

MOUNT & WARLEGGAN LIFE

January 2013

Number 75
Non Parishioners 30p



**A VERY HAPPY NEW YEAR
TO EVERYONE!**

This is YOUR PARISH NEWSLETTER—are you happy with its content; is there anything you consider would improve it?

Please let me know—Gill Keast 01208

821494 gillikeast@aol.com or speak to me on a Friday morning at Village Greens

WARLEGGAN & CARDYNHAM WOMEN'S INSTITUTE

The speakers at our November meeting were welcomed by Mrs Ball our President; Valerie and Brian Jacobs presented a slide show – "Curious Corners of Cornwall". We travelled along the coast from Porthgwarra to Kingsand and Cremyll; and then inland to Indian Queens Pit and Temple. Mrs Jacobs talked about the various photographs whilst Mr Jacob acted as projectionist!

We made final arrangements for our Christmas lunch and discussed the many opportunities offered to members through the County Newsletter.

Competition winners— "Pretty Tin" 1st Mrs B Keast; 2nd Mrs M Smeeth; 3rd Mrs M Harris. Flower of the month – 1st Mrs M Harris 2nd Mrs J Tucker; 3rd Mrs M Smeeth.

Raffle winner – Mrs M Tucker. Tea Hostess Mrs M Willcock & helpers.

We meet the first Tuesday of each month at the Warleggan Jubilee Hall at 2.30pm you will be made very welcome.

MOUNT CHAPEL

The Chapel was full for the Christmas Service and we would like to thank everyone who came and supported us at that service and throughout the year at our various events. We wish everyone happiness for the New Year.

100 CLUB

November	Joyce Lonsdale	£30
	Arthur Worth	£5
December	Hector Lane	£50
	Louise Jenkin	£25
	Sarah Stanley	£25
	Nicola Merritt	£5

Congratulations to all winners and thank you for supporting the Village Hall. The profits from the 100 Club help towards the running costs of the Hall.

JUBILEE HALL CARN TO COVE

The next Carn to Cove presentation

A Love is like salt By the Devil's Violin Company

Friday 8th February 7.30pm.
Tickets will be on sale shortly.
Please contact Gill 01208 821494

Please see enclosed leaflet for more information.

THE WEATHER HASN'T CHANGED

Cornish Guardian November 1929

"On Sunday evening the valley at Callaway Water was flooded right up to Menaglaze gate. Mr W Keast on returning from Chapel, had to wade through water up to his waist to get over the bridge. Other members of his family had to be carried across. The cattle house at Menaglaze was flooded and the doors were opened just in time to save the animals."

JANUARY 2013

HAPPY NEW YEAR! By the time that you read this, you will probably have already forgotten what your New Year resolutions were. And, if you can still remember them, they may well already be broken. So how do you go about deciding on your targets for 2013? If you were to be asked: "What is your mission statement for the coming year?" what would you say? It is January, the month of the ancient Italian deity Janus. This chap was the protector of doors and entrances, having a face on the front and on the back of his head. For some reason the doors of his temple in the Roman forum were always open in a time of war and closed in a time of peace. (They must have remained open for much of the time). The facing both ways gives us a clue as to our project in developing our aims for this year: we look back at where we have come from and reflect on our successes and our failures, and we look forward into the unknown with with what? Do we actually have any idea what we want to become this year? Have we any template, any model or form to work to? As you reflect on your past, you will no doubt bring to mind the people you have learnt most from. These may not always have been friends; they may in fact have been negative examples: "Oh, I don't want to end up like him!" But often they will be those who loved you and who entered whole heartedly into your life, accepting you as someone of consequence, of true worth. If you are anything like me, then you will treasure their memory and will want something of their spirit to rub off onto you. You find yourself wanting to be like them and to develop their characteristics, passing on in some way what they gave you. As a Christian, I try to follow Jesus of Nazareth's example, but he lived so long ago. And yet, I find that he does indeed continue to live on in others; others that I encounter every day.

Andrew

CHURCH OF ENGLAND SUNDAY SERVICES

JANUARY 2013

	WARLEGGAN	
6.i.2013	9.30am	Holy Communion
13.i.2013	3.00pm	Evening Prayer
20.i.2013	9.30am	Holy Communion
27.i.2013	3.00pm	Evening Prayer

FEBRUARY 2013

	WARLEGGAN	
3.ii.2013	9.30am	Holy Communion
10.ii.2013	3.00pm	Evening Prayer
17.ii.2013	9.30am	Holy Communion
24.ii.2013	3.00pm	Evening Prayer

LENT BEGINS ON ASH WEDNESDAY 13.ii.13
and there will be services of Holy Communion and Ashing at St Neot Church at 9.00 a.m. and at Cardynham Church at 6.00 p.m.

ANDREW LANE—PART III

... AND EVENTUALLY TO WARLEGGAN

In truth I was just temperamentally ill suited to the restaurant trade. Always obsequious at first I would generally bridle at the first whiff of any complaint "Do you realise we were out on the tide at 4.00 am this morning picking that mussel, what do you mean it's got grit in it ...!!". I was Basil Fawlty's more extreme twin brother only rarely released from the attic. Very soon, and by public demand, I was detailed to the combined duties of washing -up and nipping down to the shore if we ran short of shellfish.

We couldn't afford a live storage tank and so left crates of oyster, mussels and crab at mid-tide. Easy enough to find them if the tide was right but high tide on a dark night required a wetsuit and a good sense of direction. So periodically an anguished cry would be heard, "Oh, **** we've run out!" and an unshaven man in tatty wet suit, wellies and a bobble hat would erupt from the kitchen heading for the shore. A period of distant swearing and splashing would ensue before he would clatter back in staring eyed, dripping wet, and struggling to detach an irate crab from his thumb. I'm not sure the customers ever got entirely used to it

But hold on, I'm writing this all back to front, let's resume things chronologically. In the first Newsletter we had finished with the scene of Johnny and I quaffing his wine and discussing the price of fish. These discussions were set to continue. I fished for queen scallops in my spare time and periodically exchanged a bag with Johnny for a bottle of wine which we always shared while further exploring the subject of wine, fish and the impecunious life. I had a particular gripe. It was becoming clear to me at this point that my employers did not cherish me as highly as I would have hoped. The company had been bought out by a larger corporation; new management would arrive in bigger cars and with an inversely proportionate knowledge of what we actually did. I was still living in the caravan and mysteriously every morning kept waking up with a severe headache. One day whilst sitting in the loo I noticed the end of a gas pipe which at one time in its history had no doubt connected with a light fitting but was now just merrily pumping gas into the tiny interior of my home. Had I been one for enjoying a quiet fag in the smallest room, and situated as it was beneath a huge Norwegian Spruce, my transformation into an early Christmas decoration would have been swift and permanent. Clearly it was time for a career move.

Further up the West coast at Loch Craignish I had bumped into a chap who was growing oysters on an underwater platform just off-shore. Good idea! I thought, oysters are consumed in Europe by their millions and there was a tiny but developing market in the UK. You don't have to feed oysters, they graze naturally on plankton and, unlike sheep are only too happy to stay in the same place for all of their lives. I didn't see why he was having to dive on them though as oysters live very happily between the tides. He was just making extra work for himself but he clearly loved being underwater "Man, it's beautiful down there, anemones, fish..., weed and stuff... fish... wow.....". Craignish had an unusual ambience in those days. In recent times some bales of cannabis (or Wacky Baccy as it was known) had been found washed up on the shore and there were rumours that the locals had re-enacted a modern day version of Whisky Galore squirreling bales into barns and outhouses. Whether it had been burnt as an exotic alternative to peat on their open fires or been more directly consumed may for ever be the stuff of legend but certainly nearly everyone I met there seemed to speak like Dylan from the Magic Roundabout.

Anyway I'd discovered the profession I wanted to go into. Oyster Farmer, it had a good ring to it. I expressed my intention to Johnny and to my delight he said "Me too! Let's open a bottle!"

(Note : Just received instructions from the editor "Get a move on!" Now have to en-

capsulate 30 years in one paragraph!).

The next twenty years were a struggle but also the time of our lives. In 1977 we put down an experimental bed of young oysters. Some grew very well but others were distorted and shrunken. It took us many months to discover that they had been poisoned by an anti-foulant on boats and salmon cages. One part per billion is enough to kill or stunt most shellfish, it will even turn dog whelks into hermaphrodites. (This was the point that I discovered that most chemicals do far more than 'what it says on the tin' and I've been Organic ever since). We then needed to find a source of oyster seed that didn't come from polluted water but we also desperately needed to generate some kind of income. So as a diversification we put out a couple of trout cages in the loch - Rainbow trout often change to a beautiful iridescent silver and blue in seawater and ours were fine examples. But then came the coldest Argyll winter on record. The top of the loch froze to a depth of six inches and we were walking out on the ice to break through to the fish and feed them. Then one night on a high tide the ice started to break up and form into floes. It was like Antarctica, the lochside resounded with the boom and moaning of fracturing ice and our cages were pushed out into deep water and sunk by the weight of their moorings. After the thaw we recovered them, put in some more stock and then exactly the same happened in the following Winter.

The oysters had miraculously survived the freeze but still we had no income so as Johnny distracted the attention of our nervous bank manager (Johnny's great ploy was to invite him to the lochside when the tide was in and all stock invisible. He would then wax lyrical about our underwater archipelago of oyster beds making it sound more like Atlantis than the meagre and ice damaged structures that I was more familiar with); we set about trading prawns from the boats and shipping them on the train down to London. We picked mussels, dived for Queenies and started to smoke fish in the kitchen of the ruined old Dower House - all of which we sold from a fish box at the head of the Loch to passing tourists. Somehow, miraculously we survived, not least because of Johnny's unrivalled ability to calm the bankers and also because of the committed and fantastically underpaid staff that we started to attract. First Davy, a feisty 16 year old with no teeth and the apparent ambition to drink his own body weight in vodka (NB: Davy eventually became a director and now has his own successful business in East Anglia. Who needs 'O' levels?), then Davy Senior (no relation) former ghillie, vacuum cleaner salesman and beach entertainer - in the Sixties he had worked in Blackpool as a beach photographer with a pet monkey who posed with the customers. Sadly the monkey, already a heavy smoker, fell in with Davy's roisterous lifestyle and took to sharing his Bacardi and coke in the pub. Disaster. The poor monkey became increasingly hung-over in the mornings and took to biting the clients. So the monkey had to take early retirement while Davy fled back to the Highlands and eventually ended up with us. As we got busier similar characters came out of the hills and on to the payroll. Many might blanch at their enthusiastic pursuit of beer and whisky but in terms of resilience, commitment and sheer heart they were in a class of their own.

Eventually the fish box developed into a wooden hut and ultimately into the restaurant in the old byre. Johnny had never made any secret of the fact that he needed to make some cash in order to "keep the slates on his roof". With the restaurant an eventually proven success he hit on the idea of starting a chain and set off to raise money from outside investors, succeeding against all the odds. I was less enamoured of the idea and we had pitifully small shareholdings but I did see the point of creating a reliable market for all our own fish. So after 20 years I reluctantly climbed out of the wellies and into a desk.

Happily the restaurant chain became a great success, less happily it involved frequent meetings in the City of London which Johnny adroitly navigated with his habitual bonhomie and where I felt about as comfortable and engaged as the proverbial fish on a bicycle. One day epitomised this. I was standing in Northumberland Avenue missing the

Highlands and nursing a terrible cold while waiting for a meeting to start. Hoping for an instant cure I popped into a chemist to buy some vitamin C tablets buying the biggest available and popping two into my mouth hoping to give the cold a killer blow. Unbeknown to me these pills were of the effervescent variety best dissolved in a glass of water at a safe distance. The effect was like swallowing a fire extinguisher. There was a deep subterranean roar and orange foam erupted from every conceivable cranial cavity. The good folk of the City, easily spooked in this temple of greed and fear, legged it for safety and I was left dripping and friendless in the cold maw of Mammon. I wouldn't have minded so much but while about to attend a similar meeting in Bristol some days previously I had been dive bombed by a herring gull which with merciless accuracy had crapped on my head.

Nature was trying to tell me something, it was time for a change but it came in an unexpected way.

As planned the restaurant business was successfully sold only for Johnny, great friend and benefactor, to suddenly take ill and die at far too young an age. Without this generous and big hearted man nothing was quite the same again. With the help of a philanthropic investor we sold the shellfish company into a trust to be owned and administered by the staff. An era was over; we moved to Cornwall and turned from oysters to Dexters and sheep.

A fortunate life lived then as now in beautiful places with some brilliant companions. No complaints and much gratitude. THE END

VILLAGE GREENS—OSCAR AWARDS

As we enter a New Year we must not let the moment pass without thanking the Hall Committee for all their hard work and determination in getting the kitchen refurbished and the new storeroom financed and built. These improvements are clearly going to benefit everyone and are certainly going to make things a lot easier for Village Greens.

As Chairman of Village Greens I am generally content to contribute the least but to bask in any credit that is going. So high time that I record our gratitude and admiration for all the wonderful volunteers that keep Village Greens going - namely Di and Derek, Helen, Tony, Jenny, Mary, Dee and until latterly Liz, Sarah and Tracy. Liz has been a great inspiration to us right from the beginning but now needs to devote time to planning the Cox family's new enterprise. Sarah has kept us wonderfully nourished with her award winning pasties but has now taken up a full time teaching job in St Neot while Tracy has adorned all our teatimes with her excellent baking but is now devoting her life to curing the nation's painful feet. Many thanks indeed to all our volunteers past and present who contribute their time cheerfully and for absolutely no reward.

Those volunteers who are also producers do of course find a market for their goods but it is hardly on a scale that is going to bring joy to the taxman. Di and Derek have to be singled out for particular praise as they are now doing all the ordering and coordination of supplies as well as providing the backbone of kitchen and serving duties. Quite simp-

ly the operation could not survive without them.

So, a resounding Happy New Year to all our volunteers and indeed to all our customers. Lang may yer lum reek !

Andrew Lane

END OF YEAR REPORT FROM OUR DISTRICT COUNCILLOR DERRIS WATSON

Well 2012 turned out to be an eventful year. I am writing this just before Christmas, which I hope we will all find peaceful and enjoyable.

Down in the Council Chamber the members had finally had enough of being ignored and changed the Leader of the Council with a vote of no confidence. More importantly we are also changing the Constitution in order to enable all members to have the right, as a majority, to over-rule cabinet if we feel that they have made an incorrect decision. This will not be an everyday action; it will apply in cases such as the Support Services Joint Venture, where there is such strength of feeling throughout Cornwall. I feel that the slimmed down partnership with BT is a good outcome of the debate. It ensures the ability to work with the health partners to provide a joined up service to patients and the ability to keep control of those functions which impact most on our residents. There is also the opportunity to increase the scope of the partnership in future should this be judged necessary.

I stood for the council in the belief that it would not be fit for purpose as first set up, I feel that the events of the last couple of months has made a real difference although there is still work to do.

I have managed to allocate every penny of the Councillors Community Fund. Money has gone to Village Halls, to pre-school and play groups, young people's organisations, Jubilee celebrations in all 3 parishes, youth sport, carnivals, arts and heritage and older peoples groups right across the parishes of St Cleer, St Neot and Warleggan.

I wish everyone a healthy and happy New Year in 2013 Derris Watson Tel 01579 347632 email derris.watson@btinternet.com

web www.derriswatson.co.uk

WARLEGGAN CHURCH ORGAN

The organ was installed at St Bartholomew's Church Warleggan as a memorial to those who gave their lives in the Great War of 1914-1918 with the proceeds of a parish collection.

Recently those of you with a keen ear will have noted the occasional discordant notes despite John Hammond's best efforts. The organ requires a thorough overhaul and this is due to start later this month. Whilst the work is going on the Church may be locked outside working hours. Church Services will continue as normal.

PARISH CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS PARTY

Approximately 15 children enjoyed the Christmas Party held in the Jubilee Hall. The children enjoyed a couple of hours of games and the excitement of the arrival of Father Christmas who, (much to the children's delight) put in a mobile call to Mrs Christmas! We thank him for making time in his busy schedule for visiting us. Thanks to Nina and her willing band of helpers for making it such a happy time for the children. For future reference there is a Christmas Party for the children of the parish every year and we would like to see more of you. See the Notice Board for information at the beginning of December each year. (*Ed : and the November newsletter if I remember!*)

Some children were more pleased to meet Father Christmas than others!





HISTORY GROUP NEW YEAR'S DAY WALK

Following a very muddy, strenuous walk last year our hike this year was a "walk in the park" or rather a three hour stroll along the beautiful Luxulyan Valley. The sun shone, the footpaths were hard surfaced and nobody fell into mud!

Hopefully we were observant and took in all the interesting sites of industrial remains as Mrs Harradance from the Friends of Luxulyan Valley is coming along to give a presentation at our Meeting on Wednesday 24th April. Upon completing the walk we retired to the Jubilee Hall to enjoy a



late lunch of a welcome bowl (or bowls) of soup followed by dessert. Many thanks to all who catered and served up some delicious food. Next meeting—Wednesday 27th February 7.30pm Jubilee Hall—Manor Mill of Warleggan with Lynda Small.

DON'T FORGET TO VISIT THE WARLEGGAN WEBSITE

For all your up to date local news / happenings / chat

www.warleggan.net

Or contact Chris Whitehouse 821409 with news or events you wish to have featured

warmount@hotmail.com

ASDA now have a Pharmacy facility at their Bodmin branch the opening times are :-

Mon	08.00 - 23.00
Tues-Fri	07.00—23.00
Sat	07.00—22.00
Sun	10.00—16.00



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(Pre-School hours only)
07861612727
(Out of Pre-school Hours) 01208 821179

Mon 09.30–12.30 (Cardinham Parish Hall)
Tues 09.30–12.30 /12.30–15.00* (St.Neot Children Centre)
Weds 09.30–12.30 (Cardinham Parish Hall)
Thurs 09.30–12.30 (St.Neot Children Centre)
Fri 09.30–12.30 &12.30–15.00*(St.Neot Children Centre)

***over 3years only**

We also run a Mum and Baby (0-5year olds) group Monday 10am-12pm @ the St.Neot Children Centre. For more information Charlotte Bunt 01208 821120. Join us on Facebook to see forthcoming Events

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WARLEGGAN JUBILEE HALL	DIARY OF REGULAR EVENTS
Monday	Pilates Fit Beginners 9.30am– 10.30am Pilates Beginners 10.45am-11.45pm Warleggan Young Farmers' Club Weekly Meeting 7.30 pm
Tuesday	WI 1st Tuesday 2.30pm
Wednesday	4th Wednesday History Group 7.30pm (unless stated otherwise)
Friday—weekly	Village Greens Friday Shop 9.00 –3.00
SPECIAL EVENTS	
History Group 27th February	The Manor Mill of Warleggan With Lynda Small

USEFUL TELEPHONE NUMBERS

CHAIRMAN PARISH MEETING
Pat Phillipps 821638
CHAIRMAN READING ROOM
Robert Jory c/o 821127
John Jory 821360
CHAIRMAN JUBILEE HALL
David Flynn 821351
RECTOR
Andrew Balfour 01579 320472
CHURCH WARDEN
Pat Phillipps 821638
ST NEOT/CARDINHAM PRE-SCHOOL
Di Bearne 821179

BOOKINGS JUBILEE HALL

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CHAPEL STEWARDS
Shirley Jory 821360
Pauline Worth 821371
SECRETARY WI
Brenda Jory 821127
WARLEGGAN YFC
Denzil Alford 01579 320318
CORNWALLCOUNCILLOR
Derris Watson 01579 347632
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Mount & Warleggan Life Magazine
Gill Keast 01208 821494 or
gillikeast@aol.com

ST NEOT POST OFFICE Located in the Pavilion in the playing field

Each Monday and Wednesday 9.00 am—noon & Friday Noon - 3.00pm