



## RED IN TOOTH & CLAW

**21.11.19** I find the smell of some perfumes, cleaning products, deodorant, air freshener and soap overpowering, even unpleasant. Air freshener??? Surely air is fresh by it's very existence! Conversely, I don't have much of a problem with the aroma of animals, particularly sheep and cows, and can be fully submerged in their "bouquet" without realising that I've crossed the boundary into "pungent". I've been known to literally follow my nose to seek out the stench of something dead up on the moor (it was a highland cow) and bury my nose in woollen garments to enjoy the faint waft of the original wearer. If this confirms my status as a feral peasant, I'm ok with that. Everything in nature has it's own smell. No piece of plastic ever smelled of anything. Embrace the odour, it's very informative, and an often neglected sensory experience.

**27.11.19** A new pair of wellies and woolly hat have been purchased in response to the continued bad weather. The animals are looking a bit worn down by the constant rain, and that includes me. The pig pen is muddy, it's anybody's guess whether I will traverse the quagmire safely at feeding time, or end up bogged down. I check their bedding once a week, topping up when required. My most recent inspection revealed something very interesting. They have been busy nesting, carrying rushes and other vegetation, mouthful by mouthful, into their sleeping quarters. This shows a level of resourcefulness, determination and intelligence that is often mentioned but rarely demonstrated. We can always learn something from observing nature, and while I will not be making up a bed of bracken and straw for myself anytime soon, I will be adopting the principle of using local resources as often as possible.

**05.12.19** Farming is a cool job (positively ICY at times!). We get to roam around the great outdoors, which is a healthy and rewarding way of spending time. We go on Land Rover safaris and catch "wild" animals; people pay a lot of money for holidays doing stuff like that. We produce the best food, and get to eat quite a lot of it ourselves. We have an ever evolving role, from midwife, to social worker, to undertaker and everything in between. We have no workplace dress code (good job!) No set hours, no regular holidays, no annual shutdown, no overtime (more like All The Time!). The boss is Mother Nature, and she is quite formidable, but also joyous and beautiful, just when you think she has punished you into submission, a new day will dawn with a bright sky and gentle breeze, and all is forgotten. It's a combination of extreme simplicity and challenging complexity. The best bit is, whatever you don't succeed with one year, you can learn from your mistakes and try again the following year. What you get back bears a direct reflection to what you put in. I love it.

**12.12.19** Life on the edge of the moor has always been shared with wildlife. We can tell they're getting hungry when queues begin forming at regular feeding times! There's been a cock pheasant hanging around the pig pen for weeks, snatching a mouthful here and there. Magpies and crows are watchful creatures, they congregate en masse when a farm mealtime is imminent. Sparrows and robins keep a close eye on the hens, and often perch nearby in the hope of a few stray pellets. We used to have a wild deer who came to eat regularly with a flock of sheep we helped care for, we became quite fond of her. The wild birds upped their game today when a hen pheasant perched atop the chicken hut and sat, waiting for me to arrive with afternoon tea. The glut of Autumn berries has been depleted, any source of food is to be exploited, even if it's intended for someone else. **Di Wells**

**CONGRATULATIONS TO TONI & LEE  
ON THE BIRTH OF FINLAY ON  
12TH NOVEMBER  
WELCOME TO THE PARISH**



**NOTES from the VICARAGE ...**

It's still Christmas tide - a season which takes us all the way to Candlemas at the beginning of February. So at the start of the year 2020.....

*"It's Christmas time, and there's no need to be afraid  
At Christmas time, we let in light and banish shade  
And in our world of plenty, we can spread a smile of joy  
Throw your arms around the world At Christmas time"*

Some of you reading this will be familiar with the source of those words - Band Aid 1984.

The words and the meaning still ring true don't they? Somehow these words encapsulate the emotional drive at Christmas time to be at peace with self and neighbour. The words also draw us in closer to what we know and feel at this time of the year, about what it means to be human. In our recent times these words also highlight the responsibility we have not just to care for others- to feed the world - but also for the world, the planet itself.

Just before Christmas, Victoria and I went to Liskeard Foodbank. It is a place of good news and sad story. As we care for one another and throw our arms around the world beyond Christmas, perhaps we could establish a collection point in the village for food to give to those who live not far from us, who need our help from time to time.

We are blessed to live in Cornwall. Yes the county is one of the poorest in the United Kingdom, but Victoria and I have both noticed how people do, in fact, keep an eye out for each other. Collectively and individually we do more than try to be mindful of the needs of others, for 'in our world of plenty' - here in Mount and Warleggan - we know we can do a great deal to 'banish shade', near and far. We do think and do our best to be careful in our daily consumption of those things which sustain our life; we are willing to learn new and better ways to care for the land and hopefully endeavouring, sometimes struggling, to get to the point where there is 'no need to be afraid'.

So, as we share in the start of the new year 2020, I wonder if the best thing we could do is cling to the spirit of Christmas and continue to share the gift of life itself.

**Philip Biggs**

## GAS 'N' AIR

'Twas just before Christmas, On a cold winter's eve,  
When here in the parish of Warleggan and Mount,  
In a race to the rescue, the neighbours came out.

The whole house was peaceful,  
Settled in for the night,  
Cosy and warm, dogs snuggled up tight.  
When something strange happened  
which caused quite a fright.

The man of the house was ensconced  
on his throne, When unfortunately, from  
it, he suffered a fall. Unbeknownst to anyone,  
at that worrying time, A radiator  
was pulled off and away from the wall.

On hearing a clatter from up above,  
The Lady of the House raced straight up  
the stair. "Oh do let me in," she cried by  
the door. "I really do need to see how  
badly you fare."

Upon seeing his face., She dialled 999  
"Ambulance please, I'm sure you'll be  
fine." Reassurance soon came, On the  
end of the phone, Help is coming, You  
are not alone.

Waiting for help, the lady tried to stay  
calm. There was so much to do, to put  
into place. Her neighbours she knew  
would soon rally round, In response to  
her calls, once more, through the village,  
they'd race.

A man with a torch as an ambulance  
guide. A neighbour to tell dogs that all  
was okay. Meanwhile the lady sat with  
her man and his pain, "Help is coming,"  
was all she could say.

"'Twas Just before Christmas, When all  
through the house, There was an omi-  
nous sound, Not caused by a mouse.  
Into the kitchen the lady she crept.  
And 'twas there she espied  
Water was dripping from ceiling to floor

"Oh where is the stop cock?" She des-  
perately cried.

"Clockwise or anti? I know that I know it.  
I must not despair." She tried to think  
clearly, twisting her hand, Her kindly  
neighbour helping, with patience and  
care.

Then there came a welcome knock at  
the door, A truly wonderful sound.  
But four barking dogs, Up they did  
bound.

Thankfully the neighbour had all under  
control, First Responder came in.  
"Thank goodness you're here. Mind the  
steep stairs; he's just on the left.  
I hope you can manage with all of your  
gear."

So, husband in good hands, her atten-  
tion she turned, To dirty, brown water,  
reaching a peak. Good neighbours, she  
knew are a glorious gift. To whom could  
she turn, to solve the problem-some  
leak?

A local plumber, again to her rescue,  
would willingly come. A boy she had  
known from young child to man,  
Messages desperately left with his father  
and wife. The lady knew he'd respond  
with a trustworthy plan.

But just as he rang, chaos yet again  
reigned. For the paramedic had knocked  
at the door, Four dogs had decided he  
was one stranger too many. And so they  
created another uproar.

The Lady of the House was close to the  
end of her tether. "Thank you kind neigh-  
bour for dealing with the dogs and the  
phone." "Mind the steep steps, he's just  
on the left." "Thank goodness I don't  
have to cope all alone."

"Welcome in neighbour, thanks for your

torch in the dark. Please help yourself to a glass of wine. The man of the house now has gas and air, Hopefully that means soon all will be fine.”

Who came next? Now that’s a conundrum. Who was the man? Probably the plumber. A hero in a van. No fuss and no drama except for four dogs, he came in the door, To solve the problem-some leakage from ceiling to floor.

The man of the house had been offered some comfort Medication, with its miracles, had helped with the pain. Now an ambulance, through the dark lanes, was coming. We thanked those marvellous medics. Again and again.

Next came the plumber’s ‘*apprentice*’, with a welcome hug. Offering assistance as good neighbours should. Meanwhile another set of heroes appeared. An ambulance crew arrived to do more good.

The dogs once again raised quite a ruckus. Four neighbours, four paramedics, four dogs, create quite a press. Every-one patient and kind, without any fuss. We would never expect anything less.

With no fuss and no drama, the plumbing problem was solved. The towels went elsewhere. Of water and dust, there was no clue. As for the apprentice, the Lady of the House has a small secret to keep. She will certainly do that. It’s the least that she can do.

‘Twas just before Christmas, when chaos reigned... Out into the yard and onto the lane, The dogs decided they wanted a walk So a neighbour’s torch in the dark was needed again. Then another problem or two did arise. No lights in the yard, no room on the stair Work lights were fixed by our man with a van. The man of the house came

down with the help of the gas and the air

Her man on his way to a safe place,  
At her neighbour’s persuasion, the lady sat and drank tea. Reassurance from her neighbours about the dogs and the house, Gave her the strength to pick up her car key.

‘Twas just before Christmas  
When all through the house,  
Neighbours came helping,  
Although there wasn’t a mouse.

The Lady of the House now knew she could safely leave, She had the best of neighbours, that you can believe. As she drove off, on that cold winter’s eve. “My grateful thanks to you all, And to all, a Good Night!”

**Janette Johnson**

*(Apologies to Clement Clarke Moore)*

**PARISH LUNCH**  
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**12.30pm**  
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## TREE SALVATION – A CAUTIONARY TALE

I found the recent election depressing for a variety of reasons. So many promises, so many facts and figures, and so much cynicism on my part. Do you remember the one about trees - how many millions each party was going to plant, and the allusion of redeeming our carbon sins with forests for the future?

Indisputably, we in the UK need to recoup the woodland we have trounced over the last 250 years. These exquisite ecosystems, pinnacles of 11-12,000 years of Britain's post-glacial vegetation development, are now sorry fragments in a hostile landscape. Will mass planting really prove an adequate sticking plaster over such monstrous wounds? Tree planting is a useful, low technology solution to sequester carbon but without diligence it is in danger of becoming another convenient, over-simplistic, rear guard action, feel-good box-ticking exercise.

Tree planting engages people in their environment effectively. I am the generation that "*planted a tree in '73*". I planted them in the brave new city of Milton Keynes; I planted them for surly farmers on the wind-swept hillsides of west Wales; I've planted several hundred at Yetta, and I intend to plant plenty more. However, planting trees



gives us a plantation not a woodland. A woodland is the culmination of biological, chemical and physical processes above and below ground over hundreds or thousands of years: an ancient woodland is awe-inspiring and irreplaceable, as are the specialist beetles, fungi, soil microbiota etc. that depend on it. Plantations are the factory farming equivalent. In comparison to our

oldest woodlands, they are biologically sterile and soulless. They are ideal accessible green space, keeping people and dogs away from more sensitive habitat, but they shouldn't be awarded unjustifiable eco-credentials.

Unfortunately, planting schemes are often formulaic, with a set mix of species recognisable from one end of the county to the next, laid out in a regular grid that looks so artificial it makes me cringe. How much better to mimic nature by planting pockets of trees at random with clumps of smaller species such as hazel, hawthorn, and grassy glades and linear rides to complete the transition from woodland edge to scrub to rough grassland, and to encourage the diversity of plants and animals associated with it.

A tree establishes naturally when its genetics suit the environment, and the sequence of fungal-root associations that weld it to the soil commence from the moment of germination. At best tree nurseries guarantee a regional genetic provenance for their plants (from the south west for example) and, once planted, these genes are forced into the local pool where their impact and evolutionary consequences are unknown. At worst, plants may originate from outside the UK and be very distant genetic cousins; without adequate biosecurity they can transmit catastrophic diseases such as Sudden Ash Die-back.

Planted trees usually need tubes or spiral guards to deter deer and rabbits, maybe stakes to support them and some means of suppressing the surrounding vegetation until they are established. In nature, trees usually establish on the edge of gorse or other thorny scrub where they are protected from grazing. They need no maintenance and complement perfectly the local ecology: low input, excellent

output but on a much longer time scale than we can afford currently. Sometimes, through ignorance or for financial gain, trees are mass-planted on land that already has a high but undocumented conservation value, which is then sacrificed. We do not have enough prime habitat of any sort to permit this yet as far as I am aware there is no regulatory mechanism to prevent anyone planting trees wherever they wish. Let's hope then that government and environmental charities consider proportionately the merits of mass tree planting against rewilding and resist the temptation to set purely numerical planting targets swayed by PR value.

As a reassuring tonic to my New Year eco-gloom, all of us could plant a few more trees sustainably in our local parishes to ease our collective carbon footprint and assuage any nagging eco-guilt we may nurture. Transplant any native tree seedlings you find in your garden – I get loads of oaks, hazel and hawthorn, and even ubiquitous willow is worthy if located appropriately. Pot them up if you are a reliable waterer (not me) or dedicate a small area of ground as a tree nursery. If you have enough land or a gappy hedge, plant out your saplings in winter when they are about 40cm or larger. I've found this works well in hedges without guards or fussing about cutting back grass. If you don't have enough space, pass them on to someone who does and invite them to invest in the future. Surely it can't be that difficult to establish a community tree bank and find some receptive landowners?

**Pam Leppitt**

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### **THE BALD TRUTH**

There are numerous advantages to having no hair. Very little spent on hair products (£0.00), cheap haircuts - I do it myself (you might have noticed) and I am generally the first in the family to detect a light drizzle or a subtle change in wind direction.

Some years ago in the West of Scotland I noticed there was a break in the cloud (also known as 'summer' up there) when the heat of the sun was immediate and preternaturally hot, burning hot on a level I'd never felt anywhere north of Spain before. It was a bit unnerving. And then we started to notice the rain.

To be honest you 'notice the rain' in Argyll on most days but now it was as if the gods were turning a tap on. One minute dry, the next torrential, monsoon torrential, and going on for hours and sometimes days. Four inches of rain in one day was no longer cause for comment. By the time we moved South the average annual rainfall at the top of Glen Fyne was 150 inches and winter surface sea temperatures had risen from 2-3C to 6-7C because of the welter of fresh water now being held up by ever stronger south-westerly gales. Grim for man and beast and a real threat to our shellfish enterprise.

Back to bald talk. A good head of hair regulates the temperature of the scalp, protects from extremes of weather and prevents blistering from the Sun. And, to be honest, it looks nice. The Earth used to be clothed in 'hair' in the form of grasslands and forest. Most of it isn't any more. Some intensively farmed areas have less protection than my head. No trees, no hedges and lifeless soils exposed to wind and water erosion and the parching of the sun. Through loss of habitat the World has lost 40% of its wildlife species in the last 50 years.

In the Spring of 2019 the Warleggan Parish Committee declared a Climate Emergency. But what does that mean and what difference will it make?

*.....continued p/9*

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**WARLEGGAN HISTORY GROUP**  
WEDNESDAY 26th FEBRUARY 7.30PM  
JUBILEE HALL, MOUNT  
**WADE-BRIDGE a history of the 15<sup>th</sup> century bridge**  
With Andrew Langdon  
All welcome – non-member £1

*Continued from p/7 ...* Well actually we can make a heck of a difference, particularly as an example for other parishes. It means not using pesticides or herbicides in our gardens but substituting with natural methods. It means just cutting pathways through our garden lawns but leaving the rest to grow long to host insects until the wildflower season is over. It means leaving no exposed earth in our gardens, leaving the car in the garage when a bike or public transport is an option. It means planting trees or bushes, insulating our houses properly, not allowing any new building work unless it is built to a low energy standard, driving through our villages at 20 mph rather than the ruinously dangerous 30 mph. Not flying, not wasting stuff, not being a consumer junkie.

Unlike my head the Earth is still capable of regenerating its life and vitality. Surely it's not asking too much for us to do our bit for the Earth, "*Because it's worth it*".

Visit [drawdown.org](http://drawdown.org) for a full list of low carbon solutions.

**Andrew Lane**

### WARLEGGAN YOUNG FARMERS' CLUB

Following an application to the Woodland Trust, who were giving away hedgerow shrubs and trees for planting, St Bartholomew's were fortunate to receive a mix of over 400 plants of different species (oak, rowan, hazel, thorn and black thorn) to plant along the boundary fence in the Church car park field. With the assistance of YFC Members these were planted early in November. Since then the Hill family have supplied and planted a similar amount which in due course will create a thick, natural hedge which will encourage wildlife. The PCC are grateful to Warleggan YFC Members and also the Hill family .

A planning application will soon be submitted for a Toilet / Store to be sited in the Church yard at St Bartholomew's, Warleggan.



### ST BARTHOLOMEW'S, WARLEGGAN PL30 4HB

<b>JANUARY 5th</b>	9.30am	Holy Communion
<b>12th</b>	<b>3.00pm</b>	<b>Evening Prayer</b>
19th	9.30am	Holy Communion
<b>26th</b>	<b>3.00pm</b>	<b>Evening Prayer</b>
<b>FEBRUARY 2nd</b>	9.30am	Holy Communion
<b>9th</b>	<b>3.00pm</b>	<b>Evening Prayer</b>
16th	9.30am	Holy Communion
<b>23rd</b>	<b>3.00pm</b>	<b>Evening Prayer</b>



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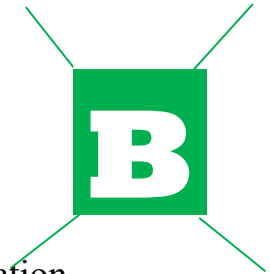
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There is a hosted service at  
St Neot in the Pavilion in the  
playing field Mondays and  
Wednesdays 9 until 12.00 and  
Fridays 12.00 until 3pm

## **Mother and Toddler Group - 'Little Robins'**

Millpool Community Room  
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warm welcome!

Contact Crissie Butler 07540 1814  
or Sophie Searle 07891 346070

WARLEGGAN JUBILEE HALL	DIARY OF REGULAR EVENTS
<b>SUNDAY</b>	Table Tennis 10.30am
<b>MONDAY</b>	Warleggan Young Farmers' Club Weekly Meeting 7.30pm
<b>TUESDAY</b>	Pilates Mixed Ability Class 12-1.00pm Table Tennis 7.00pm
<b>WEDNESDAY</b>	History Group 7.30pm 4 <sup>th</sup> Wednesday (unless otherwise stated)
<b>FRIDAY – WEEKLY</b>	Village Greens Friday Shop 9.00am – 2pm
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<b>WEDNESDAY 22nd JANUARY</b>	Parish Lunch 12.30 To book 821494
<b>WEDNESDAY 22nd JANUARY</b>	History Group Wade-Bridge with Adrian Langdon
<b>FRIDAY 31st JANUARY</b>	The last husky journey in the Antarctic
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