

Molly Smith who now lives in Helston, Cornwall, remembers when she was sent as a supply teacher to Port Isaac ...

Happy memories of days spent in Port Isaac

When I was directed to come on supply to the Port Isaac School in January 1953, all I knew of the place was what Barbara Honey had told me of her home town when we were fellow students in Exmouth. Friends assured me that I would find “a coat’s difference” in the temperature – but I never noticed it! Now, with grateful thanks to the Honey family who looked after we so well, Port Isaac has become one of my very favourite places.

That January there was a Pantomime being staged in the Temperance Hall (the Village Hall) – I can’t remember which one but I went and over the months I enjoyed many events held there – particularly a Drama that was put on every week in the summer months. Friends Margaret, Pauline and I got to see it most weeks as we were allowed to “sell” cushions for an extra 6d to the entry fee. I have never forgotten the difference in the audience reaction from week to week – some applauded every situation, others completely missed the punchlines!!

In the summer holidays that year, I came back with my sister to stay with Mrs Honey, and for the first time in our lives we took part in a Carnival. We were part of the Youth Club float, featuring a baby show!

Transport being a problem, I stayed put in Port Isaac over the weekends, and being a Methodist, on the first Sunday I went with Margaret to Roscarrock Hill Chapel. Then in the evening Mrs Sweet kindly invited me to the Wesley Chapel – imagine my surprise when the same preacher arrived and preached a repeat of the morning’s sermon! I suppose the two congregations did not usually overlap. Sad to hear that both Chapels are no more.

Being very new to the job I learned a lot from the School – far more I fear than they learned from me. It is the only School I have ever been in where the cook (Mrs Couch) regularly made lovely pasties for school dinners.

I enjoyed the classroom where you often saw a friend waving or visitors peering in to see what was going on. I only remember once taking the infant class to play in the big playground, and having to insist that no-one so much as put a hand on the boundary wall, for fear that one of them might end up at the bottom of the cliff! Fortunately, looking back they were a very well behaved group. I often think of a class trip to Wadebridge Cinema to see a film of the Queen’s Coronation – my outstanding memory of that day is that not one child asked to go to the toilet from the time we left until the time we returned! Remarkable!

So many happy memories – Sunday evening walks over Lobber towards Port Quin, dances in a room behind the Garage and one time on the Town Platt, borrowing a bicycle and cycling to Rock and Tintagel. Even when supply work took me to Delabole School I was