

# The Cornish Association of Victoria Inc. Ballarat Branch

A.C.N. A0008 264A

## Onen hag oll

### December 2017 Newsletter

Chairperson Keith Lanyon 34 Glazebrook St Ballarat 3350 03 4343 2390 <a href="mailto:kmlanyon@hotmail.com">kmlanyon@hotmail.com</a>	Admin.Secretary Lorice Jenkin 29 Queen St South Ballarat 3350 03 5332 2920 <a href="mailto:lajenkin@bigpond.com">lajenkin@bigpond.com</a>	Treasurer Ian Jennings 52 Arrandale Ave Alfredton 3350 03 5334 1558 <a href="mailto:ianjen9329@bigpond.com">ianjen9329@bigpond.com</a>	Newsletter Editor Robyn Coates 28 Town Hall Ave Preston Vic 3072 03 9478 6135 <a href="mailto:arthurc@netspace.net.au">arthurc@netspace.net.au</a>
--	--	---	---

#### DATES FOR THE DIARY

Saturday 2nd December at 12 noon (to eat at 12.30 pm) - Christmas Function at The Royal Mail Hotel, 290 Albert Street Sebastopol.  
Cost \$25 and drinks at Bar Prices.  
Names to Keith Lanyon -  
[kmlanyon@hotmail.com](mailto:kmlanyon@hotmail.com) or 0411 512 160.

Saturday 3rd February 2018  
Wendy Benoit and Joy Menhennet will speak about the Ballarat and District data base of Cornish Folk on which they have been working.

Saturday 3rd March 2018 - **St Piran's Day** celebration from 10.30 am until 2.30 pm in the Skipton Street Hall with historical displays.  
A shared Lunch at 12.15 pm. It is hoped that we will have a speaker.

17th -18th March 2018 - Eaglehawk Dahlia and Arts Festival - Myths and Legends.  
The CAV will not be holding a Festival in 2018 but we will have displays and Family History research in the MUIOOF Hall in Eaglehawk as part of the Festival. A Bardic Ceremony will be held during the afternoon. The Eaglehawk Uniting Church has invited members to attend its Church Service on the Sunday morning if they are staying in the area, Further details will be advised in the February 2018 newsletter.

Saturday 7th April 2018  
Robyn Coates will speak about Alfred Rowell who was Band Master of the City of Ballarat Band and also the Regimental Band of the 39<sup>th</sup> Battalion.

#### A FEW FESTIVE WORDS IN CORNISH

Nadelik Lowen - Merry Christmas  
Bledhen Nowyth Da - Happy New Year  
Gorhemynadow a'n Seson - Season's Greetings  
Chons da - Good luck

Gwedhen Nadelik - Christmas tree  
Royow Nadelik - Christmas presents  
Tas Nadelik - Father Christmas



Rudolf an Karow Ergh Tron-Rudh -  
Rudolf the Red-Nosed Reindeer

Karolyow Nadelik - Christmas Carols

Podin Nadelik - Christmas pudding  
Pastigow brewgig - mince pies  
Tesen Nadelik - Christmas cake



Kelyn - Holly  
Ydhyow - Ivy  
Uhelvar - Mistletoe



Ei - Angel  
Tri Myghtern - Three Kings



Meetings are held on the even months at Skipton Street Uniting Church Hall, cnr Darling and Skipton Streets, Ballarat. Meetings begin at 2.00 pm and are followed by a shared high tea.



## ANSWERS TO MATCH THE DESCRIPTION AND THE PLACE

1. A northerly Cornish town with a Castle built by Sir Goldsworthy Gurney; also has a canal - BUDE	2. The author of Trelawney used to sit and meditate in this hut whilst he was the Minister of the church in this tiny village. - MORWENSTOW	3. Where Trevithick Day is held on the last weekend in April - CAMBORNE	4. Daphne Du Maurier and Kenneth Graeme lived here; China clay is shipped out from this port - FOWEY
5. A branch of the Tate Gallery, Barbara Hepworth Sculpture Garden and Bernard Lynch Pottery are all found here. -ST IVES	6. Tom Bawcock and His Cat lived here and Stargazy Pie is a special treat; wonderful light display at Christmas - MOUSEHOLE	7. The carving of a pew end depicting a mermaid is in the church and D H Lawrence lived here for awhile- ZENNOR	8. The Brunel Bridge sits across the Tamar at this southern entry point to Cornwall - SALTASH
9. King Arthur supposedly has a strong connection with this place - TINTAGEL	10. The TV series <i>Doc Martin</i> , with Martin Clunes and Caroline Catz is filmed here - PORT ISAAC	11. Home of the 'Obby 'Oss festival held on May Day each year -PADSTOW	12. A small village noted for its round houses built to deter the devil from entering the village - VERYAN
13. Noted for its tall ships, this village was named after Charles Rashleigh who developed the port - once used for exporting China Clay from the St Austell area - CHARLESTOWN	14. Found about 25 miles off the coast of Cornwall, these Isles are a great holiday destination -SCILLY ISLES	15. Associated with an comic opera about Pirates by Gilbert and Sullivan - PENZANCE	16. The most southerly peninsula of Cornwall - LIZARD

### CORNISH PEOPLE

S	W	E	R	G	I	L	L	I	K	R	R	A	N	U
J	Y	K	P	E	T	R	O	C	R	E	K	W	A	H
J	Z	P	B	T	K	S	I	E	O	W	C	B	R	K
V	U	C	O	U	C	H	I	M	F	F	U	U	I	A
T	W	P	E	N	T	R	E	A	T	H	E	R	P	R
L	H	F	D	I	U	O	K	P	H	G	I	L	B	G
B	L	O	V	A	G	L	Y	N	W	A	L	E	R	T
V	S	E	M	J	R	Y	S	E	A	O	N	Y	G	Z
L	R	U	W	P	E	E	C	D	L	M	R	G	P	G
T	D	H	M	N	S	N	H	U	J	Y	A	T	O	U
B	F	Z	R	A	A	O	N	C	Q	O	J	L	H	F
I	D	U	D	N	H	R	N	E	L	P	D	M	F	J
N	G	A	L	L	G	A	B	T	R	I	Q	Y	G	U
V	M	L	V	E	E	F	R	F	N	E	P	C	Z	K
S	I	B	G	Y	Z	E	Y	G	N	A	T	E	Z	C

**WORDS ARE VERTICAL, HORIZONTAL AND DIAGONAL**

**ADAMS**

**AIGOF**

**BLIGH**

**BRAIWELL**

**BURLEY**

**COUCH**

**DAVY**

**DUMAURIER**

**FLAMANK**

**GOLDING**

**GRAHAM**

**GURNEY**

**HAWKER**

**HEPWORTH**

**JENNER**

**KILLIGREW**

**MAHCE**

**OPIE**

**PENTREATH**

**PETROC**

**PILCHER**

**PIRAH**

**TANGYE**

**THOMPSON**

**TRELAWNY**

**TREVITHICK**

## OCTOBER HAPPENINGS

Members shared about items of interest and memorabilia at the October Meeting.

Joy Menhennet brought her photo album of photos taken when Joy and Lilian Dell went to Cornwall to become Bards. The photos are very precious to Joy and included photos of E V Thompson and Vivian Pryor.



Wendy Benoit had her **Great Grandmother's birthday book** bought in October 1884. which cost two shillings. The book contained lots of Cornish names from Linton and the Sebastopol area. **Wendy's** Grandmother was born near Linton and she married a man with Cornish ancestry William Hicks



**Val d'Angri spoke about the Curnow** family. Her ancestors came from Prussia Cove, where the film, *Ladies in Lavender* was filmed. One of the **Curnows was born on St Michael's** Mount.

John Carter, a successful pirate, is related to the Curnows.



Les George passed around a **handmade brick**. **Les's** GGGrandfather, Richard Hall, worked on the construction of roads in Melbourne. He then went to mine in Blackwood and lost his wife and son. He set up a dairy farm at Cambrian Hill and found suitable clay to make into bricks.

Les still has about 100 bricks from the dairy.



Lenice Stuchbery spoke about her search for "Trevega Farm" in the parish of Towednack, west Penwith, the home of her 5 x great grandparents Paul and Jane Quick. Before travelling to Cornwall she had been told that the farm was in ruins.

However the solidly constructed typical two storied Cornish cottage was occupied by Mr and Mrs Armstrong.

The "ruins" of Paul and Jane' Quick's home, now used as a barn, has an inscription carved above the front door - P J Q 1702



The interior of the cottage had been meticulously restored with solid timber furniture and the back garden had plants which would have been there in 1702.

Before leaving Joan Armstrong gave Lenice a stone from the path which has been mounted.



Nita Bartle worked in the family Mixed business shop for twenty years on the corner of Cobden and Barkly St.

The groceries were up one end and had to be closed off at 6pm.

They provided pollard and bran for the chooks in the area.

Caster sugar, sugar, sago were all available and you could choose how much you needed because they were all loose.

Fresh beans were sourced from local gardens and the Chinese gardeners delivered fresh vegetables.

Eggs were sourced locally.

Boys helped to pack the potatoes.

Vinegar was in barrels.

Biscuits were sourced from Sunshine Biscuit Factory and Swallows and Ariels. Soft drinks were stored in the cellar as well as the butter in summer.

Newspapers arrived each morning by tram at 7am. The confectionery was nice. Some for 8 and some for 10 a penny. People always remember the lollies. Lenice remembered calling into the shop on her way to school to buy lollies.

Lorice Jenkin read a newspaper **article about a fire in a Grocer's** shop on the corner of South and Ripon Street which had been **owned by her Great Grandfather's** brother, when seven members of the family were burnt to death and



how the community was affected by the deaths.

**Growing up Lorice's family had always been told not to leave items in the passage near the front door, as a daughter visiting the family had the pram near the front door which hindered their escape from the fire.**

It was a most enjoyable afternoon and high tea was enjoyed by the members after the meeting.

Photos - Ian Jennings

## OLD CHRISTMAS STORIES

\* From the *'Old Cornwall Christmas Anthology'*

compiled by George Pritchard

J H Matthews - History of St Ives 1887

A funny story is told in St Ives to the effect that an elderly lady, one of the most respected inhabitants of the town, was awakened one night, about Christmas time, by a loud knocking on the street door. She looked out of her window, and asked who was there and what they wanted.

**'Mr Jones, Esquire!' answered a voice in the darkness.**

**'Ah, well,' replied the lady, 'he doesn't live here, so please go away.'**

In a short time, however, the knocking was repeated, while a sound as of voices in concert was borne in the midnight air.

**Again the disturbed lady asked, 'Who are you?' and again came the vague reply, 'Mr Jones Esquire!'**

Indignantly she rejoined that Mr Jones, Esquire would receive the contents of her water jug, unless he quickly took himself off.

She was no more disturbed, nor was it till a later day that the good lady learned that her rest had been

**troubled by 'Mr Jones's Choir' from the Parish church, singing carols to honour the approach of Christmas.**

\*From *'Another Cornish Bedside Book'* by Douglas Selleck

Christmas Eve at the Jamaica Inn (John Burton's recollections - he was a young china salesman doing the rounds of the villages with wares from his father's Bodmin business)

I well remember the 24th December 1853, myself **and brother Joe ... rose at 5 o'clock in the morning**, fed the horse and made a start with a wagon load of goods at 5.45 am. The morning was dark and when we came to the Callywith turnpike gate, it was closed. We knocked Henry Monk, the toll-keeper, up to let us through. He looked out of the window and at first refused to let us pass until daylight. We

told him we would unhang the gate and pass through without paying the toll. That fetched the old man down, with his long coat and knitted night cap, and horn lantern in his hand. He opened the gate and told us that we ought to be poisoned for breaking a **man's rest.**

Having delivered the goods and fairly on our way home, we stopped at the Jamaica Inn, where the old mail coaches used to change their horses, to feed our horse, not forgetting ourselves.

After giving Old Dapper his feed of oats, we went into the Inn kitchen, where we ordered a hot meal. The landlady asked what we would like and suggested a hot squib pie, which she took out of a huge kitchen range well loaded with burning turf, the odour of which increased our appetite considerably. We polished off the pie and pocketed the crust to eat on the moors when homeward bound.

When the landlady came in and saw that we had eaten the pie, she looked with amazement at us and **declared, 'Why, drat you boys, whatever have 'ee done with the pie?'**

**We answered, 'Why, ate'n it missus. Do'y think we called the horse into help us, or what?'**

**She smartly answered, 'I should'a thought you had the Bodmin Militia here to help 'ee out! I never seed such gluttons in my life.'**

When asked what they needed to pay, they got the recipe for the squib pie thrown in.

**'Sixpence for the crust, threepence for the suet, nine pence for the giblets, eight pence for apples, onions, spice, currants and sugar, and four pence for baking 'en. Fourpence for two 'dishes of tay' - two shillings and eight pence!'**

**(Editor's Note: She wasn't too good with the addition)**

When the boys had paid she asked by way of ridicule if they could eat anymore and they responding, stuffed down some caraway seed buns, after being **refused a slice of the next day's Christmas Cake.**

The boys, whose father was a strict teetotaler, did not dare to match their eating with the same amount of drinking, but as the moormen and farmers drifted in to pass a convivial evening around the roaring fire, while the wind howled across the moor outside, they joined in the party spirit, as songs were sung, often about the highwaymen who once infested such lonely stretches of road.

Naturally they wanted to be home in Bodmin before Christmas morning, so they left before the rest of the company.

They carried with them a passenger on the cart, one **Billy Peppermint, a local 'character' who lived in Bodmin.** He had had far too much liquid refreshment to want to share in the pie crust as they jogged along.

When they reached Bodmin, they got him off the cart and propped him against the iron railings of a house.

Just then a party of Carol Singers came along. As **they sang, 'While Shepherds watched their flocks by night', Billy accompanied them, but he was still back at the Jamaica Inn with the Highwaymen Ballad, and roared out,**

**'When I am dead, they'll say the truth, I was a wild and wicked youth!'**

He then slid gently to the ground in a drunken state **and the Burton boys went home, stabled 'Dapper'** and went to bed without explaining to their father where they had spent the evening.

\*Incidents of Colonial Life - A young gentleman of Geelong, Australia, writing to a relative at home (in Cornwall), under the date of January, 1856, from the West Briton newspaper

One peculiarity of Colonial life, or at least of life in the colony of Victoria is this, that many carpenters, blacksmiths, and the like, have made large fortunes, but still retain their old acquaintances, and cannot shake off their bad grammar and worse manners. This produces a great mixture in society, and the woman who scrubs your floors in the morning, and also makes your pies and starches your shirts, may say to you in the evening "I am engaged," or "thank you, I will take an ice."

Among his neighbours, he says, is a widow of 24, was married at 16 to a small settler up the country, who broke his neck, stock-driving, seven months after their marriage.

A few months ago she was engaged to a young solicitor from Bristol. The wedding clothes were got, and the handkerchiefs were marked with her future's name.

The young man was dissipated, and ran away from his creditors three days before his intended marriage.

The whole story is an odd one.

He, the solicitor, met the widow in the street, was struck with the appearance and followed her home; dodged about the house for a few days, and at length threw a letter, declaring the state of his affections, into a room where he had just before seen her standing at the window.

The affair proceeded rapidly after so bold a stroke,

and but for the cruelty of the young gentleman's creditors, no doubt they would have been man and wife.

I had invitations from different persons to spend my Christmas at their stations in the bush. But I had had sufficient experience of that kind of thing to know, that three or four days of Christmas spent with a settler would settle me for a fortnight, and I therefore stopped at home, and this is the way my Christmas went.

My Irish neighbours (with whom he boards while lodging in weather boarded rooms of his own) considered it better to keep up Christmas eve than Christmas day, and the young widow aforesaid, her sister, and four others came up to dance, sing, eat cake and drink strong punch.

We commenced at ten, and, so far as I was concerned, left off at three next morning, when I went to bed.

Getting up at eight, I found my young widow busy stuffing a goose, and the others culinarily employed, and, much to my surprise, I learnt that none of them had been to bed.

For, intending to go to mass on Christmas day, after the manner, I suppose, of the Irish, they had been afraid to go to bed lest they should miss it - mass commencing at five in the morning - and had kept themselves dancing and romping all through the night.

Well, I breakfasted, and in order the better to enjoy my dinner, I took a long walk, returning about two, thinking we were to have a downright Christmas dinner.

Christmas Eve, however, had been too much for my neighbours. They were all sound asleep, except the little ones, and the consequence was that I sat down alone before a huge goose, a boiled turkey, a large ham, and a vast plum pudding.

At public dinners there is usually a band in attendance;; on the present occasion the music that I had was such as is caused by the loud breathing of persons asleep!

\*Christmas Eve and Christmas Morrow

The Star (Ballarat, Vic. : 1855 - 1864), Tuesday 25th December 1860

Here and there a hard headed, unromantic, unsentimental, utilitarian, what-does-it prove? asking-person may want to know what all the fuss about Christmas tide is made for, but that sort of person will be for a long time to come in an unmistakable minority.

The multitude go in for holidays and all their old-fashioned accompaniments.

Difference in climate will affect in some particular the development of the passion, but spend itself it **will as well here as at home, as well in 'farthest Ind' as on the 'ice bound shores' of Hudson's Bay.**

The Britisher goes in then wherever he is for the holiday, and doesn't care to answer very precisely to the interrogations of those who ask the cost or the wherefore of the thing.

He eats plum pudding, as did his fathers before him, and devoutly believes his children will do so after him that is per favour of the local boards of health, without whom, and very likely with whom, he may have to bury his children before he himself succumbs.

A saunter about Ballarat on Christmas Eve, or a **glance at the bill posters' places for out of doors** paperhanging, or a perusal of the advertisements in the newspapers, will suffice to certify any one that Ballarat and its dependencies are right orthodox in the matter of Christmas jollification.

We, who are supposed to be everywhere, and see everything, and know something about everything, have of course taken a peep at what is going to happen as well as at what has happened in connection with this time honoured season of eating and drinking and universal pleasure making. And having so done it behoves us to tell our readers about it.

In the first place we must mention the out of doors look of the town and its shops. As early as Saturday, there were visible symptoms of what was coming. Grocer's shops here and there looked as similar places looked of old in the old country. Their windows were full of nicely displayed raisins and currants, and candied peel, and spices, and jams, and jellies, heaps of all that was Christmasly tempting to juveniles, and mayhap to adults as well, were wantonly exposed to make people long for, to hesitate, and then to be lost in the very deed of purchasing.

Fruiterers were equally wicked. Nay, we are not sure they were not more to blame. They spread forth a maze of fascinating edibles piled up in carelessness of wealthy profusion, or carefully arranged in Kaleidoscopic figures, they got together their oranges, plums, cherries, apricots, pears, apples, gooseberries, currants, raisins, almonds, preserves, and what besides we don't remember; while cabbages, cauliflowers, carrots, onions, leeks, beet, potatoes, and so forth, drew us nearer in **gustatory imaginings to 'the roast beef of old England' of memory glorious.**

The butchers too were in the conspiracy of course. Great barons of beef and little sucking baronets (we may as well create a title as not) of pork were set out with muttons as fat as the squatters that bred them, and fully as suggestive of good things in pastoral life as the most unctuous speech of the most brazen of Eastern market orators.

The poulterers also were of the coalition, and the fishmongers were every bit as bad. What Noah's arks of turkeys, cocks and hens, geese, ducks, pigeons, aye and rabbits and other animals! At one place in the Main road, for the old Main road still keeps to the fore in this respect at all events, we saw a rare seasonable tableau. The cooped-up ornithological, ichthyological, and mammalian wonders, at that one place, had drawn together a crowd of gazers. Quiet, ruminative, pleased with a carnivorous foretaste of what was possible in the coming Christmas time, they all criticised the exhibits.

One or two miners in clean shirt-sleeves and red **waistbands, eloquent of the 'palmy days'; one or two of the 'almond eyed' placid as lotus-eaters** where 'tis always afternoon; one or two women, with a spice of kitchen consequence about their **faces; one or two 'Bedouins' hungry and voluble, and** one vacant looking policeman, made up the group of inspection.

All the exhibits there were discussed as to quality. Great snake-like eels in a square water tank, fishes of many sorts on the slippery board alongside, and beyond and above and beneath the crowded fowls and beasts already mentioned.

How long the group remained, or how soon they were replaced by another equally interested, we did not wait to see. We took this as only a sample of the sights the Main road presented in its shop attractions on Christmas Eve.

Shop after shop, hotel after hotel, were hung with evergreens, wattle and gum mingling their odorous branches, and converting some part of the Main road into a boughery walk. And the placards about the walls were terribly ominous of hard fights to be fought by table and field.

Host Symons at the Charlie Napier declares for a monster pudding, and draws a great picture of it too. A thing about as big as Mount Warrenheip, and full of plums, currants, lemon peel, spice, brandy, and slippery nodules of suetty fat.

**And this, gentle reader, gratis 'for the million',** we picture to ourselves the mighty hosts of plum-pudding patrons that will hie this day to the Charlie.

What rivers of nobblers must flow to qualify that rich 'duff' and what jolly fun there will be over the scramble for this paragon of puddings! But the Napier is not to be alone in its glory.

Our advertising columns make alimentary revelations equally or more attractive.

We cannot wait to particularize, but every restaurant and eating house opens wide its gates today, and invites to the most luscious viands at the **'most reasonable prices'**.

And then tomorrow - Boxing Day - what wonders in the way of entertainments everywhere.

At Buninyong, on Wednesday, the Highland Society will give their series of feats of strength, and show all the power and all the endurance of the sons of **'Caledonia stern and wild.'**

At the Star Hotel wrestling in the Cumberland and Cornish and some other style, some twenty standards being cast for the struggle. The first prize is £10, a band will be in attendance, and all arrangements are to be perfect.

At the Red Lion Hotel wrestling in the Cornish and Devon style has also been, and will be, the order of the day. The first prize is £4, and on Boxing Day the **sports will be wound up with a 'dancing match'.**

At the Copenhagen Grounds there is to be a very world of fun - racing, sack-racing, climbing the greasy pole, catching the pig with a greasy tail cutting off the cock's head (whatever sport there may be - in that), leaping, vaulting, quoiting; football - wheugh! - we are obliged to stop for want of breath.

Then there is the higher class of entertainments - those of the charitable or quasi-charitable, and the intellectual spectacular or spectacular-intellectual - the bazaar and the burlesque.

The Mechanics' Bazaar will open tomorrow, and the large new hall will be a fairy palace of enchantment, where all sorts of witch and wizard craft will be practised upon innocent or submissive people, mostly of the masculine gender of course. We have had a peep at the preparations for this grand **gathering of 'the ladies of Ballarat' and their works of thrifty needles.**

There will be a Post Office and a flower stall, and a fountain, and a real live menagerie with bears and cockatoos, and we don't know what else, and stalls everywhere heaped with the usual utilities and in-utilities got together at bazaars.

**The stalls are gothic arches 'turned up' with 'the red, white and blue' calicoes obtainable at the drapers.**

Flags and evergreens depend from the ceiling, and the entrance to the building is through an avenue of boughs.

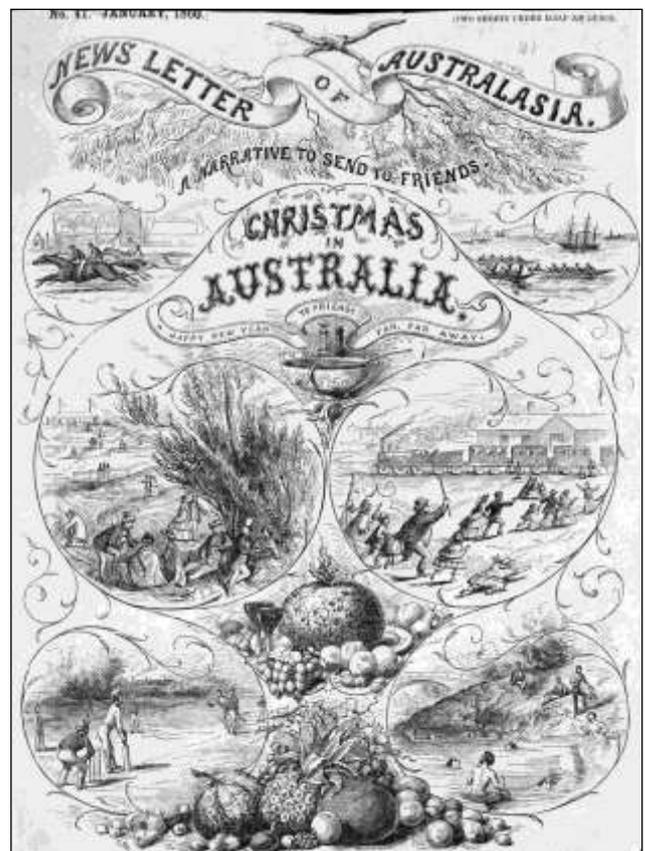
At the Theatre Royal there will be a gorgeously got up extravaganza burlesque entitled **'Pluto and Proserpine'**. **We have had a peep at this too for as** we said before, we go everywhere and see everything. The extravaganza at the Royal then is one of the very best things of the kind we have witnessed. There was a full dress rehearsal last night, and we have still floating before our eyes the bewildering fairy scenes, and still lingering in our ears the delicious music. The whole thing is a triumph of splendours in scenery and in costumes, in coloured lights and transformations; while pun and fun, and singing and dancing, gods and goddesses, angels and fairies, and all their pretty plots and peccadilloes, make up a glorious ensemble of attractions that will be sure to fascinate both young and old.

At the Charlie Napier, Boxing Night will be **celebrated by the presentation of 'Castle Squander'.**

With these, and the other unmentioned novelties got ready, we are sure the Ballarat citizens and their country neighbours will have no lack of entertainment.

Let us hope they will choose wisely, and enjoy temperately what they choose.

And so we make our bow, and retire for our Christmas holiday.



Christmas in Australia  
Publisher: Herald Office, East Melbourne (Vic.)  
Date: January 1860 - State Library of Victoria

## CORNI SH snippets

### STATUE OF SAINT PIRAN

La Valée des Saints is a sculpture park in Brittany with a large number of 'granite saints'.

David Paton and Stéphane Rouget have been commissioned to carve a huge sculpture of Saint Piran using Cornish granite.

In 2018 the 3.5 metre figure will be placed aboard an old wooden sailing vessel - La Nébuleuse - moored in Falmouth Harbour and carried across to Pontriex in Brittany, where it will be placed on a block of Breton granite during a four day celebration in July 2018. St Piran will be the 100th Statue in the tenth year of the Breton Project.



Pictured here are the two sculptors with their work - photo Eileen Carter St Piran Stuff. Facebook people can follow the progress on the Facebook page - **The Giants' Crossing**.

### PARKING SPACE IN ST IVES - HIGH PRICE

A parking space in the centre of St Ives, Cornwall, sold for the guide price of between £30,000 and £40,000, before the auction started.

Space 19, in the private Tregenna Hill car park, measures 4.4m by 2.1m (14ft 5in by 6ft 11in), and

was listed as a "parking space within popular coastal town".

It comes with the remainder of a 999 year lease that started in January 1988.

### TINTAGEL CASTLE VIA GOOGLE

Google and English Heritage have put together a short segment on Tintagel Castle -

[https://www.google.com/culturalinstitute/beta/exhibit/YgJCBax\\_S0XAKg](https://www.google.com/culturalinstitute/beta/exhibit/YgJCBax_S0XAKg)

### THE ODE

With Remembrance day just past many of you will have recited The Ode

*They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old:  
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.  
At the going down of the sun and in the morning  
We will remember them.*

These words are taken from a seven versed poem *For the Fallen* written by Laurence Binyon, who in his mid-40s was too old to enlist in the First World War and so went to work for the Red Cross as a medical orderly.

He composed the poem as he sat looking out to sea from the north Cornish coastline near Polzeath.

Two places have memorial tablets claiming that the poem was written at the site: one between Pentire Point and The Rumps in north Cornwall and the other on the East Cliff above Portreath in central North Cornwall.

The poem was written in mid-September 1914, a month after the outbreak of the First World War.

Laurence Binyon studied at St Paul's School, London and at Trinity College, Oxford, where he won the Newdigate Prize for poetry in 1891. For many years he worked at the British Museum and later at Harvard University and the University of Athens.

At the time of his death in 1943 he was working on a major three-part Arthurian trilogy, the first part of which was published after his death as *The Madness of Merlin* (1947)

Cornish Snippets maybe sourced from the Cornwall Council, BBC Cornwall, Pirate FM News, Falmouth Packet, Western Morning News, The Cornishman, West Briton, Cornwall 24, Wikipedia, Cornwall Live, Federation of Old Cornwall Societies, Kresen Kernow, St Piran Stuff