

MOUNT AND WARLEGGAN LIFE

September 2012

Number 73
Non Parishioners 30p

WARLEGGAN JUBILEE HALL "BIG DO IN THE FIELD"

SATURDAY

8th September 12.30 – 5.00pm

Stalls, Raffle, etc

Food, games & stalls from 12.30

(BBQ, Village Greens, Cream Teas)

ANNUAL VEGETABLE, FLOWER & HANDICRAFT SHOW

(Hall opens to general public at 1pm
following judging)

1.00pm Children's Fancy Dress

2.00pm Dog Show

3.30pm Children's Olympics

4.30pm Dog Agility / Obedience Display

5.00pm Prize giving

This is the Hall's main fund raiser for the year

PLEASE SUPPORT THIS EVENT

AN INCOMER'S POTTED HISTORY

(All you wanted to know but were afraid to ask!)

By Andrew Lane

It was only when someone asked me 'Did you work in the City before coming here?' that I suggested to Gill that relative newcomers to the area might think of introducing themselves with a potted biography in the Newsletter. It might at least prevent some unfortunate misapprehensions and as there are a lot of interesting people in the parish we could also be in for some entertainment. Gill happily agreed so here we are with what we hope will be the first of a series of warts and all confessions. Forgive me if I go on a bit!

Liz's life in the Arts started with doing an impromptu theatrical performance on top of a post box during the Edinburgh Festival. Not bad for someone who gets vertigo just stood on the landing. But I'll go no further with this, Liz has a long and exotic story to be told in her own words at another time and frankly I suspect I don't know the half of it.

My own career started sharing a damp static caravan in Argyll in 1975 with an ex-trawlerman's cook and the various oily parts of his Ariel motor-bike. We were working on a small salmon farm in Loch Striven spending our days on the Loch in the driving rain (you think Cornwall's wet?) and our nights in the Glendaruel pub playing darts with shepherds and wondering wistfully if any of our heavily bearded companions might just possibly be female.

In due time the company taught us to dive. Weaned on films of Jacques Cousteau I was dead keen and antici-

pated a glamorous new career and indeed it turned out to be a first step to self employment. But at the time the company's main ambition was to get us diving in the salmon cages to remove any dead fish. Spending long hours in a wet rubber suit smelling of last week's fish supper wasn't an undiluted joy and certainly wasn't going to impress the bearded lady back in the pub.

But then we were moved further North to start a new hatchery on Loch Fyne. In those days before the new Loch Lomond road opened things up a bit this was an even more wild and isolated area than Striven. It was an Edwardian social landscape in many ways like living in an episode of Doctor Finlay but without the diphtheria. Most of the hill land was still in the hands of the old lairds who were generally on their uppers and struggling to keep the slates on the roof. The new hatchery was to be at at Ardkinglas near Inverary, a 12000 acre expanse of mountain, deer, sheep and damp cottages.

Initially this felt like a promotion as I was to have my own private living quarters in an ancient and tiny caravan with cracked windows held together with masking tape and a roof-light that blew off whenever the wind got above Force 5, which was most of the time. There was no running water and the loo was operated with a bucket but when you're young you don't care and it was the simplest thing to stick your head under the hatchery outlet pipe in the morning then jam on the bobble-hat and go about the work with a song in your heart.

We worked like dervishes, cutting

back brush from the riverside, laboriously digging in pipes and happily blowing up old tree stumps whenever the opportunity arose. Actually it was the illicit explosions that ultimately changed my life for ever.

My companion in arms had been keen on pyrotechnics since childhood and persuaded me that we could avoid all the hard labour of digging up tree roots by simply vaporising them. He lived in a cottage up the Glen and there with my naive collusion was set up a small explosives factory. Crystalline weedkiller, various household ingredients, and copper pipe crimped at the end with a hole in the top to take the fuse (normally a rolled up piece of the Daily Record). Drill holes in the tree stump, light the fuse and run like mad. Utter madness really (and please don't try this at home!) we were lucky not to lose a limb and the overall effect was dramatic rather than effective but it certainly made the days go quicker.



(Tractor driving in Warleggan this year is only marginally drier!)

But then came the call from the estate office, could we come up to see the Estate Manager -'At once!' Inevitably the smoke, noise and flying lumps of peat had not met an appreciative audience amongst the locals for most of whom the noisiest thing that ever happened was the distant bleat of a lovelorn Blackface. The Estate Manager was a retired bookkeeper from Clydeside called Bill Smellie (pronounced 'Smylie' and don't you forget it!), a big man anyway but who always seemed to be wearing at least three of his wife's home knitted pullovers - it saved on the heating. Bill wasn't pleased, the community was scandalised, we were shamefaced and not a little humble. A lot of grovelling and the day was saved - just.

Ruminating on this later I thought I had better come clean and go to see the laird himself and assure him that we would never again blow up his arboretum. I was expecting Robert the Bruce, but what I got was a benign blend of Bertie Wooster and Reginald Bosanquet. A lovely man who I was to come to know very well and who never failed to amuse, delight and surprise for the whole of that time. Johnny had been to Eton, then Oxford from where he was 'sent down' for revelling too enthusiastically and for most of the time. A brief career in the City followed where he apparently had 'no idea what I was meant to be doing and not the faintest clue what anybody else did'. He then moved to his first love the wine business, set up two little companies importing from small French vineyards but then went bust when a major customer went to the wall. It was at this point that I met him.

My apologies were blurted out and generously waived aside. Johnny got out a bottle of his favourite Gros Plant from the remaining stock (it

was after 11.00 a.m. so apparently permissible) and our conversation turned to fish. As we chatted in the billiard room of the cavernous and chilly mansion house I surveyed my host. The laird had clearly dressed in the dark and in a hurry, ancient tweed trousers held up with a knotted school tie, odd socks, miraculously mismatching shoes and an ancient fisherman's smock with one tattered collar sticking out like a third ear. The whole arrangement was topped off with an ancient and faded Argyll and Southern Highlanders beret (the Agile and Suffering Highlanders as Johnny remembered them) rather badly arranged on the back of his head

like a chef's hat. Johnny had been briefly conscripted into the regiment in the '50s but the hat looked like it had been through Gallipoli.

The reason I can remember his attire so well is that over the next 30 years I was going to see him dressed in an exactly similar manner on so many occasions both casual and formal. And unbeknown to me at that point Johnny and I were soon to become business partners and friends for the next 30 years.

(Ed. Cannot wait for the next instalment & awaiting Liz's autobiography with baited breath!)

(Just how many oysters can one man eat at a sitting)



WARLEGGAN & CARDYNHAM WOMEN'S INSTITUTE

The speaker at our August meeting was Mrs June Eddy. Aply assisted by her husband, she presented a very interesting slide show of photographs which she had taken over the years of various Church Flower Festivals. June's interest in photography started at a very young age – she was 11 years old when she bought her first camera and then attended evening classes to learn how to use it to its full advantage. She is so obsessive about her photographic hobby that once when she fell over at the Royal Cornwall Show she was more concerned that she had damaged her camera than whether she had damaged herself!

During the presentation June ran a quiz asking members if they could recognise the various Churches in the slides; Mrs Brenda Jory was the winner.

Competition winners— Photograph or postcard of a Church – 1st C Memmory; 2nd M Seymour; 3rd J Tucker. Flower of the month – 1st B Jory; 2nd M Ball; 3rd M Willcock.

Birthdays – M Smeeth / M Harry. Raffle winner – B. Keast. Tea Hostess J Tucker & helpers.

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

CORNWALL AIR AMBULANCE LOTTERY

Carole and Ian Watson have recently taken over the collections for the above and we are actively looking for new members to support this worthy cause. The costs of running this invaluable service now runs at some £30,000 per week and they rely totally on subscriptions

**A VERY HAPPY 90TH BIRTHDAY
TO THE PARISH'S OLDEST
RESIDENT**



**ON 28TH AUGUST
BEST WISHES
CYRIL KEAST**

and donations as there is no Government funding.

Given the geography of the County and the holiday traffic during the peak season an air ambulance is a necessity to enable the patient to be taken to a hospital with the minimum of delay. Prizes are drawn on a weekly basis with the main prize being a £1000 along with several other prizes, both cash and goods. Prizes are sent directly to your home.

I cannot think of a more worthwhile cause. The cost of a weekly ticket is just £1 with an initial one off payment of also just £1 to cover set up costs. Both of us are normally at the Village Green shop on a Friday and we would be delighted to welcome any new members. If you do not normally make use of this facility then please contact either Carole or Ian on the following number and we would be delighted to visit you to discuss this in the comfort of your home. Tel: 01208 821844

CHURCH OF ENGLAND SUNDAY SERVICES FOR SEPTEMBER 2012

	ST. NEOT		WARLEGGAN		
2.ix.2012	11.00am	Holy Communion	9.30am	Holy Communion	2.ix.2012
9.ix.2012	11.00am	Morning Prayer	3.00pm	Evening Prayer	9.ix.2012
16.ix.2012	11.00am	Holy Communion	9.30am	Morning Prayer	16.ix.2012
23.ix.2012	8.00am	Holy Communion	3.00pm	Evening Prayer	23.ix.2012
	11.00am	Harvest Festival followed by Holy Communion			
30.ix.2012	8.00am	Holy Communion	9.30am	Holy Communion	30.ix.2012
	11.00am	Group Service at Cardynham	11.00am	Group Service at Cardynham	

CHURCH OF ENGLAND SUNDAY SERVICES FOR OCTOBER 2012

	ST. NEOT		WARLEGGAN		
7.x.2012	11.00am	Holy Communion	9.30am	Holy Communion	7.x.2012
14.x.2012	8.00am	Holy Communion	3.00pm	Evening Prayer	14.x.2012
	11.00am	Morning Prayer			
	6.30pm	Evening Prayer			
21.x.2012	8.00am	Holy Communion	9.30am	Holy Communion	21.x.2012
	11.00am	Holy Communion			
28.x.2012	8.00am	Holy Communion	3.00pm	Evening Prayer	28.x.2012
	11.00am	Family Service and Holy Communion			

NEWS FROM CARDINHAM

Saturday Sept 1st Annual Flower and Veg Show in the Parish Hall

See notice boards, www.cardinhamgardening.co.uk

or contact Libby Pidcock on 821303

Wednesday Sept 19th: Gardening Club Visit to Agatha Christie's garden, Greenway. Additional info as above.

Saturday Sept 22nd Curry Night in the Parish Hall

Saturday Oct 6th Fish & Chips & Quiz. 7pm Parish Hall

Monday Oct 22nd Gardening Club Talk - "Curious Corners of Cornwall". 7.30pm Parish Hall

Saturday Oct 27th Film - "Best Exotic Marigold Hotel". 7pm Parish Hall

ST NEOT POST OFFICE Located in the Pavilion in the playing field
Each Monday and Wednesday 9.00 am—noon & Friday Noon - 3.00pm

SEPTEMBER 2012

Porridge has always been part of my life. My surname is a Scots name and my family have always had porridge for breakfast. Just recently, I have noticed how the price of oats seems to have risen. You also may be noticing how some of our staple food stuffs are going up in price. But if this means that farmers are getting the proper reward for their labours, then we should not complain. We need to maintain a thriving agricultural sector in our economy; after all, we are an island. And this is a natural time of the year to give thanks for our food and for all those who keep the supply of good food going. Harvest Festivals provide an annual opportunity for our gratitude. It is remarkable just how joyful an occasion a harvest festival always is, not just because of the familiar and well-loved hymns, but also, I believe, because usually everyone contributes something to the service. Most touching of all are those shoe boxes of goods put together by children, especially when the contents have come **from the child's own garden. The sacrifice of something precious, given** freely and with the intent of helping others, is mysteriously creative – it brings joy. If you let go of something for the sake of others, you may well find a secret reward and a lightening of spirit.

We are blessed with plentiful food, even if prices do seem to be going up and up. We need to remember how fortunate we are to be so well fed and how dependent we are on others, and on the settled and well organised nature of our society. There is so much that we may begin to take for granted. Please try each day to give thanks to God for our daily bread, and pray for those who provide it. **Andrew**

AN ELECTRIC EVENING

The tension was mounting in Mount. Would there be war in Warleggan? Convoys of vehicles were converging on the village hall, parish citizens were marching to the battleground, along with volunteers mobilised from St Neot, Cardinham and beyond. Never mind the Olympics, here was where the action would be.

It was soon standing room only in the hall. The clock ticked slowly on... 7.26. 7.27. 7.28... At the far end sat the parish chairman and her clerk, armed with nothing but papers, and with nothing to shield them but the table in front of them. In front of them a sea of faces. Behind them, the emergency exit. No football-style segregation here, no safety barriers, no G4S security guard at the door.

Tick tick. It was 7.30. An expectant chatter and then "Quiet please". A few 'shushes' and gradually the hubbub subsided.

DING. The first bout was to begin. Two heroes from Ocean Housing stood up, one of them brandishing a shield intriguingly decorated with a drawing of ten houses in a field.

They placed their shield to one side, and, safe in the knowledge that the kitchen was only just a couple of feet behind them should they need to seek refuge, they started to speak. (...continued over)

...Within minutes, the first salvo was fired from just in front of them; then **another from a few rows back... But the Queensbury rules were followed...** and they looked like they might just **survive...**

The plan was simple: they wanted to build ten houses in a field. On one **side there'd be two 2-bedroom houses** (numbered 1 and 2 on their illustrated shield), and two 3-bedroom houses (3 and 4). Opposite them would be a trio of 3-bedroom houses (5,6,7) and a trio of 2-bedroom houses (8,9,10). Of the 10 houses, 4 would be open market and 6 would be affordable. Of the affordable homes, 3 would be for rent and 3 for shared ownership. Naturally, everyone instantly understood.

'But we agreed six houses,' a voice called out from the ranks. The two bravely stood their ground; with cut-backs in grants, they explained, funding was short. So, to save money, instead of six houses, they would have to build ten. Of course, that made perfect sense, anyone could see.

'Waagh,' cried the crowd, **'we want six, we want six'. 'Ten'. 'Six'. 'Ten'. 'Six'. 'Think of the traffic,'** said one. **'What about the sewage?' asked another? 'Save the hedgerow' pleaded another. 'What about flooding?' asked another. 'What happened to the community area?'**

The pair stepped back towards that kitchen door. Would they take cover? Might they make a run for the emergency exit? Everyone watched.

DING. All too soon, the referee had **called 'time'. The 'sixes' had won, she** declared. The two valiant defenders were allowed to withdraw; they may not have won, but they had survived.

DING. Round Two. This would be the big one, the turbine question. In the blue corner at the far end, stood the applicant. Towards the front, in the red corner, the opposition was readying for battle. The referee reminded everyone of the rules of the planning game, and made it clear that only rate-paying Warlegganites were allowed to participate.

The blue corner struck first, and the crowd watched agog as volley after volley flew across the ring: the situation of the farmer, the carbon footprint, renewable energy, the need for electrical power, the need to meet the expectations of environmentally conscious clients, the economics, local employment and the technical wonders of the E-3120 turbine.

The red corner then replied with its own volleys: there was the visual impact, the noise impact, the impact from infrasound, the impact on wildlife; this was an Area of Outstanding Natural Beauty; the surveys done were insufficient; the community had not been properly consulted; a house-to-house survey had found most people were against the proposal. Others joined in, with arguments for and against - the atmosphere was electric. As the referee struggled to be heard at the back, she made use, perhaps for the first time since the parish acquired it, of the sound amplification system. His name was Andy.

The red corner proposed a resolution, which was both seconded and opposed, to recommend to the planning committee that the application be opposed, and to recommend that, **whatever the committee's decision, the council be asked to consider this proposal only after the new county's**

(... continued over)

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WARLEGGAN JUBILEE HALL
ANNUAL VEGETABLE, FLOWER
& HANDICRAFT SHOW

(part of Warleggan Parish's

"BIG DO IN THE FIELD")

SATURDAY 8th September

All entries to be in the Hall either

Friday evening before 8pm

OR Saturday before 10.30am

PROMPT—PLEASE

(Hall opens to general public at 1pm)

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(... an '**ELECTRIC EVENING**' continues) ...policies had been finalised. It was agreed there should be a vote – but only the Warlegganites amongst the crowd would be eligible to show their hands.

All those in favour? Hands went up and down; there was confusion. Since the resolution was to reject the application, it was explained that those who were in favour of it should reject it, and those who were against it were in favour of it. Now that everyone understood, the vote was carried out. **There were 35 in favour. No, there were 36. ... 35 ... 36. A hand in the third row was going up and down. Bizarrely it seemed there was still one person who wasn't crystal clear what the question was.**

Then there was a show of hands for those opposed to the resolution. The totals were announced: 36 in support (i.e. against it), and 9 opposing (i.e. in favour of it).

After a further few bouts for and against the turbine application, the referee called time, and invited the planning sub-committee to come to the front to discuss and vote on the application itself. Around the top table, the discussions began. The crowd fell silent, anxious not to miss a word from on high. Occasionally, there would be pauses in the conversation, and you could have heard a pin drop; you could almost have heard the swish of a distant turbine blade, it was that quiet.

Finally, but finally, the vote was carried out: two in favour of the application, three against, and two abstentions. The end of an electric meeting.

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WARLEGGAN JUBILEE HALL	DIARY OF REGULAR EVENTS
Monday	Pilates Fit Beginners 9.30am– 10.30am Pilates Beginners 10.45am-11.45pm Warleggan Young Farmers' Club Weekly Meeting 7.30 pm
Tuesday	WI 1st Tuesday 2.00pm
Wednesday	4th Wednesday History Group 7.30pm (unless stated otherwise)
Friday—weekly	Village Greens Friday Shop 9.00 –4.00
	SPECIAL EVENTS
History Group An evening of information and discussion on the houses (old and new) in Mount Village and their occupants over the centuries. All welcome to hear the history of your home including any contributions you may be able to make with stories or photographs.	Wednesday 26th September 7.30pm THE HISTORY OF THE HOUSES & PEOPLE OF MOUNT VILLAGE

USEFUL TELEPHONE NUMBERS

CHAIRMAN PARISH MEETING

Pat Phillipps 821638

CHAIRMAN READING ROOM

Robert Jory c/o 821127

John Jory 821360

CHAIRMAN JUBILEE HALL

David Flynn 821351

RECTOR

Andrew Balfour 01579 320472

CHURCH WARDEN

Pat Phillipps 821638

ST NEOT/CARDINHAM PRE-SCHOOL

Di Bearne 821179

BOOKINGS JUBILEE HALL

Henry Jory 821127

CHAPEL STEWARDS

Shirley Jory 821360

Pauline Worth 821371

SECRETARY WI

Brenda Jory 821127

WARLEGGAN YFC

Denzil Alford 01579 320318

CORNWALLCOUNCILLOR

Derris Watson 01579 347632

Derris.Watson@btinternet.com

Mount & Warleggan Life Magazine

Gill Keast 01208 821494 or

gillikeast@aol.com

MOUNT CHAPEL

The total sum donated in lieu of birthday gifts at John Jory's 80th was £350 which was given to the Leprosy Mission. Thanks to all who gave so generously.

Annual Sankey Evening—Friday 14th September 7.00 pm. Faith Supper to follow

Harvest Festival—Sunday 14th October 11.00 am & 6 pm—preacher Rev Robert Saunders.

Monday 15th October 7.15 pm—preacher David Wenmouth—sale of produce and Faith Supper.

Everyone most welcome to all of these events.