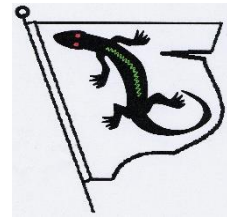


# Lizard Peninsula Heritage Trust

*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 78, January 2019**



## Chairman's Message

Hello Everyone

Although I have spent Christmas and New Year 10,000 miles away in Australia, our Lizard Peninsula home is never far from my thoughts. So, firstly, I hope you all have a very happy, healthy and prosperous New Year which, of course, will include enjoying Lizard Trust events and newsletters. By the time you receive this, your Committee will be meeting to plan the events for the year. We are trying to include everyone, so again this year you will see events such as a walk including a lunch stop for those non-walkers. My aim for this year is to get the new website up and running; feedback will be welcome as it will be an ongoing project. The first event in 2019 will be our annual lunch which this year is at The Paris (details included), and I look forward to seeing you there. Please contact me if you have any ideas for events in the future. The newsletter is an integral part of the Trust and I know Jane would welcome any snippets of local information or stories to include.

*Lynda Blackman*

## Events before the next Newsletter (*due in April 2019*)

### Springtime in Paris?

A booking form for our annual Spring (post-Christmas) meal has already been sent to those who have expressed an interest, but, if there are any other folk out there who would like to join in, here are the details:

The Paris Hotel, Coverack

12.30pm for 1pm Friday Jan 25<sup>th</sup> 2019

The price will be £25 for 3 courses but each course will be priced to allow for mixing and matching.

Please contact Ruth Thompson to add your name: phone 01326 714417, or email

[ruth@mellanhouse.co.uk](mailto:ruth@mellanhouse.co.uk)

## Helford Pub Crawl



Before you get the wrong impression, none of us spent time lurching leglessly from one pub to another in Helford; besides, the village only has one pub (and a jolly good one it is too). No, the crawl refers to the state some of us were in by the time we had finished the post-lunch ramble, but that was jolly good too, so I am not complaining.

The timing was serendipitous, since, two days before, Storm Whatsname had raged round the peninsula chucking all its toys out of its pram; but, by the time we met, the bad-tempered bully had ranted its way north, and the morning was a calm and mild one – very much like the dozen or so LPHT members who met in the car park, together with honorary canine members Henry, Milly and Mitchy. You might think it lamentable that I can remember the dogs' names and not the people's, but ... those who were present, You Know Who You Are. Off we marched to an excellent and sociable lunch at The Shipwright's Arms, wherein we duly fortified ourselves. (I can recommend the Guinness and goat's cheese.) I was sat between our two Chairmen, and one of them rashly remarked that, having known me for years, he still knew nothing about me, whereupon, fortified by the aforementioned stout, I proceeded to furnish him with a ten-minute potted history of my time so far on this earth. He went a bit quiet after that. Soon it was time to reassemble at the car park from whence we set off along the coast path to St Anthony. The Helford, as most of you will know, is a truly beautiful part of Cornwall, and although we could not see the river itself for much of the time, the woods and fields were a pleasure to walk through. Plus there was plenty of time to catch up with our friends, in a newsy sense, and to meet one or two new folk as well, and the woods resounded to our conviviality. Half-way along we came to a gorgeous little sandy cove, quite deserted apart from Millie and Henry who had bounded ahead to frolic in the surf before shaking themselves wetly over anyone standing near. I led Mitchy across the sands too, but he was fed up with playing gooseberry and declined to join in. We all admired the view before trekking on up the next incline through the woods, and I reflected on the difference between this outing and that of my other half's which consisted of a return from France via the delights of Uneasy Jet and Notwork Rail; I know which I preferred!



The gentlemen among us made their presence felt in the nicest of ways, helping the ladies across broken bridges, picking up dropped dog leads, making sure no-one was left behind, and telling us to hurry up as this was a walk not an amble. I can assure you that, by the time we reached St Anthony, having covered nearly four miles, an amble was all that most of us were capable of! We sat down for a rest, and, for some, a venture into the shop for ices, then faced the somewhat daunting pull up the steep hill back towards Helford. Steep hills are OK if you take them very slowly with small steps, a view possibly not shared by all, as I found myself at the back of the line, even my faithless hound having become bored and gone ahead with the rest of the party.

The event was far from boring, but rather one of the best. I'm sure I have said that on other occasions, but anyway, our thanks to the Events Committee for arranging five miles of enjoyment. We look forward to the next walk, which might fall short of the mileage but not the fun.

*Jane Grierson. Photos Lynda Blackman*

## **Our Coming of Age**

The fact that this was our 21<sup>st</sup> AGM might have passed many of us by, as we were too busy enjoying ourselves to remark upon it. But there it was on the Agenda, in black and white, to remind us. I can't remember our first one (can anyone else?) but this one was, as always, an enjoyable, brilliantly catered entertainment, and I challenge any other society's AGM to match it.

However, although I do not like to carp or criticise, I am sorry to say that I spotted an error in the printed programme wherein it stated that there would be light refreshments. Light refreshments? *Light* refreshments? What nonsense! It was a full-on, two-course supper, complete with wine, all for the price of £2 per head. (I could not help comparing it with a recent pub lunch John and I had indulged in, where we paid £38 for two courses and one drink each, and where the veggie fare was at best mediocre, and nothing like its description in the menu.)

Our ladies know how to cook up a storm, and the buffet included a mouth-watering selection of pies, quiches, pâtés, cheeses, sausages, tortillas, dips, crudités and crisps, to name but a few; red wine, white wine and elderflower; followed by gingerbread, stollen, flapjacks, mince pies and macaroons with tea or coffee – or, indeed, more wine.

And we still cannot tempt more members to attend this fest? Ah well, more for the rest of us!

The official minutes will, of course, be sent out in due course, but all I will say here is that the business end of the meeting was as informal as anyone could make it, indeed quite jocular at times, and it resulted in a first for the Trust in that we now have a lady Chairman. Is that an oxymoron? Well, Chairlady is too close to charlady, whilst Chair is too close to what we were all sitting on, and Chairperson is too stupidly pc. So, whatever title she takes, a big welcome and well-done to Lynda Blackman. Watch this space!

Next on the agenda was a fascinating and expertly made presentation from Sue Hooper of Coverack Hedgehog Rescue. I doubt there is anyone among us who doesn't love these little creatures, whether we were brought up on Mrs Tiggywinkle or have perhaps met a hog trundling through our garden at dusk, but I for one was pretty ignorant about them. Sue put us straight on many facts, and her passion for the wee beasties shone through. Having trained as a primary carer of hedgehogs at the Vale Wildlife Hospital and Rehabilitation Centre through the B.H.P.S, she began Coverack H.R. in September 2017 and it has had its effect already. She has revived and rehomed many of the little souls in her first year, and will continue to do so.

I had no idea that there were hedgehog "hotspots" locally, Porthleven being the warmest. It certainly isn't The Lizard, for I have never spotted one in all the 25 years I have lived here. However, now that I know what their poo looks like (brown toothpaste!), I think I might have spotted some evidence. And it is good to know that they are thriving and that people are keen to keep this so.

Although we do not see the carnage that we once did on our roads, due to hedgehog numbers decreasing, there are still accidents, and the majority of these come from garden strimmers. So, if you are wielding one of these, *do please check carefully* if you are tidying thick grass or undergrowth; hedgehog nests are quite small and easily missed. These creatures are, as you probably realised, nocturnal. So, if you see one wandering around in daytime, it is highly likely to be distressed, starving, dehydrated or even injured. That is when you need to step in and contact Sue.



The star turn of the evening was the appearance of two hoglet sisters, whom Sue had brought along in their cage. It is unusual to have two hogs happy together, but because they were siblings, these tolerated each other for now. There were several Aaaahs! from the audience, and I am sure these photos will produce a few more. For anyone wishing to make a donation to this worthy cause, please contact Sue on 0785 106 0880, her Facebook page (C.H.R.) or by email as below: [coverackhedgehogrescue@gmail.com](mailto:coverackhedgehogrescue@gmail.com).

#### **A Sad Addendum**

2018 was an unhappy year in some respects, and Coverack seems to have had more than its fair share of grief. The death of our former Chairman, John Thompson, earlier this year shocked and saddened us all, and in November LPHT members from Coverack, Heather and John Girdlestone, lost their beloved grand-daughter, Chloe, to sepsis. This is a deadly serious condition which everyone should be aware of – particularly hospitals, although even they do not seem to be always up to the mark. Chloe's father, Dave, completed a 30 mile walk from Truro Hospital to Coverack on Christmas Day, to raise money for the Sepsis Trust, and it is not too late to add to the donations already made to this worthy cause: [WWW.justgiving.com/fundraising/Dave-Rideout2](http://WWW.justgiving.com/fundraising/Dave-Rideout2) Our thoughts and sympathies go to all of Chloe's family. *Jane G*

#### **MAWGAN-IN-MENEAGE**



Mawgan-in-Meneage is a village and parish on the Lizard Peninsula between Gunwalloe and the Helford River. More commonly known as Mawgan, the addition of 'in-Meneage' (meaning Monkish land) is used to distinguish it from Mawgan-in-Pydar (near Newquay). The land was probably in the possession of a group of Celtic monasteries way back in Roman times. The church is dedicated to St Mauganus, a Welshman, and is 14<sup>th</sup> Century but was enlarged in the 15<sup>th</sup> Century by the addition of a south aisle and tower. There is evidence of medieval habitation in the form of a stone pillar at Mawgan Cross which is thought to date from

before the 12<sup>th</sup> Century. The inscription, now lost, once read, CNEGUMI FILI GENAIVS or "[the stone] of Cnegumus, son of Genaius". There is also evidence of settlement in the form of barrows on Goonhilly Downs and the Halliggye Fogou at Trelowarren. *Lynda Blackman. Photo from the web.*

### **Equine Update**

We were a little concerned about our Dobbin and his mates with all the gorse fires that were happening during November, but are happy to say that all are OK. Dobbin had a little holiday at Bochym (Natural England HQ. Perhaps they were short-staffed?), and was reported to be on his way to work at Rinsey in the near future. *Lynda Blackman.*

### **Cornish Under-Roast**

Since this is frequently mentioned in Cornish cook books, I decided to check out some recipes - which proved to be the first hurdle! In spite of all the mentions, there is no real quantitative recipe, just a method with variations of ingredients. Like many traditional foods, the recipe was dependent on what the cook had to hand and whether times were good or bad. In many families, potato or swede was the main ingredient, with a few bacon rinds added for flavour; but when times were good, or in more affluent households, a piece of beef steak (probably skirt, as chuck was not readily available) was included. The recipe below is a modern version which uses chuck, but a veggie option with large mushrooms would be good. The dish would have been made with dripping, and was sometimes covered with a suet crust too, but this might be rather too heavy on carbs and calories for today's diets. *Lynda Blackman*

1. Cover the bottom of a heavy casserole with sautéed chopped onions, celery, carrot or swede
2. Season a slab of skirt (one piece of the size to feed your family) and fry on both sides till browned (7 minutes per side)
3. Lay the meat on top of the vegetables
4. Peel and slice potato(es) to a medium thickness ; fry in batches in hot oil for a minute on each side
5. Layer the potato on top of the meat
6. Pour over good quality beef stock to cover the meat but not the potatoes
7. Cook covered at 180 C. for 30 – 45 minutes, then uncovered for another 30 – 45 minutes. Turn down the heat if it is browning too quickly
8. Serve with a green vegetable

### **Bookworms' Corner**

It occurred to me that, since you all love reading the Newsletter so much, you are probably bibliophiles, and thus might like to know about one or two publications that are relevant to our cause (if we have one; do we?). So, the first volume I was entranced by recently was "The Salt Path" by Raynor Winn. It tells the true story of a couple who, through a failed business venture, lost their home; the next day the husband was diagnosed with a terminal illness. Doesn't sound very jolly so far, but ... having no home, they decided to spend the summer walking the South West Coast Path, wild-camping because they had no money for B&B's or camp sites. There have been innumerable books written about such journeys, many with a humorous twist (if you haven't read Mark Wallingford's "500 Mile Walkies" I suggest you do it a.s.a.p!) and even this seemingly hopeless plight has its amusing moments. The author keeps you guessing right to the last as to what the ending will be, and I for one was gripped – and not disappointed.

The second gem was "Wilding" by Isabella Tree, a suitable surname in many ways. You might have seen their farm on Country File a while back, demonstrating that you can raise a good beef herd, deer and pigs, on land that you have allowed to go back to nature. (I immediately wondered if it would work in a garden!) But this is about so much more than a different method of farming. It challenges the whole way we look at land management, the animals on it, wildlife in general and even the botanical history of our little island; turns out it was never covered in forest which was then felled by man, but by ... well, you'll have to read the book. There is far too much for me to tell you.

One title that might have caught your eye is Bird Cottage by Eva Meijer, which purports to tell the story of a lady who gave up her London life back in the 1950's to live in a country cottage with the birds. Sounds wonderful, I thought. Hmm. Should have been, but wasn't. But I am open to challenge on all the above!

*Jane G.*

### **The Wreck of the SS Border Knight**

I am continuing my researches into ships sunk in WW1 in the vicinity of the Lizard. On 4<sup>th</sup> November 1917 the Border Knight (built in Glasgow in 1899) was on her way from London to Barry in South Wales when she was torpedoed by U Boat UC17 at 11.00 am, approximately two miles east of Lizard Point. The ship sank within minutes but the crew of thirty eight managed to get into the two lifeboats, the only fatality being the Chinese cook. The crew were picked up by a patrol vessel and taken to Falmouth. The ship's captain was able to destroy all the code books and confidential documents. The ship's bell was recovered by divers in 1977 so the Border Knight's exact position is now known. UC17's captain, Ulrich Pilzecker, took command of another U-boat and died with all his new crew when his ship was lost in September 1918. Freiherr Nikolaus von Lyncker assumed command of UC17 until the end of the war, by which time she had sunk a total of 96 ships. She was taken to Preston and broken up in 1919-1920. There seems to be some evidence that Nikolaus von Lyncker served his country again in WW2 although the information is inconclusive. The web site holding all the U-boat records lists his date of death as May 1945 in the Soviet Union, so he may have ended up as prisoner of war, but we cannot be sure.

*Geoff Blackman*

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