

Tremanton

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Chapter 1. The common room of Green Lane Junior School was usually a busy place at the mid morning break time. The weather was mild and sunny for the time of year, the end of February is not supposed to be that warm even here in South East Cornwall, but it can vary so much. The daffodils and primroses were out in bloom in this favoured part of England. Most of the children were out in the playgrounds and so two of the teachers were on duty looking after them. The other 9 teachers were in the common room chatting about all the inconsequential things people talk about when they meet. Have you ever noticed how much people vary when you look at them? The long and the short and the tall were certainly among this group. There were four men and five women in the room and each one had a very different story to tell. The tallest and the shortest of them were in one corner in a little world of their own, enjoying a cup of coffee together. The rest were in loose and ever reforming groups as topics of conversation varied between them. The tall chap was Trefor Jones, who like the others took a variety of subjects with his class, but specialised in maths and science. His companion was Susan Forbes, a widow in her late thirties, who had come back into teaching now that her two children were both at school. They weren't lovers but the gossips speculated that it wouldn't be long before they were although there was a rumour doing the rounds that they already were. One missing member of the teaching staff was the headmistress, Miss Edith Saunders. She rarely came into the common room as she always had administrative jobs to do in addition to her teaching commitments. She was the most dedicated teacher any of the others had ever met, always being the first to arrive in the morning and the last to leave in the evening. She had a class of her own and even though there was a school secretary and two administrative assistants to do most of the routine paper work, Miss Saunders put in several hours each day on the administrative duties and was usually to be found at the school during some part of every weekend. She was in her late fifties and so retirement loomed ahead of her and she dreaded even thinking about it. Teaching had been her whole life and what on earth would she do once she had retired. Become a school governor perhaps. That would not be a full time job by any means and anyway she didn't like her school's governors very much. She regarded the school as hers as she had been there for over thirty years and was far more concerned for the welfare of it and its pupils than most of the governors. In theory they were a group of public spirited individuals who should have had the schools best interests at heart, but in fact they were political appointees, who regarded their job as part of their political careers. Decisions were more often than not made along political lines rather than purely in the interests of the school. People will say that education should not be a political thing. That's fine if the party you have sympathy with is in power and is presumably doing what you want them to do. If the other lot are in charge and not doing as you would wish then that is when you would say that education should be above politics! The other missing member of the teaching staff was the biggest misfit of all. He was James Robinson who was now back in London attending a family funeral. Not that there was anything wrong with him, far from it. He stood at just over 6 feet tall, had almost film star good looks with rugged facial features, dark blond hair which was just a little bit too long for Miss Saunders liking, had a slim and athletic body and drove a new Mercedes C180! His father was a City Stockbroker

and you might wonder what he was doing down in a place like Liskeard. Until that is you found out that his hobby and passion was surfing. Cornwall has the best surfing beaches in the UK and to live and work in the county was his idea location. His other interest was sex, but no one in the school knew too much about that part of his nature. He managed to combine his twin hobbies very satisfactorily! Not only did he enjoy teaching, history being one of his other interests, he was good at it as he liked children and just exuded confidence. As he strode into a classroom his mere presence ensured that the children quietened down ready for his lesson. He also managed to make his lessons interesting as he would wander from the curriculum to bring in general knowledge and current affairs items that were not strictly part of the lesson. Education seems to run in threes. Primary is from 5 to 11 and usually involves two different schools; infants is from 5 to 8, junior from 8 to 11 and then secondary is from 11 to 18 and tertiary is university or college and is usually referred to as further education. From the top the Ministry of Education is in London and organises most of the finances, the curriculum and examinations. The local education authority is part of the County or City Council and organises premises and employs the teachers and then at the level of the school there are the Governors who are responsible for the day to day running of the school itself. The Headmaster or Headmistress then actually runs the school. Completely outside this system are the many private schools and only in this country would they be called "public schools!" The rule usually is that whatever your political beliefs if you can afford it then your children go to public school presumably because they get a better education than had they gone to the local Council School as most of us did and still do. In later life you are more likely to get a top job if you had been to a public school. Unfair? Well maybe but that's life.

Chapter 2.

Miss Saunders was an interesting character but also something of a mystery. Her staff either loved her or were very fond of her. She was a very good and dedicated teacher and her pupils also liked her, she knew whatever subject she was teaching in depth, was patient and kind to even the most annoying pupils and little ruffled her composure. Nobody though actually knew her personally. She never mixed with anyone after school hours. She went on school trips of which there were quite a few in the summer, but that was merely an extension of her job. She was about 5 feet 8 inches tall, slightly overweight, wore her hair, which was beginning to go grey, in a tight bun. Her clothes were good quality but a bit old fashioned. She never wore trousers and her skirts were always mid calf length. Even her stockings were rather thicker than normal. She would have fitted very well in with mid 1930's fashion rather than the 1990's. She had a sister who lived in Worcestershire and she would go off there during the holidays and at Christmas. If anyone asked her if she had had a nice time all she would say was "Yes thank you and how about you?" Never giving away any details! If there had ever been a man in her life no one knew about it and she certainly never mentioned that to anyone! Like many teachers of her age she went to teacher training college just after the war and had not been to University. Her main subject had been English Literature, but at Junior School level you were expected to be able to teach a range of subjects and she was good at them all. She did two years at college and then a years teacher training at a secondary school in the Midlands. What a different world it was then. The school playground was gravel not even tarmac and there was no such thing as health and safety! After that she came to the West Country and had several jobs in the area all at junior schools. This was a natural choice for her as her father had been a station master for the Great Western Railway in Exeter and so the whole family could travel free on that railway up to six times a year! Their family holidays were always spent either in Devon or Cornwall. After about fifteen years of teaching in different schools she got a job at Green Lane Junior School. When the previous head teacher became due for retirement she was told as there would be no point in her applying for it, by a gentleman she knew from the Education Authority. He was a school inspector and she had met him on several occasions when he had been carrying out his inspections. She knew that he had always given her good reports so she asked him "Why shouldn't I apply for the job of head teacher?" "Oh that's simple" he replied "You are a woman and women only get these sort of jobs in small village schools because they are paid less than a man!" It took another ten years and the move to a larger school of that head teacher before she was allowed to apply for the job. She was a round peg in a round hole and would stay there until she was compulsorily retired at 65. Trefor Jones was another

mystery character in the school. He was in his late thirties and still a bachelor, who apart from his "relationship" whatever it might be with Susan, didn't have a wife or girlfriend and talked little about himself. That was a pity as he had quite an interesting story to tell. When asked why his name was spelt with an "f" instead of a "v" he would tell his enquirer that his father had been Welsh and that was as far as he would go. Trefor didn't know who his father was and knew nothing about him apart from the fact that he was Welsh and that his mother had met him at an Eisteddfod in North Wales in 1951. Indeed his mother hadn't known his father very well either. She had been born in 1930 to a couple who lived in Dorchester. Married women didn't go out to work in those days and his father had been a butcher working in a shop in the town. It was quite a well paid job and they lived in a terrace house which they owned. That cosy life all came to an end in 1940 when his grandfather had been killed in the retreat to Dunkirk. His mother was brought up by her mother who never remarried and never had another man in her life after her husband died. The family had moved to Dorset when one of their ancestors had not wanted to spend his life down a pit in South Wales and had escaped from that life for ever. Her Welsh roots lived on in her name, Megan Jones, but there was not a hint of a Welsh accent in her speech. She was a bright pupil at school and had attended the local Grammar school. Having only a widowed mother to support her, there was no chance of her going to University and so after leaving school she took evening classes to become a secretary and worked during the day as a clerk in the Local Council Offices. England was dreary place after World War Two and almost bankrupt. True we were on the winning side of that War but is usually forgotten that the cost of winning had been so great. The Labour Government of 1945 had come to power with plans to transform the country, but lacked the funds to do so. Many of our large cities were in ruins, the railways had been overworked and under repaired during the war and there was no money to rebuild them and food was still rationed. All Megan's previous holidays had been spent locally and that was nothing to complain about as Dorset is a very beautiful place to live. However in that fateful year 1951, the year of the Great Exhibition in London, which was held to celebrate the 100th anniversary of the previous one of 1851, she decided that she wanted to go back to Wales as she had never been there before. One of the girls who worked in the same office, Doreen, said she would like to go with her as she too had never been to Wales before. They invested in a two man tent, not for a long time to be called a two person tent, a sleeping bag and rucksack each and with £15 in their pockets set off on their adventure by train to Wales. The first night found them in Shrewsbury where after a couple of British Railway sandwiches they slept in the station waiting room. That had the advantage of being free with toilets next door. The next evening by way of Wrexham and Colwen Bay they reached Llandudno. The weather was fine, sunny and warm and so they pitched their tent in a park not far from the sea front. Their evening meal consisted of fish and chips in a local café washed down with a mug of tea. Something of an extravagance at 2/6 for both of them! Their ablutions next day were in the nearest public toilets and so they set off for the Isle of Anglesey. They had bought an open ticket and after they had crossed the Menai Straights which separates the Isle of Anglesey from the mainland, they passed through the village of Llanfair PG. It had the longest name of any railway station in the UK and the name was clearly made up with that point in mind. Their train was the one which branched right not far from Llanfair and so they travelled across the middle of the island, through woods and past hills and valleys and the large lake in the middle of the island, Llyn Alaw. Their destination was Amlwch, a small fishing village on the north coast of the island. Not that either of them had ever heard of the place before. The station was in the middle of the village and on arrival they set off to explore the place. The main road lead down to the harbour which had been formed by turning a natural inlet of the sea into quite a substantial harbour. It was lunchtime and the sun was shining and so they decided to have lunch in one of the pubs over looking the harbour. In those days pubs didn't do food the way they do now and so lunch was half a glass of shandy and a packet of crisps apiece taken sitting on the wall outside the pub! They remarked on how unfriendly the landlord had been when he served them. When Megan took the glasses and the empty crisps packets back to the bar, the landlady's wife apologized for how rude her husband had been when they came in. "You see, he doesn't like the English." she said. At this Megan laughed gently and said "Do you know what my name is?" Looking rather wary the lady said "Naw"

in a long drawl. "It's Megan Jones" said Megan with another laugh. At that the lady burst out laughing so that her somewhat ample bosom started to shake noticeably. "Dai" she called to her husband, who looked over with a scowl on his face. "Come here, Dai!" "do you know this young ladies name?" "Na wrth gwrs mo!" ("Of course not!") he said, irritably. "May I introduced you to Miss Megan Jones!" The scowl on Dai's face disappeared and his ample belly joined in the laughter! "Escisodoch ffei, bach" (I'm sorry) he said "I'm sorry but I don't speak Welsh" said Megan quickly. "but you don't sound Welsh" he said. "No, my great Grandfather had to leave Merthyr to find work in England" she said. "Typical, never given us a fair chance, haven't the English." With that he left the end of the bar to join his pals in the other corner. Megan thought that he must have been one of his own best customers for his beer. "My name is Ann Thomas" said his wife and they shook hands. "Where are you staying?" asked Ann. "I don't know, we haven't found anywhere yet. We have a tent and as it's such nice weather we wondered if there is anywhere round here where we can pitch it for a couple of nights." "No problem" said Ann, "there is an area of overgrown garden next to the pub and you are welcome to stay there for as long as you like. And you can use the loo whenever you want." She added. "If you are staying till Saturday there is an Eisteddfod to be held at the field just at the end of the village. In the meantime there are lots of nice walks you can go on." That settled, Megan left the pub and rejoined Doreen on the wall outside. She recounted what had happened and suggested from now on she should be allowed to do all the talking! They soon had their tent erected and their things arranged inside and so it was time to explore their new surroundings. They walked down to the harbour and wondered why it so big for such a small place. There were several small fishing boats tied to the walls, but there were large areas of harbour wall unoccupied. On the hill overlooking the harbour was the stump of a windmill and so they decided to walk up to it and then to walk along the cliffs. It really was a beautiful day with a slight breeze just taking the edge off the warm sunshine. Above them the seagulls wheeled and screeched on the wind. The waves were breaking on the golden sand in a small cove some 200 feet below them. There was a pathway going down to the beach and so they carefully picked their way down. As soon as they reached the beach they kicked off their shoes and walked down to the sea and ran along on the edge of the surf. After a few minutes of this Doreen turned to Megan and said "Come on let's go for a swim" "But we haven't got our costumes" said Megan. "That doesn't matter there is no one else around" Said Doreen. With that she ran up the beach to some rocks and took off her clothes. As she ran back down the beach, naked, Megan realised that she had never seen another person naked before! She certainly had never seen her mother undressed and she could hardly remember her father at all, but never naked that's for sure. Doreen was about 8 inches taller than Megan who barely reached 5 feet in her shoes. Her hair was a dark brown and her figure was slim. Her breasts weren't as big as Megan's, but her nipples were dark brown and surrounded by similar coloured aureoles. Her breasts she knew were quite a bit bigger than Doreen's and her nipples were more of a pink shade than brown. Not that anyone but her had ever seen them. To Megan the sight of Doreen running naked down the beach towards her was both a bit shocking and erotic at the same time. She went up to the rocks where Doreen had flung her clothes and took off most of hers, but she couldn't quite bring herself to take off her knickers. As she ran into the waves, Doreen splashed water over her and the shock of the cold water on her body took her breath away. Doreen laughed at her and Megan asked what was the matter. Doreen said "just take a look at yourself." As she looked down she realised that she might just as well have taken off her knickers as they had become virtually transparent and she could see the patch of dark golden hair at the top of her legs. The girls soon got cold and so came out of the water and went over to a small waterfall where clear freshwater was cascading down the rocks. After the first good wash of their trip, they rinsed out their undies and laid them on the rocks in the sunshine to dry. They did that to themselves as well and thought how wonderful it was to feel the sun drying them without having a cold wet bathing costume clinging to them. They had read about people being nudists and going without their clothes in special areas away from public view and now they realised why these people did it. Perhaps these people weren't cranks after all, but neither of them thought that they would be quite so relaxed as this if there were members of the opposite sex around to see them! As soon as they and their clothes were dry, they dressed and climbed back up

the cliff path. There was a café in the village but it would closed at six o'clock and so if they were to get a meal that evening they had to be there before then. At the café there was no meat on the menu as it was still rationed and so it was fish and chips again. Their money was going further than they had expected as to date they had spent nothing on accommodation. They thought that they would be paying camp site fees but so far their camping had all been free! After their meal they had another wander round the village then it was back to the pub for another glass of shandy and an early night. As Doreen said goodnight to Megan she added "all we need now is a couple of men complete our day's adventures!" Megan was a bit shocked at this. She knew that Doreen had had sex with several men in her time but Megan was still a virgin and she wanted to keep it that way. At least for the time being. There was no such thing as sex education in those days and all her mother had said to her on the subject was "keep your knickers on and keep your legs together!"

Tremanton is a Georgian style house built in the middle of the 19th century, surrounded by it's 3000 acre estate set in the rolling countryside of South east Cornwall, not far from the market town of Liskeard. This is the story of the house and estate and those who have lived and worked in it for over 150 years, their lives, loves and tragedies.

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and this was a solid 4 stars for me. (1) Tearle (3) Teasdale (1) Tremain (4) Tremaine (4) Tremamondo (1) Trematon (3) Tremayne (43) . TMTJ.J - Trematon Capital Investments Limited Profile - Their bestselling book Landscape of Dreams covers fourteen and Julian created for themselves between 2012 and 2019 at Trematon Castle.

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