

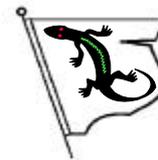
# Lizard Peninsula Heritage Trust

*An environmental charity dedicated to the recognition, protection, enhancement and enjoyment of the Lizard Peninsula*

Friends of the Lizard 1997-2006

Newsletter No 53 October 2012

Registered Charity No 1092934



Patron: Jill Morison DL

**This year's Annual General Meeting will be at 7.00 for 7.30pm on Tuesday 6 November and will again be held at Mawgan Village Hall. The guest speaker will be Lesley Suddes, ex naval weather forecaster, & Radio Cornwall weather presenter. Refreshments will be available. AGM papers are included with the Newsletter.**

## Subscriptions & Gift Aid Are you a tax payer?

Subscription renewals were due on 1 April and, as members have already been informed, they remain unchanged at £6 for an individual or £9 for two adults at the same address. In recent years, we have continued to achieve very high renewal rates, sometimes at 100% renewal of the previous year. We are hoping to continue these success rates and, in addition, already have several new members. Approximately 17% of our members have paid a 'Life' subscription and, of the remainder, a further 68% pay by Standing Order, which is easier for both them and us. If you are one of the 10 members who is not a Life Member, nor someone who pays by Standing Order, and have not already paid by cheque, there should be a reminder and renewal slip with this Newsletter. Please continue to support us.

The Gift Aid option significantly increases our income, without any extra cost to our Members, and without any intrusion into their tax affairs. We have been pleased with the response and have received significant refunds from HMRC. However, very many more could tick the box that would allow us to claim the extra from the Inland Revenue. You will notice that the renewals slip includes a simple tick box for you to agree. We have to say that we find it a mystery why every tax-paying member does not agree to this simple facility; there really is no reason why all members who are tax payers should not tick the box.

## A Message from the Chairman

Accompanying this Newsletter you will find information on our AGM. I look forward to seeing as many of you as possible at Mawgan Village Hall on Tuesday 6 November 2012. We have had a varied and successful Events Programme this year which I hope you have enjoyed. I would like to thank everybody involved with organising these events and in particular the leaders of the various walks. Your Committee is now starting to plan our events for next year and would be pleased to have any ideas from our members. Please E-mail me (address below) or contact any Committee member.

Geoff Blackman  
geoff.blackman@yahoo.co.uk

## Messing about in boats

It is said that a drowning man will grasp at a straw but, if he were to be in trouble around the Lizard coast, an infinitely better proposition would soon be ploughing through the seas to his rescue, namely the "RNLB Rose". This beauty of a lifeboat, with a top speed of 25 knots (18 even in a strong wind), first graced our shores last year, and a group of us met at Kilcobben this September to learn more about her.



RNLB Rose

Peter Greenslade, the local V&E (Visits and Education) Officer for the RNLB, was a familiar face to many of us, having been the first Chairman of Friends of the Lizard, and he gave us a brief history of the Lizard lifeboat. There has been one such since 1859, first kept on the Todden at Polpeor, then on the beach, before the Polpeor slipway (now a familiar ruin) was built. At one stage there were seven stations on the peninsula (Porthoustock, Coverack, Cadgwith, Church Cove, Mullion, Porthleven and Polpeor), all rowing/sailing boats but, as motors were gradually introduced, the boats could travel further and thus fewer bases were needed.

The station at Kilcobben was built and a new boat, the "Duke of Cornwall", introduced in 1961, at a cost of a mere £90,000. This was launched by the Duke of Edinburgh, who duly quipped that this was the second time in his life that he had had a hand in launching a Duke of Cornwall (rather a risqué joke at the time!). Today's station cost slightly more - over £2,500,000, a very large proportion of which (£1.5 million) was donated by a lady from Salcombe, called Rose. The boat is a Tamar class, unsinkable when all the hatches are battened down, and we were informed that our new station is the best in the whole of the country. You can say that again!

Our band split into two groups, and we were the first aboard the boat, to receive a conducted tour from Andrew Putt, the present coxswain. What an experience! It was rather like stepping aboard a marine version of the Starship Enterprise. She is run by computer, naturally, but with manual override if necessary, and everywhere we looked there were computer screens, switches, knobs, cables, flashing lights and a special seat for every crew member. The helmsman sits in front, the mechanic behind him, coxswain in the middle, radar operator on the right, and the navigator at the back in the "sleepy seat". All the seats are sprung, so are very comfortable, but they do have one disadvantage, as Andrew explained. The occupant cannot get the feel of the boat through such good springing, so there is no "seat-of-the-pants" sailing. Luckily, with such computerised equipment, it is seldom needed, but there goes another tradition.

Climbing further steep steps down from the cockpit to below-decks, we passed the galley (the most important part of the ship, said Andrew!), and two rows of seats which could strap in about twenty rescued souls. The majority of RNLI rescues these days are tow-ins, where the souls stay aboard their own craft while it is being towed but, if one or two people *are* taken on board, they are kept above-decks, as it is not very pleasant down here in the bilges - although, given the choice, I'd rather be seasick here than getting waterlogged outside. Stepping through a small portal, we encountered yet more Star Trek equipment, one member of our party saying she was going to keep her hands in her pockets as she was afraid of inadvertently touching something!

Questions were fired at Andrew and he got an A\* for giving all the right answers, as follows:

There are 21 people on the crew list, plus 10 on-shore launchers, but it is getting ever more difficult to find enough volunteers.

Training is on-going. Ages range from 17 (with parents' permission) to 55 or 60.

The coxswain and mechanic are employed full time, the rest are volunteers.

The minimum crew required is 5.

When a rescue is needed, the Falmouth Coastguard alerts the coxswain who pages the other members. This procedure is known as a "shout" because this is what used to happen, one member legging it round the village and yelling his head off to alert the rest of the crew. They aim to get the boat launched in 15 minutes, and she is capable of travelling 100 miles in 3 hours.



RNLB Rose in action

Back "on shore" with Peter, we were given a tour of the lifeboat house, starting with the gear room where hundreds of very heavy lifebelts, and countless jackets, helmets and pairs of boots resided; then there was the workshop for basic repairs; and the crew room complete with table and chairs, kitchen area and magnificent sea views; they could easily raise a few extra funds by holiday letting the premises! Then it was down to the second level and the LOM's (Lifeboat Operations Manager) office; the crew meeting room; the shore-crew room; and the engine room with amazingly silent generator. The building uses a heat exchange system whereby 60% of the energy used comes from the sea. This truly is a magnificent building, worthy of its precious occupant, and we were all mightily impressed

with RNLB Rose and everything else we were shown that morning. Our thanks to Peter, Andrew and all those brave lads and lasses who venture out onto the restless waves, risking their lives to save others.

*Jane Grierson*

### **Heath, Cliff and Weathering Heights, or The Blasted Quarry Visit**

In case any of our readers gained the impression, from previous Newsletters, that the LPHT is all about food, allow me to persuade you otherwise. On a Saturday in July several of us met at Roskilly's and no-one even mentioned ice-cream, tea or cake. Instead, we drove to nearby Dean Quarry where we were ushered through gates unlocked by geologist Dr Peter Ealey, and transported to a magical world.



Quarry walk

Old quarry ... magical world? What am I talking about? Well, this former enterprise, opened in about 1901 to produce road-stone, has become uneconomical, mothballed by its owners, and is now an SSSI. Ma Nature has taken over, and a strange, almost surreal, peace descended upon us as we walked through the quiet paths which once echoed to the blasts of dynamite and the rumble of machinery and traffic. The botanically-minded among us (i.e. all except our vice president) gloried in the swathes of tufted vetch, self-heal and hemp agrimony, while the scent of buddleia hung in the air all around. We were brought firmly back to earth, or rock, by Peter, who said we could examine

the flora on the way back up, when we would be glad of an excuse to pause on the steep hill; for now, this was a geology outing.



Dean Quarry

This is the finest site in the UK, bar none, for a certain class of minerals, and Peter showed us just a few of the zeolites found during quarrying. These crystalline chunks, formed 350 million years ago, looked mighty impressive to us, but Peter said they were merely the tiniest of samples. Walking on, we rounded a corner to be confronted by a setting for a prehistoric drama: soaring cliffs, with sections of gabbro, a stone even harder than granite. Similar rock formations, when the surrounding earth was eroded over millions of years, formed tors, or, when swept towards the sea, made Lowland Point.

Most of London's roads are covered with gabbro in the form of chippings, but it also forms a very rich soil and was spread in the fields in days gone by, and also used in pottery. Now teasels, evening primrose and rosebay willow herb sprout from its depths ... sorry, I strayed back to the flora there, but it was so beautiful! Down we meandered, past the old weighing station, to be greeted by a fabulous sunlit view of the mirror-calm sea, complete with resident seal, plus an old, disused wharf – even this did not seem out of place, having somehow grown into its environment over the decades. In the distance were the infamous Manacles, now a mile off shore, but twenty million years ago a cliff edge that stretched all along the coastline, plummeting to seventy metres in the main channel. Peter showed us a slightly less ancient picture, taken in 1898 when the S.S. Mohegan was wrecked on the Manacles. It seemed strange to see the rocky coastline with fields in the background; there would be no quarry for another two or three years.

A few yards further on we took a right turn to a purpose-built viewing area from where we could see the old quarry workings – now a lake. Peter allowed himself a lapse into botany to tell us that the lake is home to very rare pondweeds called charophytes (“pleasure of the water” for wannabe Greek scholars), or stoneworts. Then it was down through the verbiage to Lowland Point itself, the boulder-filled precincts proof of its origin as a block field from the last Ice Age, when the ice carved the rocks from the hinterland and it all slid downhill to land on the beach.

(That's the un-scientific version, and I accept no responsibility for any technical errors herein!). Also formed were tons of “loess”, windblown dust that used to be dug out for casting “sand” and taken by horse and cart along a zig-zag path up the hill and on to the foundries at Hayle. Now the loess forms mini cliffs here and there, where Solitary Bees make nesting holes. Also on the beach were some most unusual brown “pebbles”, actually iron ore from a 1932 shipwreck. At the time, most of this was snapped up by local folk rushing to the beach to salvage and sell it, but there are still a few reminders here and there.

There was more, much more, for Peter was a veritable font of knowledge, but I will admit to being occasionally distracted simply by the sunshine and beautiful surroundings. We've had such a long, long winter, that it was bliss just to be out and about again. Our thanks to Peter for ensuring that we learned a little on our travels too.

*Jane Grierson*

### **Cornwall's airship**

Continuing my research into the recent military history of the Lizard revealed the story of airships flying from Mullion during World War 1. One of the most lethal weapons during this war was the *Untersseeboot*, the German U Boat Submarine. On one day alone on 12 March 1915 the U29 sank three British merchant ships off the Isles of Scilly. In response to this threat (incidentally a threat which reappeared in World War 2), a network of airship stations was created around much of the British coastline by the Royal Naval Air Service. These airships could stay aloft for many hours, carried bombs and had radio contact with surface vessels attacking the U Boats. One such location chosen was the Lizard and, in June 1916, Royal Naval Air Station Mullion was established on land belonging to the Bonython Estate near Cury. RNAS Mullion became the centre of airship operations around the Cornish coast and over the south-west of England. A huge shed was erected over 300 feet long to house the airships as well as other support buildings. Accommodation for officers and men comprised draughty wooden and corrugated iron huts.

The Coastal Class Airships based at Mullion were heavily armed for those days and battles with U Boats ensued. However, it seems the main advantage of the airships was as a deterrent so that U Boats were reluctant to surface and risk being spotted. They needed to surface to recharge their batteries.

These airships only had one engine and a later model, the SSZ, lost engine power one day in September 1917 and drifted across the channel before making a forced landing safely in France. As a result of this incident, officers at Mullion began designing a new airship with 2 engines and christened it the Mullion Twin. She made her maiden flight in March 1918 and, despite one or two crashes, the trials were considered successful! This airship was used in the testing of new acoustic equipment to detect U Boats and also saw some action against U Boats before the Armistice in November 1918 brought the war to an end. The Mullion Twin performed the station's last airship flight on 25 January

1919 and those airships which had survived the war were disposed of. The site was abandoned in the summer of 1919.

Sadly, the Mullion Twin was dismantled, her engines taken away and probably the rest of her was scrapped. Other bases established by the RNAS in Cornwall during the war were also closed by 1919 including Newlyn, Padstow and the Isles of Scilly. However, the RNAS re-established itself in 1947 after another war with the building of RNAS Culdrose which, of course, is still there.

*Geoff Blackman*

### **The Open Garden: Jane's Jottings**

*The joint-charities Open Garden Day, when Bodlowen was opened for the benefit of the Lizard Trust and the National Coastwatch Institution (Nare Point), was a great success with about 100 visitors. Entrance charges, refreshments and plant sales produced a nett profit of nearly £500, subsequently divided equally between the two organisations.*

*Gill & I would like to thank the many volunteer helpers, in the garden and in the kitchen, who helped the event run so smoothly and who so generously donated cakes and plants for sale. In particular, Lesley Suddes from NCI for her advanced publicity and for ensuring (as a radio Cornwall "weather-girl") such fine weather in Coverack on the day, while it rained everywhere else !*

*David Richardson*

I have to say that I have never seen a garden like it. So carefully planned, so lovingly designed, such a professional finish. But, enough about David's concreting; the star gardener of Bodlowen is Gill, and how she finds time to do anything else is beyond me. Everything was perfect, even in this winter of a summer that we have been experiencing.

Gill was just seeing off a gatecrasher as we arrived – our dear Tilly dog, who had escaped from the car while we were busy unloading a willow tree (as one does). Tilly had smelled the cake stall and was heading determinedly in that direction, but Gill headed her off at the pass, and I reinstalled her in the car with a biscuit (that's Tilly, not Gill).

My friend, Cynthia, and I very much enjoyed our agrarian afternoon, ending our visit by perusing the stalls and buying some plants to take home. She found a beautiful fuchsia with a most unusual name, and seemed quite unfazed when I emailed her the next day to ask if she had decided yet where to plant her Hot Lips.

We had also taken a lead from Tilly, as it were, and headed for the cake stand, where a husband who shall remain nameless sold us each a plate of cup cakes for a bargain price. "Don't tell your wife," I cautioned. "I'm sure you've underpriced them and she'll give you hell up!" With that I turned round to find said wife standing behind me, fortunately with a big smile on her face, so I think we got away with it.

The cakes disappeared within minutes, once I got home, but my new baby lavender plants will, I hope, survive the Lizard winters (and summers) to remind me of a most enjoyable afternoon.

*Jane Grierson*

### **The places we live and their Cornish meanings**

#### **5 Gunwalloe Area**

Gunwalloe	Derived from the sixth century Breton Saint Winwaloe
Chyanvounder	House by the cattle track
Halzephron	Hell Cliff
Berepper	Fine retreat
Polgrean	Gravel pits
Anhay	The enclosure

*Lynda Blackman*

### **The Story of the SS Suevic**

Living on the Lizard, we are all aware of the marvellous work done by the RNLI and it is worth remembering that the largest rescue ever carried by the RNLI off the coast of Britain was indeed at the Lizard. The Suevic was a White Star liner, sailing from Melbourne to Liverpool in March 1907, carrying 382 passengers and 141 crew. On the night of 17 March, due to navigational errors, the ship ran aground at full speed onto rocks off Lizard Point. Captain Jones attempted to reverse off the rocks but was unable to do so. He ordered distress flares to be fired and then the RNLI carried out its rescue mission which became the biggest in the long and proud RNLI history. RNLI Lifeboats from Lizard, Cadgwith, Coverack and Porthleven rescued all on board including 70 babies. The operation took 16 hours to complete and a total of six Silver RNLI Medals were awarded afterwards.

However that isn't the end of the story of the Suevic. After an initial attempt to refloat the ship had failed, White Star decided to split the vessel in two with dynamite explosions. The bow section was left to break up on the rocks while the relatively undamaged stern section was towed by tugs to Southampton. A new bow section was built in Belfast, joined to the stern and the ship returned to service. As well as being involved in the largest ever rescue, the Suevic was at that time the largest rebuild of a ship. During the First World War she was on active service and continued to steam the route to Australia until 1928. White Star then sold her and she became a Norwegian whaling ship renamed the Skytteren.

The ship was interned in Gothenburg in neutral Sweden in 1940. Eventually, in April 1942, 10 Norwegian ships in Gothenburg attempted to escape to British-controlled waters where warships were waiting to offer protection. However, the Swedes would not allow this and their ships steered the Norwegians towards German warships. Only two ships escaped and, of the rest, six were sunk. One of these was the Skytteren which was scuttled in the waters off Masekar, Sweden. Her crew became prisoners of war.

The wreck still lies in the waters and this is the final resting place of the Suevic 35 years after the drama off the Lizard.

Geoff Blackman

### Cornwall Council By-election result

The death of Cllr Pam Lyne, reported in our last Newsletter, created a vacancy on Cornwall Council for the constituency of St Keverne & Meneage. A by-election was held on 20 September 2012. Here are the votes cast for each of the four candidates:

Walter Norman Sanger (Conservative)	585
Nicholas David Driver (Liberal Democrat)	279
Sandy Martin (UKIP)	141
Steven Frederick Richards (Labour)	52

Electorate 3696; Postal votes issued 612; Postal votes included in count 354; Turnout 28.76%.

Walter Sanger was duly elected. We will send him complementary copies of our Newsletters, as we do for all Cornwall Council members who represent our area.

David Richardson

### With Closed Eyes

Picasso once said, "To draw, you must close your eyes and sing," and, observing his productions, one could be forgiven for thinking he did just that. Personally, I preferred Richard Cook's offerings, *With Closed Eyes*, the September exhibition at Kestle Barton; and I suspect we all preferred the gardens even more. Mr Cook was showing seven watercolours, and two huge oil paintings, all of which had a certain ... *je ne sais quoi* and a certain price which I also didn't *sais quoi* and didn't ask. A group of us gazed upon them for a few minutes, and various murmurings were heard, including one that mentioned "five year olds"; I cannot think what this meant.



Kestle Barton from the gardens

However, intriguing as the exhibition might be, the real attraction at Kestle is the garden. Bursting with colour and humming with insects, it is a haven for wildlife and people alike. Winding paths lead one hither and yon, and at every turn there is something new to catch your eye: a butterfly encrusted verbena, a sedum alive with buzzing bees, a globe artichoke popping up in the middle of a flower bed, a beady-eyed robin perched on

a gate, or a healthy looking crop of runner beans in the vegetable plot bearing an "eat me" notice. Well, *something* enticed John to take a quick sample. And he wasn't the only one helping himself. Someone, who shall remain nameless, was giving Mother Nature a helping hand by pocketing a few seeds to sow back home - only to have their sins find them out when searching for a handkerchief later and all the contents of their pocket spilled onto the ground. Much mirth ensued at the tea table (Kestle has a lovely help-yourself tea/coffee/cake shed, but elbow your way to the front of the queue if you want the lemon cupcakes).

The garden is also used as an extension to the exhibition hall, and the first thing to greet us outside was a flock of plastic birds on sticks; this might sound déclassé, but they were actually very pretty, and closer inspection showed them to be made of glass. Another bend, another exhibit – a cheesecloth blouse draped upon a wooden stand. How odd! I thought, before looking more closely again and finding that this, too, was a skilful glass production. Other offerings followed, some attractive, some less so, but my favourite was a stone laid at the front of a flower bed, inscribed with a saying from St Augustine: *Solvitur ambulando* (It is solved by walking). *Illud iterum dicere potes!* (You can say that again!)

Jane Grierson

### Civic Voice responds to latest planning reforms

Civic Voice, the national organisation for the civic movement, has responded to the Government's planning proposals published recently.

Paula Ridley, Chairman, said "We are concerned that, after an extensive debate and a thorough review of the planning system over the past year, leading to the introduction of the new National Planning Policy Framework, the Government has chosen to make further changes on an ad-hoc basis to the system which may well result in damaging not just the green belt, but other places and settings of our most attractive buildings, ancient and modern. We welcome the increased investment in housing and infrastructure and we recognise the need to get the economy moving, but we think that short-term measures to rush proposals through the planning system will be counter-productive".

Since its formation in 2010, Civic Voice has been campaigning for a fairer planning system that balances economic, environmental and social issues more equally in order for communities to be able to secure the development that meets their needs. Civic Voice rejects the notion that good planning is a brake on the economy. On the contrary, the best designed places are also the most economically successful. The barrier to house building arises from borrowing restrictions and economic uncertainty, not planning. Investors need certainty and introducing uncertainty through sudden changes to planning has negative consequences.

Civic Voice's primary concern is for "everyday England" – the local neighbourhoods, buildings, town centres

and views of daily life for the vast majority of people. Their interest in this is proved time and again in their interest and involvement not just in Heritage Open Days, but in the places where they live. The moratorium on planning consent on extensions will be of little economic gain but has the potential to create conflicts between neighbours and destroy any notion of the Big Society.

*David Richardson*

## The Girl in the Garden

There has been a suspected murder at Housel Bay Hotel. This has featured in the local papers and on television, and you might have heard local gossip about it. No? Well, I wouldn't be too surprised, since it all happened a while back. Sixty nine years to be precise.



Housel Bay Hotel from the Coastal Footpath

In the early 1940's, Housel Bay was requisitioned and used as a billet for army troops, then later on for RAF personnel. The station was commanded by Flying Officer William Croft who, presumably, led a blameless life with his wife and two children, and kept the station running like clockwork.

Then, some time in 1943, all that changed. Along came a WAAF Radar Plotting team, who were stationed at nearby Penolver but billeted in the hotel. What a wonderful place to work in! The girls must surely have considered themselves extremely lucky.

Things were about to get even better for one of the team, Joan Lewis, aged thirty eight or nine and single, for she met William Croft and they fell in love. Things would not have stayed rosy for long, however. One imagines that they did their best to hide the affair but, as always in such cases, it eventually became common knowledge. Senior officers stepped in, and it was arranged for Joan to be transferred to Devon.

Who knows when the transfer was due to take place? Perhaps the day was looming, when, on 16 October 1943 in the early hours of the morning, a shot was heard coming from the summerhouse in the hotel gardens. Then a second shot, and Croft was seen leaving the summerhouse. He went straight to the duty officer and reported that he had killed Joan. She had been shot twice – once through the heart.

At the subsequent trial, Croft claimed that the two of them had had a suicide pact, but that it had gone wrong, for, after shooting Joan, he had tried to kill himself but, on this third occasion, the gun jammed. The jury rejected the suicide pact and Croft was found guilty of murder. He was sentenced to be hanged, but this was reduced to life imprisonment.

It is easy to romanticise this tale; it would not be the first suicide pact between star-crossed lovers. But there remain several factors to consider. First, the jury was not convinced, and one assumes that they had good reason; second, how often does a gun jam, and could it not have been checked out afterwards to see if Croft's version was true? Did he just suffer a fit of cowardice (remembering that it would not exactly be a simple, everyday task to shoot a loved one at point blank range) when it was time to turn the gun on himself? Did he kill Joan to silence her, in case she revealed all to his wife hoping that divorce would follow?

There might be answers to these questions, for the case was widely reported in the press at the time, and perhaps research could turn up the details of the trial. There was also a television programme shown in January 2003, a Jack Shepherd episode called "Murder Most Foul". Finally, Dr Dennis Hocking, Cornwall's pathologist at the time of the crime, includes an account of it in his book "Bodies and Crimes" (available on Amazon for 1p).

This is not the end of the sad tale, however. Dr Hocking tells of a strange sequel. A practising medium staying at the Housel Bay Hotel in October 1978 claimed that she saw and spoke to the girl, who said that she was waiting for her lover to join her, as he had promised when they made their suicide pact.

The following August, another guest, an artist, told the hotel's proprietor, Tom Stanley, that he had seen a young woman in RAF uniform sitting in the gardens and looking out to sea. The artist remarked particularly on the uniform, wondering why young people of today would want to dress up in clothes from WWII. He saw the girl the next day too, and this time Tom Stanley went to see for himself, but he found the garden seat empty.

This happened yet again on the following day, and although Tom thought he was having his leg pulled, and could see no sign of any girl in the gardens, the artist was adamant – and produced a sketch he had made to prove it.

Alfred Mesropians, the current owner of the hotel, tells me that Joan's spirit or ghost has been seen in the hotel by a number of people over the years – people who had no previous knowledge of the case at all.

*With kind permission from Alfred Mesropians,  
August 2012*

*Jane Grierson*

## Bodlowen Barbies

A few weeks after Open Garden Day..... and a horde of nearly twenty LPHT members had got wind (not the digestive sort; that came later) of a mighty feast that was about to take place at Bodlowen, so an August lunchtime found an august gathering at this special place once again. This is the second time our annual BBQ has taken place here, but the weather on this occasion was much kinder to us than three years ago when it poured non-stop. So we were able to wander around the lovely garden at will, a great advantage after we had consumed two courses and had to prepare ourselves for the next two.



The BBQ terrace & garden room, Bodlowen

Guests were greeted with a glass of Pimms, while wines and various fruit juices flowed with equal abundance. As for the food, well, this is not just a sossy and burger do, you know. There were those, yes, but they were preceded by fresh salmon, Lynda's home-baked breads, and a selection of salads including my favourite tricolour. More meaty things followed, plus the tastiest veggie croquettes and deeeelicious stuffed mushroom. Whoever said "Life's Too Short to Stuff a Mushroom"\* was wrong! New potatoes, corn cobs ... boy, you had to be on your toes here, to make sure you didn't miss anything. And the puddings! A mammoth strawberry gateau, a fresh fruit salad, the most delicious cheesecake in the world, and a raspberry and blueberry pavlova decorated as the Union flag.



Pavlova !

The advent of the cheese board sent some of those assembled screaming into the distance, but they crept back again for coffee. I was thus able to circulate among a full quota of guests and ask for their erudite comments on the lunch, viz:

"I've done with erudition."

"David promised us a lavish spread and it is."

"I was going to say that!"

"Out of this world."

"More of a banquet than a lunch. Double gold for effort."

"I'm too full to think."

"The food was everything that summer conjures up, and more."

"Decadent!"

"We should rename our society the Association of Lapsed Dieters."

"We'll book in for the weekend next year."

"I'm not a drinker, but the Pimms was the highlight!"

"I'm speechless."

"I'm worn out." (chef)

"Once one has cooked it, one does not eat as much as one might otherwise have done."(sous chef).

"I had an interesting car journey here, with a pavlova and a plate of stuffed mushrooms on my lap, and a bowl of coleslaw at my feet." (not the driver)

"An orgasmic moment."

"I'm not doing it next year."

But I think the prize for the most erudite comment goes to Oscar Wilde II who described the gathering as "The speakable in pursuit of the edible."

I'll drink to that. And also to everyone who put so much hard work into the organising, shopping, preparation, cooking, and hosting. Gill, Ann, Lynda, Anne, David, Geoff, Colin ... we thank you.

*\*Shirley Conran, aka Superwoman, but what does she know?  
Jane Grierson*

## Our members include - Beryl Hatton

Beryl was born in 1927 in Surrey where she lived with her parents Alfred (Jimmy) and Bessie. Later, her sister Phyllis was born and the family moved to West Norwood. She was educated at St Martin's High School in Tulse Hill where she excelled at sport and was then evacuated at the start of the war to Leatherhead in Surrey. Later in the war, she returned to the family home and, after leaving school, started work at the Bank of England in the Bullion Office. Beryl's interests in those days were opera and the theatre. She also qualified as a speech and elocution teacher.

In the late 1940's, through the local Conservative Association, she met Reggie Hatton - whose family she already knew having been at school with his sister Cherry. Reggie and Beryl were married in July 1950 in Streatham and lived in Norbury.

Their daughter Lynda was born in 1952 and family holidays included trips to Cornwall. In fact at one time Reggie wanted to buy a chicken farm on the Lizard -

but this was vetoed by Beryl! In 1974, Reggie and Beryl made a big decision to leave London and move to the Suffolk countryside.

Beryl has always had a love of the country, remembering her family's farm in Kent and they lived in an old cottage with a large garden and grew lots of vegetables. Shortly after this move to Suffolk, Lynda was married at the local church to Geoff Blackman (now LPHT Chairman). Beryl was involved in many local activities including W.I. and was a founder member of the local History Society. She was also prominent in the Horticultural Society. Beryl stayed at the cottage after the death of her husband in 1996 but, in 2005, made another challenging move to Cornwall, to be near Lynda and Geoff who had decided to move there from their home in Essex.



Beryl Hatton

Beryl has enjoyed village life in Mullion and made many friends particularly at the local W.I. She still takes great pleasure from her garden although leaves the work to her gardener now ! (He's also an LPHT member).

*Geoff Blackman*

## October recipe

By the time you receive this newsletter, the shops will no doubt be full of Christmas fare. It all does seem rather premature, so apologies for the seasonal nature of this recipe which I hope will be a tasty addition to your Christmas Menu. By the time of the next Newsletter, the festivities will have flashed by and be forgotten. When put in a pretty box these truffle-like bites make a lovely gift or after dinner treat.

### Christmas Pudding Chocolates:

12 – 13oz cooked Christmas pudding (I used a supermarket version)  
 5 - 6oz good quality plain chocolate  
 60 ml liqueur or other alcohol (I used orange liqueur and cheated a bit extra!)  
 2 tbsp golden syrup  
 For decoration- white chocolate, cherries and angelica

- 1 Line a baking sheet with a non-stick parchment
- 2 Melt the chocolate in a bowl over hot water
- 3 Crumble the pudding into a bowl and mix with syrup and alcohol
- 4 Pour the melted chocolate over the pudding mixture stirring all together
- 5 Form the mixture into small balls (20-30) - it is best to use disposable gloves and place on to the baking sheet. Pop into the fridge for cooling
- 6 Decorate by dripping on melted white chocolate and create the holly effect with cherries and angelica.

*Lynda Blackman*

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