

# Inspired!

Is the only word to describe the decision, back in April 1982,  
to produce a village newsletter

It started off being published by the Village Hall committee under the title NEWS. Wrote Fred Thompson, "Trio was inspired by a visit to Crantock, which had a community newsletter. The idea was put to the Village Hall Committee who approved it, but did not have the money to spare to produce it. Robin therefore produced and paid for the first issue, the money later being refunded by Cornwall Community Council. A few months later, Mrs Gwen Billing won a competition for the name with 'Trio'.

The Village Hall Committee later decided that they did not have time to be involved so, since then it has been published by Robin, with myself in charge of raising revenue from advertising and sales."

Fred and Robin carried on until April 1999 when they handed over the reins to Sam & Dee Littlechild. Over the years the format and size has changed considerably but looking through the back issues it is clear that 'nothing has changed' - parking, the Village Hall, the Parish Council, the RNLI, births and deaths, weddings, happy and sad times, people who have moved on, businesses - it's all recorded in Trio. It provides a continuing comprehensive history of our Parish from 1982.

# Inspired!

# THE TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE SUN

The total eclipse of the sun  
Is a wonderfully magical thing,  
When I felt it go cold and dark  
My heart began to sing!

I don't care I didn't see it  
Because of the cloud,  
The people made it all worthwhile  
When they clapped and they cheered  
out loud.

I'd like to have seen it happen  
But I just didn't care,  
It still went dark around me  
And I'm glad that I was there.

I'd heard about it for ages  
And I thought "It won't be that great",  
But now that I have witnessed it,  
I think, "yes, it was worth the wait".

I sat up on top of Lobber  
Watching Port Isaac turn dark,  
And saw the lights of cameras  
In my mind an everlasting mark.

I'm just thankful I could see it,  
Although just for a short time,  
I felt my heart thumping  
And it inspired me with this rhyme.

So I put pen to paper  
Wrote all my thought right here,  
To remind us of this special time  
The eclipse of the sun this year.

All that I set out to see  
Was the village in mid morn  
Go dark and have the street lights on  
As if a new day was being born.

That is what I saw  
And in my heart it will remain  
Because I know in my lifetime  
I will never see it again.

Some say it is a science thing  
Some say it's emotional too,  
I felt something special  
When I saw that beautiful view.

To know everyone had gathered  
To see this phenomenon  
I wish the whole world could be like  
this  
United under the sun.

The way animals reacted  
All huddled in the cold,  
Birds all flew home to roost  
Was true, like we'd been told.

All I can say now  
To bring this to a close,  
Is that the sky's amazing  
To give us this free light show.

So that you all you scientists  
Who got the date just right,  
You told us the best place to be  
For a once-in-a-lifetime sight!

**Bonnie Masters**

# Welcome to Port Isaac

Welcome to Port Isaac  
or is now Port Wenn?  
I have to stop and think about it  
every now and then ...

The fishermen are tired of people  
blocking every road,  
But now their friends are famous  
the whole village might explode!

You'll see somebody famous  
if you drink in any bar,  
But don't drive in the village  
if you can't reverse your car!

If you park upon the beach  
just watch out for the tide ...  
For if you find your car's afloat  
you'll want to run and hide!

We haven't got a cash-point  
We haven't got a bank  
We don't have a post office  
And there's not a taxi rank

But everyone is friendly  
And, for what it may be worth,  
I wouldn't want to leave here  
For anywhere on earth

## Summer's gone

The nights are getting longer now,  
the evenings have a chill.  
Its time to turn the heating on,  
in fact I think I will....

Its such a lovely time of year,  
the days can still be fine,  
with evenings by an open fire,  
to sip a glass of wine.....

And if its clear at midnight,  
the stars all look so bright,  
when viewed from in the darkness,  
on a chilly moonlit night....

There's Christmas to look forward to,  
it's not too far away,  
and then of course it's new years eve,  
before it's new years day....

By then we'll see the mighty sea,  
come crashing to the shore,  
so awesome in it's anger -  
who could ask for any more??

By Easter we'll look forward to,  
the warming summer sun....  
The chance to go outside again,  
and have a bit of fun....

So let's enjoy the winter,  
when friends have time to chat.....  
I think I've just run out of wine!....  
I'll go and kick the cat!!!

Note: No cats were harmed in the writing of this poem!

# The New Car Park

The topic of this season  
Is the problem with the cars  
And everyone's an expert  
If you listen in the bars

It seems that some are moaning  
That the new park spoils their view ...  
So maybe they could tell the council  
What they ought to do?

In time there could be trees in place  
To hide the cars from view  
And in the field next door  
Perhaps a supermarket too?

And then we'd get the street lights  
To blot out all the stars  
So we could moan about all that  
Instead of all the cars

But though the beach has closed  
And folk can wander round at will,  
They won't eat many pasties  
If they have to climb that hill!

# Odd Socks

I've often wondered to myself  
Where do the odd socks go  
If you have the answer  
Then I'd really like to know

They go into the washing  
Tucked nicely in their pairs  
But some have always vanished  
When you bring them back upstairs

Did 'Jake the Peg' have children?  
And do they live nearby?  
If they have stolen all my socks  
I'll poke them in the eye

There's three odd socks up here right now  
They're lying on my floor  
And next time that my socks are washed  
I know there'll be some more

It's life's eternal mystery  
Where do you think they've gone?  
Another dozen washes left  
And then I will have none

Richard Cook

## Christmas is coming ...

Christmas is coming, we'll all be getting fat,  
and getting drunk at lunch time, to wear a paper hat.  
the tree will drop its needles,  
and they'll spread across the floor,  
the children will be shouting,  
till we cant take any more!  
we'll spend at least an hour a day,  
repairing all the lights,  
then drink more than we're used to,  
and put the world to rights....

The telly will be full of ads, for all the new year sales,  
and so will all the papers, in case the tv fails....  
Delabole will glow, from more than twenty miles away,  
as everyone competes,  
to have the most lights on the day!

This may sound rather synical, but most of it is true,  
for if you think about it, this is what we always do!  
These things all go together,  
and make every Christmas nice,  
whilst sat beside the fire,  
and looking out at snow and ice....

So have a merry Christmas, enjoy it as before,  
and when you've had a drink or two,  
pour out a couple more!!

# Watching

I watch the emmets on the beach  
Taking off their socks  
They tiptoe carefully on the sand  
Avoiding all the rocks

They dip their toes in to the sea  
And then run back in haste  
As waves come rushing up the beach  
And soak them to the waist!

They bring their speedboat on the beach  
Towed behind their Jag  
The girlfriend teeters in her heels  
And holds her Gucci bag

They never want to listen  
When you tell them they'll get stuck  
And when they say they know it all  
I know that I'm in luck!

I sit upstairs upon the bed  
And watch them through the glass  
It's never very long before  
They fall down on their ass.

The car is stuck, the boats aground  
Their wet and start to shout  
And when I've finished laughing  
I might just pull them out!



# First Line of Defence

Lobber isn't the front line of battle,  
But it plays a key role in the war.  
The defenders look not unlike cattle,  
With the merest suggestion of gore.

The trenches lie deep at cliff edges,  
Commanding the harbour's tight mouth.  
Coils of rusty barbed wire stand on ledges,  
All-direction deterrent - save south.

The Home Guard patrol when the tide's out,  
Without hope, without fear, without gun.  
The folk of the village have no doubt,  
That, (perhaps), they will scare off the Hun.

Invaders of Port Isaac's harbour  
Can no quarter, no mercy expect.  
The vigilant guardians on Lobber  
The village defend and protect.

For Lobber the high ground commanding,  
Best bastion in Port Isaac Bay.  
From Tintagel to Varley demanding  
Sharp vigil by night and by day.

Should the enemy enter Port Gaverne,  
Out of sight of the Lobber Field chaps,  
He will find himself there no safe haven,  
The beach is awash with tank traps.

The ramparts of Lobber enduring,  
No foe can prevail 'gainst their might.  
Port Isaac's well-being securing  
Till blackouts devolve to lamplight.

**James Platt,**

*taken from his book, 'West of Castle Rock',  
published by Creighton Books*

# The Church Chairs

What have they seen, these everlasting chairs,  
Brown patina, in steady rows arranged?  
Do they dispel the congregation's cares?  
Are they devout, from sinfulness estranged?

Could they but speak, these time worn artefacts,  
There silent set in age respected ranks,  
They might describe the scent of candle wax,  
Recalling blessings, goodly praise and thanks.

Behold them line by line in silent prayer.  
A century of service they have known.  
Though generations pass, still they are there.  
Inseparable bond, St Peter's own.

Their joints are weak, yet stand their dowels proud.  
The scourge of woodworm take they in full style.  
Their feet are weary, yet with backs unbowed,  
In columns firm they line the ample aisle.

Above their heads such mellow words have flown  
From sermons countless over pulpit's rim.  
Te Deum, Nunc Dimittis they have known.  
Each has from A & M a favourite hymn.

Their seats have borne a legion of the just,  
For many were they who chose where to sit.  
Through fashion's change they kept their sacred trust.  
On shelves they held their share of holy writ.

The glorious host of those who loved these chairs  
Now rest forever 'neath Endellion's sod.  
They were our best, our noblest, our forebears.  
They sing with angels and they walk with God.

**James Platt,**

*taken from his book, 'West of Castle Rock',  
published by Creighton Books*

# Transport at its Best

The world awaits all who step on a Prout's bus!  
Foreign parts beckon! No hindrance, no fuss!  
In livery green sparkling bright in the sun,  
John Roseveare, chauffeur, stamps the ticket to fun.

Mark, solid at helm, is a management dream,  
Tall, dark and handsome, a boy of Brylcreem.  
Brother John meek and mild, yet taut as a wire  
Driving's his alter ego - they call him "Hellfire".

In transport legendary, these masters of road  
Conduct you in style, grace and favour bestowed.  
Plush seats to relax every passenger's mien.  
They know where to go, so you'll know where you've been.

To Tintagel, Boscastle, Wadebridge and Polzeath.  
Barnstaple, Bideford and yes, even St Teath.  
There's Truro there's Lanson, Tavistock and Dartmoor,  
Looe , Polperro, Land's End – such great treats in store!

Plymouth for the panto, for shopping and teas,  
Prout's buses cross over the Tamar with ease.  
None better, none safer, no one can disparage,  
These heroes emergent from Trelawney garage!

**James Platt,**

*taken from his book, 'West of Castle Rock',  
published by Creighton Books*

# The Town Platt

“Platt” normally means “flat”,  
But the Town Platt isn’t that.  
And, (not to put it down),  
Port Isaac’s not a town.

Yet, Town Platt is the name,  
And therein lies its fame,  
A place where people meet,  
Adjacent to Fore Street.

The Wheelhouse at the side  
Once Tommy Atkins’ pride.  
The Slipway and the Lake,  
The other side do take.

The lower boundary  
At high tide meets the sea.  
The harbour sits before,  
Banked shingle on the shore.

Upon the Town Platt’s slope  
Lie punts, crab pots and rope.  
With fishermen who talk  
As to and fro they walk.

“Platt” normally means “flat”,  
And the Town Platt’s far from that.  
Misnomer it may be,  
But its good enough for me.

**James Platt,**

*taken from his book, 'West of Castle Rock',  
published by Creighton Books*

# Waves

There's a hell of a swell in the dark blue well  
Of the ocean's turbulent thrust,  
As the surge and the urge of the waves that  
merge  
Back into the sea's white crust.

And the bash and the crash as they rise and  
flash  
In a torrent of spray as they fall,  
As the light shines bright like the stars at  
night  
They reach the harbour wall.

Where they curl and furl with a flurry and  
swirl  
As they drag themselves to the deep.  
And they climb and fall as they cunningly

# Sonnet to Spring

When one surveys a bird's-eye view of things,  
As season rolls to season through the mist,  
One sees a world of war and all it brings –  
The children cold and lonely, never kissed;  
But who is this fine bird with zoom-eyed lens,  
White outstretched wings, still, hovering on  
the air?

He is the harbinger of peace and friends  
Are travelling to Spring to meet him there.

He promises a token fit to keep –  
A drop of blood falls from the feathered heart,  
The Earth receives it as a snowdrop sweet,  
So blessed with peace it is a work of art.  
White flowers look up with grace towards a

# A cloud has fallen from the sky

A cloud has fallen from the sky  
The sun slants down its mellow ray,  
Some tears fall softly from on high.

Warmth and moisture both do vie  
For to control this special day;  
A cloud has fallen from the sky.

Autumnal leaves float, crisp and dry  
Towards the ground upon to lay;  
Some tears fall softly from on high.

A golden mist, a veil to fly  
On glinting wings along the way;  
A cloud has fallen from the sky.

An iridescent, shining eye  
The sun doth with the moisture play;  
Some tears fall softly from on high.

# A Pirate's A B Sea

Avast! AND *adventure!* AND *anchors aweigh!*

BELlicose BUCCANEERS! BOOTiful BOUNTY, BLOOD-  
CURDLING CUTLASSES *cause* CRUDE CORNISH CURSES! (CENSORED)  
DIRTY DEEDS, DAGGERS, DANGER, DEATH, DROWNING, DOUBLOONS!

ENORMOUS *explosions* – *exit entrails etcetera!*

FIERCE FIGHTING FRENCHMEN FRIGHTEN FISHERMAN'S FRIENDS!

GREAT GAPING GASHES, GUSH GUTS, GHASTLY GORE!

HUGE hairy HISPANICS, HAMMOCKS – HARDLY HYGIENIC!

ILLEGAL INCIDENTS, *ill-gotten ingots, ideous injuries!*

JEZEBELS, JOLLY-ROGERED, JANGLING JEWELLERY!

KERNOWIAN KIDNAPPERS, KEELHAULING KNAVES!

LASHES! LACERATIONS! LIGATURES! LINIMENT!

MUTINOUS MATELOTS MUTTER MURDEROUS MURMURINGS!

NAUTICAL NASTINESS! NINETAILS! NARCOTICS!

OR ORROR, OH ORROR! ORRENDOUS OILSKINS!

PIRATICAL PLUNDERING, PILLAGING AND PLANK-WALKING!

QUEASINESS! QUEASINESS! 'QUELLS' QUICKLY, QUICK!

RUM RATIONS – RESULT! RUMBUSTIOUS RIOTING!

SAILORS, sex-STARVED, SEEKING SAUCY Sue's succour!

TURQUOISE TAVERN! TELL TRIO TO TO-UP THEIR TANKARDS!

UNPRINTABLE UTTERANCES! UNLAUNDERED UNDERWEAR! UGH!

VIOLENT VOMITING! VENEREAL VIRUSES!

WINDOW-WIDE WOUNDS, WIDOWS WAILING WITH WOE!

XTRA XPLOSIONS! XPLETIVES X-RATED!

YOUTHS YIELDING ,YELLOW-LIVERED. YOBS YELLING 'Yo-Ho!'

ZOUNDS!!!

WRITTEN IN PORT ISAAC BY BROUGH GIRLING



## **Treva Hambly wrote this poem as a result of talk in *Trio* about a Floating Harbour**

What an extraordinary thought and conception  
A breakwater to harbour the tide  
At an outstanding beautiful location  
Serene in her well-earned pride.

It's the fishing village on the North Cornish coast  
Mark you these words for their worth  
Endowed with a charm few others can boast  
It's Port Isaac of course, the site of our birth.

Now, consider the waves, swell and ground sea  
Off Lobber with a westerly force nine  
The spray is fantastic, no white water lea  
No place for a breakwater, even when fine.

There's an unspoilt view out to sea from the Platt  
The harbour is tidal, fishing boats ground  
Costly and impractical, turn it down flat  
Waste no more thought or money. Be sensibly bound.

*Trio, No: 225, October 2002*

# Tomorrow is Christmas

Tomorrow is Christmas and oh what a fuss!  
Have we got the holly and the mistletoe?  
and do not forget tree.  
Must got to the village,  
I forgot the tinsel for the tree  
and not to mention the mince pies  
and a cake for tea.  
Back from the village  
which looked like fairyland  
with all the twinkle lights  
so very bright in the dark.  
Tomorrow is Christmas Day  
Must say goodnight to all,  
Sleep tight, Happy Christmas

***Molly Farmer***

*Trio, No: 194, December 1999*

## Just the Same

It came in with a BANG, the year 2000  
And oh! What a bang, fireworks galore.

Aeroplanes flew in all directions, as usual  
Trains arrived late, as usual  
Computers all seemed to be working, as usual  
Mr Steer said, "Good Morning Mrs Farmer", as usual  
Dee was late for opening the shop, as usual  
The Postmaster General was moaning about the papers,  
as usual  
Andrew had grown another inch, as usual  
Rick was putting out his flowers and coal bags, as usual  
Mervin was cleaning his windows, as usual  
Bob Monk was hosing the boathouse, as usual  
The tide went out and came in, as usual.

But wait a minute, people have a smile on their faces  
You see, the Bug never came to Port Issac.

The Year 2000 came and everything, but everything,  
is just the same.

***Molly Farmer***

*Trio, No: 195, February 2000*

## Our Village

On Cornwall's grand and rugged coast,  
'Tween sheltering cliffs it nestles there –  
With harbour small, and screaming host  
of circling gulls, and foreshore where  
from time unknown, brave men have plied  
their silver trade, save when in war  
they fought for all they loved, and died  
brave men, nor feared to cross the bar.  
Close housed, with narrow winding ways  
of white walled cots, where years ago  
old fisherfolk live out their days  
in haven fair, and peace – hard won.  
And now to this dear spot they come  
from far and wide, to see and love  
this cove, these steeply streets, and some  
to paint its shingled roofs above  
quaint angled walls. So ever will  
this beauty live, and take its place  
in England's fame, and Cornwall still  
her charm uphold, by God's own grace.

*Found by Yvonne Cleave in a box of Uncle Bill Brown's bits*

## To Eric Stokes

Pete Savage he said, "Have you seen Eric's book?  
It's on sale in Henrys, here we are, have a look."

So it was, and we bought one,  
and since we've been hooked,

So this feeble attempt is in response to your book.

Port Isaac's own Laureate, we humbly address,

In doggerel or verse, you are simply the best.

We've tried hard to fashion an ode with your passion,

But I feel instead Robin will say to Fred,

"I shall feel free-oh to leave this out of Trio,"

But we hope he won't!

*from Terry & Sheila Harris*

*Trio, No: 148, October 1995*

# For my teacher, Mrs Scown

by Alice Stratton, 9 years old nearly 10

Cornwall happy joyful and warm,  
Cornwall fierce, fierce as a storm,  
The land of piskeys, Cornish men  
say,  
Fishing rules, rules the way.

# Ask Teddy

by Corinna Taylor,  
aged 5

When I ask Daddy  
Daddy says as  
Mummy  
When I ask Mummy  
Mummy says ask  
Daddy  
I don't know which to  
pick

# These will surely do

This is a song for you,  
there'll be days of magic, light and sound,  
excitement, pleasures, joys new found,  
a world with loving friends around,  
as a start, that will probably do.

This is a wish for you,  
follow your talents, hone your skills,  
and find true passions; boredom kills,  
but earn enough to pay your bills;  
on the whole that will certainly do.

This is a prayer for you,  
may you stay safe from every storm,  
let strength and calm be your life's norm,  
be brave, cool, happy – and keep warm!  
with some luck that might just about do.

*Written in Port Isaac by Graham Tayar for  
his grandchildren but offered to anyone in  
Port Isaac to borrow*

# Seashore Shanties

The Fishermen's Friends are shantying on the Platt;  
(I listen in comfort while at home I stay)

of ships, drink, foreign parts – and girls – they sing  
“Rock and roll me over one more day”.

Fisherfolk, builders, various crafts you'll find  
- I listen intently but still at home I stay –

this band of knowing angels, better than ever.  
“Rock and roll me over one more day”.

It's cold outside, but music keeps them warm;  
I listen with pleasure though at home I stay.

Another reason why this village rates.  
“Rock and roll me over one more day”.

They share with us the fancies we all have  
- I listen in safety, for at home I stay –

of being young and wild; the world is theirs  
“Rock and roll me over one more day”.

A little time for us to dream we're free  
adventurers, on the safe side of the sea.

I listen with joy, but warm at home I stay  
“Rock and roll me over one more day”.

**Graham Tayar**

**Port Isaac, June 2005**

*NB The writer lives – some of the time – a convenient  
15 yards from the harbour*



## Waiting for Winter

Most fishing's finished,  
the visitors gone,  
it seems an age  
since the sun last shone.  
Too bleak and damp  
to sit or walk,  
but a perfect day  
for old-times talk.

*Written in Port Isaac in November 1998*

*by Graham Tayar*

*Trio, No: 183, Christmas 1998*

## The First Air Ambulance

The First Air Ambulance  
Is a beautiful sight,  
And when someone's ill  
She prepares for her flight,  
She travels through the air  
At a very high speed,  
What a welcome sight  
For someone in need.

*Bonnie Masters*

*Trio, No: 78, April 1989*

# The Call of the Sea

Don't take care,  
Don't beware,  
Come and join me over there.

Listen to my soulful beat,  
Let me swish around your feet,  
Come on in and take a seat.

Don't take care,  
Don't beware,  
Come and join me over there.

Watch me wash the sand away,  
Smell my salty, seaweed spray,  
Come, together we can play.

Don't take care,  
Don't beware,  
Come and join me over there.

Catch my crabs, eat all my fare,  
Don't take care, Don't beware,  
Come and join me over there.

Choose whatever else you do,  
First listen to these words for you,  
Come let's sing them, just we two.

Don't take care,  
Don't beware,  
Come and join me over there.

From my soul, from deep inside,  
Fathoms deep, on every tide,  
Come, who don't you take a ride.

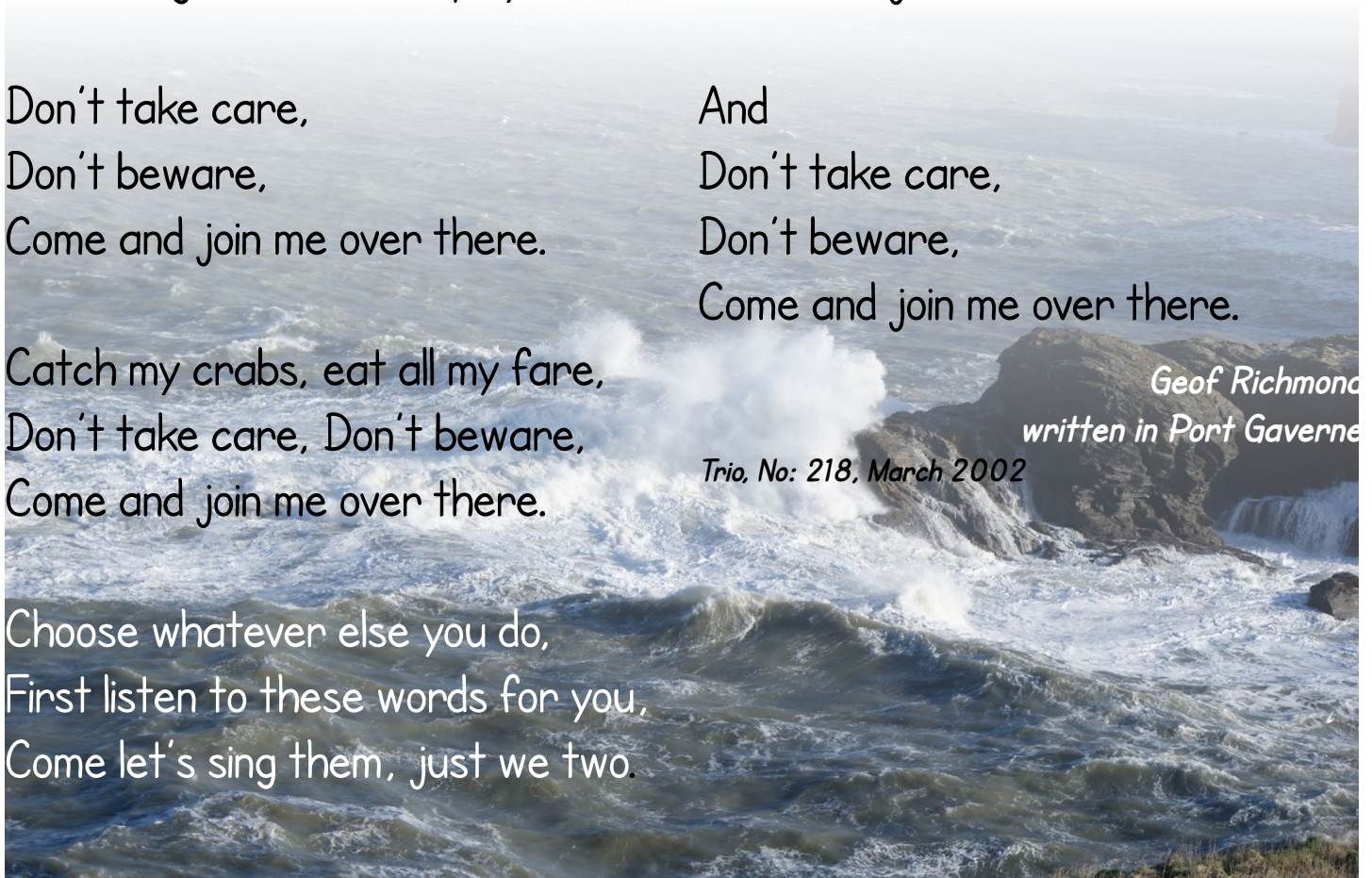
Don't take care,  
Don't beware,  
Come and join me over there.

Swim with me, dive straight in,  
Surf with me, it's not a sin,  
Come and join the one who'll win.

And  
Don't take care,  
Don't beware,  
Come and join me over there.

*Geof Richmond  
written in Port Gaverne*

*Trio, No: 218, March 2002*



# Friends, Neighbours, Roommates

The craggy visage,  
ravaged by time and tide conceals  
the million memories and endearments  
which compete for  
rock face space.

The fissures yawning  
into cavernous caves  
reveal all twice daily  
as the whispering, beckoning, shushing sea  
deems fit.

Often serene, oft welcoming  
the fathomless, voluminous morass  
will move from tantrum to raging temper  
at a whim prompted  
by the wind.

The cool, immobile granite faces,  
tattooed with tokens of love, dreams of the future  
and the calendars of years  
watch impassively as the constantly changing train  
of events unfold.

And with each battering  
from each new acidic, scorching wave  
they house, cherish and nurture  
fewer and fewer of the world's living species  
and weep foam laden tears and wonder  
if we will ever learn to understand  
our friends, neighbours and roommates  
in the basement tenement block called Earth.

*Geof Richmond, written in the Golden Lion, Port Isaac*

# Past, Present, Future, Now

Old people live in the past  
because it's more comfortable than the present  
and they would prefer not to think  
just how little their future may be.

Middle aged people learn to live in the present  
because they still have a bit of a future  
and they hope that it will be  
a lot more exciting and rewarding  
than their past.

Young people live in the future  
because they have so little past,  
a complete disregard for the present and  
believe that the future holds  
they key to fun, riches and promises.

Wise people know that the past has gone,  
the future never exists  
and only the now, this moment,  
should be cherished.

As it is the only reality in a world which thrives  
on tinted memories, unrealistic promises,  
divisive expectations  
and broken dreams.

*Geof Richmond,  
written in the Golden Lion, Port Isaac*

## Seashore Shanties

The Fishermen's Friends are shantying on the Platt;  
(I listen in comfort while at home I stay)

of ships, drink, foreign parts – and girls – they sing  
“Rock and roll me over one more day”.

Fisherfolk, builders, various crafts you'll find  
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Another reason why this village rates.  
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***Graham Tayar***  
***Port Isaac, June 2005***

*NB The writer lives – some of the time – a convenient 15  
yards from the harbour*

# Port Isaac, N Cornwall

*Dedicated to Eric Stokes*

People are the real jewels  
Of any place we dwell.  
Rocks and cliffs and scenery  
Try hard to cast their spell.

In truth, they cannot do this, in  
Solitude, it can't be done.  
And so in joint endeavour  
Allied, joined as one.  
Communities are forged and grow

Nurturing their fold

Caring, tending, with  
Open arms, their people, young and old.  
Remembering all the friends and  
Neighbours, that have passed this way.  
Which is why our own Port Isaac is  
As it is today!  
Lovely fishing village, lovely scenes and view  
Lovely friendly atmosphere, and lovely people too!

*Geof Richmond*

*Trio, No: 220, May 2002*

# Bachelor Habits at Sixty

But for me, the house is empty,  
Children, wives and lovers gone.  
No more talk and family fun:  
Living by myself is plenty.

At an age when compromises  
Have become too hard to bear,  
My books and pictures, desk and chair,  
All lead me to my own devices.

If my bed at night is lonely,  
Daytimes leaves me space to choose:  
Music, silence, sloth and booze.  
Marriage is for heroes only!

***Graham Tayar (written in Port Isaac)***

*Trio, No: 196, March 2000*

## **The Blackbird**

I never heard a song so bold, so strong  
As one the blackbird sings  
On a tree by my window open  
As the first dawn light has broken  
He sits  
As he trills the first early note  
So a distance away a rival throat  
Answers  
And soon a further throng  
Until the air is filled with only  
Blackbirds song

**Betty 'Shoebox' Shenton**

Trio, No: 200, July 2000



## May

May is such a glorious month  
I wish it stayed forever  
Lilac blooming everywhere  
And birds all sing together

The seeds upon the sycamore  
Laburnum blooming yellow  
Tall iris with heads of blue  
Aubretia waxing mellow

Pansies mass with human faces  
Wallflowers waft their scent  
How I love these simple pleasures  
Laced with sentiment

All around the trees are green  
Their branches thick with leaves  
The magpie and his mate are there  
As in and out they weave

If twenty months were in the year  
I still would proudly say  
Give me the month which stands  
supreme  
The merry month of May

**Betty 'Shoebox' Shenton**

## **The Poet**

Eric Stokes, you amuse folks  
With your poems and jokes  
About happenings in good old Port Isaac.  
How you manage to do it  
And get yourself through it  
Is not meant to be a wisecrack.

Poems come from your brain  
Just as wet follows rain.  
You never take a short rest  
The thing that's so moving  
Is that your improving.  
Who knows where your poems will go next?

No subject you'll mention  
Has missed your attention.  
The words just flow from your pen.  
Keep going and cheer us  
And then you will hear us  
Say – Eric, you've don't it again!

***Betty 'Shoebox' Shenton***

*Trio, No: 134, July 1994*

## Miracle

When the sunset met the sunrise  
One lovely summertime  
The atmosphere was magical  
Like a heavenly sign  
The sky itself did not go dark  
The sunset lasted through  
The earth seemed poised as if to rest  
On a bed of deepest blue  
The air was sweet and mellow  
So warm no breeze occurred  
The scent of flowers filled the dusk  
And silence was the word  
Such rosy hues surrounded  
The sea the sky the earth  
The sun had gone to rest now  
But sleep gave way to mirth  
Laughter lit the sky – why?  
The sun began to yawn  
Was stretching blinking smiling  
Smiling at the dawn  
For he hadn't been to bed at all  
But had stayed to greet the morn  
So East and West had merged in one  
The earth was bound in light  
All things above all things below  
Had skipped the powers of night

*Betty Shoebox*

## Romance in Spring

“There’s no sense”, said the robin  
“In your getting fighting mad –  
I won’t come home with you tonight  
To meet your mum and dad.

You needn’t throw hysterics  
And scream and weep and beg,  
I don’t care in the slightest  
That you’re to lay an egg.

We’ve had some fun and both enjoyed  
Our amatory wrestlings,  
But I don’t like building birds’ nests  
And I don’t like feeding nestlings.

I don’t like spending sunny days  
Collecting twigs and grasses  
When I might be whistling pretty tunes  
At every bird who passes.

So fare you well, my feathered friend,  
May happiness pursue you –  
Beware the cat at number five –  
I’m off to date a cuckoo.”

# Tandem

Liza Lobb an' John Day,  
Hawked fish Port Issyk way.

Round Endellion, St Teath, St Kew,  
John hawked fish an' Liza too.

An' once a week they carried away,  
Fish to Bodmin for market day.

Each had a donkey, an' each had a cart,  
Liza a head an' John a heart.

One day John had a brave idea  
He put to Liza plain an' clear;

"Nex' time us to Bodmin start  
Let's drive tandem an' save a cart."

"Use your cart" (she was clever in the head)  
"An' that'll do for Liza", Liza said.

So 'twas agreed an' the very nex' day  
They started tandem Bodmin way.

Side by side in the cart they drove  
Till John's heart warmed with the fire o' love.

"Liza", he sez, "tis plain as your nose  
Well together our donkeys goes;

Drivin' tandem might suit we,  
Liza Lobb will you marry me?"

"Out you bufflehead", Liza said:  
"Not for Liza. Drive ahead."

Then John pulls up and sez, quite smart,  
"Take your donkey out o' m cart,

I'll give 'ee the fish when you gets down.  
Carry 'em yourself to Bodmin town."

Now Liza Lobb was clever in the head.  
"Not so fast, John Day", she said.

"You couldn' expect me to answer plain  
so sudden; mebbe you'll try again."

John cheered up an' quick sez he,  
"Liza Lobb will you marry me?"

Liza sez, with her eyes cast down,  
"I'll give you the answer in Bodmin Town."

John whipped up the beast, once more  
An' came to Bodmin safe an' sure.

Liza hopped out brave an' smart,  
Heaved her basket out o' the cart,

Pulled her donkey out full speed  
An' sez to John, "You bitter old weed.

I wouldn' wed the likes o' you  
To save my life. Be Gor, tis true.

Thanks be, my donkey's still my own,  
I can get back to Port alone,

You basely toad, you bufflehead."  
An' plenty wasser Liza said.

After that, for many a day  
Liza Lobb an' John Day  
Hawked fish Port Issyk way,  
Round Endellion, St Teath, St Kew,  
Once a week to Bodmin too,  
But never tandem. 'Twouldn' do!

*Passed to Trio to print by Cliff Gaunt - he found this in his late wife Pat's papers*

Christmas is coming,  
Christmas is coming,  
Little Portisicker, what do I give you?

I'll give you a village,  
A beautiful village,  
I'll give you pride,  
I'll give you love.

Christmas is coming,  
Christmas is coming,  
Little Portisicker, what have I given you?

A beautiful village with pride and love.

*SJ*

## Port Isaac Poem

Waves rolling on the shore  
Boats bobbing on the sea  
Seagulls screaming  
Fish safe from the roaring tides  
Crabs in the rippling pools  
Lobsters walking slowly to safety.

Crowded streets  
Little lanes  
People asking for B&B  
Walkers yomping over cliffs  
Pretty cottages huddled together  
Fish & Chips, Cream Teas.

Friendly villagers  
Telling people where they can visit  
Cornish goods being bought one by one  
Postcards being sent  
Sandcastles being built  
It is fun to be in Port Isaac

**Amy Lowry, age 10**

# Pineawn

As I walked down to old Pineawn,  
through yellow gorse and white blackthorn,  
I watched the rise and fall of waves,  
their spray eroding rocky caves.

I climbed past rock pools to a ledge,  
where I could see the waters edge.

The tide pulled pebbles in its suck,  
then back again against the rock they stuck

and shimmering like a thousand jewels,  
were swept into the little pools,  
to join the underwater weed,  
dog whelks and sea anemones.

Continuously this water wall,  
kept flowing with its rise and fall,  
and to this gentle rhythm sway,  
the sparkling waves both night and day.

***Joanna Foulkes***

*Trio, No: 164, April 1997*



## **Port Isaac on a mild winter night**

Evening, the sea breeze lightly blows  
Through the lamp lit cottage rows.  
Woodfire smoke hangs on the wind  
From homely fires that burn within.  
Each road and lane slopes to the Platt and  
pebbled shore  
Where white foam backed waves inward pour.  
Fishing boats bob in its briny swell,  
On the edge of village light that pales  
Into the dark oceans reach.  
Where the vast unseen waters break, hiss and  
breach  
The massy craggy slated rocks.  
A charm this winter's eve Port Isaac holds,  
As from its yellow hue it unfolds  
This pictorial view.

## **Upon Port Gaverne beach**

On Port Gaverne beach,  
My son, to skim stones I'll teach.  
The secret of the multi skimmer,  
Across the bright waters shimmer.  
To him my knowledge I will show,  
Because so quickly he will grow,  
And bring his son to teach,  
Upon Port Gaverne beach.

***Colin Farmer***

*Trio, No: 163, March 1997*

# Crab Salad in a Cornish Pub

We looked for a crab, and found  
a refuge from the rain.  
No harbour view, thick walls  
built into the side of a hill,  
stone within sound of the sea.

The crab was good,  
the Cornish ice-cream smooth,  
the company good value.  
We stayed to quiz the locals  
and were quizzed in turn by them.

We won no prizes,  
qualified only for the booby,  
but our benefit was rich –  
almost too rich as we  
forgot to pay for our pudding.

Collecting the car (a boat  
like a beached whale at the roadside)  
we breathed the night air,  
soft as thick Cornish cream,  
an added benison to take away.

***by Elizabeth Bewick of Winchester after taking part in  
the Wednesday night quiz at the Port Gaverne Hotel***

*Trio, No: 167, July 1997*

## **Open Letter to the Port Isaac Poet Laureate from Frank McNichol**

Dear Eric, don't think me in a huff  
to read your very clever Trio puff.

Now it's really very hard  
To outdo our cheery bard.

But before it's much too late  
to put your 'info' straight,

I'm a 'scouser' born in that soccer heaven  
in March (the Ides) in one, nine, eleven.

'Twas then I saw the light  
but never the Light Brigade!

My modest talents, I have to quote  
never rise to paint, for thee a ten pound note!

*Trio, No: 219, April 2002*

# Goodbye Playgroup

Oh well! I decided,	they're a treat.
To give up, what provides	Our party and play
Me with an enjoyable time.	They led all the way
Painting and doing	To a man we all like to meet.
Playdough and glueing	
Paper, and suchlike was fun.	Santa came just once a year,
	His magic is special you see.
The sand and the water was fun.	We were all in awe
Playing fields out in the sun,	When he came through the door
With orange and biscuits for break,	So exciting when you're only three.
A chance then to take,	
A rest from all we had done.	Ten years – I cannot believe it.
	'What will you do?' they all said,
Time for a story –	Do you want a job?
a birthday perhaps,	Earn a few bob?
Time for a break with routine.	Or just stay at home instead?
Some music – some dancing,	
All this enhancing	How I dreaded the day
The life of a Playgroup child.	To stand up and say
	Goodbye, to everyone there.
Sometimes without fuss	The presents, the flowers,
We went on a bus,	So many long hours
To Pixieland Park or the Zoo.	To prepare such a wonderful art.
And when the day was done,	
Home we would come,	I'll miss all the noise,
Exhausted, but happy, it's true.	The girls and the boys,
	The three special days of the week.
At Christmas was great,	The laughter, the tears
The things that we make	From all the past years,
For family and friends,	The memories that I'll always keep.

# **Dedicated to Their Satanic Majesties, the Invincibles of Port Isaac**

**This was found among some old documents in Annie  
Avery's attic in 1995. It is dated 1883.**

Port Isaac is a lovely place,  
As it was formed by nature;  
But some folk there do all they can  
To disgrace their own creator.

Now to those folk I mean to speak,  
In my simple style of rhyme;  
The titles that I'll give shall last,  
Down to the end of time.

In the middle of September,  
Eighteen hundred and eighty three,  
We had our Sunday School Anniversary  
And the Annual Public Tea.

Now I attended this Anniversary,  
In my own accustomed way;  
And there I found them quarrelling  
On their Anniversary Day.

If you ask the cause of all this strife,  
I instantly would say;  
It is caused by certain people,  
Who would like to have their own way.

Hark, now their names I'll mention,  
That they shall be plainly seen,  
Two Tetty Cramps and Schemer Bill  
And two-faced Tommy Green.

There's Tommy Smash and Jimmy Smash,  
And Saucy Louie Bettit;  
She often gets the bailiffs home,  
But don't like to admit it.

Moll Wetters with her darkie face,  
When trying to have her way;  
Said, "I'll tell you I'm a Lady"  
Which I've been a month today.

Now Tommy Green and Schemer Bill,  
Are the biggest rogues in town;  
One stole his uncle's piece of land,  
The other half a crown.

Now that half a crown, as we all know,  
Though noiseless as a fox,  
Was taken by Sir Tommy Green,  
From the Chapel Collecting Box.

Of Mrs Green I've not said much,  
Perhaps they call her shrewd,  
I'll say just what I think of her,  
She's wanton, base and lewd.

Bill Schemer's incorrigible;  
Such a liar you'll never find,  
To his lampoonery and knavery,  
And leasing, we're not blind.

Bill Schemer is a swindler,  
He's discordful, suggil, dolt,  
He is a sumph and cut-throat,  
But our domination made him bolt.

To one man more before I've done,  
I must ask your attention;  
'Tis Collegs Tom, he was not home,  
But he's short of apprehension.

His wife you know and child so dear,  
He ought to love an cherish;  
He said that they might die, or else apply  
For subsistence to the Parish.

I ask this gang their real name,  
They say invincible;  
Now they must turn, or else they'll burn,  
Down in the deepest hell.

Of religion I have nothing said,  
Perhaps you'll think me queer;  
I hope you'll now to Jesus turn;  
I really am sincere.

Away with all your grievousness,  
Before you quit this sod;  
And candidly I tell you all,  
Prepare to meet your God.

# KC

*by the Poet Lower-Rate*

A lady of learning to Port Isaac came,  
Though when in our midst was shy of her name.  
Well versed in her writing, and all kinds of art,  
She delighted the readers by taking a part  
In editing Trio, a newsletter of worth,  
Remaining unknown from the time of its birth.  
But now it's my pleasure – not causing a barney,  
To say she's none other than our K \_ \_ \_ \_ C \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ !

*Trio, No: 13, April 1983*

## Old Port

The winds begin to blow and the sea starts to swell  
The boats start to rock but so far all is well  
The pub door flies open as the winds get higher  
We talk and drink our beer all round the fire.

No-one will be out tonight, the wind is far too cold  
You can hear the rattle of a dustbin lid rolling down the road  
The old houses in the harbour were built to last forever  
But some of the new ones up the top won't stand this sort of  
weather.

**Mike O'Brien**

*Trio, No: 42, January 1986*

# November

What is Cornwall like in November?

Is it like a dying ember?

In the summer it's notorious  
For being absolutely glorious.  
Skies of blue the posters say  
'Come and visit us in May'.

It is lovely in the Spring  
But that is quite a different thing  
From Cornwall in November.  
I've never heard them shout  
'Come in November when the fog's about'.

Few people know that November  
Can be as beautiful as September.  
That is a secret the Cornish keep  
When they can see the beaches sleep  
When they can see the golden sands  
Untouched by little children's hands.

When the sea is rough and the waves are high  
That's when the visitors pass them by.  
When the leaves are on the ground  
That's the time to look around  
To find out where the streams are flowing  
And where the winding lanes are going.

Can you imagine their delight?  
Not a ghetto blaster in sight  
To plague their tuneful ear  
With music they don't wish to hear.  
Indeed it must be perfect bliss  
November – and all this.

**Ann Pullen**



# Llewellyn

Port Isaac has a pussy cat  
His coat is very shiny  
Should be really 'cos each day  
He eats fresh fish from the briny.

The RNLI know well as he  
Watches all their launches.  
Silently watching, saying nought  
Resting on his haunches.

A black cat there will always be  
Port Isaac's guiding moggy,  
Stretched out flat under midsummer sun  
Or unable to walk 'gainst a winter's Force Ten  
When even cat's wellies get soggy!

*Trio, No: 169, September 1997*

# Nightmare

Is it really true what I've heard  
First I couldn't believe a word  
Trying to change Port Isaac to a city  
People isn't it extremely pity?

Building houses on this beautiful hill  
Will break my heart and make me still  
Port Isaac will never be the same  
People of Port Isaac isn't it a shame?

I'm not local, just a tourist  
But here I lost my heart and I will make a fist  
To anybody who wants to change this fairy-like place  
Into a terrible stony place.

It will be the end of all the fine things I found here  
This beautiful place which is for me so dear  
When I come home I will pray to God  
Port Isaac remains the most beautiful spot.

***Olga, Holland***

*Trio, No: 61, September 1987*

# The First Air Ambulance

The First Air Ambulance  
Is a beautiful sight,  
And when someone's ill  
She prepares for her flight,  
She travels through the air  
At a very high speed,  
What a welcome sight  
For someone in need.

***Bonnie Masters***

*Trio, No: 78, April 1989*

