

Dear Owen

then Europe

July 18th June 78

any news of Adrienne? 301

It seems a long time since any news of the Sydney branch of the family caught up with us. How are things working out for you? How are things with our ancient ancestor? One hates to think of her tethered to her chair, though realising the hazards of the alternatives. How are you both coping with laundry, regular visits? Has your own case been heard yet, if so is the verdict one which offers a reasonable solution?

Ross & I are lodgers at a vicarage south of London, where we have a bed-sitting room overlooking a pleasant garden with enough trees & shrubs to entice bird calls. Weather is still uncertain enough to need suits and warm clothes, though to-day has been quite perfect. We visited for lunch an Irish couple who used to live in Canless next door to Murray's in-law's. Professor Desmond Smyth, his wife Mim who is a gifted sculptress. Des knows Lloyd, they saw him at a Vet. Conference in Sydney. Mim is a terrific mimic & described a visit to an aged Aunt who was a miserable creature when she was young, at 91 is still a miserable creature. Commenting on her niece's greying hair she said "I've never always the plain ones". But you've got Maggie's thumbs. Never did I think to see again Maggie's thumbs" (Mim hasn't a clue who Maggie was!) Ross was teasing & her retaliation was that if he wasn't careful she'd weld him!

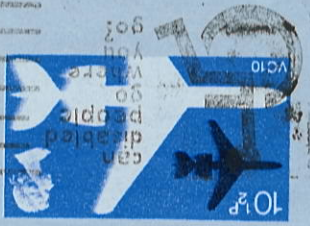
After we came home we settled down to read the Sunday Times & found in the coloured supplement a detailed map of Sh Keverne, showing Freganus, Upper Lesneague Farm & several of the athers we'd visited while we were down there.

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of the three red-headed daughters of  
Nanna H's brother Jack. He was a  
dentist in Grafton & had a stroke  
in his early 40s. Her eldest sister  
Catherine was at our wedding & we  
visited her in Chicago last year. She (Pat)  
talked of Ross pulling her hair or he  
complained that she tattled to their  
grandfather about pulling her hair  
of course claims innocence

MRS OWEN WISHAW  
 5 CHORLEY AV  
 CHELTENHAM  
 N.S.W. 2119



BY AIR MAIL  
 AIR LETTER  
 PAR AVION AEROGRAMME

SECOND FOLD HERE

SENDER'S NAME AND ADDRESS (PLEASE SHOW YOUR POSTCODE)  
 P. Holden  
 C/- Mr Graham Coombe  
 Overseas Dept  
 The Scout Association  
 Baden-Powell House  
 Queen's Gate  
 London, SW7 5TS  
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 NOT CONTAIN ANY ENCLASURE;  
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FIRST FOLD HERE

we were taken to lunch on Thursday by Peter Scott (not the wildlife man) whose father sponsored John Holden through the school of mines. Peter dropped us at Harrods as he set off for Devon in his Rolls Royce. For the benefit of the doorman Ross said "Thanks dinner, we should be about an hour".

On Friday we had a phone call from Michael which was only a mixed blessing. We heard him faintly in the distance and a clear double echo of our own voices. They go to Hawaii in August & wanted us to have dates which came through. We said goodbye to Stuart on Thursday evening. Love to all, good luck, P. Holden

"Leineage" was one farm,  
part of a big estate called "ANARTH".  
— same as the Bathurst name.

Pendennis House  
St. Keverne.

Mother dear,

23rd May, 1978

It is hard to believe that we are really here, where we have a sort of upstairs flat all to ourselves in a big house belonging to a Mr. Mrs. Pearce, whose advertisement we saw in a London paper. It is roomy & comfortable and we each have a little nook to ourselves looking out onto smooth rolling fields divided by hedges and vivid green after all the rain. In the field, just across the way are black-faced woolly sheep with some fat well established lambs. In the distance which is a bit hazy is Falmouth Bay & we plan to drive to see the treacherous "Manacle Rocks" where so many ships were wrecked in the days of sail.

Our trip from Plymouth was pleasant, through avenues of interlocking trees, past little villages, then winding along between hedged banks on which were masses of what locals foolishly think of as flowering weeds. Queen Anne Lace, pink campion, masses of bluebells, buttercups & white hyacinths with some wood violets here & there. The last section before reaching St. Keverne was over Goonhilly Downs which are rather lonely & desolate & the scene of a British Aerospace Communication Centre.

The village is prosperous and lively but a great deal of what we see would have been changed or built since your forebears lived here. Buildings have been demolished or altered and much new building. In the square is a cross in memory of 1st World War soldiers where I guess there was a village pump. A main water supply only came in 1950. The school celebrated its

centenary in 1977 so that would have been  
after they left. A couple of sons must be old  
and some of the shops and I'm charmed by the  
village church. A booklet I read says there  
has been a place of worship on the site since  
600 A.D. St Keverne, they think came from  
Ireland or Wales. He wasn't given a very good  
reception by the villagers. In a fit of anger  
(one wouldn't expect from a saint) he cursed  
the village for its inhospitality. "no metal shall  
run within the sound of St Keverne's bells".  
Incredibly in a country rich in tin & copper,  
no worthwhile lode has been discovered in the  
area. When his friend St Just tried to get  
away with his chalice, he threw 3 big stones  
after him.

In the graveyard near the church  
I located the gravestone of Peter Cock, who  
would have been your grandfather Robert  
Cock's father & died in 1826. A church  
warden I wrote to about 3 years ago has  
fossicked out a lot of information for me  
and will pass it on in a day or so. Everyone  
has been very friendly & helpful. I went to  
buy a few odds. ends to-day & the grocer said,  
"Are you the people whose come to trace your  
ancestors?"

We had a lucky encounter  
yesterday. We located the little hamlet of  
Tregowhis & as we rounded a curve I  
saw the notice "Lesneage" on a tree. Two  
men were in a garden opposite, so we  
had a little yarn. They told me no one lives

Sequel - May 23<sup>rd</sup>.

We drove through one of the winding roads, getting a bit tangled on the way but eventually reached the restored cottage, part of the Lanarth estate. It was owned for hundreds of years by the Sandys family (same as Duncan Sandys). Eventually sons ran out. Williams was the next name but about 10 yrs ago inherited by one John Tyler. The Sandys family made wealth in mining & Williams was referred to as the village squire. Over the years, there was a Sandys-Horsken scholarship fund for sons of poor families to attend Helston Grammar School.

Our newly made friends are both almost as tall as the Whitlams, though he is slight. She trained as a nurse & I think served in the war, married & went to live in East Africa (Tanzania) where her 1st husband developed cancer. Her present husband also lost his first partner. They'd invited along her cousin John who is a dairy farmer with 3 farming sons & he was born at Lesneage. His wife Dorothy was very friendly & promises to dig out an Aunt & he was trying to follow through another clue

When I was in Cornwall last in 1955 I hadn't enough information. On return home, from Edith I learned the name of the village.

A distant connection called Trebley Smith had visited the old farm in 1954. He'd stayed with his cousin in Falmouth & gave me her address & we exchanged letters. She was kind enough to pass on my inquiry to her cousin whose husband had grown up in St Keverne at Lesneage. He wrote

me a long charming letter twenty years or more ago & this woman on whose doorstep I landed is his daughter who has only been back here for a couple of years. We had a most interesting & congenial evening. The dessert was a blackberry mousse made from Lesage's blackberries no less. Many of the women seem to have big freezers. The cousin's wife told us a funny story about the day after her was delivered (a gift from an Aunt) she had to entertain a group of wives of French farmers visiting. She doesn't speak French so was serving afternoon tea under difficulties. They were most interested in the house & especially in the freezer. When it was opened they probably expected to see 1/2 a sheep or a pig but all that was in it were 2 small packets of ice-cream.

The cousin & his wife have lived here all their lives, so they are going to do a bit of enquiring. I'm really very intrigued with the headstone I found. PETER COCK b 1751 - 1826 (75) but he shares it with his first wife Ann Rogers who died much earlier 1791, aged 31 having lost 3 babies in infancy but it was their surviving daughter who was the Honorable John Smith's mother. Years later Peter Cock (widower) married Mary Mundy by licence (no banns were called) 1795. Their son Robert born 1796 was grandfather's father & came in his late 50s with his family of 9 to Australia - quite a venturesome journey at his age. There are Mundys in a neighbouring parish of Mullion & a clergyman by the name of Mundy they thought might be visiting at present. Such continuity is incredible. Where is Mary's grave? It is a bit like working out a crossword puzzle.

in the house at present — that it is let during  
 summer. So we drove in & I took some photos.  
 It is sturdily built of stone but a bit neglected  
 overgrown with nettles but I was told it  
 is to be done up. People who occupied it for  
 many years was a family called Lambreck.  
 (I'd exchanged correspondence with a Mr Lambreck  
 about 20 years ago) The two farmers said a  
 daughter of the family lived down the road  
 in a thatch-roofed cottage on the right &  
 suggested we call in.

So no check, no Christmas box! We  
 reached a charming cottage with gurgling  
 stream nearby & a bright colourful garden.  
 When I knocked at the door a tall gracious  
 woman answered. I stammered my business.  
 She looked a trifle startled at first but invited  
 us in, they were just about to have a cup of  
 tea. Her husband, tall & good-looking, was  
 introduced. He's well involved in Legion Club  
 & they've been travelling a lot this year. Keith  
 Sargent is his name. She was Marian  
 Lambreck and her mother an Oates — her nickname  
 at University was Titus — after a famous Antarctic  
 hero. The charming house they lived in used  
 to be a game-keeper's house which had been  
 almost pulled down and restored by one  
 of the notorious Train Robbers who'd done a  
 term in prison. She thinks it was probably  
 her father that I wrote to, but of course I don't  
 remember the first name. He was kind enough to  
 send me a photo of Lesneage when his family  
 lived there. Anyway these people just seemed



very special. On the spot, she rang her cousin whom she thought might be of some help & we are invited to meet them at their home for dinner to - night.

It turns out also that Mrs Pearce's Uncle died at Lesneage after the Lamberrick's left.

Getting back to the church where I guess your father & his brothers & sisters were baptized (The Methodist is much later about 1890). There is a very attractive spire which was struck by lightning in 1770 during a morning service. With falling masonry some people were injured but not badly. It was promptly restored because ships used it as a marker when coming into Falmouth harbour. There is a peal of bells & a team of bell-ringers. We look forward to hearing the practice on Wednesday night. There is a male voice choir & opposite us the St. Kewenne Band - so there is local music. The rector is young & vital & they have a good active youth group at the church & are expecting a big rally from all over Cornwall next month. Mrs Pearce was at a meeting this morning dealing with catering for the visitors.

Incidentally, she is going to bake a saffron cake and cook some Cornish pasties while we are here. She serves breakfast & the evening meal and we attend to our own lunch most days & we have a picnic if the weather is agreeable.

Much love and dear,  
Phyll. Ross.