

# 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

Registered Charity No 1092934

Patron: Jill Morison DL



## Newsletter No 56, July 2013

### Chairman's Message

The Executive Committee believes it is time we revamped our website and introduce some enhancements and improvements. We will be working with our adviser on this, but we do welcome any suggestions from members. Please contact David Richardson or me. Our events programme is well under way, although the weather has not been all that kind to us. Details of events in the near future are shown below in the Newsletter and I hope to see as many of you as possible on these events during the summer and early autumn. David Roberts will now be our speaker for the AGM, on the topics of sea wrecks and wildlife.

Geoff Blackman

### Events before the next Newsletter *(due in October 2013)*

See the Events Programme for full details:

#### Kynance Gate Geological & Archaeological walk

*Peter & Sally Ealey*

Thursday 25 July, 11.00am at Kynance Cove National Trust car park. OS ref: SW 688 132.

Dr Peter Ealey will explain the geology of Kynance Gate, while his wife, Sally, will show us new archaeological developments there. For lunch – either bring a picnic or at the National Trust café at the Cove.

#### Goonhilly National Nature Reserve

*Steve Townsend*

Tuesday 6 August, 11.30am at Natural England Dry Tree car park ("brown" signposted off B3293 between Goonhilly & Traboe Cross. OS ref: SW 731 213.

A botanical walk to Wheal Treasure led by Steve Townsend, Natural England Reserve Manager, recording plants in flower. Bring a picnic lunch.

#### Annual BBQ, with Smite competition *Geoff & Lynda Blackman*

Saturday 17 August, 12.30pm at their home - Chy-An-Mordhu, 5 Park Enskellaw, Mullion TR12 7JG. OS ref: SW 673 195.

Booking in advance is essential, by Monday 12 August latest. £12 per person, an all-in price for extensive buffet & drinks. Cheques to 'Lizard Peninsula Heritage Trust', sent to Geoff Blackman at address, above. For any special dietary requirements please call Lynda on 01326 241722.

#### Coverack Village Tour with tea *Cyril Hart & Events Committee*

Saturday 21 September, 2.30pm at North Corner car-park. OS ref: SW 782 186.

Cyril Hart, renowned local historian, will lead a walk through the centre of Coverack (designated as a Conservation Area), pointing out historic features. Tea afterwards in the garden at Bodlowen, Bounder Treath, Coverack.

Booking for tea in advance is essential at £3 per person. Please send cheques to Geoff Blackman, details as for BBQ above.

#### Walk around Loe Pool with picnic *Tim & Linda Hawkins*

Thursday 26 September, 11.00am at Helston Fairground car park, next to Flora Motors. OS ref: SW655 271.

Tim & Linda Hawkins will lead the walk along the side of Loe Pool to the bar where we will picnic. After lunch, the walk will continue around Carminowe Creek, Degibna & back to Helston. A shorter option will be available for those who do not want to walk the full 7-8 miles.

### Tatiana's Teatime Tour



*Navas Hill House & gardens on a sunnier occasion (NGS May 2011).*

A Tuesday afternoon in May, rain pouring down in sheets, wind blowing in its normal horizontal fashion, and where were a group of LPHT members? In the middle of a field, all set to partake of a garden tour! We must be mad, I thought to myself; what's wrong with staying at home by the fire? Two hours later, and we had the answer: we would have missed an exceedingly enjoyable afternoon.

Our hosts, Aline and Richard Turner, live at Navas Hill House, at Trenarth (just across the valley from Lucie Nottingham's home which you will have read about in previous Newsletters) and they welcomed us into their lovely home in spite of our wet wellies, dripping umbrellas and saturated raincoats. Two wood burners and a flower-filled conservatory made a tempting case for staying indoors until tea-time, but we were made of sterner stuff and, after Richard's introductory talk on the history of house and gardens, we were ready to go. He and Sarah, his stalwart gardening partner, led us outside, while Ali continued busying herself with tea prep.

At Richard's side, or at anyone else's who would play with her, was our tour-guide Tatiana, a dog with a mission, ie not about to miss out on the chance for a walk round some of the 8½ acres, and a game of ball. This sweet little cockerpool captured everyone's hearts immediately and, although Richard's talk was never less than fascinating, few of us could resist the occasional few seconds' time out to oblige Tati by throwing the tennis ball for her while her Pa was speaking.

It is impossible to do justice to the gardens in a few words, and it was equally impossible to wield the camera on account of the rain (the photo here was one we made earlier), so instead I will sketch a few word-pictures for you.

A sweeping vista across a tree-filled valley, to Lucie's place opposite, the picture edged with bluebells and the occasional shyly peeping ladies' smock. A cherry tree, chock-full of blossom, standing sentinel over a grassy bank wherein flourished bluebells, early-flowering orchids, aquilegia and the ravishing but rampant three-cornered-leek. A dog violet snuggled into its chosen home, four feet up a tree where the trunk had conveniently split in two.

*Continued over...*

Topping the rise of a steep path through the woods, to see Tati sitting in splendour on the bank, tennis ball in mouth, waiting for her next playmate. A few seconds later and the drama queen, having stepped on a thorn, yelping in anguish and simultaneously leaping into Daddy's arms, there to be petted into recovery. Sarah retrieving the abandoned, now very soggy, tennis ball, and holding it gingerly between finger and thumb, then Jane producing a doggy bag in which to carry it.

Another scene, another bank, this time with clumps of gorgeous wood anemone and a sprinkling of English bluebells. A little further along, and the granite "Millenium Seat" (yes, we know it should have two 'n's, but it's a good talking point – transcribed accurately from the seat!) with a miniature stone circle to accompany it. One more, glorious view from another seating area, "Navair", marking the open air of Navas Hill.

A gentle path down to the flower-filled garden, complete with pond and waterfall, passing the most delightful conifer I have ever seen, like a laterally spread Christmas tree complete with upright, reddish coloured "candles". Just to show you that I (or, more particularly, Gill) was paying attention, it's an *Abies koreana silberlocke*.

Tea followed, and what a spread that was. Ali produced scones fresh from the oven, at least four different cakes, and a delicious gooey number with chocolate and raspberries. I can't think of a better combination, unless, of course, it be the company of LPHT members. Eleven in all had braved the elements, and not one whit did we regret it. Nor did Tati, who did a convincing job of persuading some of us that her parents *never* fed her so we had better feed her some cake crumbs *right now*. We do hope our hosts enjoyed the visit too, so that they will invite us back on a sunny day to explore the remainder of the 8½ acres that we didn't quite have time for! Our thanks to Ali and Richard and, especially, of course, to Tatiana, Queen of Navas Hill.

*Jane Grierson*

### **A Universally Accepted Challenge**

Last week I answered seven questions correctly on University Challenge; sometimes I am able to finish the DT crossword unaided; and I can count backwards from one hundred in units of seven. Given the LPHT Highway Heritage Assets form to complete, however, I became a complete numbskull. Apparently, I was not the only one. Help was needed by volunteers whose spirit was willing but whose brainpower was not on full steam ahead. So an event was arranged for a meeting, instruction and discussion, followed by lunch (of course) and a stroll along some heritagey lanes to locate and log appropriate examples of historical hotspots. Great! My problems would be solved, and I could be of use to the Trust at last.

Regular readers will know that this survey, the brainchild of our Secretary, David Richardson, has been ongoing for a couple of years at least, but progress has been disappointingly slow. John and I, having originally volunteered to "do" the Lizard parish, had subsequently had to plead busy summers of B&B, followed by a sick dog, and then, once we did make an attempt, just plain incompetence. Other members had been more sensible and not even volunteered, but there were a few stalwarts, not least among them David Richardson, and Chriss and Tony Chatfield, who between them have surveyed half the peninsula already... (if only, Ed).

So, several of us gathered at the headquarters of English Nature, nursing our consciences and arranging ourselves around the conference table, there to drink coffee, eat chocolate biscuits and listen to David as he talked us through the paperwork process. His explanations were exhausting – no, sorry, exhaustive – and his custom-made survey form painstakingly perfected. All became clear as he clarified, even

down to the "General Notes/map/sketch etc" box. This, we learned, was not compulsory, so Lynda, who had carefully drawn a beautiful map duly coloured and to-scale, learned that she need not after all have bothered. I'm not sure whether she was more disappointed or relieved.



*Three roadside heritage items at one site ! A K6 telephone kiosk (with Tudor Crown on the side of the domed roof, rather than the post-1952 use of the St Edward's Crown), a post box &, on the left, a water pump.*

Much humour and chat – even some good natured heckling – accompanied David's 'lecture', but in the end we were all confident enough to set out on a trial run, or rather walk. Since we needed country lanes, and were currently just off the main A3083, we would have to drive elsewhere. And, because some of us needed to leave earlier than others, or for various reasons – injuries, desperate hunger pangs – would not be able to walk as far as others, we had to work out a complicated transport shuffle whereby we would have enough cars at either end of wherever we were going, enabling us to give each other lifts to and from and quite possibly meet ourselves coming back again. This involved at least another twenty minutes' discussion, much mirth, and another packet of chocolate biscuits. On the way out, Ann and I stopped to admire the patent English Nature welly boot dryer, an idea which would appeal to any d.i.y. chap and which led to our discussing men and their sheds (definition: a place where men go to make things that don't work, so that they can take them back to the shed and start all over again).

Eventually we drove off into the sunshine, parked at Cury, continued to Poldhu and sat down in the lee of a wall for a picnic lunch overlooking the beach. By the time we had finished, I realised that I would not have time to partake of part two of the instructional ramble (that's the walk, not David talking), and prepared reluctantly to take my leave. Chair and Secretary, however, tempted me a few steps further to the bridge over the River Poldhu, where a triple heritage sight awaited us: bridge, old post box, and bench mark. I had learned only an hour before what a bench mark was, so was thrilled to witness one.

Then I had to go. A friend, her doctor's appointment and my dogs beckoned. Promising to scribe at least this far, I waved goodbye to The Few who progressed on the heritage highway back to Cury. If you wish to know what happened next, someone else will have to tell you about it.

*Jane Grierson*

*I always enjoy Jane's style of writing and am always extremely grateful for her frequent Newsletter contributions. Her self-deprecation should not always be taken too literally, however, as the site survey forms are designed to be "fool-proof" ! On the way back, we surveyed about 20 sites in a wide range of item types. From my point of view, a very successful day.*

*David Richardson*

## The Lizard RNLI and a heroic wartime story

A recent article in the local press uncovered a coincidence regarding the Lizard Lifeboat Station. Members will recall that LPHT had a most interesting visit to the new station last year. The coincidence relates to a daring Second World War Raid and one of the brave men involved in it.

In March 1942, British Naval and Army forces launched a raid on the port of St Nazaire in France. At this time the Battle of the Atlantic was still raging and U-Boats based there were causing considerable damage to Allied shipping. As part of the raid, HMS Campbelltown sailed from Falmouth on the evening of 27 March, with the intention of crashing the ship into the harbour gates to stop German ships and U Boats from leaving the harbour. The commanding officer of HMS Campbelltown was Captain Sam Beattie who, along with four other servicemen, was awarded the Victoria Cross for his bravery. Captain Beattie was captured and spent the rest of the war as a prisoner. After the war, he remained in the Royal Navy until 1960 when he retired. He moved to Mullion, became Secretary of The Lizard Lifeboat and died in 1975. However, in a strange twist to the story, in 1993 the Lizard Lifeboat was called out to rescue a yacht called the Heptarchy which was in difficulties 40 miles off the Lizard. The yacht and its crew were rescued and it transpired that the owner / skipper of the Heptarchy was Tim Beattie, Captain Beattie's son.

*Geoff Blackman*

## Trebah Gardens Annual Military Day

Trebah Gardens held their annual military day on 25 May 2013. This event commemorates the Parachute Regiment (of which Tony Hibbert, the owner of Trebah, is a founder member) and also the D-Day landings on 6 June 1944. Trebah has a particular connection with D-Day, as it was from the beach there that troops of the U.S. 29<sup>th</sup> Division embarked for Normandy for the invasion of France. Sadly, these men went ashore on Omaha Beach and suffered the most serious Allied casualties on D-Day. The battle at Omaha Beach is dramatically depicted in the opening part of the famous film 'Saving Private Ryan' and, although the men of 29<sup>th</sup> Division eventually did take the beach, it was at huge cost. Next year, of course, will be the 70<sup>th</sup> Anniversary of D-Day with, unfortunately, a dwindling band of surviving veterans to remember it.

*Geoff Blackman*

## Latest news on the Choughs at the Lizard

There has been some dramatic and sad news regarding the Choughs at the Lizard. It was reported at the beginning of June that a volunteer had witnessed a fight between a new male chough and the original male bird. The new male had been seen previously with the male / female pair but appears to have decided to mount a takeover bid. Sadly, the outcome was the death of the older original male chough, who had been here since 2001. On a happier note, the female has accepted the new male and he, surprisingly, has adopted the chicks of his predecessor which is very unusual chough behaviour. More normal practice would be for him to kill any chicks which are not his. The original male / female had raised 44 chicks in the years they had been here and it is hoped the new male will continue with the female to raise still more.

*Geoff Blackman*

## Common Cornish Words as found in coastal features

Porth, port, per, pol	cove or landing place
Loe, Looe, logh	creek or inlet
Ninnes, an ynys	island
Dreath, dreth, treth	beach
Zawn, sawn	cleft in cliffs
Pen	headland
Towan	sands

*Lynda Blackman*

## Company, Codes and Coves

Have you ever sat on a laying ground discussing postcodes? I thought not. Neither had I, until 11 June when a party of us lph't'ers descended upon Cadgwith Cove to partake of a picnic. The picnic was, of course, not the focus of the walk; this was a chance for Chriss and Tony Chatfield to lead us on a cross-country trek from the Lizard to Cadgwith, with a stop for lunch before the fittest among us returned along the switchback, rocky coast path; a lovely, round ramble.

Rain threatened, but this did not deter us. Off we strode towards Church Cove, turning left by the church to follow the path across fields, stiles, streams and more fields, until we reached Trethvas Farm. John and I, who have lived on The Lizard for years, had never trodden the last section of this route, although we had often regarded it from the other end and wondered whether it went. Now we know. Up we clambered onto Double Hedge, following it to Gwavas Farm, where we were delayed for a few minutes by a ghostly sight: a drift of ethereal vapour rising from one end of a ploughed field before wraithing off into thin air.\* Myriad explanations were offered, but I have since spoken to the farmer's missus and she informed me that it was radiation fog.

After Gwavas, we trundled along country lanes and down through the "suburbs" of Cadgwith, passing pairs of granite balls on granite pillars more often than was seemly. Memo to self: must research the history of these objects which surely mark the boundaries of some ancient estate.

Having been given a choice of lunch - either a picnic on the Todden or a visit to one of the local venues - we indulged in much discussion upon reaching the village, as is natural whenever a group of two or more people meet. Everyone had made up their minds long before they even left home, but there was much debate anyway, with the result that Chriss and Tony headed for The Cellars restaurant, as planned, and someone else suggested that the rest of us have a drink at the pub to slake our thirsts, then eat our picnics al fresco. The suggestion was greeted with enthusiasm, but somehow this got lost in translation, and a sum total of only three people and two dogs actually made it to the Cadgwith Inn; in view of the robust prices this establishment charges, the sum total next time will be just the two dogs, for a drink of water.



*Cadgwith, from The Todden*

The rendezvous on the Todden, however, was most pleasant, as we hunkered down in the shelter of a rock to eat lunch and made the most of the thin sunshine. As we munched, John and I chatted with David Sellar about the boats on the beach, and their harbour codes, which are apparently devised in a similar way to postcodes. Most places have the usual two letter code for their boats, David told us, but one town in the UK has a single-letter version: dial M for Margate. We always learn something on our LPHT outings! The other thing I learned, after

I got home and sat down to write this, is that todde is thought to mean "laying ground" in Cornish, although the nature of the laying, and whose was the thought, remain undisclosed. Also, although many of us will already know that Cadgwith means "thicket", its literal translation is "battle of trees". What an agreeable prospect, to imagine a cove so full of trees that one had to fight to get through them all; living at The (almost tree-free) Lizard, as we do, this is hard to envisage.

The planned return along the coast path would present a more challenging walk, and the less stalwart of us, i.e. John and I - considering ourselves challenged enough already with lifting ourselves and our aged pooches over several stiles! - headed cravenly for the car park, where we had already completed a car-shuffle earlier that morning. It is always a pleasant walk from cove to car park, and it was further brightened by the profusion of white dead-nettle blooming merrily in the hedge. I trust that the doughty trudgers on the coast path had an equally enjoyable walk home. We'll assume that they did, just in case they don't get around to making their own addendum to these paragraphs!

Jane Grierson

\*It wathn't really wraithing, but going quite thlowly. Ha ha.

### Monster of the deep sea (from West Briton 1st Sept 1843)

*"On Tuesday last the large whale that has been on the South Coast for some weeks again showed itself at Cadgwith and made considerable havoc among the crab pots. Seven men in one of the large fishing boats made an attack on the large creature with a harpoon but without effect. In a second attack, however, they succeeded in throwing the harpoon into its side. It immediately dived and took to sea with great rapidity towing the boat after it at the rate of at least six miles per hour. The men got showered and were not at all unwilling to be separated from their customer, which several times threw its tail at least eight feet out of the water and at the same time spouting the water to a considerable height. The fish is still on the coast."*

Tony Hilton

### New Rules on Wind Farms

In June, the Government announced new Planning Rules for the development of Wind Farms. Under these rules, local communities will be given more powers to block developments and not be overruled by the presumption of approval for national policy reasons. When deciding such applications in future, Councils will have to look at topography and the impact on views and historic sites. The cumulative effect of such developments will also have to be considered. As usual in this area, there is another side to the story, as developers will be able to offer incentives such as discounts on electricity bills to local people to persuade them to accept wind farms. Reaction to these new rules was varied. The Liberal Democrats in the Government believe it will lead to more wind farms being built, but the trade association for Wind Farm Developers has suggested that their members will be inhibited by the cost of the incentives. I must express a purely personal view that, on principle, I would not accept a discount in return for my support for a wind farm, but imagine others may feel differently!!

Geoff Blackman

### Garden Gluts

As a child, my parents grew lots of vegetables and we always ate seasonally. Hence, in the summer we frequently ended up with too many courgettes, runner beans or tomatoes. Thinking of the subject of eating seasonally led me to a conversation with my Mother about the advent of supermarkets and how they have changed our eating and shopping habits – most things are available all year. The recipe below is based on one my Mother always made with cucumbers not courgettes, but feel free to use either. I could never understand why it was called bread and butter pickle so I have investigated. It would appear the name was given during the great depression when fresh cucumbers

with bread and butter were eaten as sandwiches for lunch. In the summer months, cucumbers were available and cheap but the season ended in late summer so most homes preserved any excess for winter by pickling.

### Bread and Butter Pickles:

3 or 4 cucumbers or courgettes  
2 onions or shallots  
1 small green pepper  
Small piece of pepper or 1 red chilli (if you like it hot)  
1 tsp mustard powder  
1 tsp mustard seeds  
1 tsp dill or celery seeds (original recipe was celery; I prefer dill)  
1 tsp turmeric  
500 ml white wine or cider vinegar  
140g golden caster sugar

Slice the onion, courgette or cucumber thinly and layer in a colander dredging with salt as you go. Cover with a plate or saucer and a weight or tin of beans and leave for about 3 hours. Rinse in very cold water and drain and dry with a tea towel – the drying is important to ensure a crisp pickle.

Heat the vinegar, sugar and spices etc. very slowly so the sugar is just dissolved. Cool slightly and mix in courgette/cucumber and onions. Pack in to sterilized jars and store in the fridge and use within a couple of months.

Lynda Blackman

### Eightieth Anniversary for Culdrose Squadron

820 Squadron, based at RNAS Culdrose, is celebrating its eightieth anniversary this year. Formed in 1933, the Squadron flew Fairey Swordfish aircraft in World War 2 and, in May 1941, one of its aircraft attacked and severely damaged the German battleship Bismark in the Atlantic. The Bismark had already sunk HMS Hood, the largest ship in the Royal Navy, and was making its escape to Brest in France. However, the attack by 820 Squadron damaged the ship's steering and propeller and the Royal Navy Home Fleet was able to catch up and sink the Bismark. 820 Squadron was in action throughout the war and was converted to helicopters in 1958, being based at Culdrose from 1962. It saw action in the Falklands War when the Duke of York was one of its pilots and, more recently, has been involved in anti piracy operations.

Geoff Blackman

### Subscriptions

If there is a renewal slip with this Newsletter then, according to our records, your subscription for 2013-14 is overdue.

### Members of the Committee

Chairman	Geoff Blackman	01326 241722
	Chy an Mordhu, 5 Park Enskellaw, Mullion	TR12 7JG
Vice Chairman	<i>(vacant)</i>	
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