

# 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 57, October 2013

### Chairman's Message

I am pleased that we have had some successful and well attended events recently. Reports on these will be found elsewhere in the Newsletter and my thanks to Jane Grierson for her sterling reporting of these. Details of our AGM are enclosed and I hope to see as many of you as possible on 27 November when our guest speaker will be David Roberts.

Finally I would like to welcome Adele and John Brazier who have been co-opted onto the Executive Committee. I can assure you we have already found plenty for them to do !

Geoff Blackman

**Events before the next Newsletter** (due in January 2014)  
See the Events Programme for full details:

### Visit to NCI Nare Point, with soup & roll lunch

Gill Richardson & Geoff Blackman

Tuesday 22 October, 11.30am at Porthallow Beach car park.  
OS ref: SW 797 233.

Lunch: Soup & rolls will be available on the day @ £1.50pp.  
Booking in advance is essential.

Gill & Geoff, two of our NCI volunteers, will lead the walk to Nare Point where we will have the opportunity to look inside the station & hear about the work & duties of the volunteers there. The station is small & only a few visitors may go in at a time. Donations to NCI in their collecting box during your visit.

### Lizard Peninsula Heritage Trust AGM

Executive Committee

Wednesday 27 November, 7.00 for 7.30pm  
at Mawgan Village Hall. OS re: SW 702 244.

Accompanying this Newsletter are the letter of invitation with Agenda & the Elections paper. Other documents – Minutes from 2012, Financial & Membership reports will be available on the night, but will be Emailed or posted to members in advance on request.

This year's guest speaker will be David Roberts, instructor & co-owner of Kennack Diving based at Kennack Sands, who will give an illustrated talk on the rôle as Licensees to three Protected Wreck Sites on the Lizard & his work with English Heritage.

There will be the usual buffet refreshments, together with wines, juices & hot drinks available before, at the interval & after the speaker, provided by the ladies of your Executive Committee. Voluntary financial contributions to the cost of the refreshments would be welcome on the night.

### Rocks of Ages

Last time we had an LPHT picnic, it was in a gale and sub zero temperatures and we got sprayed with hot coffee. Today, the temperatures were super tropical and we took a blanket bath in Coca-Cola.

Before all that, though, a group of us had been introduced to the erudite husband-and-wife team of Sally and Peter Ealey, at the auspicious rendezvous of Kynance Car Park. The price, since you ask, is £4.50 per car, so John and I and Yussi-dog had walked there from the surfers' car park a few hundred yards away, which is free. Everyone else was a NT member, but Lynda had nonetheless taken it upon herself to query these steep charges. The attendant agreed that it was tough on locals, but that this "cash cow" provided much needed funding

for local projects, and one cannot argue with that. So, now that we've dealt with the finances, let's move on to the activity.



Sally Ealey shows pre-historic settlement remains at Kynance Gate on the 'archaeological' part of the day's event.

Sally, a keen member of Meneage Archeological Group, led us to the ancient stone settlement at Kynance Gate, believed to date from about 4,000 BC, i.e. during the Bronze Age, with further evidence showing that, after being abandoned due to adverse climate change and possibly serious human illness, it was inhabited again in the Iron Age, from about 200 BC. As we approached from the Lizard side of the valley, we could see the standing stone marking the encampment like a beacon, lit up with vivid yellow lichen. In fact, this rock is famous among lichenologists for the rarity of its guest organism; it's not your normal custard/lemon/daffodil shade. Once we reached the encampment, Sally revealed to us the secrets of what a casual observer might see as huddles of rocks, some arranged in circles, some in lines, but which were, of course, the actual dwelling places of our ancestors (well, not mine personally, as I come from London, but maybe some of our readers could claim a family tree going back that far). We gazed upon three or four of the dwellings, each with its entrance in the south-east to greet the morning sun (it is thought that these were summer residences only), and tried to imagine piles of people sleeping there. At the gatehouse, we experimented by all crowding in, to have our photo taken but, since we were standing, there was no problem. A vallum (from which we get our word "wall") surrounded the whole site and kept animals in/out and generally made the whole place more cosy and villagey.

We last visited this site in 2009, but since then more clearances, mainly of gorse, so handy in Bronze times for roofing and fires, have been carried out, and it is hoped to continue in this vein until the entire village is revealed. Many pottery shards were discovered in the 1950's and now reside in Helston Museum, the local gabbro clay having been used to make pottery which would have been fired in the kilns on site. Gabbro includes felspar which acts as a natural grit, or "grog" as it is called in the trade, so nothing had to be added before working the clay. It has been suggested that this made it a "magic" substance for the Bronze boys, who were heavily into mysticism, and this might well be the case; but I also believe that we sometimes underestimate these ancient peoples. They were born as *sapiens* as ourselves and, in another place and time, could just as easily have invented wheels, iPods and the infernal combustion engine.

Moving on, as we did indeed, Peter led us down to Kynance Cove, pointing out geological points of interest as he did so. Unfortunately I missed his introduction, as Yussi chose that moment to head down the cliff to see if there was anyone offering food and drink for a starved dog. I did catch Peter's explanation of the different heathers, though: purple bell heather splashed splotches of colour all over the valley, *erica vagans* (Cornish Heath) popped up in between, and *tetralix* ("four leaf") added its own gorgeous shade of pink. Reaching the cliff edge, Peter pointed out Landwednack Pit, formed by a landslip in the 1890's. An earlier picture - I forget the artist, sorry - shows the site before the landslip, which just goes to show how careful one should be when standing near the edge of a cliff. We moved on (carefully) down to our picnic spot above Kynance beach, but not before I noted an indentation in the sward, probably dug out by seekers of serpentine, like most other pits hereabouts, which was just filled to bursting with wild flowers. I know this is supposed to be an archaeological and geological report, but if I tell you that I noticed petty whin, rest harrow, hawkbit, bettony, wild carrot, bell heather, knapweed, lady's bedstraw, eyebright and common centaury, without really trying, perhaps it will tempt you to join our next outing!

Our picnic, sitting on the grassy stretch overlooking the beach, The Bellows and Asparagus Island, was lovely. Yes, I did get bathed in Coke, owing to John putting his can down somewhere safe which wasn't, but it soon dried. Peter led some of the party across the beach to visit the caves, but we dog-owners had to stay behind and sit in the sun; not a hardship! Then, on our way up Tor Balk, Peter explained the geology of the surrounding tors, the ice-age boulders in the stream, the entire landscape mostly formed by frost action, and the distinct line between the schist-based heathland where we were standing and the more fertile, serpentine-based pastureland of the Lizard in the distance. Further along the path, he drew our attention to the striations in a huge outcrop of serpentine – a point that several of our party missed, as they were way ahead, too intent on walking and not looking. Tut. Peter soldiered on, through Lynda telling us about the adder she and Geoff had seen on that very spot recently, and my excited exclamations on finding, at the rock's base, some of the prettiest harebells ever. Sorry, Peter, we are a hopeless class! But we all enjoyed our double dose of education that day, and give our grateful thanks to both Peter and Sally. I am also indebted to Peter for giving me an entire page from his notebook upon which to write.

Jane Grierson

### **That Into Which You Wouldn't Send Out A Dog**

The summer solstice; a time when the sun (*sol*) seems to come to a stop (*stitium*) before beginning its journey back south on the celestial sphere; a day of warm sunshine and gentle zephyrs, filled with the hum of bumble bees and chirruping of birds. I spent the whole afternoon in my garden, taking delight in the flowers which are at last filling our lives with colour, gently snipping off a few dead-heads and regarding with delight the new buds about to burst forth everywhere in profusion. After such a joyful afternoon, what could be better than a gathering of friends for an evening picnic, watching the sun go down into the sea at the furthest point of the day and year?

The afternoon's brightness segued gently into a balmy evening, hardly a breath of wind, not a raincloud in sight, and the warmth of the sun continuing to bathe us as we walked in shirtsleeves and shorts up the path from Poldhu to the clifftop by the Marconi Monument, there to partake of ... but you've guessed! All this was might-have-been, perhaps in a parallel universe, but most decidedly not in our own. The afternoon had indeed been splendid on this, the longest day of the year, but by the time we all met in Poldhu carpark, the sun had taken early retirement, to be replaced by lowering grey clouds threatening rain before suppertime, temperatures had plummeted and the gentle zephyr had morphed into a howling gale, whipping up the waves into surging breakers.

Other, perhaps wiser, LPHT members frantically delved into their Book of Convincing Excuses to find reasons why they couldn't join us - mostly dog-centred and thus accepted with good grace. So it was a select group of five members and two innocent guests who met at Poldhu on this auspicious evening. Lynda and Geoff Blackman, with friends Sue and Tim; David Richardson; John and myself. No dogs – they were all relieved to have been left at home in warm beds. But a wartime-esque spirit prevailed among us; we were all in it together and determined to enjoy ourselves during adversity as only the British (and one just as crazy South African) are able. Dressed in winter coats, hats, gloves and scarves, umbrellas at the ready, we trekked the ten minute hike to the Marconi Memorial, racing to bag the most sheltered spot at the Monument (I won), and either wrap ourselves in blankets and each other or, as our Chairman did so manfully, stand braced against the gale to gaze out at the grey, heaving ocean. Very much the captain of the good ship LPHT, all he needed was a telescope and a parrot. Actually he was waiting for his wife to hand out the hot sausages. Oh, but first the wine. This was interesting, because as Tim poured, the wind howled spitefully round the Monument and blew the brew all over several people. John and I chuckled, as we just avoided it, but the laugh was on us when John's hat blew off and he automatically put out his hand to rescue it. Unfortunately this hand held a cup of coffee and that too was splashed generously over anyone within an arm's length (most of us, as we were huddled together for warmth). Meanwhile, Lynda served up her splendid first course of smoked salmon and melon, followed by hot dogs - as dinner party menus go, this one was certainly different – while those of us who hadn't spent the day slaving over a hot stove and cold fridge continued to munch on our sarnies.

Several photos were taken of the certifiably insane and, if published, you would have noticed lots of genuine smiles; it really was a fun evening, with much laughter and merriment. Sadly, though, despite the threatening clouds holding off for a while, they got serious before sunset and instigated proceedings which would have drenched us. Deciding that, as we wouldn't see the sunset anyway, we might as well go home, we did just that. As our raggle taggle procession made its way back towards the car park, I reflected upon the difficulties of walking with a picnic blanket tied around my middle. High fashion it ain't, but it does keep the legs warm and dry.

We were glad to get home, but also very glad that we went.

Jane Grierson

*PS: Five days later, John and I and the dogs took a stroll in the warmth of the evening for a picnic on the clifftops overlooking Kynance. What a difference! Sitting in the lee of a crag, we overlooked Lion Rock, with its colonies of herring gull, black-backed gull and shag, watched the container ships whiz by, and counted no less than fourteen different wild flowers within a few feet of our picnic spot. The sun turned pillar-box red as it sank into the misty horizon, and the dogs basked in the last of its rays or sniffed around for some interesting aromas (with Roly Hill's Devon Ruby Reds grazing nearby, there were plenty). Barring the cowpats, this is the stuff of which memories of summer evenings are made, so it's a shame the weather fronts couldn't get their acts together a few days earlier; let's hope we get luckier at our next meeting.*

### **Ruan Minor**

#### **Opening of National Schools**

On Tuesday last the new National Schools of the above place were inaugurated. Next to the consecration of a church there is perhaps no ceremony which has a great a claim upon our sympathy as the opening of a new school. The bright flags of the Coast Guard station floated gently in the breeze. It would be difficult to find fault with the building except for the awkward look of the principle windows and the absence of a bellcote, otherwise the buildings present a credit to the architect J.P.St Aubyn Esq. 80 children can be accommodated, the principal room measures 40 ft x 17 ft inside the walls x 24ft

to the ridge of the roof. The site was presented by Chrystopher Hawkins and there was a Government grant of £170 towards the building fund. At 3 o'clock the church was literally crammed with people, even to the porch and after the service, the whole congregation adjourned to the school which adjoins the churchyard and was solemnly opened by the rector of the parish. The 100<sup>th</sup> psalm was then sung and the children afterwards were regaled with cake and tea. The parishioners and visitors were later entertained at the rectory, young and old, rich and poor, mingling together in the true spirit of Christianity. The collection amounted to £16.

*(Royal Cornwall Gazette 24 August 1860)*

#### St Ruan Fete

This fete, the object of which was to raise a fund for the enlargement and repair of Ruan Minor Church took place on Friday Week last in the grounds of St Ruan Rectory (Rev F. Jackson). The grounds were gaily decorated with flags, presenting a very charming appearance, with a large number of people. In a field near the ground was a bazaar well supplied with a great variety of articles, whilst in another tent the hungry visitors were well catered for.

On the evening of the first day (Wed) a concert was held in the schoolroom, and a similar concert on the Thursday, but the proceeds were given to the Cury Church Restoration Fund. The sum raised by this fete amounted to over £300.

*(Royal Cornwall Gazette 23 August 1873)*

#### To Clergymen

Wanted, a Curate to serve the parish of Landewednack and Ruan Major in the County of Cornwall. The churches are about two miles distant from each other. At Landewednack there is a genteel residence with a garden and offices, in good order and is situated within a mile from the sea. The curate may be accommodated with about ten acres of excellent meadow and pasture land. For particulars apply (if by letter post paid) to Mr Francis James, Attorney at Law Helston.

Dated Helston 25<sup>th</sup> February 1823.

*(Advertisement in the Royal Cornwall Gazette 15 March 1823)*

*Tony Hilton*

#### Whisky in the Jar

If I were to tell you that we recently visited a village where an elderly lady used to keep a bottle of whisky in her knicker drawer, where the village shop, because of its dubious hygiene history, was called Dirty Dicks, and where a local artisan could be seen literally spitting nails ... would you wonder where on earth I had been? A clue, then: the village's name *could* mean "weedy cove". Still not there? Well, it was Coverack, and a group of us enjoyed a fascinating tour of its High Street, followed up by a proper Cornish cream tea.

Cyril Hart – born at Sunny Corner 90 years ago, although the 90 bit is hard to believe when you meet him - is a well-known local author, with at least three publications under his belt, all based on his home village and county which he regards with an obviously deep affection and a store of happy memories. Peter Wood kindly volunteered to collect Cyril from his current home in Falmouth and to start the wheelchair rolling. From its seat, Cyril regaled us with endlessly fascinating tales from the Coverack of the past, starting with its name. Most translations give it as "a place of streams", but Cyril suggested that it could also come from "wrack" (seaweed) that is cast ashore and used as manure, added to the word "cove". In which case, most places around the coast could merit the same name; but it made a good story. So, without further ado, here are some more.

The main car park was first mentioned in 16<sup>th</sup> century records and, being at the lowest point of the road, is called Higher Bridge. Obviously. It was once the site of a stone quarry, and a donkey path led somewhat precariously from here down to the beach where, to the donkeys' relief, the roadstone would be off-loaded from their backs and hoisted onto waiting ships.



*Coverack from Ben Roskilly's fields above North Corner*

One of the first houses to be seen in the village is Trerose House, once owned by a famous explorer who settled here when he got tired of looking for lost Aztec tribes in the jungle. Next is the Bay Hotel where, contrary to its current policy of "no children under 11", a party used to be held for all the school children every Christmas. The field next to the hotel, amazingly still undeveloped, was used for tea treats; and children who were savvy joined both the C of E and the Methodist church, so that they could enjoy two treats. They were rewarded with one saffron bun each but, as it was the size of a Frisbee, they didn't go hungry.

While scribbling notes, I didn't always catch what Cyril was saying but, at this point, I caught up just in time to hear him say that his Granny was always fond of "a drop of trade" and kept a supply close by; child Cyril would on occasion divert Granny's attention while his sister rummaged in the knicker drawer for the whisky. As to which sibling actually drank it, was not revealed.

On past the site of Dick Tripp's former serpentine shop, to Polcoverack Lane where Bakery Cottage stands testament to the enterprising baker who set up shop here in the days when people would either bake their own or have to buy it from Helston. What a shame it is no longer a going concern. Thence to Brenda's which sells pretty much everything and whose display window is rumoured to be armour-plated glass purchased second-hand from an airport control tower! If this is true, it certainly affords good protection from pebbles flung at it by the nearby sea in stormy weather. The Old Mill shop was indeed a mill, with no less than three mill wheels in the side lane keeping it going. With unfortunate timing, however, it had already closed down when Bakery Cottage was started.

Next stop was the Church Hall, built in 1911, with a house behind it to accommodate visiting vicars on their summer hols in days gone by; the only payment required was that they preach on a Sunday. Sounds like a good deal to me. In 1928 an actual village hall was built, in memory of the people who died in WW1, as was the lych-gate of St Peters a little further up the hill. The church hall was then used, during WW2, as a classroom for evacuee children. Even in this quiet spot, however, people were not necessarily safe: in 1942 Coverack suffered an air raid, losing five houses by what is now the loos, when a German plane emptied its load on its way home.

It was now time for a change of driver, so Lynda Blackman took over wheelchair duty, and boy did she have some horsepower! Champion of the 50 yard dash, she pushed Cyril all the way up the hill on her own, and carried on for the next hour too, while Cyril spun his histories - of "Dirty Dicks"; of the little back lane called The Gardens where he used to sprint to catch the bus if he was late; Minstrel Cottage, taking its name not from any musician but from one of the Manacle rocks; Gunvor Cottage which once sported the original name plate from the vessel wrecked on Blackhead; and Bible Christian Chapel, built and

used as such from 1880 to 1935 before being converted to the current charming cottage.

Another row of cottages contains Bank House, so called because it is built on a slight bank, but serendipitously becoming neighbour to Barclays for a while, which graciously opened its doors to Coverack residents on one day a week. David R. drew our attention to the horizontally sliding windows on these cottages, an interesting architectural detail now seldom seen.

Archie's Loft was the cobbler's shop, where Archie would work from dawn to dusk, clenching a row of taps (nails) between his lips, which he would spit with unerring accuracy into the sole of a boot and bang home with a rasp.

And so to the harbour, built in 1724; the Paris Hotel, about 1902; and the car park once used by the seine boats. Then, after a few more questions, we retraced our steps in the direction of Gill's delicious cream tea. Here, I was lucky enough to have a seat next to Cyril and be able to quiz him some more. My overlong article tells not the half of what he told us on this most fascinating tour but perhaps I should end by telling you that he puts his longevity down to the "red medicine" of which he takes a glass every evening. I'll drink to that!

*Jane Grierson*

### The Food Barn

There is a wonderful restaurant near Cape Town with the above name, which you should visit if you ever get the chance. If you don't, maybe you should try The Food Garage, in Mullion! It's only open to LPHT members and then only once every few years. But it's worth the wait – that I promise.

In case you are thinking, "Oh no, not another foodie report from her indoors", don't worry. This was our fifth LPHT barbecue and my fourth report, each one as splendid as the last (bbq, not report) and I am running out of superlatives. We came, we ate and drank, we staggered home again, having been plied with delicious food cooked and prepared by our tireless team of LPHT ladies, and drink liberally poured by the gentlemen. We were treated royally, as always.

Our barbecues are, of course, not just about food, but about friendship and socialising; they call it bonding these days, don't they? So, after a couple of hours, we were all well and truly bonded. The only disappointment was that the event took place on the one rainy day in a week or more, so the Lawn Smite\* Championship was cancelled. Our hosts, Lynda and Geoff, hardly blinked an eyelid at the bad weather, though, seamlessly moving the whole shebang into their large garage and cooking the sossies and much else under canvas. For a great party under difficult circumstances, we give them our heartfelt thanks.

So, who's volunteering to host the next one?

\*Skittles, to the uninitiated

*Jane Grierson*

### The Saffron Connection

Before we moved to Mullion, Geoffrey and I lived for 30 years in Saffron Walden, originally called Chipping Walden. The name changed to Saffron Walden because of the spice saffron which was grown there in medieval times. Saffron, the world's most expensive spice, is derived from the stigma of the saffron crocus flower (*crocus sativus*) and has been used in Cornish cooking for hundreds of years. Exactly how this prized spice found its way to Cornwall is disputed, but the most popular theory is that the Phoenicians traded the spice for Cornish tin. Although Saffron Walden was the centre of British production, there is also evidence of small scale production in Cornwall. It takes around 85,000 flowers to make one pound of spice hence the high price. Today, most of the spice is imported with only very small scale production taking place in Britain.

Saffron buns were originally only made at Easter time, but are now found all year round in Cornish bakeries. The recipe below can be made using the dough cycle of a bread-maker or by

hand. I always use quick action dried yeast which can be added direct to the flour. If using a bread-maker, follow the machines instructions for a basic raisin dough cycle that adds the dried fruit for you or reminds you when to. As always, any queries please contact me. What about a festive version with cherries and angelica instead of sultanas or currants?

1 Add a good pinch of saffron to 200 ml milk. Slowly bring the milk and saffron to the boil stirring gently, then leave the mix for at least 30 minutes to infuse.

2 In a large bowl add:-

450g strong white flour

1 ½ tsp. salt (keep the other side of the bowl to yeast)

2 ½ tsp. active dried yeast (2 tsp. will be plenty if using a bread maker)

4 tbsp. caster sugar

150g butter melted and cooled slightly.

3 Gradually add the saffron infused milk and 2 tbsps. of water - mix well and knead for 5 -10 minutes until elastic and smooth. Put in a greased bowl and cover leaving to rise for an hour to hour and half at room temperature.

4 Knock back and gently knead in 75g of dried fruit ( your choice).

5 Shape into 8 – 10 buns and put on a greased baking sheet covered with a tea towel. Leave to prove until doubled in size which is usually about 45 minutes.

6 Brush with milk and bake for about 15 minutes in a preheated oven at 200°C until golden.

*Lynda Blackman*



### Members of the Committee

Chairman	Geoff Blackman	01326 241722
	Chy an Mordhu, 5 Park Enskellaw, Mullion	TR12 7JG
Vice Chairman	<i>(vacant)</i>	
Secretary	David Richardson	01326 280058
	Bodlowen, 3 Bounder Treath, Coverack,	TR12 6TP
Treasurer	Geoff Blackman	01326 241722
	Chy an Mordhu, 5 Park Enskellaw, Mullion	TR12 7JG
Committee	Avril Evens	01326 290629
	Tresaddern House, Ruan Minor	TR12 7NA
	Ann Chapman	01326 221648
	Chy Lean, St Keverne Road, Garras	TR12 6AY
	Gill Richardson	01326 280058
	Bodlowen, 3 Bounder Treath, Coverack,	TR12 6TP
	Anne Roberts	01326 221243
	Pipers Green, Garras, Helston	TR12 6LP
	Lynda Blackman	01326 241722
	Chy an Mordhu, 5 Park Enskellaw, Mullion	TR12 7JG
	Adele Brazier	01326 280171
	Chegwiddens, 6 Bounder Treath, Coverack	TR12 6TP
	John Brazier	01326 280171
	Chegwiddens, 6 Bounder Treath, Coverack	TR12 6TP

President: David Richardson

Vice Presidents: John Grierson, Peter Greenslade

Published by Lizard Peninsula Heritage Trust, Bodlowen, Coverack TR12 6TP

Tel: 01326 280058 Email: d813richardson@btinternet.com

Website: www.lizardpeninsulaheritagetrust.org.uk

## Botany in the Bogs

This year we were again extremely grateful to Steve Townsend, from Natural England, for giving us an escorted walk in an area of special botanical interest. Each year we strive to find different habitats or a different season; in this way we have the potential to see different plants from previous walks. However, a botanical walk in August is never going to provide as large a palette of plants in flower although this year, in any case, Steve gave us historic information which added considerably to the enjoyment of the day. We are also grateful to members Gillian Ashworth and Peter Wood for their expert assistance in plant recognition.

Here, after the plant list, in her own very special style, is Jane's report of the event:

Botanical name:	Common name:
Agrostis curtisii	Bristle Bent
Anthemis cotula	Stinking Mayweed
Anthriscus sylvestris	Daisy
Calluna vulgaris	Cornish Heath
Centaurea nigra	Common Knapweed
Centaureum erythraea	Common Centaury
Cerastium fontanum	Common Mouse-ear
Chamaemelum nobile	Chamomile
Circaea lutetiana	Enchanter's Nightshade
Cirsium arvense	Creeping Thistle
Cirsium palustre	Marsh Thistle
Epilobium hirsutum	Great Willowherb
Epilobium parviflorum	Hoary Willowherb
Erica vagans	Cornish Heath
Erica cinerea	Bell Heather
Erica tetralix	Cross-leaved Heath
Eupatorium cannabinum	Hemp-agrimony
Euphrasia nemorosa	Common Eyebright
Galium mollugo	Hedge Bedstraw
Galium verum	Lady's Bedstraw
Geranium robertianum	Herb-robert
Hypochoeris radicata	Cat's-ear
Juncus effuses	Soft Rush
Lonicera periclymenum	Honeysuckle
Lotus uliginosus	Large Bird's-foot-trefoil
Lythrum salicaria	Purple-loosestrife
Melilotus officinalis	Ribbed Melilot
Molinia caerulea	Purple Moor-grass
Plantago lanceolata	Ribwort Plantain
Plantago maritime	Sea Plantain
Polygala vulgaris	Common Milkwort
Potentilla erecta	Tormentil
Potentilla reptans	Creeping Cinquefoil
Prunella vulgaris	Selfheal
Pulicaria dysenterica	Fleabane
Ranunculus acris	Meadow Buttercup
Ranunculus flammula	Lesser Spearwort
Ranunculus repens	Creeping Buttercup
Rhinanthus minor	Yellow Rattle
Rubus fruticosus	Bramble
Rumex crispus	Curled Dock
Sanguisorba officinalis	Great Burnet
Senecio jacobaea	Common Ragwort
Serratula tinctoria	Saw-wort
Silene dioica	Red Campion
Stachys officinalis	Betony
Taraxacum officinale agg	Dandelion
Teucrium scorodonia	Wood Sage
Thymus praecox ssp arcticus	Wild Thyme
Trifolium pratense	Red Clover
Trifolium repens	White Clover
Ulex europaeus	Common Gorse
Ulex gallii	Western Gorse
Vicia cracca	Tufted Vetch

Normally, we exclude grasses from the recorded list. This year, however, Steve added just two of the several seen, as being of special interest in their particular habitats.

In the world of botany, you are either a lumper or a splitter and, if you are not sure which, it probably depends on how keen you are on your subject. On a sunny day in August, twelve LPHTers, all pretty keen, met at Goonhilly Nature Reserve where our tour guide, Steve Townsend from Natural England, was ready to take us on "a gentle ramble of 5 to 6 km". Having been warned of the botanical nature of the walk, my other half stayed at home; having seen the weather forecast, I left the two dogs with him. Tilly, our mascot on many a previous walk, can't cope with such distances these days, and Yussi, who is fur-shedding at the rate of several pounds a day all over our carpets, could not have coped with the heat. The canine colours, however, were hoisted by Polly Chapman and, new on the scene, Millie Richardson, gorgeous yellow Labrador, all of twelve weeks old.



Steve first of all translated "Goonhilly" for us, something we should have known from previous trips; but no-one is totally sure whether it means "hunting downs" or "downs of the brackish water". Having walked a little way across some of this land, we could certainly testify to the latter! Spotting flowers and wildlife as we walked, we were then led by Steve to the nearby viewpoint, approached through a public-loo-lookalike passageway with steps up to the roof of what was once the "happy drome" of RAF Dry Tree. This was the girly department of the wartime base, where WAAF radar operators plotted the positions of approaching aircraft. Few of us were previously aware that the viewing platform existed, and it was fascinating to survey the surrounding landscape from this height and imagine how different it would have looked during ages past. It was even more fascinating for Millie, as the recent cloudbursts had formed a convenient paddling pool on the flat roof where she spent a happy ten minutes splashing around in the aforementioned brackish water. Had she been aware of the length of the walk, she might have conserved her energy!

On we ambled to Cruc Draenoc - "Thorny Barrow" - close to the actual Dry Tree, both probably waymarkers over ancient routes that criss-cross the downs in all directions. It is rumoured that the latter, bronze-age monolith was once accompanied by a gallows where felons ended their days, and that it was this wooden despatching apparatus which gave the monolith its name. Again, no-one can be sure, but what is certain is that five parishes meet hereabouts, so it has always been an important location - a fact which must have made the felons feel so much better about their imminent departure.

Having noted the Bristle Bent and Purple Moorgrass, we moved on, stopping at Millie's next paddling pool, a hollow in the ground like a shallow pond where, it is thought, those bronze chappies piled their peat to dry. Please don't ask me why they had to dig a pond to do so; Steve did explain but I'm not sure I got it. Actually, I *am* sure - I didn't. Anyway, Millie enjoyed modifying her ensemble from cream to a fetching two-tone brown, and we enjoyed seeing some beautiful Small Heath butterflies, followed by a tiny, elegant frog and a slightly larger, less classy but almost as lovable, toad.

By now we were ready for lunch, and were glad to reach our venue of Wheal Treasure. Although an engine house and miners' lodgings were built here and shafts were dug, no ore was ever produced; this was not surprising, as the whole venture was a nineteenth century scam. For me, though, the site produced treasure of a different kind, in the form of a splendid Oak Eggar moth, sunning himself unconcernedly on a rock. He didn't even mind when I got up close and personal, viewing him through my loupe, which showed him in such detail that I could see the glossy hairs on his body and the delicate feathering on his antennae. Quite beautiful.

Fortified by our sarnies and bevies, we started on our homeward path, passing *en route* a pair of Golden Ring dragonflies intent on doing their bit to propagate the species. The downs are a paradise for all sorts of dragons and damsels, with ponds popping up all over the place, including the temporary mediterranean ones. These would be more familiar to you and me as a muddy puddle in the middle of the path and, having elected to return to the car park via the short, wet route, rather than the longer, drier, we met plenty such. For several yards we were balancing from tussock to tussock, our challenge culminating in a gateway composed entirely of knee-deep bog. Some waded straight through, others tried the tussock approach but failed (mainly because there weren't any) and a lucky few scraped themselves between gatepost and thorn tree to arrive drily on terra firma once more.

A scented camomile meadow revived us. It was now four hours since our walk began but I personally enjoyed every minute, as I am sure we all did. There is not the time nor the space to tell of everything we learned on our trek, so I'll leave you with just three facts upon which to ponder:

Goonhilly used to have its very own breed of horse, now sadly extinct; \*

There are 332 different species of dandelion;

Lumpers and splitters are botanists who either "lump" specimens into as few categories as possible, or "split" them into many. Whichever camp you stand in, there will always be room for you on an LPHT route march!

Jane Grierson

*\*\*\*There is a kinde of nagge, bred upon a mountanous and spatious peece of grounde, called Goon-hillye, lyinge between the sea-coaste and Helston; which are the hardeste naggs and beste of travaile for their bones within this kingdome, resembling in body for quantitie, and in goodness of mettle, the Galloway naggs.\*\*\* NB Not my spelling.*

#### A Cornish Christmas

Nadelik Lowen	Happy Christmas
Gorhemynadow dhyworth Kenow	Greetings from Cornwall
gwedhen Nadelik	Christmas tree
Tas Nadelik	Father Christmas
Kelyn	Holly
Ydhyow	Ivy
Uhelvar	Mistletoe
Royow Nadelik	Christmas presents

#### An Autumnal Ambulation

Summer was over. All the signs were there: a week of fog, falling temperatures, birds lining up on the telegraph wires; and, most significant of all, Adele had swapped her shorts for trousers. In fact, all eight of us were togged up for an autumnal stroll, little realising that, before we were half way round, we would have shed as much as possible. Somewhere out there lurked a full-on heatwave, if only that mist would clear.

Most of us are familiar with one part or another of the Penrose estate: either Degibna (with its chapel, and gorgeous little garden which is well worth a visit), Loe Bar, Carminowe Creek, or Penrose House itself. We walked through, along, or past all these, between the hours of 11 and 3 o' clock, six or seven miles in all, with a half hour stop for a sandwich lunch on the beach. Not bad, I thought, for a group of no-longer-thirties plus one

seventy year old, even if the latter was our dog, Yussi. Tilly was at home again with a bone, thank you for asking, her LPHT walking career having ended with two arthritic shoulders earlier this year.

What can one say about a walk in the woods and alongside the lake? It was perfect; not too warm, windy or wet, and with wonderful company. We didn't spend *all* the time chatting, but took time out to notice the beauty of tranquil Loe Pool and the remaining wild flowers, the occasional heron or swan on the creek, the chatter of a loquacious wren, and one of the weirdest toadstools ever invented; a passing cyclist nearly fell off his bike in shock when he spotted it. Such chat as did occur proved to be the best of social networking, with advice given and received on such varied topics as the best pasties, online shopping, veggie food, house insurance, elderly parents, dentists, vets, food-poisoning vouchers (do *not* order the crab cakes at a chain restaurant!), and the sad necessity of regicide if you are a bee-keeper. It is worth noting that Penrose House is now open at weekends for teas, tours of the old walled garden, and, happily for us, loos that are open every day. Had it not been for that, we might well have been up the creek without a piddle (sorry).

Tim and Linda proved yet again their talent as guides for local walks, and we look forward to their next offering, whatever the weather and whatever the topics of conversation.

Jane Grierson

#### English Heritage plans a survey for all Grade II Listed Buildings in England

All of England's Grade II Listed Buildings are to be surveyed in a major project by English Heritage who are calling for an "army of volunteers" to determine which of the 345,000 Grade II Listed Buildings in England are at risk from neglect. The process is part of the body's annual Heritage at Risk survey.

Simon Thurley, CEO, English Heritage said "For the heritage sector, this will be a project in which we can all pool our expertise to best effect. Organisations such as Architectural Heritage Fund, Victorian Society and Civic Voice could not only run local surveys, but help volunteers move on from identifying buildings at risk to doing something about them. Surveys should also prove a good way for heritage organisations to engage existing members and attract new ones."

We will be finding out more about the project and about the buildings at risk in our area, to assess whether we have a potential rôle.

David Richardson

#### Communities across England.... your country needs you!

A plea from Civic Voice

There are approximately 100,000 war memorials across the UK, but no-one knows where all these war memorials are actually located. Civic Voice and the War Memorials Trust want to do something about this and are working together to develop a programme, to support communities to improve their understanding of their war memorial heritage. This will be coordinated during the centenary of the First World War.

The project will undertake a national survey of the condition of war memorial heritage and provide communities with the tools to protect and conserve them for future generations. The centenary of the First World War is an opportune moment to build on people's interest.

Civic Voice wants us to support this idea and to participate in the commemoration of the First World War, so that they can work up the level of interest and support. This is an opportunity for people across the country to participate in a once in a lifetime commemoration event. We will consider how our own roadside heritage surveys may assist in this initiative and we have been invited to pledge our support via [info@civicvoice.org.uk](mailto:info@civicvoice.org.uk).

David Richardson