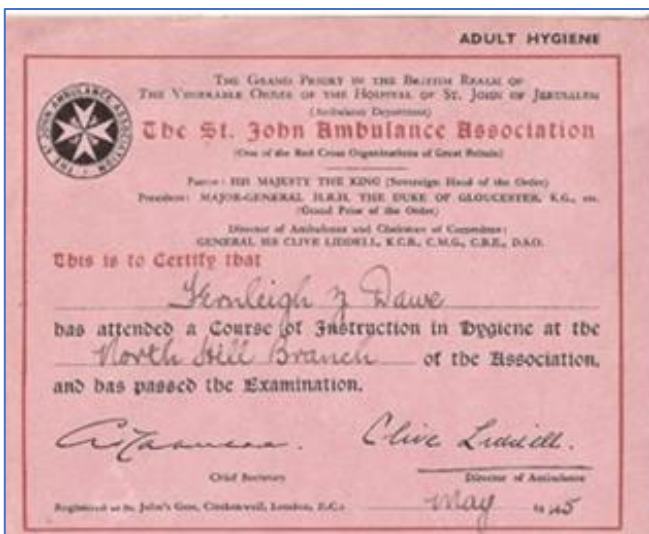
The next step for Dad was to seek to establish a St John Cadet cell in Coad's Green village and invested much personal time to the venture, in conjunction with Frank Cornish.

The associated newspaper article shown here dates the cadet enrolment event to c1955, as it refers to Dad's forthcoming move away from the village, which happened around March 1956.

I can recall that Dad was very satisfied with this contribution to village life!

The newspaper cutting presented in Section 5 (Coad's Green Cowboys) above refers to a St John Ambulance fundraising event - villagers were clearly interested in this initiative!

We also note that it was John Panter, now living in Lewannick, that presented Fernley with a book token at this event.



9. The World Wars

WW1 – Fred Cole

My granddad (Fred Cole) served in WW1. He rarely spoke about his experiences to anyone. The only time I can remember that he relayed information was the day he actually showed me a case containing something like 2 or 3 campaign medals and also allowed me to ‘feel’ a hard lump in his arm. It was shrapnel and it was still there.

The only account that I have is in the newspaper cutting recording granddad’s death – see below. It is probable that his son, Kenneth, provided the detail for the obituary.



DEATH OF MR. F. J. COLE

The death occurred at Launceston Hospital on Tuesday of Mr. Frederick James Cole, aged 79, husband of Mrs. Ethel Cole, of 1 Windmill Hill Terrace. Born at Bratton Clovelly, he was a son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Cole. In his younger days Mr. Cole was keenly associated with horses and was a familiar figure at local and regional shows.

He was a veteran of World War I and saw service on Hill 60 (Messines Ridge) in France and in Asiago, Italy. Mr. Cole also fought in the Battle of The Piave, Italy. For some years Mr. and Mrs. Cole lived at Trebartha, North Hill, and later at Lewdown. They came to Launceston to live in 1951. He was a member of the Royal British Legion. Besides his widow, he leaves a son, Kenneth Cole, of Exeter, and a daughter, Mrs. Winifred Dawe, of Newton Ferrers, together with three grandchildren and two great-grandchildren. Cremation takes place at Weston Mill today (Friday).

WW1 – Cyril Sleeman (Brother-in-Law to Fred Cole)

My mum had these photos here below in her collection. The images look just like my Uncle Cyril and indicate that he was in the Royal Navy during WW1.

However, much more research is needed on the early life of Cyril Sleeman before a detailed understanding of his early life can be established. *Maybe someone reading this narrative can add value to our knowledge base here?*



Cyril Sleeman, the postman circa 1936



Cyril & Lily Sleeman in later years – looks like a celebration here

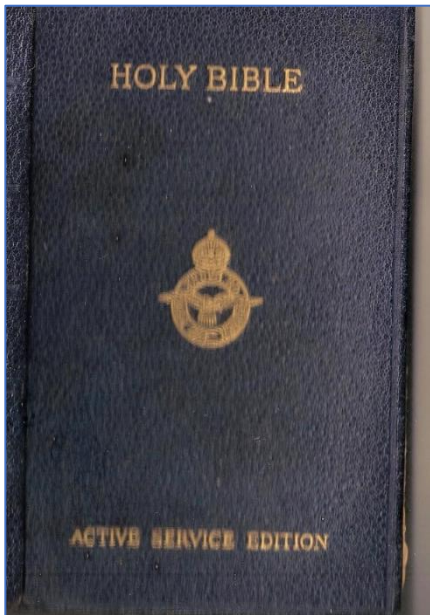
WW2 – Kenneth Cole

My mum's elder brother, Kenneth Cole, joined the RAF circa 1941, having served an engineering apprenticeship with Truscotts in Launceston.

He spent time in Burma/India and is placed 3th row back and just right of the cockpit window centre in the photo below.

After the war, Kenneth worked at Exeter airport as a mechanic





Uncle Kenneth gave a Service Bible to his sister, my mum, in 1941 (the inscription provides this date). It seems probable that this was the date he joined the RAF. This would be consistent with his known apprenticeship details with Truscott's garage in Launceston.

It seems likely that Kenneth's more academic apprenticeship training (he certainly did a lot of technical drawing work, as evidence by the notebooks left with my mum) took place at Launceston College, but no direct evidence has been found.

Uncle Kenneth gave mum several gifts from India, including a book entitled 'Wonderful India' – a book that I read often in my early youth. I still have this book – it is a fascinating text.

10. What Became of the Dawe Family of Lanoy?

As mentioned earlier, we moved out of Coad's Green circa March 1956, when I had just turned 10 years of age. Initially we moved to Lewdown, West Devon, before finally settling longer term in the Plymouth area.

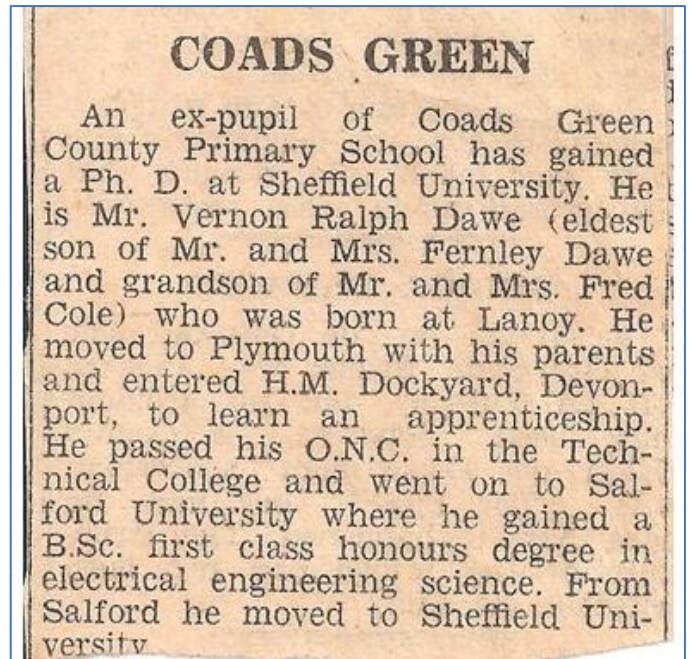
Both my brother Mervyn and myself left formal schooling at the age of 15 years, to take up 5-year apprenticeships offered at the Royal Naval Dockyard at Devonport. I studied Electrical Engineering, whilst Mervyn took up Painting/Interior Design.

For both of us, our ultimate goal was to achieve professional status in our chosen fields. This required that we achieve 'Chartered' status, dictating that we obtained appropriate academic qualifications and work experience. These we both eventually accomplished.

My electrical apprenticeship was completed in 1966 (5 years up), at which point I had secured further academic study opportunities at Salford and later at Sheffield universities. The local newspaper reported on these events at the time, as shown here.

The one aspect I recall vividly was my weekly pay as a new dockyard apprentice in 1961 (39 shillings).

I would remain in the Civil Service, enjoying an education/engineering project management biased career, until retirement in 2006.



My brother, Mervyn, followed a similar academic path, attending Plymouth College of Art and Design as an element of his 5-year apprenticeship, following which he attended Nottingham Trent Polytechnic, becoming, in due course, a Fellow of the Chartered Society of Designers.

Whilst attending Plymouth Art & Design College, Mervyn found himself engaged in some rather surprising projects. For example, the College was asked by the new Tamar Road Bridge Authority, to produce a plaque of the Cornish Coat of Arms to be installed on the new bridge tower on the Cornish side, probably around 1965/66. Mervyn produced the required plaque. We do not know, however, how long this plaque lasted up on the bridge tower.

Below is a newspaper cutting and associated photograph of Mervyn receiving a £5 prize – equivalent to circa £100 today and so well worth having!

Plymouth students win national prizes

As a result of the City and Guilds London Institute 1966 examination in painting and decorating work, the National Joint Apprentice Board has awarded its second prize of £5 to Mr. Peter Harrison.

Mr. Harrison, who is a student at Plymouth College of Art, Decorating Department, lives at 110, Lancaster Gardens, Whittleigh, Plymouth.

Apprenticed to Messrs. Harris and Sons, Plymouth, Ltd., he has also been awarded a prize of £5 for technical books and instruments by the Worshipful Company of Painters and Stainers, London. In 1964 he won a prize in the craft examination.

Another student at the college, Mr. Mervyn Ball, of Lambside Farm, Newton Ferrers, an apprentice in Devonport Dockyard, has won a prize of £5 in the 1966 City and Guilds craft examination.

Mr. H. E. Angle, head of the department, said students were now regularly winning national prizes.



Photograph with acknowledgements to The Western Morning News

Note the newspaper clip spelling error – 'Ball' printed instead of 'Dawe'.

11. Conclusion

Well reader, I have reached the end of my story about my family and our lives at Lanoy Cottage, Coad's Green, as accurately as memory and available records allow. I really do hope that readers of this account, will understand just how we lived, within the boundary of life on offer, in the early post-war years.

I am conscious that we lived through a time offering much freedom to us children, growing up in such a rural environment. Today, our parents would probably take steps to ensure some of the antics we engaged in at that time would be just impossible – this perhaps being a sad reflection of the direction society has developed.

It is also rather sobering to be reminding myself that, a mere 5 years after leaving Coad's Green, I would also have left state schooling and entered the real world of work. As indicated, my brother was not far behind.

The reader of this narrative will have noticed that it raises many unanswered questions, together with a lack of clarity or certainty, in some of the detail. It would be much appreciated if any reader, able to provide more information on specific detail or add value to this narrative in some other way, makes contact with the North Hill Local History Group.

Thank you and goodbye.

Vernon Dawe

January 2021