

**Theresa  
Lobb**  
(nee Mellet)  
1886- 1979

This illustration is based on Herbert Hughes' 1906 photograph of Theresa Mellet ascending the steps to what is now the property called Creekside, Gullrock in Port Gaverne, where she lived with her father and mother together with her two sisters.

Theresa Mitchell Mellett was born on September 9th 1886 to Charles Mellet, a French national, and his wife Bessie. By 1909 she was working as a housemaid in Torquay. In July 1920 she married Francis (Frank) Ede Lobb, and they had a son, also Francis Ede Lobb, in 1922. In 1939 she was living in Rose Hill with her son, a carpenter's apprentice. After the war, her son married June Reay in 1946 and they had a daughter, Christine Theresa in 1947.

## Walking with ghosts ...

*Is it me or does anyone else walk round the village seeing the ghosts of people past?*

As I walk down Tintagel Terrace there is Mr Billings in his porch, waiting for a little chat with passers by.

Then along the cliff path I pass Overcliff. I see Mrs Hillson looking out of the window of her old house - it's been knocked down now and replaced with a new building. She is looking out for human contact - a smile and a wave from passers-by and she's happy.

As I pass the Old School I recall picking up the children every afternoon. Sitting on the bench on Little Hill, next to the entrance to the school, I see the old men, Nibs and Tinker and co ... wearing their navy fishermen's jumpers and cloth caps ... putting the world to rights, talking about the J Class Yachts.

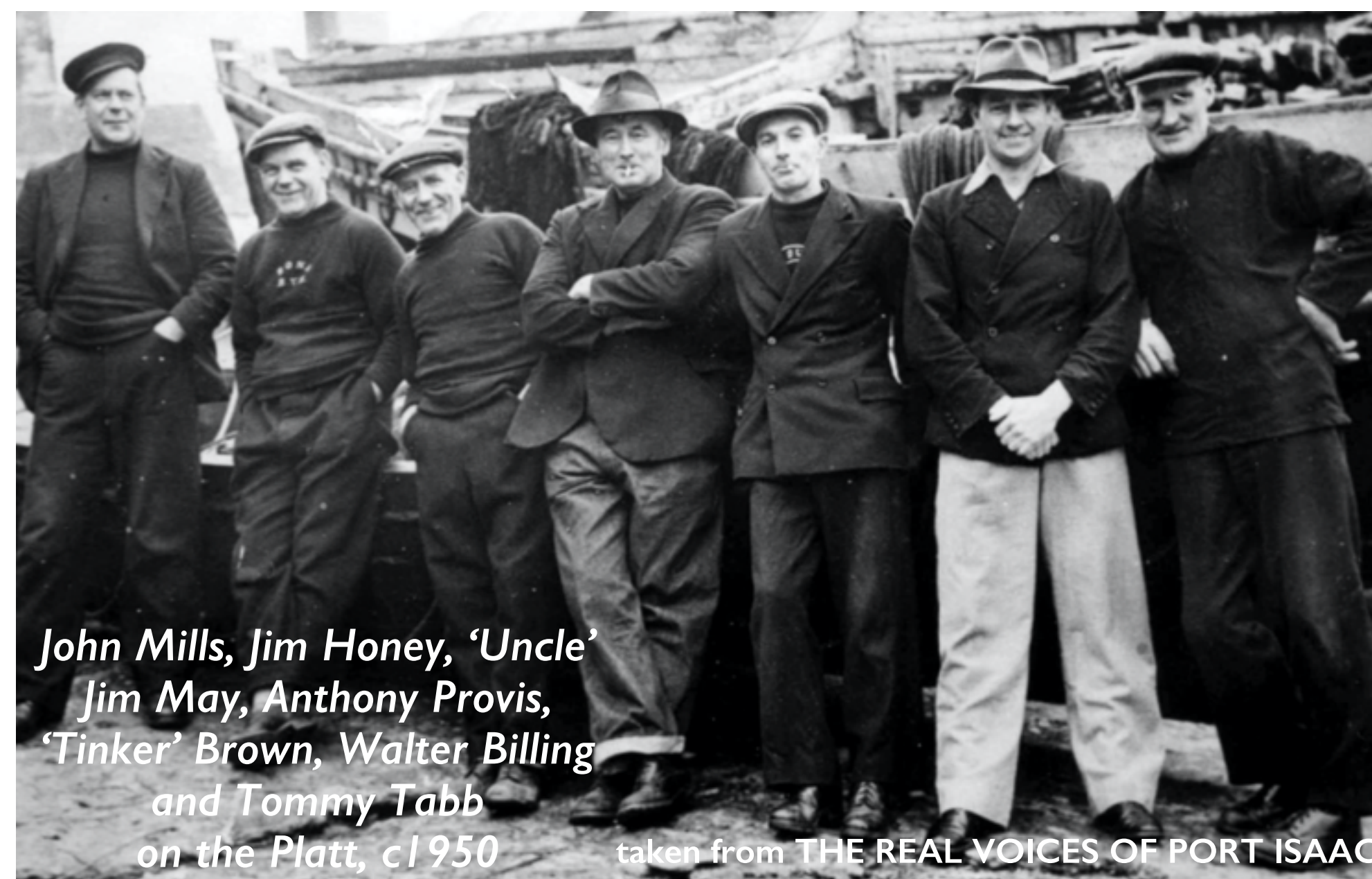
Howard and June are in the Post Office. They sell absolutely everything. And I mean everything - their shop was floor to ceiling with stock. You could go in and ask for a needle, and Howard would direct you to it.

Down to the harbour I walk, remembering days with the children in tow, going down to the harbour to have a swim with them and friends. I pass Pete Rowe's Mum, in her long black dress, sweeping around the outside of her newsagents ... she always liked to keep it tidy.

Then I walk back up home via Rose Hill, passing Aunt Sue sitting on her doorstep. A lovely lady who loved a chat. Especially loved by the children, for sharing her fresh baking with them.

Nearing the end of my walk, I smile as I pass the trio of good friends Win Honey, Joyce Collins and Muriel Short. They are walking along together laughing and joking like the young village girls you see in *Doc Martin*.

Sheila Baker



*John Mills, Jim Honey, 'Uncle'  
Jim May, Anthony Provis,  
'Tinker' Brown, Walter Billing  
and Tommy Tabb  
on the Platt, c1950*

taken from THE REAL VOICES OF PORT ISAAC