

# MARAZION Memories

NEWSLETTER

Heritage Lottery Fund



Marazion Memories is a reminiscence project covering the parishes of Perranuthnoc Ludgvan, Marazion, St. Hilary Co-ordinator - John Pollard.

A REMINISCENCE PROJECT PROMOTED BY MARAZION AND DISTRICT FORUM, FUNDED BY HERITAGE LOTTERY

We have arrived on the World Wide Web!!! We now have our own web site which will spread the information we have, hopefully provide a stimulus for people to share their memories, and act as a point of contact.

See us on: [marazion-memories.co.uk](http://marazion-memories.co.uk)



Photographs of Marazion in the 1940's supplied by Naomi Ellis



The picture (left) shows the new recruits to the Cornwall Constabulary in 1922. Third from the left on the middle row is PC Arthur Allen who was the 'village bobby' in Marazion from 1939 until 1953. Arthur's son, John who himself had a distinguished career in the Police has recorded his reminiscences of his father and the family's time living in the Marazion Police House in the centre of the town. There were lots of callers who came to the house and of course they had one of the few telephones in the town so the Police House was a police station, a community centre and a home!

Amongst John's memories are:

PC Allen was stationed at Marazion after period at Newquay, Liskeard, Satlash, Perranporth and Sennen where he famously served a summons for 'failing to have a valid road fund licence' and 'no certificate of air worthiness' on a plane that crash landed on the road!

John Allen does not ever remember his father wearing anything other than his Police uniform trousers -he was always on call and had to be ready!!

In the 1940's there was a sergeant at Penzance and police officers at St. Hilary and Crowlas. The only vehicle they had was a bike and the 'team' would meet up at Longrock for a 'catch up'!

During the war PC Allen had a tin helmet and always claimed that he had a gun, issued so that he could repel a German invasion -presumably joining up with Major Pittaway and the Home Guard!

There was little crime, Marazion was a close-knit community and the village bobby knew everyone and everyone knew him. Today people still speak of PC Allen with fondness and respect.

**Do you have a memory of PC Arthur Allen?**

Interested in becoming involved? Phone John Pollard on 07967272808

1935

# Sir Alan Cobham's

GREAT NEW

## AIR DISPLAY

BRITAIN'S FINEST PILOTS IN AN ENTIRELY NEW FOOTING

FLIGHTS FROM 11 AM  
Special display from 12 noon to 1.30 pm

THE "WINDMILL" AIRCRAFT  
The same "Windmill" aircraft as used by Sir Alan Cobham

AND MANY OTHERS

Amusement, Fresh, Crazy Flying, Race Flight Competitions, etc.

PASSENGER RIGHTS IN THE "MAGNA" GAUNT AIR, UNSEEN

20 BRILLIANT NEW EVENTS!

MONDAY, August 26th, one day only

PENZANCE  
GREAT ROSEVIDNEY, COCKWELLS

Cheapest 2.50 per 1/2 hr. Ten regular flights 2.30 to 6.00 pm  
Special children's hour 5.30 to 6.30 pm.

Admission 1/6, Children 6d, Cars 1/-  
Flights with famous pilots from 4/-  
"MAGNA" ONE WAY TO BRITAIN'S HIGHWAYS"



Sir Alan Cobham served in the fledgling Royal Air Force in 1917 and after the war joined de Havilland Aeroplane Hire Service – 'Fly Anyone-Anywhere'. He pioneered air travel all over the world and gained fame as an air racer. In 1932 he formed a touring air show with spectacular aerobatic pilots, wing walks, parachutes he toured the country offering people the chance 'to fly'

As the advert in the Cornishman (left) shows that in August 1935 Alan Cobham's Air Circus visited the area. Dorothy Round, daughter of Marazion School's Headteacher visited the display and went in the air! Below is part of her description of the exciting day:

"I was 13 when Sir Alan Cobham brought his famous Air Show to West Cornwall. I had been 'nuts' about aeroplanes ever since, aged 5, I had seen one flying above Freddy Reynold's Butchers Shop. Mum and Dad were away leaving Grandma Round in charge of us, so I did not need to ask for parental permission to go. Grandma let us do anything we liked! The show was to be held near Rosevidney in the largest field available – all the fields closer to Marazion were hilly. Arnold (brother) was keen to go with his friend Arthur Roberts. Arthur had no bike – "never mind" said Arnold – "It is only four miles, we can walk." So we walked. From the newspaper announcement we knew it was 6d. to go in. Flights were advertised but no prices were mentioned. I was sure it would be at least a pound, so all I took was the necessary sixpence.

The walk was pleasant, down Gwollon, and through wooded lanes. Occasional planes overhead fed our anticipation. We paid, went through the farm gate and joined the strollers looking at the planes parked beyond a rope-on-stakes barrier.

There were several airplanes, a big sign next to a cabin plane with windows - FLIGHTS £1.

Further along was a World War I leftover, a bi-plane with open cockpit – FLIGHTS 2/6.

I had a lot more than that at home – why hadn't I brought my money? Why didn't I have my bike, I could have gone home for the money – I could have flown!

I turned away from the bi-plane and the sign. Arnold and Arthur had gone on further looking at things which I could not see for eyes full of disappointment. Then I thought of people I knew, wandering around, waiting for the show. Could I? Did I dare? Was it possible? I caught up with the boys and asked if they had any money. All Arnold had left was sixpence, Arthur supplied another sixpence. I saw two girls I knew, they lent me threepence each. I still needed a shilling.

Across the field I saw Miss Trevaskis, my teacher when I was 5. What would she think if I asked her to lend me the money? I asked her and before she could speak I explained why I need a shilling and "I can come to Goldsithney first thing tomorrow, on my bike, and pay you back."

I got a warm smile, kind words and a shilling! I could fly!

Clutching my handful of coins, I rushed over to the kiosk where tickets were sold. I seemed to be the only customer and when I sprinkled the coins on the counter, I could hardly breathe. I expected something like a bus ticket but I was given a foolscap examination paper. It required all sorts of details and for anyone under 18, the signature of a parent or guardian.

What could I do now? Mum and Dad were in Plymouth, Grandma four miles away. I'd borrowed all that money – and now I could not fly.

My brother, aged 9 was a good reader and studied the form carefully. Then he dug in his pocket, produced a pencil. "You answer the questions. You came to the air show with me, so I'm your guardian. I'll sign the paper."

I was the first in line by the bi-plane. A young man came along and ducked under the rope and began checking the plane. The pilot collected our papers and stuffed them unexamined in a big pocket, then told us to climb up onto the wing and get into the rear cockpit. It was just a hole in the fuselage without seats. We were instructed to crouch down and hold on to the sides. We crouched. We held on. The engine started and then bumpety-bumpety-bump, I was in an aeroplane. Then there was a wobbling sensation and the ground was falling away. We were flying!"