

# MOUNT & WARLEGGAN LIFE

JANUARY / FEBRUARY  
2017

Number 98  
Non-Parishioners 50P

## OUR HONEYMOON AT WOODAH FARMHOUSE IN 1899 by MARY BUCKLER

*Mary Buckler and William Nathaniel Heath ("Narth") were married in Warwickshire and honeymooned at Woodah  
Extracted from Mary's autobiography*

We spent the first day of our honeymoon in Plymouth then to the Bodmin Moors, where Narth had promised years ago to spend his honeymoon. Mrs Runel was a distant cousin of his Mother and had no children of her own. She had always mothered Narth and her constant letters during the years when his character was being formed played a great part in helping him realise that they who commit their way unto the Lord never have cause to regret it.

We arrived at Bodmin Road Station in pouring rain. Mr Runel met us and we drove seven miles across the Moor in an open trap. Hector, the horse, stepped out well, however, and we soon reached Woodah, Warleggan, where the door stood wide open sending a stream of light down the garden path, and a dignified lady stood in the doorway to bid us welcome. Kindly graciousness exuded from her. We were soon seated around the supper table, whilst a glowing peat fire was most welcome after the damp drive.

When we were almost half way through supper, Elizabeth, an elderly woman who had been, for many years, general factotum came in and placed the bedroom candles on the sideboard. Her features were exactly like the pictures of Deborah in Uncle Tom's Cabin and her skin was as dark as a negress. Will 'e be needin' anythin' else, Missis m' Dear?" she asked.

"No, thank you, Elizabeth," replied Mrs Runel.

"Good night, then; don't sit up and get too tired."

Mr Runel's eyes twinkled, with a roguish smile, as he explained that Mrs Runel frequently had heart attacks and was more or less an invalid. Elizabeth was a martinet in looking after her. In a few moments, he had recounted a long list of Elizabeth's peculiarities. "But," he said, "She is worth her weight in gold from a domestic standpoint."

...Turn to page 8

## DEFIBRILLATOR UPDATE

As many of you are aware the defibrillator is now installed in the redundant BT kiosk and is up and running. Following a training evening at the Jubilee Hall with Norman Trebilcock we are now looking for volunteers to step up to the plate. A maximum of 10 people are required to be prepared to pass their name to Norman Trebilcock at [normantrebilcock@btinternet.com](mailto:normantrebilcock@btinternet.com) ; you will need to be able to get to the defibrillator very quickly (notification of an emergency will come to you via a text message on your mobile phone) hence the need for more people in Mount to come forward and be prepared to save a life. There are a few of us in Warleggan who are willing and able to help but we have a logistics problem in that with the best will in the world it could easily take 10 minutes by the time we have got into a car and negotiated the winding road between here and Mount and, with every possibility of meeting traffic or being stuck behind a slow moving tractor, the patient may well have expired by the time we arrive! We are intending to book some more training in CPR technique and use of the defibrillator, although once the machine has been activated there is a recorded voice that talks you through the process (even without the necessary training it would be easy to use), so there is nothing to be nervous about and as a bonus you may well save your neighbours life.

As an aside, Ian and Carole are now selling scratch cards for FLEET at the Village Greens every Friday, every little helps to keep this fantastic service funded.



## WARLEGGAN YOUNG FARMERS' CLUB

are celebrating their 70th Anniversary at the  
**Hotel Bristol, Newquay**

**Saturday 11th February 2017 tickets £28 / head**

All past members, supporters, friends anyone in the community are cordially invited to help celebrate this important milestone

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**to reserve tickets by 7th January**

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## ISHY - BABYSITTING

I have a wide range of experience with children of all ages as I have been volunteering in primary schools and secondary school for six years and am able to deal calmly with all eventualities

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I am 17 and able to drive

Please contact me to find out more information on  
07506396819 [ishy987@hotmail.co.uk](mailto:ishy987@hotmail.co.uk)

## WEEKLY VIEWS FROM THE FIELD

### "life, red in tooth & claw"

**1<sup>ST</sup> December : It was** all hands on deck this week to load up a couple of pigs into the trailer. After a bit of a power struggle, they were persuaded to climb in. It was only afterwards that the fun really started.

Anyone who has a livestock trailer will know that there is a drop down ramp, for the animals to walk up, and two interlocking gates on the inside, so the ramp can be moved while the animals are (supposedly) safely enclosed by the gates.

Not so in this particular case. In all our years on various farms, totalling almost 30, we have never seen a pig jump anything higher than a few inches. Our very own pony pig cleared the trailer gates like a professional steeplechaser, and landed squarely in the yard. Next stop Cheltenham Racecourse. We were a bit taken aback, but after a brief stewards inquiry, it was agreed by all parties that the best place for the pig was back in the trailer with his friend, and he obliged by trotting up the ramp. Before anyone else suggests that we keep him for breeding, the answer is no. It's hard enough to contain our usually docile livestock with the current fences, we do not need to bring in top bloodlines for speed and agility. Pigs really might fly.



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<b>SUNDAY SERVICES</b>	<b>HERE AT</b>	<b>ST BARTHOLOMEW'S</b>
1 <sup>st</sup> SUNDAY	9.30 am	Holy Communion
2 <sup>nd</sup> SUNDAY	3.00 pm	Evening Prayer
3 <sup>rd</sup> SUNDAY	9.30 am	Holy Communion
4 <sup>th</sup> SUNDAY	3.00 pm	Evening Prayer
5 <sup>th</sup> SUNDAY	9.30 am	Holy Communion <b>JOINT SERVICE with St Neot</b>

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***Notes from the Vicarage***

Dear Friends,

Doesn't time fly? It certainly seems to fly faster the older one gets! I am not sure what it is that seems to make the days and months and years get shorter. Perhaps it is busyness, perhaps it is our fussing over the little things and the great, but perhaps it is because we do not let ourselves be still enough, long enough, to notice the world in which we live. A few weeks ago whilst on holiday in Australia, I had need to travel by train along a stretch of coast from a station near Fremantle to Perth. Trains on this line run about every 23 minutes and unfortunately I had not long missed one. I was eager to complete my journey. Initially I was a bit aggravated by having to wait. Then as I sat in the shade I noticed the smell of the ocean. I took a few deep breaths. Then I noticed the sound of the waves breaking on the shore. After a few minutes of savouring the moment I noticed the wild flowers growing in between the tracks, the grains of sand blown into nooks and crannies on the station, the heat haze as I looked down the railway track and others about to make the same journey. Then the train came, and relaxed, I continued my journey.

Generally we are not good at waiting. Unfortunately, most of us have been caught up in the commercial need to celebrate Christmas early. There were Christmas things to rush around and buy, a Christmas tree to put up, Christmas decorations to purchase or resurrect from last year, and pre- Christmas parties to go to. It has been for many a busy time.

Now as the season of Christmas continues to unfold and takes us towards Shrove Tuesday and the beginning of Lent on Ash Wednesday, the 1st March, see if you can grab the quiet moments, sometimes imposed by an unexpected delay, to savour the gifts already given to us and to be found in this place we call home, the people we call friends and family, and the silence that gives us time to think, and to be still to listen to the no small voice within us. Then, with that sense of expectation, like children we will surely continue celebrate.



## WARLEGGAN HISTORY GROUP 2017 PROGRAMME

**22<sup>nd</sup> February** 'Wrecks, Raids & Ambuscades'—C White

**22<sup>nd</sup> March** 'Memories & Sketches of a 20th Century Caradon Miner—Brian Oldham

**26<sup>th</sup> April** 'Trelawne & the Trelawne Family' - Carole Vivian

**24<sup>th</sup> May** Visit TBA

**28<sup>th</sup> June** Guided tour of Trelawne Barton Looe PL13 2NA—hosted by Carole Vivian

**26<sup>th</sup> July** Guided tour of St Austell. Meet at the Museum, Market House, St Austell (opposite Holy Trinity Church) - hosted by Valerie Jacobs

**NO MEETING AUGUST**

**27<sup>th</sup> September** 'Country Houses of Cornwall' - illustrated presentation by Paul Holden of National Trust

**25<sup>th</sup> October** TBA

**22<sup>nd</sup> November** TBA

**NO MEETING DECEMBER**

**APART FROM MAY/JUNE/JULY  
ALL MEETINGS ARE AT THE  
JUBILEE HALL, MOUNT**

## Cardinham Pre-School

Independent committee run pre-school

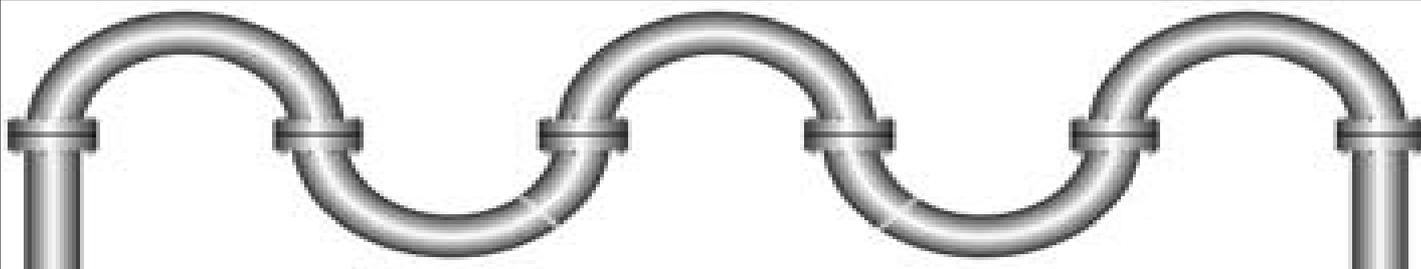
- \* Rated 'good' by Ofsted
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- \* Spaces available
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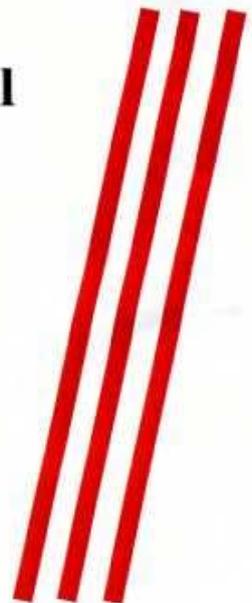
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fruit, vegetables, eggs and meat.

Store cupboard essentials, cards, books and baked  
goods are also available.

The cafe serves home cooked breakfasts, light lunches and hot drinks.  
Further details, including any alterations to opening hours are posted on  
the Warleggan website [www.warleggan.net](http://www.warleggan.net)

She was recounting to Narth next morning that, the previous week, she had been to pay a visit to her sister, who had lived for many years with some friends of his. They had recently built a new home and she explained, her black eyes rolling in a weird way the whilst: "You know, Mr Narth, they'm got a beautiful cimitery before the front door."

"Cemetery! It must be a gloomy place to live in."

"No it bain't."

Mr Runel exploded with laughter: "It's a conservatory she means, Narth."

"No, it bain't," she argued. "Eliza said 'cimitery' and it's full o' the most beautiful flowers," she added with a final snap. Turning to Narth, she went on: "Maister must have his bit o' fun. It's contradictin' he always is. I told him that, at Eliza's, there was a beautiful full moon and he said 'Not half as full as the one at Warleggan.' An' I'll bet a new black lead brush that it was," she added with vehement energy.

I have never been in a house where three people had such decided personalities. There was thoughtfulness and dignity in the Mistress, infectious cheerfulness in the Master and devoted cheerfulness in the maid. Elizabeth was always up at 4 am. The washing was done before the family sat down to breakfast; consequently, there was never any muddle.

My honeymoon was not at all conventional. Mornings were usually spent in the kitchen; all the Cornish dishes my husband liked, I learned to make: Cornish pasty, clotted cream, saffron cake and bun loaf or, as it is called in Cornwall, "Currant bread," and leek pie. Afternoons were spent visiting old friends of my husband's Mother, who seemed to have lived in the vicinity for generations.

That was my first visit to the West but I made friends who have remained friends through all the years. Some have gone to their reward, but there are still a few left who delight to talk of old times and recall jolly events when the ones we loved were still here.

One day, there was the yearly round-up of cattle on Rough Tor, which the men seemed to enjoy exceedingly. They came home tired after a long day in the saddle.

One morning, Mr Runel, Narth and myself went over a tin mine. It was great fun, crawling through tunnels with a candle or scrambling over rocks as high as oneself and finally arriving at the spot where the tin, after being put through the stamps, and looking like mud, is shovelled into a huge tub. It is a good thing the tin stamps have to be erected in the quiet places of the Earth, for the monotonous "thump, thump, thump" would be very wearing if it were next door to a bed-ridden invalid.

The Captain of the mine paid me a great compliment: he said to Narth: "The girl you've married will never sit down calmly by the side of difficulties. She'll climb over them just like she climbed this morning. It's

Very few ladies would have scrambled like she has done today." Considering that I had been brought up with five brothers, a scramble more or less seemed nothing to boast about. Personally, I thought I'd been in clover, as NARTH or Mr Runel were there to give me a hand over the more difficult bits.

Returning from the mine, we met John Trewithin, Mr Runel's hind, carting home a wagon load of faggots to Woodah, to be stacked and used as required on the open hearth fire in the kitchen. It seemed John had been, the previous evening, to a special service at the little Chapel nearby. Mr Runel asked him what kind of a meeting it had been. "Well," replied John, "The Reverend Tregowan spoke about Elijah an' do 'e know, Maister, 'e might ha' 'ad tea with un, 'e seemed to know un zo well."

Never had I spent a holiday in such a charmingly mysterious County, with a quaint, unmistakable "foreign" atmosphere. It is the land of the imaginative Celts, and the land made the Celt-s. Visitors staying at the fashionable Hotels and Boarding Houses along the Coast do not come into contact with the alluring charm which may be found on the Moors. Simply because many parts of the County are being commercialised by outsiders, who fleeces the visitors in a way a genuine Cornish person would scorn to do.

Paying a call at a farm in the Parish of Cardynham gave me another insight as to how Cornish housewives obtain such delectable food. We were admitted into what I once heard a Minister call "the inner Circle", meaning the kitchen. A long table was simply loaded with fruit tarts, huge loaves of bread, about two dozen hefty pasties and, just being fetched out of the clone oven was a large joint of beef, surrounded by baked potatoes. Another member of the family was dishing up kidney beans, into which she ladled several tablespoons of thick clotted cream, which was chopped in with a knife until it had all melted.



Elizabeth took me to see where she stored the butter. It was along the lane, in the bank, with bramble bushes growing thickly all around. A wooden lid was lifted, which brought into view a well of cool, sparkling water. Shelves of Delabole slate were arranged around three sides and Maidenhair and Harts tongue ferns were growing between the cracks, with water like dewdrops trickling down, made it a charming refrigerator. The butter, in round pats, was awaiting the Regrader to pick it up to take to Plymouth Market. "Now, m'Dear, what do 'e think o' that? Wouldn't they folk up along o' Lunnon like a butter shelf like that?"

"They certainly would and I, for one, will always keep its cool atmosphere in mind when the affairs of life incline to flurry me. I'll think of those illuminating dewdrops."

The time to return came all too quickly. When we reached Plymouth, it seemed very strange to see so many men in uniform and, at Bristol, where we had to change, it was even worse; we had difficulty in getting our train. We had not seen a newspaper since coming to Cornwall and knew nothing about disturbing events in South Africa, which had evidently moved rapidly, and troops were embarking as quickly as possible to the Boer War.

*Thanks to Tristan Farnworth for locating this fascinating piece of social history. At that time William & Catherine Runnalls were living at Woodah. Mary got the spelling of the surname slightly wrong.*

### **CYRIL THE PONY**

#### ***Has taken pen to paper once more & decided to update the parish on his life to date***

Older readers will know that some 10 years ago I was orphaned on the Moor ago and subsequently rescued by the estimable Keast family, hence my honoured name - Cyril. Now though for reasons that have escaped me I live in a multi-species commune at Castle Dewey (all very 'new age', it will never work). The humans are odd but generally harmless but I spend a lot of time with the pigs who are the only ones here on my intellectual level. There are two Kune-Kunes, they eat, graze a bit and then sleep for most of the time, the perfect life. Crucially the pigs and I have the same approach to sanitation i.e. do it discretely in a corner of the field then don't go near it again until you have to. Basic common sense you would say but not so – take the cattle, food in one end and straight out the other, willy-nilly. Before you know it they are gawping with a surprised look at the field saying "Urr, I'm not eating that" and demanding to go in the next field, where they do it all over again! The Man is no better, comes round us in the morning, "Morning Old Boy" he says ('He calls me 'Old Boy', are there no mirrors in his house?!'), then it's "Whoops, shouldn't have had that third cup of tea!" and he nips off behind a tree. Shocking example, the pigs are scandalised.

The sheep and the Llama are just as bad and really don't get me on the subject of sheep. Imagine you've got a field the size of Wales, in the middle of the field there is one single bramble and into this field you put one sheep. Sure as eggs next day sheep stuck in bramble. Release her, take her to the other end of 'Wales', next morning stuck in the brambles again. What can you do?

Apparently the Llama was hired to protect the lambs from the fox and to be fair if you were a fox and saw this six foot shaggy article stalking about with his big ears and buck teeth, well you'd think twice. The Man says he's a cross between Cardew Robinson and a rabbit. I've no idea what he's talking about.

Despite my great affinity for the pigs I do of course have to keep a certain distance for social reasons. You see I am a Native Breed and so are, although it pains me to say it, the Dexter Cattle, so it is necessary for us to maintain a certain civility. Not so with the sheep of course who claim ancient lineage but as we all know originally hark from somewhere south of Europe and are frankly a thoroughly bad idea. The Llama is from Peru!

I suppose I should mention that there are four other Shetlands here. Bit of a mixed bag ranging from Heidi who is 33 yrs to Barbara, possibly 5 yrs, who was rescued from the Moor like me but signally fails to live up to her honoured namesake (flighty, shows off disgracefully whenever there's a stallion about on the Moor). She got out briefly some three years ago, the Humans still think she's pregnant. They're really not very bright.



Well, A Prosperous New Year to all my readers and may your hooves never overheat when eating Spring grass.\*

*\*Mine do. They call it laminitis and I have to eat coarse grasses in the woods until the season is over. What a pain!*

**Cyril**

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<b>WARLEGGAN JUBILEE HALL</b>	<b>DIARY OF REGULAR EVENTS</b>
<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
<b>SPECIAL EVENTS</b>	
<b>WEDNESDAY 22<sup>nd</sup> FEBRUARY 7.30pm</b>	History Group 'Wrecks, Raids & Ambuscades'— C White
<b>PARISH LUNCH WEDNESDAY 25<sup>th</sup> JANUARY</b>	12.30pm £4 / Head BOOKING ESSENTIAL 821 494
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