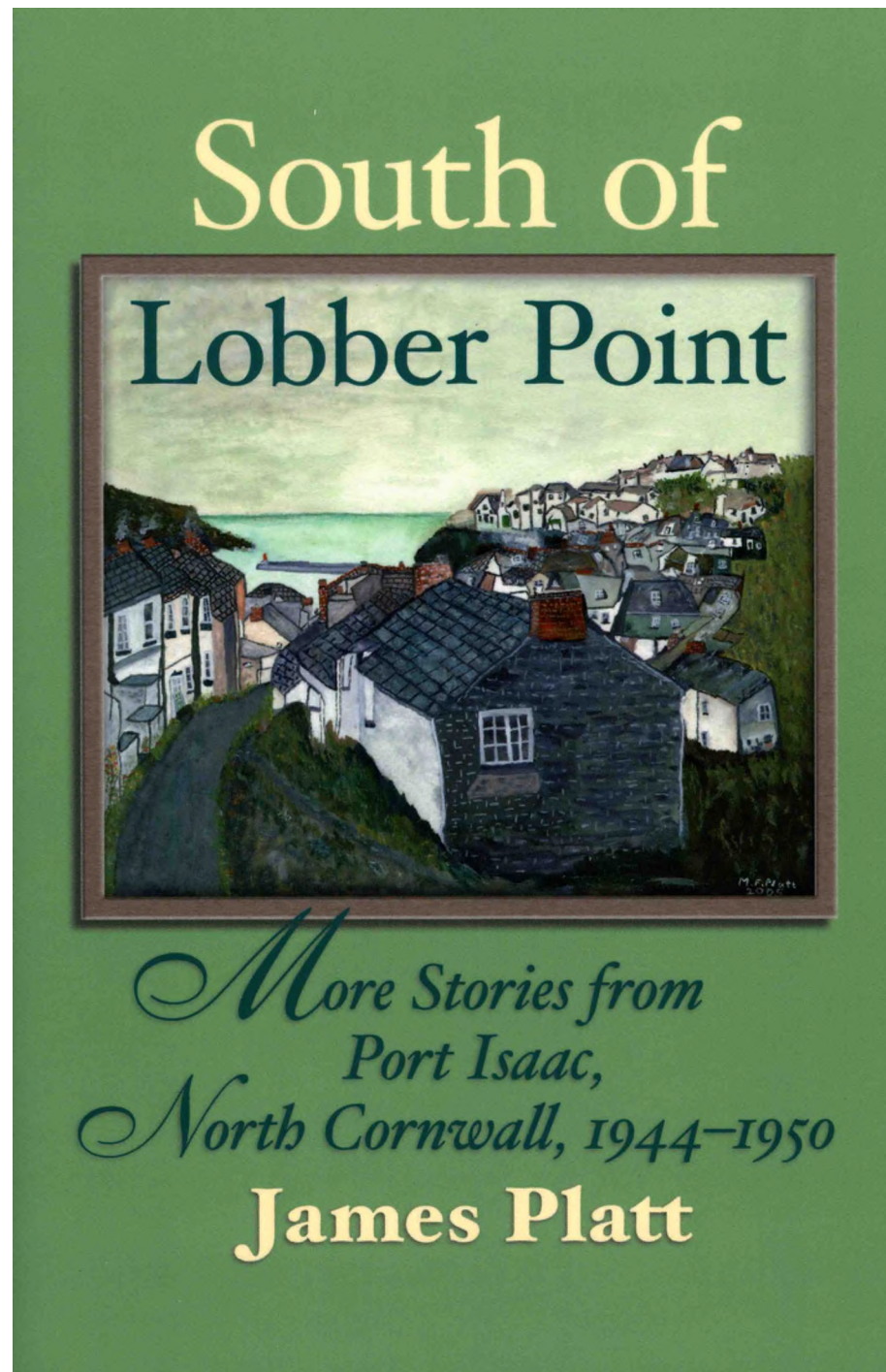


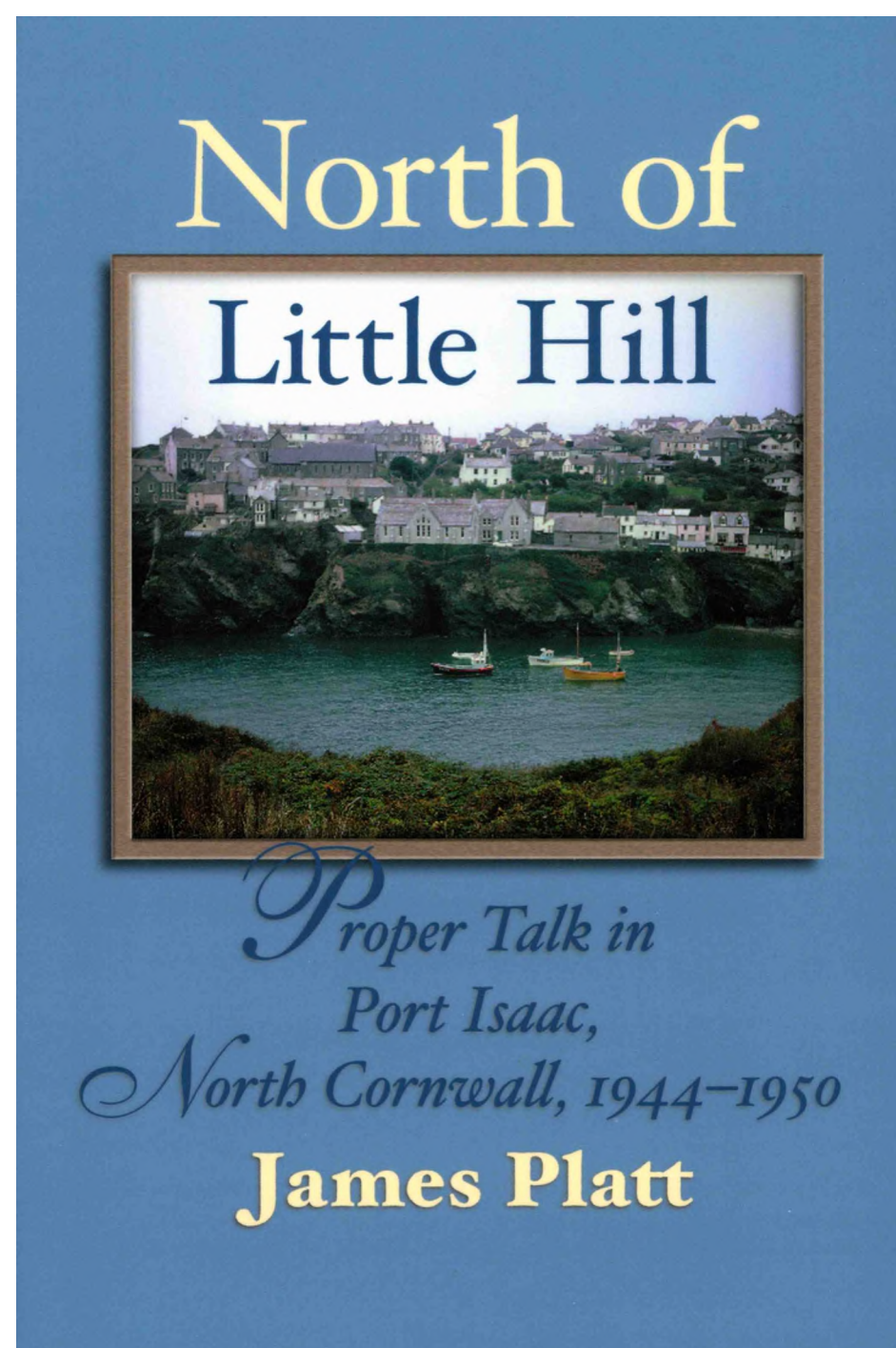
# James Platt

Port Isaac boy James Platt now lives in the Netherlands but his memories of Port Isaac are kept alive in his books



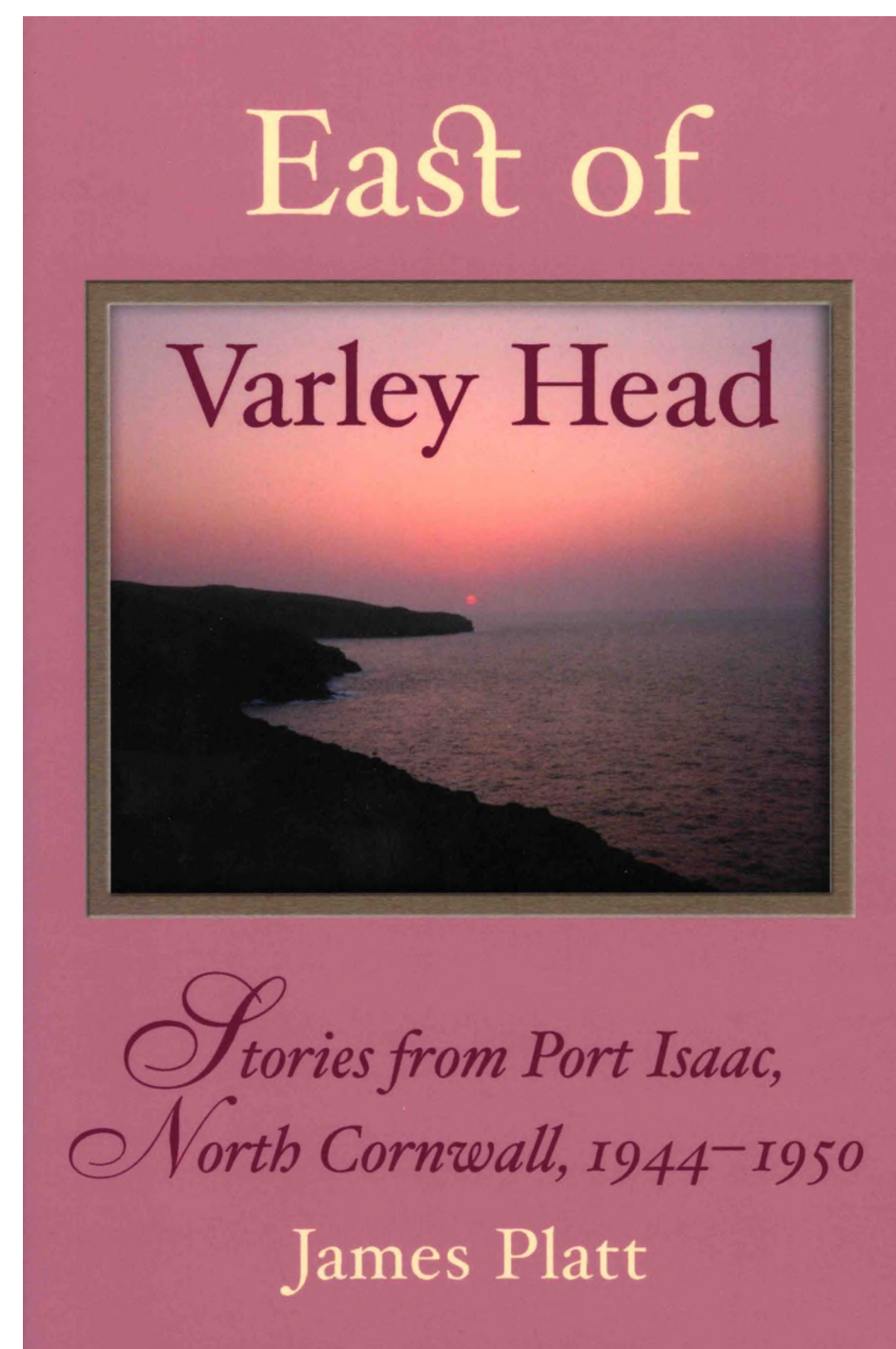
IF YOU STROLL along the North Cornish coastal path bearing east of Varley Head, you will be required to veer to the south when you reach the vicinity of Lobber Point – unless you fancy having a go at walking on water across the wide-mouthed inlet to Port Isaac’s harbour yawning there directly ahead of you. A few hundred yards of tracking south of Lobber Point will then bring you to the height of Lobber Field from where you can gaze, whether with or without a wild surmise doesn’t matter, down on the roof-cluttered village of Port Isaac surrounding the inner harbour, beach and Town Platt, with the mystic valley behind receding into blue-spurred distance. In so doing you can contemplate a scene that hasn’t changed much in living memory – except perhaps around the outer edges of the village that fortunately lie mostly out of your sight. This book looks at the village as it was in the immediate post-war years of the mid-twentieth century, paying particular attention to the people who made it what it was and the parochial environment shaping their way of life, told from the perspective of one who was there, growing up in the midst of it as it all happened.

*James (Jim) Platt was born and grew up in Port Isaac. He is a graduate (1960) of the Royal School of Mines at London’s Imperial College, and he worked as a professional mining geologist for the forty-one years leading up to his retirement in 2001, since when his principal interest has been in writing. Jim is married to Maria. They have three children and currently live in the small town of Voorschoten in the Netherlands. South of Lobber Point, drawn directly from his personal experiences, is his third book.*



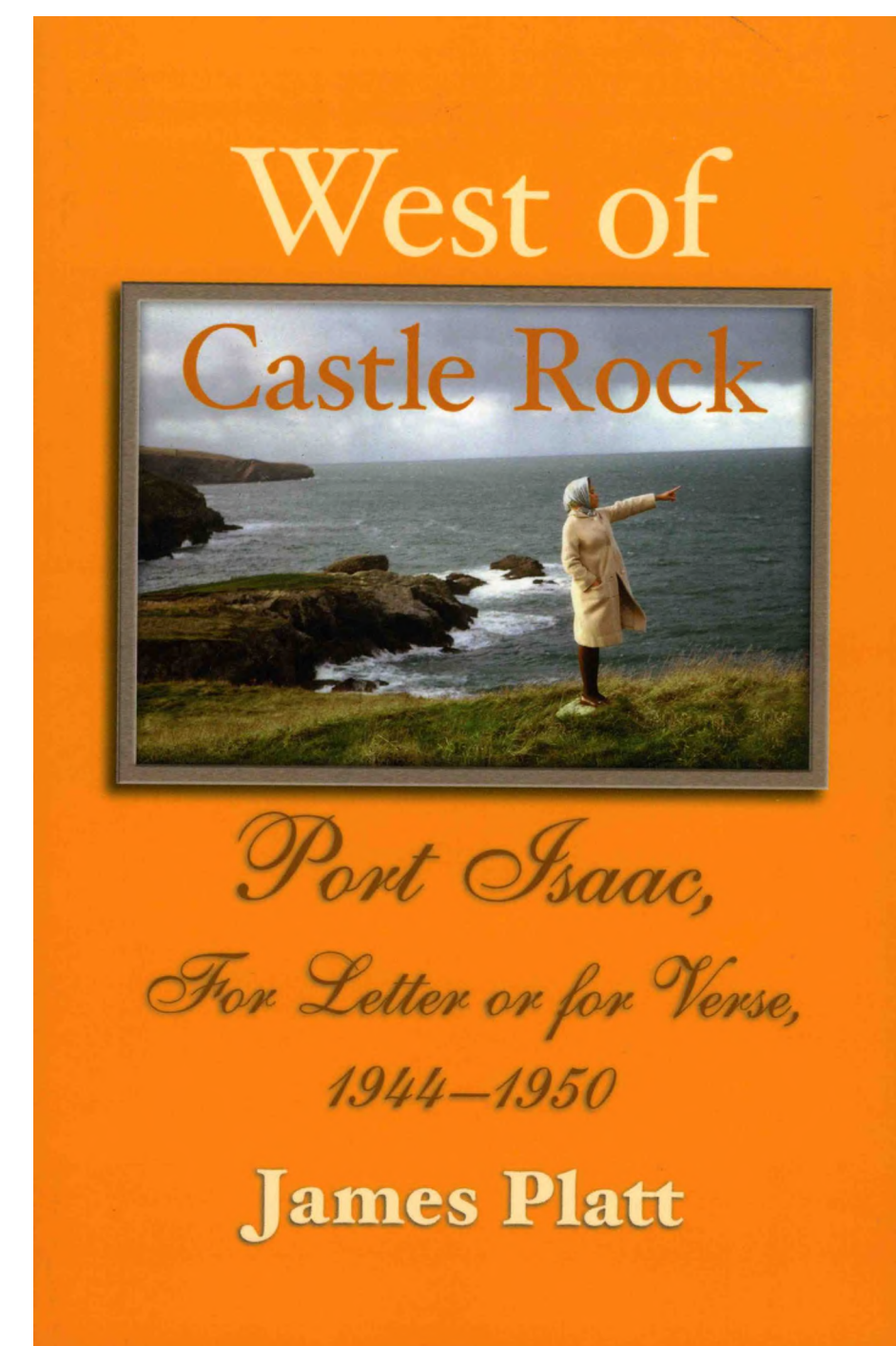
The conversational language among the pupils of the Port Isaac County Primary School in North Cornwall in the late 1940s incorporated a dialect as full, rich and rounded as a big glob of clotted cream. The spoken accent was as soft as it was slow and open, and it rolled as steadily as the swell of the mighty Atlantic washing against the rugged slate coastline of Port Isaac Bay. These characteristics paid tribute to the enduring traditions of the isolated coastal community that was the Port Isaac of the day, which yet was alive with the vibrant benefits of the natural evolution that comes with application. In later years, under pressure from social, enhanced mobility and media revolutions, rural backwaters like Port Isaac have tended to lose their unique qualities, one certain outcome being the demise of local dialect. Slipping away piecemeal in the erosional clutch of time, the departure of dialect and accent is something barely noticed until it is lost for ever. This book records a broad range of Port Isaac expressions of the post-war days, mining pure gold from the dialect’s peerless and ever-worthy vein of wit, humour and expression.

*James (Jim) Platt was born and grew up in Port Isaac in North Cornwall. He is a graduate (1960) of the Royal School of Mines at London’s Imperial College, and worked as a professional mining geologist up to his retirement in 2001, since when his principal interest has been in writing. Jim was married to Maria who passed away, beloved forever, in 2008. They have three children. Jim lives in the small town of Voorschoten in the Netherlands. North of Little Hill, drawn directly from his personal experiences, as with all his writing, is his third book on a theme related to Port Isaac and his fifth book overall.*



THE PLACE WAS the little fishing village of Port Isaac in North Cornwall. The time was just after the Second World War, although since the place was world enough for all who lived in it, time was an incidental. What mattered to them was their pink pool, the flushing lake, a clasp knife able to set a figgy duff trembling, a well-raided bunch of grapes on the church pulpit, blocks of water ice cream, the school playground hanging over the harbour cliff, rock-cracking waiters, fish aplenty, wreck, and that was only for a start! If the local boys, whose steady escapades in seasonal pursuits are sown like errant seeds through the pages of this book were no better than they ought to have been, they were probably no worse either. Port Isaac residents looked out for one another and did themselves down as best they could. The book is a tribute to the village and their daily lives, warm in the support of the constant sea, fields, woods and valleys, written with wry humour and warm affection. All gone? Well, maybe, but forgotten? Never!

*James Platt was born in Port Isaac in 1939. A professional mining geologist, he currently lives in the Netherlands but continues to maintain a close association with the village of his birth. He is living proof of the adage that you can take the boy out of the village but you can’t take the village out of the boy. East of Varley Head is his first book. Please buy it!*



The natural beauty in which the North Cornish village of Port Isaac is set incorporates grand skies and seascapes, a coastline of boldly rugged cliffs and tight coves, and deep valleys alive with green woods reaching back into rich and rolling farmland. These delights have provided inspiration to generations of artistic endeavour. They have been exuberantly painted and photographed in all their moods to create a glorious gallery of memories fit to excite all admirers of fine scenery blended with buoyant rural history and an appealing quaintness. The pieces of verse collected together between these covers celebrate such characteristic qualities of the village and its people as they were in the years after the end of the Second World War, using written images that are intended to both complement and extend the visual. They deal with the taut canvas of life then as it was lived, for good or ill, for better or for verse.

*James (Jim) Platt was born in 1939 in Port Isaac in North Cornwall. He was educated at the village primary school from 1944 to 1950, Sir James Smith’s Grammar School eleven miles away in Camelford from 1950 to 1957, and the Royal School of Mines at Imperial College, London, from 1957 to 1960. He worked as a professional mining geologist around the world for the next 41 years until his retirement in 2001, since when his principal interest has been in writing. Jim was married to Maria who passed away, beloved forever, in 2008. They have three children. Jim lives in the small town of Voorschoten in the Netherlands. West of Castle Rock is his fourth publication on a theme related to Port Isaac in the late 1940s and is his sixth published book.*

