A New Day.
A New Dawn.
A New Millennium
January 1st 2000

Port Isaac's Millennium Clock, installed by Port Isaac 2000

"... to anyone who saw the sun rising over the mist on the first day of the next thousand years - what better cure was there ever for a hangover." Jon Cleave

I love a parade ...

"I was the first Port Isaac Carnival Queen in 1947 and I was privileged to be given the Band of Hope cape and crown to wear. I was crowned by Dr Sproull. At the end of my year the Carnival Queen had to buy their own cape and tiara."

Joan Murray

Carnival Royalty 1953
Queen Shirley Collings (now Gladwin) and attendants Pauline Sloggett and Jean Glover (now Dixon)

Carnival Parade, c1935
the Village Bobby accompanies the Parade

Port Gaverne Bonfire and Fireworks

"We are planning the very best display of fireworks on the North Cornwall Coast" 1992

There are references to the Port Gaverne bonfire as far back as 1982 - although it was probably going long before then.

Christmas Lights

The Twelve Days of Christmas (Lights)

On the first day, we switched on, and had a lovely do
Then the lights up on Church Hill blew.

On the second day, a juggernaut fetched a few down,
Ten bulbs just outside Harold Brown's.

On the third day it rained a storm, high winds and sleet,
And the Platt string ended up in the Leat.

On the fourth day, some kids or a bunch of loutish fellers,
Nicked a dozen bulbs from behind the cellars.

On the fifth day, the lights on the gig went out,
And ditto the string from Mark Prout.

On the sixth day of Christmas, it blew a hurricane,
Up the street chugged the playgroup's little train.

On the seventh day the line blew outside the Liberal Club,
And the Christmas tree wasn't yet in its tub.

On the eighth day of Christmas, we mended quite a few,
Then the line up from Tony and Pat blew.

On the ninth day of Christmas, the weather had us beat,
And bang went the lights all along Middle Street.

On the tenth day of Christmas, I nearly went insane,
When Mark Prout's went and blew up again!

On the eleventh day of Christmas, the weather was really bad,
Three strings went, and I started to go mad .... *Eric Stokes, Christmas Lights Chairman 1993*

taken from *THE REAL VOICES OF PORT ISAAC*