

## ON LAST YEAR'S FUN WEEK

The folk in the port decided for sport  
In the summer they'd hold a Fun Week.  
With eager hearts beating they had a big meeting,  
When all got their chances to speak.

They quaffed a few beers and all had ideas  
As to how they would fill the eight days;  
With lifeboats and gigs, and discos and jigs,  
Barbecues, bingo and plays.

Alas, a big gale (or was it the ale?)  
Blew the programmes all round 'The Lion'.  
The outcome of this bender was a mixed-up agenda,  
And the results were quite mystifyin'.

On Sunday the 4th, the gigs sallied forth;  
There was no turn-round buoy in the bay.  
They were last seen still rowing and puffing and blowing  
Off the coast of the U.S. of A.

A duck race in The Leaf was Monday's big treat,  
With balloons and bingo on the beach.  
But the tide caught 'em out, and the first one to shout  
Was a duck, for two bottles of bleach.

Tuesday dawned fair - the port's players were there  
Quelling stage-fright with a pint in The Bones'.  
Playgroup's teas finished up with gin in the cups,  
And Hamlet was buttering the scones.

Lifeboat Day was mid-week, with the singers who shriek,  
And mixed up their timetable sheets,  
The girls manned the boat, sank anything afloat,  
And the crews' singing cleared all the streets.

The band from St Breward and the football club steward  
Got their progs all mixed up at assembly.  
Footballers thought it great to blow a tuba out straight,  
While the band played West Bromwich at Wembley.

Friday should have been the carnival scene  
With the prize float of Bligh on The Bounty.  
But the tide was the worst, and made it the first  
Submarine carnival in the county.

Saturday it was bright; barbecue well alight,  
Farmer Bill got too close, scorched his togs.  
The crowd was bemused at the language he used,  
And said "Sell him instead of hot dogs".

Last day on Sunday was meant to be funday,  
But lifeboat larks and fairy queens are a risk.  
A sixteen-stone 'hairy' was crowned as a fairy,  
So the judge finished up in Treliske.

And that, so to speak, was Port Isaac Fun Week;  
Eight days that were meant to be funny.  
They were funny all right, but we hope that we might  
Next year give more value for money.

***Eric Stokes***

## THE MERMAID OF PORT ISAAC

Out in the bay, up Tintagel way,  
Jim May and Brian were trawling,  
In a bit of a fog, fishing for dog,  
When they heard this young female a'calling.

"Heller", said Jim, "Pull the nets in,  
I think we have netted a lady."  
She was topless and dark, with the tail of a shark,  
A proper Port Isaac mermaid.

They sent out the news, to the rest of the crews,  
They came at a fair rate of knots,  
The coastguard on duty, said "My, what a beauty,  
Call out the lifeboats and yachts."

The maroons they were fired, and though they were tired  
The crew hurried down to the cellars,  
Andy, and Barry, and red-bearded Harry,  
Crammed the boat with 24 fellers.

She was landed all right and then Dennis Knight,  
Said "I'll buy her for three quid a stone",  
The Jones, dressing crabs, said "You pay that for dabs,  
The top half's worth twice that alone."

The crowds gathered round, at what they had found,  
The men left their video nasties,  
Muriel and Jack, opened up to sell snacks,  
And Molly baked two hundred pasties.

Said Jack Rowe to Peter, "Are they going to eat her?"  
Ed Fletcher to young Wendy Cotton  
Said "She ought to pay dues like the rest of the crews,  
And have two coats of tar on her bottom."

Mark Townsend said "Pete, that tail's fit to eat,  
I'll take a bit home to the wife."  
The crowd on the beach, said that little speech  
Was the longest he'd made in his life.

The news got around and Julian Brown  
Said "Notify the E.E.C. Fish Bureau."  
Mark Prout and Ian Honey said "Let's make some money  
Running coaches from Plymouth and Truro."

Graham Woods to his wife, said "Get me a knife,  
I'll sell her with chips to the trippers."  
Bernard Baker said "Lou, I know what I'll do.  
I'd smoke her down and make kippers."

The crowds filled the place, and Sparshop and Mace,  
Reported a boom in their trade,  
While Robby and Ruth, made a pile-that's the truth-  
Selling prints of this fishy young maid.

The Port Isaac Singers, and local bell ringers,  
Sang songs and rang bells "Con brio",  
And Robin said "Fred, the idea's in my head,  
She could make page three of the *Trio*".

Said Carole to Mark, "I think it's a shark,  
Look at that tail made for splashing."  
Said Mark, with a laugh, "I see the top half  
And that bit certainly looks smashing."

The end of this tale is, she went up for sale  
In two lots, and the result is quite daffy,  
The top half that's rude, wed a farmer at Bude,  
The tail went to Dave's Cornish Cafe.

**Eric Stokes**

**Over the years, Eric Stokes wrote his  
'little whimsies' about various village folk  
- here are a few**

**The Designer**

They tut at his rooftop fenestration  
His unrinsed china brings indignation  
Our tabloid target, Larry Double L Bowen  
Why don't they just leave the lad allowen!

**The Rector (and Missus)**

Father Michael (and Liz), for ten years or eleven  
He's matched us, despatched us upstairs to heaven  
Hospital runs, Liz does more than her share  
God bless you both, we owe you a prayer!

**The Painter**

If your charity's in a bit of a pickle  
Send for colourful Frank McNichol  
He's painted his pictures for may a year  
Well, he was the war artist in the Crimea!

**The Doctor**

For years Doc Lunny has been my protector  
Staving off that last ride to the aforementioned Rector  
Preserving this old offal from eyeballs to belly  
Encased in a hide and rheumaticky skelly!

*Trio, No: 218, March 2002*

**Bobby Bulgin**, we owe you a pat on the back  
Resurrecting that old ruin (with our own Johnny Mc).  
Father Time had made it a ghost of the past  
Now we're all proud of your wee First and Last.

**The Browns**

There's Julian, Jeremy, John (and Joanna)  
Their names ring out like a joyful Hosanna!  
My fisherman's friends in these jubilee days  
I could tell you more but I've run out of Js.

*Trio, No: 219, April 2002*

**The Rowes**

Peter and Jack have been good friends to me  
Salt in their veins, true sons of the sea  
Talented craftsmen, shipbuilders too  
And when it's built, they're the skipper and crew.

**Joey – the Harbourmaster**

It's time to spill some relevant facts on  
Our Joey, his language is a bit Anglo Saxon  
A great fisherman he, till recent years  
Even the cod clapped their fins to their ears.

**Mary (Reid)**

She's spent many a day on a charity stall  
Pubs and shops, Mary's worked in them all  
To call you my friend, has been a great pleasure  
Richmond Hill lass, you're Port Isaac's treasure.

*Trio, No: 221, June 2002*

## 99 Eclipse Blues

On the day the earth went dark,  
I said, so blow this eclipse lark,  
I'm going to a place where no-one's been,  
Along the cliffs I'll plod, far from the madding mob,  
To Lyonesse, the land beyond Port Quin.

It gave me quite a fright,  
When a pulsing, blinding light  
And a flying saucer landed by some gates,  
Out popped a little gnome, from this mobile mini dome  
Followed by a score of greenish mates.

They were baldy little creatures  
With snouts and Star Trek features  
One hair, a question mark held on by suction  
This wacky little horde, carried me aboard  
A victim of alien abduction.

They all recoiled in fright  
Said, "Wot a gruesome sight,  
Is there more of what you call mankind?"  
The Chief said, "Don't you touch or look at him too  
much,  
My mum said it would only make you blind.

"If you gaze at that humanity,  
It will slowly sap your sanity,  
Make a pin-hole in a little square of cardboard."  
They told me, "Now that you have seen us,  
We all come from Venus,  
This board is what we call starboard.

"We turn the sun off at eleven,  
They climb up here, and point to heaven  
All these ugly womenkind and men,  
They think it's astral magic, but it's really rather tragic,  
In seventy years we'll do it all again.

"Let's get orf this chunk of granite  
And get back to our planet  
Before the pubs call time back up in space."  
They told me, "You have been a sport, 'ave a bottle of  
port,  
You need it to forget that ugly face."

They zoomed off in their rig  
And I took a little swig  
Then another and I got a little squiffy  
My lonesome little ramble, ended up with a brain  
that's scrambled  
Until I woke, and jumped up in a jiffy.

Although I'm rather tempted  
To think I only dreamt it  
I know the day had been a trifle wearing,  
Then in my eye I caught, the starboard and the port,  
At least I knew I hadn't lost my bearing.

So if you're around Port Quin  
And I've got a sappy grin  
Lying back and basking in my glory,  
That abduction weren't too bad, I think I'm ET's dad,  
But that, dear folks, will be another story.



# Poems from some of the children at Port Isaac School that were printed in Trio in November 2001

## **Port Isaac** by Daniel Grills

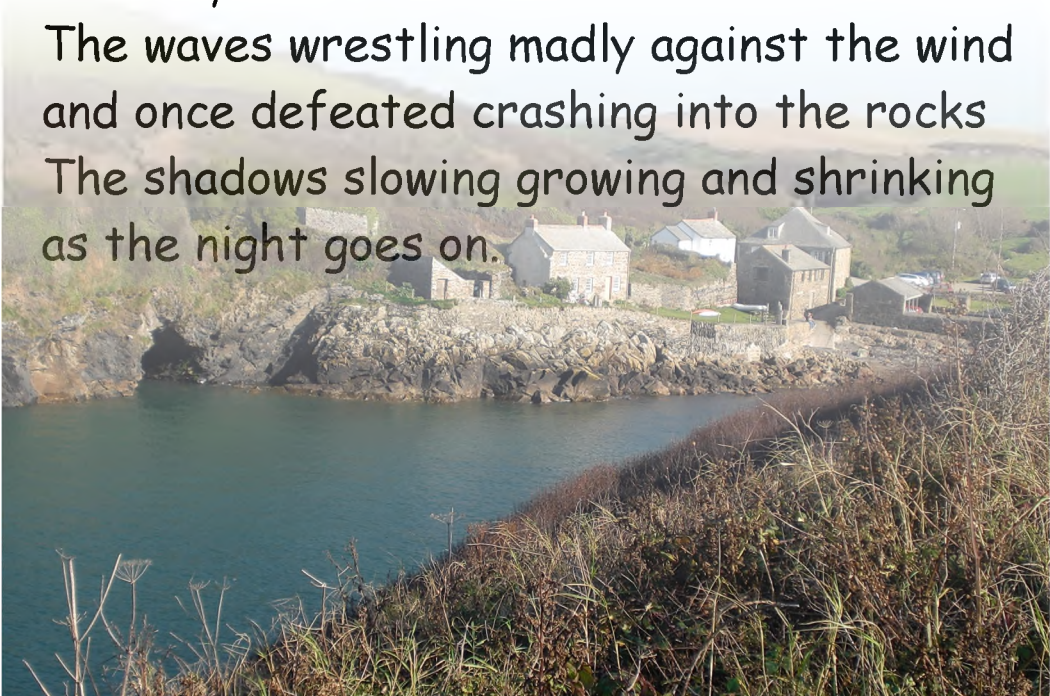
The moonlight staring sadly down at empty cottages.  
Shadows running around quickly in gloomy streets.  
Boats jumping around and around with the whirling waves.  
The wind blowing waves crashing against ragged rocks.  
Rocks wrestling with whirling waves.

## **Port Isaac** by Sam Eaves

The moonlight shining on the empty sad cottages.  
The dark and gloomy shadows staring at the walls.  
The spiders crawling on to boats to get their usual snack, raw flies.  
The waves crashing on the Platt.  
The wind flowing through the lonely village.  
Heavy boulders running down the cliffs.

## **Port Quin at Night** by Jacob Pattenden

The moonlight staring strangely down at the deserted harbour  
The clouds running merrily around in the dark sky  
The waves wrestling madly against the wind and once defeated crashing into the rocks  
The shadows slowing growing and shrinking as the night goes on.



## **Port Isaac** by Tom Potterton

Shadows crawling down the arrow alleys secretly  
Boats slumber on the stony beach dozily  
Waves racing up and licking the cliffs hungrily  
Wind whistling through broken windows noisily  
Cottages feeling lonely without their occupiers  
Rocks breaking and turning to powdery dust  
Day rises from his deep snooze.

## **Port Isaac Deserted** by Tamsin Richards

The moon is shining smartly down on the cottages,  
Shadows dancing delightfully in the streets,  
Night time, night time.

Boats are sleeping sadly in the harbour,  
Waves are wrestling wildly with the rocks,  
Night time, night time.

Wind is wailing wildly in the night,  
Cottages are standing still and quiet,  
Night time, night time  
Night time, night time

## **Port Isaac** by Lewis Thomas

The moonlight staring down at the crashing waves.  
Shadows sprinting up the street.  
Rocks pushing back the waves.  
Boats crashing into shore.