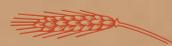




# The Half Crown Banana



Mawnan Smith 1946 – 54



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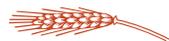
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William Rickard

Suddenly the war ends like a balloon going down. The heroes return - Percy Rendlesome got off the train at Falmouth and walked home. Slowly things get back to normal. I was surprised that so many of those who had gone to fight returned to Mawnan Smith. It seemed to me such a backwater. Later I realised that was exactly why they came back. After what they had seen they needed to bury themselves.

Jack Paget

There were three smallholdings in the centre of the village: Mrs. Lugg's house was one of the farmhouses, with what is now the Surgery as a yard; Courage's, on the junction opposite the thatched cottage, with yard and land towards Carlidnack Road; and West Close Farm, a hundred yards down Carlidnack Road on the right as you go away from the village, owned by Mr. Cobbledick.

William Rickard

Historically Mawnan Smith was an introverted place because of its position. It was a poor place with no natural industry.

Then came the rich incomers who built large houses, like the Foxes and the Rendlesomes. Originally they brought their servants to the area. Later they trained local people, who were encouraged to learn to speak 'properly'. This caused an increase in class-consciousness in the area, with farm labourers like me at the bottom.

Sylvia King

The Rev. Alan Bruce Gunstone had a large choir, and two organists, Phyllis Benney and Marion V. Arpin of Castlenau (1895 - 1983) who attended St Paul's Girls School, London, where her music teacher was Gustav Holst. She trained the choir and had after school clubs for folk singing and dancing.

Bridget Trout

The Rector (not Vicar, he was very firm on that!) and his family lived at The Sanctuary, Old Church Road. They had a nanny for their children, which was very unusual. All us local children just knew her as 'Nanny', with no idea of her real name. The Rector's wife had been married before, to a Scottish laird, and had led a very grand life.



Dave Rickard

Dicky Perkins was the butcher before Mr. Medlyn. He was a short chap who always wore breeches and had a Great Dane called Bruce. He was very miserable and sometimes you'd go into his shop and not dare ask him for meat. He had a girlfriend called Kathy Jones who he eventually married after many years. She was the first woman in England to train as a slaughter woman.

Jack Paget

Mr. Perkins was a fierce little man who loved horses, big horses who appeared to be half wild. Everyone could hear them kicking the door of their stables. The first Mrs. Perkins had to go to London to hospital. Mr. Perkins went to visit all dressed up for the occasion, old fashioned jodhpurs, jacket, highly polished boots and a bowler hat, slightly too small, perched on his head.



Photo: Roscarrick Villa, the Sara family house



“  
Mawnan boys should marry Budock girls  
”

 Recreation

Mary Cockeram

At Christmas Sunday School parties and prizegivings my aunts Miss Iris Pascoe, Miss Phyllis Pascoe and Mrs. Olive Williams always helped with the teas. Games such as 'A Hunting We Will Go' and 'Here We Come Gathering Nuts in May' were favourites.

Bunty Lugg

Dad would take a day off work and we would all go on chapel outings to St Ives or Newquay. The chapel crowd would all sit together, leaning against the wall. One day someone emptied their teapot on his head!

Hartley Peters

I ran a cinema in the Hall on Monday nights. We would show feature films three or four months after the cinema in Falmouth. I had a 16mm Bell & Howell projector. I used to take a pane of glass out of the door and project through it so you couldn't hear the noise of the projector. One night I got so engrossed in 'The Prisoner of Zenda' that I didn't notice that the bottom reel had stopped because the belt had dropped off. The result was one and a half miles of film

piling up on the floor. I couldn't get back out through the door so I had to climb back in through a window with a ladder borrowed from Wilfred Pascoe. I wound the film back with a pencil. The audience never knew.

William Rickard

I took classes at Falmouth Polytechnic - philosophy, music and art.



Photo: Mr. and Mrs. Musto, day out in Penzance



But my Mother was Cornish so we would come on holiday to Mawnan by car, a Singer which Dad shared with his sister and mother. My sister and I were so excited in the back that we would send my father into fits of despair. We stayed at Tregarne Farm which my aunt and uncle managed. It was the highlight of the year. I loved to watch my aunt do the milking. She washed the udders with a cloth

and then fixed on a suction pump. They also had a bull which we were told not to go near - so we did! He was a huge creature, dark brown and very smooth. I was mesmerised watching the men harvest from the outside of the field into the centre, and the rabbits run out from the middle. My aunt took lunch out to the labourers, usually pasties and tea.

