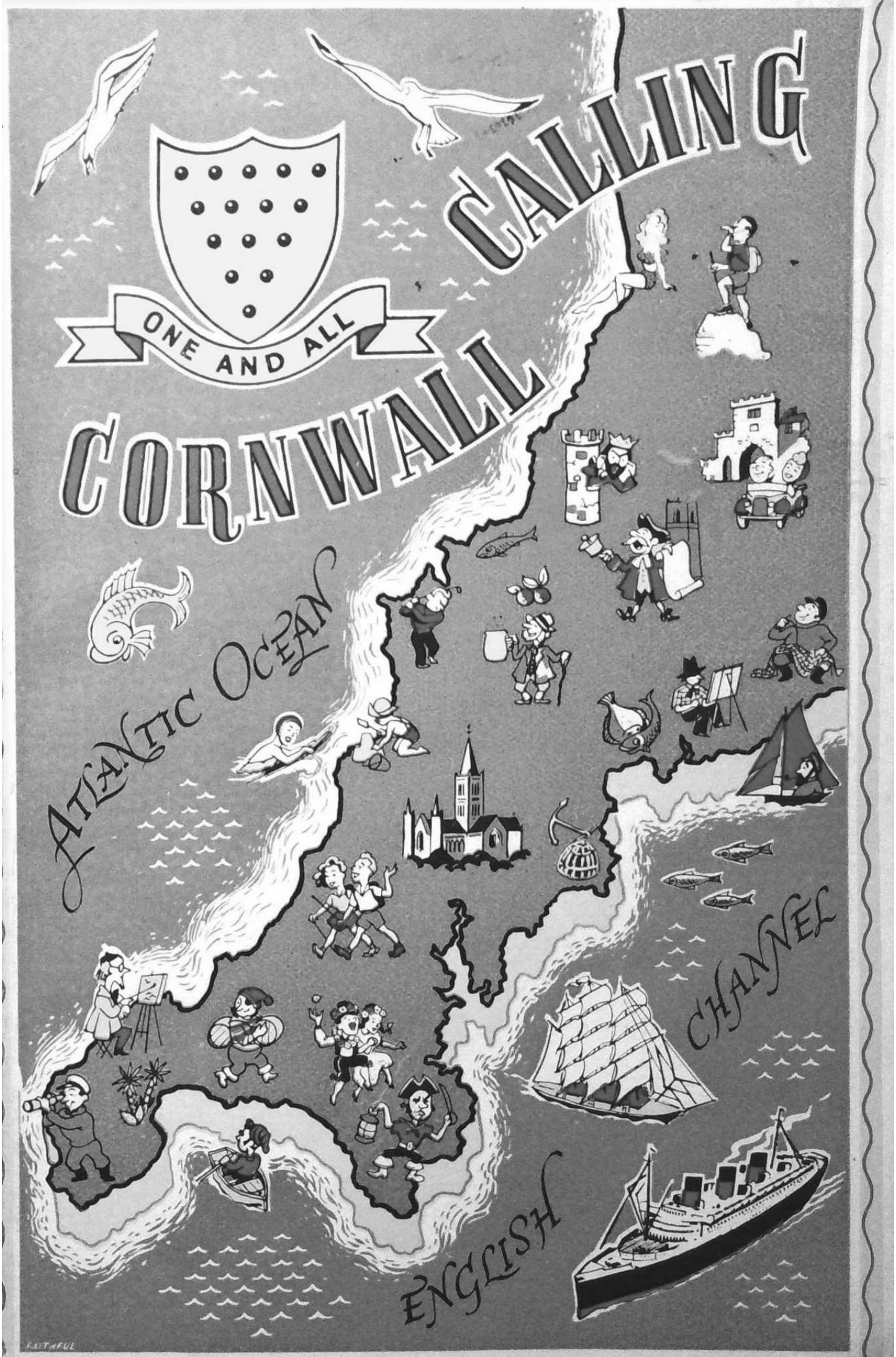
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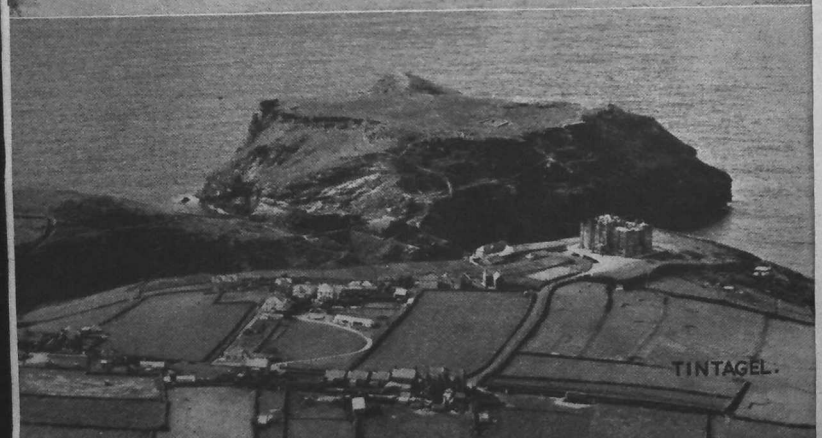
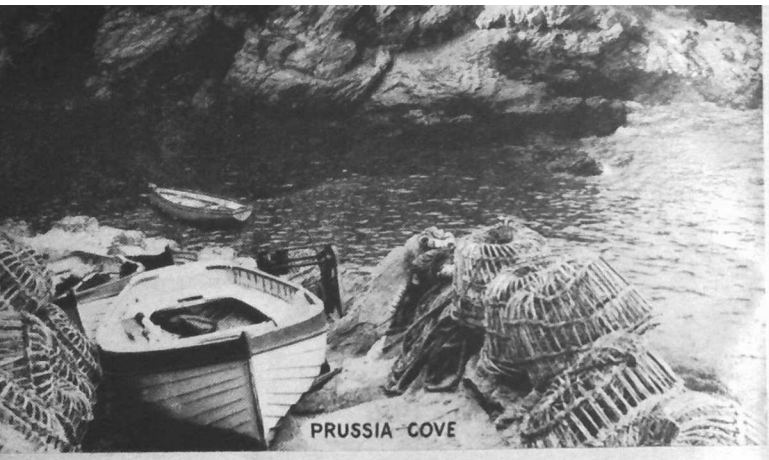
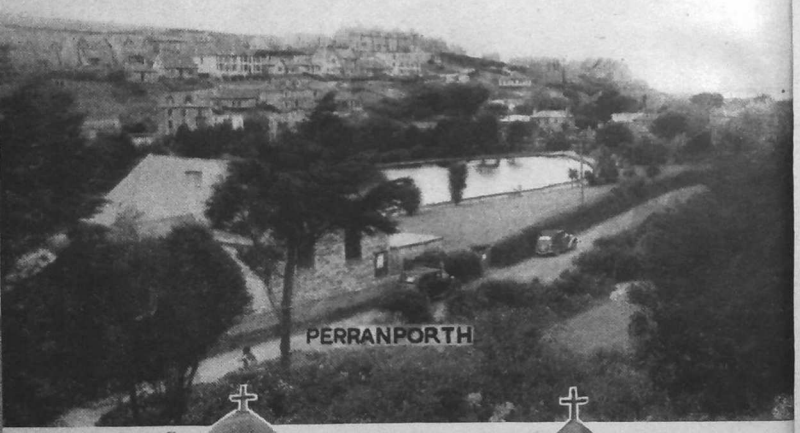


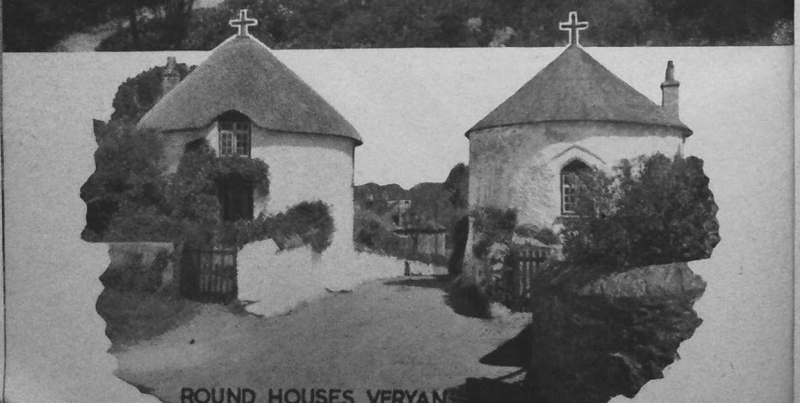
CORNWALL CALLING

FIRST EDITION

PRICE **2/6**







Cornwall

By HOWARD SPRING

I AM writing this in the middle of October, and from my desk I look out at a Cornish garden. The sun is shining. Round the lawn the trees stand up: lime and elm, oak and chestnut, tulip tree, buckthorn, holly, yew and sycamore. All save the hollies and yews are changing colour. Over them the sky is blue. The sun is bright upon their red and gold and yellow. It is a lovely scene. Not, of course, that we don't have rain. We have plenty. Otherwise, how should we be a green and pleasant land? Certainly we are that.

Well, this is an autumn scene. Bring your eyes down from the trees, and other autumnal notes will appear: the dwarf cyclamens of pink and white, the chrysanthemums, michaelmas daisies and handsome belladonna lilies. The odd thing is that it is a springtime scene as well. Within the circle of the forest trees there are lesser trees, and among these are many mimosas and camellias. Already the tips of the mimosa branches are fluffy with bud. The faintest imaginable touch of yellow is upon them, and when, in less favoured climates, the ground is rigid with frost and the air is black with the breath of winter, these branches will be bowing and curtseying in their golden clothing.

Look at the camellias, too. They are thick with bud: hundreds, thousands of buds. Already a trace of colour is showing through a green sheath here and there. If last year's precedent is followed, the first of them will open in November, and thence, through all the months of winter, we shall have them: white, red, red streaked with white, flesh pink. They will be with us till the spring is over; and by then what legions of flowers will have joined them, to nod upon the earth and swing upon the air!

Yes, of course, when writing about Cornwall one wants to write about

flowers and about the miraculous impact of spring even before autumn has fairly given way to winter. One is tempted to write, too, of summer days at sea, especially upon the water within the headlands of St. Anthony and Pendennis. Anyone may there find what he wants, the yachtsman in a craft that might cross an ocean, the child paddling a three-foot canoe. Out of the great basin of the Carrick Roads the water spills in so many creeks and inlets that you may live long in the district and not know them all. The great cleft through which the river flows up to Truro is so deep that battleships lie there snug among the sloping hills fleeced with scrub oak, but leave that central artery and venture upon the little veins of water that feed it here and there and you had better watch your step or you may find yourself spending six hours on the mud. And you might do worse than that, for you are not likely to find easily such peace as there is upon those threads of water, with the woods coming down on either hand and such seclusion and silence that those places seem as though they have not changed since the world took the shape we know. The gulls and gannets drift upon the blue above you; on little beaches the herons stand, a dozen at a time, their shoulders hunched-up, lost in contemplation; the swans float like open flowers upon the water, and the heart-moving cry of the curlews seems the voice of that beautiful desolation.

There is a legend that sometimes of a summer's dusk a Phoenician galley may be seen making its ghostly way up the river towards Truro, and, rocking in your boat in the stillness of those tributary waterways, you feel so far removed from contemporary stir and bustle that almost it would not surprise you, turning a corner, to see that far-come prow and hear the silence broken by outlandish words. At the same time, the legend reminds you that there is more to Cornwall than secluded gardens and landlocked waterways. The whole county is a strip of land flung energetically into the turbulence of the sea, the immemorial highway of adventurous man. Land's End is also land's beginning, and the waves breaking in a grey dusk upon the granite coast of Cornwall were the first sight of England to many a searching eye, as they were the last to many a heavy heart moving westward.

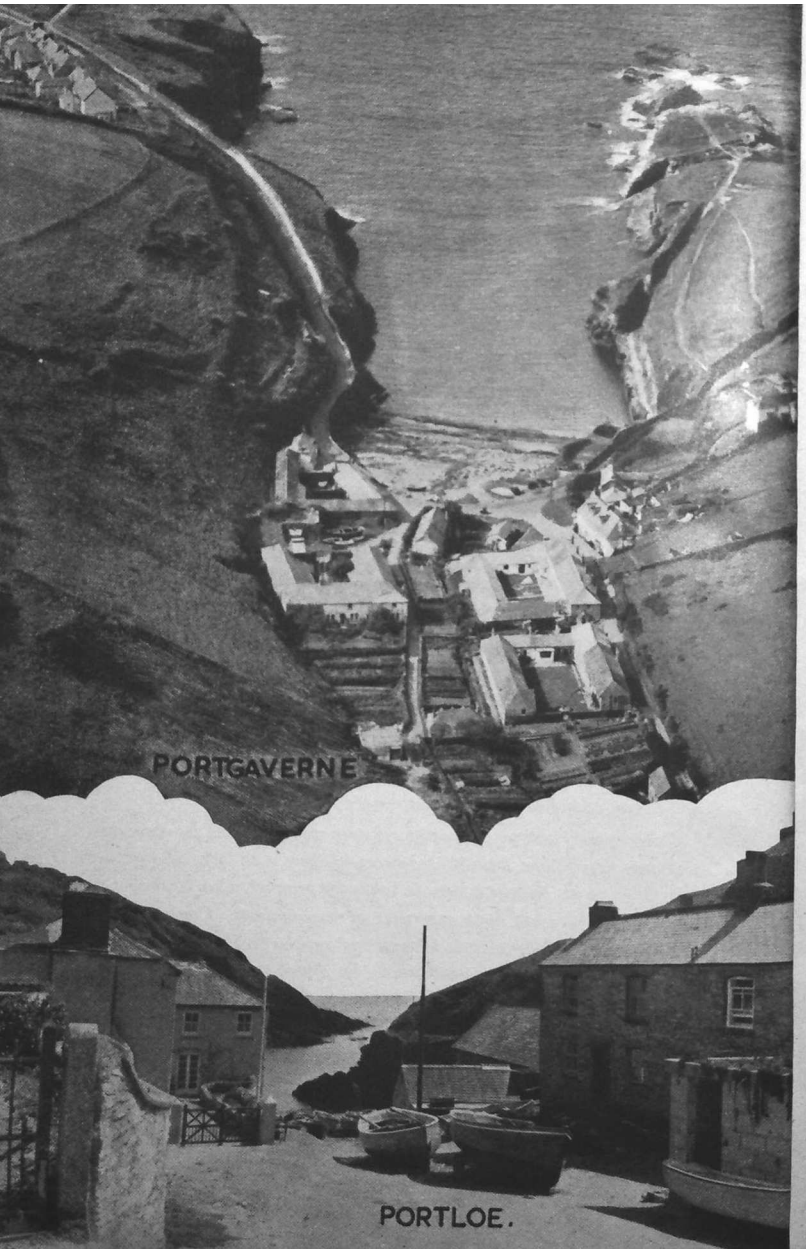
Here, then, they came throughout the centuries, came in strange ships from out of the first dawn of history, seeking tin and copper; and something moving and enigmatic lies upon the county still. There are hints in faces, whispers in mysterious names of places, and when darkness falls upon the devastated inner parts of the county there is an alien presence that can

almost be felt. It is said often enough that Cornwall is a strip of beauty lying around an ugly core; but beauty is not all softness, and in the wind-swept desolation of the inland moors, and the down-tumbling chimneys and the deserted buildings, disintegrating under the weather, that once knew the clang and urgency of industrial effort, there is a moving tale, for anyone who cares to read it, of man's daily work going on in these places back and back, not always in the forms whose ruins are still apparent, through unimaginable stretches of time.

You have, then, gathered in this one small space, such variety as it would be difficult to find elsewhere; enclosed gardens and wind-buffeted moors; landlocked waters and the majestic flow of the open sea to an horizon beyond which is nothing till you reach the land whose crossing will take you to the Pacific. You have places where the winter winds can chew great ships to pieces on outward-stretching fangs of the coast, and in the very places where that has happened you may presently lie, basking in sunshine like a seal, under a day that has all summer in its smile.

Where else is there such sand, so conveniently disposed as the flooring of tiny coves that you are hard put to it if you cannot find a private beach for your picnic? Where else such colour? Such emerald and sapphire in the sea, suffused with lilac, all lying within the embrace of rocks veined with serpentine. Above all, it is to me a county for those who seek such things as these, beauties that come and go, that you cannot be sure of always finding, that spring up magically before the eyes out of swift combinations of sails and moving water and sunshine, gull-flight and shadow-play, the golden roll of corn along a hill, the glisten of dew upon blackberries in an autumn hedge that seems to end suspended over an abyss floored with blue silk that you cannot believe to have been yesterday's thundering sea.

Great richness here for the casual eye-open wayfarer; and for those who seek more ordered and sophisticated pleasures there is no lack. But of that I shall not write, because it may be taken for granted. Our hotel-keepers and boatmen have had much experience of their business. I daresay there were lodgings for Phoenician deck hands and coracles for their hire long ago. And something has been learned since. So this is only one man's rather casual tribute to a county where he came to find peace and beauty and found them; where, to him, the best thing is that these are not in "sights" or "monuments" so much as in vagrant clouds, and fickle seas, and the land changing its look as the year turns round, so that things that are lovely and things that are not so good unpredictably come and go like the impulses of the unknowable human heart.



Cornwall Calling

By VINCENT EVANS

DOWN in the pasture where the path leads to the shore, the wood anemone is in bloom. Primroses, speedwell and celandine festoon the hedges. Over the water, the bell of St. Anthony is sounding six o'clock of a warm spring evening.

Below me, long white rollers, still crested from the storm that blew itself out last night, are mounting and falling on the sand. And, as they do so, the breeze coming off-shore is whipping the spume from their tops and spraying it behind them like a fine lace veil.

Nosing out from the bay towards Rose Mullion Head, a long, graceful tanker is leaving a trail of drifting smoke. She's in ballast and still flying her red and white pilot's pennant. She circles twice in the roads, slips back into the bay and comes out again with her pennant gone. Before long, she is hull down on the horizon, westward bound. Lizard's light will wink for the man on watch tonight.

Down on the beach, young Anne and Robert are kneeling over a pool in the rocks, their arms deep in the water. Between them, Timmie the terrier is bristling and wagging with suspended hope. A few minutes ago, Robert was playing ducks and drakes—and claiming a world's record with eight bounces before a wave swallowed his skimming pebble on its way to the Helford River.

Soon, a little sailing boat will come into the creek and their father, a Canadian soldier revisiting the wartime land he had learned to love, will call to them as he did the other evening. Anne and Robert will climb into the boat from the dinghy and sail back across the bay to St. Just-in-Roseland where the sea will be lapping the little churchyard watergate.

A motor-launch—probably from Port Navas up the river—is chugging about in the deep water, where vicious little German E-boats came during the war and sank our merchantmen as they ran for Falmouth Harbour.

Nearer the shore, a blue-jerseyed fisherman is scanning the rocks for a glimpse of the hundred fathom of rope and twenty-odd lobster pots which the storm tore away from their mooring. It destroyed a winter's work and more money than he could afford when it blew last night. His father, who worked the pots when his son was away, saved up for years to buy a little outboard motor to fix to the stern of their rowing boat. He got it just before the war began, took it out for the first time one evening, swung the flywheel, heard the engine splutter into life—and then saw it jerk off its hinges into the sea. So he rowed back home that night, and he and his son have rowed or sailed ever since.

As you turn away from Rose Mullion, and follow the road that leads past Carwinnion, turn for Penjerrick, past the camellia trees and azalea bushes, you come to a road that drops down into Penryn, turns again past the lovely Quaker hamlet of Come to Good—or should it be Come to God?—and at the bottom of the hill, the ferry is beginning to pull away across King Harry Passage.

As it moves off, a car hoots impatiently at the top of the hill. "That'll be Simon," says the ferryman and pulls back into the shore to wait for him.

As the ferry creaks its way across the water, you see up and down the Fal the hulks of ships that made history in this and the last war. Time has mellowed them sombrely into their background. Even the old French destroyer, split in three by a German bomb, has fashioned itself into part of the scenery.

Over the other side of the river, the wooded hill rises out of the water and blends into the brown of the new-ploughed fields and the Cornish hedgerows blushing green with spring. St. Mawes, behind its jetty, lies bathed in the evening sun, and a dozen anchored sailing vessels dip and rise and turn slowly as the changing tide swings their noses upstream.

And, tonight, Tom Pendrave will be sitting in his corner of the "Red Lion" at Mawnan, his chin resting on the backs of the hands that he has cupped over his crooked walking-stick.

"It's no good me a-telling you no lies," he will be saying. "Because you come from Lunnon an' you'd soon a-find me out . . ."

You will know that what he is going to tell you will indeed be no lie, but you will sense, too, his slight, benevolent contempt. For he is not telling you that, because you come from London, you are any cleverer than he is. He is telling you that in London people's words are slick things, for the real meaning of which you have to keep as wary an eye skinned as you have for the weather off the Manacles.

And, as you get to know them, you come to feel that these people down here live their timeless days in a timeless life. For, even as we scrambled over the cliffs this morning, through the barbed-wire defences, Robert picked up a flint that seemed to have been worked into an arrowhead.

And, when five hundred years have gone, other men will come to Polgwidden Cove, unearth the slotted dugouts buried in the rocks—and wonder what their reason was.

As the years pass, there will be another gardener like Bert at Penjerrick, who will measure time by the seasons and not by the clock, space by the beauty it holds. The other day, Bert planted a new and rare shrub along one of the walks. Some city horticulturist came down and complained that Bert had planted it too near the path. One day the shrub would spread and overgrow it.

Bert paused in his work, pushed back his cap. "If so be," he said, "it will be after my time. They can make the path grow round the bush. 'Tes the flowers that matters."

And there will be men who will go down to the fields in winter and spring and sow the seeds which they know will come to fruit as the year turns.

Helston's Flora Day will come round each year, and the country folk, pausing from their work, will dance the Furry Dance through the streets as they have done for hundreds of years—decked in flowers and new dresses.

For the people here know that the good things of life come hard, but they come calm and certain—the gulls wheeling above, catching the wind and opening their wings to it ; the sailing boats slipping out of the creek on the tide ; the fields that turn from brown to green and then to yellow gold. These are the everlasting things of life that tell them of the important dignity of being born Man. And particularly of being born a Man of Cornwall.

For this land of South Cornwall is different from any other land—different from the North, where they slightly despise the men of the

soft South—but only as a brother does—different from the moors you cross as you come into Cornwall, different from the backbone of tin mines and china clay that runs down its middle. And—most of all—different from any other part of England. Though, maybe, not so very different from the lovely coast of Pembrokeshire and Cardiganshire in South Wales—with whom the men of Cornwall have more than a sentimental kinship.

The people welcome you well if they like you well; they are dour and stubborn if they don't. And the people they like are the people from whose faces they don't have to remove a mask before they can get to know them.

And it is a land for which you must search before you can find its real loveliness. It is no good picking up a guide book and trying to find the way to Manaccan—for you will surely lose yourself. You must find Manaccan for yourself, for the trial and error that take you up and down the by-roads of the country that lies out to the Lizard will reward you well enough. And, if it is Coverack, or Cadgwith or Gillan you find—well, what of it?

But, eventually, you will find Manaccan, and be shown the fig-tree that grows out of the side of the church and miraculously comes freshly to leaf each year. And possibly you will find the little pub open and hear the landlord's stories.

You will go on to Mullion and watch the sea whip around the rocks that stand up from the water, and the bigger waves climb up the breakwater, behind which nestles the fishing harbour, in their never-ending endeavour to fight their way in.

And, when they retreat for the next assault as the tide moves out, it will be time to go on to Kynance. For Kynance Cove, when the tide is low, is one of the gracious beauties of this world.

And, if it interests you, it is at Kynance that Nature has thrown in one of her galaxies of wealth—the semi-precious serpentine stone. Red, dark green and chocolate, it lies half-buried for those who have the energy and persistence to find it.

Lying back behind it, you make the tortuous drive through Helston, and dip down again to Porthleven and on to Looe Pool—where Excalibur, on an arm clothed in white samite, is said to have come out of the water.

On the left is the Pool, cut away from the beach by Looe Bar, and hiding in its beauty one of the sea's great treacheries. For a moment,

you stand and catch your breath with its loveliness, and the next the sea has come in and surrounded you, gurgling with delight at its human catch.

It was a few miles from here, at the smugglers' Prussia Cove, that, in another moment of treachery, the sea threw up the old battleship *Warspite* and left her stranded on the rocks—sullenly watching the little pleasure craft that come out to see the inglorious end of her great glory. Old Man Sea had got her and wouldn't let go.

And down through Marazion to St. Michael's Mount—standing off the shore, a blend of medieval mystery and modern grandeur. Twelve hundred feet above the sea, the home of the St. Levan family looks down on the little fishing harbour and the houses that have gathered themselves around it. And if, by chance, you should happen to glance down from the castle walls one summer's afternoon, you are as likely as not to see Lord St. Levan working in the garden.

The sea sweeps graciously round to Penzance—where, for most people, Britain ends. For it is there that the train stops its mad rush across the West of England and puffs thankfully into the haven of its last station. And, lest there are those of you who think that a malicious engine driver keeps the Cornish express from getting you in to time, let me reassure you. For, if he is on time, he has a few minutes left for a drink. If he is not, he goes home dry, with thirst unslaked.

And, if you seek to hurry through Penzance, you will find you cannot, for it is an unhurrying town—and, sooner or later, one or other of its winding streets will lead you down to the harbour, where the smell of fresh fish will come up from the sea, and you will wonder that this is the same smell that accosts you as the fish train whistles past you in the night. For it is the smell of the open air and the swishing, rolling little boats that bring it in from the sea.

And the road will lead you on to Mousehole—which you will learn to pronounce only when you get there—the loveliest, snuggest little tumbledown of a village that ever cobbled its streets. You cannot spoil Mousehole, for there is no room to. It is a village in repose—but the uneasy repose of a village where all the families earn their living from the sea and take its hazards with its joys. If I had to choose a town that really spoke for Cornwall, I think I should choose Mousehole—and probably be proved a dozen times wrong.

For there it is on the corner where south turns to north, its simplicity mixed with the slight sophistication that comes from the resorts of the

north, its shore sheltered from the winds that sweep across the peninsula by the cliffs that rise up behind it. And, above all, I think it is the home of the genuine Cornishman—comparatively unspoiled by the adulation of the townsman, and turning, as the Welsh miner does, to singing for his emotional outlet. Where there is both danger and contentment in life, there you will certainly find a male voice choir. You will find one at Mousehole—as you will in all those parts of Cornwall where fishing and the long winter night are the main preoccupations.

* * *

As you move about Britain today, you will come across thousands of young men, and quite a lot of young women, who got to know Cornwall during the war. The men will probably be R.A.F. and they usually know the north better than they know the south—the great Coastal Command 'dromes that used to pepper the north coast, with its long flat sweeps of coastal landing ground. The women will have been Wrens, and they know the south better than the north.

For the geographical split of Cornwall is just as easy as that.

The Wrens will have been the girls who supplied the little ships that called in at Falmouth, St. Mawes, Fowey and the rest—the girls who kept the secrets of the landing craft that loaded up in the Helford River and the Fal and the quiet little inlets that nose their way into the coast all the way down to the Devon border.

Some of the landing "hards" are still there. They know more about the stories of Dieppe, St. Nazaire and D-Day than most of us will ever learn—and about the descent of the two apparently different races on the calm little Cornish towns. For the arrival of the black and white Americans, the coloured boys and the Yanks, caused as great a mental upheaval as even John Wesley did when he went riding down through Cornwall on his great Methodist crusade, splitting the Church wide open as he went, but leaving something new behind him after he had gone.

But that was mainly a tale of the south. While the Americans trained and loaded their ships in the sheltered inlets, the north was covered by the almost constant drone of the aircraft that came and went in search of submarines, or to bring the convoys from the North Atlantic on the last leg of their voyage into port. And those two activities divide Cornwall north and south almost as neatly as the character of the people.

* * *

There are not many people in Cornwall who look on Land's End as part of their own county. It is a geographical oddity that belongs to everyone, that everyone goes to see, but few remember for its beauty. And yet it is here that the soft south turns to the rugged north and Cornwall begins again in its loveliness.

There is a spot you pass as you cross the backbone of Cornwall from Penzance, through Hayle to St. Ives, from which you can catch a brief glimpse of both sides of the coast. Far away to the west, you see a long stretch of sand up which white rollers are climbing their relentless way; and to the south-east a green-swathed promontory that you know drops down into a cove.

And, as you make your way through the narrow, intertwined little streets, with their stairways and roofs almost pushing you off the pavement, you will not know whether it is their charm which has given the lilt to your feet, or the fact that the bay has suddenly opened up beneath you—first the harbour, probably the most picturesque of its kind in the world, then the long sweep of white sand.

But St. Ives will soon slip into fine focus. Along the waterfront, the sailing boats dip and nod off the shore, and the men who sail and fish from them dawdle along the quay—some because they know their blue jerseys and longboots are good for business; some because they are descendants of the families of huers who used to keep their watch on the point for the shoals of pilchards, which used to mean a year's living for the people of the town.

But the pilchards and the huers have gone. What are left to St. Ives are the whirling gulls, the blue of the sea on which they float, the sand and the odd muddle of architecture which climbs up behind them. And, for anyone who has watched the dignity and care with which a lobster is treated in a London restaurant, it is still a little surprising to see them being carried along the street by the dozen, one claw tied and the other slightly moving. The men who carry them, you will find, have views on London tradesmen.

All the way up the coast, as the road dips in and out from the sea, you can see the same stretches of sand that you saw at St. Ives, curving around the edge of the water, and moving backwards and forwards with the tide.

And moving in a way that almost no other shore in Britain moves. As you stand and look down on it, you can watch the water swell half a mile or so out to sea and run slightly forward with its weight.

A gust of wind whips the top off the swell, and the deep blue breaks in a patch of white—small first, then spreading outwards as it gathers speed and comes in on its long rolling rush for the shore. And, for the last hundred yards, it is like a proud sea-beast, with its crest flowing backwards from it, until finally it throws itself down on the beach—as though the moment for which it had lived is over. All it leaves is its foaming edge, pressing its way further and further up the beach as wave follows wave.

The whole way up this lovely, exciting north Cornish coast, you find these great curving beaches—sometimes down away where the railways cannot go, and which the roads approach with respectful care ; sometimes holding the sea back from the town.

There they lie—from Sennen to St. Ives, around Carbis Bay, Portreath, St. Agnes, Perranporth, and the great stretch at Newquay, at Padstow, Tintagel, through Boscastle and on to Bude—the names themselves are half their beauty.

If you take the road that links them, you will find why Cornwall is a land apart from the rest of England. For, as far as anything can be sophisticated, you will find it at Newquay of an evening ; and, as far as Nature can mix cruelty with her beauty, you will find it at Boscastle on a windy day. The sea and the cliffs and the echoing gale mingle in their cold austerity.

Newquay takes kindly to the airs and graces of a modern world. It is not unpleasing that, when the sea and sun and wind have induced an unwonted languor, the soft seduction of a cocktail bar should be there to satisfy it. But life had harder ways with Boscastle.

It was around Tintagel that the romances of King Arthur were chiefly laid. For it was a few miles from here that Gorlois, Duke of Cornwall, fought for his wife, Ingraine, against Uther Pendragon. Uther won, captured Ingraine in Tintagel, and became the father of King Arthur. Fourteen hundred years ago that was, and the country is still steeped in the legends—and in the rugged loveliness of Tintagel and the coast that sweeps around it. King Arthur's Castle still looks down the gaunt cleft in the cliffs that divides it in two, and Merlin's Cave still eats its way into the rocks below.

There is something geographically and historically right in the aloofness of this part of Cornwall from the rest of the world—and in the fact that the link between it and wind-swept Bodmin Moor and history-

scarred Bodmin should be a town that is both of the sea and of the country.

Wadebridge has Padstow looking across the River Camel at it, and Polzeath, the surf-riders' paradise at the head of its estuary. The town is lovely because it has old Loveybond's 500-year-old bridge running through it and because it leads into the valley of the Camel—a valley which few people associate with Cornwall and which runs through or around places with pretty names like Washaway and Merry Meeting.

But gracious though the valley of the Camel is, it still leads you through to Bodmin Moor, and the cursing ghosts of the smugglers who once used it as their centre.

For the Moor has two uses—for the imaginative it conjures up a past of the finest black-marketeers who ever walked or rode a country lane ; and for you and me it is the link with that new part of the south coast where industry and beauty unite, and where neither is jealous of the other. Fowey is its natural centre.

Away to the east lie Looe and Polperro—Looe split in two exquisite halves at the place where the Looe River joins the sea ; and Polperro, where you can watch the fishermen bring in their catch, cut it up on the quayside and excite the daily passionate skirmish of the seabirds as they slip in and out for their food. Day after day they come in at the call of the tide.

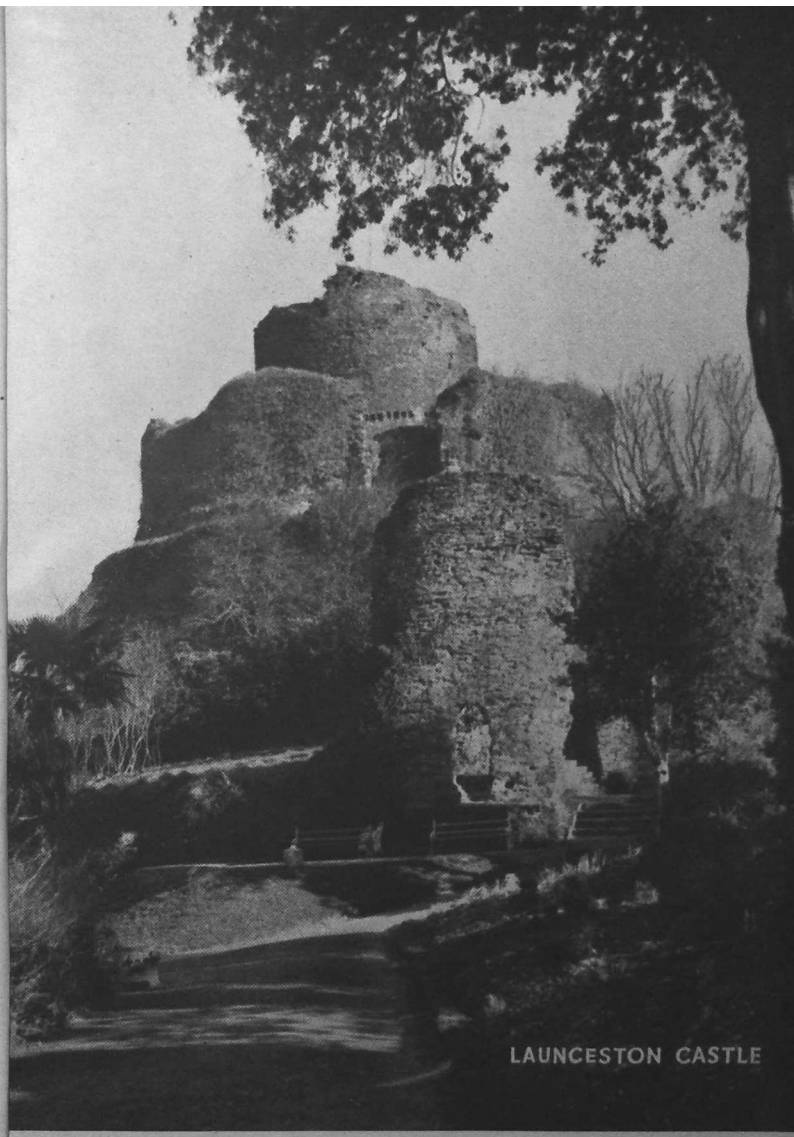
It is odd, but true, of Fowey that it is one Britain's greatest dollar earners—partly because of its beauty and partly because of the industry which hundreds of years have blended into the beauty. For the river that pours itself out into the sea at Fowey is the link with the china clay mines that lie inland. And from here it is distributed all over the world —in ships that look too big to be running for any Cornish fishing port.

The coast that runs from Fowey down to St. Mawes is probably less known than almost any Britain, and yet it contains St. Austell, Carlyon Bay, Mevagissey—and a row of little hamlets that peep out at you from the shore as you sail past them.

And, when you get back again, St. Mawes is still there, watching the tankers run for the safety of Falmouth Harbour. Flushing and the half-dozen creeks that break off the Fal lie mellowing in the evening sun. For Flushing, said to have been founded by the Dutch, and still looking like a little Dutch masterpiece reflected in the water, is reputed to be the warmest place in England.

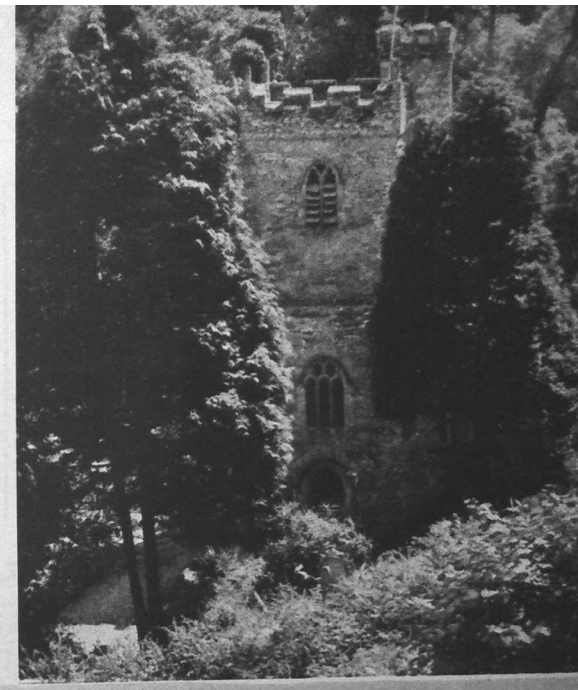
For we are back at the beginning and the end of our journey—a journey that has taken us through the loveliest county of England. For there is no county in England from which man's uglier hand has been held away so long. It has its industries—as you will see if you take the train down the backbone of Cornwall—the tin mines, the engineering works and the china clay works from Lostwithiel, through St. Austell and Truro, down to Camborne and Redruth and on to Penzance. But they are of the county, and not thrust on it.

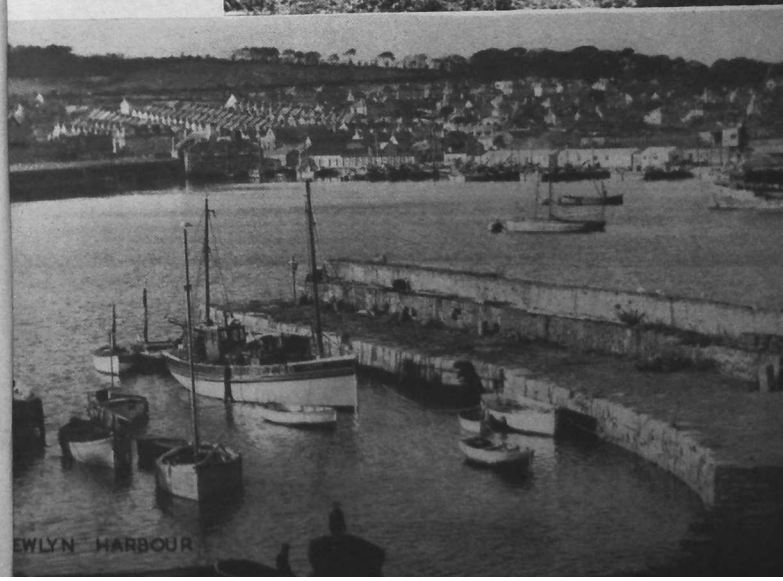
And there are a hundred places I have not begun to mention. But the real Cornwall is no affair of guide books and quick trips on a sunny day. It is a county of infinite mood and variety of weather and people. And it is a county in which peace reigns in its own right.



LAUNCESTON CASTLE

ST. JUST-IN-ROSELAND
Parish Church





EWLYN HARBOUR

Introducing . . .

WEST CORNWALL

Penzance is the terminus of the "Cornish Riviera" express and one of Cornwall's leading resorts. Its airport at St. Just makes it easily accessible from any part of Britain. It stands on the west of Mount's Bay, from where there is a magnificent view towards Marazion and St. Michael's Mount and across the bay to the Lizard. Mount's Bay has first-class fishing, boating, bathing, and is enclosed by a variety of beauty spots and picturesque villages.

The climate is so equable that flowers abound all through the year, and early daffodils and sub-tropical flowers and trees can be seen growing in the open in the famous Morrab Gardens. Penzance has a higher winter temperature than anywhere else in Britain.

In the sixteenth century Penzance suffered considerable damage from the Spanish raiders and Parliamentary soldiers, so that today its earliest buildings are of the Regency period, but quaint little byways still remain.

Adjacent to Penzance is **Newlyn**, the home of "brave, hardy fishermen." The small houses and crooked streets remind one of the villages on the Continent and are unlike anything to be seen elsewhere in England. Newlyn has been the subject of many pictures painted by artists whose names are world famous. Here also is the Newlyn Art Gallery and the Newlyn School of Art.

Near to Penzance and now almost a suburb is **Mousehole** (pronounced Mowsell). This picturesque village was burnt by the Spaniards in 1595 and only the Elizabethan "Keigwan Arms" remains of the old days. A little further down the coast is lovely **Lamorna Cove** with fine examples of tropical marine flora.

Travelling north-east from Penzance along the coast we come first to **Marazion** and **St. Michael's Mount**, whose castle looks like something out of Fairyland. The Mount is connected with the mainland by a causeway and it is possible to walk across and view the grounds when the tide permits. Next is **Prah Sands**, a lovely stretch of sands ideal for surf-bathing.

Porthleven is a fishing town three miles south-west of Helston which has been developed residentially. The climate is mild, being sheltered by the surrounding cliffs and hills, and its gardens are filled with sub-tropical flowers.

Porthleven has a fine open stretch of sand extending three miles to the east. The boat-building yards have been long noted for their excellent craftsmanship in yacht building.

Helston is at the end of a branch line of the Western Region railway from Gwinear Road on the main line. It is the centre of the Lizard district and has been called "the gateway to the Lizard." From here there are good travelling arrangements made for visitors to see the famous Lizard lighthouse and to explore the exquisite lanes, paths and tiny villages and coves on the peninsula, of which **Gweek**, **Mullion**, **St. Keverne**, **Coverack**, **Manaccan** and the **Helford River** are but a few of the many delightfully picturesque places which have inspired Lord Leighton's picture "The Captive Andromache," Grant Allen's "The Scallywag," and Charles Kingsley's "Hereward's Cornish Adventures."

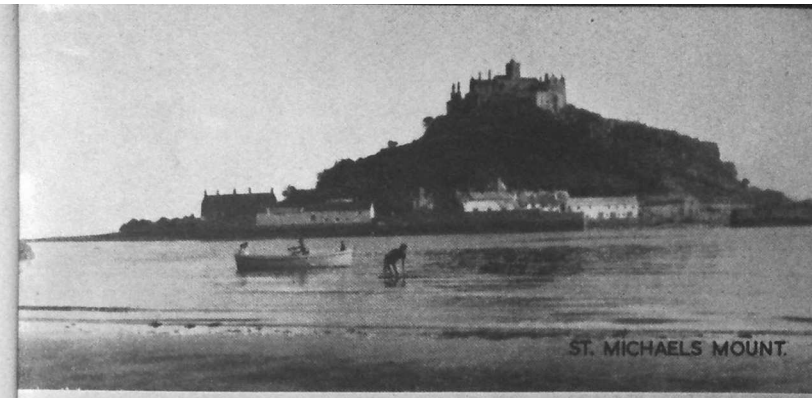
Helston was the centre of the Cornish tin mining industry, and like many other parts of Cornwall has been hard hit by the discoveries of tin in other parts of the world. Today it is a flourishing market town.

St. Ives lies on the western cliffs of St. Ives Bay with bracing climate combined with sunshine charged with ultra-violet rays, beautiful sandy beaches in the most colourful situation imaginable. It is no wonder that artists make this their home. The St. Ives Society of Artists includes many famous painters, and among those who have lived there are Whistler, Richard Sickert, and many Swedish, American and Belgian artists. But in addition St. Ives caters for the holiday-makers as well as residents. The new part of this little town contains well equipped hotels with all the modern comforts.

Nearby is the lovely **Carbis Bay**, where residents have built villas on the cliffs overlooking the Atlantic, and where hotels, houses and bungalows are available for permanent residence or a quiet holiday. The recreations at St. Ives include golf, cricket, tennis, bowls, yachting, boating, fishing and bathing. Three miles away is the famous eighteen-hole golf course at **Lelant**. Here also is the ancient church. Beyond Lelant lies the manufacturing town of **Hayle**, from where turning north one comes to Godrevy Headland with its five miles of cliffs under the care of the National Trust.

The coast road west from St. Ives brings us to **Gurnard's Head** and **Zennor Head**, from where wonderful views may be obtained. Zennor Village has a fifteenth century church with a Norman window.

Camborne and **Redruth**, now united as a single urban district, lie on high ground on either side of a medieval castle on Carn Brae Hill. Here is to be found evidence that long before the Christian era traders came from far off in search of tin. The many tin and copper mines, of which ruins only remain, are now out of use owing to competition from abroad. This area is considered to be one of the richest in minerals in the world, and in addition to tin and copper, wolfram, tungsten, arsenic and the all-important uranium are to be found. But today industrial factories have grown producing modern mining equipment and machine tools from rock drills to fuses for explosives, electrical equipment and lace, giving a considerable aid to Britain's export drive. The area is of interest, not only to the industrialist, but also to the historian and the archaeologist. Many books have been written about the history of Cornwall; and here it is sufficient to mention but a few places that are well worth a visit:


ST. MICHAELS MOUNT.


PRAH SANDS,

John Wesley's Gwennap Pit, the cromlech in Pendarves Park, and the remains of ancient dwellings on Carn Brae Hill. The world-famous Camborne School of Mines, is situated in Clinton Road.

Camborne and Redruth are well supplied with modern shops and fine business premises. There are many good hotels in the district and the surrounding country is well served by coach and train. Sea bathing may be found at **Portreath**, a pretty little village with good harbour and sandy beach. The famous Tehidy Park Golf Course is nearby.

Next is **Porthtowan**, another charming seaside resort, with its own bathing pool and three miles of golden sand and safe bathing.

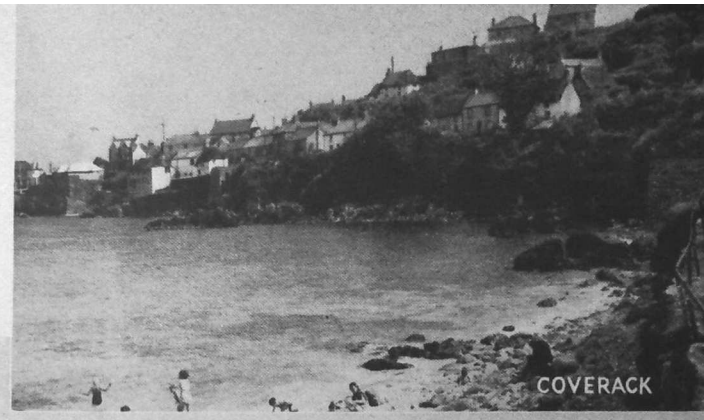
Just inland is **Mount Hawke**, a quaint village with an attractive church and old mill, near which is a trout stream.

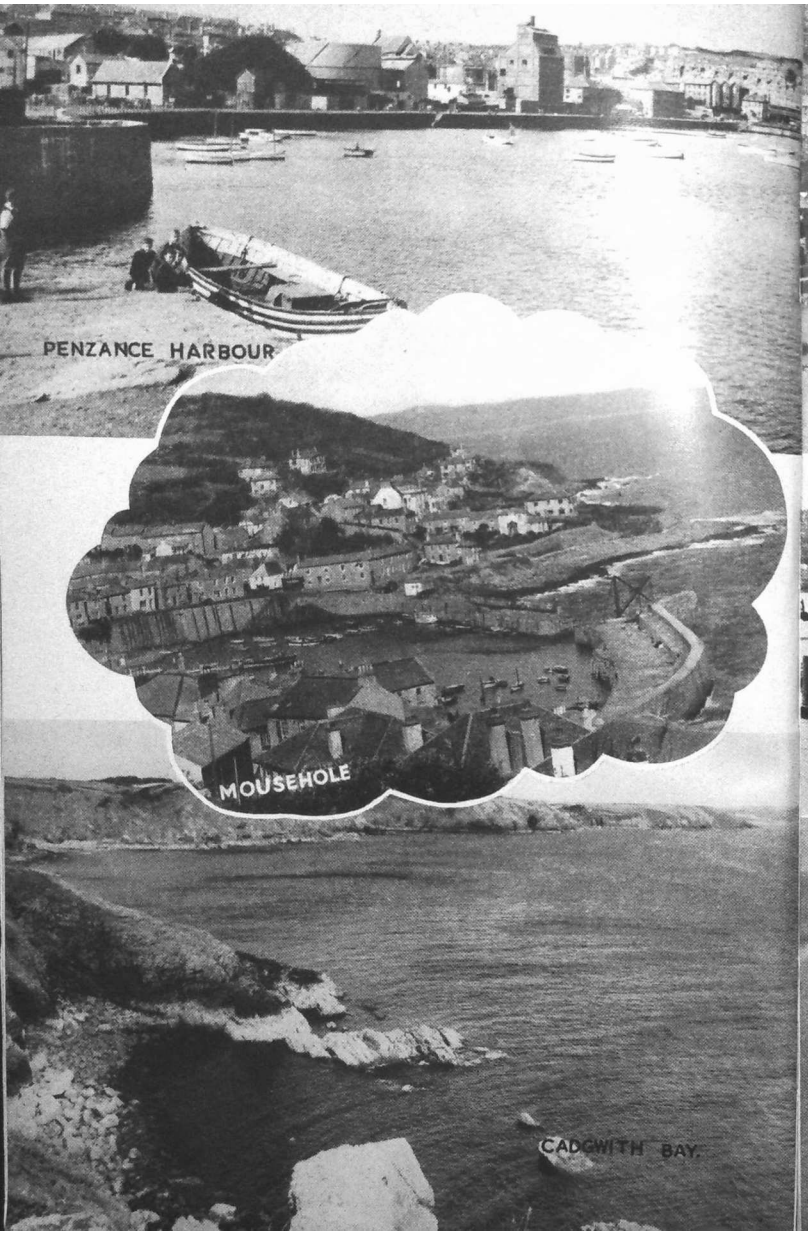
St. Agnes is another popular spot with visitors. From the top of St. Agnes Beacon (630 feet) panoramas extending as far as Falmouth Harbour and St. Michael's Mount may be viewed on a clear day. St. Agnes lies on a branch line of the Western Region railway, or may be reached by Western National buses.

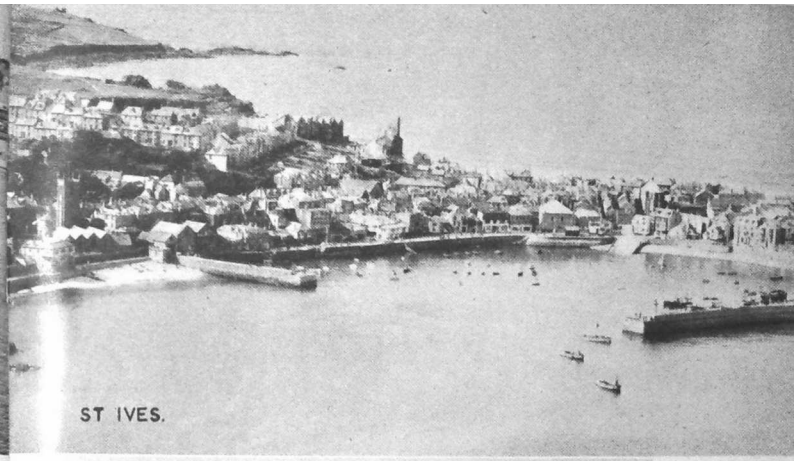
Perranporth lies on the north coast 7½ miles south-west of Newquay, from where it can be reached by a branch of the Western Region railway.

Perranporth is in the parish of Perranzabuloe (St. Piran in the Sand) and here is the celebrated "Lost Church" founded by the Irish Saint Piran in the sixth century. Most of this area was rediscovered in 1835, when, owing to a great shifting of the sands, the old ruins were uncovered.

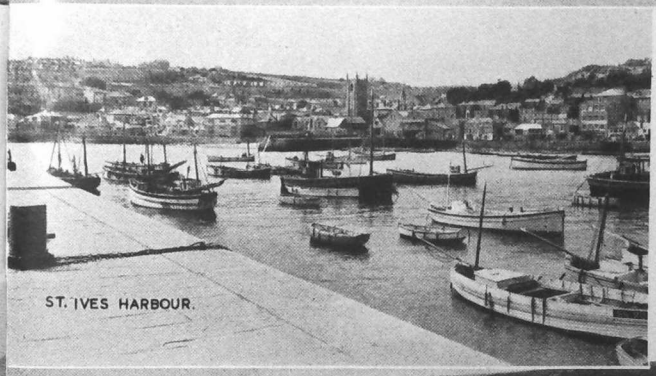
Today Perranporth is a modern seaside holiday town with the finest surf-bathing in the county. There are a number of excellent hotels, good shops, three miles of sandy beach, and a well designed eighteen-hole golf course.



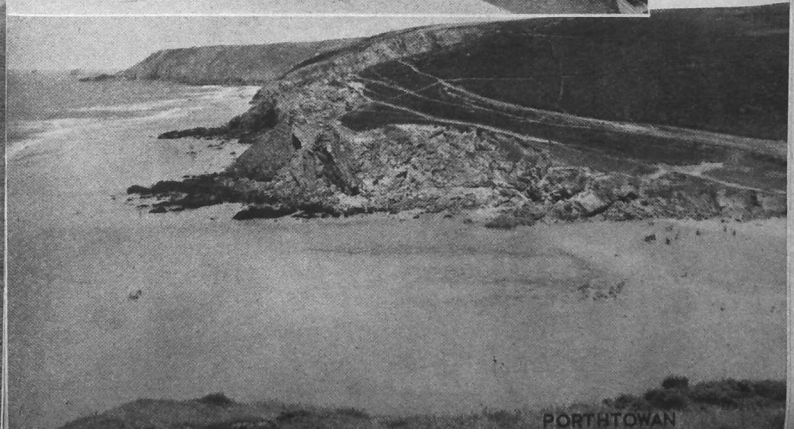

PENZANCE HARBOUR

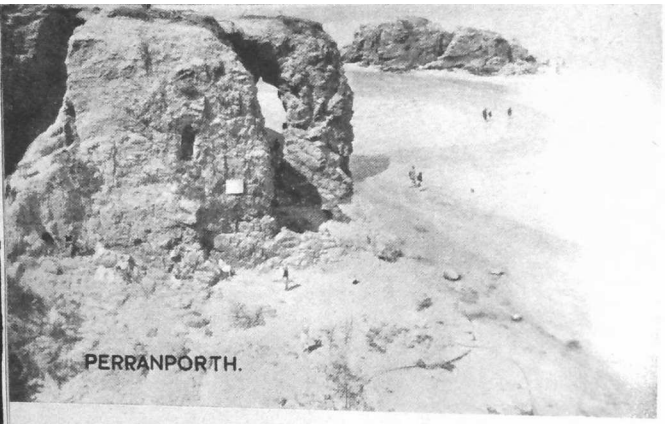

ST IVES.

MOUSEHOLE

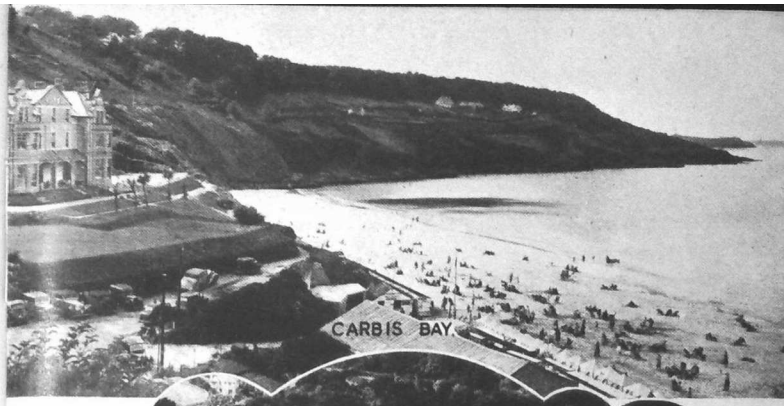

ST. IVES HARBOUR.

CADGWITH BAY.


PORTHTOWAN



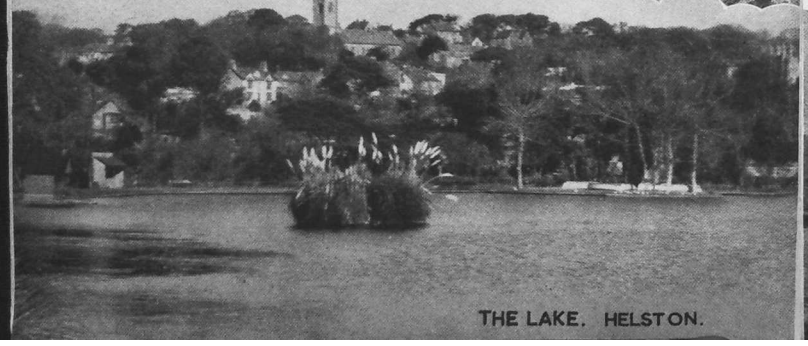
PERRANPORTH.



CARBIS BAY.

CHURCH COVE ST. AGNES

CARBIS BAY.



THE LAKE. HELSTON.

THE BEACH. PORTREATH.

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PENZANCE

Open all the year. Facing Sea and Promenade, Tennis Courts, Bowling Green. Twenty-five Bedrooms, H. and C., Slumberland Beds. Separate Tables. Dining Room and Lounge face Sea. Games Room.

GARAGE—TEN CARS

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The A.1. Hotel for Food and Comfort in the West

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MENNAYE ROAD **PENZANCE**

Board Residence or Bed and Breakfast Beautifully situated in select neighbourhood within a few yards of Promenade, Sea, Tennis Courts, Bowling Green, etc. Electric Light throughout. Hot and Cold Running Water in all Bedrooms. Gas Fires in all Main Bedrooms. Homely Atmosphere. Separate Tables. Personal Supervision

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Under Personal Supervision of Proprietors:
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BELLE VUE *PRIVATE HOTEL*
REGENT TERRACE **PENZANCE**

The Belle Vue is beautifully situated overlooking the sea and Mount's Bay, being only one minute from the Beach and three minutes from the spacious Bathing Pool, also three minutes from the lovely Morrab Gardens. Within easy access to the Station and Centre of the Town. Separate Tables. Personal Supervision. Open all the year
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The Rooms are well furnished. Hot and Cold Running Water, Gas Fires and Interior-Sprung Mattresses in Bedrooms
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BOARD RESIDENCE
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Situated 100 yards from Sea and Promenade. Adjoining Tennis Courts, Bowling Greens, Gardens and Coach Office. H. & C. in all Bedrooms. Comfortable Beds. Good Cuisine. Highly Recommended. Brochure on application
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Bed and Breakfast *Moderate Terms*

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Perfect Holiday

PRAH SANDS HOTEL
Near PENZANCE

A.A. R.A.C.

Summer from 7-10 guineas per week
Licensed. Open throughout the year
Brochure with pleasure from
Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Smith

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A PERFECT choice for all who are seeking a restful holiday amidst beautiful, unspoilt surroundings. Mile long sands ; safe bathing ; glorious cliff scenery. Riding from hotel farm and fishing from local coves. Modernly designed with sunny terraces and playroom.

GARAGE FOR 20 CARS

Conditional licence ; hotel farm supplies all dairy produce and vegetables.

Tariff 5-8 gns. weekly

HOMELEIGH HOTEL

PEDNOLVER TERRACE

Telephone: St. Ives 117 — **ST. IVES, CORNWALL**

HOMELEIGH overlooks Bay and Atlantic. Three minutes Station, Bathing Beaches and Town. All Bedrooms fitted with *Slumberland* Beds, running water basins, and very "comfy" in every way. The Dining Room is large with comfortable seating for 50 guests. Separate tables and no overcrowding. We give you the very best of food and cooking. Bathing from the Hotel if desired. Electric light throughout all the rooms. HOMELEIGH is always open. Noted for its free and friendly atmosphere, our visitors recommend and revisit us. When writing for Tariff, please enclose stamped addressed envelope for reply.

So for an ideal holiday where it is "Home from Home," then come along and stay at HOMELEIGH and be happy

Terms: 5 *guineas to* 8 *guineas per week per person according to season and room chosen*

GARAGE-RUN LEVEL WITH HOTEL — A.A. RECOMMENDED

Write : Resident Proprietors—MR. AND MRS. C. L. HAZEL

• St. Christopher's

which is open all the year round, has a reputation second to none in West Cornwall for its ample meals.

The dining room has direct access to Porthmeor Beach for guests staying in the house and guests coming in for meals. The centre of the town is five minutes' walk away

MRS. SALLY KEELEY

St. Christopher's

PORTHMEOR . SAINT IVES
CORNWALL

Telephone - - St. Ives 224

BARNOON END

A SMALL MODERN GUEST HOUSE

Lovely Sea Views from most rooms. Close to Beach, Harbour and Town. Separate Tables

Very Moderate Terms for May and June

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Proprietor: GEOFFREY MARLOW

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Quiet, Secluded Position, Fine Sea Views, within five minutes Beach and Town. Twenty Bedrooms, all fitted H. & C. basins and box or interior-spring mattresses

No annexe — Garage

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Ideal ! !

Within a few yards of the golden sand of the beautiful Bay of St. Ives.

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Liberal Fare. . .
Open all year round

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The Comfort and Happiness of our guests is our first consideration

H. & C. in all Bedrooms — *Tel. St. Ives* 561

Write Personally :—The MISSES LANE and OLSEN

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Overlooking St. Ives Bay. Five minutes Station, Garage and Sea. Excellent Cuisine. H. & C. Open all the year

Terms from 5 *gns.*

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ST. IVES — **CORNWALL**

Open all year
H. & C. in all Bedrooms
Personal Attention to Guests
Two minutes Sea and Town

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THE REGENT HOTEL

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Delightful Situation. Overlooking Bay, Harbour and Atlantic Ocean. Station one minute. Central. Fitted Electric Light. H. & C. in all bedrooms. Careful Attention to all Individual Requirements

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Mrs. H. P. MURRAY

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THE WHARF — **ST. IVES**

Morning Coffee, Luncheons, Teas, Suppers
Adjacent Beach and Harbour

Under Personal Supervision of the Proprietors:
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PAYNE'S (The Guest House)

IDEAL SURROUNDINGS AND SITUATION, GIVING CHOICE OF BATHING, BOATING, WALKING, RIDING, OR A LAZY HOLIDAY IN THE SUN. OUR TERMS ARE MODERATE. OUR CUISINE EXCELLENT. ONLY THREE MINUTES FROM THE BEACH AND TWO MINUTES FROM THE STATION. BROCHURE ON REQUEST

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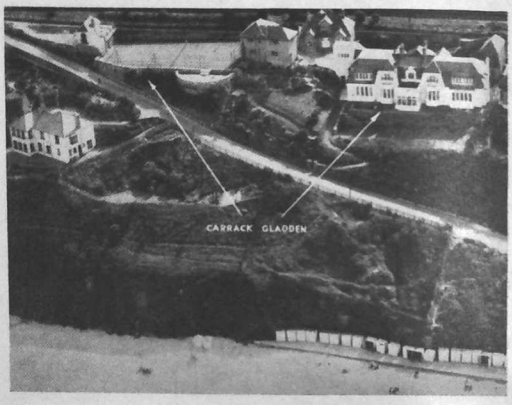
Station . ½-minute
Beach . ½-minute

All rooms sea view, H. and C. Electric Fires; Interior sprung mattresses.



Terms

1st June, 1949 to 1st October, 1949

7 to 10 Guineas

Special Terms winter and permanent guests

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★ SUN LOUNGE ★ GARAGE

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● COMMANDS extensive views of St. Ives Bay and Carbis Bay; Sea-view from all Public Rooms and over twenty of the Bedrooms. On Sea front, near Beach and Station. Bathing, Boating. 15 minutes' walk from West Cornwall Golf Links (Lelant). Terrace Gardens, Comfortable and well-appointed Lounges. Games Room. Excellent Cuisine. Hot and Cold Service and Interior-spring Mattresses in all Bedrooms

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ESTABLISHED IN 1887

Stands in an ideal position with grounds of more than two acres. Overlooking Bay. Station and Beach, three minutes' walk. West Cornwall Golf Course one mile. Modern. H. and C. running water in all bedrooms. Two lounges. Garage, 20 cars Tariff on application

Resident Proprietors—MR. AND MRS. SCOTT BROWN

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ATLANTIC HOTEL

Uninterrupted Sea and Country Views. Near the beautiful Carbis Bay beaches, where bathing can be so safely enjoyed. Golf and Riding within easy reach. H. and C. in bedrooms. Excellent cuisine. Write or Telephone Resident Proprietors, MR. AND MRS. W. D. GILL, for Brochure and Tariff

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CARBIS BAY

On Main Bus Route. Good Food and Comfort
Wonderful Views of Atlantic and Bay

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Resident Proprietors: Mr. and Mrs. TOM CARTER

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On main bus route to St. Ives. Safe Bathing, Surfing, Boating. Every Comfort. Write for Tariff.
Modern Conveniences throughout
Uninterrupted View of the Bay
Excellent Table. Personal Cooking and Supervision

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Wonderful situation overlooking Bay. One minute Station. Two minutes Beach. Personal Supervision and Service. Every Comfort. All Beds Interior-sprung Mattresses. H. & C. Excellent Cuisine.

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M. and E. WILSON, Resident Proprietors

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Overlooking St. Ives Bay, within 300 yards Beach and Station
Electric Light Bath, H. & C.
Terms 4 to 6 gns.
A genuine endeavour made to please

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200 feet above sea level with magnificent views across St. Ives Bay; 250 yards from Beach; 150 yards from Station; Convenient for buses to St. Ives and Penzance. Six Bedrooms, all double beds. Lounge and Dining Rooms facing sea. West Cornwall Golf Club, Lelant, approximately ¼ mile. Glorious Sands. Fine Bathing Facilities.

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★ *SITUATED on outskirts of Lelant Village, in own beautiful and sheltered grounds with Tennis Court, Lawns, etc. 5 minutes from Sea and Station. On main road near Carbis Bay and St. Ives; close to West Cornwall Golf Course. Excellent service and cuisine. All modern conveniences*

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CORNWALL

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SITUATED on estuary of River Hayle; 10 minutes' walk from Porthskidney sands in St. Ives Bay; West Cornwall Golf Course (18-hole) ½ mile away; comfortable beds; excellent food. A friendly atmosphere is assured to all visitors. Personal supervision. *Full Catering Licence.*

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LELANT

QUIET COUNTRY ON HAYLE ESTUARY ● ATTRACTIVE GARDEN
COMFORTABLE ROOMS ● HOT & COLD WATER ● GOOD COOKING ● GOLF ● BATHING ● BOATING ● FISHING

★ CORNWALL'S LARGEST STORE . . .

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INVITES YOU TO COME TO *and look around !* **REDRUTH**

FREQUENT MANNEQUIN PARADES, EXHIBITIONS AND SPECIAL DEMONSTRATIONS . . . . . *IT PAYS TO SHOP AT THE 'WEST END'!*

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Portreath Hotel . . Portreath

A small Country Hotel fully Licensed

Situated 3 minutes Sandy Beach, in centre of Portreath; Hot and Cold Running Water in all bedrooms. An ideal spot for a restful holiday *Highly Recommended.* *Accepting only a small number of guests*

"INGLENOOK" *Liskey Hill* PERRANPORTH Cornwall

Comfortable Guest House

Tastefully Furnished; Hot and Cold Water in all bedrooms; Spring Beds; Good Food; Personal Attention
Close to Sea and Station *Tariff on Application*

Proprietors: Mr. & Mrs. C. E. Birtchnell *Telephone 3294*

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ON THE SEA FRONT
PERRANPORTH

'Phone: 2160 *'Grams: "Mentone"*

This BIJOU PRIVATE HOTEL is well appointed and comfortable.
Spacious Dining Room and two Lounges overlooking Sea, Beach and miles of Coastal Scenery.
Near all Sports

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AMENITIES:
Hot and Cold Water in all Bedrooms
Good Food
Path from Hotel to Beach, giving excellent facilities for Bathing

We have "No From," "No Extras"

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PERRANPORTH

Immediately adjoining and overlooking Boscawen Park with its Boating Lake, Putting Green and Bowling Green. Tennis Courts (one minute). Golf Course (ten minutes). Separate Tables. H. & C. Running Water in most rooms. Highly Recommended. Ideal Winter Residence
Reduced Terms Out of Season

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Separate Tables. Modern Conveniences. Hot and Cold Water in all Bedrooms. Ideal Position
Close to Sea and Shops

The Misses HAWTON

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GUEST HOUSE
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Directly on the Beach
Bedrooms with H. & C. Water
Separate Tables
Personal Supervision
Terms 5-7 *guineas*

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Homely Personal Supervision
Central
H. & C. in all Bedrooms

Terms Moderate

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FINEST POSITION AND VIEWS IN PERRANPORTH
90ft. FRONTAGE PRACTICALLY ON SEA EDGE
BATHING FROM HOTEL
OVERLOOKING BEACH, ATLANTIC, SAND DUNES AND GOLF COURSE (18 Holes) NEAR TENNIS COURTS, BOWLS, PUTTING GREEN AND BOATING LAKE

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H. & C. in all Twenty Bedrooms
Dining Room, Two Lounges and Sun Lounge facing Sea

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HIGHLY RECOMMENDED FOR FINEST CUISINE, COMFORT AND SERVICE

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Full details from the Resident Proprietors:
MR. and MRS. HOWE

LAKE HOUSE

PERRANPORTH

Is delightfully situated adjoining and overlooking Public Gardens, Bowling Green and Boating Lake
Large Dining Room, Separate Tables. Most Bedrooms H. & C. Water. Excellent Catering
Moderate Terms

Telephone 3202 **Miss M. MITCHELL**

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PERRANPORTH

All Modern Conveniences
Ideal Position Near Sea
Terms Moderate
SPECIAL WINTER TERMS

Proprietors:
The MISSES O'DWYER and MATTHEWS

Board Residence **TARKWA** *Tourists*

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Large Dining Room. Separate Tables. Lounge. Sea Views. Five minutes Beach, Shops and Tennis Courts. Perranporth Beach Halt, two minutes. Hot and Cold Water in all Bedrooms. Good Cuisine and Every Comfort. Highly Recommended

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Fine ales—service and satisfaction. Tel. 235.
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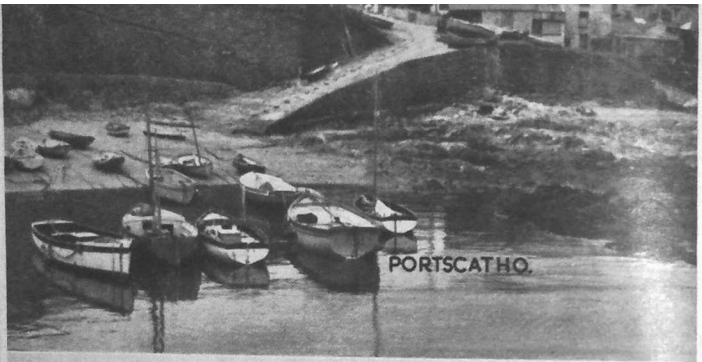
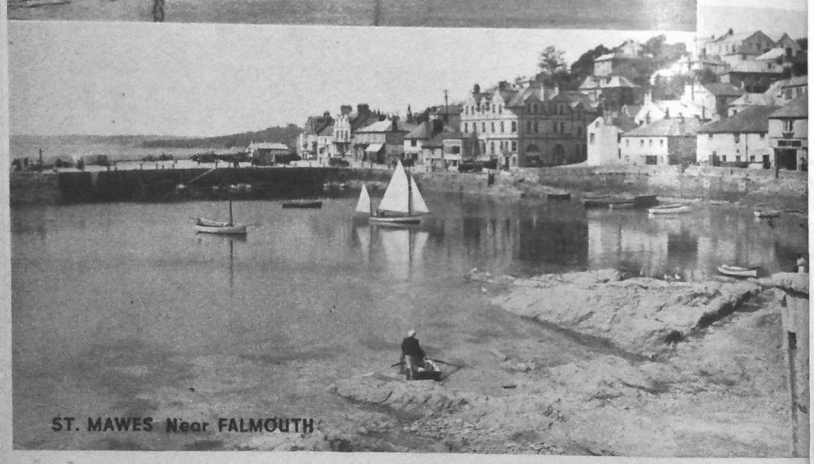
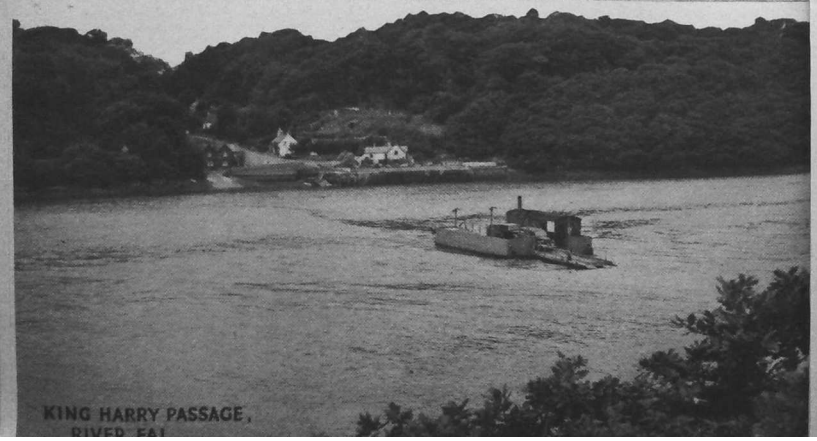
TREVOSE Private Hotel. For comfort and good food. Overlooking Atlantic, 1 min. bathing beach. Convenient for tours, buses, rail, tennis. All mod. con. Terms 4-6½ gns. Props.: MR. & MRS. C. HARDING.

Name and Address	*See note*	Sitg. rms.	Bed rms.	Terms per wk.	Situation, Attractions, etc.
PENZANCE AREA					
Mrs. Jagger, 19 Tolver Place, Penzance ..	BR, BB	1	8	Mod.	Every comfort. H. & C. in bed'ms
Mrs. H. L. Pascoe, Highfield, Newlyn	BR, BB	1	2	d, 1 s 5 gns.	Comf. Near sea, bus. Recom.
Miss Christine Waters, 1 The Parade, Mousehole	BR, BB	1	2	d, 1 s Mod.	Pers. supvn. 2 min. beach, buses
HELSTON AREA					
Mrs. E. M. Babbage, Pellor House, Breage ..	BB, BR	2	4	On app.	Near sea, central. Country prod.
Mr. J. Pearce, Temperance House, Ashton ..	BR, FH	2	4	Mod.	10 min. Prah Sands. Farm prod.
Mr. R. Norden, Oporto House, Coverack ..	BR, BB	2	3	Mod.	Overlooks sea. Buses pass door
Mrs. Bastion, Carisbrooke, Porthallow, St. Keverne	BB, BR	3	5	Mod.	Bathing, boating. Daily bus
Mrs. Chubb, West Sea View, The Lizard ..	BR, PA	2	4	Mod.	Comf. Hyg. Near sea and bus
Pollurrian Beach Cafe, Mullion (Mrs. Cannicott)	Light lunches, Cornish teas 1 min. beach, bathing. Farm prod.				
ST. IVES AREA					
Mrs. M. Stevens, 28 Bedford Row, St. Ives ..	BB	3	4	Mod.	Cen., 3 min. beach. Comf. Rec.
Mrs. W. Stevens, 1 Sea View Terrace, St. Ives ..	BR	1	5	Mod.	Modern. Overlooking sea

NOTES—**BB** Bed and Breakfast. **BR** Board Residence. **FBH** Farm Boarding House. **FH** Farm House. **Htl.** Hotel. **PA** Private Apartments. **SBR** Superior Board Residence







Introducing . . .

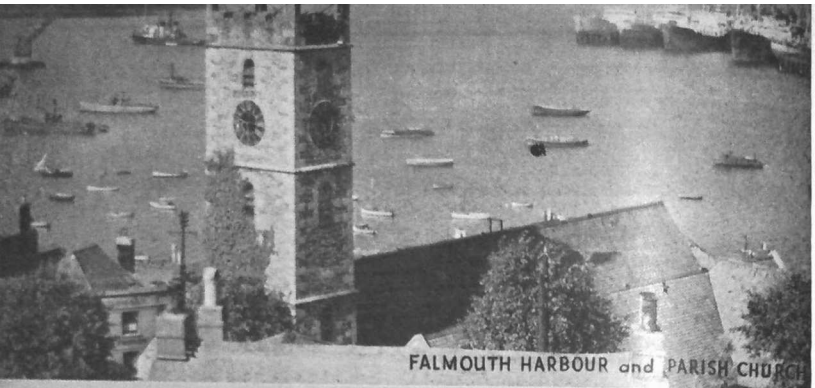
SOUTH CORNWALL

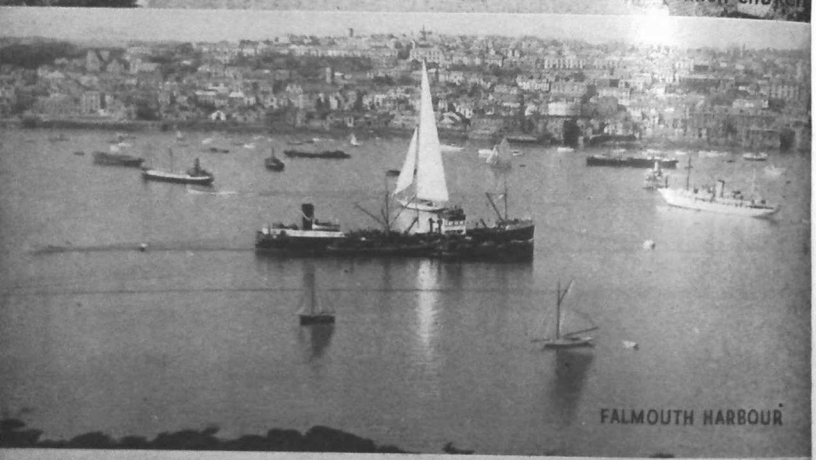
Falmouth stands on a peninsula jutting into the sea at the first point where the Gulf Stream from the Atlantic meets the English Channel. Situated on the west of a magnificent bay, where large ships find safe anchorage from storms, and where waterways file inland to sheltered rivers and coves, Falmouth offers a variety of facilities for bathing, boating, yachting and picnics. For the deep-sea angler there are some of the finest fishing grounds in the county. For the fresh-water fisherman good sport is offered at the Corporation Reservoir, College Woods, Penryn, where trout of six pounds and over have been caught.

"The gem of the Cornish Riviera," as Falmouth is now recognized to be, has a climate probably unrivalled in Europe.

Despite the worst snow and ice storms experienced in Great Britain for over forty years during the late winter and early spring of 1947, Falmouth was able to stage an exhibition of blooms in March, of which the following is an extract of the report: "Amid a profusion of colour from daffodils, orchids and other blooms, Falmouth Spring Show was opened by Her Majesty Queen Marie of Yugoslavia. The glorious blaze of colour was from blooms estimated by experts to be worth close on £3,000."

Banana trees, citrons, oranges, and lemons grow in the open, together with daturas, dracaenas, camellias, abutilons, azaleas, fuchsias, hydrangeas, and many others.


FALMOUTH HARBOUR and PARISH CHURCH


FALMOUTH HARBOUR

The Royal Cornwall Yacht Clubs, as well as other local sailing clubs, organize races and regattas throughout the season. The bathing beach is safe at all times and has a Pavilion, Restaurant and Tea Rooms. There is an excellent golf course and good tennis may be found at the Falmouth Club.

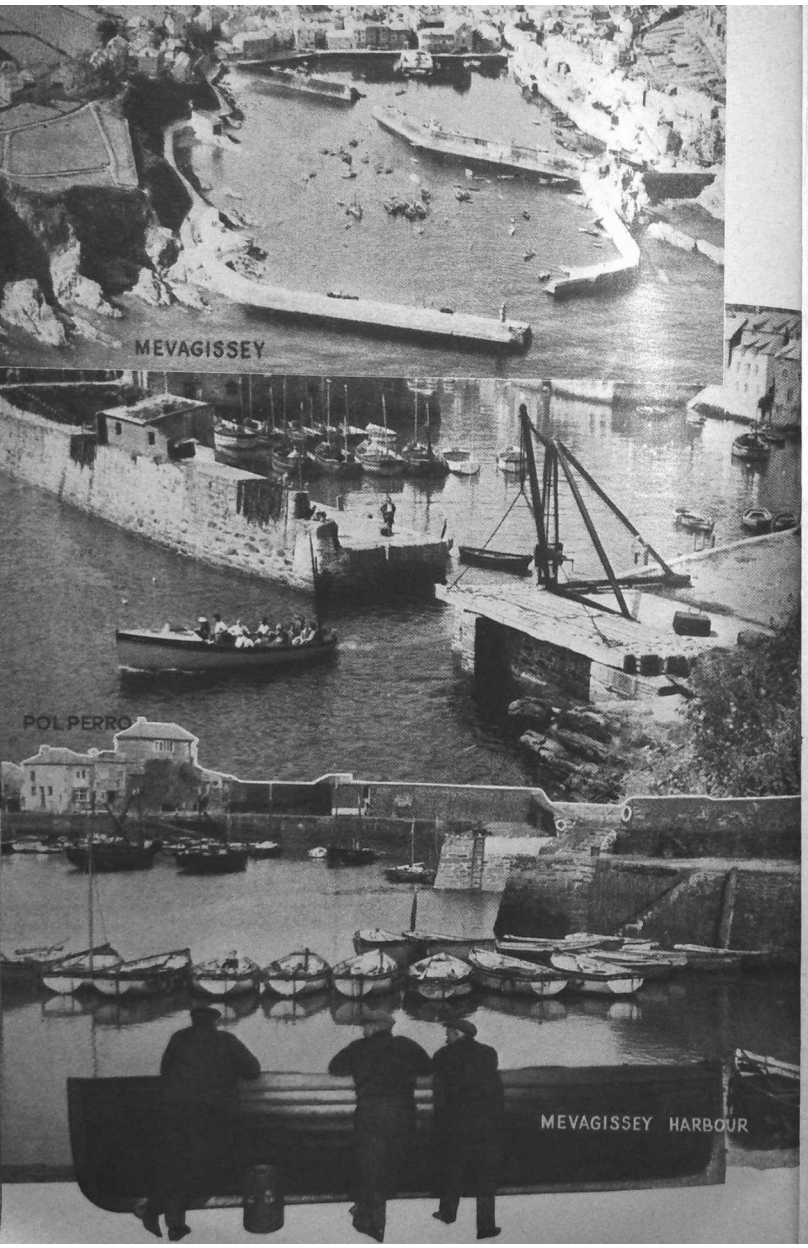
Opposite Falmouth is the pleasant little seaport of **Flushing**, which was founded by Dutch settlers, as the name indicates. There is a town of the same name on Long Island, U.S.A.

There is an excellent steamboat service across the bay to the delightful fishing village and holiday resort of **St. Mawes**. There is also a boat service which runs up the Fal, with its beautiful woodland scenery on either bank, to Truro. For a picnic afternoon with scenery embodying wooded hills, river valleys and rugged coast without getting too far away from the hotel, the following is suggested for the visitor: Leave Falmouth via **Budock Water** to **Mawnan Smith**, inland to **Port Navas** on the Helford River and on to **Gweek,** and return via **Mabe** to **Penryn.** On this route many delightful, quiet stopping places will be found. Another interesting route by road is to leave Falmouth via Penryn and turn north at Penryn cross-roads and down into the Devoran Valley. Here one comes to **Perran-ar-Worthal** (St. Piran's Wharf), where ships used to come from Norway with timber for the mines and leave loaded with tin. Then on to **Devoran**, turn right up the hill to **Come-to-Good**, a Quaker village which still has its monthly meetings. Then on to **Feock** or across King Harry Ferry to **St. Just** and **St. Mawes.**

Penryn, two miles from Falmouth, has a history that goes far back into the past; its market place dating from 1259. The whole town is built of granite, and it was from Penryn granite that the new Waterloo Bridge across the Thames was built. Also, the new embankment on the south side of the Thames is being built of granite from Cornwall. Places of interest are: St. Gluvias', the parish church; the remains of Glassiney College, founded in the thirteenth century; and Tremough, an Old English mansion built of granite, with an avenue of limes, a half-mile drive of exotic plants and an Italian garden.

Truro, on the Kenwyn River, a tributary of the Fal, is the cathedral town of the Duchy of Cornwall, and is situated nine miles from the north coast and twelve miles from the south. It is a successful market town with communications by river, rail and coach to all parts of Cornwall. The chief glory of Truro is its cathedral. It is a beautiful building standing in the centre of the city. The foundation stone was laid by King Edward VII, then Prince of Wales and Duke of Cornwall, in 1880, and seven years later the building was consecrated by the Archbishop of Canterbury in the presence of the Duke. The

For details of our other Cornish Guides
SEE PAGE 111



building cost £250,000 and was the gift of a loyal Cornishman, Mr. J. Hawke Denning, as a memorial of the reign of Queen Victoria.

The principal street is Boscawen Street. It is exceptionally wide due to the fact that formerly the Market House and other buildings were in the centre. The Red Lion Hotel is the most notable building, dating back to 1671.

More detailed information concerning Truro and its parishes may be found in the Truro Official Guide.

Veryan's history can be traced back to 1212, when it bore the name of "Elerky," which in the Cornish language means "Swan's House." The village is famous for its Round Houses built in the eighteenth century. A mile of sand at Pendower Beach makes an ideal spot for a picnic, and a little farther north-east are **Portloe**, a delectable village undisturbed by progress, and **Caerhayes Beach** and **Castle**.

Four miles inland is **Tregoney**, a borough since the time of Edward I until 1832. It was the first town established on the banks of the Fal, but the rubbish from the tin mining industry caused the river to silt up, and the sea to recede four miles, and the river is now little more than a stream.

The nearest railway stations for Veryan and Portloe are Truro and St. Austell.

Just round Dodmand Point is **Goran Haven,** which takes its name from St. Goran, the parish church dedicated to the saint who dwelt in these parts 1,000 years ago. Goran Haven will attract summer visitors in search of a quiet resting place with health-giving sea breezes.

Almost a suburb of Mevagissey is **Portmellon**, a pretty little place with a good beach and beautiful wooded country inland.

Mevagissey is a flourishing fishing village with many modern improvements in the industry. It lies in the bay of the same name south-west of St. Austell Bay, and a new harbour was built in 1890 to facilitate the unloading of pilchards in large numbers. Nowadays the old fishing port is becoming very popular with up-country people for a quiet vacation in an unspoilt part of the West Country.

St. Austell is on the main Western Region Railway line two miles inland from the lovely bay of the same name. This is the heart of the china clay district. The deposit is of disintegrated felspar and was discovered by William Cookworthy, and it was found that after treatment this was identical with the Chinese kaolin. Hence St. Austell has become a business centre, shipping china clay to all parts of the world through the growing port of **Charlestown.**

Another important port for shipping china clay is **Par,** which with its sheltered position at the apex of St. Austell Bay is popular for bathing. The visitors will find many attractions in the district. The Cardaze Mine north of St. Austell, golf at the Mid-Cornwall or the Carlyon Bay Golf Clubs, the latter being situated on the cliffs overlooking St. Austell Bay. The Philharmonic Society provides good music and several clubs in the town promote recreation in the shape of tennis, cricket, football and hockey.

CATHEDRAL NAVE

VICTORIA PARK

Six miles to the south is the lovely harbour of **Fowey Town**, one of the oldest boroughs in the country. Indeed, Fowey in the past was one of our chief seaports, and provided more ships for the Royal Navy than any other port. But that was many years ago in the reign of Queen Elizabeth ; today, Fowey is a paradise for those who are fond of sailing ; the harbour being always full of steamers carrying away china clay, yachts at rest, and little boats plying for hire. Fowey is, of course, the setting for Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch's book "Troy Town."

One mile eastward on the coast is the tiny village of **Polruan**. This little spot used to be prosperous and thrived on its shipbuilding in the middle of the last century. Here were built the schooners and barquentines for the overseas trade.

Looe is built on the two sides of a narrow and steep-sided ravine. It is a delightful place to spend a holiday. The bathing is good and safe, and very good sport is available for the deep-sea angler. There is a golf course at Bindiwn. Four miles away is the quaint fishing village of **Polperro**, often claimed as the loveliest spot in Cornwall. It is the family seat of Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, the author whose ancestor, Dr. Jonathan Couch, spent his days in studying the people, their traditions and customs, and collecting relics and fossils from the pools. It was from the district that Dr. Couch collected a great deal of first-hand information for his scientific volumes "British Fishes." With its numerous alleys winding among huddled houses, it is no wonder that Polperro is becoming increasingly popular with visitors. Once a home of smuggling, it is now the artist's dream, with its gulls, blue sea and darker blue rocks, and its fishermen and boats, poky windows, and outside staircases. One of the quaintest dwellings is the "House on the Props" which stands on stilts over the little river that flows through and under Polperro.

Lostwithiel lies amidst beautiful inland scenery on the River Fowey, which is crossed by an historic fourteenth century bridge. The Municipal Council have taken great pains to ensure that the town is especially clean and neat, and have provided a small park on its river banks. Nearby are the ruins of the old castle Restormel.

Liskeard lies to the south of Bodmin Moor and is a good inland centre for visits to the sea at Looe and the surrounding country. This is the legend land of King Arthur and his famous knights. Visitors will find Liskeard a well-equipped market town with a most successful cottage hospital.

Bodmin ("the abode of monks") is one of the very few of the Cornish towns which are not within sight of the sea. The town consists of, in one part, a long and broad thoroughfare where the shops and most business offices are to be found, and the other a residential area. The Bodmin Moor has been described as "an area of mists and dangerous bogs, and rich in legend."

Bodmin has a shopping centre and market, both of which are excellent for the area which they cover. The buildings, though simple in architecture, are of good sound construction. The pride of the town is the parish church, which

dates from 1470, the tower and chancel being of an earlier date. Charles II is quoted as saying that this was the politest town he had ever seen, because of the design of the houses, which seemed to bow towards him. The Domesday Book records that in 938 there was a priory, but it has long since disappeared.

Newquay was a small village consisting of a cluster of thatched cottages, its chief industry being pilchard fishing, until the railway reached there in 1874. Since then Newquay has grown rapidly, and the number of visitors increases yearly. New roads have opened and the town has extended nearly as far as its parish church at **St. Columb Minor** along the main road.

Newquay is now a modern seaside holiday resort. There is a sheltered harbour, and good bathing beaches and sand dunes.

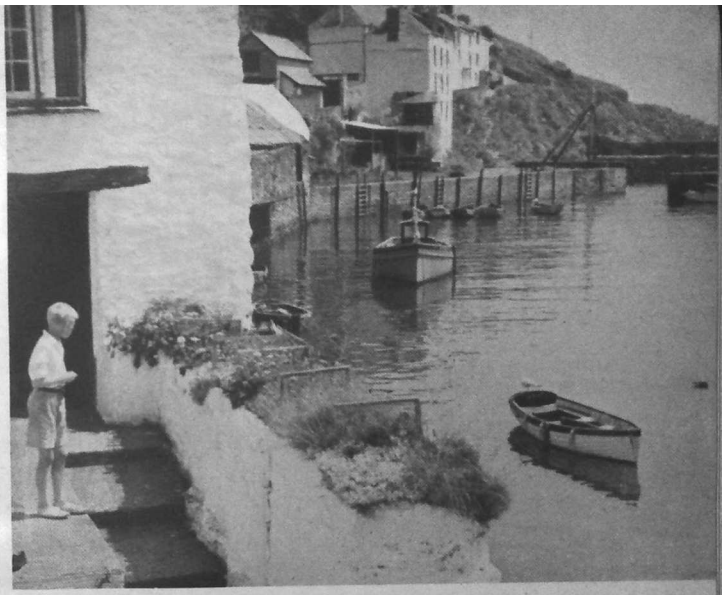
There are a number of large hotels, boarding houses and bungalows, modern shops, a golf course, and the usual recreations are well catered for.

Near Newquay, across the River Gannell, is **Crantock**, an attractive, quiet resort. A mile and a half to the west is the bold promontory of **West Pentire** with its commanding views and modern hotel, and a little further on are the pretty little bathing coves of **Porth Joke** and **Vugga Cove.**

The main road east from Newquay brings us, after a mile, to **Porth**, with its fine beach and interesting caves. Further on this coast road we come to **Watergate Bay**, another fine beach sheltered by high cliffs, about four miles from Newquay. Next is **Mawgan Porth**, with its splendid bathing beach.

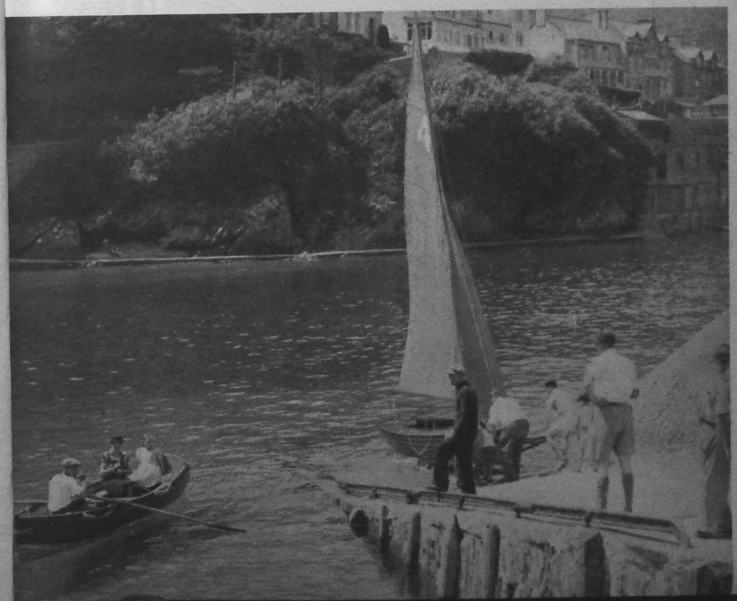
Nearby is **Bedruthan Steps**, very interesting with its huge steps carved out of the rock winding down to the sea. All along this road the cliff and rock scenery is, perhaps, the most impressive in Cornwall.

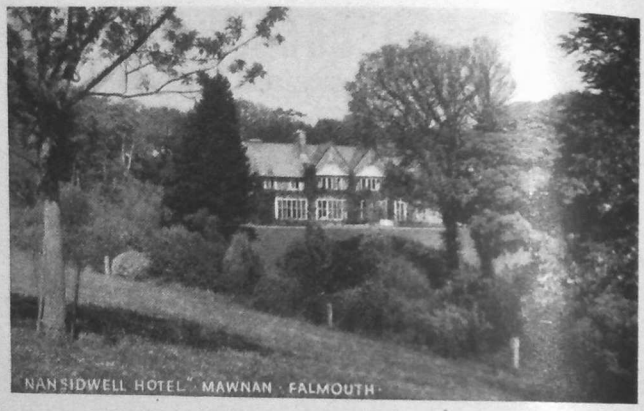
At **Porthcothan** beach, south-west of Padstow, there are numerous natural arches and caves of which many smuggling stories are told, and of which the most interesting is Vugha in the Porthcothan Valley.



POLPERRO

LOOE





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(P. B. McDOUALL, *Resident Manager*)

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Under Personal Supervision

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Comfortable Guest House overlooking Harbour. Easy access to Beach, Shopping Centre, Station and Amusements. Separate Tables. Own Garage. Excellent Cuisine. Under Personal Supervision to assure every comfort. H. & C. Running Water in all Bedrooms, and Interior-sprung Mattresses
Terms Moderate

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Proprietors: Mr. and Mrs. J. G. GIBBONS

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CASTLE DRIVE FALMOUTH

On Sea Front. Facing South. Near Station and Bus. H. & C. in Bedrooms. Garage

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Overlooking Harbour

Two minutes from Beaches, Dock and Station

H. AND C. IN MOST BEDROOMS

Every Comfort and Attention

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Terms from Proprietor

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12 FLORENCE TERRACE FALMOUTH

Home-cooked food and personal comfort guaranteed

H. & C. in Bedrooms. Lounge. Garage. Near Town and Beaches

Terms from 4 gns. according to season

Telephone 1224 **Apply R. S. McLERIE**

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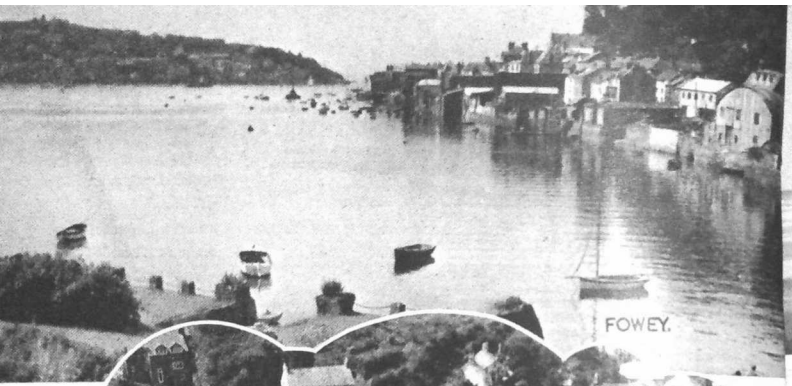
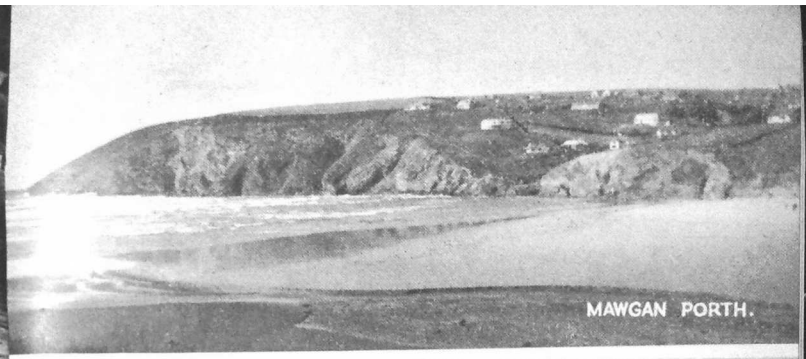
PRIVATE HOTEL

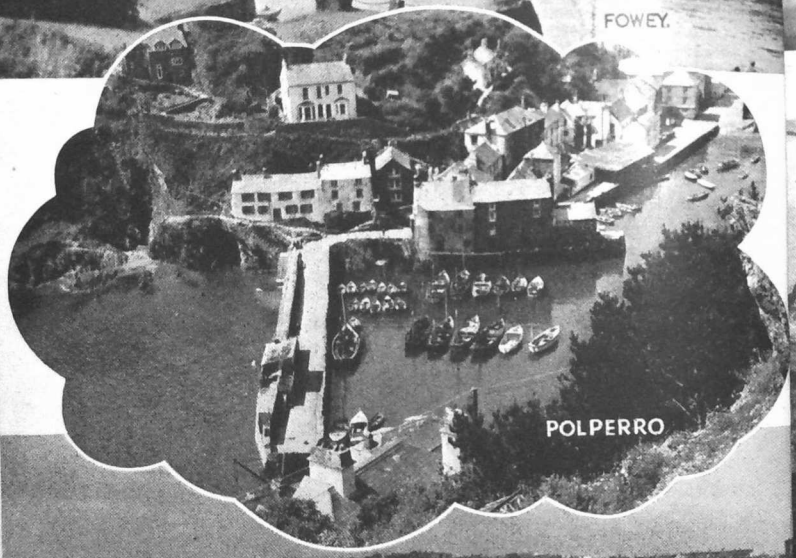
47 KIMBERLEY PARK ROAD, FALMOUTH

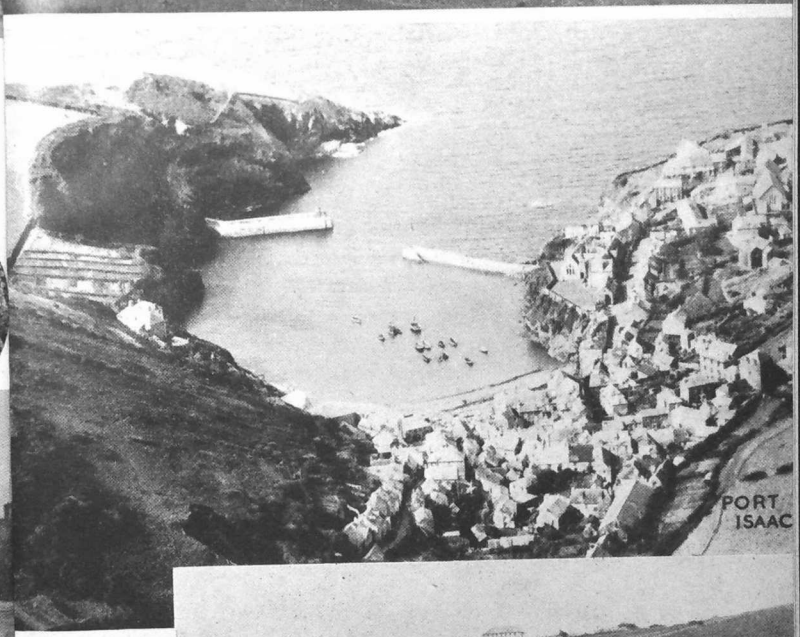
Ideal situation overlooking Park. Near Town and Beaches. Within easy reach of Pier for steamers, yachting and fishing

Under personal supervision of the Proprietress : **Mrs. K. KENT**


FOWEY.


MAWGAN PORTH.


POLPERRO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ISAAC


NEWQUAY


WEST PENTIRE

TREVILLICK

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Pleasantly situated in the village of Grampound
Modern Sanitation. Own Farm and Dairy Produce. Good Table. Parties catered for all meals
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Trosvyk overlooks the Sea
H. & C. in all five Bedrooms (three double, two single). All Electric. Separate Tables Boat for hire
Terms from 5 gns.

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On Sea Front. Uninterrupted views of Coast and Bay from Garden, Lounge and Dining Room
Electric Light Garden Produce
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Own Dairy and Farm Produce
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Two miles lovely River Fal and Safe Bathing Beaches. Farm Produce. Cover for cars

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A Delightfully Situated Private House. Overlooking sea and country in the best part of the beautiful fishing village of Mevagissey. Offering First-Class Service and Good Food cooked by the proprietor, who is a trained chef
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Ideally situated in five acres of orcharding in a secluded part of Mevagissey, within four minutes of sea
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Terms from Proprietor:

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Our Snack Bar also overlooks harbour and bay. Morning Coffee, Tea, Ices, Minerals, and all classes of Snacks may be obtained

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Name and Address	*See note*	Sitg. rms.	Bed. rms.	Terms per wk.	Situation, Attractions, etc.
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Mrs. King, Carnwidden Farm, Longdowns, Penryn	FBH			Mod.	
Mrs. W. Richards, Trevean, Rame Terrace, Penryn	BR				
TRURO AREA					
Bodrean Manor Farm, St. Clement's (H. Bishop)	FH				
Mrs. Dorrell, Millbrook, Tresillian, near Truro ..	BR, BB	1	2	Mod.	St. Austell-Truro road. Garage
Mrs. Northey, Westview, Carnon Downs, nr. Truro	BB	1	2 d	Mod.	Main Falmouth-Truro road
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Mrs. I. Coombe, Cliff House, Gorran Haven ..	BR	2	3	Mod.	Overlooks sea, beaches
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Mrs. E. Booth, Beach House, Polperro	BR	1	3		Comfortable. Near sea, bus

NOTES—**BB** Bed and Breakfast. **BR** Board Residence. **FBH** Farm Boarding House. **FH** Farm House **Htl.** Hotel. **PA** Private Apartments. **SPR** Superior Board Residence

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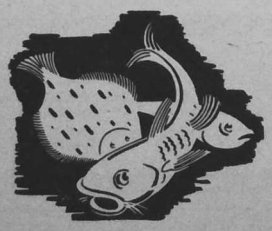

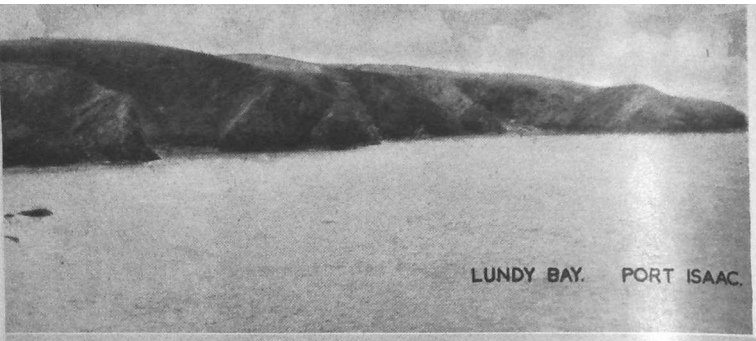

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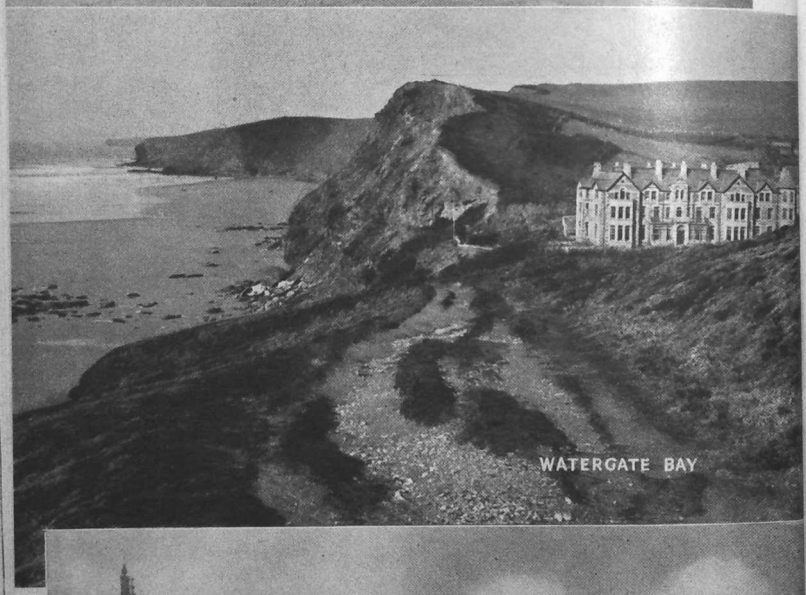

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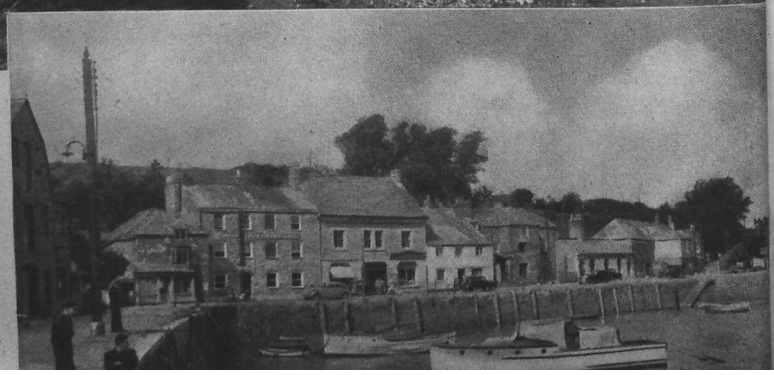


Introducing . . .

NORTH CORNWALL

Padstow is another very old Cornish town, dating from the period of St. Petroc, about 550. It is situated on the west of the River Camel estuary and is protected from the north-east winds by the extensive plantations in the grounds of Prideaux Place, the seat of the Prideaux family.

Every May Day is a general holiday, when the natives parade a masked horse and rider to the Treator Pool, where the horse is supposed to drink, and then they all return with much singing and dancing.

Padstow is a characteristic Cornish town with close courts, narrow alleys and irregular streets. It is an important fishing centre, to which east coast steam fishing boats come in the fishing season.

Padstow is reached by the Southern Region railway, which runs a through service from Waterloo, and the visitor is well catered for in accommodation in this district. **Trevone**, **Treyarnon** and **Harlyn** are three lovely bays to the south of Padstow with modern hotels and guest houses, while **Polzeath**, in Padstow Bay, is becoming especially popular with visitors, for the Atlantic rollers which have a clean sweep on to the beach provide excellent surf-bathing.

Wadebridge, a small town, has a striking bridge built in 1470 by the vicar of Egloshayle.

Port Isaac is an interesting small coast town about eight miles north of Wadebridge. It is reached by bus from Port Isaac Road Station, which is about three miles away to the south-east. This little town used to depend on the fishing industry for its livelihood, but today the summer visitors, who increase yearly, are the main source of revenue. There is a long, steep hill descending into the town, which consists of a winding, narrow street with quaint, old-fashioned houses. The natural harbour is formed among high black cliffs. Nearby is **Port Gaverne** with charming sheltered coves and beautiful cliff scenery. The beach is of shingle, sand and rock and is perfectly safe for bathing at any state of the tide. Good accommodation is to be found in the hotels and guest houses.

Tintagel is three miles south-west of Boscastle and is reached by motor bus from Camelford Station on the Southern Region railway. It is probably here that King Arthur held his court. Here, the ruins of the old castle and many others remain to give evidence of fortifications. The church is dedicated to the

Irish saint, St. Materiana, and is so exposed to the Atlantic gales that even the tombstones have to be buttressed. The architecture is Norman and thirteenth and fourteenth century.

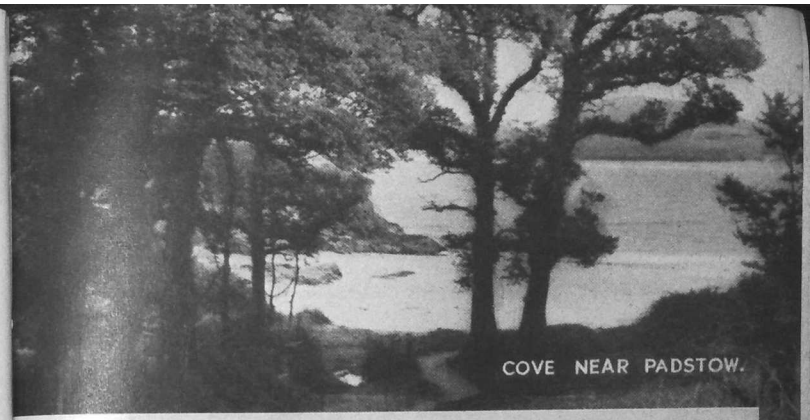
On the opposite headland is a large, fine-looking, modern hotel. Two miles to the south are the famous slate quarries of **Delabole**.

Boscastle is one of the wildest, most romantic and charming spots of North Cornwall. It is reached by the Southern Region railway to Camelford and by a five-mile motor bus drive through lovely country. The village consists of a number of houses built on a steep slope of the Valency Valley leading to the harbour. A walk along the cliffs brings one to the highest cliff in the county, 736 feet. The town is named after an ancient Norman family who made their home here, but all traces of the Bottreaux family and the castle have disappeared.

Bude is on the Southern Region railway. There is a direct service from Waterloo. Bude, standing at the north-east corner of the county, is a large and flourishing holiday centre. For Cornwall it is comparatively new, and it has features not found elsewhere. For instance, there is the Parade formed from a broad stretch of turf with low cliffs on the west and south, and below stretches of firm golden sand. There is also a magnificent bathing pool, which has recently been built on the beach at enormous cost. The excellent surfing in the bracing air is perhaps worthy of first mention, but boating, fishing, hunting, riding, tennis, bowls and golf are all included in the arrangements for the visitors' entertainment and recreation. There is a canal here navigable only for one mile.

One of the loveliest little spots on the north coast of Cornwall is **Crackington Haven.** One may stay at comfortable houses almost on the seashore, where bathing from the house is a special feature. The beach is bordered by rocks and pools and the centre is yellow with beautiful firm sands.

PORTGAVERNE.



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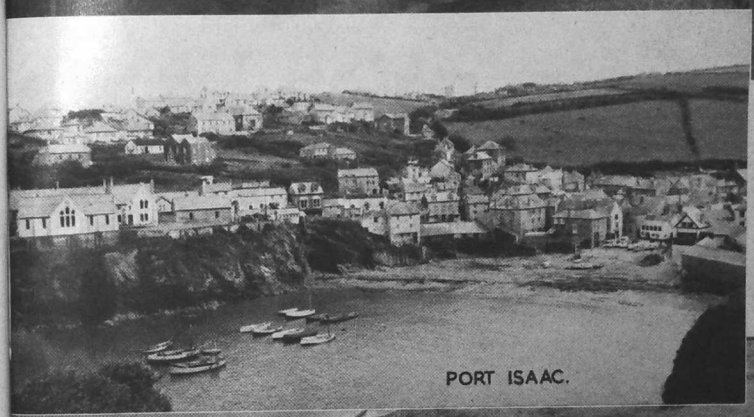


PORT ISAAC.

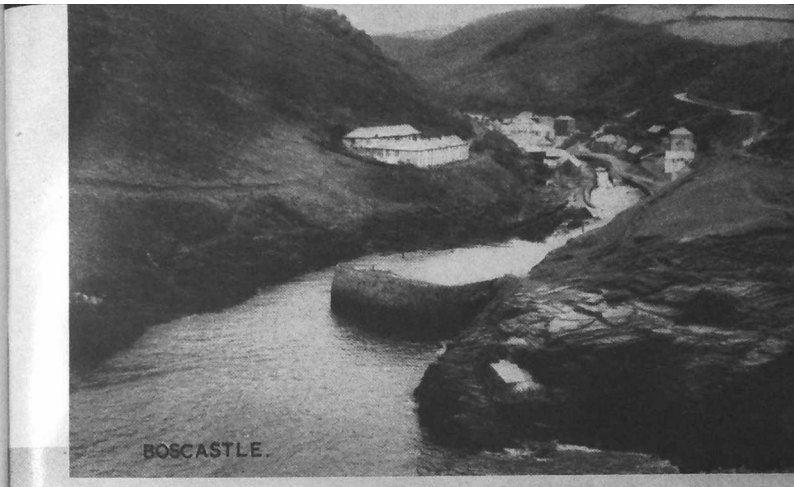
ROCK.

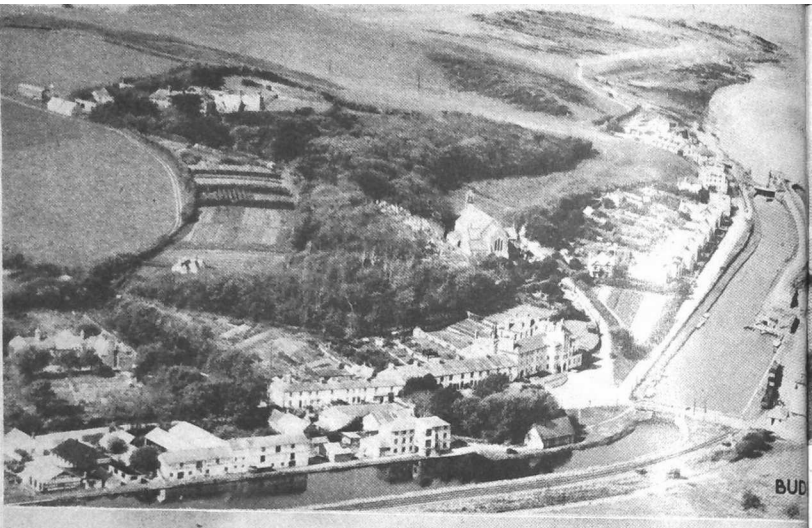
Launceston is one of the oldest chartered boroughs in England and was the capital of the Duchy for some hundreds of years. The history of the town, dating back to Celtic times, is closely connected with the castle and the fortifications. There are many interesting ruins and examples of Norman architecture. St. Mary's Church is renowned for its beautifully carved granite. It was commenced in the fourteenth century and additions have been made from time to time, the most recent being in 1911.

The town is picturesque and attractive ; and being so elevated that one looks to the eastward over Dartmoor and to the westward over the moors of Bodmin.

Though founded so long ago, and steeped in so much ancient history, Launceston lacks nothing in modern amenities and provision for the resident and the visitor. There are good business premises, and transport is well provided to all parts.

Downderry and **Seaton** form a most favourably situated spot in Whitsand Bay, with Rame Head in view to the east and Looe Island on the west. It is reached by the Western Region railway to St. Germans Station and from there on by an excellent bus service. There is a ten-mile stretch of firm sand which offers facilities for all forms of beach sport. There is also a good eighteen-hole golf course at **Crafthole**. Many improvements have recently been made for the benefit of the holiday-maker and Downderry has become the "model village."

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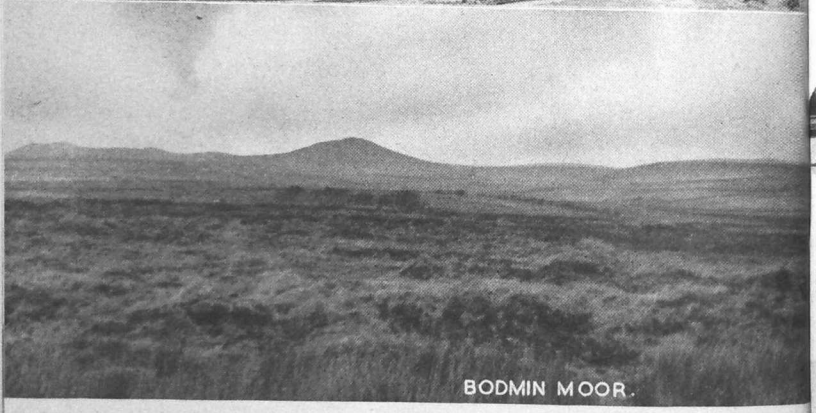
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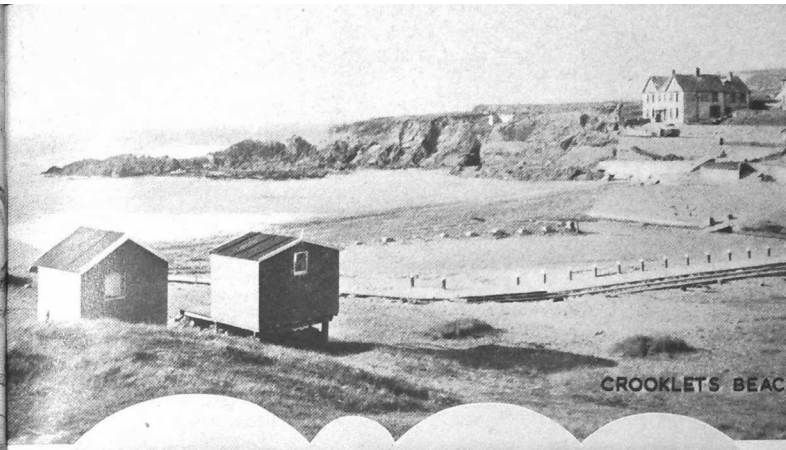
THE CASTLE. BUDE.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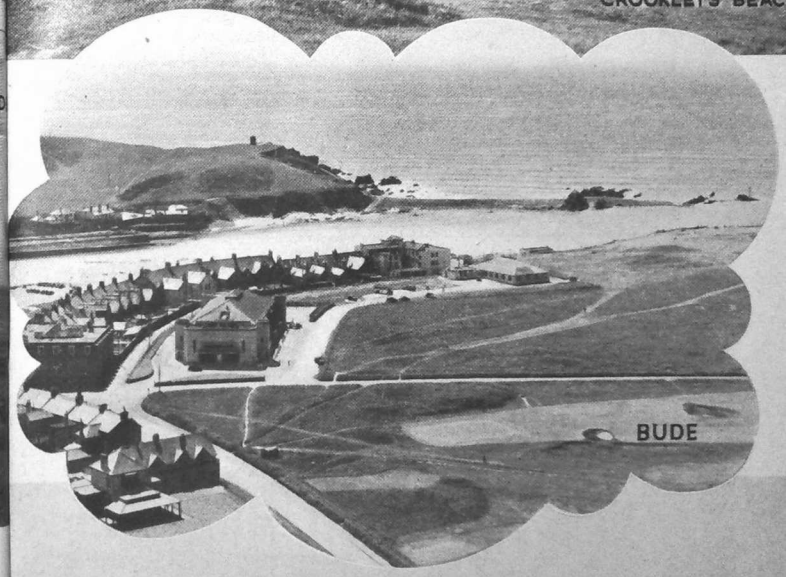
BUDE


BUDE.

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ST. MINVER — **WADEBRIDGE**

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All Bedrooms have Hot and Cold Running Water. Garden produce, poultry and eggs are mainly home produced
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Resident Proprietors — *Brochure on application*

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PORT ISAAC — **CORNWALL**

A few minutes from the Sea. Open Views of the Bay and Headlands
H. & C., Spring-interior Beds, and Electric Fires in all Bedrooms

Select *Comfortable* *No Restrictions*

Tariff on application

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PORT ISAAC — **CORNWALL**

Unrivalled position facing Atlantic, Tintagel and Bathing Beach. Magnificent Sea and Coastal Views. Separate Tables. Electric Light throughout
Twenty years same family
Terms from 4 to 5 gns.

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Thorn Guest House

Resident Proprietors :
MR. and MRS. R. P. GORMAN
PORT ISAAC, CORNWALL

Every Comfort
Quiet and Secluded

Ideal for beautiful cliff and country walks. Own fruit, garden and poultry produce

Terms 4½ gns. per week

THE LAWNS
Private Hotel - - Port Isaac

"THE HOTEL ON THE CLIFF"

Overlooking Port Isaac Bay. Safe bathing from Port Gaverne Beach
Taxis meet trains on request

OPEN ALL YEAR ROUND

WESCOTT
GUEST HOUSE

PORT ISAAC — **NORTH CORNWALL**

Superior Board Residence
H. & C. Water in all Bedrooms, and all Modern Conveniences. Ideal position overlooking the sea. Safe Bathing and Every Comfort. Own Garden Produce and Poultry — Well Recommended
Terms Moderate

Apply Mrs. E. A. GIFFORD
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CLIFFSIDE
CAFE AND GUEST HOUSE
PORT ISAAC

Overlooking the Bay, with magnificent sea views
The Cafe is open daily, including Sundays, for Coffee, Luncheons, Snacks and Afternoon Teas. Also in the evening from 8.30 onwards
Guests are assured of a comfortable holiday with good food in pleasant surroundings.
Under the Personal Supervision of
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In the heart of King Arthur's land; A seashore smugglers' Inn—

PORT GAVERNE HOTEL

Nr. PORT ISAAC
N. CORNWALL

AN ANCIENT INN, equipped with every modern convenience, and noted for its courtesy, service and cuisine. Situated in a typical Cornish cove which offers safe bathing, boating and fishing. CLUB LICENCE. LARGE GARAGE

GOLF, RIDING AND SHOOTING ARE AVAILABLE IN THE VICINITY

Railway Stations—WADEBRIDGE 10 miles
PORT ISAAC ROAD, 4 miles

Telephone—
PORT ISAAC 244

PENTARGON
GUEST HOUSE
BOSCASTLE NORTH CORNWALL

Board Residence
Inclusive Terms per week
All Modern Conveniences
Good Catering

Terms apply:
L. M. FUGE, Proprietor
Telephone Boscastle 46
Nearest Station: Camelford, Southern Region

J. KITTOW & SON, F.A.I.

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LAUNCESTON

Telephone 18

CALLINGTON and CAMELFORD

Telephone 228 *Telephone 110*

A.A.

ATLANTA HOTEL
TINTAGEL

LICENSED CLUB, DANCING, TENNIS, CAFE
Own Dairy Produce Three cafes or grounds

Write for Tariff

Telephone Tintagel 64

The

WELLINGTON HOTEL, BOSCASTLE

NORTH CORNWALL

Telephone: BOSCASTLE 3 (Office); Telephone: BOSCASTLE 64 (Visitors)

Appointed
A.A. and R.A.C.

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Camelford Station: 4 miles—Cars meet trains by request.

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Under entirely new Management

R.A.C. **A.A.**

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FULLY LICENSED **OPEN TO NON-RESIDENTS**

THE OLDEST IN **TINTAGEL**

H. & C. in all bedrooms
Comfortable Lounges. Highly recommended. Nearest Station Camelford (Southern Region)

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Under the Personal Supervision of the Directors:
MR. and MRS. E. W. STAFFORD

TARIFF ON APPLICATION TELEPHONE 42

Westcliff Hotel . . BUDE

A NEWLY CONSTRUCTED MODERN
HOTEL WITH THE PREMIER POSITION

THE HOTEL *is situated on the Sea Front, adjoining the famous Summerleaze Downs, and besides being the nearest Hotel to the new Bathing Pool, overlooks the Tennis Courts (both Grass and Hard), and the Bowling and Putting Greens ; also the main Bathing Beach, where surfing is so popular It is also close to the Golf Links, Squash Rackets, Cinema, Libraries and Croquet Lawns. Large Dining-room, Lounge, Writing and Recreation Rooms.*

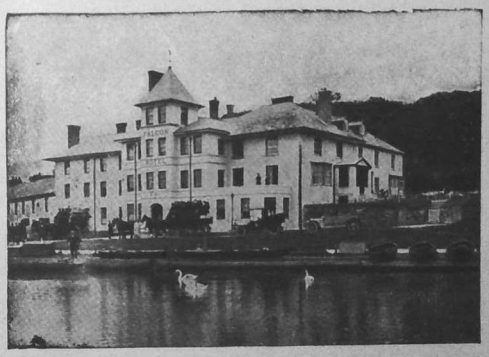
ALL Bedrooms are fitted H. and C. and bedside lamps, many have electric fires

The Falcon Hotel

BUDE N. Cornwall

Telephone : Bude 382
Telegrams : Brendon, Bude

(PATRONIZED BY ROYALTY)



Family Hotel - Well Renowned for its Good Table - The Oldest Coaching House on the North Coast of Cornwall

Produce from 2 Home Farms

FULLY LICENSED

H & C Water in all Bedrooms

GARAGE - - 12 CARS

Very Comfortable and Warm Lounges. Quiet and Friendly Atmosphere

Overlooking the Sea

MENTONE HOTEL

BREAKWATER ROAD

BUDE

Telephone Bude 312

A Comfortable Hotel in a lovely position overlooking the Beach and Swimming Pool. Bathing direct from the Hotel. Comfortable Interior-sprung Beds. Running Hot and Cold Water and Gas Fires in all rooms

★

ALL SPORTS AVAILABLE

Own Garden and Poultry Produce. The nearest Hotel to the Breakwater

OPEN ALL THE YEAR ROUND . SPECIAL TERMS FOR WINTER RESIDENCE

Write or Phone for Terms

Under the Personal Supervision of the Resident Proprietors:

MR. AND MRS. G. W. COX

BUDE

ERDISTON HOTEL

SUMMERLEAZE

(LICENSED)

- Ideal position facing South
- Bathing from Hotel
- Hot & Cold Running Water in 58 Bedrooms

ADJOINING BEACH, GOLF LINKS, TENNIS COURTS, CROQUET BOWLING GREENS

Telephones :

Management 96 Visitors 280

Special Winter Terms

Tariff on application to Resident Proprietors : MR. & MRS. S. R. BANBURY

ST. MARGARET'S HOTEL

Private . and . Commercial

BUDE

Offers quiet solitude of a country house yet occupies a most central position to all attractions . . .

- H. & C. ALL BEDROOMS
- INTERIOR SPRING MATTRESSES
- BEDSIDE LIGHTS
- GAS FIRES
- OPEN ALL YEAR

Moderate Terms

Telephone : 225

Proprietors : MAJOR & MRS. C. C. DUNNETTE

VIEW FROM THE LOUNGE

ATLANTIC GUEST HOUSE
SUMMERLEAZE, BUDE

On Sea Front, adjoining Downs One minute to : — Surf-Bathing, Tennis, Bowls, Golf, Cinema, Shops Separate Tables Vegetarians catered for. H. & C. and interior-spring mattresses all bedrooms

FRESH FARM PRODUCE

Under Personal Supervision of Proprietors

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Lomax

Telephone: Bude 447

MAER LODGE HOTEL

Tel. Bude 206 BUDE *Tel. Bude 206*

Delightfully situated in own grounds ; 2 minutes from best bathing beach and sands ; golf, tennis and other attractions ; every comfort ; excellent cuisine

H. & C. IN ALL BEDROOMS

St. HILARY

Private Hotel

SUMMERLEAZE

Bude

THIS modern and well appointed Hotel occupies a good position on Summerleaze, being only two minutes from the Sea and Bathing Pool, Tennis, Cricket, Croquet and Golf, and central for all other attractions. Bedrooms fitted with H. and C. Water. Dining Room—Separate Tables. Sun Lounge. Lounge and Smoke Room. Excellent Cuisine. Personal Supervision

SPECIAL WINTER TERMS

Telephone 185

Terms on application to Resident Proprietress : MRS. C. C. DAVISON

PAIZE

POUGHILL

BUDE

— ★ —

SPACIOUS house, beautifully appointed bedrooms (with Hot & Cold) Lounge of liberal dimensions, light and airy.

Gorgeous extensive country and sea views, grounds of 14 acres with glorious flower walks and shady corners. Large putting green, games room. Within a mile are the bathing beaches, also swimming pool, tennis courts (hard and grass), riding stables. Own farm with T.T. Guernsey herd, 3 acres vegetables and fruit garden which supply the Hotel with fresh produce. "PAIZE" is fully licensed to residents.

Illustrated brochure forwarded on request to Resident Owners :

TEL. BUDE 179—578 (VISITORS) MR. AND MRS. W. T. HUMPHRIES

GREEN ACRES HOTEL . Upton . Bude

MAGNIFICENTLY situated, standing alone on the Cliffs overlooking the Atlantic, outside the town. Beautifully furnished and equipped, Green Acres possesses a unique charm with a distinctive atmosphere, and is one of Cornwall's most attractive small Hotels.

The Proprietors cater for the discriminating Guest desiring rest, comfort, service and really good food amidst lovely surroundings. Fresh Farm and Garden Produce. All bedrooms have H. & C. Water.

A.A. Approved Hotel. Large Garage Resident Owners. Telephone : Bude 386

BAY TREE

Private Hotel

STRATTON

NEAR BUDE

Phone : Bude 119

Under the personal supervision . . of the Resident Proprietors

Children welcomed. Games Room available. Excellent Food. Own Garden Produce. Hot and Cold running Water in Bedrooms. Garage Accommodation available. Open to Non-Residents for Morning and Evening Coffee ; Luncheons ; Afternoon Teas ; Dinners and Snacks

Terms Moderate. **Open all the year round.** *Special Terms for Winter Visitors*

ST. CYPRIANS

STRATTON *Telephone Bude 116* **CORNWALL**

Lovely old house and grounds with southern aspect. Bedrooms, lounge, dining room, etc., beautifully furnished

All bedrooms fitted with washbasins, hot and cold water, electric fires, interior spring beds Own Farm Produce Excellent Cuisine

Under Personal Supervision of Resident Owners

WIDEMOUTH BAY HOTEL

FULLY LICENSED — FREE HOUSE

Situated three miles from Bude on main bus route. Frequent services.
Right on Sea Front — Open all the year
Terms on application to Resident Proprietors, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Page

THE LINKS . . *Guest House*

FLEXBURY AVENUE, BUDE

Quietly situated house, facing South. Close to Beaches, Golf Links, Tennis Courts and Riding Stables . Own Garage . Open all the year
Inclusive Terms according to season

Personal attention of Resident Partners : The Misses K. W. and E. Smith
TELEPHONE : BUDE 431
Members of The Bude and District Hotel and Boarding House Association

CLAREMONT

BOARD OR APARTMENTS

31 DOWNS VIEW — **BUDE**

Three minutes from Sea, Beaches and Bathing Pool. South aspect. Facing Golf Links and Tennis Courts. Three Sitting Rooms, seven Bedrooms. Bath (H. & C.). Electric Light — Near garage

Telephone 289

Mrs. F. E. BUNGAY

DUNRIDGE

GUEST HOUSE

DOWNS VIEW — **BUDE**
NORTH CORNWALL

Year after year old friends return, bringing with them NEW friends to find Comfort—Good Food—Real Enjoyment —and the Beaches only one minute away.
H. & C. every Bedroom

The Terms are Very Reasonable

Write to Mrs. D. I. CHESTERFIELD
Telephone 479

Telephone 236

F. J. EDWARDS
The Emporium, Bude

(OPPOSITE G.P.O.)

Footwear. Ladies' and Children's Dresses, Hosiery, Underwear

Toys, Stationery, Fancy Goods Confectionery, Tobacconist

Newsagent, Bookseller, Pottery and Souvenirs, etc.

You are cordially invited to call and inspect our large variety of goods

16 BURN VIEW

BOARD RESIDENCE
BED AND BREAKFAST

BUDE

H. & C. Water in all five Bedrooms

Terms Moderate

Telephone Bude 371
Proprietress: Mrs. M. JOHNSON

PENCARROL

GUEST HOUSE

21 DOWNS VIEW — **BUDE**

Facing South. One minute sea. Overlooking Golf Links. Tennis Courts. Hot and Cold Running Water in Bedrooms. Separate Tables. Excellent Cuisine. Personal Supervision

Terms on application to Proprietors:
Mr. and Mrs. J. A. MOYLE
Telephone Bude 472

PADSTOW

ST. EDMUND'S, Trevone Bay, near Padstow. Modern Board Residence. Three minutes lovely Trevone Bay and bathing beach. H. & C. in bedrooms. Separate tables. Good food. MRS. B. J. POLLARD.

POLZEATH

SIESTA, Trebetherick. Guest House. Surf-bathing. Sandy beaches. Personal supervision. Tel. Trebetherick 139. MRS. L. TRAYES.

PORT ISAAC

ST. ENDELLION, Royston. Board Residence. Bed and Breakfast. Situated on main Polzeath Road. Easy distance of sea. Modern conveniences. MRS. M. TRAYES.

ST. STEPHEN'S-BY-LAUNCESTON

PARKSIDE CAFE. Bed and Breakfast. Beautiful surroundings. One mile ancient town of Launceston. On Bude-Plymouth road. Comfortable. Good table. Moderate terms. Tel. Launceston 291. MRS. B. L. CLARKE.

BOSCASTLE AND TINTAGEL

YE OLDE NAPOLEON INN. Sixteenth Century Hostelry. Free house. Full licensed. No visit is complete unless you have called at "The Nap," sampled its many beers, choice wines and spirits, and homely atmosphere. Proprietor : MR. H. J. MAY.

TO LET—CARAVANS AND TENTS and Excellent Licensed Camping Sites with main water and modern sanitation. Apply H. C. BROWN, Old Borough Farm, Bossiney.

BUDE AREA

THE GUEST HOUSE, 12 Summerleaze Crescent. One minute to sea, beach, golf links, downs, cliffs and tennis. Hot and cold. Electric or gas fires in bedrooms.

ASHLEA, Crackington Haven, North Cornwall. Small Modern Guest House. On bus route. Lovely surroundings. Early vacancies. H. & C. in bedrooms.

WOODGATE GUEST HOUSE, Crackington Haven, near Bude. Open throughout the year. Excellent cuisine with farm and garden produce. Terms 4 gns. Apply MRS. HOWLING.

Name and Address	*See note*	Sitg. rms.	Bed rms.	Terms per wk.	Situation, Attractions, etc.
LAUNCESTON AREA					
King's Arms Hotel, Launceston	Htl				Fully licensed
LISKEARD AREA					
Sportsman's Arms, Menheniot Station	BB	2	4		Fully licensed. Recommended
DELABOLE					
Mrs. B. Chapman, 40 Pengelly Road, Delabole ..	BR	2	2		Near station, buses. Recom.
TINTAGEL AREA					
Miss Kenworthy, Forrabury, Boscastle	SBR	1	4	3-3½gns	Near sea, cliffs, bus

NOTES.—**BB** Bed and Breakfast. **BR** Board Residence. **FBH** Farm Boarding House. **FH** Farm House **Htl** Hotel. **PA** Private Apartments. **SBR** Superior Board Residence

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HOUSEL BAY. THE LIZARD.

LANDS END.

TWO FIRST-CLASS HOTELS

THE HOTEL BRISTOL & TOLCARNE BEACH, NEWQUAY.

HOTEL BRISTOL
Newquay

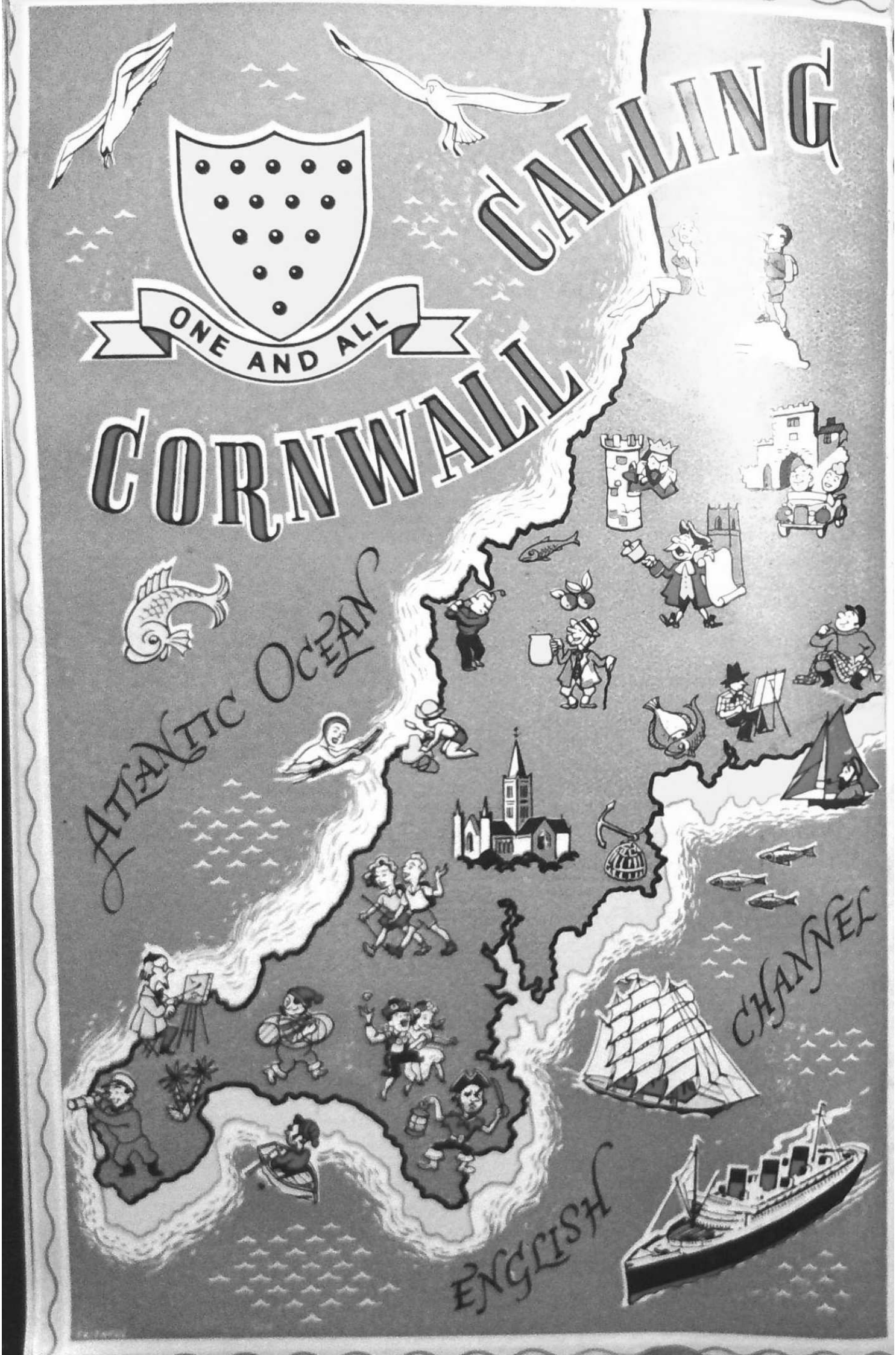
PHONE 2857 GRAMS 2857

POLURRIAN HOTEL . . Mullion

RAILWAY STATION—HELSTON PHONE, GRAMS—MULLION 268

THESE two Hotels, under the direction of the Young family, provide alternative accommodation for all holiday-makers. The Hotel Bristol, with 140 Bedrooms, in a popular seaside resort, with its own Resident Hotel Orchestra, appeals to those who desire dancing and amusement. The Polurrian Hotel, with 50 Bedrooms, attracts those who wish to avoid crowds and enjoy the unspoilt beauty of the Lizard Peninsula. Both Hotels are magnificently situated, facing the sea, with surf-bathing beaches immediately below them. They are luxuriously furnished with all modern facilities, and are also justly famous for the excellent fare provided. In addition to being A.A. and R.A.C. appointed, they are Recommended by Ashley Courtenay in *Let's Halt Awhile*

Complete Tariff and Floor Plans available from each Hotel and both are
OPEN ALL THE YEAR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