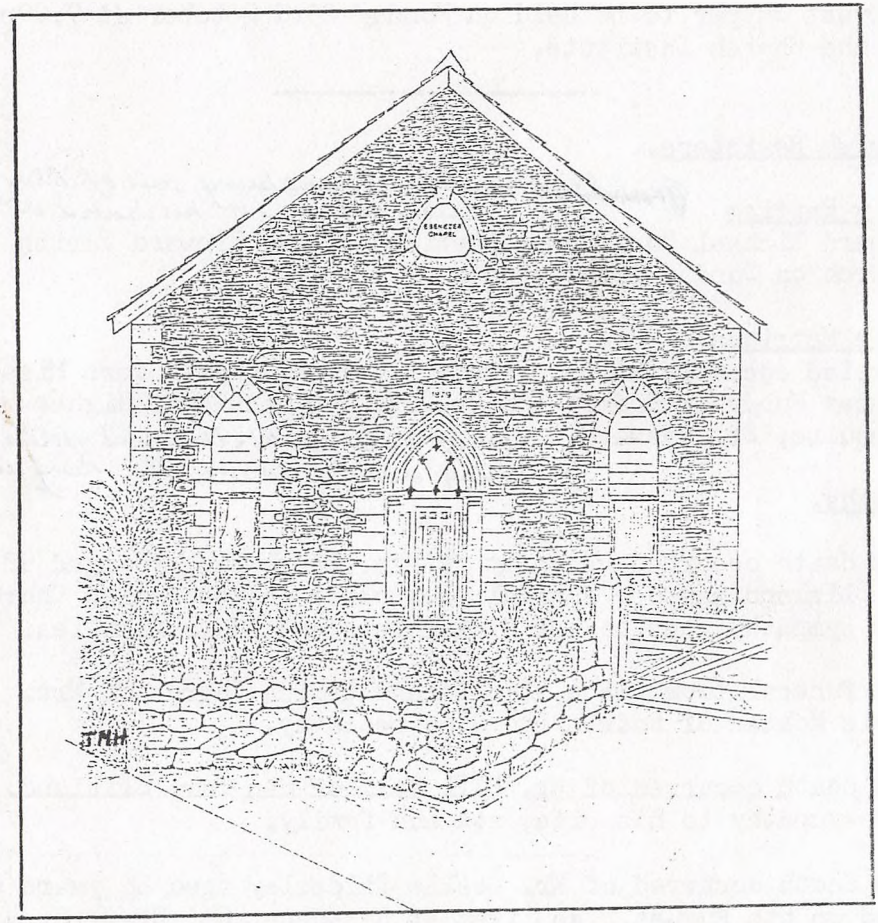
Mrs B.

BLISLAND with TEMPLE and ST BREWARD

October 1989 No. 114 15p



Churchwardens:

Blisland	Brig. Edward-Collins	Bodmin 850620
	Mr. G. Masters	Bodmin 850331
St. Breward	Mr. H.C. Hawken	Bodmin 850294
	Mrs. S. Hutton	Bodmin 850761

BLISLAND CHURCH

Harvest Festival Service at Blisland Church on Sunday 22nd October at 10.00a.m.

Harvest Supper to be held on Monday 23rd October at 7.00p.m. in the Church Institute.

Parish Registers.

Holy Baptism

~~Grandson~~ of Joan Sainsbury, son of Margaret, deserted by her husband at Xmas.

Edward Michael Buckle was baptised at St. Breward Parish Church on Sunday 27th August.

Holy Matrimony

Married recently at St. Petroc's Church, Bodmin were Miss Tracey Mundy of Bodmin and Mr. Stephen Bickle of Higher Penquite, St. Breward. Son of retired Methodist Minister living at Boulders, Nr. Penquite.

Deaths.

The death occurred recently of Mrs. Pearl Rickard aged 88 of Blisland and her funeral took place in the Parish Church. Our sympathy goes to her 3 daughters and their families.

The funeral took place at Blisland Parish Church of Mrs. Doris Holman of Bodmin who died recently.

The death occurred of Mr. Bill Hill of Pen Tor, Blisland. Our sympathy to his wife, son and family.

The death occurred of Mr. Leslie Tildesley aged 8o years who died on 6th August. He lived at Rosedene, St. Breward. Our sympathy goes to his wife.

Mr. Brian Harding aged 54 years died on 23rd August at Treliske Hospital. Brian lived at Rylands, St. Breward and he spent his life working on the land and as a gardener. Our heartfelt sympathy goes to his wife and family.

ST. BREWARD CONSERVATIVE ANNUAL HORSE SHOW

St. Breward Conservatives held their twelfth annual horse show at Mr. and Mrs. Clarkson's Palmers Farm on August 19th. A good entry was received for the jumping classes although the showing and gymkhana sections were less well supported, probably owing to the recent virus epidemic amongst the local horses.

The open jumping was won for the second year by Helen Flage riding Marsden's Boy George and Martin Hamilton riding Sunset won the Badminton Horse Feeds jumping.

Other local winners were Victoria Bain on Bianca (clear round jumping trophy), Danica Smolkovic on Mara (Mountain and Moorland class) and Samantha Sawle on Bertie who won the fancy dress class.

A very successful cakes and produce stall and raffle were run by Mrs. Cragg, Mrs. Jackson-Gamlen and Mrs. Laupretre.

The committee would like to thank the sponsors and others who gave trophies and helped in numerous ways to make the show a success.

V.R.C.

ST. BREWARD VILLAGE HALL

The cream teas have proved to be very successful in the past few weeks. Our thanks to everyone who has donated and helped to make this possible.

The kitchen is now being refitted with several units, 2 sinks, 2 fridges, installation of more power points and it will be redecorated throughout.

If you would like to help in any way please contact 851109 for details.

D. Bennett.

Gillian Walsh - Diary

Pleas note that the concert at Blisland Village Hall with the St. Mabyn Concert Singers will take place on Wednesday 27th September not as previously advertised.

The following account has been sent to me from Mr. Gerald Reed, a former young man of St. Breward who emigrated with others to South Africa in the mid 1930s.

The Regnals consisted of clubs of young men under the leadership of one George Raymont. They met in the Sunday Schoolroom at Lower Lank once a fortnight and their interests included First Aid, hobbies and sport and Keeping Fit, and were generally relied upon to help in any and all village efforts.

Grace Masters.

THE REGNAL MAGAZINE

CIRCLE NEWS

St. Breward Circle Make Sport In The Camel Valley

It is Wednesday night and our members are gathered together for a paper-chase, the second this year. They evidently anticipate a long run for they are scantily attired and lightly shod.

They are drawing lots to determine who shall be the 'foxes', this privilege (?) falls to long-legged Hedley and diminutive Morley. They grab the bags of 'scent' and are gone, leaving a trail of paper and clouds of dust in their wake.

They have been gone five minutes, the 'hounds' can no longer be restrained and 'hit the trail' in pursuit of their quarry. Now they are jockeying for position. Stoney takes the lead while Tubby (appropriately named) brings up the rear, his Bovrilian face beaming like an October sunset.

Onward they go, now west, now due south, everyone enthused with the thrill of the chase. Like a flash they are past the ruins of the Holy Well of St. James, which could scarcely have witnessed such a spectacle before.

The 'hounds' meanwhile are heading North running parallel with the River Camel which clatters onward unconscious (as yet!) of the energy being expended on its richly timbered banks. Here a fallen tree lies athwart the river, Sambo is talking about using it as a bridge. Tubby volunteers to test it and is already half-way across. C-r-r-a-ack, "Mind yourself, Tubby!" The cry goes up too late, twenty stone –

more or less —— of humanity has made an unceremonious entry into the turbulent waters to the consternation and confusion of the 'denizens of the deep'.

This episode has failed to wipe the smile off his face, and the pursuers clamber on up an incline which has a gradient of 1 in 2½.

Forward, backward, over hedges, through bogs, nothing is too much for them.

Everyone is shouting; at last they have sighted the 'foxes' who are making the last bid for freedom as the hounds converge from every angle. It is all over. The sinking sun gives a sly wink at the perspiring company who are refreshing themselves at the farmyard pump.

G. Reed.

Copy taken from Regnal Magazine dated July 1935.

Names of persons mentioned:-

'Hedley' - Hedley Methven, (deceased).
'Morley' - Morley Tremaine, (still at St. Breward).
'Stoney' - Jim Stone, (now at Trevone).
'Tubby' - Herbert Winn, (now at Exeter).
'Sambo' - Austin Reed, (now in South Africa).
'G. Reed' - Gerald Reed, (now in South Africa).

ST. BREWARD SNOOKER CLUB

The Doreen Bennett Snooker final was held on Saturday 2nd September. The finalists were Terry Ellery and David Masters. The referee and M.C. for the night was Ron Bennett. After an exciting, close fought final, the winning finalist was Terry Ellery, winning by 2 frames to 1. Mr. Bennett made the presentation of a cup on behalf of his wife Doreen, to Terry. He also thanked everyone who participated in the Summer Tournament.

Please Note: There will be a Snooker/Dinner & Dance at the Poldark Inn on Friday November 10th. Anyone who is interested please contact either John Collings or Mike Sutton.

BLISLAND VILLAGE HALL DISASTER FUND

In spite of other attractions in the area, the Fun afternoon and Dance in the evening were well supported. It was such a glorious day and everyone was in a holiday mood. Tony Willcocks did a super job on the Public Address system and kept everyone on their toes with his caustic remarks. Mr. Vian and Mr. Den Garvey organised the races and tug o' war and all the children received a prize of some sort. It was a pity the Fancy Dress wasn't better supported but those that did enter were so superbly dressed that the judges, Mrs. Metters and Mrs. Whiteway and Mr. Edgar Rowe had a difficult task. All the stalls did extremely well, notably the cake stall which is always an attraction - that must tell us something about the Blisland cooks! It is difficult to mention everyone by name who worked hard that afternoon, so I hope they won't be hurt, but to the young boys who so gallantly helped to carry the trestles, tables and chairs down to the Green in the morning and then returned them later in the afternoon; to the poor overworked ladies in the Institute who splendidly served refreshments which were so appreciated and not forgetting the long suffering pony (all those eager children!?) and its owner, I thank you all from the bottom of my heart, you were magnificent.

Now on to the dance. What a success. The 1920's costume was well in evidence - the short skirts, bands around the head, feathers (even my geese were raided!), drop earings, dangly necklaces and even shoes had been adapted. The men too were elegant in their suits, boaters, flannels, moustaches and button holes. Again a very difficult task for the judges, but eventually, after a false start, by the late arrival of a very glamorous young? lady? dressed in black which went well with the blond straight hair, plus black french knickers and red satin garter, the first prize went to Mrs. Marjorie Webber. The glamorous lady on closer inspection (and what an inspection!) proved to be no other than that absolute fool - Mr. Tony Willcocks. Oh Tony what would we do without you - always guaranteed to bring life to any gathering. For sheer audacity he was awarded a consolation prize. The gentlemen then lined up for their ordeal and after much consideration by the judges (once again Tony tried to muscle in on the act), the prize went to Mr. Jesse

Lilley, who looked every bit a 1920's 'man about town'. The band was excellent and a great selection of music was played throughout the evening. I have been asked if another such evening could be put on - perhaps a buffet dinner plus dance. Anyway it was gratifying to know that everyone enjoyed it so much.

The next event is the St. Mabyn Choir on the 27th of September. As announced in last month's magazine, all enquiries to Bodmin 850119. Do hope you will join us for what will be an entertaining evening. So look forward to seeing you.

Eileen Walford.

BLISLAND YOUTH DRAMA WORKSHOP

Saturday morning sessions will start again on Saturday, October 7th at 9.45 a.m. I am looking forward to seeing you all again.

Wendy Gurr.

Sponsored Cycle Ride for the Cornwall Historic Churches Trust

This year the ride took place on Saturday 9th September. Our family set off at 10.00 a.m. on a very blustery day. We rode up to St. Breward Chapel but could find no form to sign so we carried onwards to the church where we surprised to find already at least 6 names before ours. Last year I think we only had six names for the whole day. There we met a group of people who had come from Camelford and we all cycled in convoy across the moor and downwards to Blisland where we spent time chatting to Mrs. Richards who had rushed over on seeing a mass of cyclists arrive, thinking that no-one had put out the form to sign, but it was already there.

Unfortunately Daniel then realised he had a puncture, so that plus a previous prior engagement for the afternoon meant we had to head for home via Tregenna and Key Bridge, where we stopped to talk to Mr. and Mrs. James (and pump up the tyre), but next year when Daniel hopes to have a new bike! as his is too small we hope to do better. Thank you to our sponsors. The totals for the churches will be given next month.

Catherine McShee.

BLISLAND 1939

When the war was declared in September 1939 I was on holiday in Cornwall with my family. We always spent the summer holidays either at Millpool with my Grandparents or at Blisland with my Great Aunt and Uncle at their farm.

When Churchill made the announcement that England was at war (heard by us on an old fashioned radio operated by an accumulator which had to be recharged) the grown-ups held great conferences and it was decided that the 'children' would stay on until the war was over. Most people seemed to assume that it would not be too long and I don't think anyone realised that the hostilities would last for so many years.

Thus it was that my brothers and I became Blisland and Millpool's first 'Evacuees'. Two of us were to stay with my Aunt and Uncle and my other brother was to reside with our Grandparents. I must point out here that we didn't consider ourselves evacuees; we were merely extending our holiday with some school added as well. We were secure in homes which we had always known and loved and I think my Mother must have been the one in the family who suffered the most as she had to live and work in London whilst my Father was in the R.A.F.

Well, now to some of my memories about being an evacuee. I cannot really believe that this happened fifty years ago but history says that it did!

We went to school at Waterloo where Miss Tucker was the teacher. I remember all the details of this school; the desk where I sat,and the black oven where we could warm our pasties as there were no such things as school dinners then. We walked to school at first as there was some doubt as to whether we were inside or outside the three mile limit. Eventually we were allowed to walk to the Manor and catch Webber's bus. We settled down, acquired quite broad Cornish accents and made friends at school. Sometimes on the way home from school certain members of a large family of boys used to lie in wait and hurl clods of earth at us - not just at my brother and me but at all the other children who had to use that road. It was never malicious but was just to show us who was in charge of that patch. When I see them nowadays I often wonder if they remember this but they

are so serious and respectable now that I would never dare ask!

There was always plenty to do on the farm helping to feed the poultry, collecting eggs, washing eggs, bringing in the cows and so on. Although rationing had been introduced we were never short of food. There were eggs, chickens, milk, cream, home grown vegetables to say nothing of rabbits. My Aunt was a superb cook and if I close my eyes I can still see those delectable fowl pies and baby rabbit stews, complete with dumplings and new potatoes, which she used to make.

There was no electricity in the house. Cooking was done on an old fashioned range or an open hearth fire. When I think how I complain now because the thermostat on my oven is a few degrees out and remember how she used to produce such meals without ever having heard of a thermostat it makes you realise how spoilt one is nowadays.

The ironing was done with a flat iron or an ember iron. How I longed to be allowed to use the ember iron. Red hot coals were put inside the metal iron and the movement of the iron kept the embers glowing and the iron hot for a very long time.

Paraffin lamps were used for lighting although we went to bed by candlelight. We were fortunate at the farmhouse because we had running water and a 'Flush' lavatory. This was quite rare in these parts then and when we were at my Grandparents every drop of water had to be carried; washing water from the river at the bottom of the garden and drinking water from the chute in the middle of the village. The earthernware jugs which we used became very heavy indeed on the way back to the house. The 'loo' was a bucket under a wooden seat in a little privy at the end of the house. The bucket was emptied each day into the river, rinsed and put back into the house. I didn't think about it at the time but, on reflection, I am rather glad that our house was the first one on the river where it entered the village as this method of sewage disposal was common practice.

Although my Uncle had a car, an old fashioned, straight backed, Singer, I cannot remember a tractor. The work of the farm was done by men and horses. Betsy and Dandy would pull the plough and all the other machinery needed to cut and turn the grass to make hay. People did not make silage

then and the weather was anxiously watched for the right moment to cut the grass so that it could dry, be turned and then gathered into pooks ready to be loaded onto the hay wagons and thence into hay ricks or barns.

For us children it was a great time. We would be allowed to help and sometimes to ride back on top of the hay wagon. There would be several helpers and tea consisting of splits, jam and cream, yeast cake and jugs of steaming tea would be taken out to the fields. I also remember my Aunt making Dr. Watson's Tonic Stout but believe this must have been at harvest time and when the men came with the Traction Engine to thresh the corn.

When the corn was cut that was another time much enjoyed by us. The Binder - a machine which both cut and bound the sheaves - would first go round the outside of the field and gradually work its way in until only a small square was left. This was when the dogs would pounce and catch the rabbits trapped in the middle of the corn. We thought it very exciting. Not quite so thrilling was when we were required to help and put the sheaves of corn into shocks so that they would dry off before being gathered and threshed. The stubble of corn was very prickly.

We listened to the news of the war on the radio and we worried about our mother in London but somehow it all seemed a long way away. Our lives settled into a country routine of going to school, helping at home and attending Chapel on Sundays.

Chapel and Church were really the centres for the social life of the village. Blisland Chapel was very well attended and services were held in the morning and afternoon and in the evening. The main service would be in the big chapel and Sunday School in the building which is used as the Chapel nowadays.

Sunday was strictly a non-working day except for essential farm work. We would don our best clothes, everyone had their 'Sunday Best' and walk to Chapel. It was then back for Sunday lunch and then off to Sunday School. This was serious stuff and we were given a text to learn each week and at the Sunday School Anniversary prizes were presented to those who had attended properly.

After Sunday School we would often walk to the village to have tea with our Great Aunts who kept the Village shop.

Apart from Chapel most of our social life was contained within 'the family'. Tea with the Aunts was part of this and what teas we had! The table was always beautifully set and we would eat bread and butter, jam, upsidedown fruit tarts, yeast cakes, blancmange and so on. One of my Great Aunts, although well under 5ft. tall, was a great disciplinarian and we were always sent to wash our hands in a bowl outside the back door (no indoor sanitation here). Woe betide anyone who came back too quickly as they were always sent out again to wash properly. Such was the force of her personality that we never for a minute considered disobeying her.

On Sundays I was not allowed to knit or sew. I still feel slightly guilty if I put on a button or mend a sock on a Sunday. I loved reading but even that was restricted to 'suitable' books and comics or Enid Blyton were frowned upon. However I loved those Sundays. In our clean clothes and having had our weekly bath and hair wash; remember that every drop of hot water had to be heated on the stove and carried upstairs, we felt that all was well with the world.

I must just mention here the village shop. It was a wonderful place and sold a variety of goods which one can hardly imagine nowadays. All types of food and although there were no refrigerators nothing ever seemed to go off. Boots, shoes, aprons, household goods, slates, the place was like Aladdin's cave to us. Sweets were rationed but we loved choosing ours from the jars on the shelves behind the counter. We had no special treatment though and often there were not enough sweets to take our full ration.

..... to be continued ....

by 'An Evacuee'

ST. JOHN'S AMBULANCE

Thank you very much to everyone who gave to the St. John Ambulance Flag Week Collection. The total for St. Breward was £104.76p.

Is blood thicker than water? - we often hear this expression. The first time I left the farm, nearly 40years ago to represent my W.I. at the Women's Institute A.G.M. in the Albert Hall, I was quite impressed by the efficiency of the arrangments made to cater for the 6,000 plus women attending, and the way the meeting was conducted to make sure every delegate took back to her own W.I. a full report on the resolutions etc; but that is not the memory I still have today.

The morning session, opened with the National Anthem and left me unmoved, but the afternoon opened with 6,000 voices singing the Welsh Anthem. There I stood with tears streaming down my face, it was so emotional, I didn't know why I reacted so. It was when I thought about it afterwards that the penny dropped. My paternal grandmother was a Thomas from Wales. As I understand, her family came across from North Wales to work in the slate quarry at Delabole. They were all great singers, which has emerged in some of the descendants winning gold medals. One of her brothers was a methodist preacher and I remember him coming from Delabole to preach the morning Service in our Chapel, spending the middle of the day with us, then taking the evening Service before returning home, on one occasion in the snow! I think there was a car which collected 2 or 3 preachers and dropped them at a central point and they had to walk to the village where they were to take the services and then return to this point afterwards. They were the pioneers of methodism.

So being Cornish, with a grandmother with Welsh roots, no wonder I was overtaken by nostalgia. This grandmother appeared fierce, she had to be. She was left a widow with 7 children, the youngest a baby in arms. She had to have a certain amount of tenacity, and they all grew up to be a credit to her.

This article was prompted by something I read in a magazine about the fierce welshman who loved music and singing, a warm house, cream cakes, lavish meals, good books, poetry and amusing conversation. I can put a tick to most of these, as could most Cornishmen, it is our Celtic heritage. So, is blood thicker than water? and how many generations does it take to dilute to the extent it no longer exists?

Gwen Masters.

BLISLAND W.I.

There was no meeting in August but the W.I. were involved in other activities in the village.

On the 26th July we held our Annual Show and this attracted many entries. The Hall looked most colourful with all the cookery, vegetable and floral displays. This is an open show and people from the surrounding areas all joined in. I will not list all the prize winners but Miss Runnalls again won the Cookery Shield and maintains the excellent standard which sets an example to us all. I mention her particularly because she advised me how to make a Swiss Roll and her advice was so good that I won the first prize for this! Thank you to Tony Willcocks for doing the auction in the evening.

On the 17th August Mylor W.I. visited Blisland and we supplied Cream Teas in the Village Hall. We find this a good way to raise funds and we have another group of forty coming on the 30th September.

The Jubilee Fun Day was a great success and the W.I. were kept busy doing teas at the Institute. I expect there will be a detailed report about the jollifications on the Green and the Dance - Twenties style - held in the evening.

As there is very little W.I. news this month I wonder if the following quote about the vegetable garden and the anguish it causes applies to you.

'By mid-summer is it ever possible to come across a gardener at peace with the world? They are far more likely to be in a state of critical desperation as to what to do with the cornucopia that they have been cosseting since March. From necessity summer days, instead of being spent in flowery ecstasy among the scents and colours, have to be spent in the kitchen. Heads down, the table spread with home grown produce and with time running out, vegetable growers are frantic to string, scald or blanch mounds of green creativeness.

'And it isn't just that. There is the further enigma of the deep-freeze, still packed with a good deal of last summer's magnificent provender. Stacks of bounty as yet uneaten - oh the sadness of it. Generosity laced with frenzy makes these gardeners rush round pressing baskets of largesse on to their willing friends.'

Another which caused amusement was:

'As vegetable gardeners are not primarily concerned with eating, they harbour, like librarians, a tidy-minded dislike of anyone who actually wants to use the commodities they're in charge of. To have to uproot cabbages, say, from a row, and to hand them over for cooking, is always an annoyance. The gaps look unsightly, like snapped-off teeth. A stalwart, unbroken line of cabbages, on the other hand, with their hearts tight as fists and their purple outer leaves spread to catch the dew, raises your spirits every time you visit them.'

This latter quote reminded me of the time when my husband was asked for some shallots. The row looked beautiful but was not ready to be pulled and the shallots dried. He had never heard of a delicacy called 'Shallot Pasty' which can only be made with the green tops of the vegetable. The lady pointed to a bunch in the middle of the row and he nearly had a fit. Eventually he agreed to part with some from the end of the row but obviously the author of the above knew how he felt.

Apologies for a 'Not strictly W.I.' report.

W. Barwood.

Telephone ; (0840) 212346/213281

Keith Hill and Son

Dip. F.D., N.A.F.D., B.I.F.D.

Funeral Directors

Night and Day Service - Private Chapel of Rest

Contacts Throughout British Isles

FORE STREET, CAMELFORD

W.R.V.S. MONDAY CLUB

I was pleased to be back at the club for the meeting on August 7th. A nice surprise awaited us; Mrs. Emily Webber had recently celebrated her 80th birthday and she thought of her friends in The Monday Club by reserving a large piece of her birthday cake which we enjoyed with a glass of sherry on our arrival, indeed a lovely thought. Thank you Emily! This put us all in a good mood for a bingo session, organised by Mr. Ham, which ended a lively meeting.

On August 21st we had our annual picnic, this year at Temple bridge, where 17 members and three children enjoyed the usual scavenger hunt on a fine afternoon, which concluded with some of the members visiting Temple Church.

On September 4th we were entertained at Oak Ridge again an annual treat. After the treasure hunt around the garden, which seemed to defy all efforts for a complete list, a super tea was provided by Isobel, for which we all thanked her. The only short shower was kind enough to wait until teatime! Arrangements were suggested for the next meeting and the Harvest Supper.

Gwen Masters

BLISLAND with TEMPLE & ST. BREWARD PARISH MAGAZINE

EDITOR: Mrs. C. McShee, Homelands, Higher Lank, St. Breward, Bodmin 850435
TREASURER: Mrs. E. Walford, Tor, Blisland.
DISTRIBUTORS: Mr. Peter Nottle, Willow Cottage, St. Breward, Bodmin 850308
Mrs. B. Sharp, Tor Farm, Temple. Card. 363
Mrs. E. Walford, Tor, Blisland, Bodmin 850578

Copy for November in by 10th October please.

Thank you to Mrs. J. Hodges who drew the cover for this month's magazine. Any other drawings will be gratefully received especially a seasonal one for the December issue.

WEBBER TRAVEL

THE GARAGE, BLISLAND, BODMIN, CORNWALL

Tel: (STD) 0208 850236

Accident Repairs, Bodywork, All Types Car Repairs,
Commercial Vehicle Repairs.

TRAGO BUS: Tuesday 3rd October. 25p return fare from any stop.
Bus leaves Blisland 9.15am. Return 1.30pm.

Brookside Garage

(D. P. & V. J. Hellers)

ROW, ST. BREWARD, BODMIN
CORNWALL PL30 4LN

Motor Body and General Repairs
24 Hour Breakdown
Crypton Tune-up and Test Centre

Ministry Approved Testing Station

Phone Bodmin 850817 or 85015

Ambassador WINDOWS

SHOWROOM ADDRESS - 15 TURF STREET, BODMIN TELEPHONE BODMIN (0208) 6429

For all your replacement windows and doors
Your local specialists

10 YEAR WARRANT