

# Summer Tide at Port Isaac



1971 - "... have been able to get the car down to where we are staying ..."



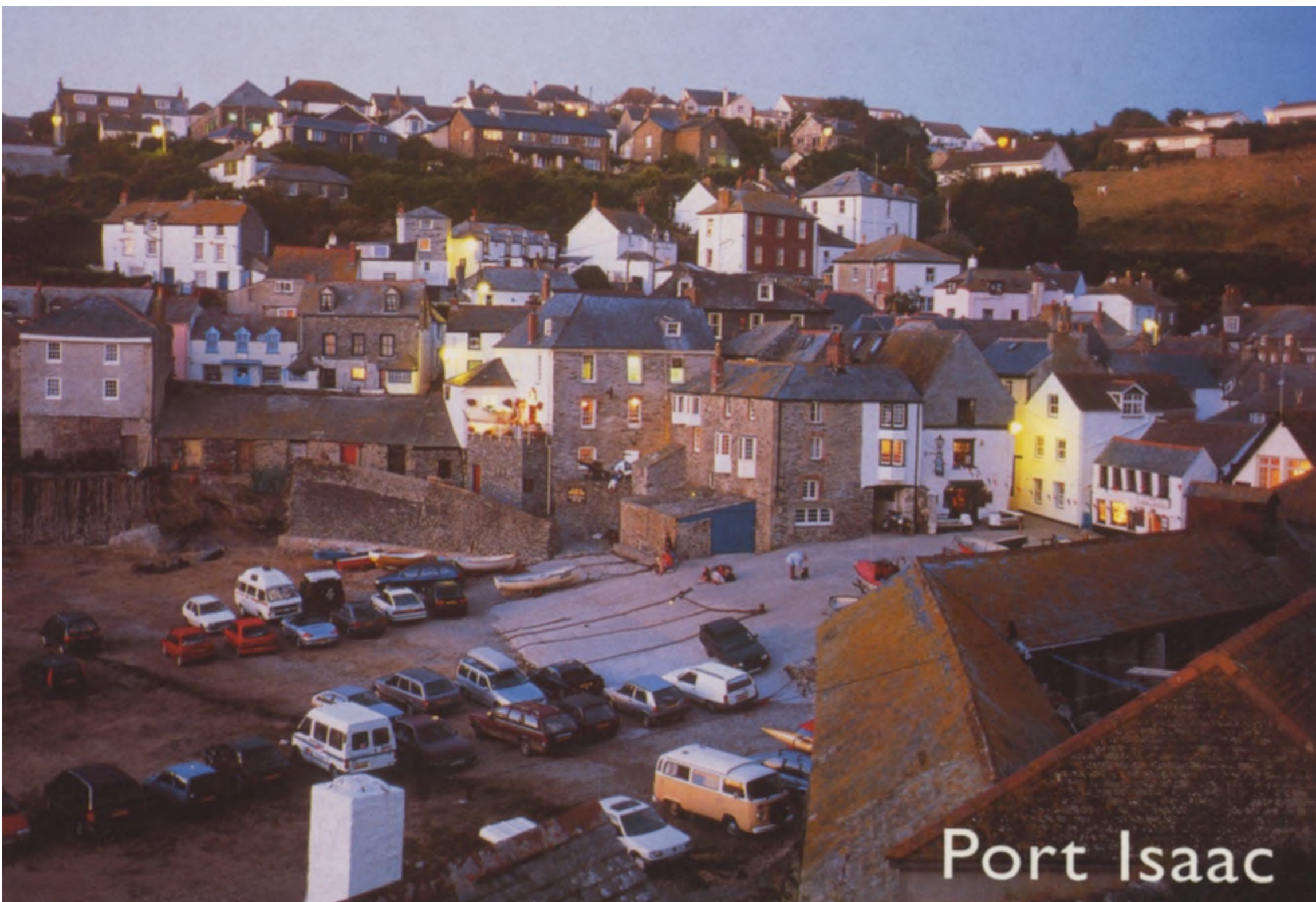
"we had a good journey down, started at 6.30am and arrived 5.30pm"

With the schools of England, silent, still,  
 The human tide foams down the hill,  
 The man who's spent his life on ships,  
 Hears snatches from a thousand lips,  
 "Johnny's got 'is trousis wet"  
 "Peter's pinched me fishin' net"  
 "I think it's coming on to rain"  
 "Mother wants the loo again"  
 "Ay say, landlord, two large ports"  
 'She should never be in shorts"  
 "How quaint this ducky fishing place"  
 "Wipe that ice cream off yer face"  
 "Ou est las café? S'il vous plait"  
 "Throw that smelly fish away"  
 On an on until September  
 Safe journey home, and in December,  
 Softer voices at the meeting  
 On the hill, a quiet greeting,  
 "Mornin' Jack, Hello Harold"  
 "Nice day Mark, how's young Carole?"  
 The tide has ebbed and gone away,  
 Welcome back again next May.

Eric Stokes, 1985



"we are staying in a lovely old cottage but it has a fridge and electric"



1972 - "having a smashing time"



1971



"the shrubs and wild flowers are lovely"



1974 - "very pretty cliff walks"



"The long school holidays - we went to Port Isaac every year"