

Merry Christmas

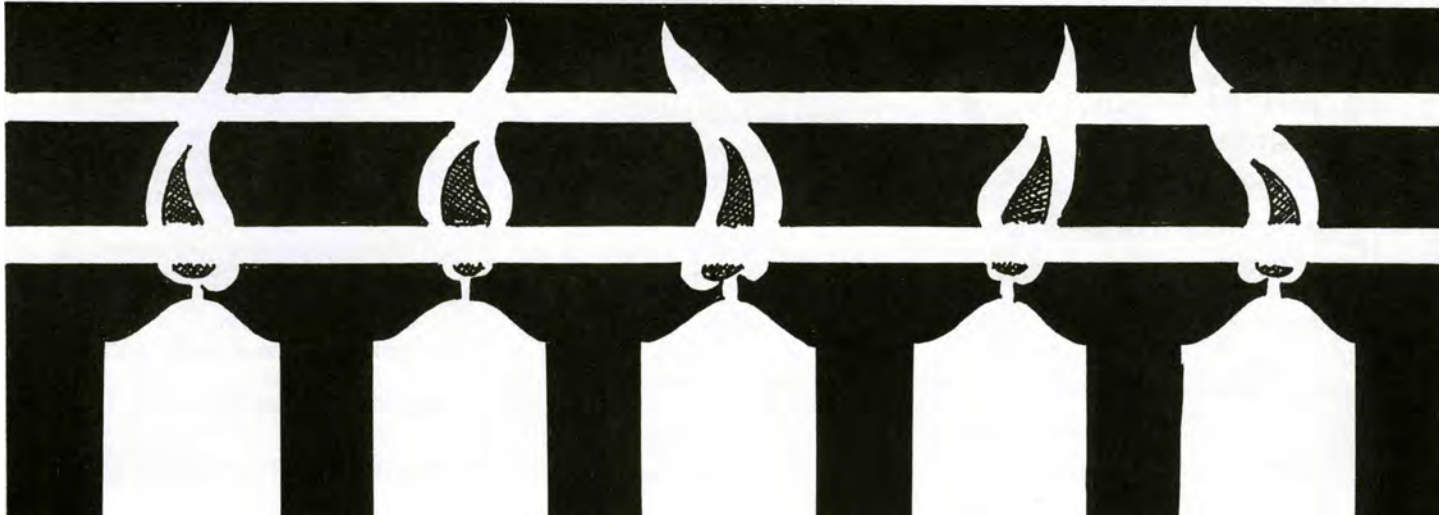
Trio

35p



Trio

Issue No: 238
Christmas 2003



Winning short stories

What was lacking in quantity, was more than compensated by the quality of the entries for the latest writing competition. As always it was difficult to choose between all entrants but special mention must be given to David J Wiles, who at the tender age of 72 wrote two brilliant "memory stories" of lightness and elegance which brought back feelings of yesteryear. Dave Morgan wrote a beautifully crafted story, in his words, "for children" but to which I would add ... "of all ages". Annie Appleby, at the equally tender age of 9, crafted a superb "whowasit" story and even the alleged grisly gorgon Bob Monk penned a very touching story about somebody who should be a lesson to us all. All are winners. However, the top prize has to go to Aileen Gordon whose story entitled "No words came" will strike a chord and prompt memories with all who read it.

Well done to all and thank you for the joy that your words have given me. A very Merry Christmas to you all.

Read the winning stories in this issue of *Trio*. Details in 'This Issue' below



The fifth Christmas *Trio* and another year nearly over. Another year of good and bad, laughter and tears, happy and sad.

We hope you enjoy this bumper festive edition of *Trio*. Don't forget that there isn't a January issue - your next *Trio* will be published on January 28th. All the copy and publication dates for 2004 can be found on this page. And remember, if you've got something to say, send a letter to *Trio*.

Which just leaves us to wish everyone a very happy and peaceful Christmas and New Year. Inevitably it's an occasion when we look back and remember times gone by - let's raise a glass to our absent friends and loved ones.

Trio copy dates for 2004

MONTH	COPY DATE	PUBLICATION DATE
February	January 19 th	January 28 th
March	February 16 th	February 25 th
April	March 22 nd	March 31 st
May	April 19 th	April 28 th
June	May 17 th	May 26 th
July	June 21 st	June 30 th
August	July 19 th	July 28 th
September	August 23 rd	September 2 nd
October	September 20 th	September 29 th
November	October 25 th	November 3 rd
December	November 29 th	December 8 th



Panto's a sell on!

If you haven't already got your tickets for this year's Port Isaac panto - *Snow White and the Six and a Half Dwarfs* - the only chance you've got is if there are ticket touts outside the Hall or maybe ebay!?



To those lucky people with tickets you may wish to bring a cushion along to make the Village Hall chairs a bit comfier. 'Oh no we won't! Oh yes you will!'

Someone who smiles when things go wrong, just thought of someone else to blame it on!

Trio is issued eleven times a year and is available in local shops or by post - £12 per year in the UK. Overseas rates on application.

The publisher does not necessarily hold the same views as those expressed by contributors and reserves the right to refuse or alter material supplied.

To advertise in the *Trio* telephone 01208 880862 or 880905

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Watch the final minutes of 2003 tick away on the Village Clock, see in the New Year and enjoy a glass (or two) of mulled wine courtesy of Port Isaac RNLI. Committee members will be serving their lethal brew from the Boathouse from about 11.00pm onwards.



THIS ISSUE

All the usual news plus:

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'The Publican's Story' - by Bob Monk	p22
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This could just do it!

All the profits from the sale of a new signed, limited edition print by Laurence Llewelyn-Bowen will go into the Port Isaac Village Hall funds. Thanks to the generosity of Jackie and Laurence this venture will be a great financial boost towards improving the access to the Hall. It will go a long way to making our dreams a reality.

The print has already been promoted on the Llewelyn-Bowen website and pre-orders are coming in from all over the world. Laurence is being very secretive about the design but it is going to be on a vaguely seaside theme (Jackie has her money on a mermaid).

The first prints will be rolling off the press in the New Year so if you want to reserve one call into *Secrets* or telephone 01208 880862 or 880905 or email deesam@btopenworld.com Unframed prints will cost £50 plus postage and packaging and each will be signed personally by Laurence and will come with a certificate of authenticity.

Once the prints are gone, they're gone. So don't be disappointed, order today and support your Village Hall at the same time.

Coming soon ...

As we end the year and look forward to 2004 we are feeling pretty confident that next year we will be able to get something done about the access at the Village Hall.

We are indebted to Laurence and Jackie for their help - see article above. It's going to be a busy fund-raising year all round. The long awaited Music Quiz will take place on Friday January 30th. Get your team together and challenge the Pottery team who have been the winners for the past two years.

Back by popular demand, the Old Ropestring Band are returning to the Hall on Monday March 8th. Presented as part of our



involvement in the Carn to Cove scheme, this is bound to be a sell-out so don't leave getting your tickets until the last minute. Priced £5.50 each they can be reserved and purchased, as always, from *Secrets* on 01208 880862/880905.

Then May 28th-31st sees the Port Isaac Music Festival. Full details in the New Year.

Which just leaves us to thank you all for your support during the past year. Remember, it's your Village Hall so use it. A very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to everyone.



It's been a mixed bag of a year. We have grant applications in for our main aim which is the universal access so that everyone can get into the Hall without a struggle. As with all situations like this the cogs of officialdom move very slowly so this is going to be a long wait.

We have had great successes in the Hall and unfortunately one low attendance event and one cancellation. It has always been this committee's aim to offer a variety of events and not just stick to the tried and tested 'money-makers'. I hope that we have managed to do this.

There are gradual improvements constantly happening in the Hall. We are at the stage where a lot of this goes unseen. We have many things planned for the coming year which are detailed in elsewhere in *Trio*.

So it brings me to the point of thanks. I would like to thank all the members of the Committee for their tireless efforts this year on all fronts. Some do not push themselves forward for recognition or shout from the rooftops but all play their part in a very successful team. I would also like to thank the new members who have joined us and contributed very positively. Long may you stay with us.

Finally, and with no lesser importance, I would like to thank all the people who come along to the Village Hall and use it - our regular users, the one-off bookings and all those who come along and support all the various events in the Hall for all the organisations who use it.

So, with that little note of gratitude, it's time to get stuck into the festivities and with everyone else in Port Isaac celebrate with gusto.



Christmas party time

Santa is taking time out from his busy Christmas schedule to call in to the Village Hall Children's Christmas Party on Sunday December 14th. All children of primary school age and under are invited.

The fun starts at 4 o'clock and there will be a special Christmas tea and lots of fun and games. Santa makes his visit before everyone goes home at 6 o'clock.

There's still time to buy a ticket for the Village Hall's Grand Draw. Top prize is an original painting - 'Evening Harbour: Port Isaac' - by Barbara Hawkins. The draw will be made on the final night of the panto - December 28th. Tickets are available from *Secrets* and the Pottery or from a Village Hall Committee member.

THE FOUR STAGES OF LIFE

1. You believe in Santa Claus
2. You don't believe in Santa Claus
3. You are Santa Claus
4. You look like Santa Claus



RNLI Harvest auction success

With the RNLI Harvest Festival now circulating around the area, and following on from the excellent evenings held in the past at the Cornish Arms in 2001 and the Golden Lion in 2002, this year saw the event staged at the St Kew Inn.


Following past tradition with this popular evening, Father Michael Bartlett started off proceedings with his blessing, followed by a rousing rendition from the packed bars of "We plough the fields and scatter".

Great enthusiasm and support was given by many individuals and companies with some really unique donations, resulting in the record sum of nearly £2000 being raised for the RNLI.

The Committee and Crew would like to thank all of those who contributed in so many ways, too numerous to mention here, which ensured the evening was such a success.

In line with the brief our Committee has from the RNLI Fund Raising HQ, the plan is to continue circulating the Harvest Festival at suitable venues around our designated area, so next year will be at another location yet to be announced.

Lin, Mark,
Ellen, Grace and Esme
would like to thank
everybody for their good
wishes, kind offers of help
and their cards and gifts on
the birth of
Wilfred (Wilf) Thomas
He was born on
November 12th
and weighed 7lb
2³/₄oz!



**RNLI
Christmas
Disco**
**Port Isaac
Village Hall**
Saturday December 13th
8.00pm
Entry: £3
everybody welcome



*The Friends of
Port Isaac School*
**Christmas
Fayre**
Friday December 12th
3.15pm
Port Isaac School
*Come and meet
Father Christmas*



Tombola, raffle, tea,
coffee, mince pies, lots
of stalls and games
All are welcome

**Carn Awn
Singers**  **Christmas Concert**
Trelights Chapel on Monday December 15th at 7.30pm
Come and join the Singers and welcome Christmas
Listen to some old and new carols and join in with your favourites
Entry by programme, priced £2.50 (to include supper), on the door
*All welcome, bring your friends, make new ones
and have a great evening*

News from the Carn Awn singers
The Singers have had a good start to the new season with two very successful concerts, one at Boscastle Chapel and the other for the residents at Anvil Court, Camelford. Both audiences were very appreciative and the Singers were delighted by the warmth and friendliness shown to them and for the wonderful suppers provided after the concerts.
December looks like being a very busy time. Don't miss our Christmas concert on December 15th in Trelights Chapel.
We would like to take this opportunity to wish our friends a very Happy and Musical Christmas and a peaceful New Year. We hope to see you at one of our concerts in 2004. Should you require further information or are arranging a concert and would like the Carn Awn Singers to take part, please contact Barbara Richards on 01208 880575.



the winning story in
this year's competition

'No words came'

"Pass me arm, Mother" my Dad used to say, and he would strap it on while she made him his morning porridge. We never thought there was anything strange in this; none of us had ever known our Dad with an arm. He was as able bodied as the next man and still managed to deliver the post on his bicycle to ours and the four neighbouring villages. Twenty-three miles a day he cycled, come rain or shine, hell or high water, fog or snow. And if the snow was too deep he would walk, often with one of us boys at his side. We never marvelled at how he managed to cycle and carry the heavy postbag with just one arm. He just did it. We never asked where his arm was or how he had lost it. He just didn't have an arm.

Now today, it would have been a different matter. He'd most likely get some sort of allowance for being disabled, he'd most likely get counselling to help him with his loss, he'd most likely get a special car for his disability. Maybe the old days were better. Times were hard and there was no time to brood over the cards life dealt you. You just got on with it.

It's a pity they didn't leave him to get on with it now, to get on with his life - or in this case his death. He knew he was dying. He had accepted his mortality. Why, what had he to complain about? He was a good twenty years past his allotted three score years and ten. Life had not treated him too badly. It hadn't been the life he thought he would have but then, not a lot ever works out as you expect, and he had had the love of a good woman.

They had produced two fine children who had made their own way in the world. Maybe it wasn't the way he would have chosen for them but they seemed happy enough. He rarely saw his son now and it was an even rarer occasion when he saw his two eldest grandsons. It all went back to an argument many, many years ago. He'd made the mistake of falling out with his son's 'intended' and she was never going to let him forget it.

Now his daughter, she was another matter. She was the apple of his eye and he had never been able to refuse her anything. They hadn't planned her and were in their mid thirties when she was born. From the moment he first saw her she was able to wrap him round her little finger. It was still the same. Now their roles had reversed and she was the 'carer' and quite a bossy carer at that. But he indulged her. She deserved to be indulged; she had given him his third grandchild. The two of them shared an equal place in his heart.

Now his Dad had never seemed to have this special relationship with any of his children or his grandchildren. He brought his sons up to be true country boys, teaching them country ways, but he never hugged them or told them he loved them. Well, at least he never told this son he loved him.

He remembered back to when he was a teenager. He lived in the country but he played in the nearby town. And there he met his future wife. The war came and he enlisted and he got married and before they knew it they were parents. They were both far too young, he was away fighting for King and country and she was left alone with a baby to care for. But in those days you had your family around you and they took care of her. The fighting over he never got back to live in the country and before he knew it he was a 'townie'.

He felt in his pocket for his packet of 'Players' but they weren't there. He looked on the table, he felt down the side of his chair. Then he remembered. He didn't smoke any more. He'd given up the weed for his health! That was a joke. Breathing was a chore now, a real effort that often required him to wear a mask to 'help' him. Perhaps if he'd carried on smoking it would have carried

him off before he got to this state; before he reverted to being a child again, needing help with everything.

A smile crept over his face. He was back walking along the lanes with his Dad. It was winter. Everywhere was bright white, everywhere was still, everywhere was silent except for the crunch of their footsteps on the frozen paths. There was no idle chit-chat to pass the time; no jumping games to warm them up. They just trudged on, stopping every now and again to dig a path up to someone's front door and knocking to see if they needed anything. He never questioned why they knocked on a door when they had no letters to deliver. It was what you did. You looked out for your neighbours.

He could feel the cold wet snow coming over the top of his boots and making its way inside his socks; it was certainly a cold one. His fingers were numb; his hands were so cold they wouldn't move; the wind was so cold he couldn't breathe. He tried to open his mouth but it seemed to have frozen. In fact, his whole body seemed to be one solid block of ice.

Only his eyes were able to move and as he looked up he saw, in the far distance, a lady walking towards him. As she got closer to him she seemed to bring a warmth with her and he felt her warmth begin to creep inside his body.

And then he realised; it wasn't just a lady coming towards him with her arms outstretched; it was his wife. At her side was the red setter they'd had when they were first married.

And at that moment he realised. He opened his mouth to call to his daughter; to tell her that all was well; that he was at peace.

But already it was too late; no words came.

Aileen Gordon, ©2003

Monk's monthly mutterings!

Port Isaac

Property Owners unite

I was pleausrably surprised by the number of people who came up to me to say they agreed about most of what I wrote last month concerning the Castle Rock Hotel sites and affordable homes.

By the way, what is an affordable home? Is it a house which Mr, Mrs or Ms Average can afford to buy? Is so, what does Mr, Mrs or Ms Average earn? Or is an affordable home what some semi-literate layabout tosser with seven kids, a bingo, smoking and drinking habit, who hates work, is virtually unemployable and gets £30,000 a year in state handouts, gets free of charge? Whatever, it is not really feasible that a property developer or owner of building land is going to erect affordable homes at, say, £180,000 each when for the minor extra expense of superior planning, designing, materials and slightly less houses per acre, he can earn himself perhaps £450,000 each in a desirable area like ours.

If people can't afford these prices it is unfortunate but they will have to save more pennies, give up holidays, telly, cars, nights out and designer gear until they can or move somewhere where prices are lower - which could be out of the county or even out of the country.

I digress - as usual! Most of the people who expressed agreement were, of course, property owners (they'd already bought their affordable home) and as a very high proportion of the people who live in Port Isaac are property owners, or are married, related or supported by property owners or are second home-owners, holiday home owners, owners of long or short term 'let' accommodation, I thought, "Why not start a Property Owners Association"?

Now, the reason for having any Association is obviously for the benefit of the members, and what would be the benefits? As follows, I say:

1. To have a great deal of 'clout' when dealing with parish, local and county councils and other bureaucratic government bodies.
2. To ensure that the monetary value of property in Port Isaac continues to rise as fast, or faster than, anywhere else in the country (I reckon a house worth, say, £350,000 today should be worth about £3½million in fifteen years time) by ensuring that new property built, old property repaired or renovated in Port Isaac and its surrounds is of such high quality as to improve Port Isaac and the standard or property owners lives and pockets.
3. To exert pressure upon government, council, police and judiciary to protect property from vandals, thieves, burglars, robbers, junkies and other unsavoury characters. If the police are unable to provide protection due to lack of manpower or lack of government backing then to create 'Watch Schemes' or, if necessary employ security guards.
4. To enable property owners to obtain advice on such matters as capital gains tax avoidance, inheritance tax avoidance and any other tax avoidance, equity release schemes, trust funds, cheap home and car insurance, cheap garden fertiliser and cheap booze and any other legal scam.
5. To create a list of good, reliable 'tradesmen' to be recommended to all members, to carry out work well, promptly and at reasonable cost.
6. To have a good old 'knees-up' once a year t the swankiest place in Cornwall with all the money saved!

Bob Monk

**You don't stop playing snowballs because you grow old,
you grow old because you stop playing!**

The rails are now full of warm winter clothes plus there are still plenty of items that are suitable for Christmas presents or stocking fillers. And don't forget your Air Ambulance Christmas cards which, at the time of writing, are not yet sold out!

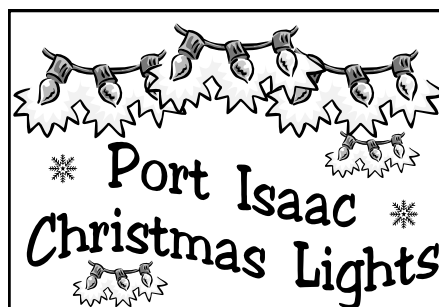


Tickets for the Christmas Draw are on sale and the Draw will be made on Monday December 22nd at about 11.00am. Do come and join in the fun and you might even see that extra last minute gift you need.

Sales in the shop during October totalled £606.91. In addition we received a generous anonymous donation of £115.50. Thank you. Thanks also to Pat Muggeridge who comes in and tirelessly sorts out the books and records. She has also presented us with £50 from the private sale of some of these books and records. Many thanks to all our customers and helpers - it couldn't happen without you.

The shop will be closed from December 24th to January 5th for the usual Christmas break. Our normal opening times are posted on the door and subject to the availability of our volunteers.

All the volunteers would like to wish all our friends and supporters a very Happy Christmas and peaceful and good New Year.



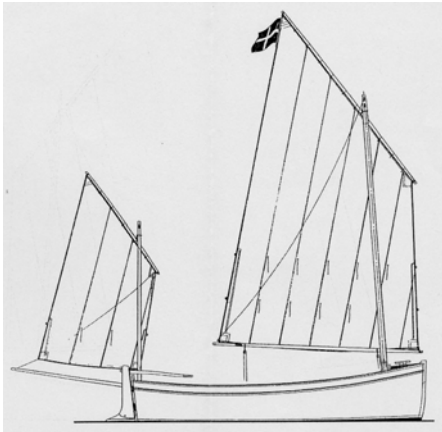
The BIG Switch-on
Saturday December 13th
6.30pm



St Breward Band
Carols
Mulled Wine & Mince Pies

Port Isaac Lugger at the Boat Show

The 'Port Isaac Lugger' designed by Martin Castle, will be on display on the Classic Boat stand at the International London Boat Show which runs from January 8th-18th 2004 at the new venue of the ExCel Centre in Docklands.



The lugger was built by the International Boatbuilding Training College at Oulton Broad, Lowestoft. Technical details: LOA 14ft 6in, LWL 14ft, Beam 5ft 9in, Draught 9in, Sail Area 140sqft.

A Port Isaac boy, Martin is the son of David (our man in Fuerteventura) and Kathleen Castle.



Pic: Jonathan Wallington

"I should never have let him reverse!"

Unwanted gift? Think Hospice Day!

Just a reminder that our Hospice Day is on Saturday February 28th so if you have a sort out ready to start the New Year afresh or you have an unwanted Christmas present, don't forget that all donations are very welcome. The only thing we ask is, 'we only want things you would want to buy yourself' (that means no tat) and no clothes.

Once again we will be in the Village Hall (but making a donation to St Peter's Church Rooms as a thank you for their many years of support) with our successful formula of sale and lunch with lots of bargains to be had. Whether we'll be able to reach this year's record takings of £2007 is hard to say. But we'll give it our best.

Most of us have personal experience of the wonderful care given by the staff at Mount Edgumbe. None of us know when we may have need of the special care they give and the comfort they bring to so many. Mount Edgumbe is mostly funded by voluntary donations and our Hospice Day is our way of doing our bit.

If you have anything you would like to donate to the sale it would be really helpful if you could hang on to it until after Christmas. If that's an impossibility just give me a ring on 01208 880905 or 880862. It's the same numbers for offers of help - particularly with the clearing up afterwards!

Dee

HAZARDOUS MATERIALS DATA SHEET

ELEMENT:	Woman
SYMBOL:	☉+
DISCOVERER:	Adam
ATOMIC MASS:	Accepted as 55kg, but known to vary from 45kg to 225kg

PHYSICAL PROPERTIES

1. Body surface normally covered with film of powder and paint
2. Boils at absolutely nothing - freezes for no apparent reason
3. Found in various grades ranging from virgin material to common ore

CHEMICAL PROPERTIES

1. Reacts well to gold, platinum and all precious stones
2. Explodes spontaneously without reason or warning
3. The most powerful money reducing agent known to man

COMMON USE

1. Highly ornamental, especially in sports cars
2. Can greatly aid relaxation
3. Can be a very effective cleaning agent

HAZARDS

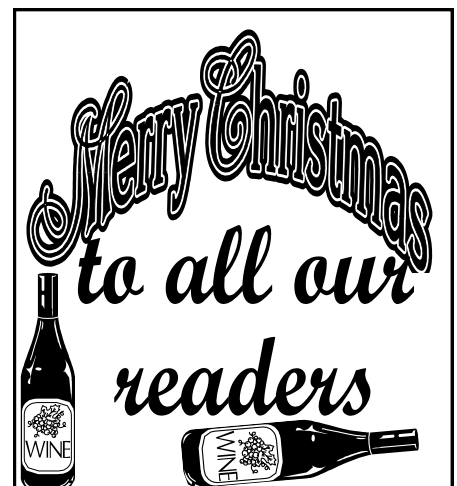
1. Turns green when placed alongside a superior specimen
2. Possession of more than one is possible but specimens must never make eye contact

Salon Tips



With the colder weather you will more than likely have your central heating on. This may leave you hair lifeless. To avoid this, use a good moisturising conditioner.

Damp weather can your hair go frizzy so use a good conditioning serum daily.



Settler Haun

Dear Trio

Although I recognise that the recent "Monk's Mutterings" article was written as a 'wind-up' aimed at local Cornish people, I feel a reply is warranted in relation to the subject of affordable homes.

You are all aware of the saying, 'many a true word is spoken in jest'. It may be that the English settler reading the article may believe it represents the truth or that there is some truth in it. Similar thoughts have been expressed to me by other English settlers in a more serious manner. Therefore I feel I should explain a few matters to these persons who have settled here from cultures hundreds of miles away.

The majority of houses in Port Isaac were owned by a few families. A few were owned by outsiders and others by individual Port Isaac people. The average Port Isaac person rented his property. At one stage a large portion of the lower village was condemned. Even a settler would not buy a condemned property. It was not the fault of the Cornish that the village was, at one stage, condemned. My own Great Grandfather, John Provis objected when a council official visited his rented cottage to inspect it to see if it should be condemned. The cottage in Church Hill is, of course, still standing. My Great Grandmother, Ellen Mutton did own her cottage in Church Hill and when her son Dan died a few years ago this house was handed on to a family member.

There was extreme poverty in Port Isaac many years ago and families just could not afford to buy their house. I know of one case where a seaman sent home money for his wife to buy their cottage but times were so hard that she spent the money on clothes and food. Therefore, restricted ownership, poverty and the fact that at one stage the village was virtually a 'write-off' affected full-scale local ownership. If you add to this a complete lack of a just housing policy to cater for local needs, the situation was ripe for rich settlers from England to move in.

So, what has been the effect of these settlers moving here from a different culture and displacing the Cornish? What effect have the holiday homes had? The character of the village has been lost forever. Cornish accents are rarely heard. Local customs, culture and even stories are a thing of the past. The very substance of conversation has changed from that of fifty years ago. Just stand in a local pub or at any meeting place and listen to the accents. The empty refurbished cottages are a sad sight for the true local who remembers them brimming with life. Even if the people in them were poor and the cottages were untidy at times, the people in them were real people who had a real background, real stories of ancestors and a realisation that although they were poor they were in fact somebody in the community.

I know of several elderly Port Isaac people who avoid going down into the old section of the village as seeing it as it is makes them feel so sad. Compare this with the reaction of the settler or holiday homeowner. He says, "What a pretty place, what a beautiful sight". This just about sums up the huge gulf between the true local and the settler. The former treats the village as his home and the latter as his holiday camp. I say this to the settler. "What is the point of all this beauty if the very soul of the place has been destroyed?" Maybe you were not around her fifty years ago; maybe you just do not know.

With the recent rise in the prices of property adding to the gloom of the local young potential house buyer - what does the settler say about the situation? He says it is all the fault of the Cornish. That sounds similar to the justice of Henry VIII. It would not surprise me if Bob Monk does not soon recommend the execution of the few remaining Port Isaac people living in the lower half of the village. This would have the beneficial effect of creating yet more refurbished but empty homes. When Port Isaac is completely empty (except for the builders and the decorators), I suggest a statue of Bob Monk be placed on Lobber and named 'The Angel of Lobber'. He can protect the empty village during the off season (planning permission will not be a problem given the number of settlers on the council).

At the same time, why not make Port Isaac a Heritage Centre in the same manner as Geevor Tin Mine. Geevor looks the same as it did fifty years ago but the miners have gone. *Trio* could be renamed '*The Settler Times*' with a painting of the 'Angel of Lobber' on the cover.

Letters

I intend to organise a 'Cornish Fight Back' (CFB) group. The first meeting of the CFB will be in the Village Hall in February 2004. Only Cornish locals may attend. The first item on the agenda will be the renaming of the Hall to 'The Temperance Hall'. Pasties will be served by Janet Chadband. There will then be the singing of 'Trelawney' accompanied by Mark Townsend on the piano (his wife is a settler). The happy throng will then break out of the Hall and round up all the settlers in the village and herd them to the beach. After being charged by Byron, the settlers will be stoned and jeered at by locals from the Pentice, Little Hill and Roscarrock Hill. The settlers will then be joined by holiday homeowners from England and ferried to Mouls Island by John Brown who will, of course, charge.

Following this, there will be a celebration in the Temperance Hall with entertainment by a Rivolians Tribute Band. All proceeds will go towards the building of an anti-settler barricade along the Parish boundary. The Parish Council cannot object as they will on Mouls. The leaders of the settlers, Wild Bill Hawkins and 'Muttering Monk' will be sent to Lanson gaol. A repatriation of Port Isaac people will be arranged by James Platt - if he can convince you that Port Isaac School was a fair and just place then he is capable of anything.

Regular pleasure boat trips will be run by John Brown around Mouls Island to laugh at the settlers and to see what Laurence has designed on the Island. Bill Dawe will organise regular ram roasts on Pentire Head in full view of the starving settlers on Mouls.

Christmas greetings to my Cornish and settler friends. All applications to join the CFB to Barry Collins please.

**Geoff Provis,
Launceston**

PS Will you settlers stop changing our Cornish place names? Pine Haun is Pine Haun not Pine Haven. Haven is English; Haun is Cornish. All the Port Isaac people I have known have said Pine Haun. Also, what is this nonsense about Silvershell and 'Squeezebelly Alley'?



The Playing Fields Development

Dear Trio

Regarding the playing fields development publicised recently at the Church Rooms, just a few points.

One of the main topics of concern to many in the area is the inability to buy suitable properties at affordable prices. Out of the fifteen proposed developments at the playing fields, only four are earmarked for sale and even then by shared ownership. I do not believe that more housing association properties on this site are suitable, certainly not selling the plots off to Westcountry Housing at £8-10,000 per plot. This would just provide cheap sites for Westcountry Housing to increase their housing stock and take the pressure off NCDC Housing Department. This is a job for NCDC not the Parish Council selling off our land on the cheap.

A slow release of self-build sites to tenants already in long term rental accommodation would not only allow local people to own their own homes but release rented accommodation. How do you stop the sale of these houses into the second home market you now shout? The same way the District Council prevents 'holiday only' developments becoming permanent - only in reverse.

Holiday only developments have a maximum ten-month only occupancy clause placed on them by the planning authority. So we ask for an 11-month minimum 'occupancy by the owner' clause to be included in the planning permission. And as for the rising value of the properties, this will be the same as shared ownership. These self build plots can then be sold for a more realistic value - say £40,000 - still cheap for the location and generating £6000,000.

The proposals put forward for discussion seem only to benefit young people waiting to leave home and children with a panache for sport. With the amount of money generated, the whole village could benefit from any requests made in the recent questionnaire.

I understand that a Sports Hall was high on the list in the questionnaire. I would have thought a well-equipped Youth Hall/Club would be more beneficial, where plans could be made to visit Wadebridge or Camelford Sports Centres in our new Community Bus(?). I understand these Sports Centres struggle to pay their way. If anyone had stood in the Peapod when Dave ran it and saw the money spent by the school kids on 'refreshments', you would see how a Youth Club could pay its own way.

Andy Penny, Port Isaac

Martin Johnson, Richard Hill and Johnny Wilkinson are standing before God at the throne of Heaven. God looks at them and says, "Before granting you a place at my side, I must first ask you what you believe in".

Addressing Johnson first, he asks, "What do you believe?" Johnson looks God in the eye and states passionately, "I believe Rugby to be the food of life. Nothing else brings such unbridled joy to so many people from the grim North to the bright lights of Twickenham. I have devoted my life to bring such joy to people who stood on the terraces supporting their club". God looks up and offers Johnson the seat on his left.

He then turns to Hill. "And you Dicky, what do you believe?" Hill stands tall and proud, "I believe courage, honour and passion are the fundamentals to life and I've spent my whole playing career providing a living embodiment of these traits". God, moved by the passion of the speech offers Hill the seat to his right.

Finally, he turns to Wilkinson, "and you, Johnny, what do you believe?" "I believe", says Wilkinson, "you're sitting in my seat".

"Rape!"

Dear Trio

I am writing to thank James Platt for organising our School Reunion on October 11th in the Village Hall.

It was wonderful to see people I had not seen for 50 years or more. There were a lot of aching tongues and a great deal of laughter. Also, thank you Janet for a lovely tea. I think everyone ate too much as it all looked so appetising. Thank you very much for a lovely and memorable afternoon.

Unfortunately, we made the mistake of walking down to the bottom of the village. Alarm bells should have been ringing when we looked across the valley to where John Hancock used to live and saw what can only be described as a gigantic chicken shed stuck on the side of the hill.

When we got down to the Platt, on seeing the rather large tent on the front of the Slipway Hotel, we thought there was a red Indian convention in town.

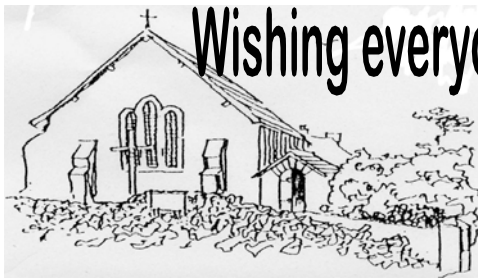
The one moment of amusement was the 'art gallery' where Ricky's lovely grocery shop used to be. My granddaughters of four and two do better paintings at nursery school. It did give us a laugh along with some other bemused visitors.

Not to be outdone, we decided to walk along the cliff path back to the car park and admire the view. Wrong. It appears to be a public toilet for dogs so we had to keep looking on the ground to avoid all the mess.

We left with sad memories of what was once a lovely village. There is only one word to describe what has happened - RAPE.

Once again James and Janet, thank you for the good memories we have come home with. It was well organised.

Dee Ed: It's worth noting that both Mr Provis and Mrs Slater chose to move away from the village some years ago.



Wishing everyone a Happy Christmas and a Peaceful New Year

It seems totally right that Christmas and New Year are so close together. For what better way can we start a fresh new year than with hope and expectation? The birth of a new baby always makes us look forward in such a way. The added excitement which comes at this time of year in the nature of that baby. The birth of Jesus Christ brings hope and expectation to the whole world.

It is our human nature to take care of something new and fragile - even the clumsiest of us. As we celebrate the birth of God's son, Jesus, may the hope and expectation that comes with him blossom in the New Year and show love and peace to all the people of the world.



Do come and join in the celebrations at Christmastime and continue helping to show our Lord's hope for the world into the New Year.



Sunday December 21st - 6.00pm
Service of Nine Lessons and Carols at St Kew
Christmas Eve, Wednesday December 24th
Crib Service and Christingle at Port Isaac -
3.00pm
Midnight Mass at Port Isaac - 11.30pm
Father Michael



Marjorie Bolton

Aged 83yrs
Died at Trewetha Farm
on 21st November 2003

Marjorie died very peacefully at home with us, Damien & Hugo our dog beside her.

She was very happy here in Port Isaac for two years and enjoyed meeting so many people from this very special village. Port Isaac, a place of so many happy memories for Marjorie over 50 yrs, was a good final home.

Thank you all who touched her life and who sent cards, letters and flowers which were such a comfort and much appreciated.

Thank you to all who attended the funeral.

Chris & Liz



Royal British Legion Poppy Appeal

On behalf of the Royal British Legion Poppy Appeal 2003, I would like to congratulate and thank everyone in the St Endellion Parish for the enormous success of this year's appeal.

With donations and collecting we made £1449.

Once again, there is no mystery how this has been achieved. It's the hard work and dedication of our volunteer House-to-House collectors, people who hold year round collecting boxes in their homes, the displaying and selling of poppies in pubs and shops and the Church who gave us a lovely Remembrance Service.

A special thank you to the whole of the Parish community. Without your overwhelming generosity there

would have been no money. I sincerely hope you will all be able to help us again next year.

Allan Chadband
Local Honorary Organiser

Millie Dunbar

(nee Strout)
11/02/1916, died 28/10/2003

Some of the older residents of Port Isaac might remember dear Millie.

Millie was a niece of Gran Sherratt and lived in Port Isaac for a great deal of her life.

Millie and myself were school pals and always kept in touch even when she went to America to live and then to Australia.

We both worked in Gran Sherratt's bakery after we left school. We worked hard but had a lot of fun.

I heard of her passing from her daughter Susan on November 28th 2003.

From her lifelong friend,
Dorothy Williams

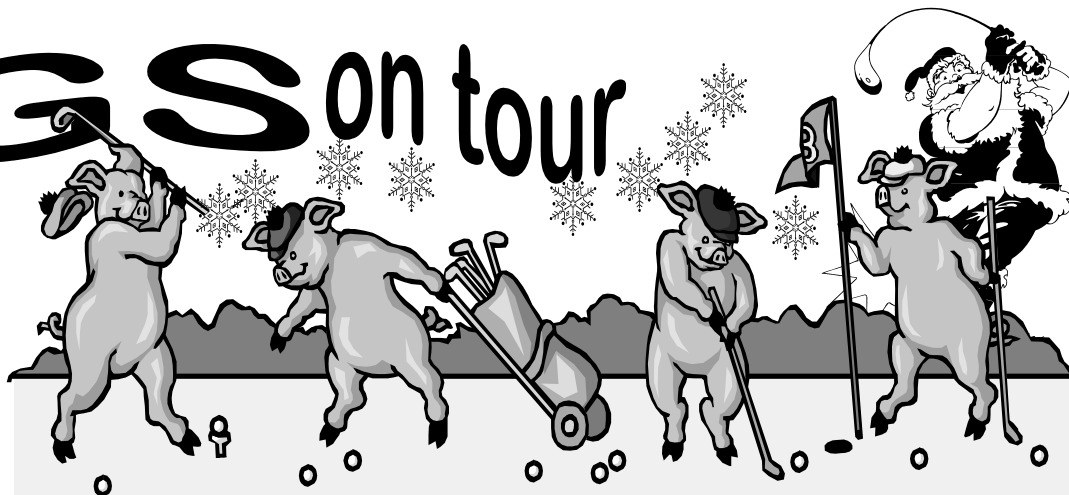
Do you need someone to talk to?

The Local Pastoral Ministers of St Endellion, Port Isaac and St Kew are available to visit the sick, the bereaved, the lonely and newcomers to the area.

Telephone Katrina Gill (co-ordinator) on 01208 850465.

PIGS on tour

Lanhydrock



Bodmin in November is not the most appealing of destinations but, as normal, the PIGS had booked a day of fine weather to host the final of the Matchplay Pottery Plate played between Billy 'The Terrapin' (otherwise known as a swimming turtle) Hawkins against Dave 'Pancho Villa' Hurley. This was a match dominated by 'Pancho' up to the fourteenth when he was, at that stage, four up. Then the 'Terrapin' produced a comeback of such proportions that, in the end, 'Pancho' scraped a win on the final green. A match played between two gladiators of golf (admittedly small ones) which would have graced any golf course. (*Exciting or what? - Ed*)

The rest of us went off in groups of four to play for the Stableford Trophies. The first hole at Lanhydrock is normally a drive and chip over water onto the green but the three players I played with, namely Dan, Mick and Mike, unfortunately didn't quite manage that and after hearing twelve golf balls hit the wet stuff they decided to scratch that hole. The three golfers will now be known to me as the 'Thwack, Plop Triplets'.

I had a feeling after the debacle on the first by my partners that 'today would be my day' but, as usual I had witnessed a false dawn and my round went spectacularly downhill (tear jerking isn't it?). My golf even included a trick shot using a seven wood and a Cornish granite post and a cricked neck as I watched my ball fly over my head and land fifty feet behind me.

The results of the Stableford were a win for Jim 'The Iceman' Bishop. Second was Julian (a friend of Billy and Dave) and third was Geoff 'I still have the socks' Harris. Longest drive was Jim; Nearest the Pin was Geoff Harris.

Unfortunately, Billy 'The Terrapin' missed the post match drinking and nobody knew where he had gone until somebody noticed something in the lake on the first hole. It was Billy using his snorkelling skills, which he had picked up in Spain, to good use, retrieving the dozen balls lost there earlier.

After being presented with his Plate for winning the Matchplay, Mr Dave Hurley felt the need to freshen up before making his speech. Unfortunately, he tried to use the ladies instead of the gents so maybe more Liz Hurley than Dave Hurley. (*Perhaps there was a more feasible reason? - Ed*)

And finally, in response to Mr Mike Edkins' reference to my five wood, saying it was a toy club from 'ToysRUs'. I mentioned this to my six-year-old son, who I had borrowed it from, and he said if Josh's Dad was going to be nasty and upset me then he would have to ask for his toy Ducatti back. So there!!!

The next PIGS day was at Tehidy Golf Club on December 8th (full report in the February issue of *Trio*). The PIGS Christmas 'Do' will be on December 20th at the Slipway Hotel.

The Lard Man

New owners at the Slipway

Mark and Kep Forbes and their two children, Laura (20) and Jonno (17), are delighted to have finalised the purchase of Port Isaac's Slipway Hotel. They have been living in Cornwall for the past seven years and have links with the county going back to 1975.

Says Kep Forbes, "We fell in love with this beautiful fishing village just before we were married 22 years ago and purchasing the Slipway is just like a dream come true".

Many of the existing staff have decided to remain loyal to the business, a factor that Mark and Kep were particularly pleased about.

"We have some very exciting plans for The Slipway in the future", says Mark.

The Slipway will be open for business as follows up until January 5th 2004 when it will close for some refurbishment and re-open on February 12th:

December 6th, 7th (lunchtime), 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th (lunchtime), 18th, 19th, 20th & 21st (lunchtime)

The bar will be open at lunchtime on Christmas Eve and Boxing Day with light snacks being available on Boxing Day

The hotel and restaurant facilities will be open from Saturday December 27th through to Sunday January 4th

Because holly remains green even in the depths of December, it has been credited with many mysterious powers. In England, if prickly holly is brought into the house before the smooth-leaved kind, folklore holds that for the next year the husband will rule the household! The prickly variety is sometimes called "he" holly, and the smooth "she" holly. Holly's other powers include warding off severe weather and subduing stubborn beasts. In some places it is thought unlucky to bring holly into the house before Christmas Eve.



PORT IRADAC PLAYGROUP



The Mums, Dads and children of playgroup would like to wish you a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year

The winning logo, from our recent competition, will be announced in the next issue of *Trio*

CONGRATULATIONS

To Lin, Mark, Ellen, Grace and Esme on the birth of Wilfred - the newest member of playgroup!



BIRTHDAY WISHES

AN INVITATION

A Christmas Nativity & Tea Party

with special guest!

at the Village Hall on

Thursday December 18th at 10.30am

all are welcome, coffee and mince pie for all



- The children have had a busy month again. They decorated biscuits with icing and sweets with more sweets ending up in tummies than on the biscuits!
- The children learnt a little about sea creatures and made cut-out lobsters, crabs and fishes.
- Emily got the children making paper Christmas puddings and these will be on display in the post office box.
- We have had low numbers this month, for different reasons, but we would love to see some new faces. So, if you have a child between birth and five years then come along, Tuesday and Thursday mornings from 10.00am-12noon (not school holidays). Please call Emily Brown on 01208 880807 or Jenny Tiddy on 0781 7672504 to find out more.



Past times

Stop Press' Edition Christmas 1985

Animal Welfare – A recent bazaar raised £192.50.

Poppy Appeal – Thanks were expressed by organiser, Wesley Blake on behalf of the Royal British Legion for this year's £422 raised – a record sum.

Football – Port Isaac gave their best display of the season so far by beating St Mabyn 6-1.

Christmas 1994

RNLI – The Christmas Sale at Valencia House raised £504.

School

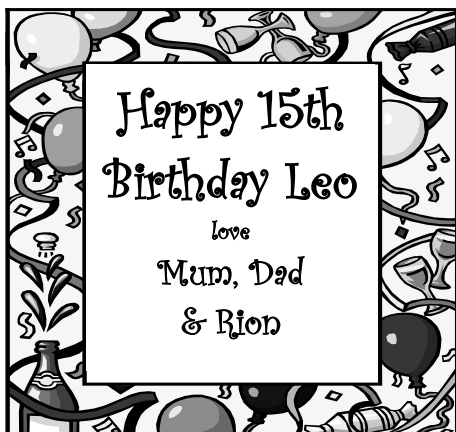
Fundraising – A sponsored swim, organised by Rachel Boddington, for Research into Asthma raised £477.

The Harvest Festival and Auction, with auctioneers Steve Hewett and Lionel Harris, raised £210 to be shared between Oxfam and the School.

Monkeys and Owls – Following a visit by the Junior Class to the Monkey Sanctuary, the children were made honorary friends of the Sanctuary for a year. The School also befriended the Owl Sanctuary on Goss Moor.

Figgy Hobbin – The children enjoyed this performance by the Kneehigh Theatre Company.

Royal British Legion Poppy Appeal – The final amount collected was £677.



St Peter's Church Hall – Rev Bartlett welcomed a well-attended meeting – showing community concern for the Hall's future. He said the aim was to set up a committee to find the best ways to make fuller use of the Hall. The Church is concerned that it should be used for the good of the whole community but has no funds to maintain the building as an attractive facility.

The opinion of the meeting was that the Hall is more convenient than a new one, further out of the village would be. It is suitable for bingo, youth club, coffee bar, craft shows, jumble sales etc. There are no steps – helpful when carrying things in and out. It could be used as a meeting place like the Betjeman Centre in Wadebridge. The Play-group had moved to the Village Hall

where there were better toilet and storage facilities plus the requisite emergency provisions. The Village Hall can be used for theatrical presentations.

The Church Hall is in a conservation area and cannot be altered externally. Interior improvements could cost about £45,000. Grants may not be available for Church property. If sold to a private concern, money might be available for a universal denomination Community Hall. Alternatively, the Hall could be leased, for example to the Parish Council. A volunteer committee was formed to look into the future use of the Hall.

Football Club – Port Isaac won against St Teath taking them to the top of the division.

Bess Coates

The rope story

Eleven people were hanging on a rope under a helicopter, ten men and one woman. The rope was not strong enough to carry them all, so they decided that one has to drop off. Otherwise they are all going to fall.

They were not able to choose that person, but then the woman made a very touching speech. She said that she would voluntarily let go of the rope, because as a woman she was used to giving up everything for her husband and kids, and for men in general, without ever getting anything in return.

As soon as she finished her speech, all the men started clapping...

Magical Managers 03/04



Division One

1	RUSSIAN REVOLUTION	Charlie Guard	380pts
2	BADA BING!	Paul Honey	335pts
3	TOM'S TEAM	Tom Lobb	335pts
4	MOTS FLYERS	Tom Cleave	324pts
5	BOY RACERS	Ben Skinner	313pts

Division Two

1	THE YOUNG ONES	Josh Grills	344pts
2	EVOLUTION	Andrew Grills	334pts
3	COME ON YOU WHITES	Rachel Grills	319pts
4	ANCHORAGE	James Durston	313pts
5	SB MILAN	Scott Bennett	308pts

Division Three

1	NO FORK INCH AUNTS	Gary Mac	363pts
2	HARTLAND RDALLSTARS	Bryan Nicholls	333pts
3	WHATSSS UP	Neil Pooley	326pts
4	THE YOUNG GUNS	Daniel Grills	311pts
5	SOMETHING LIKE THAT	Phill Kent	309pts

Up to November 28th

Players on form - Henry, Roy Keane, Okocha

Paul & Kev

Parish Council news

The following report is not based on approved minutes signed by the Parish Council.

ROYAL BRITISH LEGION

Chairman of the Parish Council, Mr David Phelps presented a cheque for £110 to Alan Chadband on behalf of the Council as a donation towards this year's Poppy Appeal. At the same time he congratulated Alan on his tireless work each year for the British Legion. This was endorsed unanimously by the Council and members of the public present and he received warm applause all round.

PUBLIC DISCUSSION

Several members of the public were present at the meeting all expressing disapproval of the new outline planning application made by Arrow Development for the Castle Rock Hotel. Again the main objections centred on the loss of hotel facilities and how this would impact on the local community. It was also pointed out that if this goes ahead we are still likely to be left with several expensive second homes, unaffordable to local people, and occupied for only part of the year.

COUNTY COUNCILLOR'S REPORT

Mrs Helen Richards reported that County Highways had connected a proper drainage system outside the Village Green in Trelights. This should alleviate the build up of water on the road and its constant seepage onto the Village Green. She also reported that the drain problem at 8 The Terrace, Port Isaac, should be corrected before Christmas. County Highways have devised a traffic calming solution for Trewetha Corner but this will go to Area Committee as there is a shortage of funds at the moment.

FOOTPATHS

The Footpath Committee met recently when it was decided that the General Footpath Survey would commence in January with completion if possible in time for the March 2004 meeting of the Parish Council, at which meeting the schedule of footpath work for 2004, under the Local Maintenance Partnership, will be determined. In the meantime, the committee will meet with our local County Councillor and the new Area Ranger for East Cornwall when their advice will be sought as to the best way to proceed with the survey and any other ongoing concerns which might arise. The committee will also seek to meet with St Gennys Parish Council to find out how their recent Gold Award for quality upkeep of footpaths was achieved

ELECTRICITY POLE AT CO-OP

It was proposed that the Parish Council write to Western Power to seek to move the electricity pole at the Co-op as it obstructs the path and is in danger of damage from large Co-op delivery lorries leaving the unloading area.

VANDAL PROOF TOILET

A proposal was received, and agreed by the council, to write to North Cornwall District Council asking them to explore the possibility of incorporating a 24 hour vandal proof toilet at the entrance to the present car park toilets.

SEAGULL PROBLEMS

It was proposed that Mr Robin Penna's posters warning of the danger of feeding local seagulls could be used, as was suggested at the September meeting of the Parish Council. Mr Penna will look into cost and report back.

STREET LIGHT AT DOCTORS MEADOW

There was a proposal that the Parish Council install and fund a street light in Doctors Meadow (Footpath No 15). This was discussed and it was decided that the installation of such a light by the Parish Council was not practical. It was decided to amend the proposal and write to County Highways asking them to fund this light.

MOBILE POLICE SURGERY

It was agreed that the Parish Council write in full support of a regular mobile police surgery in Port Isaac.

NEXT MEETING

Monday December 8th in the Church Rooms, Port Isaac, at 7.30 pm.

PLANNING APPLICATIONS AND NOTICES

Application 2003/02264 - Conversion of two redundant barns to two holiday cottages. Delegation possible, Full Planning. Mr & Mrs Barriball, Lower Bodannon, Trewetha. **The Parish Council is in support of this application.**

Application 2003/02378 - Demolition of hotel building and erection of residential development. Delegation possible, Outline Planning. Arrow Development, The Castle Rock Hotel, Port Isaac. **The Parish Council is not in support of this application due to loss of hotel and village amenities.**

Approvals & Refusals

2003/01750 - Listed Building Consent for re-roofing the property using second-hand Delabole rag slate and red clay ridge tiles as existing, installation of conservatory skylight to replace existing. Ms E Glentworth, 3 Dolphin Street, Port Isaac. **North Cornwall District Council APPROVED this application.**

2003/01758 - Listed Building Consent for the replacement of broken, worn and displaced roof slate using second-hand slates. Mrs J Caldwell, 7 Church Hill, Port Isaac. **North Cornwall District Council APPROVED this application.**

2003/01326 - Conservation Area Consent for the demolition of sub-standard Bungalow. Mr & Mrs McDonnell, 11 Trewetha Lane, Port Isaac. **North Cornwall District Council APPROVED this application.**

Robin Elgar, Parish Councillor

100 years ago on December 5th 1903

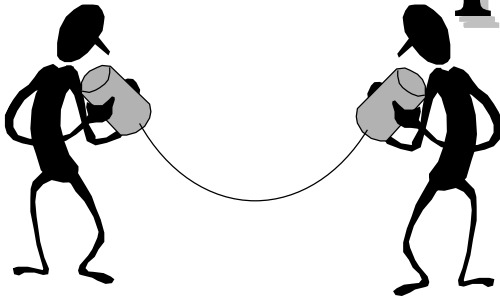
'Four Port Isaac Fishermen

WC Calloway, John Mitchell, John Oaten and Walter Mitchell were drowned when their boat went down on Wednesday. Charles Mitchell, who was unable to swim, was left to support himself by oars and was later rescued'

Cornish & Devon Post

Let's keep in touch

by
James
Platt



Ever since the first life cells blossomed on the face of the earth, one of their key defining urges was to relate to one another. Initially communication was achieved in a highly localised context. Subsequently it spread over rapidly increasing distances as cells merged to construct ever more complicated and inter-dependant life forms.

The first guiding imperatives for communicating were vested in the assurance of survival based on safety in numbers in the home environment and, not to put too fine a point on it, in holding at bay an enemy that was keen to eat you. The logical route to move beyond this came in the dissemination of information further afield, so as to pass on news as rapidly as possible, with the hopeful guarantee that when the news arrived at its destination, its content was received accurately enough to be acted on.

We know that transmitting information by word of mouth, especially when good rumours or juicy scandals are concerned, can take up the momentum of a wind driven brush fire. Phil Harris described this effect in one of his songs as the ability to “Paul Revere the gossip”. The Paul Revere syndrome can be measured by the fact that a morsel of gossip dropped in a willing ear down on Little Hill in the early morning is likely to be common knowledge all over Wadebridge by dinnertime.

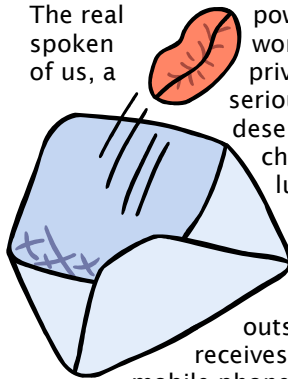
The problem with words is that along the way those that go in one ear are not infrequently subject to personal embellishment or re-interpretation to suit a private agenda when they come out of the mouth. Perhaps that is the way it should be, as a fine rumour ought to

mean all things to all people. When companies are in the process of being taken over there is far more truth sitting in the rumour mill than there is in the official announcements.

Some of the more effective means of passing along news, prior to the institution of a postal service bringing with it the opportunity for anyone who could write to send a letter to anyone else anywhere and irrespective of whether or not the recipient could read, included piling up stones or pebbles, arranging stones or pebbles in patterns, marking rocks, blazing or cutting trees, following tracks and signs of human or animal passage, raising smoke signals, beating drums, signalling from the heights of land with flags and banners and employing heliographs (“winking like fun over valleys as big as a shire” as Rudyard Kipling wrote with reference to the second Boer war).

Following the harnessing of electrical power more powerful options progressed with Morse code, telegraph and telegrams, radio, telex, television, faxing, texting on mobile phones and the use of email and the Internet running in an ominous sequence.

The real spoken power of communication lies in both the written and the word. An ability to communicate is a quality shared by all of us, a privilege that is profound enough to be taken very seriously. Every communication received should not only deserve but also require a response, unless of course it is a chain letter or one of those emails that promises you bad luck if you break the chain and don't send it on to at least a dozen others. Predatory messages like that should be shot down, in other words torn up or deleted, on sight. In fact, it is probable that a very large proportion of current email traffic has little point outside of creating a feel good situation for whoever receives it. This is the same kind of feel good factor that has mobile phone users in public places advising all around them about their personal lives and intimate secrets in voices loud enough to be heard across a busy street.

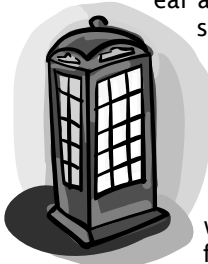


A fundamental revolution in the art of personal communication came when it was possible for people to put pen to paper, compose and write letters, seal them up, address them, stick on a stamp and be confident that the letter would be delivered in good order into the eager hands of the addressee. The transmission of mail is the most sacrosanct international function imaginable. Messages left in bottles, letters sealed in oilskin, left for collection under rocks, handed over between passing ships, given to chance-met strangers on the street to post or deliver, taken by coaches along rutted roads (where would that cornerstone of annual communication, the Christmas card, be without the image of a mail coach?), and flown around by aircraft. “The mail must go through!” was the watchword. The enduring legend of the Pony Express, which given its stature was a surprisingly short-lived institution, typifies the consuming respect accorded to mails. The mail is dropped in a box, it is collected, it is transported and it is delivered, all for the cost of a minuscule fee, manifest in a simple postage stamp.



Although there are notable exceptions that prove the rule, some countries being so well known for non-delivery of any letters and parcels that feel as if they might contain something interesting to those who handle them en route, the general level of co-operation between the postal services of the world is immensely effective. We can only imagine how much better the world would be if national governments behaved towards each other with a similar degree of goodwill to that which characterises their respective postal services. Memo to Messrs Blair and Bush - if you really want to know what a coalition of the willing ought to look like, as you evidently don't know that yet, please take a look at your postal services and their international associate relationships.

(Continued on page 16)



Everything you need to know about life, as learned from Noah's Ark!

1. Don't miss the boat.
2. Remember that we are all in the same boat.
3. Plan ahead. It wasn't raining when Noah built the Ark.
4. Stay fit. When you're 600 years old, someone may ask you to do something really big.
5. Don't listen to critics; just get on with the job that needs to be done.
6. Build your future on high ground.
7. For safety's sake, travel in pairs.
8. Speed isn't always an advantage. The snails were on board with the cheetahs.
9. When you're stressed, float a while.
10. Remember, the Ark was built by amateurs; the Titanic by professionals.



I made myself a snowman
as perfect as could be,
I thought I'd keep it for
a pet and let it sleep
with me.

I made it some
pyjamas and a
pillow for its
head,
Then last night it
ran away but first
it wet the bed!



(Continued from page 15)

Everyone likes to receive a personal letter through the letterbox. A personal letter received brings along with it the unwritten dictate for the recipient to respond to it. The longer the reply is put off, the less likely it will be that there will be any reply at all, and the more likely the sender will be to feel slighted, wondering what he or she may have done wrong. This then wears on the sender's mind, so that the sender phones up the recipient, whose first words will invariably be, "I was just about to answer your letter". That statement is equally as true as its associates, "the cheque is in the mail", and "let's keep in touch!" Naturally, mail shouldn't beget mail. The objective in sending a letter shouldn't be just so that you can get one back, although come to think of it, that does seem to be one of the more important requirements of sending Christmas cards. Keith Waterhouse wrote a novel named "Office Life", in which the only activity within an office block was the exchange of internal memos between those who occupied it. Most business email is of no use to man or beast.

However, an email is not like a telegram for which every word had a cost and the principle was then to keep it short, make it terse, pass bad news and confuse the recipient, although not necessarily in that order. Email can be used to compose decent letters and should be considered to be a natural

extension of the art of letter writing. Since with email it is possible to greet and thank people, say all that is needed, and be polite and generous in signing off, it is surprising how relatively few of those who use email regularly actually do this. Telexes made the process of confusion by the written word about as bad as it could be. More words were possible to place on a telex than had been the case on a telegram, but the words were not always so very well chosen. In the company that I worked for, telex traffic between Australia (to offer one example of many) and head office was frequently quadrupled as it took at least three follow-up telexes to correct the errors and misunderstandings in the original. This was in a climate of sender and receiver speaking the same language, if that can truly be said about Australia and English.

It seems that almost every week on the "Antiques Road Show" an 18th or 19th century writing desk turns up on screen with one of the experts enthusing over its quality prior to disappointing the owner with a low value estimate. Some of the writing desks are portable, of the kind that were carried around by travellers and opened up to pen letters whenever the opportunity arose, everywhere except on horseback probably and I am not even sure if horseback was excluded. The portable writing desks were, perhaps, predecessors of modern laptop computers.

Much of what we know about the lives of many celebrated classic writers, politicians, actors etc, comes from their voluminous correspondence that elevated penmanship, the use of language and a well of emotion poured out on page after page to the status of fine art. It could be argued that they had nothing better to do in those days but write letters in their spare time, but there was much more to it than that. Maintaining contact was considered vitally important. Polite acknowledgement of services rendered was taken to be the height of good manners and considered as a common courtesy by people who cared that it was so.

Some years ago I received a Christmas card from a Midlands based diamond-drilling company, which was interestingly run by Malcolm Thomas from Camelford. The inscription on the card read "Times change, and we with time, but not in ways of friendship". That really sums up just what keeping in touch is all about.

**'Winter is the time for
comfort, for good food and
warmth, for the touch of a
friendly hand, and for a talk
beside the fire: it is the
time for home.'**

Edith Sitwell

*Thank you to all our readers and advertisers for all
your support and contributions.*

*A very Merry Christmas and a Happy and
Peaceful New Year to you all*





"Ho, ho, ho"
**MERRY
 CHRISTMAS
 & HAPPY NEW YEAR**

*from Ian, Sharon, Leo & Rion
 Port Isaac Hair*



**Tony, Kate, Dean,
 Ruth and Lisa
 Provis would like
 to wish you all a
 Very Merry Christmas
 and New Year**

**Merry Christmas and a
 Happy New Year to all
 our friends in
 Port Isaac
 Best wishes
 Georges &
 Susan Bouvier**



**Happy
 Christmas
 and all the best in
 the New Year to the
 RNLI committee and
 crew members**

from Molly & Nick Farmer

**Merry
 Christmas and
 a Happy New Year**



**Love Marion, Nigel,
 Natalie & Ben**

**Jeremy, Liz, Lisa and
 Tom would like to wish all
 their family and friends a
 very Merry
 Christmas and a
 Happy New Year**



**Christmas Greetings
 to all we know**

*(especially including
 our doggie friends
 and boarders!)*

Byron & Maggie



**Merry Christmas and a
 Happy New Year to all my
 friends in Port Isaac**

**With love from
 Harry of
 Walthamstow**



**WISHING YOU ALL A
 VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS
 AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR!**

**WITH LOVE FROM JOHN,
 EMILY, LAURA,
 OSCAR & FINN**



**Councillor W Dawe
 wishes everyone a
 Merry Christmas and
 a Happy New Year**

*Should you need help on any
 matter call 01208 880253*

SEASONS GREETINGS



**A Merry
 Christmas
 and a Happy
 New Year**

*from
 Roy, Elaine & Laura*

**To all our friends in Port
 Isaac - we miss you!**

**Merry Christmas
 and a Happy
 New Year**

Margaret & Bert Easter



**Mike & Nikki would like to wish
 all their customers a very Happy
 Christmas and New Year.**

**This year we have decided not to
 send Christmas cards in the
 village. Instead the money
 will be going to charity.**



**I am unable to send out the
 many Christmas cards to all my
 friends in the village. However,
 I would like to wish you all a
 very happy Christmas and a
 successful, healthy and
 peaceful 2004 and thank
 you for your
 friendship.**

Annie Price



Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year
from Bill & Barbara at Port Isaac Pottery

News from STEER

St Endellion Economic Regeneration



Broadband or ASDL

This is the new technology that enables people to connect to the internet and obtain information ten to forty times faster than at present.

We feel we are being left out in the cold. If you have access to the internet, help us by registering your interest in Broadband at staff@ctm12.com (BT Offers)

Training Opportunities

As mentioned before, if you are interested in joining a course to develop your skills and help employment, don't hesitate to contact Jane at Regeneration North Cornwall on 01208 77860.

Website

We are proceeding with the website and are contacting local businesses to ask if they would like to be included. Also, we are in contact with RABBIT (Remote Area Broadband Inclusion Trial). This is an organisation which helps small businesses to fund connection to Broadband via radio links.

If you are a small business and are interested in Broadband or would like to be included on the website please contact David Raynor on 01208 880581 or email: ivocms@aol.com

The letters 'STEER' stand for St Endellion Economic Regeneration, a local society formed with the help of North Cornwall District Council and Regeneration North Cornwall to look into the possible needs of the St Endellion Parish and its economic development.

A 'Forum' of representatives from our community meets every month and the public is entitled and invited to be present to express the communal point of view. Any items about which a decision has to be taken must, however, be included in the printed agenda sent out before the meeting.

Notices of the meetings are put up at the Platt, outside the Village Hall, on the fence at the Co-op, and on the notice board at Trelights.

Robin Penna (co-ordinator)

01208 880292 or email: robin.penna@btinternet.com

*If you are always wanting something else or something more,
You will miss the happiness behind your own front door,
All you need for heart's content can be created there,
Heaven's where you make it - all around you everywhere.*

*To-morrow is a landscape that is hidden from your view,
So waste no time in wondering what it will hold for you,
Take what life now offers with a quiet and thankful mind,
In your own small corner many treasures you will find.*

*Don't despise contentment. It is something rich and rare,
In an age of restlessness, frustration and despair,
It is an achievement: its itself a victory,
To make a world within a world - and live contentedly.*

taken from 'This England' magazine



We are desperate!

Have you got what we are looking for?

STEER (St Endellion Economic Regeneration forum) is looking for a member of the local community who could contribute a small amount of their time, on a voluntary basis, to fulfil STEER's secretarial vacancy.

We are looking for somebody who:

- Has an interest in how Port Isaac moves forward
- Would be able to attend the monthly STEER meeting
- Can take notes at the monthly meeting and produce written minutes, using a ready-made template

In return, the secretarial position will:

- Provide experience in key administrative skills and minute taking
- Offer the successful person the *possibility* of training
- Keep you informed of village developments and issues
- Enable you to help your local community

If you would like to know more phone Robin Penna on 01208 880292

90 years ago on December 6th 1916

'Believed to be a blue shark

Mr John L Brown of Port Isaac, master and owner of the boat 'Kate', caught a monster on Friday, 8ft long and 6ft around, weighing around six cwt. Mr Brown was accompanied by Captain Isaac Remick and Mr Fred Hoskin as crew.'

Cornish & Devon Post

The Publican's Story

Hargreaves yelled the editor and Jack Hargreaves, new reporter, fresh out of college, a self-assured young man, leapt into the office of the Barminster Echo's editor and owner. 'I want you to go up to Withenhoe and cover the retirement of Miss Thompson, the headmistress of the infant and primary school. You might just learn something that'll stop you being such an unbearable pain in the backside'.

At eleven o'clock that morning Hargreaves was outside the school thinking to himself, 'what a waste of time. I should be on crime reporting!' Even so, he was surprised how many cars there were. 'Must have been close on two hundred on the playing field alone, the playground was packed and the surrounding streets had more. Bunting, flags and balloons festooned the school building and fences. He followed the crowd into the school hall which was packed solid. The windows had been opened up and even more people were outside looking in.

Hargreaves barged his way to the front flashing his 'press pass', just in time to see the teaching staff and local dignitaries on the stage stand and start clapping. Many had tears in their eyes.

The Mayor of Barminster escorted one of the most strikingly attractive women that Hargreaves had ever seen - not young, not beautiful in a conventional way, but an aura of inner beauty shone through her eyes.

There was the most ecstatic, enthusiastic welcome from the crowd as Miss Sally Thompson, headmistress of Withenhoe Junior & Mixed Infants School, now retired, took her seat.

The Mayor opened the proceedings and said all the normal things; how Miss Sally had taught him; how forty-four years ago she had given herself completely to the teaching of the children of Withenhoe. All the normal stuff, but Hargreaves was surprised how many times the Mayor

had to stop to wipe his eye or to stop a tremor in his voice. A number of ex-pupils gave little speeches in a similar vein and existing pupils presented her with flowers and other farewell gifts. Then the infants sang a sad little song. Everyone then went into the classrooms for tea and biscuits. Hargreaves managed to get a very words interview with Miss Sally and another teacher, but learnt no apparent reason for the obvious great love and affection everyone had for Miss Sally as everyone called her. So far he had no great story and, to his mind, hadn't learnt a thing.

He left, and before going back to the paper, decided to have a pint at the local pub. The pub was empty except for the landlord. Hargreaves ordered his pint and made some comment about the lack of people in the pub. The landlord told him everyone was at the school and he would be too just as soon as he could close up. Hargreaves had to ask him what Miss Sally Thompson had got which caused such an outburst of love and affection. The landlord said, 'If you've got ten minutes, I'll tell you'.

The Publican's Story

'Sally Thompson was born in Withenhoe a couple of years before the outbreak of World War II. Her father, Joe Thompson, was a grain and animal feedstuff merchant. He and his wife Gwen idolised their only child Sally and she reciprocated their love and affection by being the liveliest, happiest, loving child in the village. Everyone loved her.

Now, one of Joe's customers was William Hawkins, a farmer who ran a small dairy herd on a fifty-acre farm. The Thompsons and the Hawkins' became great friends. Joe and William had a long and happy business relationship and the two wives, Gwen and Jenny, spent many hours together. Joe and Jenny had a son, little Billy, and the two children were hardly ever apart even though Billy was two years older than Sally.

As the children grew older, little Billy idolised Sally and Sally worshipped

Billy. Billy, now a strapping, handsome young man, and Sally, well at fifteen she was already the prettiest girl in the county and many a young man threw his cap in the ring. But Sally only had eyes for Billy. Everyone said they were the perfect couple and forecast a marriage when Sally reached eighteen.

When Billy reached eighteen, he got called up for National Service. The ten weeks 'square bashing' was the longest time Billy and Sally had been apart. When Billy came home he announced he was being posted overseas to Korea and Sally promptly announced that her and Billy were engaged, but would not get married until Billy finished his two years in the army.

Billy never came home. Joe and Jenny received a telegram saying that Billy had been killed in action and a letter from his commanding officer saying what a popular, brave man he had been.

Jenny had a nervous breakdown from which she never recovered and Joe let himself and the farm go downhill. Sally, at seventeen, took it upon herself to look after them both and also do a teacher training course at the same time. For years she did both, teaching in Withenhoe to be near both families. She loved kids and the kids loved her. Outwardly she seemed to be her old happy self but those that knew her could see the heartbreak in her lovely eyes.

She never married, though God knows there was many a man who would gladly have taken her for his bride.

After Joe and Jenny died, both quite young, Sally devoted her whole life to the children of Withenhoe. There was not one child who, at some stage was not taught by her. Every child worshipped her.'

Jack Hargreaves looked at the photo on the saloon bar wall of Miss Sally and some of the children and then he knew he had learned something.

Bob Monk (Jack H) ©2003

Goodbye Mrs Rowe

Mrs Rowe left us at the end of October. She had been with us for a long time and we will all miss her very much. We all made little cards which we stuck onto a BIG card for her. We had a special cake and everyone had a piece of it. It was yummy!

It was quite sad to say goodbye but we all wish her luck in her new job and hope that she comes to see us sometime.

Rosie, Year 4

and Hello Mrs Minny

We have a new teacher for the Early Year class and her name is Mrs Minny. She is very nice and she does lots of fun things with us. We think it is funny when she calls felt tip pens "cokies" (this is what they call them in South Africa). We laughed our heads off!

We are going to like having Mrs Minny as our teacher because she is so nice.

Jessica, Sinead, Asa and Liam, Reception class

Don't forget to come along to our Christmas Fayre this year. It will take place in school on Friday 12th December at 3.15pm. There will be cakes, cards and gifts to buy. The juniors are making games to play and hopefully we will have a visit from Father Christmas. There should be something for everyone!

schoolchat

Port Isaac School
news and views



Victorian Lunch

We are studying Victorians in history and a couple of weeks ago the teachers showed us what it was like in Victorian schools at lunchtime. They all dressed up and Jean gave us some disgusting gruel and mouldy bread to eat. Mr Bishop was being very strict and Mr Bond told me off for eating my sandwiches! We are glad that we are not Victorians!

After lunch we all dressed up in Victorian clothes and had our photos taken for a display which is in the entrance hall at school.

Jack, Year 4 and James, Year 3

Children in Need

On Friday 21st of November we decided to have a "dress the teddy" competition. It cost 50p to enter and the teddy had to be dressed as a book character. We also sold Pudsey cakes at break time. We had teddies dressed as pirates, Harry Potter, Flintstones, the ugly duckling and a Fat Controller to name but a few and the winner was Jack's shepherd from the Bible.

It was a fun day and finally we managed to raise £30 for Children In Need.

Daisy, Year 4

Last term we had our Harvest Festival in the school and it was a great success. We raised over £31 which will be donated to the Anthony Nolan Trust. We raised the money by selling produce that all the children brought into school.

The theme of our festival was "coconuts" and our play was based on being thankful for the fruits that we have here in our country.

We also sang songs and we were accompanied by Miss Robertson on the guitar and piano.

Corinna, Year 5

Nativity Service

Everyone is welcome to attend our Nativity Service and Carol singing in St Peter's Church on Saturday 13th December at 5pm



The Great Adventure

a story for children of all ages

Memories come in different shapes and sizes. Some last forever others for no time at all and some get lost, never to be found again, unless you have a little help from friends. This is one such story that happened in the World of Dreams.

There lived a man, Mr Brambles who lived alone in a small cottage at the end of the village. He was always one of the happiest, kindest people in the land until one day he was in a particularly sulky mood over something quite silly and decided to go for a walk in the woods.

He went through the brambles, among the tall proud trees, over the rickety bridge and splashed through the winding stream. As he was about to return home feeling so much better, he tripped and fell. The villagers searched for hours and eventually found him wandering in the dark, not knowing where or who he was. Mr Bramble had lost his memory. Taken back to his small cottage, he sat for days seeing friends as strangers.

One day a teddy bear who lived nearby had a wonderful idea. He and some of his friends would search the direction where Mr Bramble had been and find his memory. Teddy enlisted the help of his greatest friend Herbert. Now Herbert was a particularly large friendly dog with enormous ears and velvet soft paws. He had a protruding nose which he was in the habit of poking into places where it was not always wanted. His eyes drooped in a manner which would suggest he was quite miserable when he was really the opposite. The only part of him which showed some joy was his tail which wagged continually.

"I have a plan " said Teddy, " which will be a great adventure and if we succeed we will be able to return Mr Brambles' memory to him."

" Oh good" shouted Herbert who

loved an adventure, "tell me more" he said merrily wagging his tail and poking his nose into Teddies face.

"Steady on old chap, calm down and I will explain" said Teddy wiping his face where Herbert had put his wet nose.

Herbert dropped his large head on his paws and listened with great interest.

"I have heard" continued Teddy, "that Mr Brambles lost his memory somewhere out there," and he waved a furry paw towards the woods " and I thought that if you and I and some of our friends went to search we might find it."

"What a splendid idea" Herbert exclaimed, jumping up excitedly "we must start right away."

"Not immediately" went on Teddy, quite pleased that his idea had met with such enthusiasm," the friends I have in mind live with a small boy and girl and can only come out while they are asleep. I have already asked a blackbird to call on them and arranged to meet them at your house if that is all right with you."

Herbert was pleased with this as it made him feel like a second in command. The pair wished each other luck as they parted company.

The day seemed to drag as the friends prepared for the great adventure. Teddy searched out a torch in case they needed to look into a dark hole and his big wellington boots and raincoat were at hand. Herbert watched at the window, anticipating the arrival of his friends. The first to arrive was Teddy.

"I do like that little bear" thought Herbert "such a friendly chap."

"First here am I?" said Teddy "the others will be here soon." And they both gazed out of the window as a

procession of toys trudged through the fields towards them. Harold the Hare was in the lead, followed by the pigtail doll with the wibbly wobbly dog bringing up the rear. "Hello there" shouted Harold "It was a bit of a rush but we got here right on time."

Herbert observed the wibbly wobbly dog whose head swayed from side to side. "Teddy" he whispered, "what is that creature who looks a little like a dog?"

"That` s the wibbly wobbly dog" chuckled Teddy.

"But what is the matter with his head?" exclaimed Herbert.

"It` s just a habit. You should get to know him, he` s quite a nice fellow" replied Teddy.

Herbert wasn` t too sure as he thought the habit might be catching.

"I believe the blackbird has explained what this is all about so I suggest we set off right away" said Teddy taking charge. Herbert looked on in admiration.

Across the fields and into the woods the enthusiastic band of friends went, keeping close to each other to make sure none of them got lost. Teddy shone his torch at every dark hole and there were many. The wibbly wobbly dog, swayed his head from side to side, which made him a useful member of the party as he looked in more places. Herbert sniffed him several times. "What a strange creature" he thought "but as teddy said a nice fellow."

"Before calamity struck" began Teddy, "Mr Brambles was such a happy chap."

"Before calamity struck" repeated Herbert. "What a splendid word."

(Continued on page 22)

(Continued from page 21)

"Twit twoo - twit twoo."

"Gracious" gasped Teddy and the pig tail doll clung to his side.

"Calamity" said Herbert, proud of his new word.

The friends looked in the direction of the twit twoo in a high tree and Teddy shone his torch. "Would you be so kind" said an offended owl, sternly, "to take that light out of my eyes. If an owl can't frighten people without having things shone in their eyes, it's a bad thing."

"I do beg your pardon" ventured Teddy "but you startled us."

"That's my job" said the owl "to warn other creatures in the woods that intruders are about. What do you want?"

"A friend lost his memory and we were wondering if any memories had been found here" butted in Herbert feeling that Teddy needed help.

"A memory" groaned the owl, "haven't seen one of those for a long time. He could have lost it among the brambles."

"Yes when calamity struck he could have lost it anywhere" said Herbert still proud of his new word.

The friends searched among the brambles as the owl stared.

"Hold on will you" came a voice.

"What's all the noise about."

"It's a worm" shrieked the pigtail doll, "I don't like this wood."

"Sorry" said Harold who had been quiet until now "we were just looking for a lost memory."

"Well I haven't got it" said the worm, still upset "and would you ask that creature with the big ears to take his nose out of my face."

"I didn't know it was his face." Thought Herbert, upset about the description of his ears.

"Have you tried over by the rickety bridge?" said the worm helpfully. Over the bridge the friends trooped.

"Goodness what's that?" exclaimed Herbert as two eyes stared at them through the darkness

"It's a rabbit" said Harold who knew about such things.

"Is he all right?" said the rabbit observing Herbert. "You do hear tales about dogs."

"Tales" thought Herbert in confusion, looking at his tail.

"Yes he's a friendly fellow, nothing to fear." replied Harold

"What about me?" thought the wibbly wobbly dog, "I can be very frightening."

"We are looking for a memory that was mislaid around here" went on Harold.

"Have you tried by the riverbank?"

ventured the rabbit cautiously eyeing Herbert who was still looking at his tail. On the friends went and stared as one at the dark and gloomy river.

Splash. "How do you do. I think I remember you" said a voice from below and the friends stared down at a frog, perched on a rock.

"I always remember things ever since I found this memory" he continued.

The friends looked at him as Teddy said, "I do believe that belongs to a friend of ours. May we have it?"

"Only pleased to return it. Memories are so precious they should be kept safe. We can never have the same one again" said the frog.

The friends returned Mr Bramble his memory who promised he would never be so careless again and treasured every day and all his memories.

Will you?

Dave Morgan ©2003

I need some help here

I have become increasingly concerned about the activities of the children who, after school, take to the streets of Port Isaac - in particular New Road - in an attempt to find some outlet to let off steam.

Not long ago, I was witness to both young and older children playing football in the middle of New Road, with local drivers shooting past at an appalling speed. An accident waiting to happen - and haven't we heard that before!

After a friendly discussion with the children in question, I promised them that I would do my best to get the Youth Club up and running again. This will only be during the winter months when it is too dark for them to go to the playing fields. I have asked them for help in raising some funds so that we can purchase a pool table and badminton set (if we haven't already got them) and they are willing to get involved and do something.

I have written to Simon Bishop (Port Isaac School) and the Headmistress at Camelford School for their support in this idea, but, and this is a big BUT, I am not prepared to do this without some input from the children's parents. Support and co-operation from them is vital for this project to succeed. I am not prepared to do this when their attitude is 'someone else can sort this out'. We will need a willing 'team' to set it up and have a rota in place.

Let's not let the children down. They don't deserve the bad reputation they have for causing noise and chaos. They just need to 'let off steam' like we all did when we were their age (in my case, if I can remember that far back!). Please contact me on 01208 880386 if you are willing to help in any way. Thank you.

Annie Price

Did you know that domesticated turkeys cannot fly. Wild turkeys, however, can fly for short distances at speeds up to 55 miles per hour. They can also reach speeds of 25 miles per hour on the ground.

'Mo' Frank Harcourt

Reid was, without the slightest doubt, my best friend. His middle name came from his father whom everyone knew as Arky. Frank had a muscle missing on his chest; all of his ribs stood out right up to his left shoulder. It didn't worry him though; in fact he was quite proud of his missing muscle.

He was always very keen on football and after he left school he went for a trial with Staines Town Football Club and was accepted to play in the reserve team. He went on to play for the reserves at Fulham Football Club at Craven Cottage. Sadly, he had to give up playing professionally when he contracted pleurisy which later developed into tuberculosis. After he recovered he returned to Staines Town as a coach and trained various boys clubs in the area. He was widely admired for his wit, dedication to his chosen calling and above all for his bubbling personality. When his lungs finally gave out and he died of pneumonia in 1997, a small part of everyone who knew him died also. At his funeral the Church overflowed with friends from far and wide and the flowers stretched the length of the road from the cemetery gates to the Chapel door.

It was after one of local vicar's talks to the school that I changed his name forever. The talk was on the subject of Moses and how his mother hid him in the bulrushes. One the way home from school that day, I somehow associated Frank's surname, 'Reid' with the word rushes. Quite logical when you think about it. And I began ribbing him about Moses in the reeds and that was it. From that day, Frank Harcourt Reid became Moses Reid, later just plain Mo and that is how he is remembered to this day. We had wonderful times together Mo and I, not only as children but later in life as well.

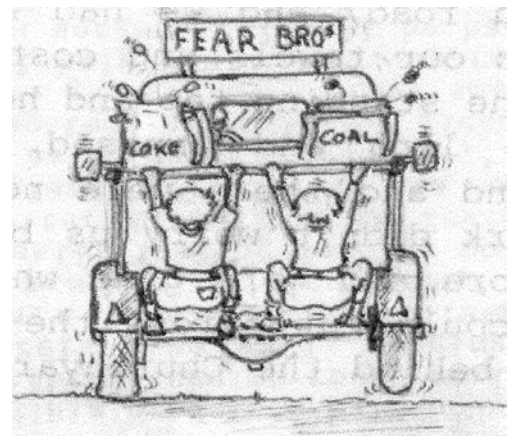
We never got into any real mischief but we certainly did some daft things in our younger days. One day the coalman was delivering coal down our road and we decided it would be fun

to hitch a ride on the back of the lorry to the end of the road. We hid behind the hedge and waited for him to throw the empty sacks onto the lorry and then as he climbed into the cab we dashed out and hung on to the tailboard, resting our feet on the iron bar that carried the spare wheel. The lorry sped off and we clung on tight, the wind blowing in our hair. We were almost dislodged as the lorry bumped down the dip in the road alongside our garden. Then to our horror, the lorry didn't stop at the end of the road; he drove straight around it without slackening his speed.

We looked at each other as the speed of the lorry increased even more, Mo with that look of mock horror on his face although he was really enjoying the experience; that was more than I was. What passed through my mind as we sped along was the long walk back we would have if the lorry didn't stop before it reached the village.

I decided it was time to get off and with a last look at Mo, I lifted my feet from the bar and let go. As my feet hit the road surface they were swept from under me and I pitched forward onto my chest. I must have been at a slight angle when I let go as I immediately started to roll over and over, finishing up lying against the kerb. Luckily for me there were no cars following the lorry otherwise the outcome could have been much worse. As it was, I was badly shaken but unhurt. I sat on the kerb wiping bits of grit from my grazed knee, then, looking up, I saw Mo running down the road towards me. The lorry had stopped a short way down the road. He was very concerned, the look on his face genuine now as he sat beside me on the kerb. When I had stopped shaking we headed back to Northfield, Mo supporting me with an arm around my waist and my arm around his shoulders. Needless to say, we never tried that stunt again.

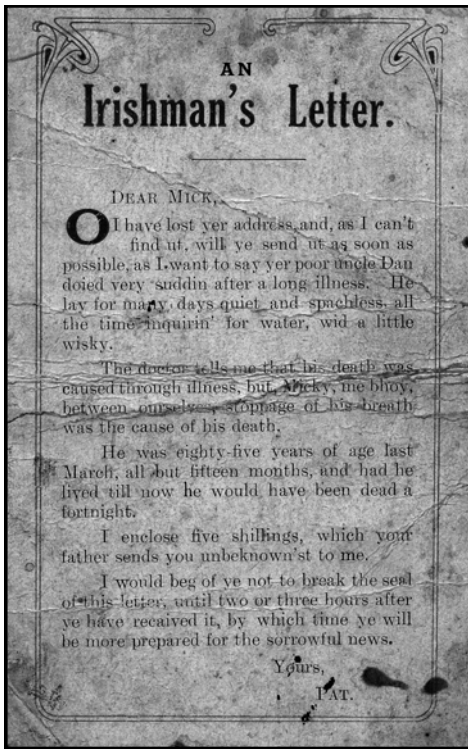
We were both keen on swimming, not championship stuff of course, just messing about in the river. Dad would not let us boys go swimming until the



first of June and once he knew we could look after ourselves in the water he seldom worried when we said we were going down the ferry for a swim. One Sunday towards the end of summer, Mo and I had spent the day at the river and afterwards we went to the park to collect wind-falls in the orchard. Time passed quickly as we lay on top of the spreading lower branches of the great Lebanon Cedar tree eating the apples we had stuffed inside our shirts. The Church clock struck five, then six and we still rocked ourselves gently up and down on the branch. Not caring about the time, we decided to walk the couple of miles to the next village, Littleton, where there was a recreation ground with super slides and swings. We weren't hungry anymore having consumed all our apples. We played happily in the park until we realised it was getting dark. We picked up our towels and costumes, had a final drink of water from the standing tap and headed home.

Shepperton Road was long and exposed, flanked on both sides by open farmland and there were no street lamps to show the way. The dark didn't worry us but we soon became very tired and footsore and were glad when we reached the small lane where we could cut across the recreation ground at Laleham. This lay behind the Churchyard and came out on the Ashford Road where our school was situated. It was then that Mo made the fateful decision. "Why don't we spend the night at the school?" he suggested. "Our Mums and Dads won't mind and anyway I am too tired to go any further." The school was a hundred yards away

(Continued on page 24)



This old postcard was sent to Trio by Auntie Win. A copy of the wording is below.

Dear Mick

O I have lost yer address and, as I can't find it, will ye send it as soon as possible, as I want to say yer poor uncle Dan doied very suddin after a long illness. He lay for many days quiet and speechless, all the rime inquirin' for water, wid a little wiskey.

The doctor tells me that his death was caused through illness, but, Micky, me bhoy, between ourselves, stoppage of his breath was the cause of his death.

He was eighty-five years of age last March, all but fifteen months, and had ee lived till now ee would have been dead a fortnight.

I enclose five shillings, which your father sends you unbeknown'st to me.

I would beg of ye not to break the seal of this letter, until two or three hours after ye have received it, by which time ye will be more prepared for the sorrowful news.

Yours
Pat

(Continued from page 23)

from where we stood and Northfield was still a quarter of a mile distant. The clock on the Church had already struck nine and the idea of a rest appealed to me so, without thinking of the possible consequences, I agreed.

At that time the school had a Young Farmers Club of which I was a member. We kept two Landrace pigs in a sty at the bottom of the school garden. We also had a goat which provided milk; it was housed in a wooden hut in the corner of the playground at night and pegged out on the green opposite the school during the day. Also, in the garden, and housed in a purpose-built chicken house we had a flock of Rhode Island Red chickens that provided eggs. There were also a few fruit trees and a vegetable patch that flourished on account of the pig manure that was dug into it each year. We also had a large productive allotment.

There was a gate at the side of the school which we soon climbed over and headed for the goat shed. The goat slept on a shelf fixed at the back of the shed and we thought we might be able to bed down on the floor underneath the shelf. We soon found the space too cramped, especially when the goat jumped down

from the shelf and began stomping all over us. We left her to go back to her shelf and went into the garden. We avoided the toilet block as we knew the smell in there would be too strong. We also decided against the pigsty for the same reason. The two long air-raid shelters were always kept locked; that only left the chicken house. In the dark we inspected the small door that opened to one side; it wasn't locked. Opening it carefully so as not to set the chickens into a panic, we crept inside. It was very warm and stuffy in the low interior and smelt quite a bit as well, but we positioned ourselves on the floor and rested our heads on our rolled up towels. The chickens, although used to humans, began clucking loudly at the intrusion into their house so late at night and some of them became unsettled and flew around the house. This disturbed the rest of them and they all began flying around, clucking loudly and we were soon covered in droppings and feathers. We scrambled from under the perches and climbed out of the door.

Over the wall behind the pigsty was a two of tied cottages that house the workers on the farm. Suddenly a light flashed on and we heard someone trying to scale the wall on the other side. We panicked and

took to our heels, scrambling over the gate at the bottom of the playground. We didn't stop running until we had turned the corner at the bottom of our road.

Dad was waiting with his strap when we finally reached home and I received the hardest beating I can ever remember him giving me. He was sorry afterwards; I recall the tears in his eyes as he told me they and the police had been searching for us for hours. They feared we had been drowned and had made arrangements to drag the river in the morning. Mo and I never tried anything like that again.

The next morning at school we heard how the man next door to the school had disturbed a chicken thief the night before and it took the headmaster and the senior member of the Young Farmers Club a whole hour to round up all the loose chickens.

David J Wiles ©2003



Christmas rubbish!

Richard's been brilliant again throughout the year keeping the village clean and collecting the domestic rubbish from the bottom of the village every day. He more than deserves the one-day - December 25th - that he will be getting off over the holiday period. Other than that he will be collecting:

December 22nd & 23rd - usual service

Christmas Eve - Morning collection with his last run through the village being at 10.00am

Christmas Day - No service

Boxing Day - One run, collecting domestic rubbish only, at about 9.00am.

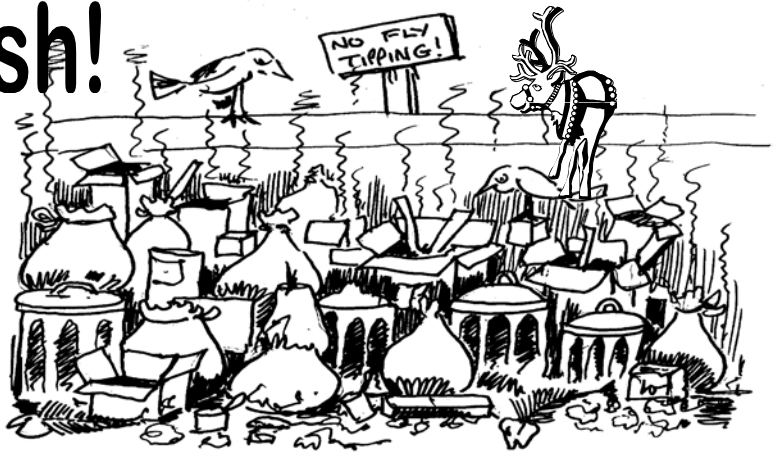
December 27th - 31st - usual service

New Year's Day - One run, collecting domestic rubbish only, at about 9.00am.

Obviously this service only applies to those houses at the bottom of the village that normally get this service. For the rest of us our collection days will be Saturday December 27th and Saturday January 3rd 2004.

Recycling collections will be made on Monday December 22nd and January 5th 2004.

In an emergency call 01208 893131.



Bingo

The Bingo held on December 2nd in the Church Rooms in aid of the Mentally Handicapped raised an amazing £655.50.

Very grateful thanks go to everyone who helped in any way towards this fantastic result by either donating money, prizes, help during the evening and especially to you all for turning out to support our effort.

On behalf of the 'Friends of the Priory Day Centre' thank you all so much for your continued support and generosity.

Janet Chadband

Fireworks

Thank you to everyone who put their hand in their pocket on Firework Night. Money collected in the buckets, the sale of Janet Chadband's soup, glowbands and the Crow's Nest raffle gave us a total of £550 on the night. So there's just £400 to raise for next year.

Thank you Jan for making the soup for us again. Sorry we ran out! Surprise, surprise!

The raffle run by Tony and Sharon at the Crow's Nest was a welcome bonus to the fundraising account. Thanks to them. The winning numbers were:

- 1st - No. 253 - a case of wine
- 2nd - No. 350 - a meal for two at the Crow's Nest
- 3rd - No. 462 - a gallon of beer
- 4th - No. 108 - a bottle of wine

The usual crew were there with the addition to the committee of Neil & Karen and Gary & Steph. Congratulations to Andy & Nicky who got married earlier this year. They never fail to come down from Birmingham to help us out on the day.

Whilst everyone seemed to enjoy this year's display, we felt there weren't as many fireworks as previous years. Big Ron is to have a 'word' with our supplier. Failing that, Gary has a reputable contact who may supply a better display.

The Beacon worked well. It was surprisingly easy to build with the assistance of Ross's landrover, handpicked straw bales courtesy of Robert Sloman and old pallets from Mike at Western Supply. Neil wants a bigger one next year - don't we all!

Thank you to those who have dropped in donations. A special thanks to the Fishermen's Friends who donated £200 from their summer fundraising.

We have thought about changing the timing for next year, from 6.15pm to a new time of 7.00pm. Any views, for or against, let us know.

**Wednesday December 17th
at the Bodmin Community
College at 8.00pm**

The Miracle Theatre Company
present
'The Great Silence'

Bursting at the seams with colour and comedy, laced with irony and allegory, this fable is about a King who can't bear music and tries to stamp it out - with disastrous and far reaching results - like Christopher Robin meets The Simpsons!

Tickets £7/£6 concs/£5 school students from the North Cornwall Arts Box Office on 01840 214220.

This event was due to take place at the Gaia Energy Centre in Delabole. However, due to the recent take-over this is no longer possible. Tickets purchased for that performance will be valid for Bodmin.

The Trio Christmas Quiz

Instead of falling asleep when you've finished your Christmas pud, here's a quiz, with a vaguely musical theme, to tax your brain. There's no prize for getting it right - the answers can be found on page 20,

1. Who was first to the microphone on the original 1984 Band Aid Christmas hit '*Do They Know It's Christmas?*'
2. Name Scrooge's deceased business partner in Charles Dickens' '*A Christmas Carol*'.
3. What was the first Beatles hit to occupy the UK Christmas Number One position in 1963?
4. When visiting Finland, Father Christmas leaves his sleigh behind and adopts another form of transport. How does he travel?
5. What was the first instrument on which the Christmas Carol '*Silent Night*' was played?
6. Dutch children do not hang up stockings at Christmas. What do they put out instead?
7. Who had the first entry into the UK Charts with '*White Christmas*' in 1952?
8. Who were '*Walking Backwards for Christmas?*'
9. On what date is Christmas celebrated in Guatemala?
10. The traditional Christmas flower, the poinsettia, originally came from which country?
11. What gifts did Harry Potter receive on his first Christmas morning at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry?
12. Name the 1966 UK Christmas hit for Tom Jones.
13. Name the group who travelled '*2000 Miles*' one Christmas.
14. In which year were Christmas tree lights first used? Was it 1492, 1895, 1944 or 1966?
15. '*I Will Always Love You*' was a big UK Christmas hit for Whitney Houston. Who did the original version?
16. Good King Wenceslas was the King of which country?
17. Who was driving home for Christmas?
18. The jólasveinar are a traditional part of an Icelandic Christmas. Who or what are they?
19. Name the record that has been a UK Christmas hit in two separate decades sixteen years apart?
20. And finally, back to that evergreen Christmas hit, '*White Christmas*'. Who wrote it?

Find Santa's lost reindeer

This year eight of Santa's reindeer are hidden within the pages of *Trio*. All you need to do is find them and write down the page number and the name of the article or advert where they are and send to *Trio* - either drop into *Secrets* or post to 3 Trewetha Lane, Port Isaac, Cornwall PL29 3RN or email to: deesam@btopenworld.com - to arrive by New Year's Eve. Don't forget to include your name, telephone number and age. There's two prizes - one for under 7's and one for 8-11's.



Why men die first

This is a question that has gone unanswered for centuries, but now we know.

If you put a woman on a pedestal and try to protect her from the rat race, you're a male chauvinist.

If you stay home and do the housework, you're a pansy.

If you work too hard, there's never any time for her, yet if you don't work enough, you're a good-for-nothing bum.

If she has a boring repetitive job with low pay, this is exploitation, yet if you have a boring repetitive job with low pay, you should get off your lazy behind and find something better.

If you get a promotion ahead of her, that's favouritism, but if she gets a job ahead of you, it's equal opportunity.

If you mention how nice she looks it's sexual harassment, yet if you keep quiet, it's male indifference.

If you cry you're a wimp but if you don't you're an insensitive b_____d.

If you make a decision without consulting her you're a chauvinist, yet if she makes a decision without consulting you, she's a liberated woman.

If you ask her to do something she doesn't enjoy, that's domination, yet if she asks you, it's a favour.

If you appreciate the female form and frilly underwear, you're a pervert, yet if you don't you're gay.

If you like a woman to shave her legs and keep in shape, you're sexist, yet if you try to keep yourself in shape, you're vain and if you don't, you're a slob.

If you buy her flowers, you're after something and if you don't you're not thoughtful.

If you're proud of your achievements, you're full of yourself, yet if you don't, you're not ambitious.

If she has a headache, she's tired but if you have a headache, you don't love her anymore.

Men die first because they want to!

Smoking Bishop

Do you remember how after Scrooge has reformed his life at the end of Charles Dickens' *A Christmas Carol*, he proposes getting together with Bob Cratchit for some "smoking bishop"? Have you ever wondered what it was?

It was in fact a hot spiced drink like mulled wine. Mulled wines were popular festive drinks in 19th-century London. They were undoubtedly much safer to drink than the untreated water.

To make Smoking Bishop, take 6 bitter oranges and stick them with 6 cloves each. Put them in a bowl, cover with red wine and set in a warm place for a day. Squeeze the oranges into the wine and strain. Add port to taste. Heat and serve with a cinnamon stick.

Answers to the Trio Christmas Quiz on page 13

1. Paul Young
2. Jacob Marley
3. 'I Want to Hold Your Hand'
4. On a goat named Ukko
5. Guitar
6. Shoes
7. Mantovani
8. The Goons
9. December 25th
10. Mexico
11. A cloak of invisibility and a bright green hand-knitted sweater
12. 'The Green Grass of Home'
13. The Pretenders
14. 1895
15. Dolly Parton
16. Bohemia
17. Chris Rea
18. A band of thirteen gift-giving goblins
19. Bohemian Rhapsody by Queen
20. Irving Berlin

Take the stress out of Christmas - plan well!

Every year I panic! There is no need! Careful planning allows the cook to enjoy opening presents and spending time with family and friends before the Christmas meal.

If possible, lay the table the night before or delegate someone else to do it on the morning. Keep a sink of soapy water ready and wash up as you go along. Remind the gathering that the cook does NOT wash up after the meal!

I always prepare the vegetables the day before and parboil the potatoes and parsnips on Christmas Eve too. Drained and covered they keep well until the following day. Don't underestimate their cooking time - an hour and a quarter in a hot oven should produce lovely crispy potatoes, a little less time for the parsnips. Sprouts should be cooked in boiling, salted water for no more than five minutes. Longer than this and they develop the 'canteen' flavour and smell.

The milk for bread sauce can be infused with onion, cloves and seasoning beforehand. The fresh breadcrumbs can be made at the same time and added to the warmed milk on Christmas morning.

Traditionally there are a lot of accompaniments to the bird. These are time consuming to make and take ages to hand around to all the family with the food on the plate getting cold. So why not add them together and serve them as one? Call it 'An Accompaniment Loaf'. I am not giving you quantities, as they will differ according to your needs and preference of ingredients. Add or take away from my suggestions. Let this loaf be your own invention! It can be made the day before.

An Accompaniment Loaf

- Take a large piece of tinfoil and fold it into double thickness.
- Leave a margin around the edges of the tinfoil and lay rindless pieces of streaky bacon that have been flattened slightly with a palate knife.
- Arrange a line of sage leaves along the bacon and then spread some good quality sausage meat on top.
- Put a row of chestnuts along the middle of the sausagemeat.
- Either side of the chestnuts arrange fresh or frozen cranberries, gently pressing them into the sausagemeat so they don't roll round.
- A generous layer of finely chopped parsley either side of the cranberries gives colour and flavour.
- Carefully roll this mixture into a sausage shape. Twist the tinfoil ends to seal in the mixture rather like a cracker and cook alongside your Christmas bird.

I am not giving you timings, as they will differ according to the thickness of the sausage. When cooked, carve into slices alongside the turkey.

So ... just relax and have a wonderful Christmas!

EP

A Strange Experience

One evening I curled up on a cushion in a chair and went fast to sleep. I started to dream about being a cat. I wished I could be a cat for a day, to leap like them, cuddle up to things and have adventures like them.

When I woke up I was a furry cat with a fluffy coat. My coat was a tabby colour with white socks. I could jump really high in the air and I had sharp needle like claws.

I sprinted outside like a leopard well at least it felt like it! I went to cross the road, looked to check if there were any cars before crossing. I was half way across when a car came shooting past. I lost one of my nine lives so already I was down to eight.

I walked around places I'd never been around on my own before. I spotted a mouse as I cruised around the park, I hid in a bush and stared at the mouse. I slowly crept up to the mouse and got ready for take off. I pounced on to it like a rocket on fire. I caught it in my mouth and gobbled it up, lovely!

I walked to the woods half an hour later after having my lunch and met a girl cat called Sarah. I introduced myself and told her my name was Annie. We played hide and seek for a bit. It was my turn hiding and I hid up a tree. After ten minutes of waiting Sarah found me. She said I was pretty good at hide and seek. Suddenly it started to rain so we said good-bye and we both went home.

When I got to the road I managed to cross it safely. I got home and started meow at the window to get attention. They couldn't hear me so I thought revenge! I went to see if the door was open, and went in. I walked all over the work surface with my muddy paws because I was cross.

My tea was put on the floor with a creamy bowl of milk. I slurped the milk up and munched up the food. I went into the living room and snuggled on their laps for a cuddle and then I moved on to my own cushion. I went into a deep sleep.

When I woke up I was left wondering, was it a dream or was it true??

by Annie Appleby, age 9

NCDC Out & About

NCDC's Out & About service has been held at St John's Church Community Rooms in Delabole once a month since May.

Rain or shine NCDC representatives are on hand to offer expert and friendly advice on a whole range of council services. The relaxed atmosphere and opportunity to chat to someone face-to-face instead of on the phone is proving very popular.

NCDC, in partnership with Npower, is now able to offer four low energy light bulbs absolutely free to anyone who is in receipt of the following benefits:

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Allowance, Working Family Tax Credit, Disabled Persons Tax Credit, Disability Living Allowance, Attendance Allowance, Industrial Injuries Disability Benefit and War Disablement Pension.

Just take along some proof of your benefit to collect your light bulbs that use 80% less electricity and last ten times longer than normal. At the same time you can check out whether you are eligible for help paying your rent or council tax plus get advice on council tax discounts and business rate reductions.

Help and advice is also available on recycling, finding somewhere to live, planning applications or even having your dustbin emptied.

The next meetings take place, from 10.00am - 3.00pm on December 17th 2003, and January 21st, February 18th and March 17th 2004.

Ronnie Tyler has a new little sister, Isabella Brierley She was born on December 2nd 2003 and weighed 7lb 9oz



Would the person who borrowed my long ladder from the Bakehouse patio please return it? Thank you.



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Royal Cornwall Hospital (Treliske & City), Truro - 01872 250000

East Cornwall Hospital (Bodmin) - 01208 251555

Rubbish - Friday is dustbin day. Put your bins out before 7.00am and **REMEMBER - OUR SEAGULLS LOVE RIPPING OPEN BLACK BAGS!**

Recycling - Kerbside collection every fortnight - see *Trio* diary dates. Recycling bins are also situated in the top car park

Bus Service - Western Greyhound 01637 871871

Mobile Bank (Midland) - stops outside the school on Mayfield Road on Mondays from 11.30am-11.45 am and on Fridays from 10.45am-11.00am

Post Office - last daily collection at 4.45pm. Tel: 01208 880306 Also personal banking. Early closing Wednesday 1.00pm and Saturday 12.30pm

Telephone Boxes - one in Church Hill and one near the Church Rooms

Police (non emergency calls) - 08705 777444

Childline - 0800 111

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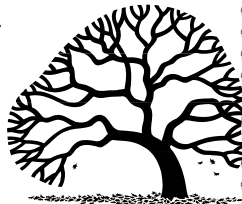


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OPEN ALL YEAR

*Sam & Dee wish all their
friends and customers, old and
new, a Happy and Peaceful
Christmas and New Year*

Roy Speakman

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Specialist Carpentry
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All roof work undertaken
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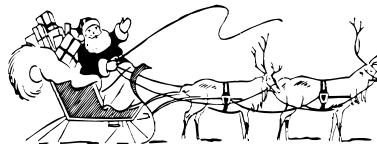
14 New Road, Port Isaac
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Servicing & Repairs
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GAS DELIVERIES
13kg, 19kg and 47kg

Coal, Logs and
Firelighters for sale

Delivery Service also available



Tom and Andrew wish all their
customers a Merry Christmas
and a Happy New Year

The Golden Lion

Port Isaac

Roast dinners every Sunday
throughout the winter apart from
Christmas and New Year weeks

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for self catering holidays with full
service management

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New!! Christmas Trees & Licensed Restaurant

Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year from all at Trevathan

Open - Thursday to Sunday, 10.00am-4.00pm

Closed Christmas Day, Boxing Day, New Year's Eve and New Year's Day

Book now for your
Christmas Party,
menus available

Lunches - Friday & Saturday
available from 12.30pm-2.00pm

Turkey Lunches - £5.95, OAPs - £4.95

Sunday Roast
£5.95
Booking
advisable

Home produced Beef, Lamb and Free Range Eggs, Homemade Pâté, Jams, Pickles and Chutneys. Locally produced Ham, Bacon, Cheeses, Country Wines and Local Crafts
Orders taken for Christmas Cakes and Puddings, Mince Pies, Sausage Rolls, Dundee Cakes, Christmas Turkeys and Hams. Wide variety of Christmas Hampers with a choice of homemade and local produce.

Find us at St Endellion on the B3314 Tel: 01208 880164



Friday December 12th
Christmas Fayre at Port Isaac School - 3.15pm

Saturday December 13th

The **BIG SWITCH-ON** of Port Isaac's Christmas Lights - Mulled Wine, Mince Pies, St Breward Band, Carols - 6.30pm

Port Isaac RNLI Christmas Disco in the Village Hall - 8.00pm

Sunday December 14th

Village Hall Children's Christmas Party - 4.00pm

Evening Worship with Taize Music in St Endellion Church - 6.00pm

Monday December 15th

Christmas Concert by the Carn Awn Singers at Trelights Methodist Chapel - 7.00pm

Tuesday December 16th

Christmas Whist Drive in St Endellion Church Hall - 7.30pm

Thursday December 18th

Port Isaac Playgroup Christmas Nativity & Tea Party in the Village Hall - 10.30am

Friday December 19th

Trelights Christmas Lights Switch-on - 7.00pm

Saturday & Sunday December

20th & 21st

& Saturday & Sunday December

27th & 28th

The Drekky Theatre Company present 'Snow White and the Six and a Half Dwarfs' in Port Isaac Village Hall - 7.30pm

Monday December 22nd

'In the Bag' recycling kerbside collection - put bags out by 7.00am

Christmas Eve,

Wednesday December 24th

St Peter's Church, Port Isaac - Crib & Christingle Service at 3.00pm & Midnight Mass at 11.30pm
St Endellion Church Midnight Mass at 11.30pm

Christmas Day,

Thursday December 25th

Christmas Family Sung Eucharist in St Endellion Church - 11.00am

December 31st - New Year's Eve

See in the New Year - Mulled Wine from the Boathouse, organised by the RNLI committee



what's on

2004



Monday January 5th

'In the Bag' recycling kerbside collection - put bags out by 7.00am

Thursday January 8th

STEER Forum Meeting in the Village Hall - 7.30pm

Sunday January 11th

Evening Worship with Taize Music by candlelight in St Endellion Church - 6.00pm

Monday January 19th

'In the Bag' recycling kerbside collection - put bags out by 7.00am

Friday January 30th

The long-awaited Village Hall Music Quiz - 8.00pm

Monday February 2nd

'In the Bag' recycling kerbside collection - put bags out by 7.00am

Thursday February 5th

STEER Forum Meeting in the Village Hall - 7.30pm

Sunday February 8th

Evening Worship with Taize Music by candlelight in St Endellion Church

Monday February 16th

'In the Bag' recycling kerbside collection - put bags out by 7.00am

Saturday February 28th

Port Isaac's Annual Mount Edgcombe Hospice Day Sale & Lunch in the Village Hall

Thursday March 4th

STEER Forum Meeting in the Village Hall - 7.30pm

Monday March 8th

Back by popular demand - The Old Ropestring Band in the Village Hall - reserve your tickets early

Sunday March 14th

Evening Worship with Taize Music by candlelight in St Endellion Church - 6.00pm

Thursday April 1st

STEER Forum Meeting in the Village Hall - 7.30pm

April 11th - 18th

St Endellion Easter Festival

Thursday May 6th

STEER Forum Meeting in the Village Hall - 7.30pm

May 28th - 31st

Port Isaac Music Festival

Thursday June 3rd

STEER Forum Meeting in the Village Hall - 7.30pm

Sunday June 20th

RNLI Annual Lifeboat Service on the Platt

Sunday August

15th

Lifeboat Funday

REGULAR EVENTS

Port Isaac Playgroup - every Tuesday and Thursday (not during school holidays) from 10.00am to 12 noon in the Village Hall.
Contact Emily Brown on 01208 880707

Local History Group - The first Friday in the month in Port Isaac Village Hall. Contact George Steer on 01208 880754

Port Isaac Chorale - Every Tuesday from 7.30pm-9.30pm in Port Isaac Village Hall. Contact Janet Townsend on 01208 880505

Carn Awn Singers - Every Monday at 8.00pm in Trelights Chapel.
Contact Joan Murray on 01208 880548

Golden Circle - The second Thursday in the month from October to April from 2.30pm - 4.00pm in Port Isaac Village Hall.
Contact Penny Manders on 01208 880022

Learning Together - Every Monday during term time from 1.30pm - 3.15pm in Port Isaac Primary School. 3 and 4 year olds to come along with an adult

CHURCH SERVICES

St Peter's Church, Port Isaac - Sunday - Sung Eucharist at 10.00am.
Every third Sunday - Said Eucharist at 9.30am, Family Service at 10.15am.
Every Wednesday - Said Eucharist at 10.00am

St Endellion Church - Every Sunday at 11.00am

Trelights Methodist Church - Sunday Service at 6.00pm.
Fellowship Service - last Thursday in the month at 7.00pm

A Happy and
Peaceful New Year

